

*You're more than they think you are.*

"Right," she said.

"But you'd never know," he said. "You'd never know if they got them, you'd never know if it was you who gave them the position, if they were already going to do it. You'd just...have to live like that. I think about it, Stacey. I think about it a lot. Maybe I've killed somebody, you know. Maybe not. Just have to not know, forever."

*Reach out. Effort, mere and meager, and you can tip a scale. All of you. If you are powerless it's because you are more comfortable that way.*

"I understand," she said.

"Are you okay with that?"

*Go. Make your difference.*

"I'm not sure," she said.

"We've all got a choice to make," @ChuvaKurka said.

She hit a few keys, and stopped. At the bottom of the screen, a message blinked: "@spaceystacey is typing..."



It was thirty years before she finally made it to Ukraine.

She had tried, but never had the money, never had the time, had a kid, had two kids. When her first husband died she'd almost made the trip with her younger son. He was fourteen. He needed a world beside his own hell of loneliness. But she still had her husband's debt to clear up, she'd already maxed the credit cards — and she knew that she wanted to go for her, not for her son. They went to South Carolina instead and he watched the ospreys turn the fish into the airstream, his face childlike with wonder.

When she got there it was 2054. She was getting old. It was hard to remember, precisely, what she had done in the war. She had to dredge old memories, trawl the most ancient folders she'd copied from computer to computer over the decades — *remember file systems?* she thought, surprised the new interfaces could even access data this archaic — and she found the old, two-dimensional radar image, pixelated and spectral, but still overlaid with