

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I know you don’t like me,” Barbara said. “But I’m not out to get you.”

“You’re a narc,” Stacey said. Barbara laughed, genuinely, beaming with joy.

“That’s funny,” she said. “No one has ever called me a...narc...before.”

“No?” Stacey said.

“No,” Barbara said.

“Then why are you always...spying on me?” Stacey said.

Barbara thought for a minute. “There is something to be said for a life lived unremarkably, Stacey.”

“What’s *that* supposed to mean?”

“It means don’t ever let them know you’re more than they think you are.”

Stacey didn’t know what to say to that. Barbara smiled—thin, little lips, and she winked, and dropped back into her own little country.

On the Project, @ChuvaKurka had said, “@spaceystacey Hello?”

“Sorry,” she said. “Real world shit.”

“KGB kicking down your door?” he said.

“Something like that,” she said. “How old is this image?”

She pulled the radar image up again and studied the rocket launchers out in the field.

“You got really lucky,” @ChuvaKurka said. “Perfect pass, right before noon. So about eight hours old. Probably right before the rocket strike.”

“So what do we do now?” she said. “Walk me through the options.”

“Well,” @ChuvaKurka said. “You could ping @frogsbody. He could collect all your data, write it up, polish it. He puts it all together into a pretty slick report, very official looking. He sent the Melitopol hospital attack to the UNHRC a couple days ago.”

“And what’ll they do with it?”

“They’ll...well, it takes a long time.”

“What does the UN do with it?”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”