

“Probably nothing.”

“Okay,” she said.

*What the fuck am I doing?* Stacey thought, fingers frozen over the keyboard. Why was she part of the Project? How to explain her selective engagement with depravity—to seek out, on purpose, what everyone in Ukraine was fleeing? She had seen photographs of horrible things, the reports out of Bucha, she had seen a picture of a man’s head—just the head, lying next to the garbage bins, behind what must have been his house, and a Russian soldier leaning against the wall in the background. How do you cut off a man’s head? The picture gave no answer. Just a dead man’s head in a quiet and lovely little backyard garden. And she had chosen to see it. She did not have to inhabit this world, she caught herself thinking, more than once. The illusion: that she could slip out of it, live again wholly in Springfield, find love, work hard, take a mental health day, get her nails done the way Barbara did once a month. “To cope,” she could now remember Barbara saying.

But the Project had shown her that there is only one world—just one, containing both Barbara and a dead man’s severed head. Both. The world contains no impossible distances or gaps unspannable.

“And what’s the other option?”

“Well,” @ChuvaKurka said. “The Ukrainians probably already have anything you could give to them.”

*You live a life of peace and luxury and you are lucky.*

“Sure.”

“They’ve got their own ISR and SIGINT.”

“Right.”

“They’ve probably already hit these launchers with a drone or something.”

*It’s all a question of stakes. The disentanglement of moral hazard.*

“That’s probably true,” she said.

“But if you want to be sure,” @ChuvaKurka said. “@WERWULF has his contacts in the Ukrainian military. They’re working a pipeline for independent analysts. They could have drones...they could hit that spot pretty quick.”