



# HELLBOY™

AND THE  
B.P.R.D.



MIKE  
MIGNOLA

TIERNEN  
TREVALLION

DAVE  
STEWART

HER  
FATAL HOUR  
and  
THE SENDING

# HELLBOY AND THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE

## HER FATAL HOUR AND THE SENDING

CREATED BY MIKE MIGNOLA



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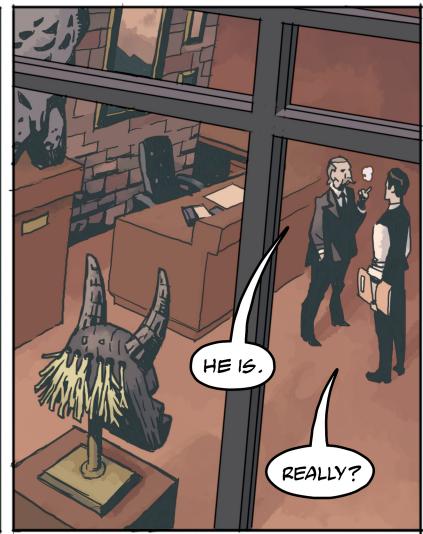
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# Her Fatal Hour

B.P.R.D.  
HEADQUARTERS,  
FAIRFIELD,  
CONNECTICUT.  
1979.

IS HE STILL SLEEPING?



ISN'T THAT--?

UNUSUAL?

I  
REMEMBER  
ONE TIME--HE WAS  
ON A JOB FOR THREE  
WEEKS STRAIGHT,  
NEVER SLEPT. THEN  
WHEN IT WAS OVER HE  
CRASHED FOR SIX  
DAYS.

WOW.

JUST  
THE KIND OF  
THING THAT GOES  
ON AROUND HERE,  
SON...

YOU'LL  
GET USED  
TO IT.

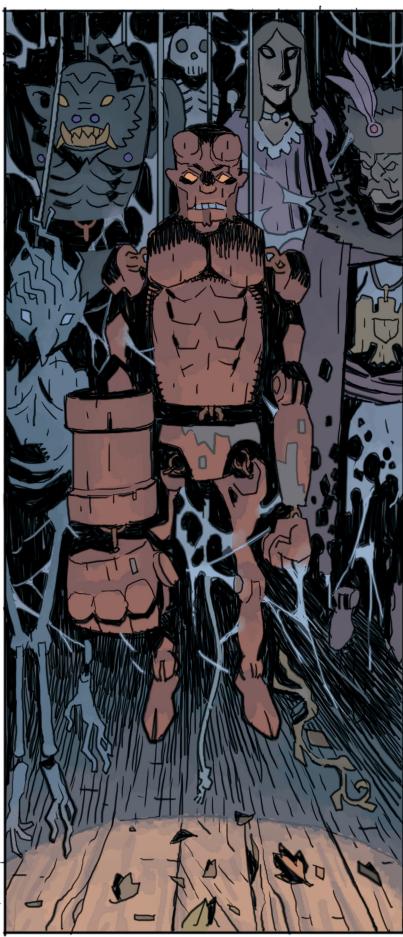


DO NOT  
DISTURB!



MEANWHILE,  
SOMEWHERE  
IN FRANCE...





"REMEMBER  
WHEN YOU  
FOUGHT THE  
BEAST OF  
VARGU...?"

AH!

RURRAR

ROMANIA. 1962.

LEGO...

IT WAS MY  
MOTHER, VIOLCA,  
NURSED YOU  
BACK TO HEALTH  
AFTER.

YOU  
REMEMBER?

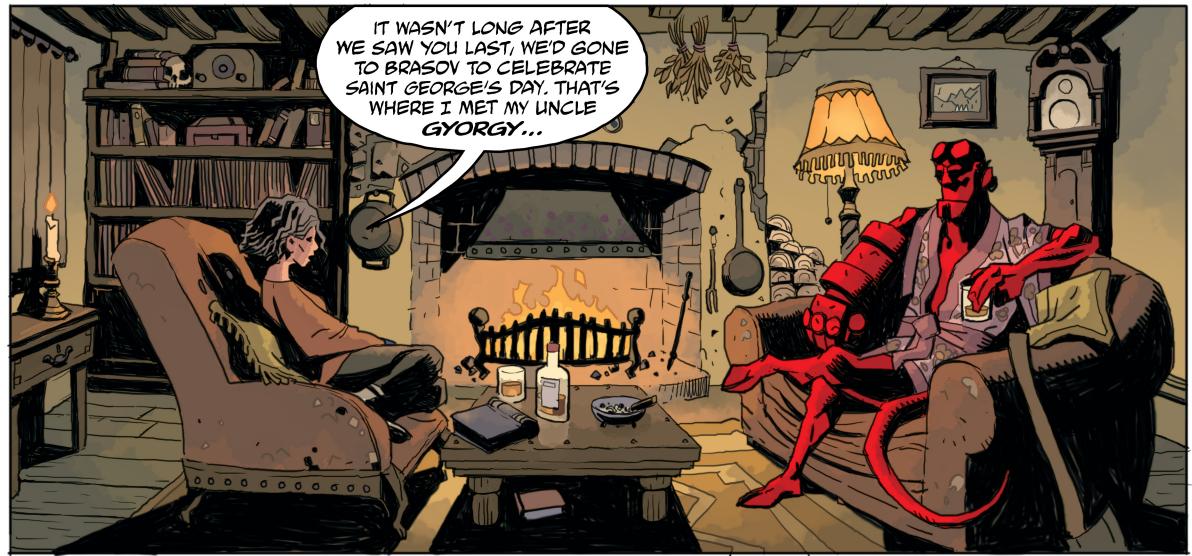
WHAT...?

SHHHH

YOU OWE  
HER FOR THAT.  
A LIFE FOR A LIFE.  
BUT SHE'S DEAD,  
SO I SAY YOU  
OWE THAT DEBT  
TO ME.

WHAT  
DO YOU...?





"FERKO AND I MET IN SECRET EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK, AND FINALLY HE ASKED TO MARRY ME..."

WILL YOU?

OH, YES.

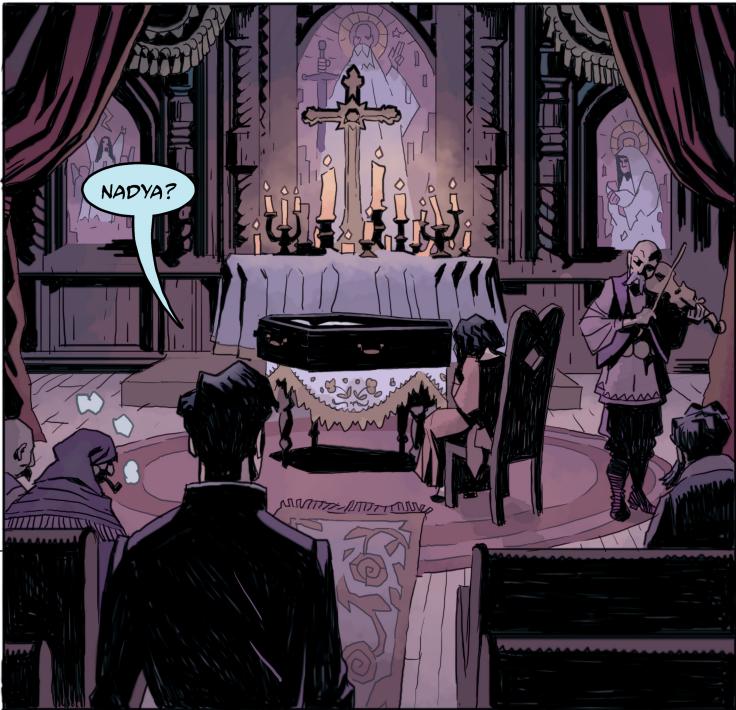
"WE WENT TO MY MOTHER..."

NEVER!

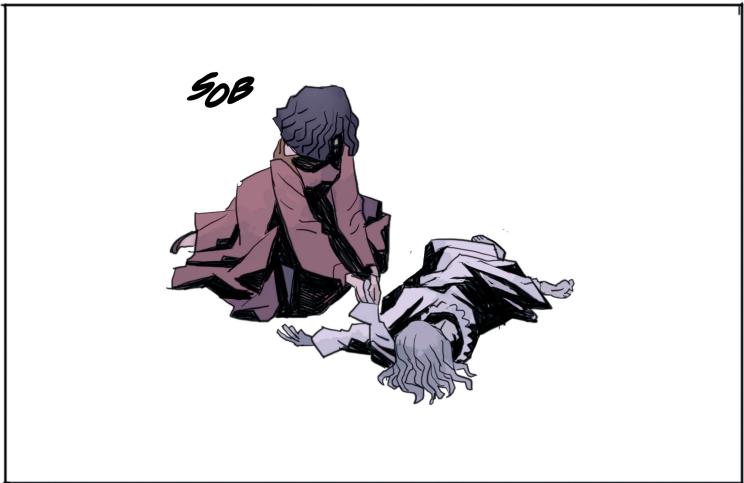
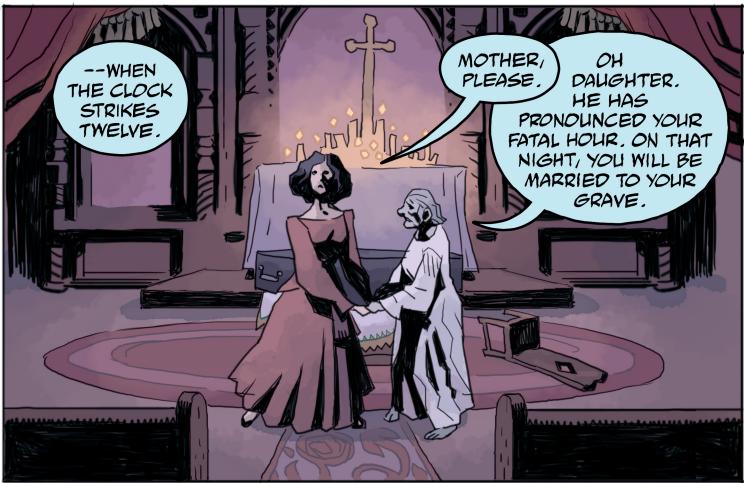
"THEN THE NEXT DAY, AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM THE VILLAGE, A BLACK DOG CROSSED OUR PATH..."

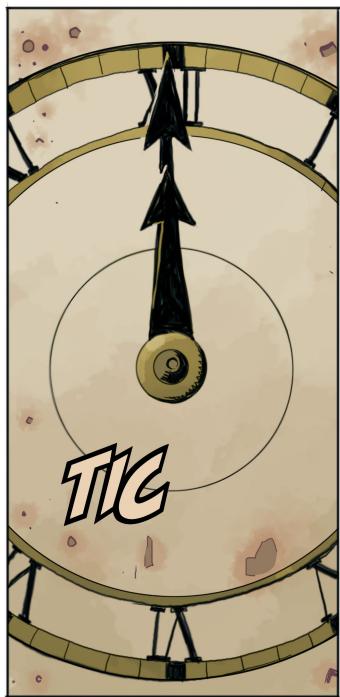
"MOTHER COLLAPSED. SHE NEVER SPOKE ANOTHER WORD, AND IN THREE DAYS SHE WAS DEAD."

!











NAAAADYAA!

GAA!

YOU  
WOULD  
ROB ME  
OF MY  
WEDDING  
NIGHT!

SHE IS  
PROMISED  
TO ME!

LEARN  
TO TAKE  
NO FOR AN  
ANSWER,  
PAL.

SHE'S  
MINE!

GUESS  
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT--

DO NOT  
DISTURB

GUH

UH

AGH

IS HE OKAY IN  
THERE? MAYBE  
WE SHOULD--

DAK

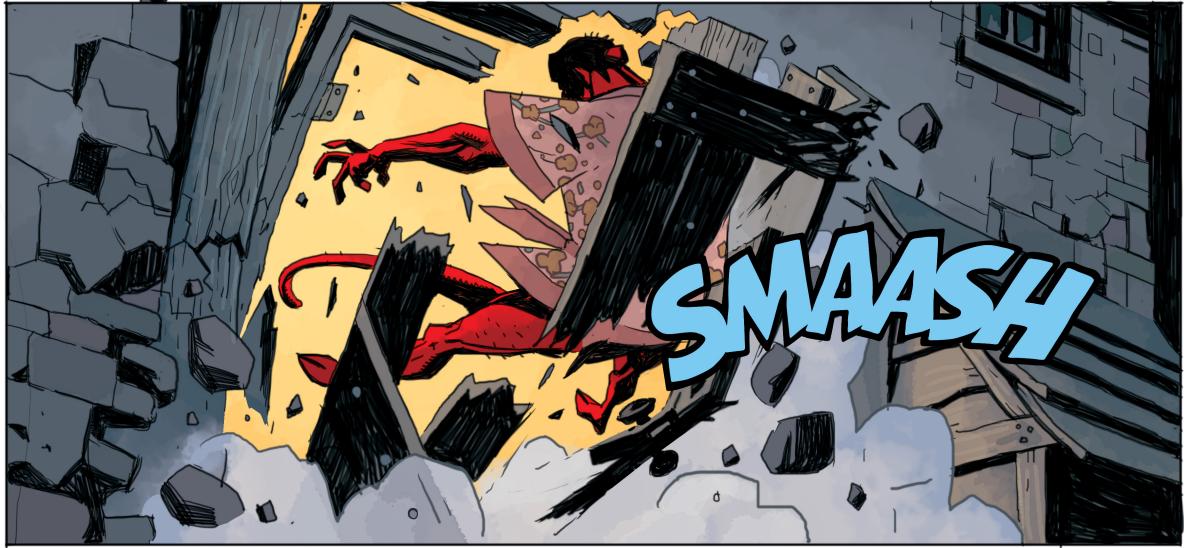
DON'T  
DO IT.

WHEN HE  
PUTS THAT  
SIGN ON  
THERE, SON,  
HE MEANS  
IT.

YEAH,  
BUT...  
LISTEN  
TO HIM.

BELIEVE  
ME...

URK











# The Sending



WHERE?

AND WHATEVER IT WAS, IT  
SEEMED TO BE LOOKING  
FOR SOMETHING.

I ONLY SAW IT FOR A MOMENT  
BEFORE IT DISAPPEARED BUT, YES,  
THAT WAS DEFINITELY THE  
IMPRESSION I HAD.

AND  
YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA  
WHAT.

"IT WAS THIN  
LIKE A MUMMY,  
AND DARK. IT  
WAS MOSTLY  
WRAPPED UP,  
BUT NOT  
WRAPPED LIKE  
A MUMMY. AND  
IT HAD JUST  
ONE ARM."



NO  
IDEA.

I WONDER, MISS BELL. NOW  
THAT SO MANY ARE DAMAGED  
YOU MIGHT CONSIDER  
SELLING--?

HARRY.  
NOT REALLY  
THE TIME.

SORRY.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT  
I MIGHT HAVE SOME IDEA  
WHAT THE CREATURE WAS  
LOOKING FOR.



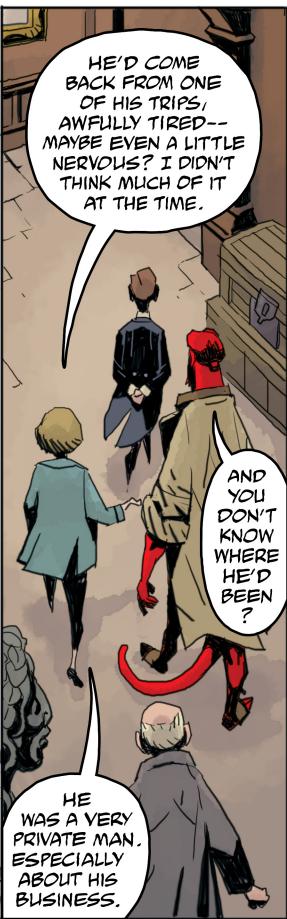
ROBERT?

YOUR UNCLE  
KEPT A SECOND  
LIBRARY.

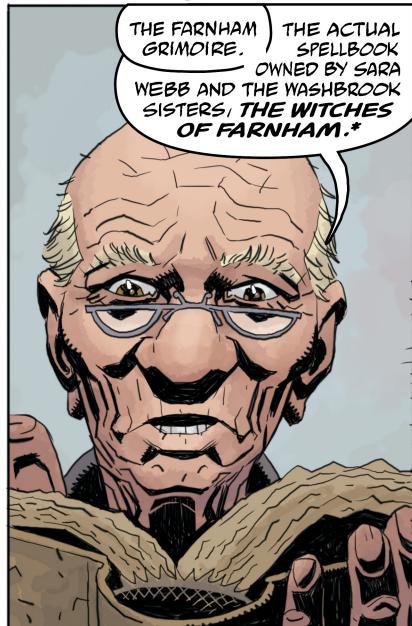
A  
SECRET  
LIBRARY.

SHOW  
ME.









MINE

BOOM

NOW  
YOU HEARD  
THE MAN. IT'S  
NOT YOURS,  
IS IT?

YOU'RE  
JUST A  
HORRIBLE  
THING.

CAN YOU  
GET THAT  
SHEET OFF  
HIM?

YANK

AH! JUST AS I  
SUSPECTED.

YOU  
SEE, TWO  
ARMS!

GRAB  
AHOLOF  
THAT LEFT  
ONE.

I'M  
TRYING. HE'S A  
WIGGLER.



