

Keep asking yourself: what are the stakes of what I'm doing? People you'll never meet. Places you'll never go. What does it matter, to them? Not to you. But to them? That's how I've learned to care."

"Yes," Stacey said.

"Does that make sense?"

"I think so," Stacey said.

"Get back out there," he said. "I'm glad we had this talk."



For the next weeks, she became even more paranoid about Barbara's lurking. She investigated the processes running on her work computer and determined which one was used by the monitoring software. She force-quit it every reboot. She was fairly sure she was not supposed to do this, but the IT guys, if they noticed, did not get paid enough to bother with it. She would not have said so aloud, if her boss had caught her again, but she daydreamed about retorting to such an event: "I'm following your advice — I'm thinking about stakes."

Even as the Russian advance faltered, the war took on another tone — less desperate, last-ditch defense, with some resolution, good or ill, within the season, but a test of endurance. The Project's numbers had swelled in the days after the war began, but they were already tailing off, as people lost interest, or found the limits of their tolerance for disaster. Bucha hit them hard; some of the senior members had been around since the early days of the Syrian Civil War, and were hard to shock, but even they seemed troubled, less enthusiastic with their geolocations, less eager for evidence of what the Russians had done.

For a few days, Stacey ignored the Project, and she was having difficulty sleeping after some of the things she had seen. But ultimately, she kept logging back in. "Look who's rejoined the cause," @ChuvaKurka said. "There's work to do."

And there was. The last defenders of Mariupol were relying on OSINT analysts to get their communications out. Atrocity flourished in the occupied