HELLBOY™



MIKE MIGNOLA

AND OTHERS



Created by Mike Mignola

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MIKE MIGNOLA'S

HELLBOY™

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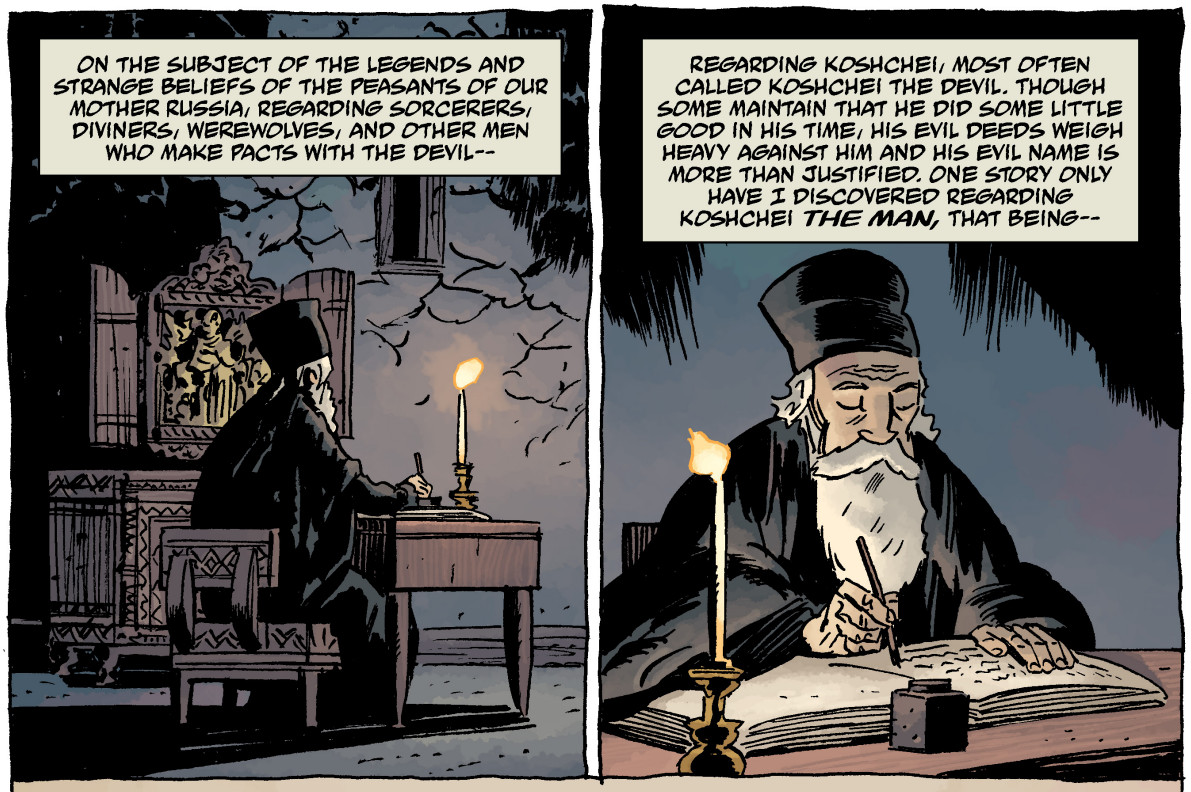
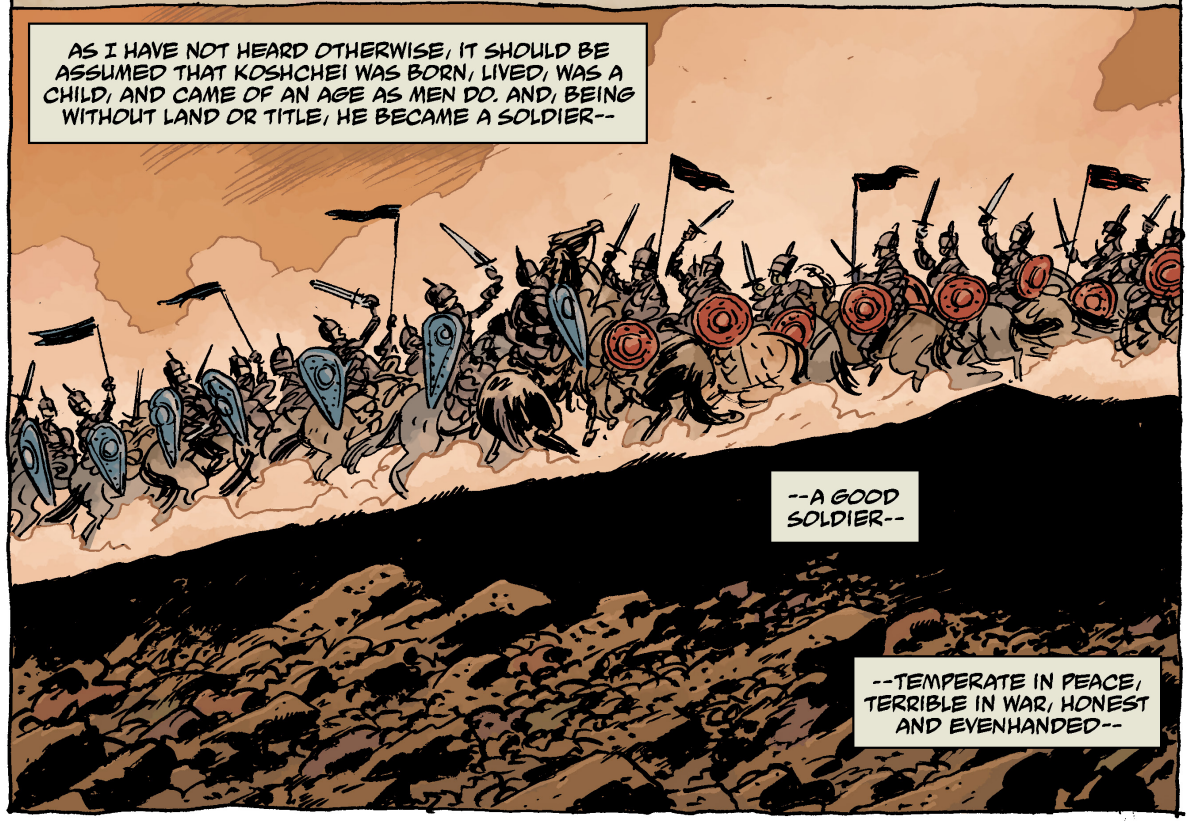
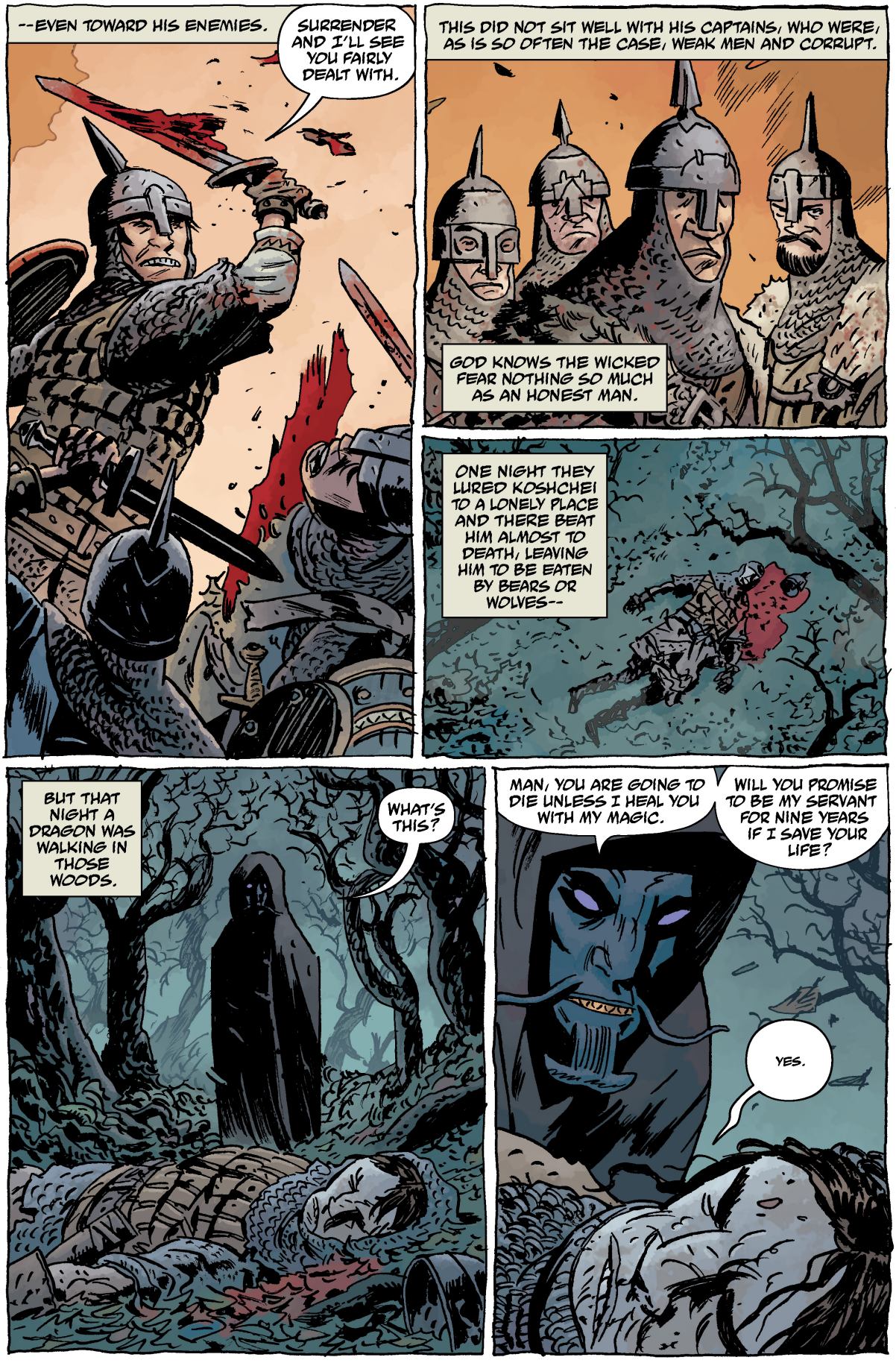
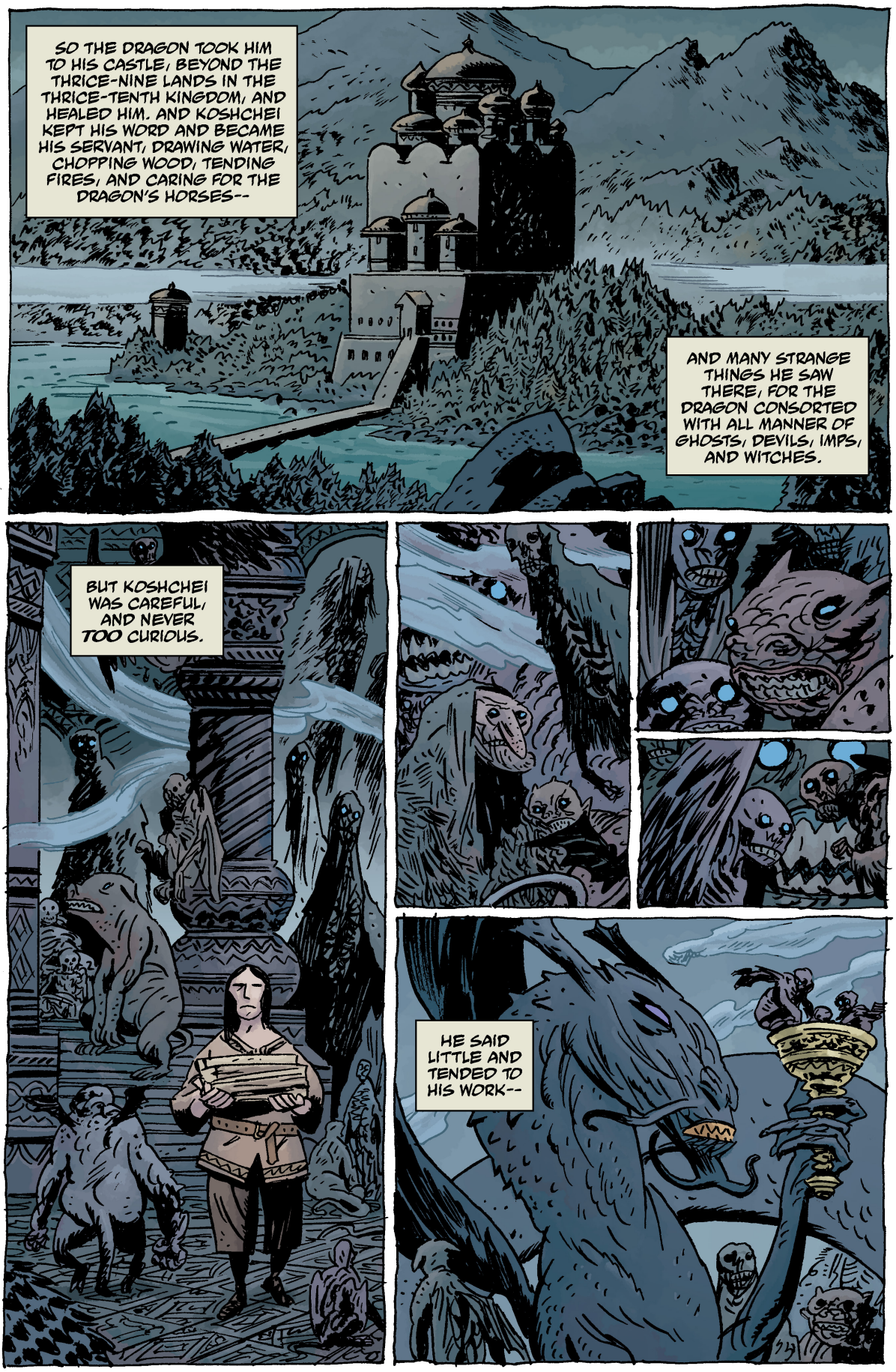


How Koshchei Became Deathless




--EVEN TOWARD HIS ENEMIES.
SURRENDER AND I'LL SEE YOU FAIRLY DEALT WITH.
THIS DID NOT SIT WELL WITH HIS CAPTAINS, WHO WERE, AS IS SO OFTEN THE CASE, WEAK MEN AND CORRUPT.
GOD KNOWS THE WICKED FEAR NOTHING SO MUCH AS AN HONEST MAN.
ONE NIGHT THEY LURED KOSHCHEI TO A LONELY PLACE AND THERE BEAT HIM ALMOST TO DEATH, LEAVING HIM TO BE EATEN BY BEARS OR WOLVES--
BUT THAT NIGHT A DRAGON WAS WALKING IN THOSE WOODS.
WHAT'S THIS?
MAN, YOU ARE GOING TO DIE UNLESS I HEAL YOU WITH MY MAGIC.
WILL YOU PROMISE TO BE MY SERVANT FOR NINE YEARS IF I SAVE YOUR LIFE?
YES.


SO THE DRAGON TOOK HIM TO HIS CASTLE, BEYOND THE THRICE-NINE LANDS IN THE THRICE-TENTH KINGDOM, AND HEALED HIM. AND KOSHCHEI KEPT HIS WORD AND BECAME HIS SERVANT, DRAWING WATER, CHOPPING WOOD, TENDING FIRES, AND CARING FOR THE DRAGON'S HORSES--
AND MANY STRANGE THINGS HE SAW THERE, FOR THE DRAGON CONSORTED WITH ALL MANNER OF GHOSTS, DEVILS, IMPS, AND WITCHES.
BUT KOSHCHEI WAS CAREFUL, AND NEVER *TOO* CURIOUS.
HE SAID LITTLE AND TENDED TO HIS WORK--

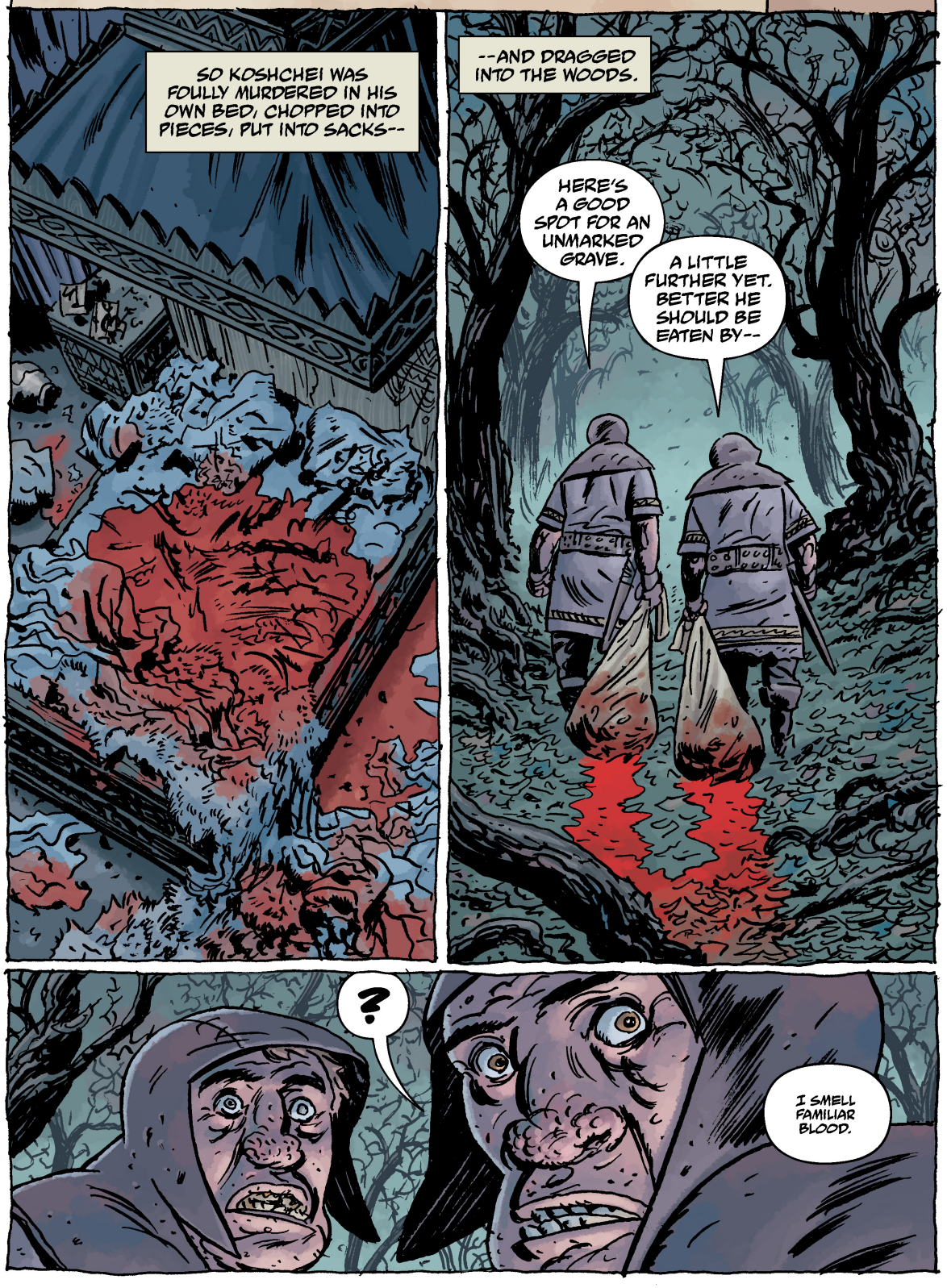

AND AT THE END OF NINE YEARS--
I WOULD HAVE EATEN YOU HAD YOU PROVED TOO CURIOUS, BUT YOU HAVE DONE WELL. I HAVE GROWN FOND OF YOU AND WOULD HAVE YOU BE LIKE MY OWN SON.
I WOULD TEACH YOU MAGIC AND HAVE YOU LIVE HERE FOREVER.
I AM A MAN, AND WOULD RATHER LIVE LIKE A MAN.
THE DRAGON WAS SAD TO HEAR IT, BUT WOULD NOT KEEP HIM AS SLAVE OR PRISONER.
TAKE THIS PARTING GIFT-- A MAGIC SHIRT. SO LONG AS YOU WEAR IT NO WEAPON CAN HARM YOU.
THANK YOU.
SO KOSHCHEI WENT BACK INTO THE WORLD AND BECAME A SOLDIER AGAIN--
A GOOD SOLDIER--
AND WORD OF HIM SOON SPREAD--


--FOR, AS HE HAD IN THE PAST, HE DEALT FAIRLY WITH HIS ENEMIES--
MERCY...
--AND IT WAS TRUE THAT NO WEAPON COULD HARM HIM.
EVENTUALLY WORD OF KOSHCHEI REACHED A CERTAIN KING--
I LIKE THE SOUND OF HIM. I SHALL MAKE HIM MY CHAMPION AND MARRY HIM TO MY DAUGHTER.
AND THAT CAME TO PASS--
I'VE LIVED A STRANGE LIFE, BUT NOW, FINALLY, I AM HAPPY.
AS AM I.
HOORRAY
AAAY
BUT IN PRIVATE KOSHCHEI'S NEW WIFE WAS NOT SO HAPPY--
MARRIED TO A COMMON SOLDIER? AM I A PRINCESS OR A GOAT FARMER?


SECRETLY SHE MET WITH A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN OF HER FATHER'S COURT--
FYODOR, KILL HIM.
NO!
PLEASE. YOU AND I COULD MARRY. MY FATHER'S OLD. SOON YOU WOULD BE KING.
HOW?
NO WEAPON CAN HURT HIM.
ZZZZZZ
BUT THE PRINCESS HAD LEARNED KOSHCHEI'S SECRET, AND ONE NIGHT, SHE STOLE HIS MAGIC SHIRT--
QUICK, YOU FOOLS. QUICK!
ZZZZZZZZ
EH?
WHAT--?
WOCK

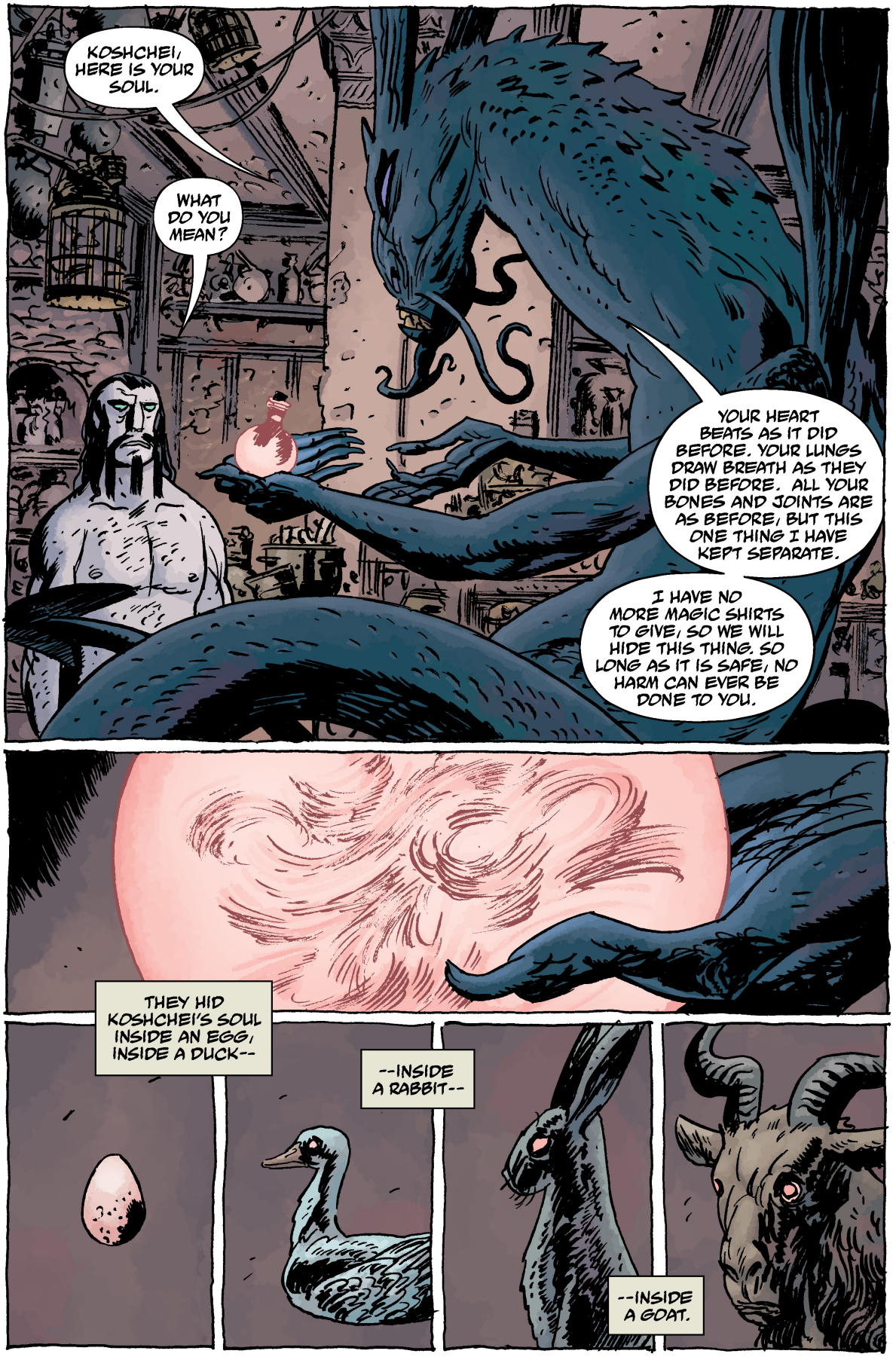
How Koshchei Became Deathless

Part 2




WHAT'S HERE?
WAAAAA!
AAAAHH!
KOSHCHEI.
SNIFF
THOUGH YEARS HAD PASSED, THE DRAGON STILL THOUGHT OF KOSHCHEI LIKE A SON.


SO, LIKE A FATHER, HE GATHERED UP THOSE BLOODY SACKS AND RETURNED TO HIS CASTLE, BEYOND THE THRICE-NINE LANDS IN THE THRICE-TENTH KINGDOM--
--AND THERE WORKED DREADFUL MAGIC, TO STEAL KOSHCHEI BACK FROM DEATH.
THINK WHAT YOU ARE DOING.
HADDON ABBASH HEDDEM.
AS YOU WILL...
"I PRAY YOU DO NOT HAVE CAUSE TO REGRET IT."


KOSHCHEI, HERE IS YOUR SOUL.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOUR HEART BEATS AS IT DID BEFORE. YOUR LUNGS DRAW BREATH AS THEY DID BEFORE. ALL YOUR BONES AND JOINTS ARE AS BEFORE, BUT THIS ONE THING I HAVE KEPT SEPARATE.
I HAVE NO MORE MAGIC SHIRTS TO GIVE, SO WE WILL HIDE THIS THING. SO LONG AS IT IS SAFE, NO HARM CAN EVER BE DONE TO YOU.
THEY HID KOSHCHEI'S SOUL INSIDE AN EGG, INSIDE A DUCK--
--INSIDE A RABBIT--
--INSIDE A GOAT.


THEN KOSHCHEI TOOK THAT GOAT TO A CERTAIN ISLAND, JUST BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE WORLD--
--AND HID IT THERE, IN A HOLLOW TREE, WHERE IT WOULD NEVER BE FOUND.
THEN HE RODE BACK INTO THE WORLD TO SETTLE OLD SCORES.
FIRST THE TWO MEN WHO HAD DONE HIS MURDER--
?


THEN HIS WIFE'S LOVER, WHO HAD PAID THEM TO DO IT--
AND LASTLY HIS WIFE.
MY LORD.
HUSBAND--
MERCY.
BUT KOSHCHEI, WITH NO SOUL IN HIS BODY, NO LONGER KNEW THE MEANING OF THAT WORD.
WOCK
THE END



Baba Yaga's Feast

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN WHO LIVED IN A HOUSE NEAR THE WOODS WITH A BIRD AND A CAT. EACH NIGHT THE BIRD AND CAT WOULD GO TO CHOP WOOD AND ALWAYS THEY WARNED THE MAN THAT THE WITCH BABA YAGA MIGHT COME TO COUNT HIS SPOONS. WHY SHOULD SHE DO THIS? WHO AM I TO SAY. SHE IS A WITCH AND A MONSTER. HER WAYS ARE NOT FOR MEN TO UNDERSTAND. BUT THE MAN WAS TOLD THAT *SHOULD* SHE COME, HE SHOULD HIDE HIMSELF AND MAKE NO SOUND AT ALL.









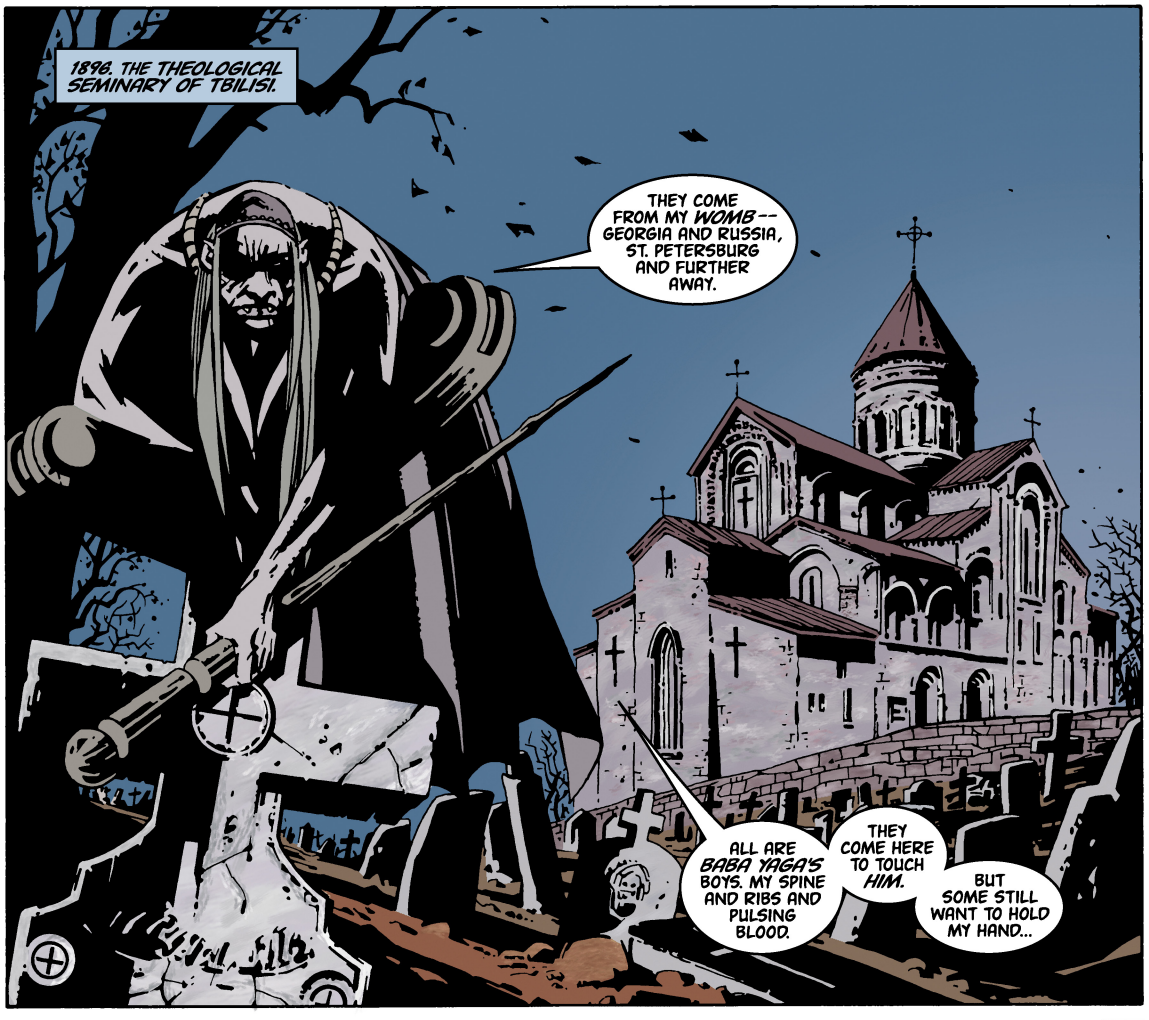

AND THE BIRD AND CAT ARRIVED ONLY JUST IN TIME TO SCARE THE WITCH AWAY.
AAHHH!
AND THE NEXT NIGHT THE SAME THING HAPPENED--
AND, AGAIN, THE BIRD AND CAT WERE ONLY JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE MAN.
GAAH!
BUT THE THIRD NIGHT--
AAHHH!
THE BIRD AND CAT HAD GONE FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, AND DID NOT HEAR THE MAN'S CRIES UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.
THAT'S A SAD SIGHT.
IT'S TRUE.


AND THE WITCH TOOK THE MAN BACK TO HER CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE.
DAUGHTER, I'M OFF NOW TO BALD MOUNTAIN BUT WILL BE BACK AT DAWN. SEE YOU HAVE THIS MAN COOKED FOR MY BREAKFAST.
...
RIGHT.
BALD MOUNTAIN--FOR THAT NIGHT WAS THE WITCHES' SABBATH--
--AND ALL THE WITCHES, GHOSTS, AND DEVILS OF OLD RUSSIA WERE GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE EVIL THEY HAD DONE IN THE YEAR PAST, AND ALL THE EVIL THEY WERE BOUND TO DO IN THE YEAR TO COME.


AND IN THE WITCH'S CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE--
INTO THE POT, YOU.
I WON'T FIT IN THAT.
YOU WILL. AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT. SHE'LL BEAT ME RAW IF YOU'RE NOT DONE BY MORNING.
I'M TOO BIG, I TELL YOU.
STUPID.
YOU SEE? YOU'RE NO BIGGER THAN ME, AND I--
HEY.
WHAT ARE YOU--
HA!
NO!
AAAAAA
KLANG


NOW I'M HUNGRY.
I'D BEST FIND FOOD ON MY TABLE, OR ELSE--
AH!


SO THE WITCH SAT DOWN TO HER BREAKFAST AND NEVER ONCE LOOKED UP TILL EVERY BONE WAS GNAWED CLEAN--
--AND FINALLY DEATH ARRIVED.
BABA YAGA.
EH?
YOU HAVE EATEN YOUR OWN CHILD.
YEEAAAAHH
THE MAN FLED TO THE GREAT MONASTERY AT POLOTSK AND, I THINK, LIVES THERE STILL.
THE END







The Children of the Black Mound

by Fabian Nicieza and Stefano Raffaele

colors: Elena Sanjust letters: Michael Heisler


THE ANSWER IS *NEVER.* BUT ARE *WE* FACING HIM?
DO WE STAND IN HIS GLOW, OUR EYES *CLOSED* FOR FEAR THE ILLUMI-NATION WILL *BLIND* US--
--TO THE *TRUTH* OF HIS MAJESTY?
TO THE TRUTH THAT WE ARE LOSING OUR FAITH.
THERE WAS A *VILLAGE* ONCE, IN THE WOODS NOT FAR FROM HERE...
"IT STOOD AS A TESTAMENT TO OUR STRONG BELIEF...AND IT *FELL* FOR THE SAME REASONS...
SOFIA IS MISSING!
HAS SHE BEEN TAKEN, TOO?
"IT WAS *1788.* THE TOWN WAS CALLED *STAYNIVOLK.*
"FOR WEEKS IT HAD BEEN RAINING *SADNESS.*


"IT HAD STARTED AS A LIGHT PATTER--A BABY HERE, A CHILD THERE--
"--AND HAD BECOME A DOWNPOUR. A NEW CHILD HAD GONE MISSING EVERY DAY..."
SHE IS WITH GOD NOW, MARIA.
THE DEVIL YOU SAY, FATHER!
OUR CHILDREN ARE NOT WITH GOD--THEY ARE IN THE BLACK DIRT FEEDING BLACK SOULS!
I AM SORRY, FATHER.
NO, IT IS I WHO SHOULD BE SORRY.
OUR FAITH IN GOD IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH. WE ARE STILL TOO NOSTALGIC FOR THE OLD WAYS.
THAT IS RIDICULOUS.
YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, IOSIF?
WHAT WOULD FAITH ACCOMPLISH...
...THAT A SHOVEL AND HARD SWEAT COULDN'T?

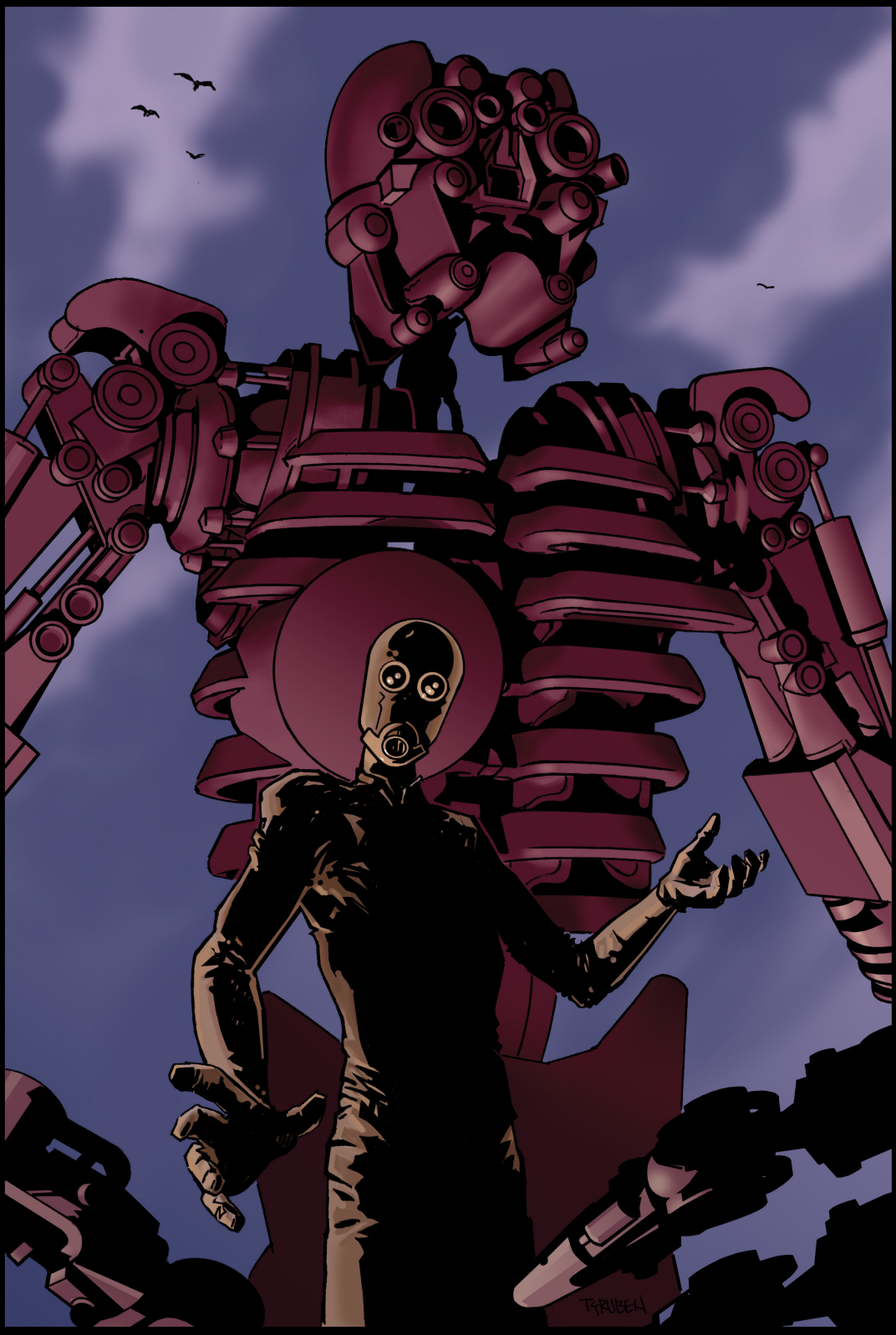

YOU STILL DOUBT THAT GOD HEARS OUR CALLS?
NO, FATHER. I ONLY DOUBT HE LISTENS TO QUESTIONS WE FAIL TO ASK *OURSELVES.*
A KIDNAPPED CHILD RARELY LIVES LONG. *HIDING* FROM THE TRUTH WOULD NOT REVEAL WHERE THE BODIES HAD BEEN *BURIED.*
YOU ARE *STEEL,* IOSIF...A REFLECTION OF OUR PEOPLE AS THEY ARE NOW. IT AFFECTS YOUR CALLING HERE...
"...THOUGH NOT, I FEAR, YOUR CALLING TO YOUR COUNTRY.
"STAYNIVOLK, TOO, FAILED ITS CALLING. FAILED TO TRUST IN GOD.
"FATHER FADEEV TRIED TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE--STRENGTHEN THEIR FAITH.
"PERHAPS HIS MESSAGE WAS LOST ON HIS FLOCK...
"...OR PERHAPS THEIR ATTENTIONS WERE DRAWN TO A VOICE FROM AN EARLIER TIME."


THEY CAME TO SEE ME.
THE BLACK MOUND WELCOMES THOSE WHO STILL WANT TO BELIEVE...
BUT THEY WOULDN'T COME AT ALL IF THEY HADN'T FORGOTTEN ME.
FORSAKEN ME.
FOR THAT THEY MUST BE PUNISHED!
ONE-- TWO-- THREE--
ALL IN THEIR PLACE.

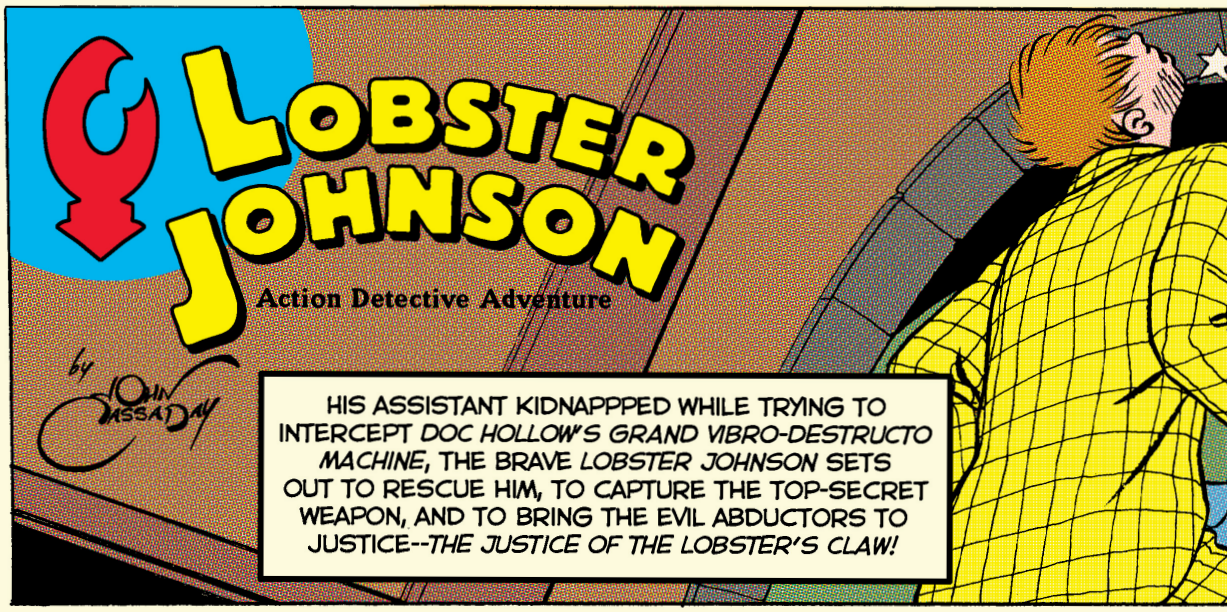

"WHEN ALL THE CHILDREN OF STAYNIVOLK HAD DISAPPEARED, THE VILLAGERS HAD NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE GOD.
"THEIR BELIEF IN HIM HAD NOT BEEN GREAT ENOUGH--"
-- BUT IT WAS THEIR LACK OF FAITH IN THEMSELVES THAT HAD PROVEN A GREATER SIN.
YOU PREACH OF THE NEED FOR COMMUNAL SELF-RELIANCE?
I WOULD THINK YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, WOULD APPRECIATE TODAY'S SERMON, IOSIF.
THE BABA YAGA TOOK THOSE WHO STOPPED BELIEVING IN HER.
GOD COULD NOT HELP THOSE WHO WOULD NOT HELP THEMSELVES.
ONE'S WEAKNESS IS THE OTHER'S STRENGTH.

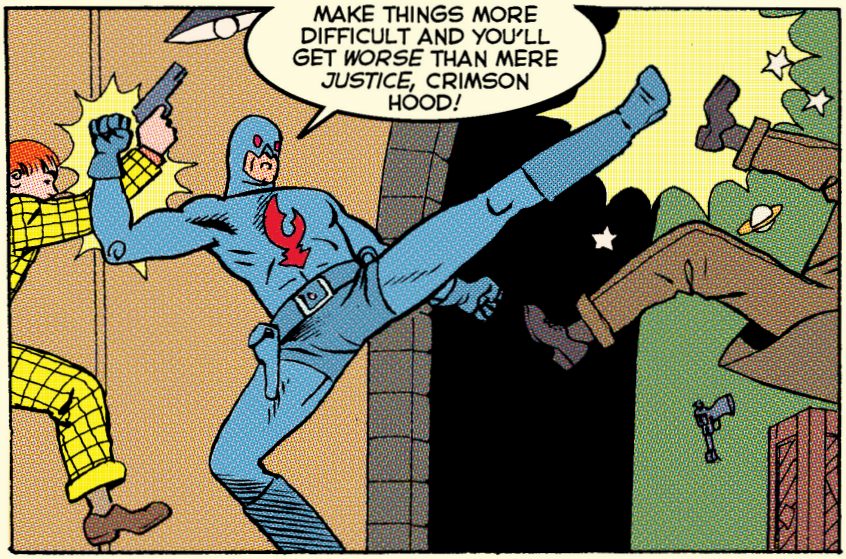

SO WHAT DO *YOU* BELIEVE IN, IOSIF?
YOU COME AGAIN, SHOEMAKER'S SON?


YOU NEVER VISIT ME ANYMORE. NONE OF YOU DO.
MANY TRY TO LIVE IN *HIS* HOUSE, BUT *OUT* OF HIS *LIGHT!*
RUSSIA IS PASSING ME BY, BUT STILL I CLING TO WHAT IT WAS.
WHAT *WILL* YOU BELIEVE IN, *IOSIF VISSARIONOVICH DZHUGASHVILI?*
THE ONE THING THAT WILL DRIVE YOUR KIND--BOTH LIGHT *AND* DARK--FROM OUR LAND, BABA YAGA...
...I BELIEVE IN ME!
THE COUNTRY HAD SEEN BLACK MYTHS SUPPLANTED BY FAITH, AND WOULD SOON SEE FAITH SUPPLANTED BY RED STEEL.
IOSIF WOULD GROW AND NEVER FORGET WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURIED...
...BUT HE WOULD TAKE THEIR NAMES TO HIS GRAVE.
END



TyRuben Ellingson



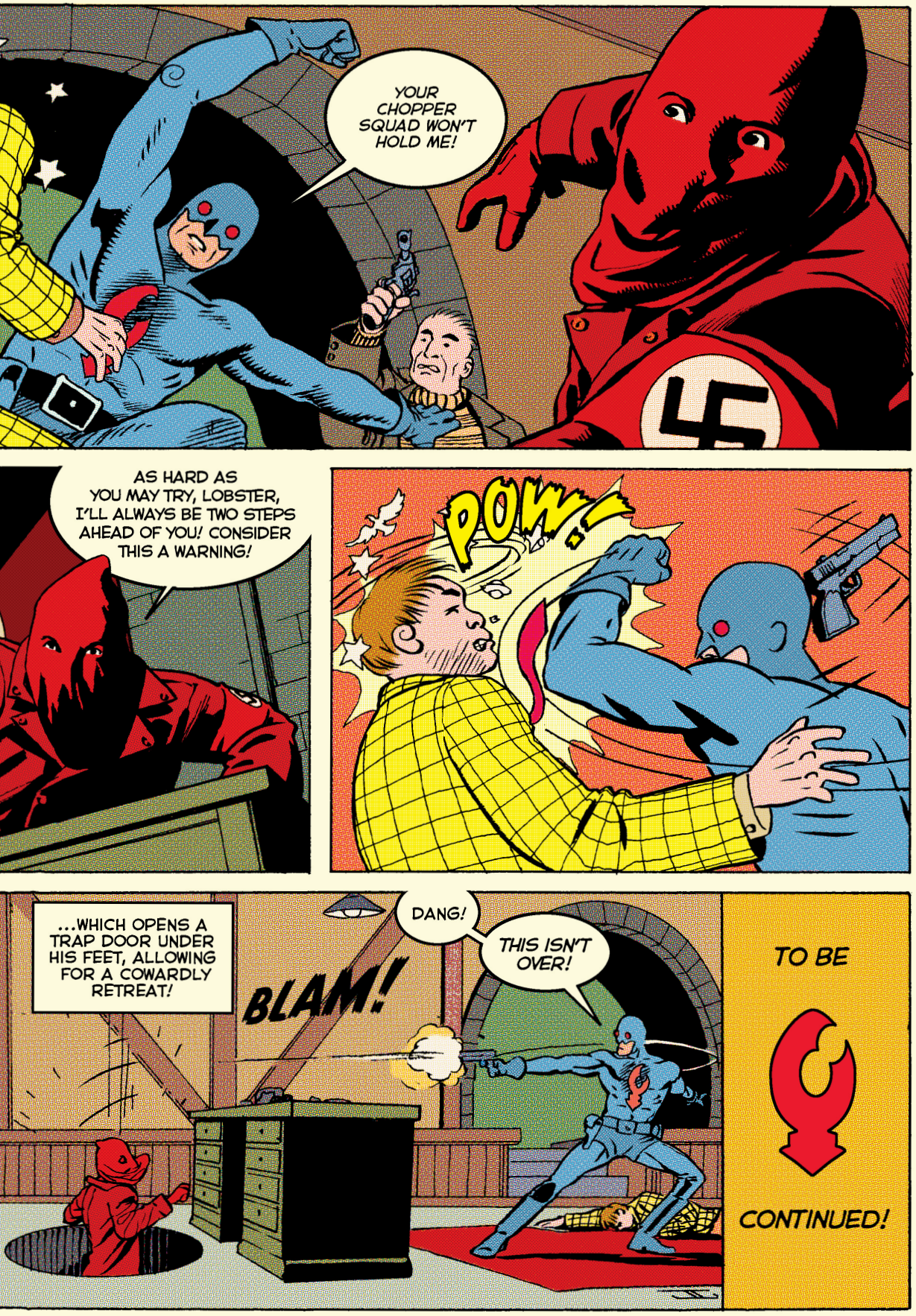


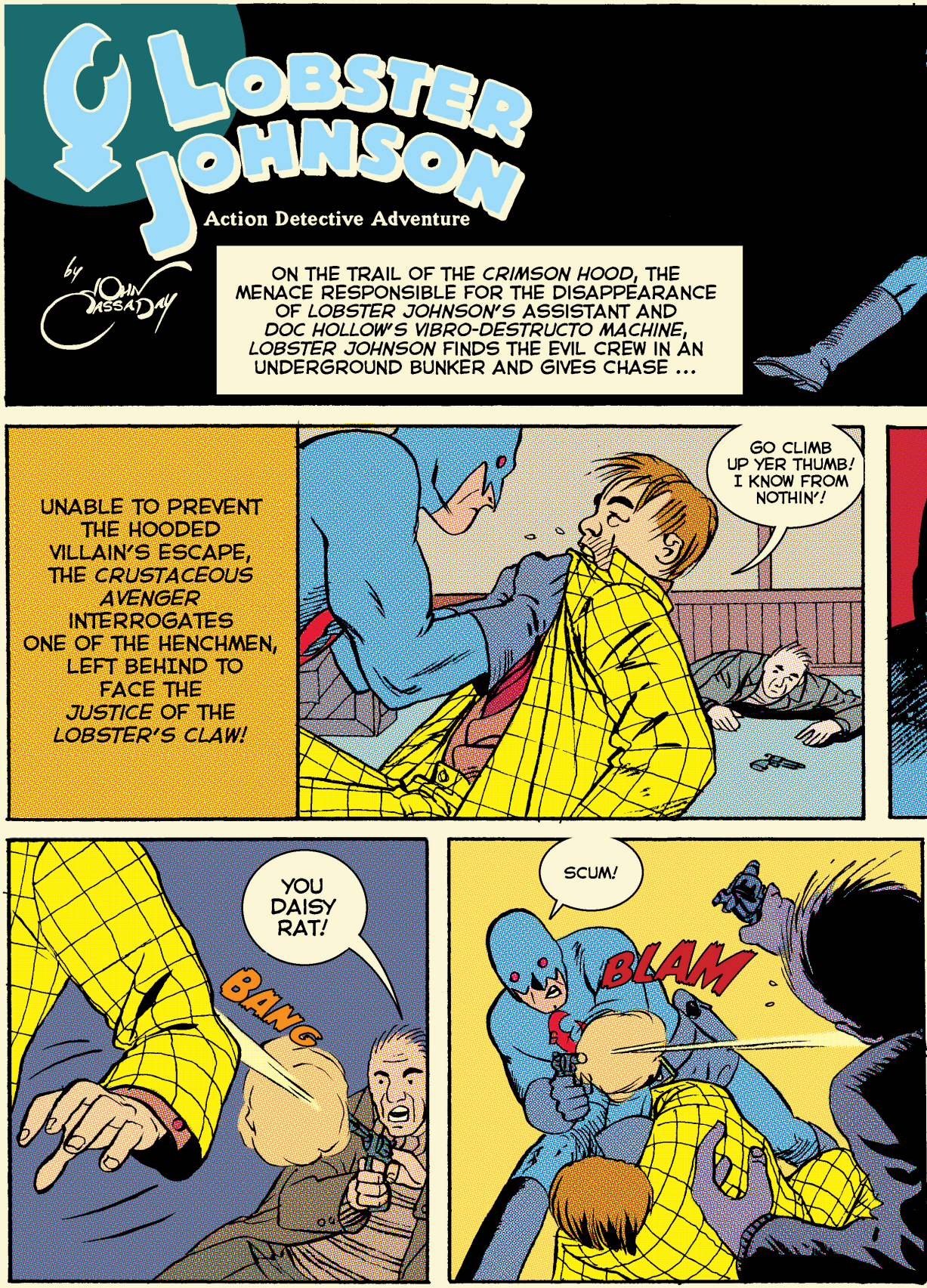


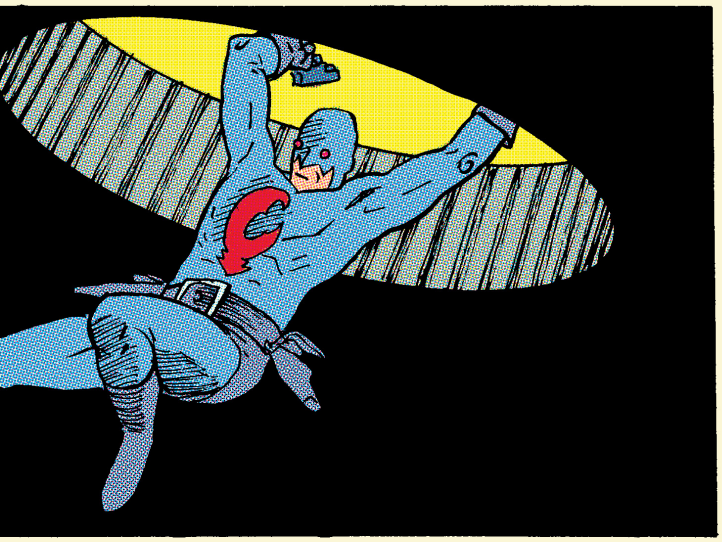


THE CRIMSON HOOD HITS A SECRET SWITCH ON HIS DESK...

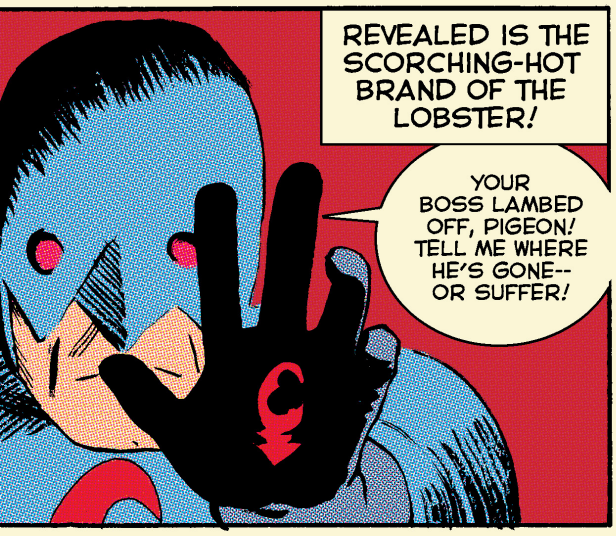


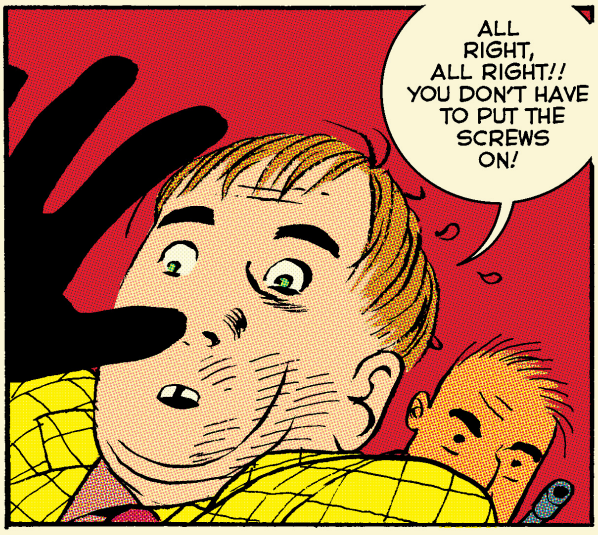

YOUR CHOPPER SQUAD WON'T HOLD ME!
AS HARD AS YOU MAY TRY, LOBSTER, I'LL ALWAYS BE TWO STEPS AHEAD OF YOU! CONSIDER THIS A WARNING!
POW!
...WHICH OPENS A TRAP DOOR UNDER HIS FEET, ALLOWING FOR A COWARDLY RETREAT!
BLAM!
DANG!
THIS ISN'T OVER!
TO BE
CONTINUED!

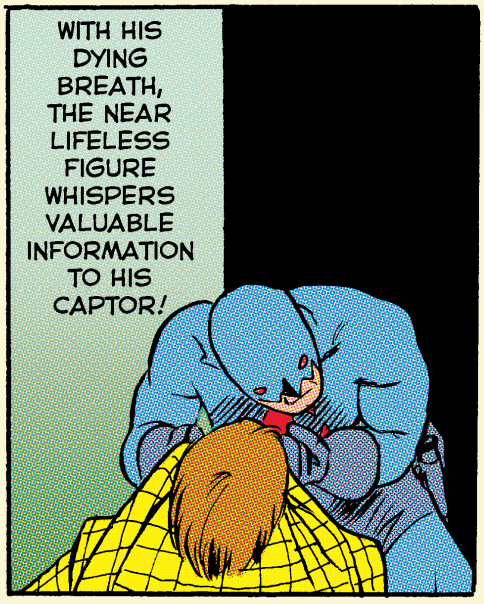

LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by JOHN CASSADAY
ON THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMSON HOOD, THE MENACE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LOBSTER JOHNSON'S ASSISTANT AND DOC HOLLOW'S VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE, LOBSTER JOHNSON FINDS THE EVIL CREW IN AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER AND GIVES CHASE ...
UNABLE TO PREVENT THE HOODED VILLAIN'S ESCAPE, THE CRUSTACEOUS AVENGER INTERROGATES ONE OF THE HENCHMEN, LEFT BEHIND TO FACE THE JUSTICE OF THE LOBSTER'S CLAW!
GO CLIMB UP YER THUMB! I KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!
YOU DAISY RAT!
BANG
SCUM!
BLAM

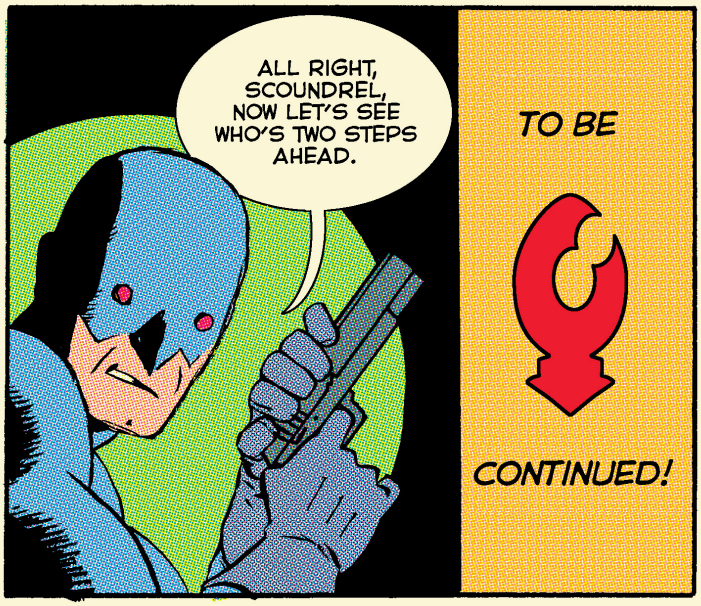


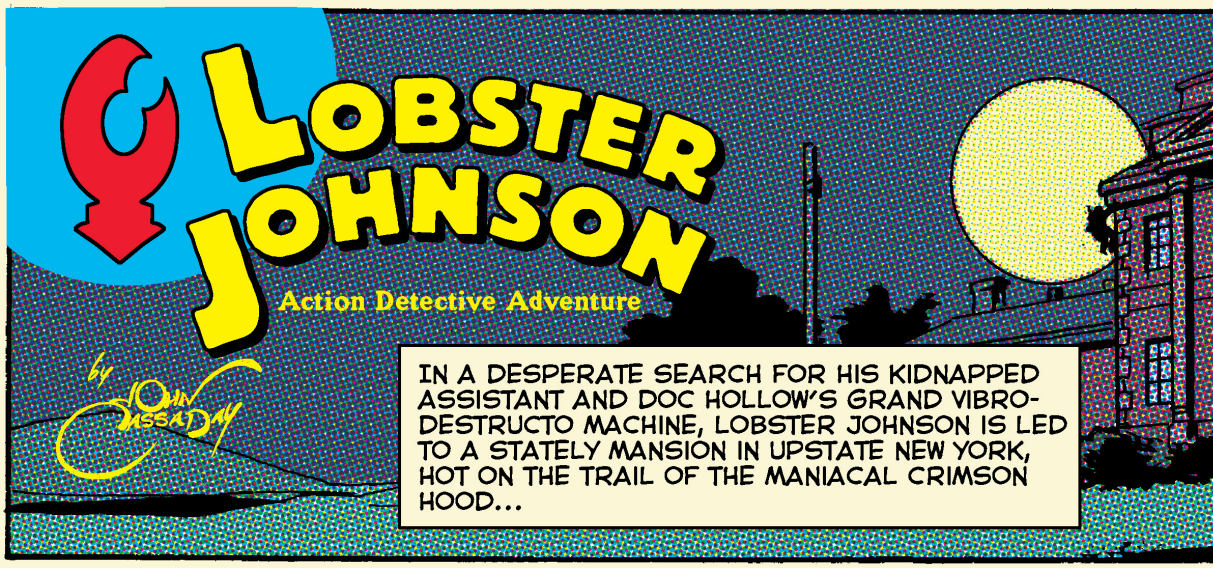

... ONLY TO FIND A *MONSTROUS* BARRICADE!
BIG DOOR.


REVEALED IS THE SCORCHING-HOT BRAND OF THE LOBSTER!
YOUR BOSS LAMBED OFF, PIGEON! TELL ME WHERE HE'S GONE-- OR SUFFER!


ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!! YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT THE SCREWS ON!

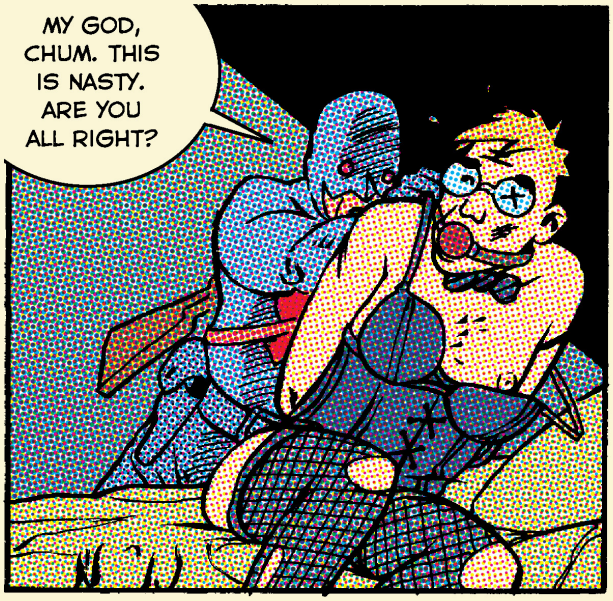

WITH HIS DYING BREATH, THE NEAR LIFELESS FIGURE WHISPERS VALUABLE INFORMATION TO HIS CAPTOR!

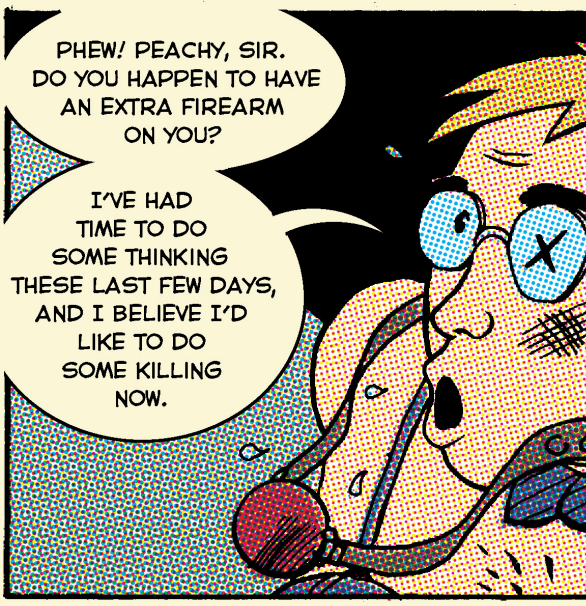

ALL RIGHT, SCOUNDREL, NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S TWO STEPS AHEAD.
TO BE
CONTINUED!


LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by John Cassaday
IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR HIS KIDNAPPED ASSISTANT AND DOC HOLLOW'S GRAND VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE, LOBSTER JOHNSON IS LED TO A STATELY MANSION IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE MANIACAL CRIMSON HOOD...

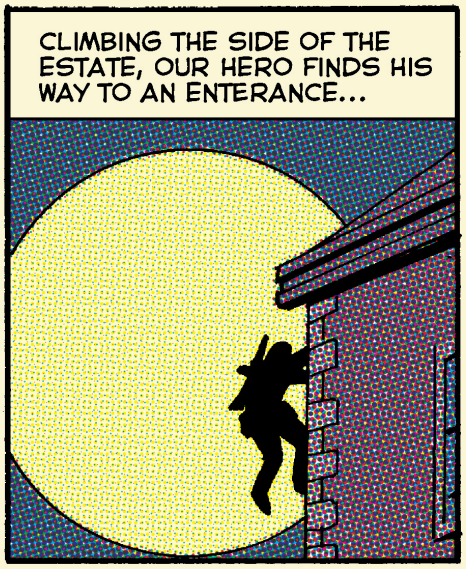

NO FEAR, LAD. I'M GETTING YOU...

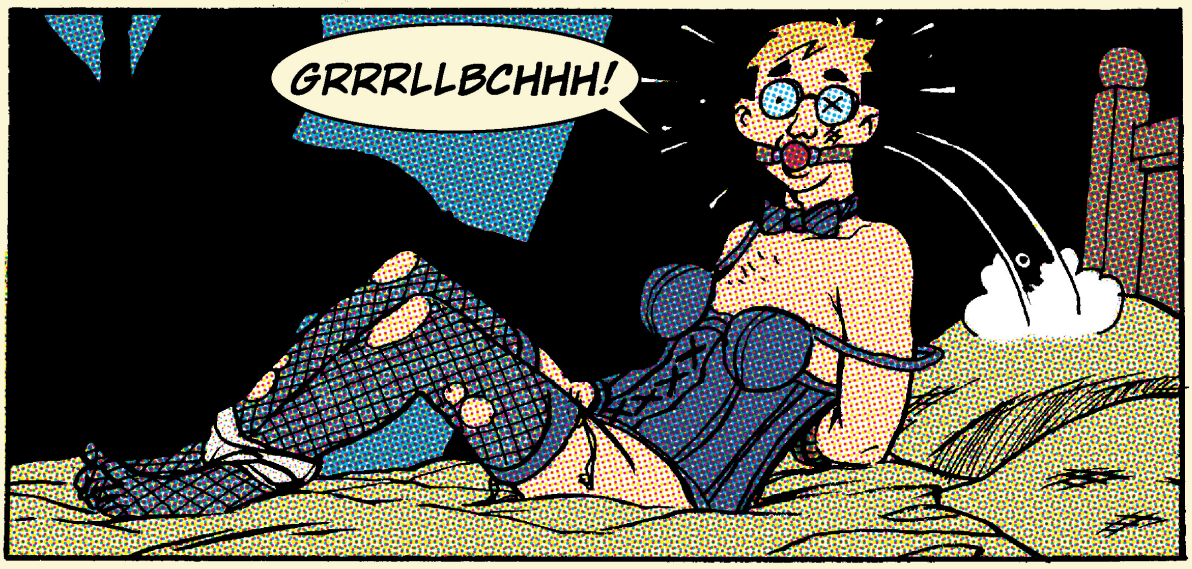

...OUT...?

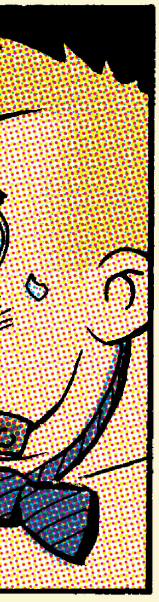

MY GOD, CHUM. THIS IS NASTY. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

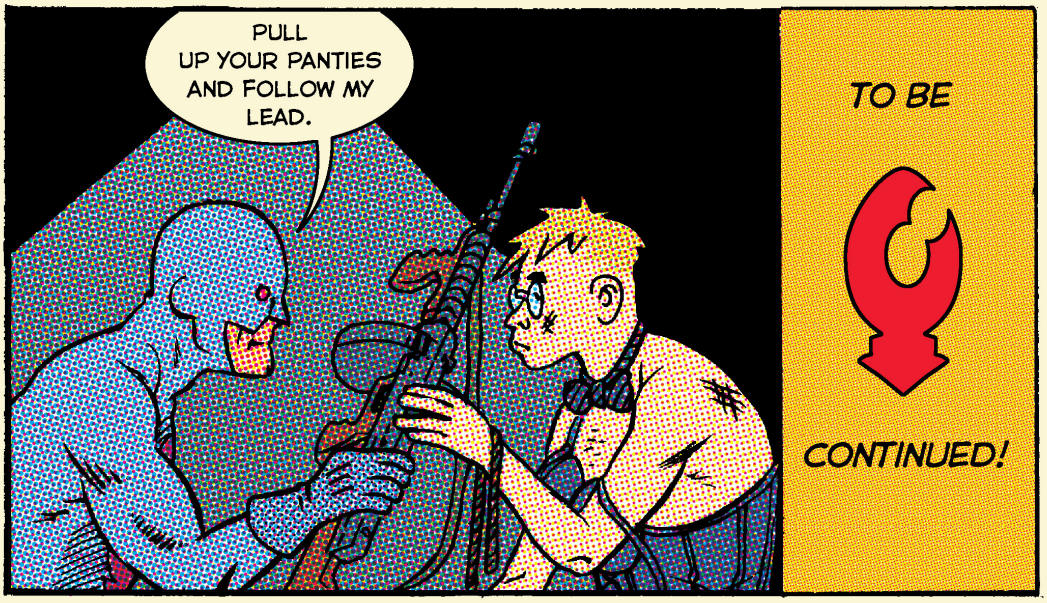

PHEW! PEACHY, SIR. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE AN EXTRA FIREARM ON YOU?
I'VE HAD TIME TO DO SOME THINKING THESE LAST FEW DAYS, AND I BELIEVE I'D LIKE TO DO SOME KILLING NOW.



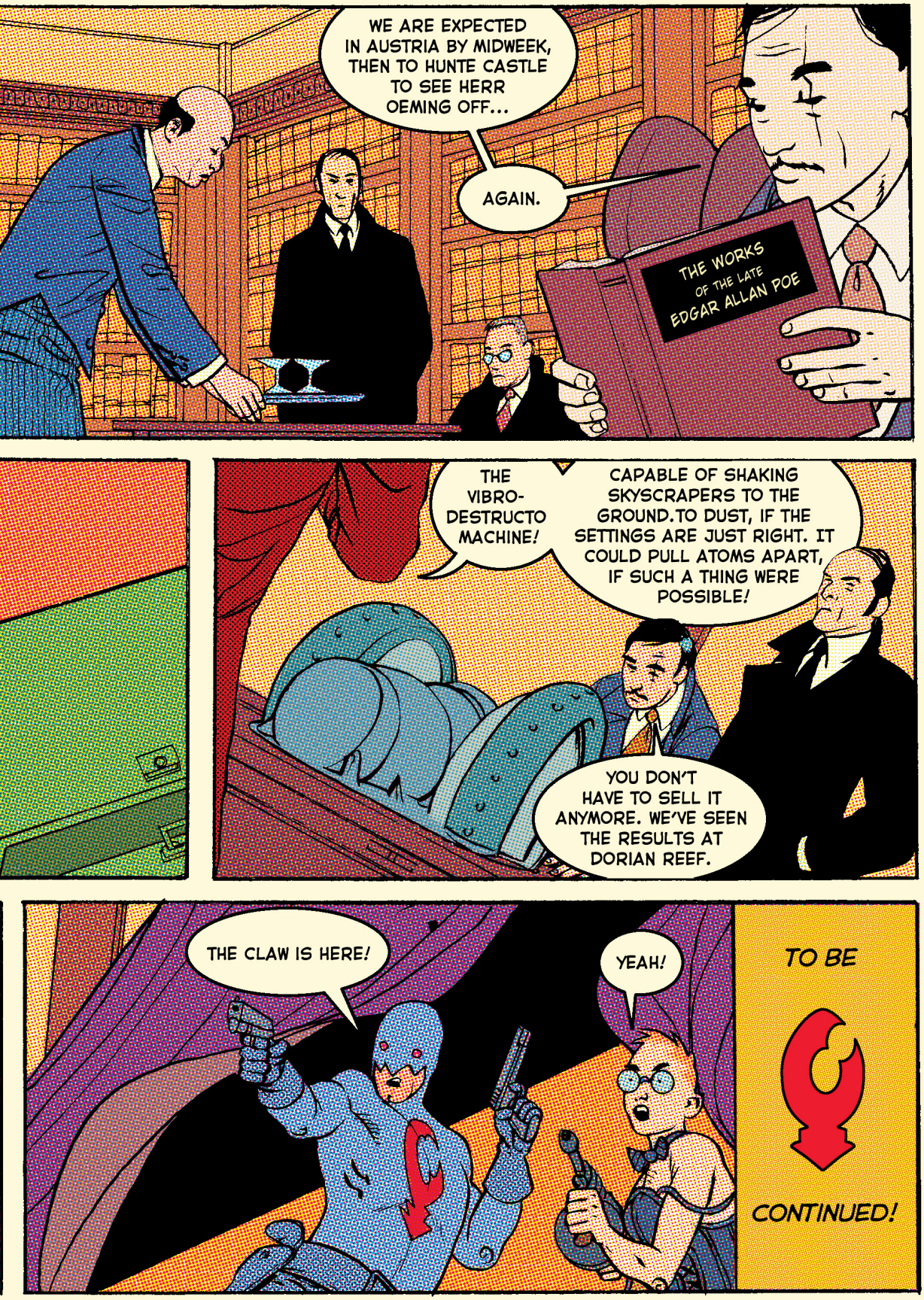

CLIMBING THE SIDE OF THE ESTATE, OUR HERO FINDS HIS WAY TO AN ENTERANCE...


GRRRLLBCHHH!



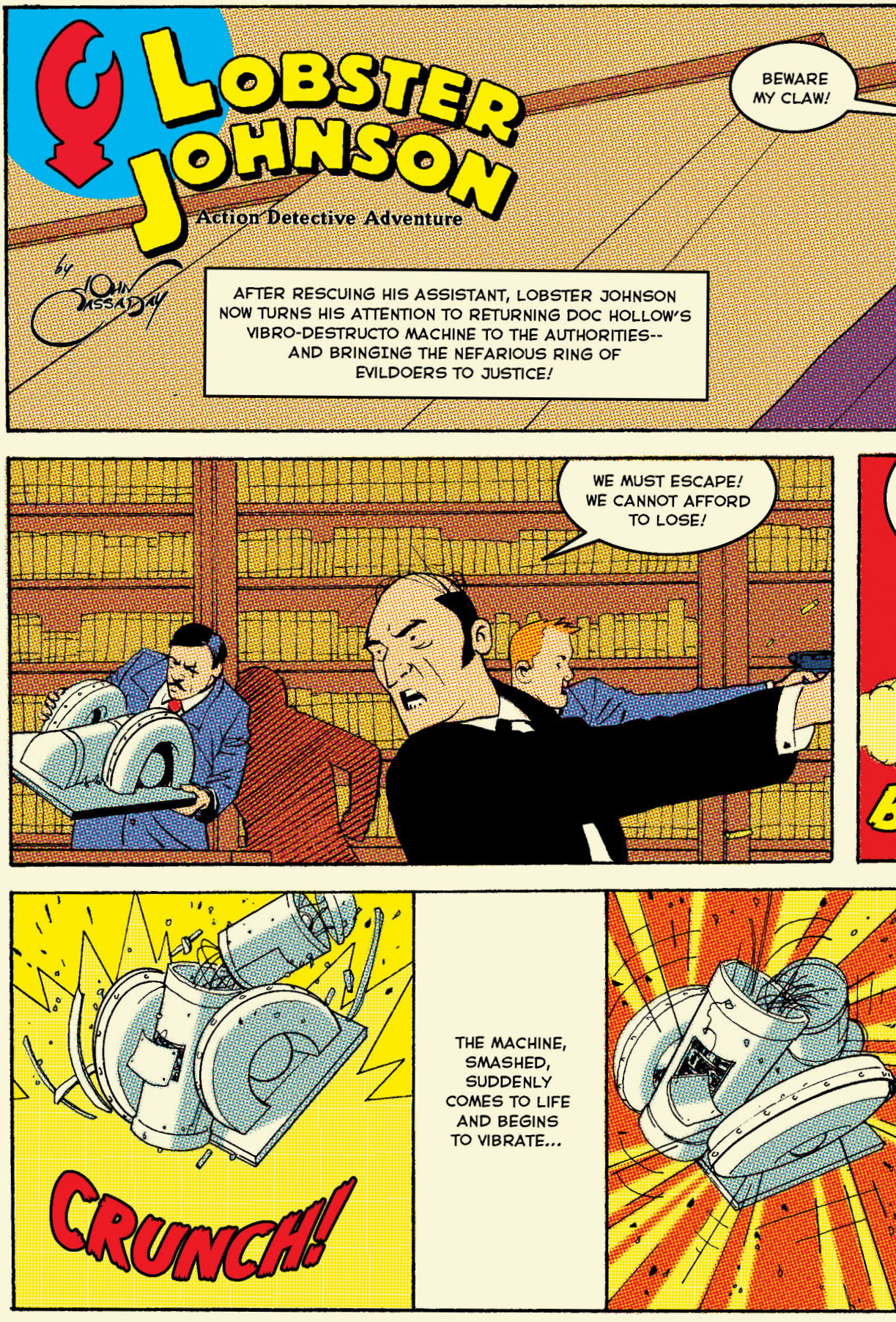

PULL UP YOUR PANTIES AND FOLLOW MY LEAD.
TO BE
CONTINUED!


LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by JOHN CASSADAY
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THE CRIMSON HOOD TO AN UPSTATE NEW YORK MANSION, LOBSTER JOHNSON HAS FOUND HIS KIDNAPPED ASSISTANT, FLUSTERED, YET ALIVE. BELOW, IN THE MANSION LIBRARY, NAZI AGENTS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOODED VILLAIN AND DOC HOLLOW'S VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE.
...FOR THREE DAYS VE VAIT VIT NOTHING TO DO. IS THIS SOON TO BE OVER?
EVEN THE TOY UPSTAIRS BORES ME.
THE HOOD SHOULD BE ARRIVING SOON ENOU--
GENTLEMEN.
THIS SHALL MAKE YOUR WAIT WORTHWHILE.
BY ALL MEANS, VE VILL TAKE IT.
EXCELLENT. LET US CELEBRATE. ELMO, BRING US CHAMPAGNE!
...SIR...
...VISITORS...


WE ARE EXPECTED IN AUSTRIA BY MIDWEEK, THEN TO HUNTE CASTLE TO SEE HERR OEMING OFF...
AGAIN.
THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE
THE VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE!
CAPABLE OF SHAKING SKYSCRAPERS TO THE GROUND.TO DUST, IF THE SETTINGS ARE JUST RIGHT. IT COULD PULL ATOMS APART, IF SUCH A THING WERE POSSIBLE!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SELL IT ANYMORE. WE'VE SEEN THE RESULTS AT DORIAN REEF.
THE CLAW IS HERE!
YEAH!
TO BE
CONTINUED!

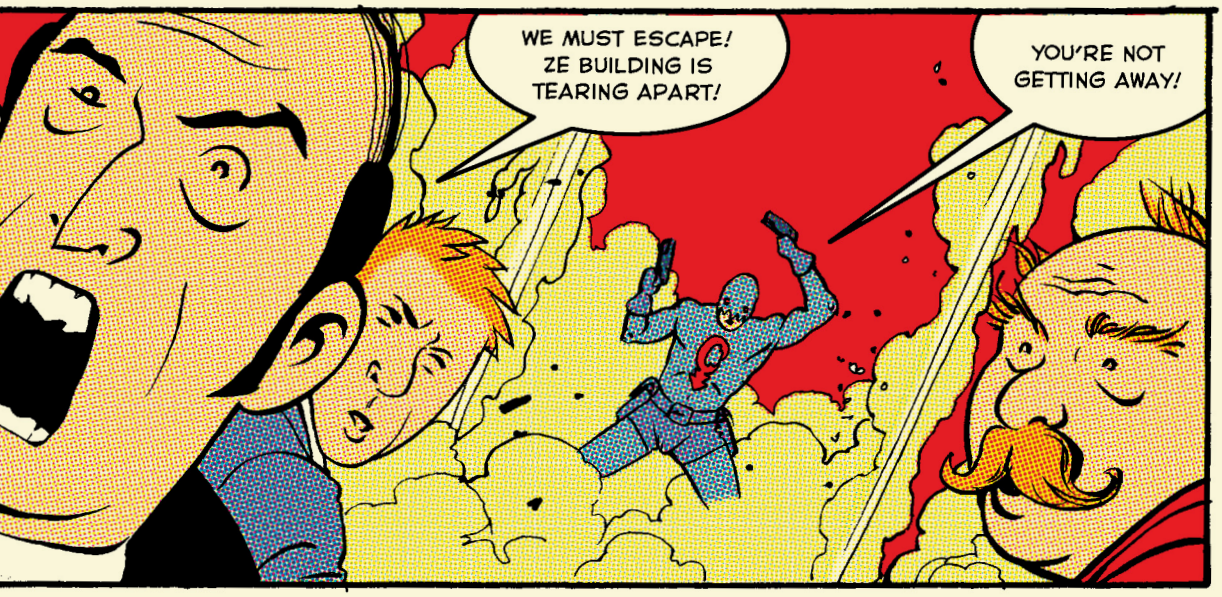

LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action-Detective Adventure
by JOHN CASSADAY
WITH LOBSTER JOHNSON'S ASSISTANT RESCUED AND DOC HOLLOW'S GRAND VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE REVEALED, OUR HEROES GET THE DROP ON THE VILLAINOUS CRIMSON HOOD AND HIS MOTLEY NAZI CREW!
TAKE OFF THE HOOD... HOLLOW!
THE MYSTERIOUS VILLAIN REMOVES HIS HOOD TO REVEAL HIMSELF AS DOC HOLLOW!
BY PLAYING BOTH SIDES, HOLLOW, YOU'VE PUSHED YOURSELF INTO A CORNER.
YOU AND YOUR GREED END HERE.
INTERESTING...


SO... YOU KNEW IT WAS ME.
HAD I KNOWN SOONER YOU WOULDN'T HAVE PLAYED US THE FOOLS SO LONG AND CAUSED SUCH DESTRUCTION. THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PAID YOU TO ENGINEER THIS MACHINE, SO IN DISGUISE YOU STEAL YOUR OWN CREATION BACK AND SELL IT TO THE NAZIS INSTEAD, TO DOUBLE YOUR FORTUNE ...
KILL THEM!
TO BE
CONTINUED!


LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by JOHN BUSCEMA
BEWARE MY CLAW!
AFTER RESCUING HIS ASSISTANT, LOBSTER JOHNSON NOW TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO RETURNING DOC HOLLOW'S VIBRO-DESTRUCTO MACHINE TO THE AUTHORITIES-- AND BRINGING THE NEFARIOUS RING OF EVILDOERS TO JUSTICE!
WE MUST ESCAPE! WE CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE!
CRUNCH!
THE MACHINE, SMASHED, SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE AND BEGINS TO VIBRATE...


DIE, NAZI DANDIES!
SORRY, RATZI, BUT YOU'RE NOT LEAVING WITH THAT VIBRATOR...
BLAM!
...OR YOUR LIFE!
...AND THE SURROUNDING WALLS BEGIN TO COME LOSE FROM THEIR VERY FOUNDATIONS!
GET OUT! ZE BUILDING IS TEARING APART!
TO BE
CONTINUED!

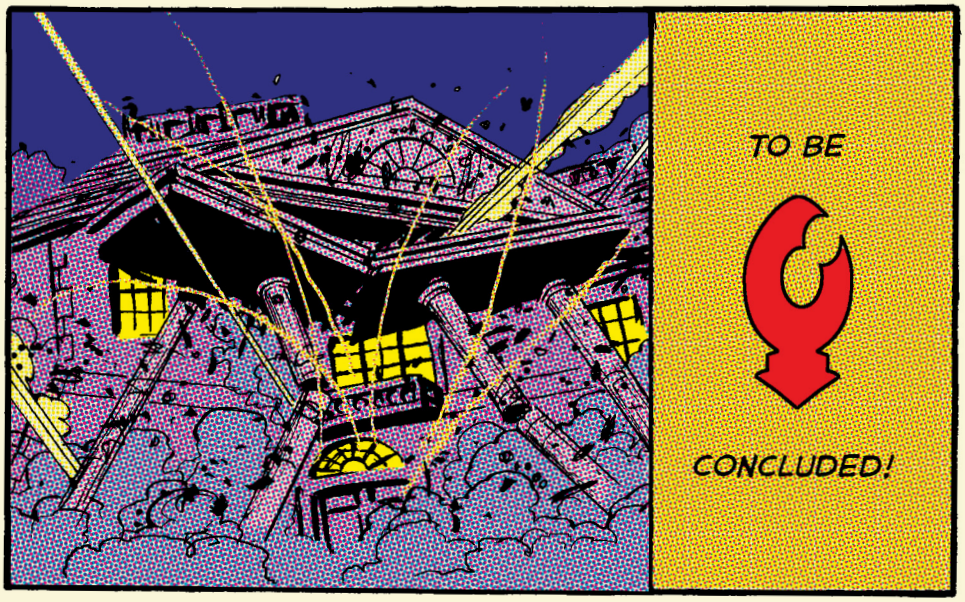

LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by JOHN CASSADAY
LOBSTER JOHNSON AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE CAUGHT IN A FRANTIC GUNFIGHT WITH A GANG OF NEFARIOUS NAZI AGENTS WHEN SUDDENLY DOC HOLLOW'S VIBRATOR SMASHES TO THE GROUND AND COMES TO LIFE, SHAKING THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE BUILDING!
FILLIN' 'EM WITH DAYLIGHT, BOSS!
NO!! THE MACHINE IS OVERLOADING! MY WORK! MY LIFE'S WORK!
POP!
JUMPIN' JUNEBUGS! HE... POPPED... LIKE A WATER BALLOON!
DON'T LOSE YOUR MOXY, CHUM. HEAD FOR THE DOOR!

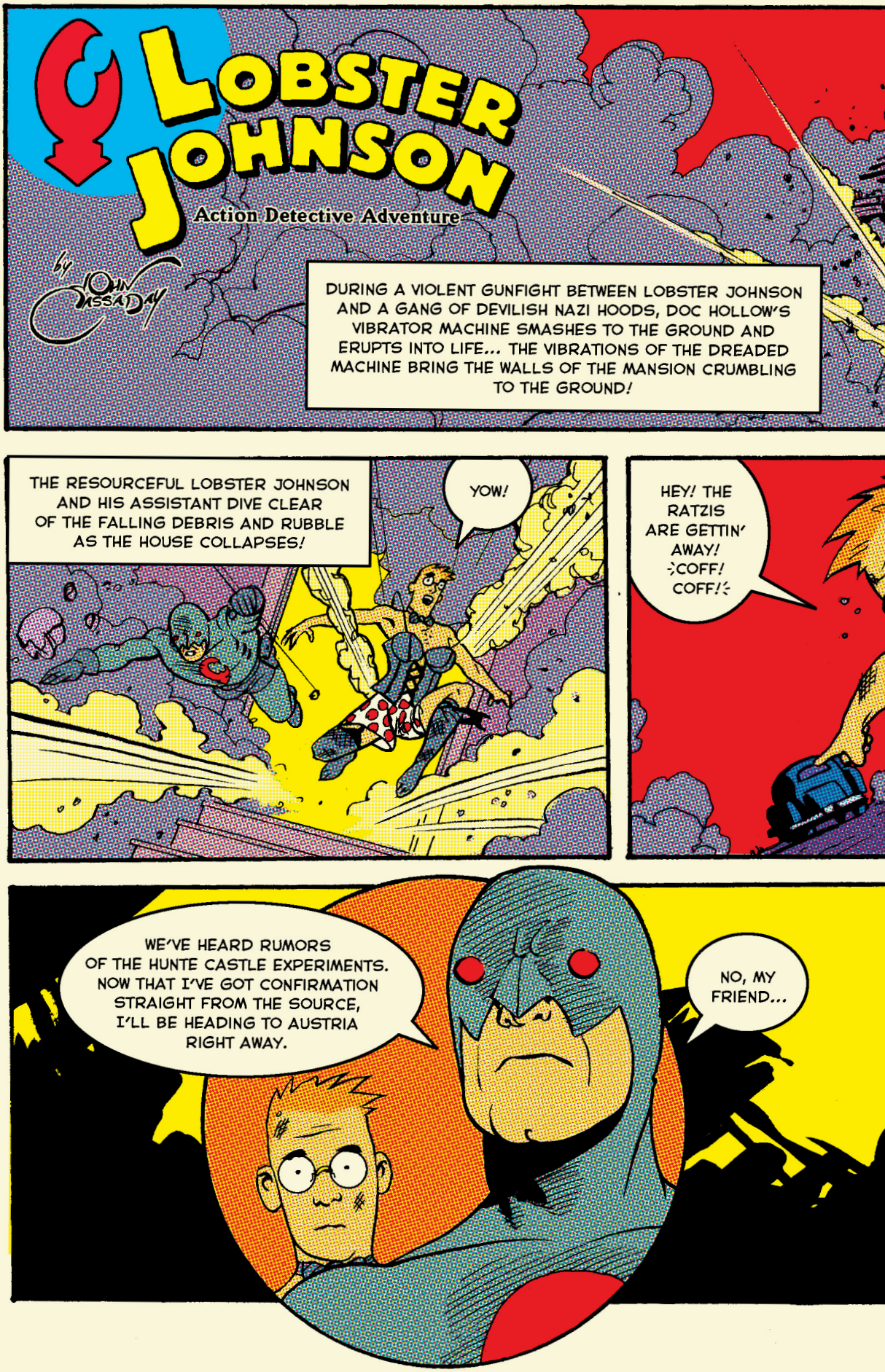


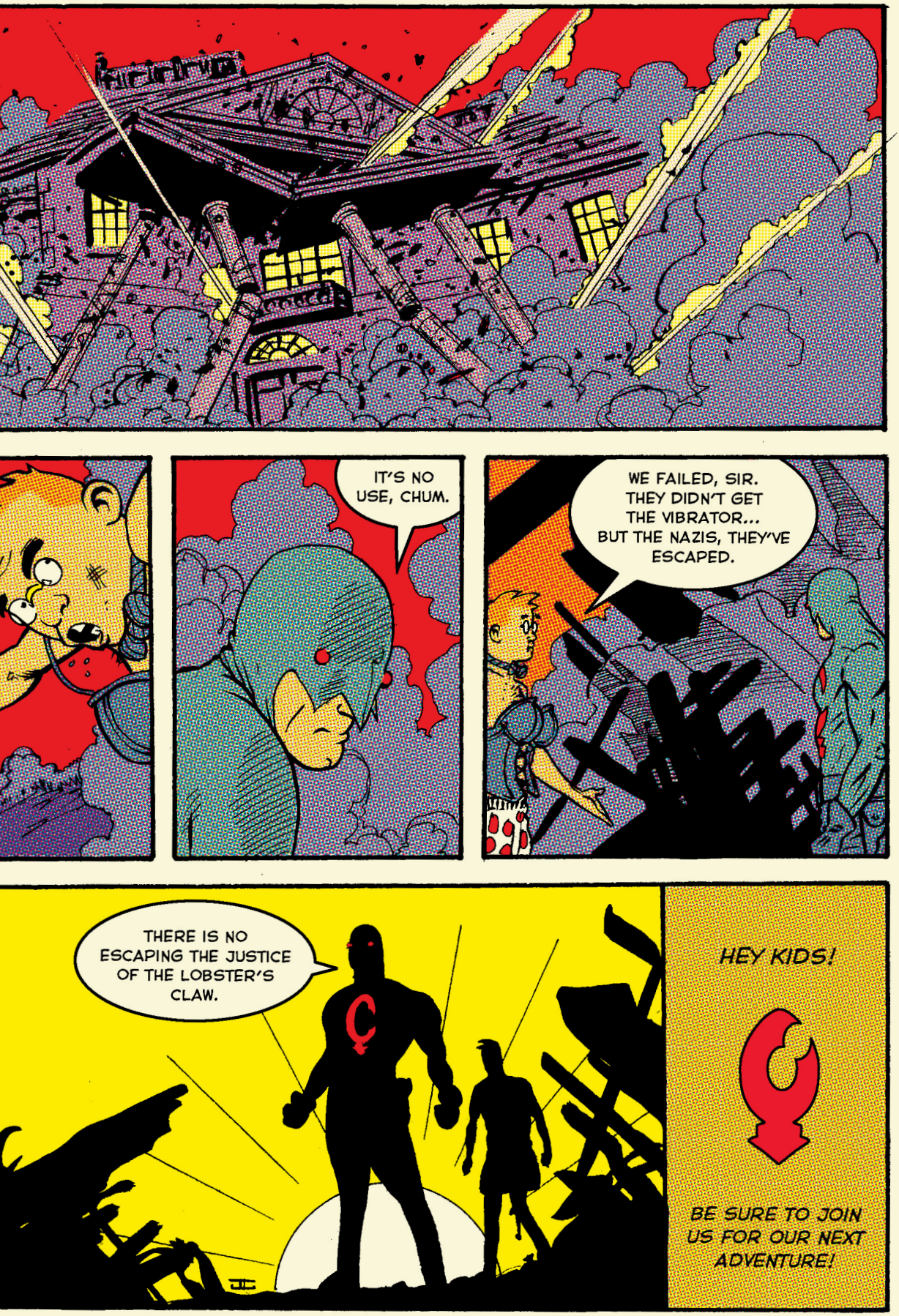




THE VIBRATIONS OF THE TOP-SECRET WEAPON BRING THE THE MANSION WALLS CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND! WILL OUR HERO AND HIS ASSISTANT ESCAPE IN TIME??

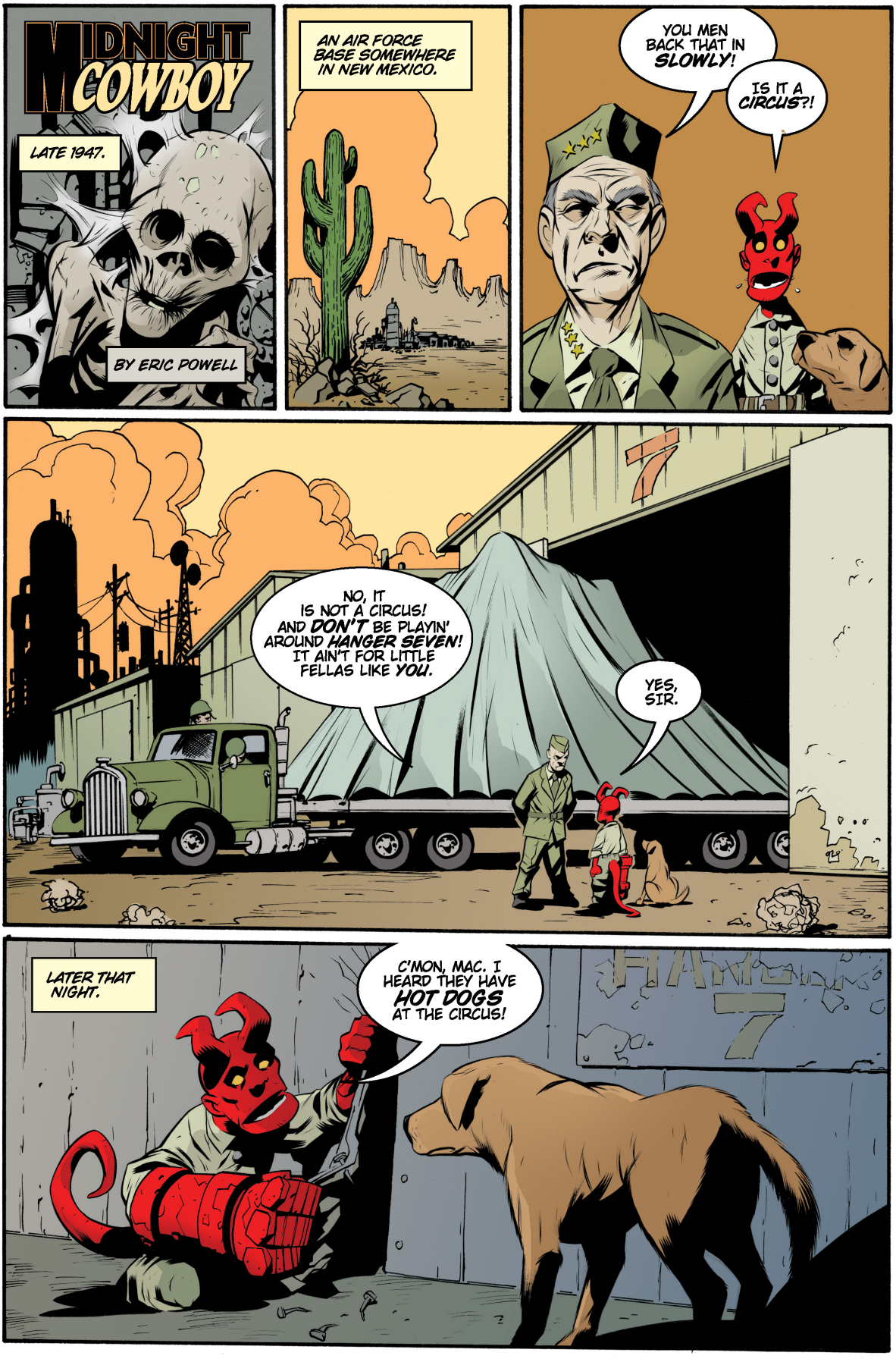



LOBSTER JOHNSON
Action Detective Adventure
by JOHN CASSADAY
DURING A VIOLENT GUNFIGHT BETWEEN LOBSTER JOHNSON AND A GANG OF DEVILISH NAZI HOODS, DOC HOLLOW'S VIBRATOR MACHINE SMASHES TO THE GROUND AND ERUPTS INTO LIFE... THE VIBRATIONS OF THE DREADED MACHINE BRING THE WALLS OF THE MANSION CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND!
THE RESOURCEFUL LOBSTER JOHNSON AND HIS ASSISTANT DIVE CLEAR OF THE FALLING DEBRIS AND RUBBLE AS THE HOUSE COLLAPSES!
YOW!
HEY! THE RATZIS ARE GETTIN' AWAY! :COFF! COFF!:
WE'VE HEARD RUMORS OF THE HUNTE CASTLE EXPERIMENTS. NOW THAT I'VE GOT CONFIRMATION STRAIGHT FROM THE SOURCE, I'LL BE HEADING TO AUSTRIA RIGHT AWAY.
NO, MY FRIEND...


IT'S NO USE, CHUM.
WE FAILED, SIR. THEY DIDN'T GET THE VIBRATOR... BUT THE NAZIS, THEY'VE ESCAPED.
THERE IS NO ESCAPING THE JUSTICE OF THE LOBSTER'S CLAW.
HEY KIDS!
BE SURE TO JOIN US FOR OUR NEXT ADVENTURE!



Eric Powell


MIDNIGHT COWBOY
LATE 1947.
BY ERIC POWELL
AN AIR FORCE BASE SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO.
YOU MEN BACK THAT IN SLOWLY!
IS IT A CIRCUS?!
NO, IT IS NOT A CIRCUS! AND DON'T BE PLAYIN' AROUND HANGER SEVEN! IT AIN'T FOR LITTLE FELLAS LIKE YOU.
YES, SIR.
LATER THAT NIGHT.
C'MON, MAC. I HEARD THEY HAVE HOT DOGS AT THE CIRCUS!

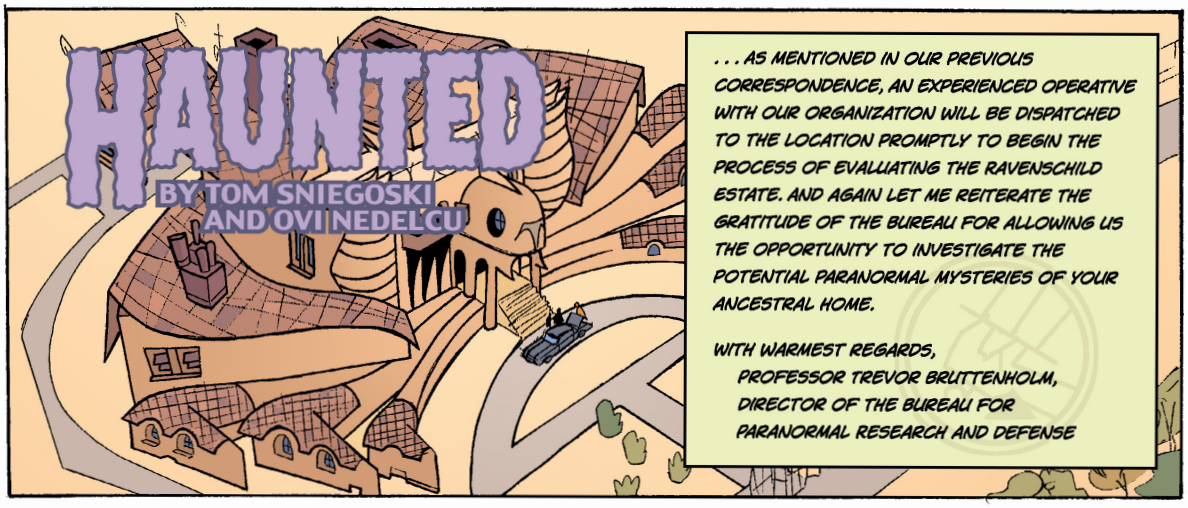

WOW!
LOOK, MAC. NAKED BUG-EYED PEOPLE IN TUBES.
THAT'S GREAT!
NO WONDER THEY DON'T WANT KIDS IN HERE.
EEW! DON'T EAT THAT! IT'S ALL BOOGERY!
MAC! WHAT'S WRONG?!
GLAAH!

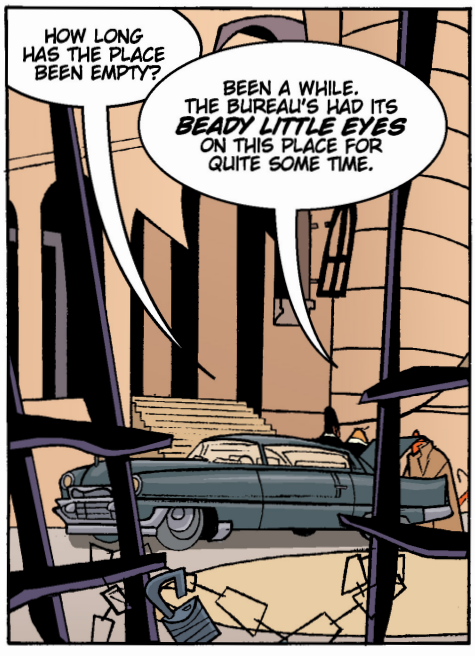

BWONK! BWONK! BWONK!
OH DARN.
AAAAAH!
IN HERE.
UMF! UMF! YOUR HEAD'S TOO BIG FOR THIS CAN, BIG HEAD.
GNAAH! GOTTA HIDE!
GET IN HERE, YOU!

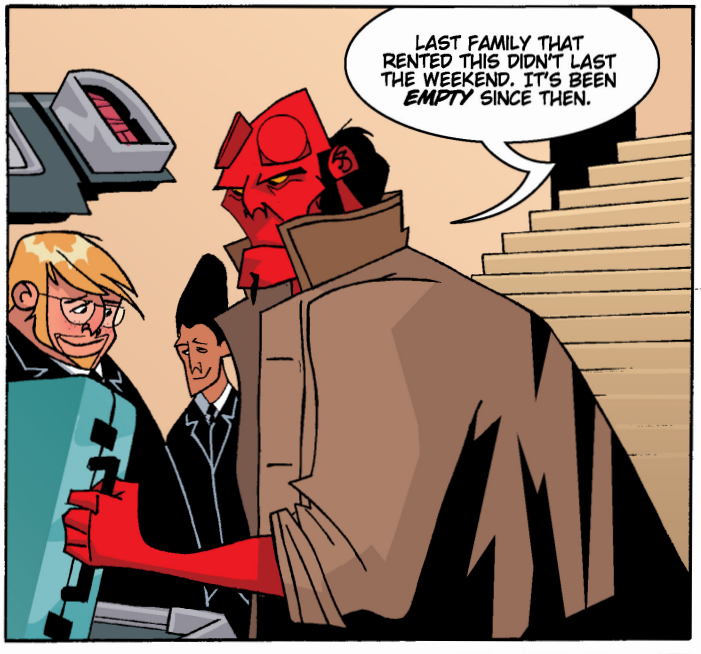

WHAT'S GOIN' ON OUT HERE?!
WHY, HELLO, FELLOW ARMY GUYS. NICE NIGHT FOR DOING ARMY STUFF AND SECURING THINGS, ISN'T IT.
HELLBOY, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STAY OUT OF HANGER SEVEN?!
IS THIS HANGER SEVEN? I COULD HAVE SWORN IT WAS HANGER SIX I WAS SLEEPWALKING THROUGH.
POW!
THUD!
BANG!
WHAT'S THAT?!
UUH . . . IT'S . . . IT'S A WILD INJUN! I CAUGHT HIM STALKING OUR WOMEN FOLK, SO I LOCKED HIM IN HERE. DON'T WORRY, I CAN HANDLE IT. YOU GUYS CAN GO BACK TO BED.
BANG!
THUD!
POW!
CLANG!
BANG!
GWAA!
AH!

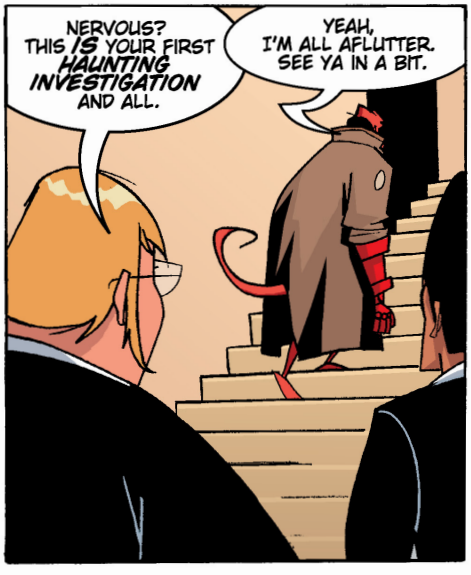

SHOOT THAT THING!
NO! THAT'S MY DOG!
SNAG!
WAAAAH!
HELLBOY... THIS WAY... I'LL CLUB HIM!
WHOA, YOU VARMINT, YOU! WHOA!
THREE HOURS LATER.
PANT PANT PANT
UG.


WHAT'S THE MATTER? YA SICK?
BLURK!
BLARCH!
THUD!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE'S A MUTATED DOG ON THE LOOSE AND HELLBOY IS MISSING?
HE'S ALL BETTER NOW!
HELLBOY, WHAT'S GOING ON?!
MAC ATE SOME BOOGERY STUFF AND GREW REAL BIG AND I STUFFED HIM IN A LOCKER AND MADE OUT LIKE HE WAS A WILD INJUN BUT HE REALLY WASN'T AND HE GOT OUT AND I WENT AFTER HIM AND I LASSOED HIM JUST LIKE GENE AUTRY THE SINGING COWBOY!!
HELLBOY. . . NO MORE GENE AUTRY FOR YOU.
END!


HAUNTED
BY TOM SNIEGOSKI AND OVI NEDELCU
. . . AS MENTIONED IN OUR PREVIOUS CORRESPONDENCE, AN EXPERIENCED OPERATIVE WITH OUR ORGANIZATION WILL BE DISPATCHED TO THE LOCATION PROMPTLY TO BEGIN THE PROCESS OF EVALUATING THE RAVENSCHILD ESTATE. AND AGAIN LET ME REITERATE THE GRATITUDE OF THE BUREAU FOR ALLOWING US THE OPPORTUNITY TO INVESTIGATE THE POTENTIAL PARANORMAL MYSTERIES OF YOUR ANCESTRAL HOME.
WITH WARMEST REGARDS,
PROFESSOR TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM,
DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE


HOW LONG HAS THE PLACE BEEN EMPTY?
BEEN A WHILE. THE BUREAU'S HAD ITS BEADY LITTLE EYES ON THIS PLACE FOR QUITE SOME TIME.


LAST FAMILY THAT RENTED THIS DIDN'T LAST THE WEEKEND. IT'S BEEN EMPTY SINCE THEN.

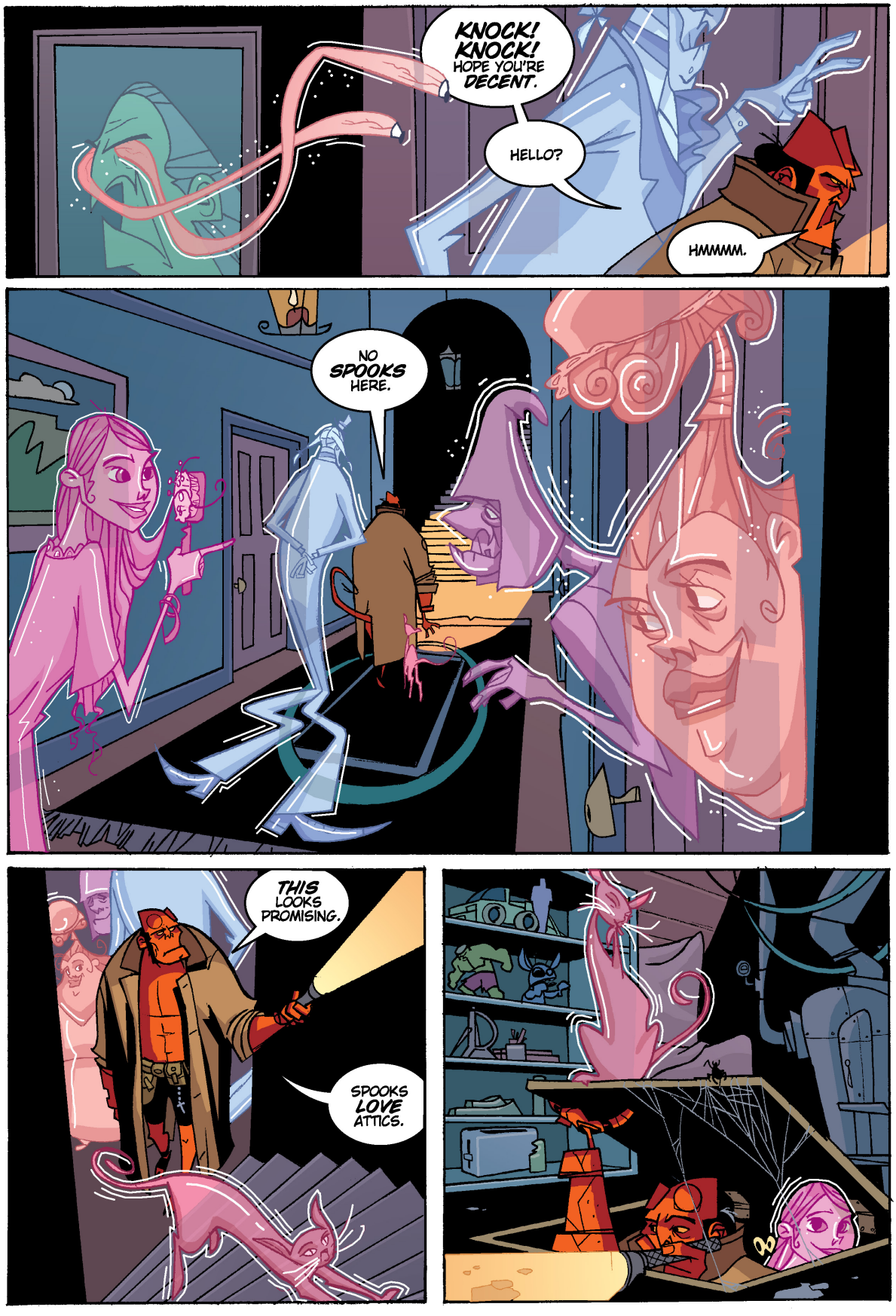

NERVOUS? THIS IS YOUR FIRST HAUNTING INVESTIGATION AND ALL.
YEAH, I'M ALL AFLUTTER. SEE YA IN A BIT.


SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?
BETTER HIM THAN US.

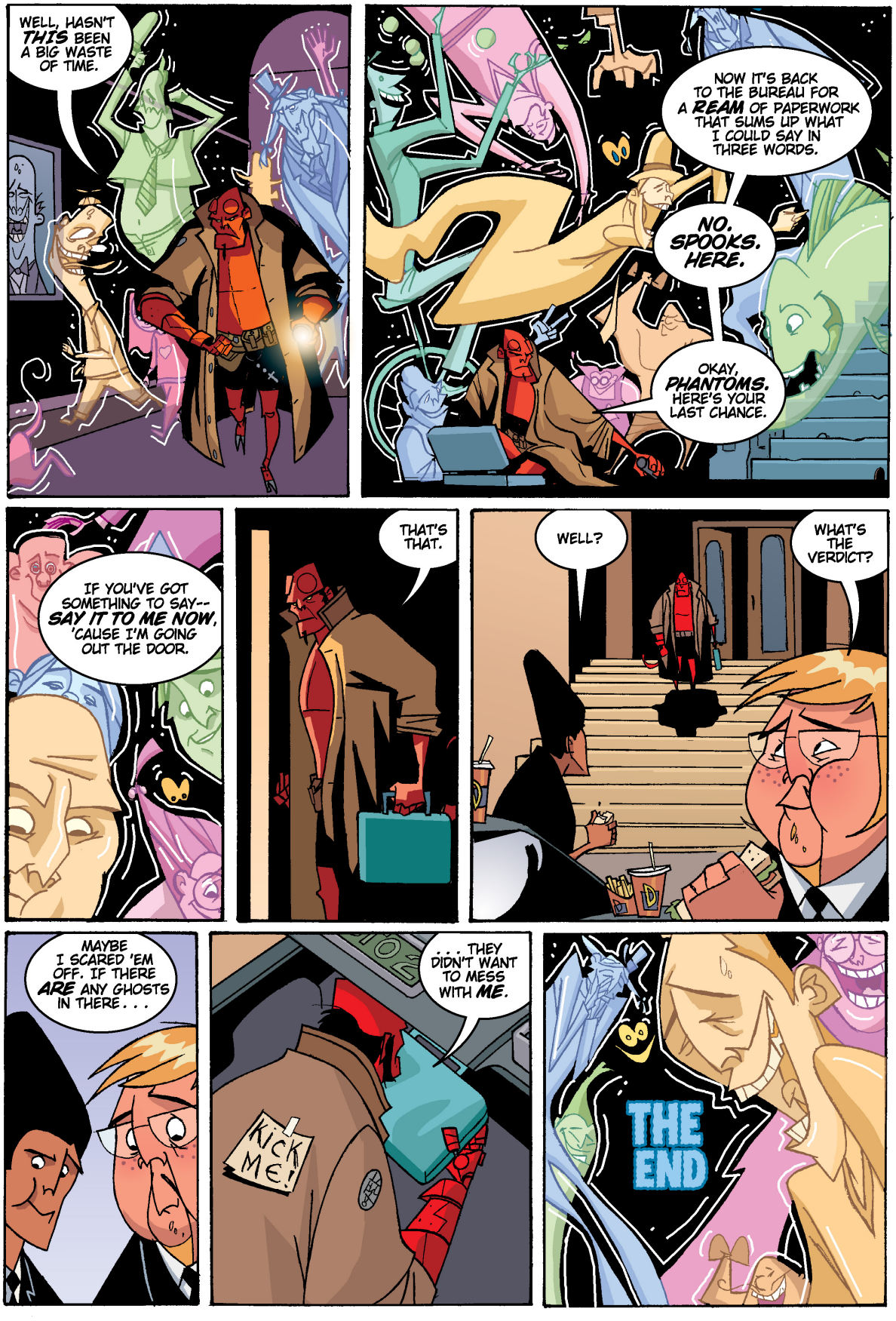

HAUNTED HOUSES GIVE ME THE WILLIES.
HMMM.


THIS ISN'T SO BAD.
SEEN RITZY PENTHOUSES CREEPIER THAN THIS.
WELL, LET'S GO TO WORK.
GHOST RADAR DISH
I SHOULDA READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THIS STUFF.
I GUESS NOW ALL I NEED IS THE SPOOKS.
CLICK!
FOOOM!
SON OF A . . .
CRAP! CRAP! CRAP!


I GO THROUGH MORE COATS THAT WAY.
GUESS I'M GONNA HAFTA DO THIS THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.
HEY, ANYBODY SPECTRAL UP HERE?
DON'T BE SHY NOW.
OKAY, BE THAT WAY...
I'LL JUST DO A LITTLE POKIN' AROUND AND SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP ON MY OWN.


KNOCK! KNOCK! HOPE YOU'RE DECENT.
HELLO?
HMMMM.
NO SPOOKS HERE.
THIS LOOKS PROMISING.
SPOOKS LOVE ATTICS.


BUT NOT THIS ONE, I GUESS.
WHAT GIVES? THE WAY THE REPORTS ON THIS PLACE READ, I SHOULD BE TRIPPIN' OVER GHOSTS.
SWANKY
BET THERE WERE SOME PRETTY WILD SHINDIGS IN HERE.
MAYBE ALL THE SPOOKS ARE IN THE KITCHEN RUSTLIN' UP SOME GRUB...
...OR NOT.
WINE CELLAR.
THERE'S NOTHIN' WORSE THAN A LIQUORED-UP POLTERGEIST...

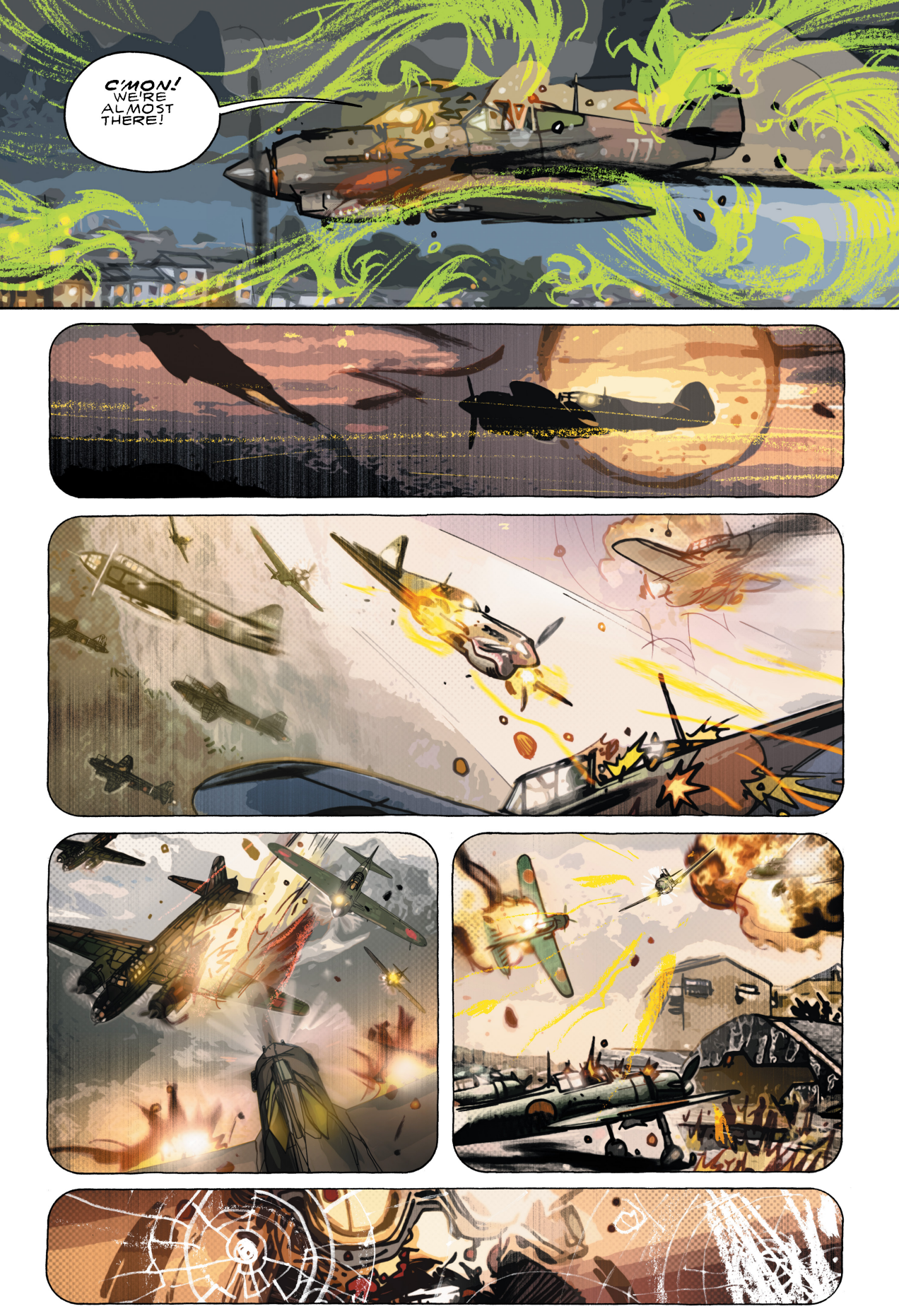

WELL, HASN'T THIS BEEN A BIG WASTE OF TIME.
NOW IT'S BACK TO THE BUREAU FOR A REAM OF PAPERWORK THAT SUMS UP WHAT I COULD SAY IN THREE WORDS.
NO. SPOOKS. HERE.
OKAY, PHANTOMS. HERE'S YOUR LAST CHANCE.
IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY-- SAY IT TO ME NOW, 'CAUSE I'M GOING OUT THE DOOR.
THAT'S THAT.
WELL?
WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
MAYBE I SCARED 'EM OFF. IF THERE ARE ANY GHOSTS IN THERE . . .
. . . THEY DIDN'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME.
KICK ME!
THE END


1964... THE NEW BRPD HQ...
HELLBOY
A LOVE STORY
STORY
TOMMY LEE EDWARDS
ART
TOMMY LEE EDWARDS
with DON CAMERON
LETTERING
JOHN WORKMAN
WE FIGURE IT'S HAUNTED.
MISTER LEWIS STARTED THIS AMBITIOUS RESTORATION PROJECT FOUR YEARS AGO IN INDIA. WE'RE CONCERNED ABOUT THE PAST YEAR, SPECIFICALLY.
SINCE THE P-40'S BEEN AIR-WORTHY, LEWIS HAS TAKEN HER UP ONLY ONCE.
ONLY ONCE, BECAUSE LEWIS FELT AS THOUGH THE PLANE FLEW ITSELF. HE FELT AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE. PLENTY OF EVIDENCE... INCLUDING APPARITIONS, THE AIRCRAFT MOVING ON ITS OWN, AND A WHOLE SLEW OF RECORDED MOANS SUGGESTS YOUR CLASSIC POLTERGEIST.
WE TRACED THE PLANE'S HISTORY BACK TO RANGOON, 1941. THE ORIGINAL PILOT HAD THE MOST UNOFFICIAL KILLS IN ANY AIR-WAR EVER. UNOFFICIAL, BECAUSE WHEN THE THRASHED P-40 LANDED AFTER ITS FINAL BLOODY MISSION, THE MEDICS FOUND SOMETHING THEY COULDN'T EXPLAIN.
I NEED YOU TO VISIT MISTER LEWIS IN INDIA, HELLBOY.
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THIS PLANE HAS GOTTEN RESTLESS. LIKE IT NEEDS TO GET SOMEWHERE...


CHINA. THREE WEEKS LATER...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS MY IDEA!


DECEMBER, 1941...

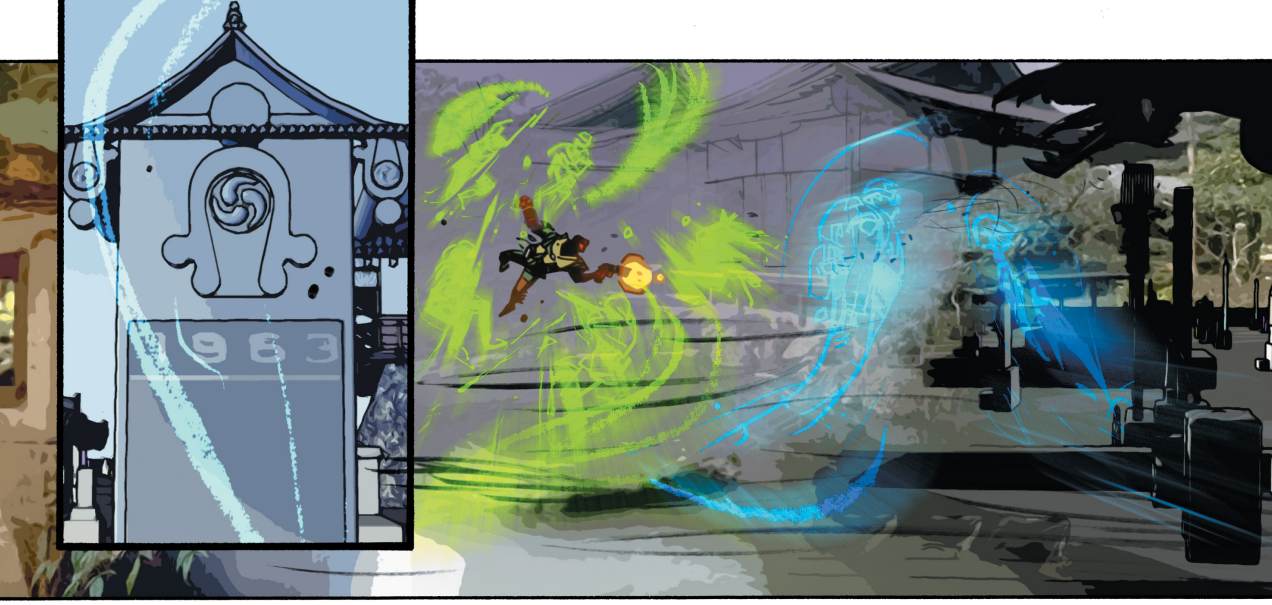

YOU GUYS REALLY SHOULD TRY THAT WHOLE "REST IN PEACE" THING. IT WOULD MAKE LIFE FOR US LIVING A LOT EASIER!


C'MON! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!


I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE!
WOAH.
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
RATATATATATATATA

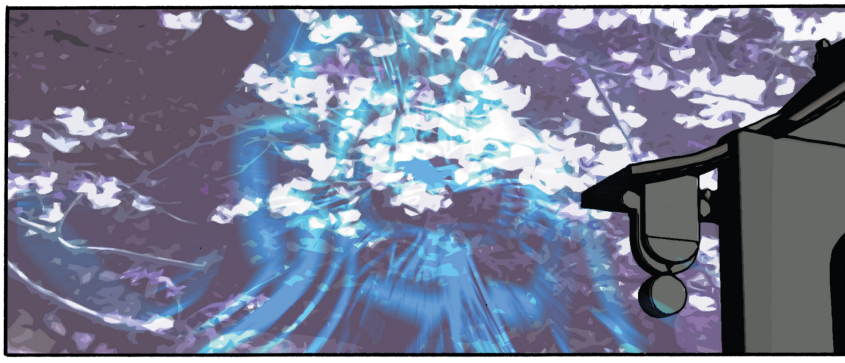

GEEZ!
BWOOOMM!


C'MON, YOU GUYS...
GIVE US A BREAK!


1983



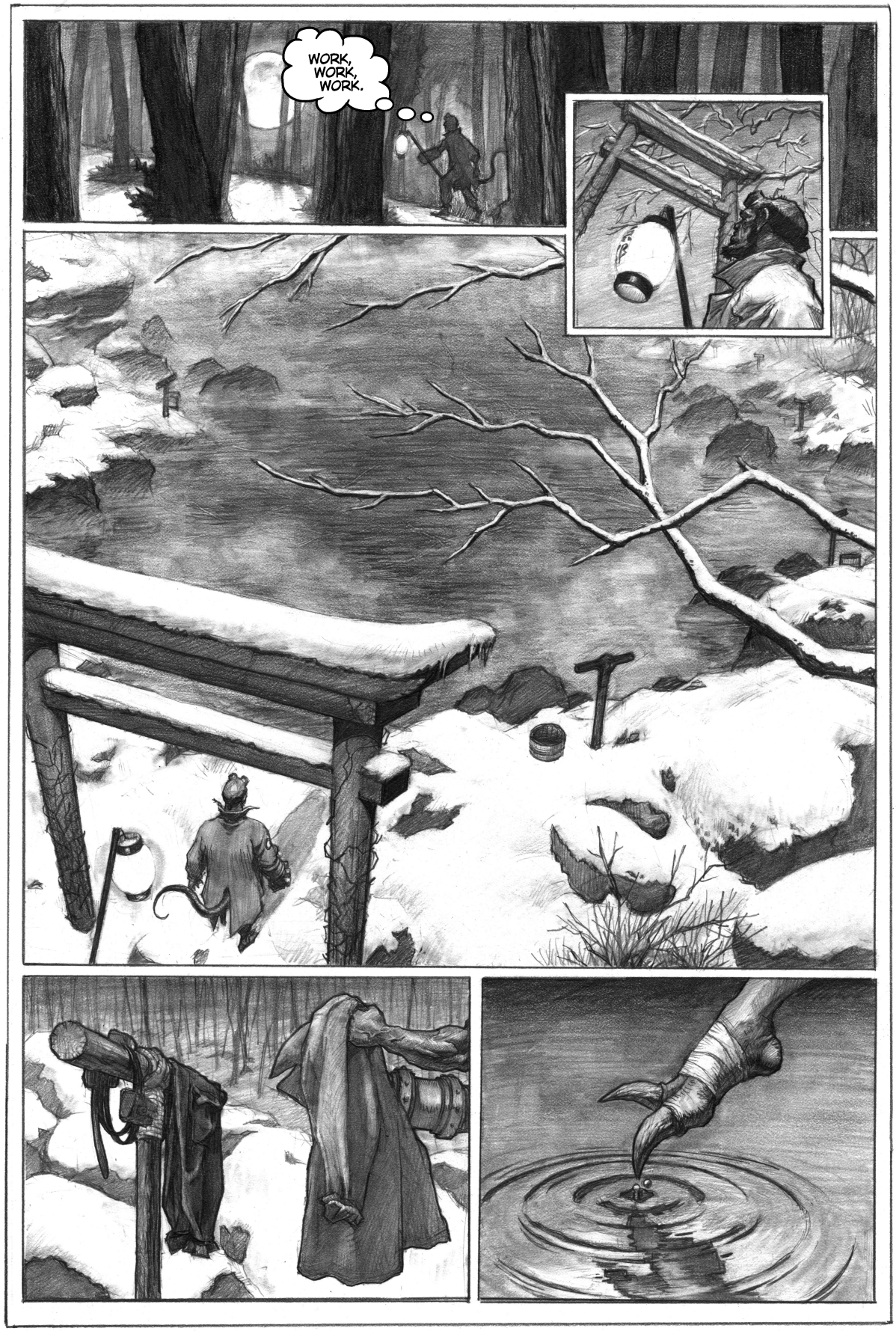







AH, LOVE...
end


HOT
STORY
RANDY STRADLEY
ART: SEUNG KIM
LETTERS
MICHELLE MADSEN
SHUZENJI, JAPAN. WINTER, 1967.
AH, HENNESSEY-SAN! SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN -- SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME.
I HOPE THE TRAIN RIDE WAS NOT TOO ARDUOUS FOR YOU AND. . . HELLBOY-SAN?
IT'S JUST HELLBOY.
WE COULD DO WITH A SPOT OF TEA, IF THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.
TEA WILL HAVE TO WAIT, HENNESSEY. WE STILL HAVE TO GET UP TO FUKUSHIMA AND DEAL WITH THAT TENGU INFESTATION.
NOW, MR. MAYOR, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?
YES. . . IT'S OUR HOT SPRING. . . SIX PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED -- EATEN!
AT FIRST WE THOUGHT IT WAS A WILD ANIMAL, BUT OUR HUNTERS WERE UNABLE TO FIND ANY TRACKS OR SPOOR. THE POLICE CAN FIND NO TRACE OF THE KILLER. AND, ALWAYS, THE ATTACKS TAKE PLACE IN THE BATHS. MANY TOURISTS USED TO VISIT OUR VILLAGE TO BATHE IN THE RESTORATIVE WATERS OF OUR HOT SPRING. BUT SINCE THE ATTACKS BEGAN, THE TOURISTS STAY AWAY. IF THIS PERSISTS, SHUZENJI WILL BE RUINED!
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA GET WET.
YOU ARE BEGINNING NOW? BUT PRIEST DASHO HAS PREPARED A CEREMONY TO BLESS YOUR INVESTIGATION . . .
PERHAPS LATER.


WORK, WORK, WORK.


AH. I COULD GET USED TO THIS . . .
IT IS VERY RELAXING, YES?
WHA --?! UH, EXCUSE ME, MA'AM . . . I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE . . .
IS THAT WHAT YOU *WANT*? TO BE ALONE?
UH, IT'S NOT SAFE HERE, LADY . . . PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HURT . . .
I COME HERE ALL THE TIME. DON'T YOU *LOVE* THIS POOL?
IT'S VERY NICE, BUT *REALLY* YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. IT'S NOT --


!
HEY! ALL RIGHT, THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, LADY!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
TEE-HEE! YOU'RE STILL WEARING YOUR CLOTHES!
FORGET WHAT I'M WEARING! GET YOUR CLOTHES AND GET LOST!
I'M HERE ON BUSINESS!
YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER . . .
MY FATHER?


PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME LEAVE! DON'T YOU LIKE ME?
UH . . .
I COULD DO THINGS FOR YOU. . . MAKE YOU FEEL THINGS . . .
GET AWAY FROM ME!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
UH!


I GAVE YOU SOMETHING. BUT ALL OF THE GIFTS I GIVE ARE REJECTED, TAKEN FOR GRANTED ... OR EXPLOITED ...
I FREELY GAVE THE VILLAGERS THE REJUVENATING POWER OF MY WATER, AND THEY SOLD THAT GIFT TO STRANGERS.
WHEN I TOOK BACK SOME OF WHAT WAS MINE, THEY SUMMONED YOU!
HEY, I'M HERE TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO'S BEEN EATING THE TOURIS--
OH.
THAT WOULD BE YOU, WOULDN'T IT?


WHOA!
THERE!

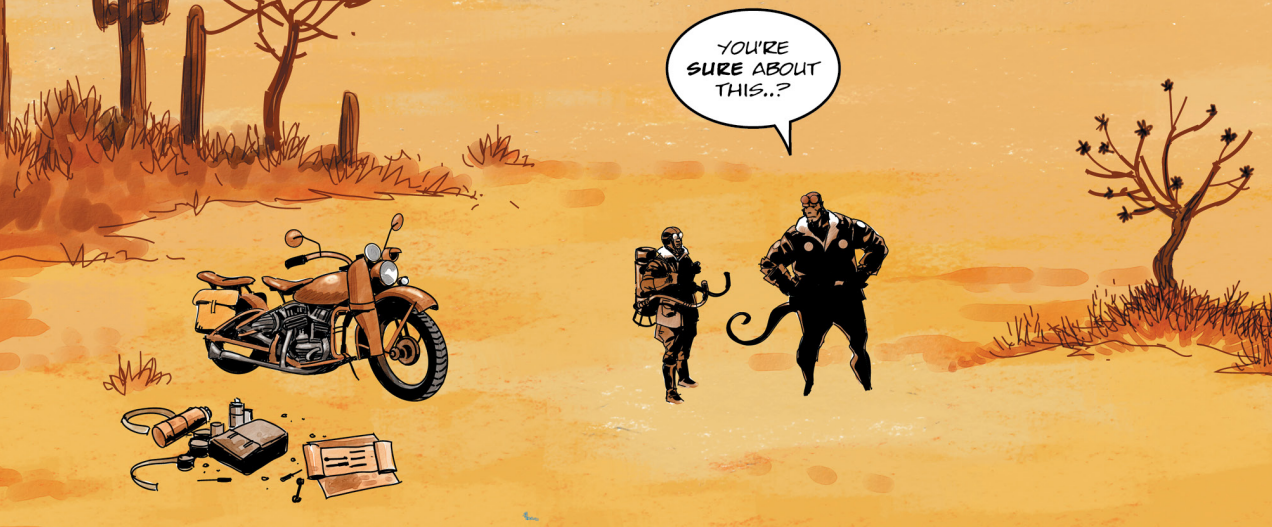

WHAM!
YOU...
IF YOU WERE ANYONE ELSE, THIS WOULD END DIFFERENTLY. BUT IN DEFERENCE TO YOUR HERITAGE, I WILL DEPART ...
SAY WHAT?
THE VILLAGERS CAN HAVE THEIR BATH ... BUT THEY CAN NO LONGER HAVE ME ...
HELLBOY! WE HEARD RUMBLING! WHAT HAPPENED?
THE VILLAGE HAS IT'S HOT SPRING BACK.
THOUGH I DOUBT IT WILL EVER BE THE SAME.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
DITTO.
HUH?
NOTHIN'. NOTHIN' A GOOD SAW WON'T FIX ...
END


NEVADA, U.S.A.
THE GADGET OUTPOST. WELL-KNOWN HANGOUT FOR INVENTORS AND ENGINEERS.
SORRY, LLOYD...
The GADGET OUTPOST
ICE CUBES
...ONLY THE RECORD HOLDER GETS HIS PHOTO BEHIND THE BAR.
AND YOU AIN'T IT. NOT ANYMORE.
TOUGH BREAK, LLOYD.
DRINK UP, YOU.
BLANCHE, YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN BUSY AT THE B.P.R.D. THAT CAN CUT INTO A MAN'S TIME.
C'MON... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU KNEW EVERY PRO AND AMATEUR WAS NIPPING AT YOUR HEELS.
CRY BUSY ALL YOU WANT...
...DR. GUAM AT CAL TECH HAD THE TIME TO BREAK YOUR FREESTYLE ALTITUDE RECORD.
BY A HUNDRED FEET, OR SO I HEAR.
CAN'T BE A HOTSHOT FOREVER, HOTSHOT.



FLIGHT RISK

WRITER: JOE CASEY
ARTIST: STEVE PARKHOUSE



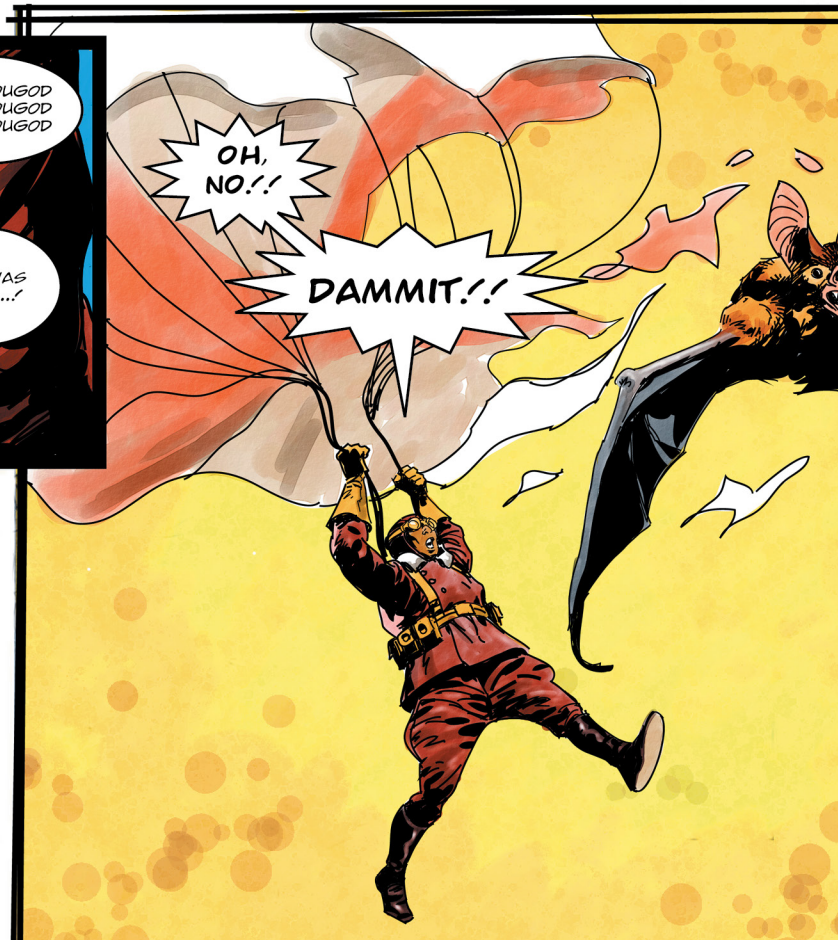

ABSOLUTELY. NO ONE BREAKS MY RECORD...
NO OXYGEN?
FREESTYLE JET-PACKING. NO ASSISTS.
NOW, STAND BACK, YOU.
THIS THING'S GONNA PACK QUITE A KICK...
WHOA.!
YEAAAAAAA--.!


GAAAH.!


BOOM
UNNF.!
C'MON...
C'MON.!


YES!
YEAH, LIKE IT'S GONNA BE THAT EASY...
ANY SECOND NOW...


THANKYOUGOD THANKYOUGOD THANKYOUGOD
THAT WAS CLOSE...!


OH, NO.!!
DAMMIT.!!


SONUVA--!
C'MERE, YOU--!
UHHH...
CLOSE ENOUGH--
SPLOOSH!


THOUGHT THOSE GIANT DESERT BATS WERE A MYTH...
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT'S REAL, BLANCHE.
WELL, LLOYD BEAT THE RECORD, SO IT'S BACK ON THE WALL OF--
SLAM!
I'LL BE TAKING THIS, BLANCHE...
O-OKAY.
I JUST HAD A MINOR EPIPHANY...
SOME THINGS AREN'T WORTH GETTING YOUR PHOTO ON A WALL. TELL DR. GUAM HE CAN HAVE IT.
THAT... AND I HATE BATS.
THE END


DO YOU DRINK, HELLBOY? ILANA'S MAKING MARTINIS
THAT'S ONE THING AT WHICH SHE'S COMPETENT.
NO THANKS. JUST POINT ME TOWARDS YOUR COPY OF INGHAM'S DEMONOLOGICAL BESTIARY.
INTO THE LIBRARY THEN. ILANA—THE DRINKS? TODAY? MY HEAD IS KILLING ME.
NOT FOR LONG, VICTOR.
NOT FOR LONG.
DRINK UP, DARLING.
WOMAN, ROT.
IT'S VOLUME EIGHT I NEED.
I DON'T SEE IT. NO DOUBT MISSHELVED BY MY WIFE.
PERHAPS LITTLE VANYA WAS PLAYING WI
meeOW
?
meeow
HEY THERE. CAN I BORROW THAT ?
IT'S THE VILLAGERS' ONLY DEFENSE.
METAL VILLAGERS — PLASTIC INVADERS. THERE'S A HOME-FIELD ADVANTAGE.
NOW, VANYA, I... nnngh...
VICTOR!
HHHHHHHHHH
DARLING, LET'S GET YOU UPSTAIRS. VANYA, PIGLET, SHOW HELLBOY TO HIS ROOM.
SWEETHEART. YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO ME.
MR. HELLBOY ?
YOU'LL GET IT BACK AS SOON AS I'M DONE, KIDDO.
NO, NO. WILL YOU MEET ME OUTSIDE LATER ?



FAMILY STORY

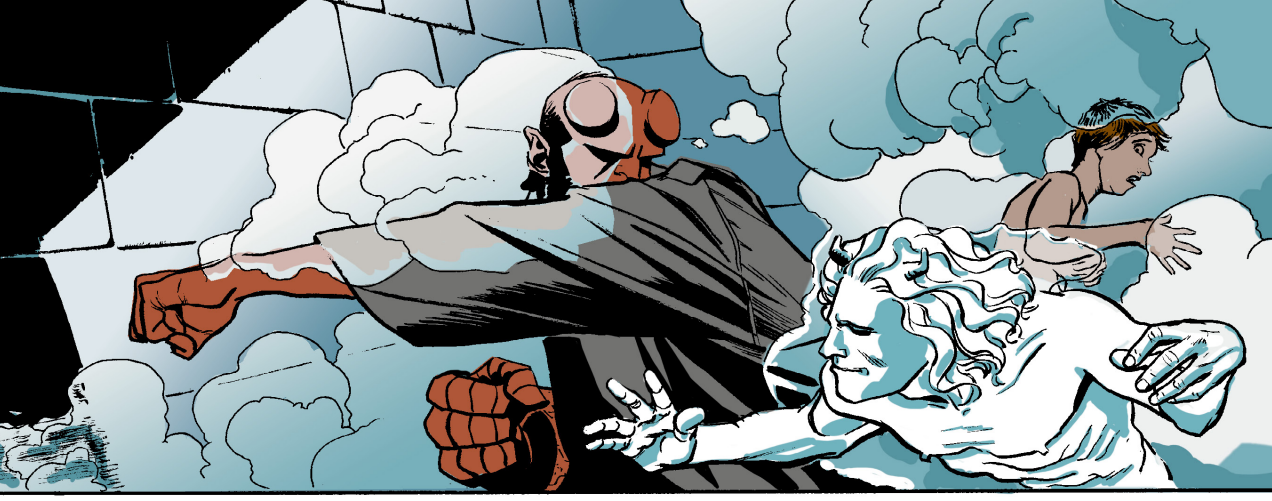
written and illustrated by Sara Ryan and Steve Lieber

Colored by Jeff Parker

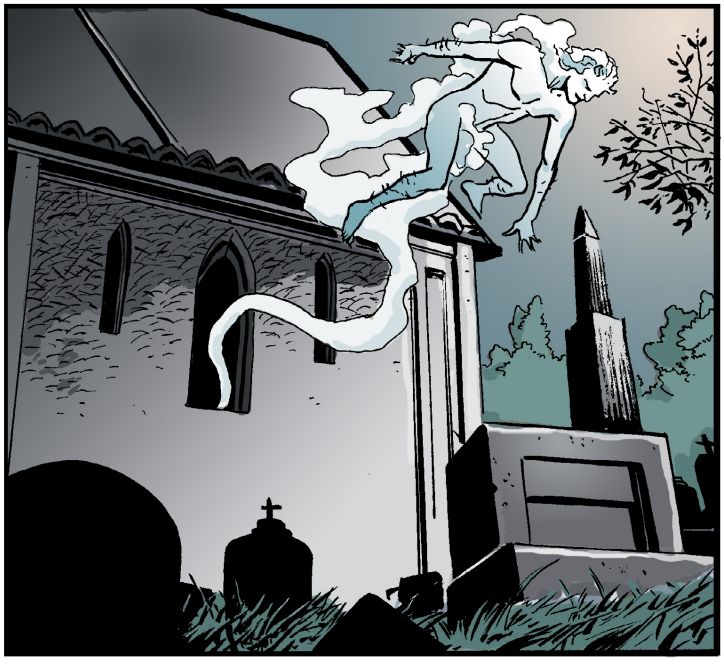









MIST...
narcotic...




YOUR SON'S OUTSIDE.
IT'S FAR TOO LATE FOR HIM TO BE AWAKE. WHAT'S HE DOING?
WORRYING ABOUT YOU.

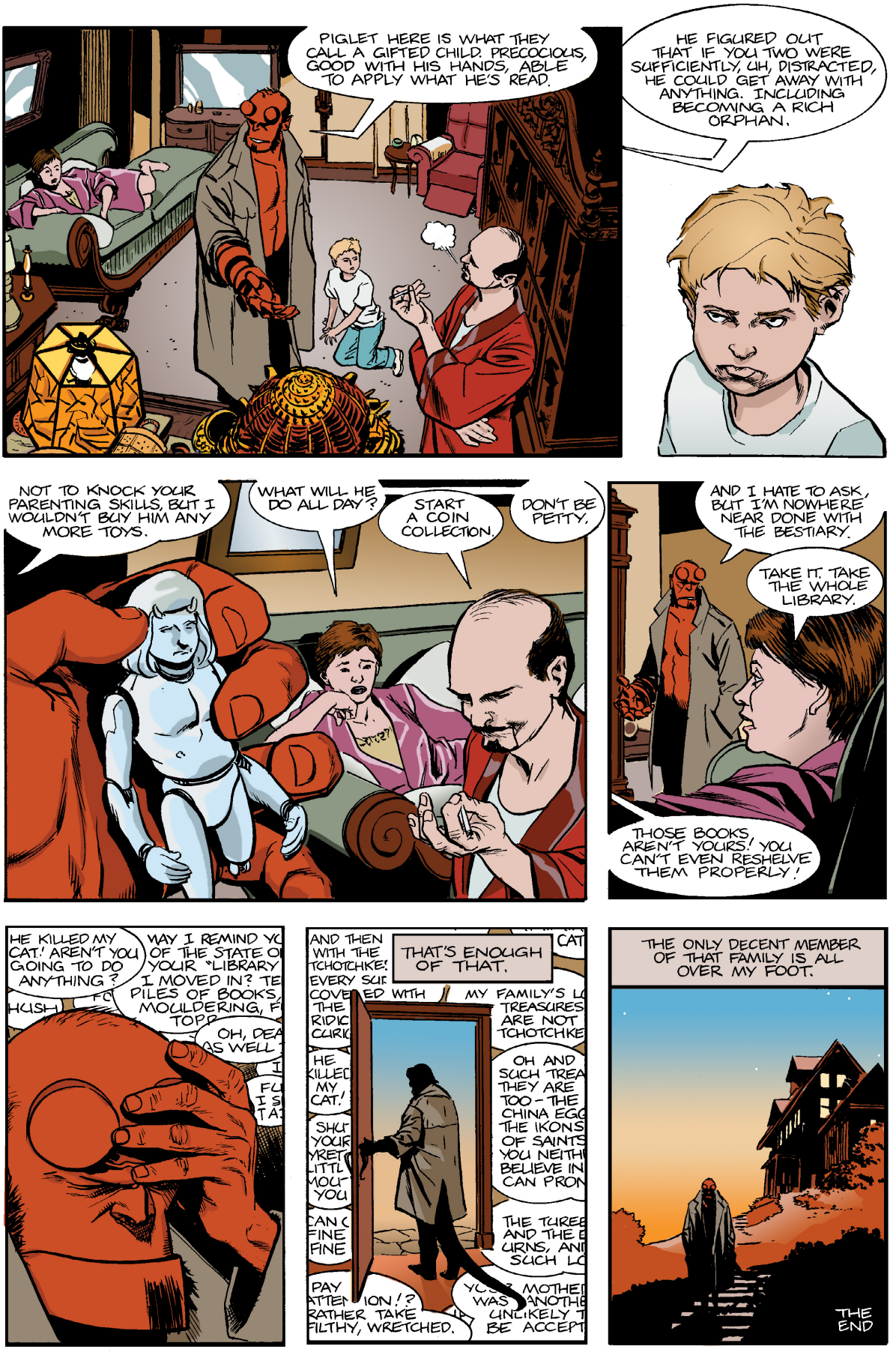

PUT YOUR KID TO BED. WITH ANY LUCK HE'LL JUST REMEMBER THIS AS A BAD DREAM.


HOW GOES THE RESEARCH, HELLBOY? YOU'VE SCARCELY MOVED ALL DAY.
WORKING AS FAST AS I CAN.
WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN PEACE THEN.
VANYA, PIGLET, DON'T GRAB. IT'S PAST YOUR BEDTIME. NIGHTCAP, VICTOR?
NOT TONIGHT.
THE MANHATTAN PHONE DIRECTORY OF THE NETHER REALMS. COURSE THEY NEVER GET MY NUMBER RIGHT.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S MAKING A CALL.


I KNOW YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF RIGHT NOW...
"...BUT THAT'S NOT HOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO REACT WHEN I'VE JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE."
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO REACT TO THIS?
WHAT, THAT I'VE BEEN MAKING THE TWO-BACKED BEAST WITH YOUR BIT OF ECTOPLASMIC ROUGH?
LOOK, THE IMPORTANT THING HERE IS I-
YOU DISGUST ME!
I AM NOT FULL OF DELIGHT REGARDING YOU EITHER, LADY WIFE.
VICTOR, I FORBID YOU TO GO TO IT AGAIN!
YOU FORBID ME?
HEY!
FORGIVE US. WE'RE UNDER SUCH STRAIN. I THINK DRINKS ARE IN ORDER.
DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DID? HE CAN'T DO THAT!
HUSH, PIGLET.
DAMN IT, WOMAN, CAN'T YOU STOP HIM LEAVING HIS ABSURD LITTLE TOYS EVERYWHERE?
IT'S BROKEN!
TOYS THAT YOU'RE FOREVER BUYING.
OH, SO NOW I'M-
YOU'LL BR- IT!
HOLD IT!
"WASH THE COINS FROM A CORPSE'S EYES IN LIQUOR. GIVE IT TO YOUR HUSBAND. HE'LL BE BLIND TO YOUR SINS." BULGARIAN TRICK. LEARNED IT FROM THE DEMON, HUH?
SHOULD'VE KNOWN. MAKING MY DRINKS IS HER ONLY CANNIBIAL GESTURE.
YOU BROKE ITS FOOT!


WONDER IF THE BUREAU COULD FIND THAT POOR LITTLE GUY A FOSTER HOME. BAD ENOUGH WHEN YOUR PARENTS HAVE AFFAIRS WITH OTHER HUMANS.
SO MUCH FOR YOU, BUDDY.
WAIT, I DIDN'T DO THAT.
OH PIGLET.


NO.
NO. NO.
WHERE IS IT?
NO. YES!
DON'T TRY IT, PIGLET.
PUT ME DOWN!
HHHHHHHHHHHHHH
WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED ANYWAY. AND NEITHER WILL SENDING...
HHHHHHHHHHHHH
...YOUR FAMILIAR AFTER ME!
AW!
STOMP
HE'S JUST A CAT!
HUH. SORRY.
I'M TELLING.
ME TOO.


PIGLET HERE IS WHAT THEY CALL A GIFTED CHILD. PRECOCIOUS, GOOD WITH HIS HANDS, ABLE TO APPLY WHAT HE'S READ.
HE FIGURED OUT THAT IF YOU TWO WERE SUFFICIENTLY, UH, DISTRACTED, HE COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING. INCLUDING BECOMING A RICH ORPHAN.
NOT TO KNOCK YOUR PARENTING SKILLS, BUT I WOULDN'T BUY HIM ANY MORE TOYS.
WHAT WILL HE DO ALL DAY?
START A COIN COLLECTION.
DON'T BE PETTY.
AND I HATE TO ASK, BUT I'M NOWHERE NEAR DONE WITH THE BESTIARY.
TAKE IT. TAKE THE WHOLE LIBRARY.
THOSE BOOKS AREN'T YOURS! YOU CAN'T EVEN RESHELVE THEM PROPERLY!
HE KILLED MY CAT! AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO ANYTHING?
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT.
THE ONLY DECENT MEMBER OF THAT FAMILY IS ALL OVER MY FOOT.
THE END



SHATTERED

MARZ STARLIN STEWART MADSEN




DEVOUR HIM!
DEVOUR HIM AS THE UNIVERSE WILL BE DEVOURED!
I HOLD A GREAT AND TERRIBLE POWER THAT WILL UNSTITCH TIME AND REMAKE IT AS I SEE FIT!
THE JAWS OF THE FUTURE WILL CONSUME THE TAIL OF THE PAST!
ALL THAT IS WILL BE CONTAINED IN THE XUL CHALAK, THE BOWL OF THE UNIVERSE--
--AND IT WILL ALL BE IN MY GRASP!
LET GO . . .
OH, SHUT UP, YOU DAMNED HIPPIE.


YOU KNOW WHAT MY JOB IS?
WOK
YEAH, THE BUREAU PAYS ME TO GO OUT AND "INVESTIGATE" STUFF.
BOOM
BUT WHAT IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN TO IS SLUGGING THINGS LIKE THIS. . .
. . . AND KEEPING THINGS LIKE THAT OUTTA THE HANDS OF GUYS LIKE YOU.
SO HAND IT OVER.

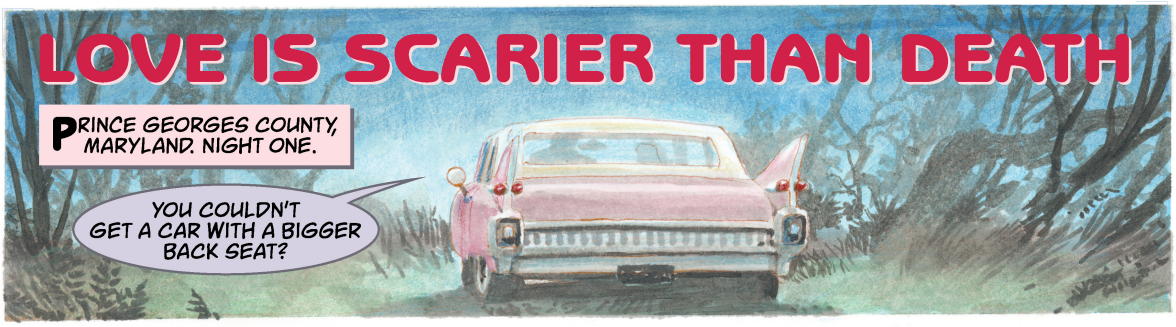

YOU HAVE NO CONCEPT OF WHAT I HOLD!
THE MERE TOUCH OF THE XUL CHALAK WOULD FRACTURE YOUR FEEBLE MIND.
YEAH, THAT'S GREAT. NOW GIVE IT HERE.
THERE'S A NICE SHELF IN NEW ENGLAND WAITING FOR IT SO IT CAN COLLECT DUST.
THE MAYA KNEW...
...TIME IS A TOOL...
SHUT UP.
WAP
NH!
C'MERE, YOU...


AAAAAAAAA!


:GH:
WHAT...
...WHAT THE HELL...
...WAS ALL THAT...?


B.P.R.D. HEADQUARTERS, FAIRFIELD, CT.
HELLBOY...
...WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?
JUST NOW.
AND?
HOW'D IT GO? GUATEMALA THIS TIME?
DON'T ASK, ABE.
DON'T ASK?
SAW SOME THINGS I'D RATHER FORGET.
DON'T ASK.
I NEED TO REPORT IN.
SEE YOU LATER.
SURE.
TREVOR
DIRECTOR


SIR.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK IN ONE PIECE.
YEAH, ME TOO.
AND THE XUL CHALAK?
THERE'S A GREAT DEAL TO BE LEARNED IF WE CAN STUDY IT.
UH, RIGHT, YOU MENTIONED THAT BEFORE I LEFT.
SO, I MANAGED TO PUT A LID ON DARKO BEFORE HE GOT UP TO ANY SERIOUS MISCHIEF. . .
. . . WELL, EXCEPT FOR SUMMONING THIS GIANT FROG MONSTER . . .
. . . AND I DID GET THE XUL CHALAK. . .
. . . BUT I'M THE ONLY THING THAT CAME BACK IN ONE PIECE.
GUESS IT BROKE IN THE STRUGGLE.
PROBABLY BETTER OFF THAT WAY, SIR. SOME THINGS YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO GO MESSING WITH.
SORRY.
THE END

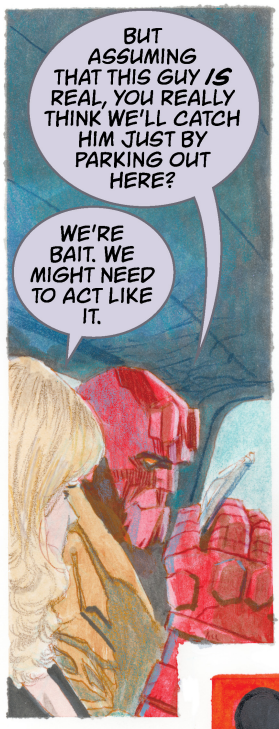

LOVE IS SCARIER THAN DEATH
PRINCE GEORGES COUNTY, MARYLAND. NIGHT ONE.
YOU COULDN'T GET A CAR WITH A BIGGER BACK SEAT?

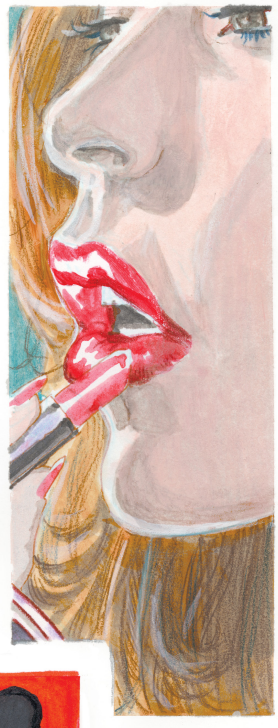

IT WAS THIS OR A VW BUG. WE NEED TO LOOK AUTHENTIC IF WE'RE GOING TO DRAW GOATMAN OUT OF HIDING.
"GOATMAN?" SOUNDS LIKE AN URBAN LEGEND TO ME.
TELL THAT TO THE SIX DEAD KIDS.
YEAH, OKAY, I READ THE FILE, AGENT GRANGER.


BUT THE FBI CAN HANDLE A PSYCHO AXE MURDERER WITHOUT MY HELP.


MEET GOATMAN. HALF HUMAN, HALF GOAT. INSANE. CARRIES AROUND A BIG, BLOODY AXE. SOUND LIKE YOUR KIND OF ASSIGNMENT NOW?


YEAH, IF I BELIEVED IT.
I DON'T.


BUT ASSUMING THAT THIS GUY IS REAL, YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL CATCH HIM JUST BY PARKING OUT HERE?
WE'RE BAIT. WE MIGHT NEED TO ACT LIKE IT.




CHRIST. I'M TAKING A NAP. WAKE ME UP IF WE GET ATTACKED BY YOUR KILLER GOAT.




NIGHT FOUR.
THE BPRD WANTS TO REASSIGN ME. THERE'S SOMETHING EATING FISHERMEN IN THE CONGO...
WE JUST CONNECTED GOAT-MAN TO A MURDER OVER TEN YEARS AGO. HE'S BEEN KILLING KIDS FOR A DECADE.
HNH. I GUESS WE CAN SEND ABE TO THE CONGO.
YOU LEARN ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT THIS MAN-GOAT?
WE THINK HE WAS A SCIENTIST IN D.C., EXPERIMENTING WITH GENE-COMBINATION IN ORDER TO IMPROVE HUMAN PERFORMANCE.
AND HE COMBINED HIM-SELF WITH A GOAT? WHY THE HELL WOULD HE DO THAT?


I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE TO IMPRESS HIS GIRL-FRIEND?
HE SHOULD HAVE JUST TAKEN HER TO PARIS.
IS THAT HOW YOU IMPRESSED ANASTASIA WHAT'S-HER-NAME? BY FLYING HER ALL AROUND THE WORLD?
SORRY. I READ ABOUT HER ON THE INTERNET.
THERE ARE ENTIRE SITES DEVOTED TO YOUR LOVE LIFE.
YEAH, WELL, IT'S BEEN A SLOW NEWS DECADE.
LOOK, I'LL GIVE YOUR GOAT-MAN ANOTHER FEW NIGHTS TO SHOW, THEN I'M HEADING TO NEW YORK. I HEAR THEY GOT ALLIGATORS IN THE SEWERS.
YOU ALWAYS THIS FUNNY?
NOT ON PURPOSE.

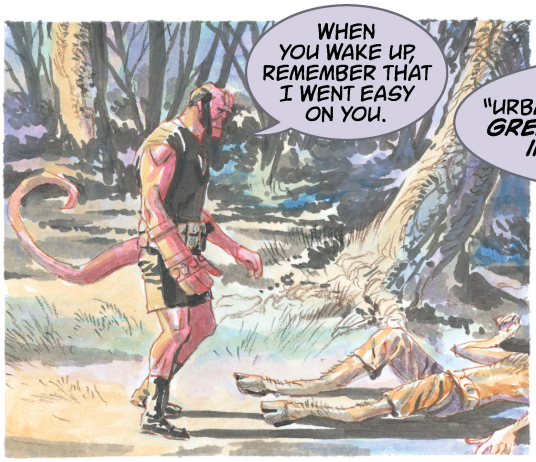

NIGHT SEVEN.
THANKS FOR DINNER.
NO WORRIES. I FIGURED IT WAS FINALLY MY TURN TO PAY.
IT'S BEEN A WEEK, EMMA.
I KNOW. I'M SORRY, BUT...
OKAY, I'M JUST GOING TO PUT THIS OUT THERE. GOATMAN'S VICTIMS WERE ALWAYS COUPLES IN THE THROES OF PASSION.
MAYBE HE WAS DRAWN BY THEIR RAGING HORMONES, OR SOME PRIMAL ENERGY THAT THEY RELEASED. BUT WHATEVER SIGNAL THEY SENT, WE'RE NOT SENDING...
OH, COME ON...GOATMAN ISN'T EVEN REAL!
THEN WE WON'T BE INTERRUPTED. WHERE'S THE PROBLEM?

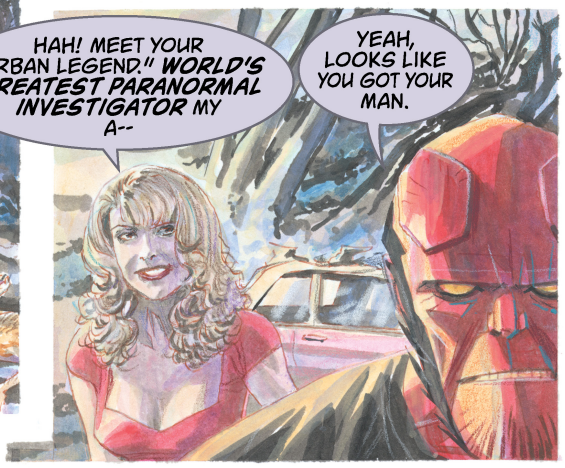

UHHH...
RRIPPTT
EHHNF!


WEHHEHEHEH!
YOU COULDN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE?
BLAM!
BLAM!
SPAK
EEHE.


BOOK ME ON THE NEXT FLIGHT HOME. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.
SHOK
UHNN!
EHEHN!
KRK-RAK!
YANK
THANKS FOR THE RESCUE, PAL. IT WAS GETTING A LITTLE HOT IN THERE, EVEN FOR ME.
...?





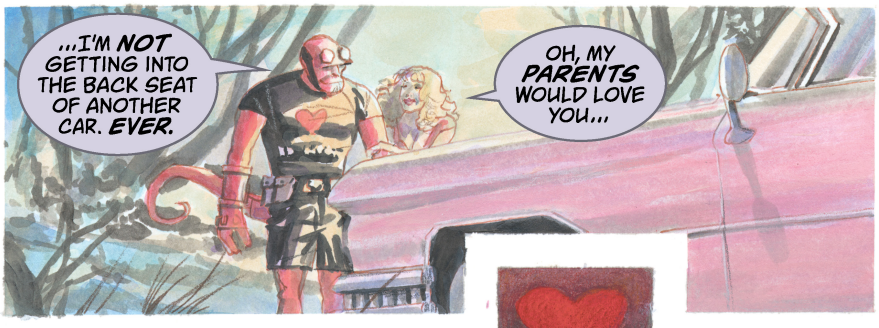














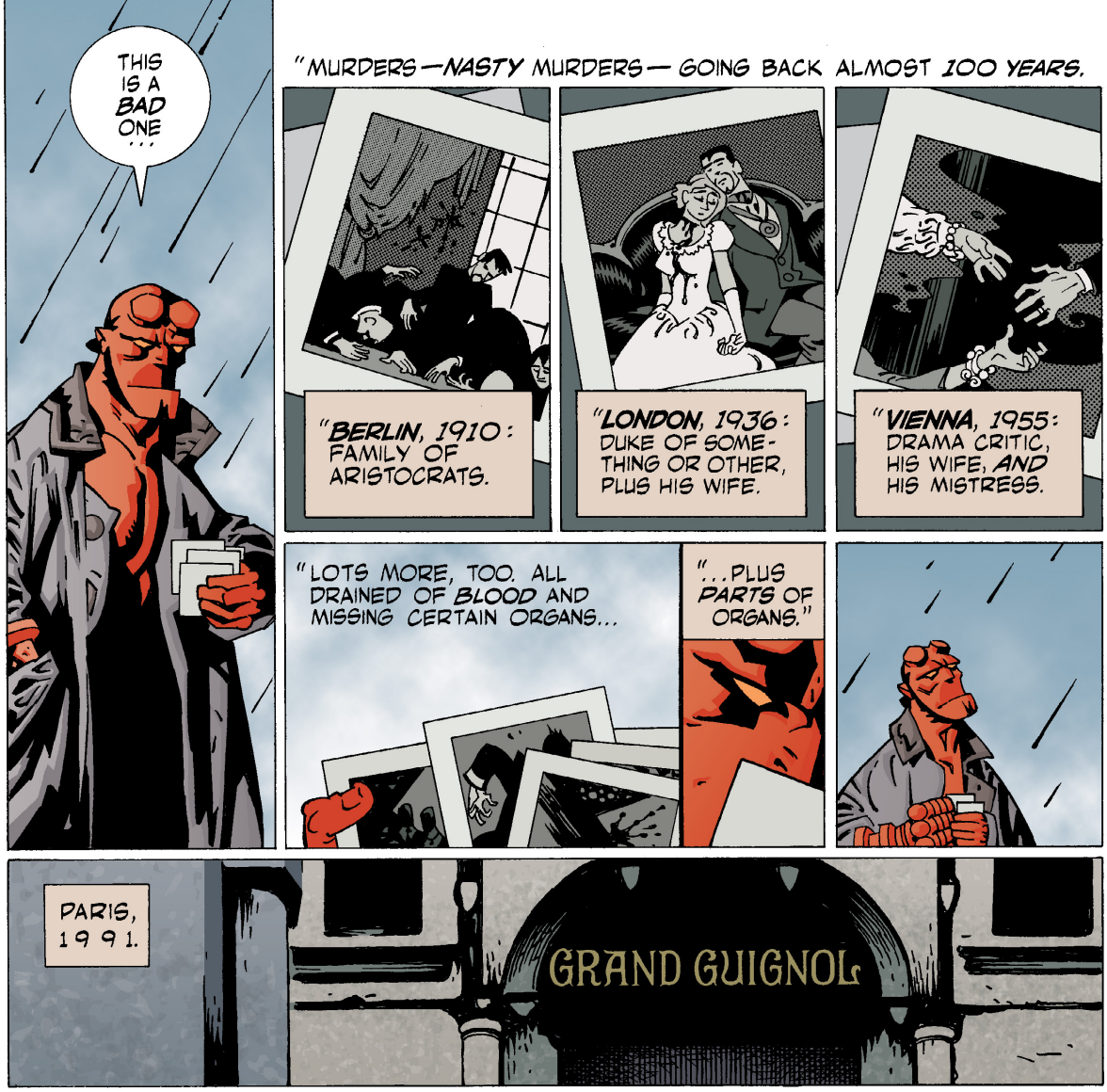
Brought to you by

HADEN BLACKMAN
words

J.H. WILLIAMS III
pictures

TODD KLEIN
letters

The End!





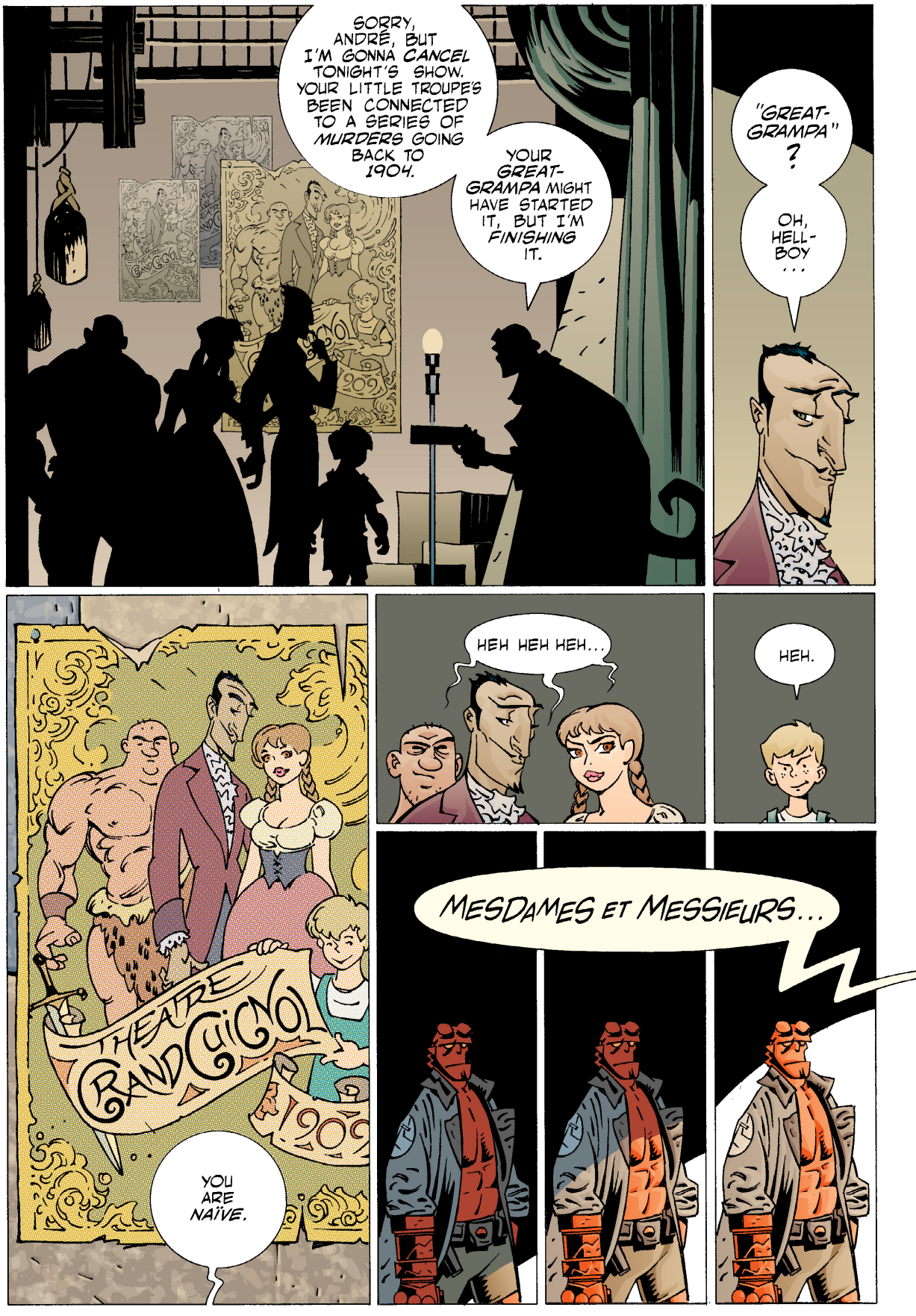
COMMAND PERFORMANCE

WRITER
WILL PFEIFER

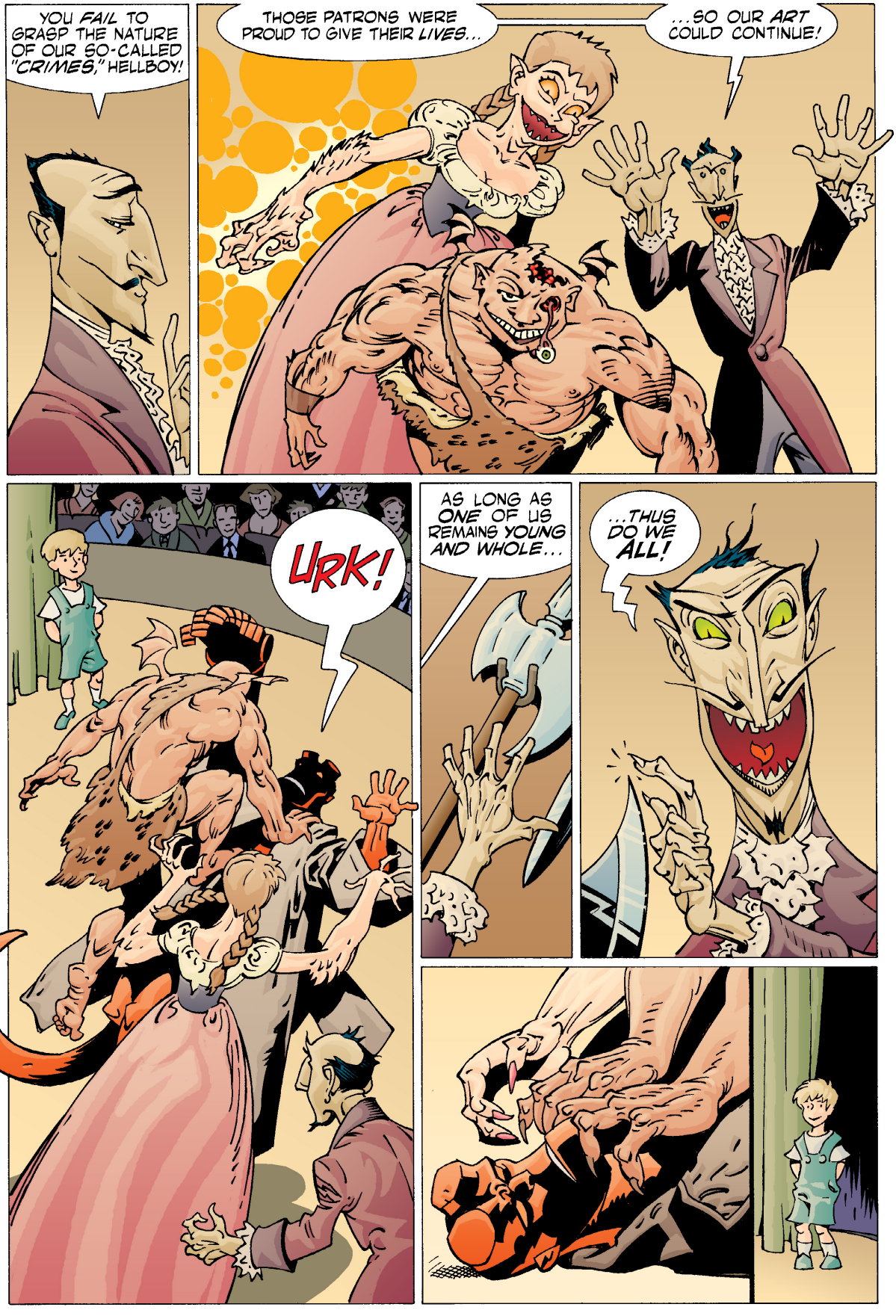
ARTIST
P. CRAIG RUSSELL

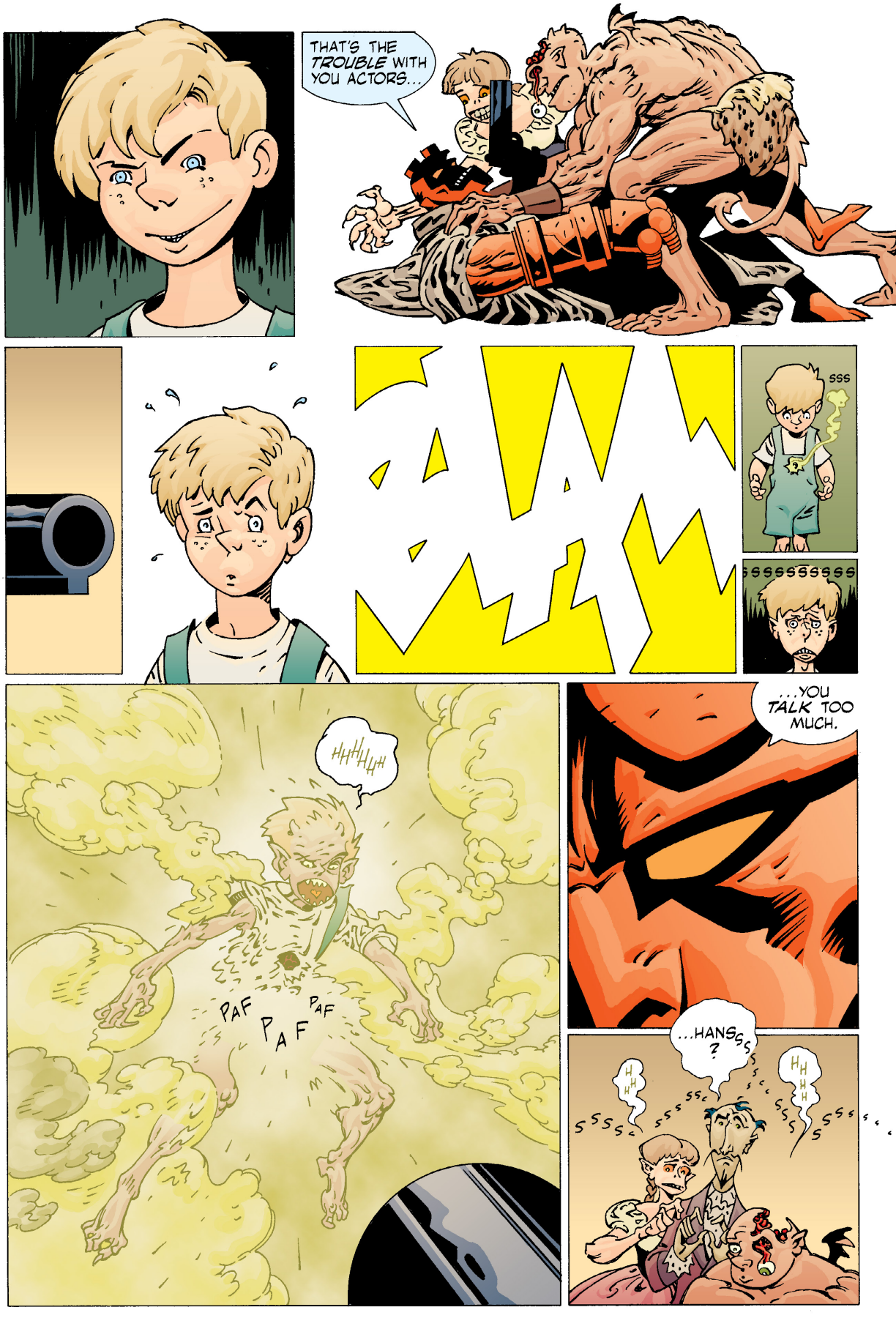
PCR OP.57 2003


I'M SURPRISED YOU KNOW WHO I AM. THE BUREAU USUALLY KEEPS THINGS PRETTY QUIET.
IN OUR LINE OF WORK, WE COME TO POSSESS ALL MANNER OF INTRIGUING INFORMATION.
OUR CLIENTELE IS RATHER, SHALL WE SAY, DEDICATED...
...AND THEY'RE ALWAYS GRATEFUL FOR THE UNIQUE BRAND OF THEATRICS WE PROVIDE.
CREEEEEEK
SO YOU GUYS STILL DRAW AN AUDIENCE, EH? I THOUGHT SLASHER MOVIES AND VIDEO GAMES WOULD'VE TAKEN YOUR PLACE.
OH, THERE'S ALWAYS A MARKET FOR THE GRAND GUIGNOL, HELLBOY. SOME PEOPLE DEMAND THE...IMMEDIACY. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY.
SINCE YOUR ANCESTORS STARTED THIS RACKET, RIGHT, ANDRÉ?
ER, YES, THAT'S RIGHT, HELLBOY. BUT IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, IT'S TIME FOR THE SHOW.


SORRY, ANDRÉ, BUT I'M GONNA CANCEL TONIGHT'S SHOW. YOUR LITTLE TROUPE'S BEEN CONNECTED TO A SERIES OF MURDERS GOING BACK TO 1904.
YOUR GREAT-GRAMPA MIGHT HAVE STARTED IT, BUT I'M FINISHING IT.
"GREAT-GRAMPA"?
OH, HELL-BOY . . .
THEATRE GRAND GUIGNOL
YOU ARE NAÏVE.
HEH HEH HEH...
HEH.
MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS...


THEATRE DU GRAND GUIGNOL!
!
TAKE HIM, CLAUDE. THIS WILL BE OUR FINEST PERFORMANCE.
BLAM
R
RR
RRR
FIGURES.


YOU FAIL TO GRASP THE NATURE OF OUR SO-CALLED "CRIMES," HELLBOY!
THOSE PATRONS WERE PROUD TO GIVE THEIR LIVES...
...SO OUR ART COULD CONTINUE!
URK!
AS LONG AS ONE OF US REMAINS YOUNG AND WHOLE...
...THUS DO WE ALL!


THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU ACTORS...
SSS
SSSSSSSSSS
HHHHUH
PAF
PAF
PAF
...YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
...HANSSS ?
HHH
HHHH
SSSSS


AAAHHHHHHH
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSKA-
KAK

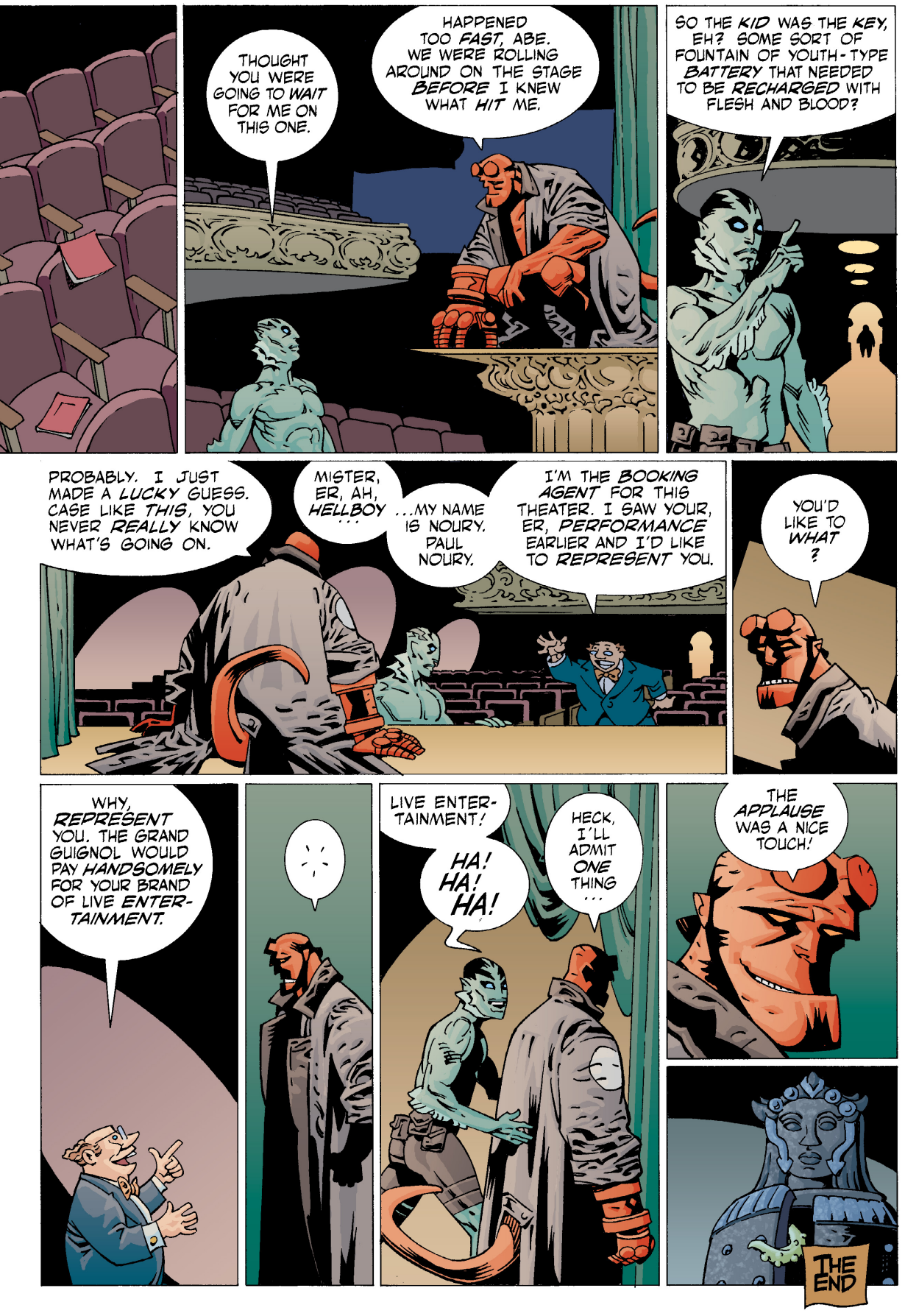


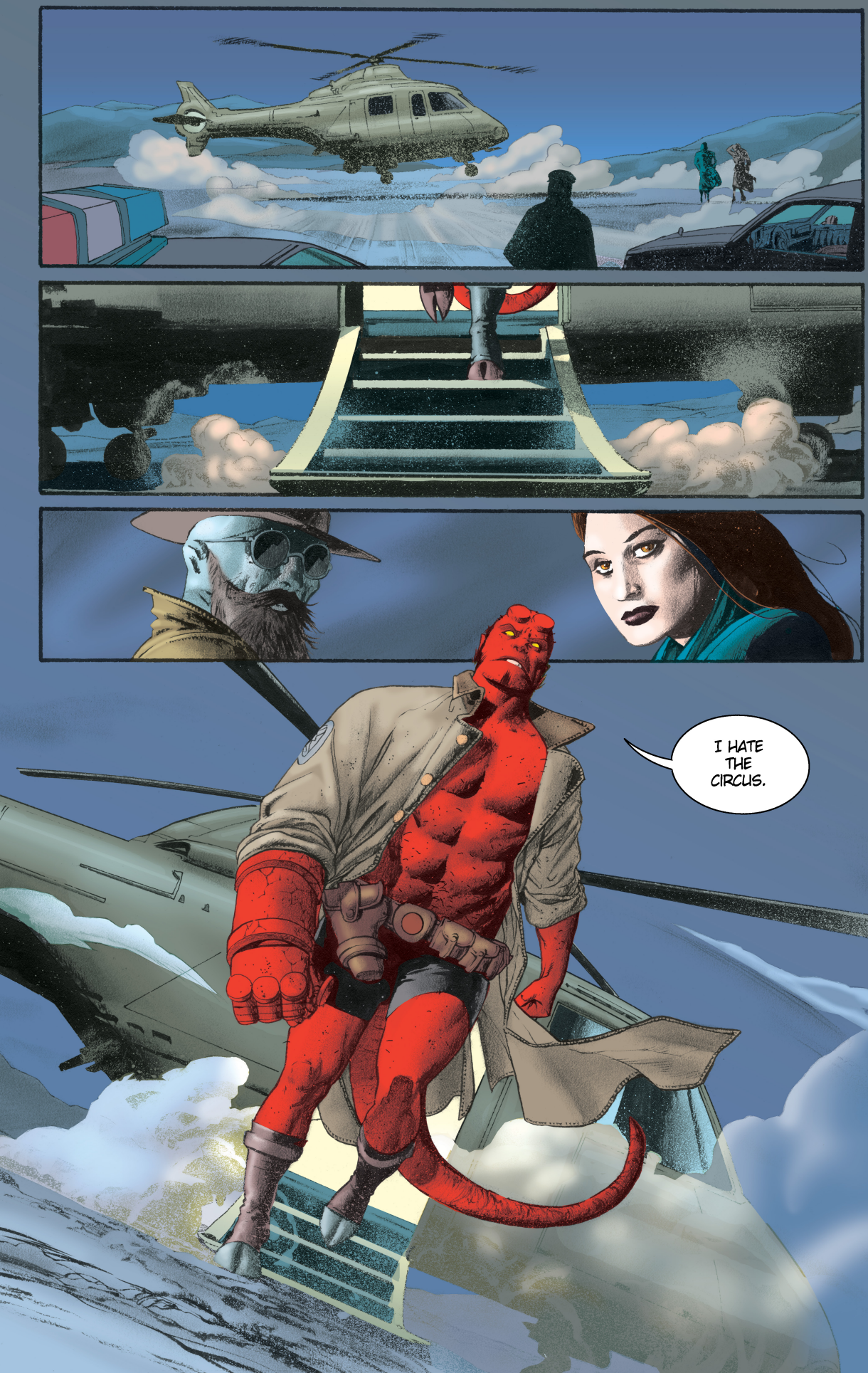



BRAVO
BRAVO
BRAVO
BRAVO
BRAVO


!?


HEH.


THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO WAIT FOR ME ON THIS ONE.
HAPPENED TOO FAST, ABE. WE WERE ROLLING AROUND ON THE STAGE BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HIT ME.
SO THE KID WAS THE KEY, EH? SOME SORT OF FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH-TYPE BATTERY THAT NEEDED TO BE RECHARGED WITH FLESH AND BLOOD?
PROBABLY. I JUST MADE A LUCKY GUESS. CASE LIKE THIS, YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
MISTER, ER, AH, HELLBOY . . .
. . .MY NAME IS NOURY. PAUL NOURY.
I'M THE BOOKING AGENT FOR THIS THEATER. I SAW YOUR, ER, PERFORMANCE EARLIER AND I'D LIKE TO REPRESENT YOU.
YOU'D LIKE TO WHAT ?
WHY, REPRESENT YOU. THE GRAND GUIGNOL WOULD PAY HANDSOMELY FOR YOUR BRAND OF LIVE ENTER-TAINMENT.
LIVE ENTER-TAINMENT!
HA! HA! HA!
HECK, I'LL ADMIT ONE THING . . .
THE APPLAUSE WAS A NICE TOUCH!
THE END


I HATE THE CIRCUS.

Big-Top-Hell-Boy

BY JOHN CASSADAY
COLORS AND LETTERS BY
DAN JACKSON

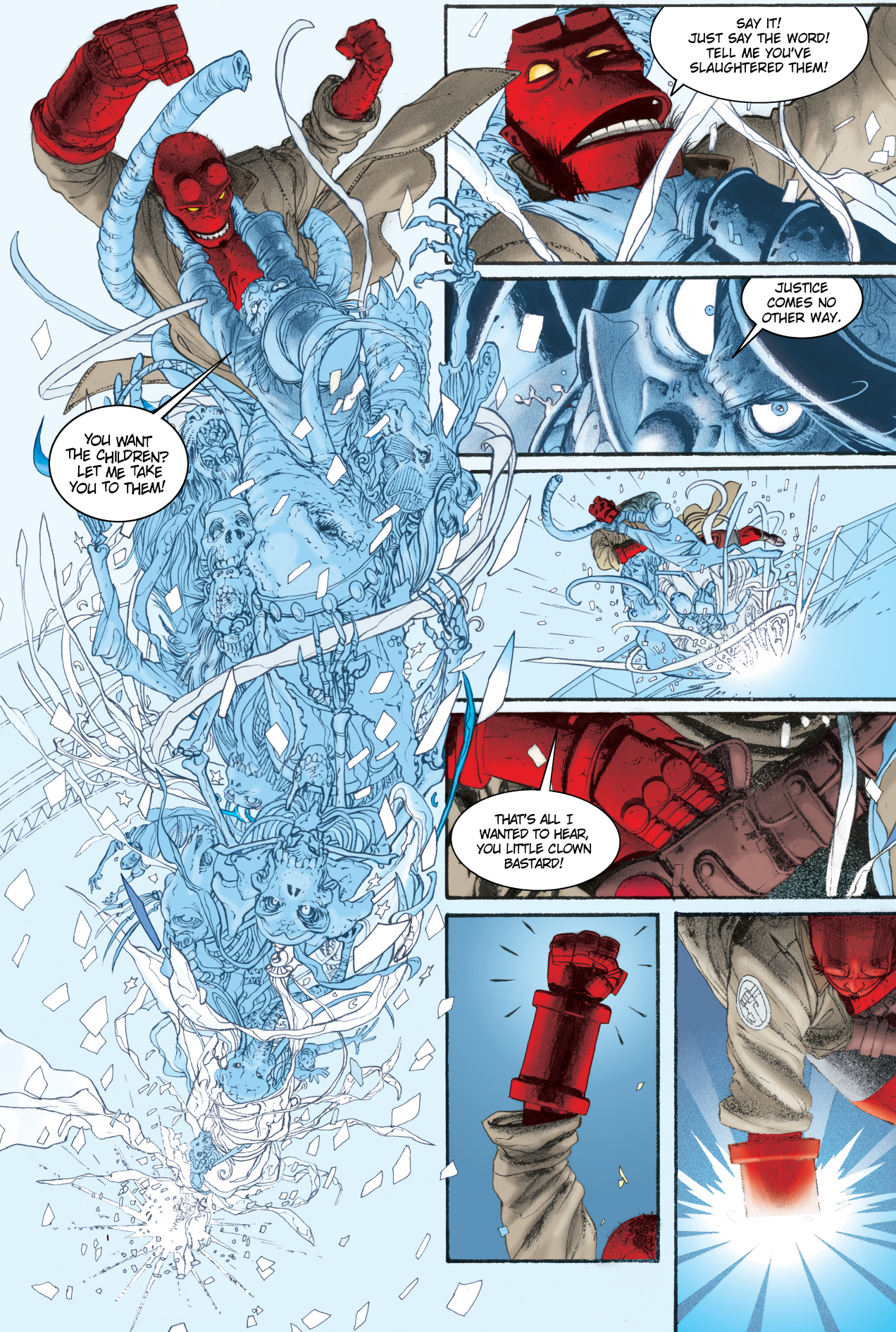



"THE STORY GOES THAT SEVERAL CHILDREN WENT MISSING AND DAYS LATER TURNED UP DEAD HERE.
"AND THE CIRCUS, WITH ITS ODDITIES AND FREAK SHOWS, WAS AN EASY TARGET.
"THE TOWNSFOLK FORMED A MOB AND TRAPPED THE CARNIES IN THEIR BIG TOP.
"THEY SET THE TENT ABLAZE, BURNING ALL INSIDE TO THEIR DEATHS."
THIRTEEN CHILDREN HAVE GONE MISSING.
THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN FOR REVENGE.


SO ... DID YOU BRING IT?
YEP. IT WAS RIGHT WHERE YOU SAID.
SURE IT'LL WORK?
YOU'D BETTER HOPE SO.
I ALWAYS HATED THE CIRCUS.
THEY FIND THE FREAKS OF THE WORLD AND MAKE THEM FEEL ASHAMED. LIKE ANIMALS.
NICE OUTFIT, ABE.




WHAT KIND OF FREAK ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN, CREEP?
AN ODD GILLY. LARGE AND RED. FACE OF A BROKEN GARGOYLE. HOOVES, NOT FEET. A TRUE GROTESQUE.
LOOKING FOR A JOB?
GOT ONE.
ANSWER ME OR I'LL KICK YOUR CLOWN-ASS SO HARD YOU'LL GROW.
YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE FOR JUSTICE, BIG BOY?
WE CAME TO ENTERTAIN THE FLATTIES. THAT'S WHAT WE DO. OUR JOB.
THAT'S ALL WE WANTED.
NOW YOU STAND ON OUR GRAVE?!


SAY IT! JUST SAY THE WORD! TELL ME YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED THEM!
JUSTICE COMES NO OTHER WAY.
YOU WANT THE CHILDREN? LET ME TAKE YOU TO THEM!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR, YOU LITTLE CLOWN BASTARD!


LIZ!
BRING IT!!
EASY. JUST CONCENTRATE.

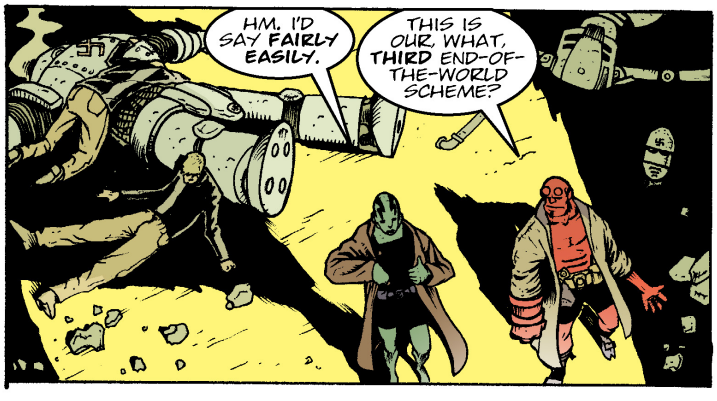

whoa!
FFZZZT...
BOOM!
THUD

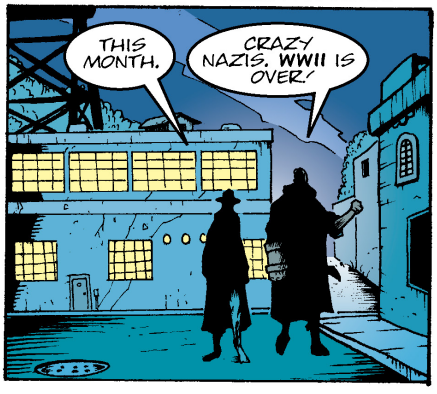

SOME SHOW.
THE BLAST HAD NO EFFECT ON ME AT ALL.
IT WAS A SPECTER-BOMB, SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR APPARITIONS. IF YOU'D SHOW UP TO MORE TECH BRIEFINGS, YOU'D KNOW THAT.
MY HAND... IT FIT IN THE PORTAL PERFECTLY. LIKE A GLOVE.
LIKE A KEY?
YOU OKAY, LIZ?
JUST A LITTLE... COLD.
THEY KILLED ALL THOSE CHILDREN, ABE.
AND I BURNED THEM INTO NOTHINGNESS...
HOW 'BOUT YOU?
I'VE GOT THE FACE OF A BROKEN GARGOYLE.
YEAH, I'M FINE.
THE END.



THEATRE OF THE DEAD

WRITERS- FASSBENDER AND PASCOE
ARTIST- SIMEON WILKINS
COLORIST- DAVID SELF
LETTERER- ANNIE PARKHOUSE





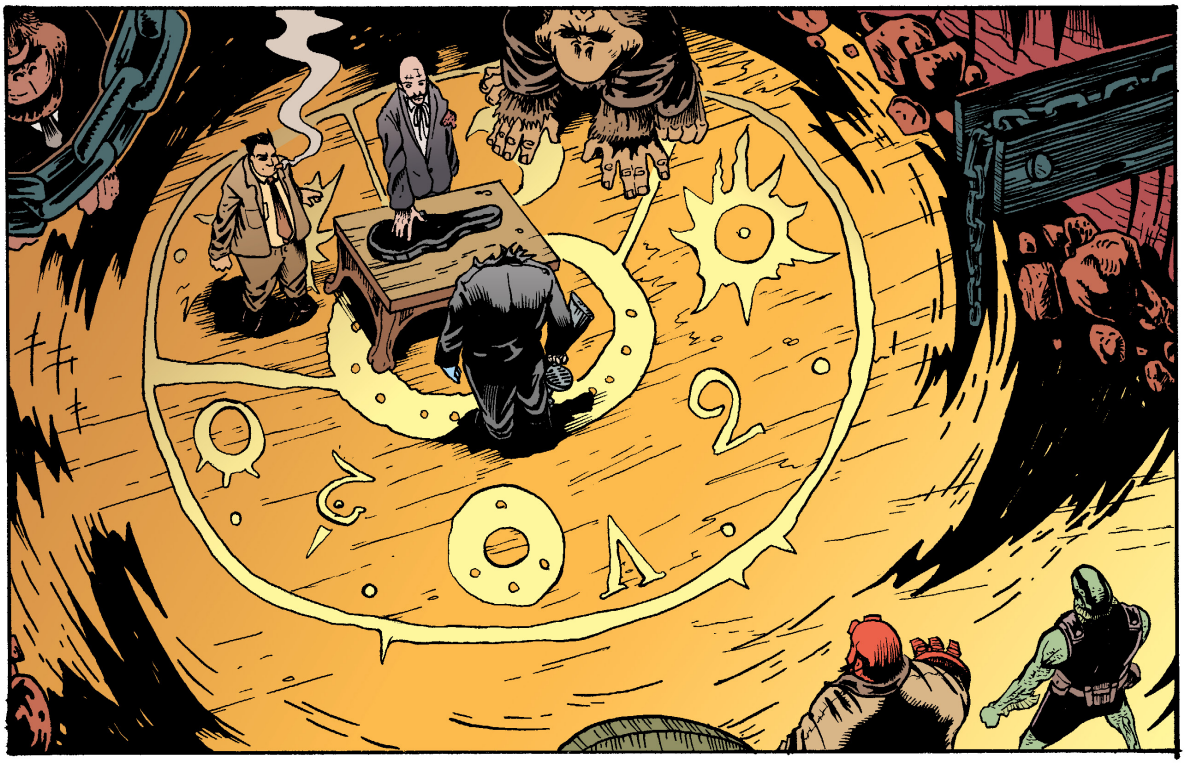



WHAT'S GOING ON?
SOME CRAZY MAN--
--HE'S SHOOTING UP THE TOWN WITH A MACHINE GUN.
THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF NON-NAZI NASTY THAT I NEED. WHERE CAN I FIND THIS GUY?
FINDING HIM DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE PROBLEM.
HEY.!


EXIT
RAT A TAT A TAT A TAT
THAP
THAP
HE'S RABBITING INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT. HE'S... OH BOY.


ZOMBIE ORCHESTRA!
AH... OW?
snap
pok
NORMAL ENOUGH FOR YOU?


AT LEAST THEY AREN'T NAZIS.
WAP
AND NONE OF THIS END-OF-THE-WORLD STUFF. IT'S ABOUT SIMPLE THINGS.
ALL A ZOMBIE WANTS IS TO EAT A BRAIN.
WHAT DOES OUR HEADLESS GUNNER WANT?
ABE, HE'S A GANGSTER. GANGSTERS ARE ALL ABOUT GAMBLING, PROSTITUTION, JEWEL HEISTS. SIMPLE.
NOW, LET'S SEE FOR OURSELVES.




ALL RIGHT, WHAT ARE YOU BOYS INTO? GAMBLING? PROSTITUTION? JEWEL HEISTS?


IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU TWO, DIS THEATRE, AND THE WHOLE DAMN PLACE!
NO MORE PLAYIN' FOR PEANUTS! I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD!

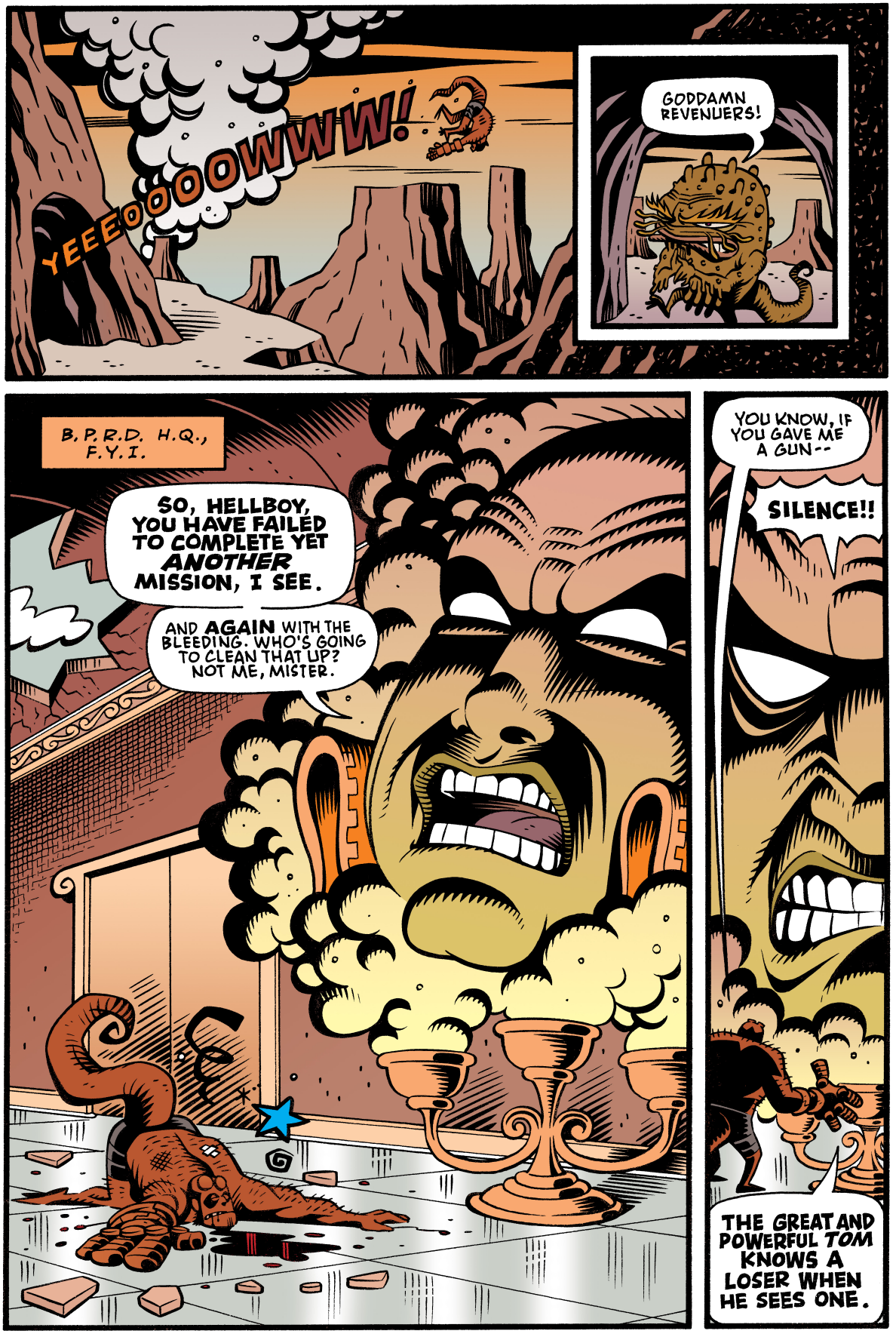

IT MIGHT BE A GRAND IDEA TO PUT THE BOYS TO WORK WHILST I FINISH THE CEREMONY.


BOYS, GET 'EM!

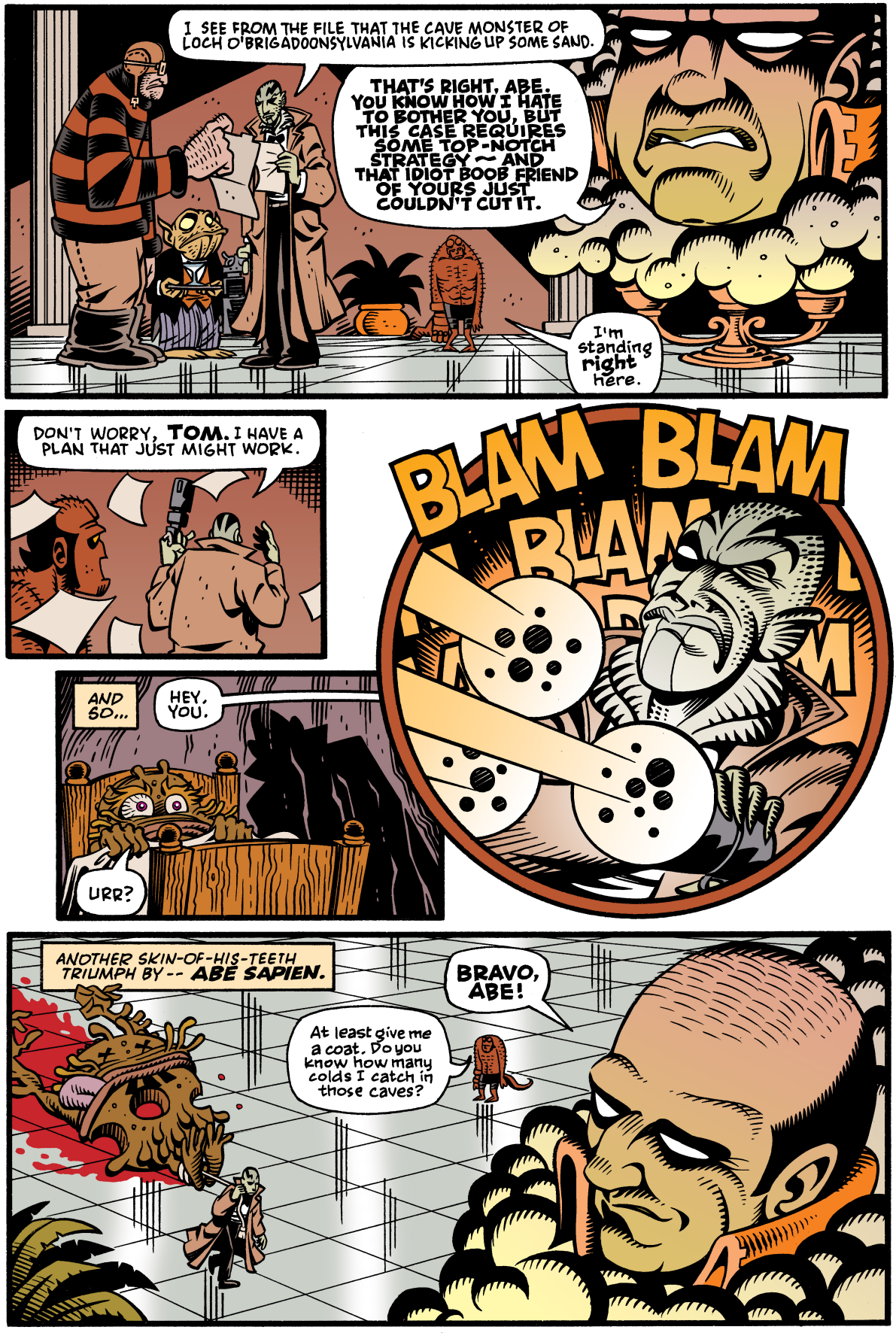

Spak
BLAM
YA IGNORAMUS! DAT HEAD IS THE KEY!
CLICK CLACK
?
WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, SERVANT OF THE DAMNED? KILL HIM!


HELLBOY!
SOK
RAT A TAT TAT TAT A TAT
NO! CURSE YOU ALL! THIS IS NOT THE END...
CRAZY GANGSTERS. ALWAYS TRYING TO INVOKE MY VENGEFUL SPIRIT...
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A SIMPLE ROW WITH SOME KRAUT SCUM LIKE BACK IN THE GREAT WAR...
AT LEAST HE REALIZES IT'S OVER.
OH, IT'S OVER. ALL RIGHT.
CLINK
THE END


H-H-HERE MONSTER MONSTER MONSTER.
HERE B-BOY.
G-G-GUESS HE'S NOT IN.
D-D-D-DARN.
RRRRRRRR
EEEEEE!
WHY YOU RUNNING, BOY? YOU SAID YOU'S LOOKING FOR A MONSTER.
WHEN DID I SAY THAT?
EEK
BAM!
WHOP!
OUCH
UGH
OOF
POOF!


YEEEoooowww!
GODDAMN REVENUERS!
B.P.R.D. H.Q., F.Y.I.
SO, HELLBOY, YOU HAVE FAILED TO COMPLETE YET ANOTHER MISSION, I SEE.
AND AGAIN WITH THE BLEEDING. WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN THAT UP? NOT ME, MISTER.
YOU KNOW, IF YOU GAVE ME A GUN--
SILENCE!!
THE GREAT AND POWERFUL TOM KNOWS A LOSER WHEN HE SEES ONE.


OBVIOUSLY, I MUST SEND IN MY VERY BEST AGENT.
YOU THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
YEAH. REAL TOUGH JOB.
TWO YEARS TRAINING AND SIX MORE WITH THE AGENCY JUST SO I CAN STAND AROUND AND SAY--
PREEEZZENTING...
ABE SAPIEN
STAR of the B.P.R.D
"STORY": JOHN ARCUDI
ALL THE HARD STUFF: ROGER LANGRIDGE


I SEE FROM THE FILE THAT THE CAVE MONSTER OF LOCH O'BRIGADOONSYLVANIA IS KICKING UP SOME SAND.
THAT'S RIGHT, ABE. YOU KNOW HOW I HATE TO BOTHER YOU, BUT THIS CASE REQUIRES SOME TOP-NOTCH STRATEGY — AND THAT IDIOT BOOB FRIEND OF YOURS JUST COULDN'T CUT IT.
I'm standing right here.
DON'T WORRY, TOM. I HAVE A PLAN THAT JUST MIGHT WORK.
BLAM BLAM
AND SO...
HEY, YOU.
URR?
ANOTHER SKIN-OF-HIS-TEETH TRIUMPH BY -- ABE SAPIEN.
BRAVO, ABE!
At least give me a coat. Do you know how many colds I catch in those caves?


OH, ABE, I JUST LOVE THAT SLIPPERY SKIN.
Pop
HEY, HEY, SUCKERS!
MAN, OH MAN, DID YOU BONEHEADS MISS A GREAT PARTY LAST NIGHT!
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. NONE OF THE "SMALL-FRY" WERE INVITED. SORRY.
BILL AND HILLARY WERE THERE, AND PRINCESS STEPHANIE, AND KING ASWAAD.
AND YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE KAJONGAS ON KOFI'S DATE! WHOOEEE!
To Abe


OF COURSE, I DIDN'T GET IN UNTIL FIVE THIS MORNING, SO I'M DOG TIRED, BUT, YOU KNOW, I HAD TO REPRESENT THE BUREAU.
GUESS THAT'S JUST THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING THE BEST.
SOOOOO, YOU PUNCHED IN FOR ME, RIGHT?
YES. LISTEN, IF YOU KEEP COMING TO WORK TWO HOURS LATE, PLEASE DON'T ANNOUNCE IT. I DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT DEFRAUDING--
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. WHATEVER.
AND MY INCIDENT REPORT?
I TYPED IT UP LAST NIGHT. CHECK YOUR IN-BOX. BY THE WAY, DO YOU HAVE THAT TEN DOLLARS I LOANED TO YOU LAST MONTH?
WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I HAVE...
?
AHHA HAHAHA HAHAHAHA
END



Fifteen Minutes... 2004

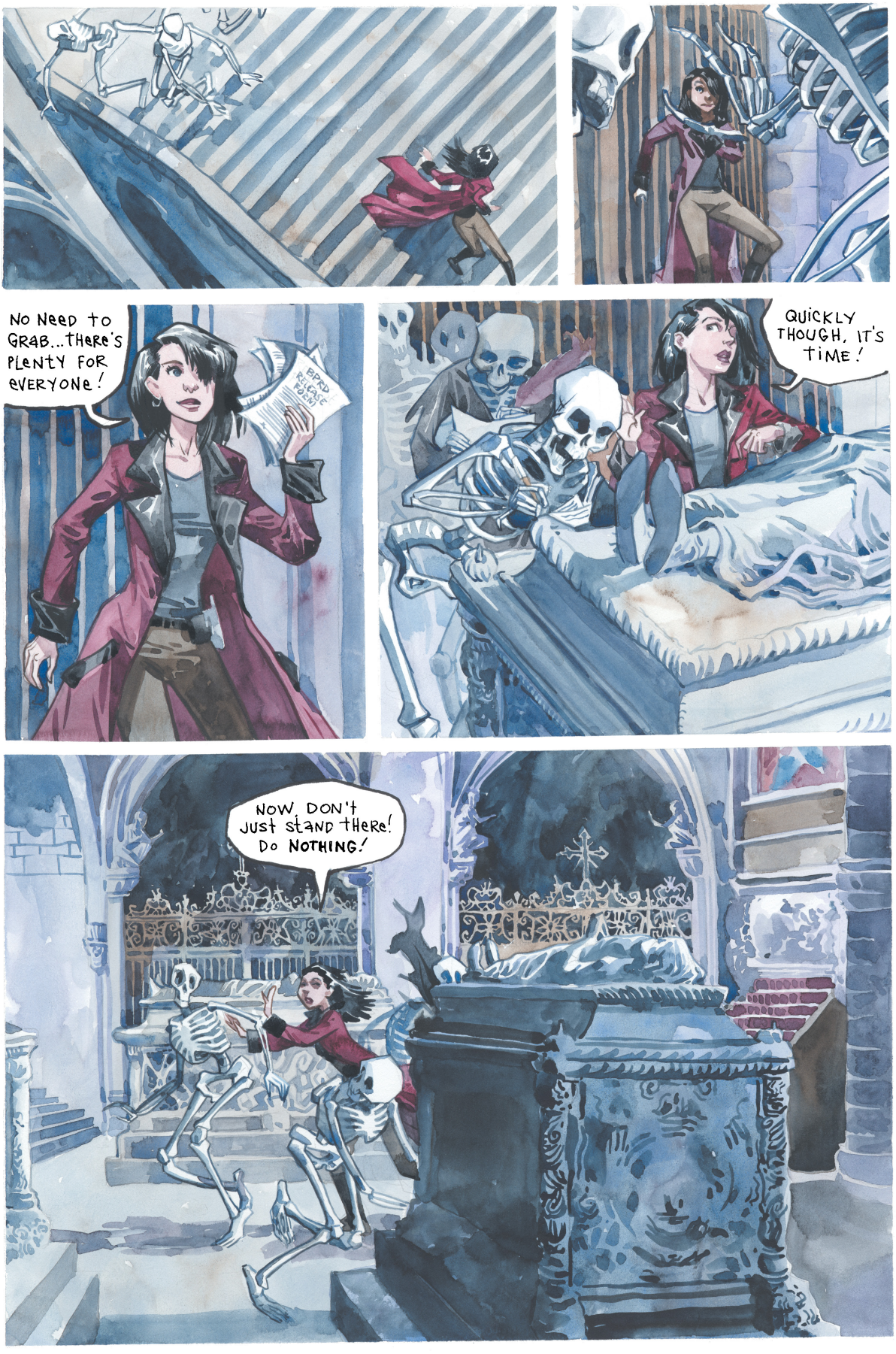











No need to grab...there's plenty for everyone!
BPRD RELEASE FORM
Quickly though, it's time!
Now, don't just stand there! Do NOTHING!


You know what I Hate about you giant Rat Guys?
You ALWAYS need to take A BATH!


RRNGH!
OW!
CRAP!
I NEED THAT!
AND not Just FOR WALKIN'
FOR KICKING YOUR VARMINT @;**★!
SMASH


NOW, BE A GOOD RAT BOY AND TAKE THIS,
HOLY-WATER FACIAL!!
crap
monster wrestling and buttons don't mix... great...
OOKaAY...
THINK I can FIND THE eensy VIAL OF HOLY WATER AMONGST THE BROKEN GLASS...
...OR FIND LOVELY MR. GUN —
BEFORE THIS FRUSTRATINGLY RESILIENT RAT GUY CHEWS MY FACE OFF, OR Not?
NOT!
SNAP

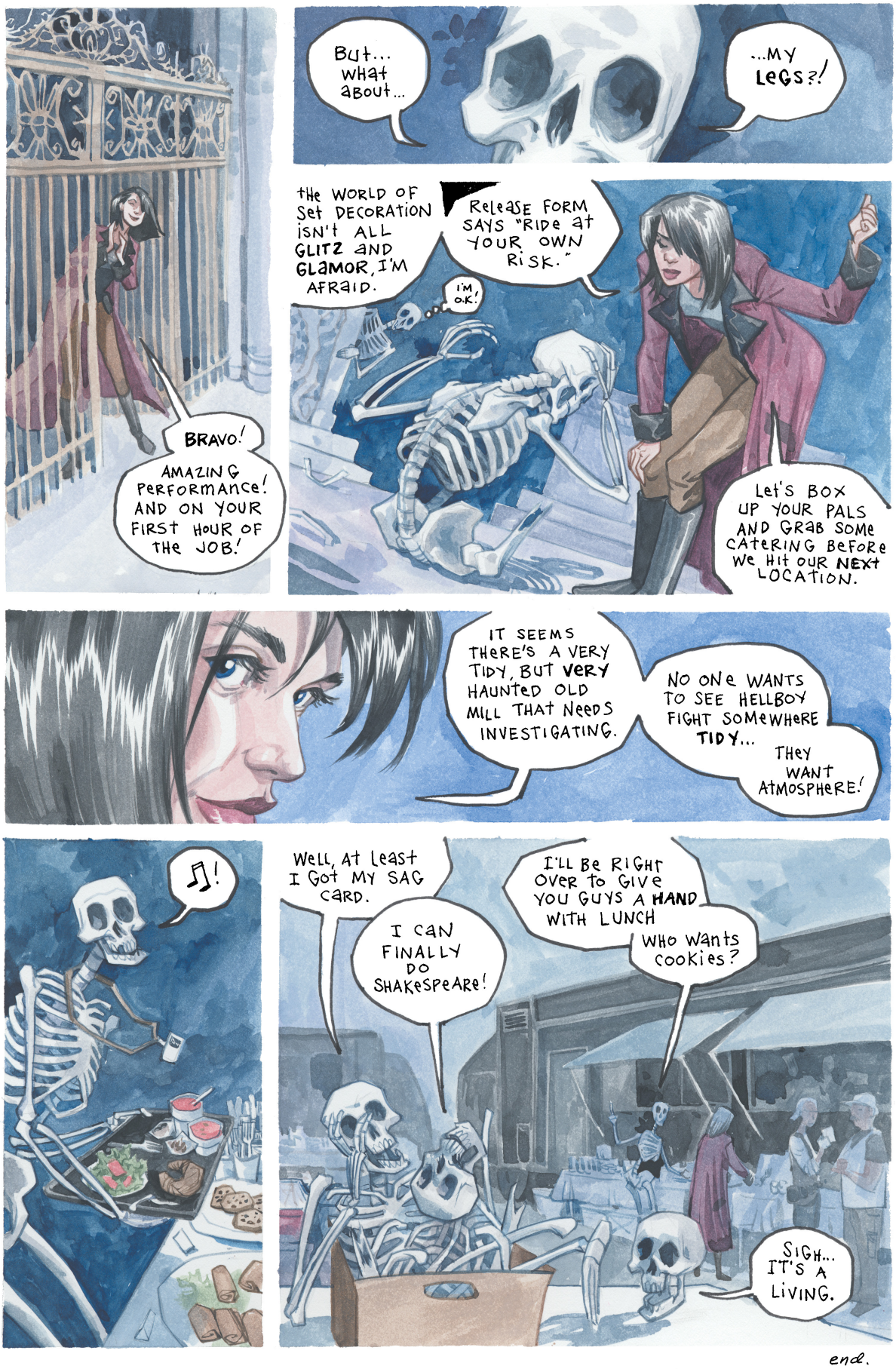



THAT'S WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!!

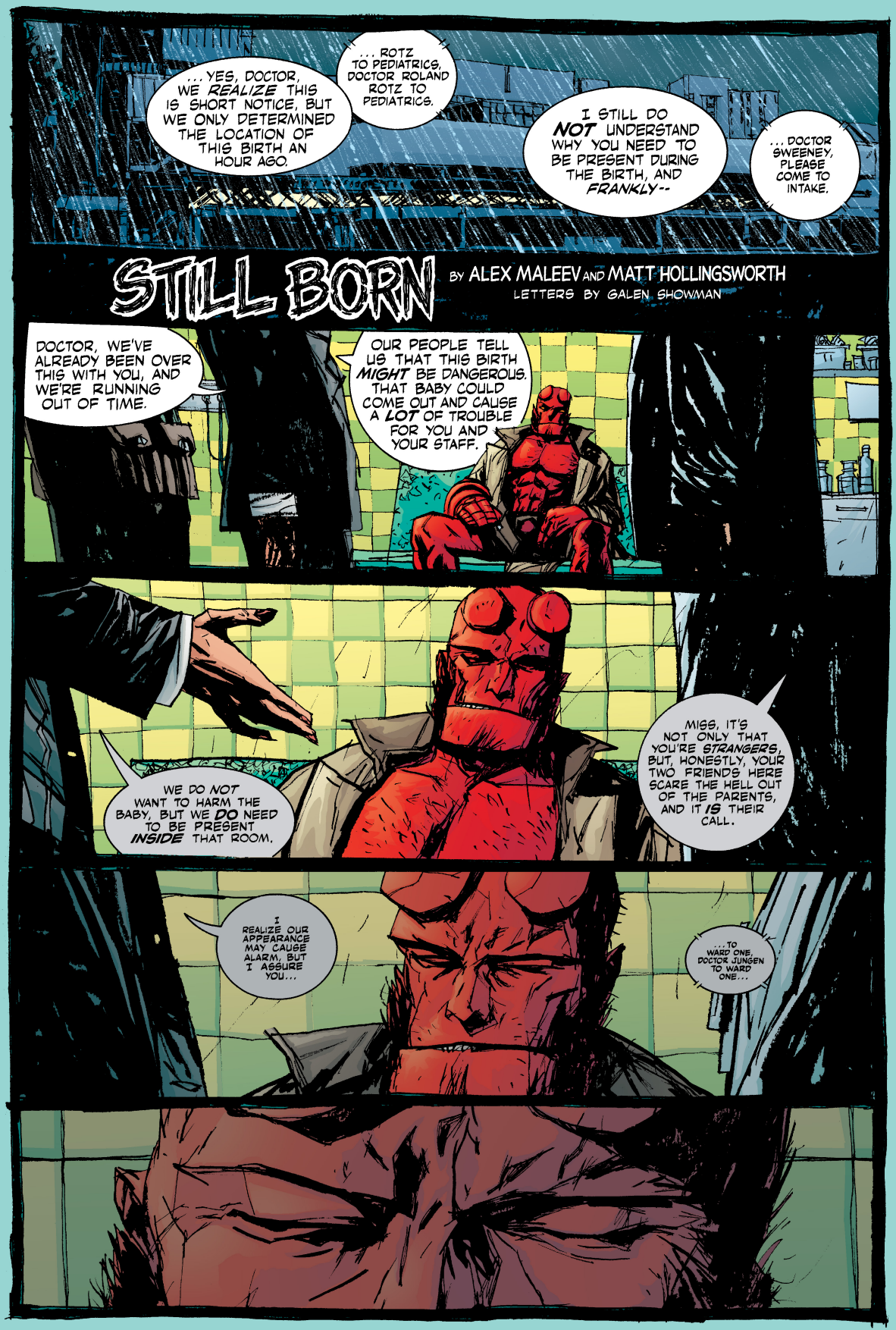

C'MON, STINKY.

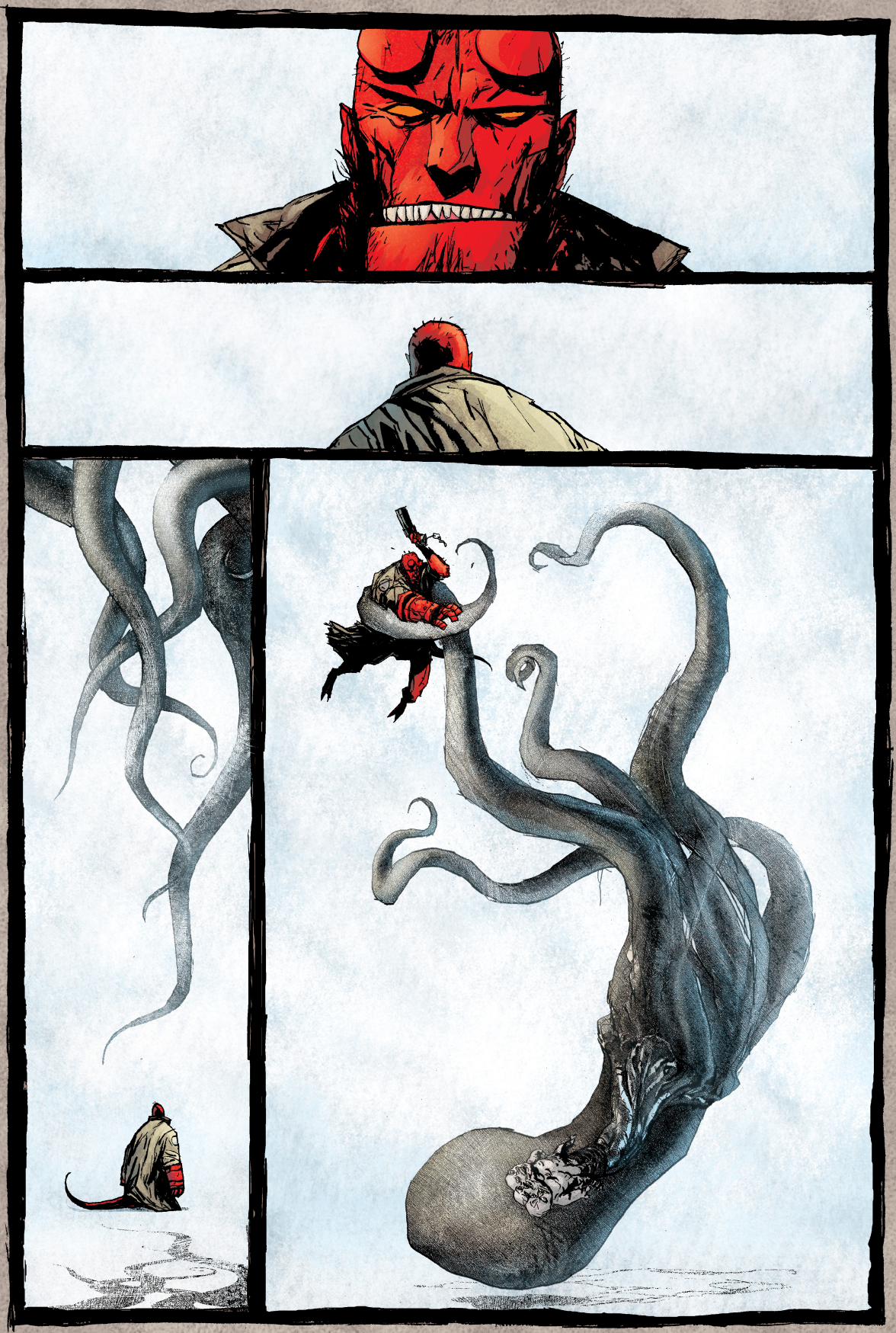

WHY DON'T I CARRY A HOLY-WATER PISTOL? YEESH...

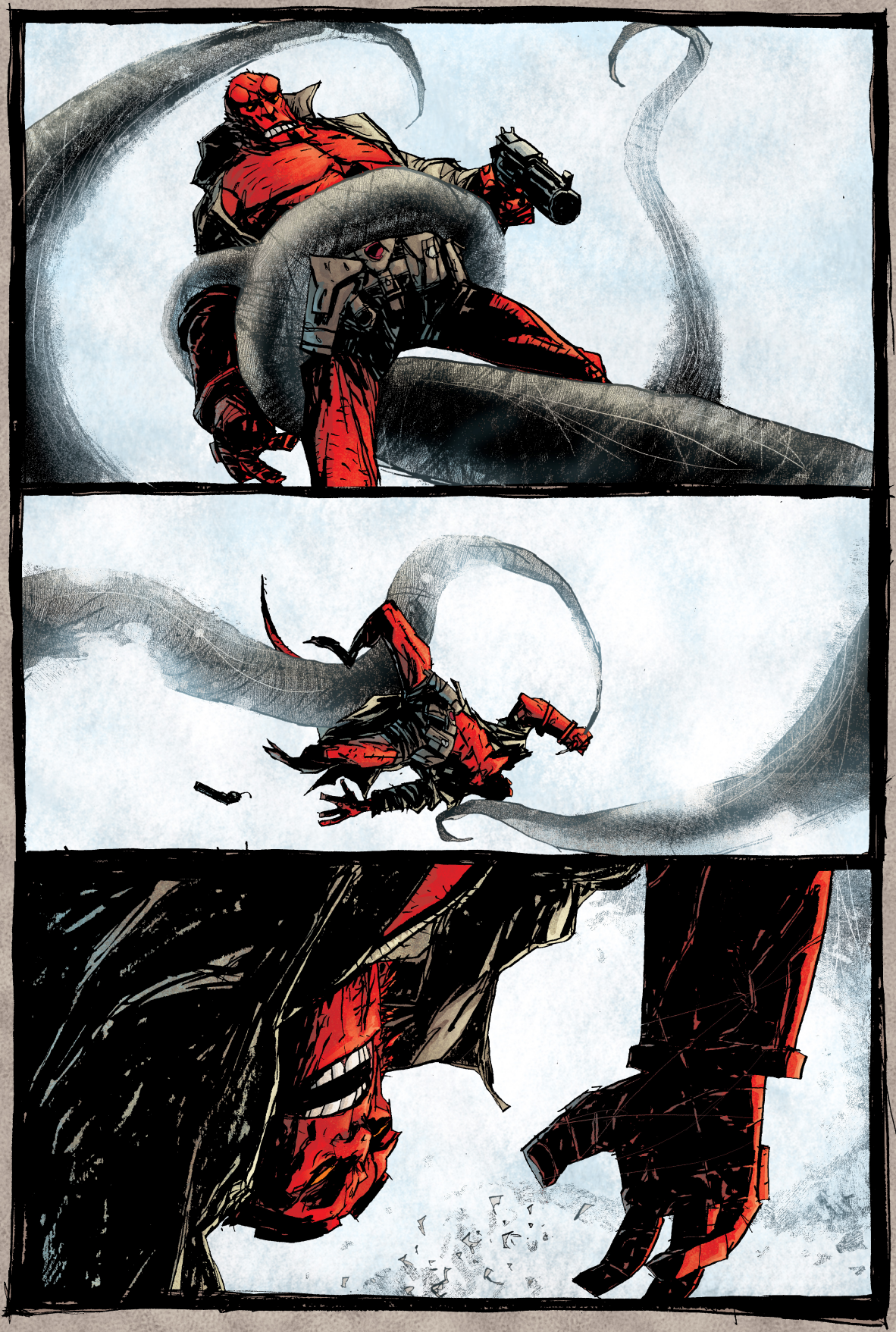

man. THAT WAS A NICE WINDOW.


BRAVO!
AMAZING PERFORMANCE! AND ON YOUR FIRST HOUR OF THE JOB!
THE WORLD OF SET DECORATION ISN'T ALL GLITZ AND GLAMOR, I'M AFRAID.
I'M, O.K.!
RELEASE FORM SAYS "RIDE AT YOUR OWN RISK."
Let's BOX UP YOUR PALS AND GRAB SOME CATERING BEFORE WE HIT OUR NEXT LOCATION.
BUT... WHAT ABOUT...
...MY LEGS?!
IT SEEMS THERE'S A VERY TIDY, BUT VERY HAUNTED OLD MILL THAT NEEDS INVESTIGATING.
NO ONE WANTS TO SEE HELLBOY FIGHT SOMEWHERE TIDY... THEY WANT ATMOSPHERE!
♫!
WELL, AT LEAST I GOT MY SAG CARD.
I CAN FINALLY DO SHAKESPEARE!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER TO GIVE YOU GUYS A HAND WITH LUNCH
WHO WANTS COOKIES?
SIGH... IT'S A LIVING.

end.


... YES, DOCTOR, WE REALIZE THIS IS SHORT NOTICE, BUT WE ONLY DETERMINED THE LOCATION OF THIS BIRTH AN HOUR AGO.
... ROTZ TO PEDIATRICS, DOCTOR ROLAND ROTZ TO PEDIATRICS.
I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU NEED TO BE PRESENT DURING THE BIRTH, AND FRANKLY--
... DOCTOR SWEENEY, PLEASE COME TO INTAKE.
STILL BORN
BY ALEX MALEEV AND MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
LETTERS BY GALEN SHOWMAN
DOCTOR, WE'VE ALREADY BEEN OVER THIS WITH YOU, AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.
OUR PEOPLE TELL US THAT THIS BIRTH MIGHT BE DANGEROUS. THAT BABY COULD COME OUT AND CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR YOU AND YOUR STAFF.
WE DO NOT WANT TO HARM THE BABY, BUT WE DO NEED TO BE PRESENT INSIDE THAT ROOM.
MISS, IT'S NOT ONLY THAT YOU'RE STRANGERS, BUT, HONESTLY, YOUR TWO FRIENDS HERE SCARE THE HELL OUT OF THE PARENTS, AND IT IS THEIR CALL.
I REALIZE OUR APPEARANCE MAY CAUSE ALARM, BUT I ASSURE YOU...
...TO WARD ONE. DOCTOR JUNGEN TO WARD ONE...



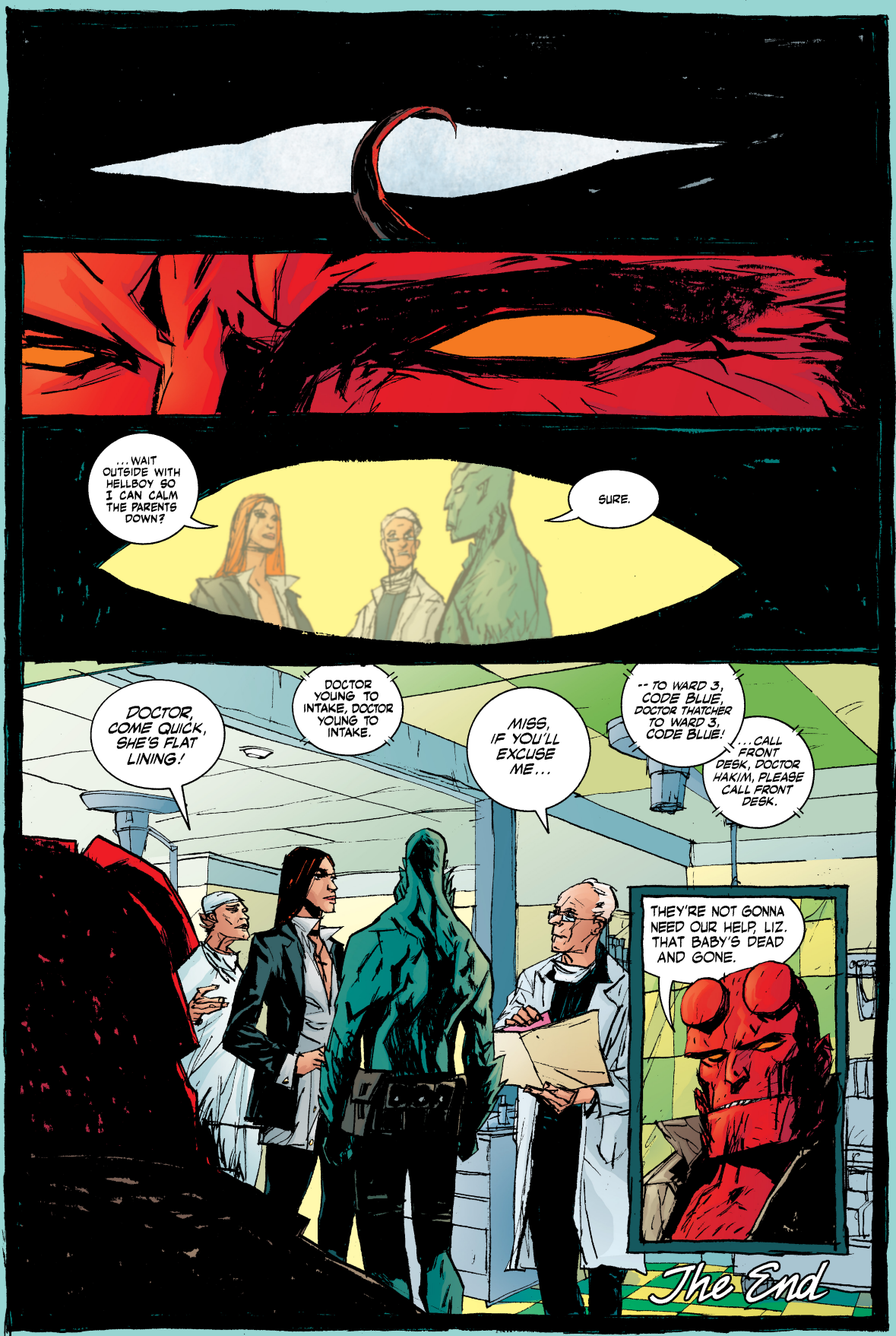


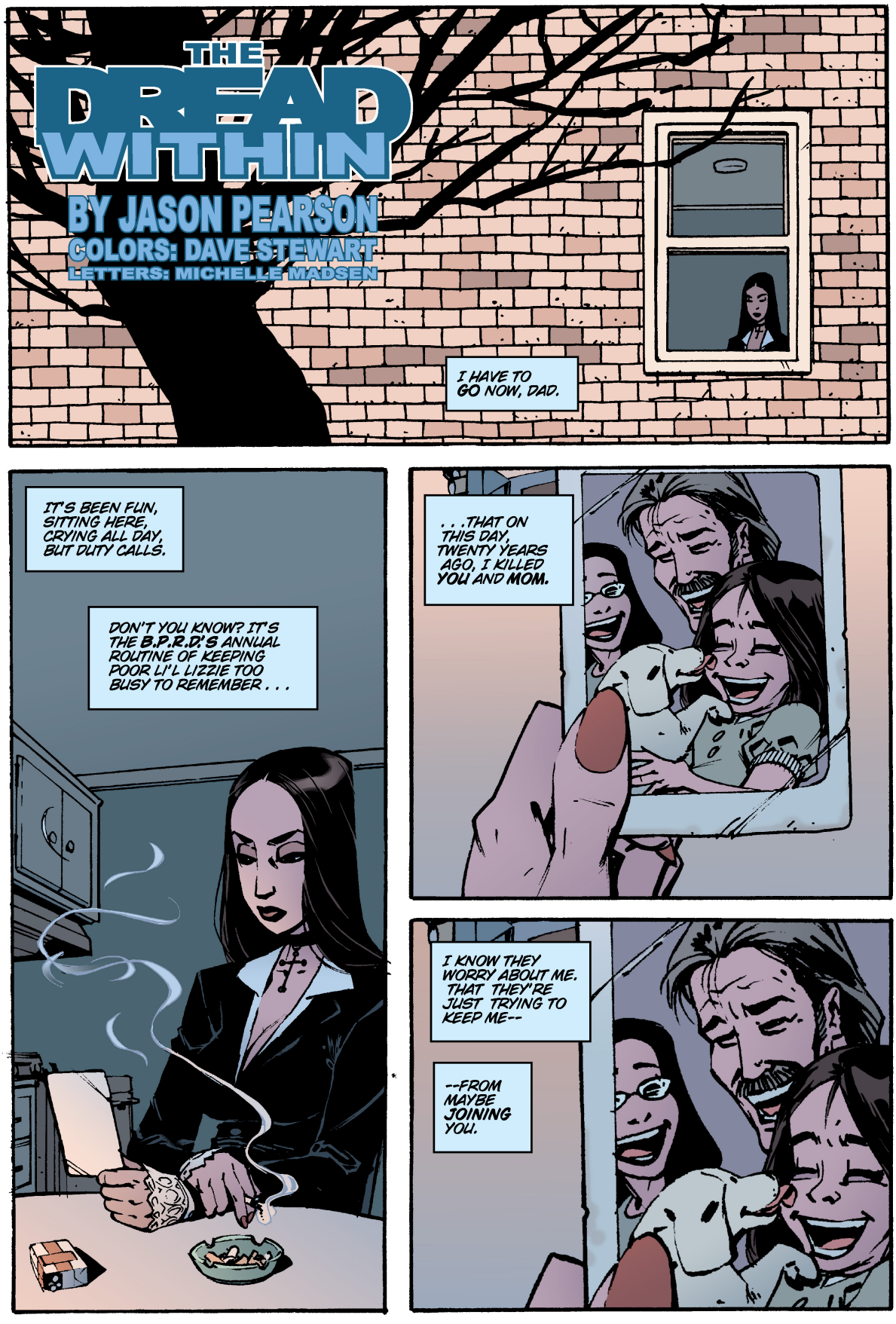


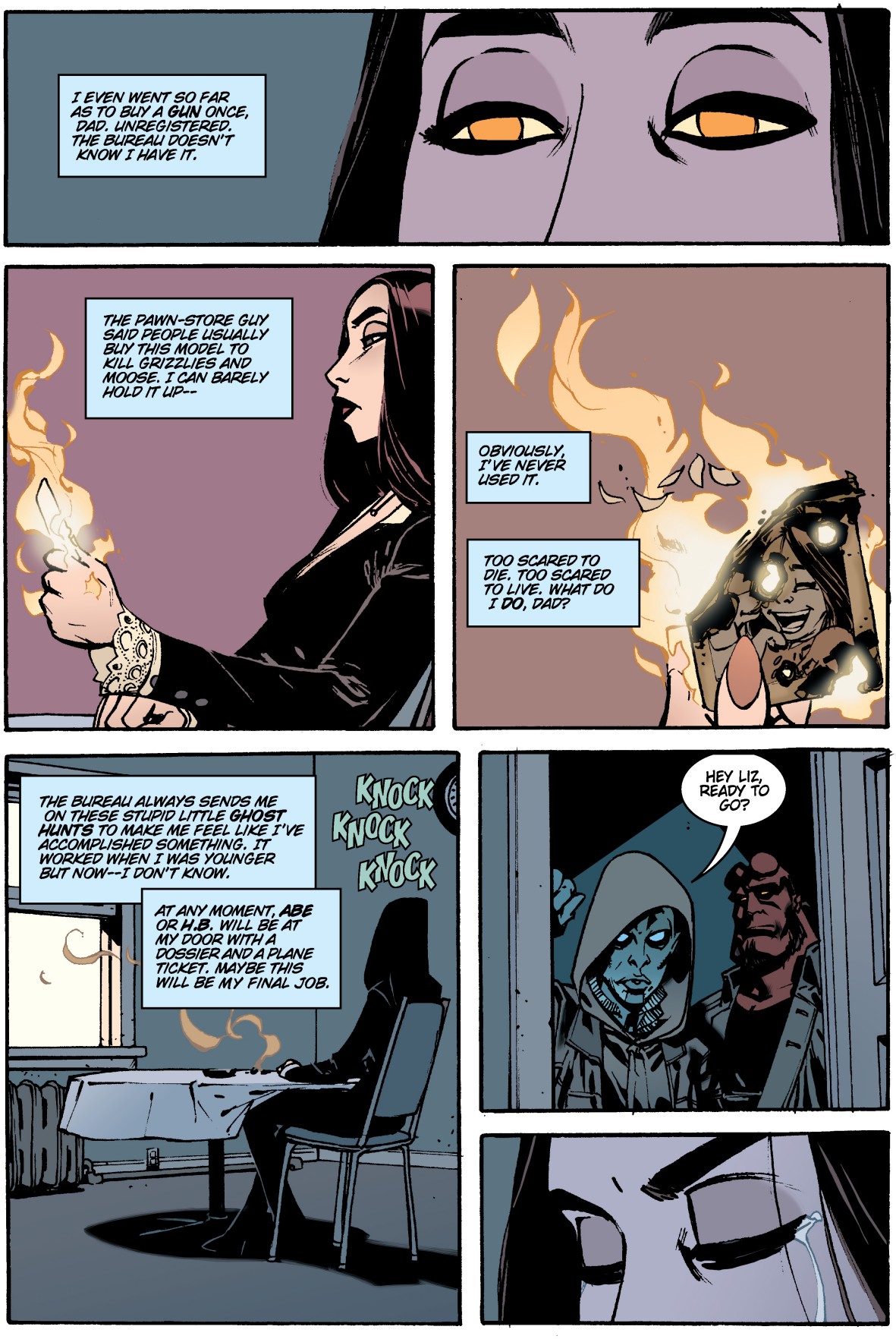


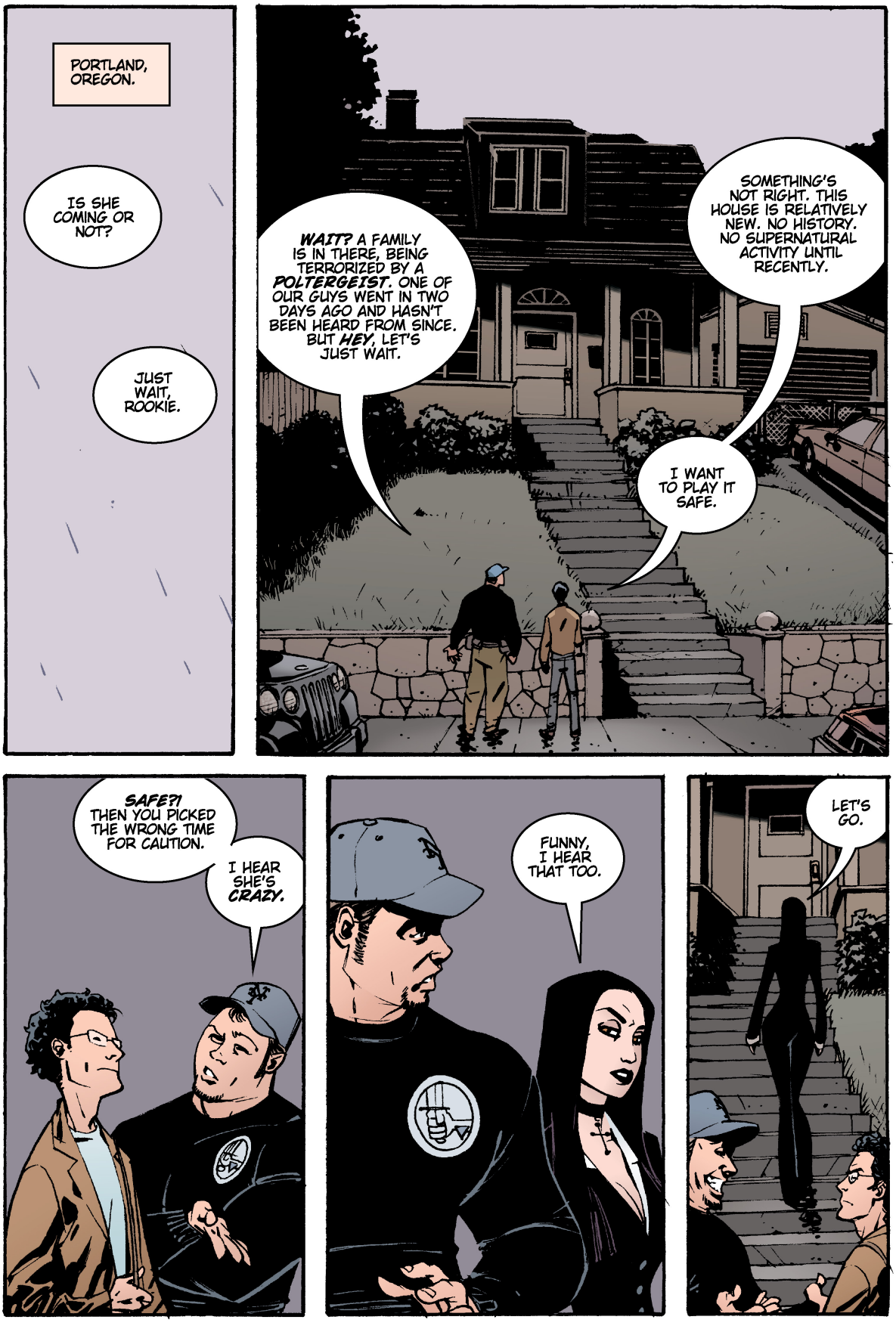


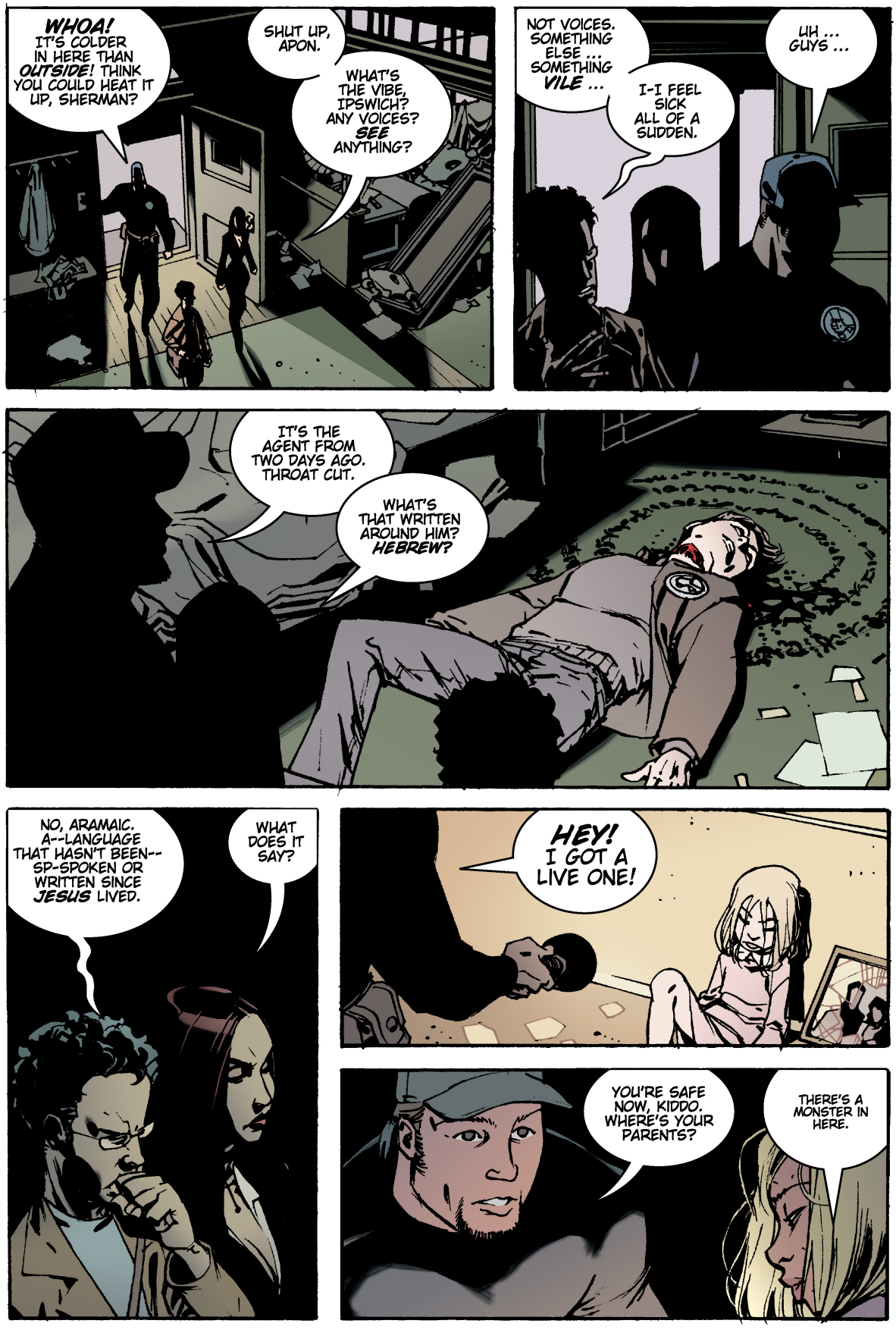



...WAIT OUTSIDE WITH HELLBOY SO I CAN CALM THE PARENTS DOWN?
SURE.
DOCTOR, COME QUICK, SHE'S FLAT LINING!
DOCTOR YOUNG TO INTAKE, DOCTOR YOUNG TO INTAKE.
MISS, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
-- TO WARD 3, CODE BLUE, DOCTOR THATCHER TO WARD 3, CODE BLUE!
...CALL FRONT DESK, DOCTOR HAKIM, PLEASE CALL FRONT DESK.
THEY'RE NOT GONNA NEED OUR HELP, LIZ. THAT BABY'S DEAD AND GONE.
The End


THE DREAD WITHIN
BY JASON PEARSON
COLORS: DAVE STEWART
LETTERS: MICHELLE MADSEN
I HAVE TO GO NOW, DAD.
IT'S BEEN FUN, SITTING HERE, CRYING ALL DAY, BUT DUTY CALLS.
DON'T YOU KNOW? IT'S THE B.P.R.D.'S ANNUAL ROUTINE OF KEEPING POOR LI'L LIZZIE TOO BUSY TO REMEMBER . . .
. . .THAT ON THIS DAY, TWENTY YEARS AGO, I KILLED YOU AND MOM.
I KNOW THEY WORRY ABOUT ME. THAT THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO KEEP ME--
--FROM MAYBE JOINING YOU.


I EVEN WENT SO FAR AS TO BUY A GUN ONCE, DAD. UNREGISTERED. THE BUREAU DOESN'T KNOW I HAVE IT.
THE PAWN-STORE GUY SAID PEOPLE USUALLY BUY THIS MODEL TO KILL GRIZZLIES AND MOOSE. I CAN BARELY HOLD IT UP--
OBVIOUSLY, I'VE NEVER USED IT.
TOO SCARED TO DIE. TOO SCARED TO LIVE. WHAT DO I DO, DAD?
THE BUREAU ALWAYS SENDS ME ON THESE STUPID LITTLE GHOST HUNTS TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I'VE ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING. IT WORKED WHEN I WAS YOUNGER BUT NOW--I DON'T KNOW.
AT ANY MOMENT, ABE OR H.B. WILL BE AT MY DOOR WITH A DOSSIER AND A PLANE TICKET. MAYBE THIS WILL BE MY FINAL JOB.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HEY LIZ, READY TO GO?

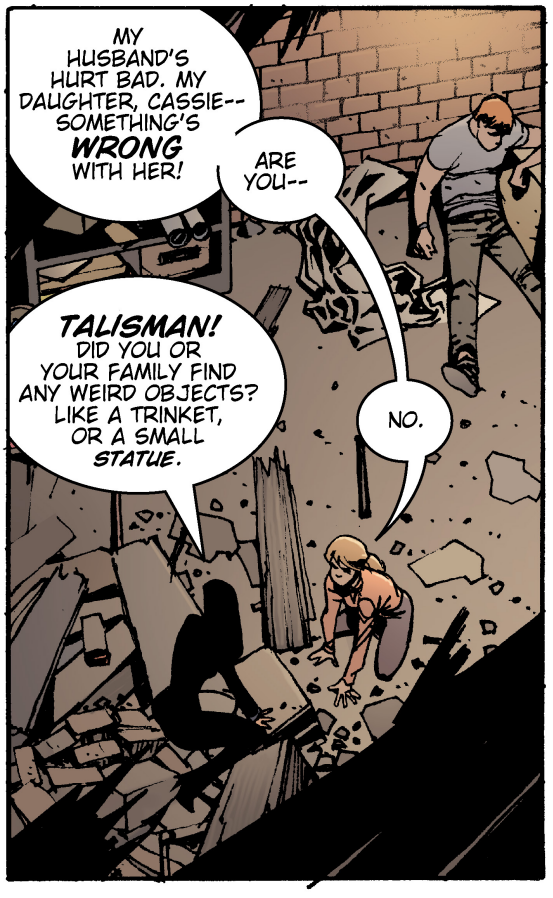

PORTLAND, OREGON.
IS SHE COMING OR NOT?
JUST WAIT, ROOKIE.
WAIT? A FAMILY IS IN THERE, BEING TERRORIZED BY A POLTERGEIST. ONE OF OUR GUYS WENT IN TWO DAYS AGO AND HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE. BUT HEY, LET'S JUST WAIT.
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT. THIS HOUSE IS RELATIVELY NEW. NO HISTORY. NO SUPERNATURAL ACTIVITY UNTIL RECENTLY.
I WANT TO PLAY IT SAFE.
SAFE?! THEN YOU PICKED THE WRONG TIME FOR CAUTION.
I HEAR SHE'S CRAZY.
FUNNY, I HEAR THAT TOO.
LET'S GO.

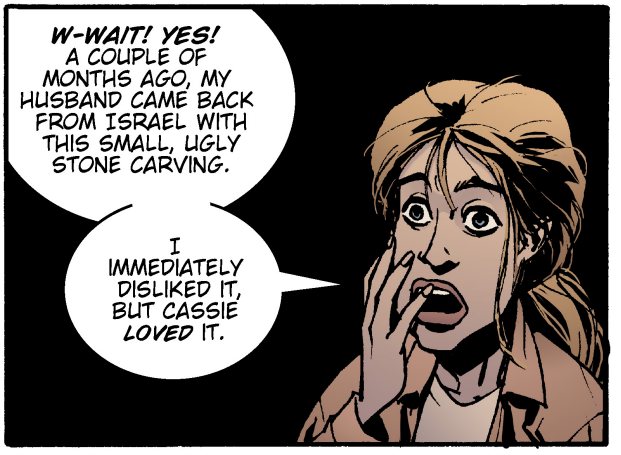

WHOA! IT'S COLDER IN HERE THAN OUTSIDE! THINK YOU COULD HEAT IT UP, SHERMAN?
SHUT UP, APON.
WHAT'S THE VIBE, IPSWICH? ANY VOICES? SEE ANYTHING?
NOT VOICES. SOMETHING ELSE ... SOMETHING VILE ...
I-I FEEL SICK ALL OF A SUDDEN.
UH ... GUYS ...
IT'S THE AGENT FROM TWO DAYS AGO. THROAT CUT.
WHAT'S THAT WRITTEN AROUND HIM? HEBREW?
NO, ARAMAIC. A--LANGUAGE THAT HASN'T BEEN-- SP-SPOKEN OR WRITTEN SINCE JESUS LIVED.
WHAT DOES IT SAY?
HEY! I GOT A LIVE ONE!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, KIDDO. WHERE'S YOUR PARENTS?
THERE'S A MONSTER IN HERE.


I KNOW, HONEY, AND WE'RE GONNA KICK THAT MONSTER'S ASS, BUT FIRST, WHERE'S YOUR PARE--
DAMN, PASSED OUT.
L-LISTEN--
ARE YOU OKAY?
NO-- I'M NOT-- BUT LISTEN TO ME.
WE'RE NOT WITH A GHOST. I THINK--WE FOUND OURSELVES A DEMON.
I-I CAN'T READ IT ALL, BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE AN INCANTATION OF SUMMONING. LIZ-- SOMETHING'S-- REALLY WRONG HERE.
YEAH, GHOSTS DON'T USUALLY REQUIRE SPELLS, OR BREAK PEOPLE'S NECKS.
WE'RE OUT OF HERE.
WHAT? WHAT ABOUT THIS KID'S FAMILY?
FUH-FIND THE TALISMAN-- IT'S --A DEMON'S DOORWAY TO OUR SIDE. LOOK FOR A SMALL STATUE OR MEDALLION--
RELAX, WE'RE NOT STAYING. THIS JOB REQUIRES BACKUP.
WE'RE NOT LEAVING THIS GIRL'S FAMILY BEHIND!


UH!
WHAT THE HELL--?
AH!


HEY, A-ARE YOU DEAD?
YOU'RE DEAD, AREN'T YOU?
UHHH ... I WISH ...
OMIGOD! I THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU WERE. THE WAY YOU LANDED!
THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION! THE FLOOR CAVED INTO THE BASEMENT! WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS STARTLED.


MY HUSBAND'S HURT BAD. MY DAUGHTER, CASSIE-- SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HER!
ARE YOU--
TALISMAN! DID YOU OR YOUR FAMILY FIND ANY WEIRD OBJECTS? LIKE A TRINKET, OR A SMALL STATUE.
NO.


W-WAIT! YES! A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, MY HUSBAND CAME BACK FROM ISRAEL WITH THIS SMALL, UGLY STONE CARVING.
I IMMEDIATELY DISLIKED IT, BUT CASSIE LOVED IT.

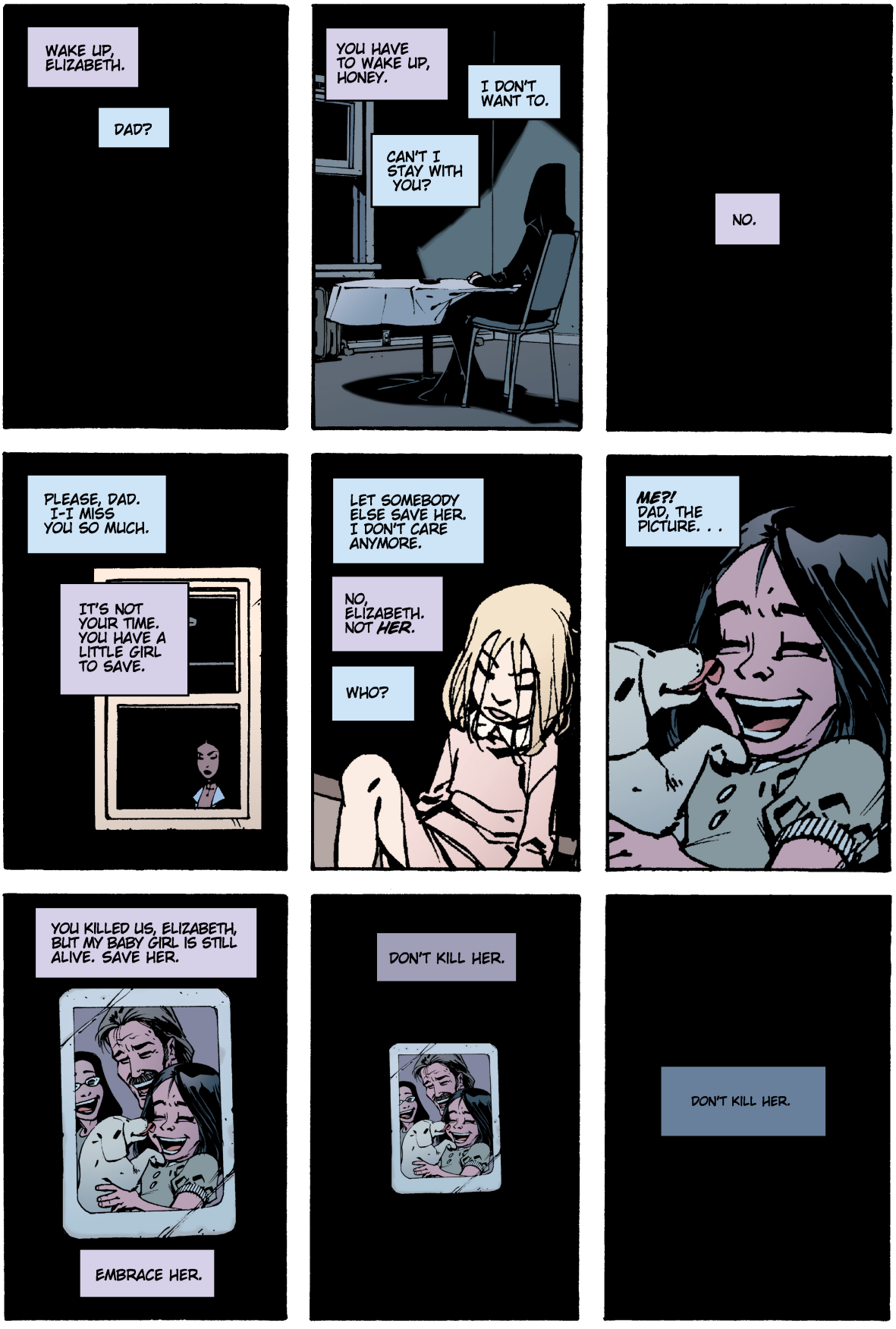

BUT WHEN SHE STARTED TALKING TO IT AND ACTING WEIRD, I TOOK IT AWAY AND HID IT.
WHERE?


IN THERE.

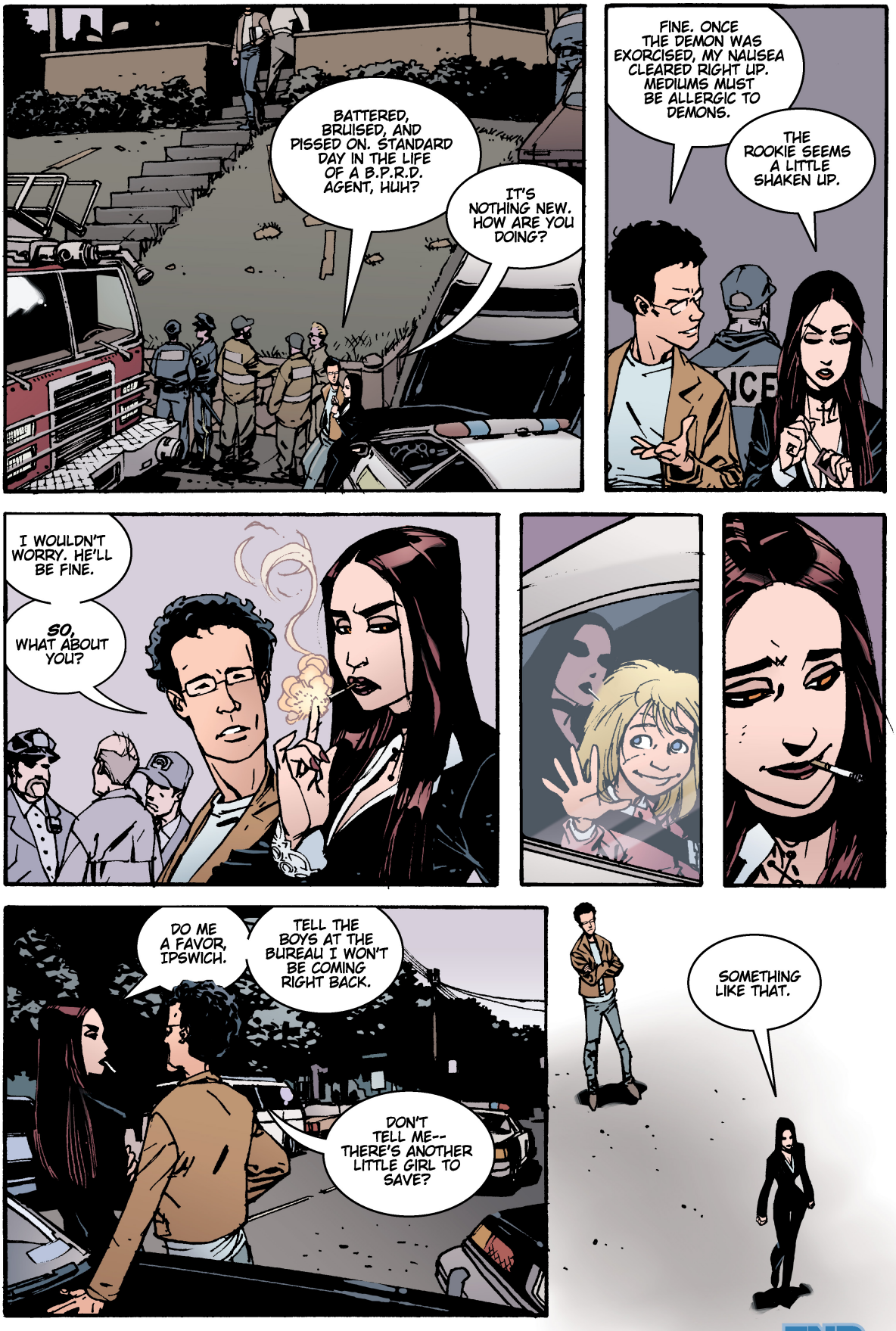

CRREEEAAK



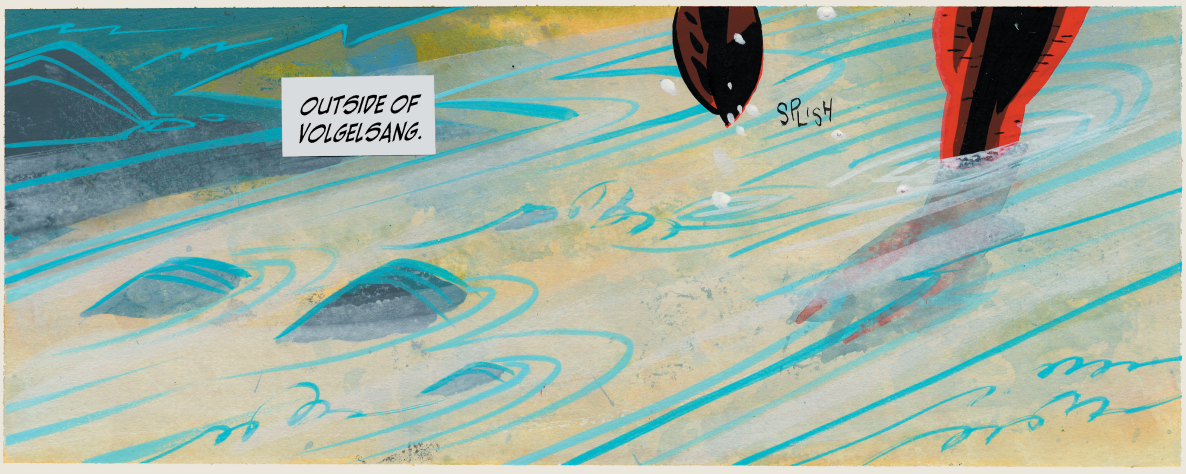

CASSIE?
THERE'S A MONSTER IN HERE.
YEAH, I SEE IT, ON THE SHELF. NOW JUST MOVE ASIDE AND I'LL GET RID OF IT.
NO, THERE'S A MONSTER IN HERE!
URINE?!
KRAK!
OH!


WAKE UP, ELIZABETH.
DAD?
YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP, HONEY.
I DON'T WANT TO.
CAN'T I STAY WITH YOU?
NO.
PLEASE, DAD. I-I MISS YOU SO MUCH.
IT'S NOT YOUR TIME. YOU HAVE A LITTLE GIRL TO SAVE.
LET SOMEBODY ELSE SAVE HER. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.
NO, ELIZABETH. NOT HER.
WHO?
ME?! DAD, THE PICTURE. . .
YOU KILLED US, ELIZABETH, BUT MY BABY GIRL IS STILL ALIVE. SAVE HER.
EMBRACE HER.
DON'T KILL HER.
DON'T KILL HER.


DON'T KILL HER!
PLEASE, BABY, DON'T KILL HER!
GET OFF OF ME, WHORE! THE FIRE WITCH WILL DIE!
DIE!
TOO STRONG. . .
WAIT. . .
THE TALISMAN . . .
AAHR
-RRR
IS IT OVER?
IT BETTER BE.


BATTERED, BRUISED, AND PISSED ON. STANDARD DAY IN THE LIFE OF A B.P.R.D. AGENT, HUH?
IT'S NOTHING NEW. HOW ARE YOU DOING?
FINE. ONCE THE DEMON WAS EXORCISED, MY NAUSEA CLEARED RIGHT UP. MEDIUMS MUST BE ALLERGIC TO DEMONS.
THE ROOKIE SEEMS A LITTLE SHAKEN UP.
I WOULDN'T WORRY. HE'LL BE FINE.
SO, WHAT ABOUT YOU?
DO ME A FAVOR, IPSWICH.
TELL THE BOYS AT THE BUREAU I WON'T BE COMING RIGHT BACK.
DON'T TELL ME-- THERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL TO SAVE?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
END





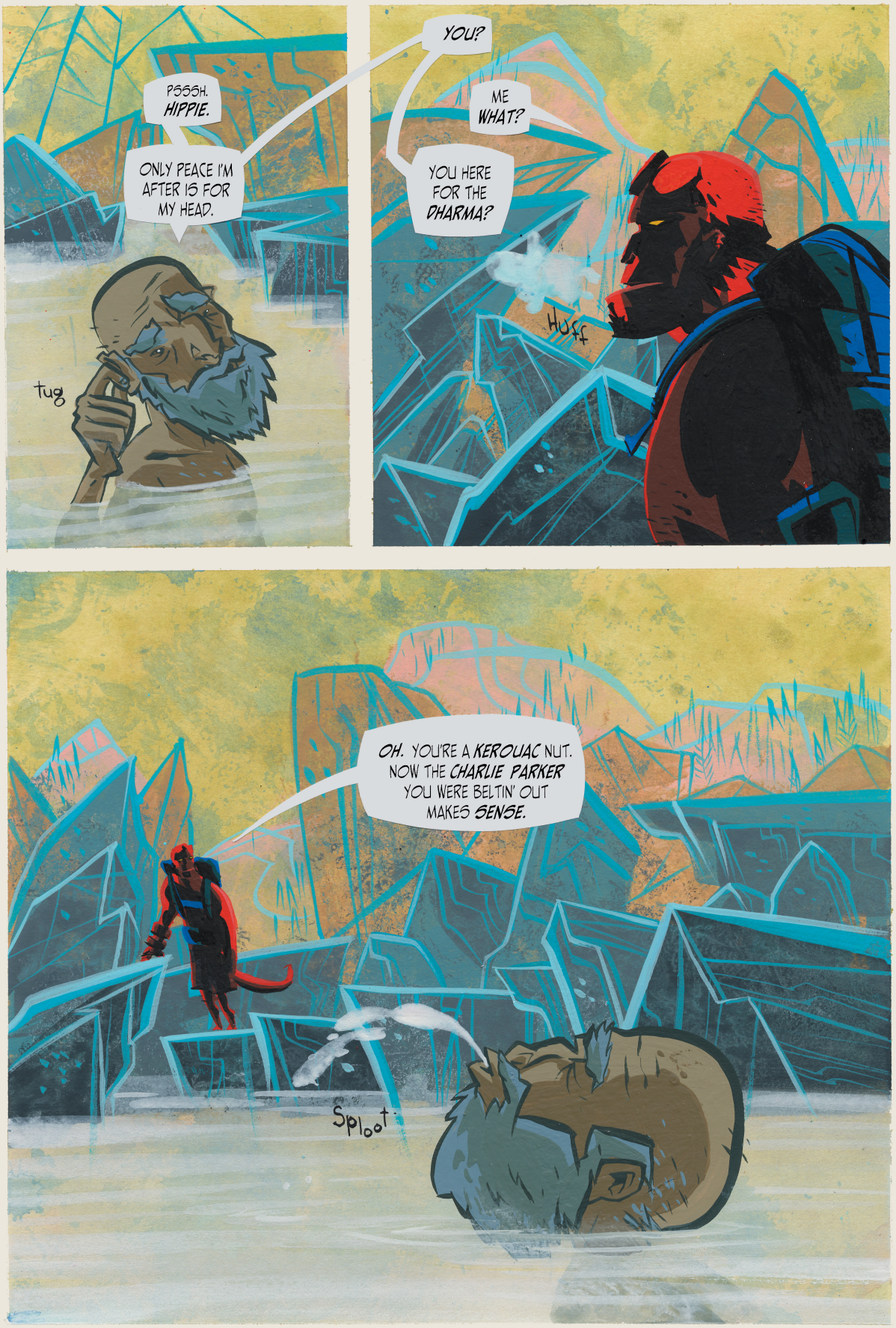
HELLBOY

COOL YOUR HEAD

BY SCOTT MORSE 2003


DOOT DOOT DEE DOOT DOOT DOO...
BEE DOO BEE DOO DOO DOO BAHP BAHP!
DOOT! DOOOT! BEE DOOT DOO DOOT!


HEY... AIN'T THAT COLD?
HMMM?
COLD...
THOUGH MELTED FROM THE BLANKETS OF WINTER, I FIND IT WARMER THAN THE HEART OF MAN...
WHATEVER.
YOU WANT TO TAKE A BATH IN A GLACIER PUDDLE, MORE POWER TO YA.
YOU SOME KIND'A HIPPIE OR SOMETHIN'?

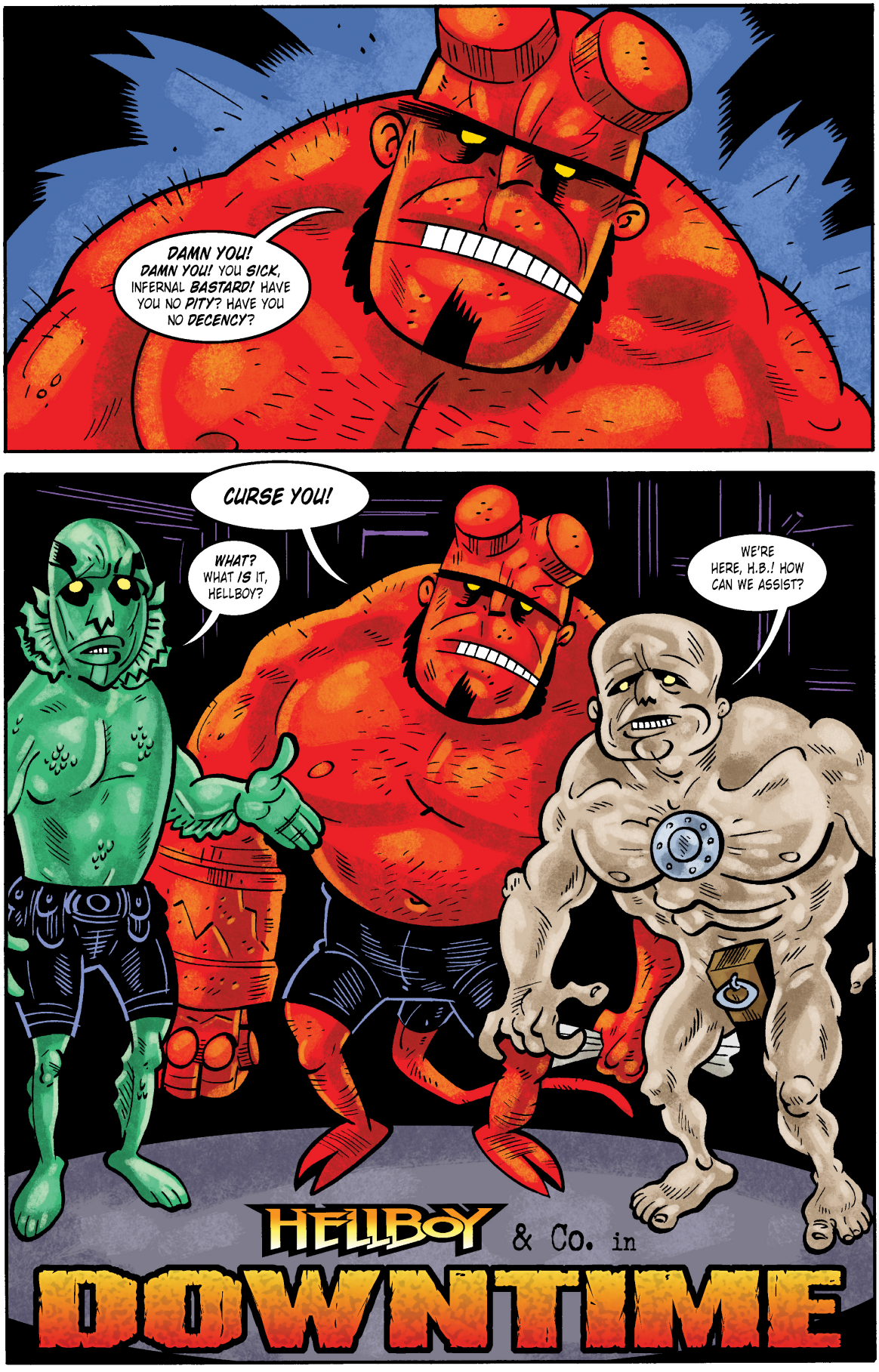

PSSSH. HIPPIE.
ONLY PEACE I'M AFTER IS FOR MY HEAD.
tug
YOU?
ME WHAT?
YOU HERE FOR THE DHARMA?
Huff
OH. YOU'RE A KEROUAC NUT. NOW THE CHARLIE PARKER YOU WERE BELTIN' OUT MAKES SENSE.
Sploot


PSSHHH. CHARLIE PARKER.
I WAS RIFFIN' ON BIRD 'N' DIZZ, M'MAN.
WELL PIN A ROSE ON YOUR NOSE.
I THINK I GOT A BROWNIE BUTTON FOR YA SOMEWHERE IN MY PACK...
YOU GOT SOME KIND'A SCRUFFY ATTITUDE, DON'TCHA?


LAY OFF ME, MAN. I'M ON VACATION.
WHATEVER. HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR.
Splish
I'M JUST LOOKIN' FOR A CAMPSITE.
HOPE YOU FIND ONE'A THEM, TOO.

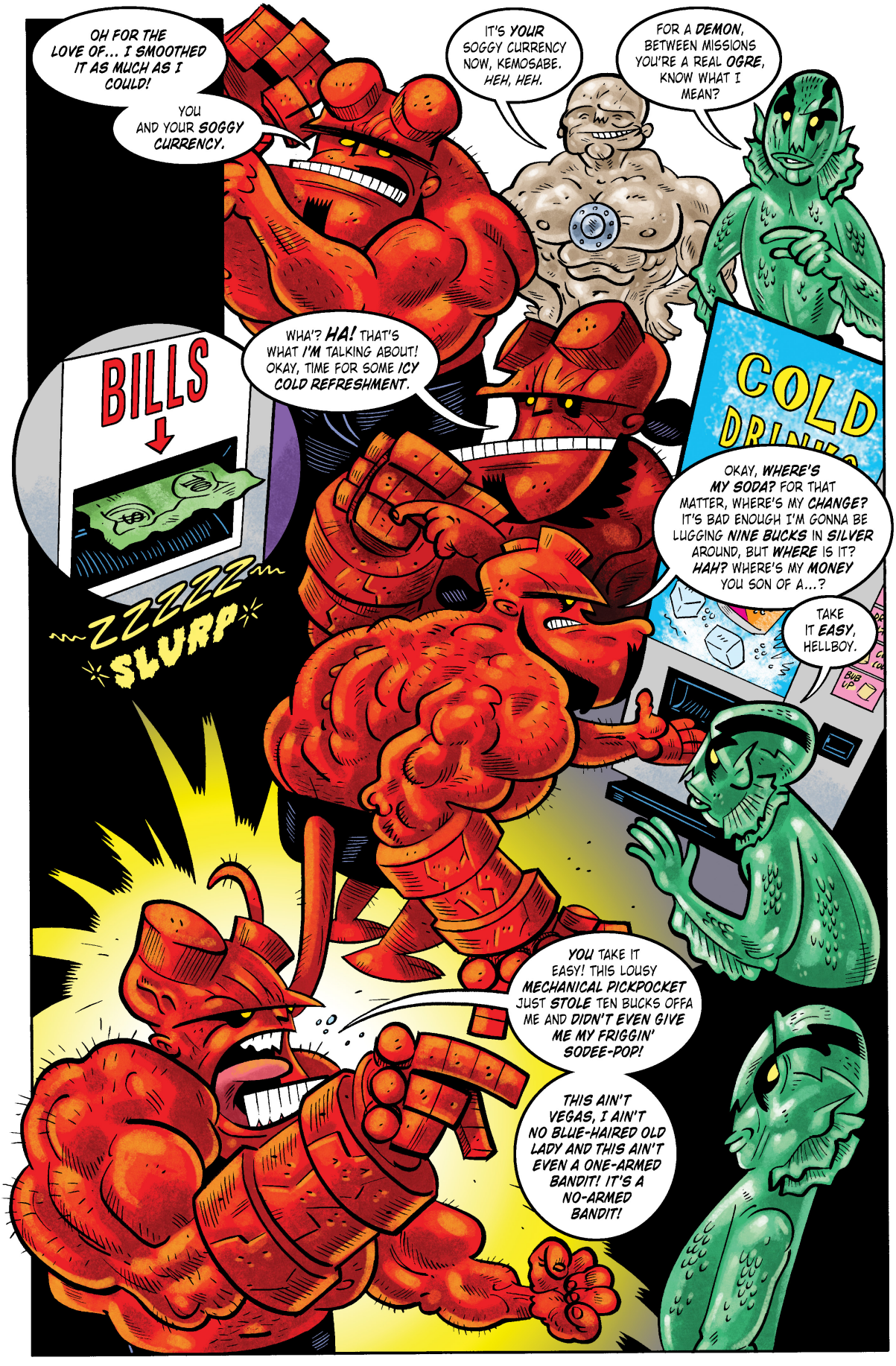

DAMN HIPPIE.
CHKK CHKK


HUFF.
END.

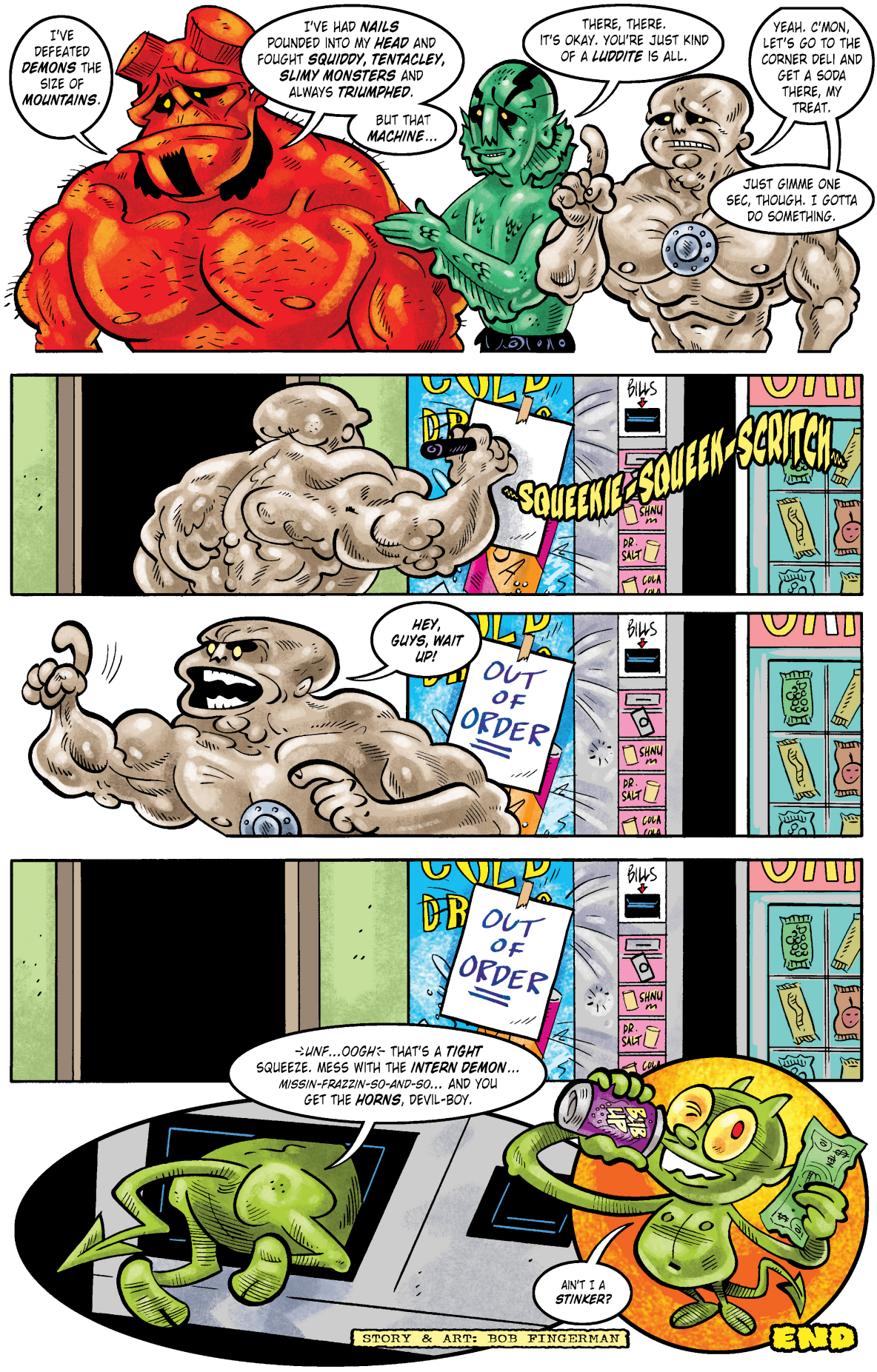

DAMN YOU!
DAMN YOU! YOU SICK, INFERNAL BASTARD! HAVE YOU NO PITY? HAVE YOU NO DECENCY?
CURSE YOU!
WHAT? WHAT IS IT, HELLBOY?
WE'RE HERE, H.B.! HOW CAN WE ASSIST?
HELLBOY & Co. in
DOWNTIME


THIS INFERNAL DEVICE! FIRST IT JAMS UP, BUT GOOD. THEN IT JAMS UP AGAIN. AND THEN FINALLY WHEN I GET IT UNJAMMED IT STARTS SPITTIN' OUT COPIES OF THAT DRUNK SECRETARY'S BARE BUTT FROM THAT OFFICE HOLIDAY PARTY TWO YEARS AGO! WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?
THEN IT STOPS ALTOGETHER AND IT SAYS IT'S OUTTA TONER FLUID!
ACTUALLY, TONER IS A POWDER.
WHATEVER.
INTERN! IN-TERRRRN!
WE GOT AN INTERN?
'COURSE WE GOT AN INTERN-- IT'S AN OFFICE. OFFICES GET INTERNS.
WHAT, IS HE LIKE A PARANORMAL INTERN?
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
YOU RANG, GENTLEMEN?
I...UH...ER. YOU THE INTERN I BEEN HEARING SO MUCH ABOUT?
IRVING GREMLINSKI, AT YOUR SERVICE. WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?
WHAT YOU CAN DO IS REPLACE THE TONER IN THAT FORSAKEN PIECE OF MECHANICAL CRAP!
RAGNEROX 666
HOW'S A GUY S'POSED T'FILE HIS REPORTS IN -- TRIPLICATE NO LESS -- IF THE FREAKIN' LASER PRINTER IS OUT OF INK?
-:MEEP:-

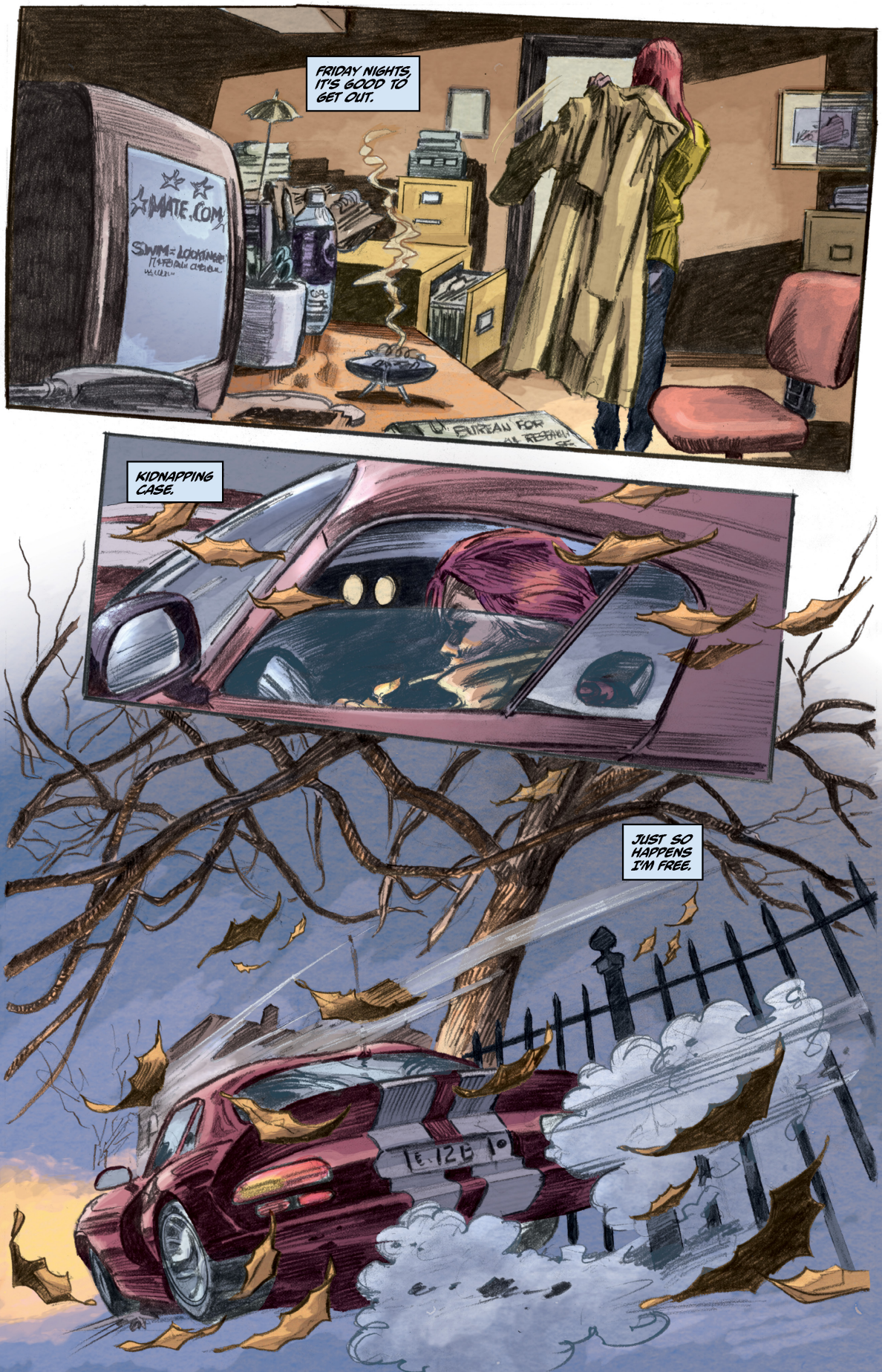

ACTUALLY, SIR, IT'S NOT A LASER PRINTER, IT'S A STATE OF THE ART PHOTOCOPIER WITH ULTRA-HIGH RESOLUTION AND...
WHATEVER IT IS, JUST FIX IT! FIX IT NOW! MAKE IT FIXED! FIXIFY IT! NOW!
YEESH!
OY GEVALT!
DON'TCHA THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE HARD ON THE LITTLE GUY, H?
& Defense HQ
Employee Lounge
AH, IT BUILDS CHARACTER.
IT BUILDS RESENTMENT, MORE LIKE.
YEAH, YEAH. I NEED ME A FROSTY BEVERAGE. LET'S HIT THE BREAK ROOM.
OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS. HEY, CAN EITHER YOU GUYS BREAK A TWENTY?
I LEFT MY MONEY IN MY LOCKER.
I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING SMALLER ON ME.
SODA
BILLS
I'VE GOT TWO TENS. THE MACHINE'LL MAKE CHANGE FOR A TEN.
GEEZ, YOU GOT ANYTHING A LITTLE MORE CRUMPLED AND...MOIST? BRRRR. I DON'T EVEN WANNA KNOW WHERE YOU WERE STASHING THAT LOOT.
NO, YOU MOST ASSUREDLY DO NOT.
CANDY
WHY DO THEY PUT SLOTS FOR BILLS IN THESE MACHINES IF THEY ALWAYS REJECT 'EM?
COME ON. COME ON!
BILLS


OH FOR THE LOVE OF... I SMOOTHED IT AS MUCH AS I COULD!
YOU AND YOUR SOGGY CURRENCY.
IT'S YOUR SOGGY CURRENCY NOW, KEMOSABE. HEH, HEH.
FOR A DEMON, BETWEEN MISSIONS YOU'RE A REAL OGRE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
BILLS
WHA'? HA! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! OKAY, TIME FOR SOME ICY COLD REFRESHMENT.
COLD
ZZZZZZ
SLURP
OKAY, WHERE'S MY SODA? FOR THAT MATTER, WHERE'S MY CHANGE? IT'S BAD ENOUGH I'M GONNA BE LUGGING NINE BUCKS IN SILVER AROUND, BUT WHERE IS IT? HAH? WHERE'S MY MONEY YOU SON OF A...?
TAKE IT EASY, HELLBOY.
BUB UP
YOU TAKE IT EASY! THIS LOUSY MECHANICAL PICKPOCKET JUST STOLE TEN BUCKS OFFA ME AND DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME MY FRIGGIN' SODEE-POP!
THIS AIN'T VEGAS, I AIN'T NO BLUE-HAIRED OLD LADY AND THIS AIN'T EVEN A ONE-ARMED BANDIT! IT'S A NO-ARMED BANDIT!


YOU GONNA PLAY ME LIKE THAT, YOU GREASY COLLECTION OF NUTS AND BOLTS AND CIRCUITS AND SO ON? NOBODY MAKES A MONKEY OUTTA HELLBOY!
DRINKS
SODA
BILLS
SHNU
DR. SALT
COLA COLA
BUB UP
HERE WE GO.
UH-HUH.
HAVE AT YOU! YOU LIKE THAT? HUH? WANT SOME MORE? OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT! YOU BEGGED FOR IT!
PTUNG!
KAPWING!
IT'S...-:WHEEZE:-... NOT FAIR! -:SNURFLE:- IT TOOK MY MONEY... -:SNIFL:- AND...AND... -:SNURK:-
IT'S NOT FAIR.


I'VE DEFEATED DEMONS THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS.
I'VE HAD NAILS POUNDED INTO MY HEAD AND FOUGHT SQUIDDY, TENTACLEY, SLIMY MONSTERS AND ALWAYS TRIUMPHED.
BUT THAT MACHINE...
THERE, THERE. IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE JUST KIND OF A LUDDITE IS ALL.
YEAH. C'MON, LET'S GO TO THE CORNER DELI AND GET A SODA THERE, MY TREAT.
JUST GIMME ONE SEC, THOUGH. I GOTTA DO SOMETHING.
SQUEEKIE-SQUEEK-SCRITCH
BILLS
SHNU m
DR. SALT
HEY, GUYS, WAIT UP!
OUT OF ORDER
-UNF...OOGH- THAT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE. MESS WITH THE INTERN DEMON... MISSIN-FRAZZIN-SO-AND-SO... AND YOU GET THE HORNS, DEVIL-BOY.
AIN'T I A STINKER?
STORY & ART: BOB FINGERMAN
END


FRIDAY
WRITTEN BY
DOUG PETRIE
ART BY
GENE COLAN
B.P.R.D. HOW CAN I... HELLBOY? HE'S NOT HERE.
MAYBE I CAN HANDLE IT. YES, I'M SERIOUS.
BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE
Gene Colan
WHO NEEDS COMPANY?
UH-HUH. UH-HUH. WHAT KIND OF MONSTER?
BE THERE IN TEN.


FRIDAY NIGHTS, IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT.
KIDNAPPING CASE.
JUST SO HAPPENS I'M FREE.


PYROKINETICS TEND TO DEVELOP CERTAIN TASTES.
LIKE ME — I DIG CIGARETTES.
NOT SO CRAZY ABOUT WATER.
AQUARIUM. GOD DAMN.

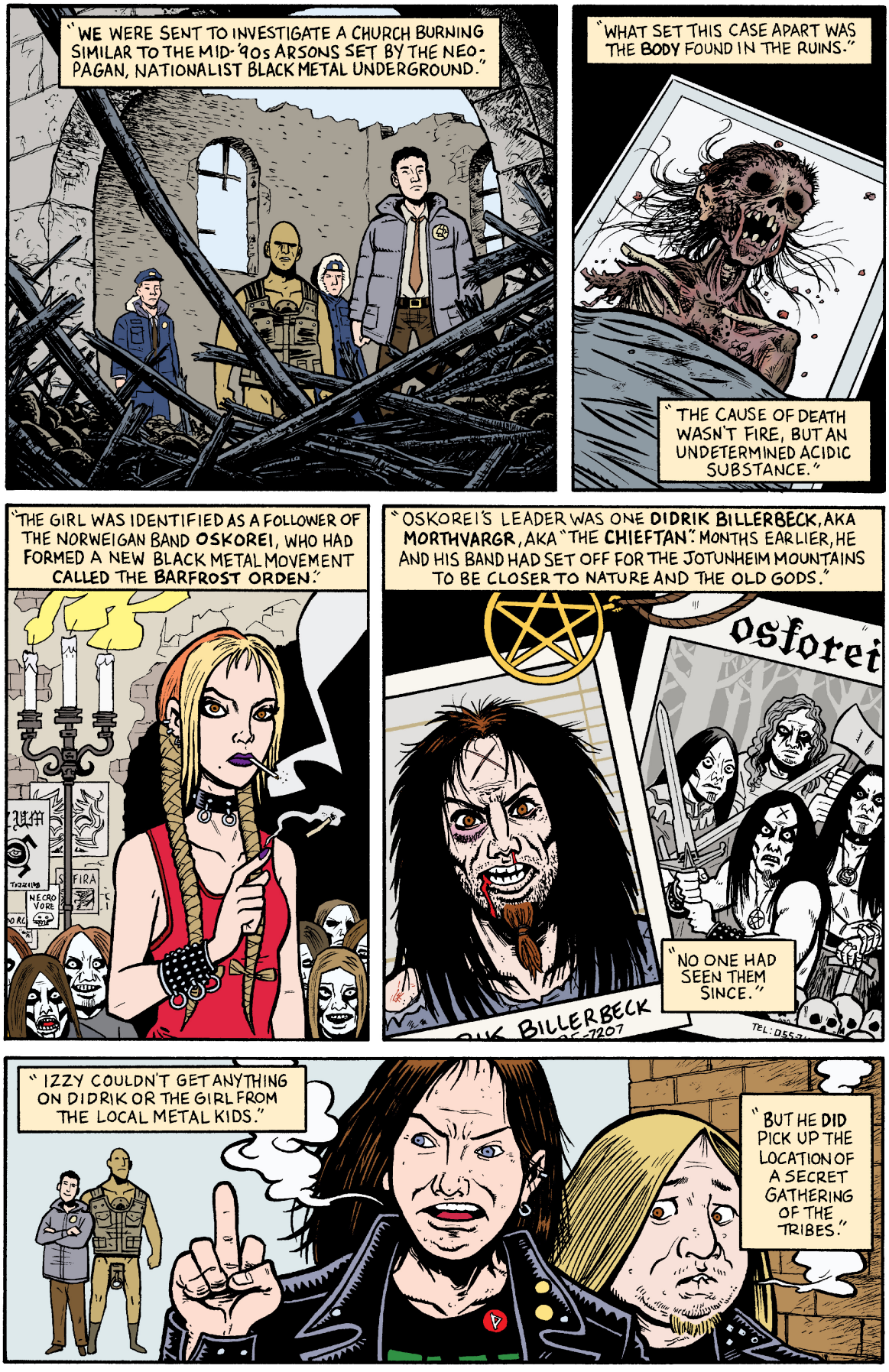

WHATEVER IT IS, IT PRETENDS TO BE HUMAN.
IT WANTS HELLBOY.
I'M ITS DATE TONIGHT.
GUESS I DISAPPOINT.

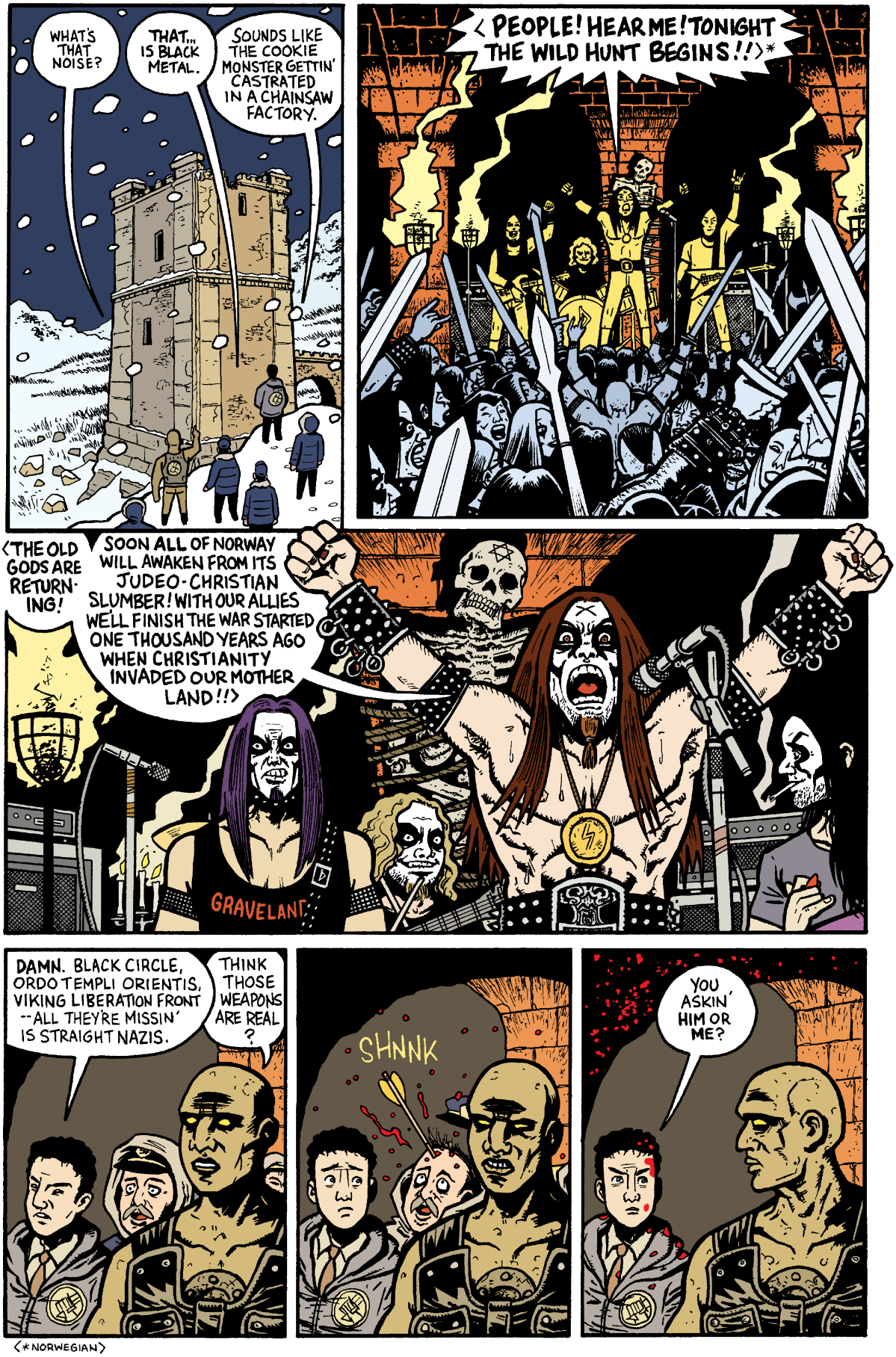

FUNNY THING IS...
I WISH HELLBOY WAS HERE, TOO.

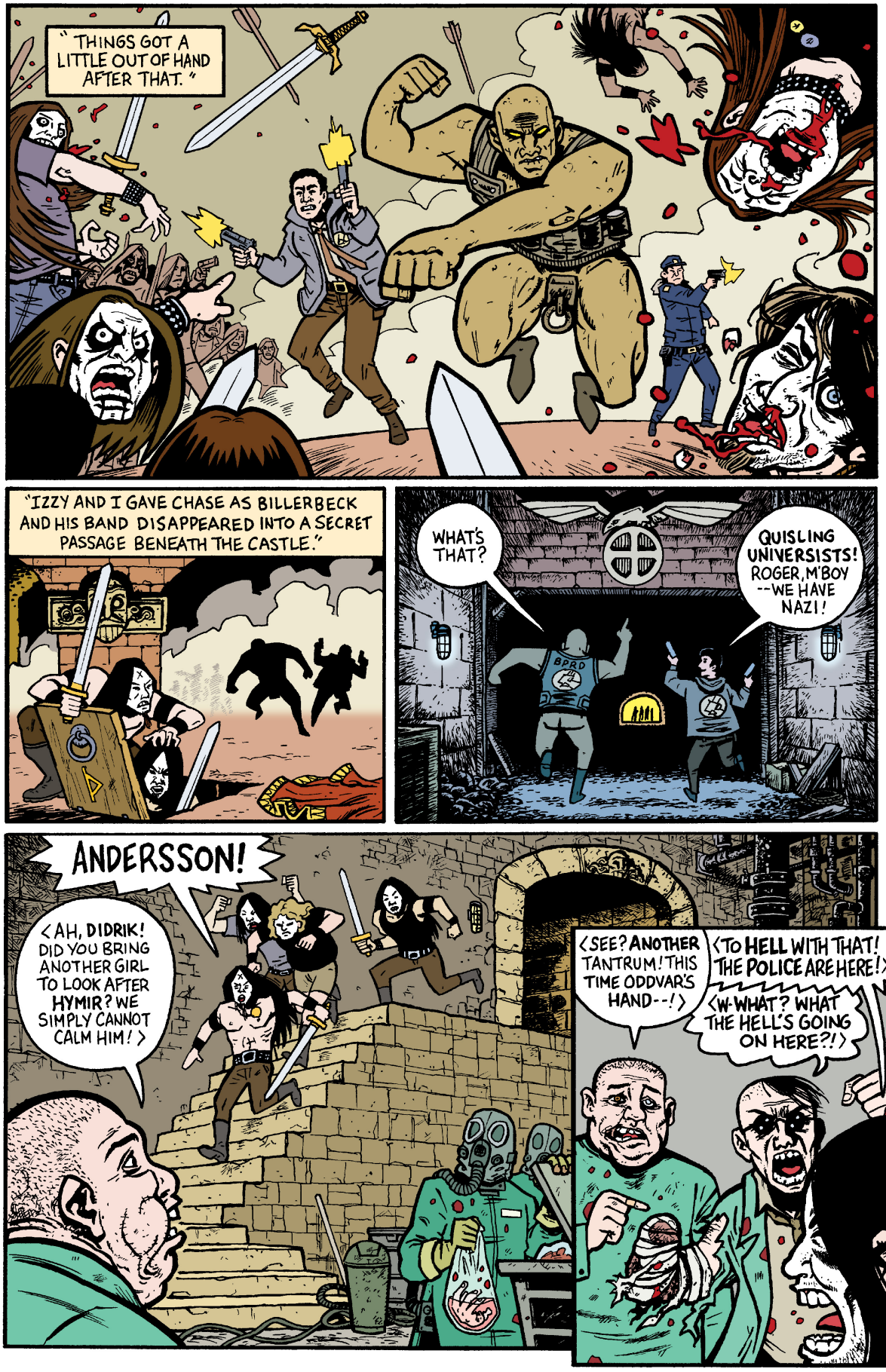

PAF!
KRRSH!
ABE SEEMS OKAY WITH IT.
AFTER, THINGS GET WEIRD.
ABE SUGGESTS COFFEE.
B.P.R.D.
IT'S FRIDAY.
WHO NEEDS COMPANY?
ME.
END

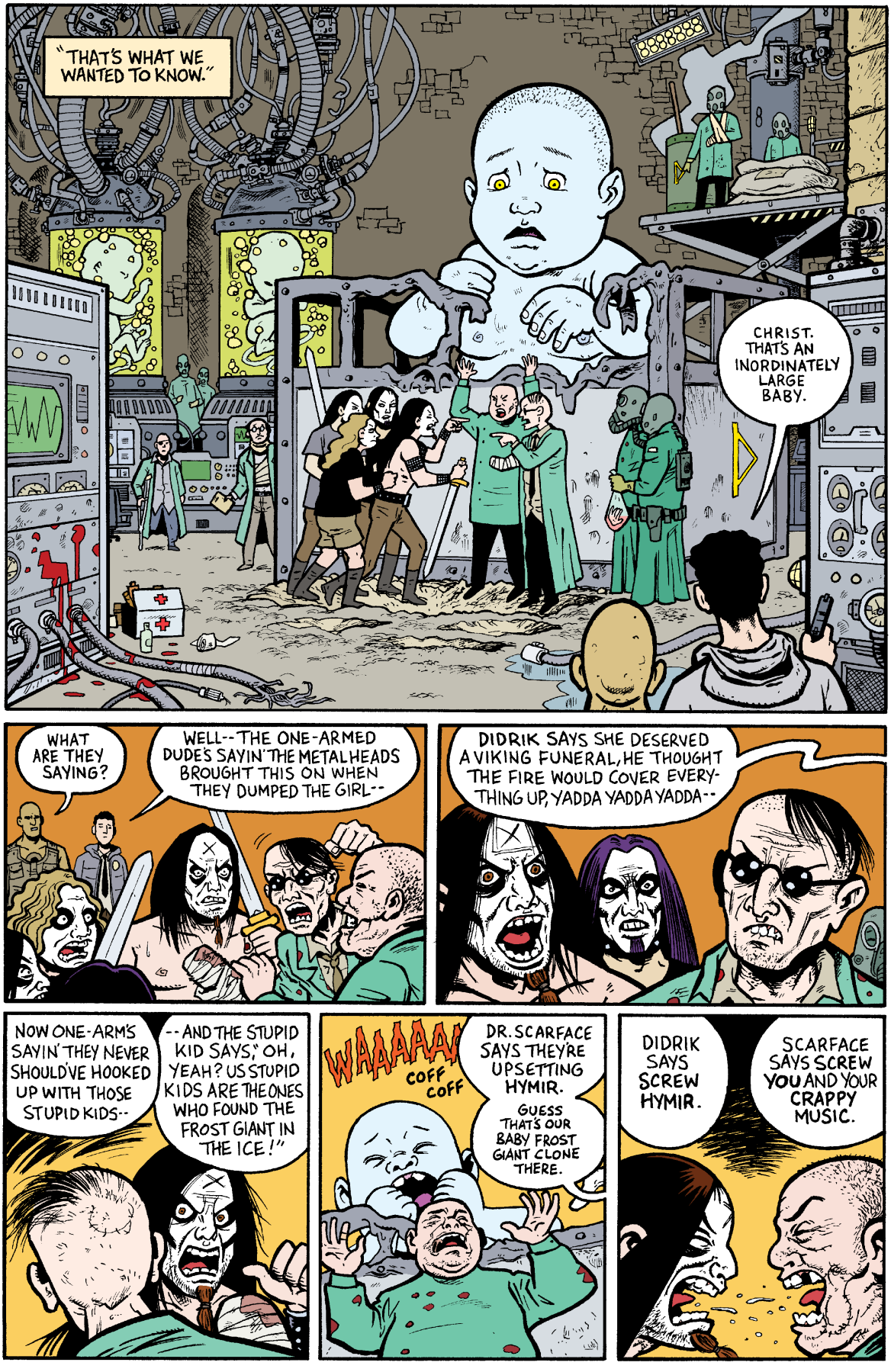

I APPRECIATE YOUR SEEING ME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE, DOCTOR RAMSEY.
PLEASE. I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO HELP A FRIEND OF CAPTAIN MURPHY'S.
OH, EXCUSE ME, BUT YOU LEFT YOUR LAST NAME OFF THE FORM--
NO LAST NAME.
JUST... ROGER.
WELL, ROGER, I, UH, WASN'T TOLD MUCH ABOUT YOUR SITUATION, MAINLY THAT YOU WORK FOR AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE B.R.P.D.?
THAT'S B.P.R.D.
BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE WE'RE LIKE THE POLICE, ONLY FOR THE SUPER-NATURAL.
GHOSTS AND THINGS.

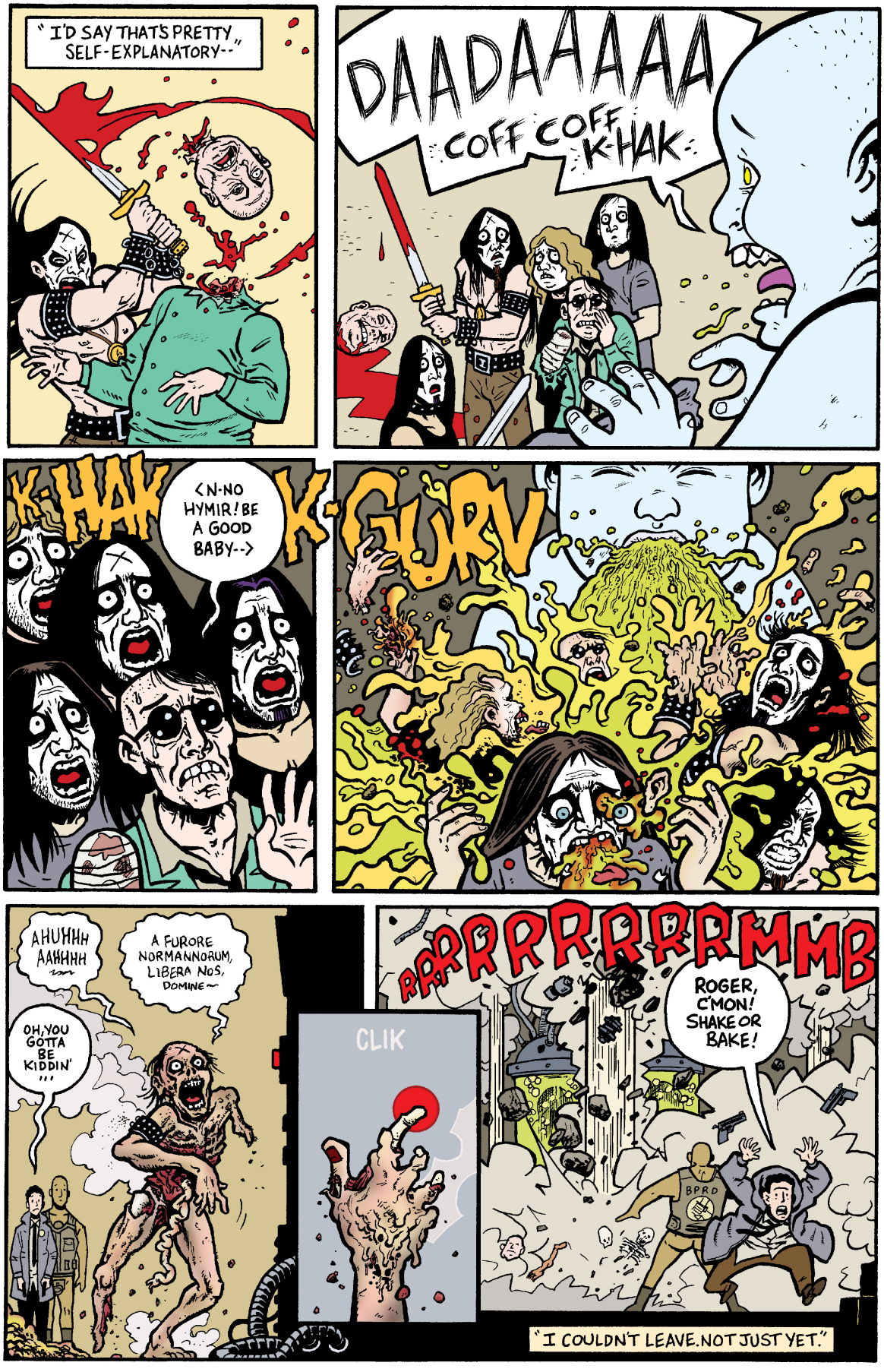

I SEE.
SO... IS THIS CONCERN OF YOURS WORK-RELATED?
YES. IT IS.
CAPTAIN MURPHY SAID YOU SPECIALIZE IN THIS SORT OF THING.
DEPRESSION. BECAUSE OF YOUR JOB.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN FEELING THIS WAY?
ALWAYS, I GUESS. BUT WHAT'S REALLY BOTHERING ME HAPPENED JUST RECENTLY.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT?
WELL, YOU SEE... I WAS ON ASSIGNMENT IN OSLO--
"-- WITH AGENT IZZY KEMPER, CULT EXPERT AND LINGUIST. HE'S ALSO A MIND READER."
EIGHT OF CLUBS.
UMM ...
FATE
GOD DAMN SNOW.
"UNLESS THE WEATHER'S BAD."

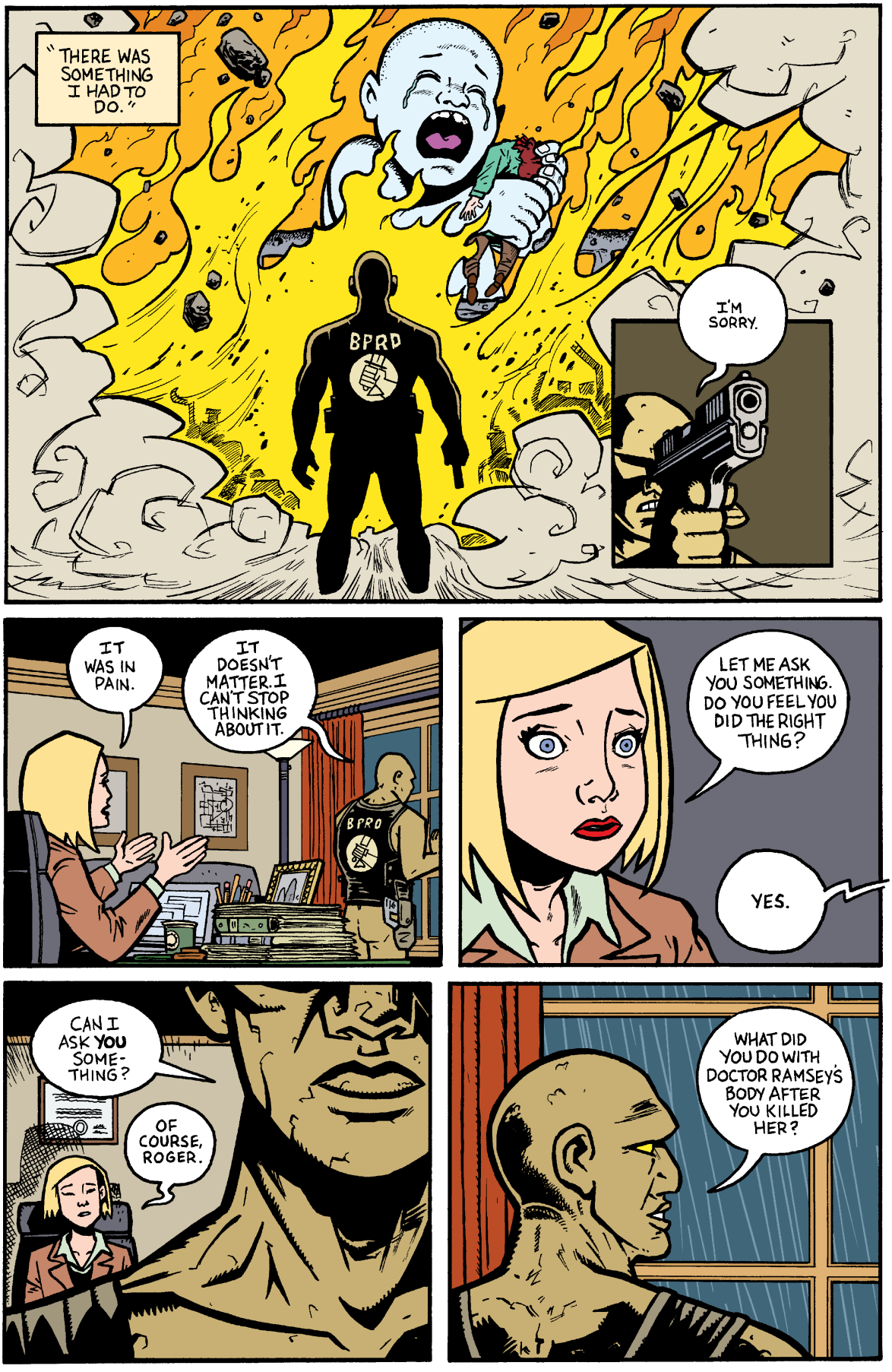

"WE WERE SENT TO INVESTIGATE A CHURCH BURNING SIMILAR TO THE MID-'90s ARSONS SET BY THE NEO-PAGAN, NATIONALIST BLACK METAL UNDERGROUND."
"WHAT SET THIS CASE APART WAS THE BODY FOUND IN THE RUINS."
"THE CAUSE OF DEATH WASN'T FIRE, BUT AN UNDETERMINED ACIDIC SUBSTANCE."
"THE GIRL WAS IDENTIFIED AS A FOLLOWER OF THE NORWEIGAN BAND OSKOREI, WHO HAD FORMED A NEW BLACK METAL MOVEMENT CALLED THE BARFROST ORDEN."
"OSKOREI'S LEADER WAS ONE DIDRIK BILLERBECK, AKA MORTHVARGR, AKA "THE CHIEFTAN". MONTHS EARLIER, HE AND HIS BAND HAD SET OFF FOR THE JOTUNHEIM MOUNTAINS TO BE CLOSER TO NATURE AND THE OLD GODS."
Osforei
"NO ONE HAD SEEN THEM SINCE."
"IZZY COULDN'T GET ANYTHING ON DIDRIK OR THE GIRL FROM THE LOCAL METAL KIDS."
"BUT HE DID PICK UP THE LOCATION OF A SECRET GATHERING OF THE TRIBES."

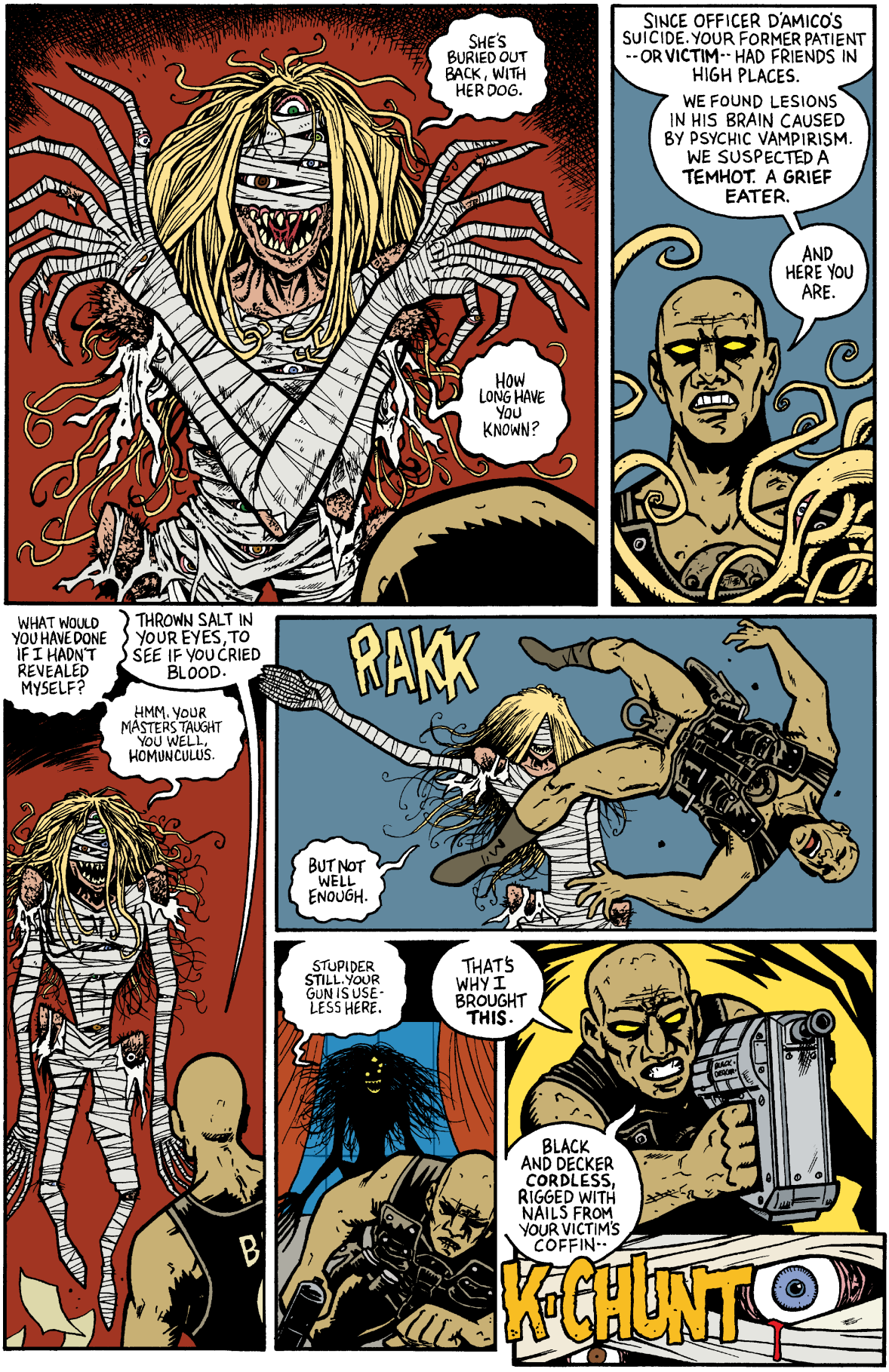

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
THAT,,, IS BLACK METAL.
SOUNDS LIKE THE COOKIE MONSTER GETTIN' CASTRATED IN A CHAINSAW FACTORY.
<PEOPLE! HEAR ME! TONIGHT THE WILD HUNT BEGINS!!>*
<THE OLD GODS ARE RETURNING!
SOON ALL OF NORWAY WILL AWAKEN FROM ITS JUDEO-CHRISTIAN SLUMBER! WITH OUR ALLIES WE'LL FINISH THE WAR STARTED ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO WHEN CHRISTIANITY INVADED OUR MOTHER LAND!!>
GRAVELAND
DAMN. BLACK CIRCLE, ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS, VIKING LIBERATION FRONT --ALL THEY'RE MISSIN' IS STRAIGHT NAZIS.
THINK THOSE WEAPONS ARE REAL?
SHNNK
YOU ASKIN' HIM OR ME?
<*NORWEGIAN>


"THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND AFTER THAT."
"IZZY AND I GAVE CHASE AS BILLERBECK AND HIS BAND DISAPPEARED INTO A SECRET PASSAGE BENEATH THE CASTLE."
WHAT'S THAT?
QUISLING UNIVERSISTS! ROGER, M'BOY --WE HAVE NAZI!
BPRD
ANDERSSON!
<AH, DIDRIK! DID YOU BRING ANOTHER GIRL TO LOOK AFTER HYMIR? WE SIMPLY CANNOT CALM HIM!>
<SEE? ANOTHER TANTRUM! THIS TIME ODDVAR'S HAND--!>
<TO HELL WITH THAT! THE POLICE ARE HERE!>
<W-WHAT? WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!>

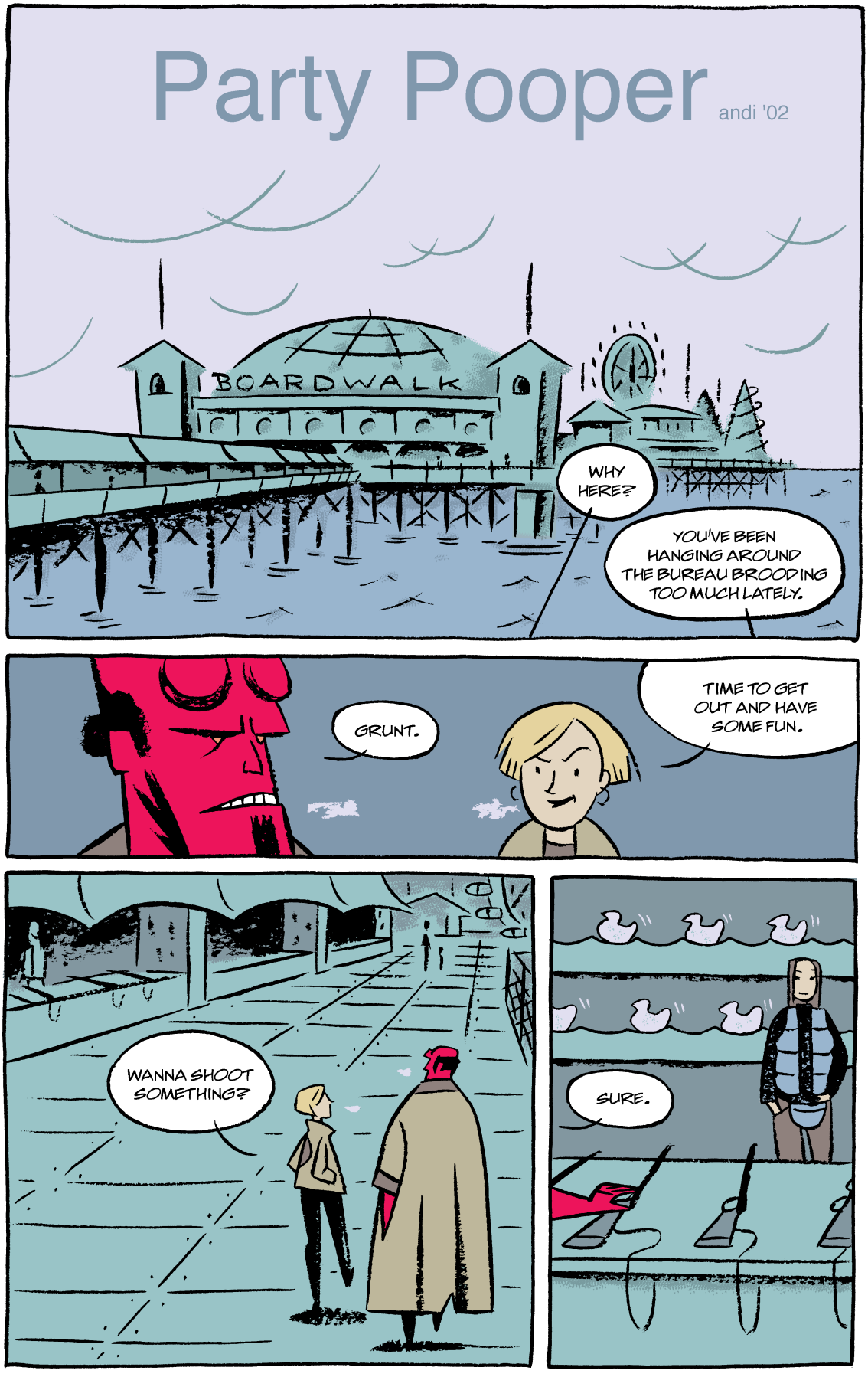

"THAT'S WHAT WE WANTED TO KNOW."
CHRIST. THAT'S AN INORDINATELY LARGE BABY.
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
WELL--THE ONE-ARMED DUDE'S SAYIN' THE METALHEADS BROUGHT THIS ON WHEN THEY DUMPED THE GIRL--
DIDRIK SAYS SHE DESERVED A VIKING FUNERAL, HE THOUGHT THE FIRE WOULD COVER EVERYTHING UP, YADDA YADDA YADDA--
NOW ONE-ARM'S SAYIN' THEY NEVER SHOULD'VE HOOKED UP WITH THOSE STUPID KIDS--
--AND THE STUPID KID SAYS, "OH, YEAH? US STUPID KIDS ARE THE ONES WHO FOUND THE FROST GIANT IN THE ICE!"
WAAAAAA
COFF COFF
DR. SCARFACE SAYS THEY'RE UPSETTING HYMIR.
GUESS THAT'S OUR BABY FROST GIANT CLONE THERE.
DIDRIK SAYS SCREW HYMIR.
SCARFACE SAYS SCREW YOU AND YOUR CRAPPY MUSIC.

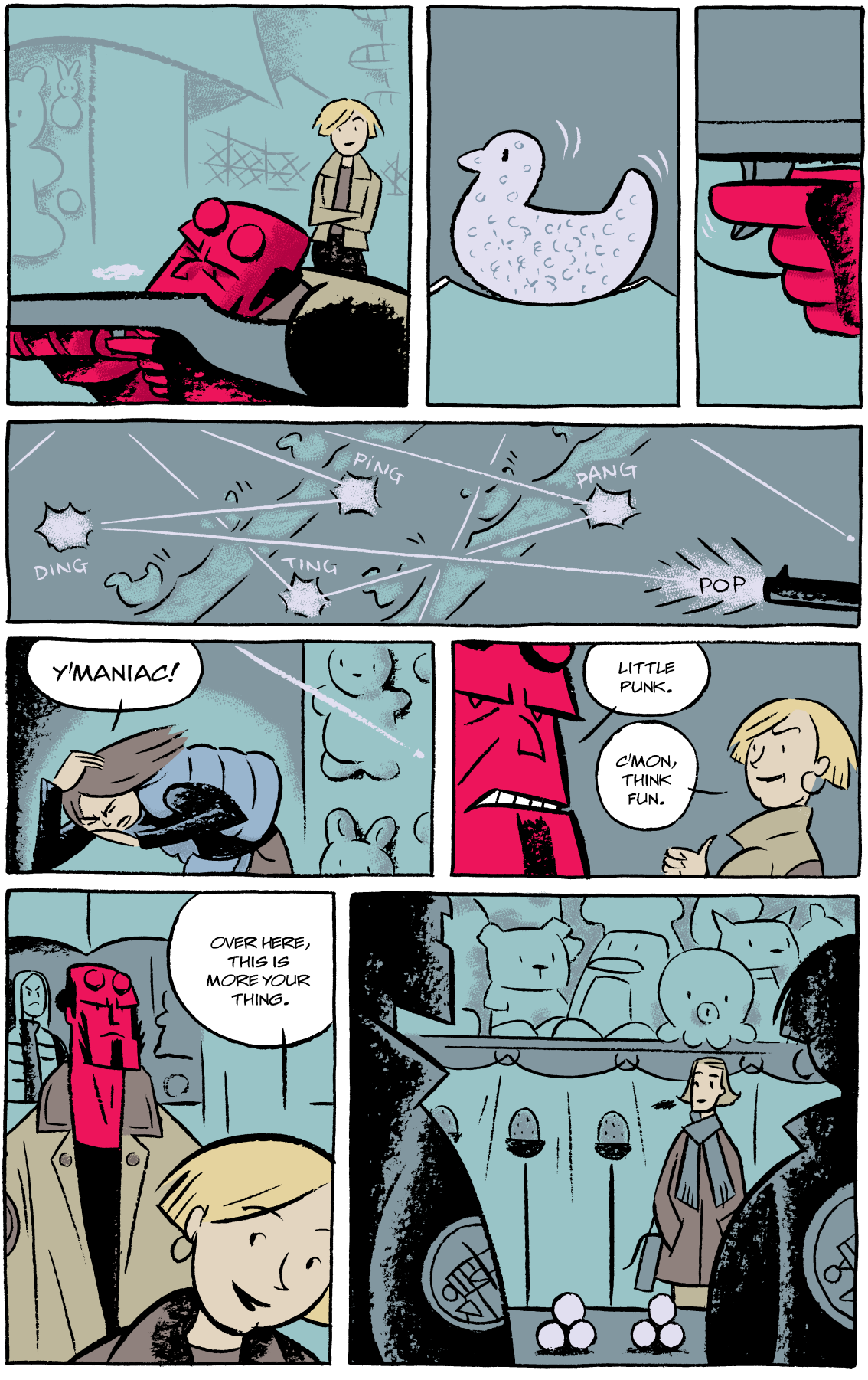

"I'D SAY THAT'S PRETTY SELF-EXPLANATORY--"
DAADAAAAA
COFF COFF K-HAK
K-HAK
<N-NO HYMIR! BE A GOOD BABY-->
K-GURV
AHUHHH AAHHHH
A FURORE NORMANNORUM, LIBERA NOS, DOMINE~
OH, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'
CLIK
RRRRRRRRRRMMB
ROGER, C'MON! SHAKE OR BAKE!
BPRD
"I COULDN'T LEAVE. NOT JUST YET."

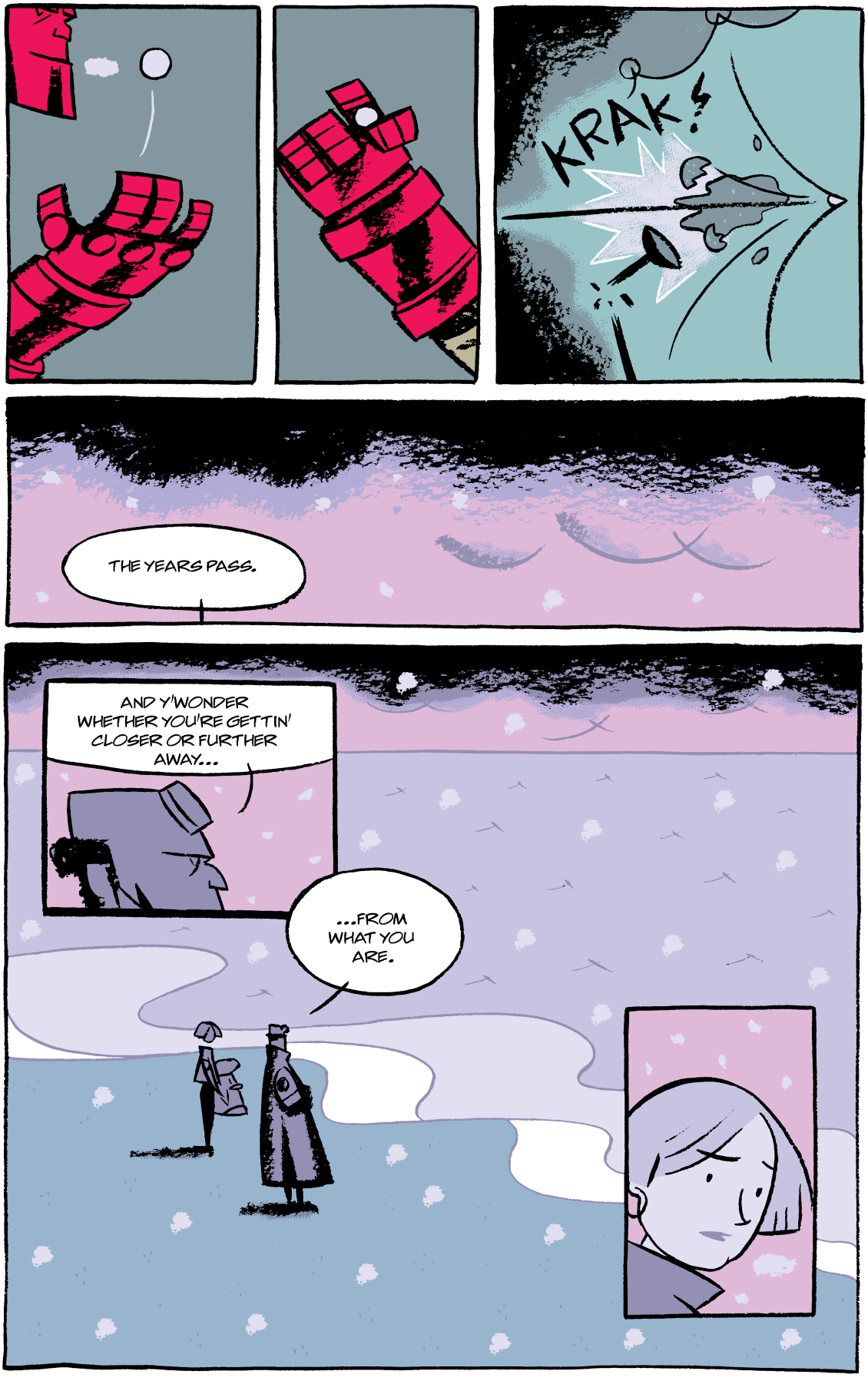

"THERE WAS SOMETHING I HAD TO DO."
BPRD
I'M SORRY.
IT WAS IN PAIN.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.
BPRD
LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. DO YOU FEEL YOU DID THE RIGHT THING?
YES.
CAN I ASK YOU SOME-THING?
OF COURSE, ROGER.
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH DOCTOR RAMSEY'S BODY AFTER YOU KILLED HER?


SHE'S BURIED OUT BACK, WITH HER DOG.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?
SINCE OFFICER D'AMICO'S SUICIDE. YOUR FORMER PATIENT --OR VICTIM-- HAD FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.
WE FOUND LESIONS IN HIS BRAIN CAUSED BY PSYCHIC VAMPIRISM. WE SUSPECTED A TEMHOT. A GRIEF EATER.
AND HERE YOU ARE.
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF I HADN'T REVEALED MYSELF?
THROWN SALT IN YOUR EYES, TO SEE IF YOU CRIED BLOOD.
HMM. YOUR MASTERS TAUGHT YOU WELL, HOMUNCULUS.
RAKK
BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH.
STUPIDER STILL. YOUR GUN IS USELESS HERE.
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THIS.
BLACK AND DECKER CORDLESS, RIGGED WITH NAILS FROM YOUR VICTIM'S COFFIN--
K-CHUNT

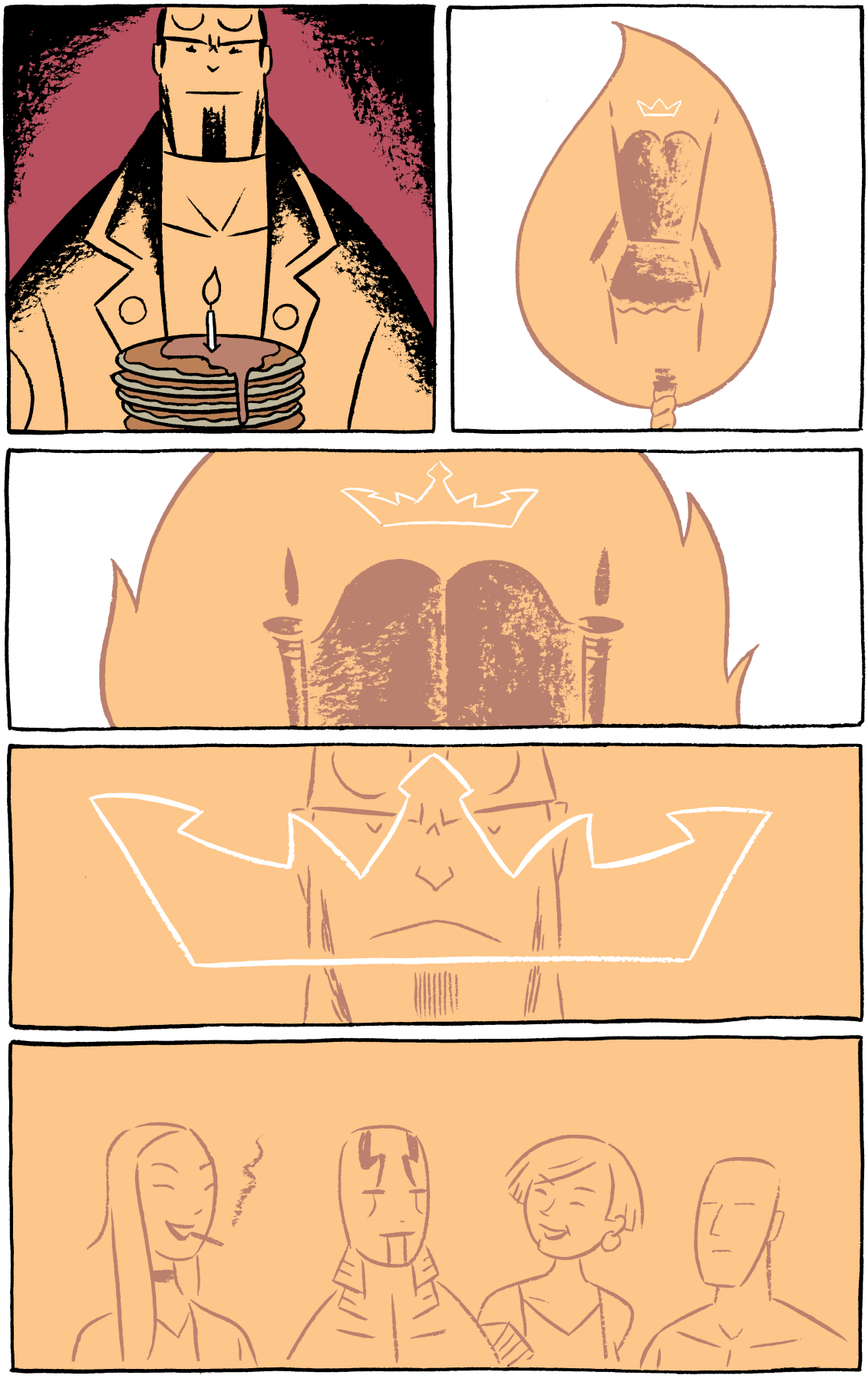

HRRUUUUHRRR SKASHH
JESUS CHRISTMAS! ROGER!
OY GEVALT.
I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA. YOU OKAY?
NO.
YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT? I DON'T CHARGE BY THE HOUR. OR EXPLODE.
THANKS. NO.
TOLD HER ABOUT OSLO, DIDN'T YOU?
HUH. I GUESS THE WEATHER CLEARED UP.
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
"GOD DAMN RAIN."
PROFESSIONAL HELP • EVAN DORKIN (SCRIPT/ART) • SARAH DYER (COLORS/DIALOGUE ASSIST)
THE END


Party Pooper
andi '02
BOARDWALK
WHY HERE?
YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THE BUREAU BROODING TOO MUCH LATELY.
GRUNT.
TIME TO GET OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN.
WANNA SHOOT SOMETHING?
SURE.

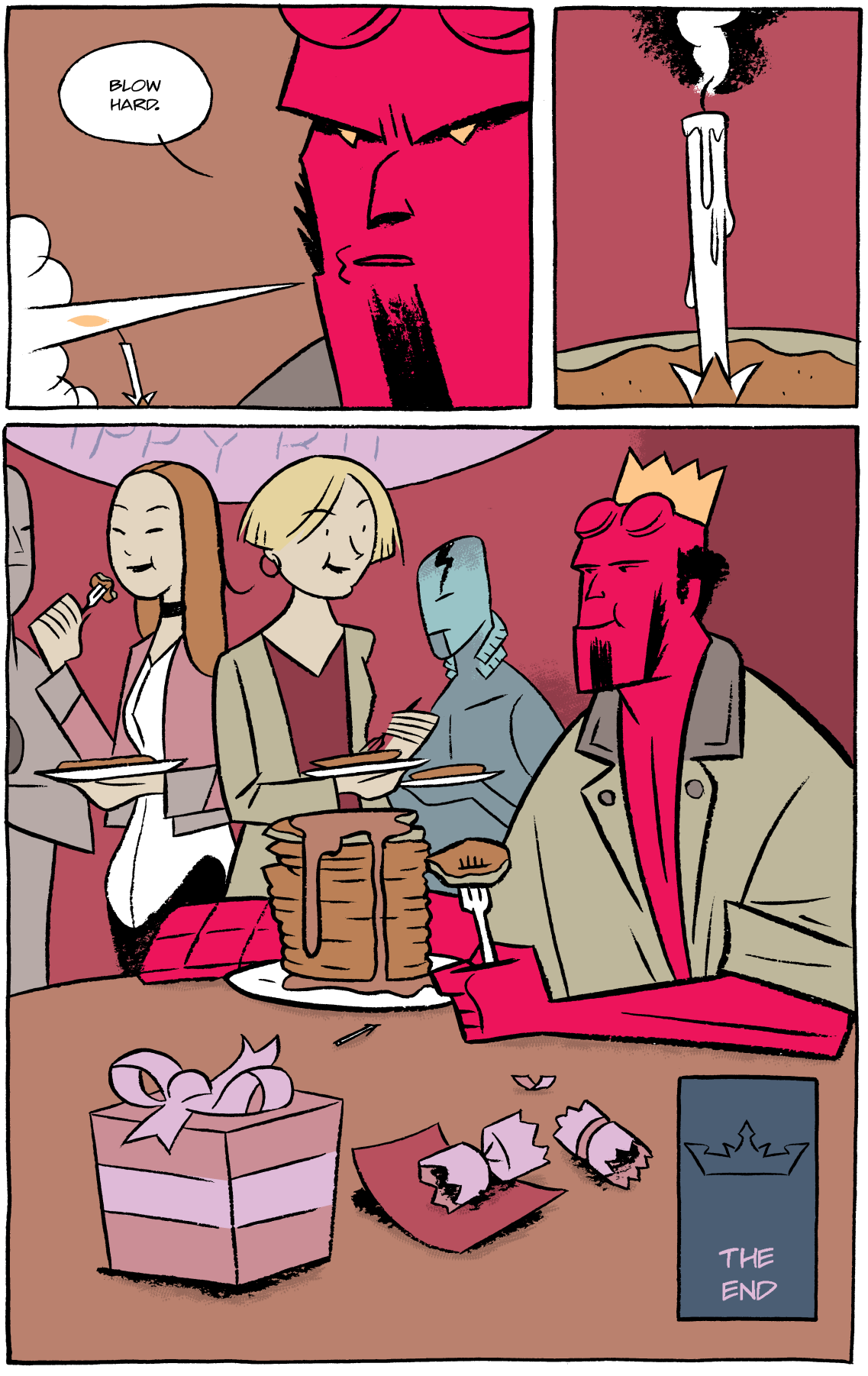

PING
PANG
DING
TING
POP
Y'MANIAC!
LITTLE PUNK.
C'MON, THINK FUN.
OVER HERE, THIS IS MORE YOUR THING.


KRAK!
THE YEARS PASS.
AND Y'WONDER WHETHER YOU'RE GETTIN' CLOSER OR FURTHER AWAY...
...FROM WHAT YOU ARE.


WE MADE YOUR FAVORITE.
BIRTHDAY H.B.
THIS IS WHY YOU WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY.
ONE LAST THING.

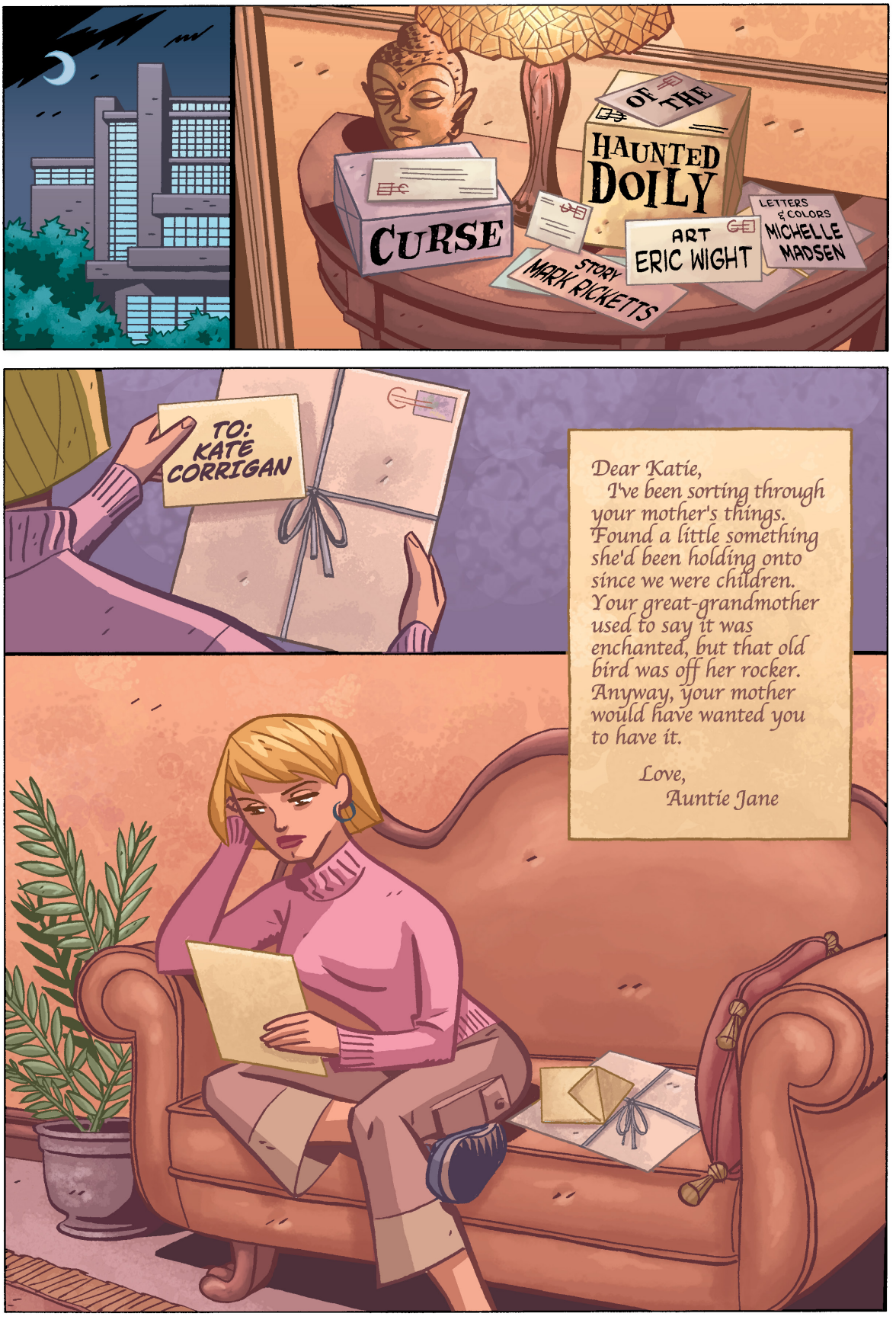


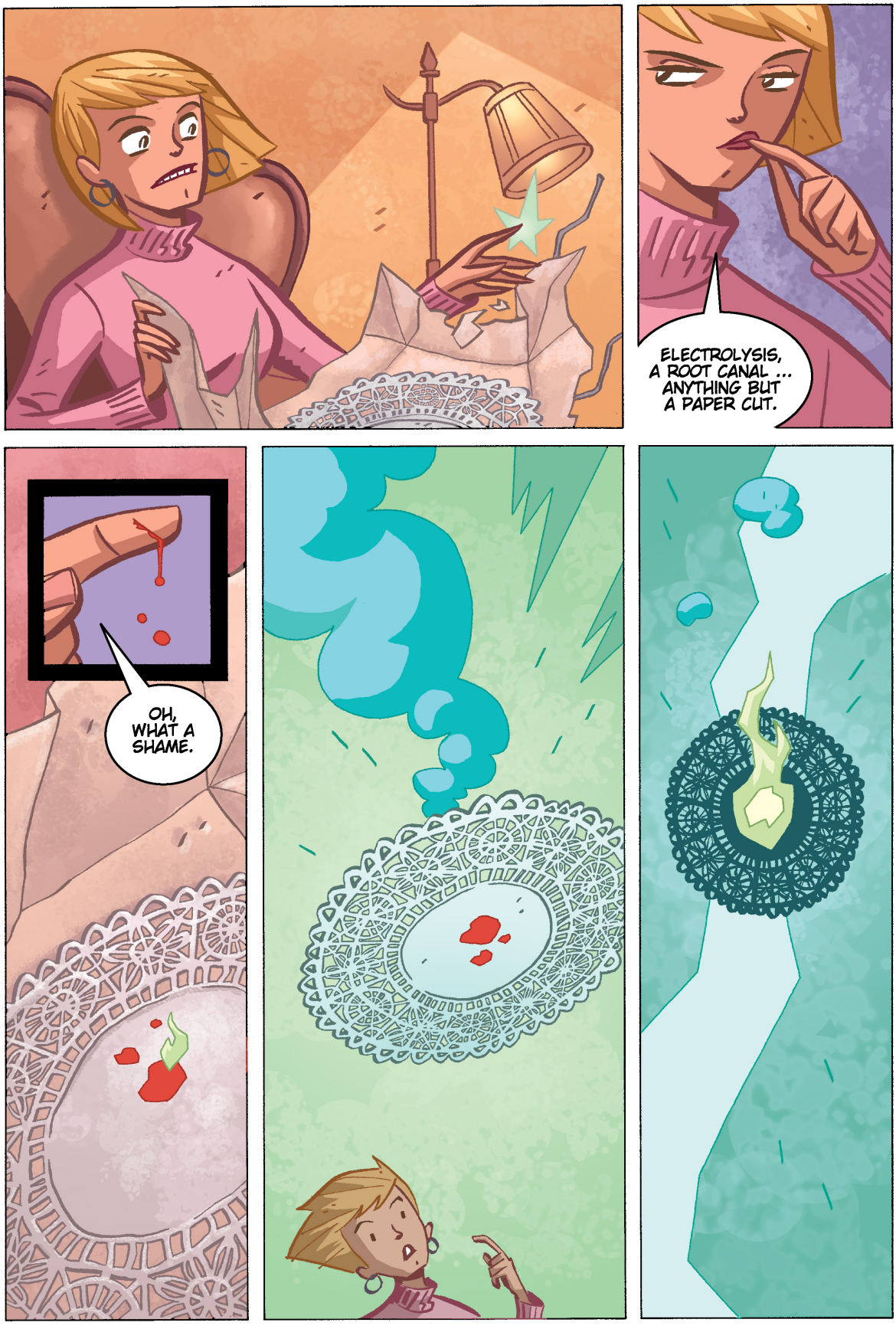

THE FLAME IS LIKE A MIRROR.
MERELY A REFLECTION.
YOU WERE BORN OF IT AND SHALL RETURN TO IT.
YOUR SEAT AWAITS YOU.

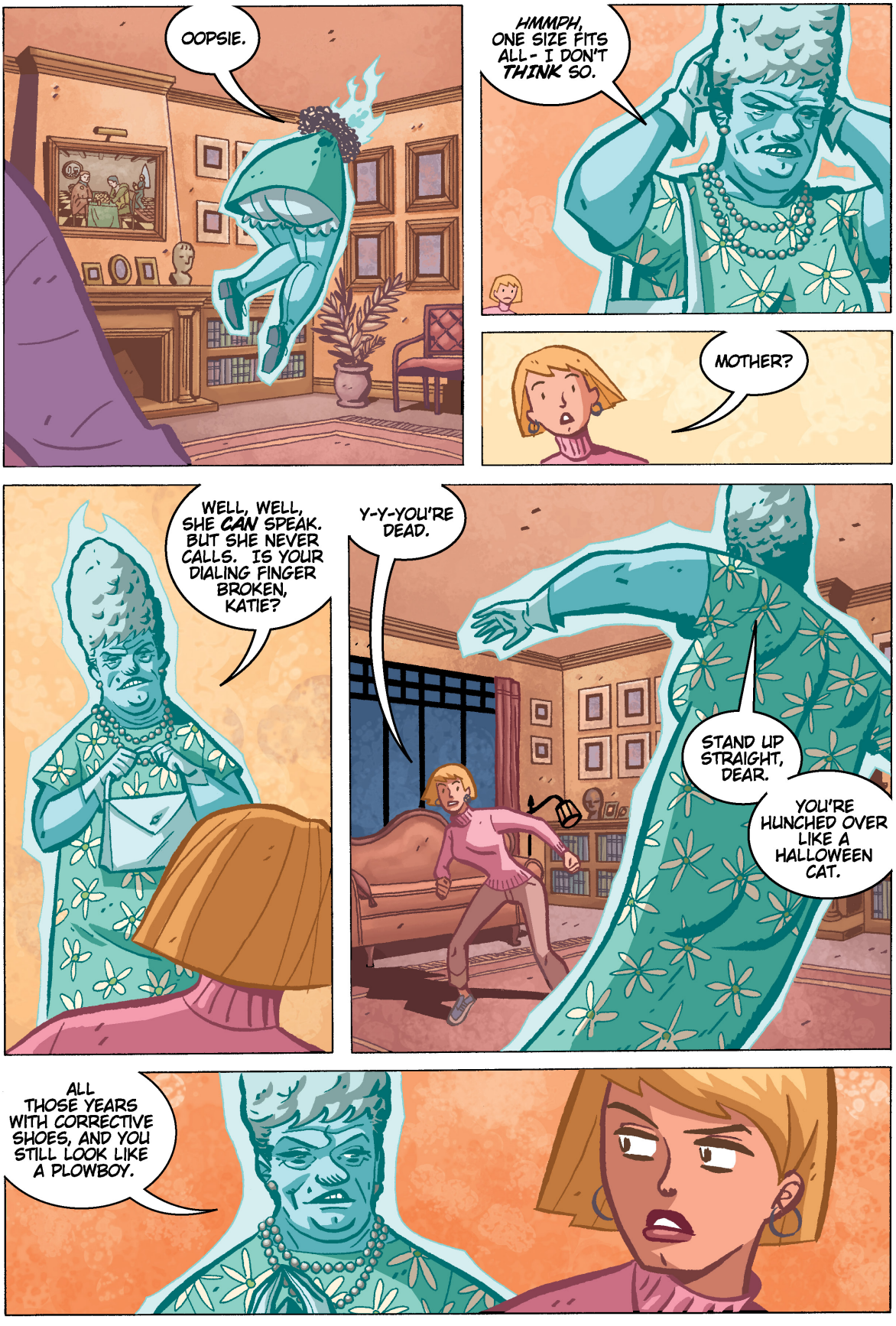

BLOW HARD.
THE END

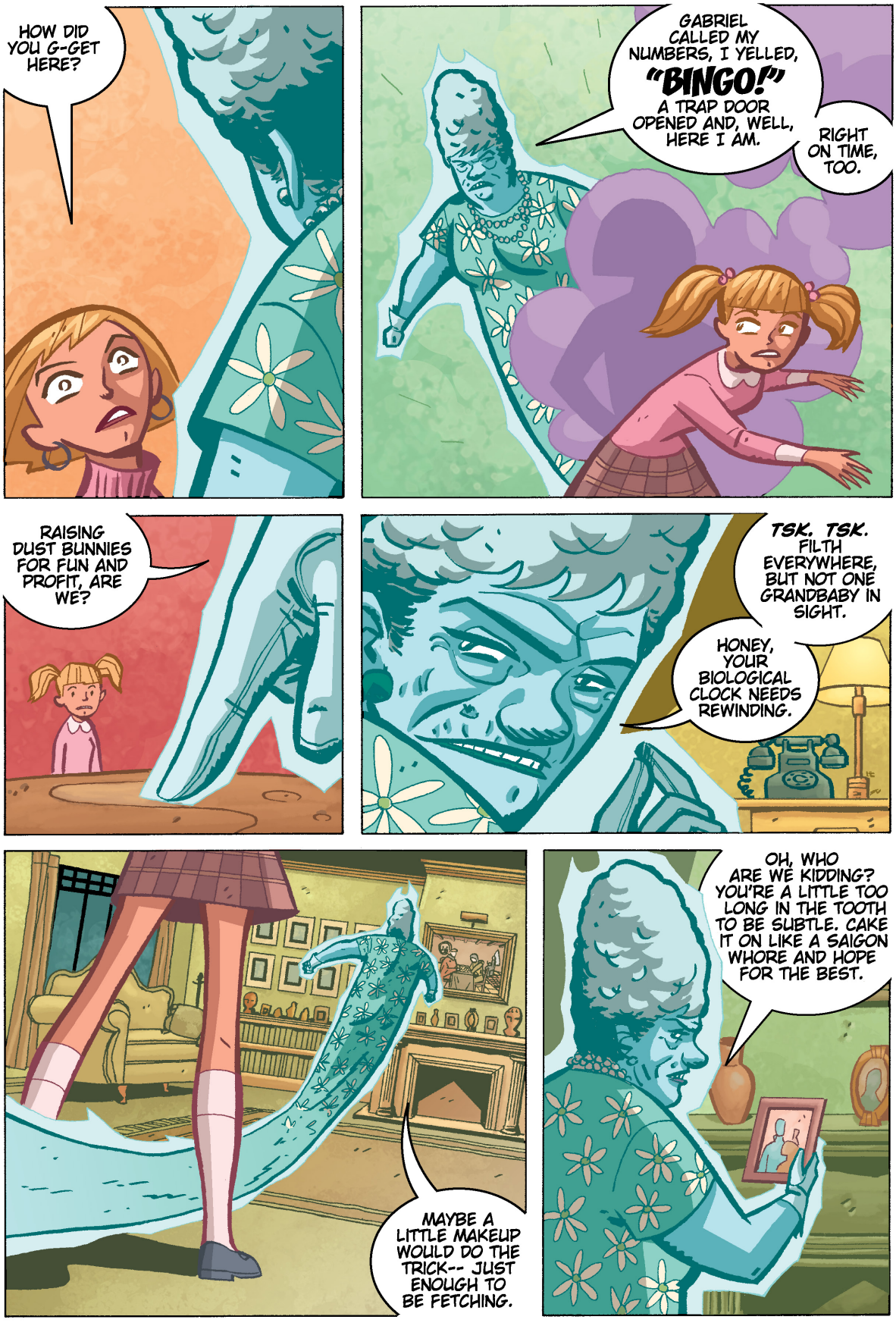
Jason Pearson with Dave Stewart

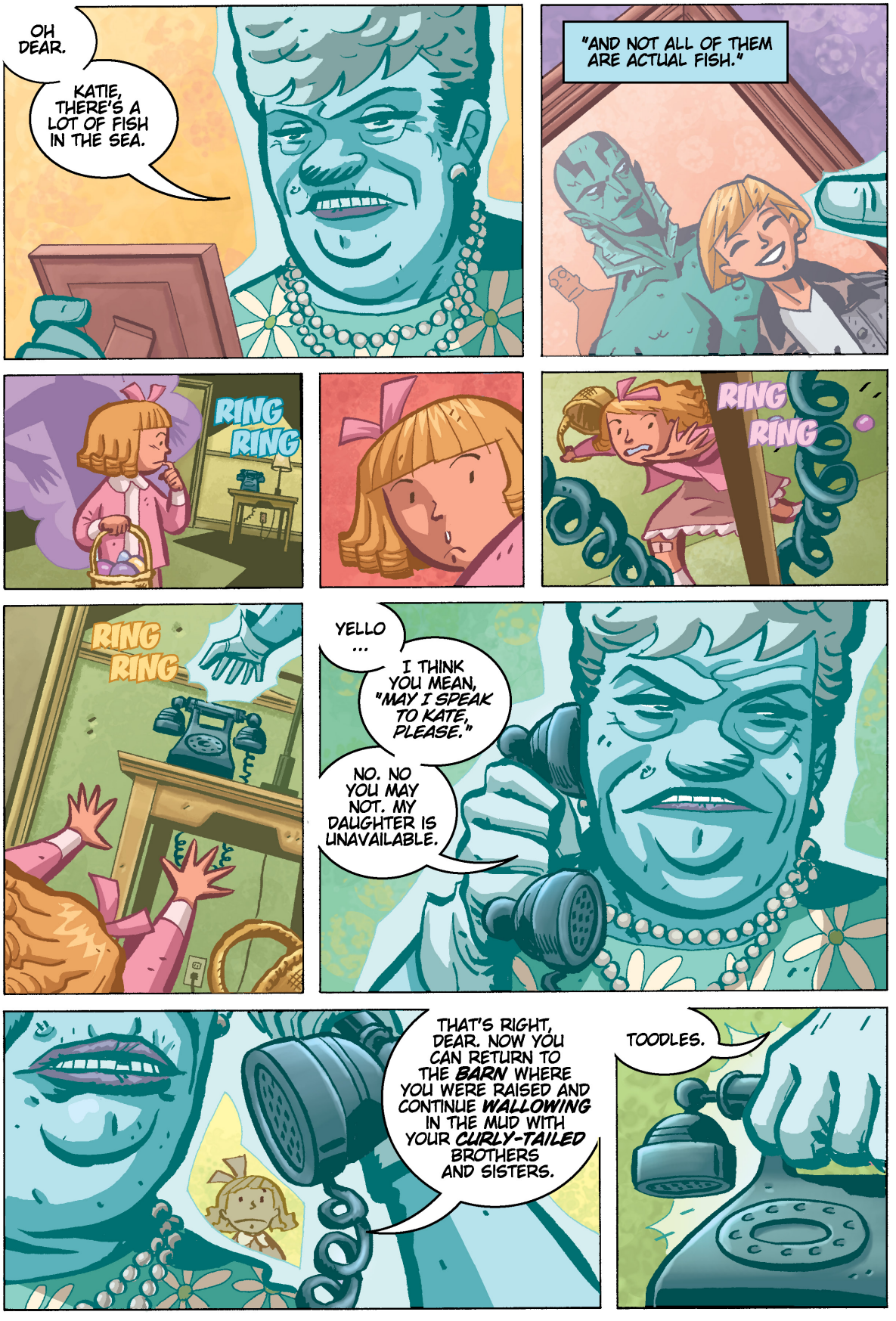



CURSE
OF THE
HAUNTED
DOILY
STORY
MARK RICKETTS
ART
ERIC WIGHT
LETTERS & COLORS
MICHELLE
MADSEN
TO:
KATE
CORRIGAN
Dear Katie,
I've been sorting through your mother's things. Found a little something she'd been holding onto since we were children. Your great-grandmother used to say it was enchanted, but that old bird was off her rocker. Anyway, your mother would have wanted you to have it.
Love,
Auntie Jane


ELECTROLYSIS, A ROOT CANAL ... ANYTHING BUT A PAPER CUT.
OH, WHAT A SHAME.


OOPSIE.
HMMPH, ONE SIZE FITS ALL- I DON'T THINK SO.
MOTHER?
WELL, WELL, SHE CAN SPEAK. BUT SHE NEVER CALLS. IS YOUR DIALING FINGER BROKEN, KATIE?
Y-Y-YOU'RE DEAD.
STAND UP STRAIGHT, DEAR.
YOU'RE HUNCHED OVER LIKE A HALLOWEEN CAT.
ALL THOSE YEARS WITH CORRECTIVE SHOES, AND YOU STILL LOOK LIKE A PLOWBOY.

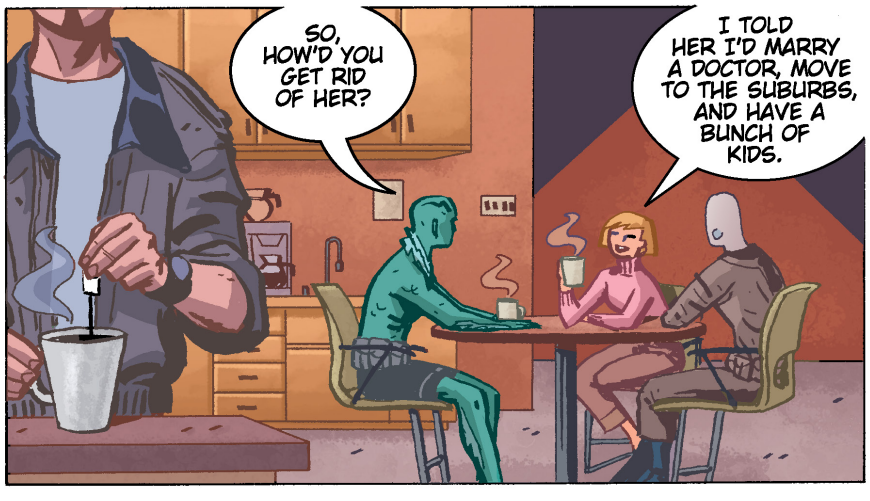

HOW DID YOU G-GET HERE?
GABRIEL CALLED MY NUMBERS, I YELLED, "BINGO!" A TRAP DOOR OPENED AND, WELL, HERE I AM.
RIGHT ON TIME, TOO.
RAISING DUST BUNNIES FOR FUN AND PROFIT, ARE WE?
TSK. TSK. FILTH EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT ONE GRANDBABY IN SIGHT.
HONEY, YOUR BIOLOGICAL CLOCK NEEDS REWINDING.
MAYBE A LITTLE MAKEUP WOULD DO THE TRICK-- JUST ENOUGH TO BE FETCHING.
OH, WHO ARE WE KIDDING? YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LONG IN THE TOOTH TO BE SUBTLE. CAKE IT ON LIKE A SAIGON WHORE AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

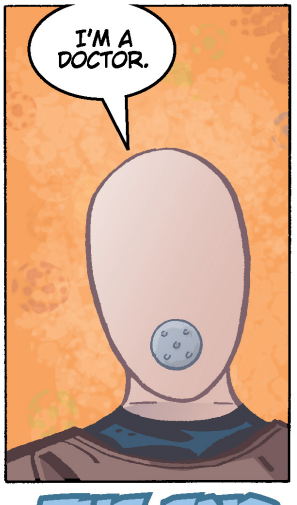

OH DEAR.
KATIE, THERE'S A LOT OF FISH IN THE SEA.
"AND NOT ALL OF THEM ARE ACTUAL FISH."
RING RING
RING RING
RING RING
YELLO ...
I THINK YOU MEAN, "MAY I SPEAK TO KATE, PLEASE."
NO. NO YOU MAY NOT. MY DAUGHTER IS UNAVAILABLE.
THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR. NOW YOU CAN RETURN TO THE BARN WHERE YOU WERE RAISED AND CONTINUE WALLOWING IN THE MUD WITH YOUR CURLY-TAILED BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
TOODLES.




DID YOU REACH HER?
THERE ARE DARKER FORCES AT WORK HERE THAN I FIRST THOUGHT.

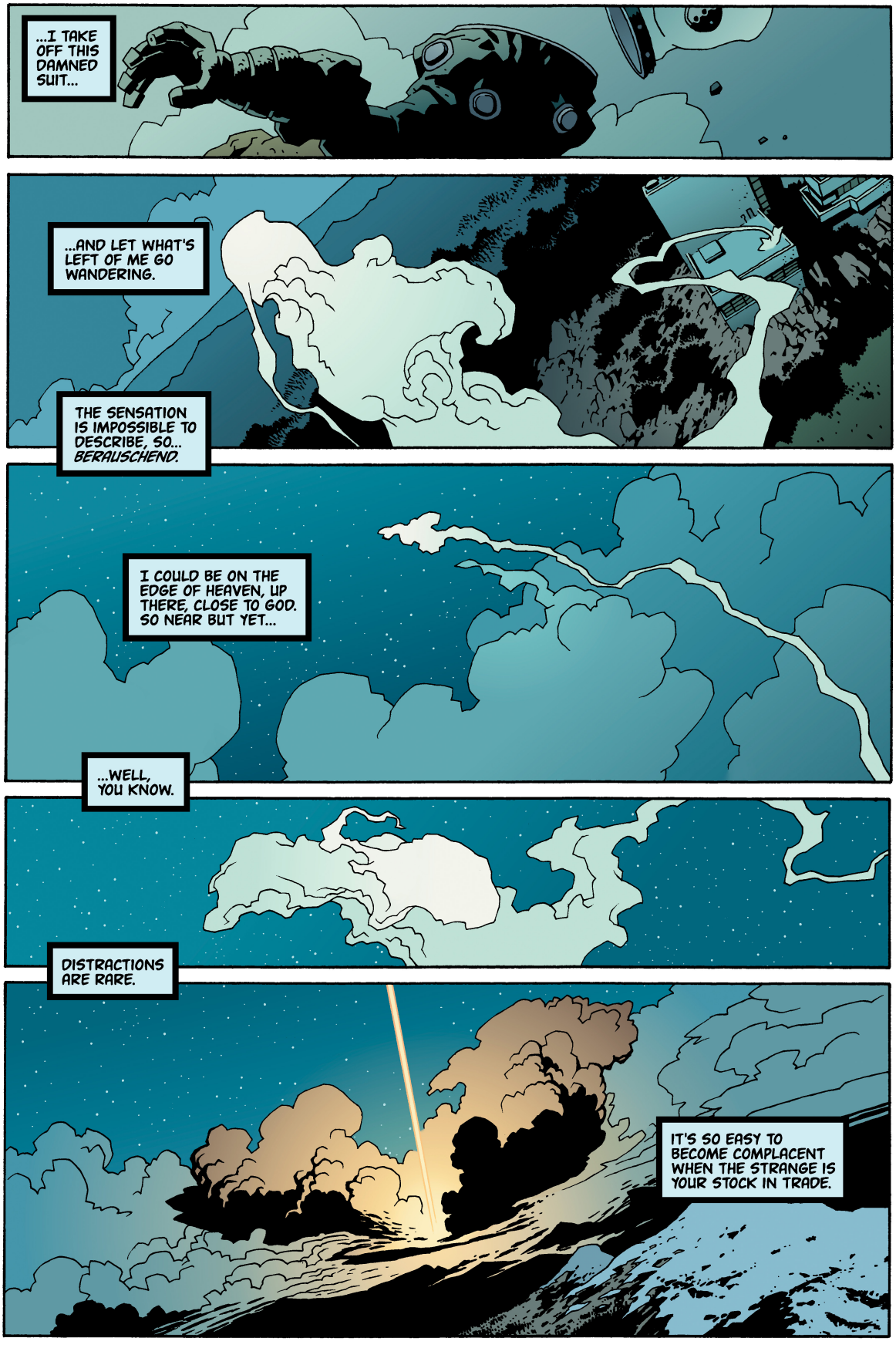

NO, MOMMY, NO!! PLEASE, NO!!!

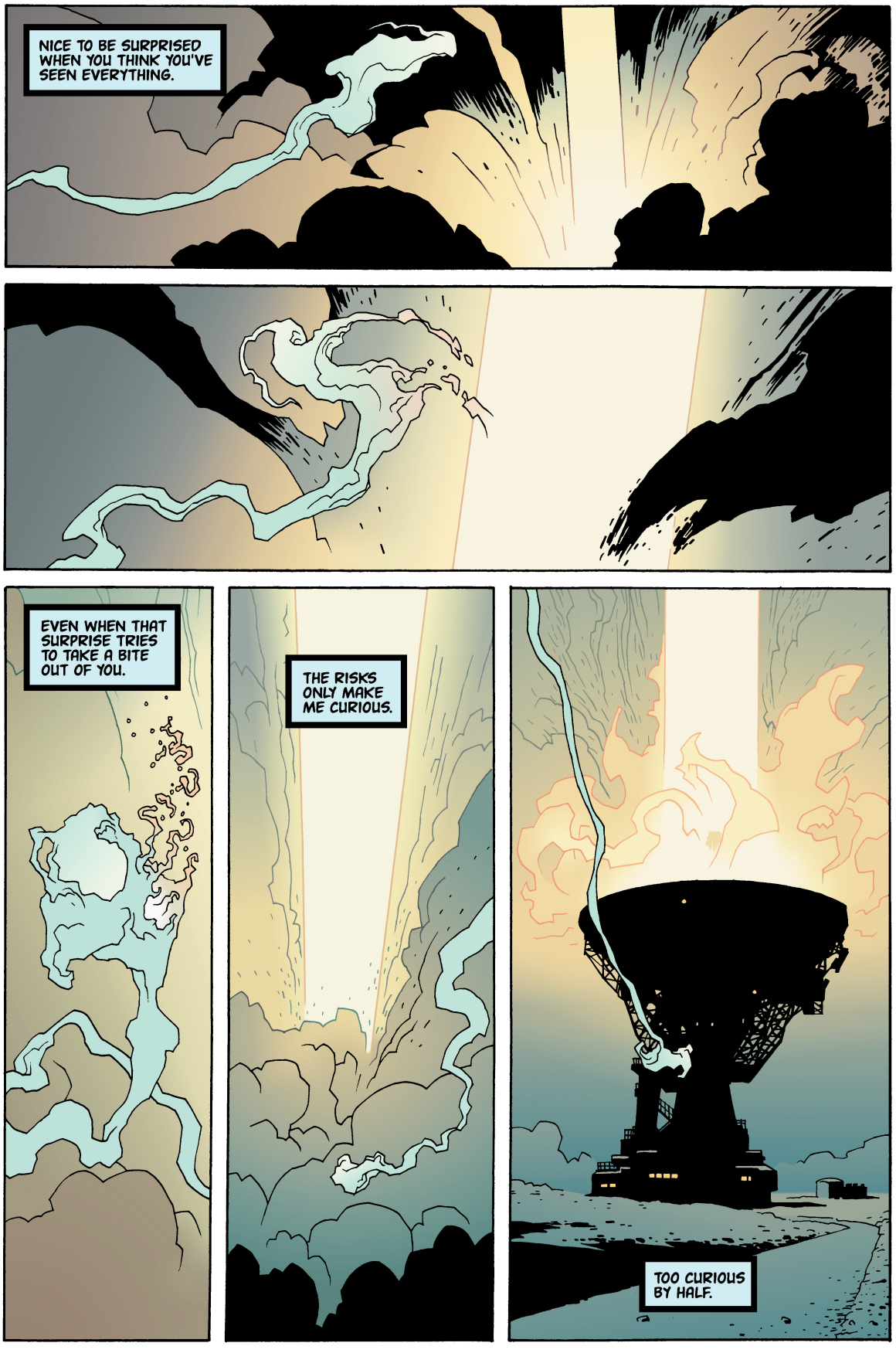

SO, HOW'D YOU GET RID OF HER?
I TOLD HER I'D MARRY A DOCTOR, MOVE TO THE SUBURBS, AND HAVE A BUNCH OF KIDS.

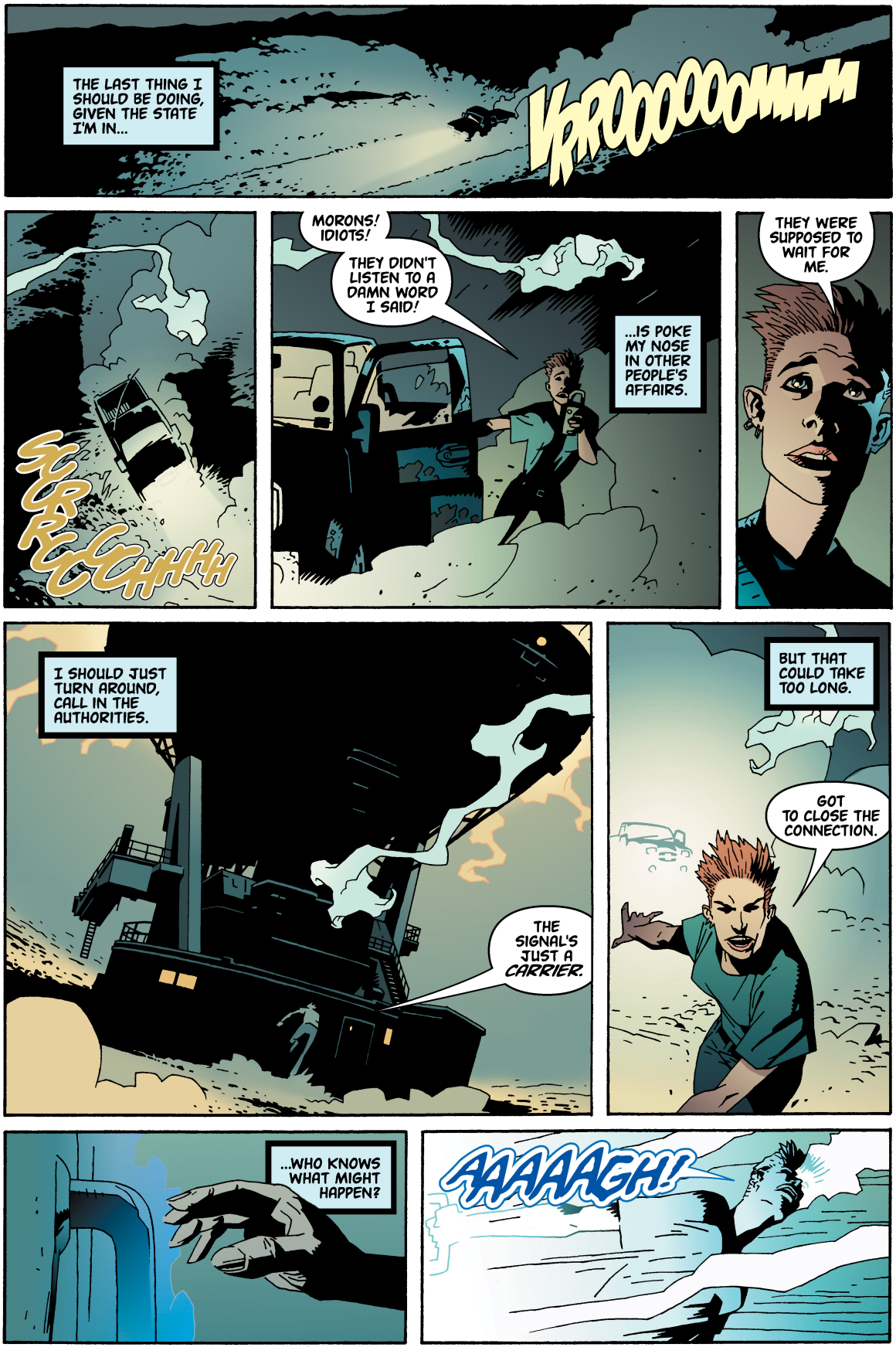

I'M A DOCTOR.

THE END

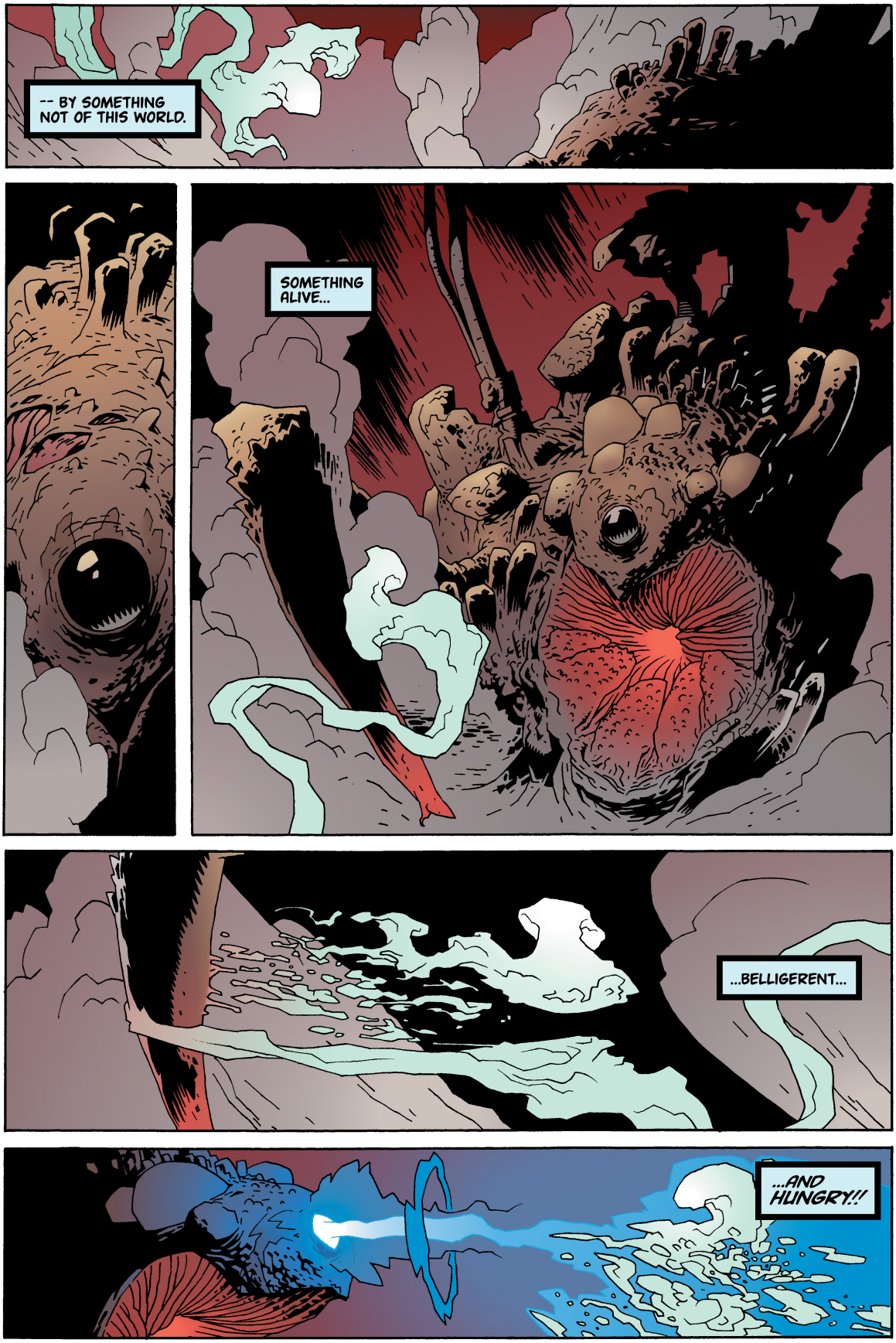

BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS, FAIRFIELD, CT.
long distance caller
BY KEV WALKER
I CAN'T SLEEP.
I HAVEN'T SLEPT SINCE THE DAY I DIED.
SINCE CHENGDOU.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW BORING IT CAN BE, WITH ONLY THE SNORING OF OTHERS FOR COMPANY.
SOMETIMES, JUST SOMETIMES, FOR THE HELL OF IT...

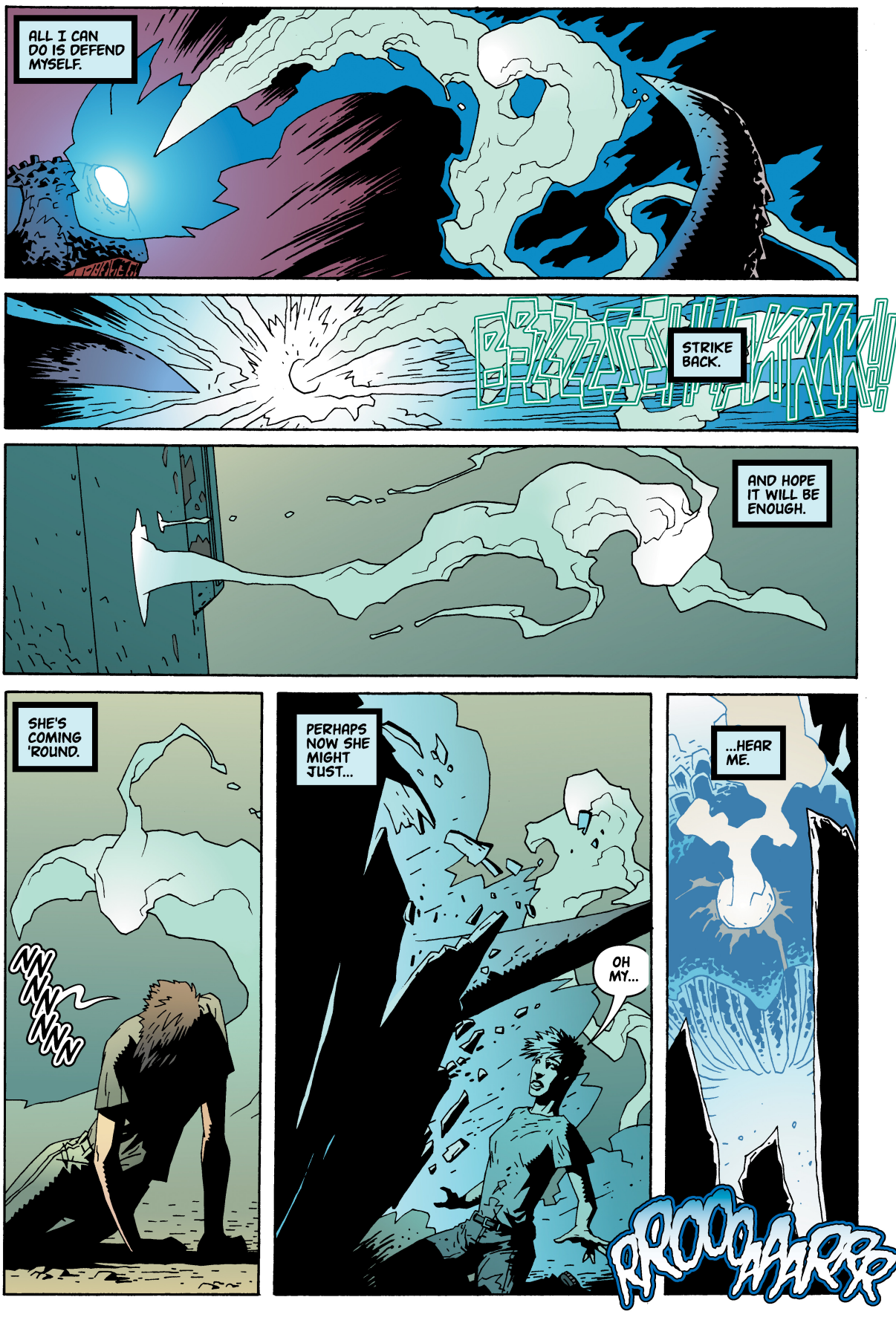

...I TAKE OFF THIS DAMNED SUIT...
...AND LET WHAT'S LEFT OF ME GO WANDERING.
THE SENSATION IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE, SO... *BERAUSCHEND.*
I COULD BE ON THE EDGE OF HEAVEN, UP THERE, CLOSE TO GOD. SO NEAR BUT YET...
...WELL, YOU KNOW.
DISTRACTIONS ARE RARE.
IT'S SO EASY TO BECOME COMPLACENT WHEN THE STRANGE IS YOUR STOCK IN TRADE.

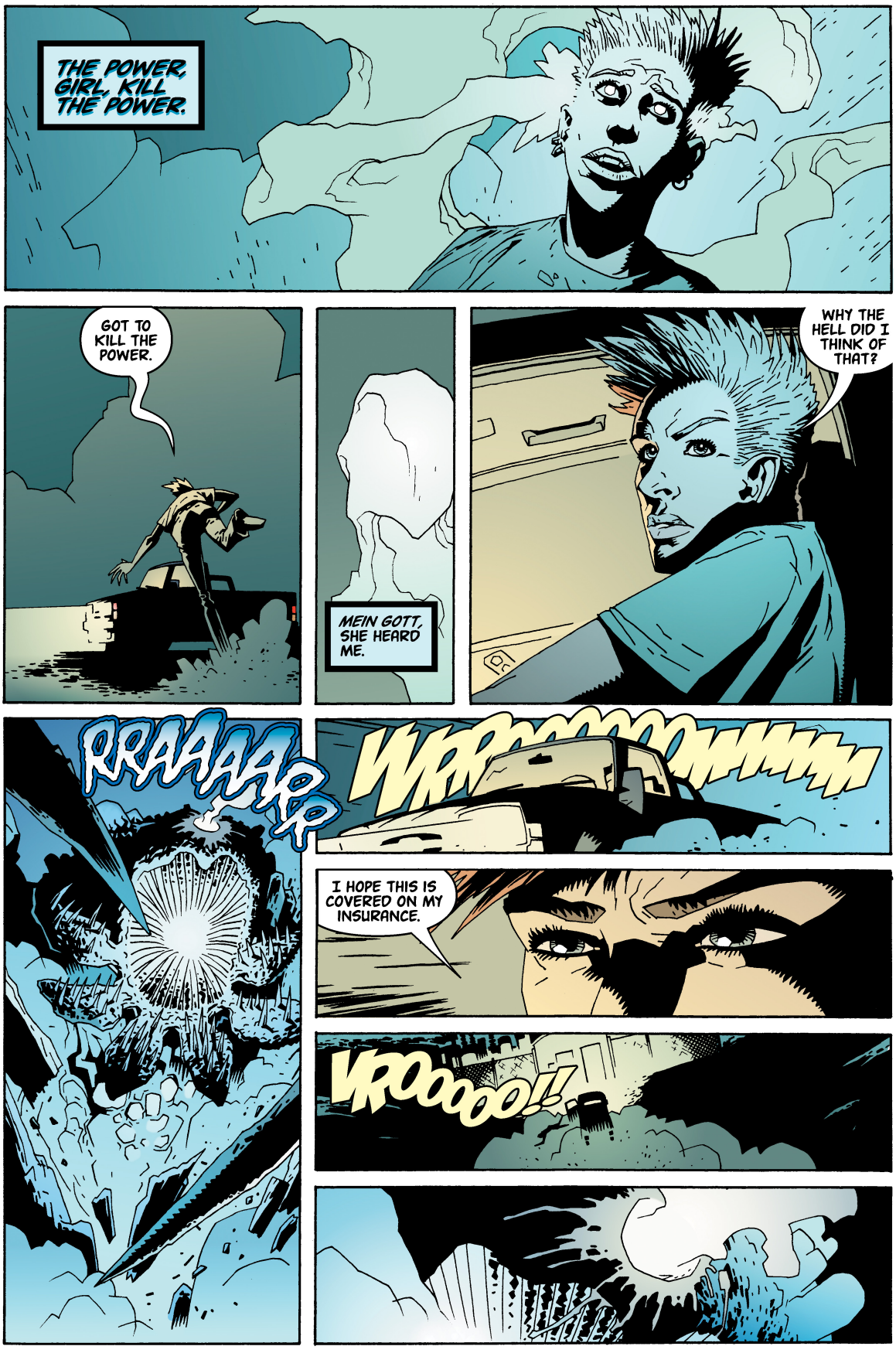

NICE TO BE SURPRISED WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING.
EVEN WHEN THAT SURPRISE TRIES TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF YOU.
THE RISKS ONLY MAKE ME CURIOUS.
TOO CURIOUS BY HALF.

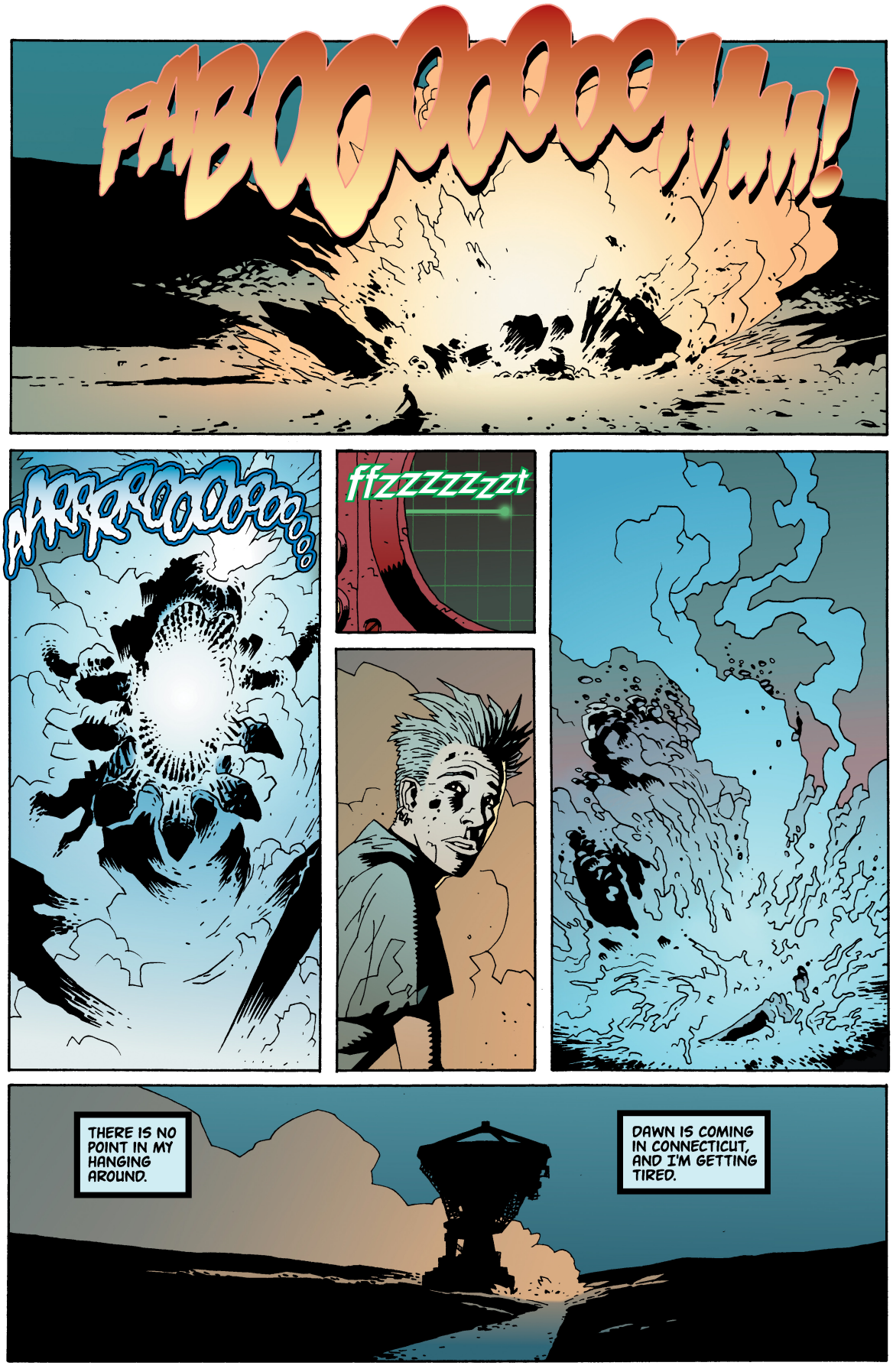

THE LAST THING I SHOULD BE DOING, GIVEN THE STATE I'M IN...
VRROOOOOMMMM
SCRRECCHHHH
MORONS! IDIOTS!
THEY DIDN'T LISTEN TO A DAMN WORD I SAID!
...IS POKE MY NOSE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.
THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT FOR ME.
I SHOULD JUST TURN AROUND, CALL IN THE AUTHORITIES.
THE SIGNAL'S JUST A CARRIER.
BUT THAT COULD TAKE TOO LONG.
GOT TO CLOSE THE CONNECTION.
...WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN?
AAAAAGH!

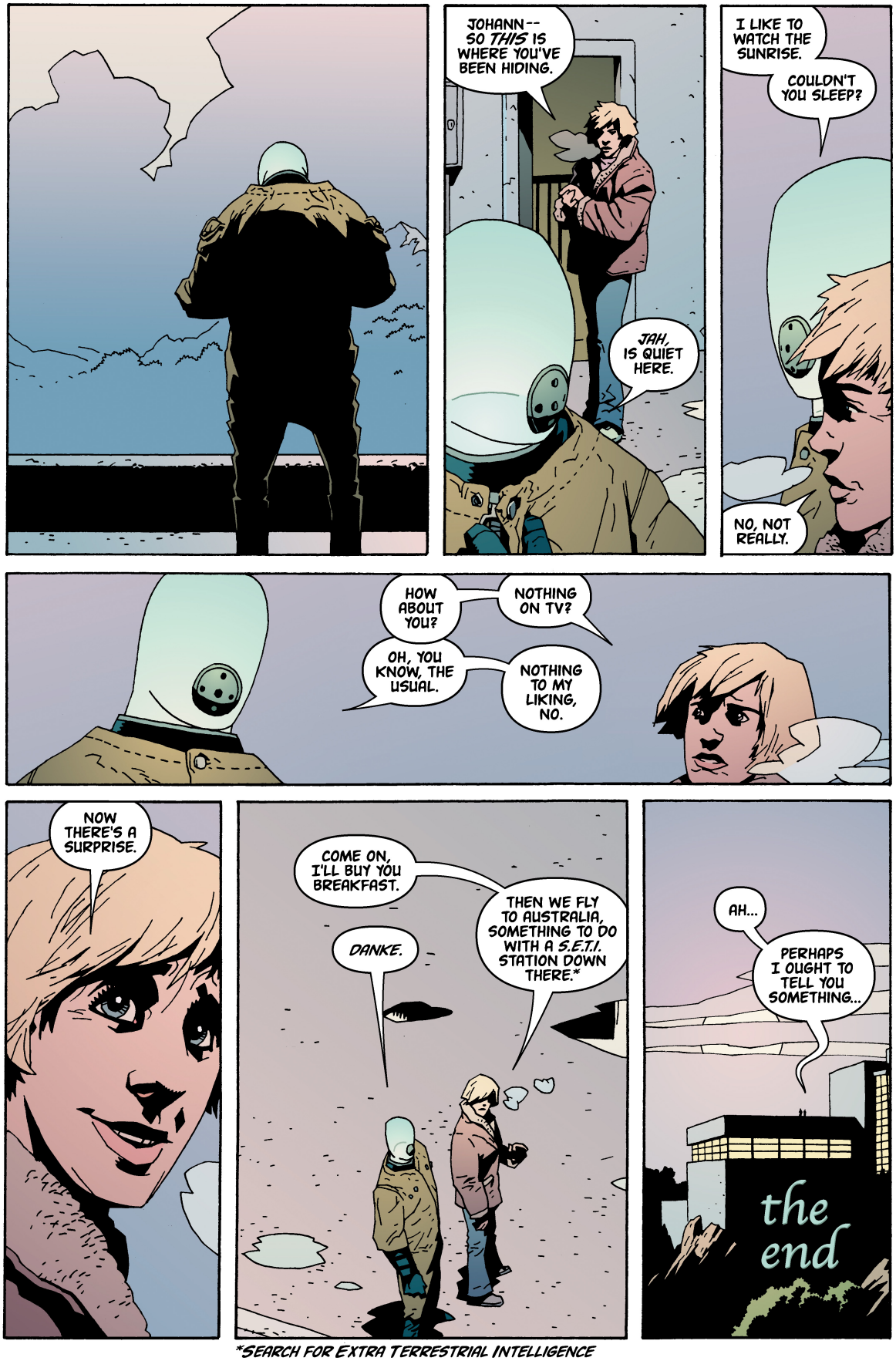

WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT.
ONE LESS THING TO WORRY ABOUT, FOR THE MOMENT.
GIVES ME TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT'S...
...INSIDE.
THE SURPRISES JUST KEEP COMING.
EVERYONE IS BEING SUCKED DRY, BEING USED AS A RAW ORGANIC FOUNDATION --


-- BY SOMETHING NOT OF THIS WORLD.
SOMETHING ALIVE...
...BELLIGERENT...
...AND HUNGRY!!

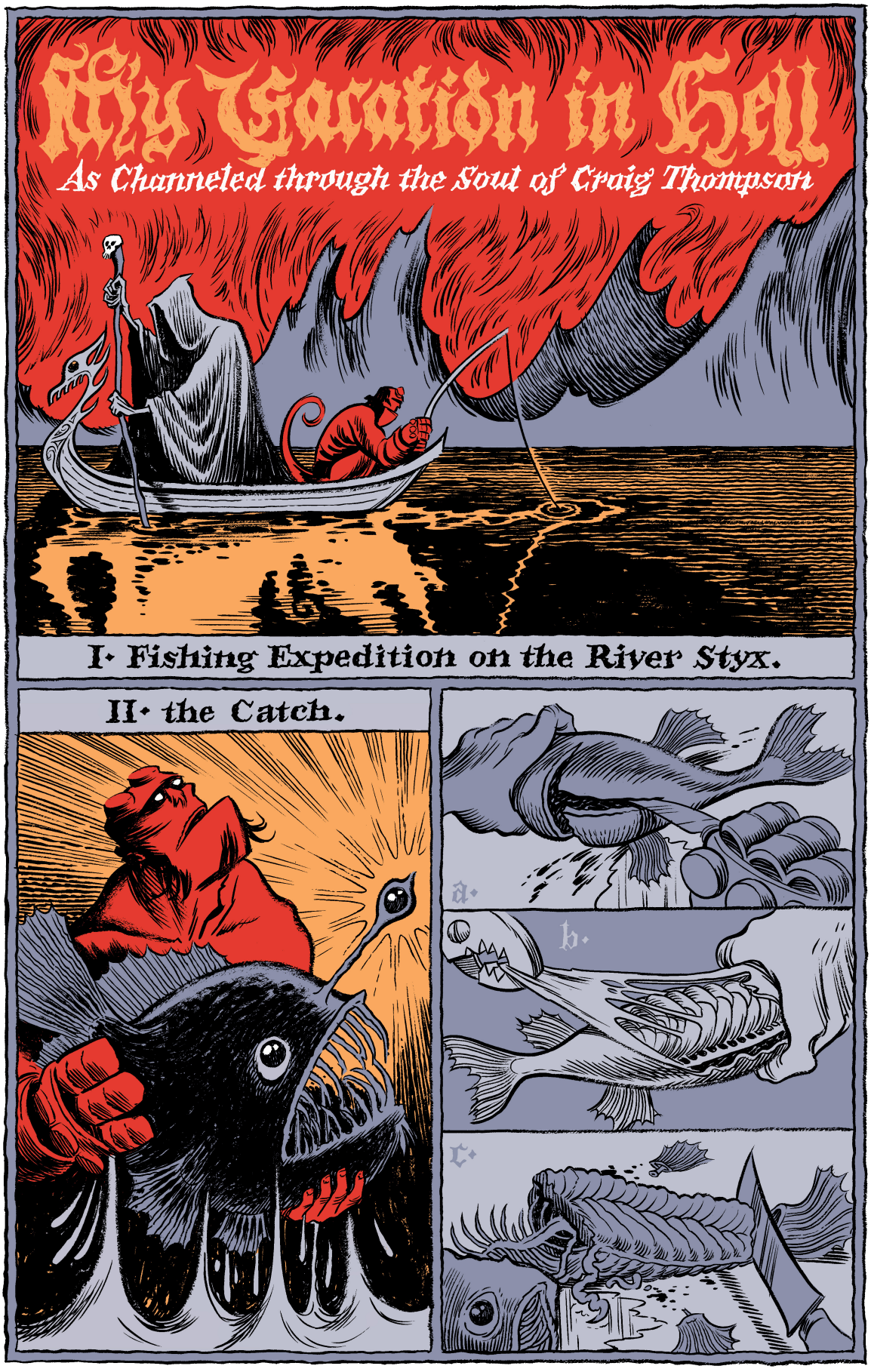

ALL I CAN DO IS DEFEND MYSELF.
STRIKE BACK.
BZZZAAKKK!!
AND HOPE IT WILL BE ENOUGH.
SHE'S COMING 'ROUND.
NNNNNN
PERHAPS NOW SHE MIGHT JUST...
OH MY...
...HEAR ME.
AROOAARR


THE POWER, GIRL, KILL THE POWER.
GOT TO KILL THE POWER.
MEIN GOTT, SHE HEARD ME.
WHY THE HELL DID I THINK OF THAT?
RRAAAARR
VRRR


FABOOOOOOOMM!
AARRROOOOOOOOO
ffzzzzzzzt
THERE IS NO POINT IN MY HANGING AROUND.
DAWN IS COMING IN CONNECTICUT, AND I'M GETTING TIRED.

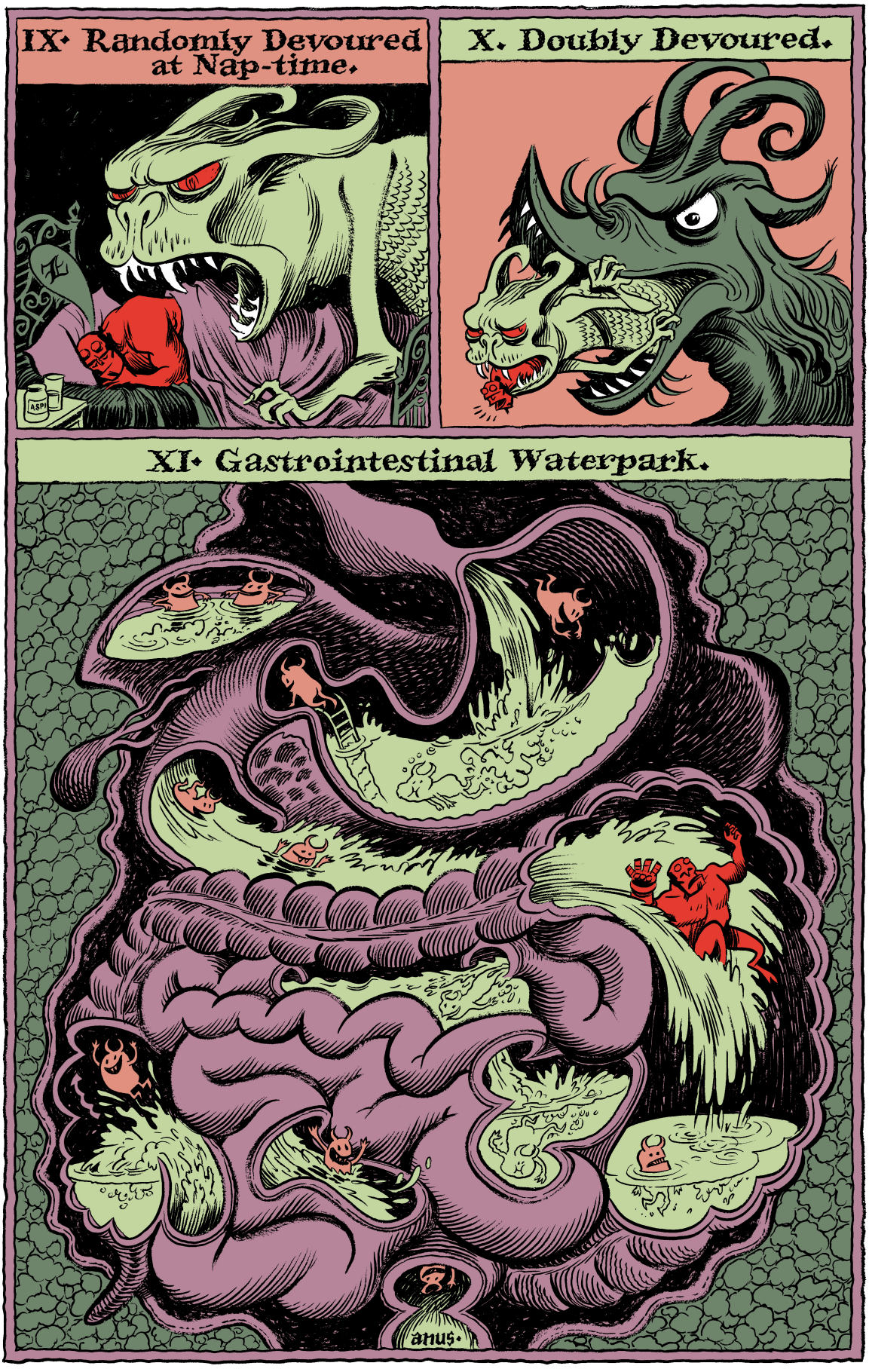


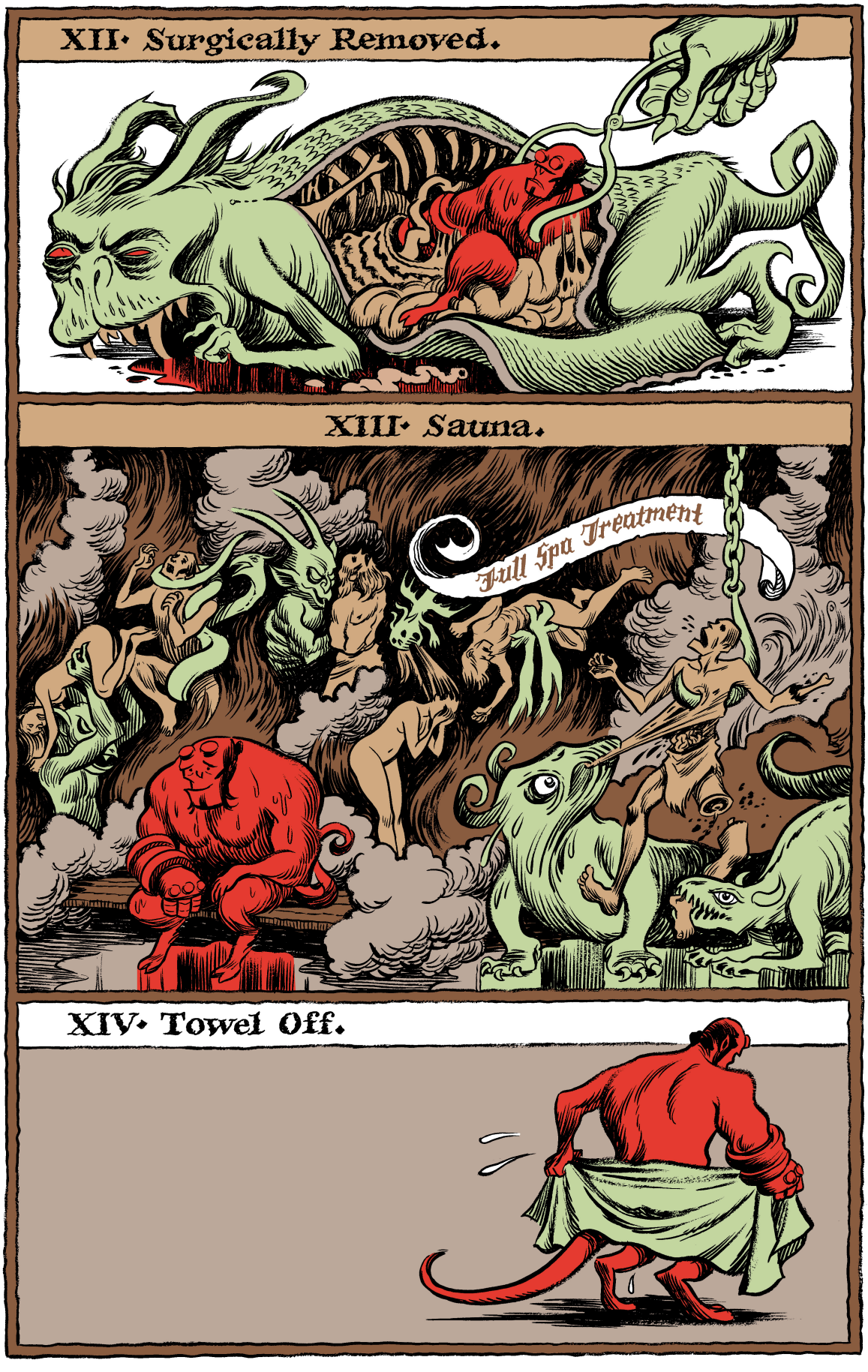
*SEARCH FOR EXTRA TERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE


My Vacation in Hell
As Channeled through the Soul of Craig Thompson
I. Fishing Expedition on the River Styx.
II. the Catch.
a.
b.
c.


III· Consumption of Abominable Meat.
Eternal Custodian of Purgatory
Sigh.
IV· Respite on the Island of Sexy Angels.
V· Escape from the Island of Sexy Angels.

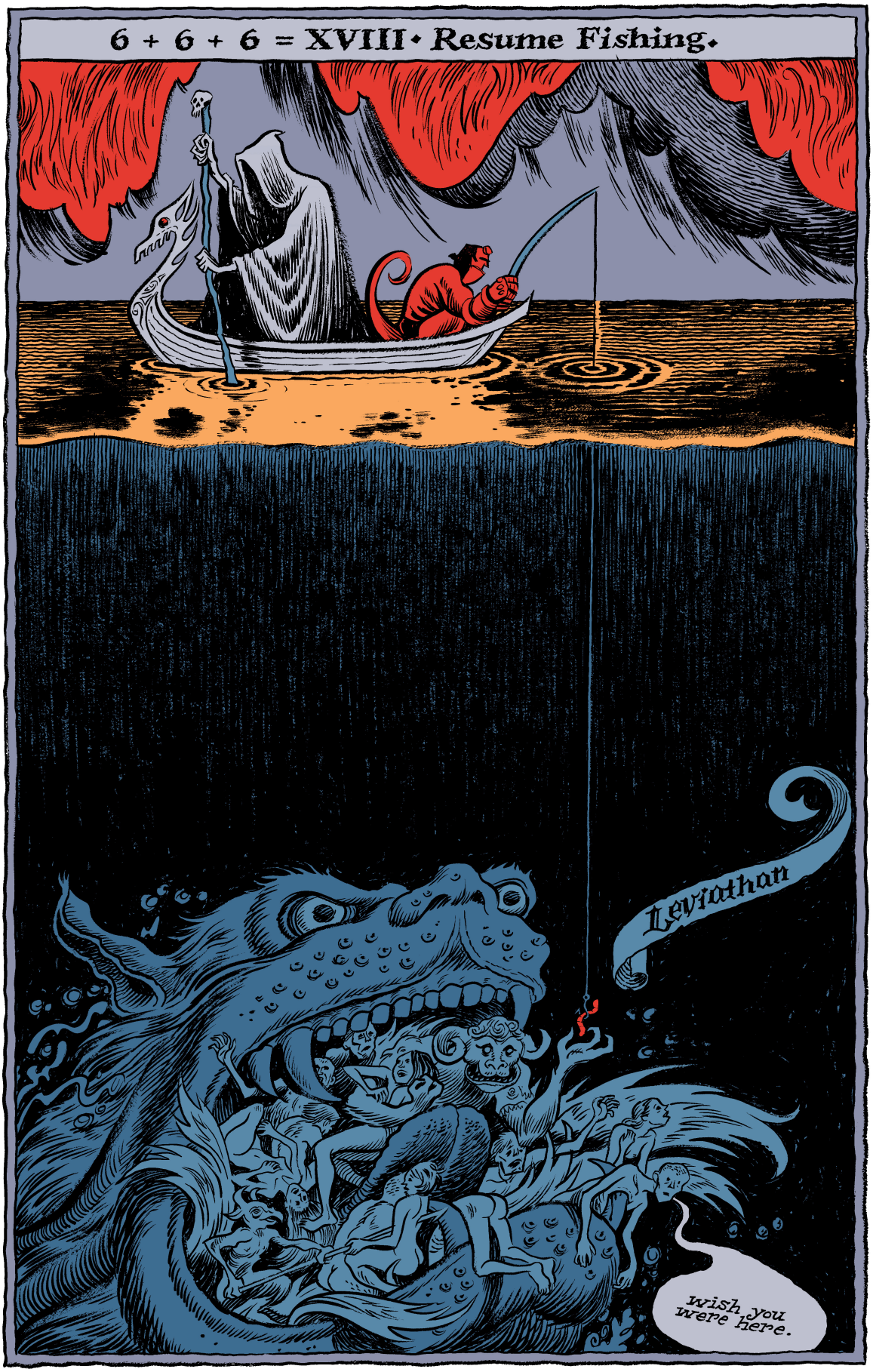

VI. Beneath the Island of Sexy Angels.
Descent into the Abyss.
VII. Evening with the Lake of Fire Symphony.
VIII. Butt-Trumpet Induced Headache.


IX. Randomly Devoured at Nap-time.
X. Doubly Devoured.
XI. Gastrointestinal Waterpark.
ASPI
anus.


XII· Surgically Removed.
XIII· Sauna.
Full Spa Treatment
XIV· Towel Off.


XV. the Petting Corral.
Army of Goats
the Legion Swine
Doggies
XVI. Concessions.
SOFT SERVE
the Rarebit
NACHOS
50¢
SOFT


XVII· the Bad Dream·
BLASPHEM
Beast
end of days
anung un rama
ZZZ snork
gimmee a break already
ZZZ Jeez!
Leave me alone!
I'm on VACATION!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