

HELLBOY

TM



THE RIGHT HAND *of* DOOM

MIKE MIGNOLA

HELLBOY

TM

THE RIGHT HAND *of* DOOM





MIGNOLA
3/98/3



THE RIGHT HAND *of* DOOM

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Published by
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This volume collects stories from the Dark Horse comic books *Dark Horse Presents* #151, *Dark Horse Presents Annual 1998*, *Dark Horse Presents Annual 1999*, *Gary Gianni's The MonsterMen*, *Abe Sapien: Drums of the Dead*, and *Hellboy: Box Full of Evil* #1 and #2.

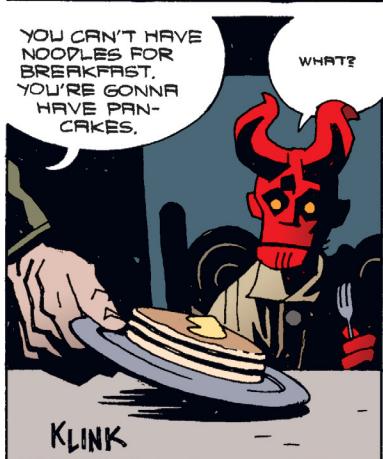
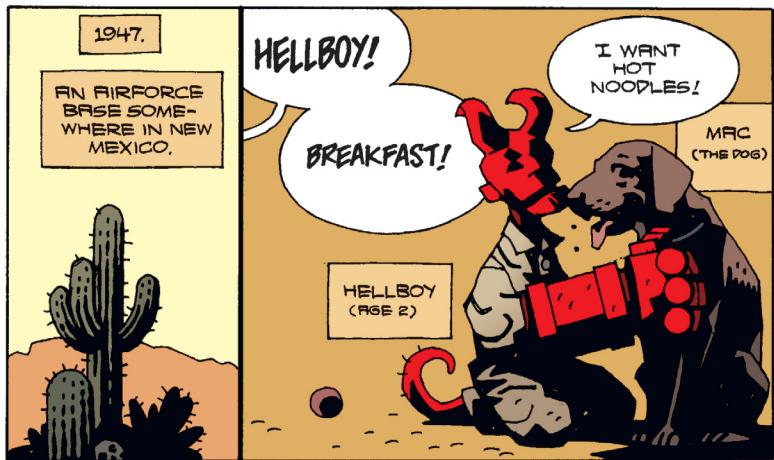
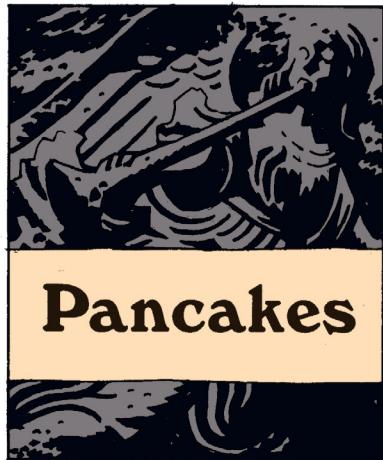
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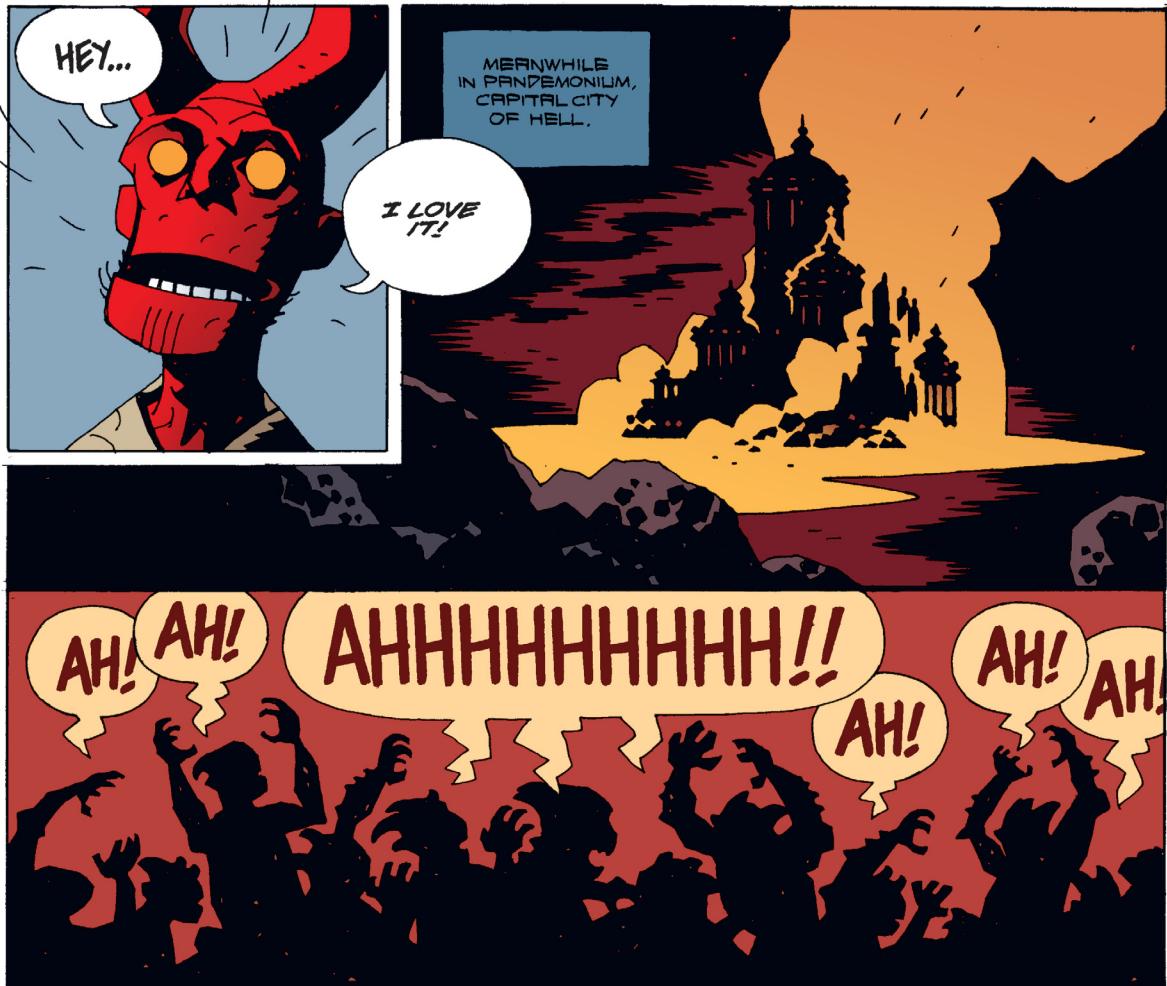
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PART ONE

THE EARLY YEARS







Pancakes

ONE DAY SOMEONE at Dark Horse asked if I was interested in doing a story about young Hellboy. I wasn't, but instead of saying no I said, "What about two pages of Hellboy eating pancakes?" I thought it was a riot. I didn't expect anyone else to like it, but it turned out to be a big hit with a lot of readers. It's nice when that happens.

"Pancakes" appeared in the 1999 *Dark Horse Presents Annual*.



The Nature of the Beast

THIS WAS ONE of the first Hellboy stories I thought of (probably back in 1994), but I didn't get around to putting it on paper until 1999. The story is built around a sixth-century English folktale about Saint Leonard the Hermit. He was wounded fighting a dragon and wherever his blood fell lilies-of-the-valley sprang up. The lilies are supposedly still there, halfway between Horsham and Pease Pottage in West Sussex.

"The Nature of the Beast" was published in *Dark Horse Presents* #151 and, like "Pancakes," appears here in color for the first time.



King Vold

THIS STORY is mostly a combination of two folktales—"The Flying Huntsman" (headless King Volmer and his hounds) and "The Green Giant" (dead mermaid and burning gold coins). There are other bits of Norwegian folklore thrown in to show just how much weird stuff goes on over there.

I want to thank that unnamed fan that gave me that great photo book of Norway. It was a big help.

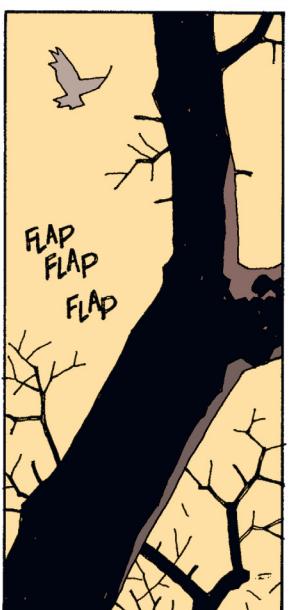
"King Vold" was done specifically for this collection.

The Nature of the Beast

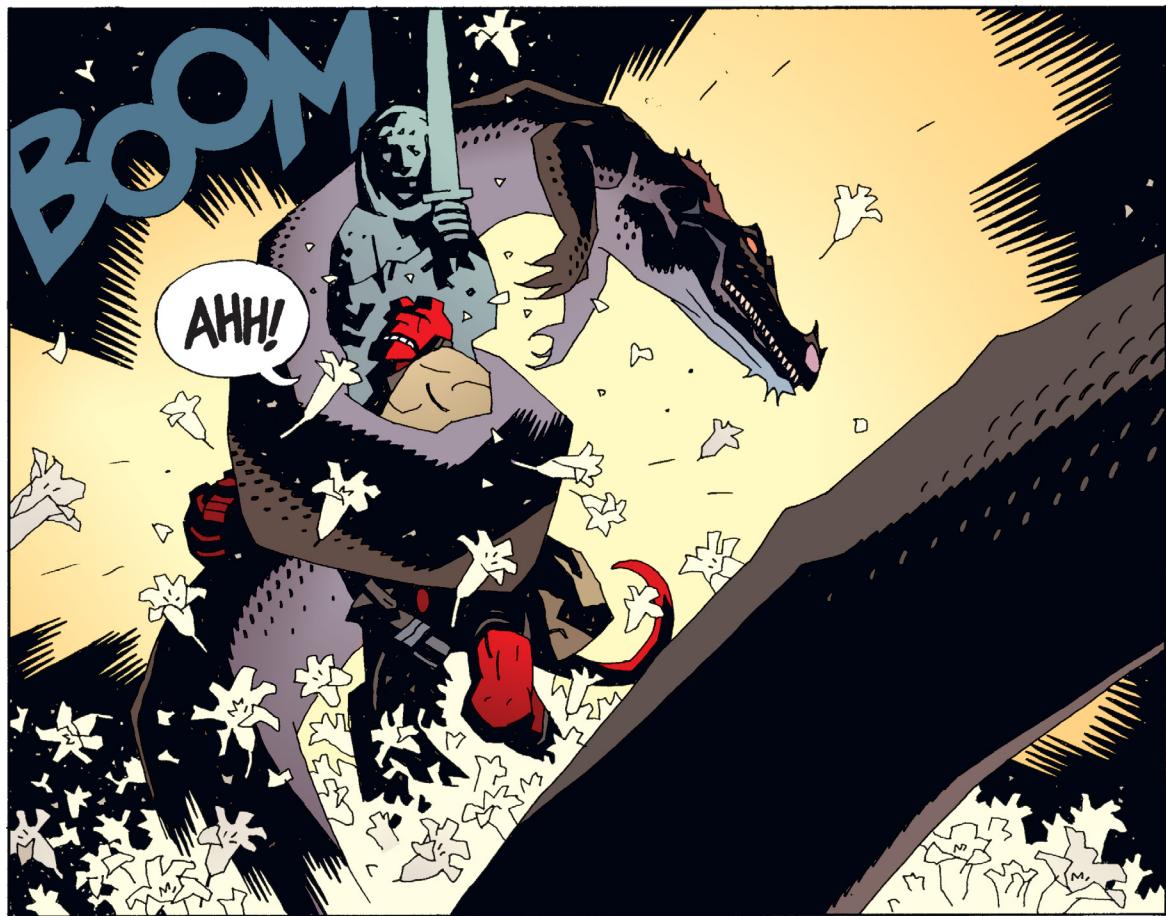


















King Vold

YOU'RE GOING TO LORN ME OUT?

BROOKLYN,
NEW YORK.
1956.

DON'T BE THICK, BOY. I CAN'T MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING YOU DON'T WANT TO DO.

PROFESSOR RICKMAN HAS SIMPLY INVITED YOU TO COME TO NORWAY AND HELP HIM WITH SOME RESEARCH. HE DOESN'T SAY EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF RESEARCH, BUT HE'S AN ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT FOLKLORIST. IT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO LEARN A FEW THINGS.

YES, SIR.

AND ON A PERSONAL NOTE, EDMOND RICKMAN IS A DEAR FRIEND.

WE WERE AT SCHOOL TOGETHER, DID SOME OF OUR EARLY WORK TOGETHER IN BURMA AND CHENGDU. ALL IN ALL, A REALLY EXCELLENT FELLOW...

SO I WOULD CONSIDER IT A PERSONAL FAVOR TO ME IF YOU WOULD HELP HIM OUT FOR A BIT.

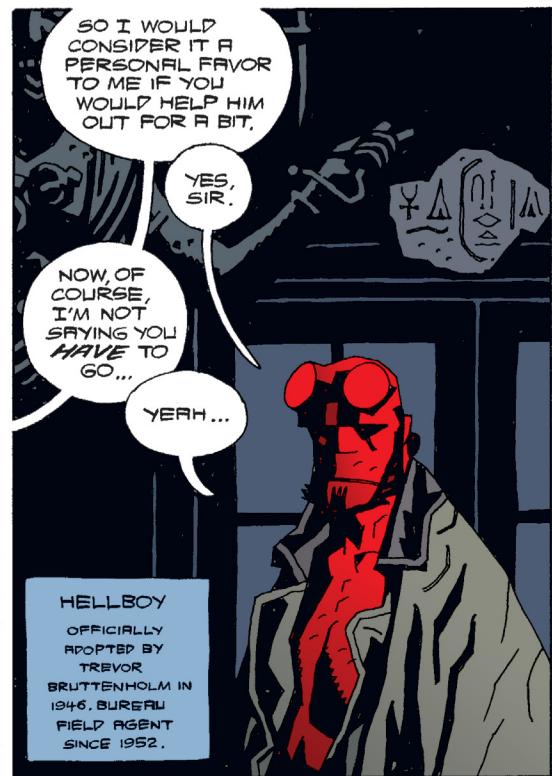
YES, SIR.

NOW, OF COURSE, I'M NOT SAYING YOU HAVE TO GO...

YEAH...

TREVOR BRUTENHOLM
DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU
FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH
AND DEFENSE.

HELLBOY
OFFICIALLY
ADOPTED BY
TREVOR
BRUTENHOLM IN
1946. BUREAU
FIELD AGENT
SINCE 1952.





"AND OVER THERE WAS A LITTLE ISLAND WITH A CASTLE ON IT, BUT IT ALL SANK INTO A BOTTOMLESS HOLE WHEN A PRIEST WAS FOOLDED INTO GIVING LAST RITES TO A PIG."



"AND DID YOU EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO WOKE UP AT MIDNIGHT, THOUGHT IT WAS MORNING, AND WENT TO CHURCH? IT HAPPENED RIGHT THERE."



"SHE WENT INTO THAT CHURCH AND WAS SURPRISED TO FIND IT CROWDED WITH PEOPLE SHE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE. A STRANGE MINISTER WENT UP INTO THE PULPIT AND BEGAN TO PREECH..."

"...AND LITTLE BY LITTLE SHE REALIZED THAT ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND HER WERE DEAD. TERRIFIED, SHE TRIED TO SNEAK BACK OUT THE WAY SHE HAD COME..."



THEY SAY HER COAT WAS FAIRLY TORN TO SHREDS.

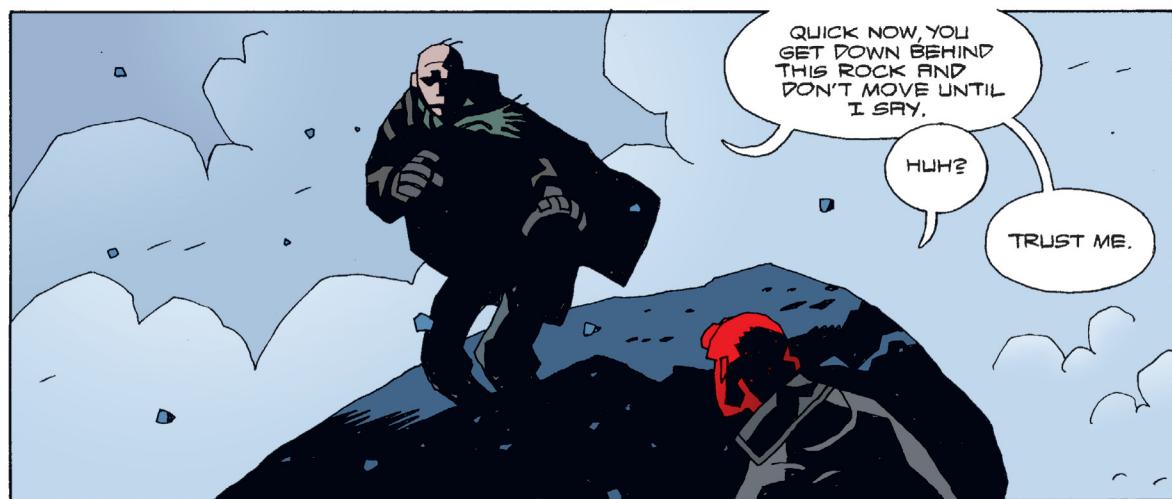
I BET.

THIS IS SOME TOUR, PROFESSOR. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR STUFF.



SO WHAT ARE WE DOING NOW?





**HAIL,
KING VOLD!**

...DREADFUL APPARITION THAT I AM,

HA,
YOU ARE
BOLD TO
FACE ME,
MORTAL...

I
WONDER,
ARE YOU BOLD
ENOUGH?

WOULD
YOU DARE
PERFORM A
SERVICE FOR
ME?

YES,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

ONE OF MY
PACK HAS
GONE LAME.
HOLD HIM
FOR ME.

...AND YOU
SHALL BE
REWARED.

YES,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

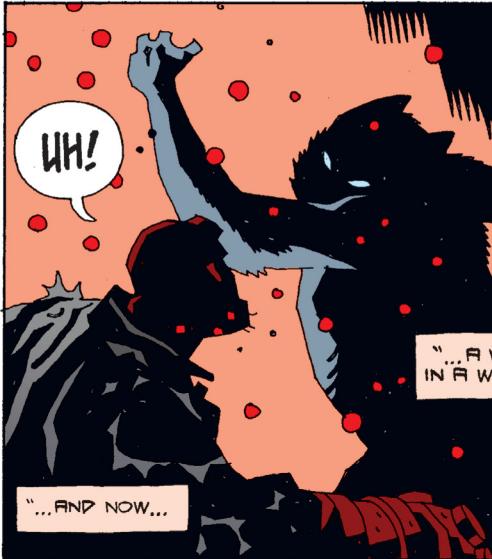
I WILL
RETURN FOR
HIM BEFORE
DAWN. DO
THIS...

REWARD?

SON
OF R...



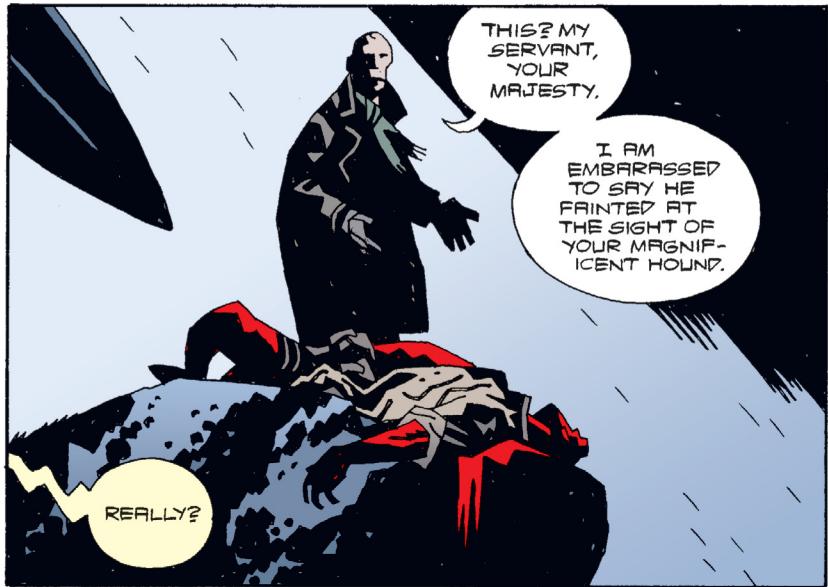


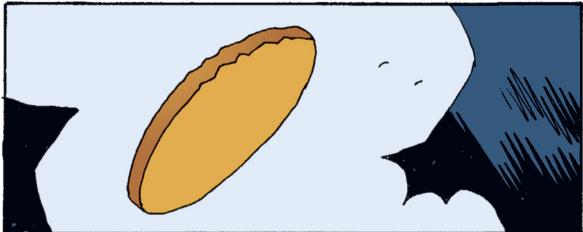


I'LL BE
IN ALL THE
JOURNALS, THAT'S
FOR CERTAIN.
IT'LL BE **SIR**
EDMOND RICKMAN
NOW, IF YOU PLEASE.
ALL THAT AND
MY GOLD AND--

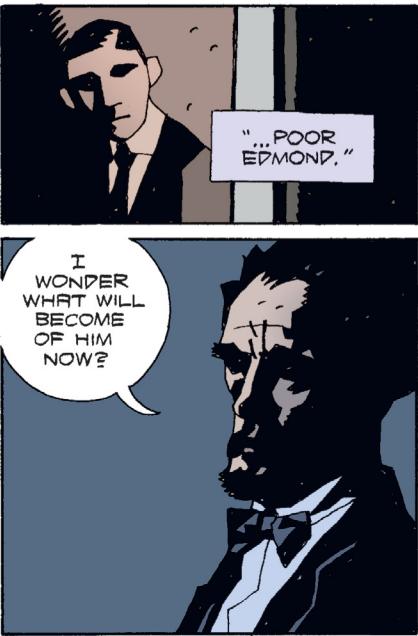












PART TWO

THE MIDDLE YEARS



Heads

THIS IS ONE of my favorite Hellboy stories. It was also one of the most difficult, because I know nothing about Japan, but wanted the thing to have a very Japanese feel. It is a very close adaptation of a Japanese folktale, but I left out the part where the flying heads were eating bugs.

“Heads” originally appeared as a backup feature in the *Abe Sapien* one-shot, published in March 1998.



Goodbye, Mister Tod

A FEW YEARS BACK I was fooling with an idea for a non-*Hellboy* mini-series. It didn’t go anywhere, but I did like the opening sequence, and eventually it turned into this. The story not only shows my continuing fascination with H.P. Lovecraft monsters, but also with ectoplasm. In fact, back in 1993, when I first conceived *Hellboy* as a team book, one of the characters was going to be an ectoplasm guy. Anyway ...

“Goodbye, Mister Tod” was originally published as a backup feature in *Gary Gianni’s The MonsterMen* in August of 1999.

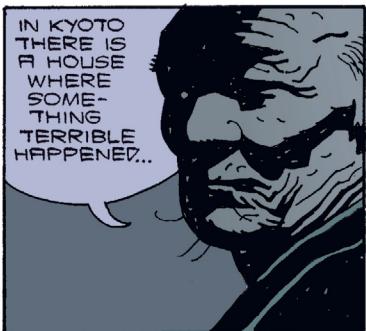


The Vârcolac

THIS STORY WAS inspired by a single paragraph I read twenty years ago describing a type of Romanian vampire which “eats the sun and the moon and is able to cause eclipses.” The hardest thing about this job was finding that one book again so I could get the name of the vampire.

“The Vârcolac” was done in six installments in Sunday-newspaper-strip format for *Dark Horse Extra*. For this collection, I have completely redrawn the thing, expanding it and putting it into regular comic-book-page format. There are things that I like better about the original, and there are things that I like better about this new version. That’s the way it goes.

Heads





"YOU STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE."



SEE? HERE ARE MY OTHER GUESTS. JUST TRAVELERS LIKE YOU, GOOD PEOPLE.

MR. LU TELLS VERY FUNNY STORIES.

DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT.

MAYBE YOU KNOW THIS ONE...

A FARMER MET A GHOST WOMAN AND SHE GAVE HIM A GOLDEN BOX, BUT SAID, "YOU MUST NEVER OPEN THIS." HE TOOK IT HOME AND HID IT FROM HIS WIFE, BUT ONE DAY SHE FOUND IT AND

LOOKED INSIDE. IT WAS FULL OF GOUGED-OUT HUMAN EYES, AND AT THAT MOMENT THE FARMER DROPPED DEAD IN HIS FIELD.

THE WIFE WENT MAD AND LIVED THE REST OF HER DAYS LIKE AN ANIMAL.

THE END.

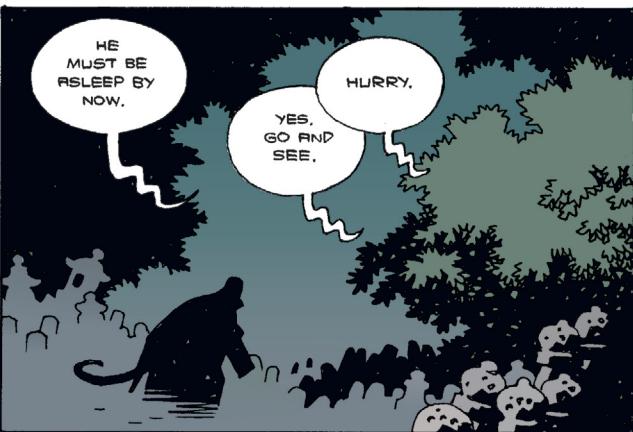
HEE HEE HEE.

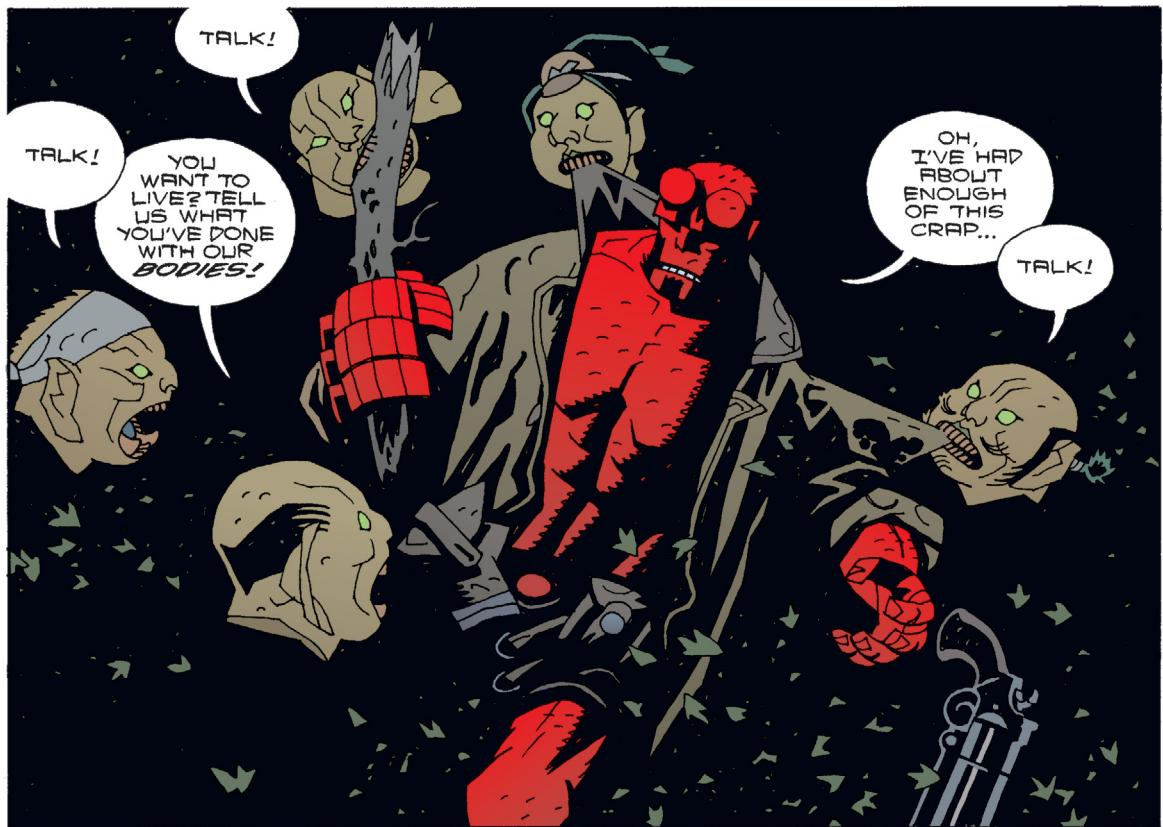












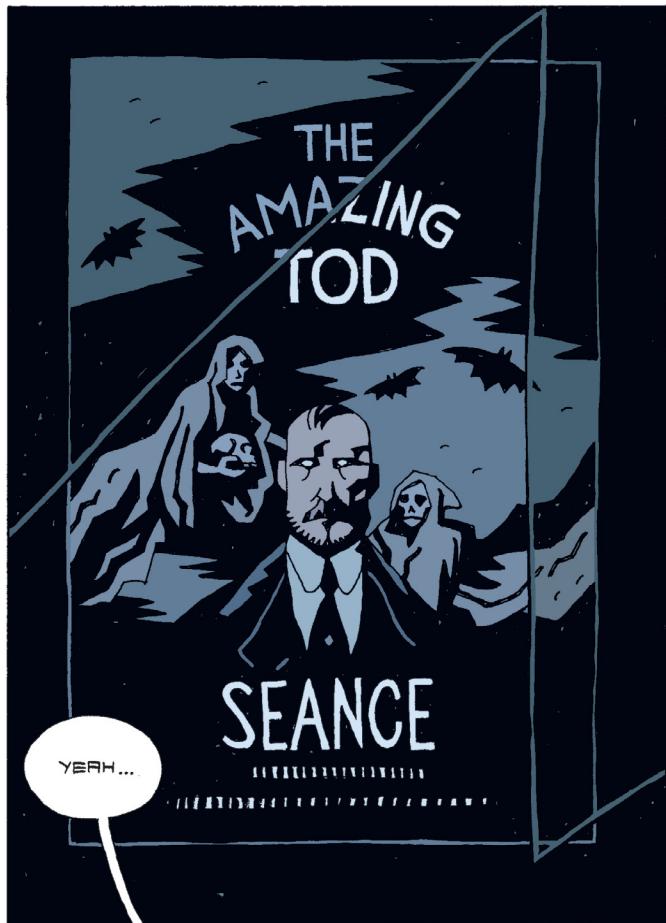




Goodbye Mister Tod



PORLAND,
OREGON.
1979.





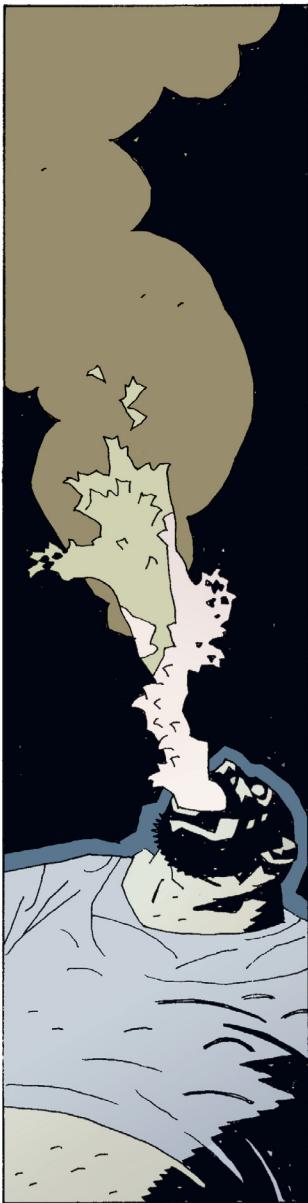


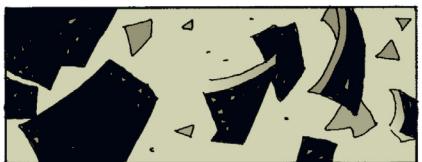




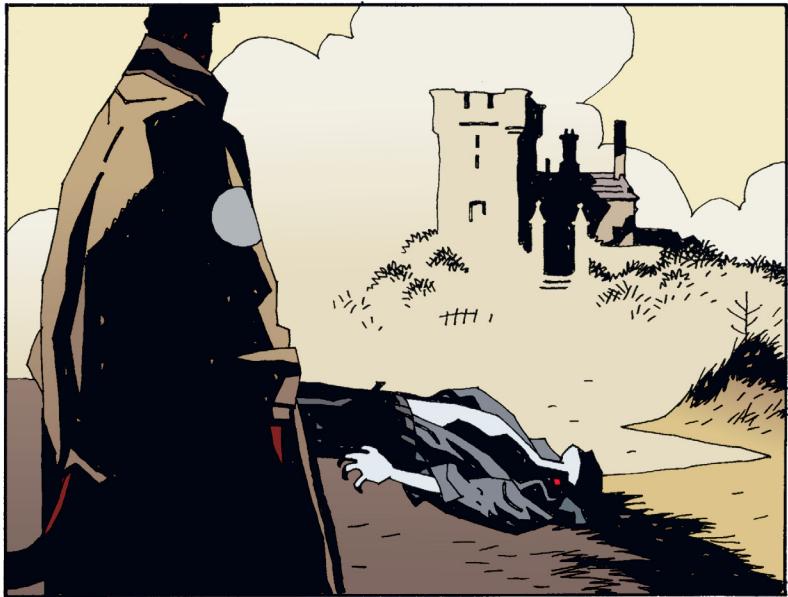
*Arbutus Unedo: USED BY ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS TO CHASE AWAY EVIL AND PROTECT SMALL CHILDREN.



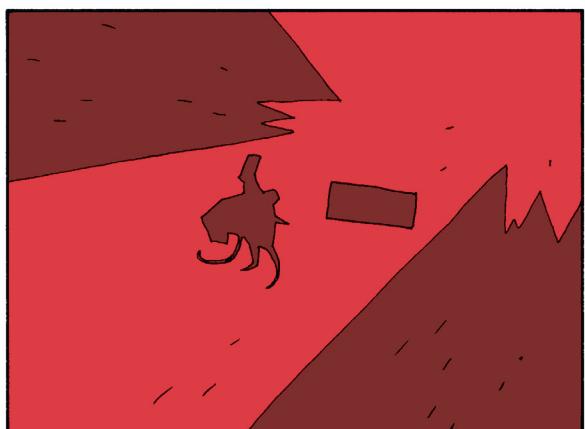
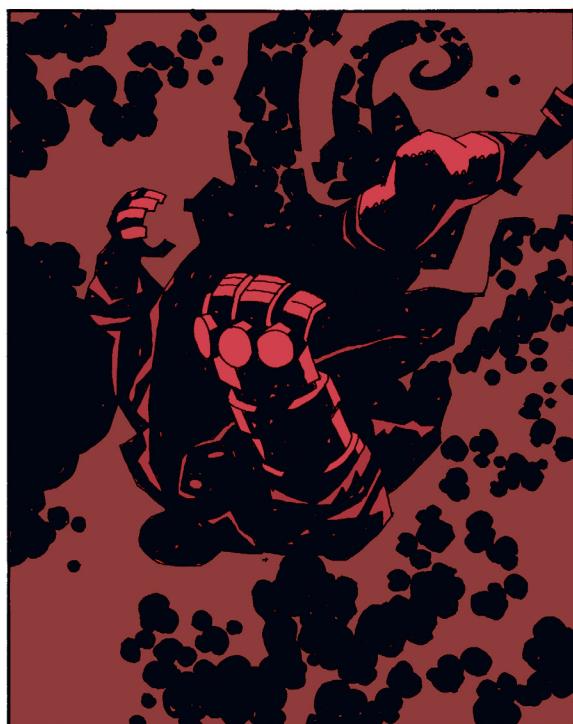
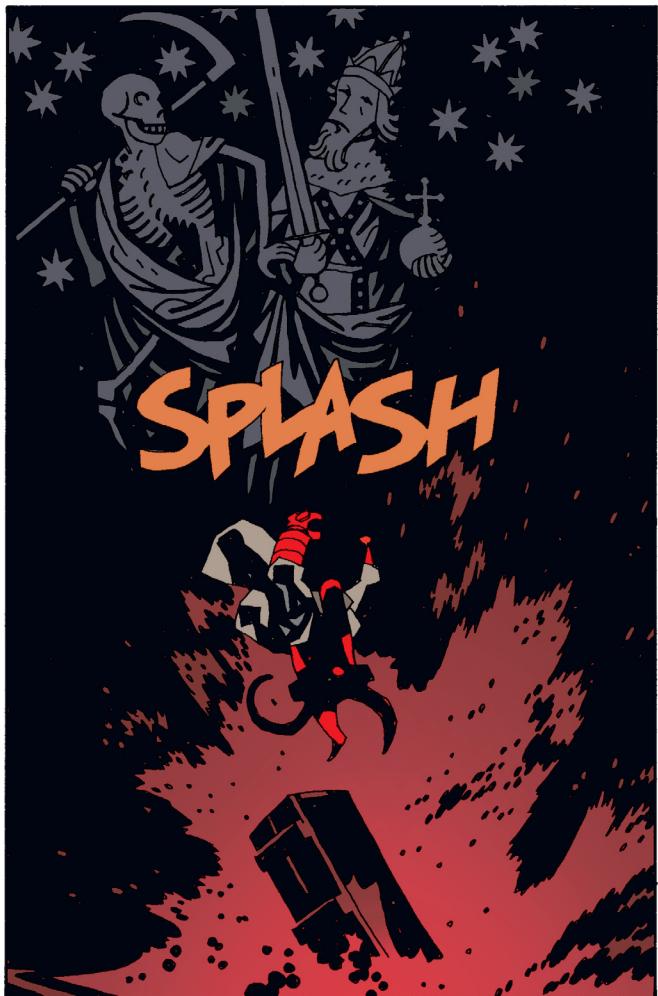


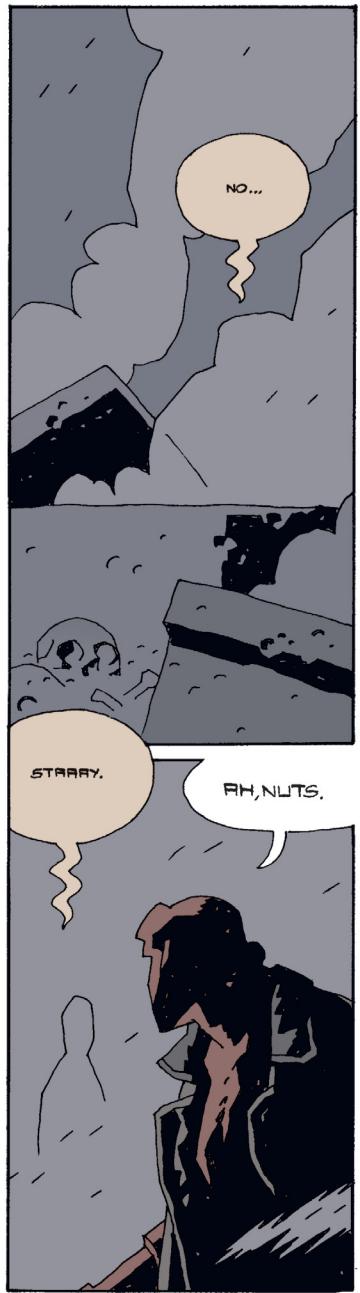


The Vârcolac













THE
MASTER OF
US ALL.

TONIGHT
HE'S COME
FORTH OUT OF
HIS SECRET
GRAVE...



... OUT TO
WANDER ALL
THE CITIES OF
THE DEAD...

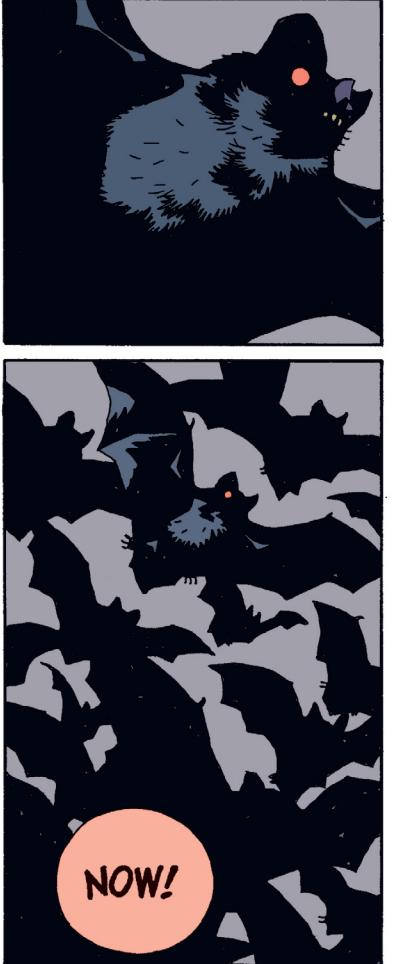


WHAT
ARE YOU
YAKKIN'
ABOUT?

LET US
TAKE THIS
ONE TO
HIM.

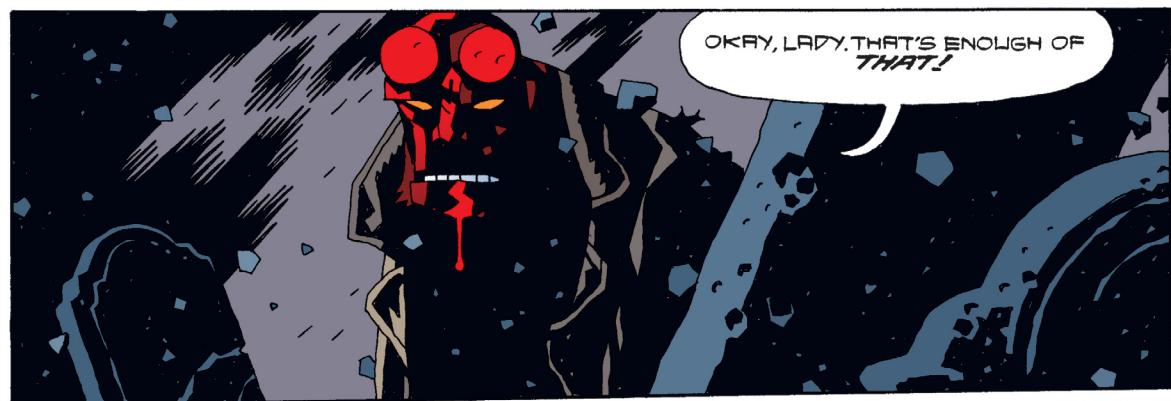
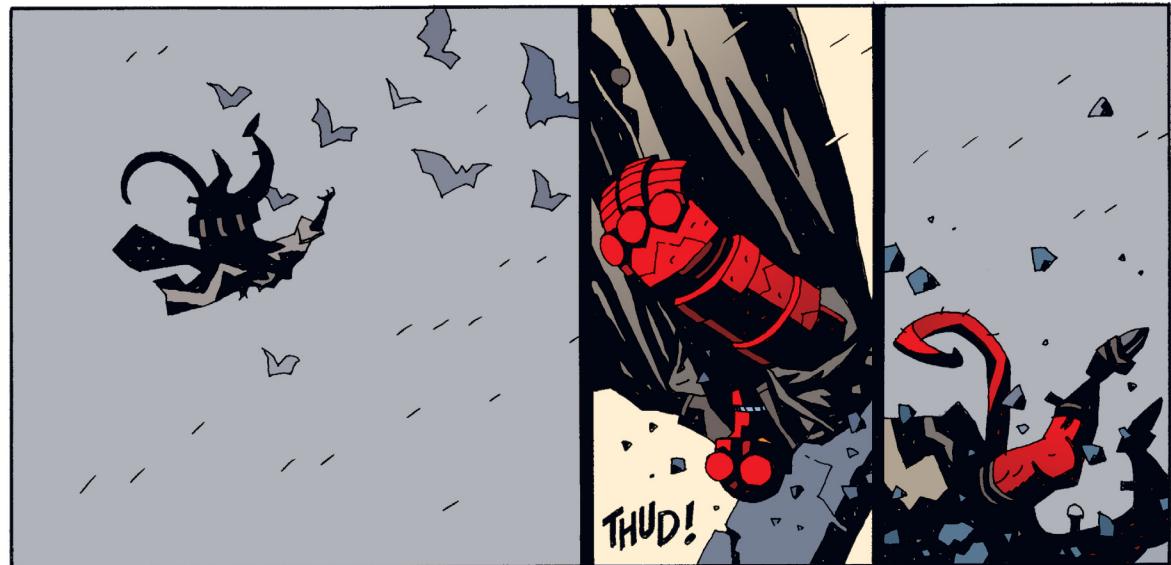
NOW
WAIT
R--

GO.

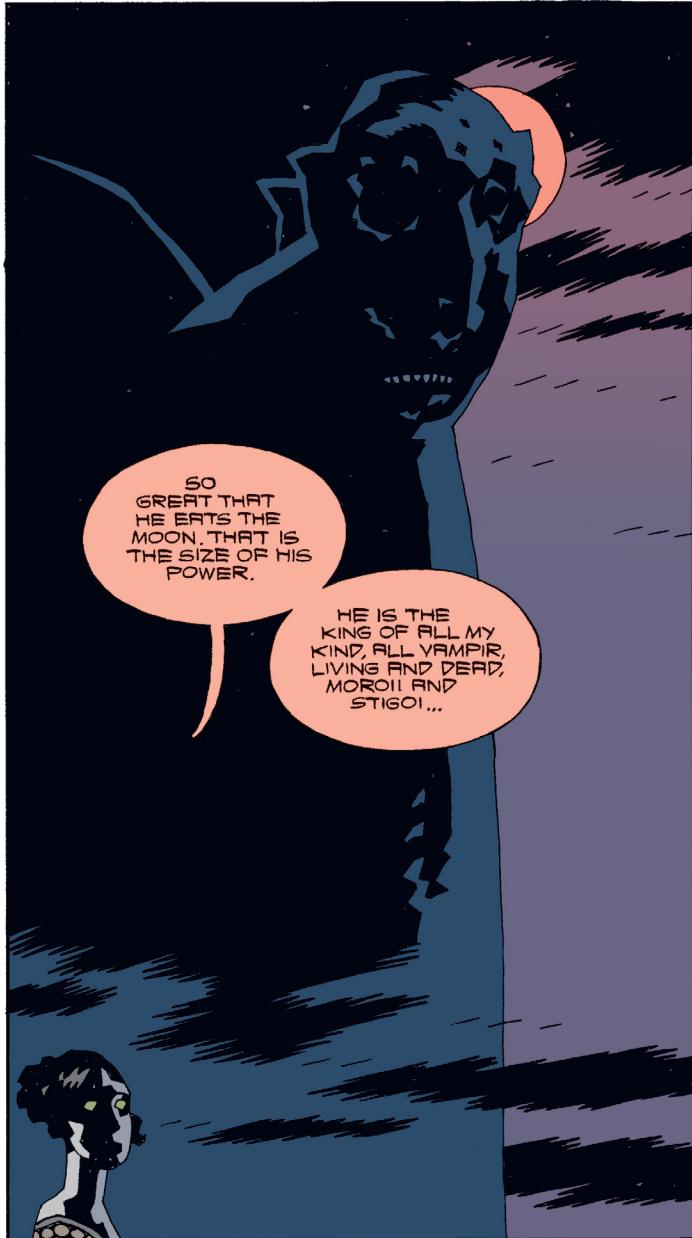


NOW!

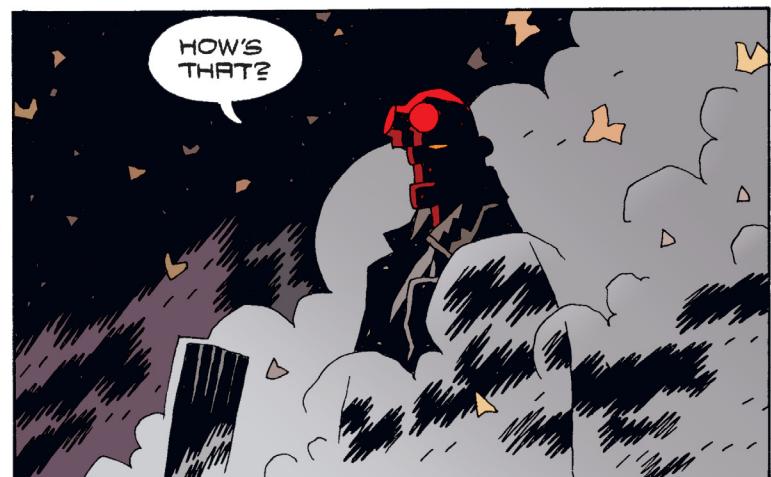
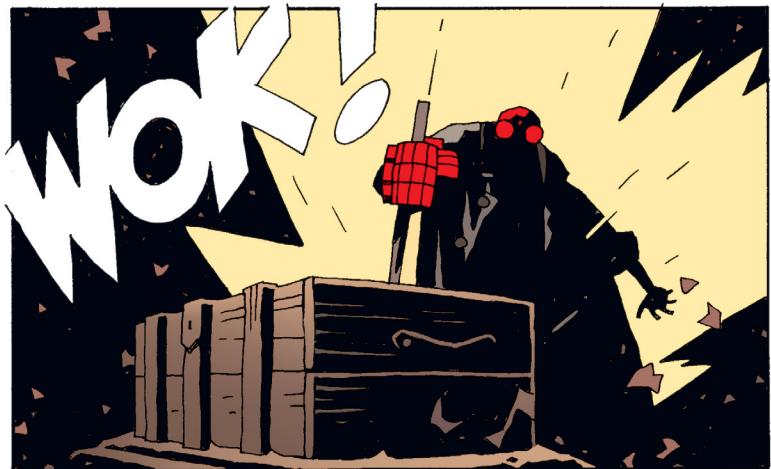












PART THREE

THE RIGHT HAND OF DOOM



The Right Hand of Doom

AFTER I'D BEEN doing *Hellboy* for five years, very few people were asking what the deal was with the big stone hand. I decided to direct attention to it with this story. Of course I wasn't going to tell what the hand was, but at least now readers would know it was something.

"The Right Hand of Doom" was published in the 1998 *Dark Horse Presents Annual*. This is its first appearance in color.



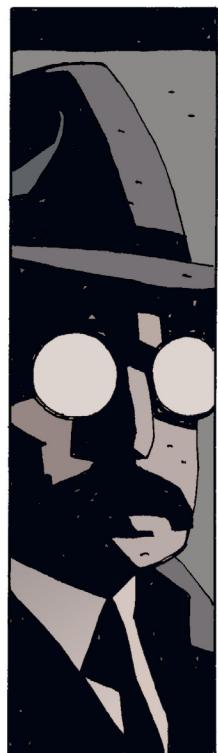
Box Full of Evil

FOLLOWING UP "The Right Hand of Doom," I wanted to say a little bit more about Hellboy and his big hand, and I wanted to resolve the whole Beast of the Apocalypse business once and for all. I think I did, but you can never be sure about something like that.

The stuff Igor Bromhead says to control and command demons is mostly taken from old occult ritual. The hand of glory is a real thing. The Saint Dunstan legend is a real legend, but I made up the part about the box. *Box Full of Evil* was published as a two-issue miniseries in 1999. For this collection I've added a four-page epilogue to give Hellboy a chance to reflect on events, and to get rid of that scrap of paper from "The Right Hand of Doom."

That's it.

Mike Mignola
Portland, Oregon





MY FATHER SPENT MOST OF 1945 TRAVELING, DOING RESEARCH. THEN HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO CONVINCING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT THAT YOU WERE TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO LIVE. HE FAILED COMPLETELY, IN 1952, WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS GRANTED YOU HONORARY HUMAN STATUS... IT RUINED HIM.

HE DIDN'T LIVE LONG AFTER THAT.

I'M SORRY, BUT...

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU UNDERSTAND SOMETHING. HE WASN'T AN EVIL MAN. HE WAS JUST AFRAID.

DID HE HAVE A REASON TO BE?

HE BURNED MOST OF HIS PAPERS BEFORE HE DIED, BUT I FOUND THIS TUCKED AWAY IN HIS BIBLE. BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

I'VE NEVER SEEN WRITING LIKE THIS ANYWHERE.

IT'S OLD LEMURIAN.

TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM TAUGHT ME TO READ IT WHEN I WAS A KID. IT WAS SORT OF OUR SECRET LANGUAGE...

THIS SAYS: "BEHOLD THE RIGHT HAND OF DOOM."

3759

2966



"TURNS OUT THE HISTORY BOOKS ARE WRONG. THE 'MAD MONK' DIDN'T DIE BACK IN 1916, HE JUST GOT CRAZIER."



"HE CLAIMED THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING ME TO EARTH, THAT I WAS TO COMMAND THE POWERS THAT WOULD DESTROY THE WORLD. WELL, WE WENT A FEW ROUNDS OVER THAT..."

"...AND AT THE END HE SAID:"

IF YOU KILL ME YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

"FINE WITH ME, I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW."



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, HE'D PUT THE BUG IN MY EAR.

I GOT CURIOUS...



"I WENT BACK TO THE CHURCH WHERE I'D FIRST APPEARED, AND I SLEPT THERE..."



"...AND DREAMT OF AN OLD WOMAN ON HER DEATH BED, REPENTING HER LIFE AS A WITCH. IT DIDN'T DO HER MUCH GOOD..."

SAVE ME...



"AFTER SHE DIED, A DEMON
CAME TO CLAIM HER, SAYING
THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE
HIS CHILD. A SON..."



YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE YOUR
DESTINY!

ALREADY THE FOUR HORSE-
MEN ARE LOOSE IN THE
WORLD.

IT IS FOR US
TO DARKEN
THE SUN, TURN
THE MOON
TO BLOOD,
AND PUT OUT
THE STARS...



"I THOUGHT I'D KILLED HER TOO, BUT
LATER THAT NIGHT SHE CAME BACK..."

"BLAH,
BLAH,
BLAH..."



"...THIS TIME AS A SORT OF GIANT IRON MAIDEN..."

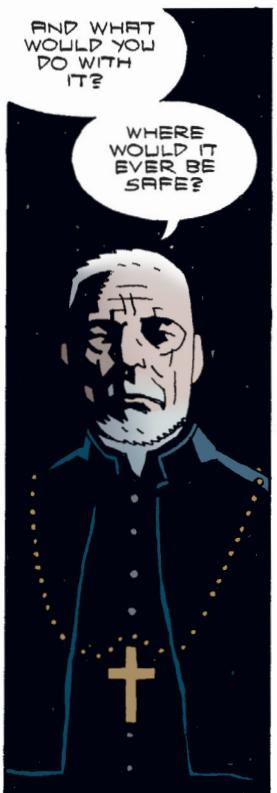
DESTINY

"SHE CHEWED ME UP..."

"...AND SENT ME TO A VERY DARK PLACE. I HEARD A VOICE TELL ME THAT IT WAS MY JOB TO DELIVER THE WORLD BACK INTO CHAOS. THAT I WAS BORN FOR THIS PURPOSE, AND THAT I'D BETTER GET STARTED OR I WAS GOING TO DIE RIGHT THEN AND THERE.

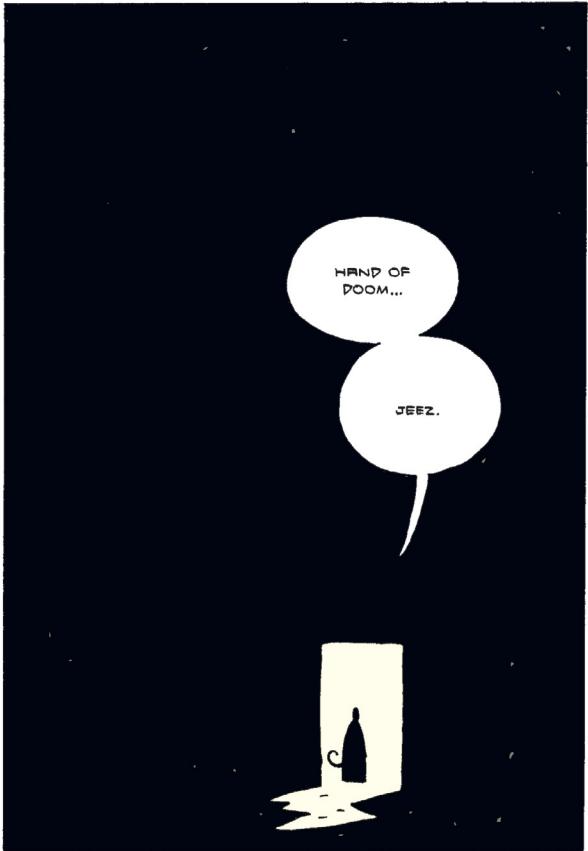
"I SAID SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF:"

SCREW YOU!





ANUNG
UN
RAMA...





Box Full *of* Evil





DRUGGAN HILL,
ENGLAND.

MR.
HEATH, NOW
THAT WE'RE HERE,
CAN YOU RUN US
THROUGH THE
WHOLE THING
ONE MORE
TIME?

YES, WELL... IT WAS
VERY UPSETTING, I
CAN TELL YOU.

I'M
SURE.

LAST NIGHT,
AROUND TWELVE
O'CLOCK, I WAS
DOWN HERE READ-
ING A BOOK...

...WHEN SUDDENLY I FOUND THAT
I COULDN'T MOVE OR SPEAK.
HORRIBLE...



"THEN A MAN WALKED INTO THE ROOM, A
COMPLETE STRANGER. I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW
HE GOT IN. THE HOUSE WAS ALL LOCKED FOR
THE NIGHT..."

"ODD LOOKING. HE WAS
SHORT WITH A ROUND HEAD
AND A RIDICULOUS SORT
OF MUSTACHE..."



"CAN YOU
DESCRIBE
HIM?"

"HE LOOKED VERY
PLEASSED WITH HIMSELF,
AND HE WAS CARRYING
A CANDLESTICK
SHAPED LIKE A HUMAN
HAND..."



"HE WALKED PAST ME WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, AND WENT TO WORK BANGING ON THE FAR WALL..."



"A FEW MINUTES LATER HE PASSED ME AGAIN. HE HAD A METAL BOX, AND SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE FIREPLACE TONGS. I'D NEVER SEEN EITHER OF THOSE THINGS BEFORE..."



"HE LEFT THE CANDLE-STICK ON HIS WAY OUT..."



"...AND I WAS FROZEN IN PLACE UNTIL ELEVEN-THIRTY THIS MORNING."



NO SOONER COULD I MOVE AGAIN THAN THE SERVANTS CAME DOWN, TELLING HOW THEY SPENT THE NIGHT AND MORNING PARALYZED IN THEIR BEDS. IT WAS ALL TOO HORRIBLE.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

ABE?



IT'S A REAL HAND.



REAL HAND?

IT IS HORRIBLE.

IT'S CALLED A "HAND OF GLORY." IT'S THE HAND OF A HANGED MAN, DRIED, DIPPED IN WAX, MADE INTO A CANDLE. IF IT'S USED RIGHT, IT CAN UNLOCK DOORS AND IMMOBILIZE EVERYONE IN A HOUSE...



SO I GUESS YOUR GUY KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.



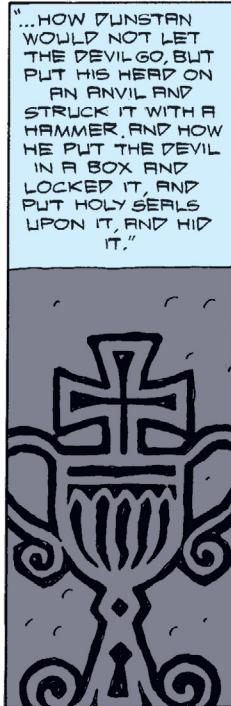




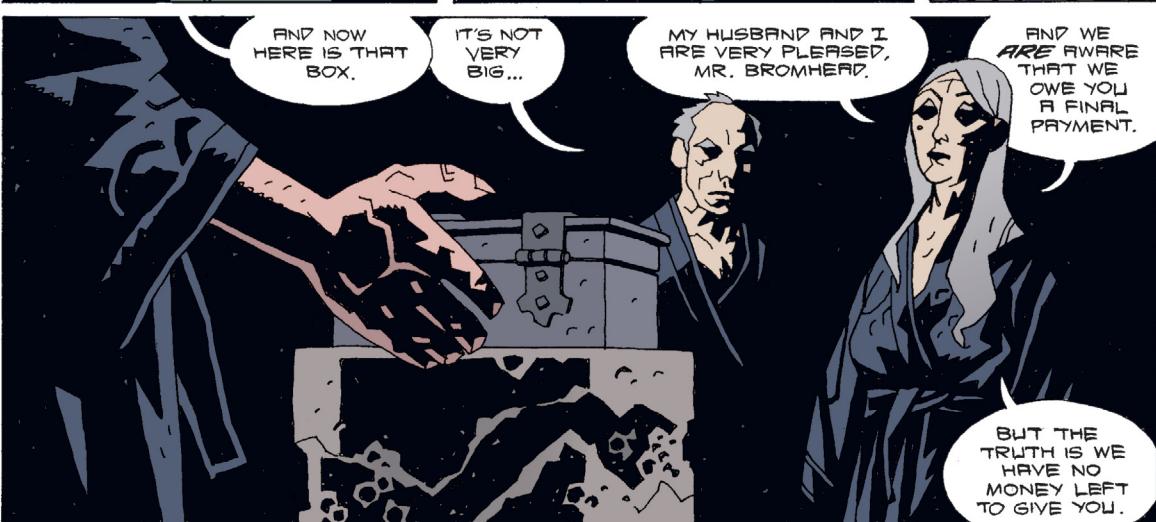
LOCKMABEN,
SCOTLAND.



WELL,
THAT LAST
PART, AT LEAST,
IS A LIE. THE
TRUTH IS
REVEALED IN A
LETTER FROM
POPE GREGORY
VII TO THE
BISHOP OF MILAN
IN THE YEAR
1082...

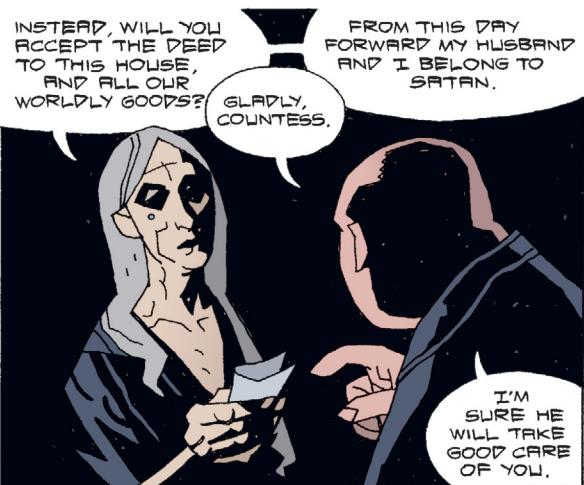


"...HOW DUNSTAN
WOULD NOT LET
THE DEVIL GO, BUT
PUT HIS HEAD ON
AN ANVIL AND
STRUCK IT WITH A
HAMMER AND HOW
HE PUT THE DEVIL
IN A BOX AND
LOCKED IT, AND
PUT HOLY SEALS
UPON IT, AND HID
IT."



AND WE
ARE AWARE
THAT WE
OWE YOU
A FINAL
PAYMENT.

BUT THE
TRUTH IS WE
HAVE NO
MONEY LEFT
TO GIVE YOU.



INSTEAD, WILL YOU
ACCEPT THE DEED
TO THIS HOUSE,
AND ALL OUR
WORLDLY GOODS?

GLADLY,
COUNTESS.

FROM THIS DAY
FORWARD MY HUSBAND
AND I BELONG TO
SATAN.

I'M
SURE HE
WILL TAKE
GOOD CARE
OF YOU.



WHAT
ABOUT
THE
KEY?

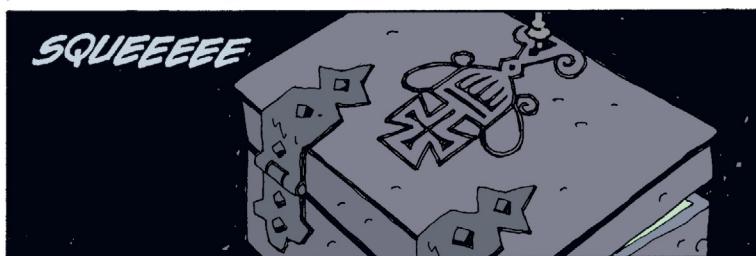


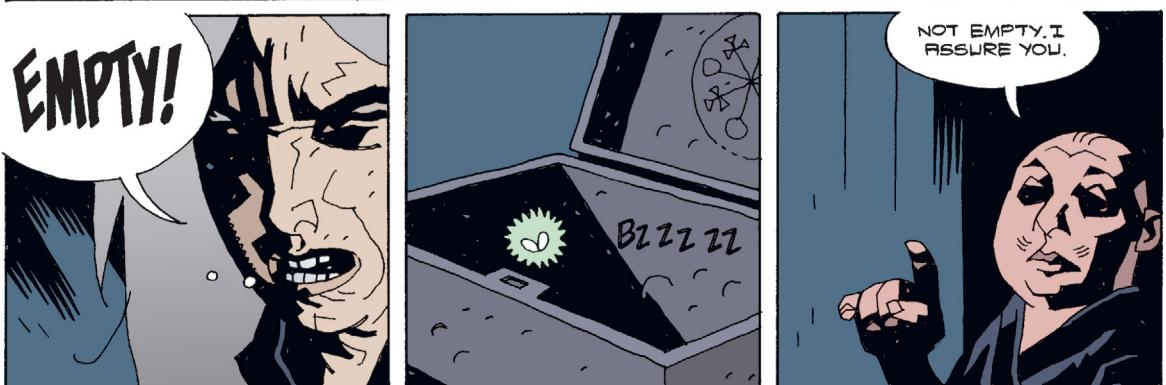
A COMPLETELY
SEPARATE ITEM
FROM THE BOX.
EXPENSIVE TO
LOCATE AND
"ACQUIRE"...



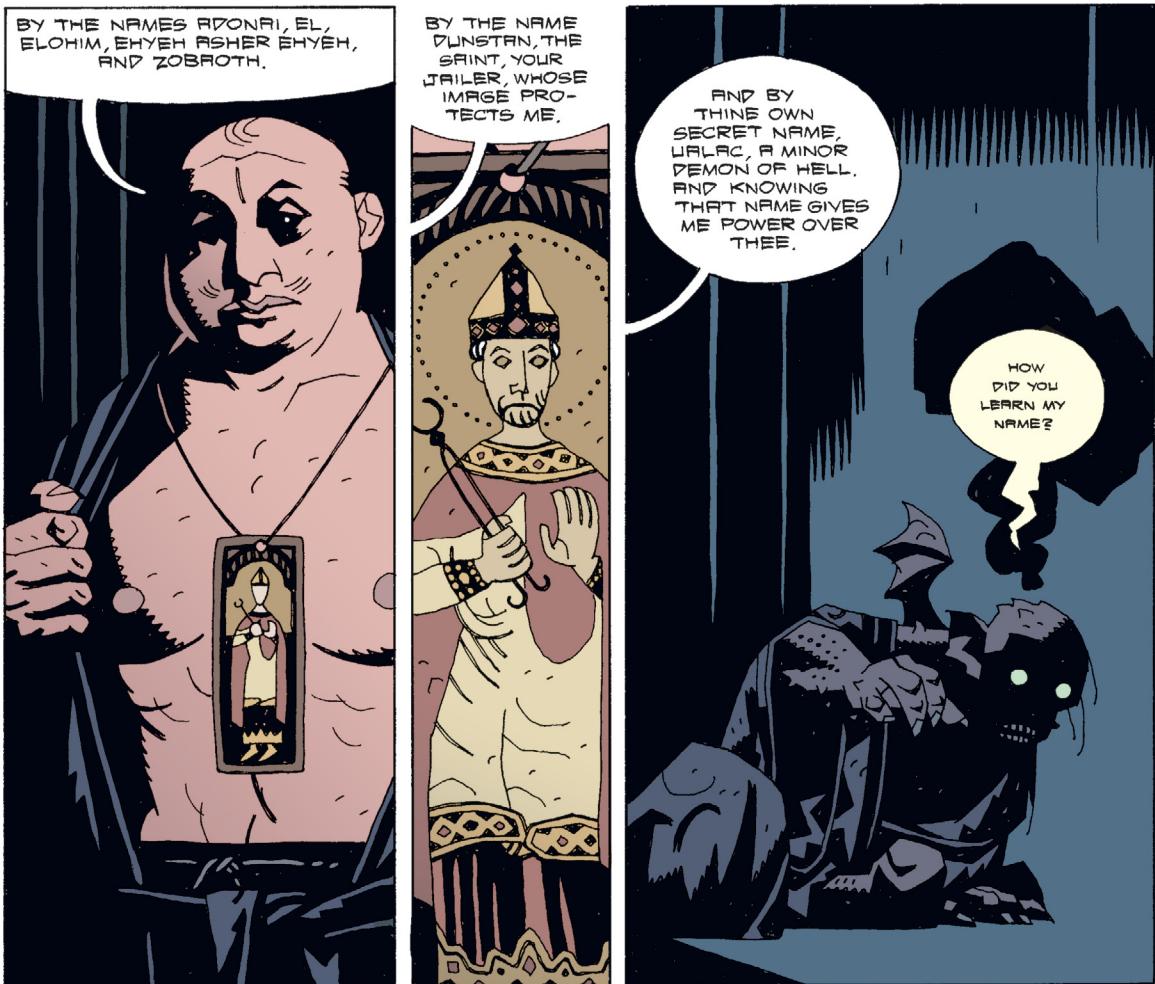
MY GIFT
TO YOU BOTH.

LORD SATAN, YOUR FREEDOM IS AT HAND. I, YOUR POOR SERVANT, ASK ONLY ONE THING FOR MYSELF... A LITTLE MERCY.









DUNSTAN
INSCRIBED YOUR
SIGN ON THE
INSIDE LID OF
YOUR BOX.

I KNOW
THAT ALL
DEMONS ARE LIARS,
SO HE MUST HAVE
BERTEN THE TRUTH
OUT OF YOU, THUS
BY HIS NAME I
COMMAND THEE.



AND BY
THESE, HIS HOLY
TONGS.

AND BY
THIS NAME,
TETRAGRAMMATON
JEHOVAH, DO I
COMMAND THEE, AT
THE WHICH BEING
HEARD THE ELEM-
ENTS ARE OVER-
THROWN, THE AIR
IS SHAKEN, THE
SEA RUNNETH--

ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!

COMMAND
ME, MASTER.

GRANT ME WEALTH
AND POWER. I
KNOW THAT'S NOT
VERY ORIGINAL,
BUT IN THIS
WORLD...

WEALTH
YOU HAVE
ALREADY.

YOU OWN THIS HOUSE.
THERE IS A TREASURE
HIDDEN AGES AGO IN
A CELLAR WALL...



THERE IS WEALTH ENOUGH THERE TO **BUY** EARTHLY POWER IF THAT IS WHAT YOU DESIRE.

BUT I CAN GRANT YOU **GREATER** POWER THAN THAT.

TELL ME.

THE GREAT BEAST, HARBINGER OF APOCALYPSE, IS ALIVE NOW IN THE WORLD.

HE HAS DENIED HIS FATE, BUT HE HAS NEVER GIVEN UP HIS CROWN. IT IS INVISIBLE TO HIM, AND TO ALL MEN, BUT HE WEARS IT...

... AND HIS IS THE POWER TO LOOSE AND CONTROL THE GREATER FURIES OF DESTRUCTIVE NATURE. EVEN THE REGENTS OF HELL MUST BOW BEFORE THAT...



EVEN IN MY PRISON I HAVE HEARD THEM WHISPER HIS SECRET NAME...

HIS SECRET NAME...

CAN YOU
BRING HIM HERE?

MASTER...

ANUNG UN RAMA.



"...HE IS HERE ALREADY."

HOW DO
YOU KNOW
THIS IS THE
PLACE?

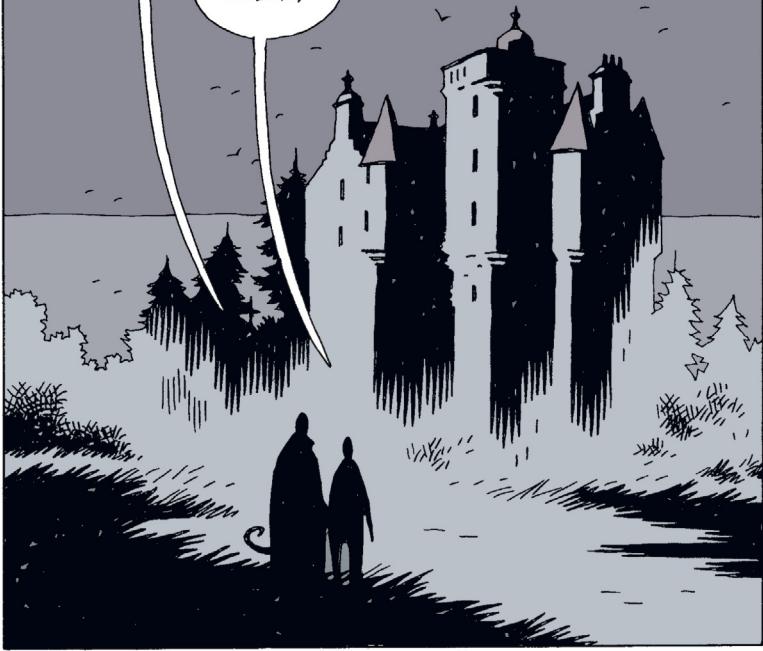
THAT
THING ABOUT
THE HOUSE OF
USHER. I WAS
HERE BACK IN '69
WITH BRUTEN-
HOLM, AND THAT'S
EXACTLY HOW
HE DESCRIBED
THIS PLACE.

SIXTY-
NINE? THAT
WAS THAT
REALLY BAD,
UGLY WITCH-
CRAFT
THING...

YEAH.

COUNT
GUARINO BOUGHT
THE HOUSE JUST
A YEAR OR TWO
AFTER THAT.

BET
HE GOT IT
CHEAP.



THAT'S WHY IT
MAKES SENSE HE'D
BE MIXED UP WITH
IGOR BROMHEAD...

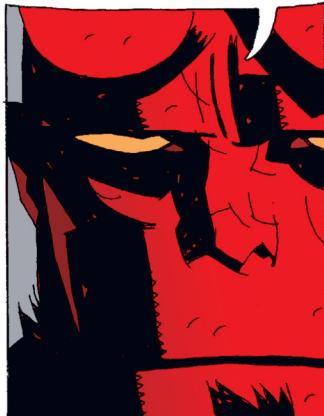
THE LITTLE GUY
WITH THE ROUND
HEAD... I THOUGHT
HE WAS STILL
IN JAIL.

I DOUBT
IT. GUARINO'S
ONE OF THOSE
GUYS WHO'S
ALWAYS GETTING
SCAMMED...

ME TOO,
HE MUST'VE
GOT OUT.

DOES IT BOTHER
YOU THE WAY MR.
HEATH JUST HAP-
PENED TO SEE THIS
HOUSE IN HIS ALL-
OF-A-SUDEN,
FIRST-EVER PSYCHIC
VISION?

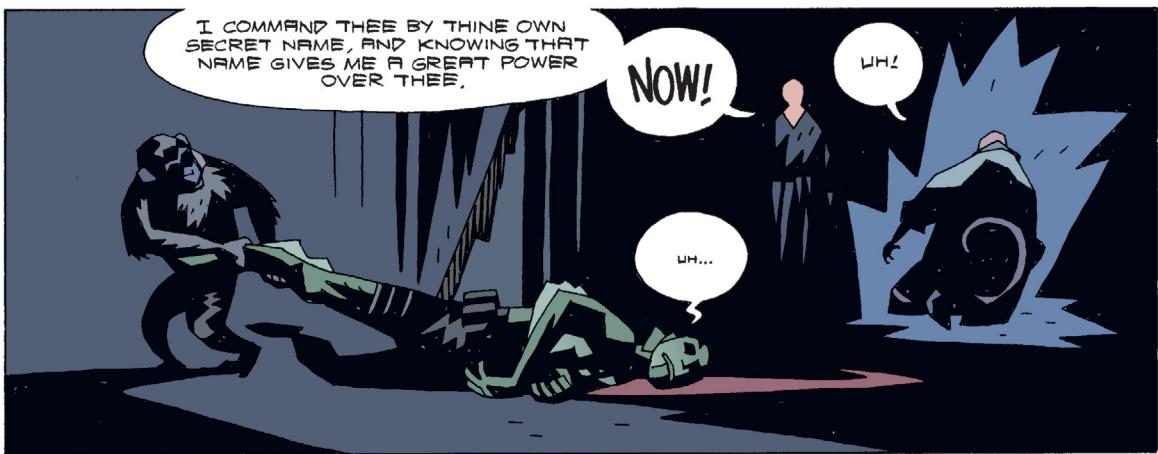
YEAH. I DIDN'T LIKE THAT
VERY MUCH...



A LITTLE
TOO CON-
VENIENT.







THAT WAS SIMPLE.

BROMHEAD...

FINISH IT,
MASTER!

YOU
REMEMBER ME?
AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS? I'M TOUCHED.
ALMOST BRINGS A
TEAR TO THE
EYE--

I STRONGLY COMMAND
THEE, BY BELAM,
BELPHEGOR, AND MOLECH.
BY THE MOST POWERFUL
PRINCES AND MINISTERS
OF THE INFERNAL
ORDERS, BY ASTAR--

UT!
UT!

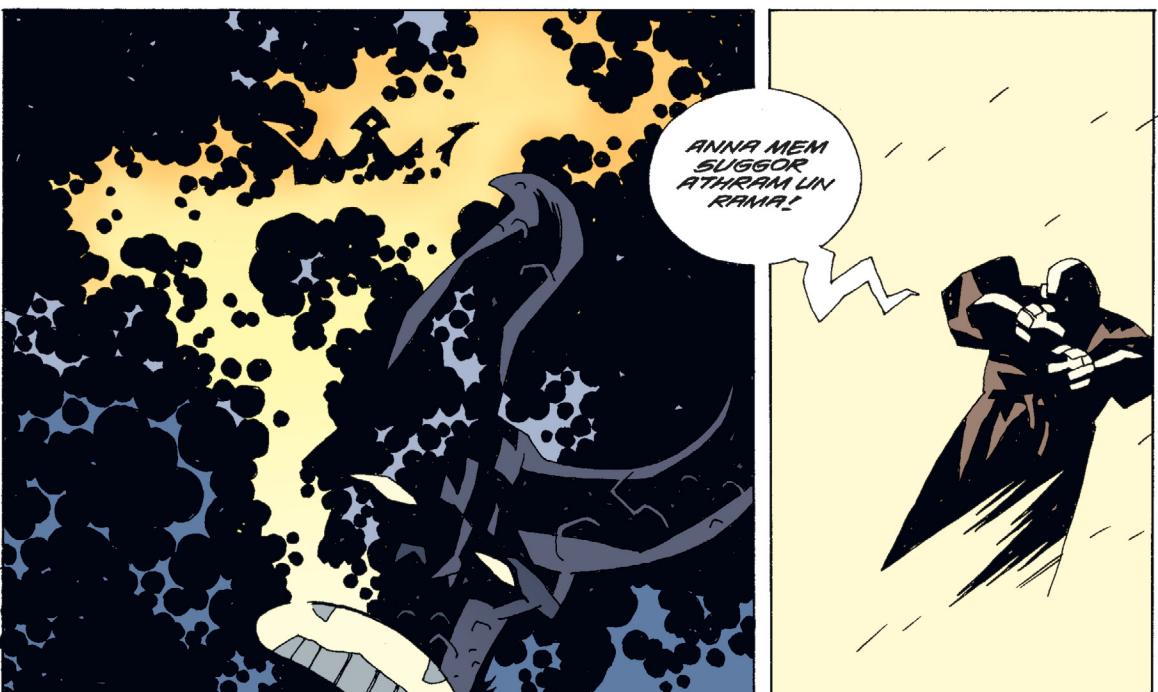
DO NOT
NAME HIM.
HIS FAVORS
COME AT TOO
HIGH A
COST.

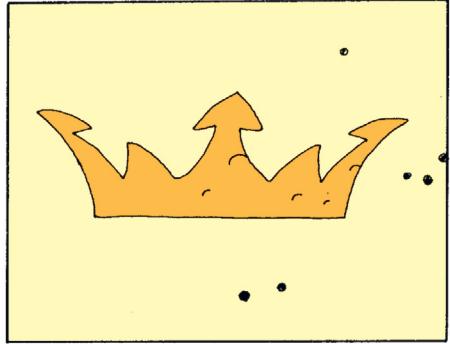
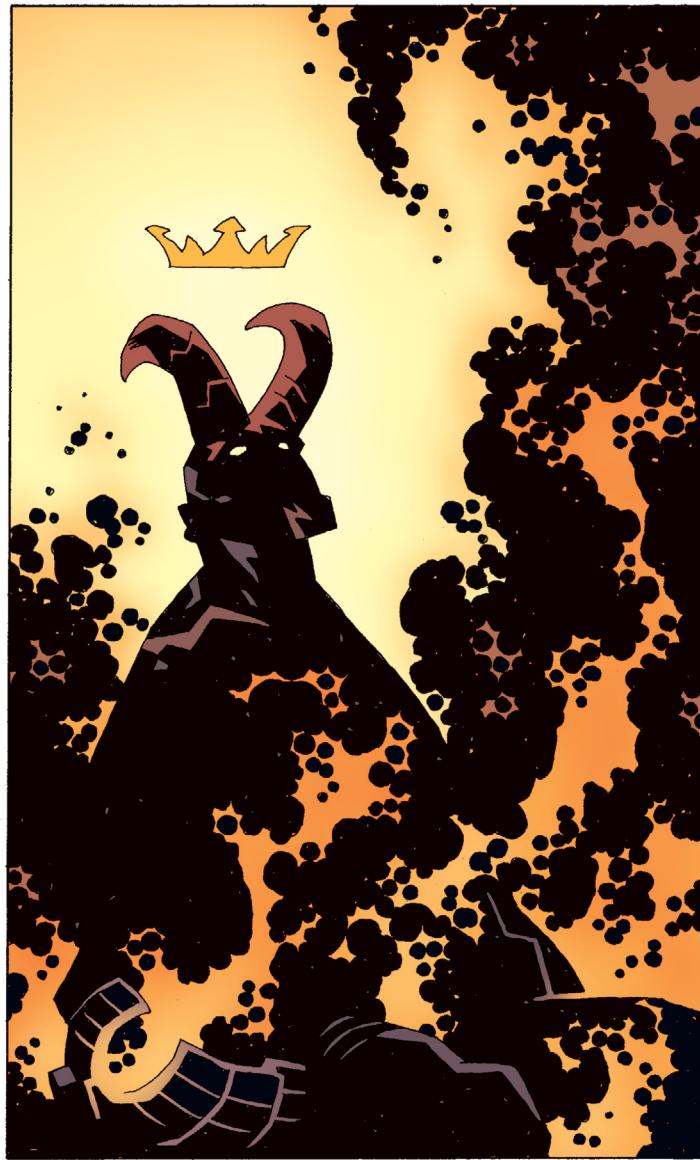
THEN I COMMAND THEE
BY MY OWN NAME, IGOR
WELDON BROMHEAD...

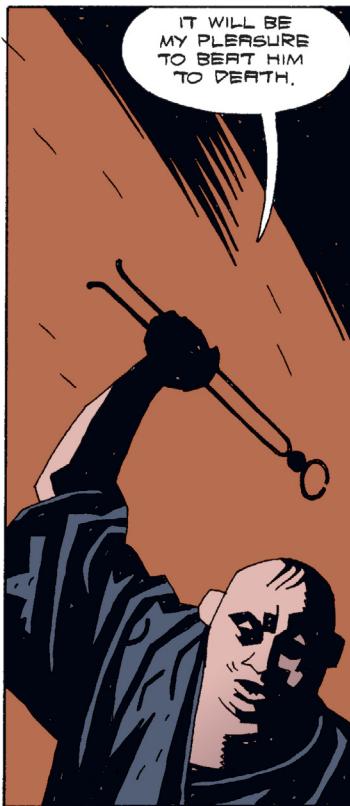
NOW, MASTER.
SPEAK THE
WORDS I HAVE
GIVEN YOU!

UHHH!

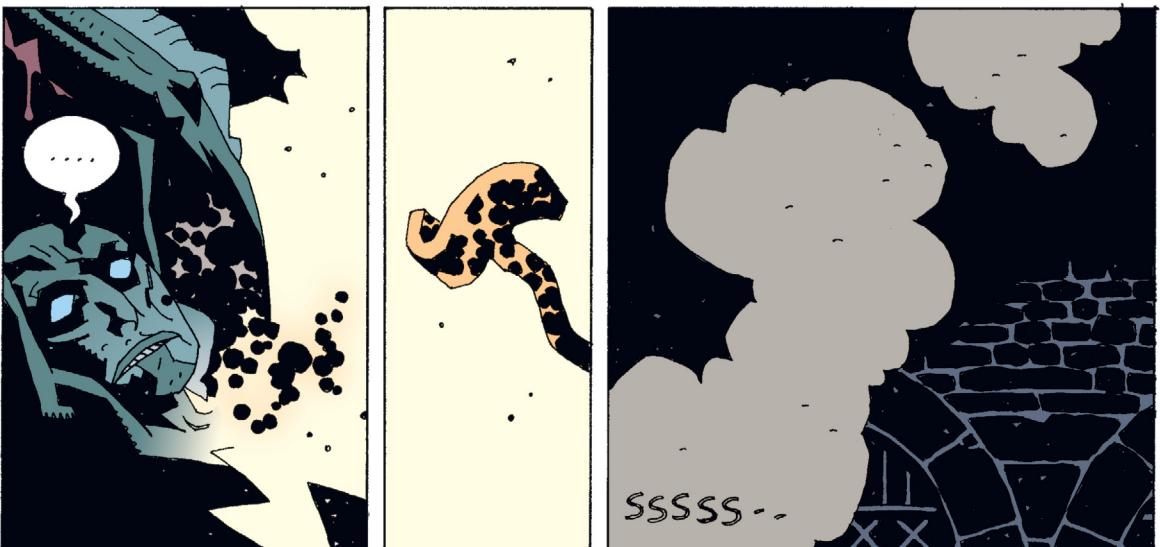
AND BY
WALAC, YOUR
OWN COUSIN,
WHO BETRAYED
YOU TO ME,















"POWER TO LOOSE AND COMMAND
THE DRAGON, OGDRE JAHAD..."



"...TO BREATHE LIFE INTO THE LIFE-
LESS SOLDIERS OF HELL..."



"...AND SET THAT ARMY
TO WAR AGAINST
HEAVEN."



HEAVEN?

IGOR BROMHEAD, OF ALL
MEN, YOU WILL MOST CER-
TAINLY NEVER KNOW...

IS
THERE A
HEAVEN?



...WILL
YOU?



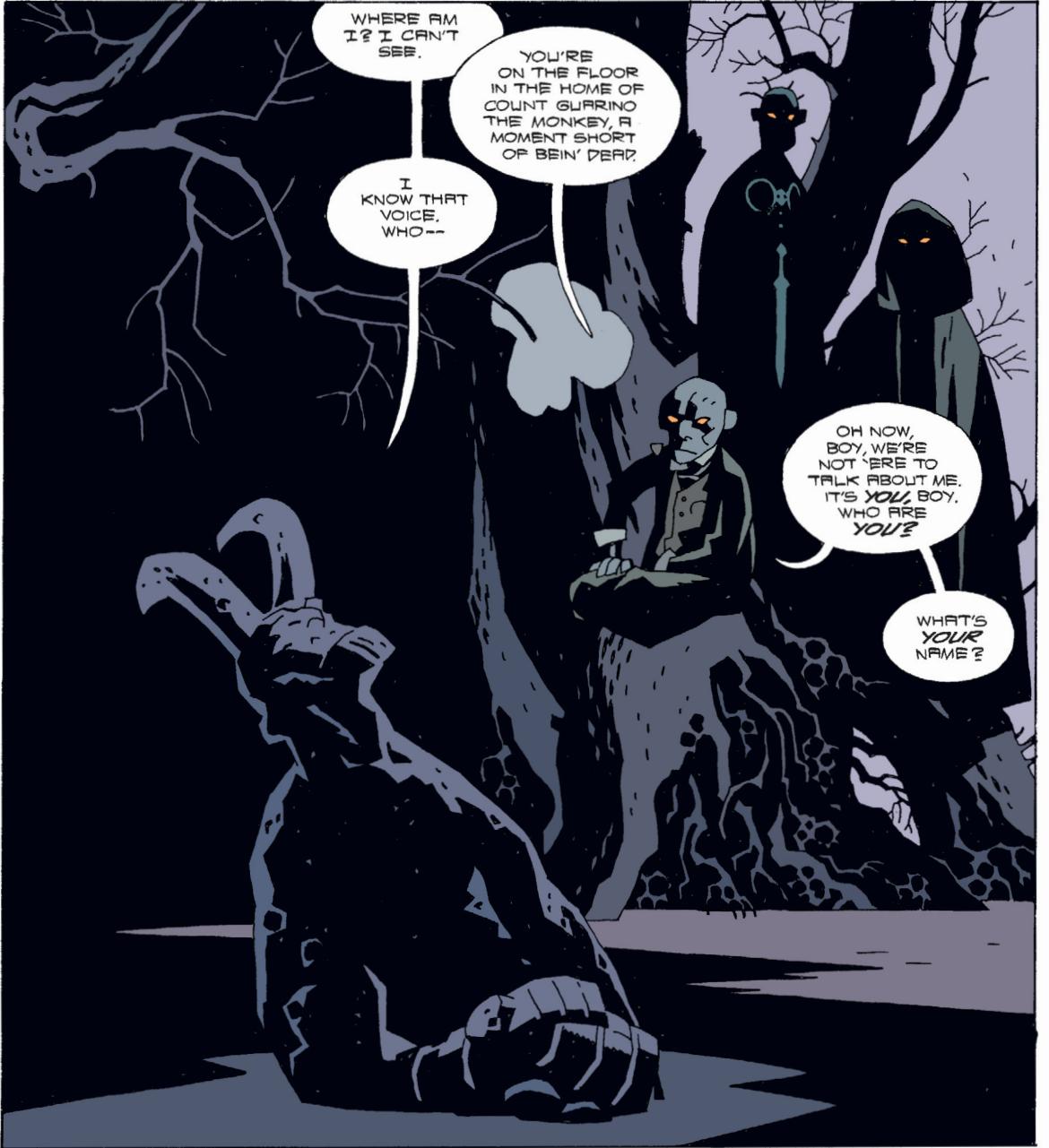
NOW GIVE
ME THE
TONGS.

SAIN
T
DUNSTAN'S
TONGS?
YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF
THEM ANY-
MORE?

NO.







WHERE AM I? I CAN'T SEE.

I KNOW THAT VOICE. WHO--

YOU'RE ON THE FLOOR IN THE HOME OF COUNT GURRINO THE MONKEY, A MOMENT SHORT OF BEIN' DEAD.

OH NOW, BOY, WE'RE NOT 'ERE TO TALK ABOUT ME. IT'S YOU, BOY. WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



THAT'S JUST WORDS, BOY, WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

PHAA!

I DON'T KNOW.

ANUNG UN RAMA, WORLD DESTROYER, THE GREAT BEAST...



WELL THEN, BOY,
IT'S NOT YOUR NAME,
IS IT?



IS IT?



BACK ON EARTH...

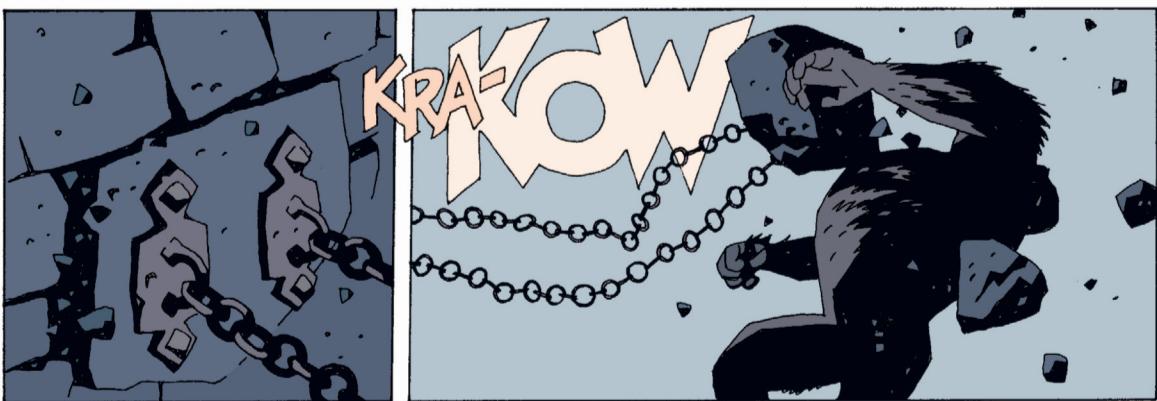
WHAT
DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GONNA DO
WITH THAT
SWORD?

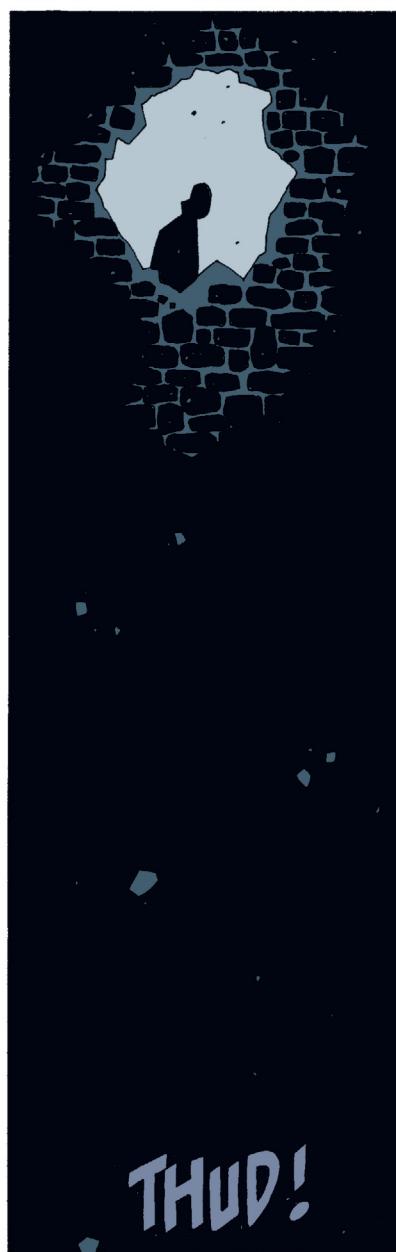










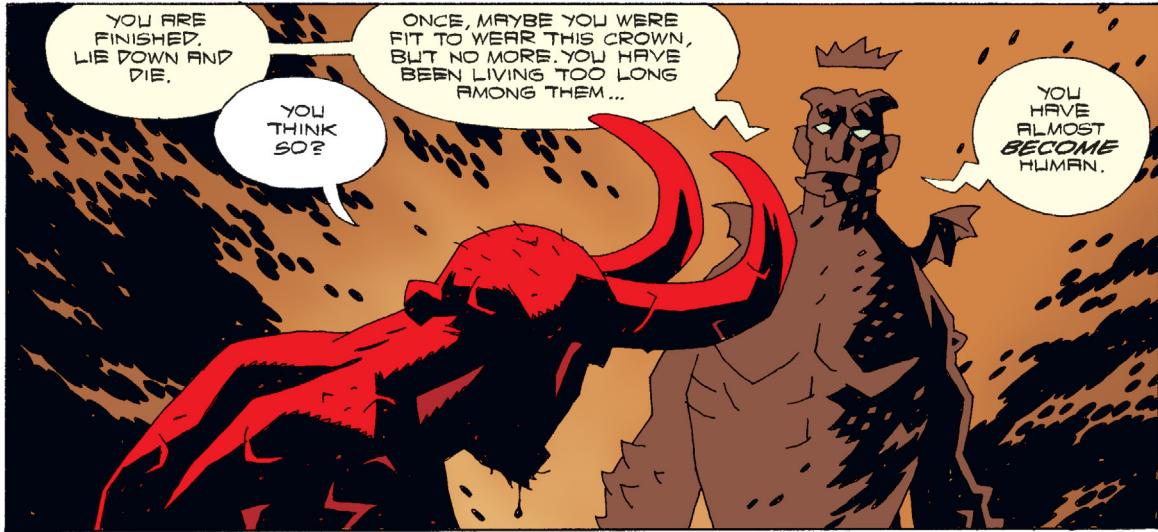




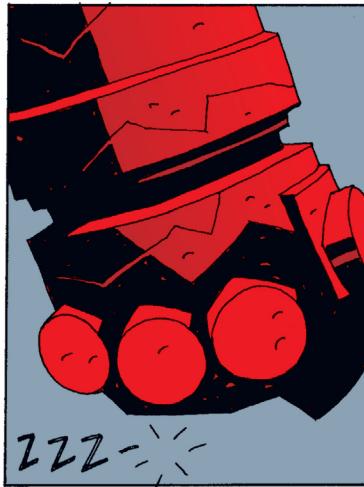
















One should know and *accept* his place in the scheme of things...

...don't you think?

Shut up.

You've got your guy, now get lost.

There is still the matter of...

I've had it with all this beast-of-the-apocalypse CRAP!

...this.

It's not what I am and it's not what I'm ever gonna be, and that's the end of it!

So why don't you take that thing and shove it up your--

I'll keep it for you...

In Pandemonium, in the House of the Fly, there is a seat reserved for you. The crown will wait for you there, when you want it...



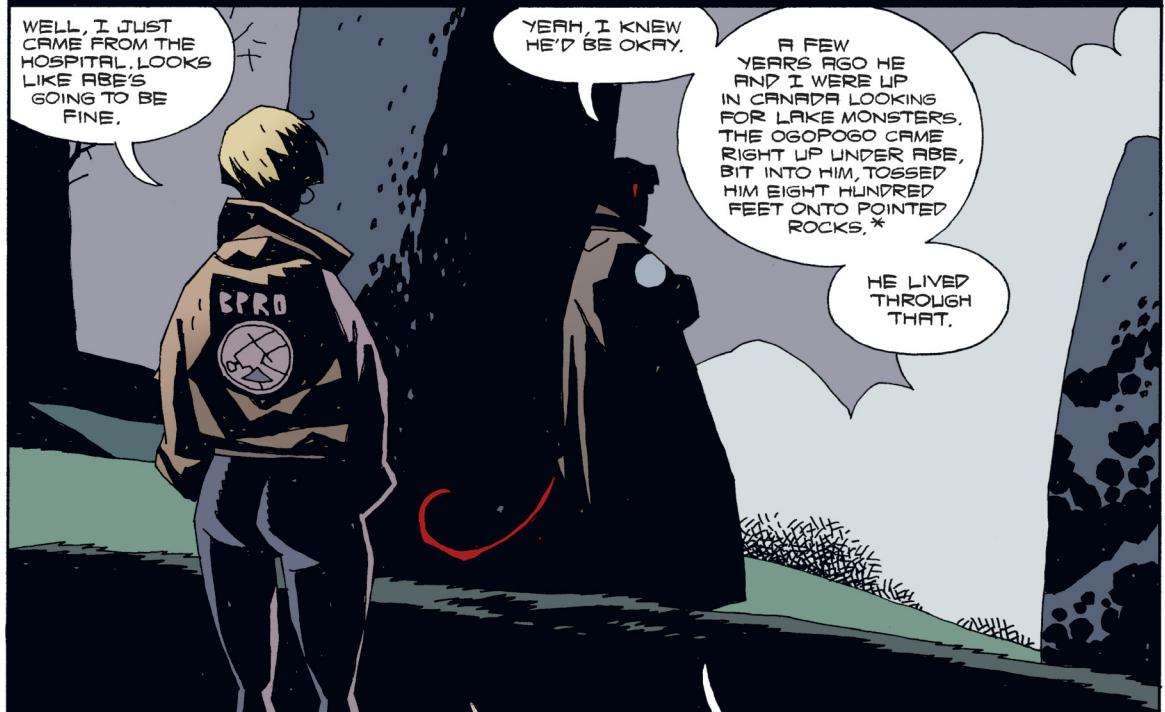
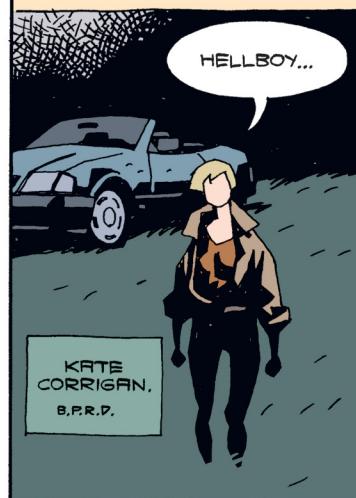


WOW. YOU'RE REALLY A MESS.

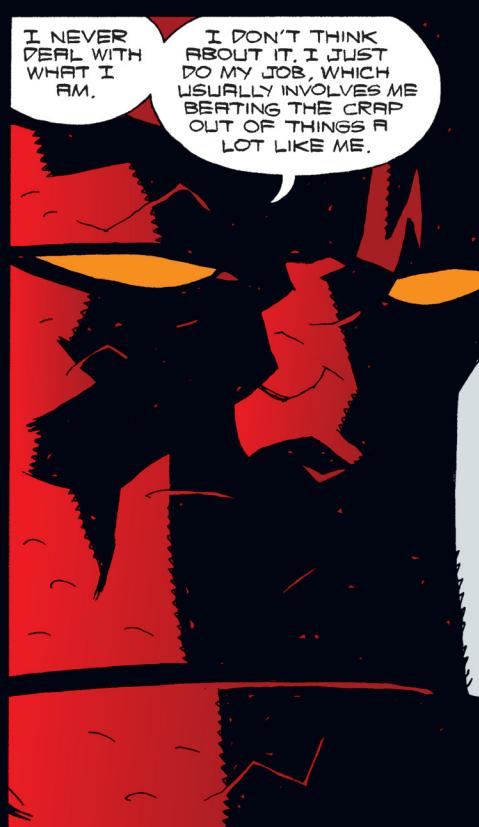
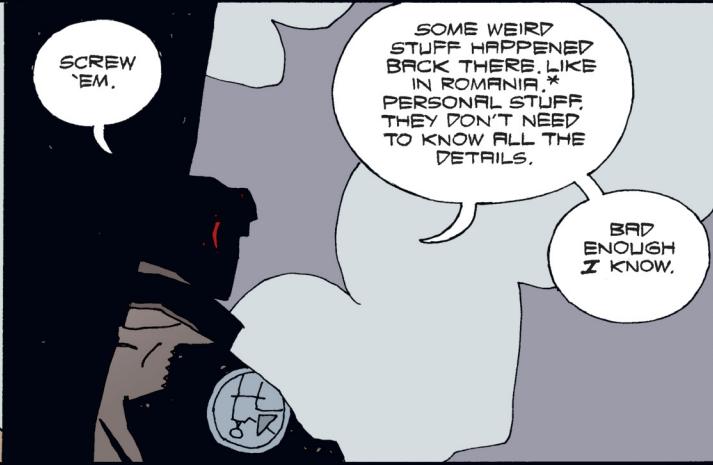


BOX FULL OF EVIL

Epilogue



I FIGURE IF OGOPOGO CAN'T KILL HIM, HE'S SURE AS HELL NOT GONNA GET KILLED BY A MONKEY.



I LIVE WITH MY HEAD BURIED IN A
HOLE AND THAT'S FINE, BUT THEN
SOMETHING LIKE THIS BROMHEAD
THING COMES ALONG... IT'S LIKE I
GET YANKED UP OUT OF THAT HOLE...
AND I GET A LOOK AT MY PART
IN THE BIG PICTURE.

BUT
WHAT IF I
DON'T?

WHAT
IF I KEEP
LOOKING AT
THAT BIG
PICTURE?

WHAT
KIND OF
PICTURE?

BAD.

ALL I CAN
DO IS GET MY
HEAD BACK INTO
THAT HOLE...

I'M SURE IT WOULD
BE SCARY AT FIRST,
BUT IN THE LONG RUN
...I THINK IT WOULD
BE THE BEST THING
FOR YOU.

REALLY?

I
THOUGHT
YOU'D TELL
ME NOT TO
DO ANYTHING
CRAZY.

SURPRISE.

POOR,
POOR
CREATURE.

IT'S
TRAGIC.

HUSH,
GOBLIN.

SO DO YOU WANT
TO TALK ABOUT
THIS?

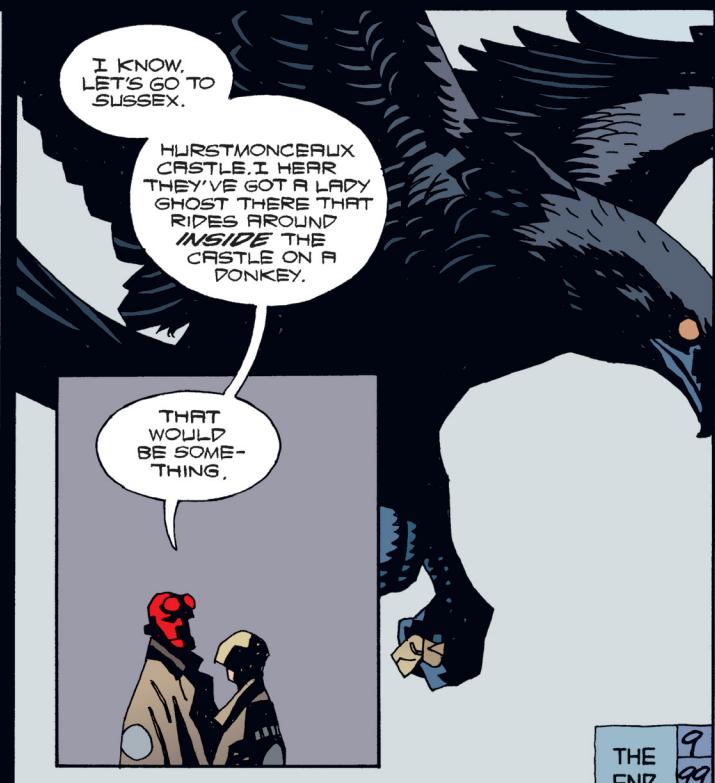
NO.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
GOT
THERE?

JUST MORE
TROUBLE.

"IT'S YOUR
BURDEN,
MY SON..."







MIGNOLA
99

Cover to the
French edition of
Box Full of Evil

HELLBOY™

SKETCHBOOK



All of the drawings on the following pages were
done between 1993 and 1999.





Prince Bephalamor



①



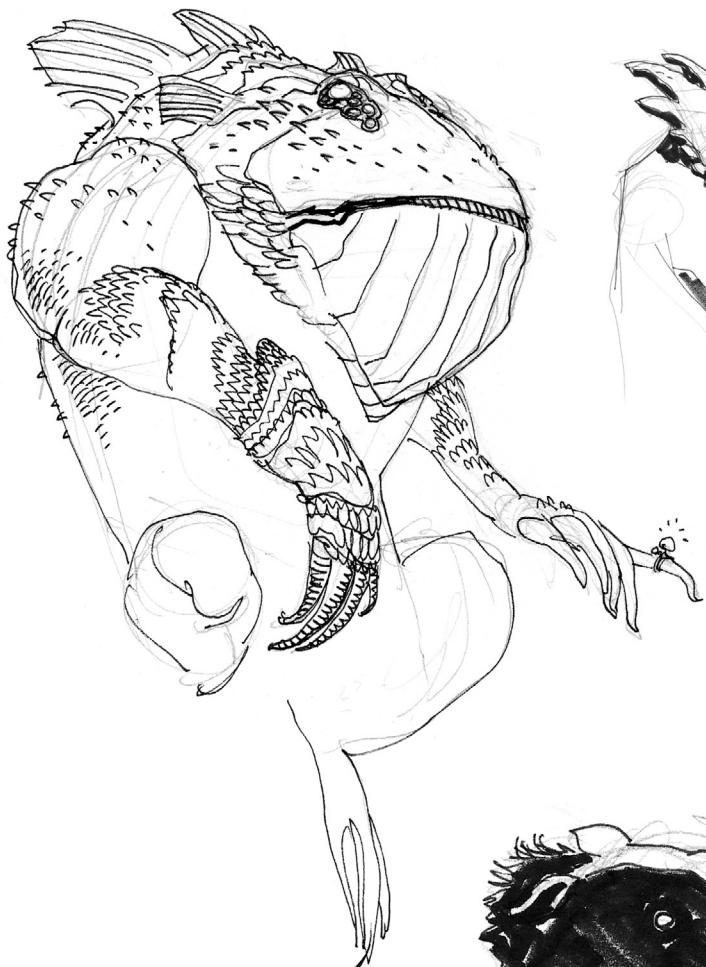
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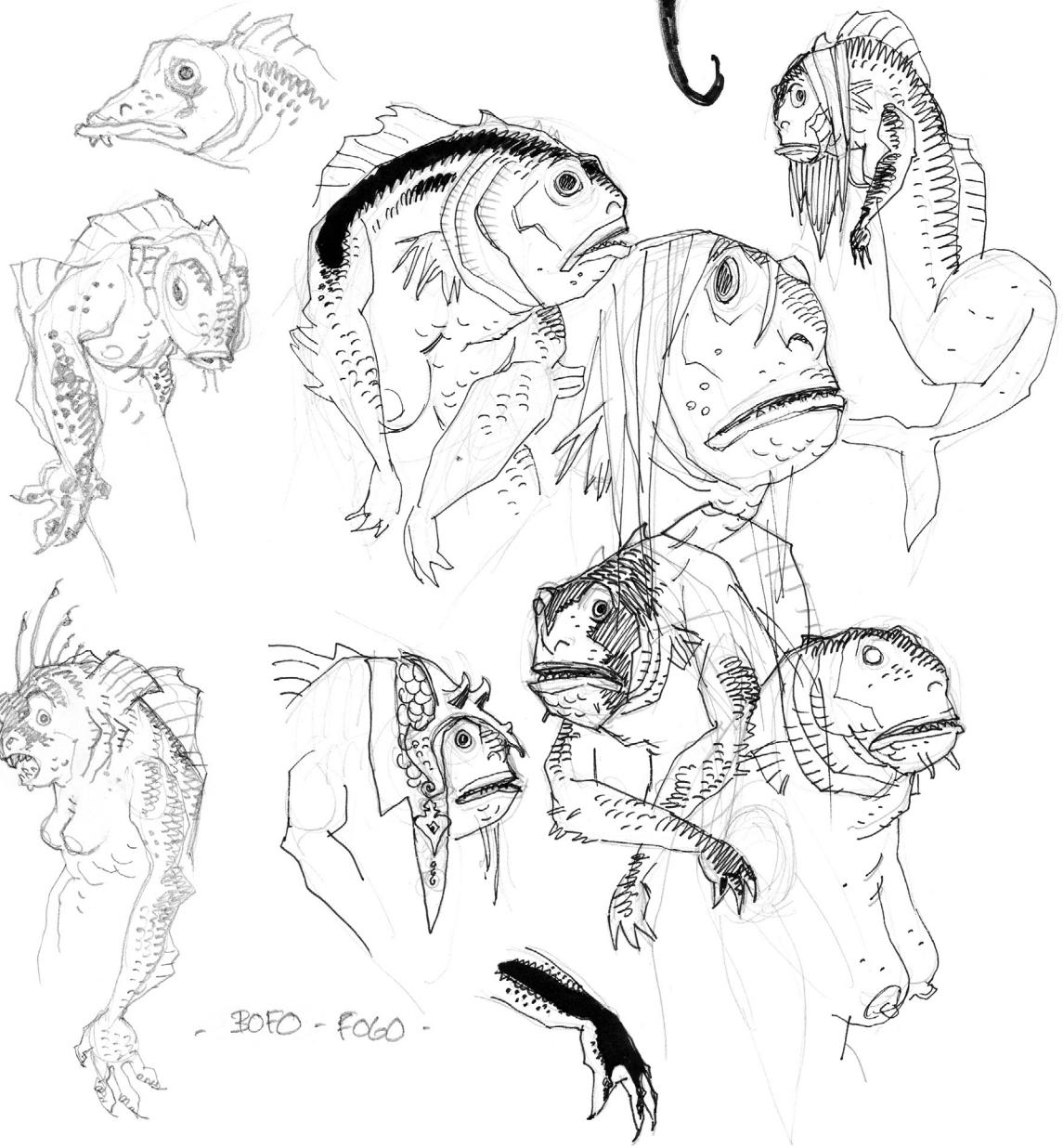


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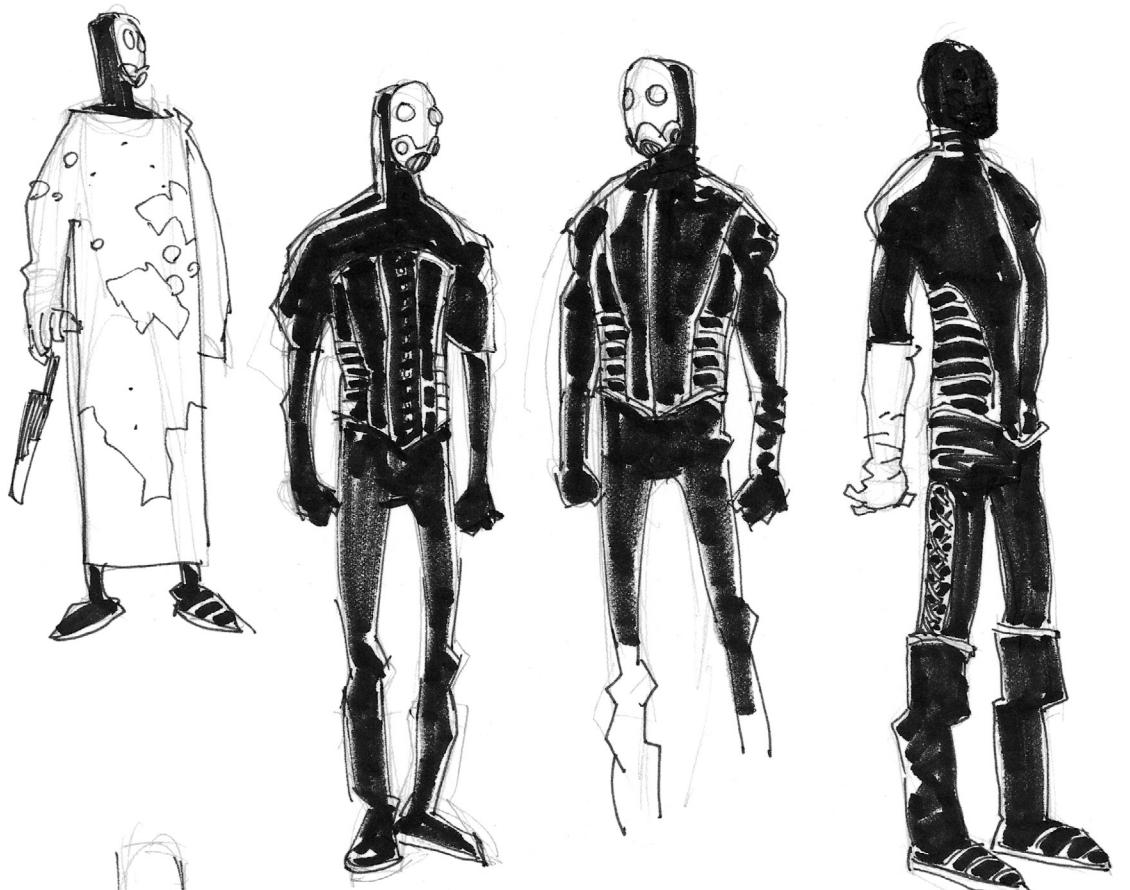


5













2/1/99



Gamori -



OSE







SHAX



Zagan -

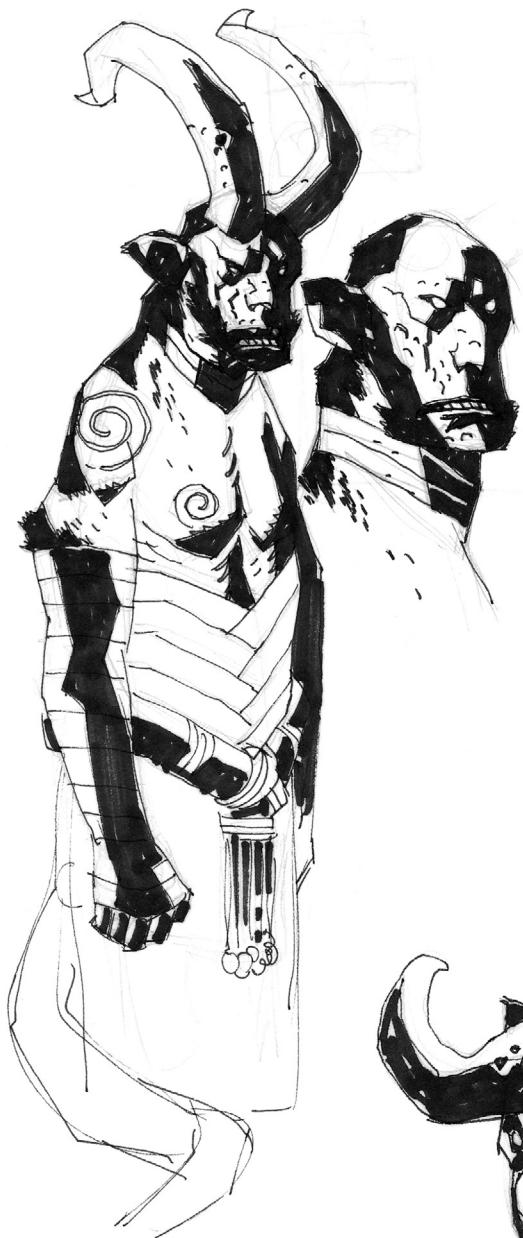


BELIAL -



BE HEMOTH -





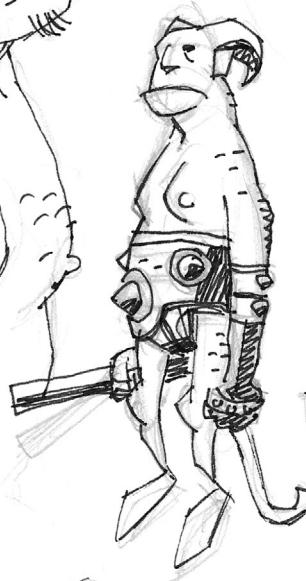
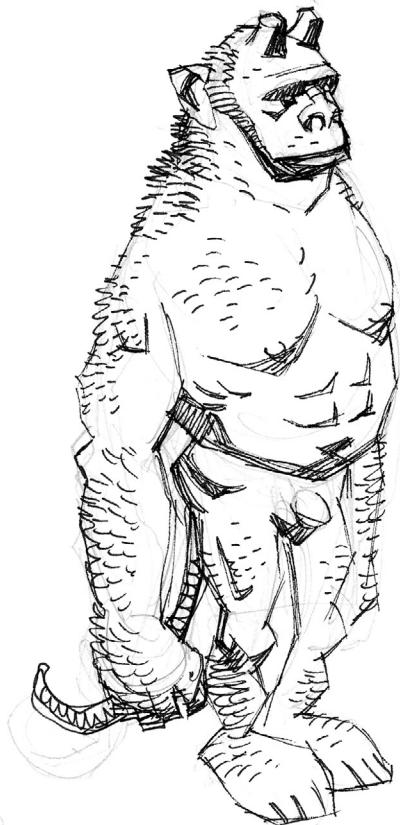
Belphegor -

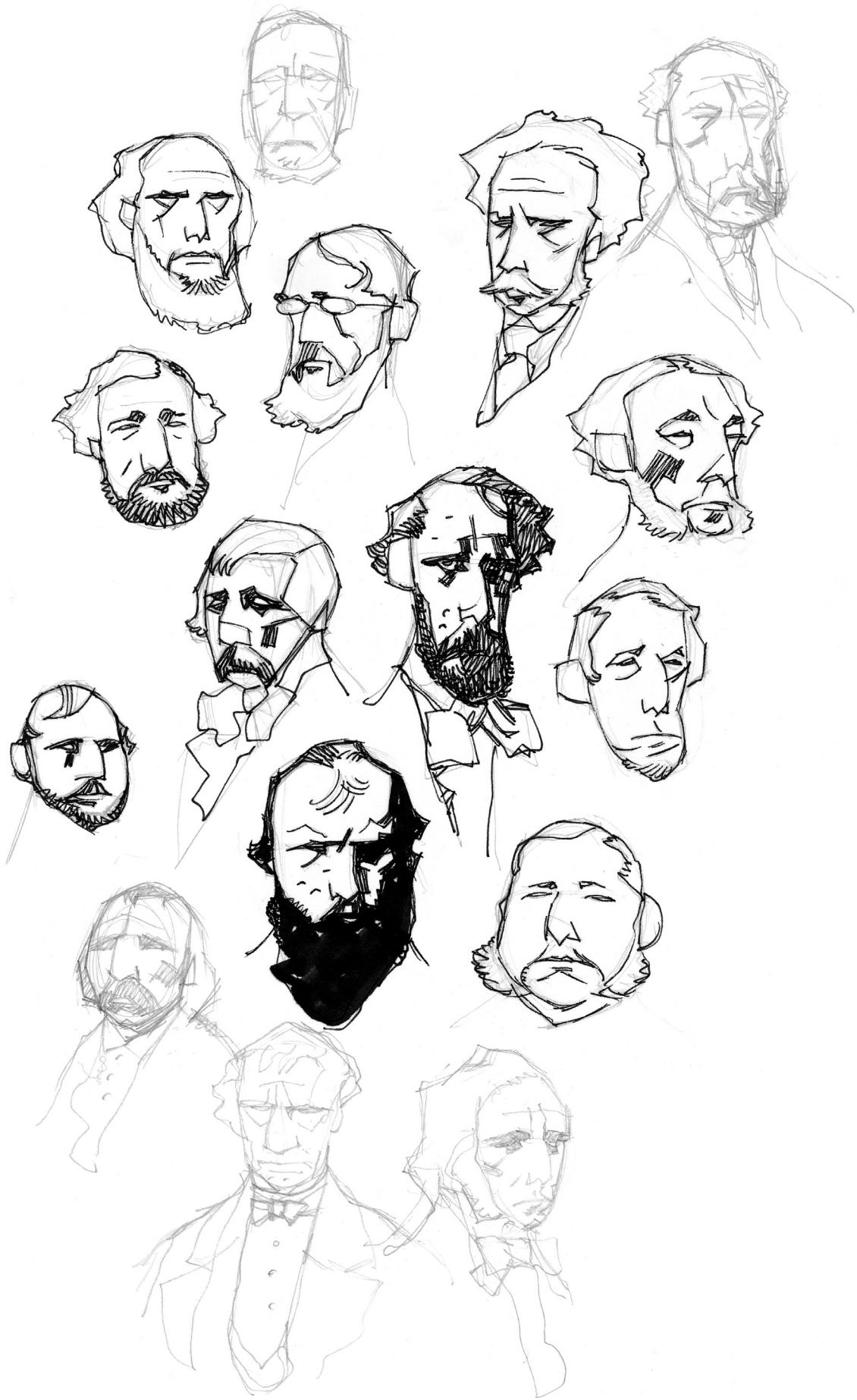


BELZEBUB















Mike Mignola is a master of the kind of dynamic impressionistic art that is influencing the rhythm of modern graphic storytelling.

Will Eisner

The best horror comic in a generation. This Mignola guy is a wizard.

Frank Miller

This is the only comic book on the market today that gives me the “art fix” I crave. It’s Jack Kirby meets the German Expressionists, featuring the pistol-packin’, Nazi-stomping Big Red Ragna-Rok, himself.

Dave Stevens

Mike Mignola’s elegance and economy of style are unparalleled among comics artists. He has long been a professional idol of mine.

Rick Geary

A few years before Mike was published I met him, and I knew he would become one of the top guys. And I was right.

Sergio Aragonés

Not only is Mike Mignola a brilliant writer, artist, and creator, but he can take a punch, and I’ve never once seen him break out in song and embarrass himself with a vast knowledge of showtunes!

Geof Darrow

