

THOSE WHO FORGET THE PAST...



...ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT IT.



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MEMORIES OF GOTHAM

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When she was twenty-three years old, Sergeant Brenda McGrath saw her first body. A man, frozen to death in an abandoned squat house. He'd been there for weeks.

She recognized him. He went to her high school. His name was Nick. What did she feel when she looked at him?



NOTHING. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT HERE. CORRIGAN IS DEAD, DRAKE, TOO.

HMM.



AIR SEVEN. GIMME A SWEET

ANYTHING MOVING, WE NEED TO KNOW.

ROGER THAT.



YEAH, NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICK--

--WAIT... WHAT--



--UH--

O KUSKOSA.

O KUSKOSA, GOTHAM.



When Sergeant Ivan Duretti was six years old, his Grandpa Joe was shot and killed by a thief in his shop.

The first bullet dropped the old man, but the guy put four more into his face. He heard about that in the schoolyard.

HOLY--



AKKA TURASK

AKKA SA SKURA

O IKKONDRID





This particular street in the Narrows of Gotham has seen three thousand and eight murders since the city's founding, nearly four hundred years ago. This street alone.

The first was in 1680. The last was two months ago.

Eight hundred and forty-two additional deaths in that time, due to neglect or misjudgment.



The asphalt opens with a sound exactly like a gunshot.



Doctor Szandor Tarr's eyes make another sound entirely...

