

HELLBOY™



THE RIGHT HAND *of* DOOM

MIKE MIGNOLA

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MIGNOLA
3 98 3

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THE RIGHT HAND *of* DOOM

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DARK HORSE BOOKS®

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Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main St.
Milwaukie, OR 97222
www.darkhorse.com

First Edition: April 2000
Second Edition: November 2003
ISBN: 978-1-59307-093-9

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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.

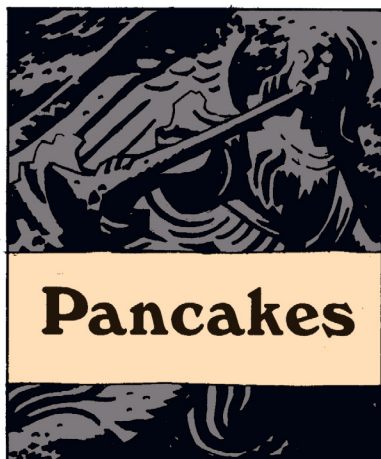
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PRINTED IN CHINA

PART ONE

THE EARLY YEARS



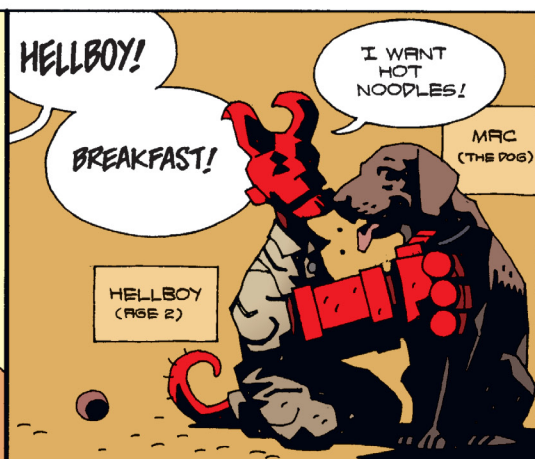


Pancakes



1947.

AN AIRFORCE
BASE SOME-
WHERE IN NEW
MEXICO.



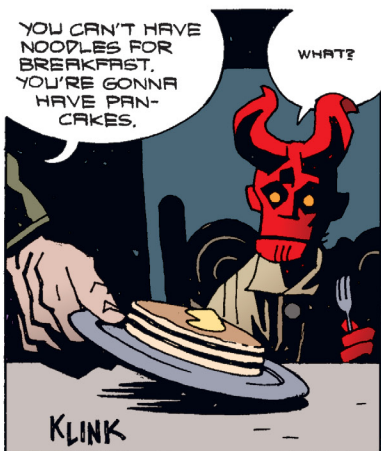
HELLBOY!

BREAKFAST!

I WANT
HOT
NOODLES!

MAC
(THE DOG)

HELLBOY
(AGE 2)



YOU CAN'T HAVE
NOODLES FOR
BREAKFAST.
YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE PAN-
CAKES.

WHAT?

KLINK



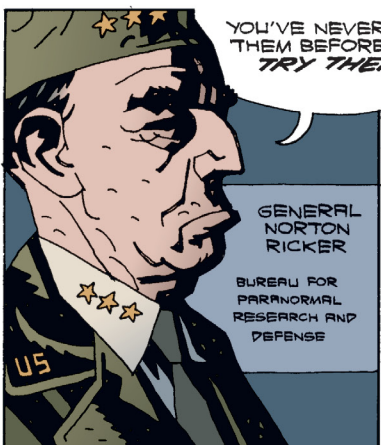
PANCAKES.



OOOH
NO...

NO WAY!

I DON'T
LIKE PAN-
CAKES--!



YOU'VE NEVER HAD
THEM BEFORE. JUST
TRY THEM.

GENERAL
NORTON
RICKER

BUREAU FOR
PARANORMAL
RESEARCH AND
DEFENSE



THEY'RE
YUCKY...



ONE
BITE.



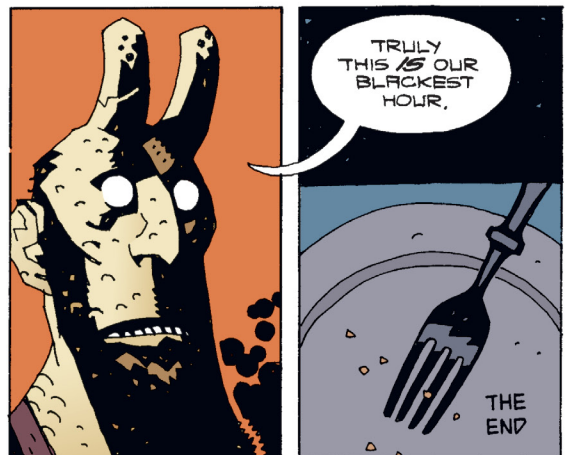
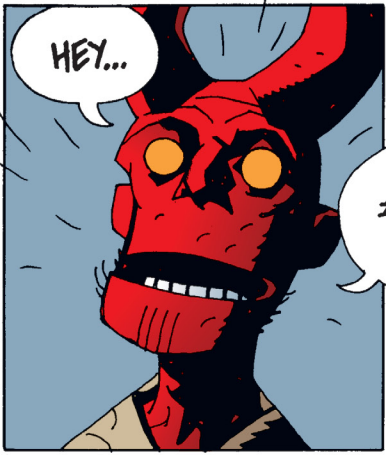
OPEN.



AAAAAAHHH...



ULP!



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

ENGLAND, 1954.



THE
OSIRIS
CLUB.

COME IN
PEACE,
BROTHER.

TREVOR BRITTENHOLM
HAS TOLD US A GREAT
DEAL ABOUT YOU.

GOOD
THINGS.

WELL, YOU'VE GOT
ME BEAT, BECAUSE
HE DIDN'T TELL
ME MUCH ABOUT
YOU GUYS.

DID HE
TELL YOU
TO TRUST
US?

TO DO
WHAT WE
ASK YOU
TO DO?

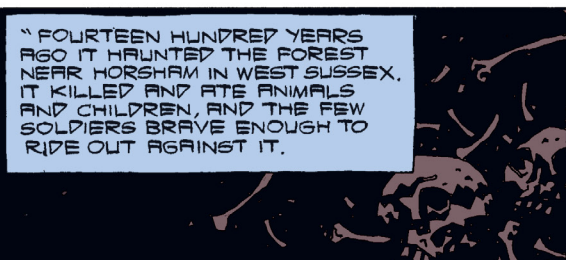
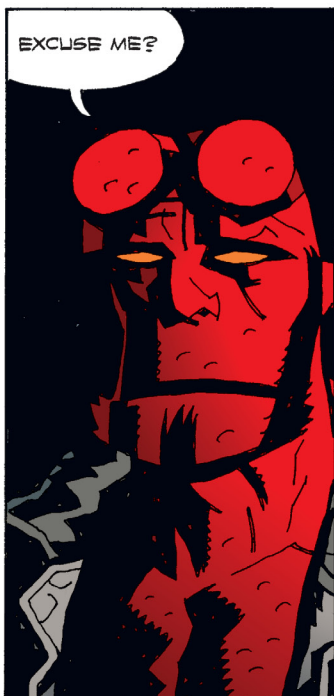
YEAH...

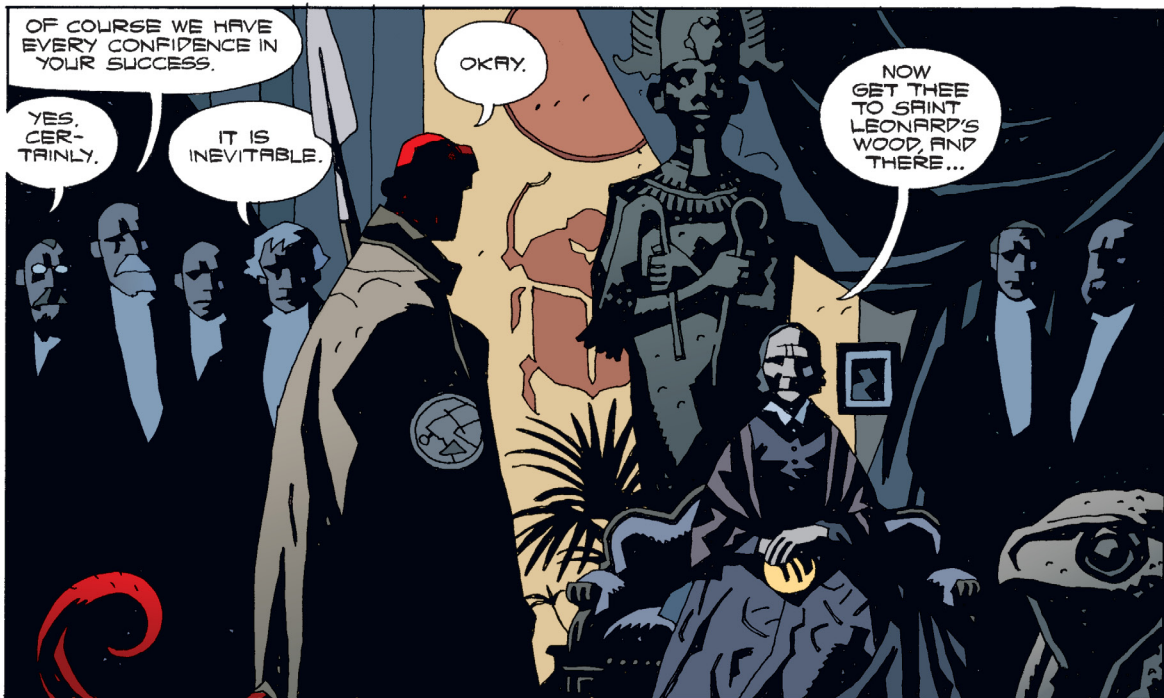
THAT IS ALL YOU
NEED TO KNOW
ABOUT US.

WE HAVE A TASK FOR YOU,
SIR, TO SLAY...

RIGHT.

A
DRAGON.





OF COURSE WE HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOUR SUCCESS.

YES, CERTAINLY.

IT IS INEVITABLE.

OKAY.

NOW GET THEE TO SAINT LEONARD'S WOOD, AND THERE...



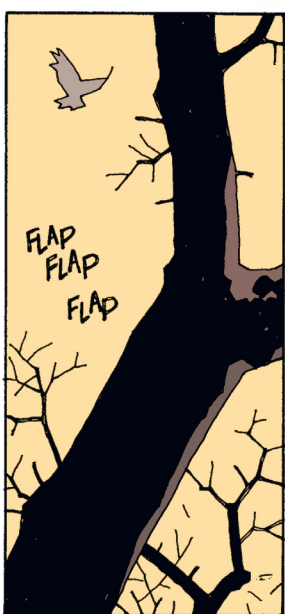
"...DO THE THING."

I'VE SEEN A HAUNTED CHAIR AND A TALKING MONGOOSE, BUT I'D HAVE BET GOOD MONEY THERE WERE NO DRAGONS.

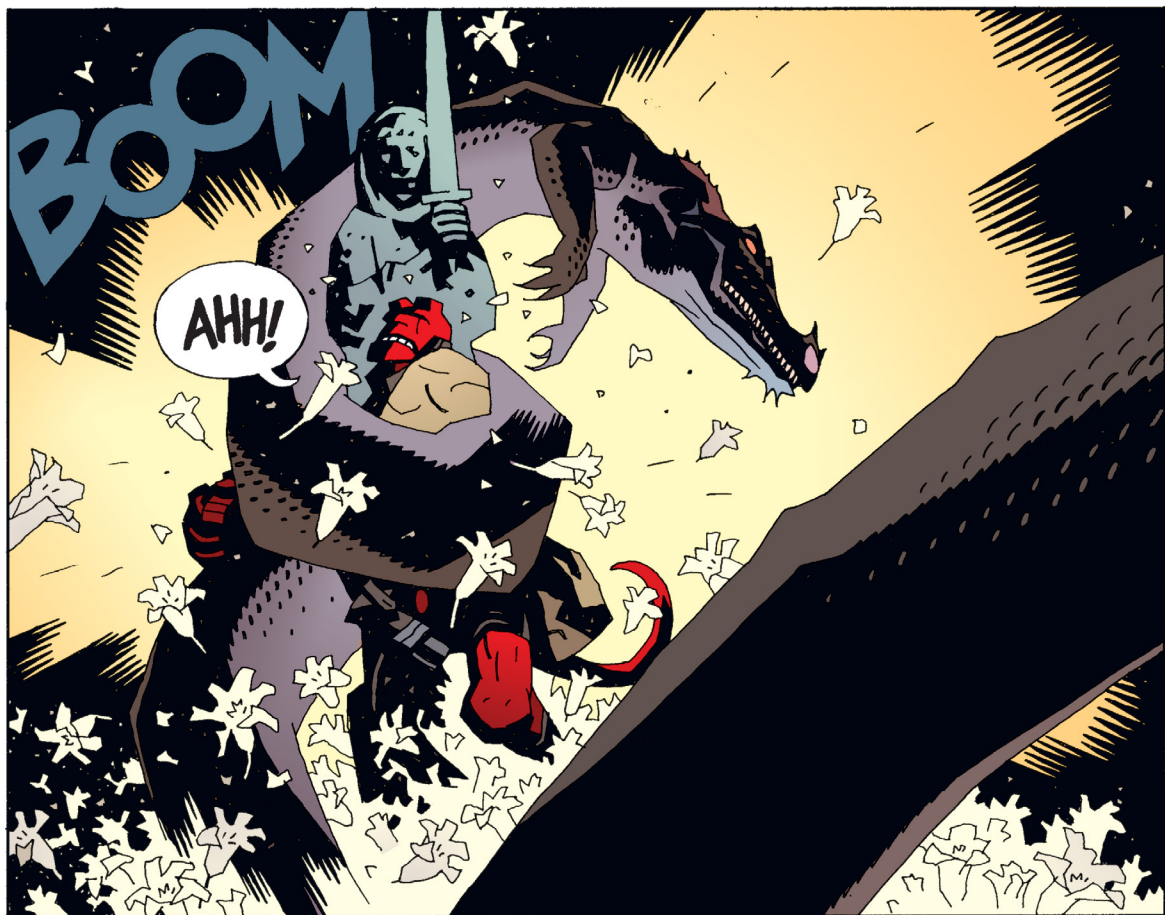
I WONDER IF THOSE GUYS WERE PULLING MY LEG?

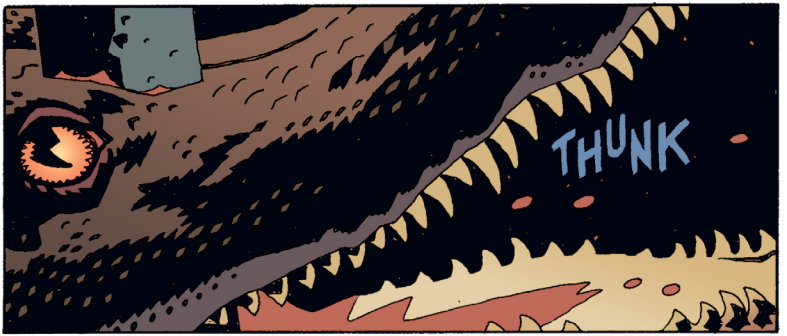


MAYBE NOT.













King Vold

YOU'RE GOING TO LOAN 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...

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



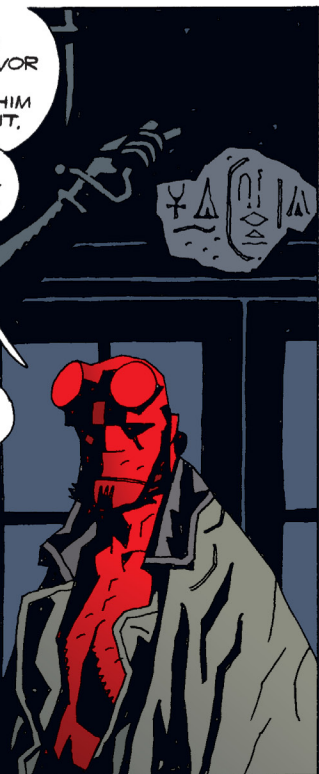
SO I WOULD CONSIDER IT A PERSONAL FAVOR TO ME IF YOU WOULD HELP HIM OUT FOR A BIT.

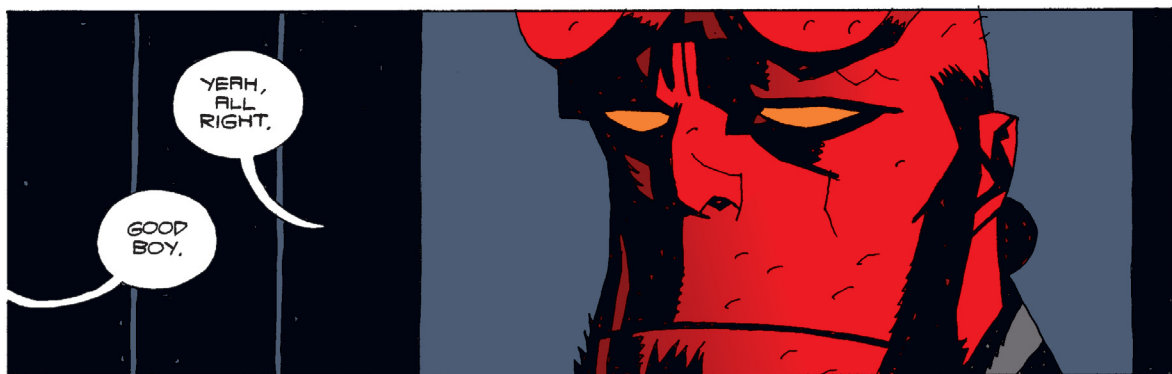
YES, SIR.

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

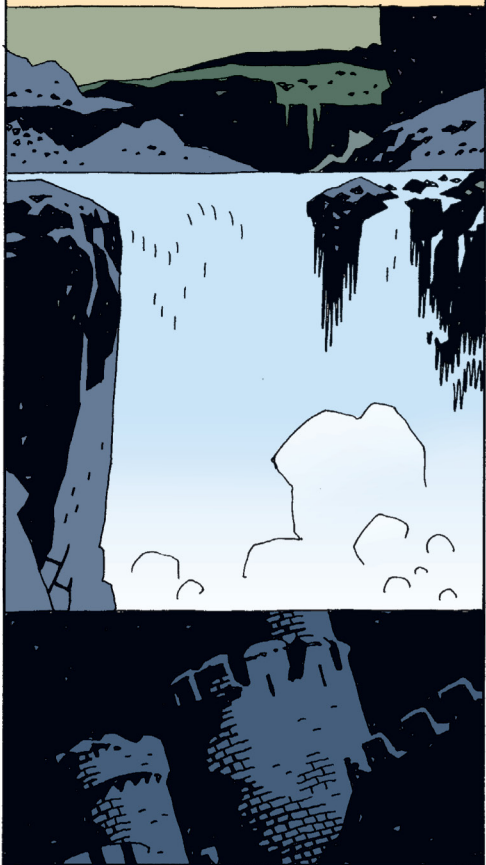
YEAH...

HELLBOY
OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY
TREVOR
BRUTTONHOLM 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 FOOLED INTO GIVING LAST RITES TO A PIG.

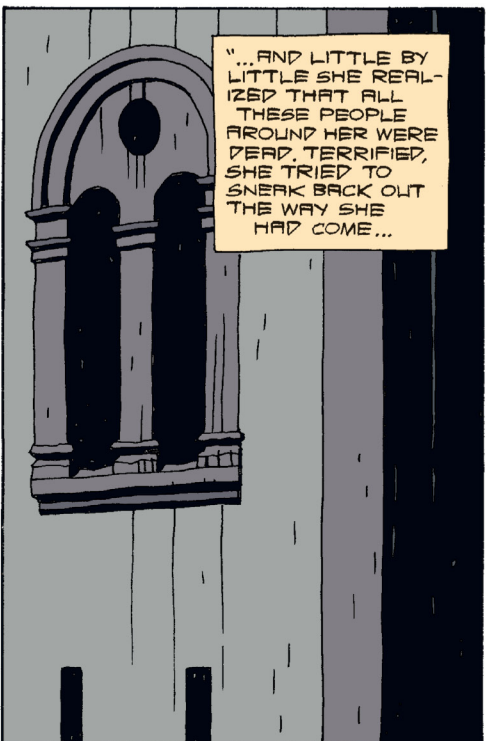


"AND DID YOU EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO WOKE UP AT MID-NIGHT, THOUGHT IT WAS MORNING, AND WENT TO CHURCH? IT HAPPENED RIGHT THERE.

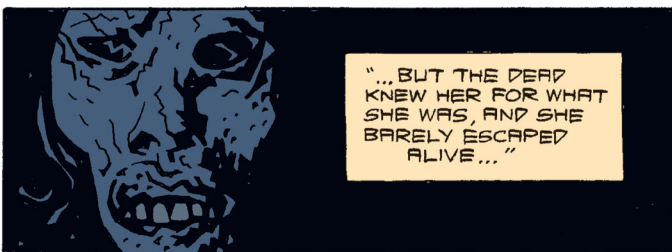


"SHE WENT INTO THAT CHURCH AND WAS SURPRISED TO FIND IT CROWDED WITH PEOPLE SHE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE. A STRANGE MINISTER WENT UP INTO THE PULPIT AND BEGAN TO PREACH ...

"...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...



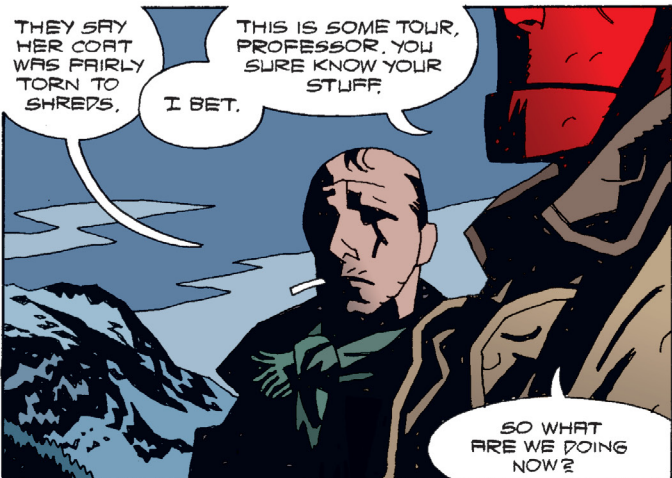
"...BUT THE DEAD KNEW HER FOR WHAT SHE WAS, AND SHE BARELY ESCAPED ALIVE..."



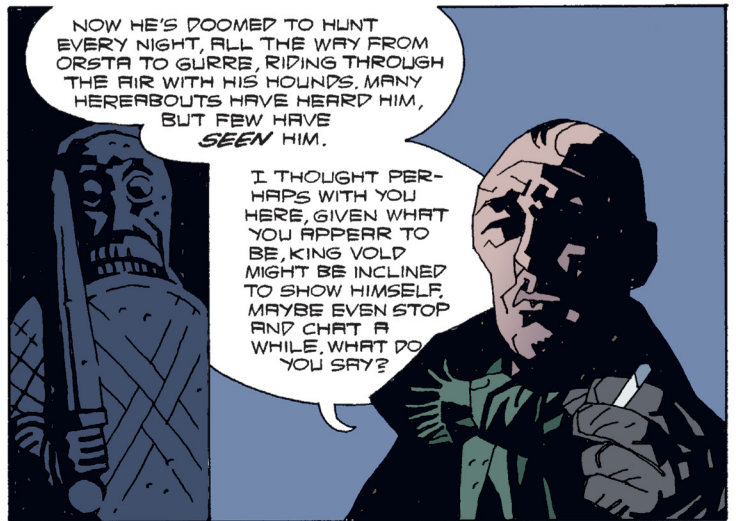
THEY SAY HER COAT WAS FAIRLY TORN TO SHREDS.

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

I BET.



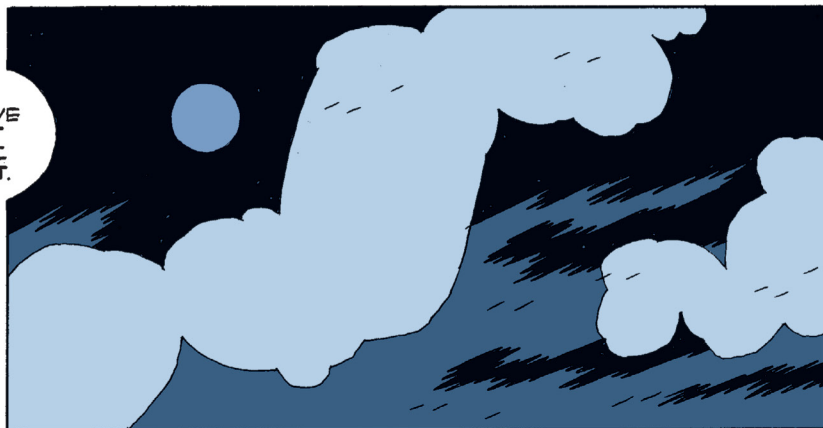
SO WHAT ARE WE DOING NOW?





VOLD IS A PHANTOM. I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM CAUSING ANY HARM.

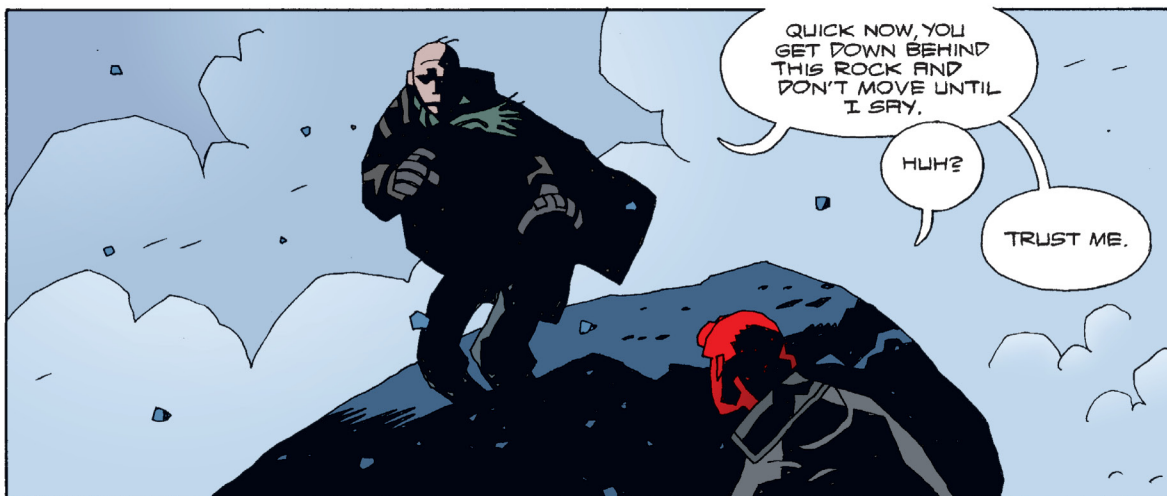
I'LL BELIEVE *THAT* WHEN I SEE IT.



WHAT IS IT?

THE HOUNDS!

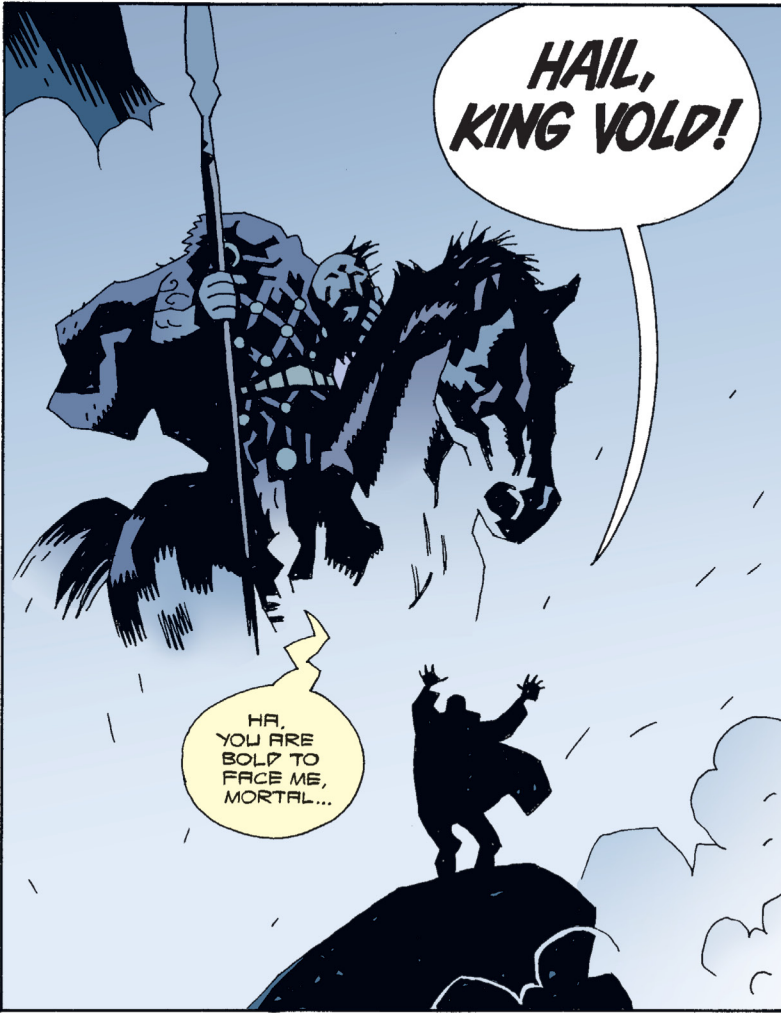
HE'S COMING THIS WAY!



QUICK NOW, YOU GET DOWN BEHIND THIS ROCK AND DON'T MOVE UNTIL I SAY.

HUH?

TRUST ME.



**HAIL,
KING VOLD!**

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



...DREADFUL
APPARITION
THAT I AM,

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.

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

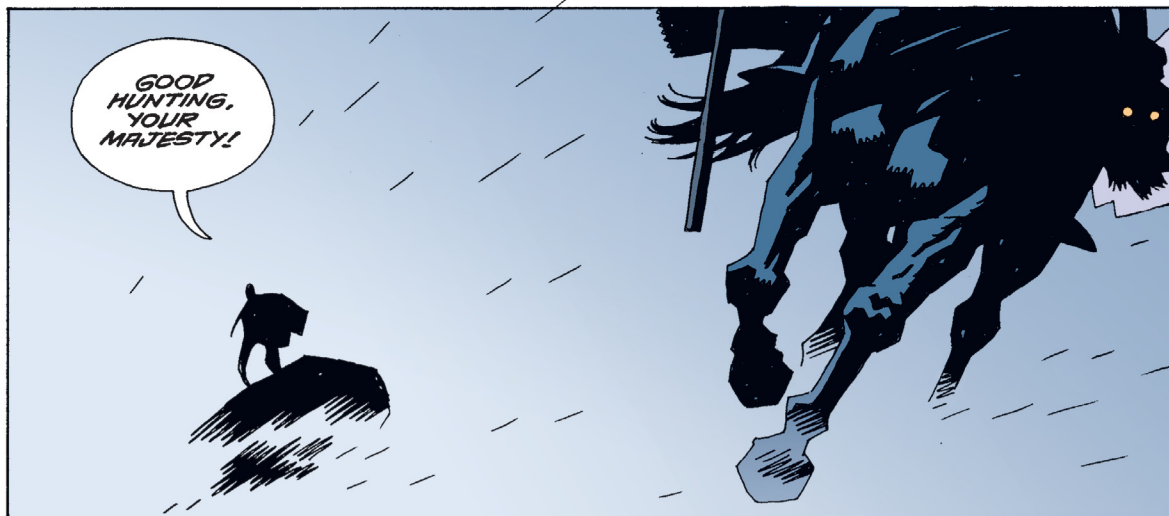


... AND YOU
SHALL BE
REWARDED,

YES,
YOUR
MAJESTY,

REWARD?

SON
OF A...



GOOD
HUNTING,
YOUR
MAJESTY!



YAH!

ALL RIGHT,
HELLBOY. COME
UP HERE AND
HELP ME WITH
THIS.

HELP?
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
HANDLING
THIS, TOUGH
GUY.



LISTEN TO ME, ANY
HUMAN WHO HAS
EVER HELPED KING
VOLD HAS BEEN
PAID IN GOLD!

GOLD!

YOU
IDIOT.



I'LL
GIVE YOU
HALF.

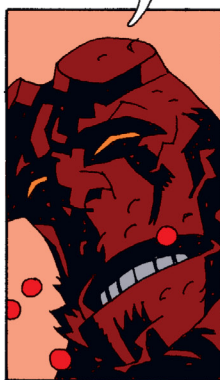
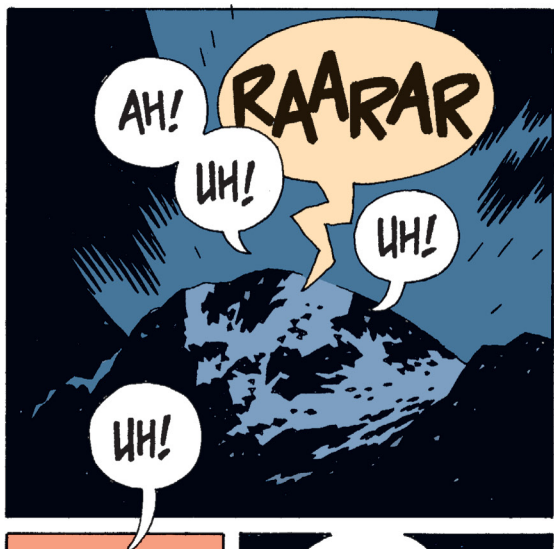


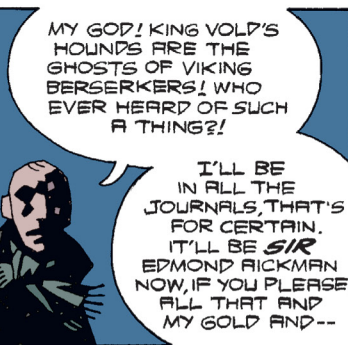
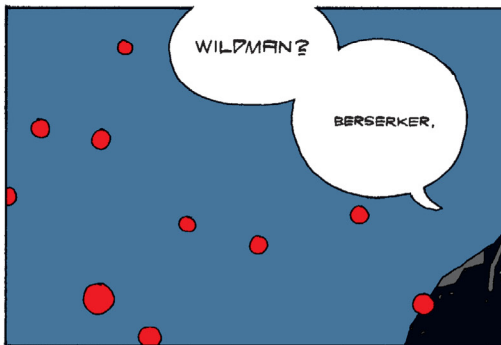
JEEZ!

HEY!

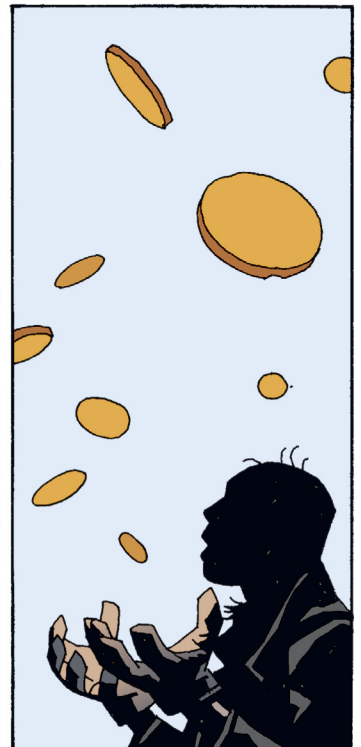
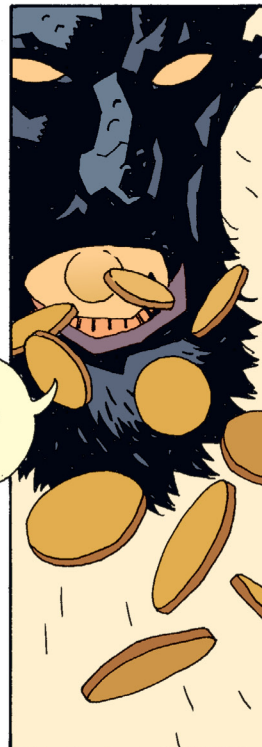
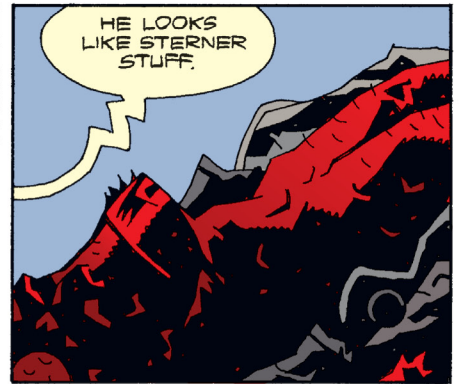
GET
OUT OF
THE
WAY!

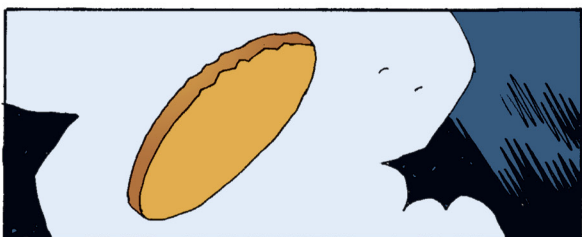
RRRR















YOU SAID I'D LEARN SOMETHING, AND I DID. PROBABLY NOT WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND, THOUGH.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.

YES...



"... POOR EDMOND."



I WONDER WHAT WILL BECOME OF HIM NOW?



COPENHAGEN.



SIR...



SPARE CHANGE FOR A POOR MAN?



THE END

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



IN KYOTO
THERE IS
A HOUSE
WHERE
SOME-
THING
TERRIBLE
HAPPENED...



"...PEOPLE WILL
NOT LIVE NEAR
IT. THE VILLAGE
AROUND IT FELL
INTO RUIN AND
DISAPPEARED,
BUT THE EVIL
HOUSE REMAINS..."

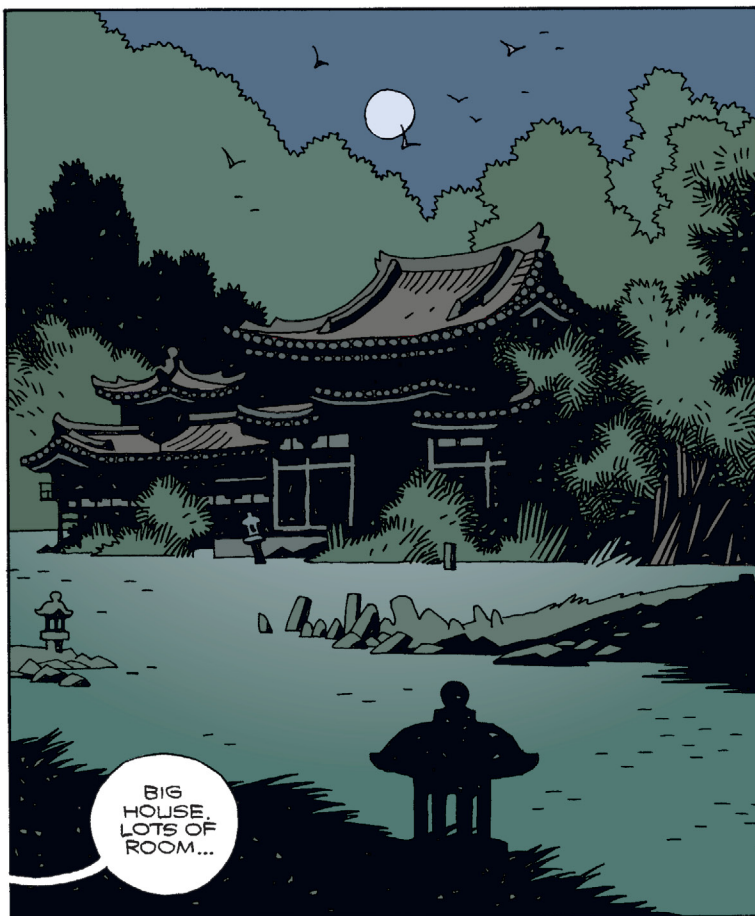


"...AND DEMONS
LIVE THERE."



KYOTO,
JAPAN.
1967.





"YOU STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE."

社 式

田 株

秋

生

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

MR. LU TELLS VERY FUNNY STORIES.

DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT.

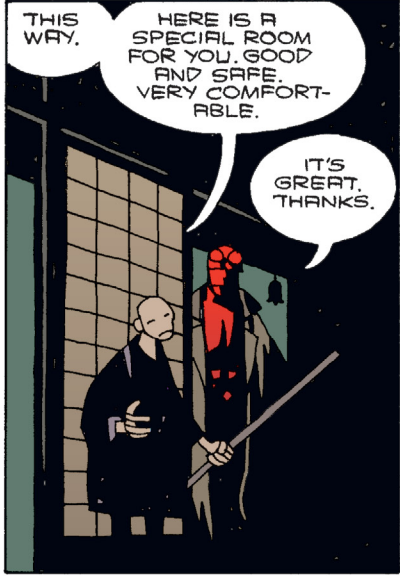
MAYBE YOU KNOW THIS ONE...

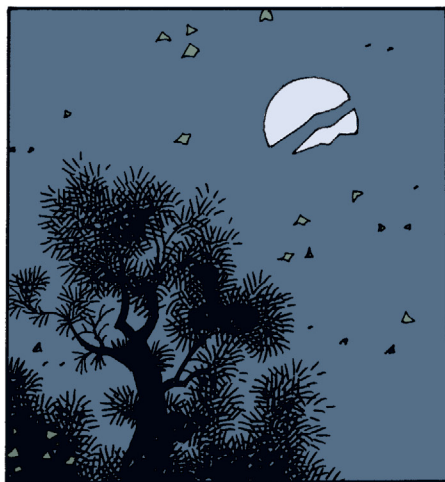
A FARMER MET A GHOST WOMAN
AND SHE GAVE HIM A GOLDEN BOX,
BUT SAID, "YOU MUST NEVER OPEN
THIS." HE TOOK IT HOME AND HID
IT FROM HIS WIFE, BUT ONE DAY
SHE FOUND IT AND
LOOKED INSIDE. IT WAS
FULL OF GOUGED-OUT
HUMAN EYES, AND AT
THAT MOMENT THE
FARMER DROPPED
DEAD IN HIS FIELD.

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

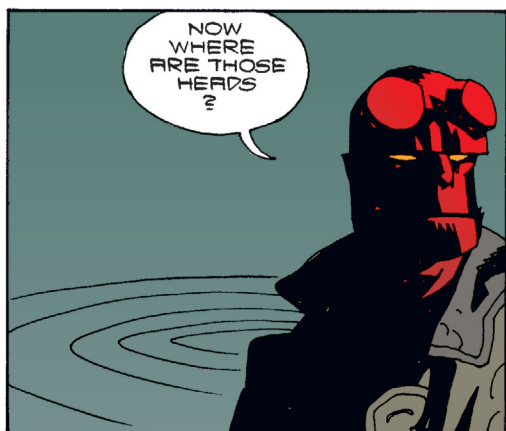
THE END.

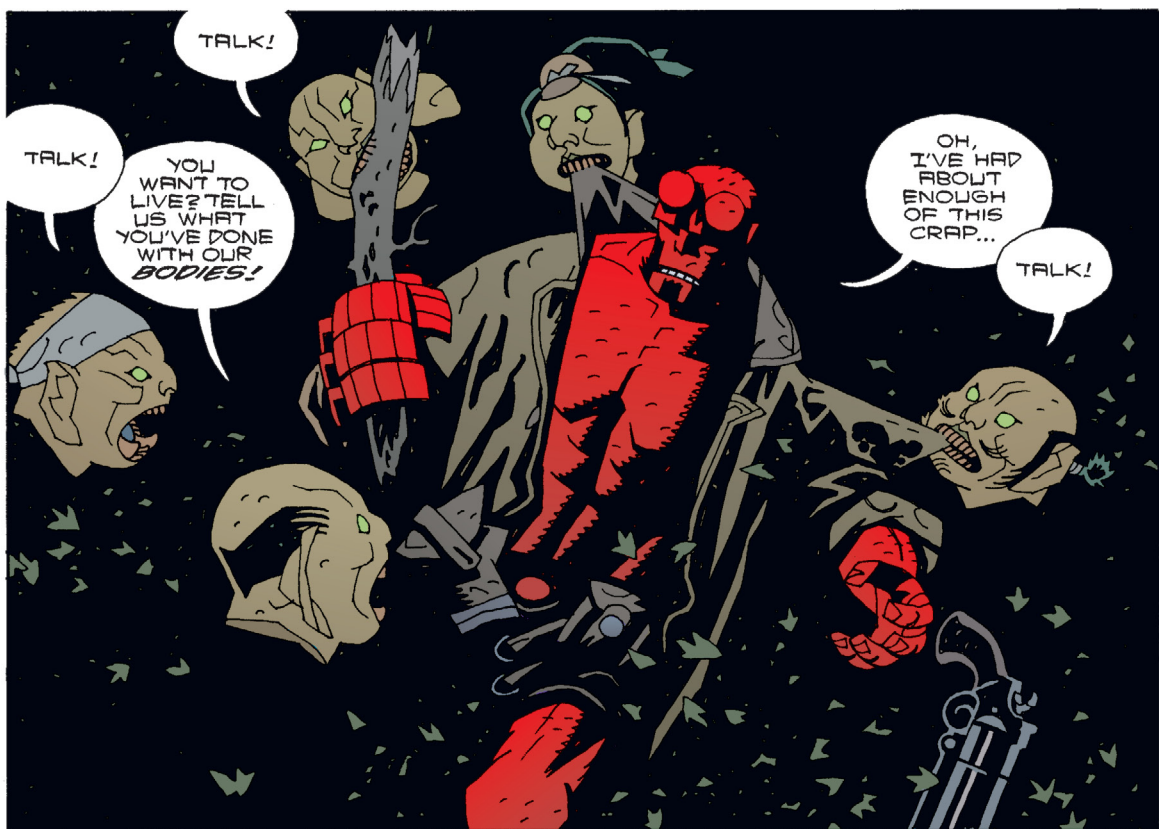
A close-up comic panel of a woman with a bandage over her right eye, looking down with a pensive expression. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "HEE HEE HEE."



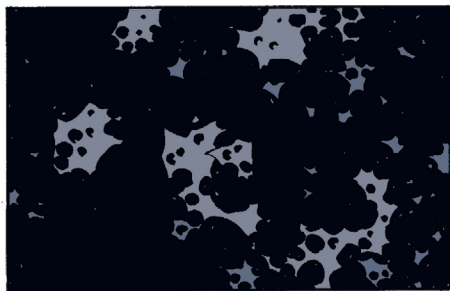












Goodbye Mister Tod



PORTLAND,
OREGON,
1979.



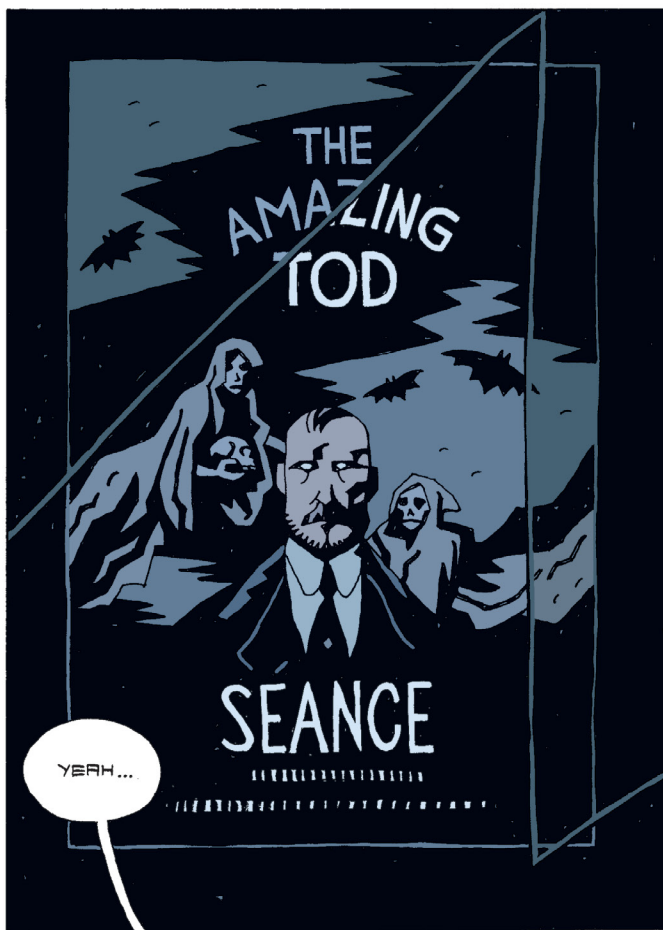
WOW,
WHAT AN
AWFUL
PLACE.



THE AMAZING TOD

SEANCE

YEAH...



SOME-
THING TELLS
ME THIS ISN'T
GOING TO BE
TOO GOOD.





HELLO?

MARY
ANN
GLOZEK?

IS
THAT
YOU?

EXIT



I DON'T
THINK I CAN
GO BACK UP
THERE.

MISS...

NO.
NO, I
MEAN
IT...

MISS,
RELAX.
WE'LL GET
THIS ALL
WORKED
OUT.



NOW, I GOT YOUR
MESSAGE FROM THE
BUREAU, BUT IT WAS
A LITTLE... VAGUE?
CAN YOU TELL ME
EXACTLY WHAT
HAPPENED?

WELL,
HELL NO,
MAN. NOT
EXACTLY.

THE
BEST
YOU
CAN.



HE WAS JUST
DOING HIS USUAL
THING...



"...AND IT WENT ALL
CRAZY ON HIM."

"COULD
YOU BE A
BIT MORE
SPECIFIC?"



MISTER TOD'S A PHYSICAL MEDIUM, YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? ECTO-PLASM? ALL THAT STUFF?

SURE, I CAUGHT HIS ACT A FEW YEARS AGO...



"...HE WAS GOOD."



WHO HAS QUESTIONS FOR THE DEAD?

" AFTER THAT I HEARD HE WAS TOURING EUROPE..."



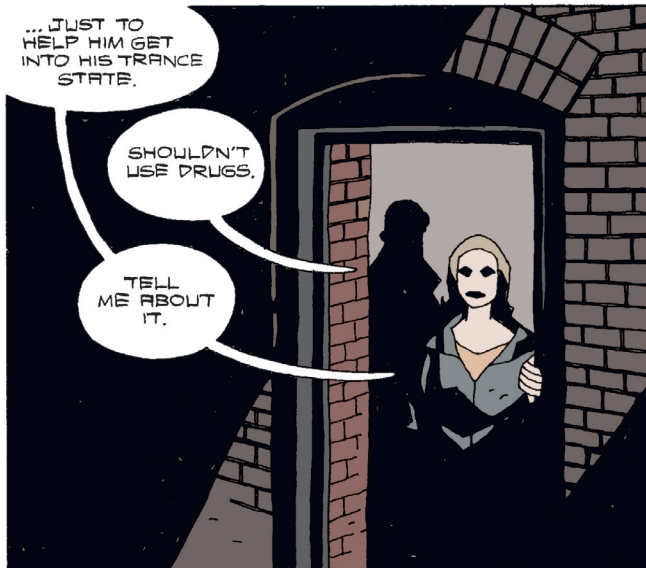
...BUT LOOKING AT THIS PLACE... LOOKS LIKE HARD TIMES.

LAST YEAR HE WAS CAUGHT FAKING IT. THERE WAS A LAW-SUIT...

REALLY?

OH, HE WAS THE REAL THING WHEN YOU SAW HIM. THEN HE STARTED HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS CONCENTRATION. PEOPLE STILL WANTED TO SEE HIM, SO HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING.

LATELY HE'S BEEN USING CERTAIN DRUGS...



...JUST TO HELP HIM GET INTO HIS TRANCE STATE.

SHOULDN'T USE DRUGS.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.



JEEZ!



WELL?

WELL, I SAW
SOMETHING
SORT OF
LIKE THIS
ONCE.



YESTERDAY
HE WENT INTO
A TRANCE AND
THEN...**THIS.**

MY GUESS IS THE
DRUG PUT HIM TOO
FAR OVER. INSTEAD
OF PLUGGING INTO
THE REGULAR SPIRIT
WORLD...

... HE SORT OF
WENT FISHING IN
THE DEEP END
OF THE POND.

AND HE
CAUGHT
THIS? WHAT
IS IT?

I DON'T
KNOW.

LOOK
WHAT
IT DID
TO HIM.

WELL,
THE THING'S
MADE OF
ECTOPLASM...

"... AND ECTOPLASM'S
MOSTLY FLUID FROM
THE MEDIUM'S BODY
..."



THIS THING'S SO
DAMN BIG IT
SUCKED YOUR
BOSS DRY.

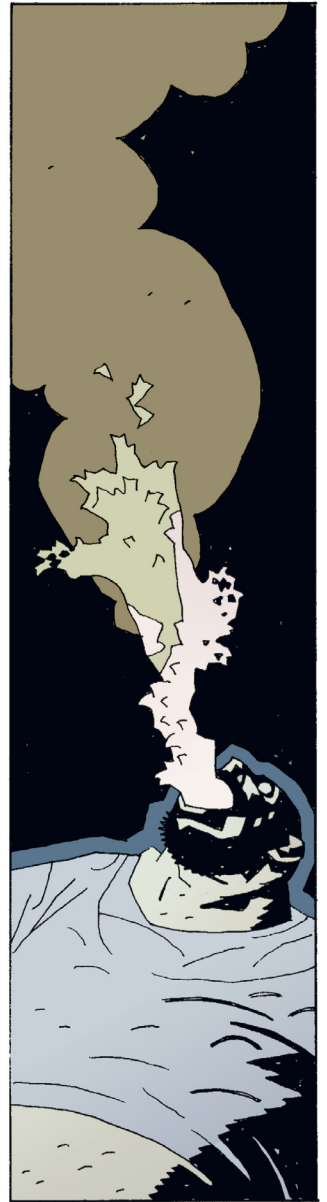
LUCKY FOR
US THERE
WASN'T ENOUGH
JUICE IN HIM FOR
THIS THING TO
FORM COM-
PLETELY...





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

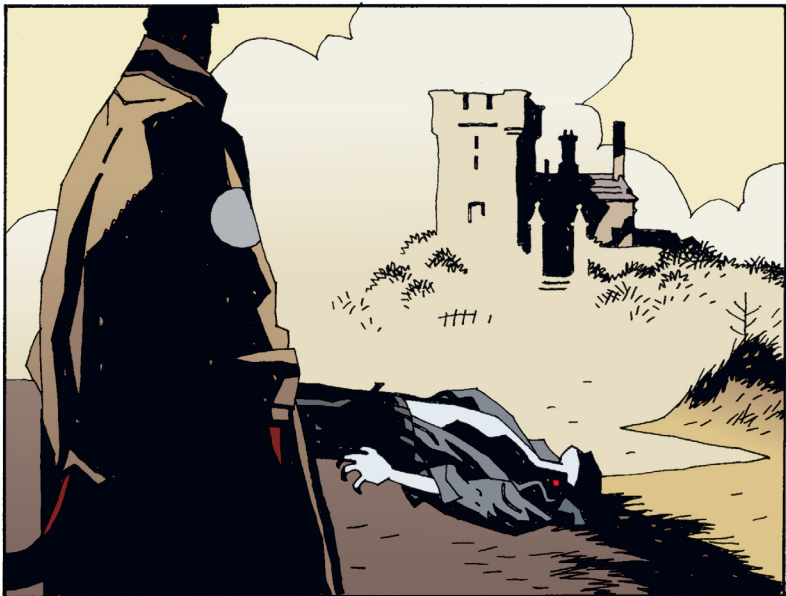




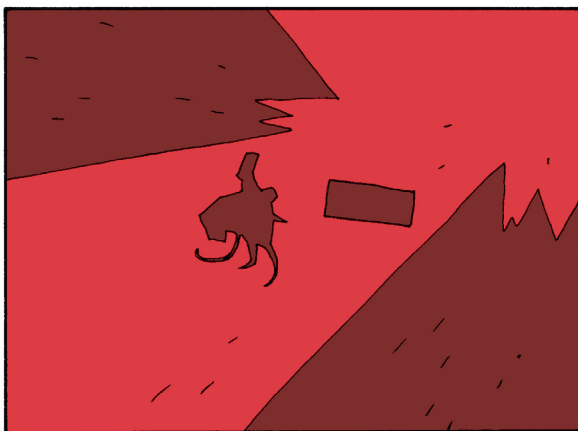


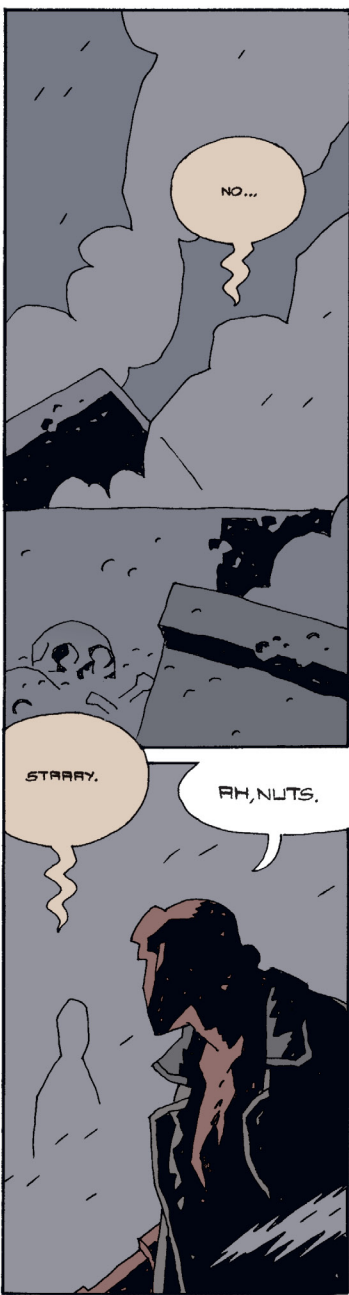
THE
END

The Vârcolac





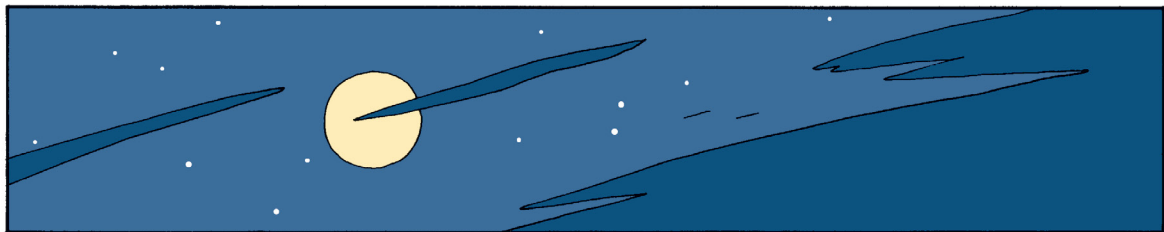
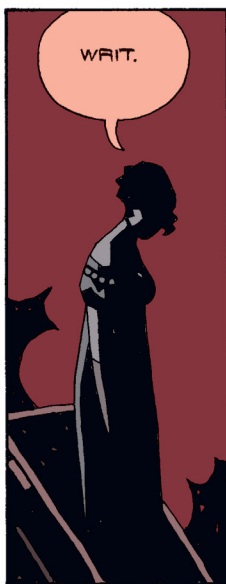
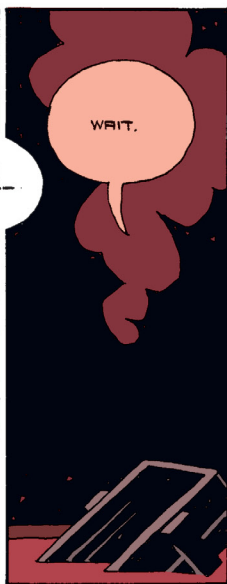






AH!

SON
OF A--

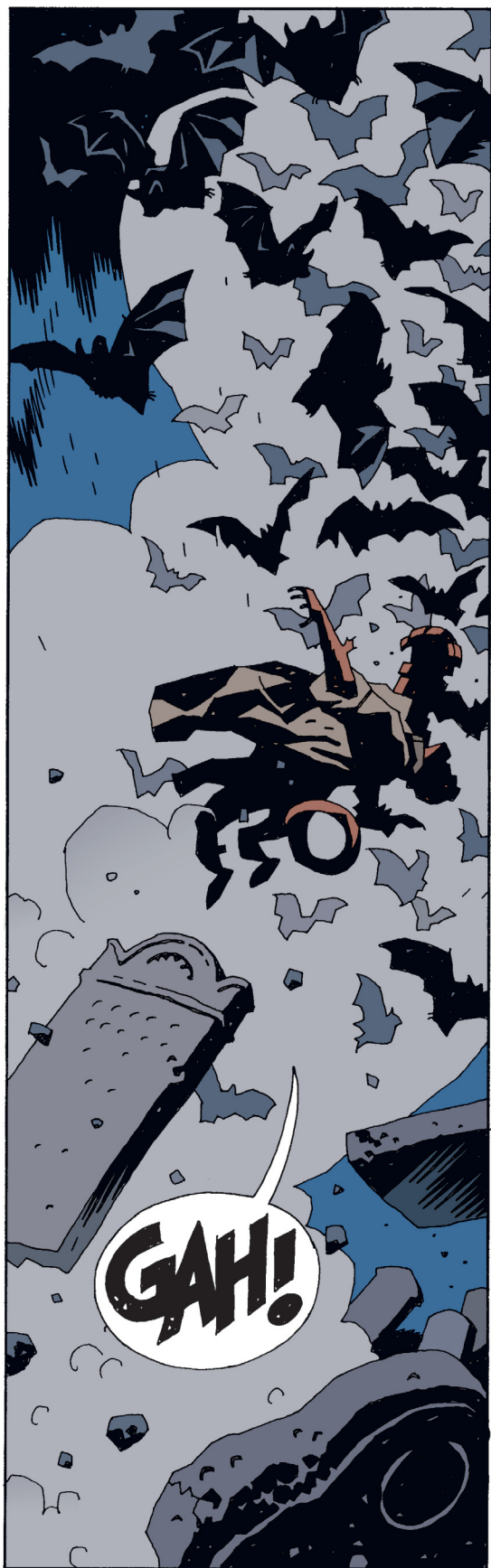




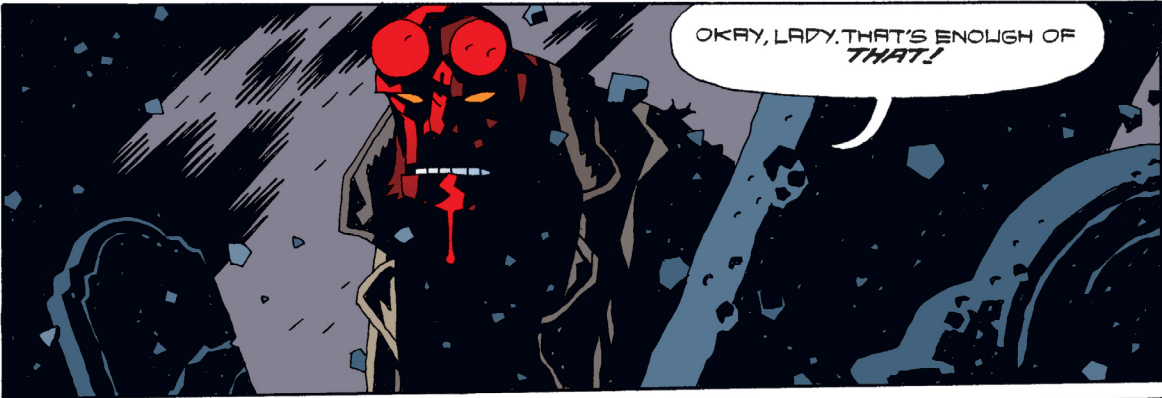
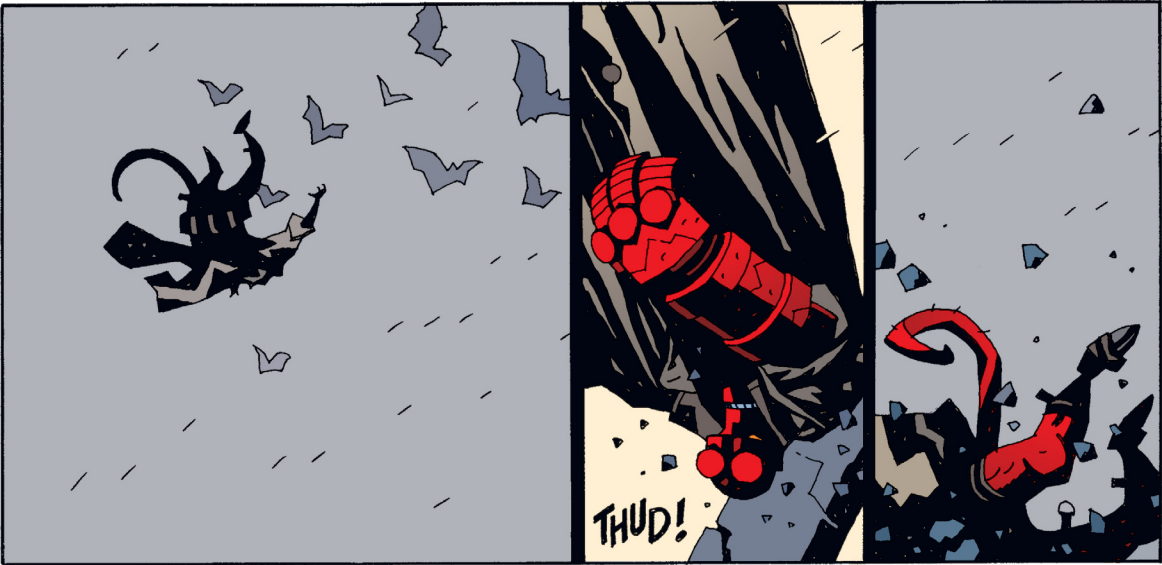


HEY!

COME
ON! THIS
ISN'T
FUNNY ANY-
MORE!



GAH!







SO GREAT THAT HE EATS THE MOON, THAT IS THE SIZE OF HIS POWER.

HE IS THE KING OF ALL MY KIND, ALL VAMPIRE, LIVING AND DEAD, MOROI AND STIGOI...



AND WHAT ARE YOU TO HIM? COUSIN? BROTHER?

NO.



YOU HE HATES.

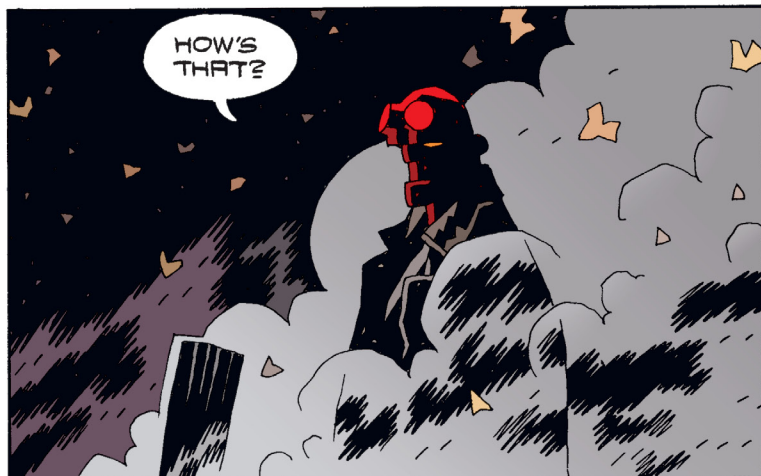
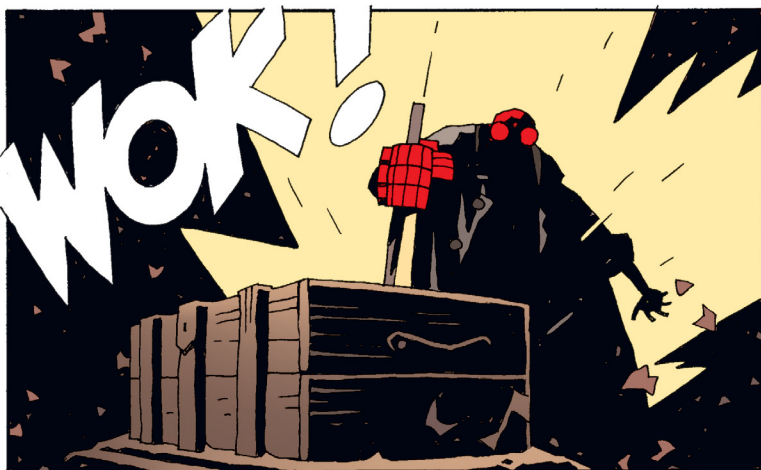
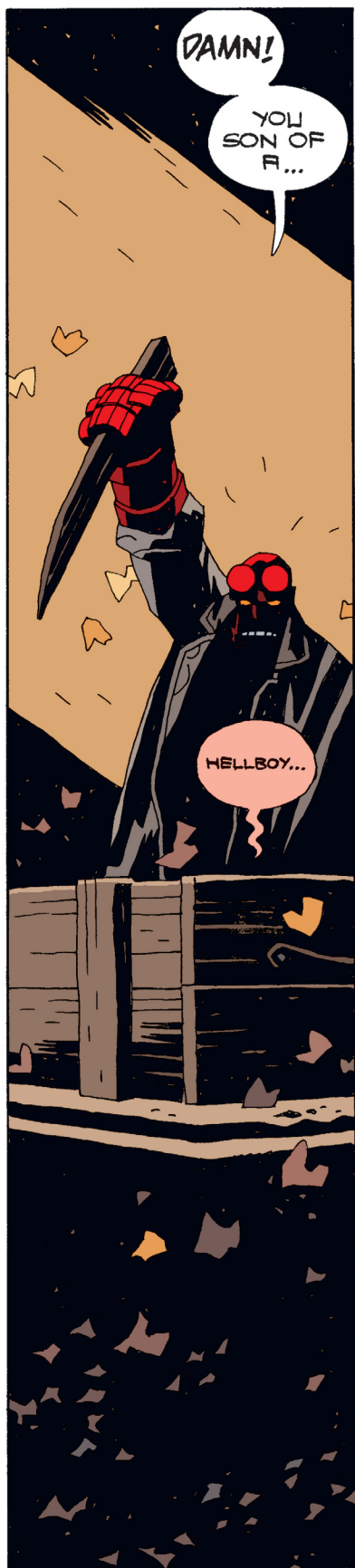


I CAN'T MOVE.



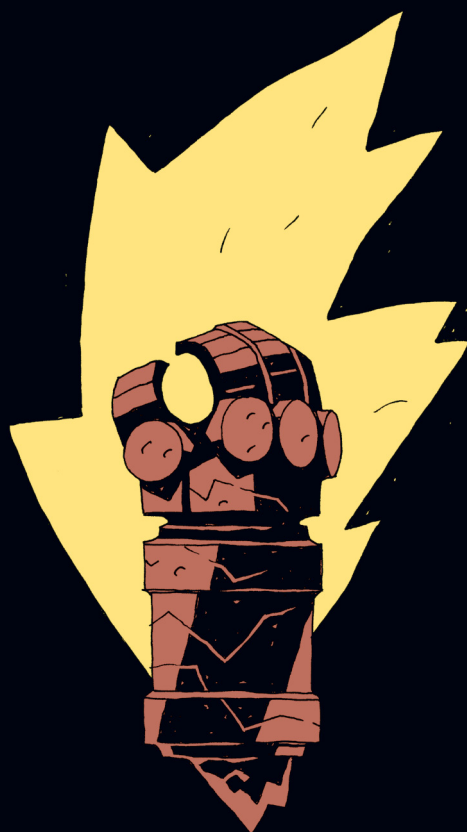
YOU HE WILL DESTROY COMPLETELY. HE WILL TEAR YOU TO PIECES AND GRIND YOU INTO DUST, NOT FOR WHAT YOU ARE...





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



"HELLBOY..."

The Right Hand of Doom



LIZARZA,
SPAIN.



I KNEW
YOU'D
COME.

THE DOCTORS SAY
I DON'T HAVE MUCH
TIME, BUT I KNEW IF
I WROTE TO YOU,
YOU'D COME.



YOU'RE
ADRIAN
FROST ?

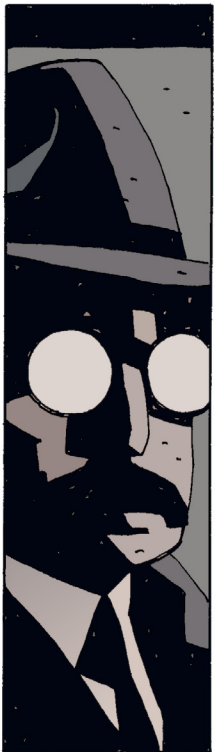
YES.

AND YOUR
FATHER
WAS...



THE MAN WHO
SPENT THE
LAST EIGHT
YEARS OF HIS
LIFE TRYING
TO HAVE YOU
DESTROYED.

PROFESSOR
MALCOLM
FROST.







"I APPEARED IN A FIREBALL IN AN OLD CHURCH IN ENGLAND, THEN THEY TOOK ME TO A NEW MEXICO AIR FORCE BASE WHERE I GREW UP REALLY FAST...



"...AND IN '52 I JOINED THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE...



"...AND EVERYTHING WAS GREAT. THEN, FOUR YEARS AGO, A FROG MONSTER KILLED TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM, AND *RASPUTIN* SHOWED UP...



"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..."



MY
FAVORITE
SON.

"...AND HE WAS
LOOKING RIGHT
AT ME."

THAT'S
WHAT I
GET FOR
BEING
CURIOUS.

I WENT
BACK TO WORK
AND THINGS WERE
OKAY, UNTIL I
RAN INTO THE
GODDESS
HECATE...

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..."

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE YOUR
DESTINY!



"BLAH,
BLAH,
BLAH..."



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

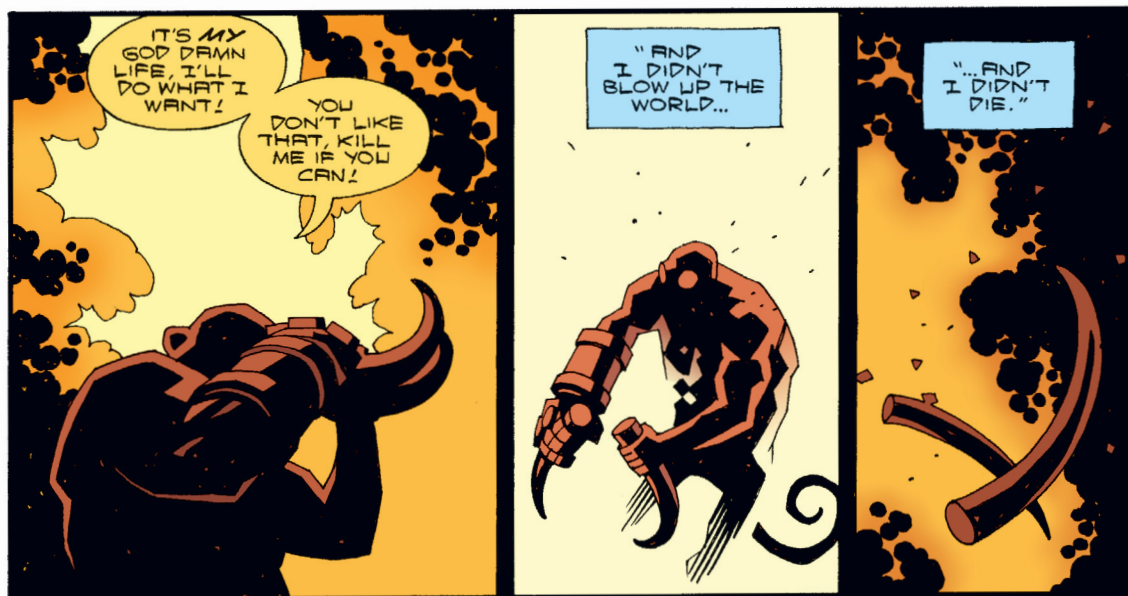
DESTINY

"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.

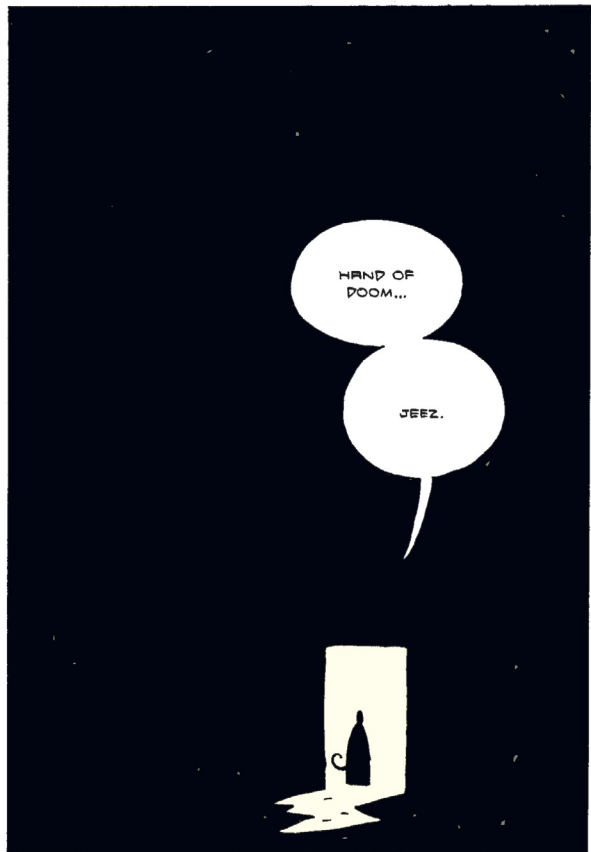
"I SAID SOMETHING
ALONG THE LINES OF:"

SCREW
YOU!





ANUNG
UN
RAMA...





WHAT
A LIFE.



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..."

"CAN YOU
DESCRIBE
HIM?"

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

"HE LOOKED VERY
PLEASED 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 **700** HORRIBLE.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

ABE?



IT'S A REAL HAND.



REAL HAND?

IT **IS** HORRIBLE.

GUK

CHOK

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.





STANDS TO REASON THEN THAT HE KNEW WHAT THE HELL HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

HE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE.



HMMM...

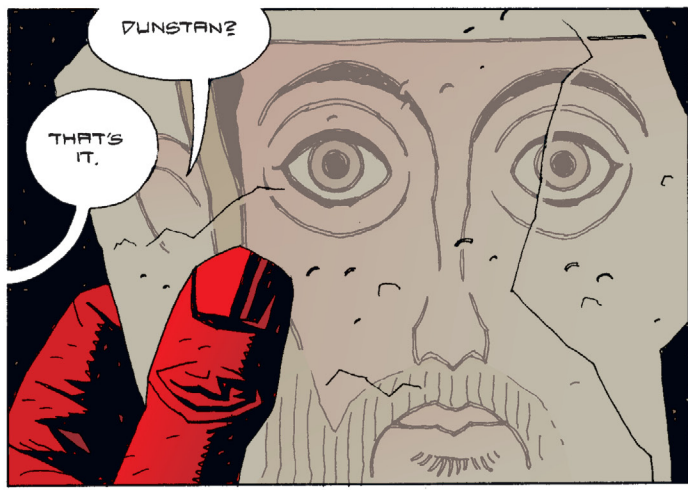
THERE WAS SOMETHING PAINTED ON THE WALL...?

YES, IT HAD BEEN THERE FOREVER.



THE HOUSE IS VERY OLD, IT USED TO BE A CONVENT...

THE PAINTING WAS OF A SAINT... DUNCAN...? DUNSAL ...?



DUNSTAN?

THAT'S IT.



TONGS.



YEAH, AND A BOX...



DOES
IT MEAN
SOME-
THING?

I
HOPE
NOT.

ME
TOO.

DO YOU
REMEMBER ANY-
THING ELSE?
DID THE ROUND-
HEADED GUY
SAY *ANY-
THING*?



NO. HE NEVER
SPOKE, BUT THERE
WAS SOME-
THING...

BEAR IN MIND
I DO *NOT* CLAIM
ANY PSYCHIC
POWERS. I DON'T
BELIEVE IN THAT
SORT OF THING.
BUT AS THAT ODD
MAN PASSED ME
ON HIS WAY OUT,
I HAD A VERY
STRONG IM-
PRESSION...

"ACTUALLY IT WAS MORE LIKE
A VISION... A HOUSE..."



"HOW DO
I DESCRIBE
IT?"



"DO YOU KNOW POE'S *FALL
OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*...?"

...ABOUT THE WHOLE MANSION AND
DOMAIN THERE HUNG AN ATMOSPHERE
WHICH HAD NO AFFINITY WITH THE
AIR OF HEAVEN, BUT WHICH HAD
REEKED UP FROM THE DECAYED
TREES, AND THE GREY WALL,
AND THE SILENT TARN...

"IT WAS LIKE
THAT."



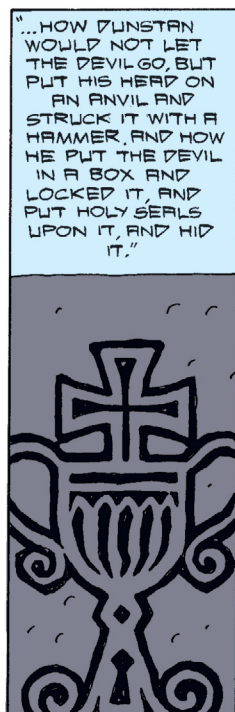
ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, DUNSTAN WORKED IN A BLACK-SMITH'S SHOP IN MAYFIELD...

LOCKMABEN, SCOTLAND.

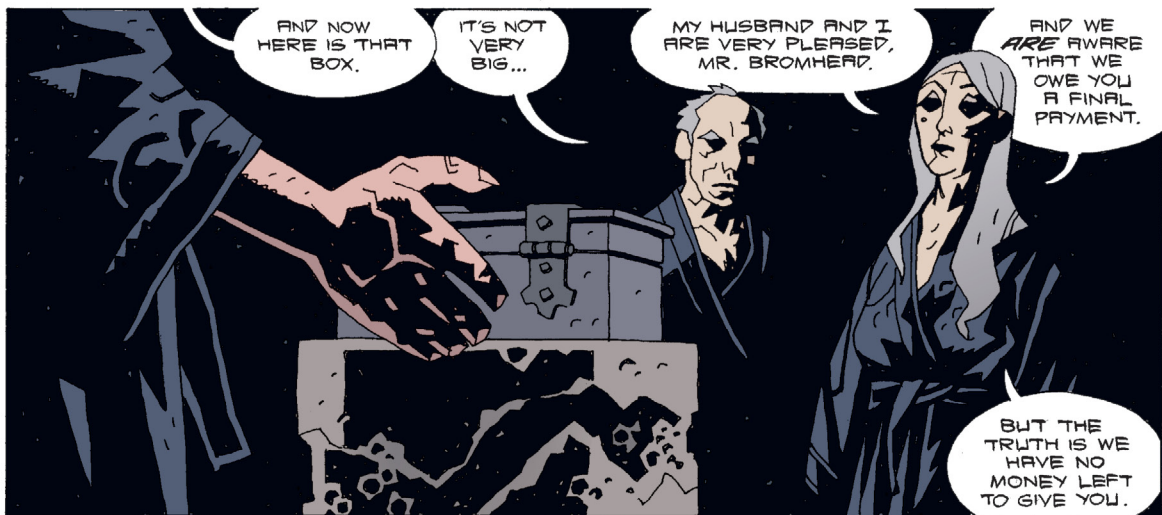


... AND THE DEVIL, DISGUISED AS A WOMAN, APPEARED TO HIM THERE, AND TRIED TO SEDUCE HIM. DUNSTAN WOULD HAVE NONE OF THAT. HE TOOK RED-HOT TONGS, CLAMPED THEM ONTO THE DEVIL'S NOSE, AND THE DEVIL FLEW AWAY SCREAMING.

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."



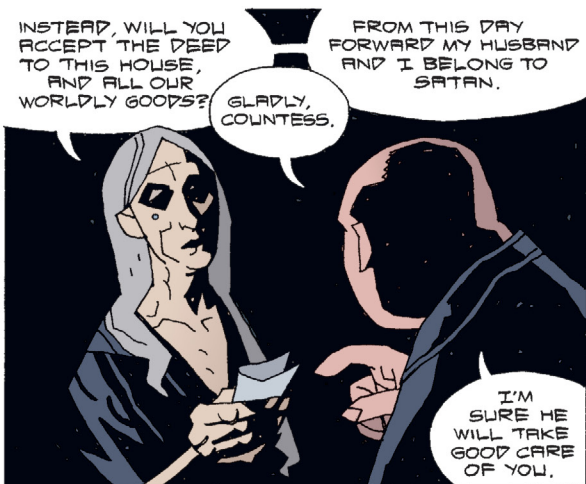
AND NOW HERE IS THAT BOX.

IT'S NOT VERY BIG...

MY HUSBAND AND I ARE VERY PLEASED, MR. BROMHEAD.

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.



COME FORTH IN A SHAPE THAT IS NOT TOO HORRIBLE.

PLEASE.



CLICK



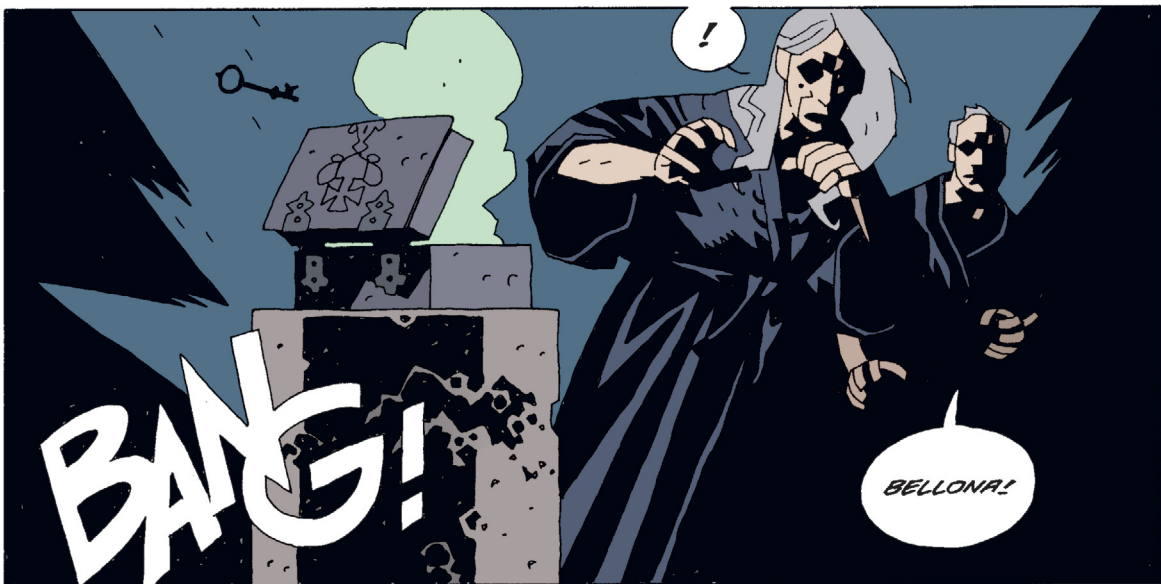
AND WHAT DO YOU WISH FOR, COUNT?

ENOUGH GOLD TO LIE DOWN IN AND A GOLD CROWN ON MY HEAD.

THAT'S A VERY GOOD WISH.

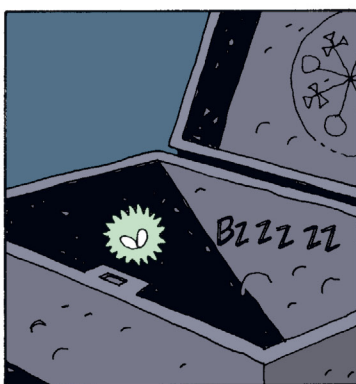


SQUEEEEE



BANG!

BELLONA!





YOU'RE
A MONKEY.



AND YOU...

LIZARD
OR
PIG?



MADAM,
I CANNOT
DECIDE.

PLEASE
DO YOUR
WORST.

THERE
WAS AN OLD
WOMAN WHO
SWALLOWED A
FLY, I DON'T KNOW
WHY SHE--

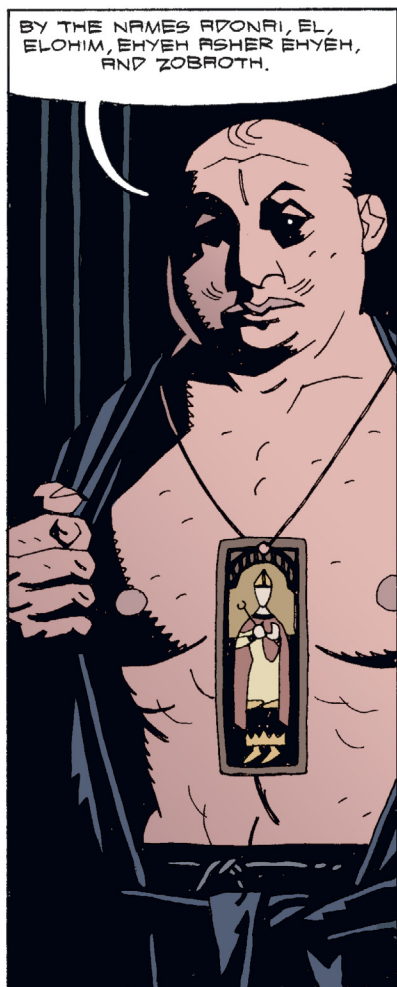
ARE
YOU
DONE
YET?



GRRRR ARRARRRR



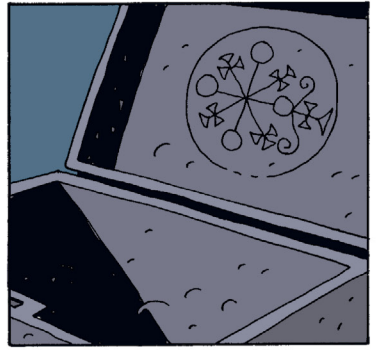
OH, YOU
THOUGHT I
WAS A FOOL
LIKE THOSE
OTHERS. NO...





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

I KNOW
THAT ALL
DEMONS ARE LIARS,
SO HE MUST HAVE
BEATEN 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 ELE-
MENTS ARE OVER-
THROWN, THE AIR
IS SHAKEN, THE
SEA RUNNETH--

ENOUGH!

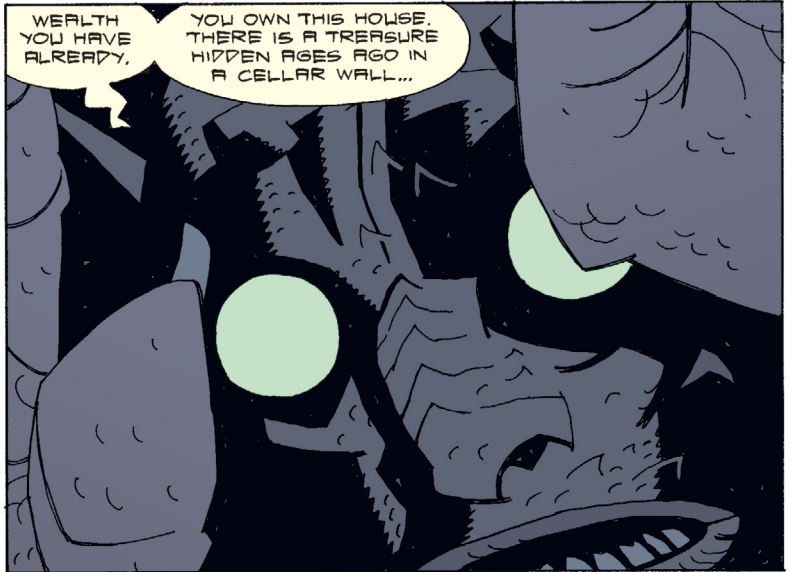
ENOUGH!



COMMAND
ME, MASTER.

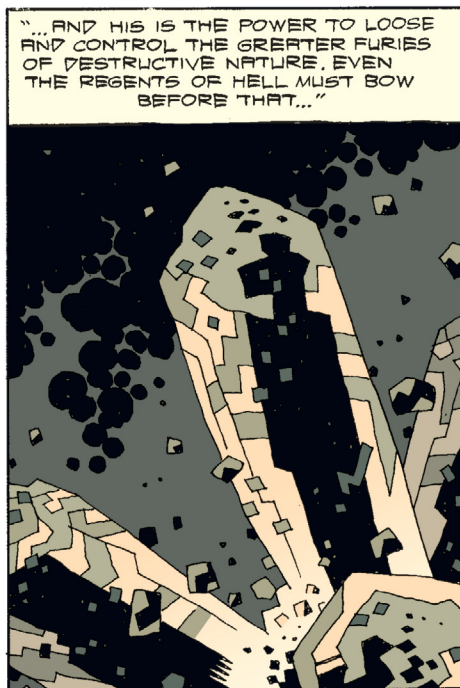


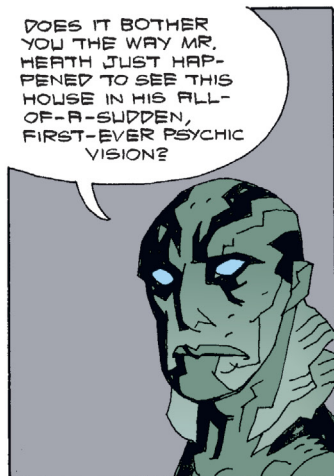
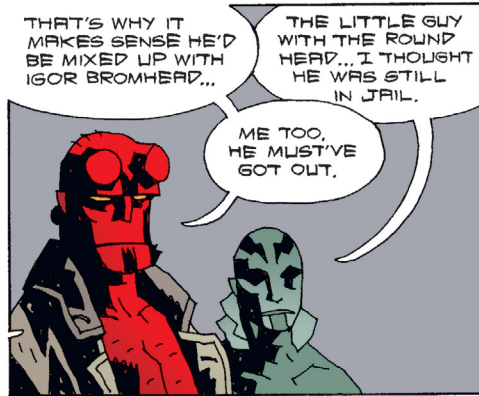
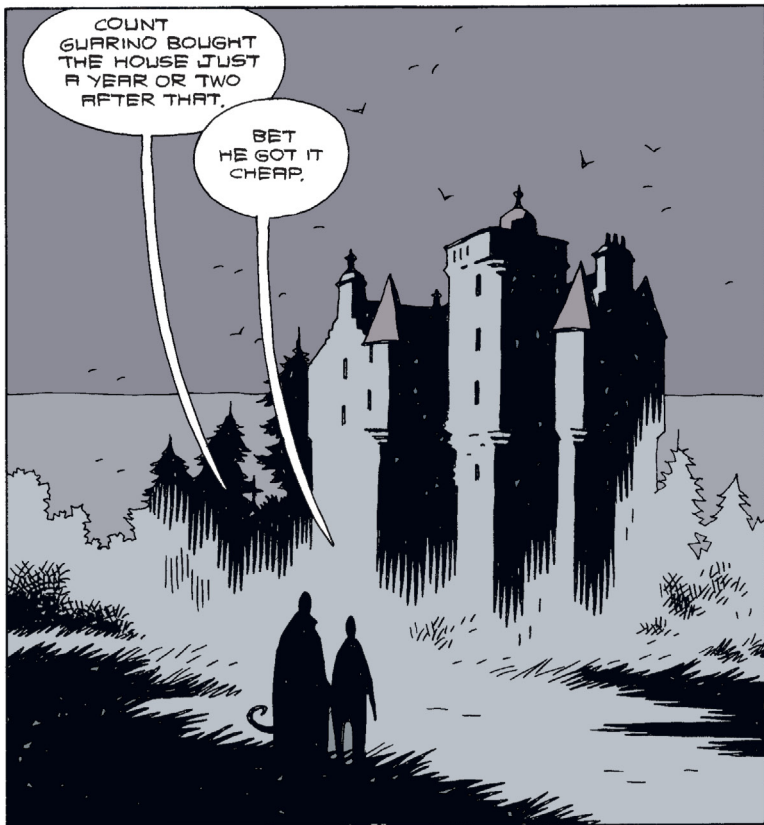
GRANT ME WEALTH
AND POWER. I
KNOW THAT'S NOT
VERY ORIGINAL,
BUT IN THIS
WORLD...

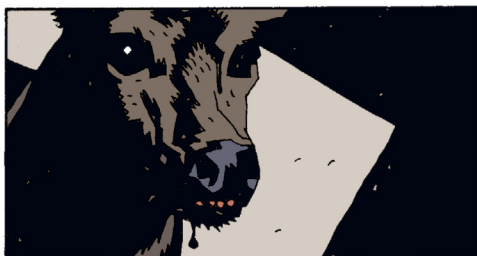
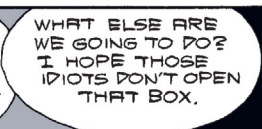


WEALTH
YOU HAVE
ALREADY.

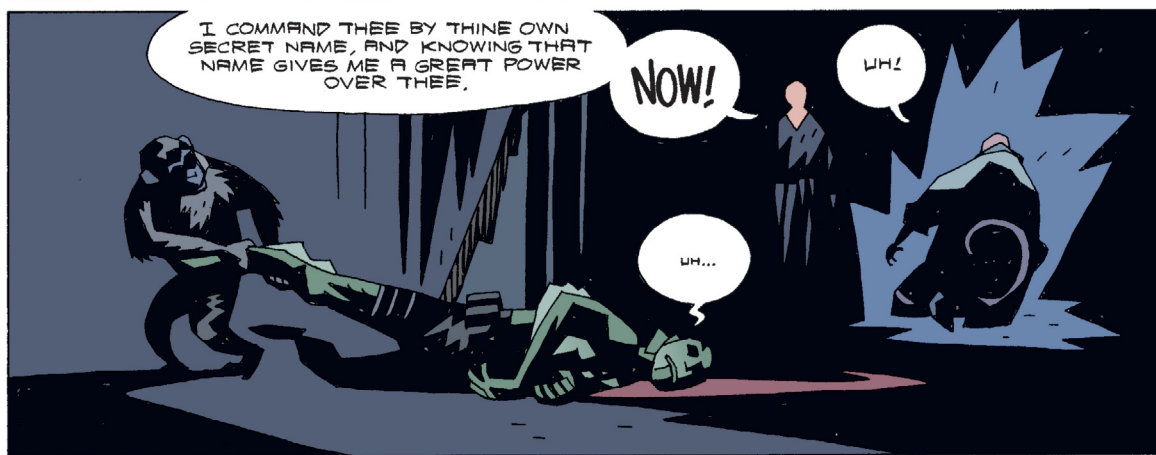
YOU OWN THIS HOUSE.
THERE IS A TREASURE
HIDDEN AGES AGO IN
A CELLAR WALL...













THAT WAS
SIMPLE.

BROMHEAD...

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

FINISH IT,
MASTER!



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...

UHMM!

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



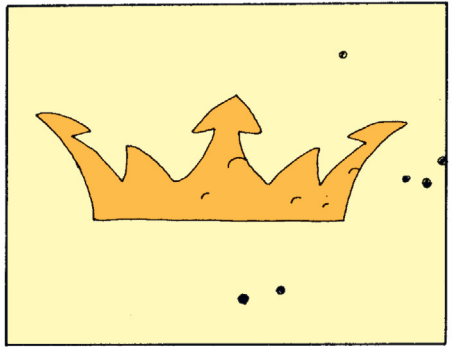
NOW, MASTER,
SPEAK THE
WORDS I HAVE
GIVEN YOU!





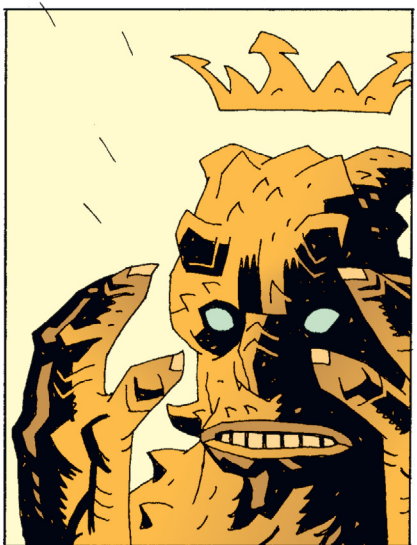
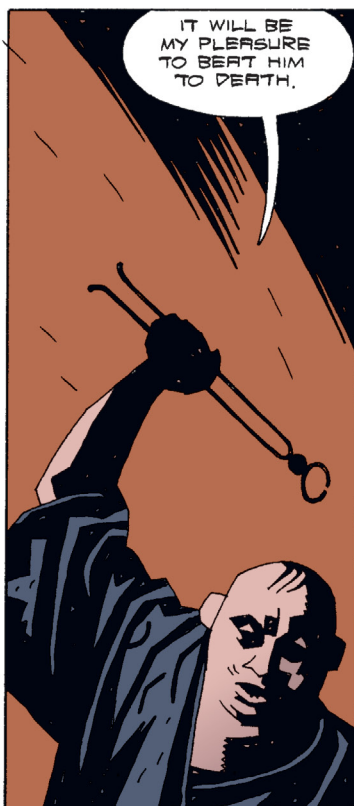
"... AND I SAW THE
BEAST BROUGHT
LOW, HUMBLD AND
CHAINED, AND, UPON
THE SMOKE OF
HIS BROW..."

"...THE
CROWN OF THE
APOCALYPSE."



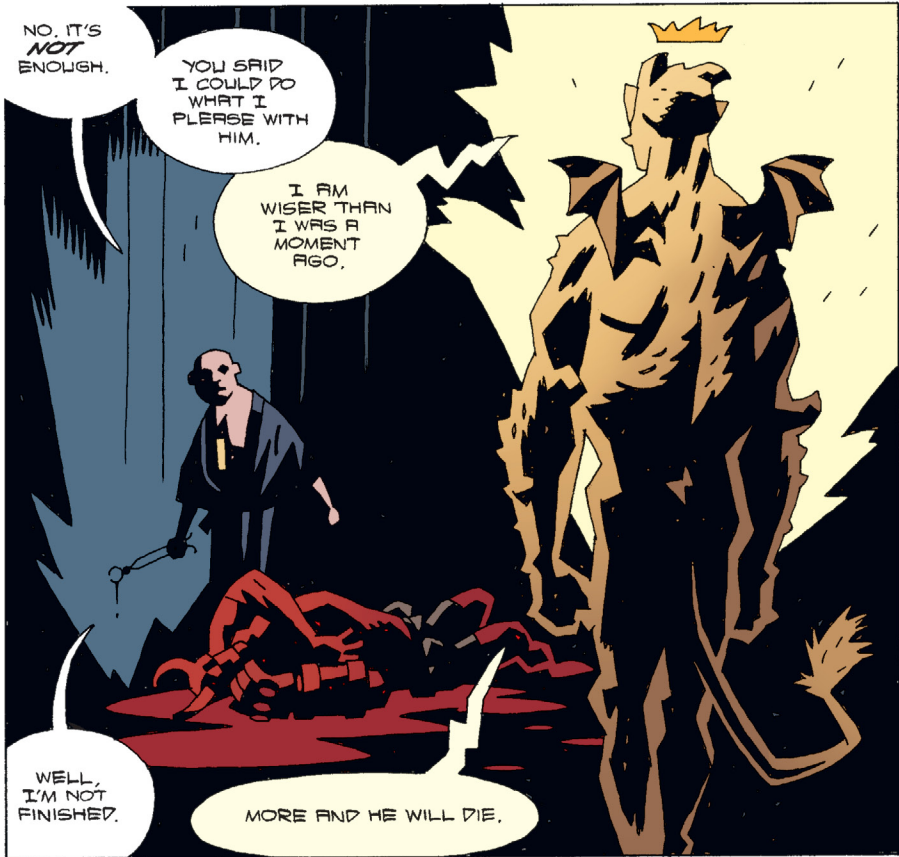
TAKE IT, UALAC,
BUT REMEMBER WHO
IS SLAVE AND WHO
IS MASTER.

ALWAYS,
MASTER...









NO, IT'S **NOT** ENOUGH.

YOU SAID I COULD DO WHAT I PLEASE WITH HIM.

I AM WISER THAN I WAS A MOMENT AGO.

WELL, I'M NOT FINISHED.

MORE AND HE WILL DIE.



"POWER TO LOOSE AND COMMAND
THE DRAGON, OGDRI 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?



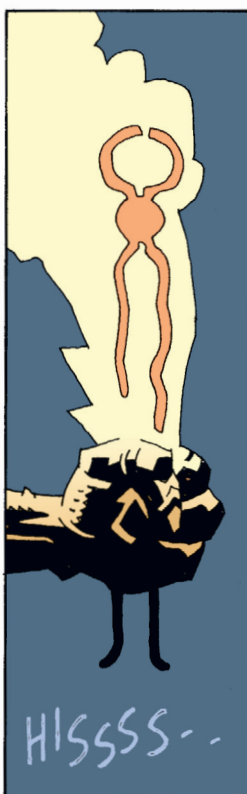
...WILL
YOU?



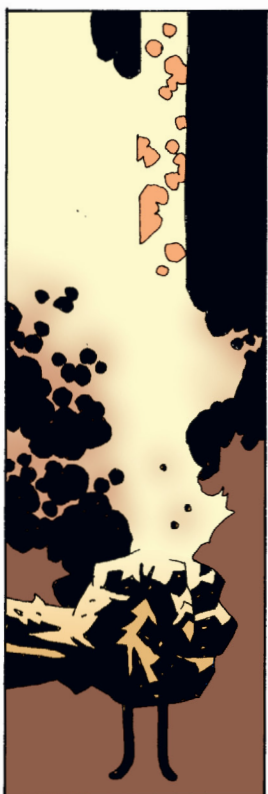
NOW GIVE
ME THE
TONGS.

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

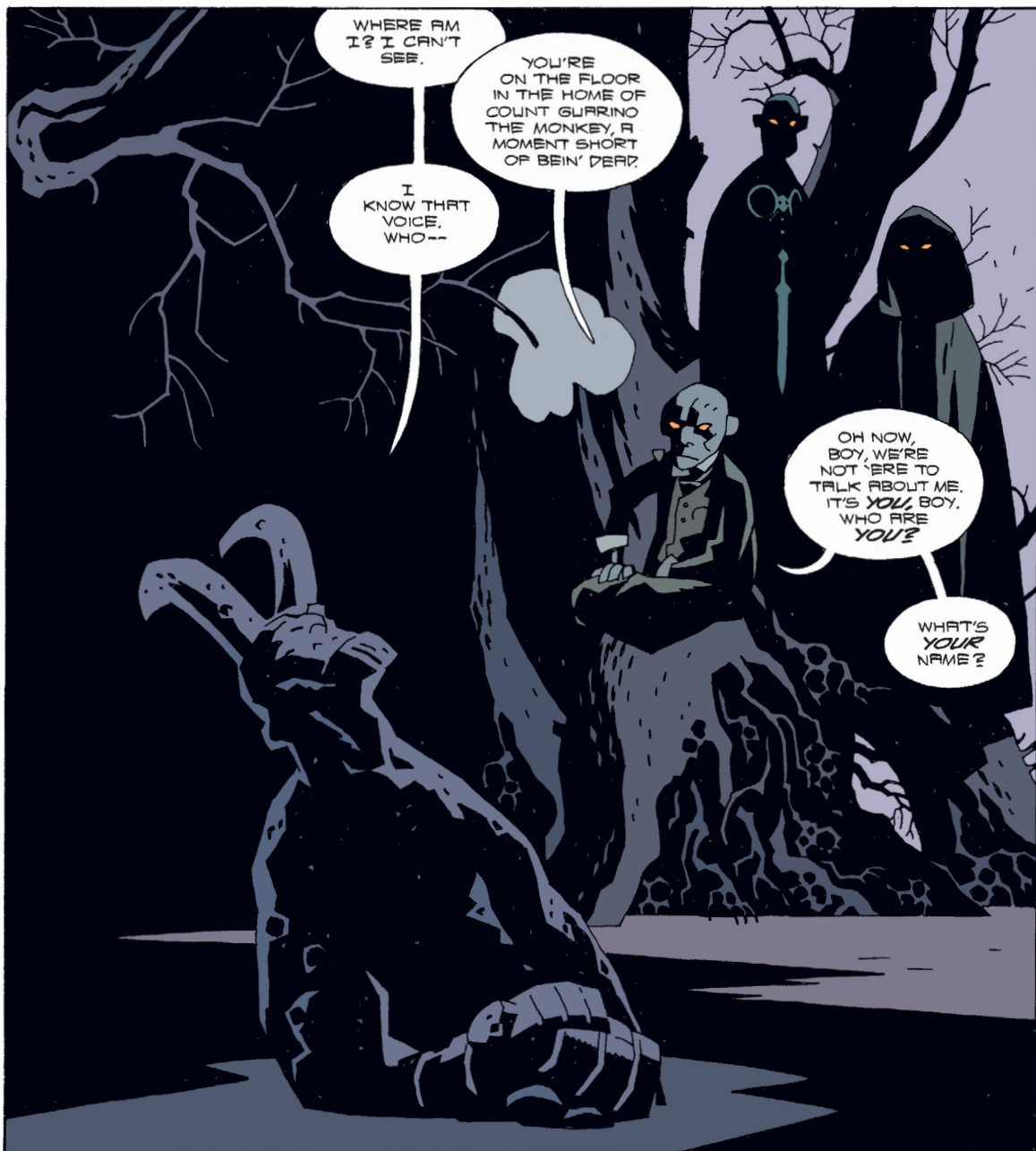
NO.



HISSSS--







WHERE AM
I? I CAN'T
SEE.

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

I
KNOW THAT
VOICE.
WHO--

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

WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?



ANUNS UN
RAMA...

PHAA!

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

I DON'T
KNOW.



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

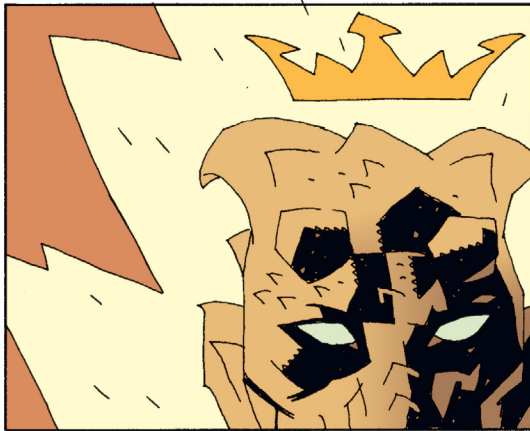


"AND
UPON HIS
BROW IS SET
A CROWN OF
FIRE..."

IS
THAT WHO
YOU ARE?



I...



NO.



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



IS
IT?



BACK ON
EARTH...

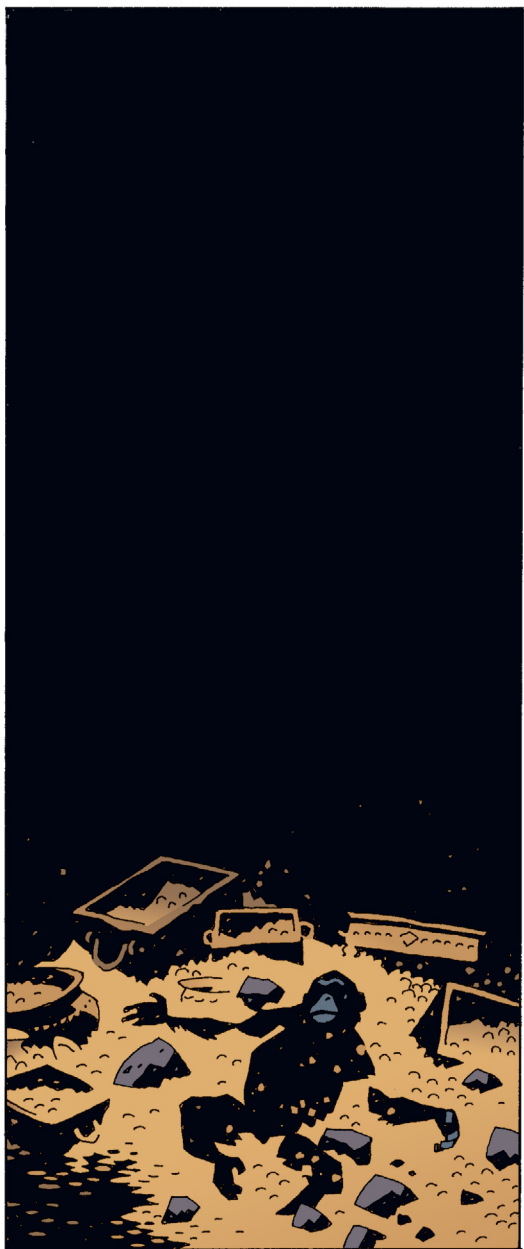
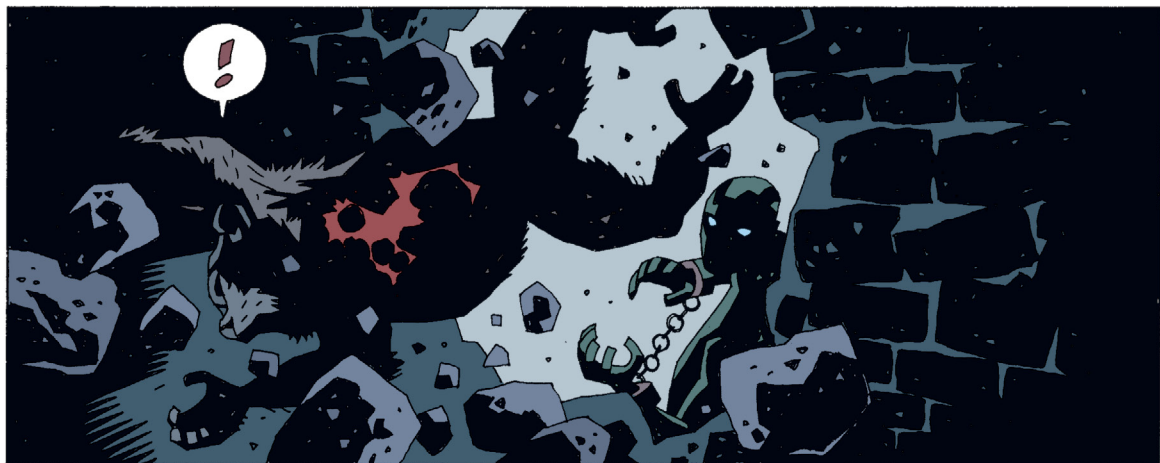
WHAT
DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GONNA DO
WITH THAT
SWORD?





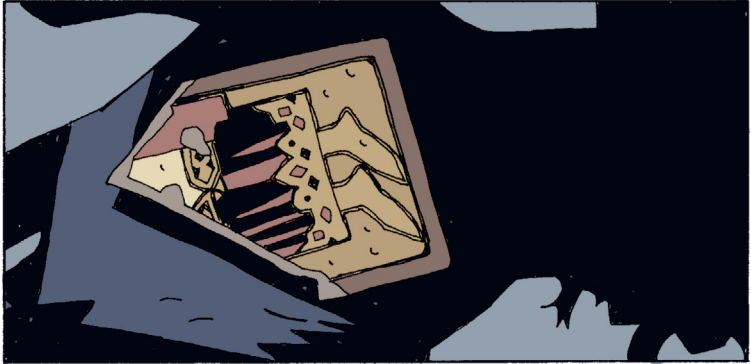




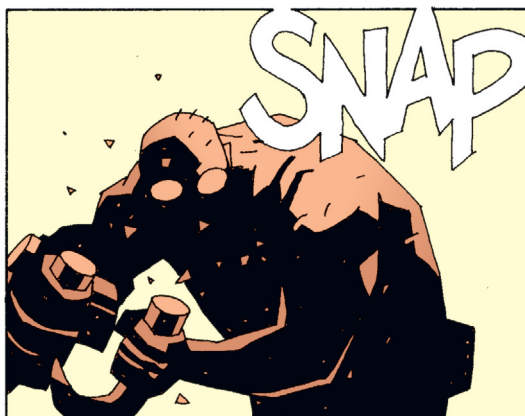
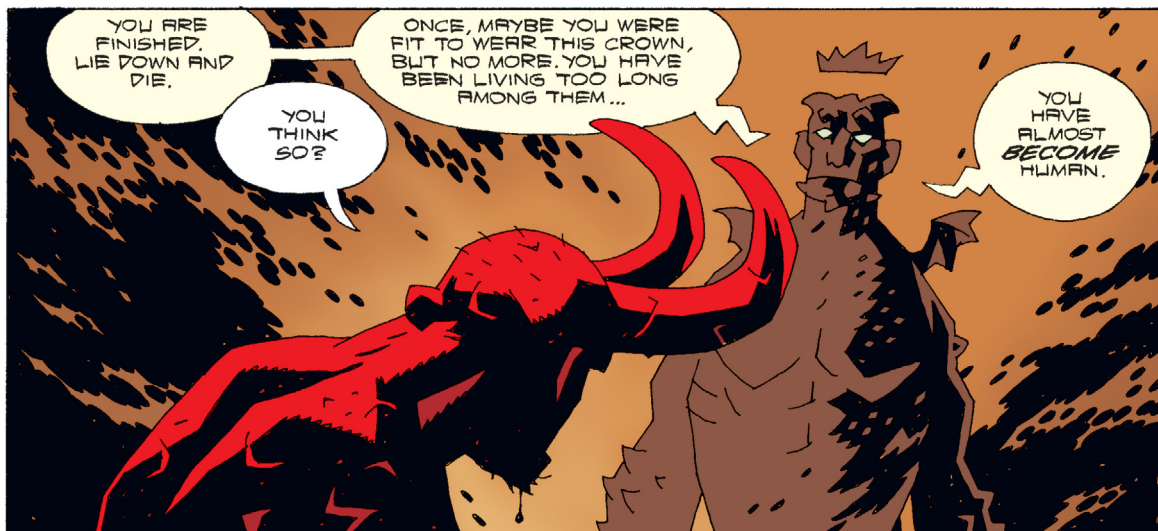


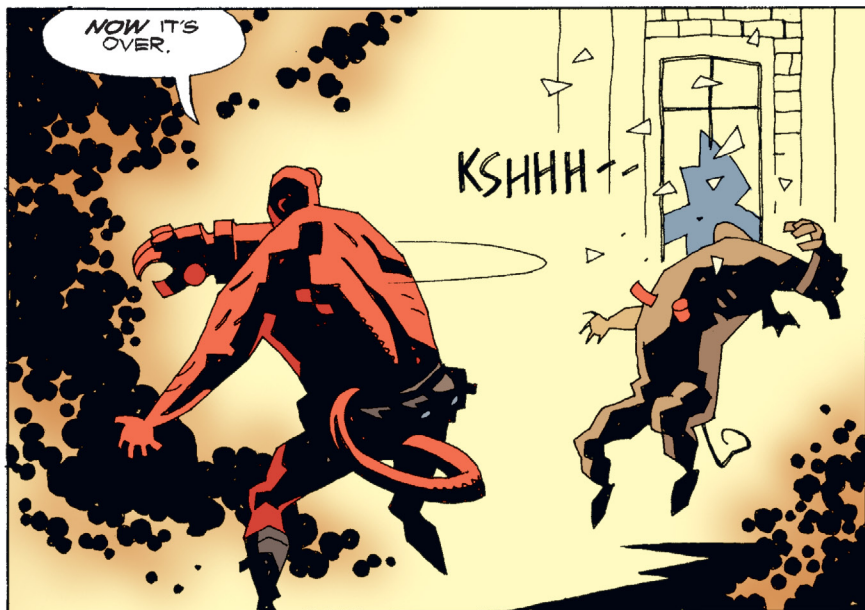


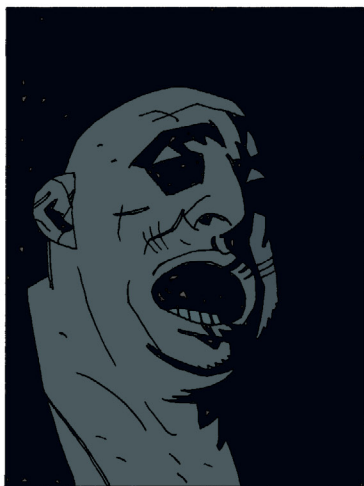
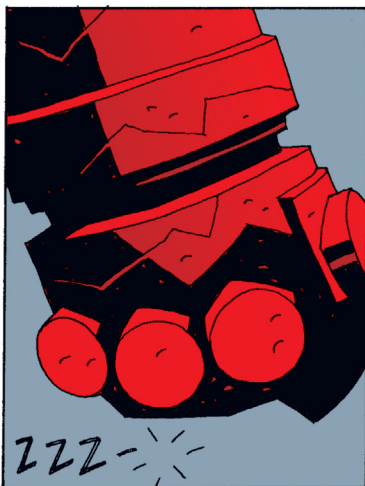


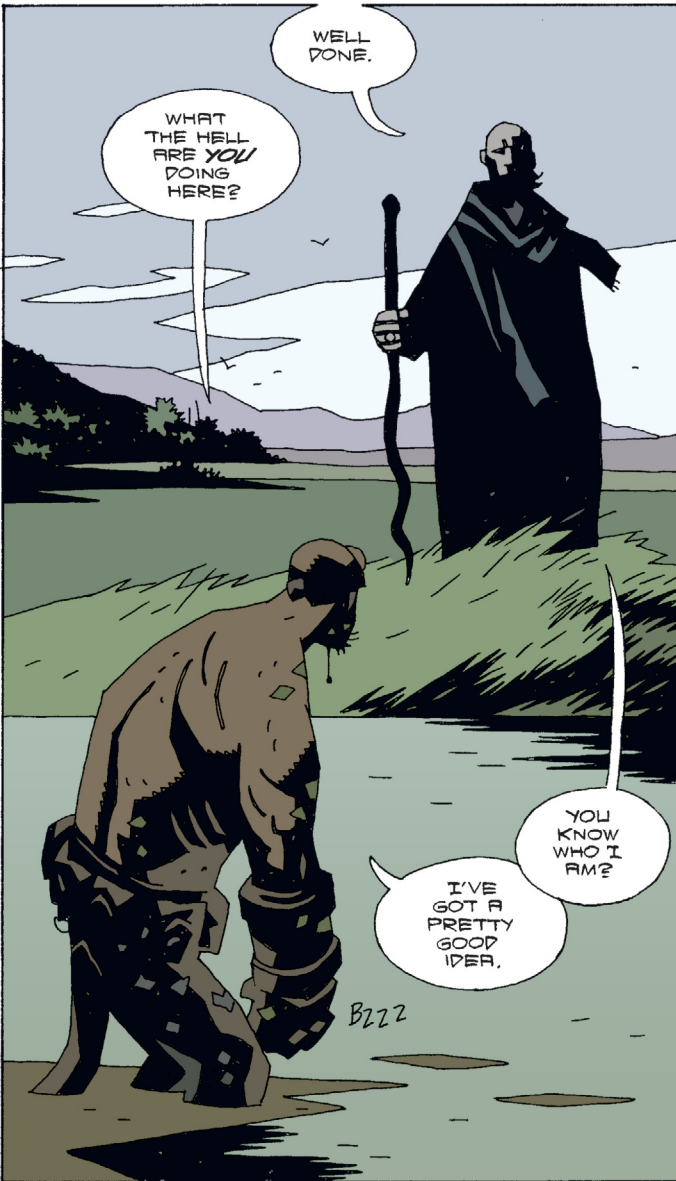










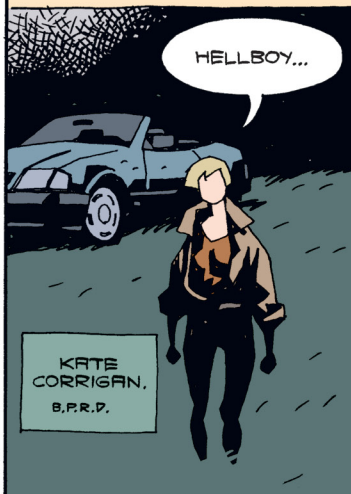




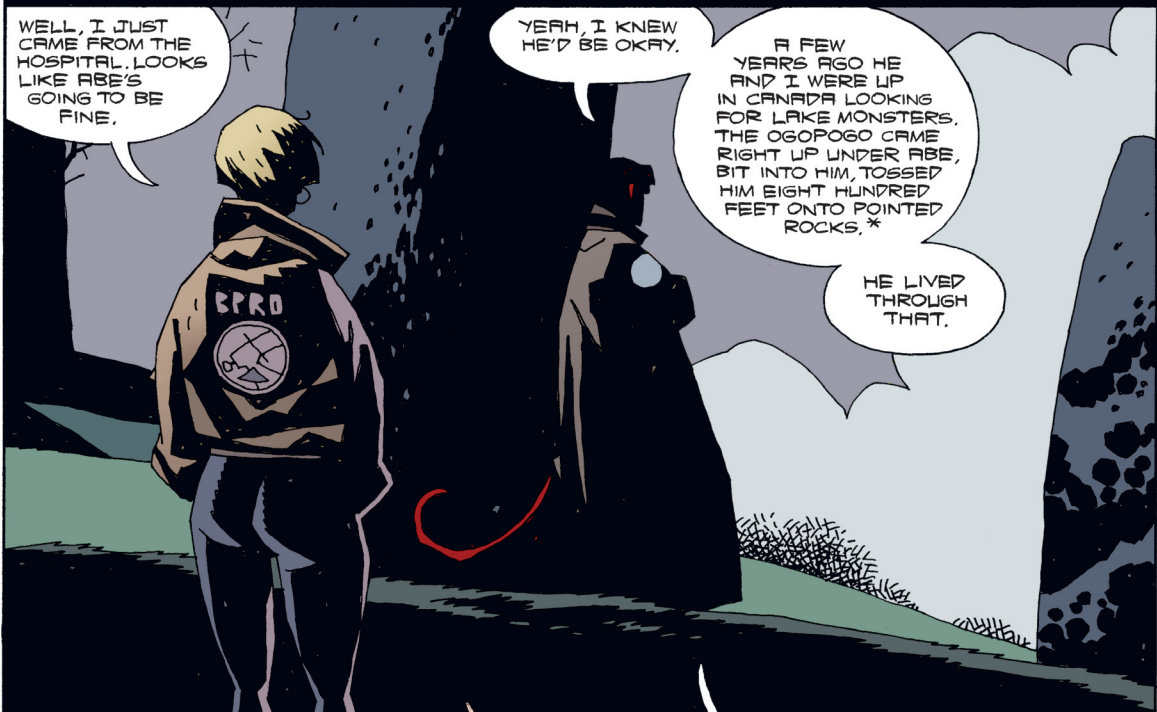




Epilogue



ONE OF THE AVEBURY
STONE CIRCLES,
WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND.



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



THE OTHER THING
IS, THE BUREAU'S
NOT TOO HAPPY WITH
YOUR REPORT ON
THE WHOLE
BROMHEAD/GUARINO
BUSINESS. THEY
SAY IT'S
"SKETCHY."

SCREW
'EM.

SOME WEIRD
STUFF HAPPENED
BACK THERE, LIKE
IN ROMANIA.*
PERSONAL STUFF.
THEY DON'T NEED
TO KNOW ALL THE
DETAILS.

BAD
ENOUGH
I KNOW.

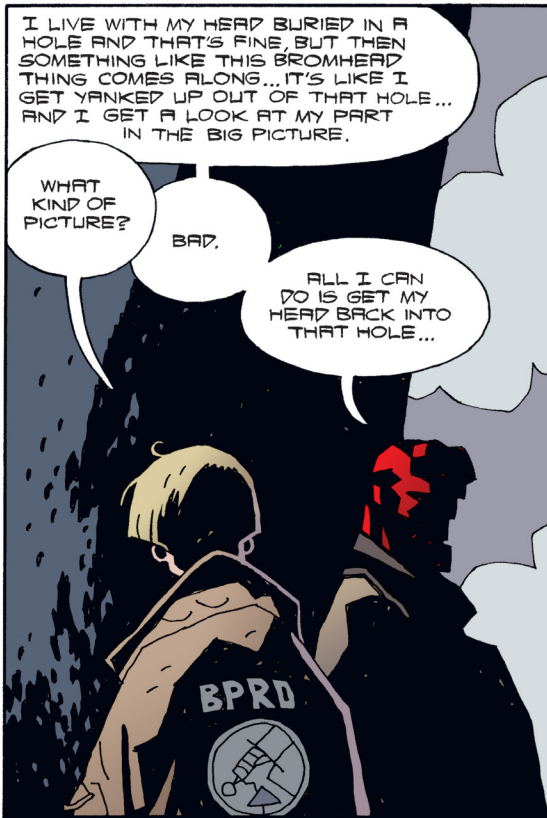
YOU KNOW HOW I
LIVE?

I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN.

I NEVER
DEAL WITH
WHAT I
AM.

I DON'T THINK
ABOUT IT. I JUST
DO MY JOB, WHICH
USUALLY INVOLVES ME
BEATING THE CRAP
OUT OF THINGS A
LOT LIKE ME.

BUT
I DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
THAT.







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.



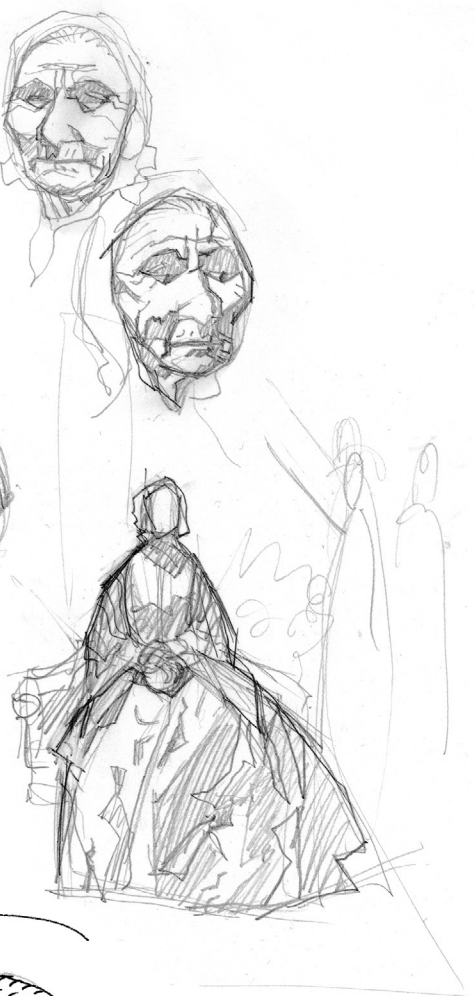


Prince Baphalamor

①



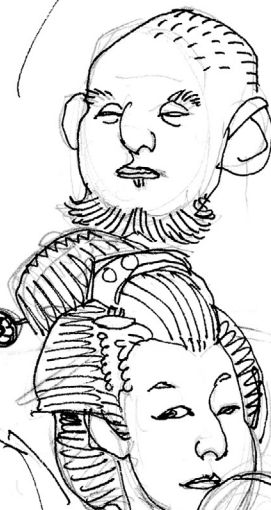
②



③

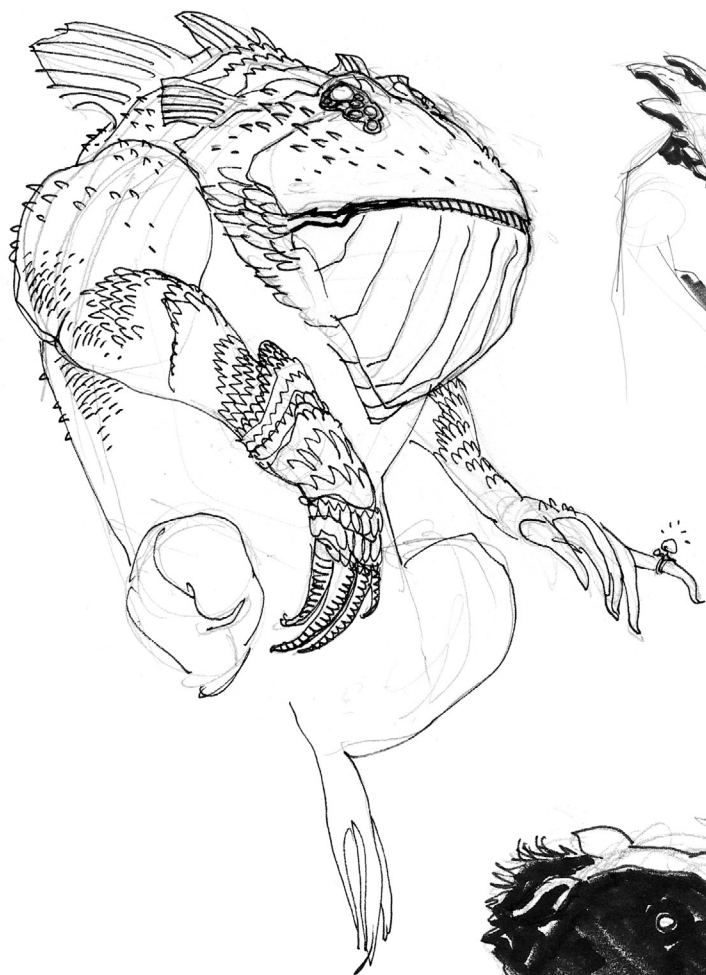


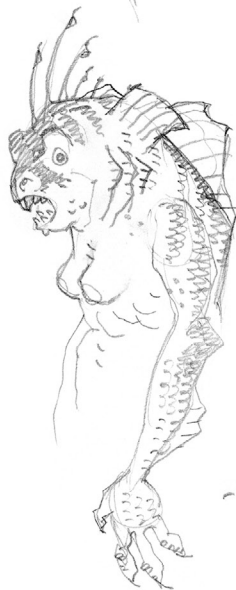
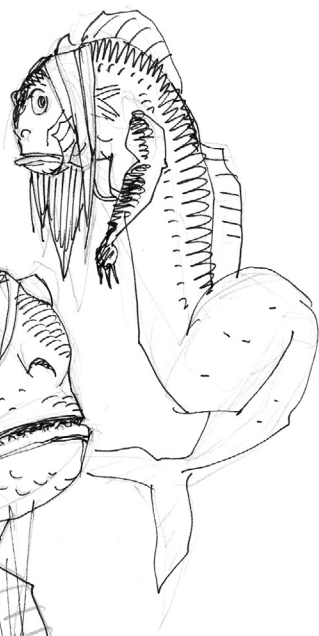
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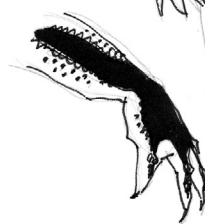
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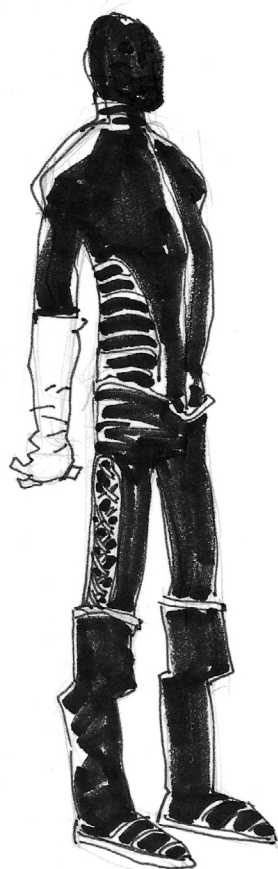
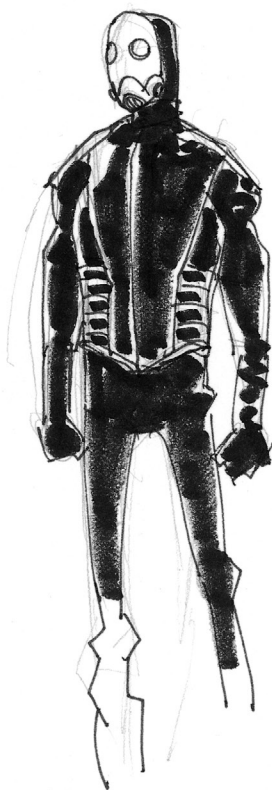
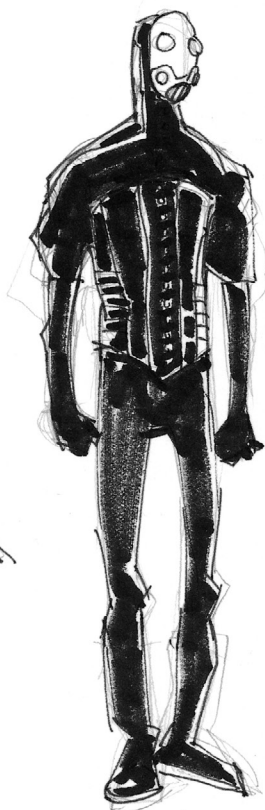




- BOFO - FOGO -











2/1/99



GAMORI -



OSE

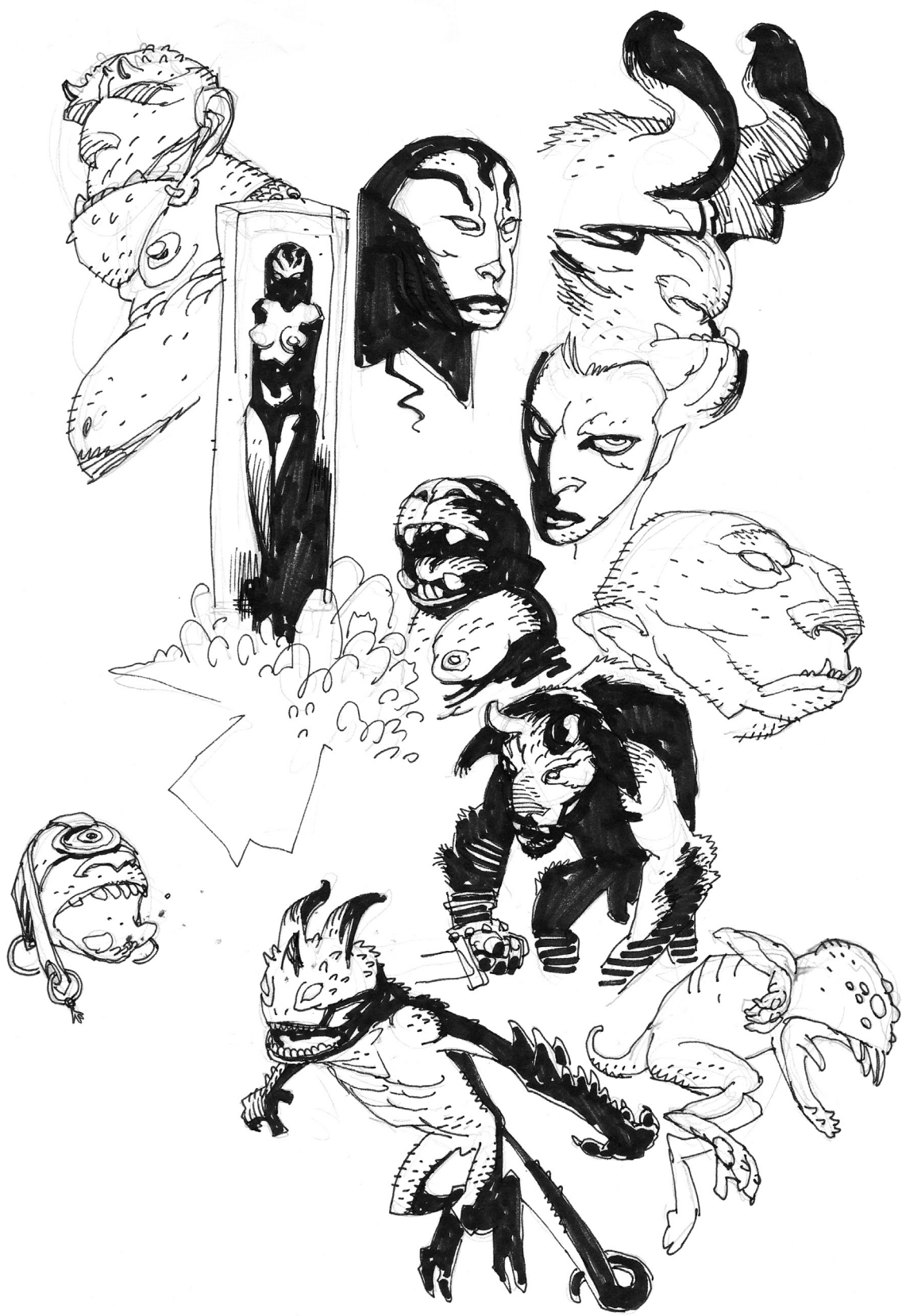




Asmoday



PURSON



SHAX



ZAGAN -



BELIAL -



BEHEMOTH -





2/2/99



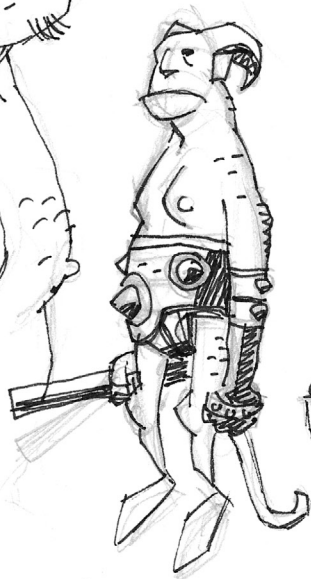
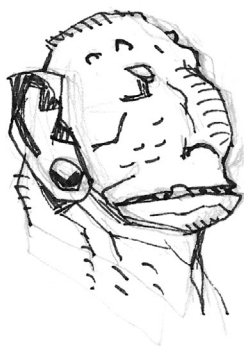
BELAM-

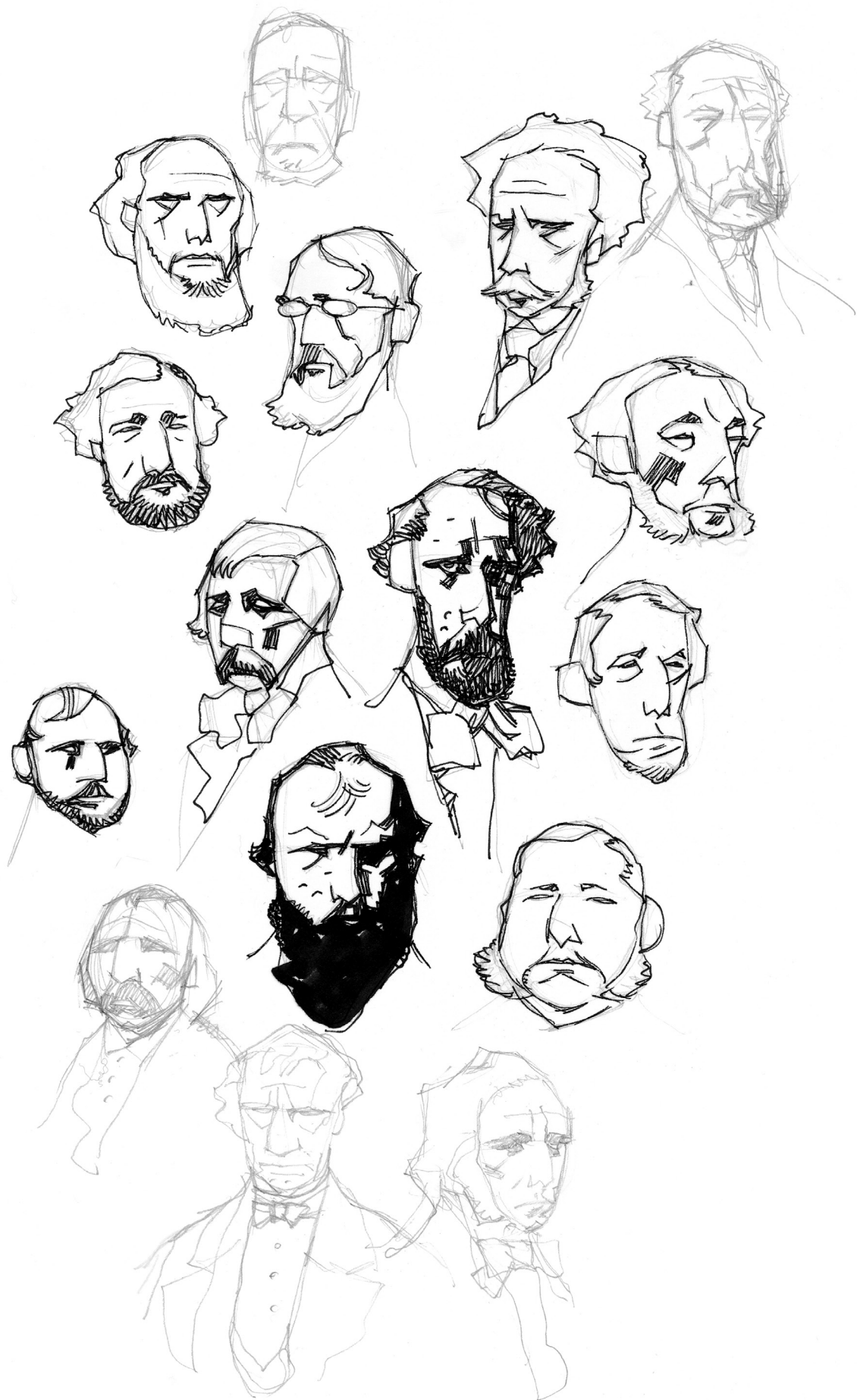


Orobos

Amdusias









Marchosias



Malphas







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

