

she *had* seen, or heard, or done.

The clerk from the visitor center whirled up on an ultralight EV. “Are you alright out here, Ms. Clemson?”

“I am,” Stacey said.

“These are rocket launchers, from the war,” the clerk said. “It’s rare, to find relics like this anymore.”

“Yes,” Stacey said.

“It was before I was born, but my parents, they tell me how horrible it was.”

“Yes.”

“Were you in Ukraine, during the war? In school, I learned that many people helped us. Americans helped us. Some Americans.”

“No,” Stacey said. “I...was in America.”

“That is probably for the best,” the girl said. “The war was horrible.”

“I can only imagine,” Stacey said.

“There will be lightning soon. Can I take you back to town?”

“I’ll be okay,” Stacey said. “I’ll start back soon.”

“Okay,” the clerk said. “Please be safe, Ms. Clemson.”

Stacey watched the weather come in for a while, the little tender drone struggling in the gusts, the world and its satellites turning, signals scattering. Perhaps even then out there somewhere was some trace of her, intelligence left in trail, proof of her passage and her place, there, even long after the war.