

# HELLBOY™



## THE TROLL WITCH *and* OTHERS

MIKE  
MIGNOLA ✠

RICHARD  
CORBEN ✠

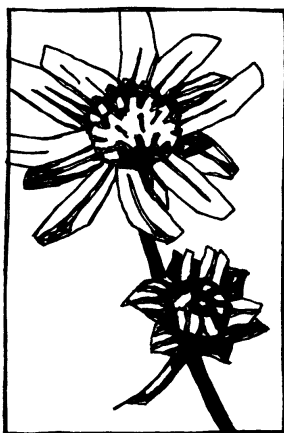
P. CRAIG  
RUSSELL





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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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MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

*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  
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of Monsters*; from the comic book *Hellboy Premiere Edition*; and the original story “The Vampire of Prague.”

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# INTRODUCTION

by WALTER SIMONSON

Mike 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...?



WHAT'S  
THAT  
SMELL?



BZZZZ





VINEGAR?

SHE NEEDS THAT.  
WHEN SHE IS SWOLLEN  
WITH BLOOD SHE NEEDS TO  
SOAK HER ORGANS IN  
THAT, TO SHRINK THEM...



...SO THEY WILL  
FIT BACK INTO  
HER BODY.



TAP  
TAP  
TAP

THIS ISN'T HER.  
THIS THING'S  
BEEN SITTING  
HERE FOR  
YEARS.

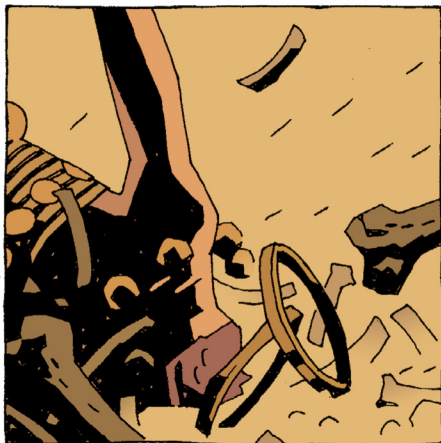


MAYBE THIS IS  
THE OLD ONE YOU  
MENTIONED.

BUT IF THIS  
IS THE OLD ONE,  
WHERE'S...



THE  
NEW ONE?









AAAAAAAAAAAAA



SON  
OFA--







the  
end



ALASKA, 1961.

# The Hydra and the Lion



YOU KNEW HIM A LONG TIME?

OH HELL, SON, BACK TO THE DAYS A' THE STUBBY LEWIS CIRCUS. YOU REMEMBER THAT ONE? NAH. BEFORE YOUR TIME.

BACK THEN HE WAS GOIN' BY THE NAME STROMO.



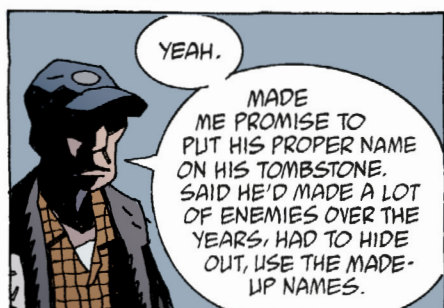
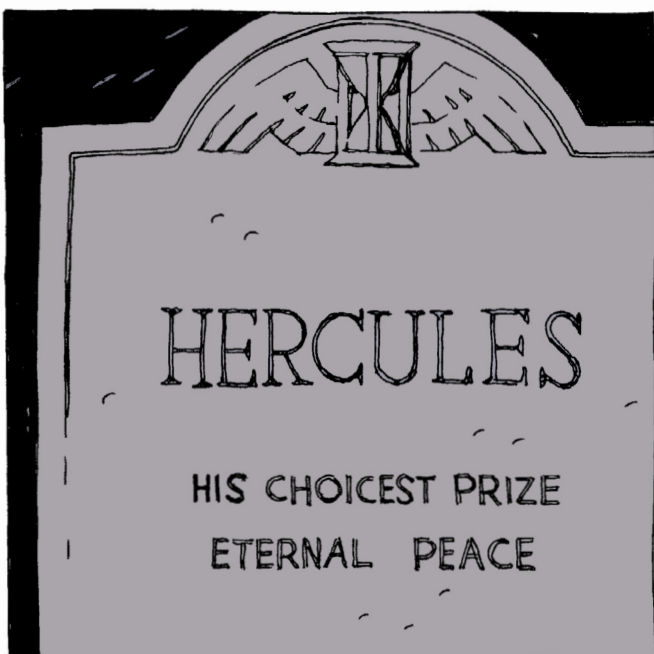
KANSAS CITY, 1929.



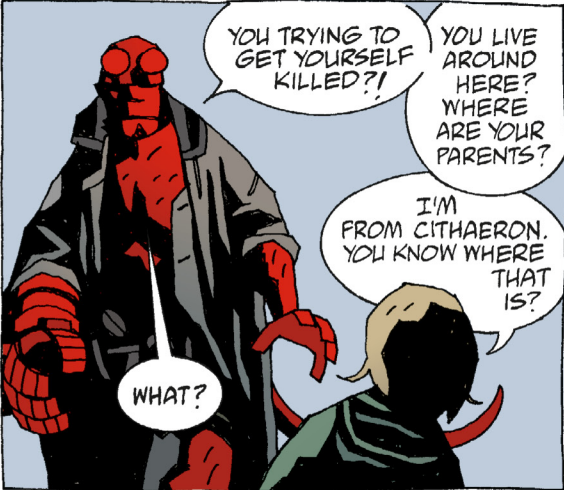
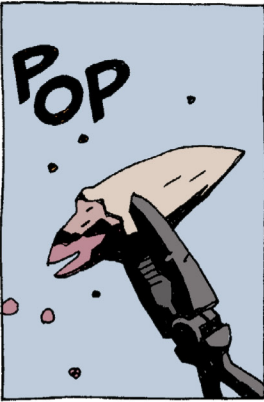
I GOT TIRED A' THAT LIFE. COME UP HERE IN '36. HE FOLLOWED A COUPLE YEARS LATER.

WE WORKED THE FISHIN' BOATS TOGETHER TILL WE BOTH JUST... WORE OUT.

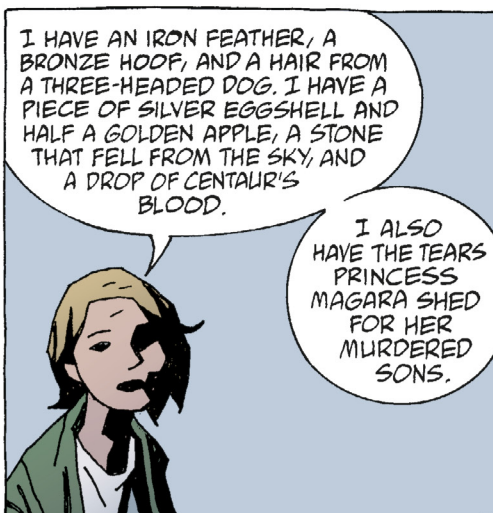




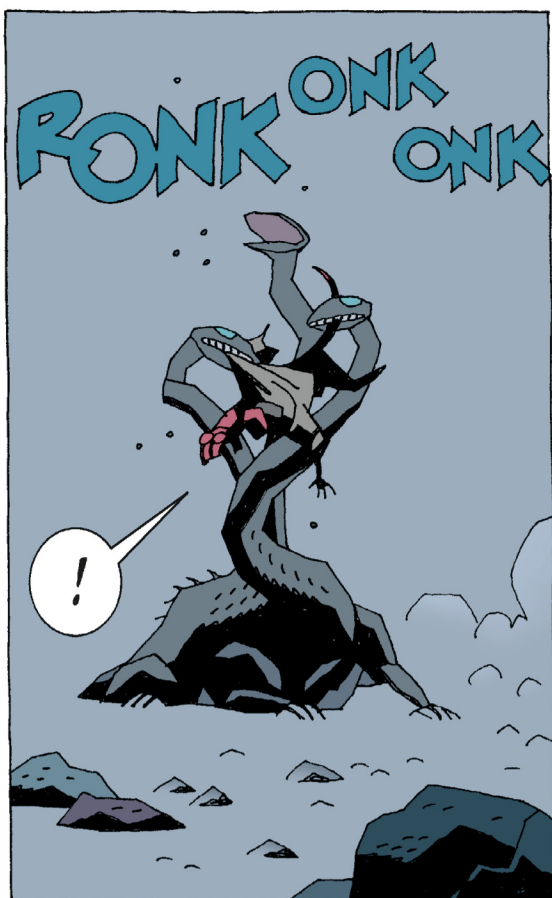
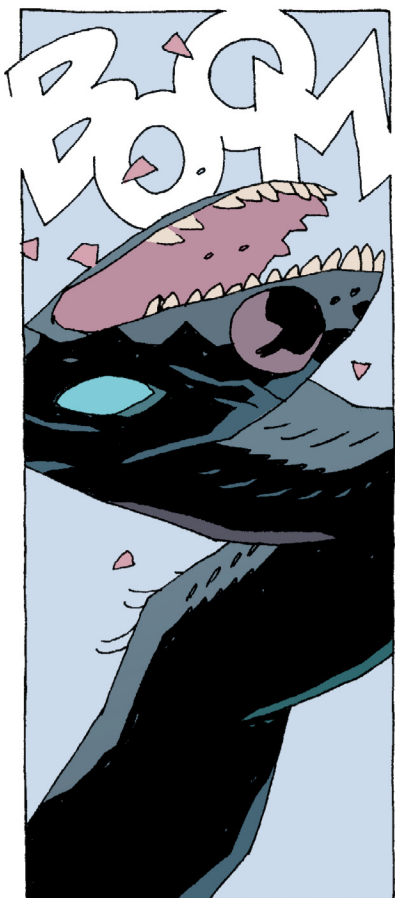




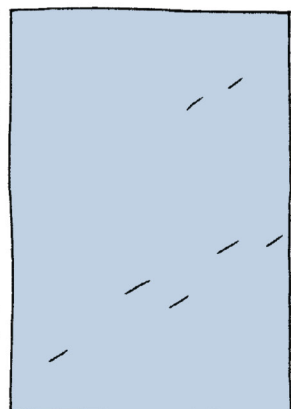
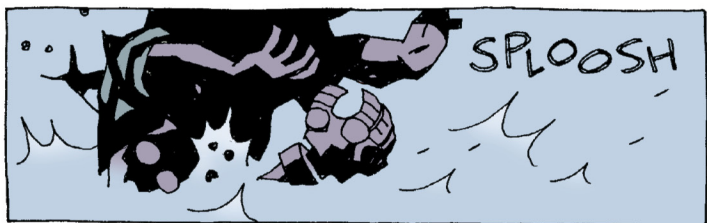


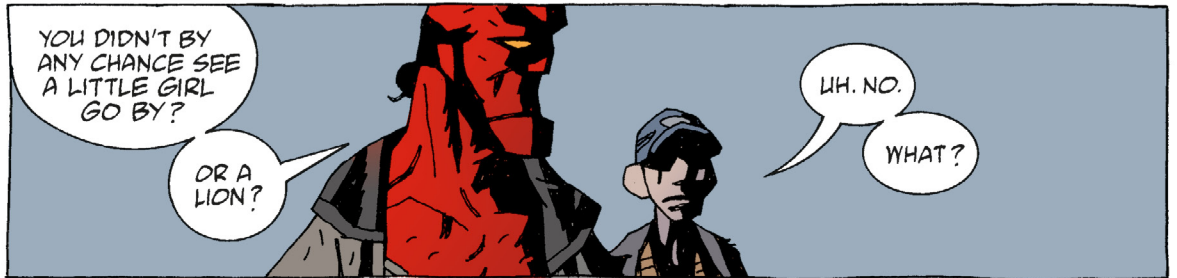
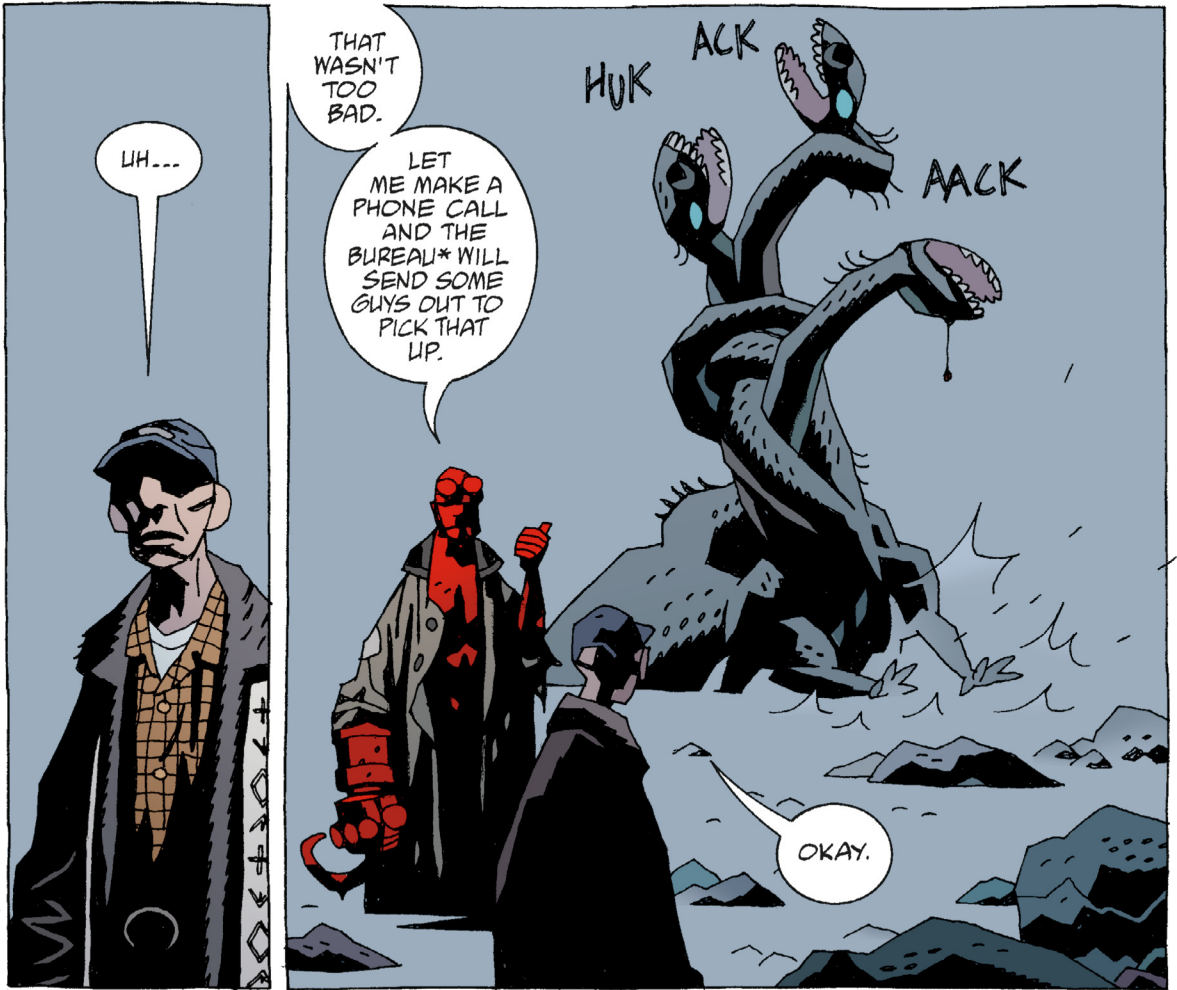




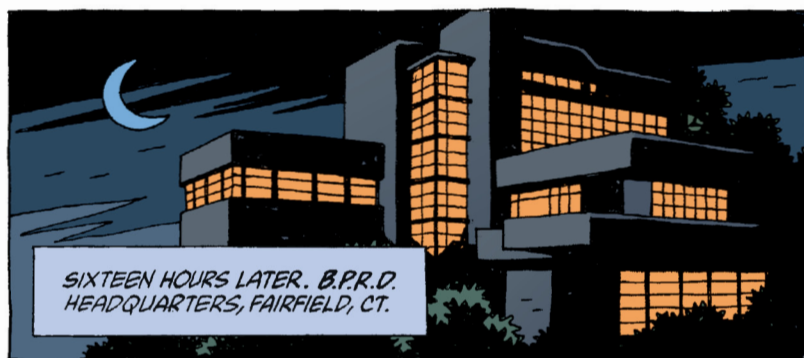




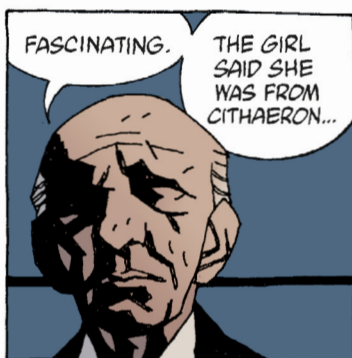








SIXTEEN HOURS LATER. B.P.R.D.  
HEADQUARTERS, FAIRFIELD, CT.



FASCINATING.

THE GIRL  
SAID SHE  
WAS FROM  
CITHAERON...



"ACCORDING TO  
LEGEND, HERCULES,  
AT EIGHTEEN, WENT  
ALONE INTO THE  
WOODS OF CITHAERON  
AND KILLED THE  
THESPIAN LION..."

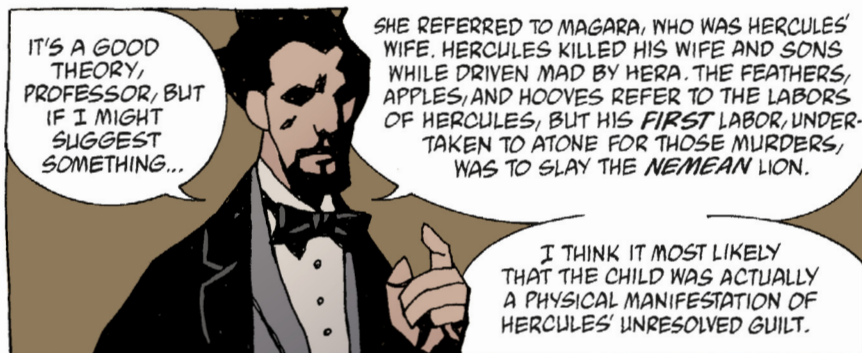


AND FOR  
THE REST OF  
HIS LIFE, HE  
WORE ITS  
SKIN.

YOU  
THINK THE  
LITTLE GIRL  
WAS THE GHOST  
OF HIS  
PANTS?

CLOAK,  
HELLBOY. HE  
WORE THE  
SKIN AS A  
CLOAK.

STILL...



IT'S A GOOD  
THEORY,  
PROFESSOR, BUT  
IF I MIGHT  
SUGGEST  
SOMETHING...

SHE REFERRED TO MAGARA, WHO WAS HERCULES'  
WIFE. HERCULES KILLED HIS WIFE AND SONS  
WHILE DRIVEN MAD BY HERA. THE FEATHERS,  
APPLES, AND HOOVES REFER TO THE LABORS  
OF HERCULES, BUT HIS *FIRST* LABOR, UNDER-  
TAKEN TO ATONE FOR THOSE MURDERS,  
WAS TO SLAY THE *NEMEAN* LION.

I THINK IT MOST LIKELY  
THAT THE CHILD WAS ACTUALLY  
A PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF  
HERCULES' UNRESOLVED GUILT.



OY!



THE  
END

# The Troll-witch



HELLBOY.

HAVE  
YOU COME  
TO KILL  
ME?

MAYBE.

CREEEE-

NORWAY.  
1963.





COME.

SIT.

NO  
THANKS,  
I--

COME ABOUT THESE  
MURDERS. I KNOW.

CRUEL THINGS  
DONE. TOO SAVAGE  
TO BE THE WORK  
OF ANY MAN.



AND HOW  
MANY  
VICTIMS  
NOW?

AS MANY  
AS YOU  
KNOW, I TELL  
YOU TONIGHT  
THERE  
ARE  
MORE.

YOU  
SEEM TO KNOW  
A LOT. YOU MUST  
GET AROUND.

NOT I.



I'VE NOT  
LEFT THIS  
PLACE IN MANY  
YEAR...



"NO. THE  
WORLD COMES  
TO ME HERE, ON  
CROOKED FEET AND  
CROOKED  
WING..."

SO I  
KNOW WHAT  
GOES ON  
IN THE SECRET  
PLACES.



AND I  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
YOU...





"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 BEAU-  
TIFUL FLOWER, AND WAS  
IN SHORT TIME DELIVERED  
OF A PERFECT AND  
BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL.

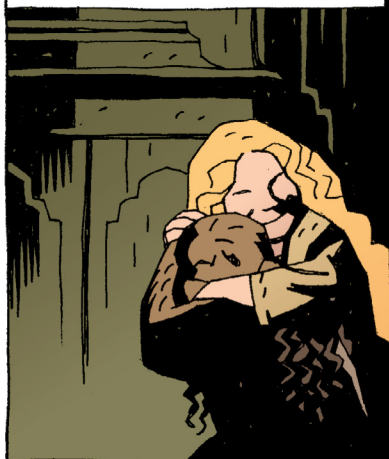


"SHE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN SATISFIED, BUT  
WANTED TO GIVE TO  
HER HUSBAND A  
SON. SHE ATE  
THE SECOND  
FLOWER...

"AND GAVE BIRTH TO  
A SECOND GIRL ...

"UGLY. STUNTED. TROLL-LIKE.

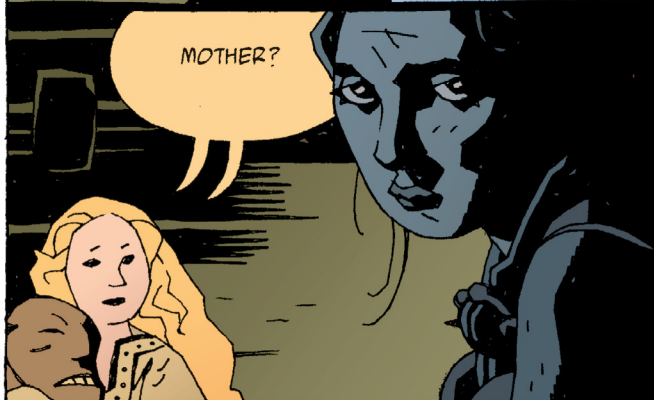
"YEARS PASSED, AND THE BEAUTIFUL SISTER BECAME MORE SO, THE UGLY SISTER MORE DREADFUL. SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT OUT, BUT THE TWO LOVED EACH OTHER, AND THE ONE WOULD NOT BE PARTED FROM THE OTHER.



"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?

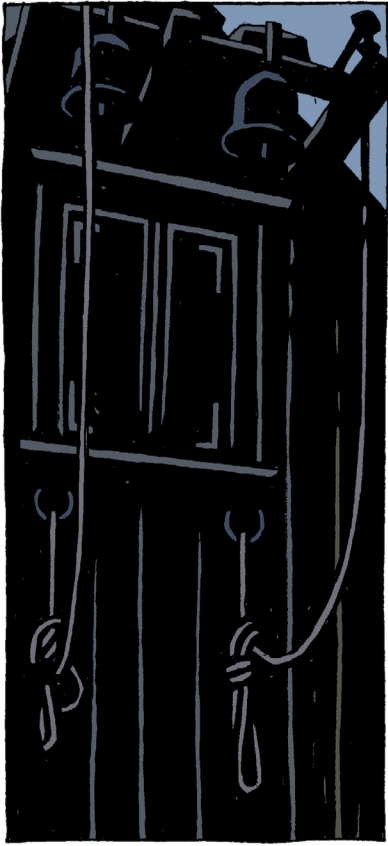
DO YOU  
THINK SHE SAW  
IN THEM THE  
THING THAT WAS  
MONSTROUS IN  
HERSELF?



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







"ALL MIGHT HAVE BEEN WELL, BUT THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WORRIED FOR HER SISTER, LOOKED OUT OF A WINDOW..."

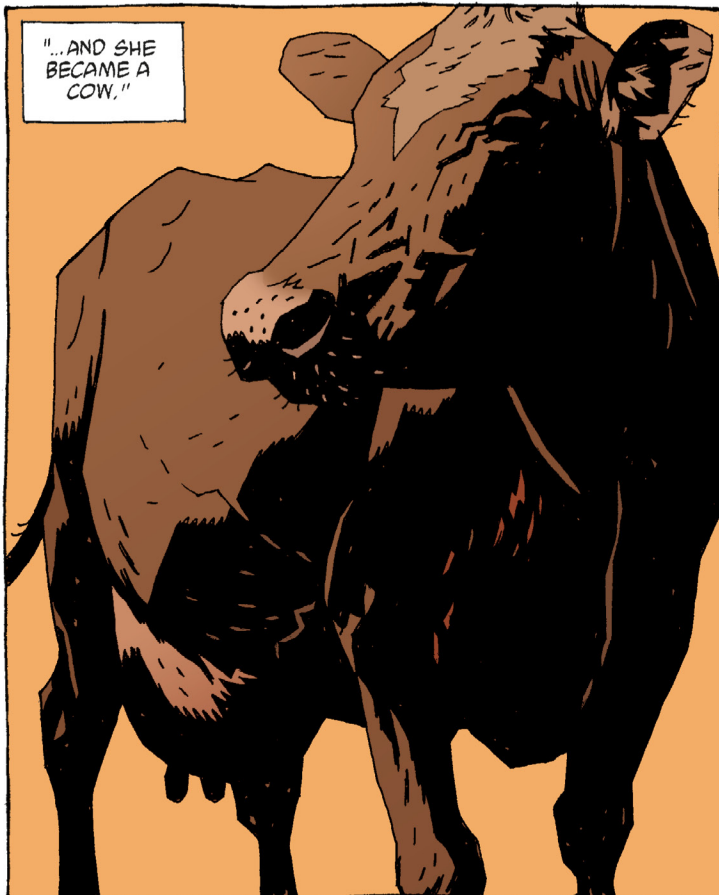


"...AND A TROLL SNATCHED OFF HER HEAD..."



"...AND PUT IN ITS PLACE A COW HEAD..."

"...AND SHE BECAME A COW."



CAN YOU IMAGINE THEN THE FURY OF THAT UGLY CHILD?

TAKING A WOODEN SPOON AND RIDING ON A GOAT, SHE WENT DOWN INTO TROLL-HEIM...





AND SHE  
KILLED A PILE  
OF TROLLS AND  
GOT HER SISTER'S HEAD  
BACK AND HER SISTER  
TURNED BACK INTO A  
PERSON AND MARRIED  
A PRINCE OR SOME-  
THING.

I HAVE  
HEARD THAT  
STORY.



A FAIRY  
TALE.

SHE LIVED  
AND DIED  
A COW...



HER BONES  
LIE THERE.



BUT  
HER SISTER  
DID BRING  
BACK HER  
HEAD.



SOMEDAY A WOMAN WHO IS  
WANTING CHILDREN WILL COME  
TO ME. I WILL GIVE HER THESE  
FLOWERS TO EAT, AND ALL  
HER CHILDREN WILL BE  
BEAUTIFUL...



NOT  
TROLLISH.



YEAH...







SISTER...



AH, BUT YOU  
WANT THESE  
MURDERING  
TROLLS.

THEY ARE  
ABROAD TONIGHT, BUT  
MUST BE UNDERGROUND  
BEFORE MORNING. THEY COME  
AND GO BY A CERTAIN CAVE I  
KNOW. YOU CAN GO THERE  
BEFORE THEM.



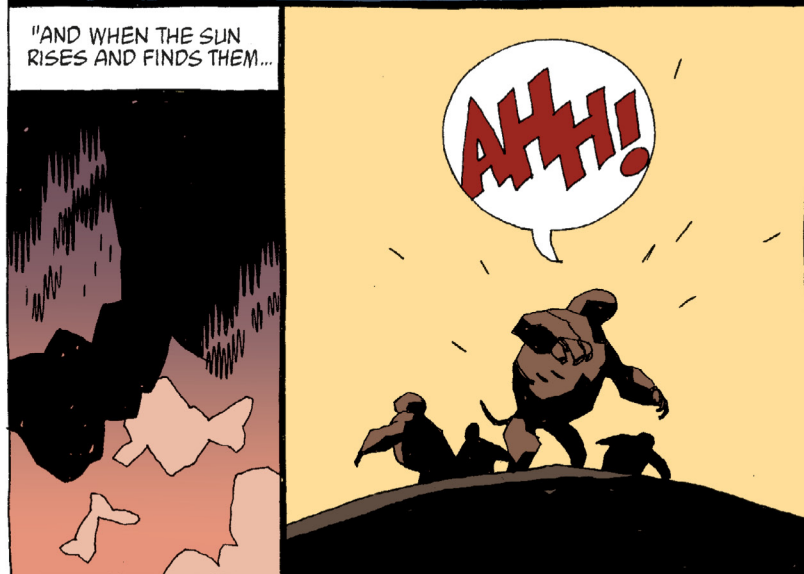
TAKE THIS.

ALL THESE  
YEARS AND IT IS STILL  
WET. IN THE WOOD IS  
THE SOUND OF THEIR  
BREAKING BONES.



"LAY IT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THAT CAVE.

"THEY WILL NOT  
DARE TO CROSS  
OVER IT..."



"AND WHEN THE SUN  
RISES AND FINDS THEM..."

AHH!



"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*.



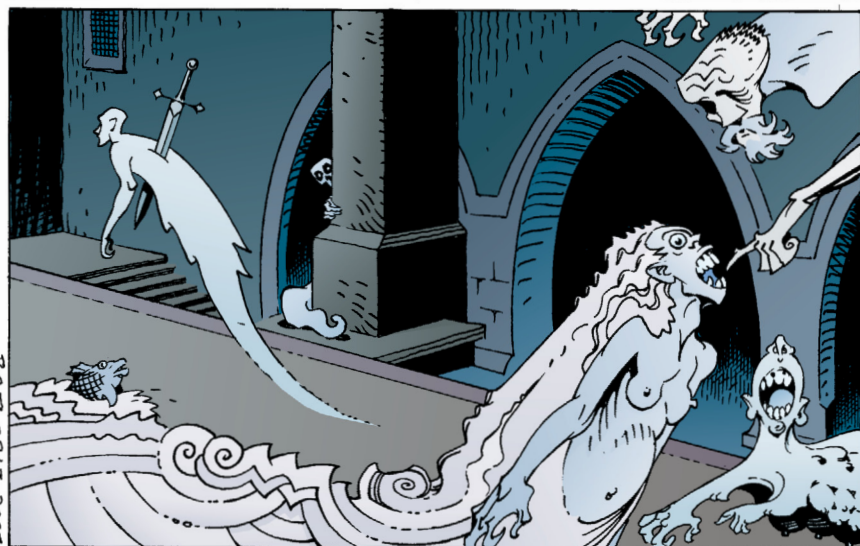
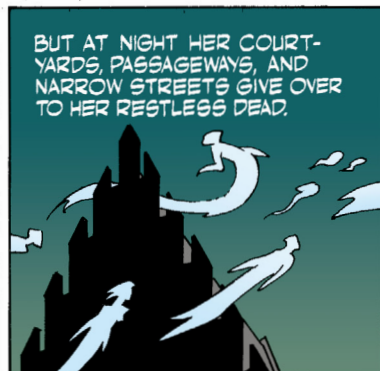
## The Vampire of Prague

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.







GUSTAV KUBIN, PROFESSOR  
OF OCCULT STUDIES AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF KRAKOW.

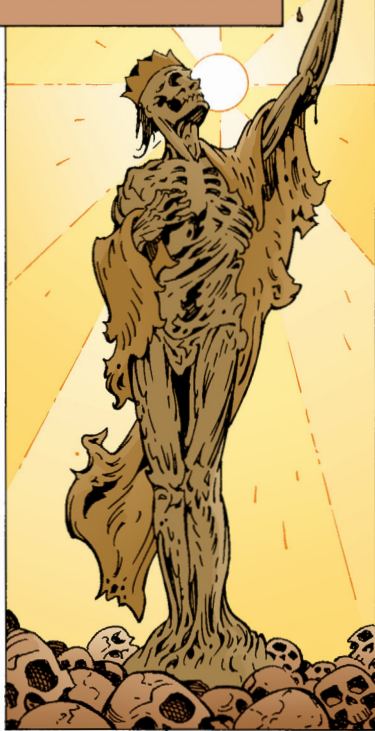
NO CITY IN  
EUROPE IS HOME  
TO A MORE DREADFUL  
COLLECTION OF TORMENTED  
SOULS, PHANTOMS, AND  
SPECTERS. THE WORST OF  
THESE BEING A FORMER  
VERGER OF ST. PETER'S  
CHURCH, NOW BETTER  
KNOWN AS...



**The Vampire  
of Prague**



"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.



"IT'S SAID THAT IF HE CAN BE BEATEN AT HIS GAME...



"...HIS SOUL WILL BE SET FREE.

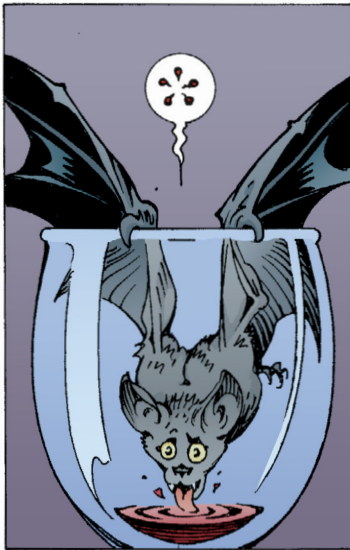
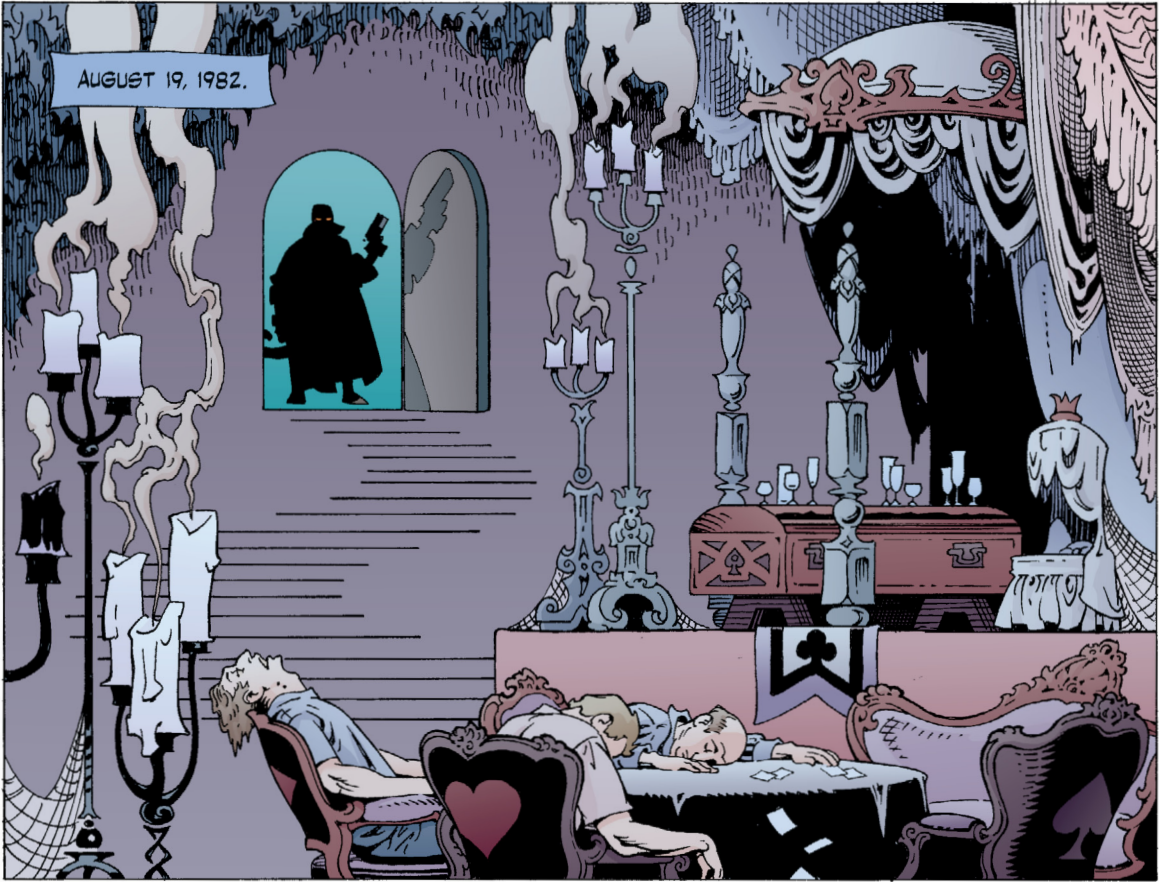


"... BUT ANY WHO PLAYS AGAINST HIM...

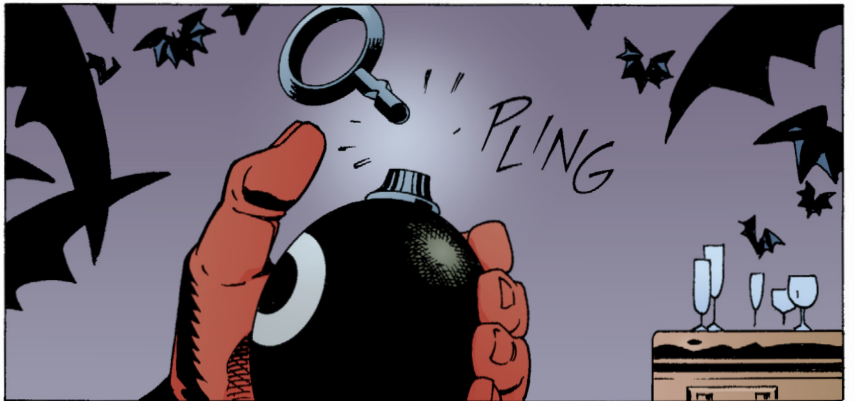
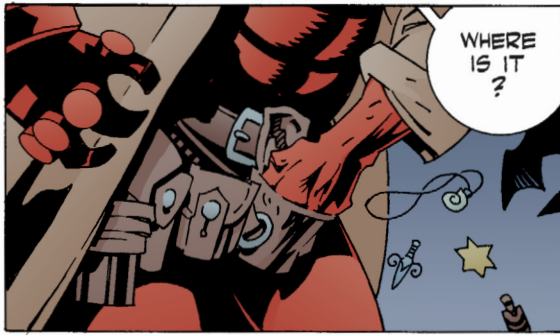
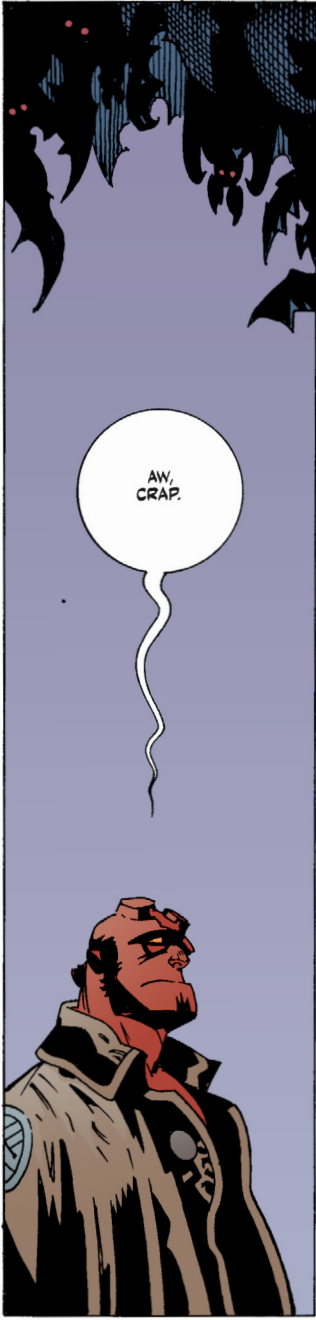


"... AND LOSES..."









TWO MONTHS EARLIER.

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

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 PROBLEM.

SON OF A--

BOINK

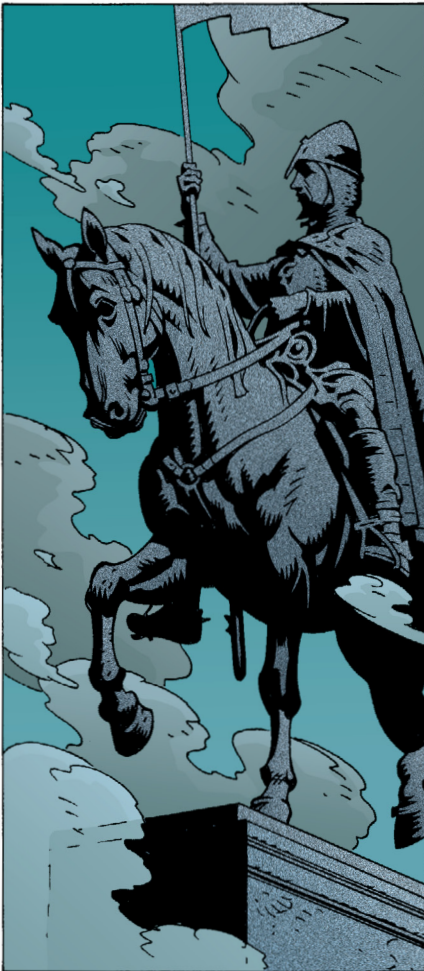










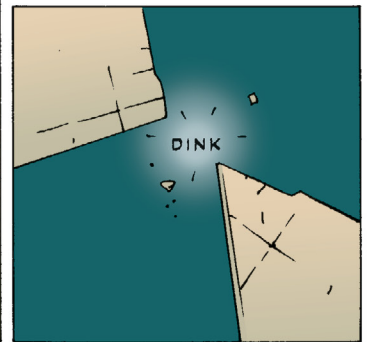
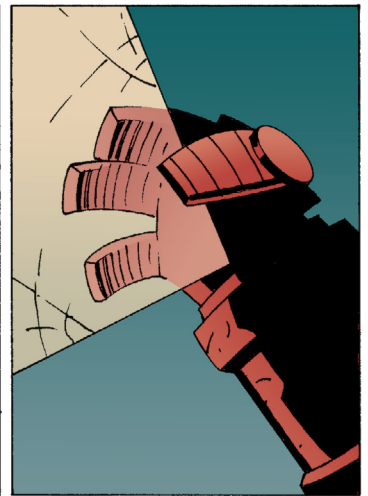
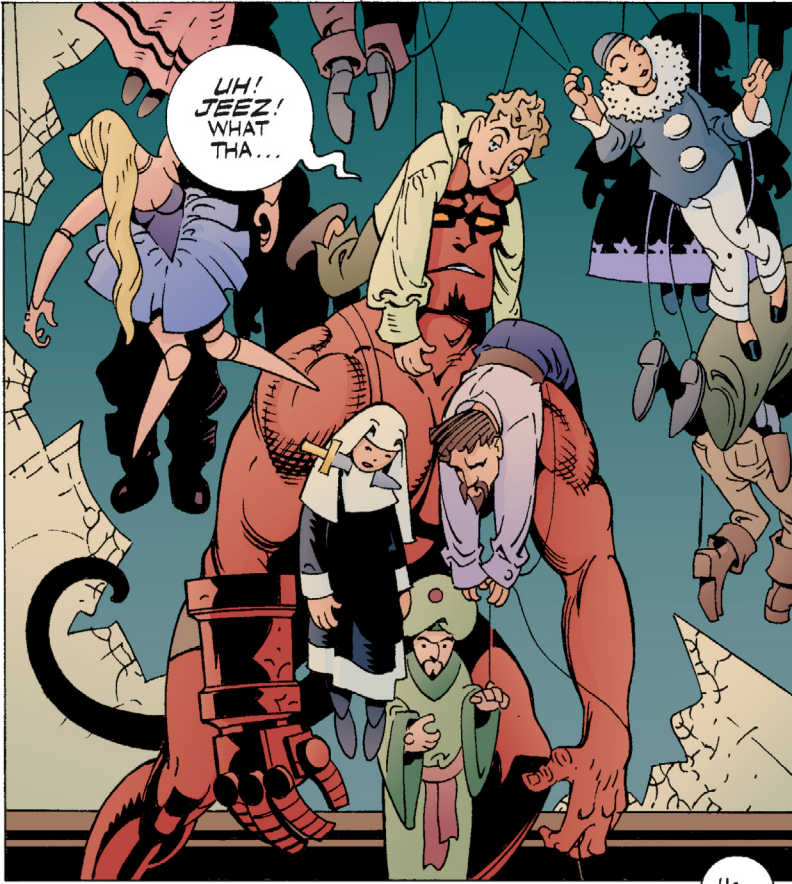






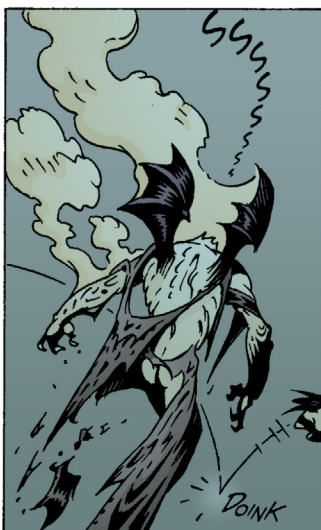




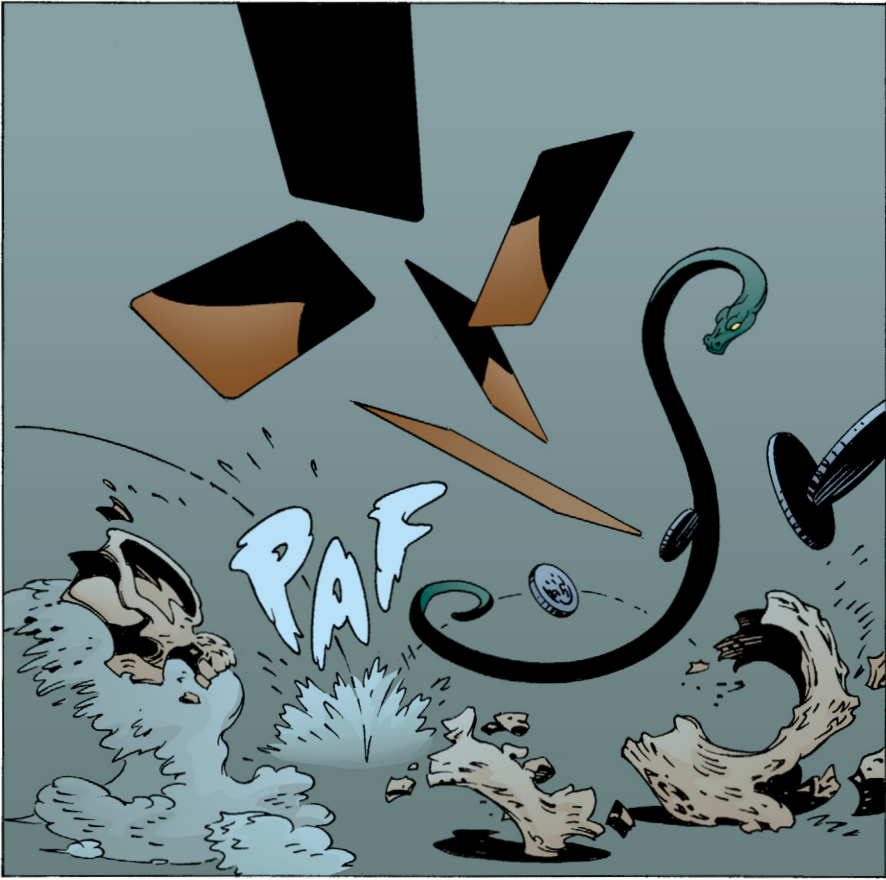


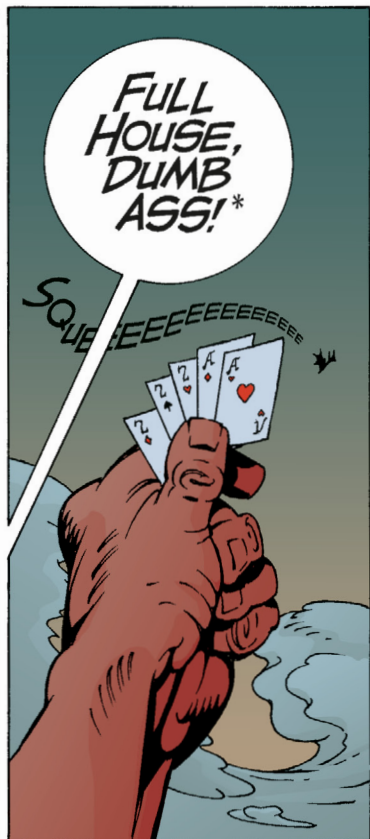
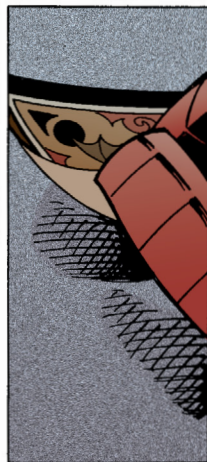










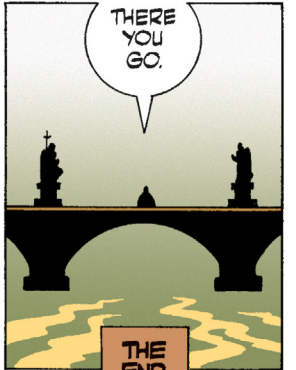
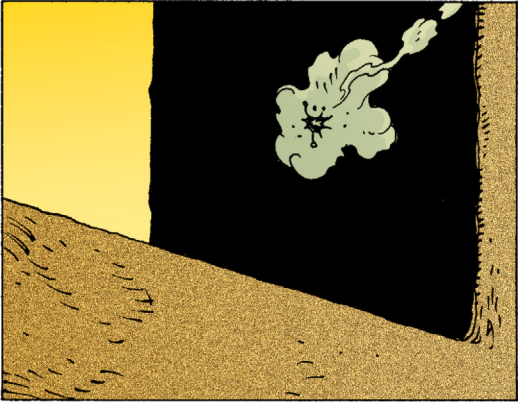


\* IN POKER, A FULL-HOUSE BEATS A STRAIGHT.









# Dr. Carp's Experiment



LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK. 1991.



DOCTOR  
CARP. BORN 1836.  
DIED...? NOBODY  
KNOWS.

REAL  
DOCTOR?

HE  
WAS...

THERE WERE RUMORS, AND A  
POLICE INVESTIGATION. TURNS  
OUT HE WAS A GRAND MASTER  
IN THE GOLDEN LODGE, THE  
HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD  
OF RA.\*



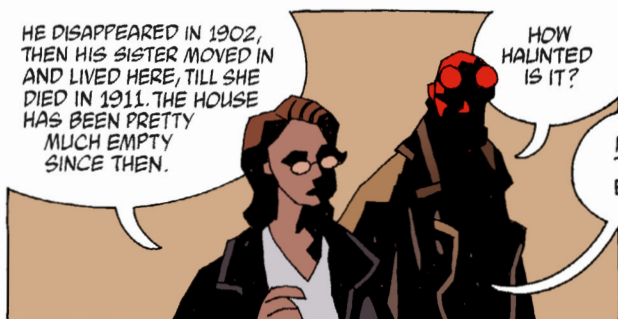
OH,  
THOSE  
GUYS...

SO HE WAS  
CRAZY.

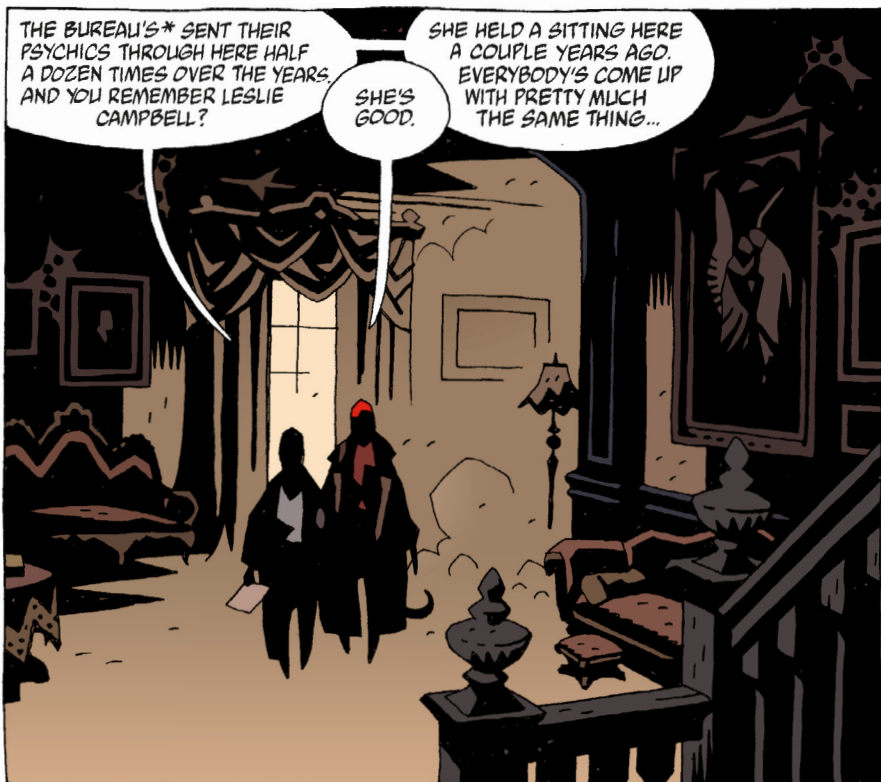


\*BELIEVED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE (1906) AND THE TUNGUSKA FOREST EXPLOSION (1908).





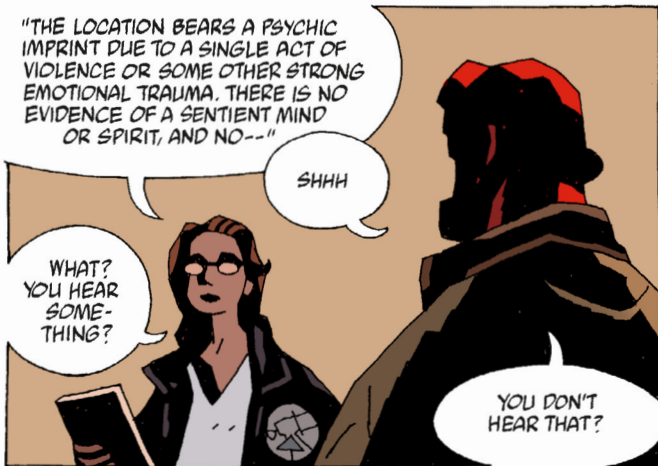




THE BUREAU'S\* SENT THEIR PSYCHICS THROUGH HERE HALF A DOZEN TIMES OVER THE YEARS. AND YOU REMEMBER LESLIE CAMPBELL?

SHE'S GOOD.

SHE HELD A SITTING HERE A COUPLE YEARS AGO. EVERYBODY'S COME UP WITH PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING...



"THE LOCATION BEARS A PSYCHIC IMPRINT DUE TO A SINGLE ACT OF VIOLENCE OR SOME OTHER STRONG EMOTIONAL TRAUMA. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF A SENTIENT MIND OR SPIRIT, AND NO--"

SHHH

WHAT? YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

YOU DON'T HEAR THAT?



IT'S A VOICE.



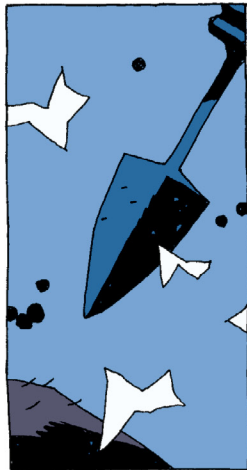
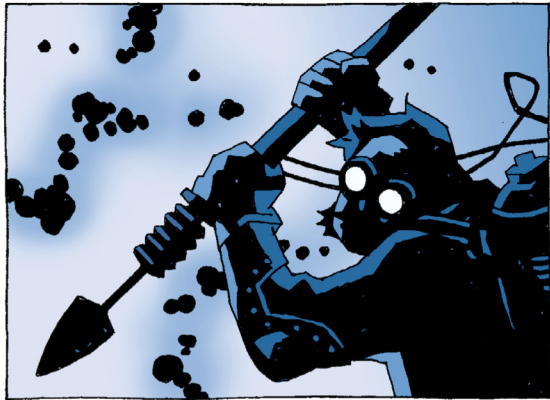
IS IT LATIN? IN 1928 MISS E.F. RIDDELL REPORTED HEARING LATIN, AND IN 1931--

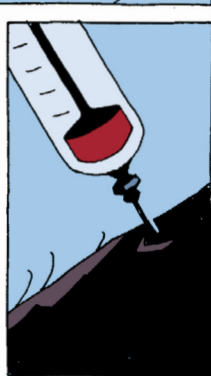
SHHH...

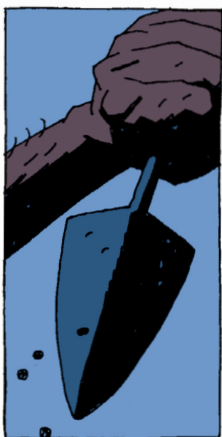








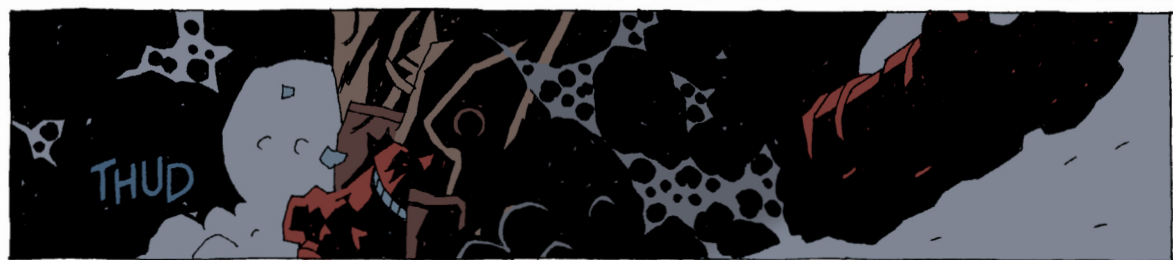
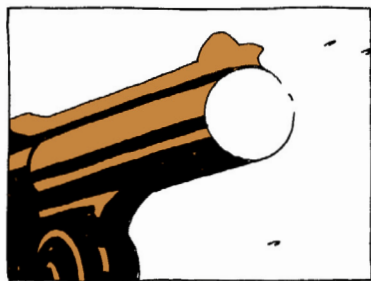












THUD



HELLBOY?

!







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'.

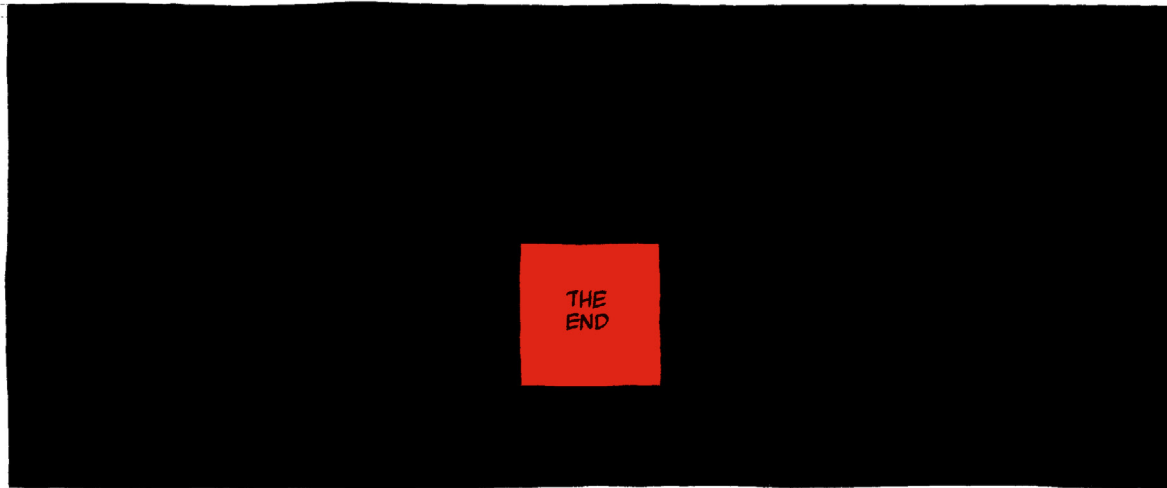
NO WONDER  
THE PLACE IS  
HAUNTED.

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.

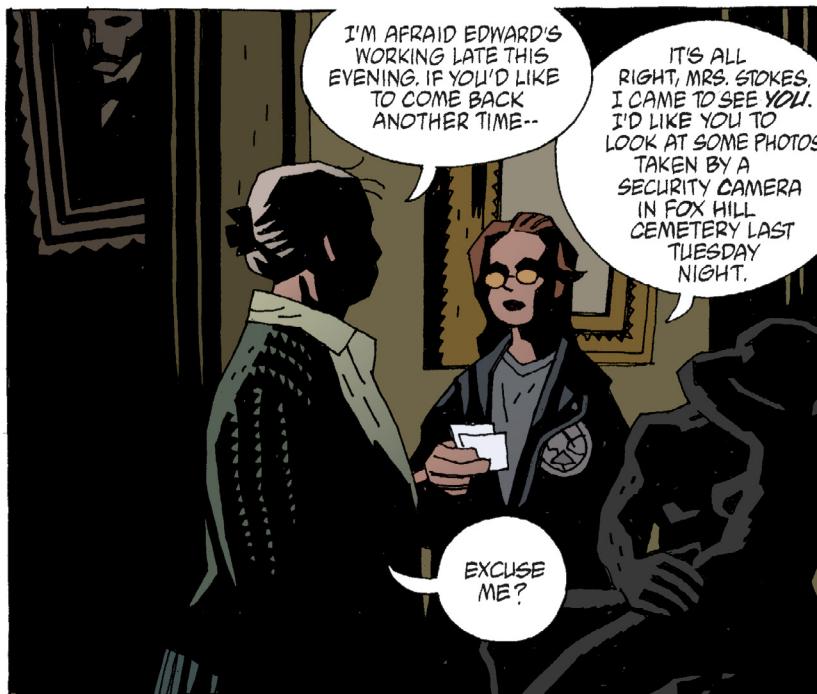
WHAT?

I AM  
THY FATHER'S  
SPIRIT.

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...

I COULD A  
TALE UNFOLD.

KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK







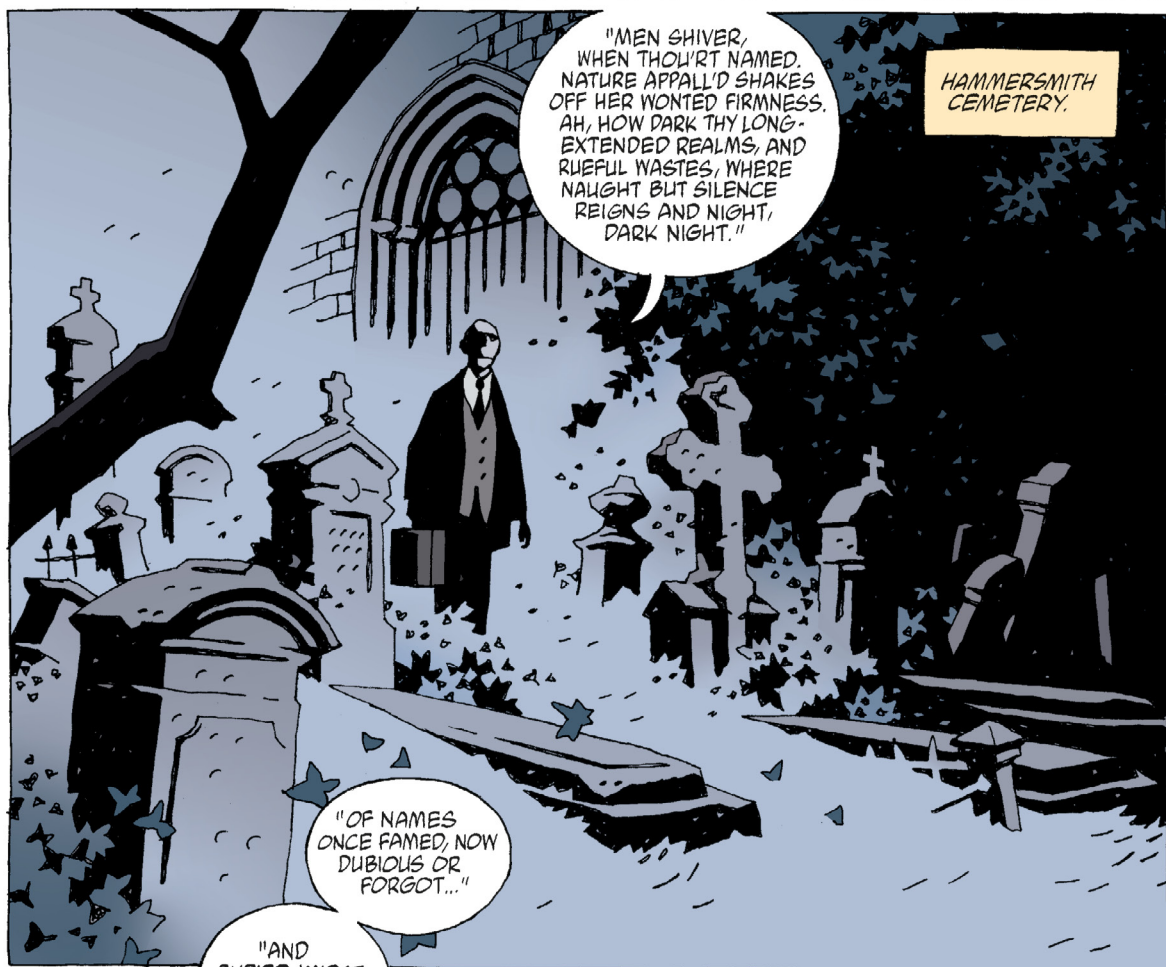
I CANNOT  
*IMAGINE*  
WHAT HE'S  
DOING.

IS IT A  
PICNIC?

SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT...



"MA'AM, ARE YOU *SURE*  
YOUR HUSBAND IS  
WORKING TONIGHT?"



"MEN SHIVER,  
WHEN THOU'RT NAMED.  
NATURE APPALL'D SHAKES  
OFF HER WONTED FIRMNESS.  
AH, HOW DARK THY LONG-  
EXTENDED REALMS, AND  
RUEFUL WASTES, WHERE  
NAUGHT BUT SILENCE  
REIGNS AND NIGHT,  
DARK NIGHT."

HAMMERSMITH  
CEMETERY.

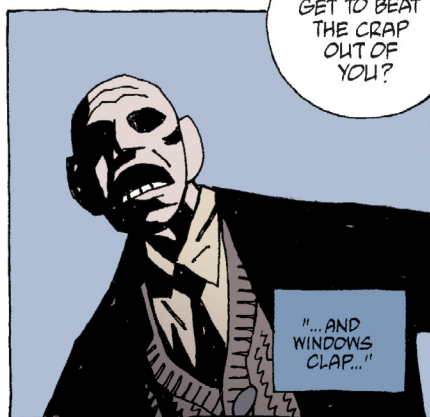
"OF NAMES  
ONCE FAMED, NOW  
DUBIOUS OR  
FORGOT..."

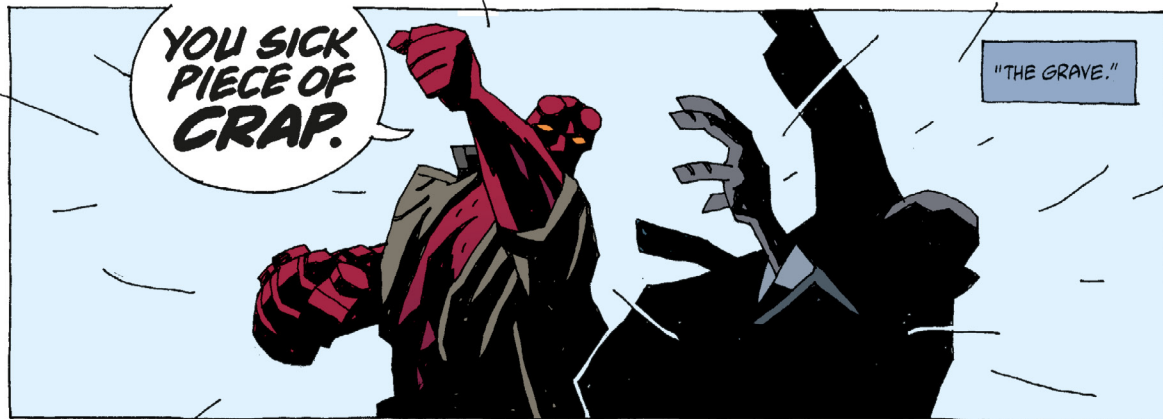
"AND  
BURIED 'MIDST  
THE WRECK OF  
THINGS THAT  
WERE..."



"THERE  
LIE INTERR'D  
THE MORE  
ILLUSTRIOUS  
DEAD."









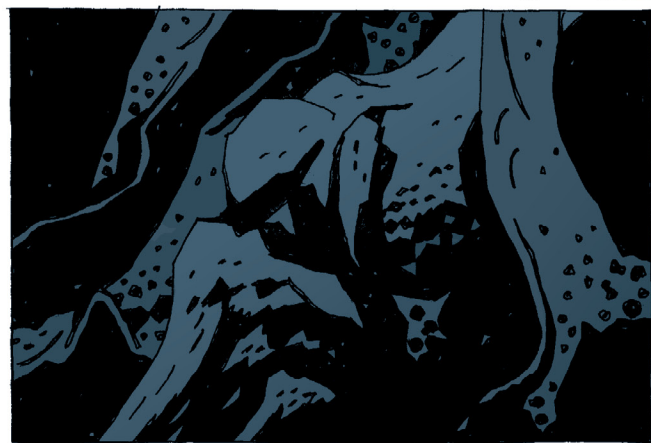
YOU'RE WORSE  
THAN A CANNIBAL,  
AND THAT'S SAYING  
SOMETHING.

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

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

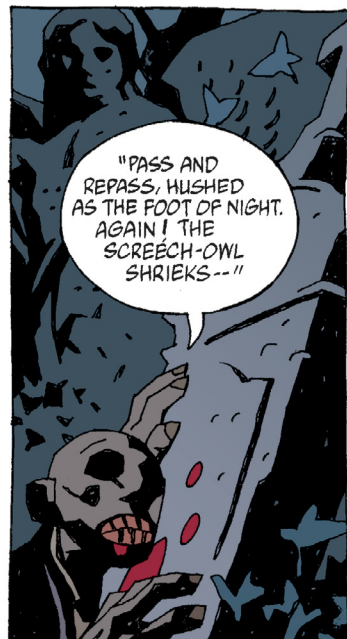


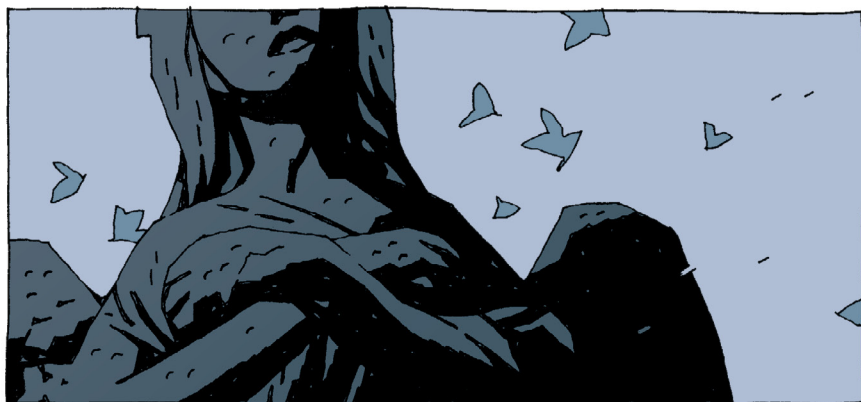
"NOW LET SOFT  
JULIET IN THE  
GAPING TOMB  
PRINT THE LAST  
KISS..."

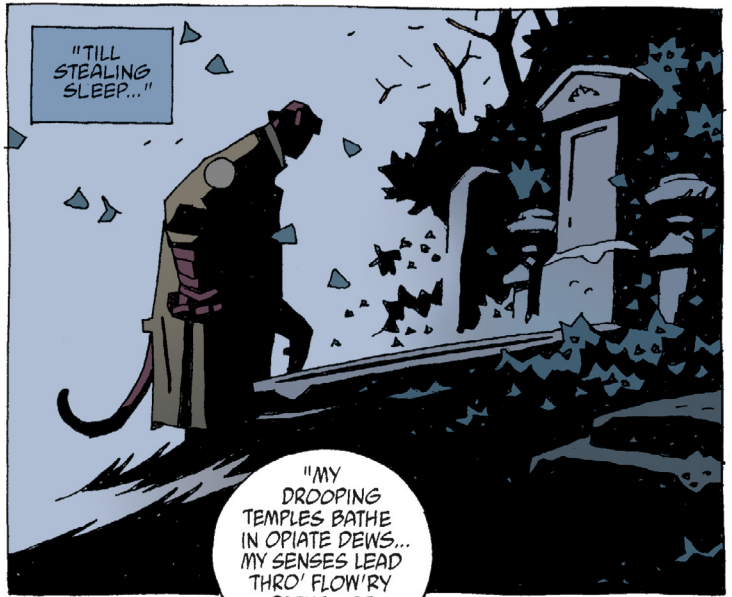


"...ON HER  
TRUE ROMEO'S  
LIPS."









"TILL  
STEALING  
SLEEP..."

"MY  
DROOPING  
TEMPLES BATHE  
IN OPIATE DEWS...  
MY SENSES LEAD  
THRO' FLOW'RY  
PATHS...OF  
JOY."



"NOW, TAME  
AND HUMBLE, LIKE  
A CHILD THAT'S  
WHIPP'D, SHAKES  
HANDS WITH DUST."



HAMLET...



WHERE'S  
POLONIUS?

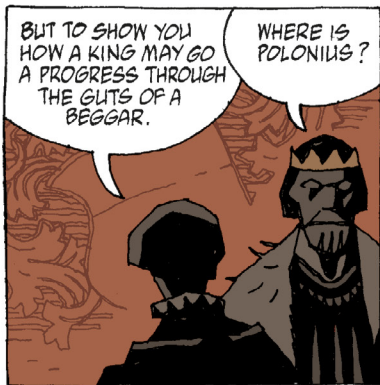
AT  
SUPPER.



AT SUPPER?  
WHERE?







BUT TO SHOW YOU  
HOW A KING MAY GO  
A PROGRESS THROUGH  
THE GUTS OF A  
BEGGAR.

WHERE IS  
POLONIUS?



IN HEAVEN.  
SEND THITHER  
TO SEE.



IF YOUR  
MESSENGER FIND  
HIM NOT THERE,  
SEEK HIM IN THE  
OTHER PLACE  
YOURSELF.



The heartfelt rantings of the ghouls 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.

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "MIKE MIGNOLA". The signature is written in a bold, slightly slanted font. A long, horizontal, slightly curved line extends from the end of the signature to the right, resembling a long arrow or a flourish.

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.

NYC  
EXPLORERS  
CLUB

AUGUST 16,  
1993.

MEMBERS  
ONLY

I HEAR THINGS  
GOT A LITTLE  
ROUGH OVER  
THERE.

SIXTEEN HOURS DIGGING  
AND WE'D BARELY GOTTEN  
INTO THE CITY WHEN THE  
FIRST SANDSTORM HIT.

IF  
WE'D STAYED  
INSIDE TO  
WAIT IT  
OUT...

WELL, I  
WOULDN'T BE  
HERE TO TELL  
YOU ABOUT  
IT.

PROFESSOR ALI T.  
KOMAN, FORMER HEAD  
OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT  
BROWN UNIVERSITY.

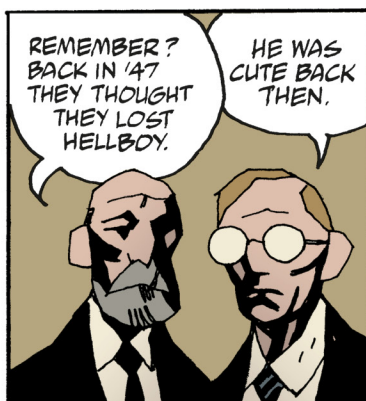
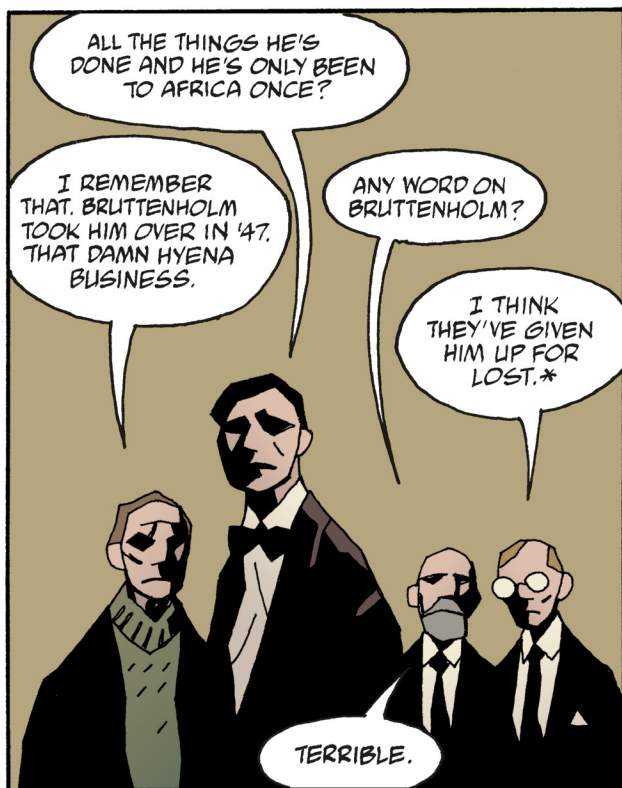
WHEN THE STORMS  
FINALLY ENDED WE WENT  
BACK, BUT WE COULDN'T  
FIND A TRACE  
OF THE  
CITY.

LIKE IT  
WAS NEVER  
THERE.

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







\*TREVOR BRITTENHOLM WAS A MEMBER OF THE CAVENDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION, WHICH DISAPPEARED IN JANUARY 1933.



ANUNG LIN RAMA.



JEEZ.

HOW DO  
YOU FORGET  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT?

HELLBOY,  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

HELLBOY...





SHE  
KNOWS YOU  
STILL.



WHAT...?



COME.



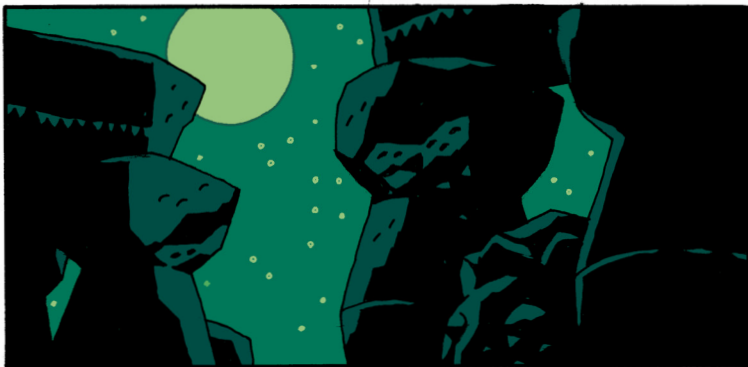
WHERE...?

A CITY  
OF THE  
DEAD.

A BURIAL  
PLACE OF  
KINGS  
...



AND  
ONE WHO  
WAS MORE  
THAN A  
KING.



# 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."



"MOTHER," SAID HE,  
"TAKE ME AND CAST ME  
INTO THAT DEEP POOL  
OF BLACK WATER."

"OH, MY  
SON, BUT THAT  
POOL IS HOME TO  
CROCODILES."



"HAVE NO  
FEAR FOR  
ME, MOTHER,  
BUT DO AS  
I TELL  
YOU."



HIS  
MOTHER  
WEPT AND  
WAILED...

ZZZZZZZZ



BUT IN THE  
END DID  
AS SHE WAS  
TOLD...



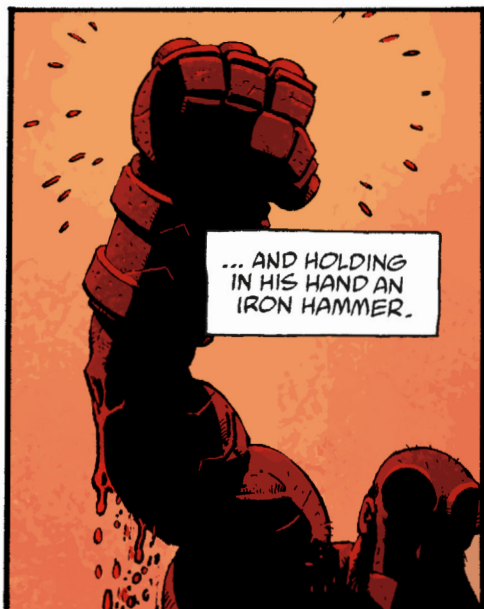
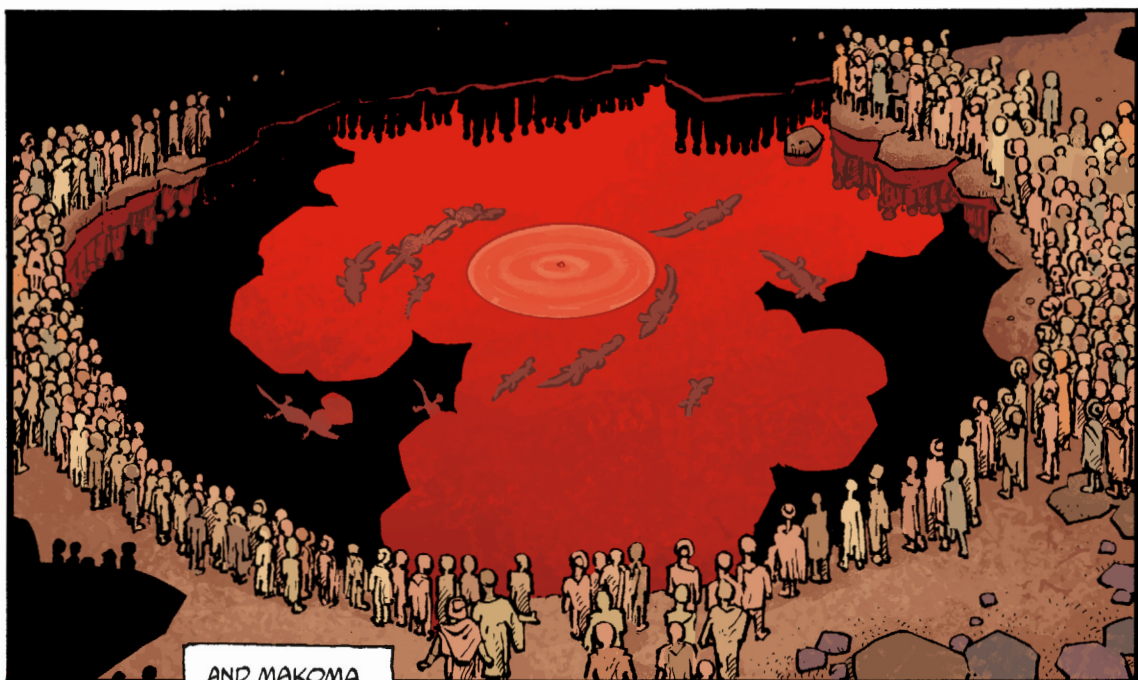
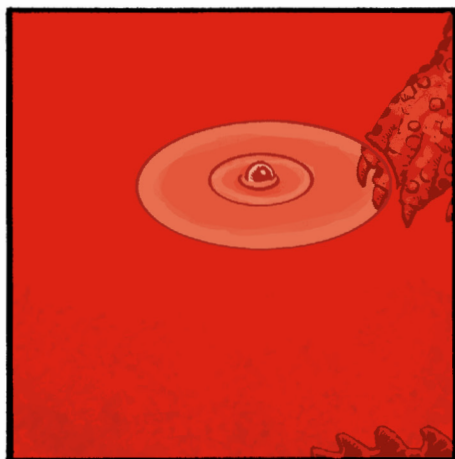
AND...



AFTER ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT...







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.

NO RAIN, BUT  
THUNDER.

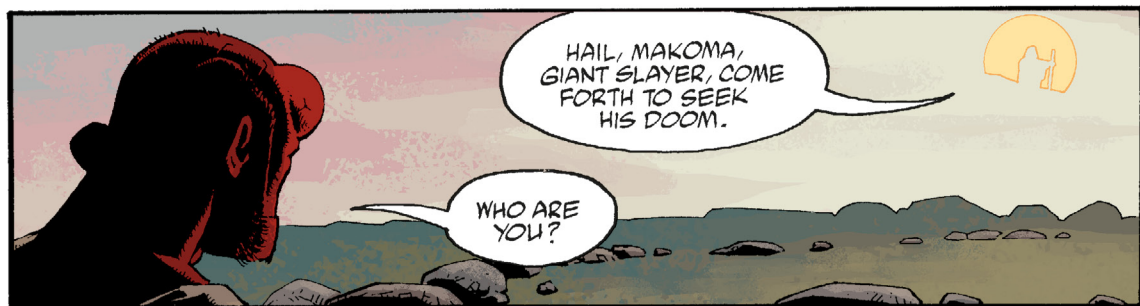
AND THE  
SOUND OF  
GIANTS.

RIIIIGHT.





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.

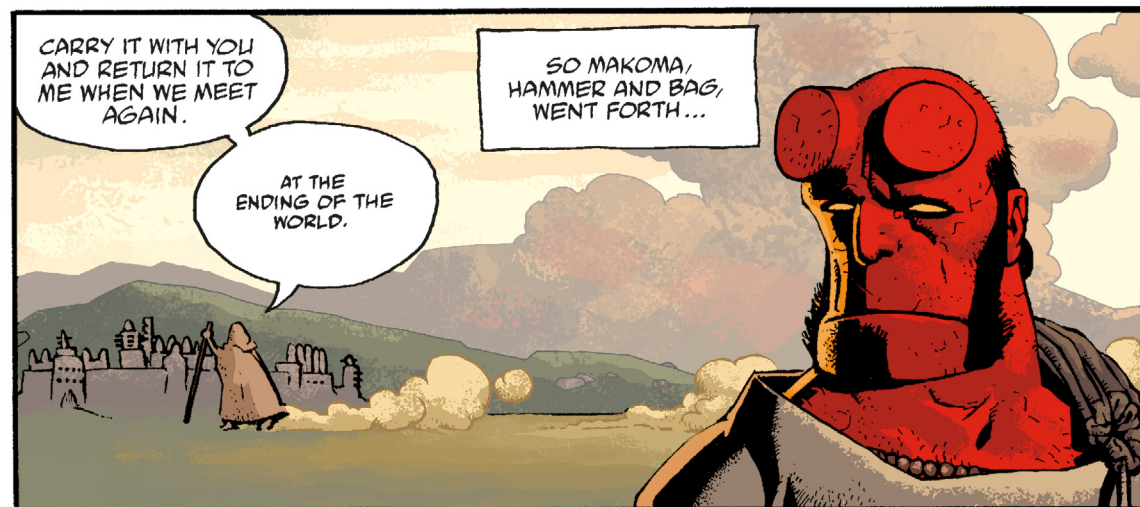


WHAT IS THAT?

A  
BAG.



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

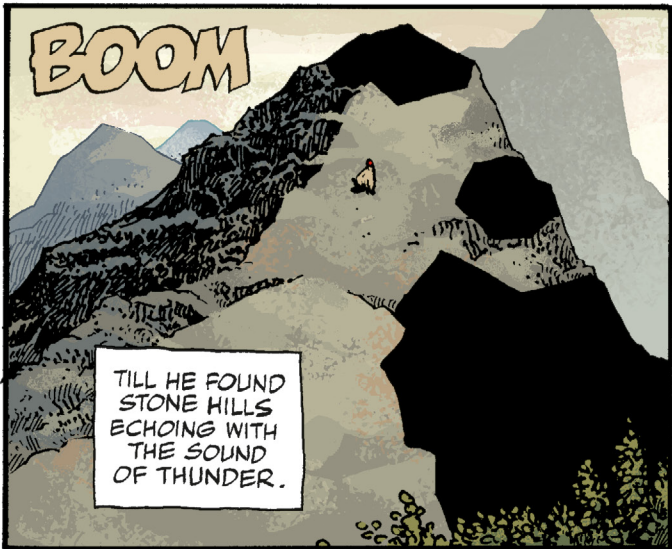


CARRY IT WITH YOU  
AND RETURN IT TO  
ME WHEN WE MEET  
AGAIN.

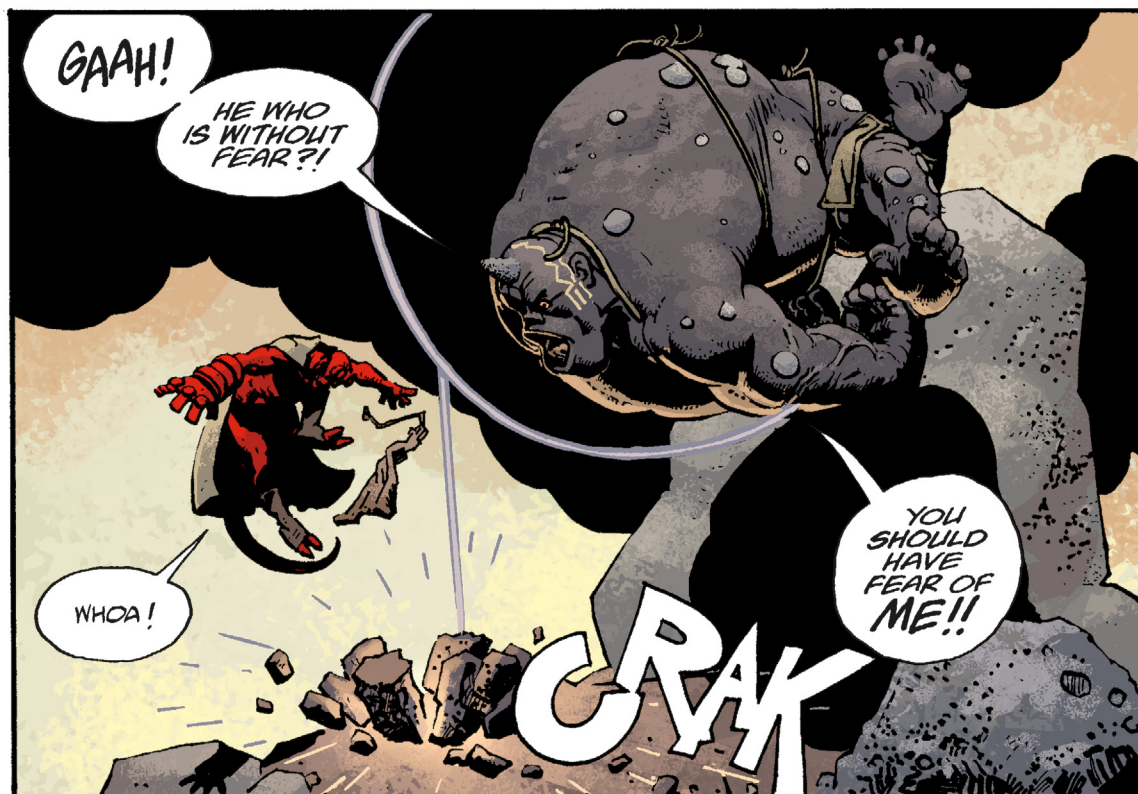
AT THE  
ENDING OF THE  
WORLD.

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

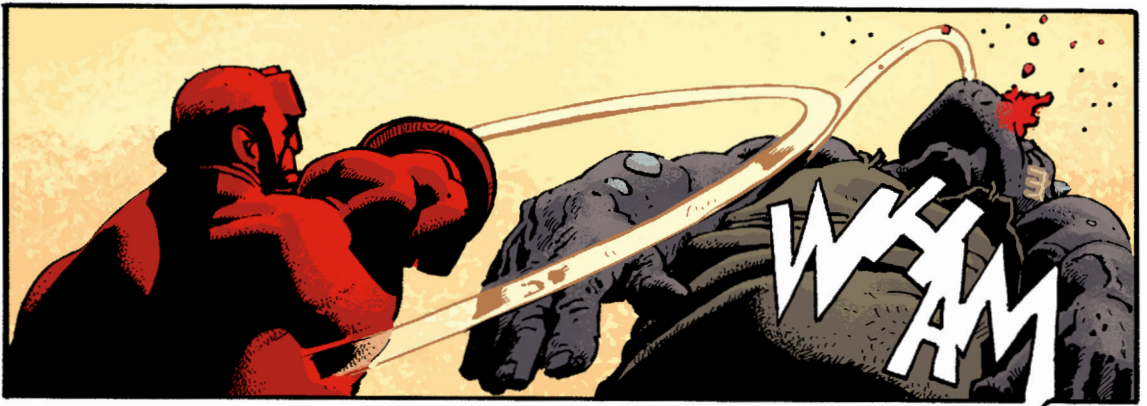
















IN DEFEAT THE GIANT HAD  
BECOME SMALL, SO  
MAKOMA TOOK HIM ALIVE  
AND PUT HIM INTO HIS BAG.



IN YOU  
GO, AND  
BEHAVE YOUR-  
SELF.



MAKOMA THE MERCIFUL,  
MAKOMA THE--

QUIET BACK  
THERE.

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.

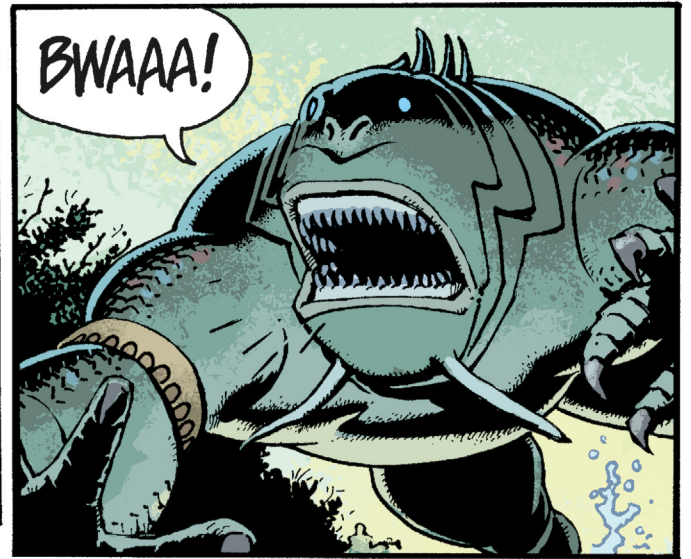
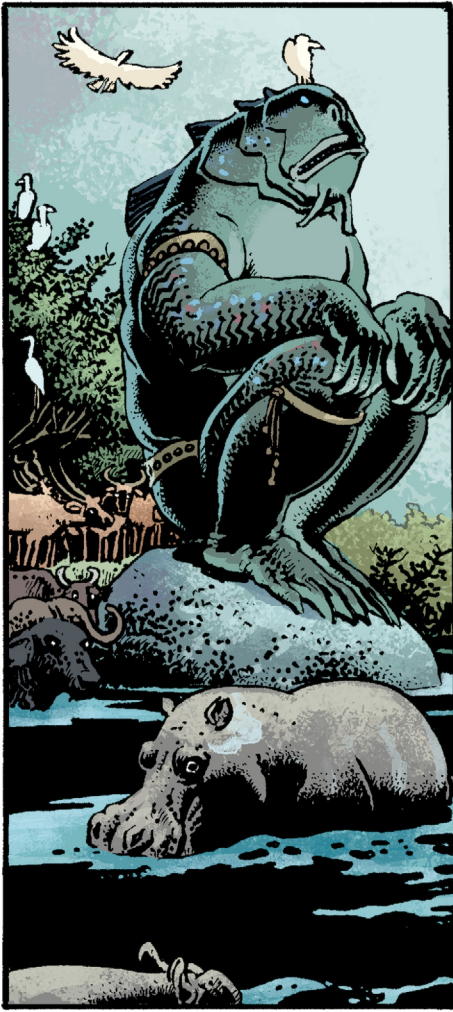


MERCY.

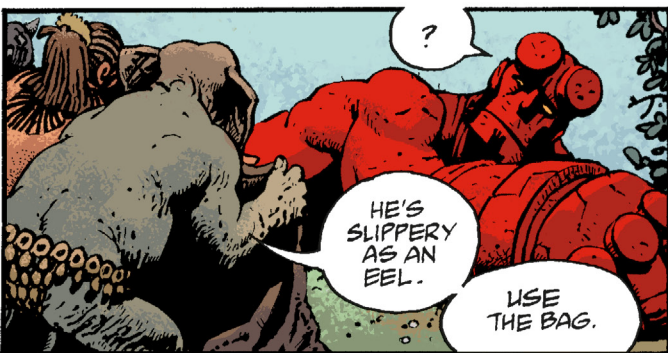








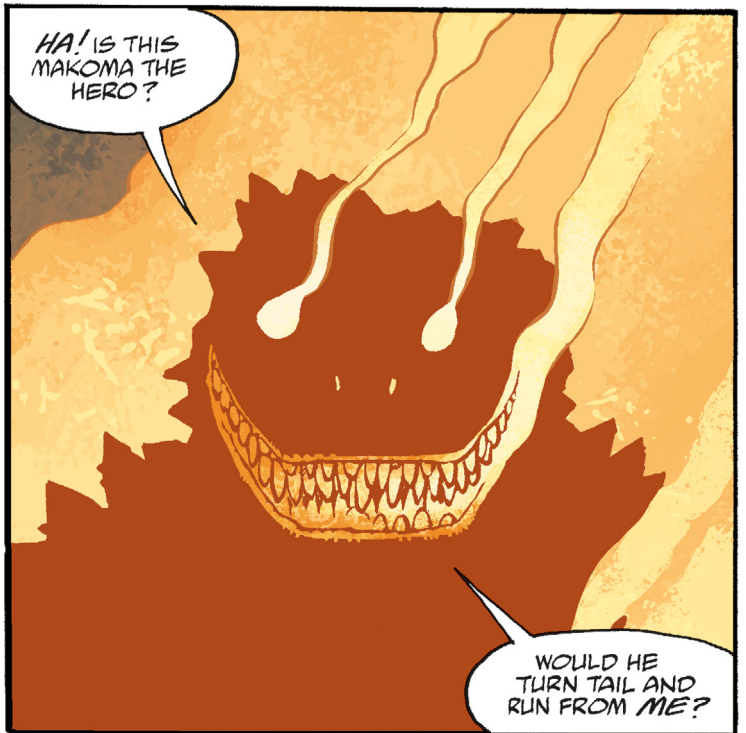
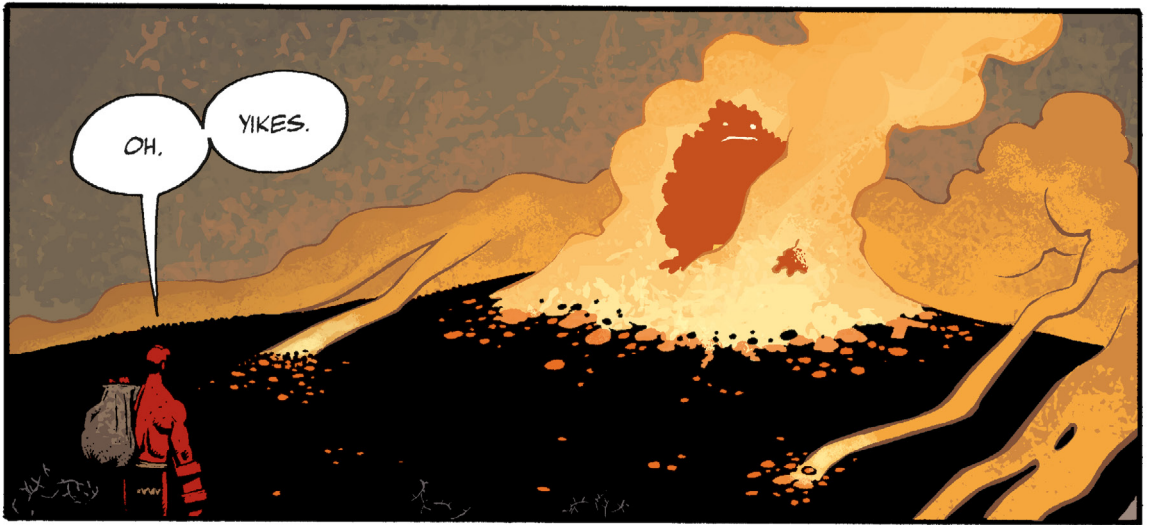




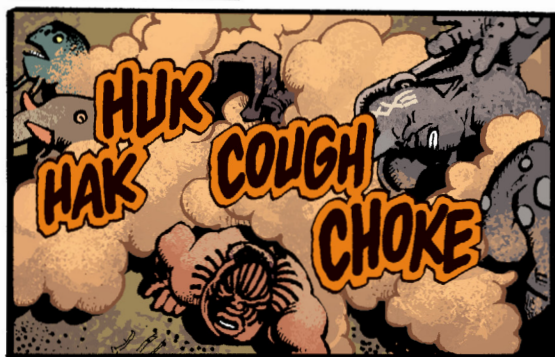


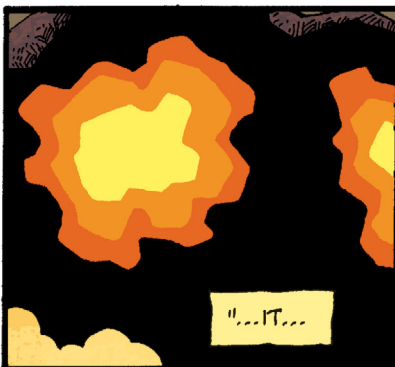
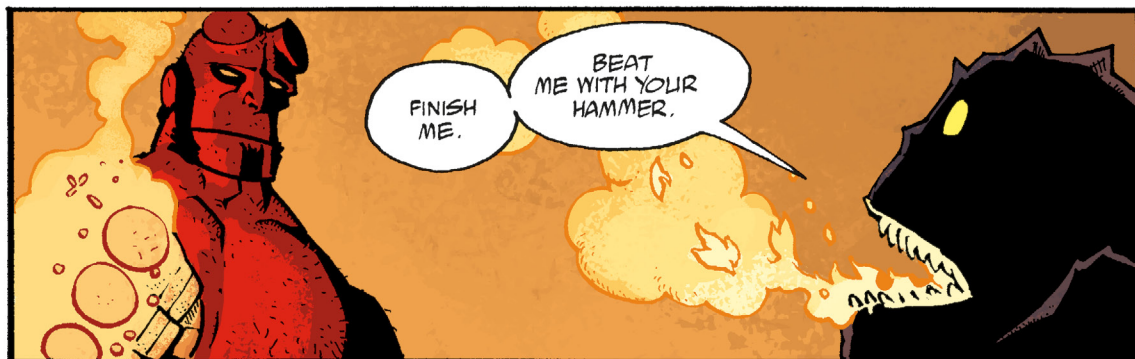




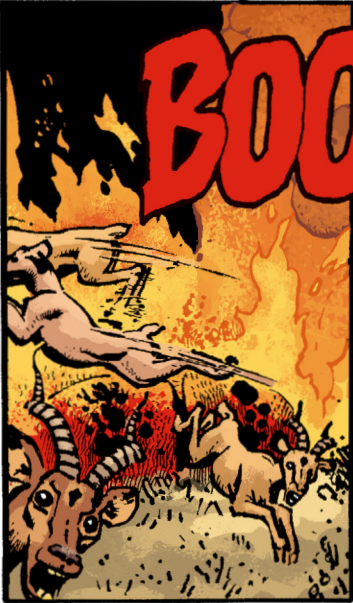








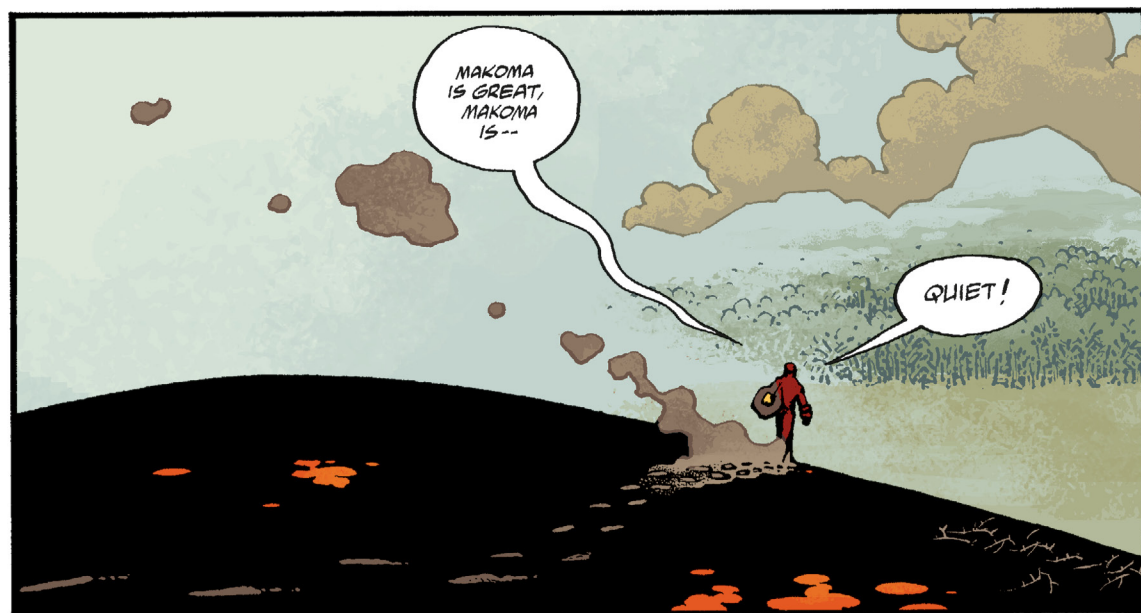
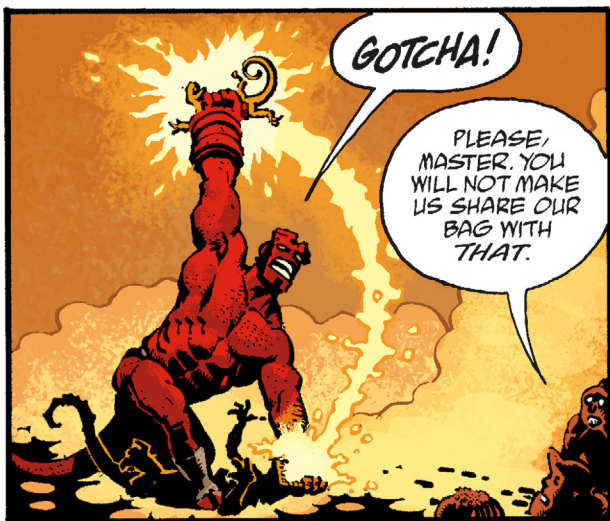




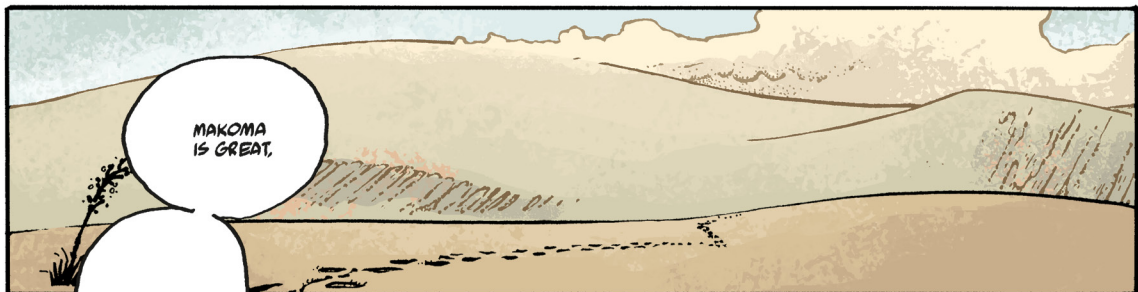
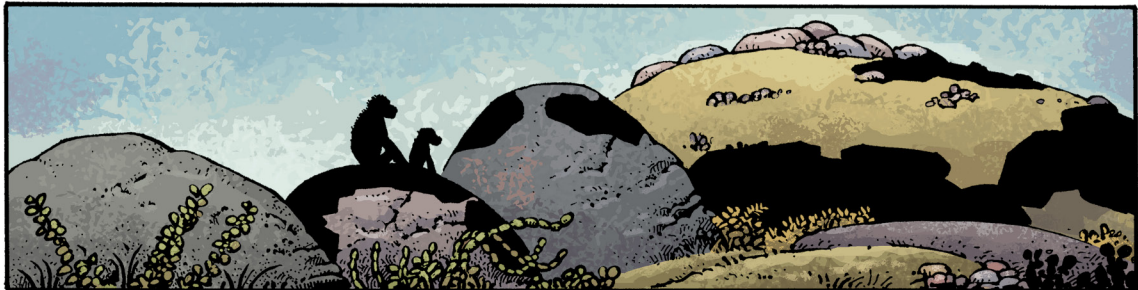












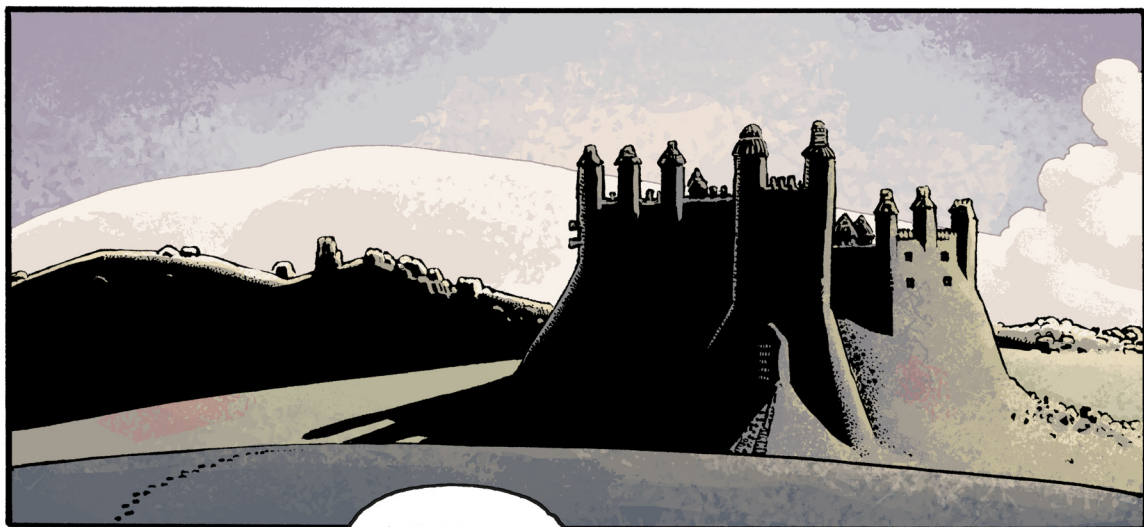
MAKOMA  
IS GREAT,

MAKOMA  
IS--

QUIET.

IS THAT  
SINGING  
?





WELCOME,  
HERO.

WHAT  
IS THIS  
PLACE  
?

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

PARADISE.

WHAT?

THE STRUGGLES  
OF YOUR LIFE ARE  
ENDED.

LISTEN  
TO THEM.

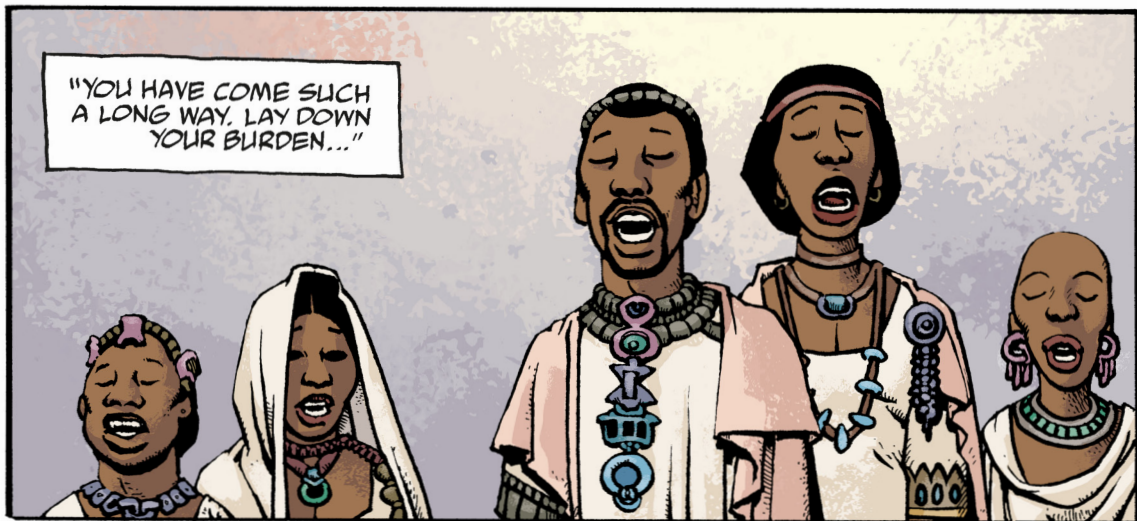
WHAT  
DOES THEIR  
SONG PROMISE  
?

"PEACE..."

"OBLIVION."



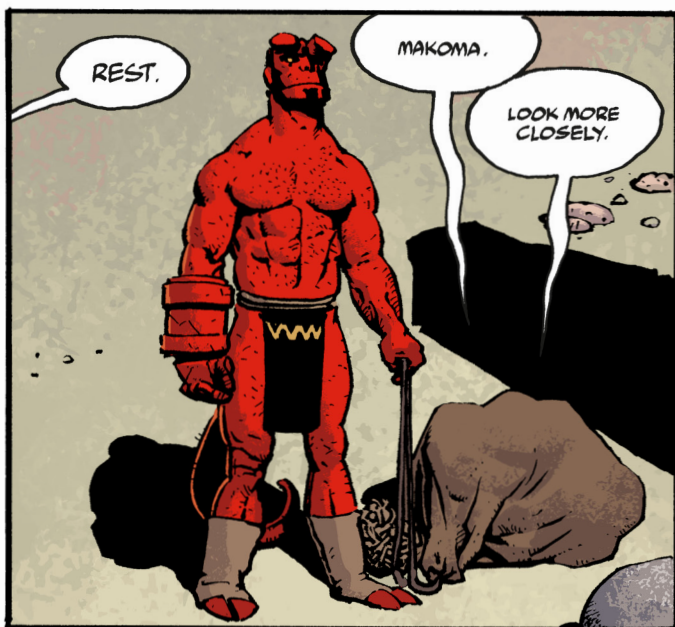
"YOU HAVE COME SUCH  
A LONG WAY. LAY DOWN  
YOUR BURDEN..."



REST.

MAKOMA.

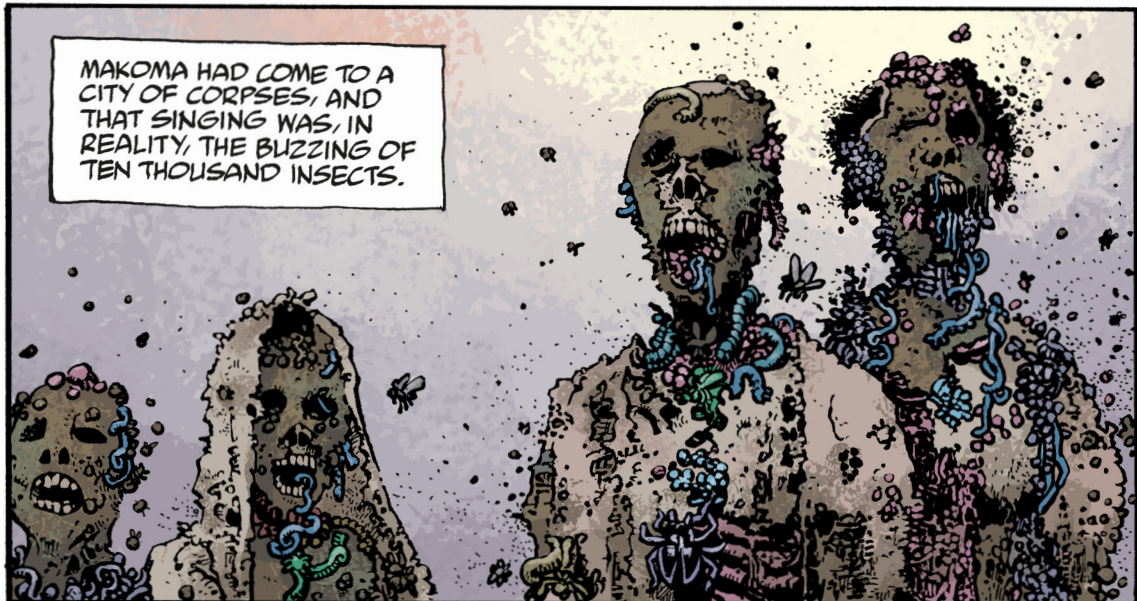
LOOK MORE  
CLOSELY.



OH.



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



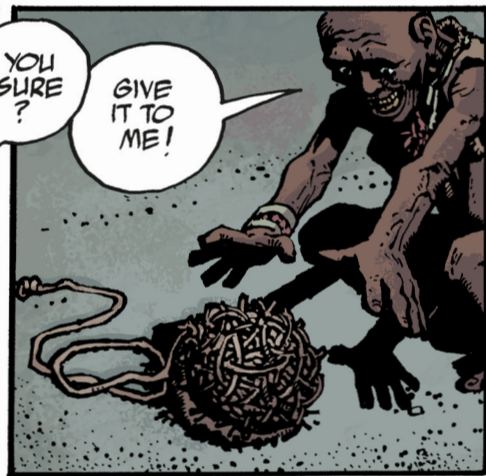








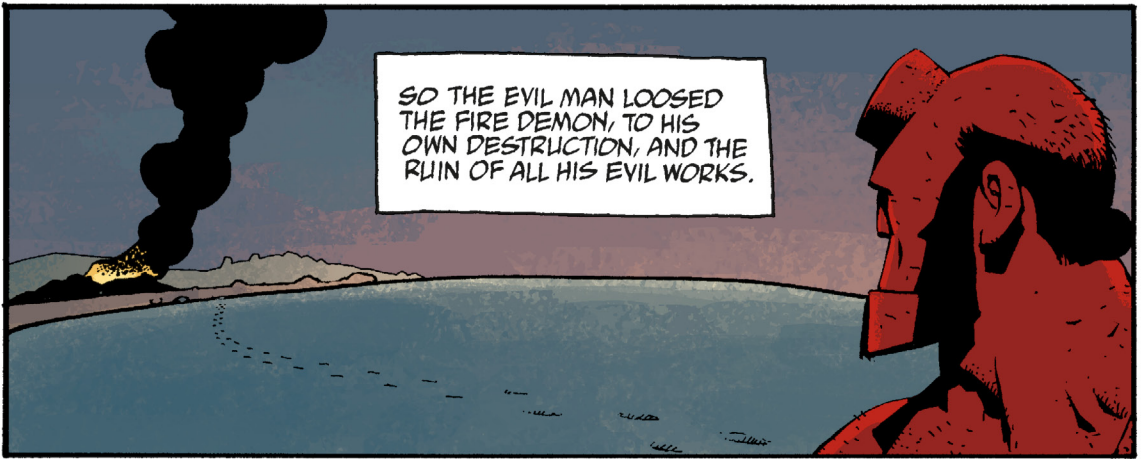








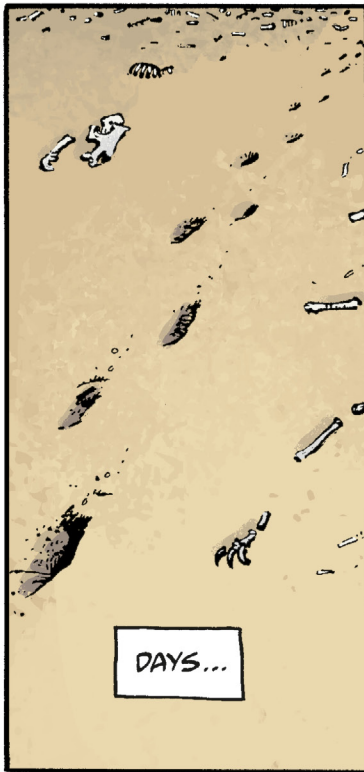




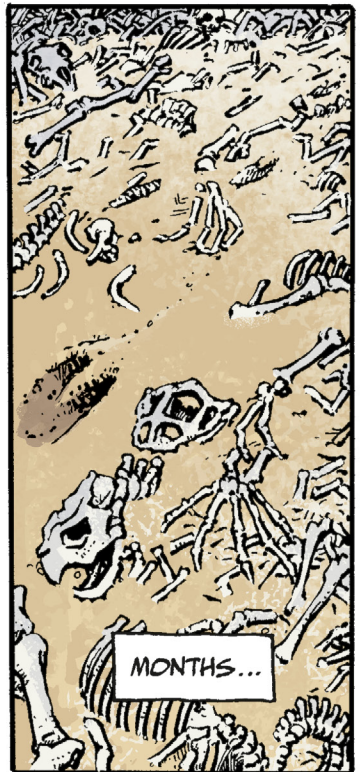
SO THE EVIL MAN LOOSED  
THE FIRE DEMON, TO HIS  
OWN DESTRUCTION, AND THE  
RUIN OF ALL HIS EVIL WORKS.



AND MAKOMA,  
HAMMER AND BAG,  
WENT ON...



DAYS...



MONTHS...



YEARS...

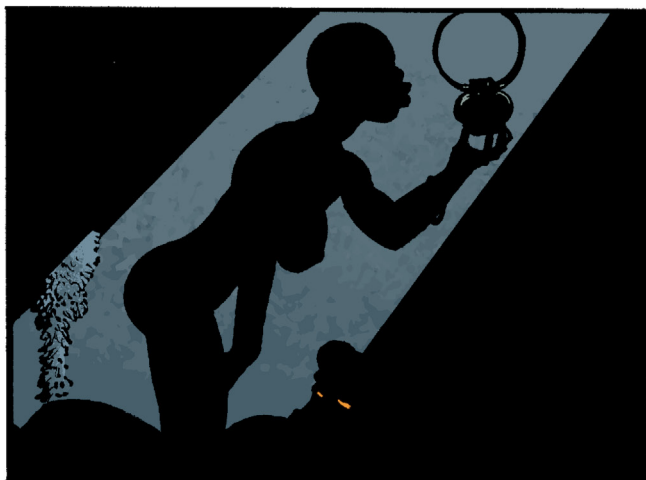


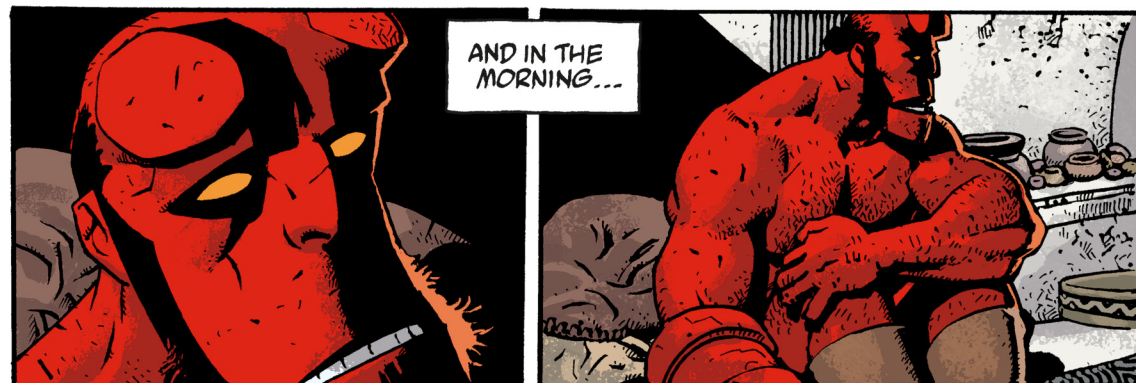
UNTIL EVEN  
HIS GREAT  
STRENGTH  
RAN OUT.



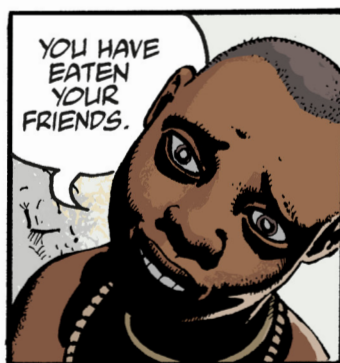
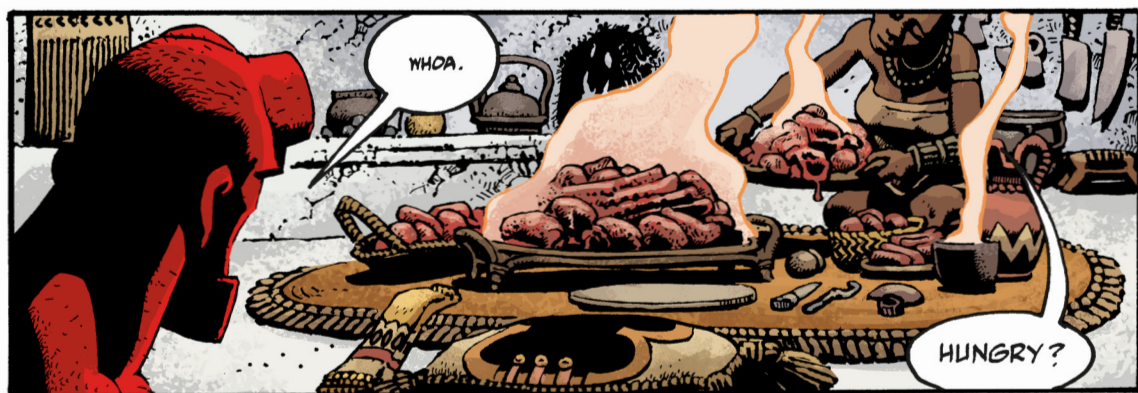


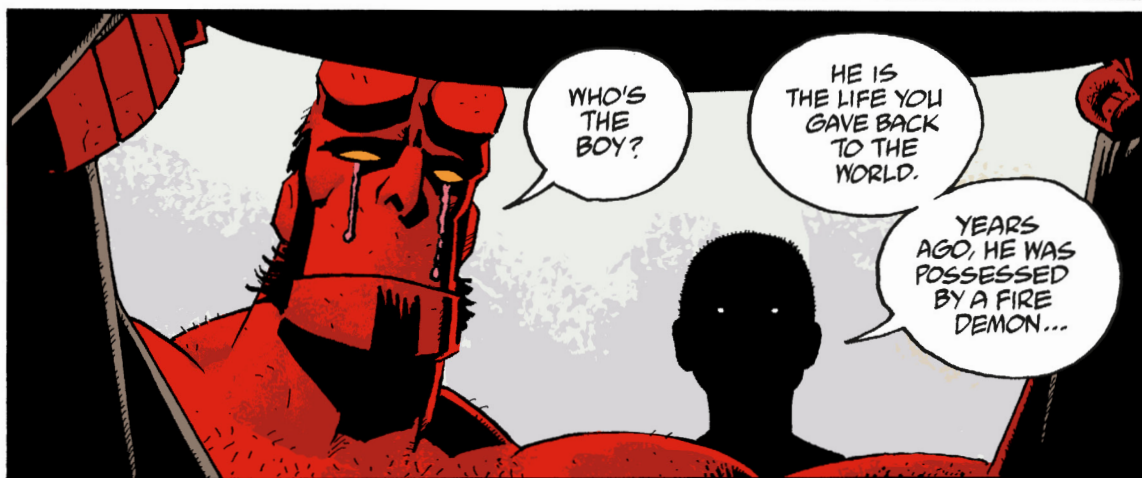




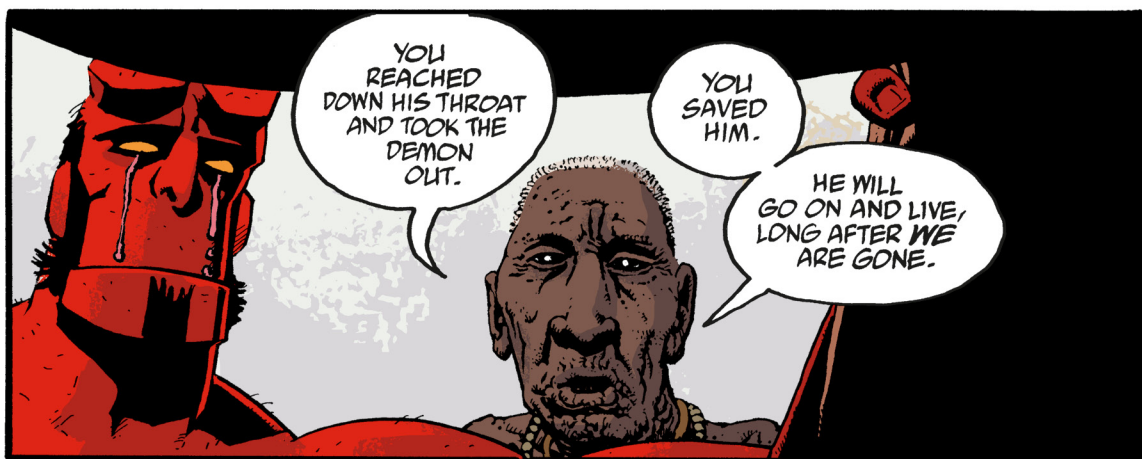












YOU  
REACHED  
DOWN HIS THROAT  
AND TOOK THE  
DEMON  
OUT.

YOU  
SAVED  
HIM.

HE WILL  
GO ON AND LIVE,  
LONG AFTER WE  
ARE GONE.



YEAH.

YOU UNDER-  
STAND.

YOUR  
FRIENDS  
WERE  
HAPPY TO GIVE  
THE LAST OF  
THEMSELVES  
TO YOU, SO  
YOU WOULD  
HAVE STRENGTH  
ENOUGH TO END  
WELL.



SO THIS  
REALLY  
IS THE  
END.

SOME THINGS END, AND SOME  
THINGS GO ON FOREVER.





THE DRAGON.

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

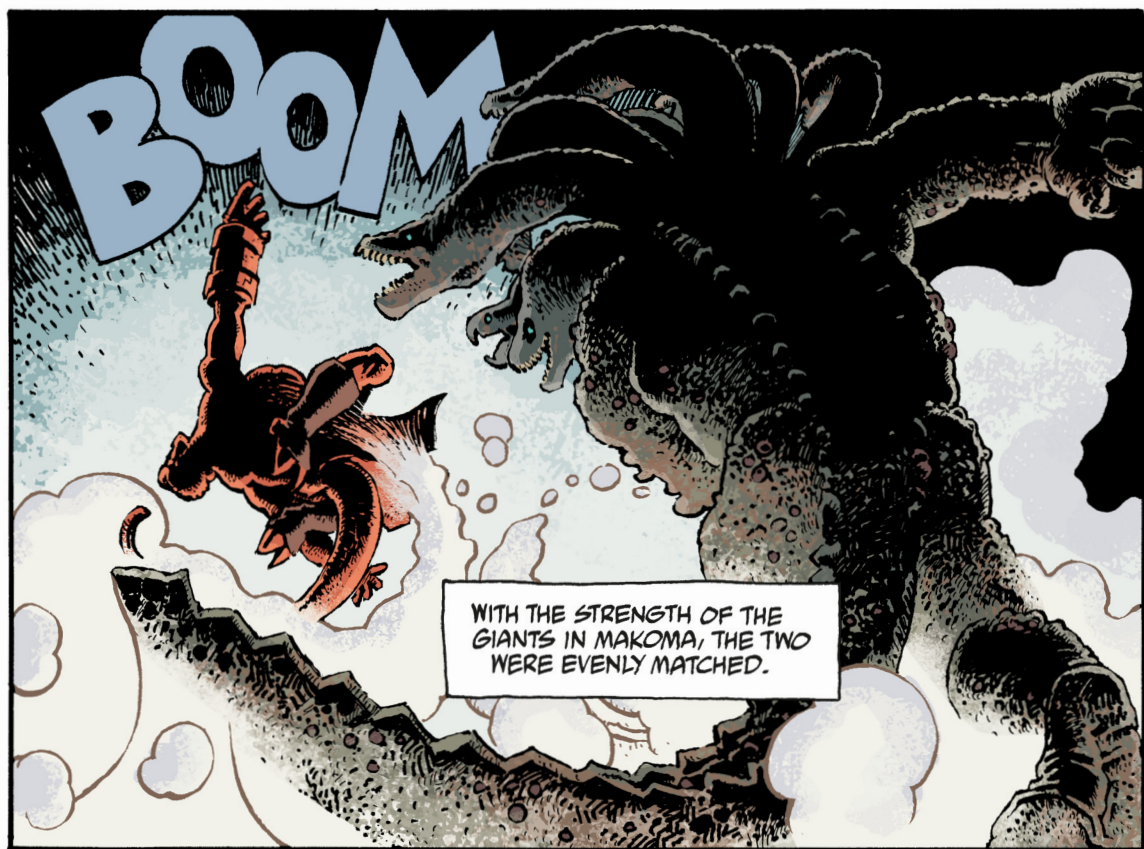
WHO  
DARES  
TO FACE  
ME?

MAKOMA.









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



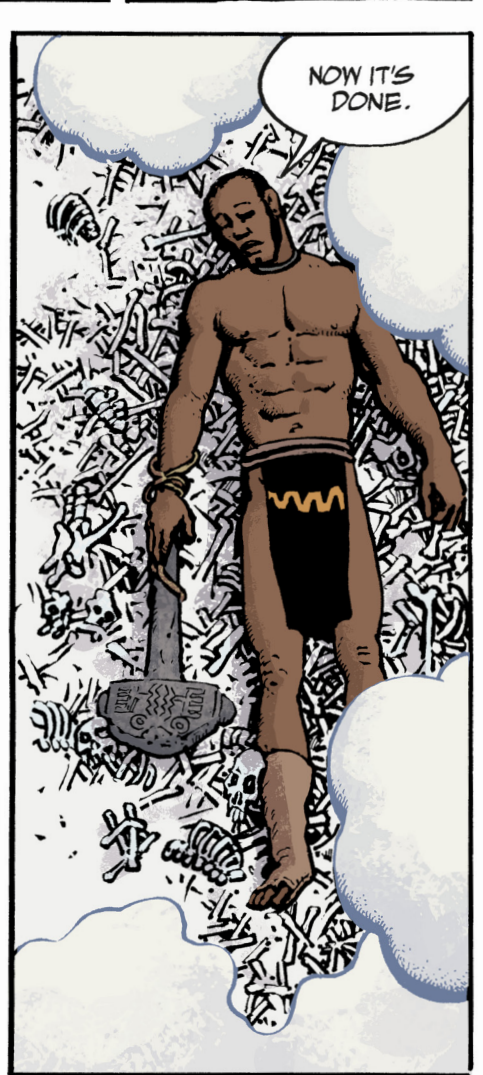
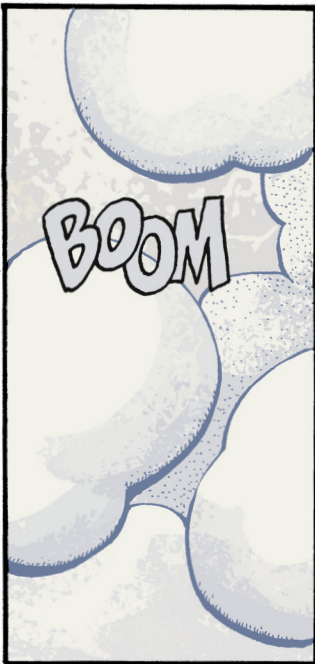
...UNTIL, FINALLY,  
STRENGTH FAILED  
THEM BOTH...



...AND THEY FELL  
TOGETHER.



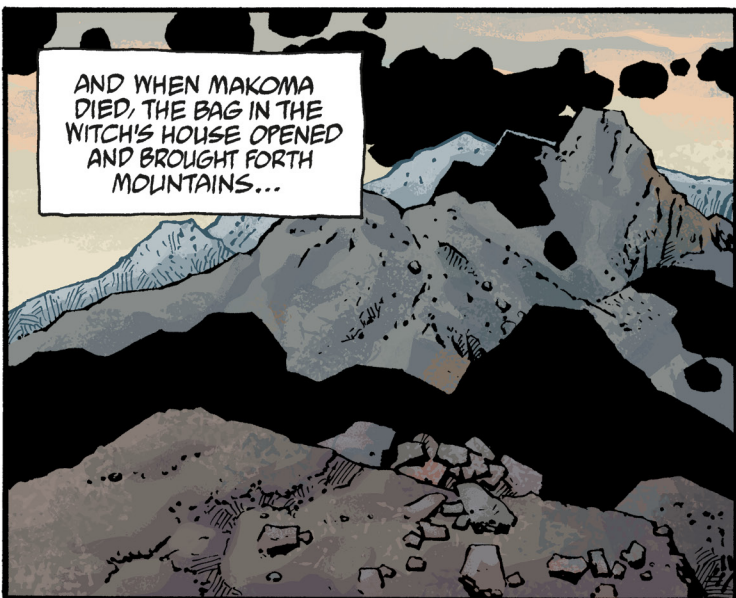




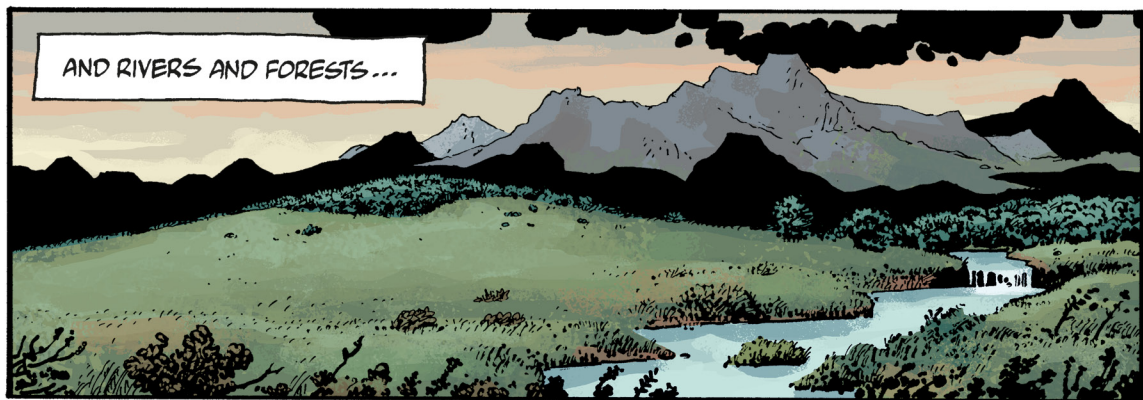




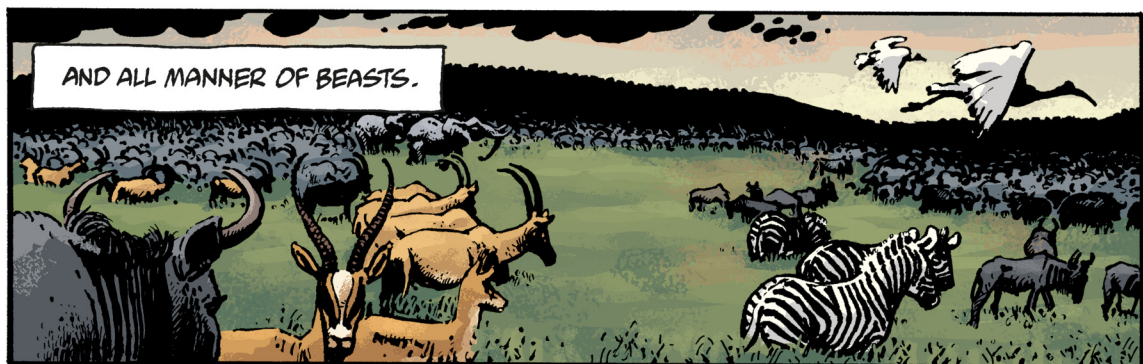
NOW IT'S...



AND WHEN MAKOMA  
DIED, THE BAG IN THE  
WITCH'S HOUSE OPENED  
AND BROUGHT FORTH  
MOUNTAINS...



AND RIVERS AND FORESTS...



AND ALL MANNER OF BEASTS.



AND LASTLY,  
OUT OF THAT  
BAG, MYSELF.





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...



...AND BROUGHT  
THEM HERE.



WITH MY OWN  
HANDS I CARVED  
HIS MONUMENT  
AND HIS TOMB.



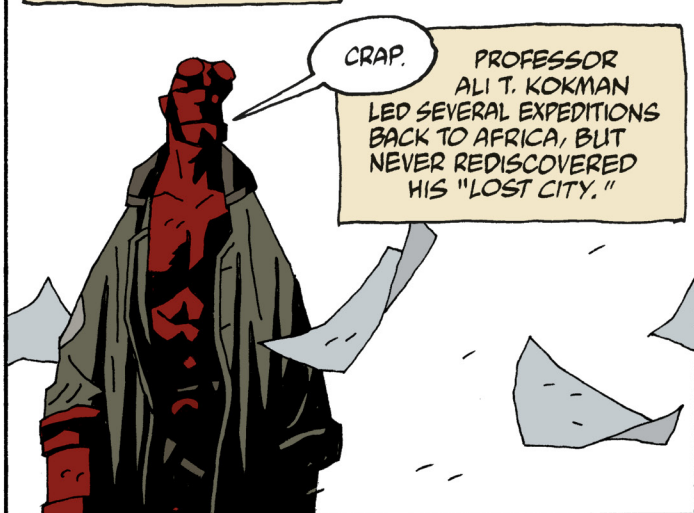
AND I WENT  
ON TO LIVE FIVE  
HUNDRED YEARS, TO  
HAVE WIVES AND  
CHILDREN, BUT  
ALWAYS IN THE  
SHADOW OF  
HIS LIFE.







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



CRAP.

PROFESSOR  
ALI T. KOKMAN  
LED SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS  
BACK TO AFRICA, BUT  
NEVER REDISCOVERED  
HIS "LOST CITY."



TREVOR  
BRUTENHOLM SURVIVED  
THE CAVENDISH ARCTIC  
EXPEDITION, BUT WAS  
KILLED IN HIS BROOKLYN,  
NEW YORK HOME BY A  
FROG MONSTER.

T. BRUTENHOLM & HELLBOY  
TANZANIA  
JUNE 7, 1947

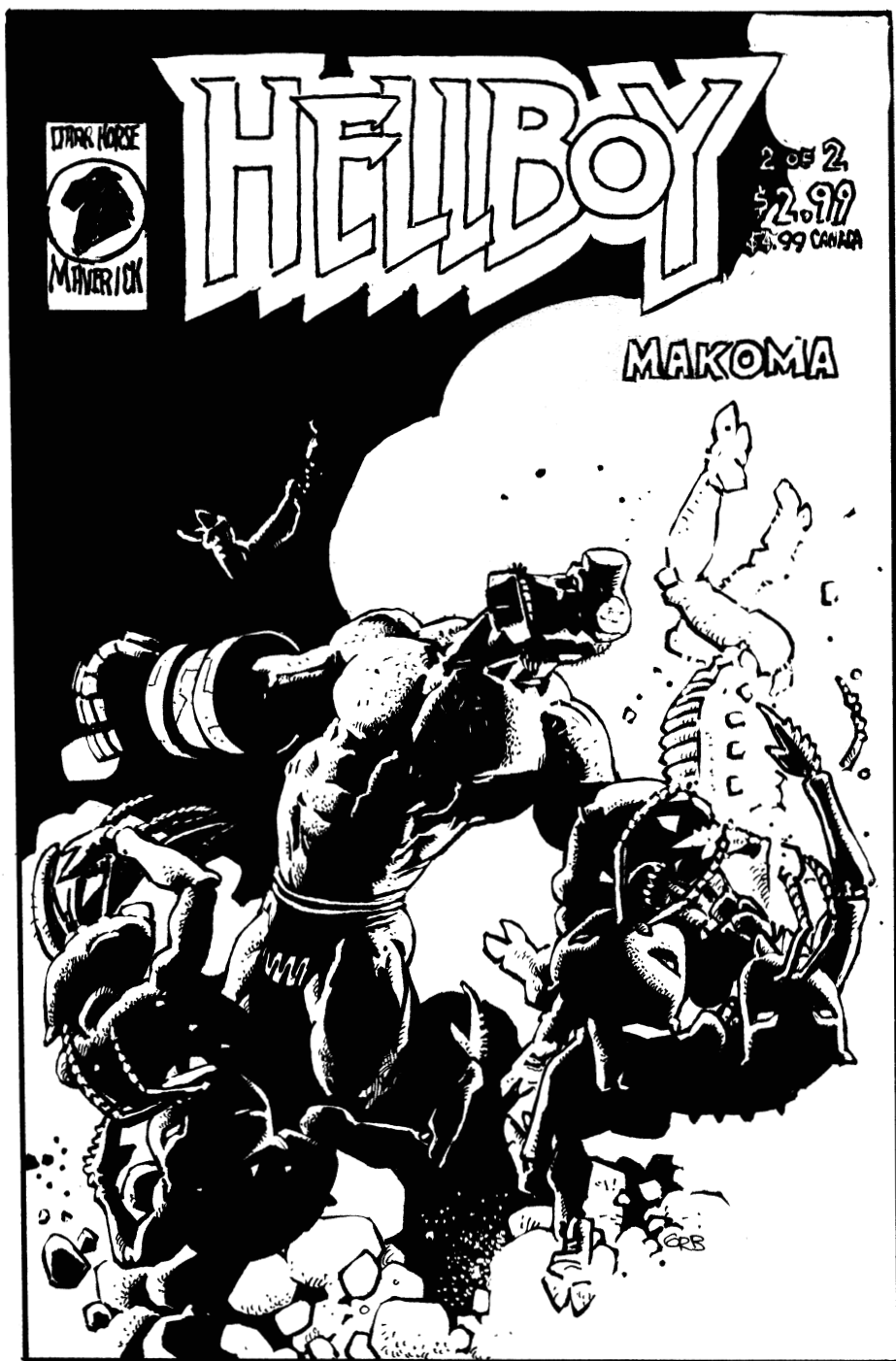
THE  
END







# 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.





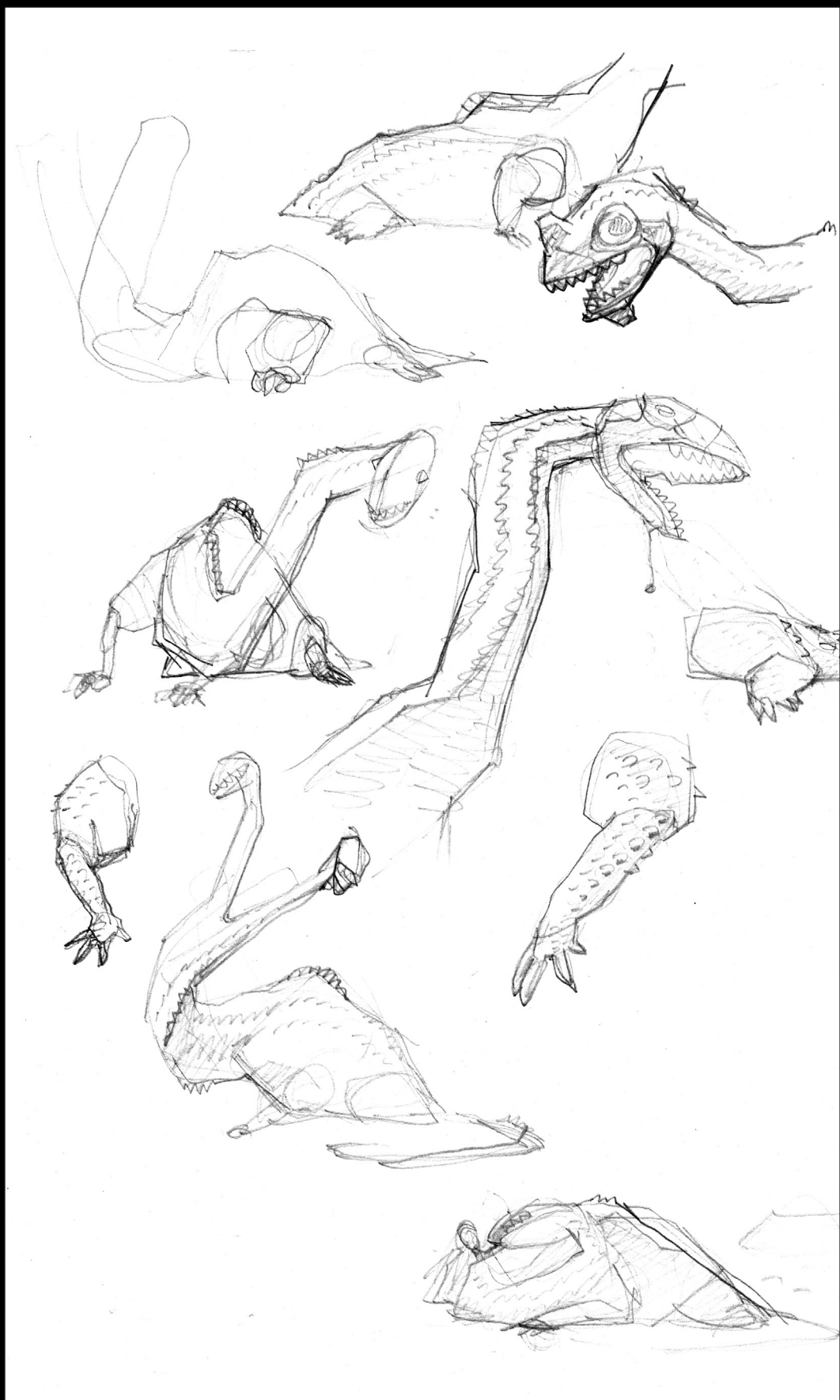
Mike Mignola's studies for "The Troll Witch,"  
including the cover of this volume.



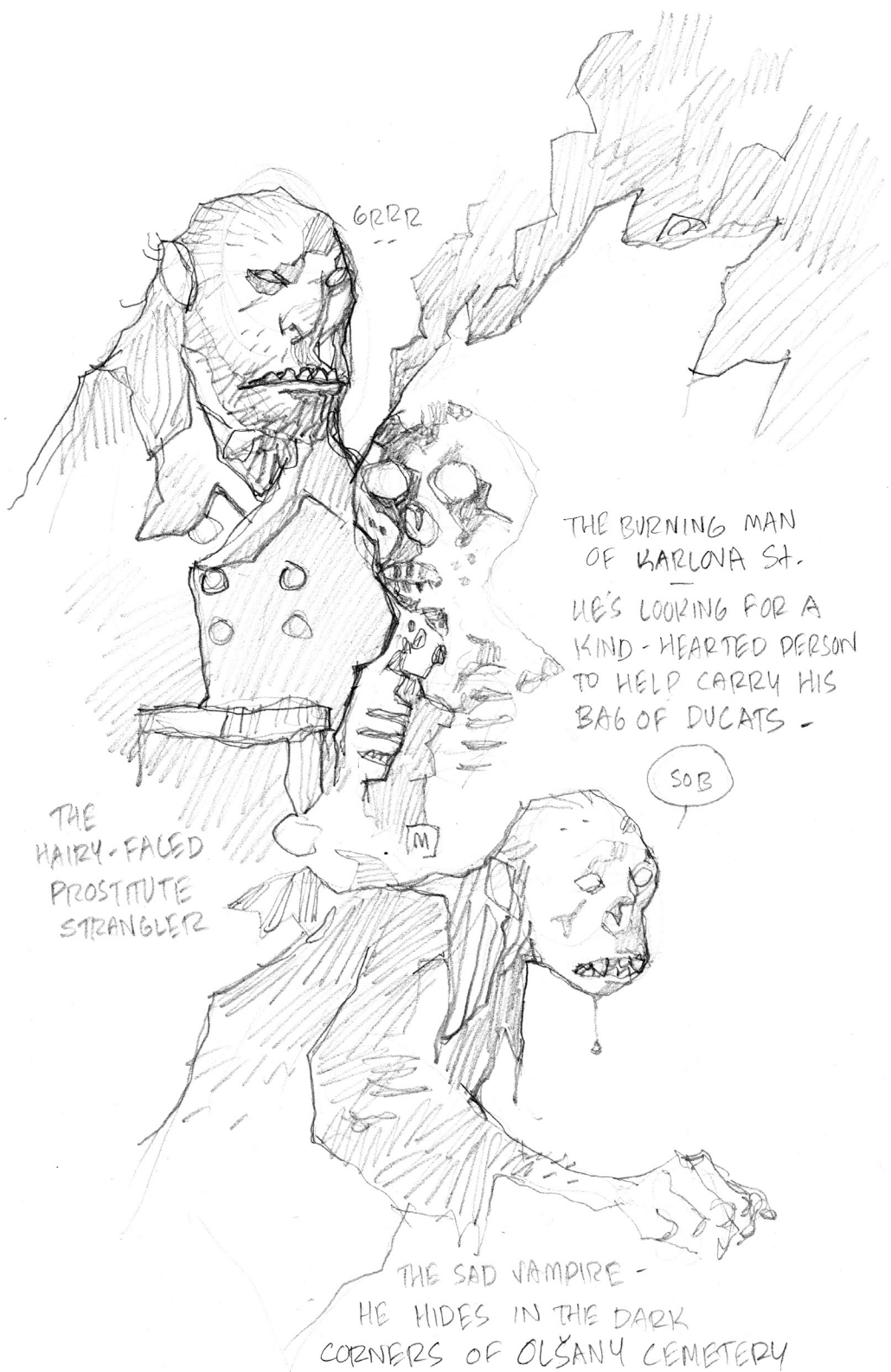




More studies for the troll  
witch and the monster from  
"The Hydra and the Lion."







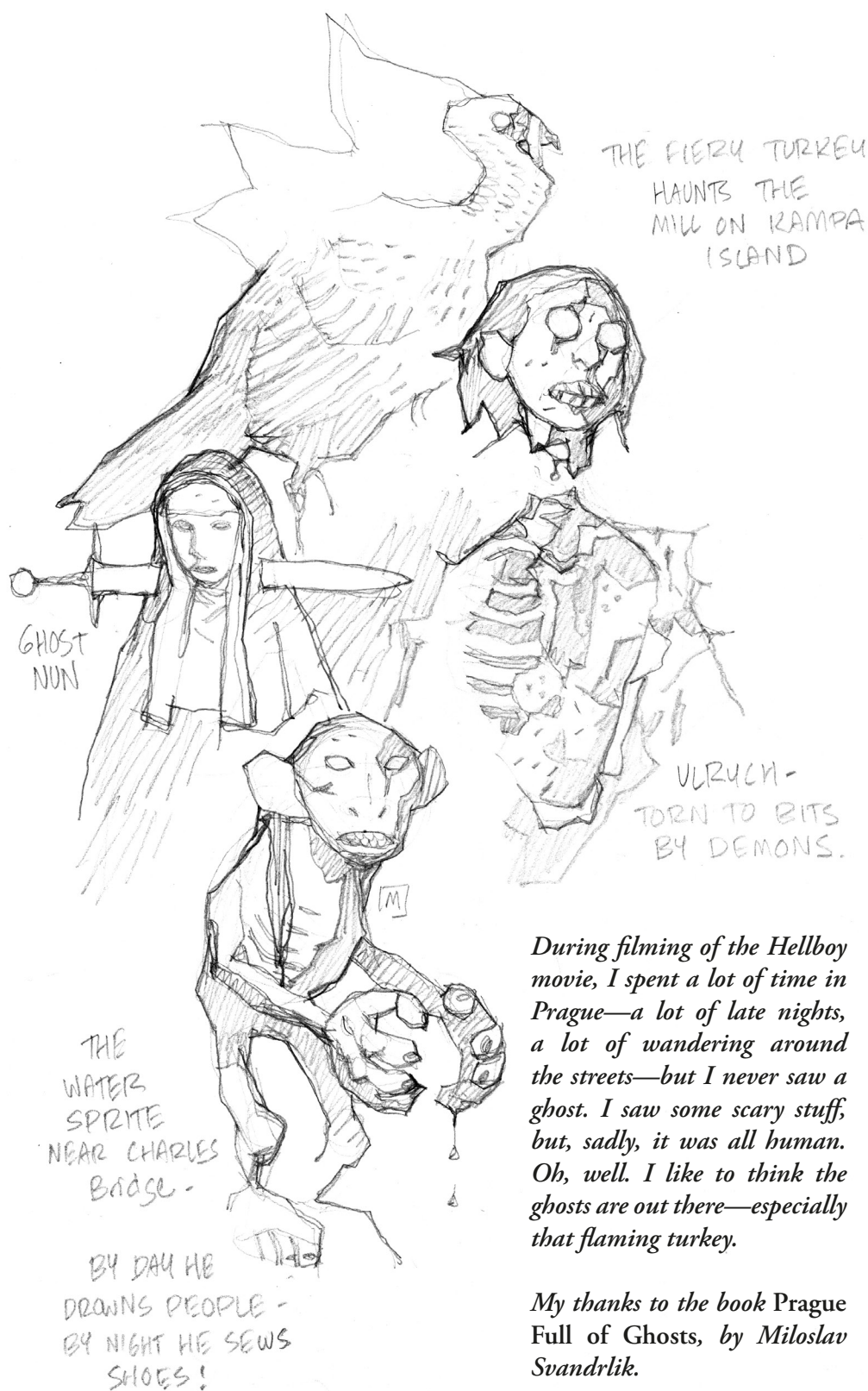
GRRR

THE  
HAIRY-FACED  
PROSTITUTE  
STRANGLER

THE BURNING MAN  
OF KARLOVA ST.  
HE'S LOOKING FOR A  
KIND-HEARTED PERSON  
TO HELP CARRY HIS  
BAG OF DUCATS -

SOB

THE SAD VAMPIRE -  
HE HIDES IN THE DARK  
CORNERS OF OLŠANY CEMETERY

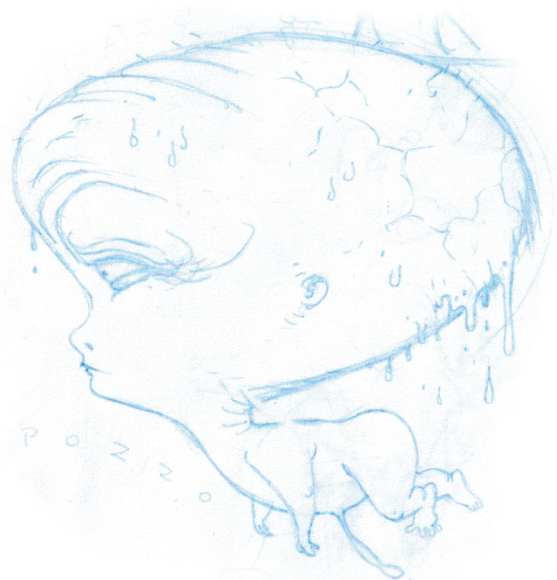
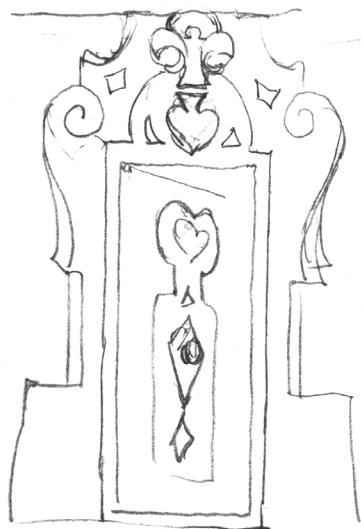


*During filming of the Hellboy movie, I spent a lot of time in Prague—a lot of late nights, a lot of wandering around the streets—but I never saw a ghost. I saw some scary stuff, but, sadly, it was all human. Oh, well. I like to think the ghosts are out there—especially that flaming turkey.*

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

*—Mike Mignola*

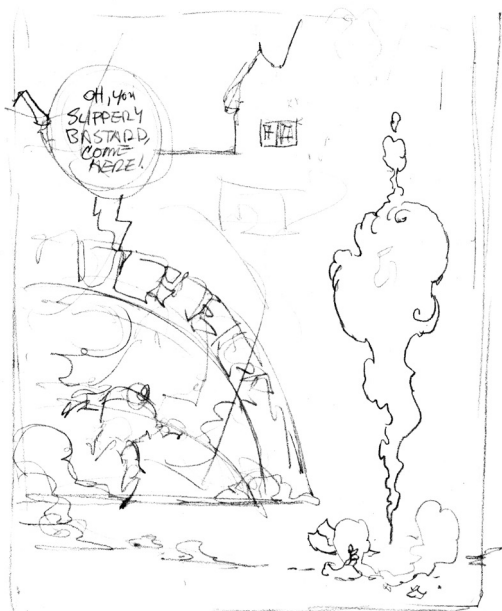




P. Craig Russell's sketches and unused designs from "The Vampire of Prague."



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

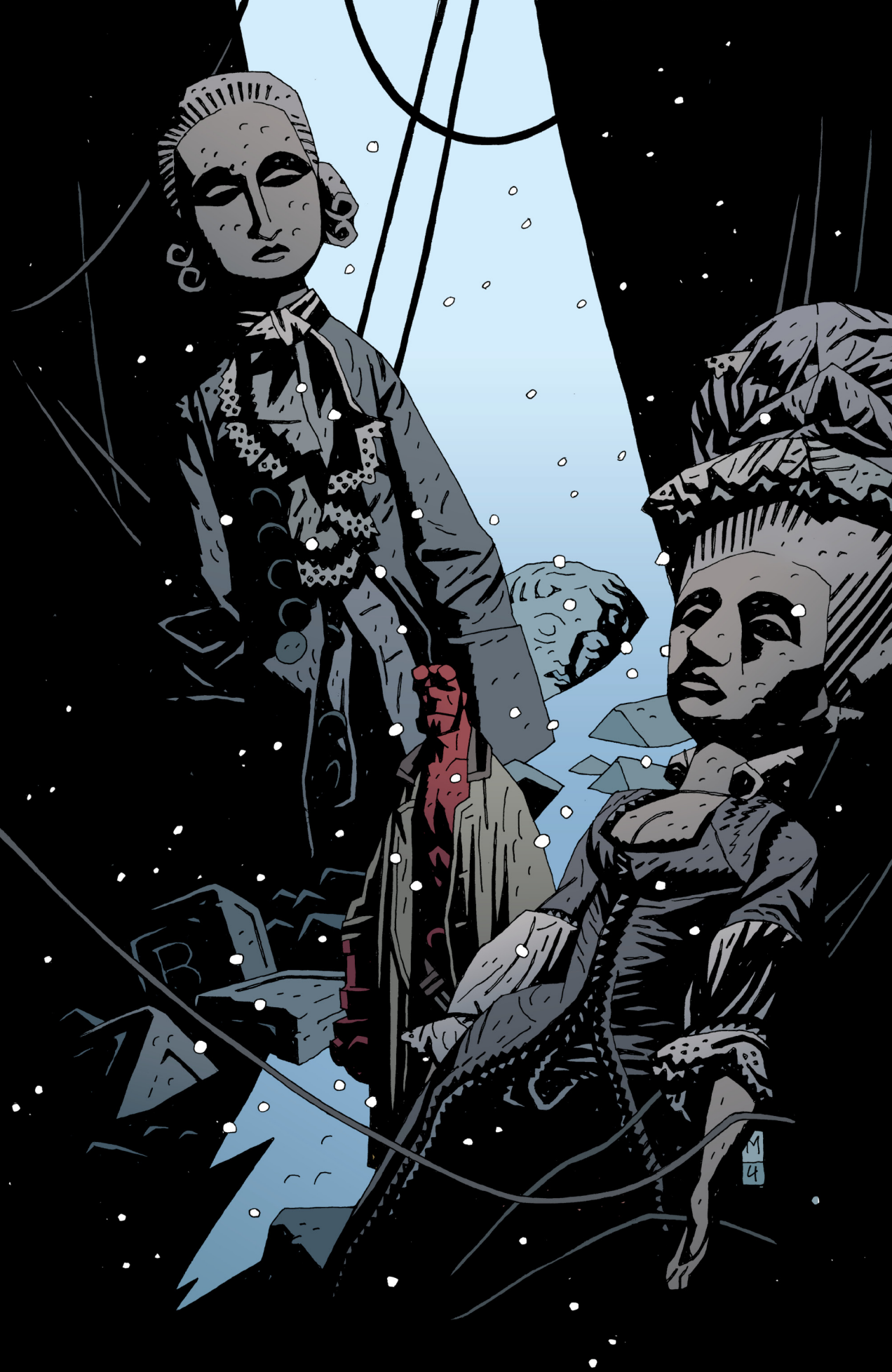






Hellboy studies  
by P. Craig Russell.









“... 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*

