



# 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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# Her Fatal Hour

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

IS HE STILL  
SLEEPING?

HE IS.

REALLY?

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!

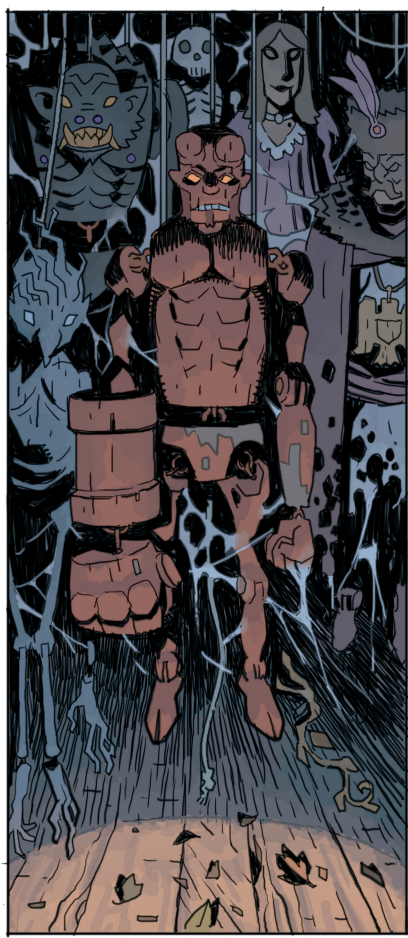
ZZZZZZZZ

GARY  
COOPER  
HIGH  
NOON











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

AH!

RURRAR

ROMANIA. 1962.

LEGGO...

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

YOU  
REMEMBER?

WHAT...?

SHHHH

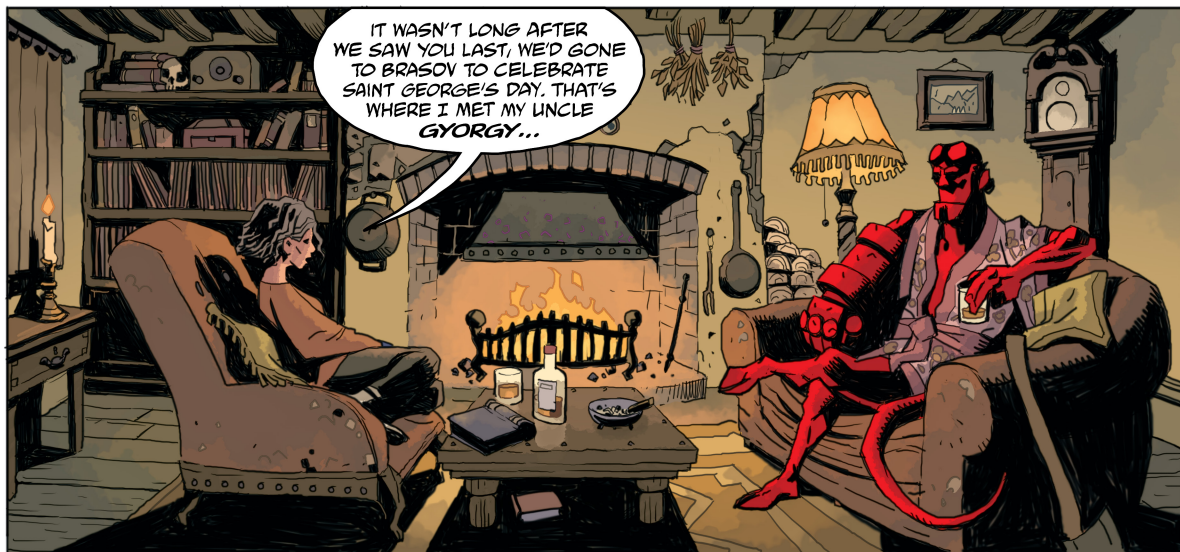
YOU OWE  
HER FOR THAT.  
A LIFE FOR A LIFE.  
BUT SHE'S DEAD,  
SO I SAY YOU  
OWE THAT DEBT  
TO **ME**.

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!



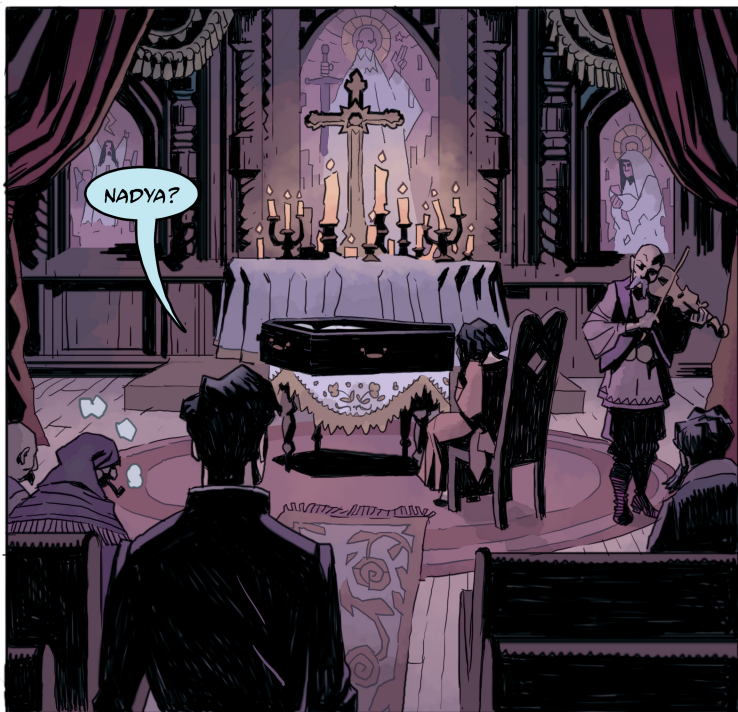
"THEN THE NEXT DAY, AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM THE VILLAGE, A BLACK DOG CROSSED OUR PATH..."

!



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

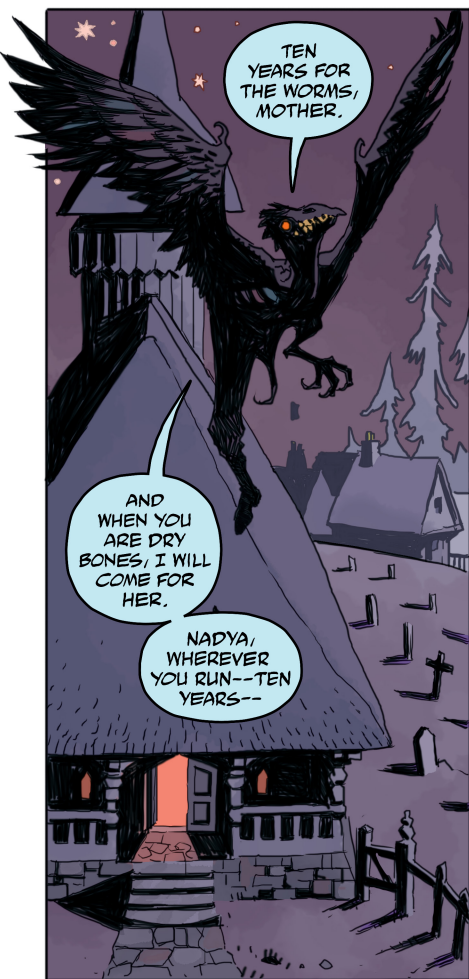








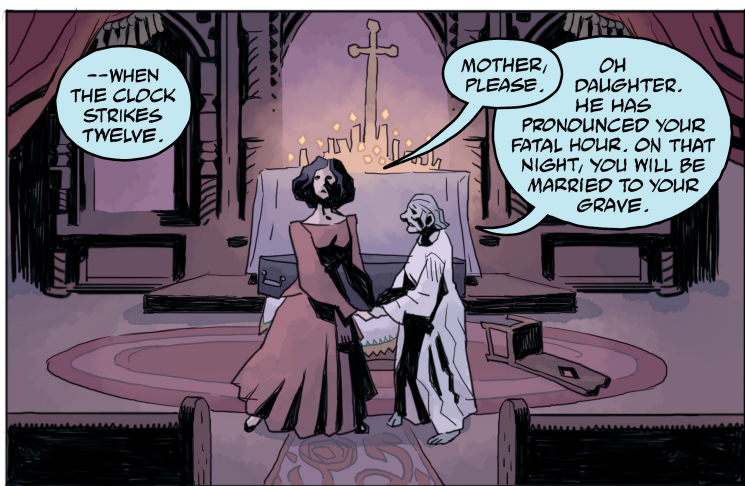




TEN YEARS FOR THE WORMS, MOTHER.

AND WHEN YOU ARE DRY BONES, I WILL COME FOR HER.

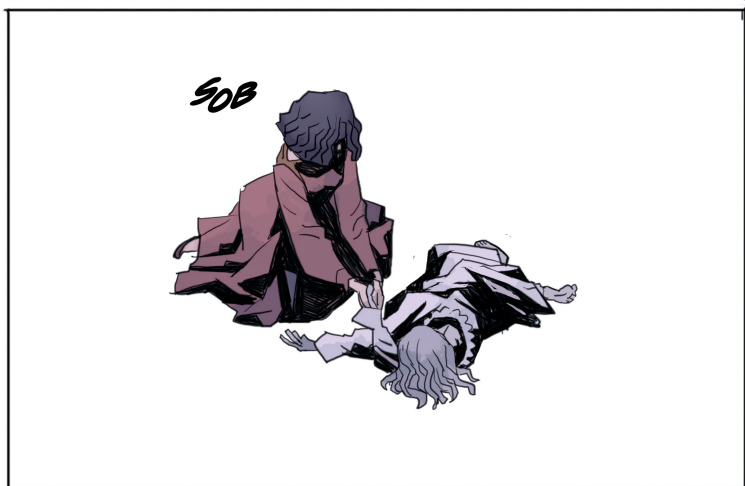
NADYA, WHEREVER YOU RUN--TEN YEARS--



--WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

MOTHER, PLEASE.

OH DAUGHTER. HE HAS PRONOUNCED YOUR FATAL HOUR. ON THAT NIGHT, YOU WILL BE MARRIED TO YOUR GRAVE.



*SOB*



I DID RUN.

I LEFT MY PEOPLE, CHANGED MY NAME, CHANGED EVERYTHING ABOUT MYSELF THAT I COULD. FINALLY SETTLED HERE...I DON'T KNOW WHY. I GUESS I JUST GOT TIRED OF RUNNING.

I GET IT. BUT IF YOU WERE LOOKING TO HIDE, WHY BRING YOUR MOTHER'S WAGON?

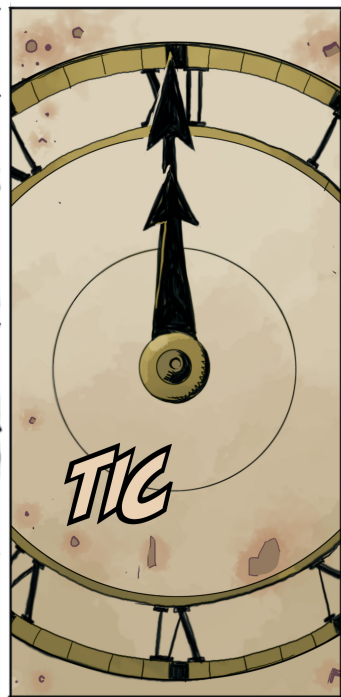
I DIDN'T. IT FOLLOWED ME.

I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS.

AND NOW, TONIGHT, IT'S TEN YEARS.







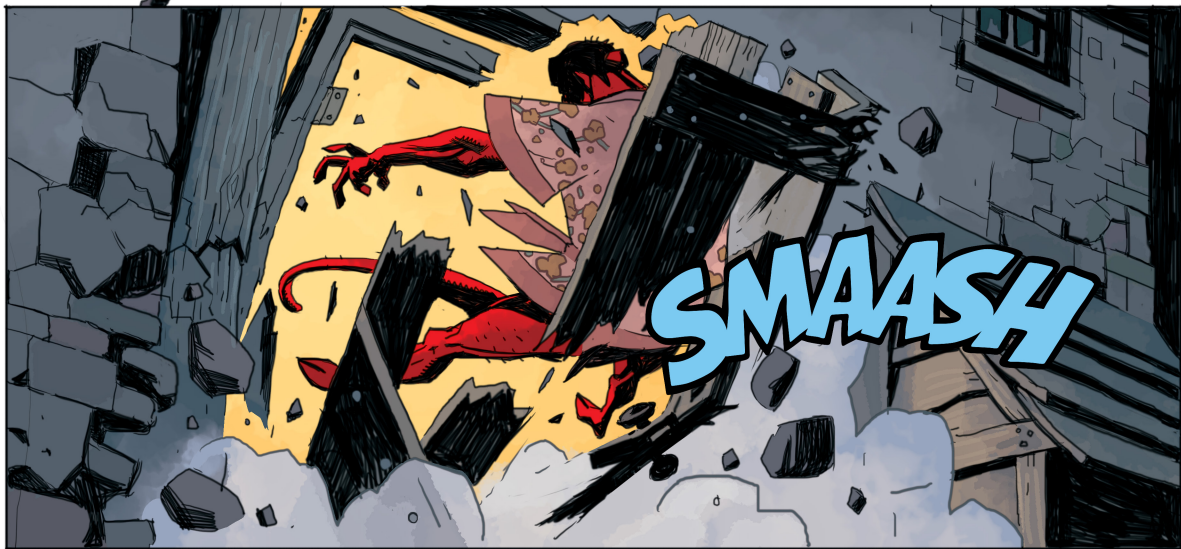




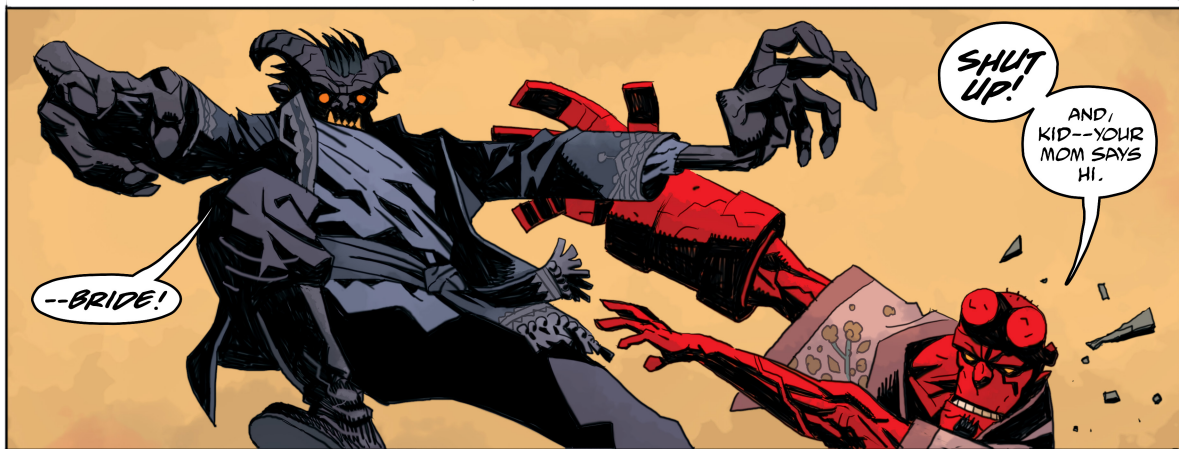




















DAMN, I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING CLEVER TO SAY.

OH MY GOD, YOU DID IT! I'M FREE! I'M REALLY FREE!

YEAH, THAT WORKED OUT. I JUST--



!

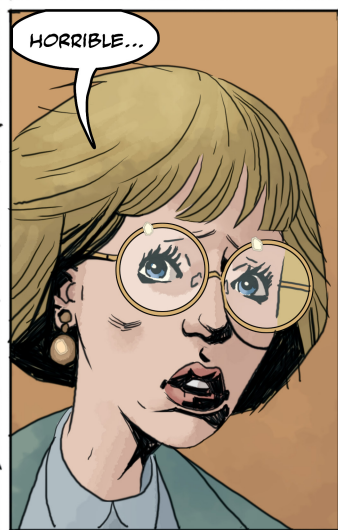
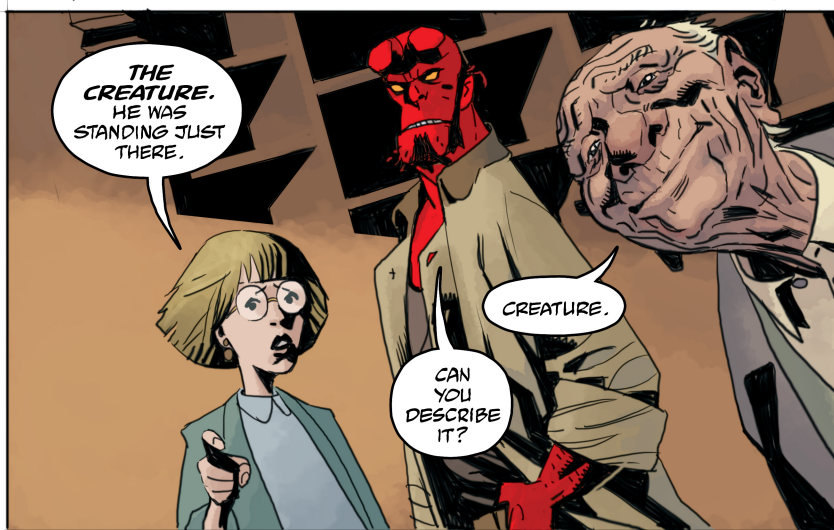




THE  
END



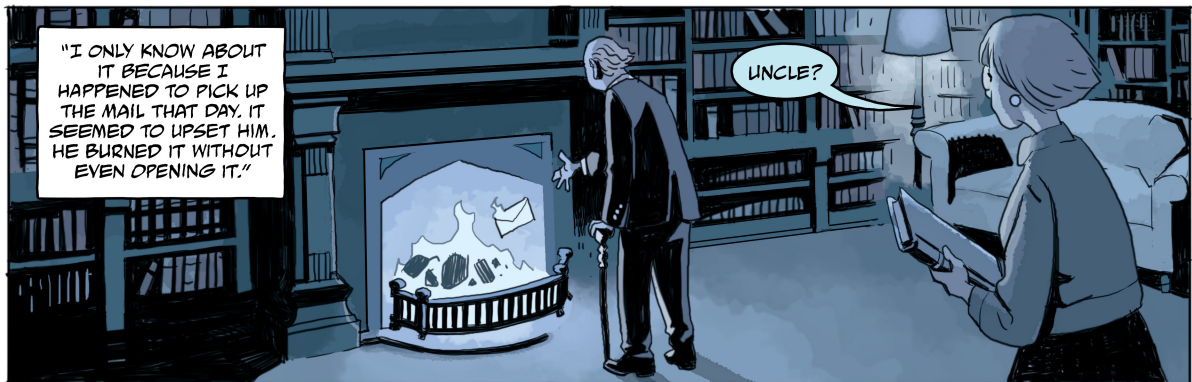
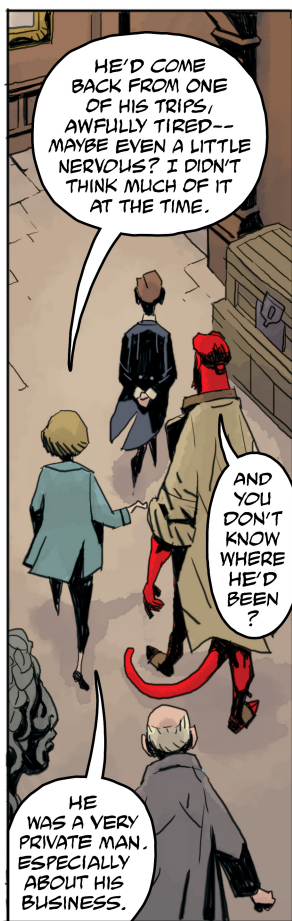
# The Sending







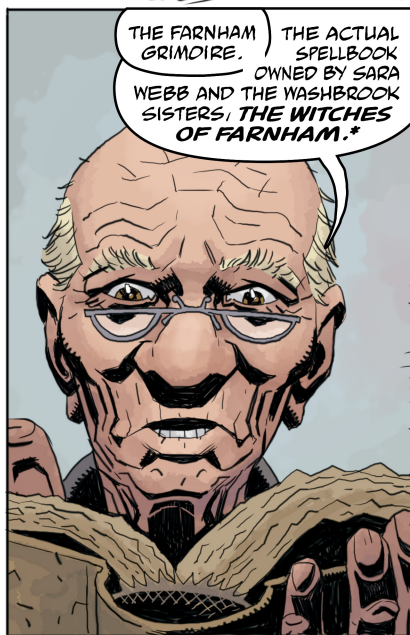












\*KILLED BY EDWARD GREY IN 1879 AS THEY WERE ATTEMPTING TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN VICTORIA.







