

THE BIG ONE + 23 MINUTES.



THIS IS HOW A
CITY IS BORN.

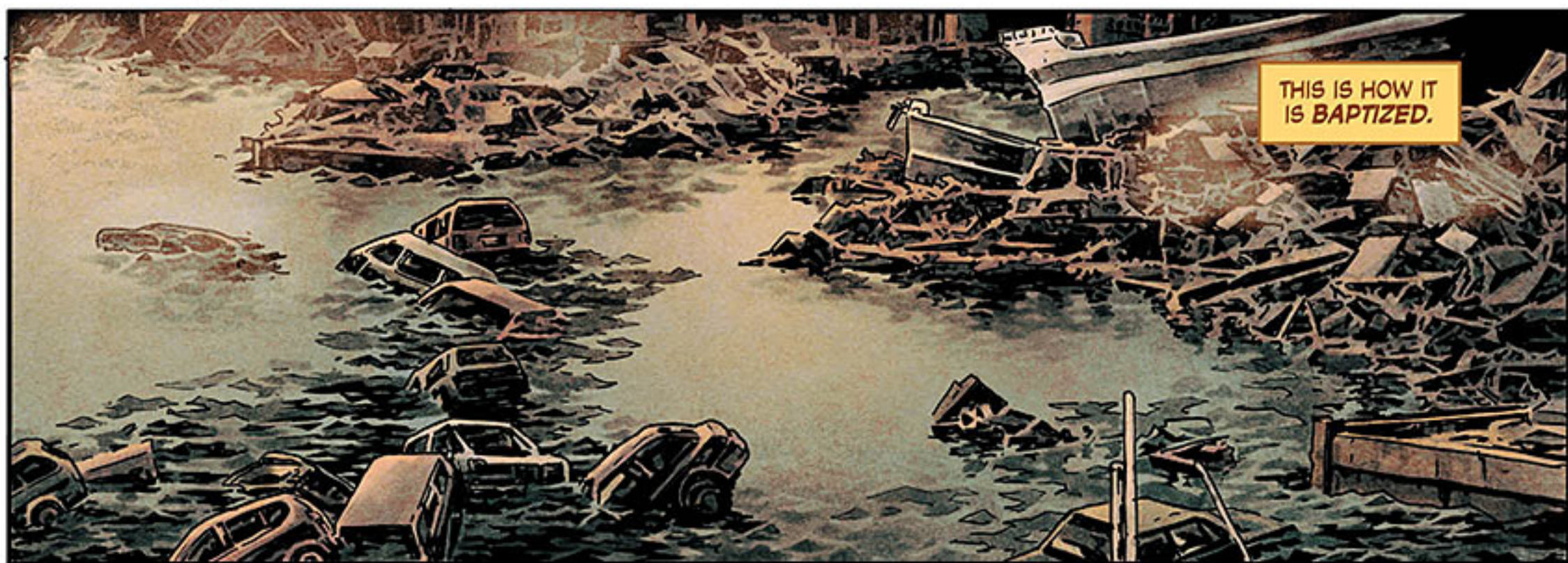
LIKE *CHILDREN*, IT
DOESN'T ASK FOR LIFE.

HOLLYWOOD

IT DOESN'T CHOOSE
ITS PARENTS.



THIS IS HOW IT
IS BAPTIZED.



THIS IS HOW IT
FINDS GOD...



...AND HOW
FAITH IS LOST.



NOTHING FROM
THE SKY CAN
SAVE IT.



HOW COULD IT SEE ANYWAY?
FROM THE MOMENT
OF ITS BIRTH, IT LOOKED
UP INTO *SMOKE*...



...FROM INSIDE
A DARK HOLE.





THEY ALWAYS TELL US LIKE, "QUAKE BABIES DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING."

THEY LOOK AT US LIKE WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY WENT THROUGH... THOSE AWFUL DAYS AND MONTHS AFTER THE BIG ONE.



LIKE ALL OUR MEMORIES WERE AND GIGGLES.

MY BROTHER JOHNNY DOESN'T REMEMBER THE QUAKE, AND HE WAS FIVE WHEN IT HIT.



YET, HE REMEMBERS OTHER THINGS *CRYSTALLINE* AND IN SLOW MOTION THAT I ONLY REMEMBER BLURRY AND SUN-BLOTTED.



THOSE EARLY YEARS OF OUR LIVES ALWAYS SEEMED *STAINED* WITH SOMETHING. THE *TRAUMA* OF OUR BIRTH WAS *HEIGHTENED* BY THE QUAKE.

THOSE OF US BORN ON THAT DAY WILL *NEVER* STOP FEELING THE GROUND TREMBLE BENEATH US. WE LEARN TO LOVE IT.

TO NEED IT.