

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup>

1946



MIKE MIGNOLA

JOSHUA DYSART

PAUL AZACETA





**1946**

*Created by* MIKE MIGNOLA



MIKE MIGNOLA'S

# B.P.R.D.

1946

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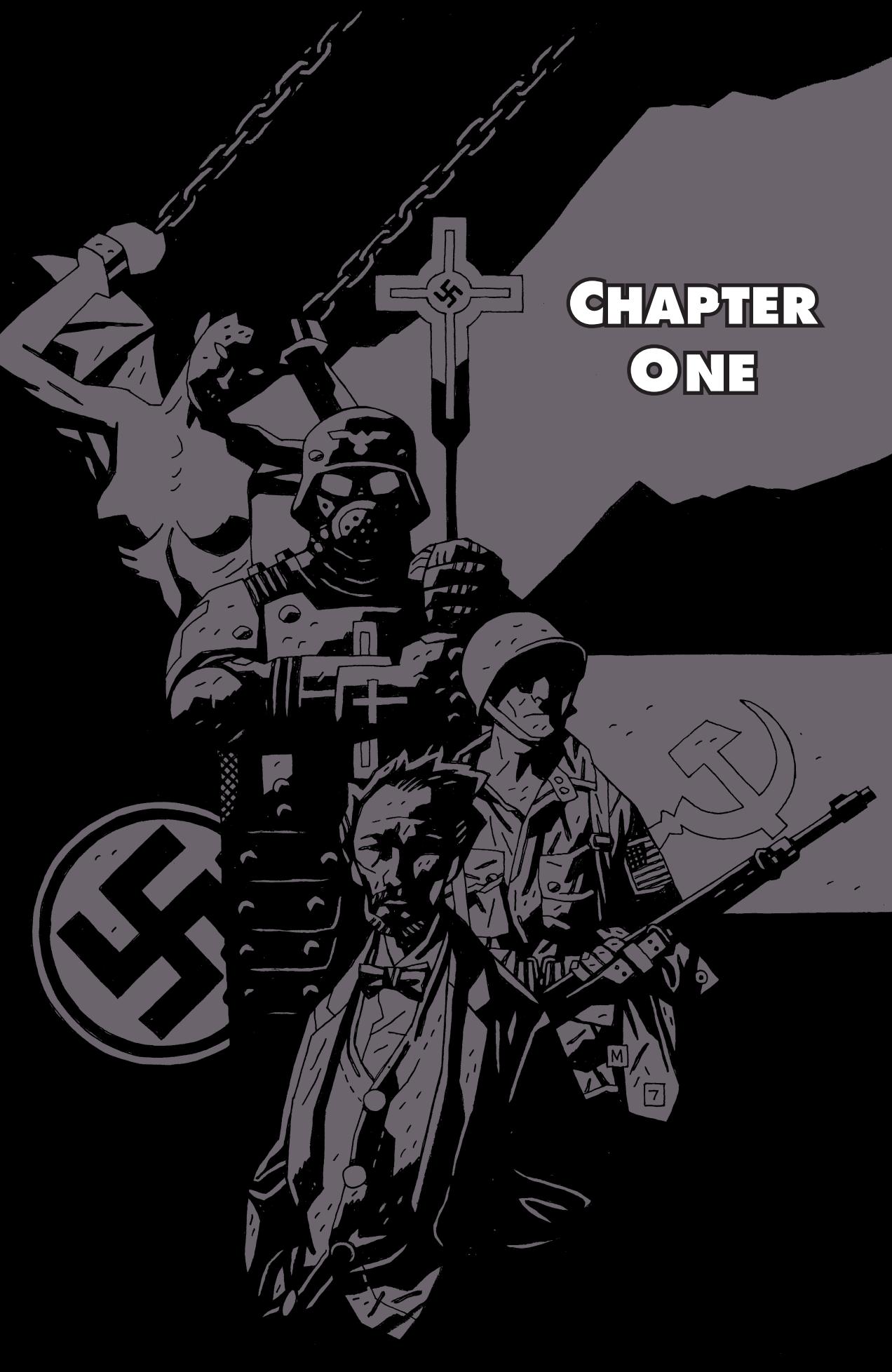
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This book collects the *B.P.R.D.: 1946* comic-book series, issues 1–5, and a story from *Hellboy: Free Comic Book Day*, published by Dark Horse Comics.



# CHAPTER ONE











BERLIN, 1946.

AMERICAN  
SECTOR.

IT'S HEARTBREAKING,  
YOU KNOW? I MEAN  
YOU CAN PRACTICALLY  
SMELL THE HUNGER.

EVEN AFTER  
EVERYTHING THE  
KRAUTS DID, IT'S STILL  
HARD TO SEE HUMAN  
BEINGS LIVE LIKE  
THIS.

HOMES ARE MINCED,  
GOT NO HEAT, THE  
PLACE IS DRIPPIN' WITH  
DISEASE, AND NOBODY  
CAN GET A FAIR SHAKE  
'CAUSE THE BLACK  
MARKET IS KING.

IT'S DOWNRIGHT  
IMMORAL WHAT  
I'VE SCORED  
WITH A PACK A  
CIGARETTES  
HERE.

I KNOW THIS ONE  
GUY, GOT HIMSELF A  
WHOLE PIANO FOR  
TWELVE CARTONS OF  
LUCKY STRIKES. YOU  
BELIEVE THAT?

WHAT ARE  
THOSE KIDS  
DOING?

PICKING UP  
RUBBLE IN  
EXCHANGE  
FOR FOOD  
RATIONS.





"ALLIED SOLDIERS HAVE  
BEEN UNCOVERING  
SOME...WELL...RATHER  
AMBIGUOUS THINGS."



"SENSITIVITY" IS THE WORD, GENTLEMEN. THE RUSSIANS JUST PUT A HARD-LINE MARSHAL IN CHARGE HERE.

HE'S DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO CUT OFF OUR ACCESS TO INFORMATION IN THE SOVIET SECTOR.

TENSIONS ARE HIGH, AND I'M NOT ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF SOME EGGHEADS STIRRING THINGS UP OVER A BUNCH OF HOODOO CRAP, EITHER. NO OFFENSE.

ALL WE WANT TO DO IS DIG THROUGH FILES, COLONEL. WE'RE HARMLESS, I ASSURE YOU.

WELL, THE SPY BOYS AT S.S.U. TELL ME THE RUSSIANS HAVE THEIR OWN OCCULT PEOPLE HERE ALREADY.

THEY PICKED THROUGH A HELL OF A LOT OF THE STUFF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BEFORE WE EVEN ARRIVED.

BEST I CAN DO IS GRANT YOU ACCESS TO SOME GERMAN MILITARY EXPENSE REPORTS DATING BACK TO '37.

I SEE,

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO MEET WITH THE SOVIET TEAM?

THE RUSSIANS ARE WORKING OUT OF AN OLD ZEPPELIN HANGAR HERE.

BUT IF YOU WANT THIS OFFICE TO ESTABLISH DIPLOMATIC CONTACT, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE.

SO ARE WE DONE HERE?

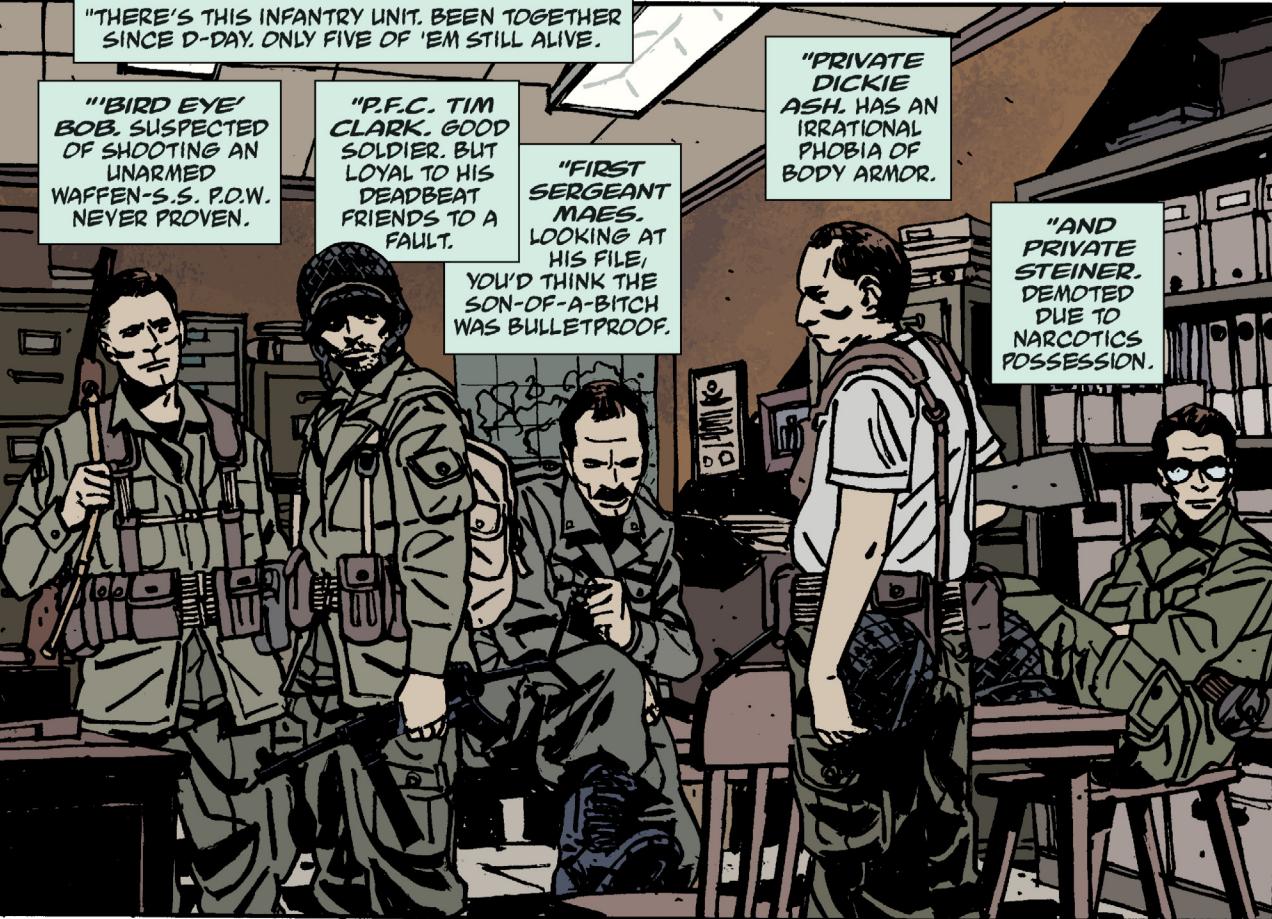
ONE LAST THING.

COULD YOU SPARE ME A SMALL TEAM? ADMINISTRATION WORKERS OR PARALEGALS? PEOPLE WITH EXPERIENCE IN DOCUMENT ANALYSIS?



YOU KNOW  
WHAT WE'VE  
GOT TO SPARE  
HERE IN BERLIN,  
PROFESSOR?

SOLDIERS.



"THERE'S THIS INFANTRY UNIT BEEN TOGETHER  
SINCE D-DAY. ONLY FIVE OF 'EM STILL ALIVE.

"BIRD EYE"  
BOB. SUSPECTED  
OF SHOOTING AN  
UNARMED  
WAFFEN-S.S. P.O.W.  
NEVER PROVEN.

"P.F.C. TIM  
CLARK. GOOD  
SOLDIER. BUT  
LOYAL TO HIS  
DEADBEAT  
FRIENDS TO A  
FAULT.

"FIRST  
SERGEANT  
MAES.  
LOOKING AT  
HIS FILE,  
YOU'D THINK THE  
SON-OF-A-BITCH  
WAS BULLETPROOF.

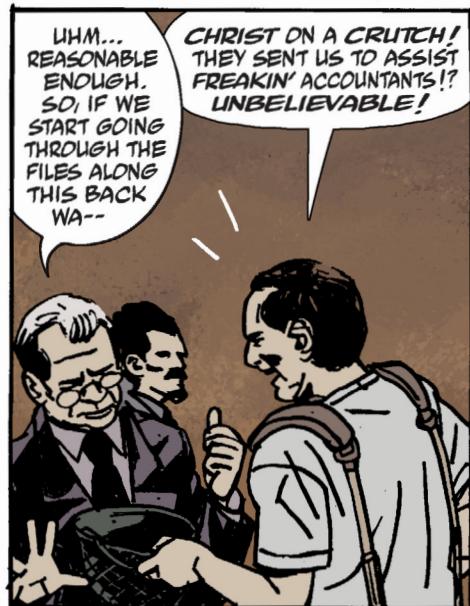
"PRIVATE  
DICKIE  
ASH. HAS AN  
IRRATIONAL  
PHOBIA OF  
BODY ARMOR.

"AND  
PRIVATE  
STEINER.  
DEMOTED  
DUE TO  
NARCOTICS  
POSSESSION.



"THEY AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT  
NOT BEING HOME NOW  
THAT THE WAR'S DONE,  
AND THEY'VE BEEN A  
REAL PAIN IN MY ASS...

"SO THEY CAN  
PUSH PAPER  
FOR YOU FOR A  
WHILE."









MY GOD.

главная  
тайна



YOUR  
REPUTATION  
PRECEDES  
YOU.

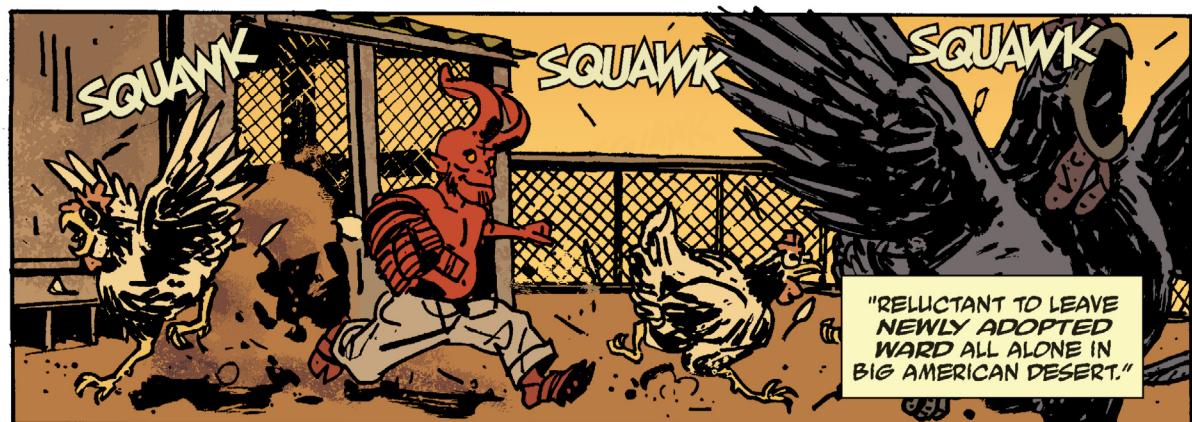
YOU LIKE  
DESK? DA? WE  
TOOK FROM MINISTER'S  
OFFICE. HE HUNG  
HIMSELF ABOVE IT WHILE  
OUR TROOPS PLANTED  
FLAG ON  
REICHSTAG.

I DO LOVE A  
GOOD WAR.  
EVERYONE IS SO  
DELICIOUSLY  
DRAMATIC.

LITTLE  
DOLLY KATIYA  
SUGGESTED TEA,  
SINCE WE KNEW  
ENGLISHMAN  
WAS COMING.  
YOU WILL HAVE  
SOME.

AS FOR  
ME... I'LL  
BE HAVING  
A LITTLE  
WATER.







"BEYOND THAT,  
I'M AFRAID YOU  
ARE ON YOUR OWN."

PROFESSOR,  
PLEASE WAKE UP  
CLARK AND TAKE  
THE COT.

YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT  
THAT SAME PIECE OF PAPER  
FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

WHAT?  
OH...SORRY, IT  
JUST...WELL...IT  
SAYS FIVE THOUSAND  
DEWAR FLASKS OF  
LIQUID NITROGEN WERE  
DELIVERED TO THIS  
ADDRESS OUTSIDE OF  
BERLIN IN EARLY  
'45.

PROBABLY  
AN OLD TANK  
FACTORY  
USING THE  
STUFF TO  
STRESS STEEL.

SAYS HERE  
THE PLACE IS A  
PSYCHIATRIC  
ASYLUM.

REALLY?  
I SUPPOSE  
THAT IS A LITTLE  
STRANGE.

BEST AS I  
CAN TELL THAT  
INSTITUTION WAS  
ABANDONED  
IN '39.

ABANDONED?

YES SIR, THE PATIENTS  
WERE PUT TO DEATH AS  
PART OF ACTION T-4,  
USING THE SAME TECHNOLOGY  
WE FOUND IN THE CAMPS.  
IT'S JUST HORRIBLE,  
ISN'T IT?











HOW  
YOU HOLDING UP,  
HOWARD?

JUST PEACHY,  
PROFESSOR.

GOOD  
MAN.

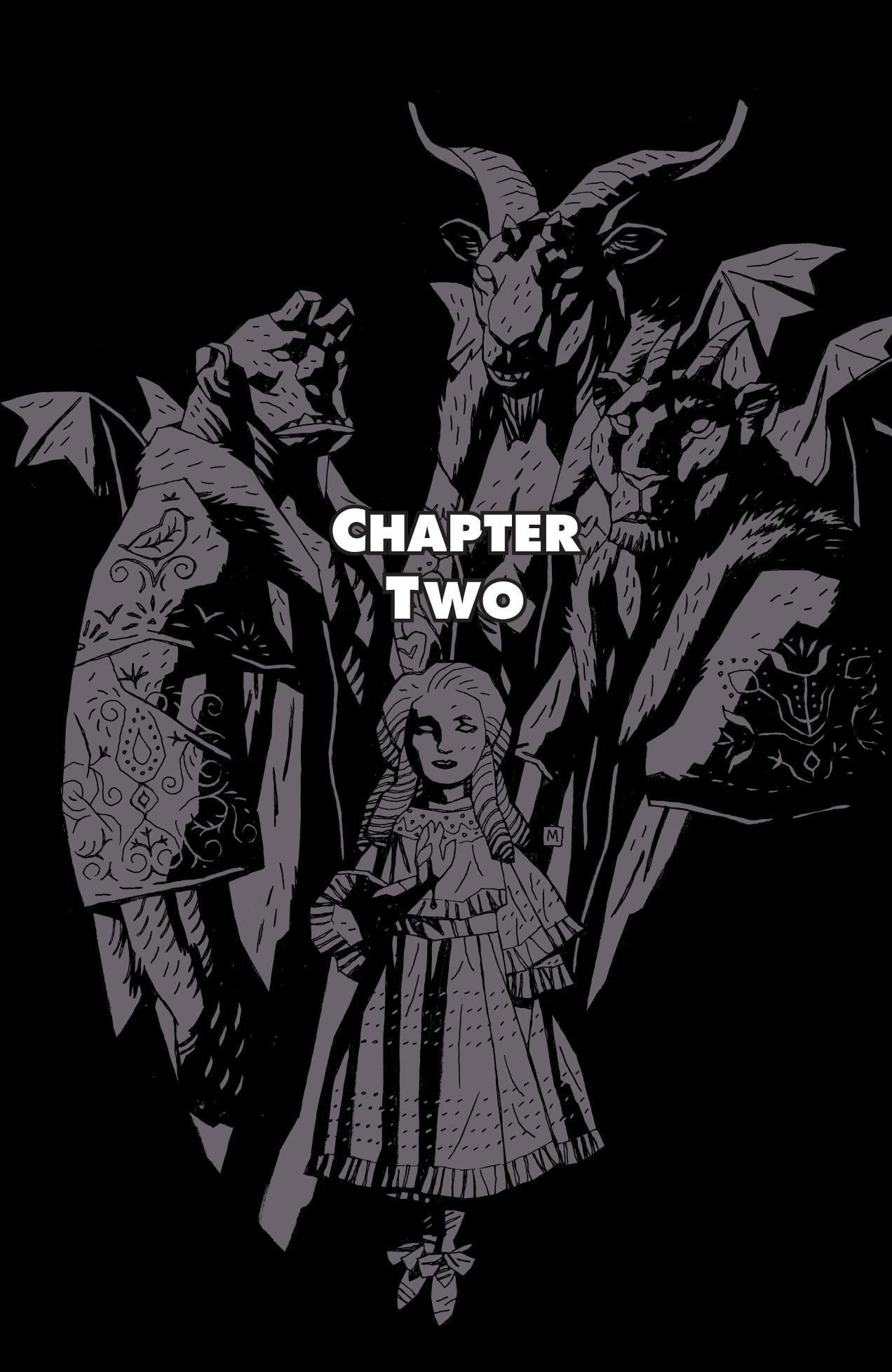


MIGHT'VE  
HAD THE FORE-  
SIGHT TO BRING  
A FLASHLIGHT,  
THOUGH.

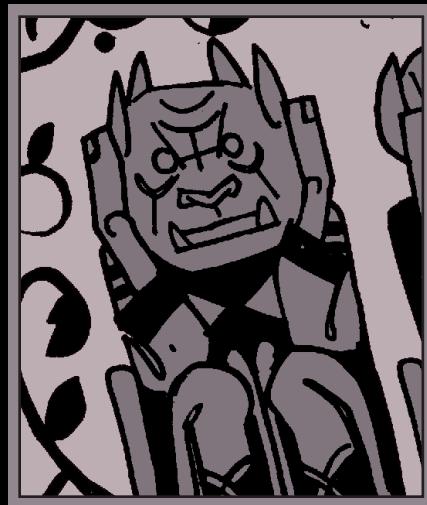
DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
MUCH GOOD IT  
WOULD'VE  
DONE...



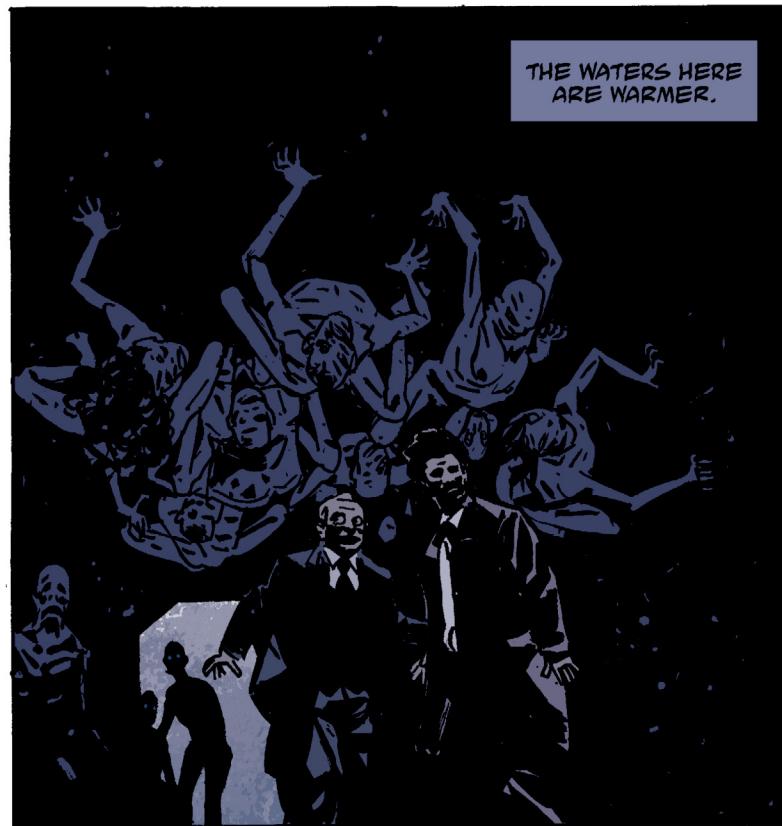
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
DOWN HERE  
TO SEE.



# CHAPTER TWO



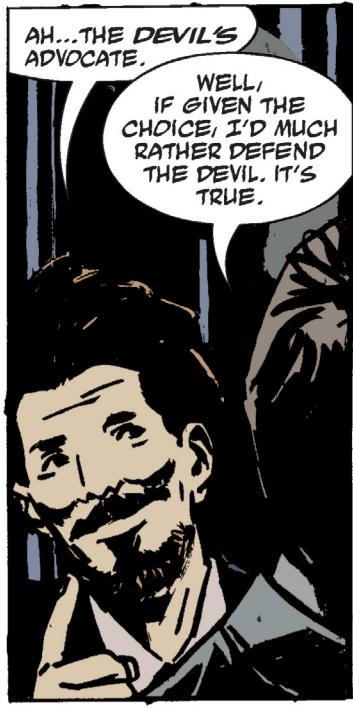
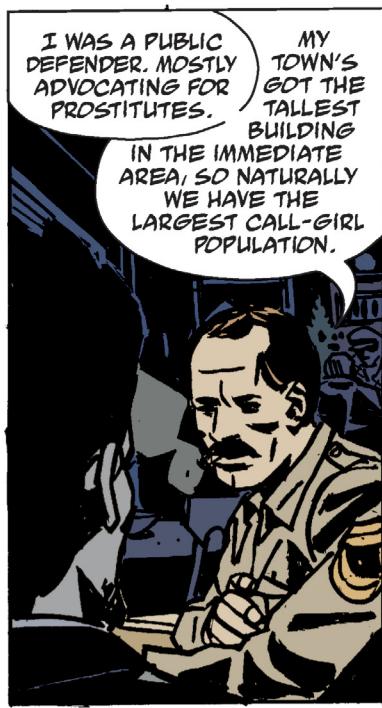
BERLIN, 1946.

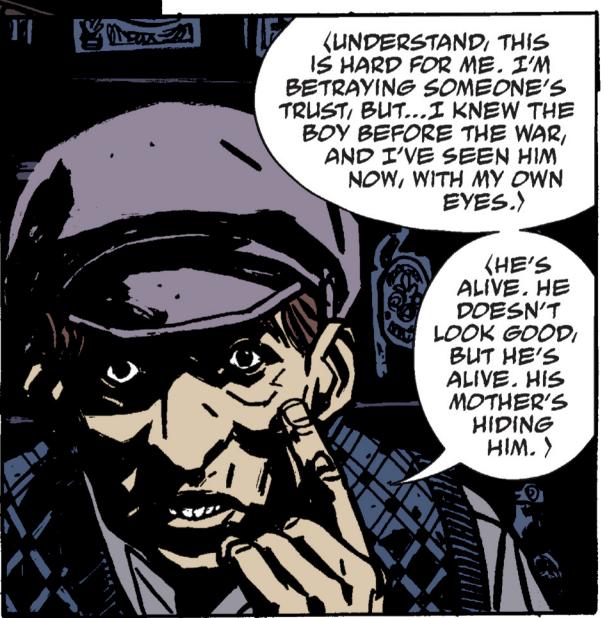


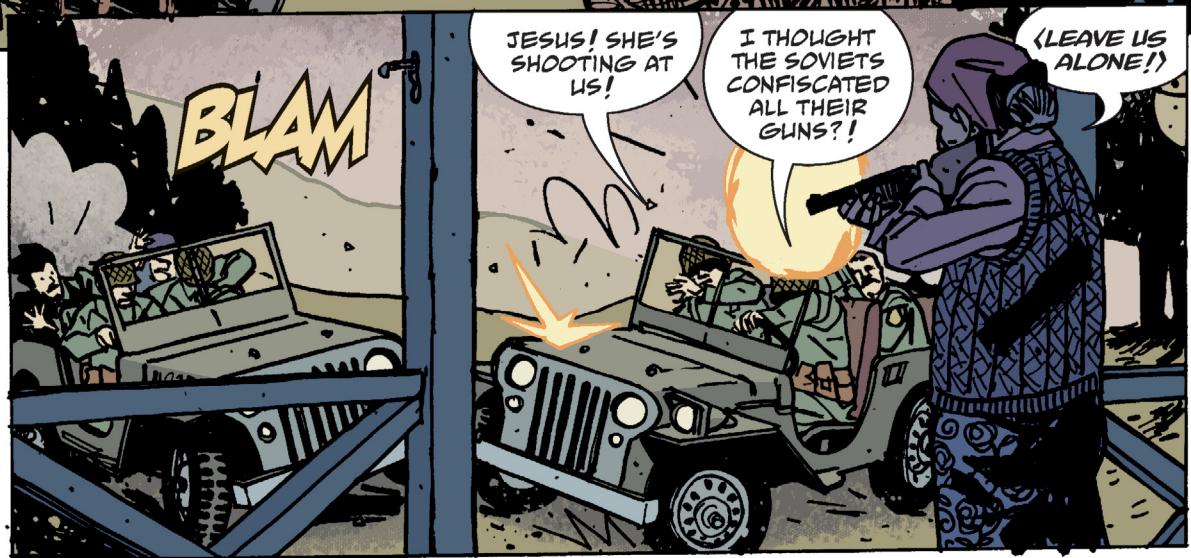
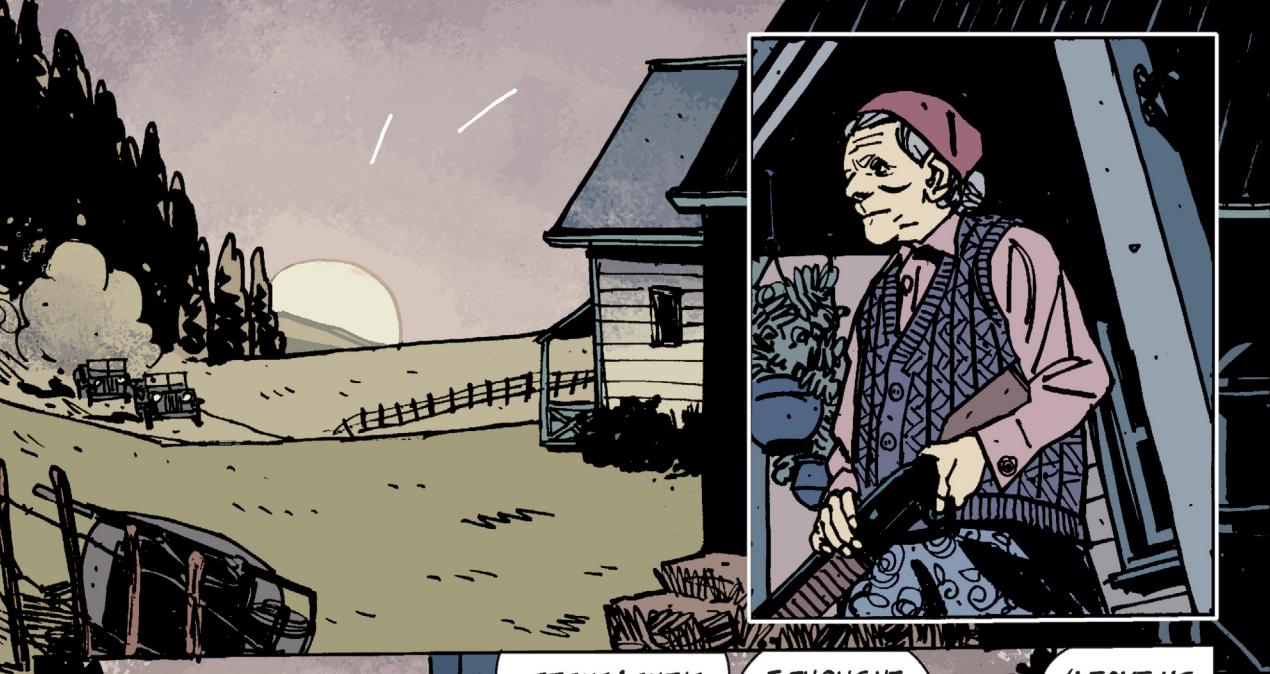


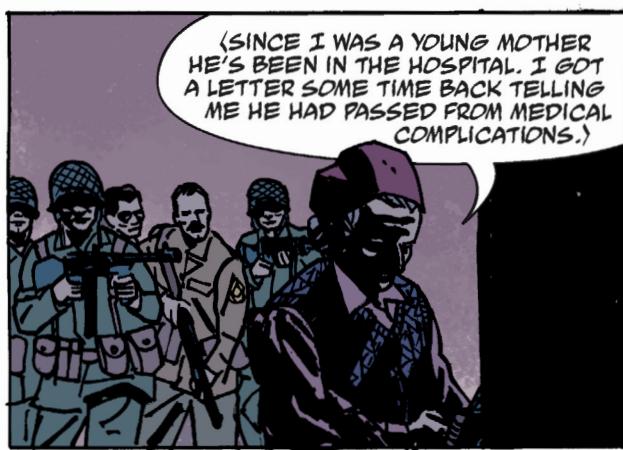
SEVENTY  
KILOMETERS  
SOUTHWEST  
OF BERLIN.











(PLEASE  
DON'T TAKE  
FROM ME WHAT  
LITTLE OF MY  
WORLD  
REMAINS.)

(C-COLD...COLD, COMING  
BACK, CLIMBING BACK...HURT  
NOBODY...HURT NOBODY...  
WH-WHY...WHY...COLD...  
S-SO COLD...)

MY  
GOD.

(H-HELLO,  
AUDIO. CAN YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
ME?)

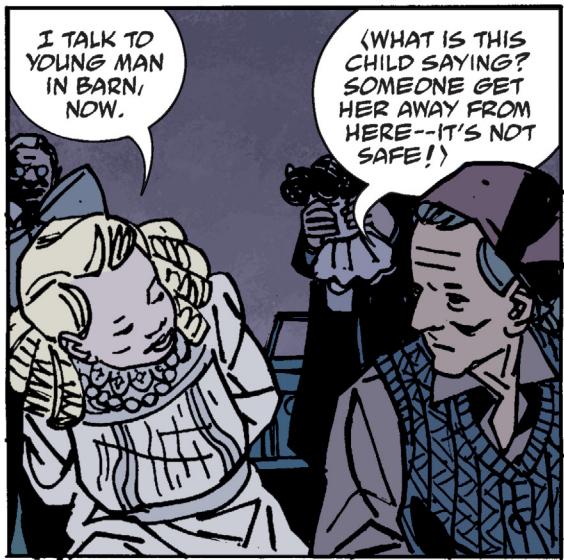
(THE  
WATERS  
HERE ARE  
COLD...)











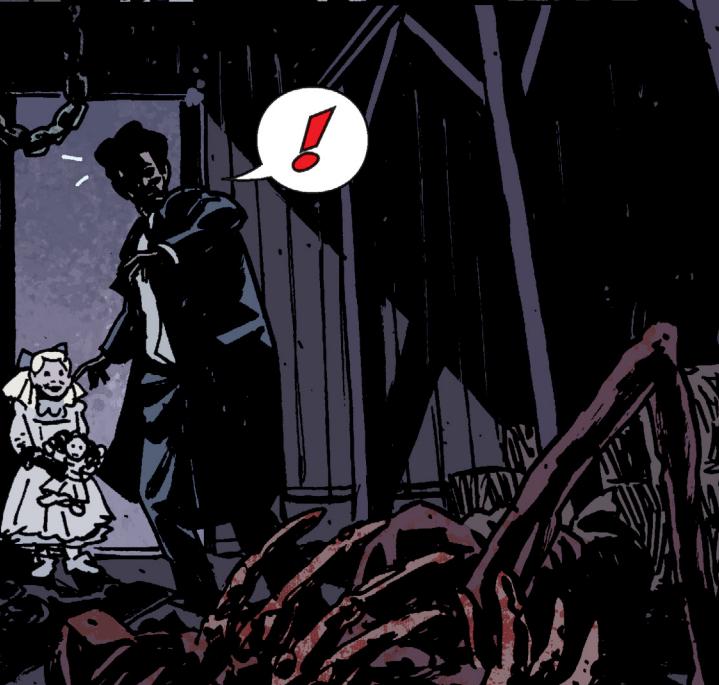
WHAT IN  
GOD'S  
NAME IS  
GOING ON  
HERE?

THERE ARE  
MONSTERS IN THE  
WORLD, SERGEANT...  
AND I'M AFRAID  
WE'VE STUMBLLED  
ON ONE.

CREEEEE

THERE IS SEALED-OFF  
CHAMBER OF ASYLUM  
BASEMENT. HIDDEN.  
THAT IS WHERE HE  
WAS KEPT. IN "COLD."  
HE ESCAPED TO  
SURFACE THROUGH  
DRAINPIPE.

THAT IS ALL I  
COULD GET FROM  
HIM BEFORE  
ACCIDENT.











I LOVE  
WIND! IT TICKLES  
AND TANGLES!  
HAHA!

WE  
HAVE NO  
WIND WHERE  
I COME FROM.



I NEED ANSWERS,  
VARVARA. YOU CAN'T  
KEEP ME IN THE DARK  
IF YOU WANT ME TO  
WORK WITH YOU.



DA, YOU  
ARE RIGHT.  
BUT WE ONLY  
HAVE WHAT  
WE'VE  
PIECED  
TOGETHER  
FROM  
UNCOVERED  
DOCUMENTS.

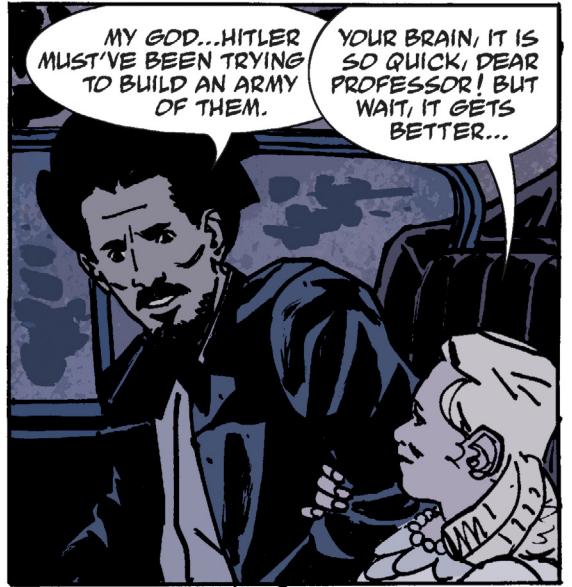


WINTER TWO YEARS AGO  
HITLER ARRANGED HISTORIC  
MEETING AT NEWEISBURG  
CASTLE IN HOPES OF TURNING  
WAR AROUND.



THE MEETING  
WAS WITH COUNT  
VLADIMIR  
GIURESCU.

THE  
VAMPIRE?



MY GOD... HITLER  
MUST'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO BUILD AN ARMY  
OF THEM.

YOUR BRAIN, IT IS  
SO QUICK, DEAR  
PROFESSOR! BUT  
WAIT, IT GETS  
BETTER...

"THEY CALLED PROJECT  
VAMPIR STURM."

"IT WAS HIMMLER'S  
IDEA AND HITLER  
FOUND IT MOST  
EXCITING."



"HOW I WISH I HAD  
BEEN THERE TO SEE  
DICTATOR STARE INTO  
FATHOMLESS DEPTHS OF  
THE COUNT'S EYES."

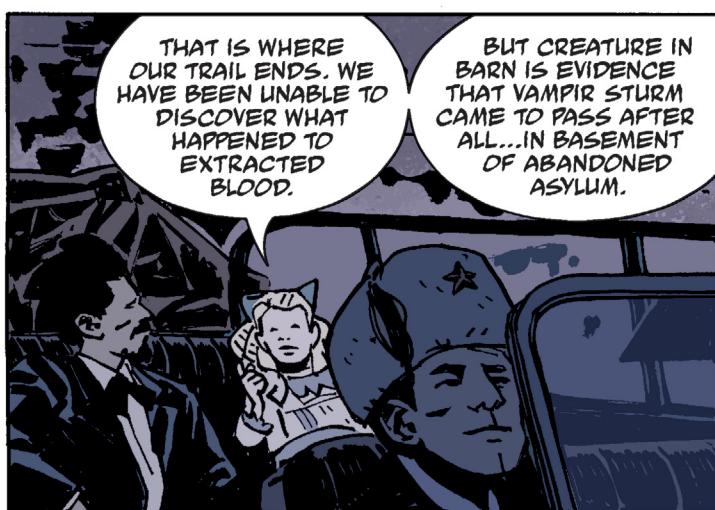
"IMAGINE IT, THE COUNT  
MUST HAVE RADIATED  
SUCH POWER AND  
DARKNESS AS TO MAKE  
HITLER SEEM LIKE CHILD."

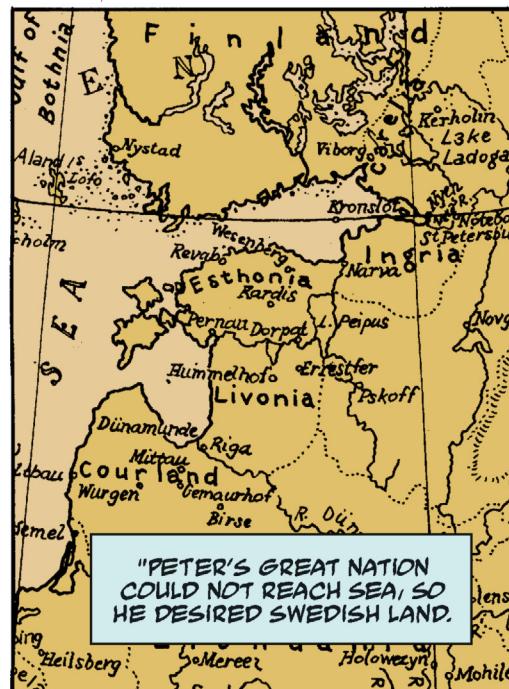
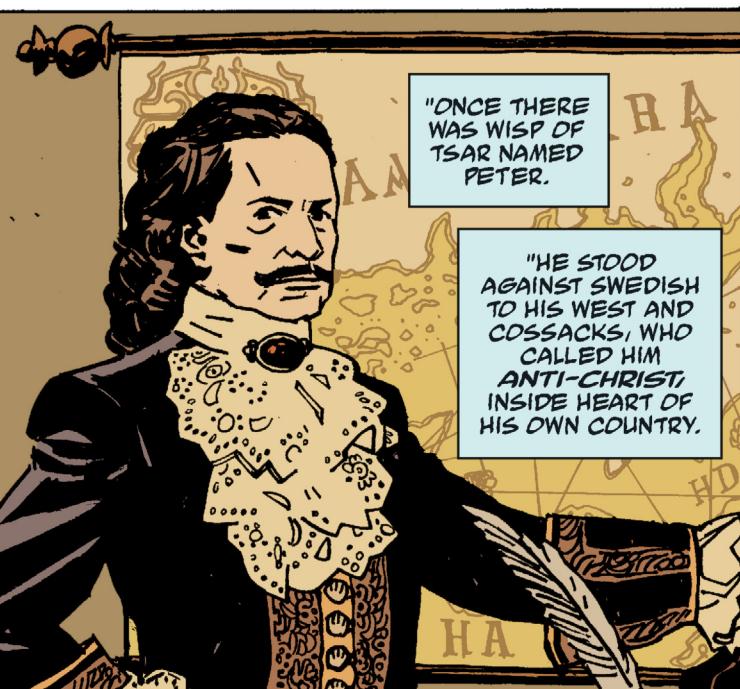
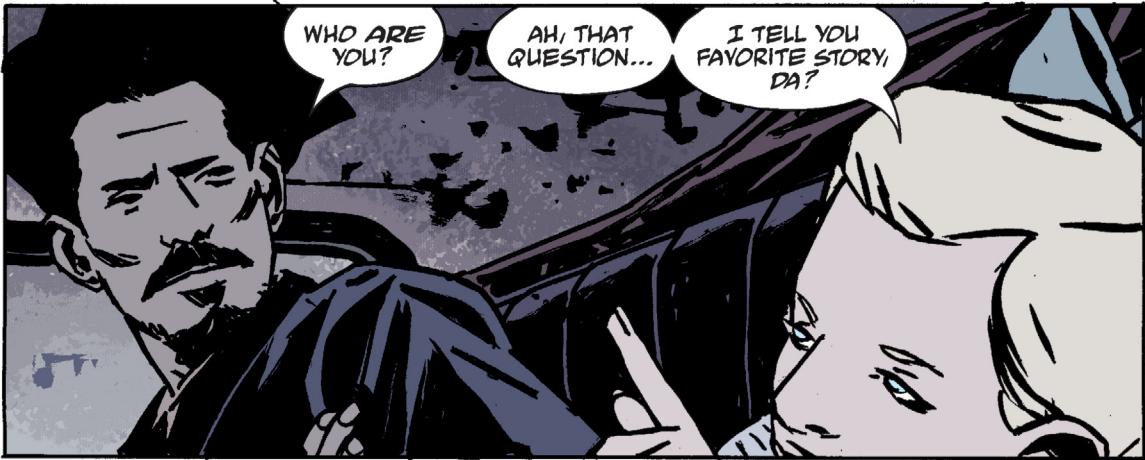


"HITLER WOULD LATER WRITE  
IN LETTER TO HIMMLER THAT  
AN ARMY OF SUCH CREATURES  
WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY  
UNCONTROLLABLE."



"SO, AT HIGH  
NOON IN EARLY  
DECEMBER OF  
SAME YEAR..."

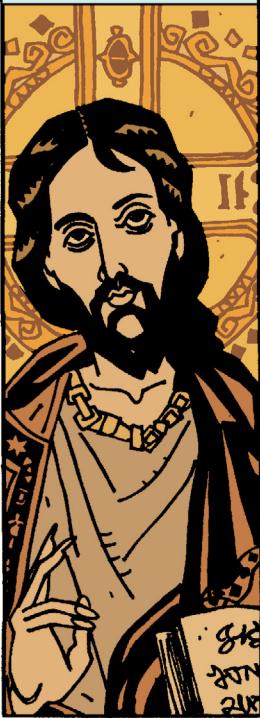




"THEY STUDIED  
ENCHANTMENT SONGS  
OF KIEVAN RUS..."



"DREAM JOURNEYS  
OF UKRAINIAN  
SEERS..."



"BONE CASTING  
OF SIBERIAN  
SHAMANS..."



"AND SUBTLETIES  
OF BELARUSSIAN  
COOKING MAGIC."



"FINALLY, IN SOME  
MONGOLIAN  
TOME, THEY  
FOUNDED WHAT THEY  
SOUGHT. A DEMON  
TRINITY WHO HAD  
AIDED THE  
ASIANS IN BATTLE  
FOR AS LONG AS  
MEN HAD PLACED  
FAITH IN DARK  
BEHIND STARS."



"THREE BEASTS  
WERE SUMMONED."



"AND THOUGH THEY  
ONLY WATCHED, IT WAS  
UNDER THEIR GAZE  
THAT WISP TSAR TOOK  
ALL HE DESIRED."

"WHEN CLAMOR OF WAR HAD PASSED, EACH DEMON CAME TO COLLECT HIS PRICE FROM PETER."

"FOR AS YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR, EVERY BRIDGE HAS TOLL."



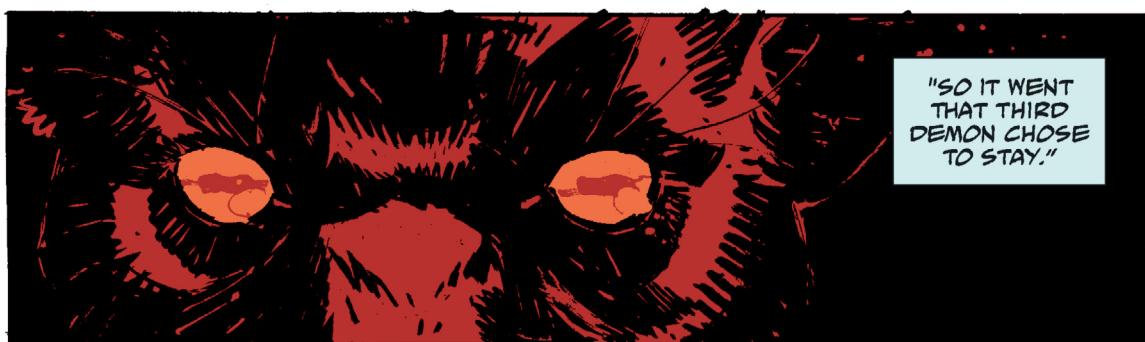
"FIRST DEMON TOOK LIVES OF ALL PETER'S FUTURE SONS SO THAT HIS NAME COULD NOT LIVE ON."

"SECOND DEMON TOOK PETER'S HEART SO CRUELTY WOULD COMMAND HIS HAND AND PAIN WOULD BE BROUGHT TO ALL WHO HE CAME IN CONTACT WITH."



"...WHO WAS MEANT TO TAKE PETER'S SOUL..."

"THE THIRD DEMON WALKED AMONGST GLISTENING MEAT OF BATTLEFIELD, AND WITNESSED GREAT POETRY IN WORLD."



"SO IT WENT THAT THIRD DEMON CHOSE TO STAY."



ABANDONING  
HIS BOUNTY,  
WHICH WAS ALSO  
HIS PASSAGE  
HOME.

FOR MANY  
YEARS, DEMON, WEARING  
EVER-CHANGING FACE, HAS  
WALKED EARTH, AND IN  
TIME, CAME EVEN TO DREAM  
AS HUMANITY DREAMS.

IS NICE  
STORY, YOU  
THINK?



AH, LOOK!  
THERE! IS  
BEAUTIFUL!



BUT THEN,  
YOU HAVE  
ALREADY BEEN  
HERE, HAVEN'T YOU,  
PROFESSOR?

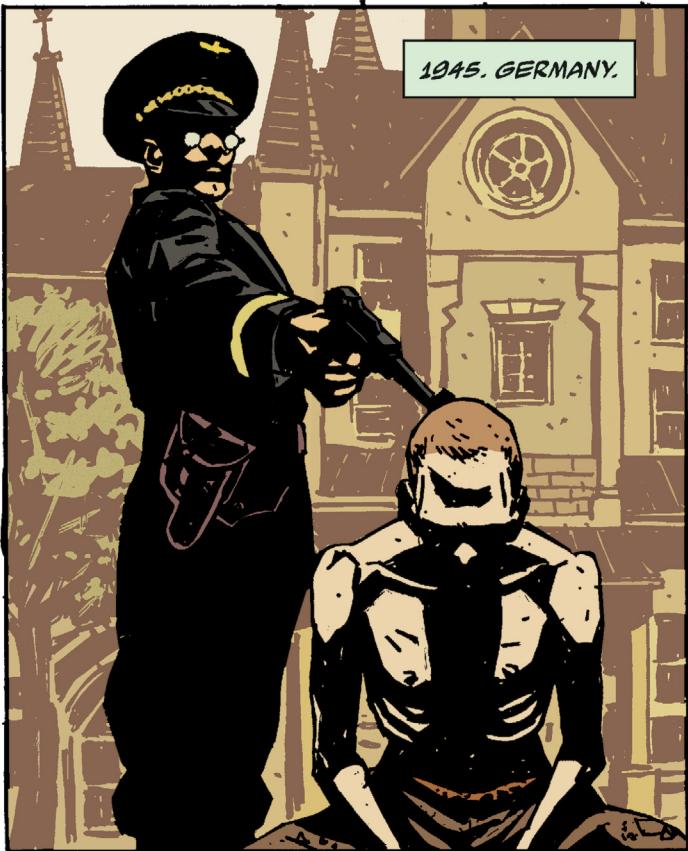


IN THE  
DAYLIGHT.

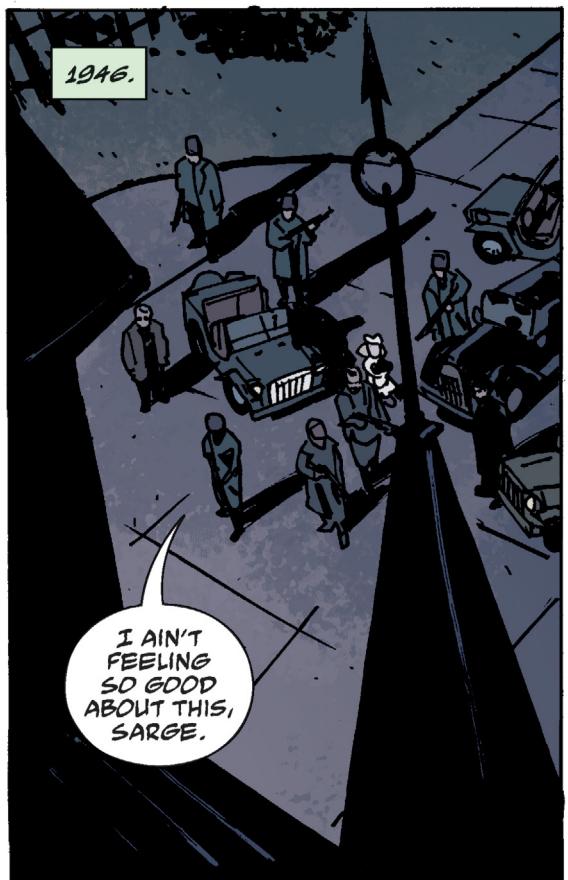
# CHAPTER THREE







(TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN)





(TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN)

(H-HELLLP-P...)

(...M-M-M-MEEE...!)

G-GGHHH...  
AAAAA--!

THE  
WATERS HERE  
ARE WARMER.



WHAT?  
AM I BORING  
YOU? THE HELL  
YOU AND YOUR  
COMMIE  
FRIENDS TALK  
ABOUT?

YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT I'M  
SAYING, DO  
YOU?

BRRRTT BRRTT  
BAM  
BAM  
BAM

UP TOP  
NOW! SEE  
WHAT THE  
COMMOTION  
IS--I'LL STAY  
WITH THE  
PROFESSOR!  
GO! GO!

BRRTT  
BRRT

GET AWAY!  
GET AWAY  
FROM ME!!  
SON OF A  
BITCH!!

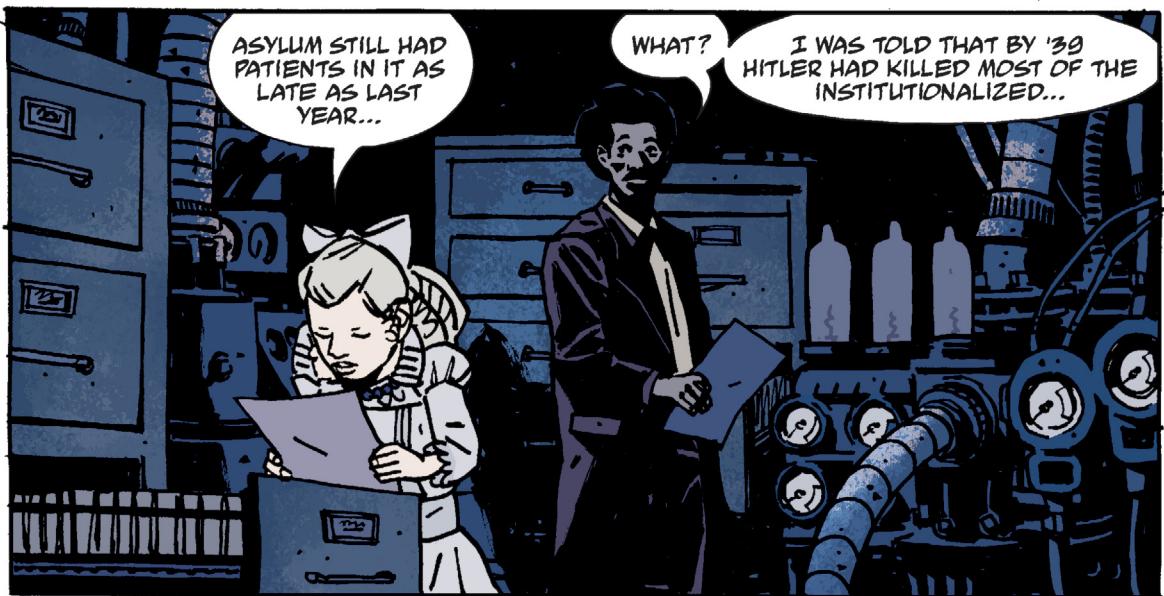
BRRRTT  
BRRRTT

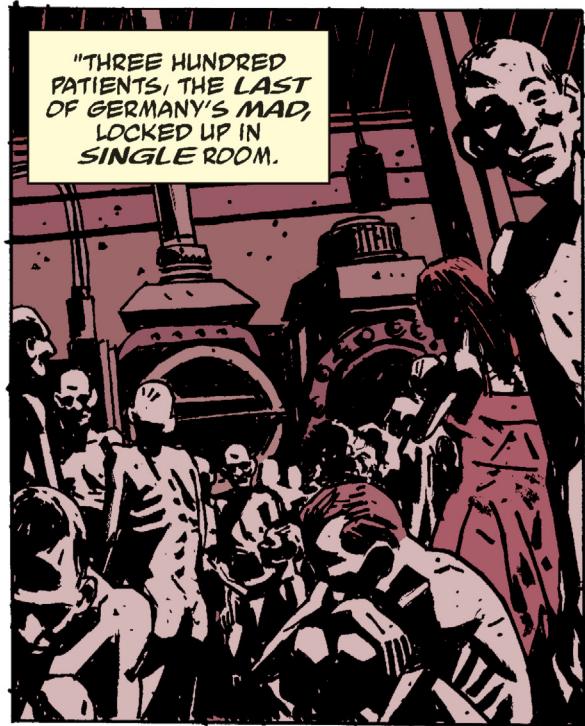














"LAST YEAR, ONE HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY STRONGEST  
WERE CHOSEN..."



"ALL OTHERS  
EXECUTED...  
BURIED IN MASS  
GRAVE BEHIND  
ASYLUM."





THEY MUST'VE BEEN FROZEN BEFORE THEY COULD FULLY TRANSFORM.

112

BUT THERE'S ONLY TWENTY CONTAINERS HERE.

ONE HUNDRED ARE MISSING.

WHEN THE HUNDRED WERE MOVED...THE FREEZING SYSTEM MUST HAVE BEEN DAMAGED. TWENTY LEFT BEHIND TO THAW. NINETEEN DIED IN THE PROCESS. ONE ESCAPED.

MY GOD.

IF WHOEVER'S TAKEN THEM KNOWS HOW TO THAW THEM PROPERLY...

GIURESCU'S CHILDREN...

...LOOSED UPON THE WORLD. WHAT A SIGHT IT WOULD BE.

NOW THAT WOULD TEACH MEN SOMETHING ABOUT THE HORRORS OF WAR.

WHO ARE YOU?

BARON KONIG AT YOUR SERVICE, LITTLE MOUSE.



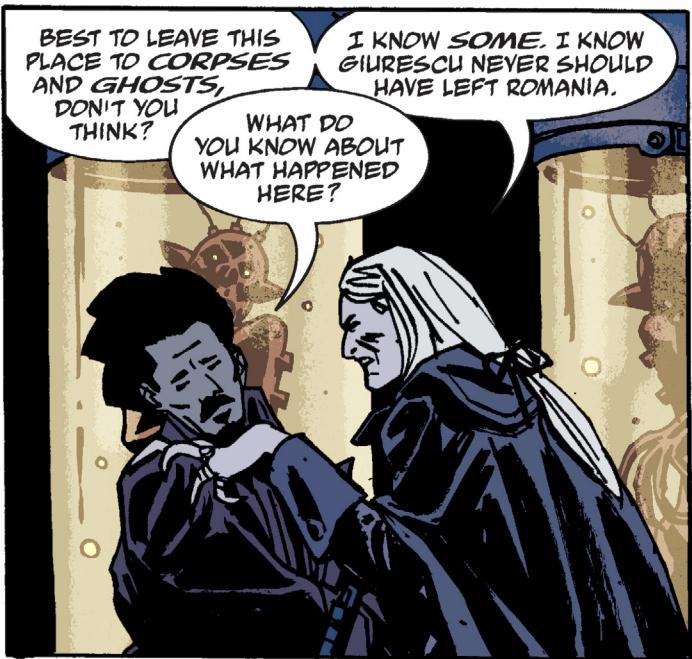
BARON KONIG. I'VE HEARD OF YOU.

YOU ARE A WISE MAN, PROFESSOR...



...BUT NOT SO WISE THAT YOU DO NOT COME HERE.





TELL ME, WHO ARE  
THE TRUE MADMEN,  
PROFESSOR? THE  
PATHETIC CREATURES  
WHO HAUNT THIS  
PLACE--OR THOSE  
WHO DID THIS?

I  
DON'T...

I WAS TOO  
LATE TO  
STOP THIS,  
BUT MEN  
WILL PAY  
FOR IT...

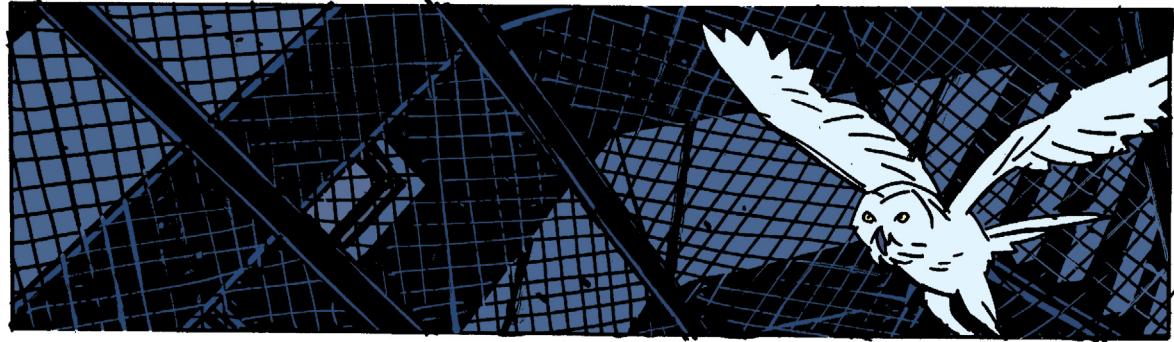
ALL  
MEN.

I...

ENOUGH.

HIIIIHHH!



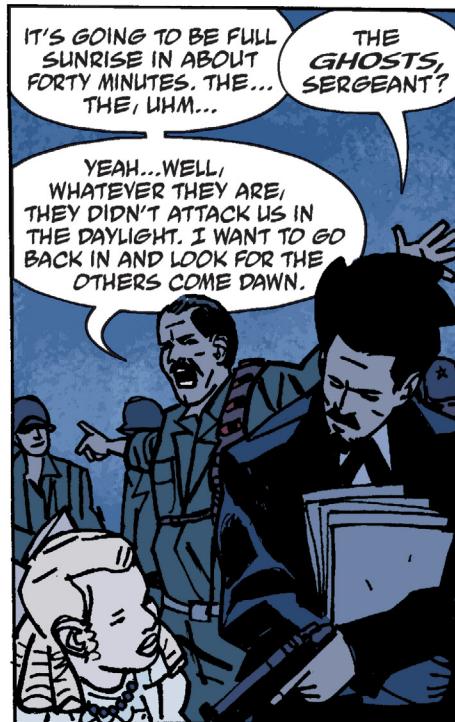


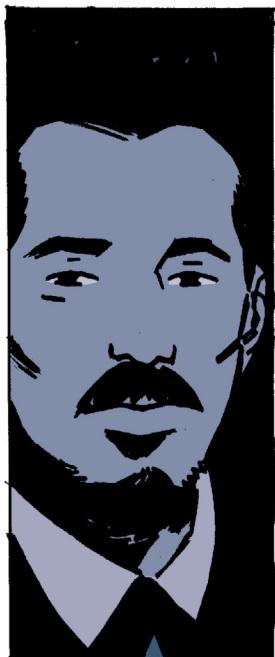




COME.



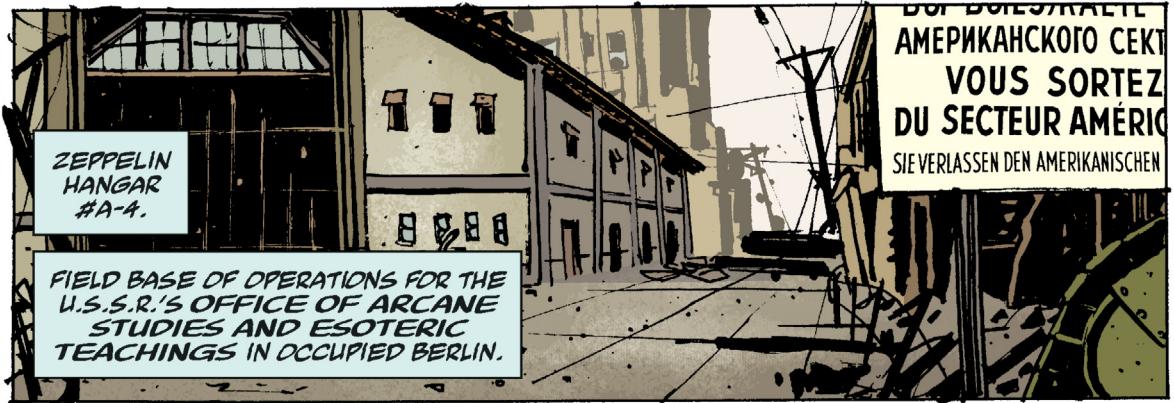






# CHAPTER FOUR



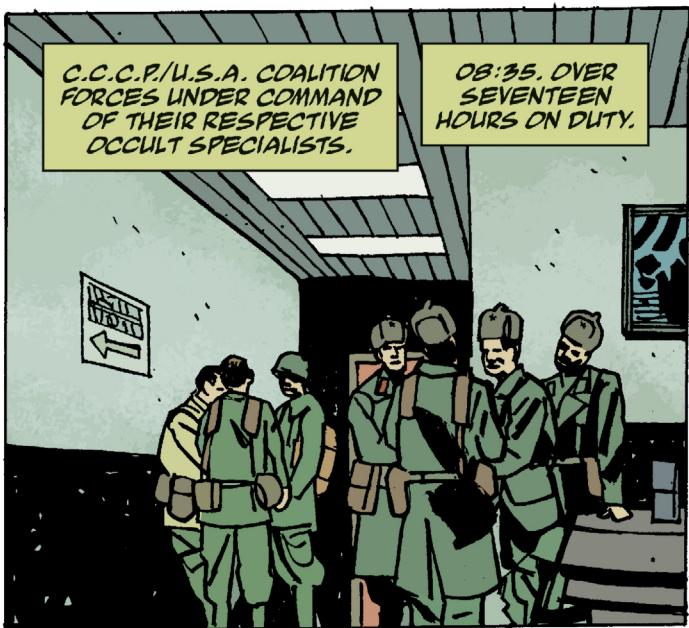


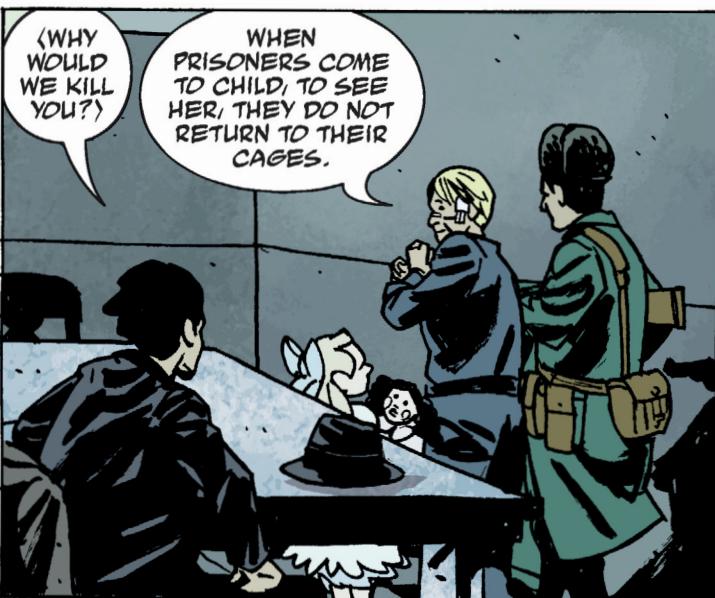
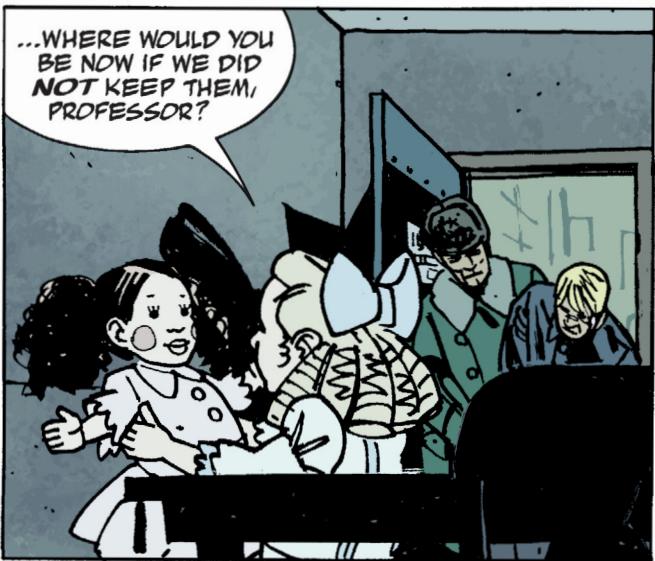
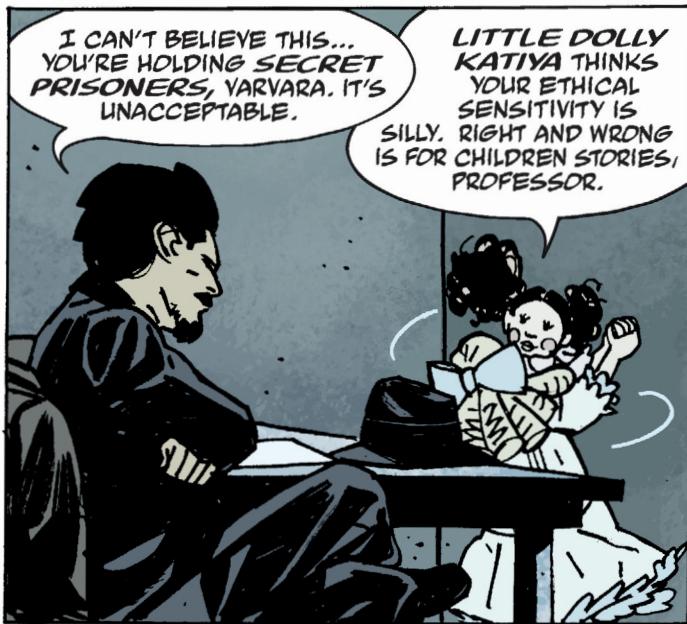
C.C.C.P./U.S.A. COALITION  
FORCES UNDER COMMAND  
OF THEIR RESPECTIVE  
OCCULT SPECIALISTS.

08:35. OVER  
SEVENTEEN  
HOURS ON DUTY.

THINK THOSE  
SONS-A-BITCHES  
ARE JAWING ABOUT  
STEINER SHOOTING  
TWO OF THEIR  
COMRADES?

BE SMOOTH,  
BIRD EYE.  
TROUBLE,  
WE ALREADY  
GOT. DON'T  
NEED MORE.

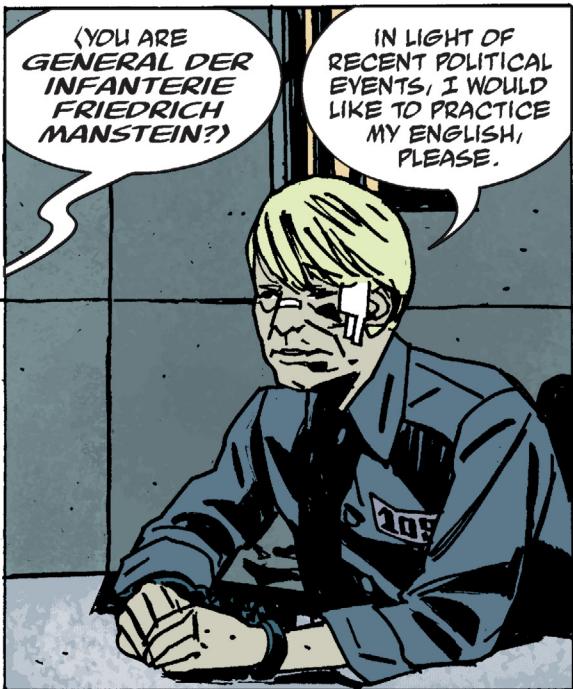




(THIS NOTE  
WAS FOUND AN  
HOUR AGO WITH OTHER  
DOCUMENTS KEPT IN  
THE BASEMENT OF AN  
ABANDONED ASYLUM  
OUTSIDE OF  
BERLIN.)

(YOU ARE  
GENERAL DER  
INFANERIE  
FRIEDRICH  
MANSTEIN?)

IN LIGHT OF  
RECENT POLITICAL  
EVENTS, I WOULD  
LIKE TO PRACTICE  
MY ENGLISH,  
PLEASE.



FINE. ARE YOU  
THE MAN WHO  
WROTE THIS  
LETTER?

YES...I AM  
HIM. MAY I HAVE A  
CIGARETTE?



NO, YOU WILL TELL US  
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW  
ABOUT VAMPIR  
STURM.

YES, BUT YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
SOME KIND  
OF...UHM...A  
RECORDING  
DEVICE...I  
THINK...

FOR  
HISTORY.





I WAS  
THERE WHEN THEY  
INJECTED THE  
INMATES.

"ONE HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY  
OF THEM.

"THE OPERATION WAS  
STAGGERING.

"THEY HAD TO FREEZE THEM QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY COULD CHANGE. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF MOMENTS FROM THE TIME OF THE INJECTIONS BEFORE THE INMATES BECAME UNCONTROLLABLE..."

"MONSTROUS."



WHY WERE  
THEY DOING  
THIS?

GERMANY WAS  
FAILING. EVEN HITLER,  
WITH HIS...HIS ABILITY  
FOR SELF-DELUSION...  
HE COULD SEE THE  
END COMING.



WHEN IT BECAME  
OBVIOUS THAT THERE  
WOULD BE NO ARMY OF  
VAMPIRES TO TURN THE  
TIDE, HE DECIDED, AT  
THE VERY LEAST, HE  
WOULD HAVE A FINAL  
OPTION.

AND SO  
A VERBAL  
ORDER WAS  
GIVEN TO  
ME.



"IN THE EVENT OF FALL OF DEUTSCHES REICH, THEN HITLER'S MUTANT VAMPIRES WERE TO BE THAWED."

"AND UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD."



"VAMPIR STURM WAS TO BE THE LAST AND GREATEST BURN ORDER. DER WELTUNTERGANG."



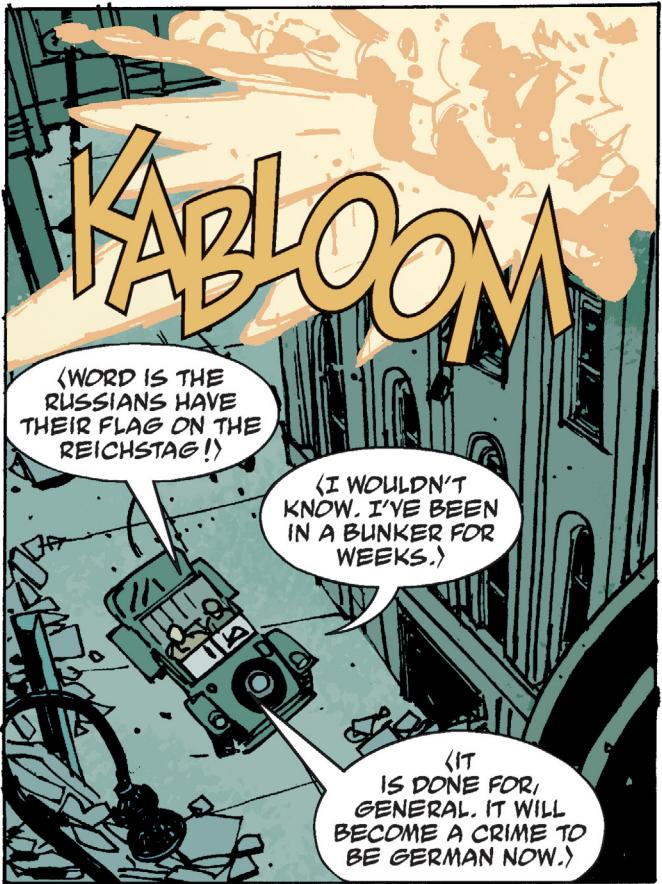
JA, MEIN FUEHRER.

(THE GERMAN PEOPLE...THEY HAVE LET ME DOWN, FRIEDRICH. AND IF WE AS A PEOPLE ARE TOO WEAK TO LEAD...)



(...THEN NO MAN DESERVES TO LIVE.)









HEIL  
HITLER!!

"IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN THEM ALL TOGETHER LIKE THAT, YOU UNDERSTAND."

"BUT NOW SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT. OR PERHAPS, SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT IN ME."

HEIL  
HITLER.

(DON'T WORRY, MY GENERAL. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.)

(FOR THE REICH!!)

(GENERAL... THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY YOU WOULD BE HERE. IT'S TIME. YES?)

"IT WAS IN THAT MOMENT THAT.. CLARITY STRUCK ME..."



"LIKE A LIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

"FOR THE FIRST TIME, I SAW MYSELF, MY LIFE, FOR THE TRUTH OF IT..."

(THIS IS  
MADNESS.  
STOP. STOP  
THIS.)

(SIR?)

"I WAS A CRIMINAL. A STAIN ON THE HUMAN RACE. A CANCER."

(WITH  
RESPECT,  
SIR. DID YOU  
OR DID YOU NOT  
RECEIVE THE  
ORDER?)

"BUT NO MORE."

(NO...NO,  
I DID NOT  
RECEIVE THE  
ORDER FROM MEIN  
FUEHRER.)

(YOU'RE LYING! YOU'RE  
A COWARD!!)

(I AM YOUR SUPERIOR!  
I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN  
TO THAT WAY!!)

**(NO!! YOU HAVE FAILED THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST DREAM! IT'S COWARDS LIKE YOU WHO HAVE DRAGGED US DOWN! AGAIN!!)**

**(I AM THE WILL OF THE REICH, MEIN GENERAL, AND THE REICH WILL TRIUM--)**



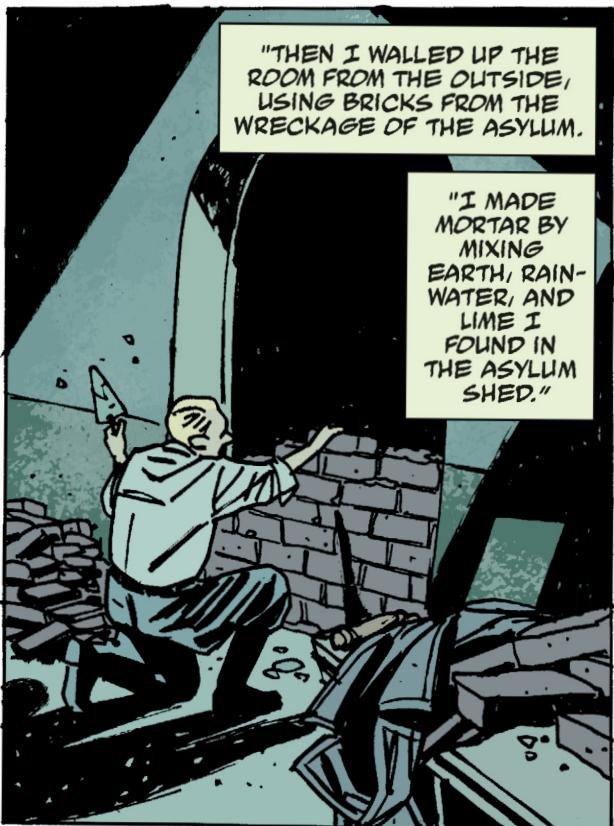
**"I HAD TO KILL HIM. HE WOULD'VE LET THEM FREE, OR TOLD SOMEONE ABOUT THEM."**



**"I WROTE THE NOTE THAT LED YOU TO DISCOVER ME, AND PUT IT IN THE FILES WHERE IT COULD BE EASILY FOUND."**



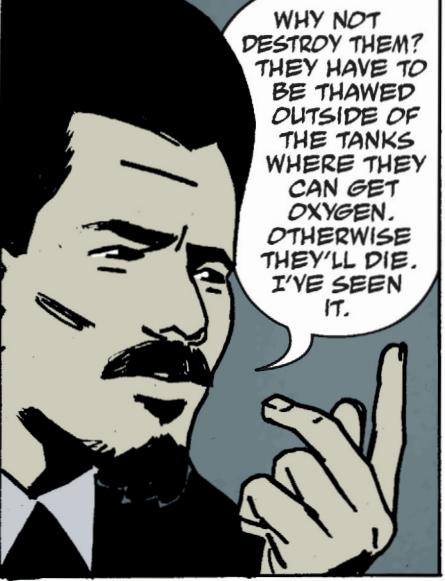
**"THEN I WALLED UP THE ROOM FROM THE OUTSIDE, USING BRICKS FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE ASYLUM."**



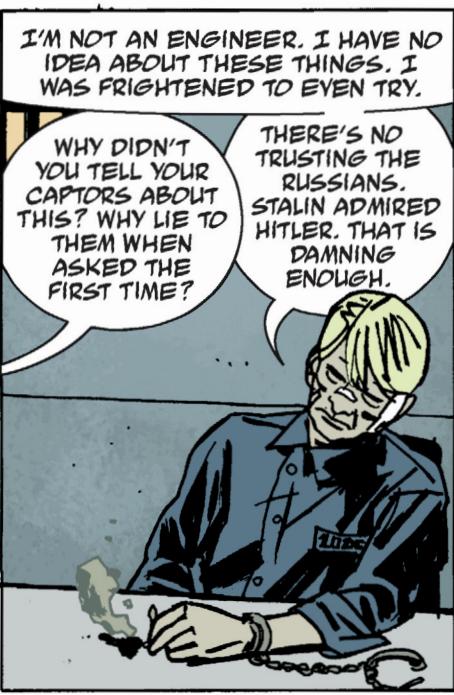
**"I MADE MORTAR BY MIXING EARTH, RAIN-WATER, AND LIME I FOUND IN THE ASYLUM SHED."**



MY FATHER WAS A  
BRICKLAYER, YOU SEE.  
NEVER FORGET, THE  
NAZI MOVEMENT IS...  
WAS...A MIDDLE-  
CLASS, WORKERS'  
REVOLUTION.



WHY NOT  
DESTROY THEM?  
THEY HAVE TO  
BE THAWED  
OUTSIDE OF  
THE TANKS  
WHERE THEY  
CAN GET  
OXYGEN.  
OTHERWISE  
THEY'LL DIE.  
I'VE SEEN  
IT.



I'M NOT AN ENGINEER. I HAVE NO  
IDEA ABOUT THESE THINGS. I  
WAS FRIGHTENED TO EVEN TRY.



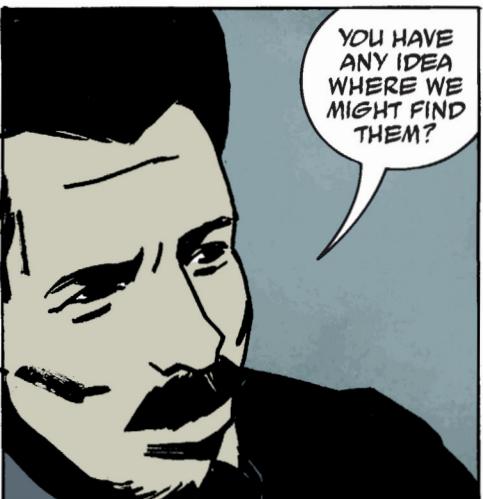
BUT NOW YOU'VE  
SEEN THEM, TELL  
ME...DID YOU  
DESTROY THEM,  
PROFESSOR?



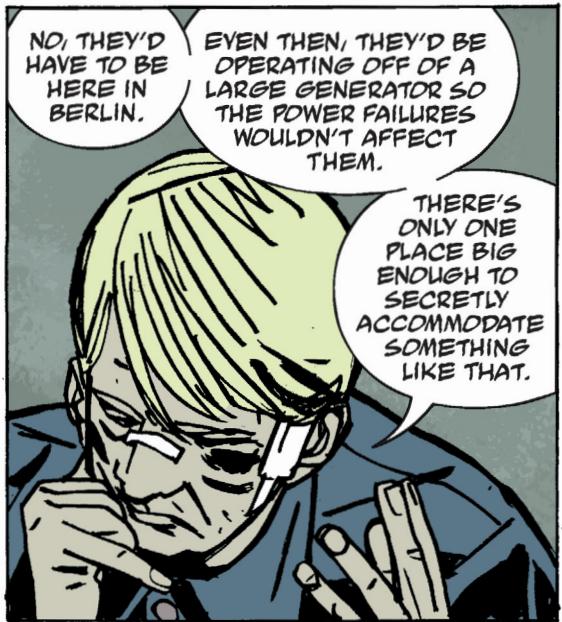
THERE  
ARE ONE  
HUNDRED  
TANKS  
MISSING.



WHAT?

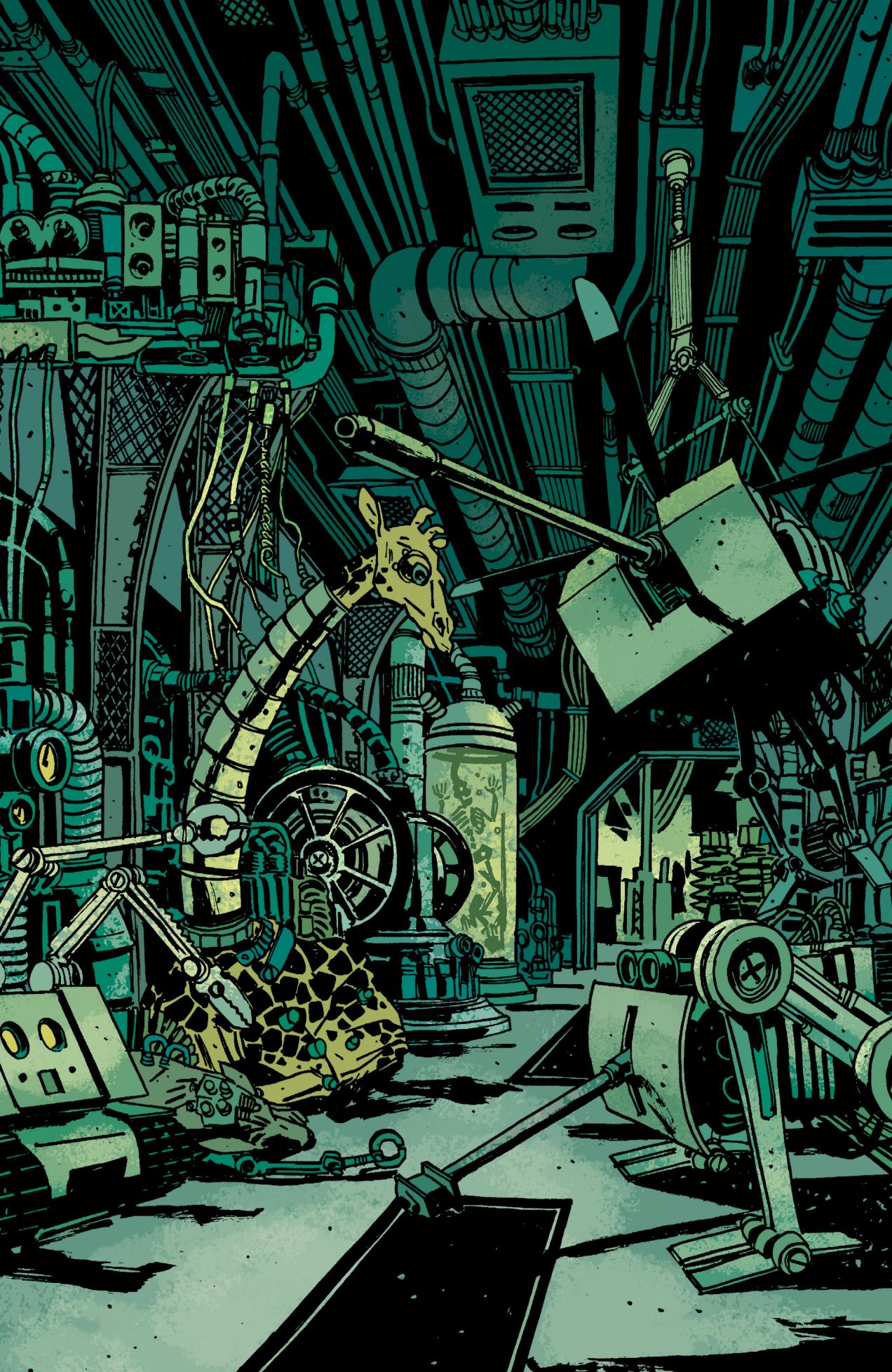


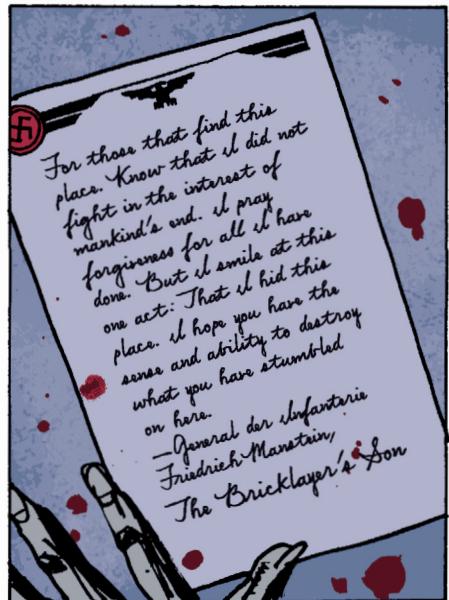
YOU HAVE  
ANY IDEA  
WHERE WE  
MIGHT FIND  
THEM?

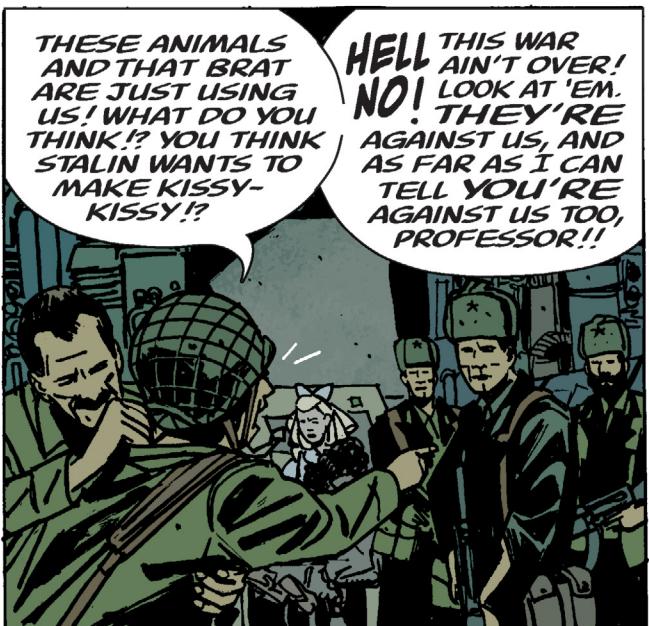
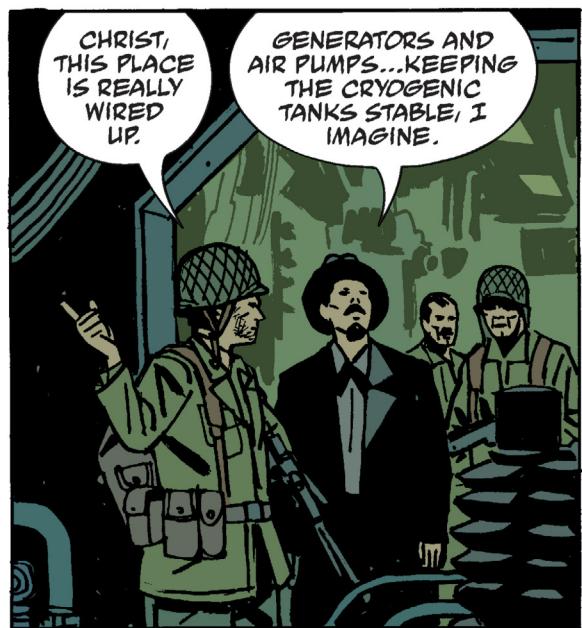




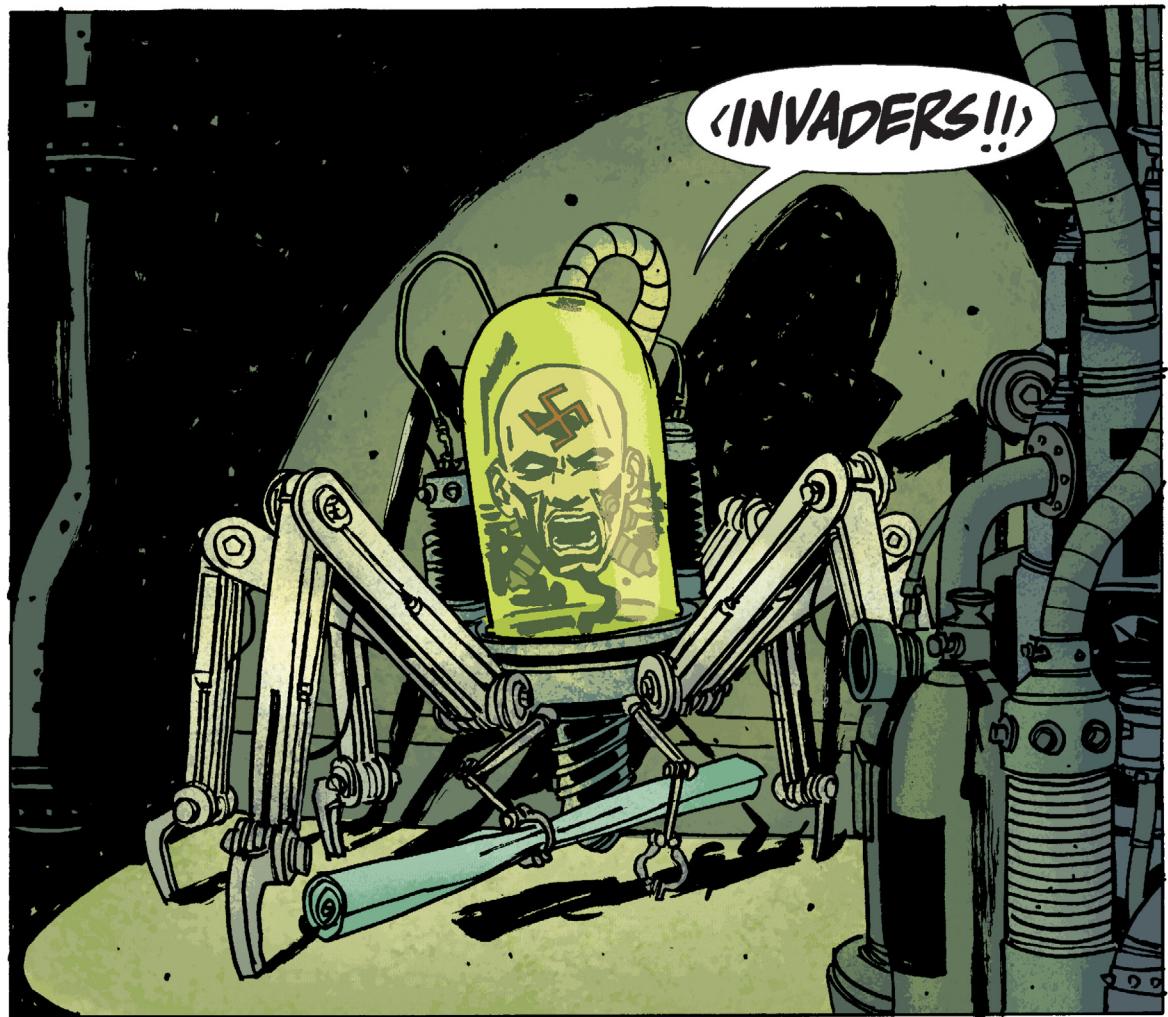


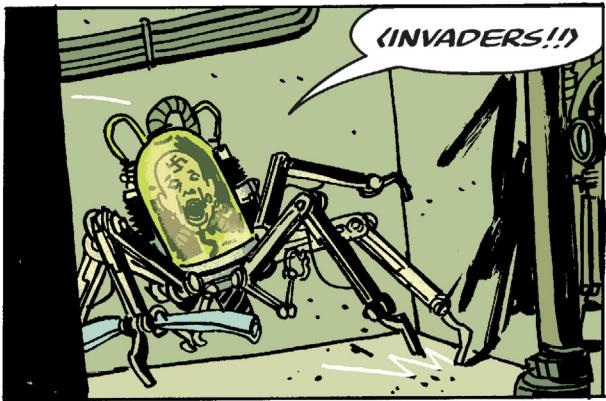










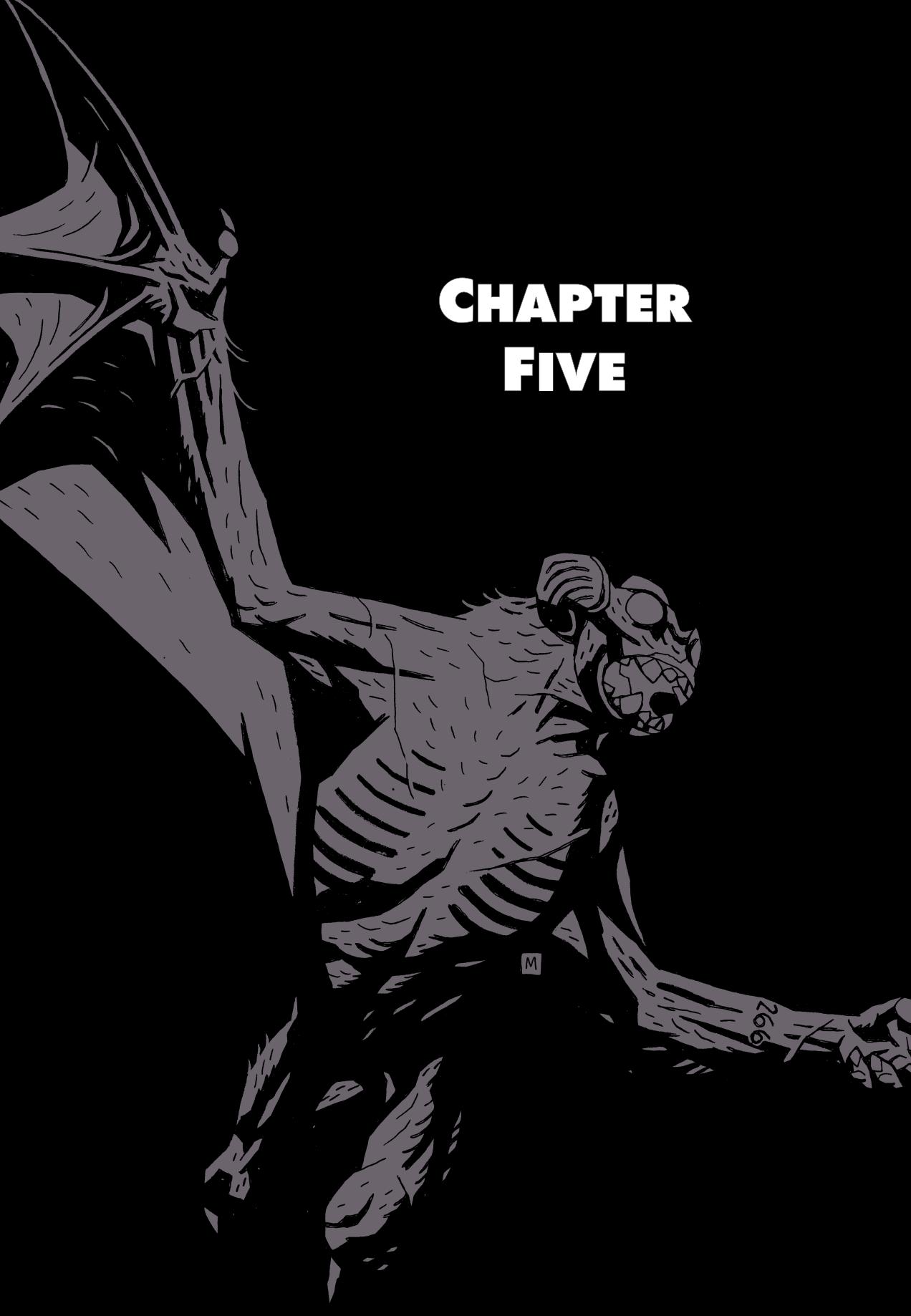


RRRAAAGGHHH



NOW,  
MY LOVELY  
KREIGAFFEN!  
LET NO ONE LIVE TO  
SEE THE SURFACE  
AGAIN!

# CHAPTER FIVE







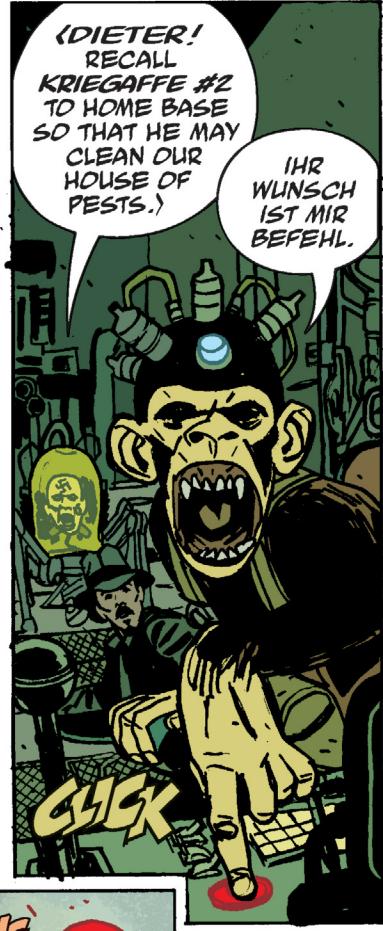


OH  
DEAR...

I'VE  
FOUND YOU...  
I'VE FOUND  
YOU ALL.







(TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN)









"BUT THEIR WEAKNESS IS MY GAIN."

(QUICKLY! QUICKLY! WE MUSTN'T LET THE SPECIMENS SUFFOCATE BEFORE WE GET THEM IN THE CRYONICS TRUCK.)

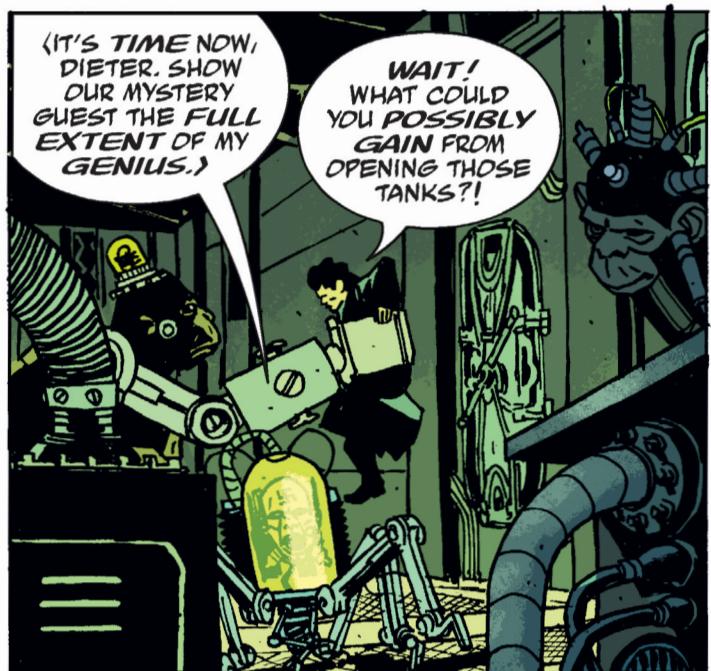
"FOR IT IS MY INGENUITY, MY IMAGINATION, THAT HAS GIVEN VAMPIR STURM GREATER PURPOSE."

IT IS I WHO WILL RATTLE CIVILIZATION! NOT THAT BACKWARD AUSTRIAN BUFFOON OF A DICTATOR!

WHU!

MY GOD...





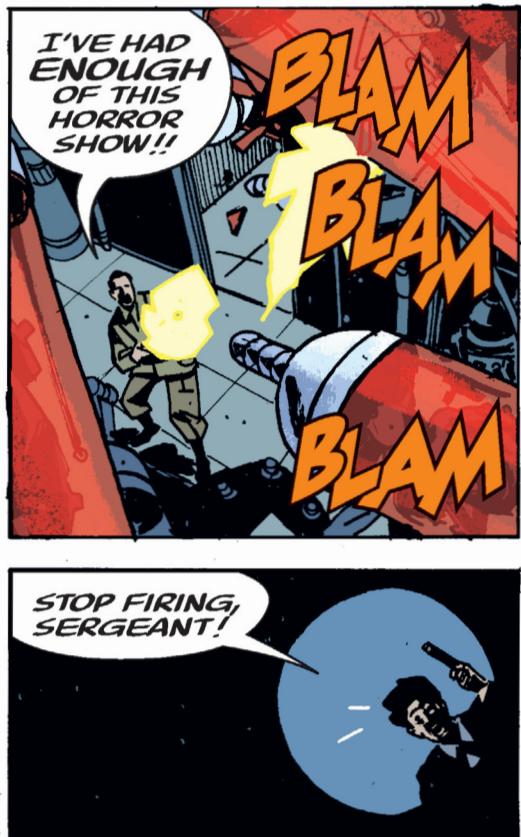
WAIT!  
WHAT COULD  
YOU POSSIBLY  
GAIN FROM  
OPENING THOSE  
TANKS?!



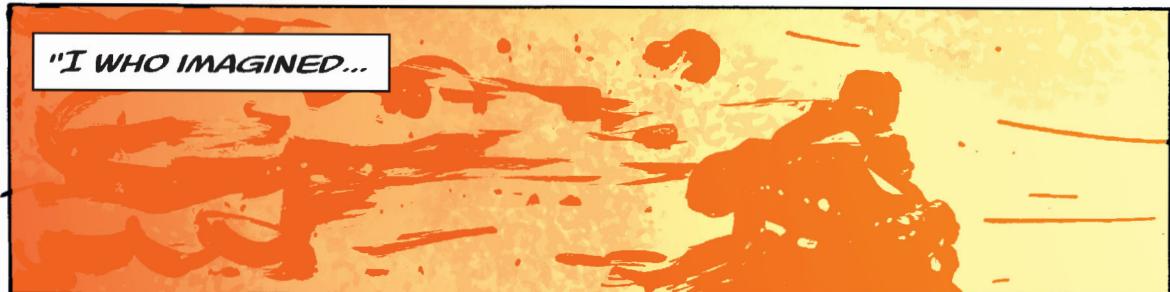
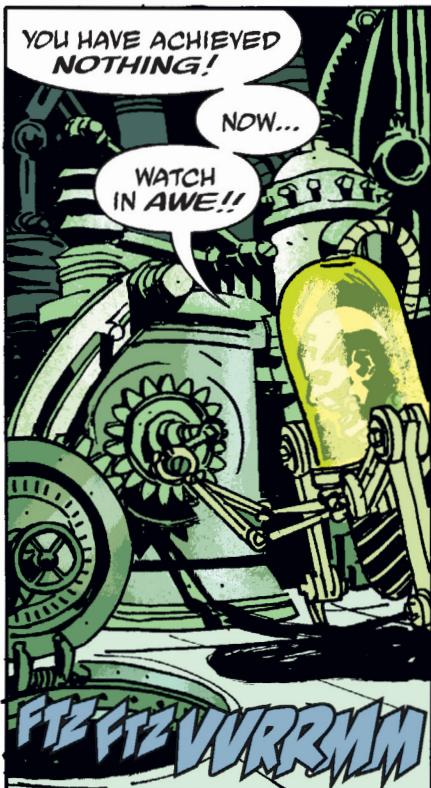
SWIK  
SWIK  
SWIK











\*THE NAZI SPACE PROGRAM ENDED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF HUNTE CASTLE IN 1939. --HELLBOY: CONQUEROR WORM.

"DELIVERING  
VAMPIR STURM  
TO THE HEART  
OF THE REAL  
ADVERSARY..."

"AMERICA!"

RRRR RRR RRR





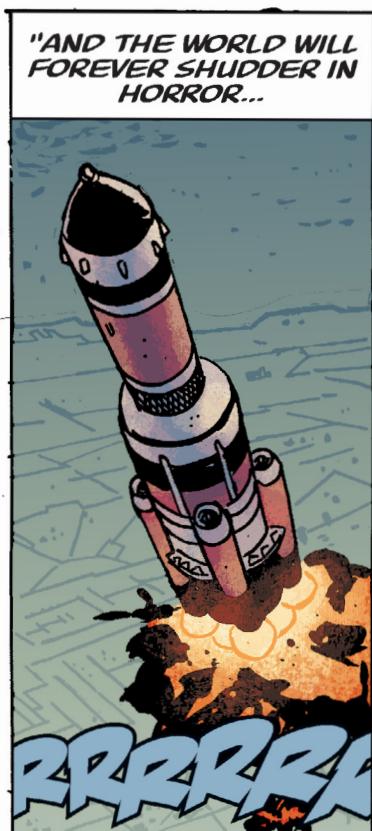
"EVEN IF ONLY  
A FRACTION OF  
THE VAMPIRES  
SURVIVE THE  
IMPACT...



**“...AMERICA  
WILL BECOME  
A NIGHTMARE  
NATION IN A  
MATTER OF  
MONTHS!”**



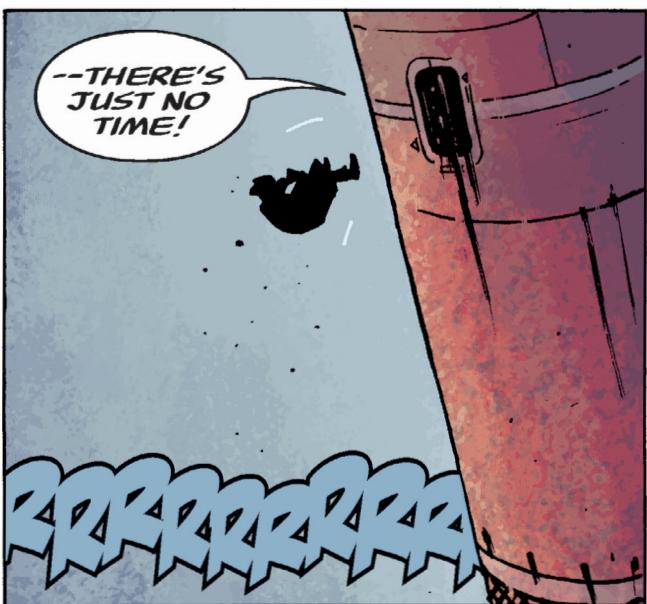
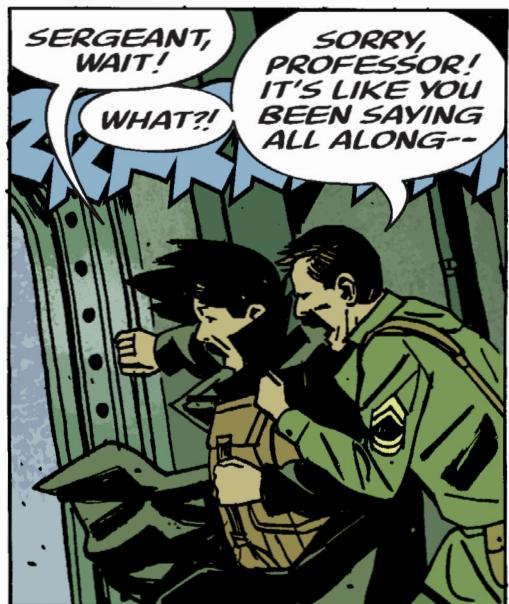
**"I SHALL BE  
VICTORIOUS!"**



**"AND THE WORLD WILL  
FOREVER SHUDDER IN  
HORROR..."**



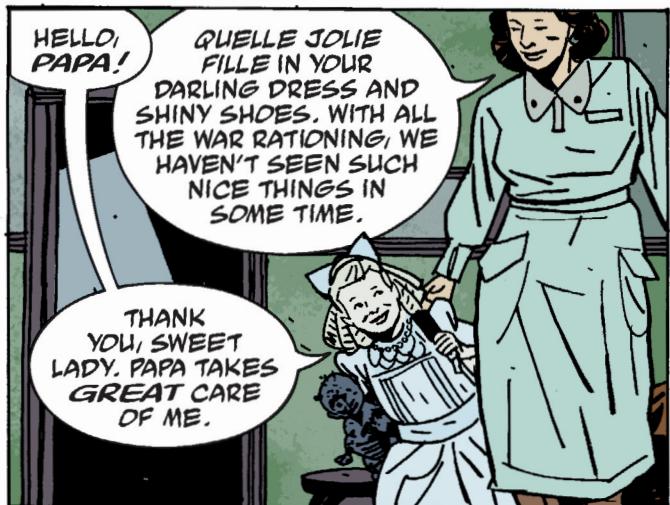
"...WHEN IT  
HEARS THE NAME  
**VON KLEMPF!**"

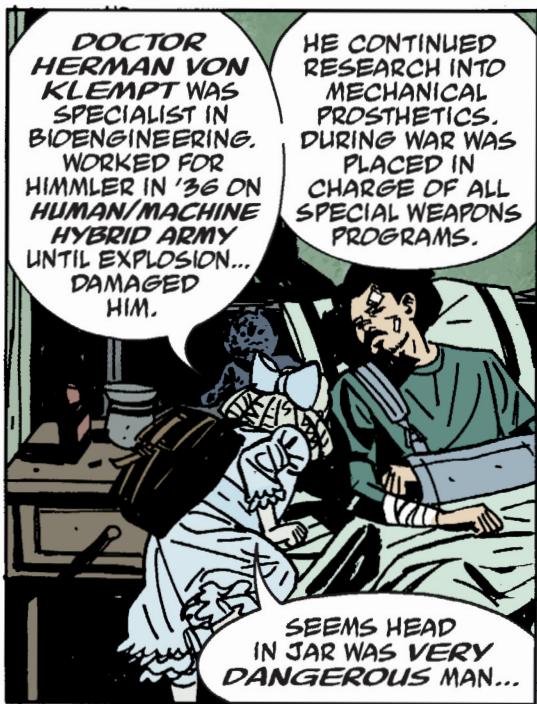












"THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THERE. I SEE A SPARK OF...SOMETHING IN HIM. SOMETHING GOOD."



OR PERHAPS IT IS SPARK WHICH WILL BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN.



YOU ARE MY FAVORITE HUMAN BEING, PROFESSOR... DID YOU KNOW?



LUCKY ME.

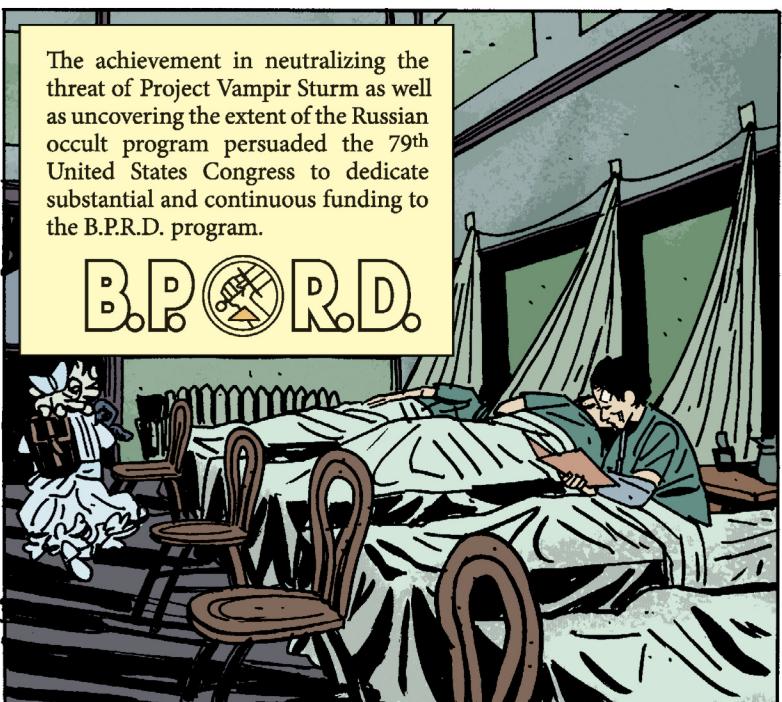


WE WILL MEET AGAIN. OF THIS I PROMISE.



The achievement in neutralizing the threat of Project Vampir Sturm as well as uncovering the extent of the Russian occult program persuaded the 79th United States Congress to dedicate substantial and continuous funding to the B.P.R.D. program.

**B.P.R.D.**



THE END

# AFTERWORD

I was late to the meeting. I'd left Mignola waiting at an English pub of my own recommendation in Santa Monica. I was doomed.

Mike and I had talked before, briefly, at his local comics store (*The Comic Bug*), and years earlier in a hotel bar outside of Dallas. Each time I'd met him, I'd found myself using a series of grunts and bursts of nervous laughter in lieu of communication. So I promised myself that this meeting, our first real sit-down over his new project, *B.P.R.D.: 1946*, was going to be different. I was going to be myself. Unguarded. Enthusiastic. And even though the one piece of advice Scott Allie had given me was "Don't act like a god damn hippie," I was going to express my adoration for Mike's work and make it clear that I was the one writer right for transposing his story against the backdrop of the end of WWII. And then . . . well, then I was late.

I was riding a bicycle to the meeting (god damn hippie), and, being late, had really pushed it all the way from Venice Beach to Santa Monica, uphill. So I showed up sweaty and amped. Heart rate popping. Whole body humming. Surprisingly, I don't think Mike noticed I was late. God bless the Santa Monica sun and the sea and the generation of children spawned from failed models. At least I hadn't left him someplace boring.

I sat down. Took a deep breath. Leaned right into that pitch . . . and swung.

To me, Hellboy had always been an allegory for the Cold War, I said. Big Red was constantly dealing with the repercussions of Nazi ambition for global dominance. Mike's response: "I just liked to draw Nazis and monsters." I didn't tell him that genius was easy for the genius. (Keep the suck-up impulse in check in these situations. Act like you belong at the meeting.) We talked about how Berlin in late '45 and early '46 was ground zero for the creation of the modern world. He told me the truth about Vampir Sturm. I told him about America's attempt to create bat bombs (literally rockets full of diseased bats) during the war. We decided we needed a vampire bomb for the end of our book. The ball was rolling. Mike

began to gesticulate with his hands. Always a good sign. It means the idea machine behind his eyes is firing on all pistons. He talked about having a little possessed girl head up the Russian version of the B.P.R.D. I talked about a character I once created, a little girl with supernatural powers who wore a white frilly dress, had blond hair done up in curls, and carried a doll everywhere she went.

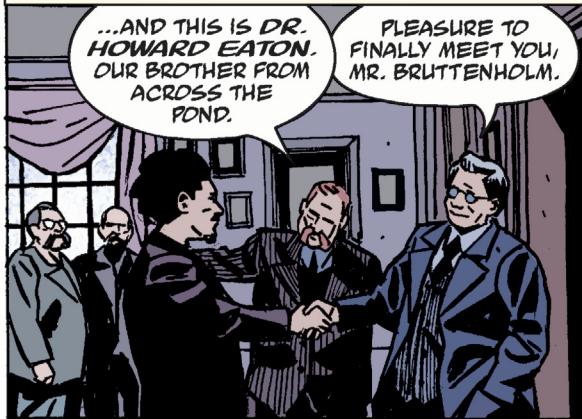
And that's how it happened. I gotta say, it was grand. Sun, sea, and B.P.R.D. I haven't gotten to write a lot with other people, much less with people as fiercely imaginative and sure-footed as Mike.

Later I'd go to the home that Hellboy built, and we'd really figure it all out, me with my laptop, clickity-clacking notes as we went. But there, in the patio of that English pub, that's where *B.P.R.D.: 1946* took shape. A rattling piece of pulp built atop one of the most fascinating moments in modern history. And I'm pretty damn proud of it. So, I have to thank Scott for putting me in front of Mike. And I have to thank Mike for not getting mad about me being late to that first meeting, and for letting me knock about in one of the few truly worthy universes in all of comicdom. Then there's Paul and Nick and Clem and Rachel, of course. And thank you, for dropping the cash, propping up your feet, and digging into our story. 'Cause I get some pretty decent residuals, don't you know, and there ain't much better in this world than making a living like this.

—Joshua Dysart  
Charlotte Douglas International Airport,  
en route to Seattle  
May 2008

P.S. Immediately following is a short story we did for Free Comic Book Day, 2008. I chose M.R. James as my primary inspiration, based on Mike's desire to create a classic Victorian ghost story. Mike took the reins, keeping it in check along the way. Hope you like it!

I FIRST MET TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM IN THE SPRING OF '39, WHILE I WAS A SCHOLAR IN RESIDENCE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.



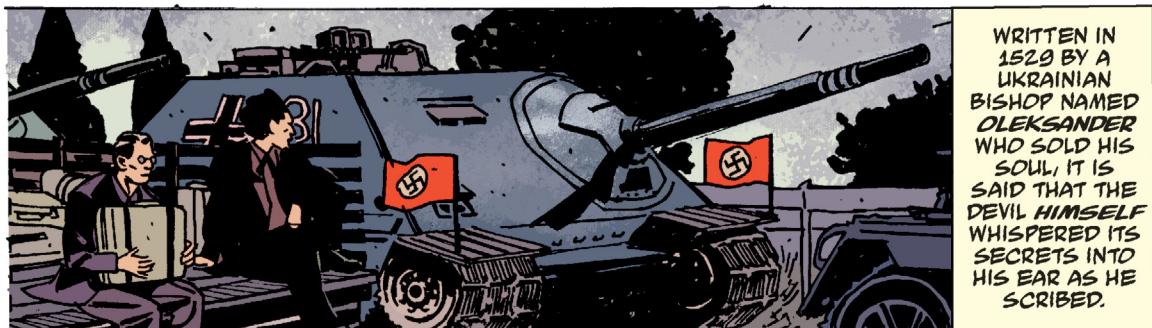
THE COLLEGE HAD RECEIVED COMMUNICATION FROM A LORD MARKO PETROV CLAIMING HE WAS IN POSSESSION OF THE DIALOGUS GOETIA.



# Bishop Olek's Devil



LORD PETROV CLAIMED HE WISHED TO DONATE THE BOOK TO THE LIBRARY'S COLLECTION.



WRITTEN IN 1529 BY A UKRAINIAN BISHOP NAMED OLEKSANDER WHO SOLD HIS SOUL, IT IS SAID THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF WHISPERED ITS SECRETS INTO HIS EAR AS HE SCRIBED.

UPON THE BISHOP'S DEATH, THE TEXT WAS BURIED WITH HIM IN AN ABOVEGROUND CRYPT. THEN THE CRYPT ITSELF DISAPPEARED, NEVER TO BE FOUND.





THE LIBRARY SENT US TO PETROV MANOR IN EASTERN GALICIA TO VERIFY THE BOOK'S AUTHENTICITY.



IT WAS LIKE NOTHING I'D EVER HEARD BEFORE. AS IF THE BONES OF THE PLACE ITSELF WERE SUFFERING.

MASTER WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. YOU MAY FOLLOW ME TO YOUR ROOM.



UP UNTIL THIS POINT, MY CAREER HAD BEEN SPENT BEHIND DESKS, STARING AT DUSTY BOOKS.

I WAS A GLORIFIED LIBRARIAN WITH A CURIOSITY FOR THE OCCULT. LITTLE MORE.

SO I'D BE LYING IF I SAID THAT THE HORRIBLE WEEPING DIDN'T EXCITE AS WELL AS FRIGHTEN ME.

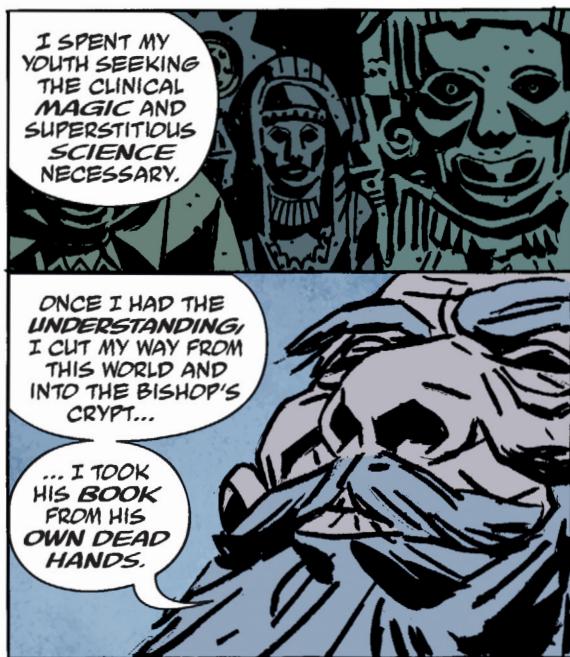
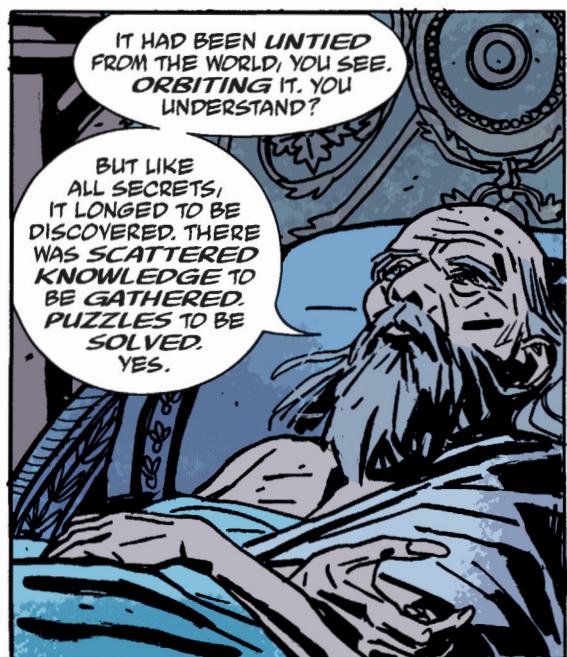
THEY'VE LOCKED US IN.

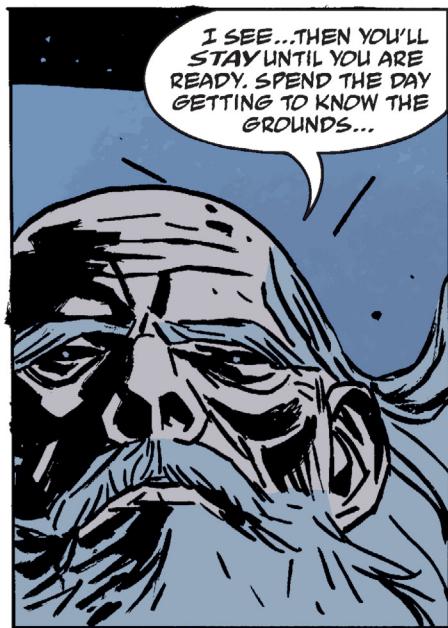
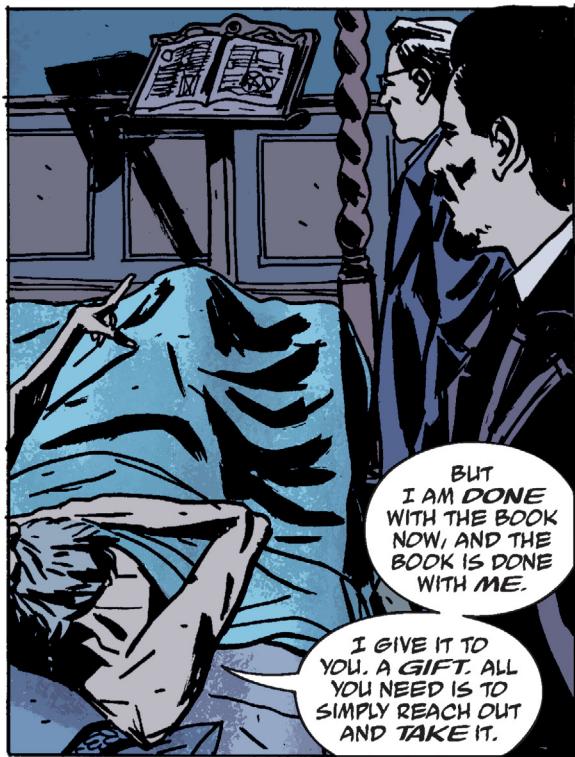


WHAT TREVOR WAS THINKING, I DON'T KNOW. BUT HE STOOD THERE FOR A LONG TIME.

LISTENING.







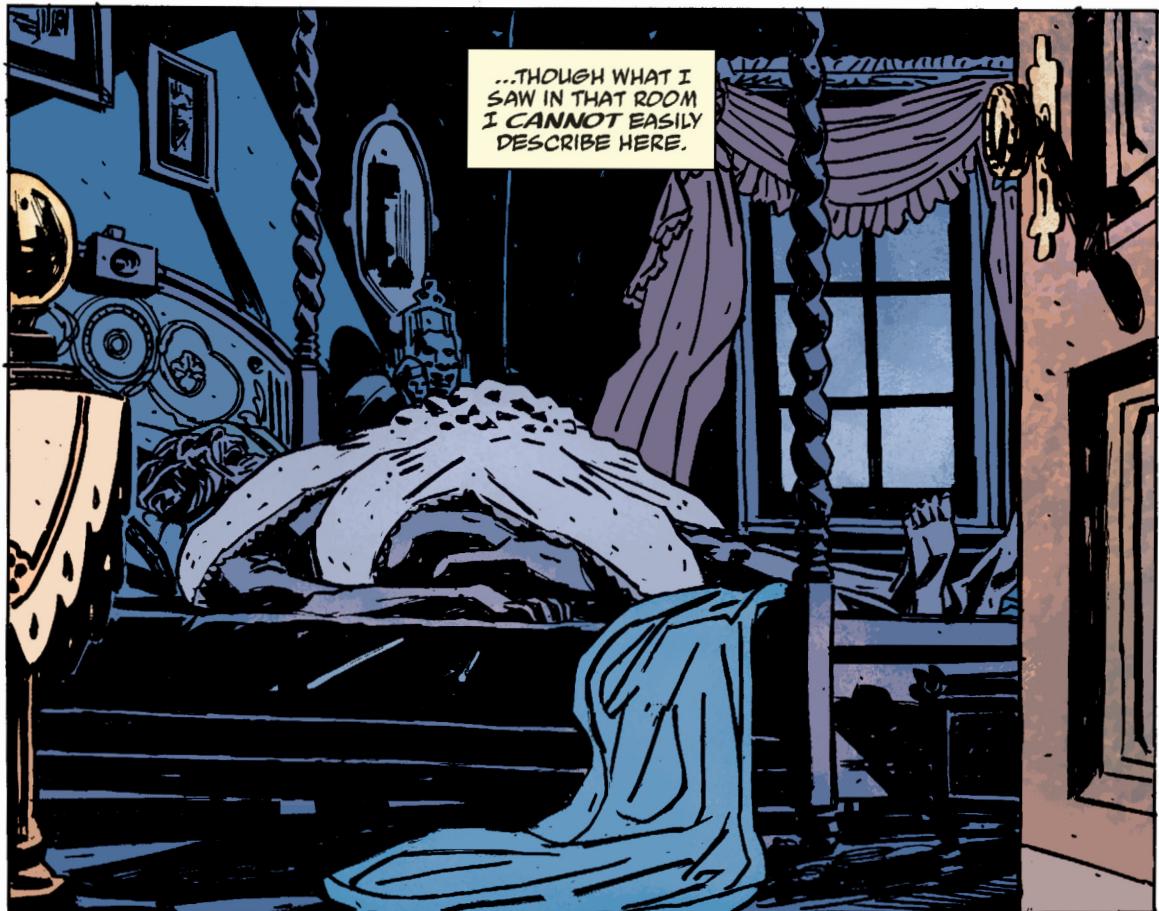
THAT NIGHT THE SOUNDS OF SUFFERING BEGAN ANEW.



THROUGH THE DAY WE HAD STUFFED RIPPED CLOTH INTO THE LOCK OF OUR BEDROOM DOOR, ALLOWING US TO PRY THE BOLT AND INVESTIGATE FREELY.



IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO FIND THE CHILLING SOUNDS COMING FROM INSIDE LORD PETROV'S CHAMBER...

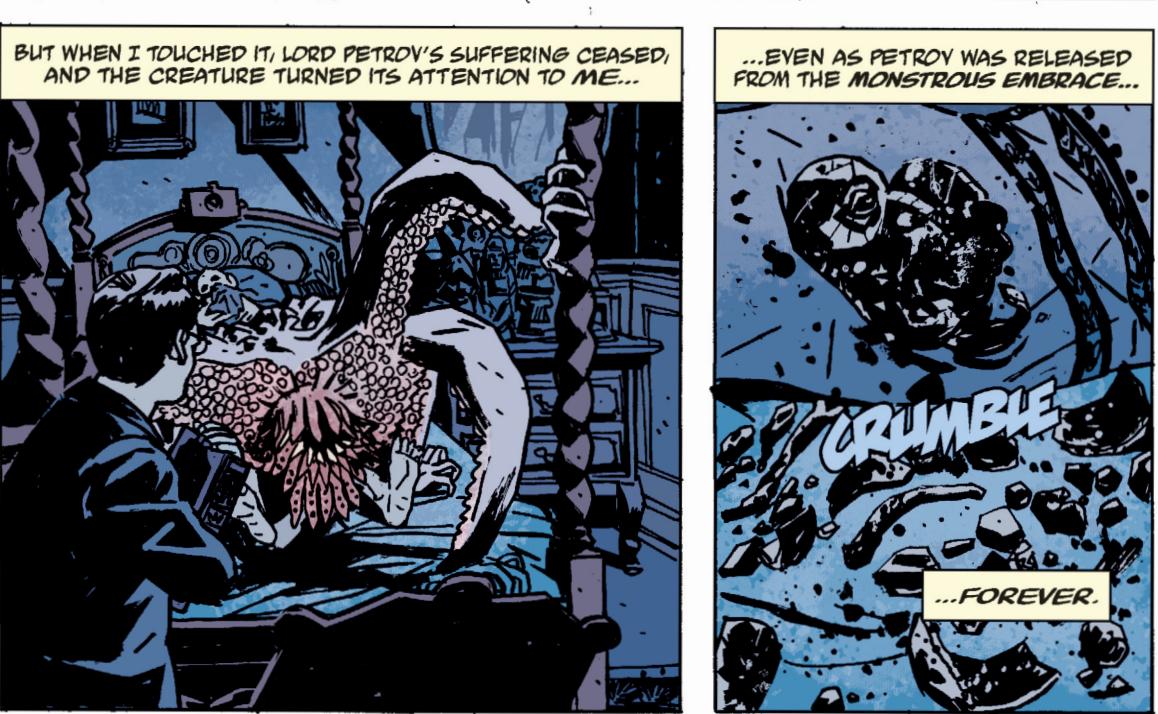


...THOUGH WHAT I SAW IN THAT ROOM I CANNOT EASILY DESCRIBE HERE.



HOWARD!  
NO!

THERE WAS A FLEETING,  
GREEDY MOMENT IN WHICH I  
WAS FEARFUL WE WOULD FLEE  
THE MANOR WITHOUT THE BOOK.



BUT WHEN I TOUCHED IT, LORD PETROV'S SUFFERING CEASED,  
AND THE CREATURE TURNED ITS ATTENTION TO ME...

...EVEN AS PETROV WAS RELEASED  
FROM THE MONSTROUS EMBRACE...



IN THAT INSTANT  
TREVOR UNDERSTOOD  
IT ALL.

THROW ME THE  
BOOK,  
HOWARD!



STAY AND FIGHT ME,  
HORROR!!

BUT I WAS  
MEANINGLESS  
TO THE MONSTER  
NOW.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD LORD PETROV ECHOED THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE MANOR.

DON'T FEAR THE GUARDIAN! IN TIME YOU'LL BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO ITS NIGHTLY VISITS.

AND THE REWARDS...OH, SUCH GLORIOUS REWARDS!

TREVOR HAD TAKEN THE BOOK WILLINGLY, AS I HAD, IN FACT, HE'D TAKEN IT TO SAVE ME, SOMETHING I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND AT THE TIME.

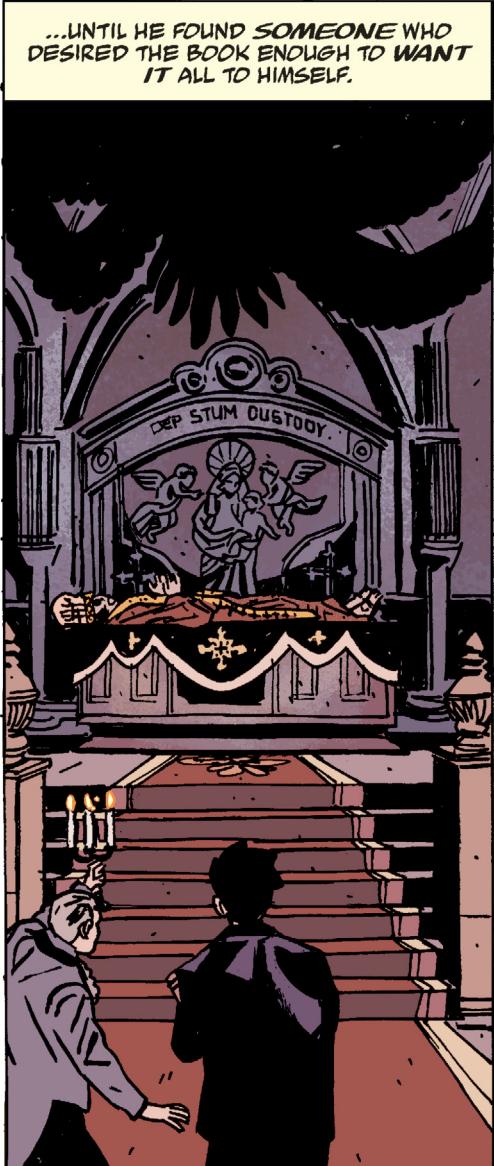
THIS WAY!

NOW IT BELONGED TO HIM...

HERE! QUICKLY!

...AS WOULD ITS MONSTER...

...UNTIL HE FOUND SOMEONE WHO DESIRED THE BOOK ENOUGH TO WANT IT ALL TO HIMSELF.



WHILE I WAS BEING FRIGHTENED, HE HAD FIGURED THESE THINGS OUT, HAD LEAPED TO ACTION.

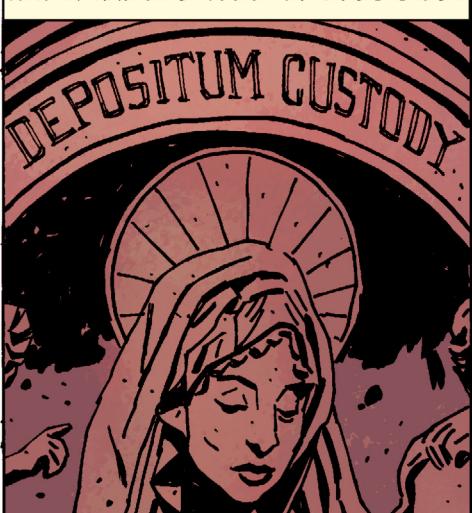


I WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT NIGHT.



TREVOR BRUTENHOLM, YOUNGER THAN ME BY A DECADE, HAD BECOME A MODEL BY WHICH I COULD LIVE A FULFILLING AND ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

ONE NEED NOT FEAR THE DARK WITH A MAN LIKE THAT ON ONE'S SIDE.

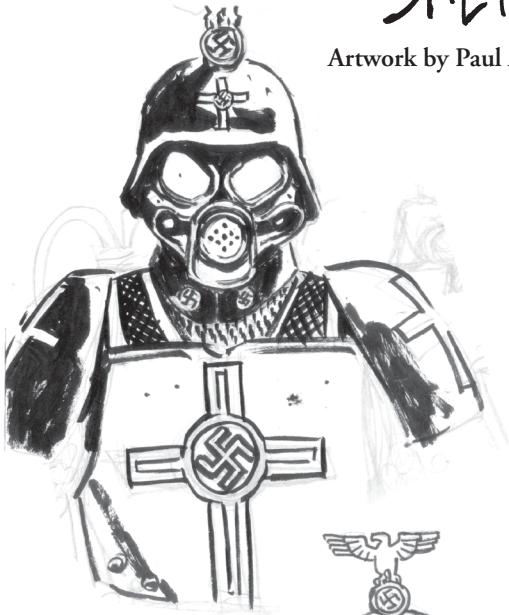


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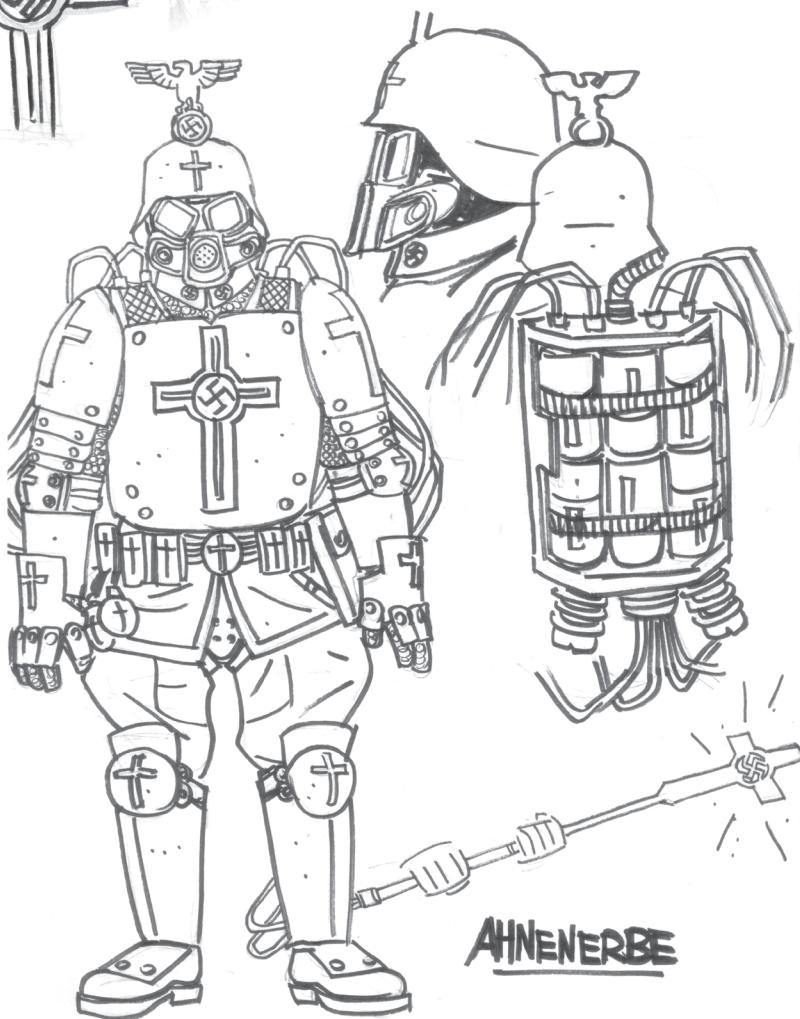
# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup>

## SKETCHBOOK

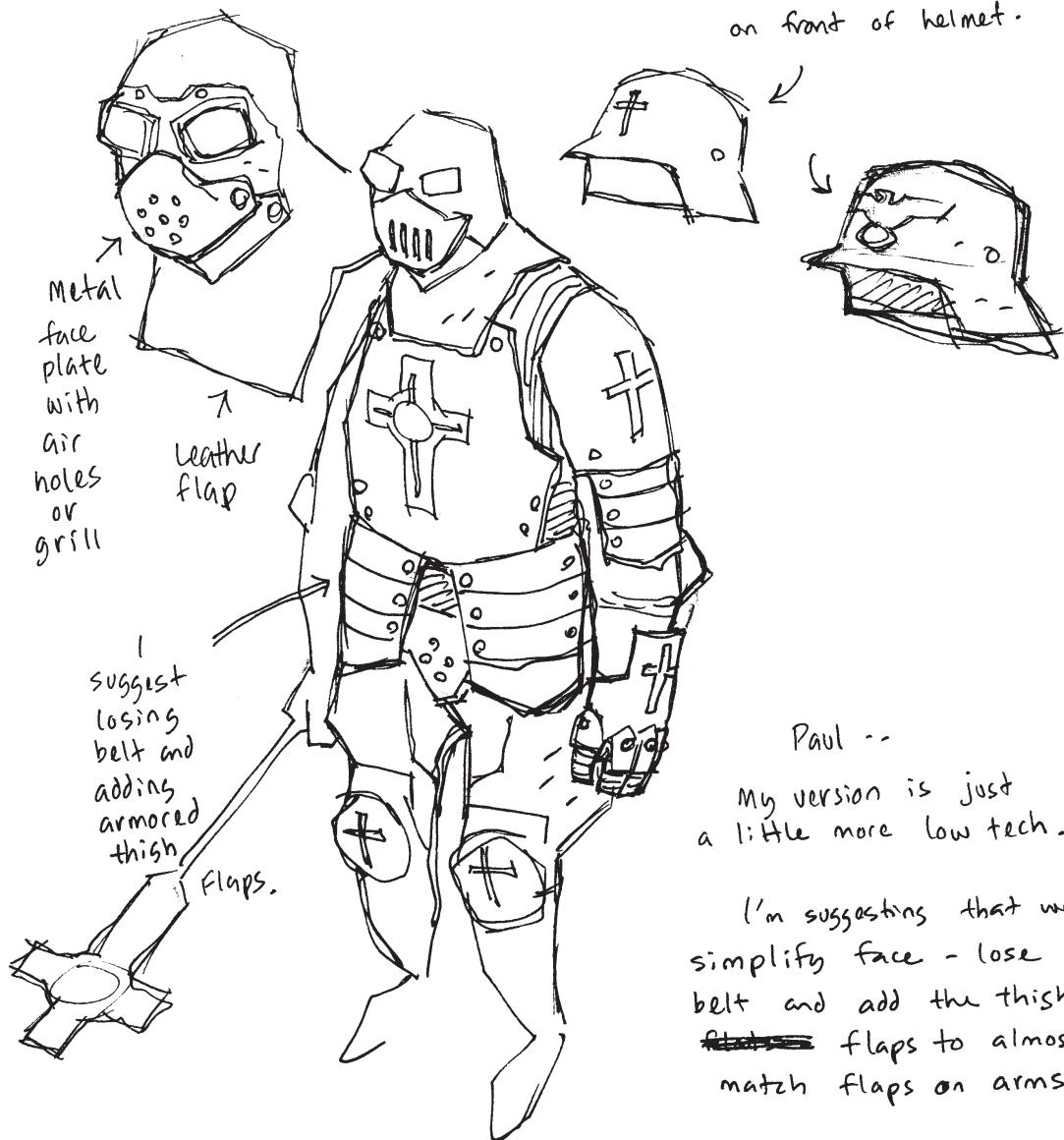
Artwork by Paul Azaceta and Mike Mignola



Described in the script as “Teutonic knights as imagined by *Heavy Metal* magazine,” the armored Nazis in the opening sequence were the result of a close collaboration between Paul and Mike. It was one of the few places where Mike got hands-on about design in the series, revising Paul’s initial design (this page), and working out a lot of details, as can be seen on the facing page.



Either cross or eagle  
on front of helmet.



I'd also lose the  
eagle on top of helmet  
though I love it. We will  
find a place to use that --  
a dress uniform version  
of one of these suits in  
a parade? Yes!  
Someday.

I <sup>would</sup> ~~will~~ also not have  
the wires/cables from  
the backpack flying around  
so loose -- attach them  
in a couple places to  
backs of arms, etc --  
so they are a little  
loose, but not all over the  
place.

That's it -

Differentiating uniformed soldiers is one of the hardest things for a comics artist. The tricks were perfected by John Severin and Joe Kubert, to whom we referred Paul.



INMATE  
FACES



ERNST  
KONIG



GERMAN  
BAROWNER



FRAU HULDA

Read the afterword by Josh for insight into the origin of Varvara. Her design took a fair amount of back and forth. The flame Paul put on her forehead in his initial attempt fits well in a Mignola book, but was counter to the innocent image the character needed. Mike provided the photograph that unlocked her final design.





With Otto and the vampires, Paul's initial sketches were close enough to what Mike was looking for that any alterations were done in the penciled pages themselves, rather than in round after round of sketches.

3 DEMONS



The demons might have been the most important designs to get right, because we want this sort of demon to maintain a consistent look no matter who draws them. Paul's initial designs (facing page) were inspired by the script's reference to "a Mongolian tome" and "a demon trinity who had aided the Asians in battle for as long as men had placed faith in dark behind stars." Mike felt these designs were too culturally specific, that demons would have their own culture outside of man's.

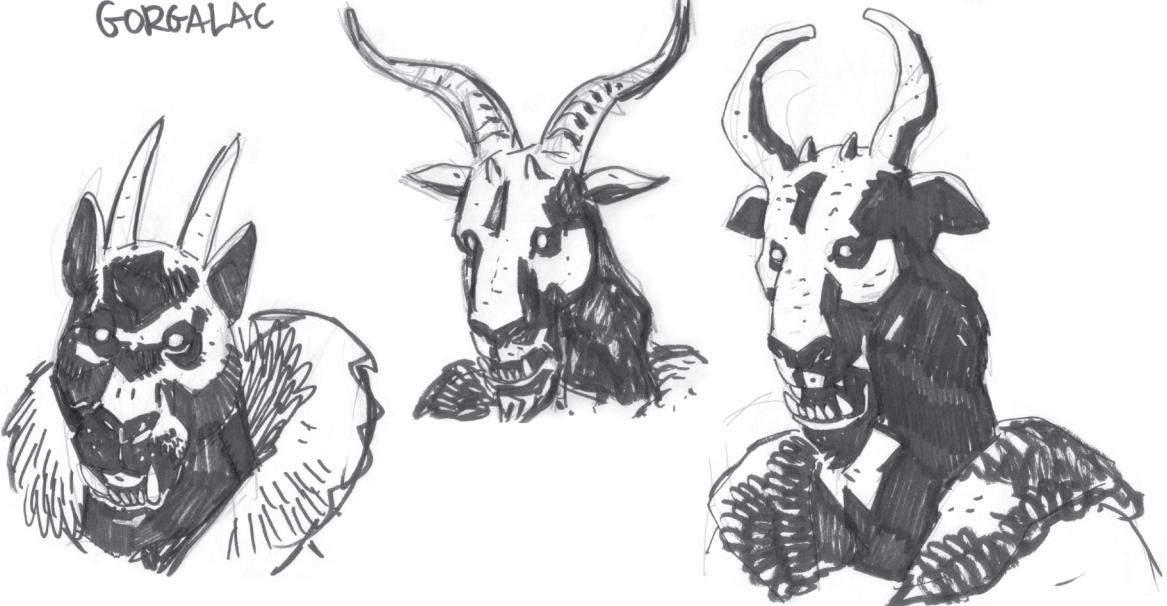
He directed Paul to look at demons in the sketchbook in the *Right Hand of Doom* trade paperback and in stories like *Box Full of Evil*.

Paul's next shot at Varvara was perfect (facing page, bottom). He gave one of the other demons a bear head (right), to play on Russian folklore, but again Mike found it too culturally specific. Paul found his best inspiration (left) in a *Hellboy Junior* story Mike had drawn in 1999, in which Mike wrote one of the most sublime lines of dialogue in any Hellboy comic: "Whatcha doin', Gorgalac?"

Paul referred back to Mike's sketches in *The Right Hand of Doom* for the third demon head (below), completing the group, and allowing Mike to do the first complete group shot on the cover for issue two (Chapter Two break in this volume).



GORGALAC





In post-World War II Berlin, Trevor Bruttenholm and the fledgling Bureau for Paranormal Research and Defense unravel the mystery behind one of the Nazi Occult Bureau's darkest initiatives: Project Vampir Sturm.



**B.P.R.D.**

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