



YEP,
CONCUSSION.

At the turn of the previous century, Amadeus Arkham transformed his family's home into the first Arkham Asylum.



LOOK
TO THE
LIGHT.



It was constructed just outside Gotham in the late eighteen hundreds.



Later, Amadeus was incarcerated inside his own home... where he died.



The original Arkham Manor is long gone.

I'M
FINE.



History repeats itself...

WHOR--
UHN.

SIT
BACK DOWN,
PLEASE.



CONCUSSIONS
GET TO SPEND
THE NIGHT IN THE
INFIRMARY.



... even when that history is eventually erased.

SORRY,
DOC. I
ALREADY
HAVE PLANS
FOR THE
NIGHT.

Victor seems as nervous as his patients.

I CALLED 911, DOCTOR.

WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM?

JUST THAT A PATIENT HAD A TERRIBLE HEAD INJURY.

GOOD, WE MUSTN'T GIVE ANYONE CAUSE TO... TO...

DOCTOR? ARE YOU UNWELL?

COLD COMFORT

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ERIC, I FEAR WE MUST CALL THAT NEANDERTHAL DETECTIVE.

HIS NAME IS BULLOCK, I THINK, AND YOU'RE RIGHT.

GRAB


I HEARD SCREAMING, WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?

DAMMIT, VICTOR. NOT NOW!

WHO KEEPS TURNING THIS INFERNAL CONTRAPTION ON?

WICKHAM IS READY FOR TRANSPORT!

Seth Wickham's room is where I'll catch #362.



I'm operating under the assumption that Zeasz has escaped confinement, and he's murdering inmates...



I'm beginning to second-guess that assumption.




I saw Wickham attacked in this room after he was locked in.



Windows sealed.



Just as I suspected.



Zedus is playing
a new game.



One I don't
understand yet.

