

HELLBOY



THE TROLL WITCH *and* OTHERS

MIKE
MIGNOLA



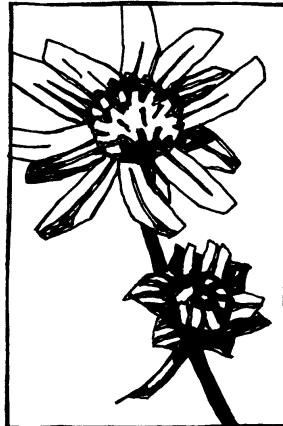
RICHARD
CORBEN



P. CRAIG
RUSSELL

HELLBOY

THE TROLL
WITCH
and OTHERS







**THE TROLL
WITCH
and OTHERS**

by
MIKE MIGNOLA
RICHARD CORBEN
P. CRAIG RUSSELL

DAVE STEWART • CLEM ROBINS
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI • GALEN SHOWMAN



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Publisher
MIKE RICHARDSON



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

All stories written by MIKE MIGNOLA.

*“The Penanggalan,” “The Hydra and the Lion,” “The Troll Witch,”
“Dr. Carp’s Experiment,” and “The Ghoul” drawn by MIKE MIGNOLA,
colored by DAVE STEWART, lettered by CLEM ROBINS.*

*“The Vampire of Prague” drawn by P. CRAIG RUSSELL,
colored by LOVERN KINDZIERSKI, lettered by GALEN SHOWMAN.*

*“Makoma” drawn by RICHARD CORBEN,
colored by DAVE STEWART, lettered by CLEM ROBINS.*

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This volume collects stories from the Dark Horse comic-book series *Hellboy: Makoma*; from the books *The Dark Horse Book of Hauntings*, *The Dark Horse Book of Witchcraft*, *The Dark Horse Book of the Dead*, and *The Dark Horse Book of Monsters*; from the comic book *Hellboy Premiere Edition*; and the original story “The Vampire of Prague.”



INTRODUCTION

by WALTER SIMONSON

Hike Mignola once told me that when he was fairly new in the business, he visited my wife, Louise, and me in our old apartment back in New York City. And there, during a hotly contested video game of Pong, I referred to him as a "spaz"! Frankly, given my own reflexes or lack thereof, I can't imagine that I was any better at that damn game.

However, it was clear from the beginning—and has only become more apparent with time—that creatively, Mike is anything *but* a "spaz." He is cranky, low-key, extremely funny, cranky, wonderfully inventive, generous, cranky, and, artistically, inspired.

Did I mention that Mike is cranky?

And with the world of Hellboy, he has produced a body of work creating a "Secondary World," as Tolkien would have called it, in which others have taken delight not only reading, but enlarging.

The book you hold in your hands is the proof of that.

Almost blisteringly prosaic in the face of miracles, Hellboy is a proud member of that pulp tradition in which the hero solves problems with a fight that serves up both entertainment and catharsis. Except of course, in a case like that of "The Troll Witch," in which he doesn't. Hellboy's actions and attitude would be recognizable to anyone familiar with the heroes of the pulp tradition—the tall, laconic, unflappable, immensely courageous protagonist of its honorable tradition. But Hellboy exists in and walks through a dream world of nightmare. His is a syncretic world fashioned of bits of obscure lore and strange untapped corners of mythology and legend. There is the occasional whiff, however faint, that is reminiscent of Baudelaire and fever dreams.

In Hellboy's world, he walks down these mean streets, not as the last honest man in the politically corrupt world of men, but as the last best hope of mankind against a sea of unseen but very real dangers. Mignola's masterly abstraction of form enables him to insinuate a world of dark possibilities without being explicit. His draftsmanship suggests a concretely real world and at the same time, his abstraction suggests a world unseen, a world of more dangers than we can imagine lurking just out of sight. That world waits with immense patience for us to stand too close to the border. Criss-crossing our familiar planet from Malaysia to Alaska to Long Island, it is Hellboy's lot to enter into that terra incognita to face its attendant dangers.

Mike's storytelling is interestingly conservative, with its rectilinear layouts and measured pacing. No mad bleeds, inset panels, or radical page layouts here. But the visual sense of order belies the underlying sense of chaos. His transitions from the mundane to the supernatural, as in "Dr. Carp's Experiment," are almost hallucinogenic in their simplicity. The known falls away from us as we cross a simple panel border and we find ourselves captured

by the nightmare. With his use of the occasional small panels presented as panes of atmospheric pattern scattered throughout his stories, Mignola evokes a sense of almost religious iconography, traces of that hidden world in which meaning is too powerful or overwhelming to be completely understood.

And his dialogue throughout the stories is sparse to the point of demanding that the reader bring their own interpretations to the material, an approach that both obscures the meaning of the word and at the same time enlarges it. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." And where else but in Hellboy's world would we observe a fragment of a puppet production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*?

Essentially—and I do not say this lightly—this is work I would like to have done myself.

It really *is* too cool for school!

I would also like to add a few words about the other artists who are a part of this collection.

Okay. Here's all you have to know about Rich Corben, a gentleman I've never met, darn it. There's nobody like him in comics. And probably not anywhere else, for that matter. From the first work of Rich's I ever saw, back in the late sixties or early seventies, Corben's voice was utterly individualistic. I don't know where he came from, who his influences were, or why he chose to do comics. But he did them like nobody else, with an intensity that made the realization of his work at world building completely convincing. And he was the whole package—brilliant, gripping draftsmanship; fascinating stories both on his own and in collaboration with others; and a grasp of explosive black-and-white and color that was the hallmark of a mature artist right from the beginning. I'm delighted he's here in this package of Hellboy. And given the nature of Rich's own fantasy work, it's a perfect fit.

Ever since I've known him, Craig Russell has been a creator with an abiding passion for opera. I haven't asked Craig if he likes all opera or is simply particularly passionate about Wagner, clearly one of his great delights. But the echoes of that passion ring throughout his work, even in that work not directly derived from operatic theater. He has always brought to his craft an arresting quality of thoroughly considered stagecraft. His drawings reveal a care in the staging of his dramas as well as in his designs for the settings within which these dramas are enacted. Craig's protagonists are clothed in richly conceived costumes, revealing carefully considered designs of imagination. There is a formalism in his visualizations that cloak his stories with an aura of inevitability. In the end, Craig's work seems to me to give the reader a glimpse as through a proscenium arch into another world, where characters enact their dramas to preordained ends that have something to do with the workings of an implacable fate.

The Penanggalan

I FIRST DISCOVERED this beautifully odd thing about a zillion years ago, in Bernhardt J. Hurwood's *Passport to the Supernatural*, the first great book I ever read about supernatural creatures from all over the world. The Penanggalan kicking her own head off, the swollen intestines and the vinegar, all that is taken from Malaysian folklore—because you just can't make up stuff like that.

"The Penanggalan" was originally published in 2004, as part of a special comic through *Wizard* magazine. For this collection I've redrawn two panels. I usually don't do things like that, but those two panels were *really* bugging me.



The Hydra and the Lion

MY DAUGHTER KATIE AND I COBBLED this one together one night at an Italian restaurant somewhere in New York City. Back then she was still telling people (anyone who would listen) that she was half lion, and she had perfected a sort of lion roar to prove it. Her favorite creature back then was the Hydra (thanks to Disney's *Hercules*), and she explained to me that the lion girl would probably be pulling the Hydra's teeth out with pliers. Okay. The whole thing never made much sense, but I told the story to my long-suffering editor (the very patient Scott Allie) and then forgot all about it. A few years later, Scott put together *The Dark Horse Book of Monsters* and asked for the Hydra story. Damn. At the last minute, I added that bit about the Thespian and Nemean lions, so now, at least, we could have a couple guys *trying* to make sense of the story.

I've always said that in supernatural stories you need bits that are beyond human comprehension—this one is pretty much made of those bits.

MALAYSIA, 1958.



The Penanggalan



THE FIRST OF HER KIND
WAS AN OLD WOMAN. ONE
DAY, WHILE PERFORMING
HER RELIGIOUS DUTY, SHE
WAS STARTLED BY A STRANGE
MAN AND ACCIDENTALLY
KICKED HER OWN HEAD OFF.
THAT HEAD AND HER ORGANS
FLEW AWAY TO A TREETOP
AND BECAME
A DEMON.

THAT
MIGHT BE THE
STUPIDEST
THING
I'VE EVER
HEARD.

NO
OFFENSE.



I DID
NOT SAY IT WAS
TRUE, ONLY THAT
I BELIEVE IT.

THERE WAS
A PENANGGALAN WHO
HAUNTED THESE WOODS
YEARS AND YEARS
AGO.

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO IT?

IN THOSE
DAYS ALL THE PEOPLE
BELIEVED, AND THERE
WERE WISE MEN WHO
KNEW HOW TO TRAP HER...
AND DESTROY HER...

"BUT NOW THE LAST BOMAH*
IS DEAD AND TURNED TO BONES.
THE SACRIFICE BOWLS GO
EMPTY AND THE PEOPLE DO NOT
REMEMBER TO HANG THORNS
IN THEIR WINDOWS. NOW SHE
IS FORGOTTEN, SO SHE
COMES AGAIN..."

"NOW IT IS EASY FOR
HER TO FLY INTO THEIR
HOUSES AND DRINK
THEIR BLOOD..."

BUT HOW
IS IT YOU ARE
HERE?

THERE WAS A DOCTOR LIVING
HERE. WHEN THESE KILLINGS
STARTED HE WROTE A LETTER
TO SOME FRIENDS OF MINE,
AND THEY SENT ME.

WAS
LIVING?

THAT'S
RIGHT...

*A MALAYSIAN SHAMAN



USUALLY WITH THIS KIND OF THING YOU WAIT TILL MORNING. CATCH THE THING WHEN IT'S SLEEPING.

SHE NEVER SLEEPS.

BETTER YOU SHOULD WAIT HERE AND SURPRISE HER. HER BODY MUST BE HERE. SHE WILL NEED TO COME BACK TO IT BEFORE MORNING. THEN SHE WILL MOVE AROUND LIKE A PERSON, BUT MUST STAY IN THE DARK...



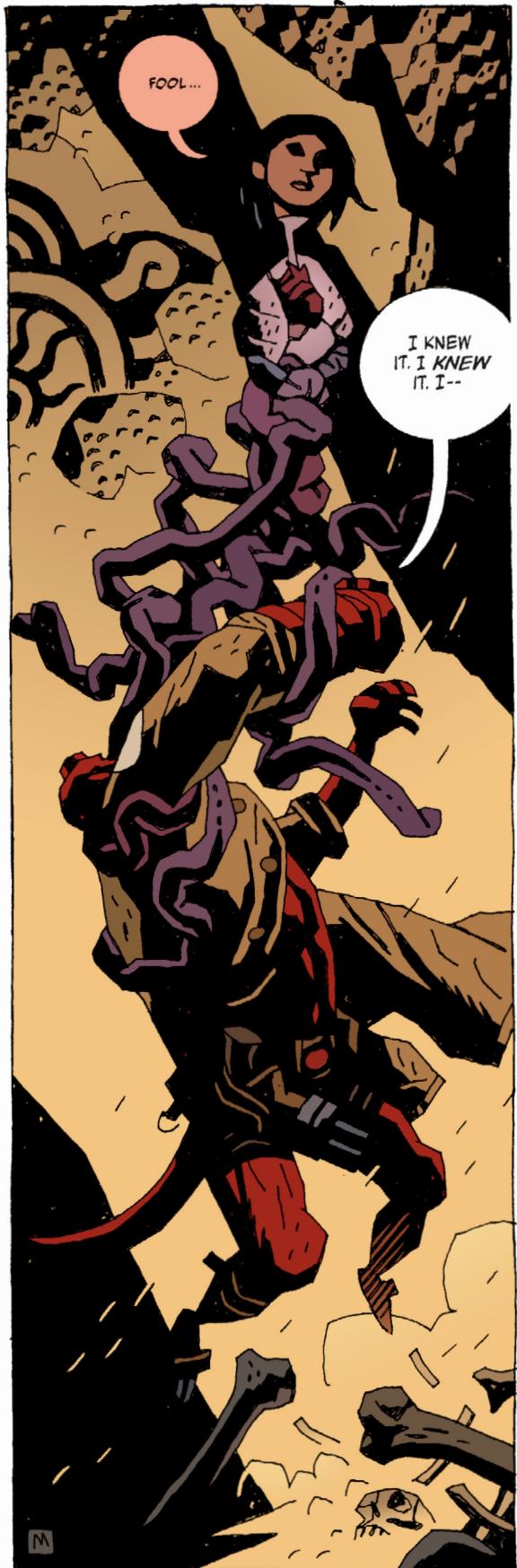
BODY AND HEAD CANNOT BE SEPARATE WHEN THE SUN IS UP.

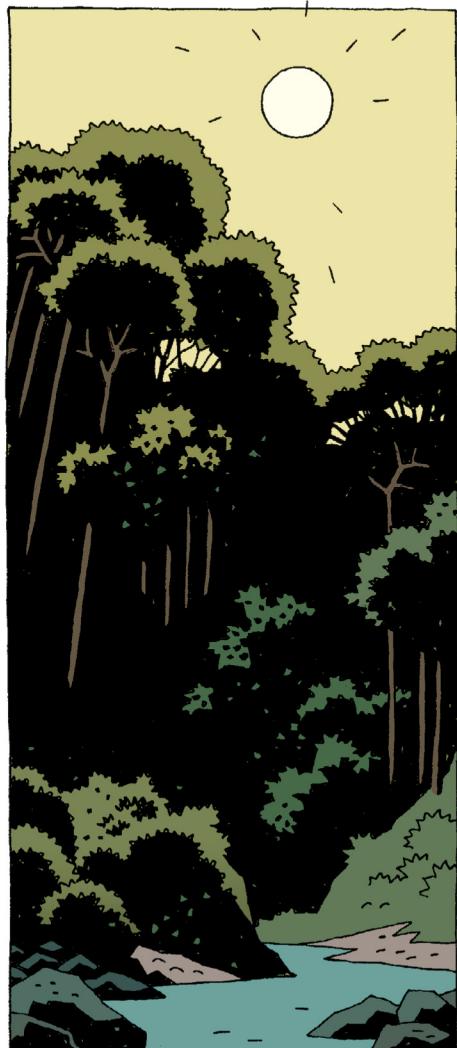


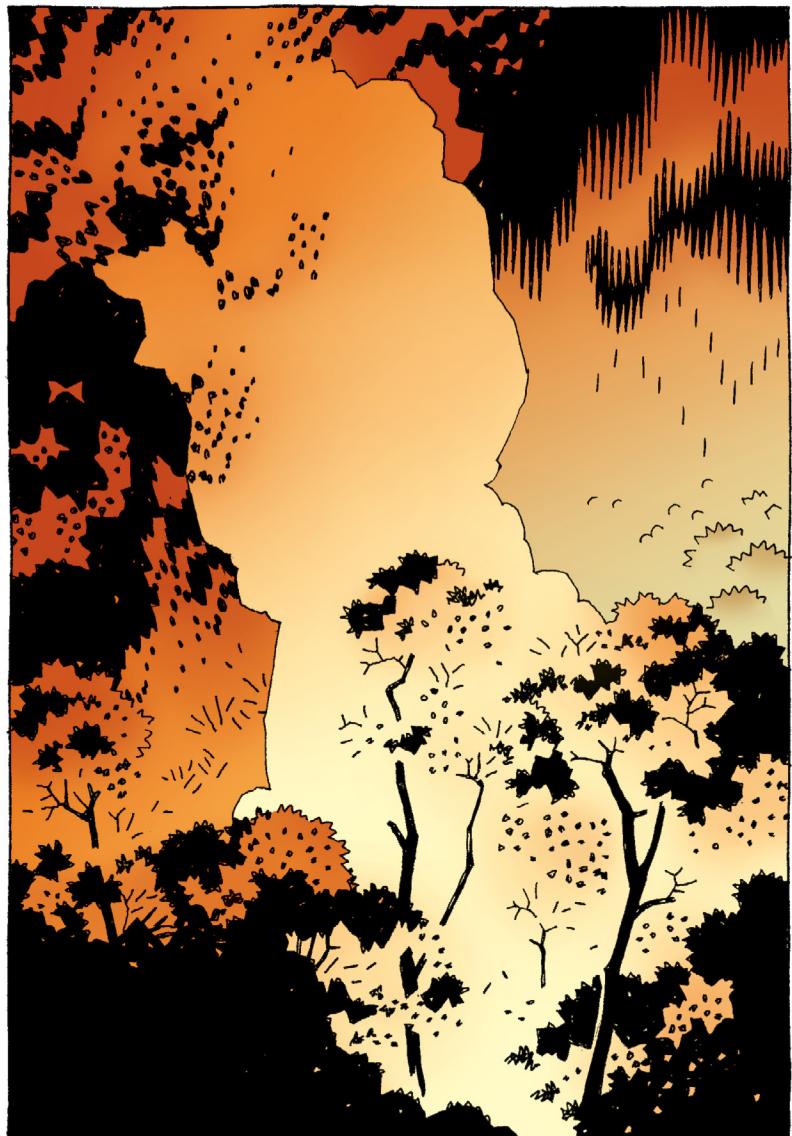
YEAH...?













The Hydra and the Lion



HE WAS A NICE FELLA. DUMB AS A BLOCK A' WOOD BUT STRONG AS A BUNCH A' ELEPHANTS.

LAST FEW YEARS HE WAS WORKIN' UP AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, PUSHIN' A BROOM. THE KIDS LOVED HIM.

HERCULES

HIS CHOICEST PRIZE
ETERNAL PEACE

YEAH, A REAL NICE FELLA.

HERCULES.

YEAH.

MADE ME PROMISE TO PUT HIS PROPER NAME ON HIS TOMBSTONE. SAID HE'D MADE A LOT OF ENEMIES OVER THE YEARS, HAD TO HIDE OUT, USE THE MADE-UP NAMES.

THE REAL HERCULES.

WHO KNOWS ?

WE HAD A NICE LITTLE FUNERAL FOR HIM, THEN THIS FOG ROLLED IN...

YEAH, I DUNNO.

THEN THE MONSTER.



SQUEEEEEEEEEEE--



POP



KID!

GET DOWN
FROM THERE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

I'M GETTING
TEETH FOR MY
COLLECTION.

DO
YOU WANT
TO SEE
MY--



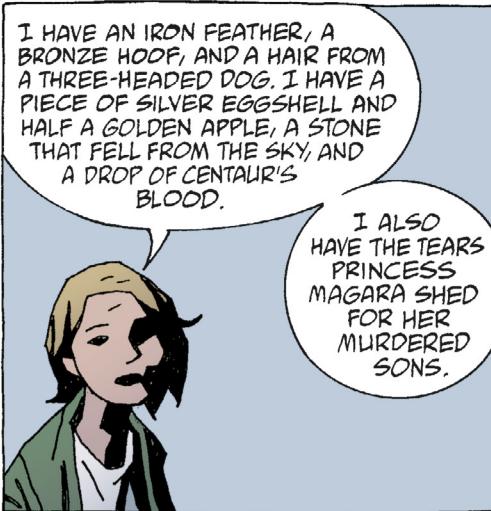
COME HERE!

YOU TRYING TO
GET YOURSELF
KILLED?!

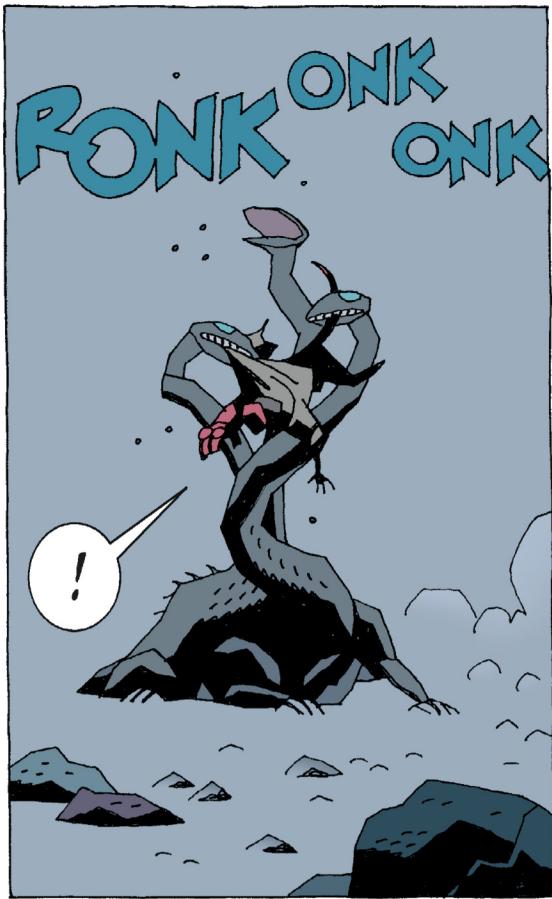
YOU LIVE
AROUND
HERE?
WHERE
ARE YOUR
PARENTS?

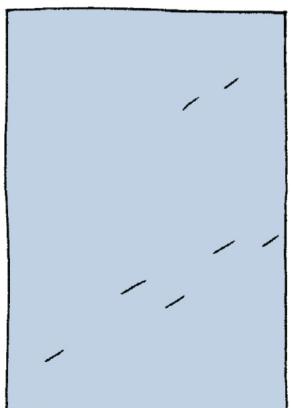
I'M
FROM CITHAERON.
YOU KNOW WHERE
THAT
IS?

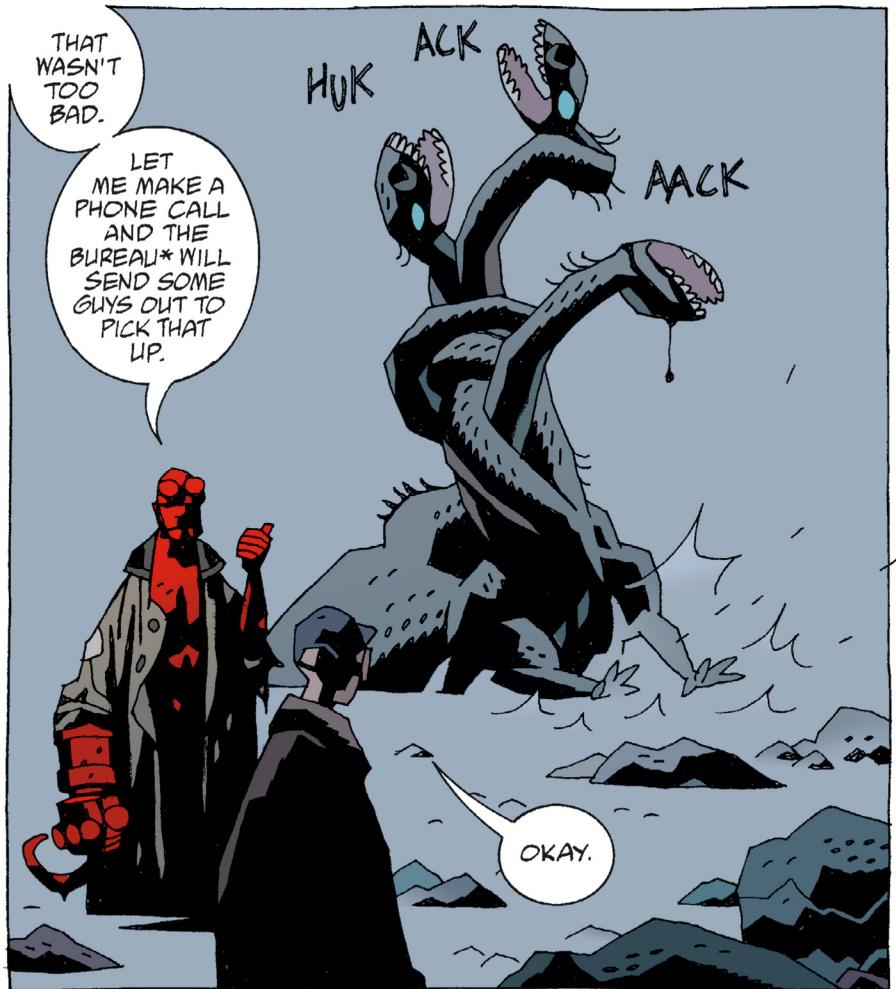
WHAT?



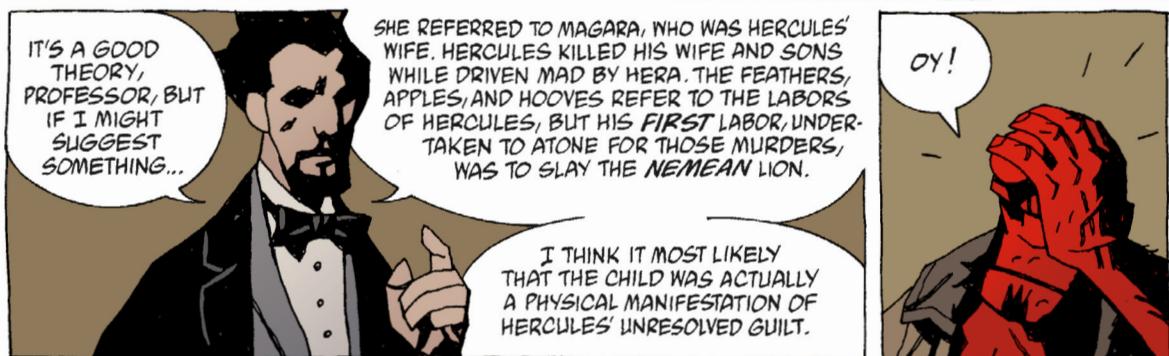








*BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE



The Troll-witch



HELLBOY.







"ONCE THERE WAS A WOMAN WHO COULD BEAR NO CHILDREN..."

"DESPAIRING, SHE SOUGHT OUT A WITCH AND GOT FROM HER TWO FLOWERS..."

SEE THAT YOU DO NOT EAT OF THE UGLIER OF THE TWO, BUT ONLY THE ONE THAT IS GOOD.

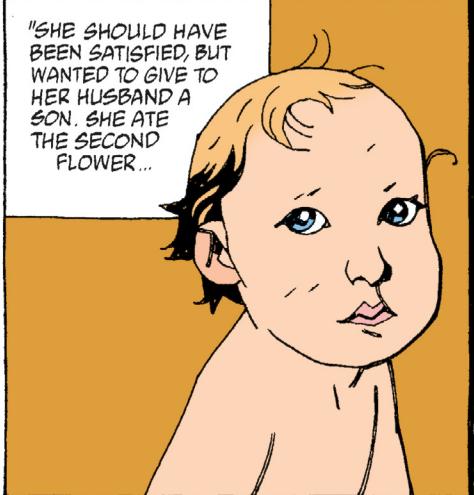


"SHE DID AS SHE WAS TOLD, ATE ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWER, AND WAS IN SHORT TIME DELIVERED OF A PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL.



"SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SATISFIED, BUT WANTED TO GIVE TO HER HUSBAND A SON. SHE ATE THE SECOND FLOWER..."

"AND GAVE BIRTH TO A SECOND GIRL..."



"UGLY, STUNTED, TROLL-LIKE.

"YEARS PASSED, AND THE BEAUTIFUL SISTER BECAME MORESO, THE UGLY SISTER MORE DREADFUL. SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT OUT, BUT THE TWO LOVED EACH OTHER, AND THE ONE WOULD NOT BE PARTED FROM THE OTHER.



"THEN, ON A CHRISTMAS EVE, A RUCKUS AND ROARING WAS HEARD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE..."



MOTHER?

IT IS THE TROLLS COME TO HOLD THEIR YULE CELEBRATION. LEAVE THEM BE AND NO HARM WILL COME FROM IT.

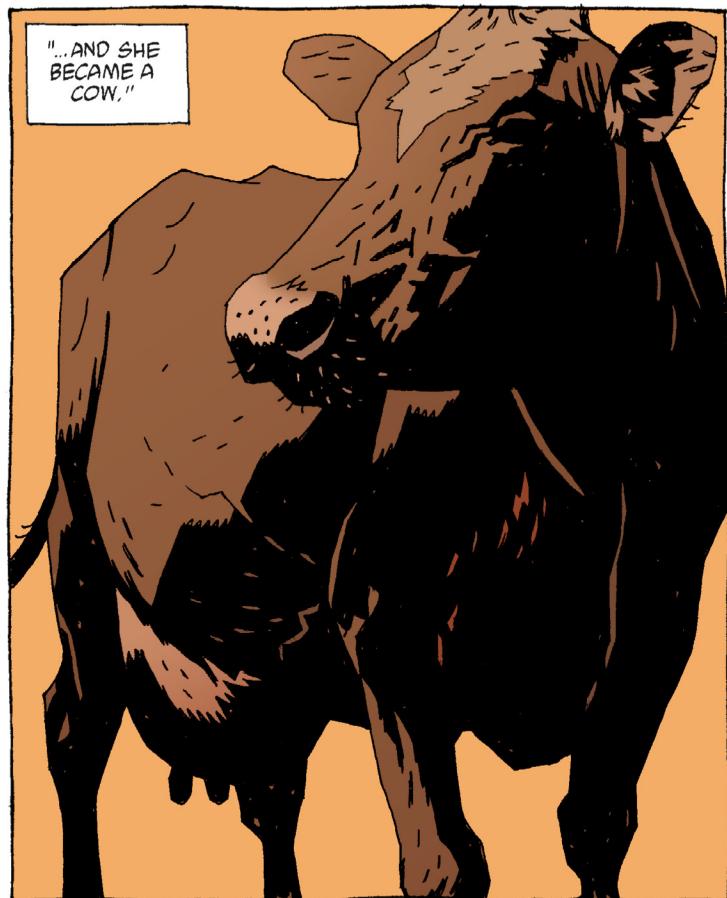
"BUT THE POOR, WRETCHED, AND UGLY GIRL WOULD NOT LEAVE BE. THOUGH HER SISTER BEGGED HER TO STAY, SHE WENT OUT TO FIGHT WITH THEM..."



I WONDER WHY?

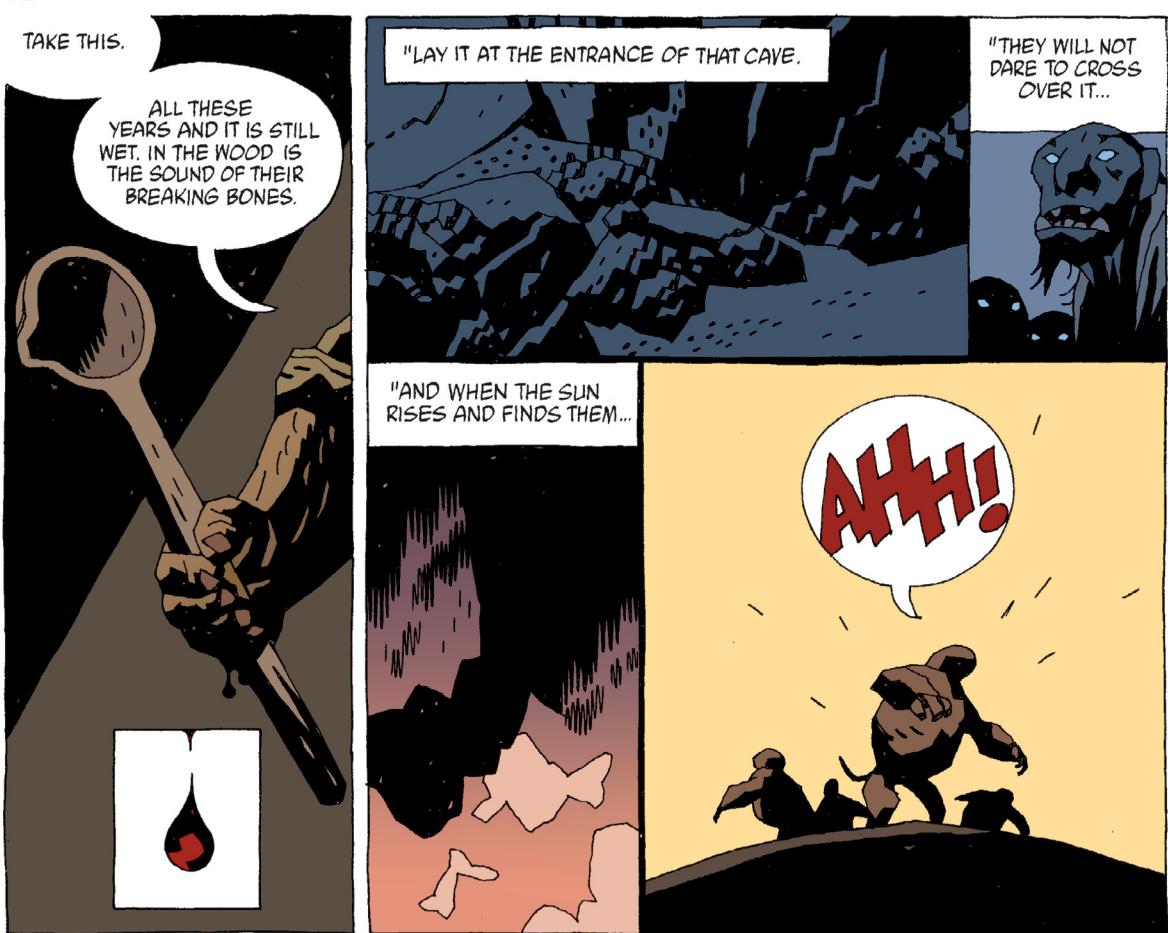
DO YOU THINK SHE SAW IN THEM THE THING THAT WAS MONSTROUS IN HERSELF?

"WHO CAN SAY. ONLY THAT SHE WAS ENRAGED WITH THEM AND FOUGHT THEM LIKE A BEAR."









"THEY WILL TURN TO STONE.

"NO BLOW
STRUCK..."

"NO DROP OF
BLOOD
SPILLED..."

AND I WONDER...
HOW WILL YOU
FEEL ABOUT
THAT?

THE
END

The Troll Witch

THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES. The story of the two sisters is based on a Norwegian folktale. In the original story, the one sister *does* rescue the other's head and she does turn back into a person and she marries a prince, etc. I liked her better as a cow. The reveal of the sister's head was probably unconsciously inspired by the end of John Huston's *The Man Who Would Be King*, my all-time favorite "boy movie."

"The Troll Witch" was published in 2004, in *The Dark Horse Book of Witchcraft*.



The Vampire of Prague

MY FIRST TRIP TO PRAGUE was with director Guillermo del Toro, back in 2000, to scout locations for his film *Blade II* and to look for Kafka puppets. We had better luck with the locations. Guillermo *did* finally find a Kafka puppet (but it had no coat or hat and I think a proper Kafka puppet needs both), but the puppet we both fell in love with was a horrible, pop-eyed, green-faced thing with little playing cards tucked into its sleeve. Pinned to its coat was a little book telling the legend of the gambler ghost of Prague. For this story I've stayed faithful to the gambler legend but have taken the liberty of turning him into a vampire. There are supposedly a few vampires who haunt Prague, but they tend to be pathetic characters—one waits for people to hurt themselves so he can lick their blood off the ground. Another lives in a pond and eats fish. Sad.

Most of the little puppet shops in Prague are gone now, but there are still a few good ones on the castle side of the Charles Bridge. The best of these was the inspiration for the last part of this story.

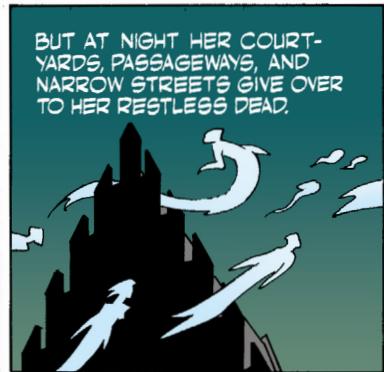
I originally planned to draw this one myself, but when it became clear that was never going to happen, the only artist I could think of for it was P. Craig Russell. I've been a fan of Craig's work for a very long time—everything from *Killraven* and *Elric* to his super-epic *Ring of the Nibelung*. We've worked together several times over the years, but always with Craig inking my pencil drawings. This was my first time writing for him, and to say I was intimidated, well, that doesn't even begin to cover it. I gave Craig a script with all the dialogue (I usually write the dialogue after it's drawn) and then a very loose description of the action. I didn't try to tell Craig how to do anything. I didn't break the plot down by pages. I didn't even say how many pages the story had to be. I just turned it over to Craig (with some pictures of that gambler-ghost puppet) and got the hell out of his way.

"The Vampire of Prague" was done specifically for this collection, with Craig's regular colorist, Lovern Kindzierski, and letterer, Galen Showman.

PRAGUE.

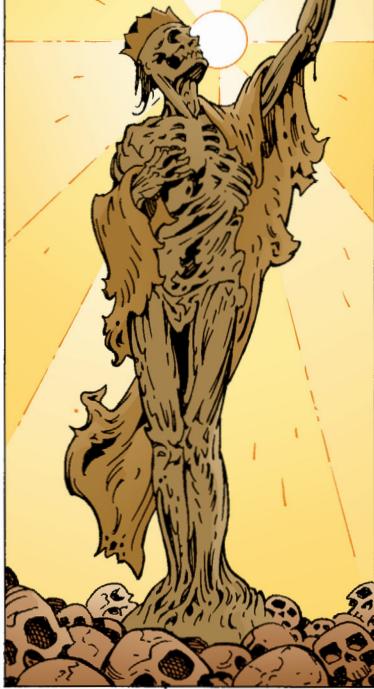
THE DUST OF RABBI LOEW'S GOLEM LIES QUIET IN THE ATTIC OF THE OLD-NEW SYNAGOGUE...

BUT AT NIGHT HER COURTYARDS, PASSAGeways, AND NARROW STREETS GIVE OVER TO HER RESTLESS DEAD.





"THIS PARTICULAR VERGER WAS A GAMBLER WHO HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LIVE DURING THE TIME OF THE PLAGUE..."



"SO THERE CAME A DAY WHEN HE COULD FIND NO LIVING MEN TO PLAY AGAINST HIM..."



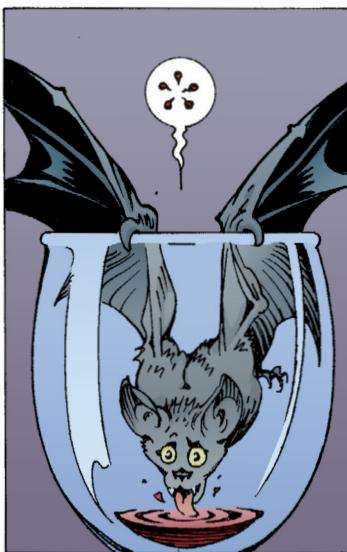
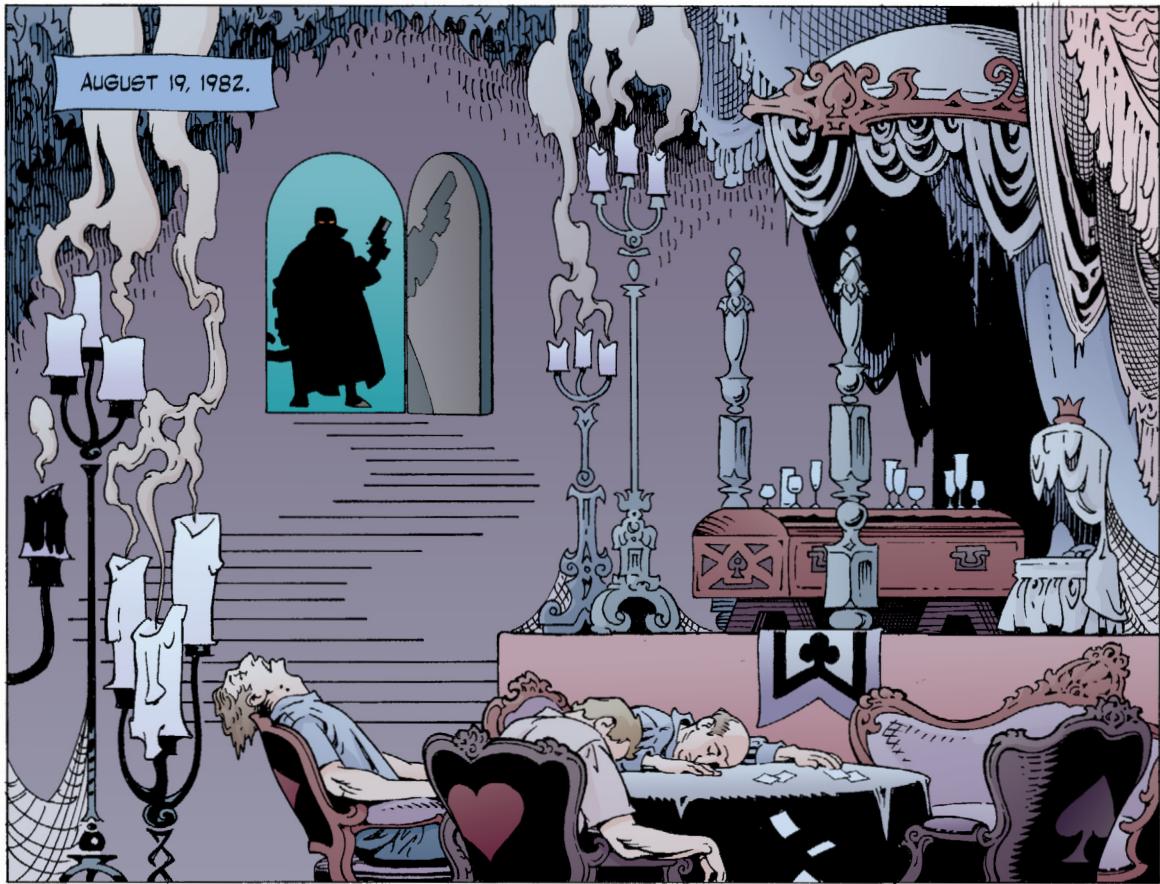
"AND SO GREAT WAS HIS PASSION FOR CARDS THAT, OUT OF DESPERATION, HE STRUCK UP A GAME WITH THE DEAD."

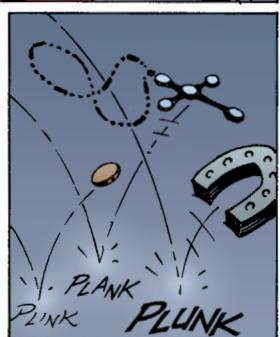


"FOR THAT OFFENSE HE WAS CURSED, AND TO THIS DAY, EACH NIGHT, HE WANDERS THAT CITY..."



"...SEEKING VICTIMS."





TWO MONTHS
EARLIER.

THIS IS
THE VULCAN
40. IT'S GOOD.
IT'LL STOP A
PILE OF
ELEPHANTS.

40

NOW THIS
...



...THIS IS THE VULCAN 50. THIS'LL
TAKE OFF THE TOP OF A GOD DAMN
MOUNTAIN. I HESITATE TO EVEN
GIVE YOU ONE OF THESE.

DON'T
USE IT
NEAR
PEOPLE.

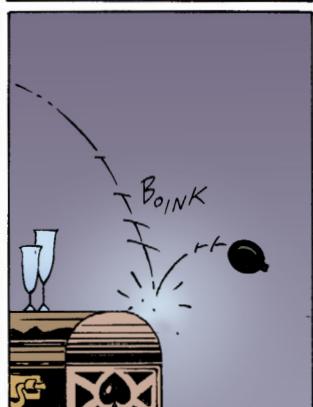
DON'T
USE IT
NEAR
BUILDINGS.

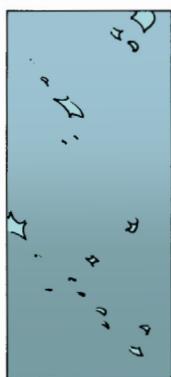


DON'T
GET THEM
MIXED
UP.



NO
PROB-
LEM.





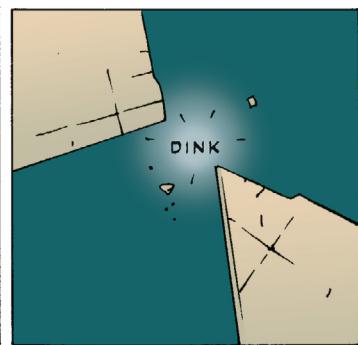
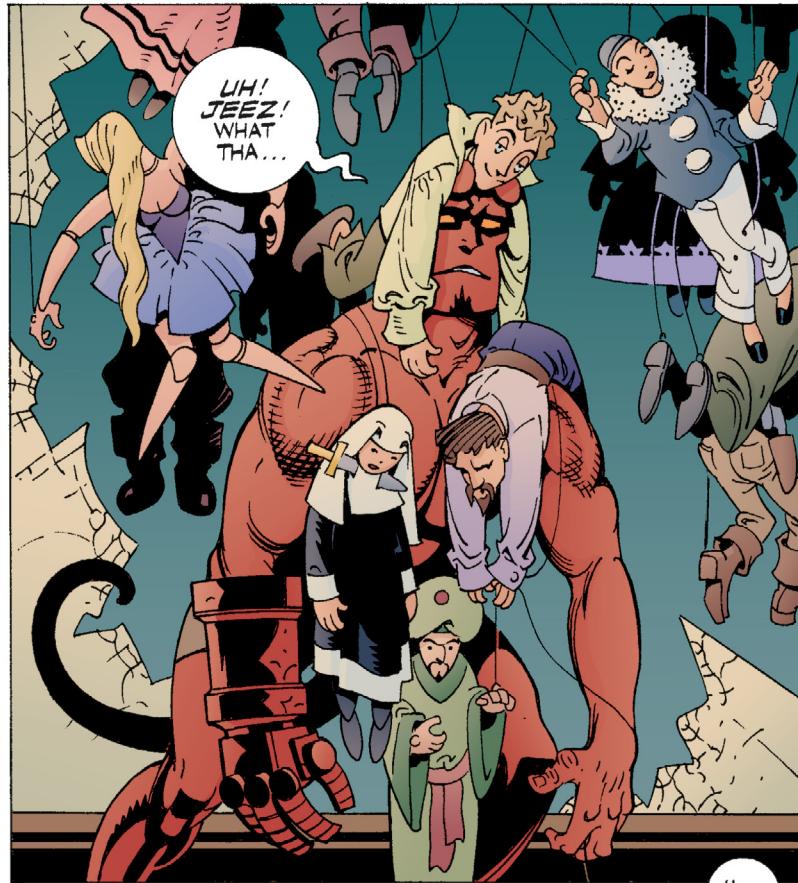


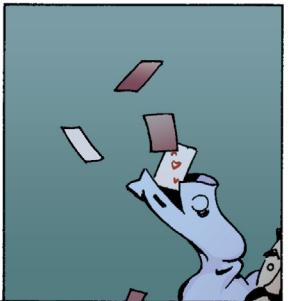


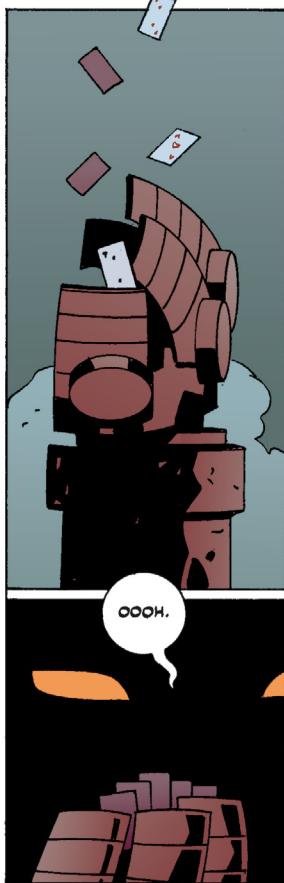








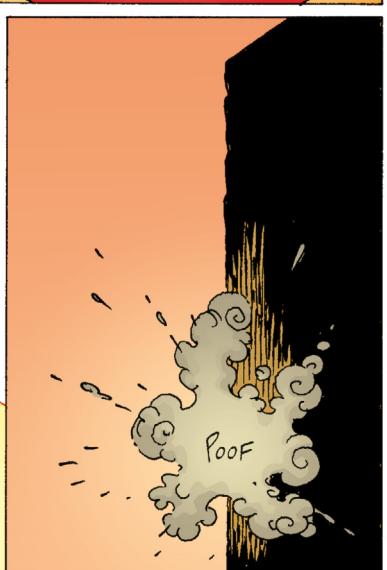
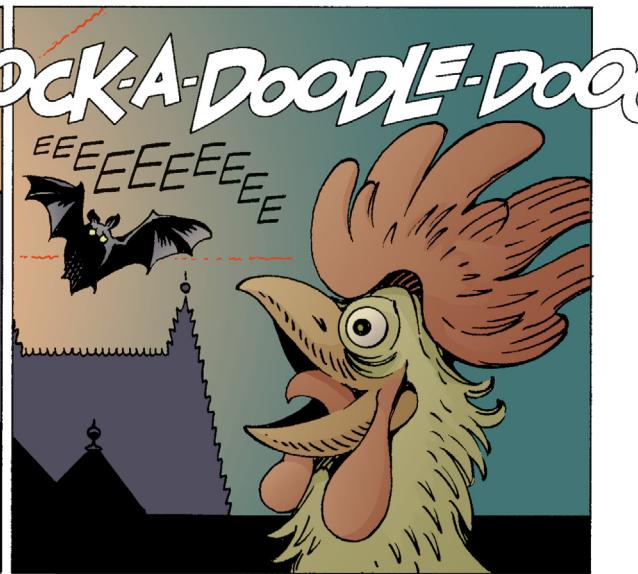


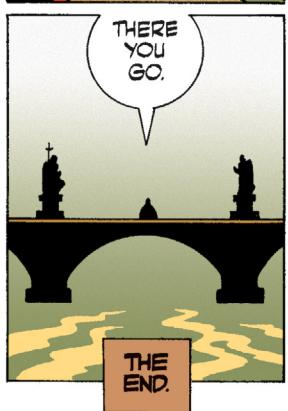
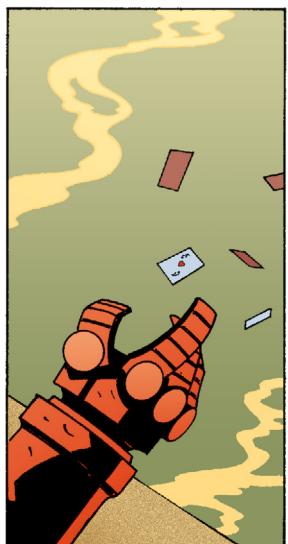
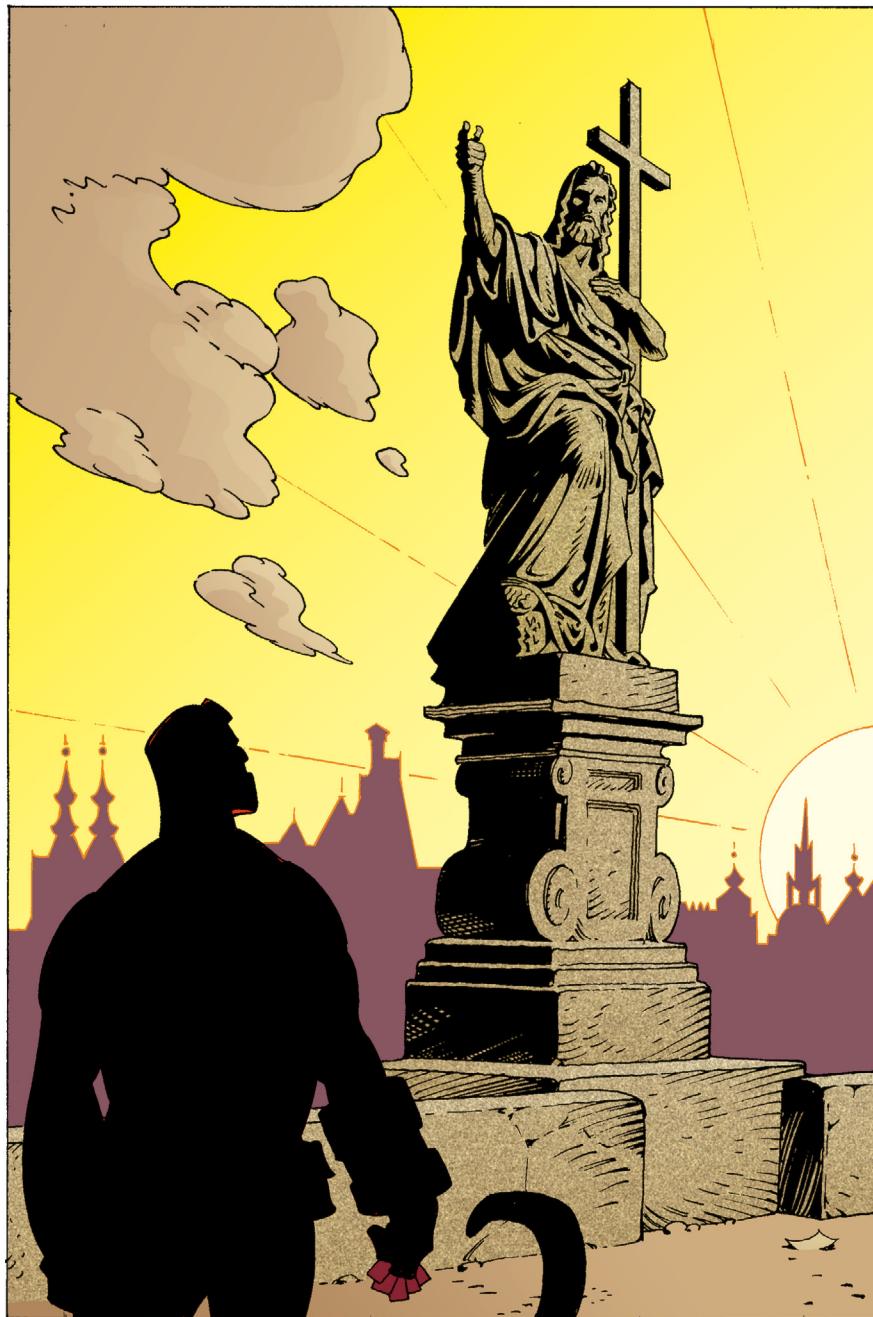
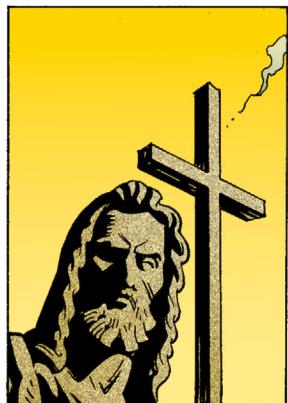






* IN POKER, A FULL-HOUSE BEATS A STRAIGHT.

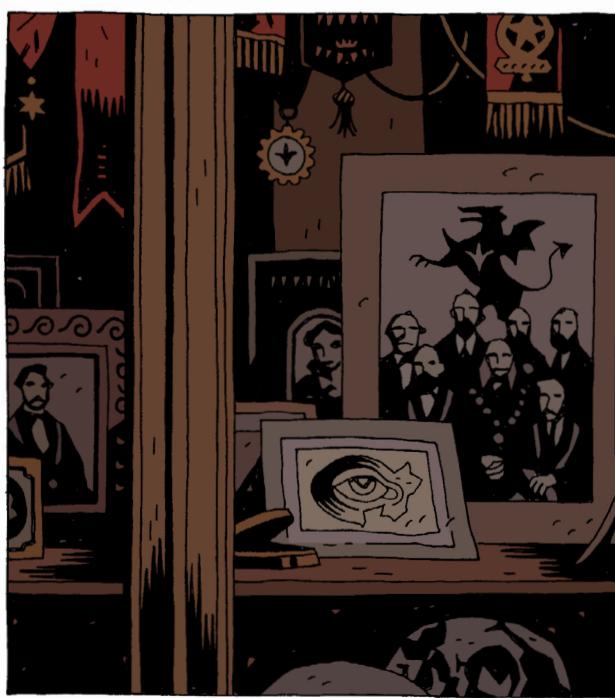




Dr. Carp's Experiment

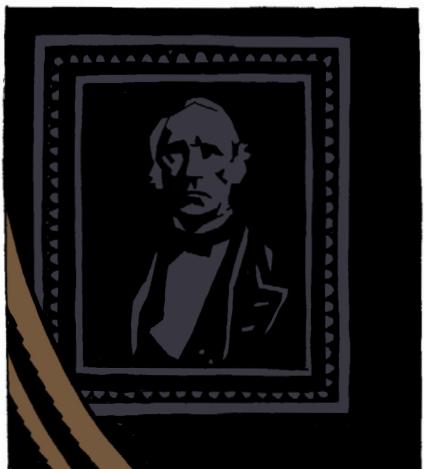
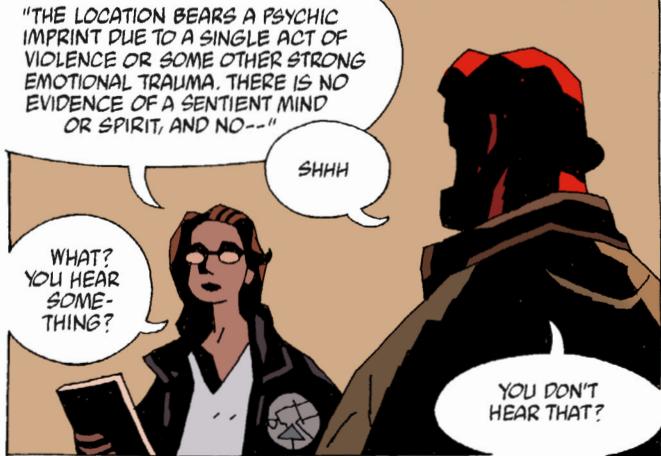


*BELIEVED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE (1906) AND THE TUNGUSKA FOREST EXPLOSION (1908).



"THE
USUAL
STUFF..."





"THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE..."

CHALK ON A CHALK
BOARD...

NO ONE
EVER
REPORTED
THAT.

FLIP
FLIP

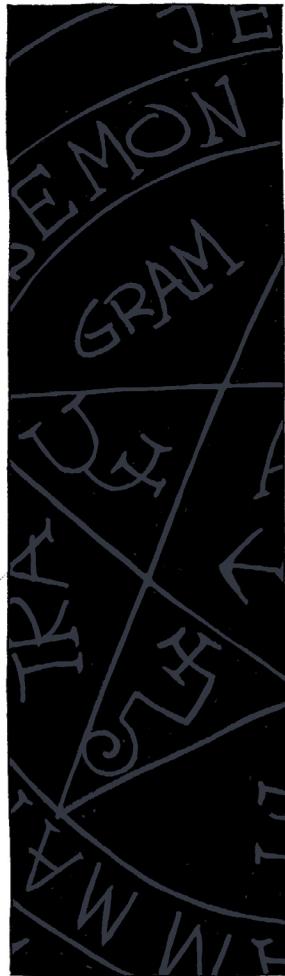
SO WHAT'S THE
DEAL WITH
THIS NEW
BLUEPRINT?

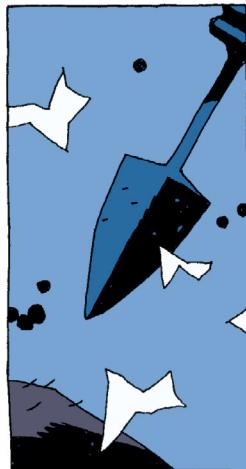
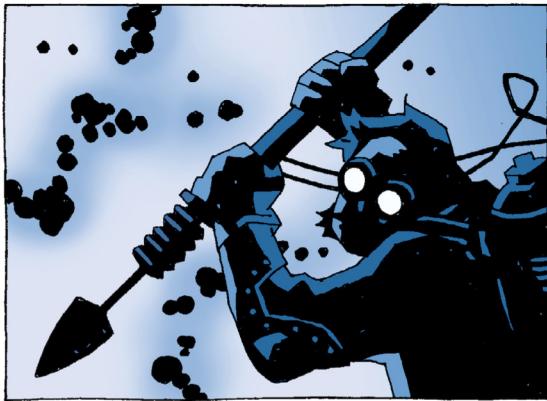
NOT NEW.
CARP HAD THE
PLACE BUILT IN 1874.
LAST WEEK THE ORIGINAL
PLANS TURNED UP IN A
BOX OF JUNK AT THE
COUNTY RECORDS
OFFICE.

BECAUSE
OF THE HOUSE'S
REPUTATION, THEY
TURNED THEM OVER
TO US.

THE PLANS
SHOWED A BASE-
MENT ROOM AND
OUR FILES DIDN'T,
SO WE WENT
DIGGING...

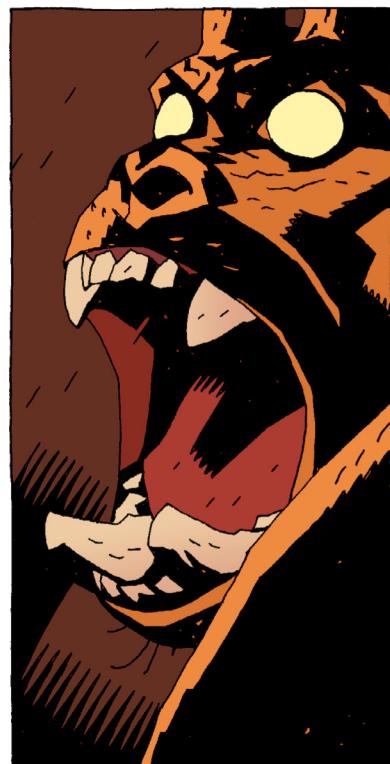
IRO

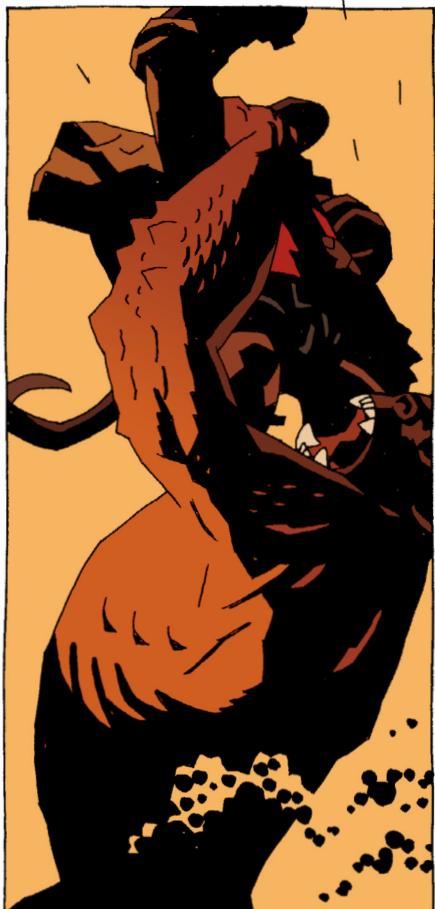
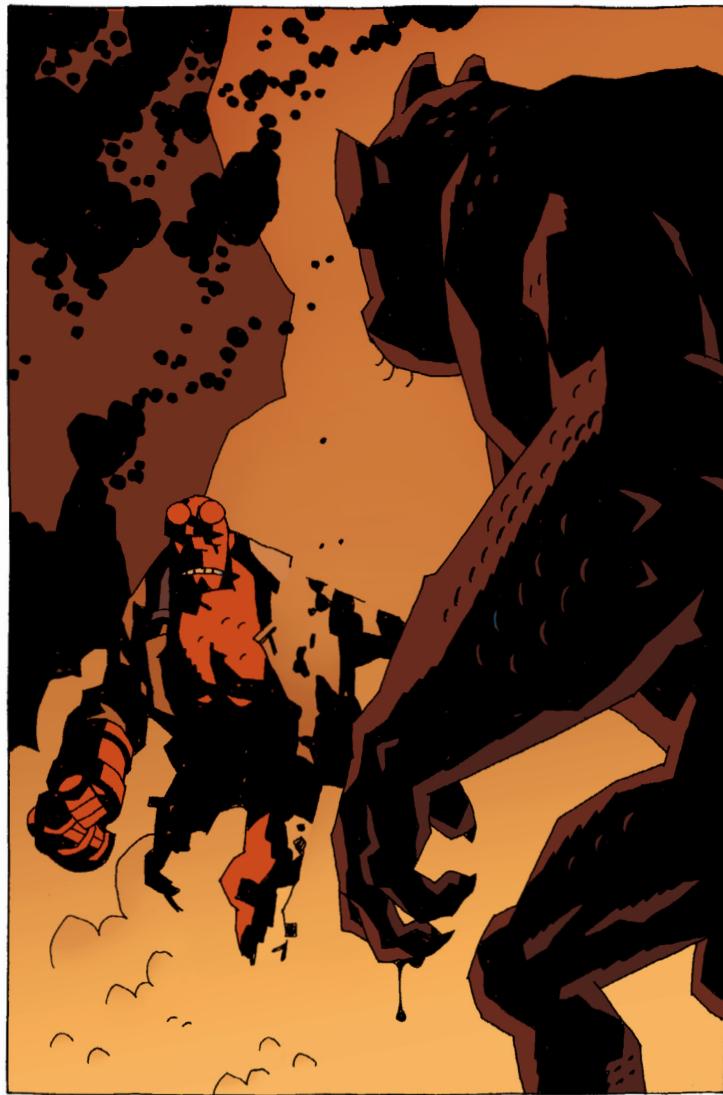


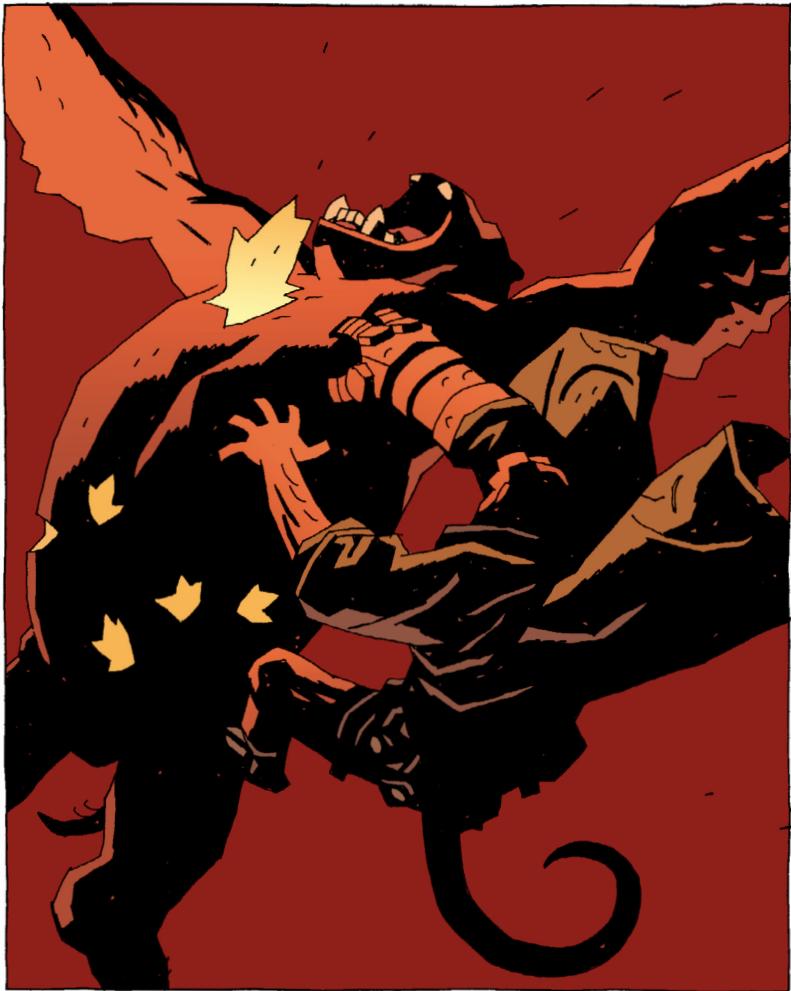
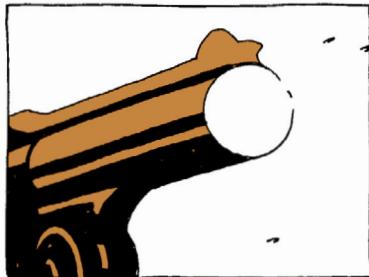














ONE OF THESE GUYS
MUST BE THE DOCTOR.
THE SISTER MUST HAVE
FOUND THIS MESS AND
HAD THE ROOM BRICKED
UP JUST AS IT WAS.
NO FUNERALS. NO
NOTHIN'.

NO WONDER
THE PLACE IS
HAUNTED.

YUP.

HELLBOY?

YOU
ALL RIGHT?
WHAT IS
THAT?



THE
END

Dr. Carp's Experiment

THE BASIC IDEA OF THIS ONE—the time travel, the scientist, the monkey, and the blood—goes back a long time. It's probably one of the first Hellboy stories I thought of. I plotted and replotted it a bunch of different times over the years, setting it in a bunch of different locations. It was almost part of *Conqueror Worm* (it would have been in chapter three, instead of the cabinet full of heads), but for whatever reason I didn't get around to putting it on paper until 2003. Why this version instead of any of the others? I don't know. I think one day I realized I'd never done a haunted-house story and thought that doing something very subtle (old pictures and whispery voices) with something extremely unsubtle at the center of it (electric harpoons and a demon-monkey) would be sort of funny.

"Dr. Carp's Experiment" was published in *The Dark Horse Book of Hauntings*.



The Ghoul

THIS IS ALMOST CERTAINLY the oddest Hellboy story I've done and, I'm afraid, it's not on too many readers' lists of favorites. That's okay. It was an experiment. It was inspired by that "how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar" bit from *Hamlet* (as beautiful a summing up of decomposition as I've ever read) and my love of old cemeteries. I am indebted to two tombs in particular (and what I saw there)—one in Oakland, California, and one in Prague. This story also, I think, owes a little to C. M. Eddy's short story, "The Loved Dead" (written in collaboration with H. P. Lovecraft), which made a pretty big impression on me as a kid.

I always knew the ghoul would speak in bits of poetry, but I drew the story first, *then* went looking for the specific poems to suit the mood of the specific panels. It was tough (thank you, internet, and my long-suffering wife) but that's what made it fun to do. I really like this one and, be warned, you readers, I'd love to do something like this again.

"The Ghoul" was published in 2005, in *The Dark Horse Book of the Dead*.

The Ghoul

or

Reflections On Death

and

The Poetry Of Worms

LONDON, 1992.

ALAS, POOR GHOST.

PITY ME NOT, BUT LEND THY SERIOUS HEARING TO WHAT I SHALL UNFOLD.

SPEAK. I AM BOUND TO HEAR.

SO ART THOU TO REVENGE, WHEN THOU SHALT HEAR.

WHAT?

I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT.

I COULD A TALE UNFOLD.

DOOMED FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT, AND FOR THE DAY CONFINED TO FAST IN FIRES, TILL THE FOUL CRIMES DONE IN MY DAYS OF NATURE ARE BURNT AND PURGED AWAY. BUT THAT I AM FORBID TO TELL THE SECRETS OF MY PRISON-HOUSE...

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

YES?

MRS. STOKES, I'M PAULINE RASKIN FROM THE B.P.R.D. MY OFFICE CALLED YESTERDAY.

BUREAU FOR...

PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE, MA'AM.

OH YES.

COME IN, DEAR.

MA'AM, IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME?

YES.

EXCUSE ME?

I'M AFRAID EDWARD'S WORKING LATE THIS EVENING. IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME BACK ANOTHER TIME...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MRS. STOKES. I CAME TO SEE YOU. I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT SOME PHOTOS TAKEN BY A SECURITY CAMERA IN FOX HILL CEMETERY LAST TUESDAY NIGHT.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE MAN IN THAT PHOTOGRAPH?

THAT'S EDWARD. BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

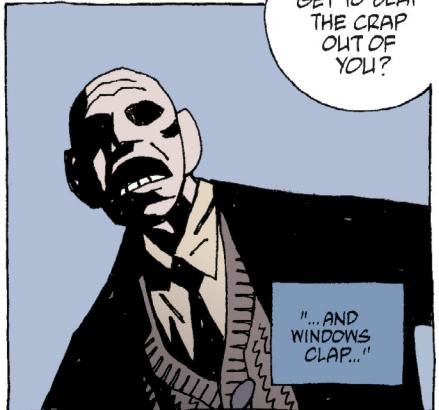




VERY
PRETTY,
MISTER
STOKES.



NOW ARE
YOU GONNA
COME ALONG
QUIET?



OR DO I
GET TO BEAT
THE CRAP
OUT OF
YOU?

...AND
WINDOWS
CLAP...

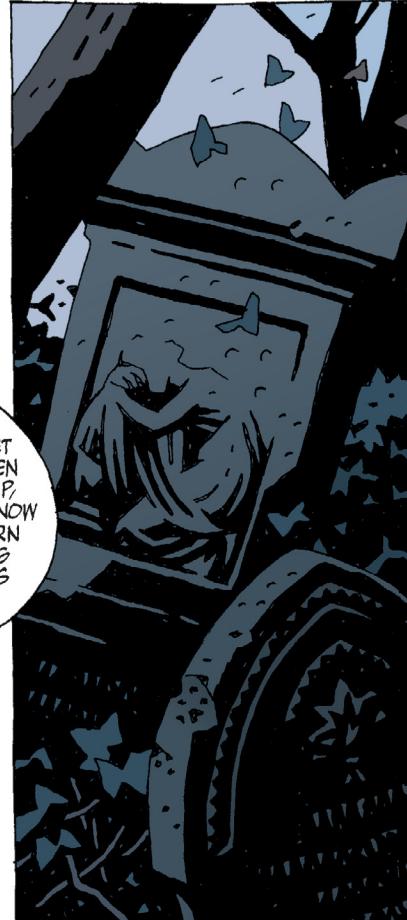




YOU'RE WORSE
THAN A CANNIBAL,
AND THAT'S SAYING
SOMETHING.

"THERE.
LONESOME
LISTEN TO THE SACRED
SOUNDS WHICH, AS THEY
LENGTHEN THRO' THE GOTHIQUE
VAULTS, IN HOLLOW
MURMURS REACH MY
RAVISH'D
EAR."

"DIVINE
MELPOMENE, SWEET
PITY'S NURSE, QUEEN
OF THE STATELY STEP,
AND FLOWING PALL, NOW
LET MONIMIA MOURN
WITH STREAMING
EYES...INCESTUOUS
AND POLLUTED
LOVE."



"NOW LET SOFT
JULIET IN THE
GAPING TOMB
PRINT THE LAST
KISS..."





"ROARS NOT THE RUSHING
WIND. THE SONS OF MEN
AND EVERY BEAST IN MUTE
OBLIVION LIE."



"ALL NATURE'S HUSH'D
SILENCE AND IN SLEEP."

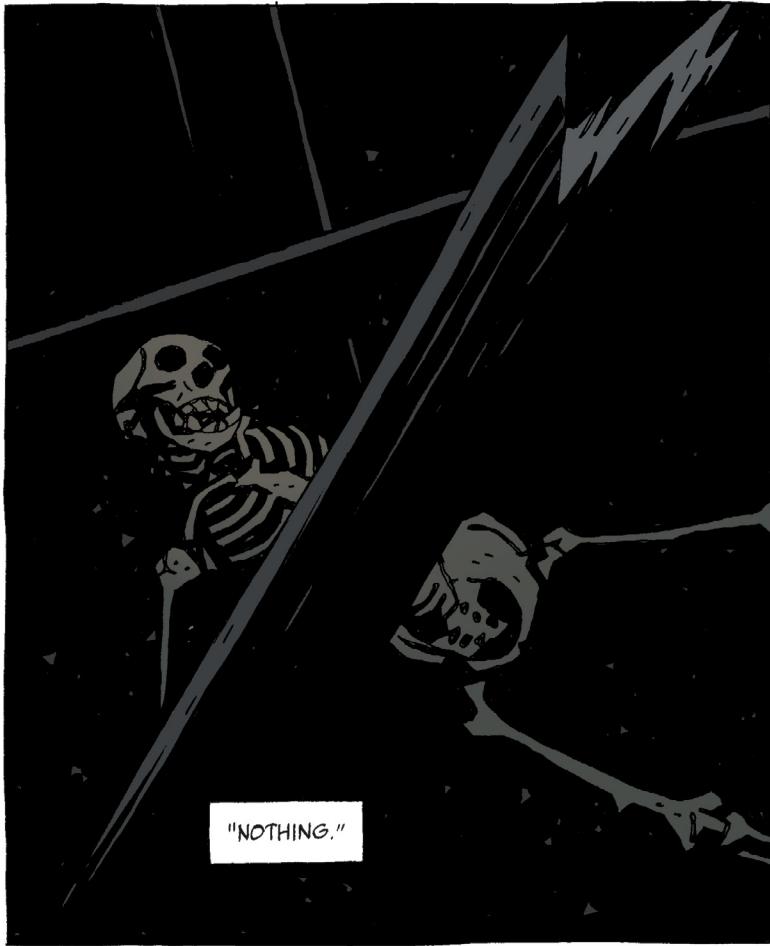
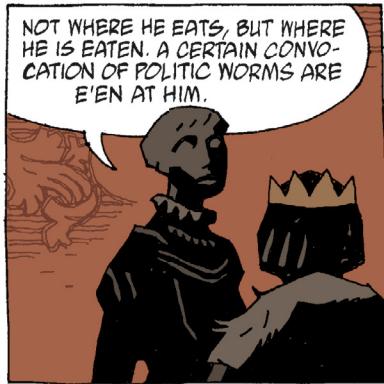


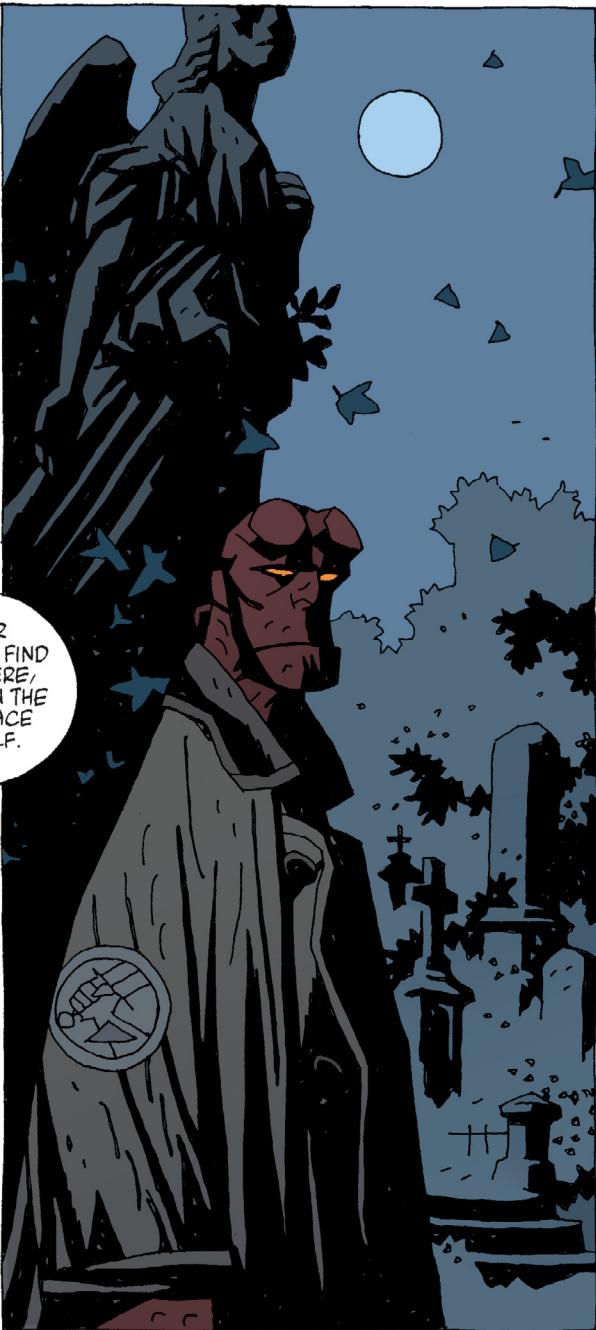
"NO
BEING
WAKES
BUT
ME."



BOOM







The heartfelt rantings of the ghoul are taken from two poems—*The Pleasures of Melancholy* (Thomas Warton the younger, 1728–1746) and *The Grave* (Robert Blair, 1699–1746). The television program is, apparently, a puppet theater production of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.



Makoma

HERE'S ANOTHER ODD ONE.

I stumbled across the story of Makoma and the giants in one of those Andrew Lang Fairy Books (I don't remember which color) and fell in love with it instantly. For years I planned to do a more or less straight adaptation of it, but I just couldn't get away from the parallels to what I was doing (or planning to do) in Hellboy. This thing wanted to be a Hellboy story. Eventually I gave in and put it on that crowded mental Hellboy shelf. I knew I *would* do it. It was just a question of when.

Jump ahead a few years. I'm exchanging e-mails with the legendary Richard Corben and he's saying some very nice things about Hellboy. I work up the nerve to ask if he'd ever consider drawing a Hellboy story and (much to my joy and amazement) he says yes. There you go. I immediately grabbed Makoma off that mental shelf, blew the dust off, added some stuff to the second half (I wanted to see Richard drawing singing corpses and ant-men), and came up with a framing sequence to root the story in Hellboy continuity and give myself something to draw. Richard got to do the fun stuff, but I'm not complaining.

I have been in awe of Richard Corben for a very long time, from *Den*, *Mutant World*, *Bloodstar*, and *Sinbad to House on the Borderland* (maybe my personal favorite) and the recent pseudo-adaptations of Edgar Allan Poe stories for Marvel. He is one of the most unique storytellers working in comics today, and one of the best draftsmen to *ever* work in comics. And he keeps getting better. As with P. Craig Russell, it was a great and unexpected pleasure to work with him. Hopefully we'll get to do it again one of these days.

"Makoma" was originally published as a two-issue miniseries in February and March of 2006. While nothing has been added to the story here, I have added a new pinup page following the story—my chance to finally draw the fun stuff.



Mike Mignola
Somewhere in Southern California

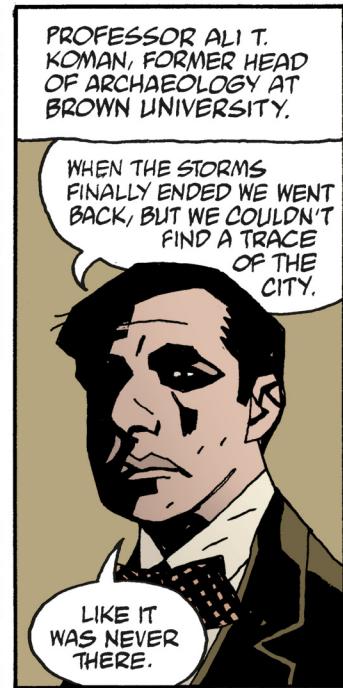


Makoma

or, A TALE TOLD BY A
MUMMY IN THE NEW
YORK CITY EXPLORERS'
CLUB ON AUGUST 16, 1993

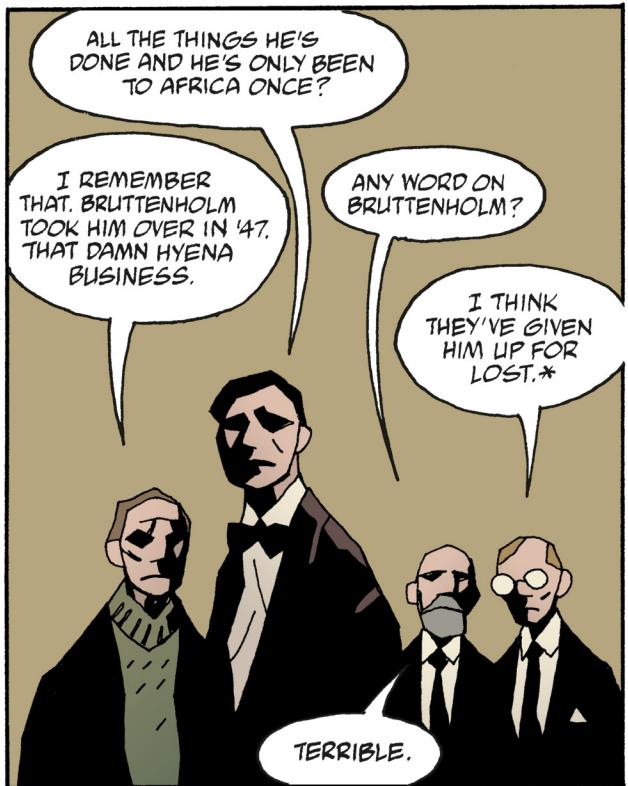


NEW YORK CITY.
THE LOWER EAST SIDE.



*NOT THE "ORIGINAL" NEW YORK CITY EXPLORERS' CLUB, BUT THE ONE FOUNDED BY THEOSOPHIST ALDEN ALBERT KERN IN 1929.





*TREVOR BRUTENHOLM WAS A MEMBER OF THE CAVENDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION, WHICH DISAPPEARED IN JANUARY 1993.







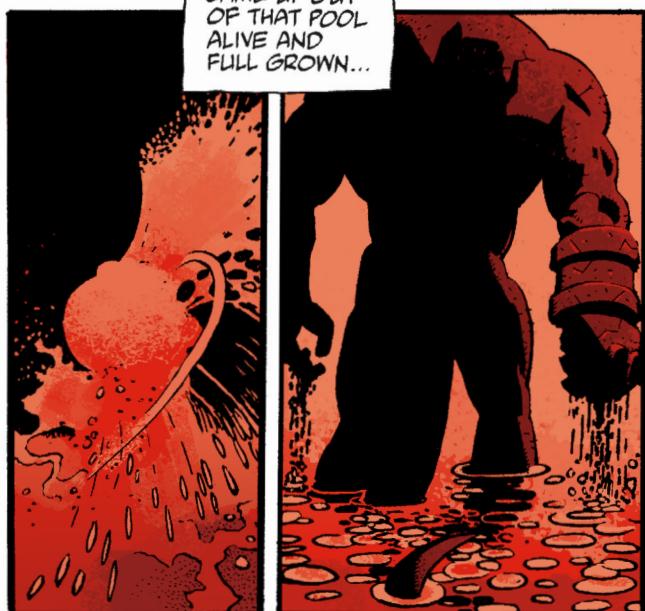
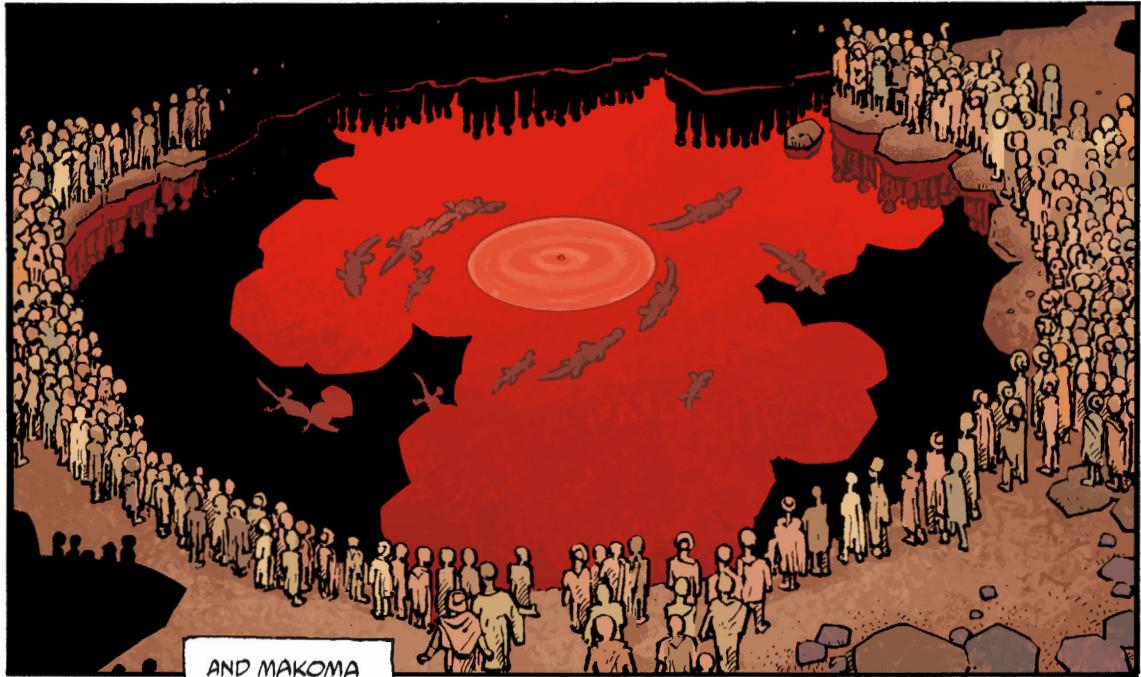
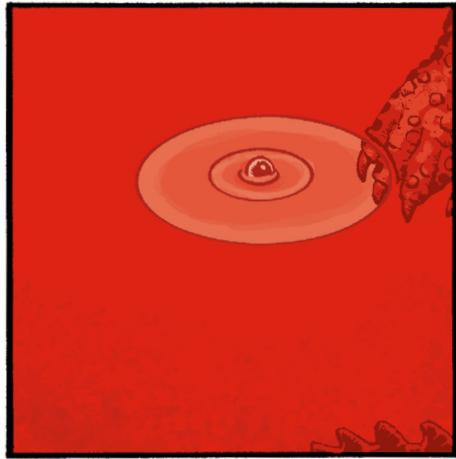
MAKOMA

WHEN HE WAS BORN HE COULD SPEAK, SO HE NAMED HIMSELF, AND THAT NAME MEANS "HE WHO IS GREATEST AND WITHOUT FEAR."

WISE MEN GATHERED 'ROUND HIM, AND FOR ONE MONTH HE SPOKE TO THEM OF STRANGE THINGS, OF THE SECRET WORKINGS OF THE EARTH AND SKY AND FAR-OFF PLACES, OF THE NATURE OF BEASTS AND INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

"BUT," SAID HE, "I AM NOT COME AMONG YOU TO BE A TEACHER, BUT TO DELIVER YOU FROM EVIL POWERS."







FIRST THERE WAS CELEBRATION.

THEN THE CHIEFS AND
ELDERS MET WITH HIM
TO DISCUSS THE
TROUBLES OF THE LAND.



EVIL OMENS
AND WE FEAR
FOR OUR
PEOPLE.

AND THE
SOUND OF
GIANTS.



RIIIIGHT.



NO RAIN, BUT
THUNDER.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

HAIL, MAKOMA,
GIANT SLAYER, COME
FORTH TO SEEK
HIS DOOM.

WHO ARE
YOU?

ME? ONLY AN OLD
WOMAN COME TO
SEE YOU ON
YOUR WAY.

AND TO
GIVE YOU SOME-
THING.

A
BAG.

WHAT IS THAT?

TAKE THIS
AND FILL IT WITH
THE BONES OF YOUR
ENEMIES.

CARRY IT WITH YOU
AND RETURN IT TO
ME WHEN WE MEET
AGAIN.

AT THE
ENDING OF THE
WORLD.

SO MAKOMA,
HAMMER AND BAG,
WENT FORTH...



TO WANDER...



DAYS...



MONTHS...



YEARS...

BOOM

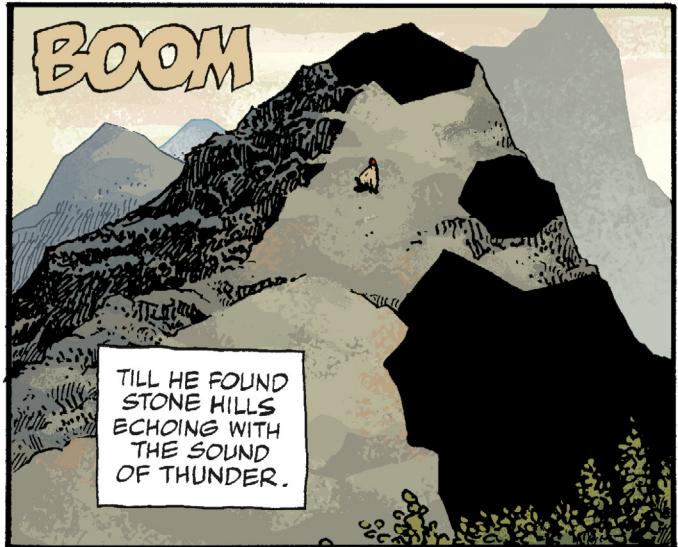


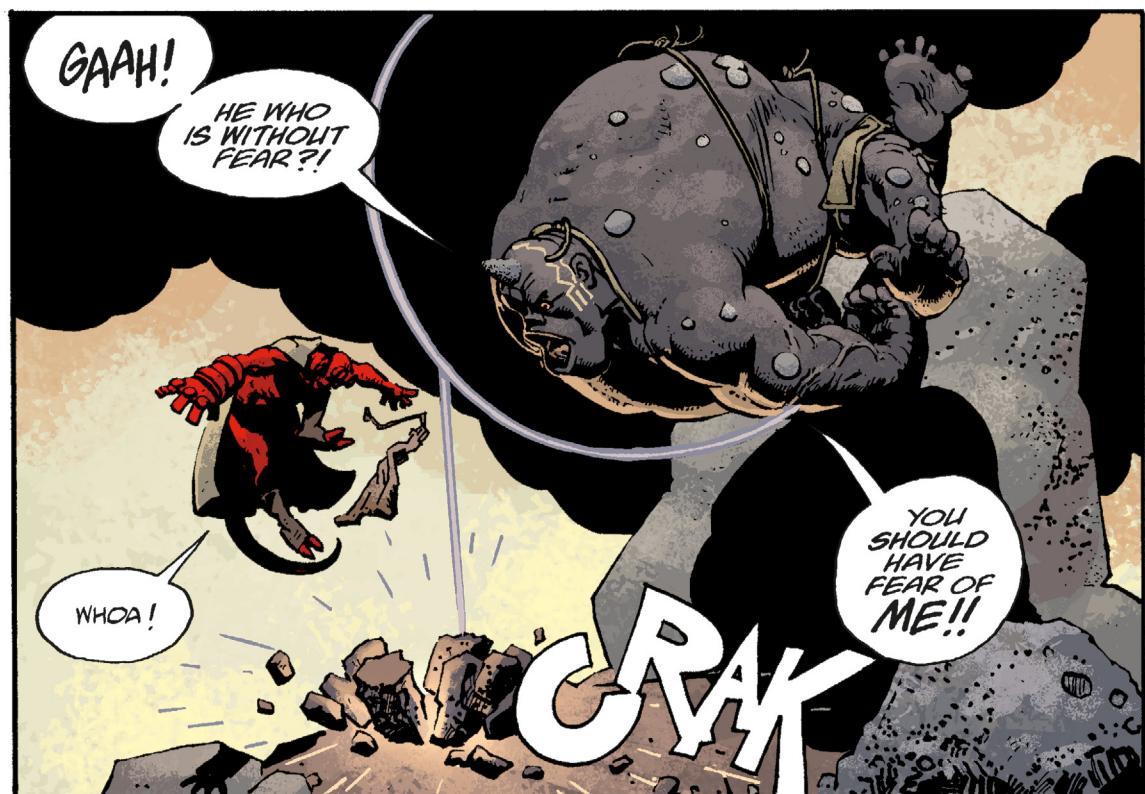
BOOM

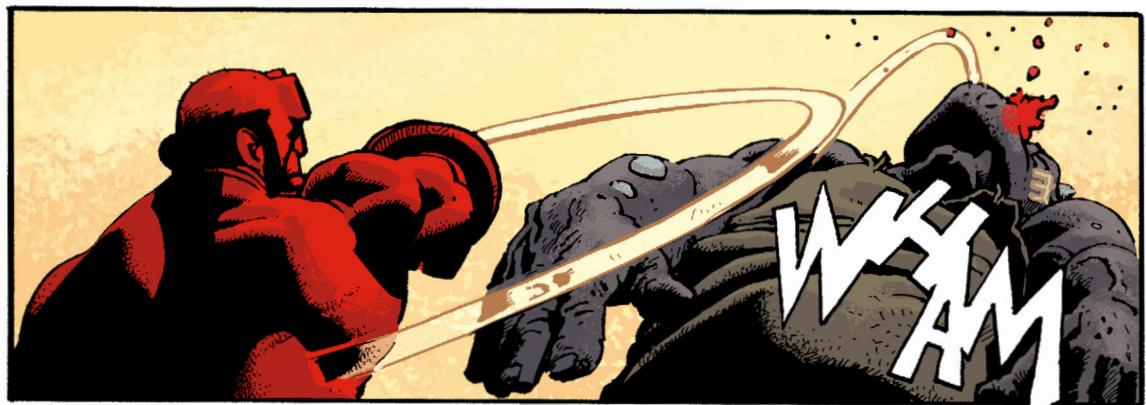


BOOM

TILL HE FOUND
STONE HILLS
ECHOING WITH
THE SOUND
OF THUNDER.









IN DEFEAT THE GIANT HAD BECOME SMALL, SO MAKOMA TOOK HIM ALIVE AND PUT HIM INTO HIS BAG.



IN YOU GO, AND BEHAVE YOURSELF.



HE CONTINUED ON, AND IN A SHORT TIME CAME UPON A SECOND GIANT.



CHI-DUBULA-TAKA, DIGGER OF RIVER BEDS.

WHO ARE YOU?

MAKOMA.



UPON HEARING THAT NAME THIS GIANT WAS ALSO ENRAGED, THE TWO FOUGHT, AND THE RESULTS WERE THE SAME.

MERCY.

THE SECOND GIANT WAS ALSO PUT INTO THE BAG, AND SOON MAKOMA CAME UPON A THIRD.

CHI-GWISA-MITI,
PLANTER OF FORESTS.

HE ALSO WENT
INTO THE BAG.

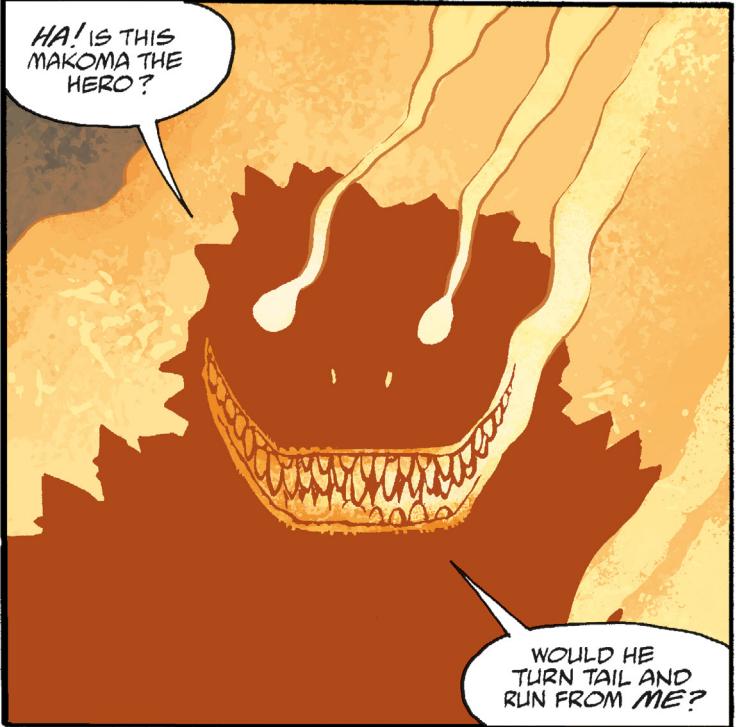
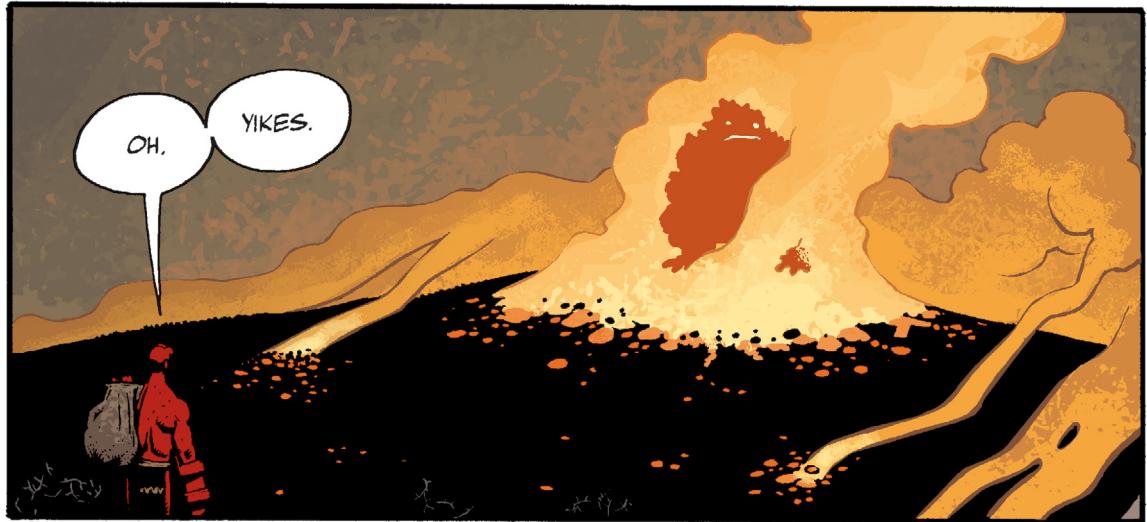
MAKOMA.





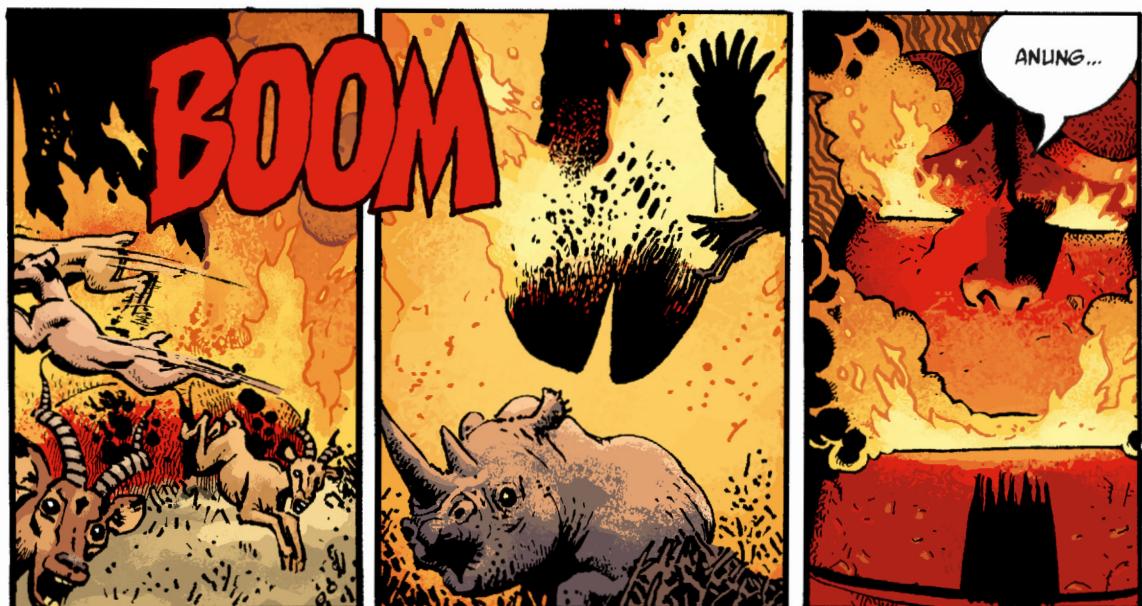




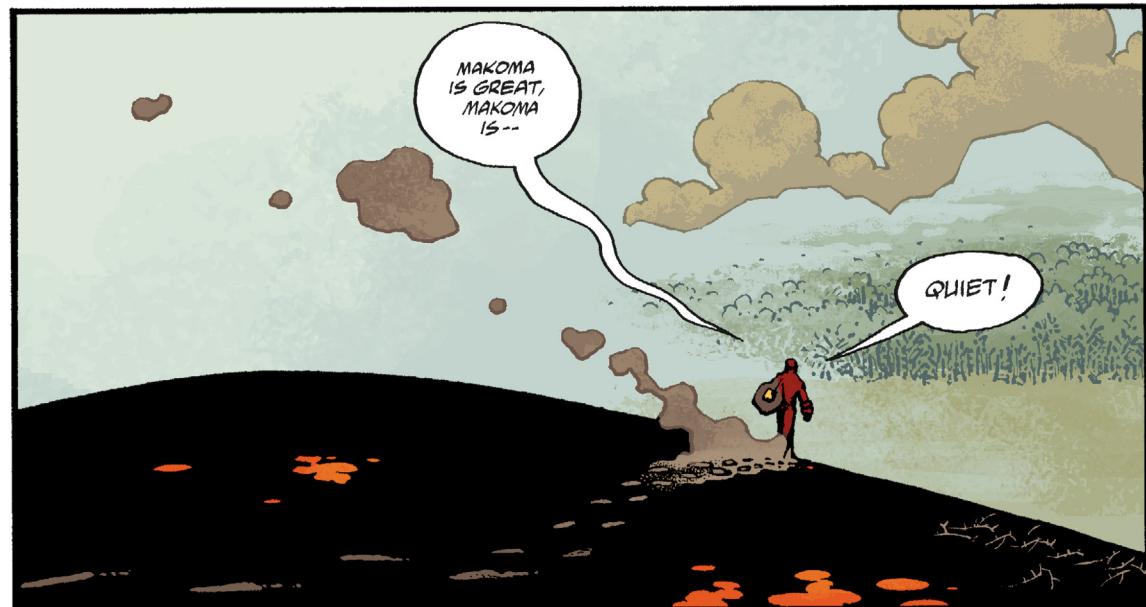
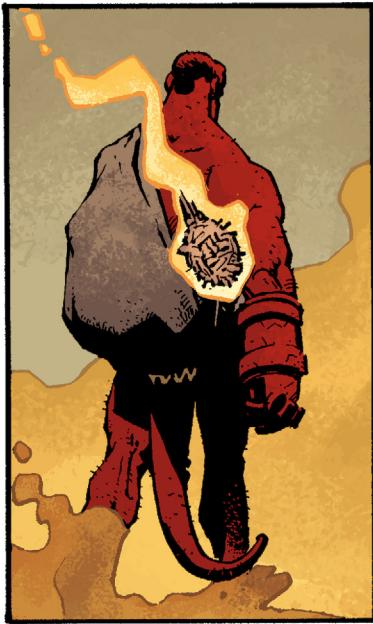


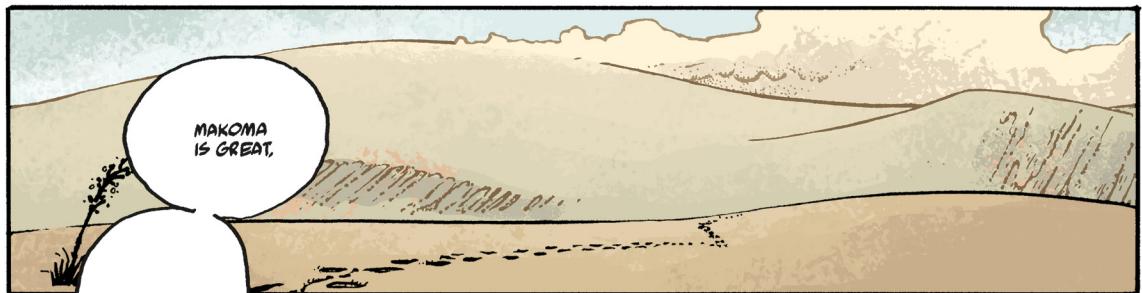
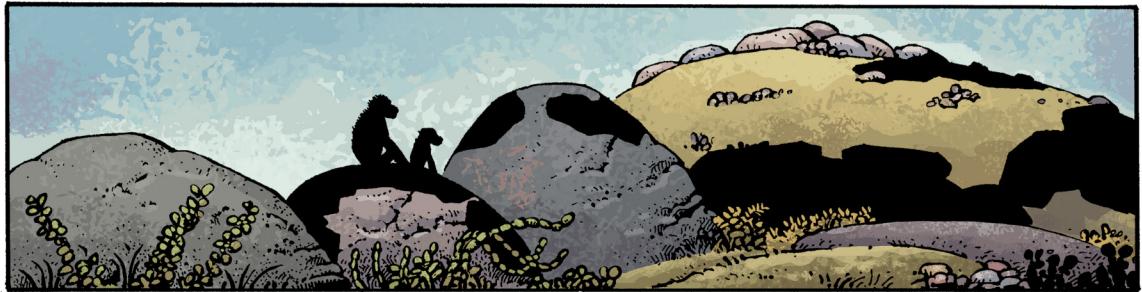














WELCOME, HERO.



PARADISE.



YOU HAVE
COME, FINALLY, TO
YOUR JOURNEY'S END.
THIS IS YOUR
REWARD...

WHAT?
THE STRUGGLES
OF YOUR LIFE ARE
ENDED.

LISTEN
TO THEM.



"PEACE..."



"OBLIVION."

"YOU HAVE COME SUCH A LONG WAY. LAY DOWN YOUR BURDEN..."



REST.

MAKOMA.

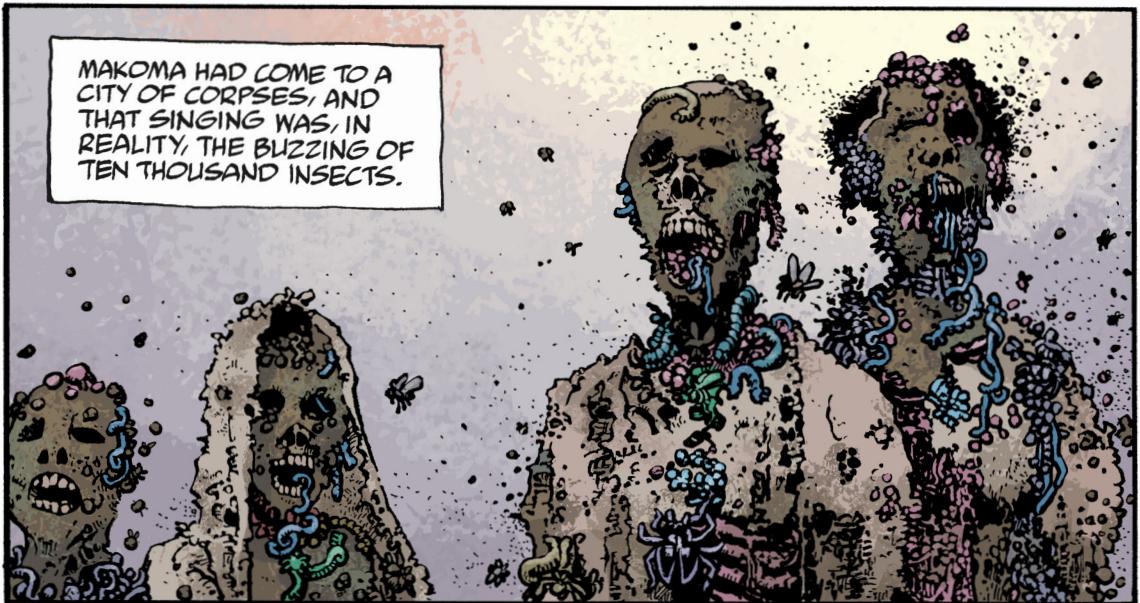
LOOK MORE CLOSELY.



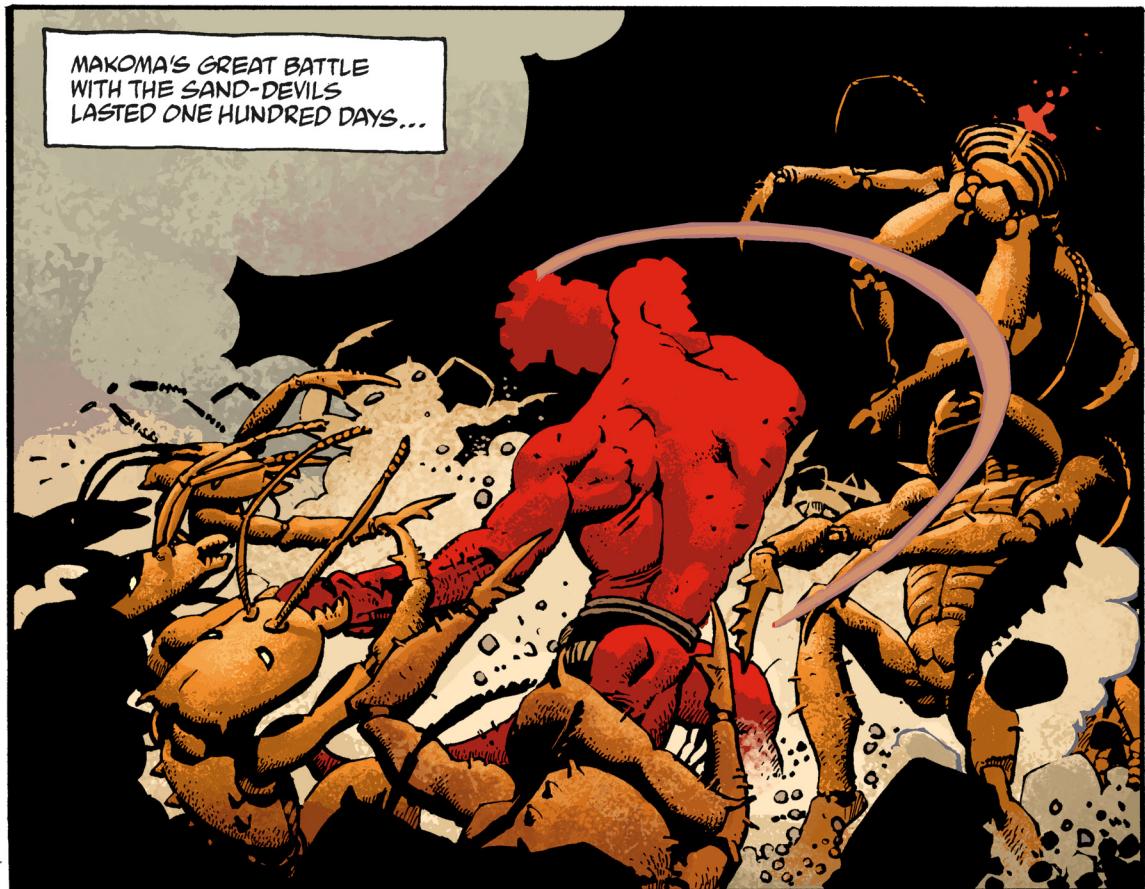
OH.



MAKOMA HAD COME TO A CITY OF CORPSES, AND THAT SINGING WAS, IN REALITY, THE BUZZING OF TEN THOUSAND INSECTS.









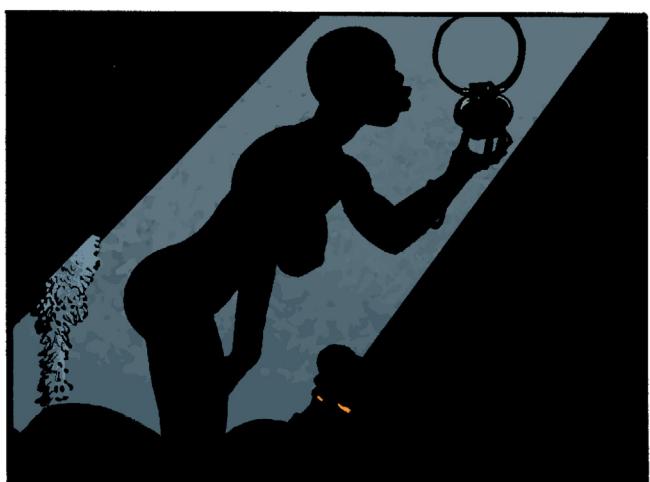


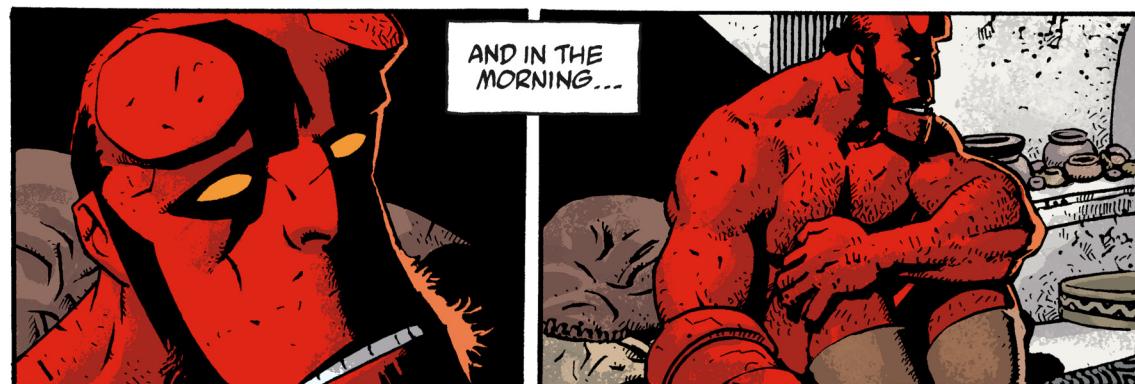


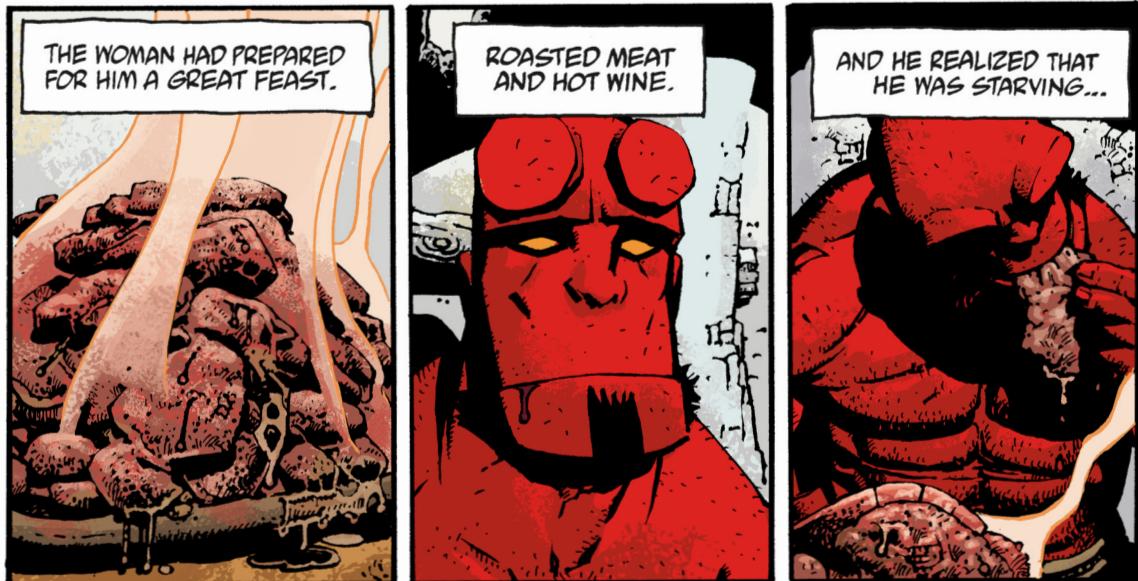
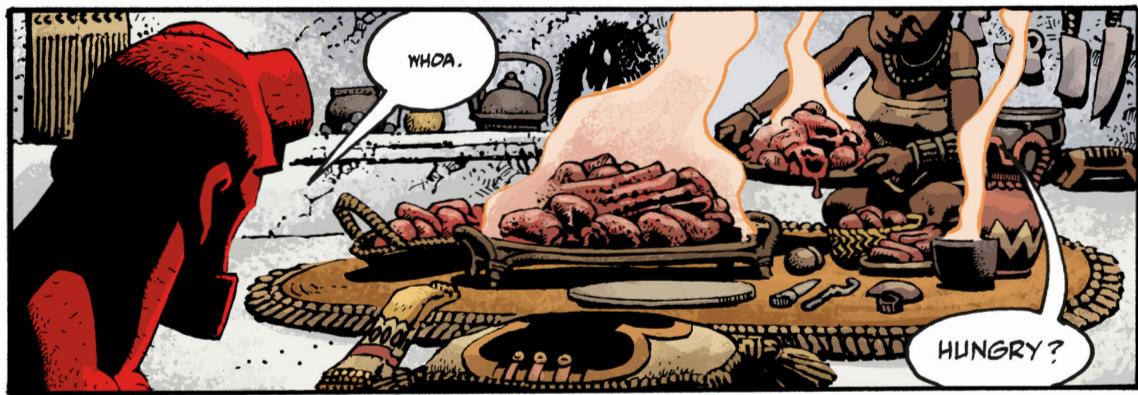
SO THE EVIL MAN LOOSESED
THE FIRE DEMON, TO HIS
OWN DESTRUCTION, AND THE
RUIN OF ALL HIS EVIL WORKS.

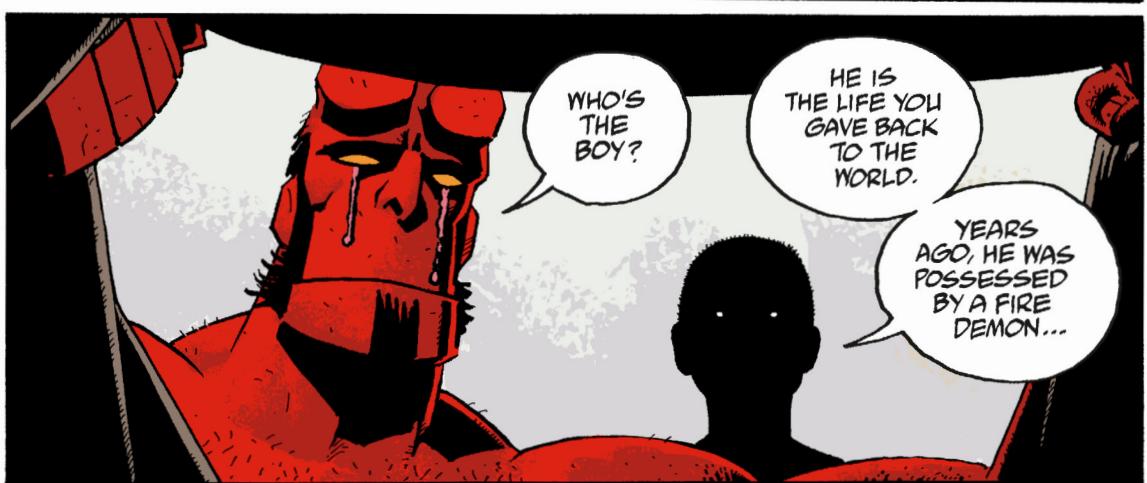


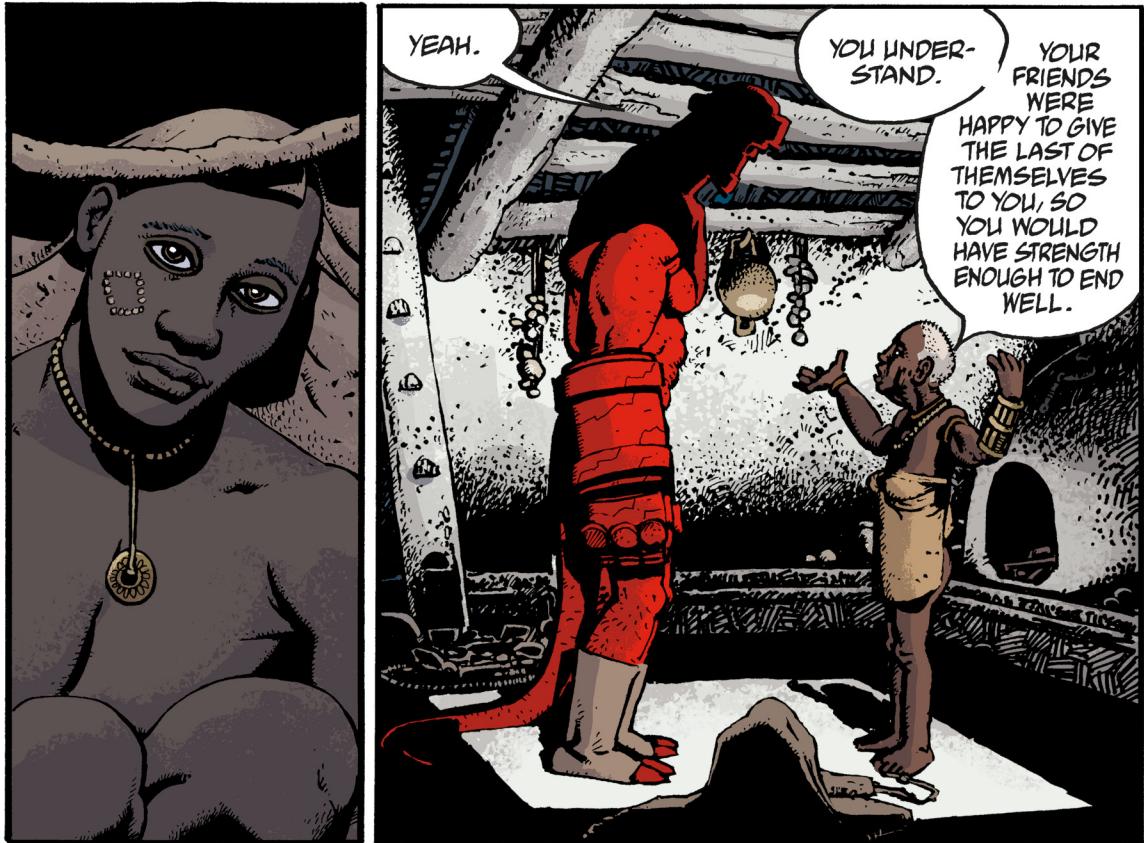
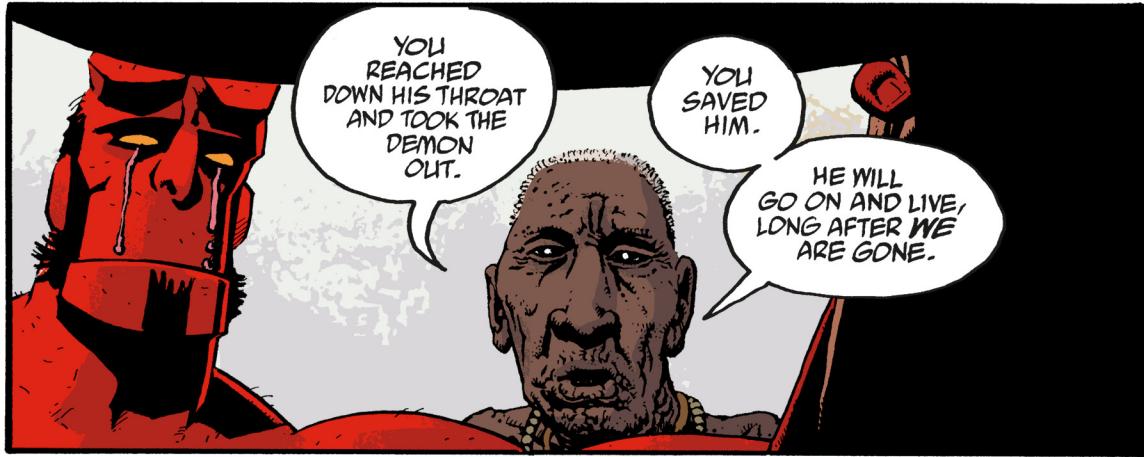














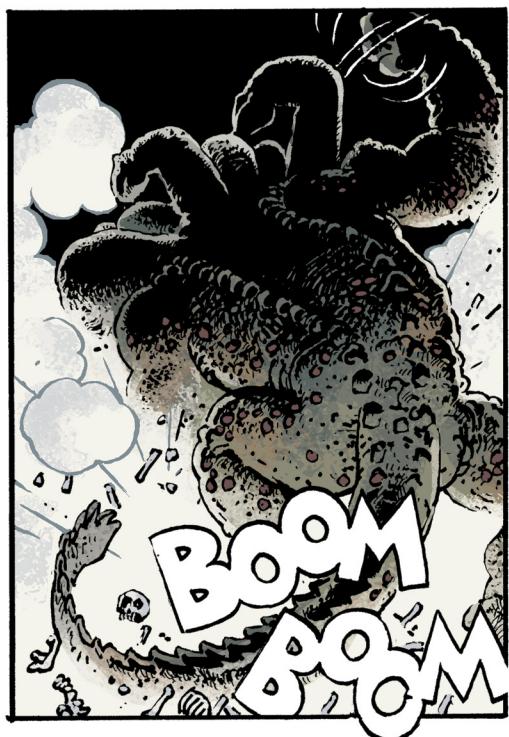
THE DRAGON.

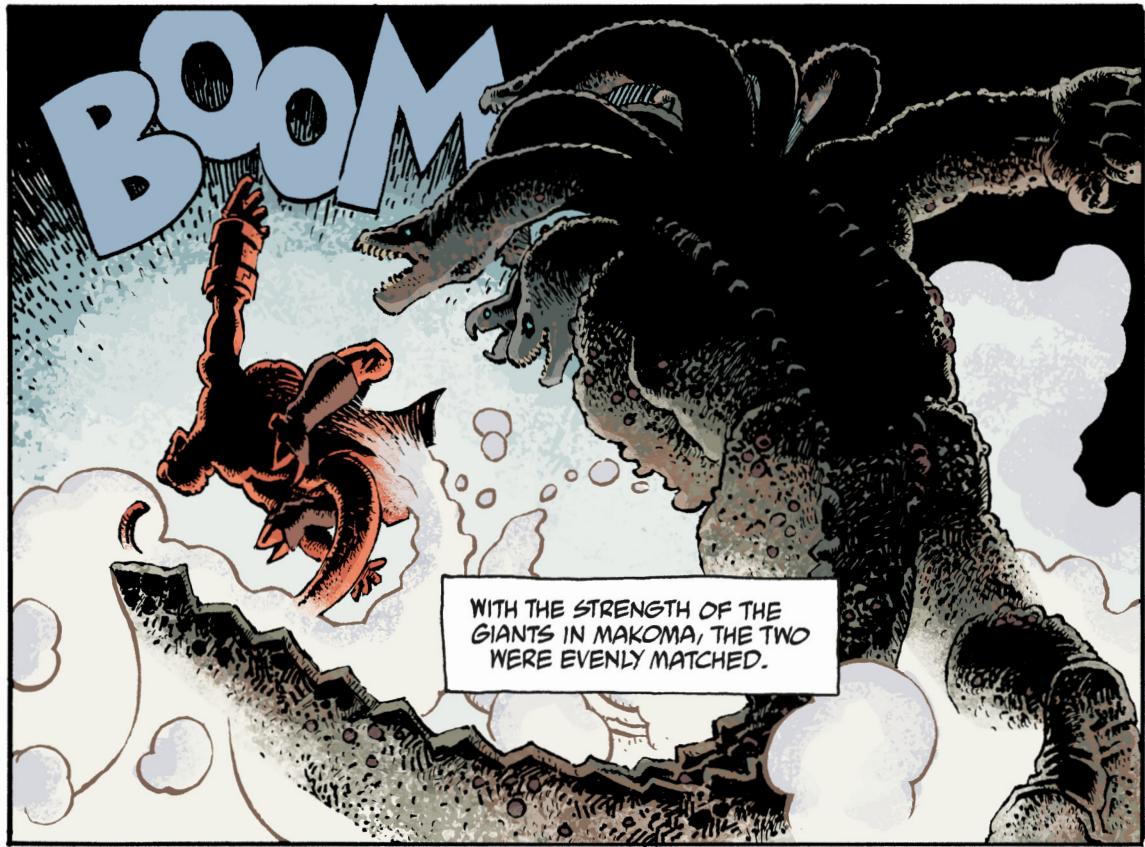
I AM
THE RUIN OF
ALL THINGS THAT
LIVE, LAND, SEA,
AND ALL
FLESH.

WHO
DARES
TO FACE
ME?

MAKOMA.







NEITHER ONE COULD
GET THE BETTER OF
THE OTHER ...

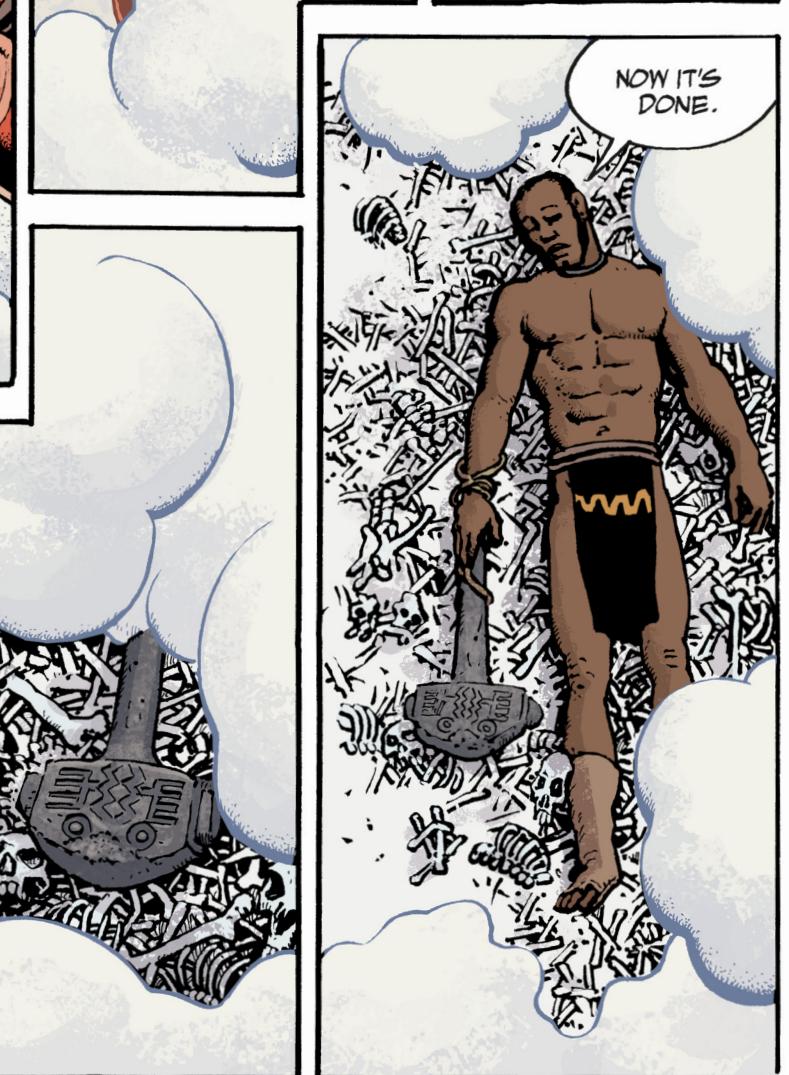


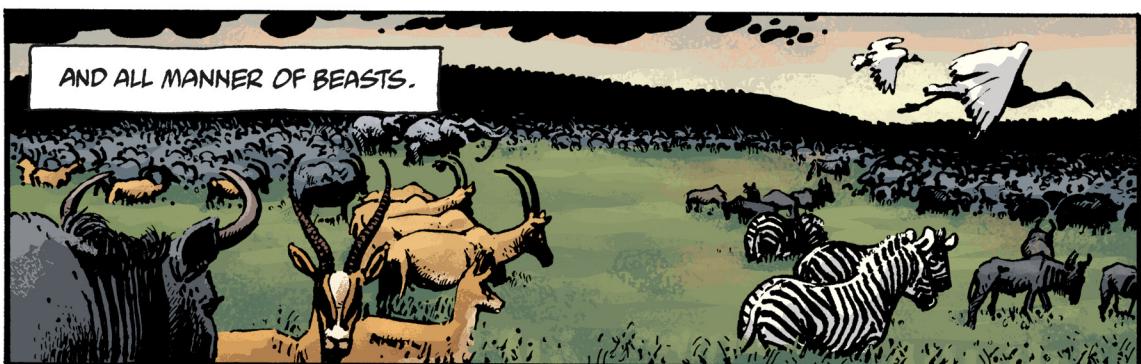
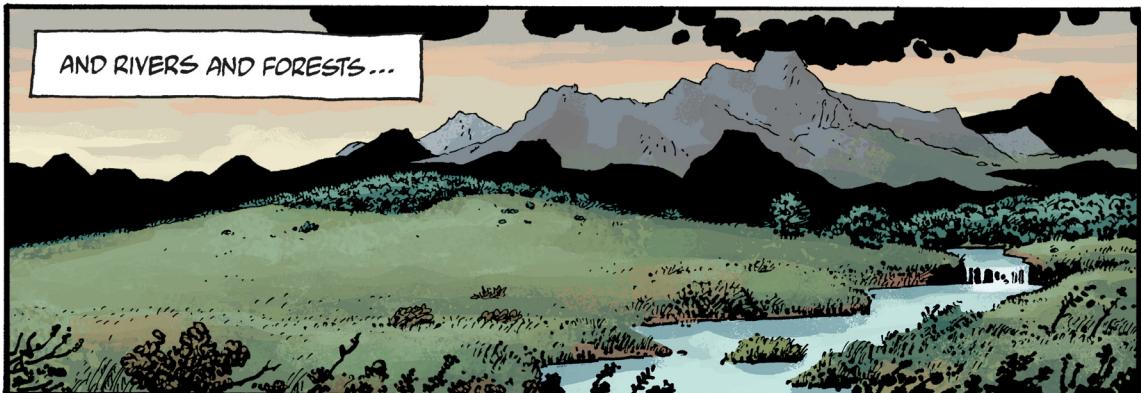
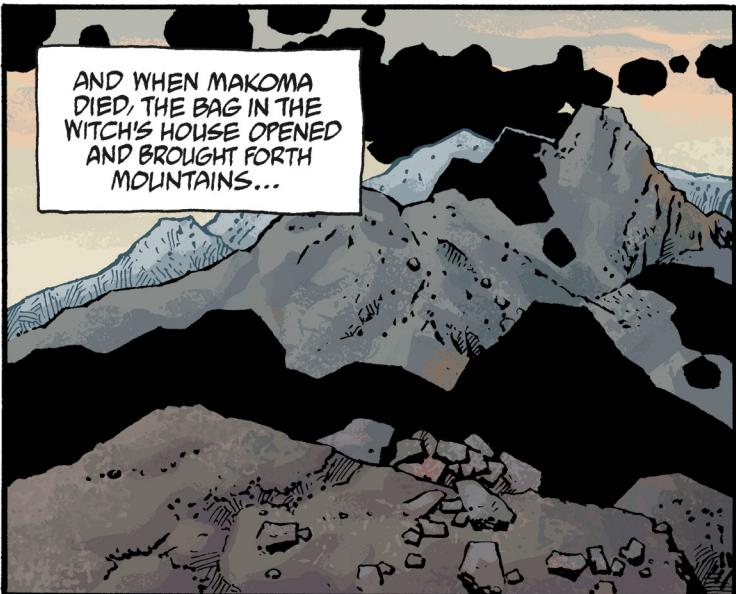
...UNTIL, FINALLY,
STRENGTH FAILED
THEM BOTH ...



...AND THEY FELL
TOGETHER.





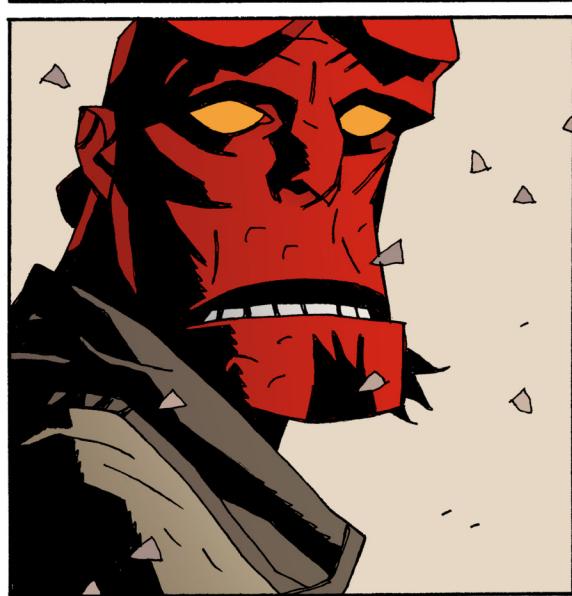




I LIVED TO SEE THE
WORLD SPRING UP
ALIVE AGAIN FROM THE
WASTELAND OF THE
DRAGON.

I SEARCHED FAR
AND RECOVERED
MAKOMA'S
HAMMER AND BONES...







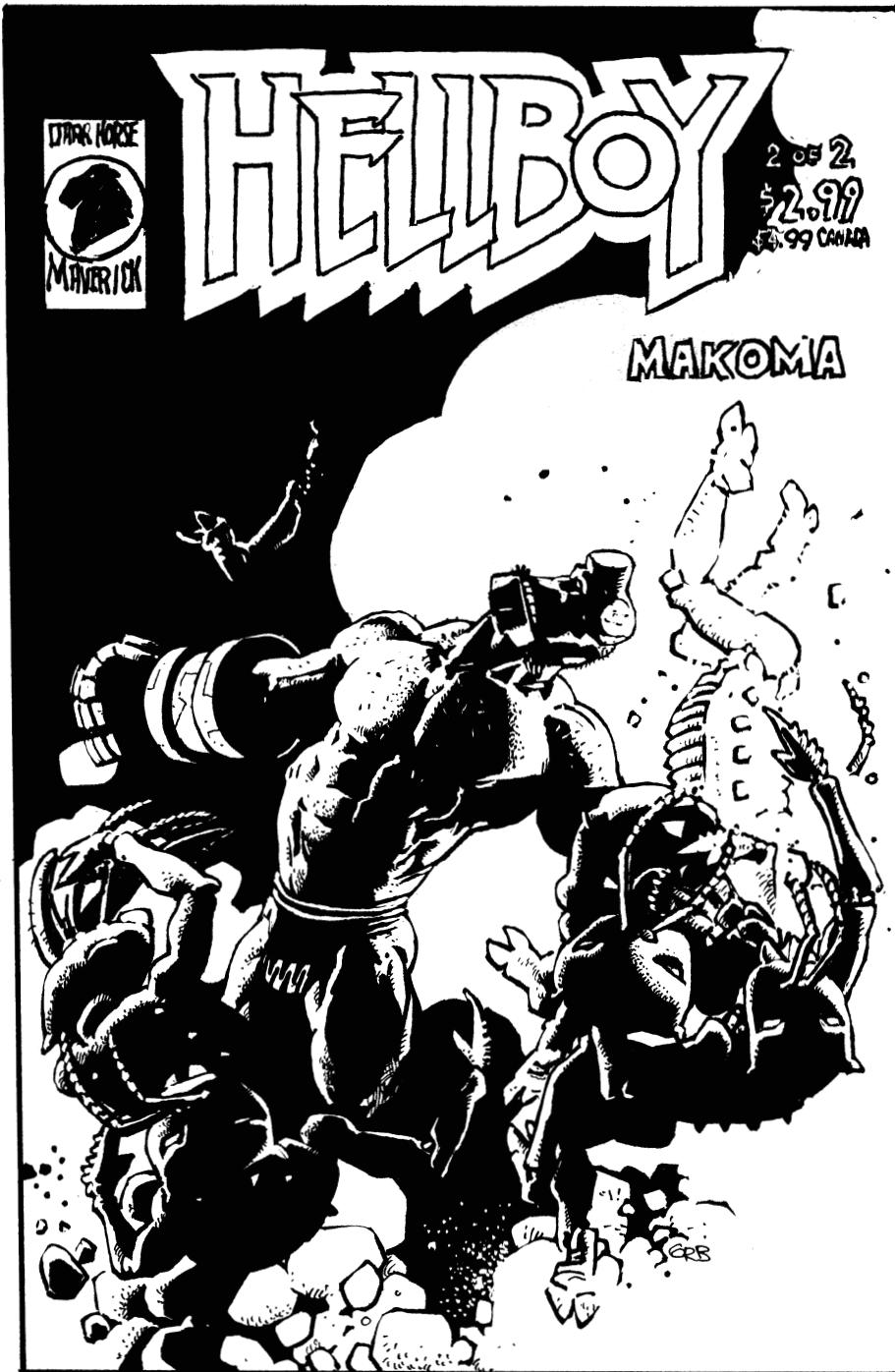
ON AUGUST 16, 1993,
HELLBOY WAS BANNED
FOR LIFE FROM THE
NEW YORK CITY
EXPLORERS' CLUB.







Sketchbook



Richard Corben's sketch for the *Makoma* #2 cover—This sketch is so tight that it's almost identical to the finished version on the opposite page.

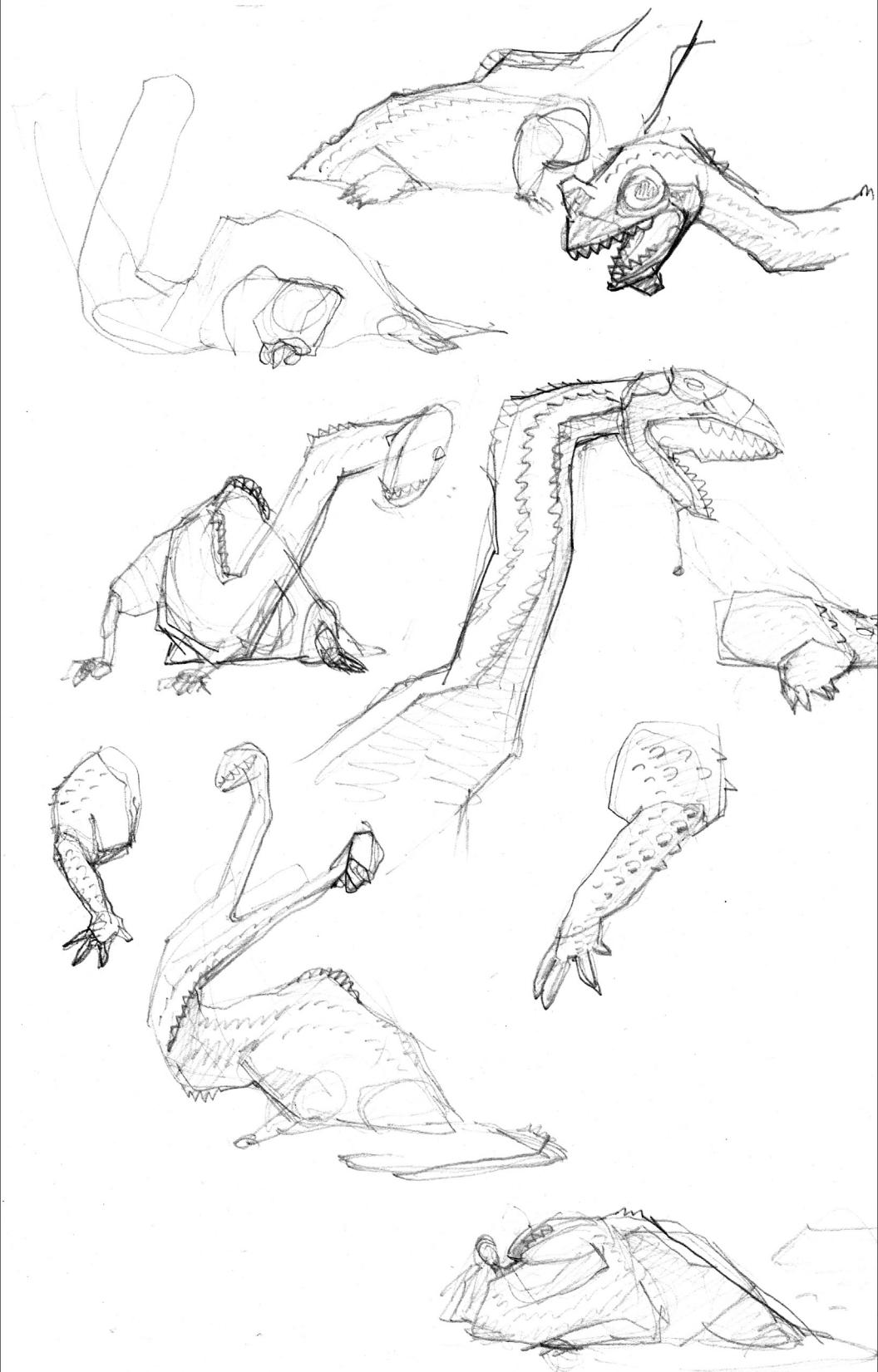


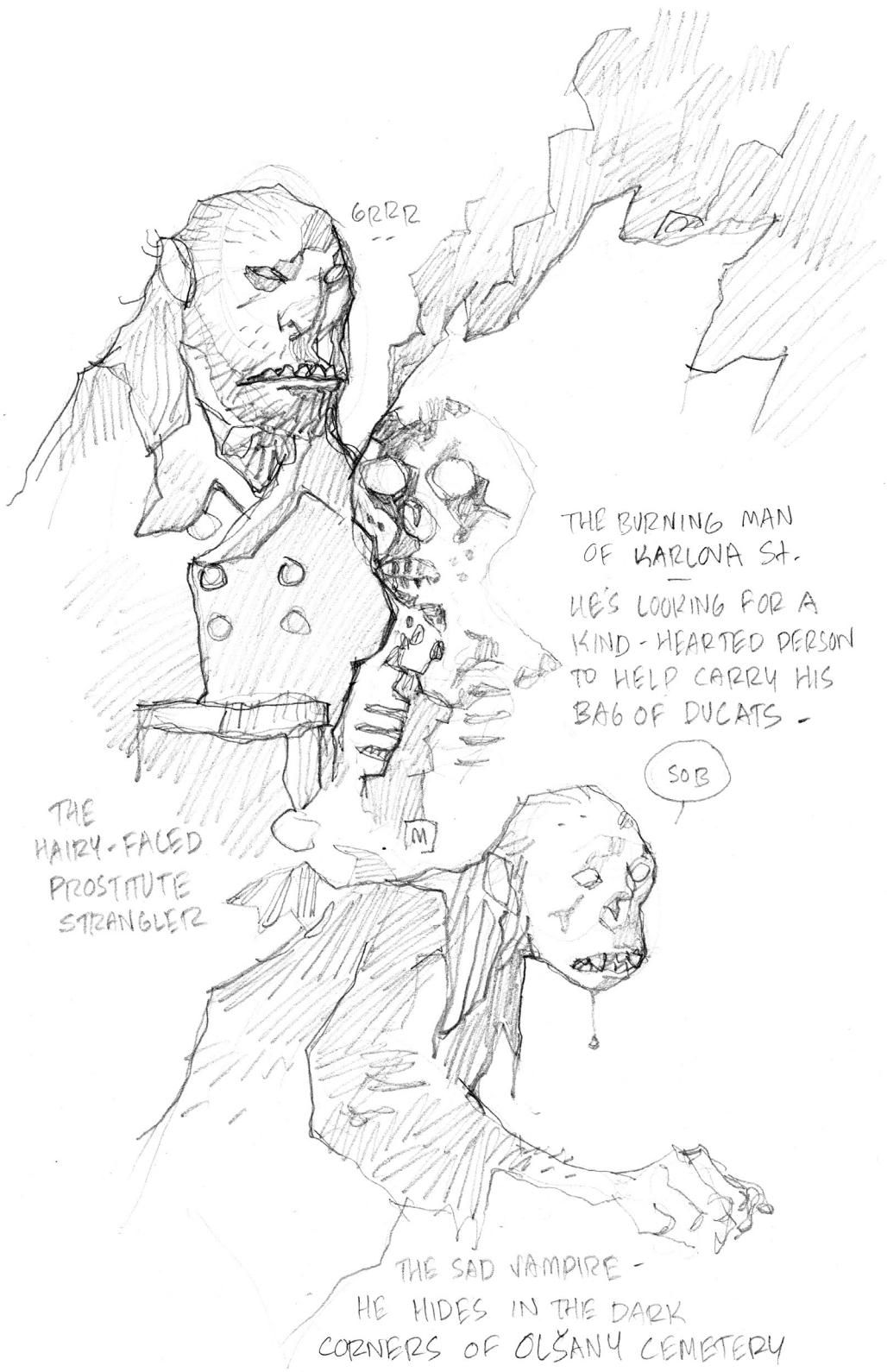
Mike Mignola's studies for "The Troll Witch,"
including the cover of this volume.

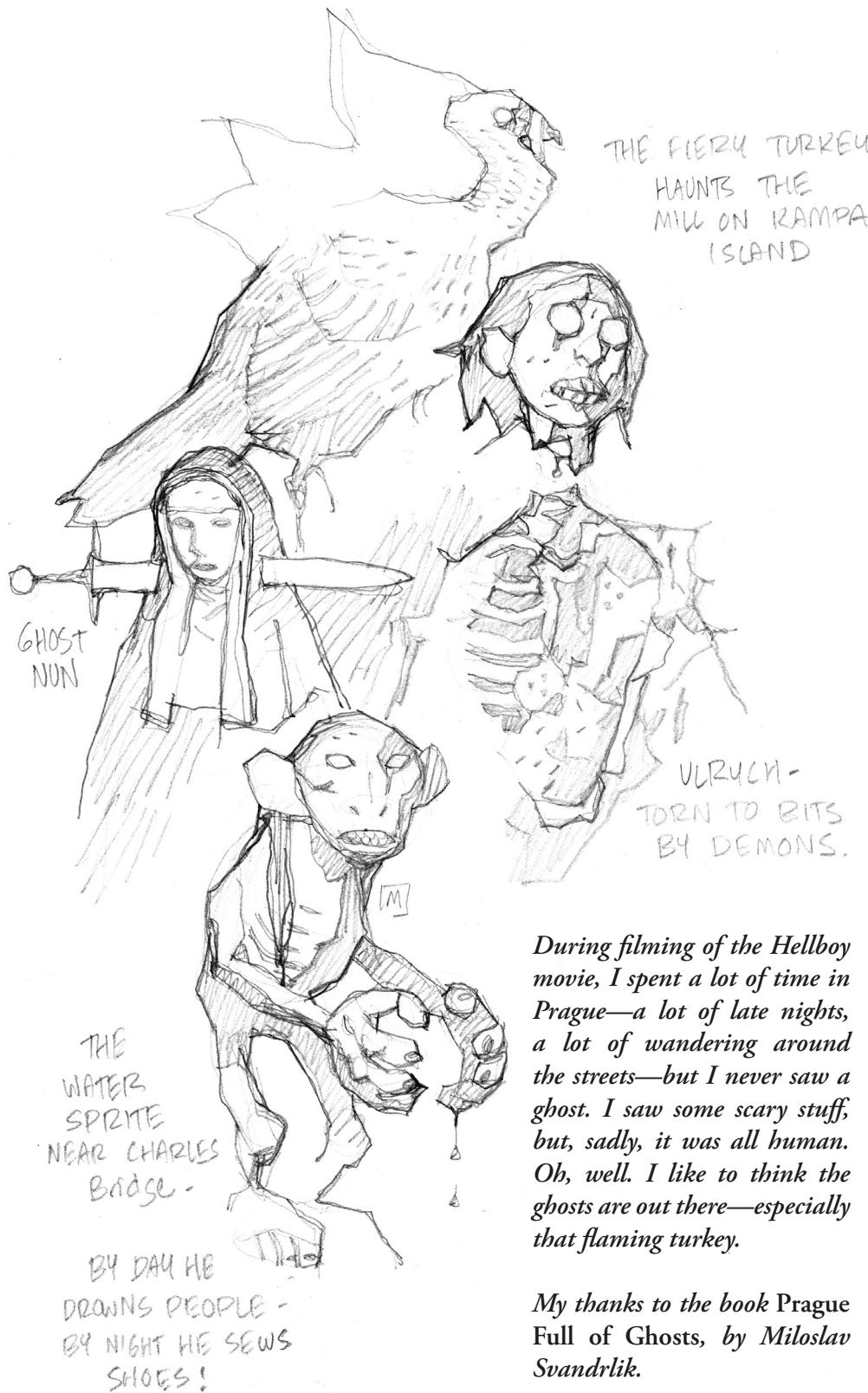




More studies for the troll
witch and the monster from
“The Hydra and the Lion.”



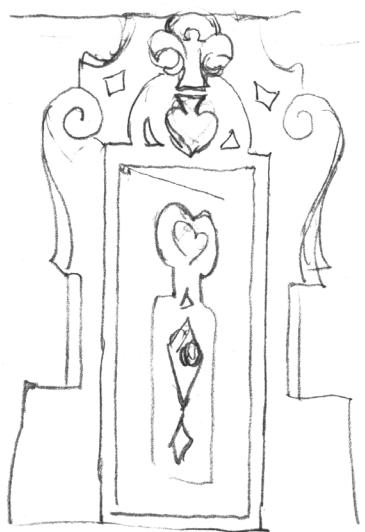




During filming of the Hellboy movie, I spent a lot of time in Prague—a lot of late nights, a lot of wandering around the streets—but I never saw a ghost. I saw some scary stuff, but, sadly, it was all human. Oh, well. I like to think the ghosts are out there—especially that flaming turkey.

My thanks to the book Prague Full of Ghosts, by Miloslav Svandrlik.

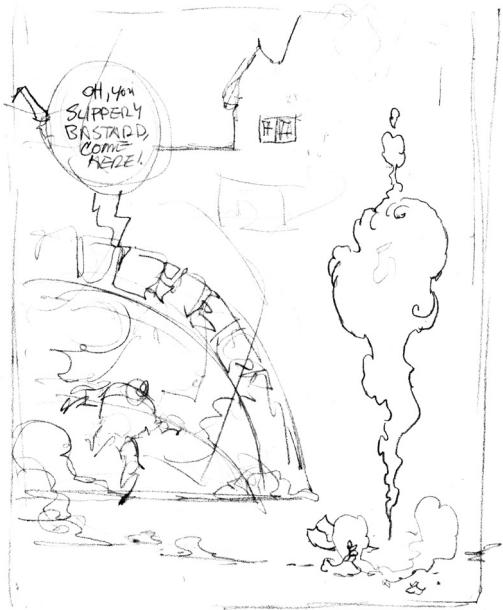
—Mike Mignola



P. Craig Russell's sketches and unused designs from "The Vampire of Prague."



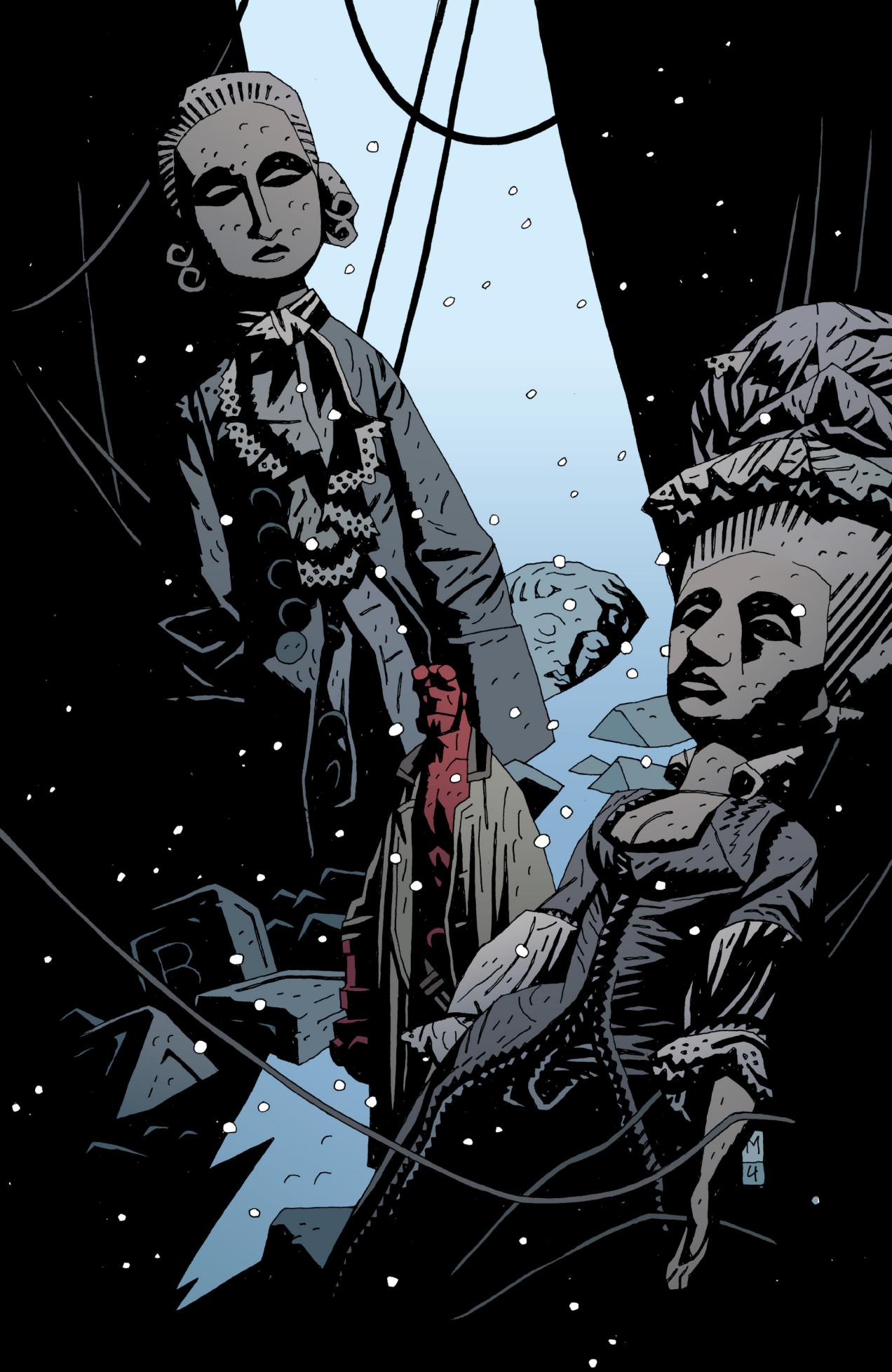
Photo by Mike Mignola,
which served as reference
for page eleven, panel one of
“The Vampire of Prague.”





Hellboy studies
by P. Craig Russell.







“...A genuinely original character and series. Great stories. First-rate art. I think Hellboy has to be my favorite contemporary graphic-novel protagonist. Viva Mignola!
Viva the kid from Hell!”

Michael Moorcock

