

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

B.P.R.D.TM

1947



MIKE
MIGNOLA

JOSHUA
DYSART

GABRIEL
BÁ

FÁBIO
MOON



1947

Created by MIKE MIGNOLA



MIKE MIGNOLA'S

B.P.R.D.TM

1947

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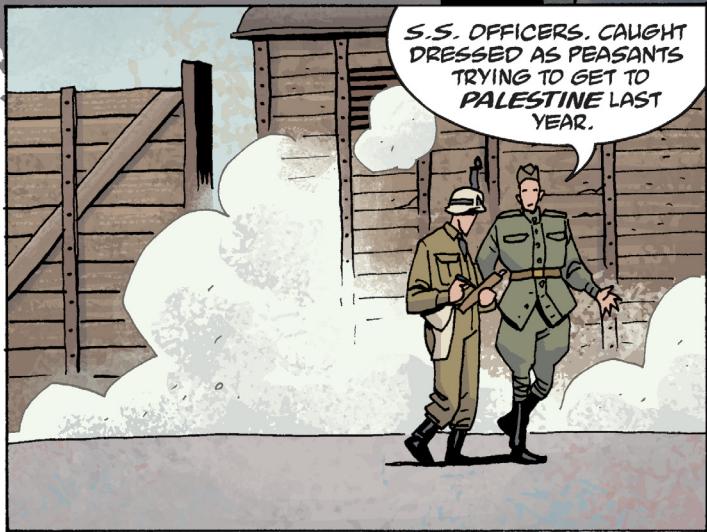
This book collects the *B.P.R.D.: 1947* comic-book series, issues #1–#5, and “And What Shall I Find There” from *MySpace Dark Horse Presents*, issue #23, published by Dark Horse Comics.

CHAPTER ONE





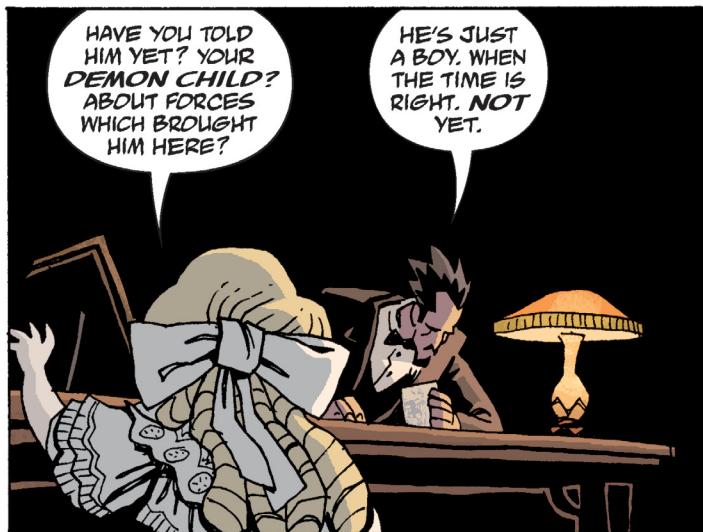
NUREMBERG, GERMANY.
THE AMERICAN ZONE.
SPRING 1947.

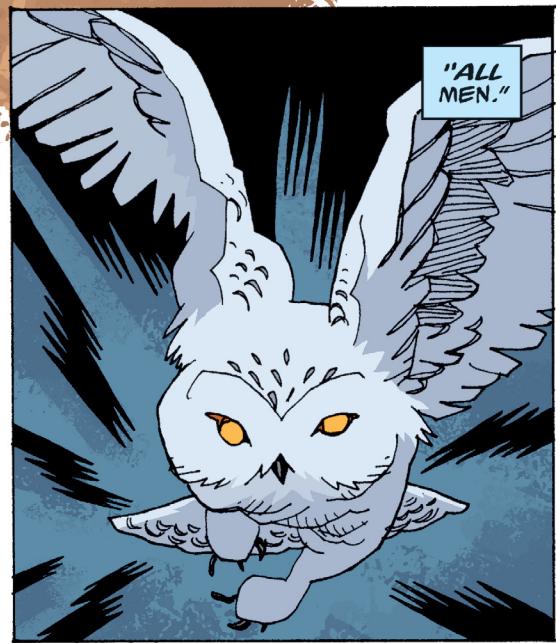
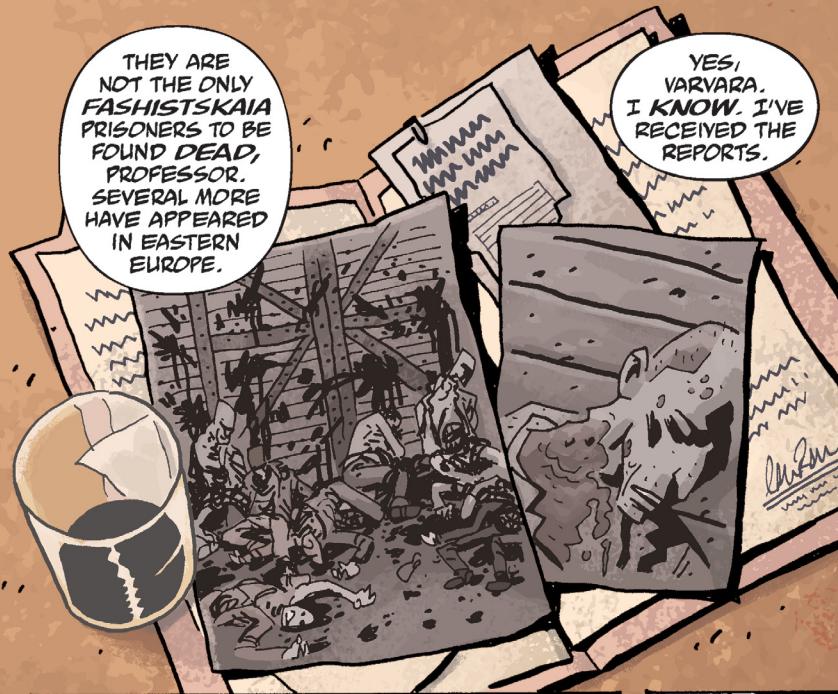




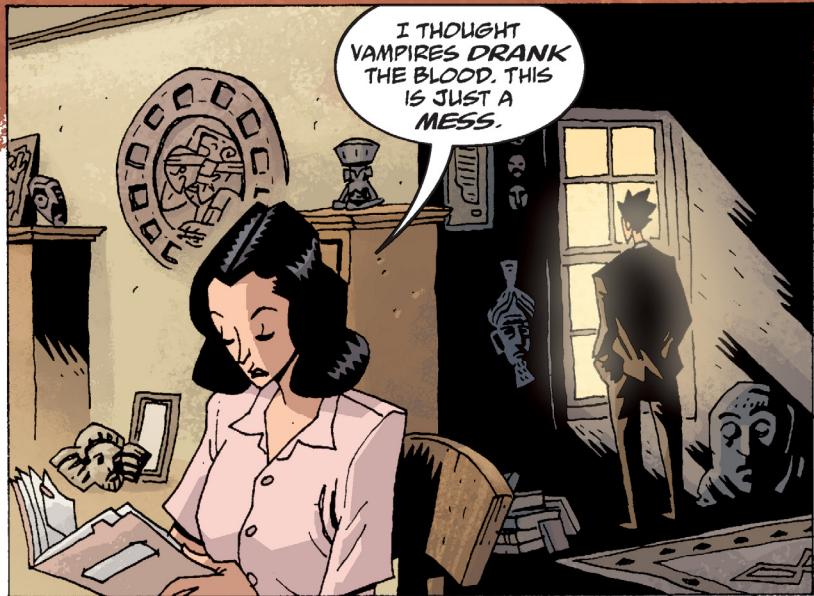
AN AIR FORCE
BASE SOMEWHERE
IN NEW MEXICO.

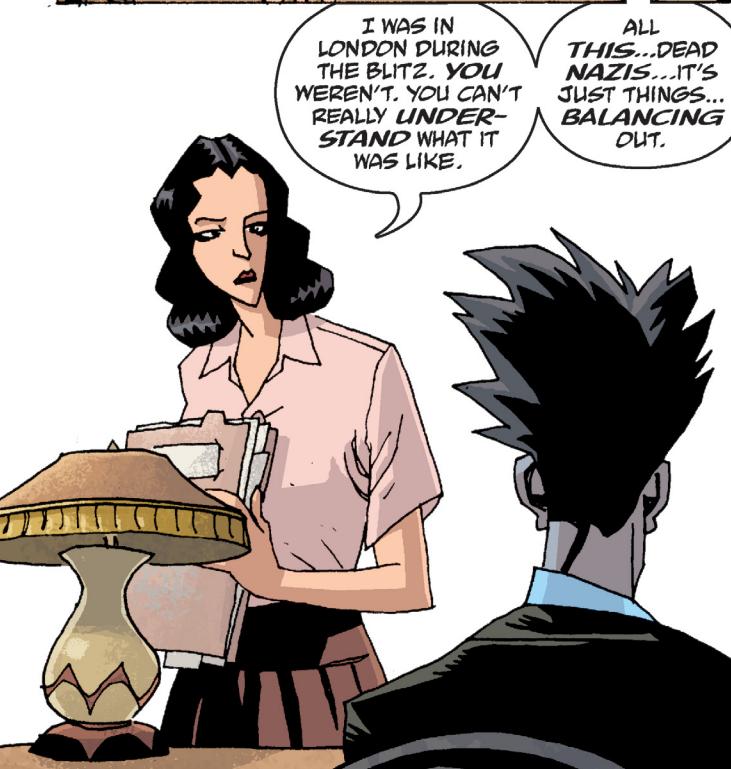








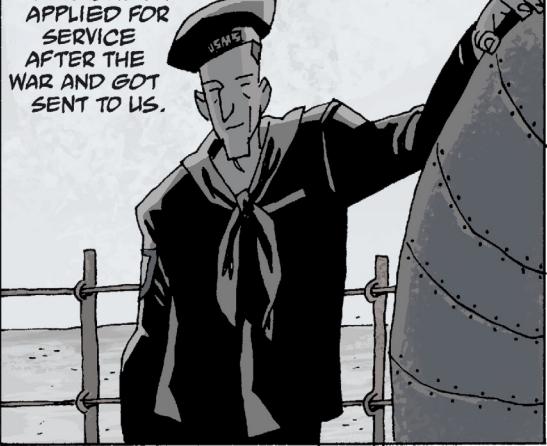




"JACOB STEGNER--SURVIVOR OF NORMANDY, DECLINED FOR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE AFTER WAR DUE TO POOR PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION. TRANSFERRED TO THE B.P.R.D."



"SIMON ANDERS--MERCHANT MARINE, SPENT TWENTY-FOUR DAYS IN SOUTH PACIFIC ALONE IN A LIFEBOAT AFTER HIS SHIP WAS SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM. HE'S NOT MILITARY, SO NO DISABILITY."



"FRANK RUSSELL--BOMB AND MINE DISPOSAL. AFRICAN THEATER. EXEMPLARY RECORD. OFFERED AN OFFICER POSITION WITH ANY INTELLIGENCE ORG AFTER THE WAR. HE CHOSE US."



"GABRIEL RUIZ--U.S. MARINE RAIDER. JUNGLE WARFARE SPECIALIST. ATTEMPTED, UNSUCCESSFULLY, TO SUE THE MARINES FOR DISCRIMINATION. HE REFUSED TO RETIRE FROM SERVICE. TRANSFERRED TO THE B.P.R.D."



IT'S A BIT OF A DAMAGED CREW. WE'VE PLENTY OF ACADEMICS ON OUR PULL LIST, PROFESSOR.

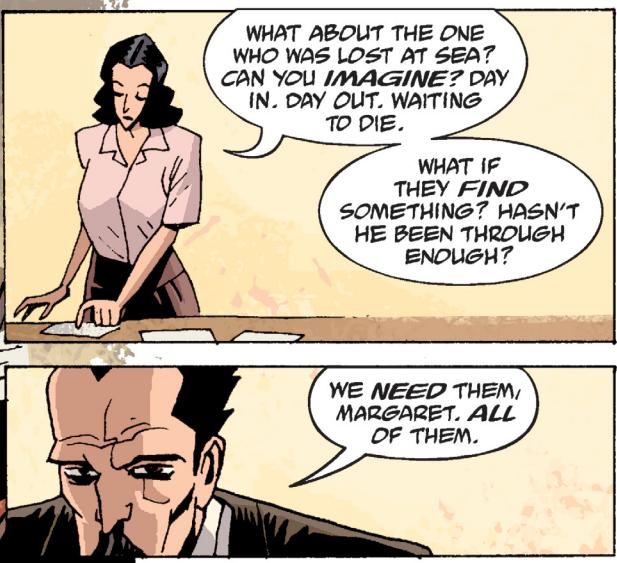
NO. NOT UNLESS THEY'RE LIBRARIANS WITH MACHINE GUNS. THESE MEN HAVE ALL SEEN COMBAT... THEY'LL DO.



WHAT ABOUT THE ONE WHO WAS LOST AT SEA? CAN YOU IMAGINE? DAY IN. DAY OUT. WAITING TO DIE.

WHAT IF THEY FIND SOMETHING? HASN'T HE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH?

WE NEED THEM, MARGARET. ALL OF THEM.



"WELCOME TO THE B.P.R.D., GENTLEMEN. I AM PROFESSOR BRUTTENHOLM, YOUR DIRECTOR."

"THE SUBJECT OF OUR INVESTIGATION IS ONE BARON KONIG."

"THIS IS WHAT WE KNOW..."

"IN THE SUMMER OF 1771, KONIG HOSTED A PARTY IN A CHÂTEAU ON THE BODY OF WATER KNOWN AS LAC D'ANNECY, IN FRANCE, NEAR THE GENEVA BORDER."

"WE KNOW THIS PARTY HAPPENED BECAUSE A YOUNG COMPOSER NAMED JEAN-MARIE DE GRIGNY WAS PRESENT."

"TWO YEARS LATER, DE GRIGNY CREATED AN OPERA HE CLAIMED WAS INSPIRED BY THAT NIGHT'S EVENTS."

"THE WORK OFFENDED ITS AUDIENCE TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT A MOB BURNED DOWN THE OPERA HOUSE ON OPENING NIGHT."

"YOU FOUR WILL BE SENT TO LAC D'ANNECY, TO INVESTIGATE THE CHÂTEAU AND DIG UP WHAT EVIDENCE YOU CAN..."

"GOD-SPEED, MEN."

LOOK, THE PROFESSOR'S OUR BUTTER AND ALL, BUT SERIOUSLY, A PARTY FROM TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO? THAT'S THE LEAD?

SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF EFFORT FOR A LOT OF NOTHING.

I DON'T KNOW. I AM IN FRANCE ON THE GOVERNMENT'S DIME. DON'T SEEM HALF BAD TO ME.

HOW ABOUT THAT GEAR THE PROF GAVE US?

WHEN I SAW THAT LUGOSI STUFF I JUST ABOUT BUSTED OUT LAUGHIN'.

I WAS READING THE MATERIALS HE GAVE US. THERE'S A LOCAL LIBRARY HERE.

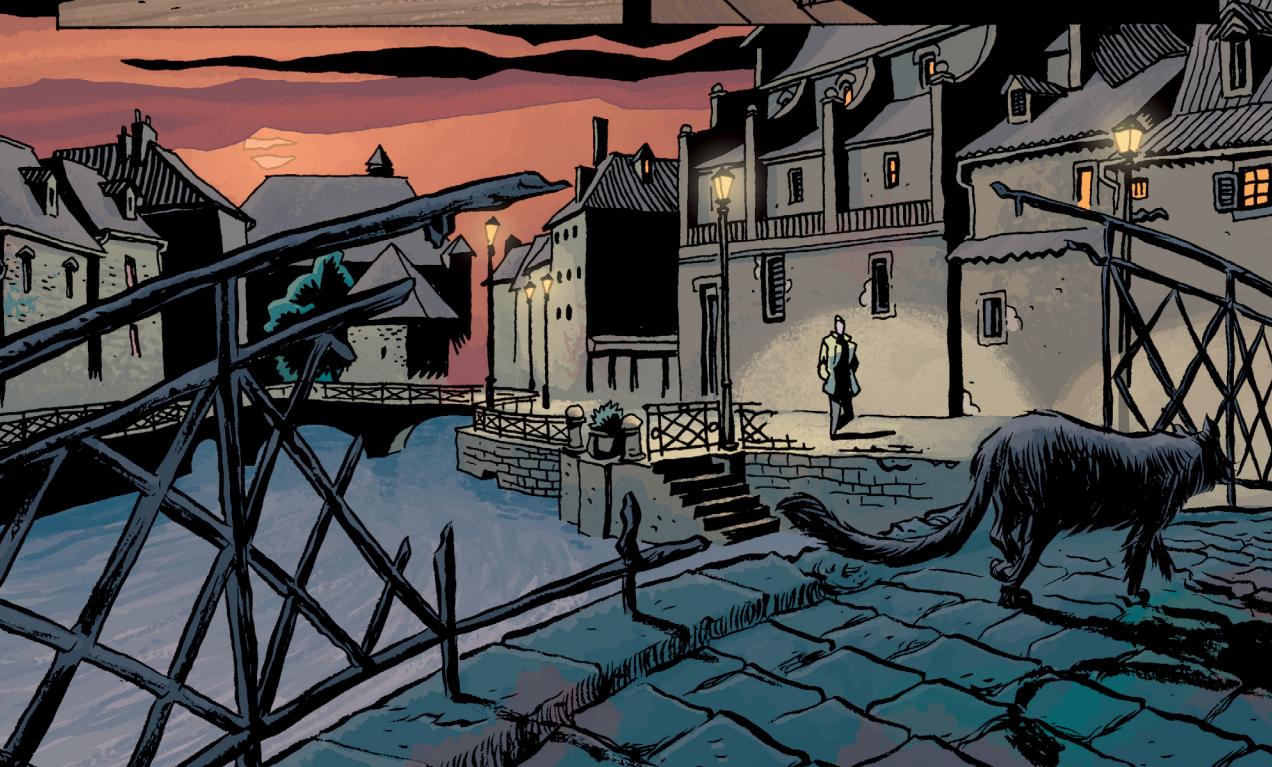
THE PROFESSOR MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR IT TO STAY OPEN LATE SO WE COULD GET SOME RESEARCH IN.

A LIBRARY?

SIMON, WE JUST FLEW ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

LAST TIME I WAS IN EUROPE THERE WAS A WAR ON. LIVE A LITTLE.

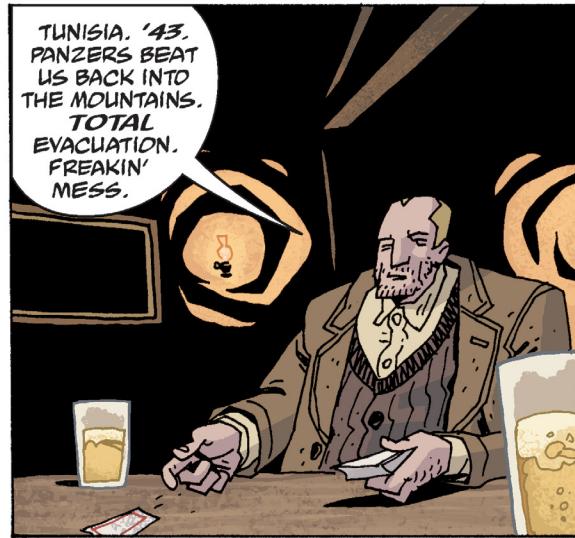
PARTY'S TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD. WHATEVER'S LEFT, IT'LL BE THERE TOMORROW.









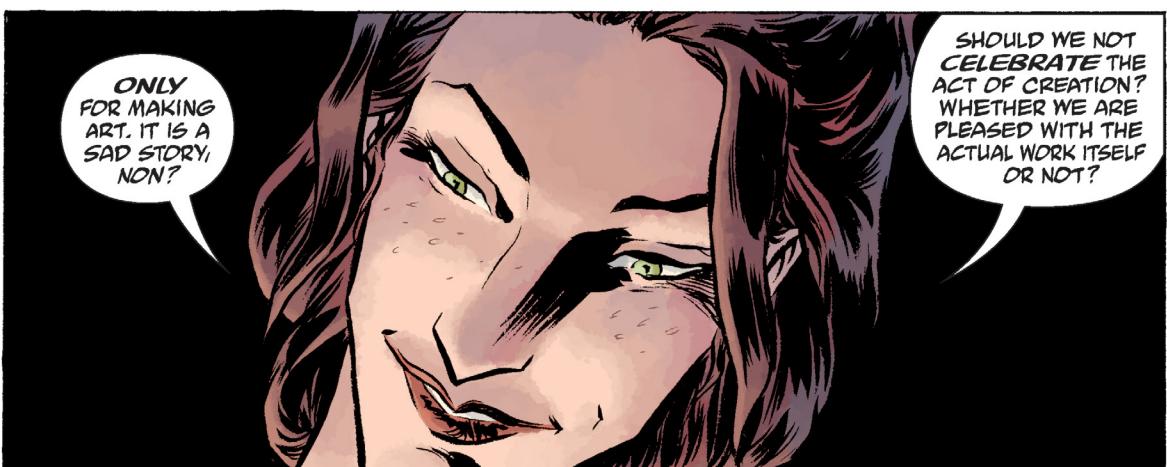


JUNE 6, 1944.
NORMANDY,
FRANCE.















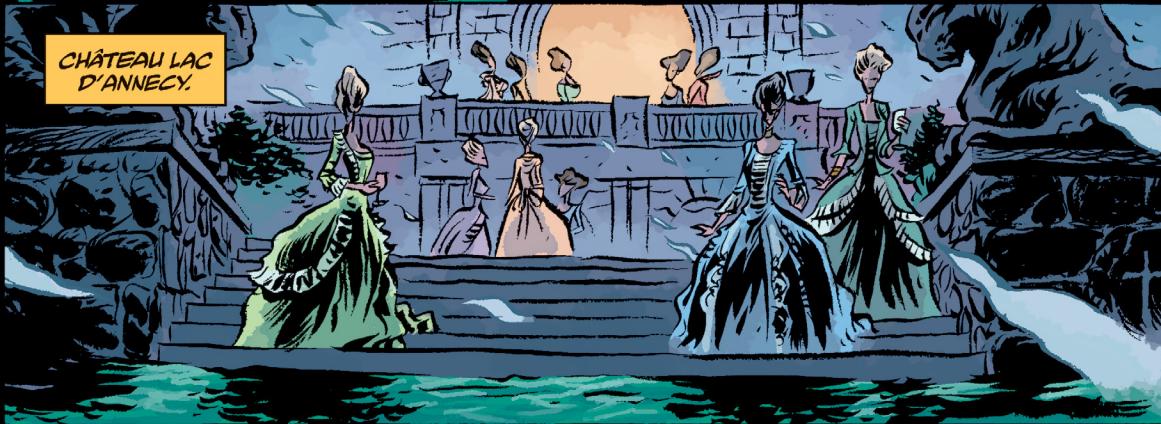
"THE WRETCHED
PLACE BURNED
TO RUINS A
HUNDRED
YEARS AGO."



CHAPTER TWO





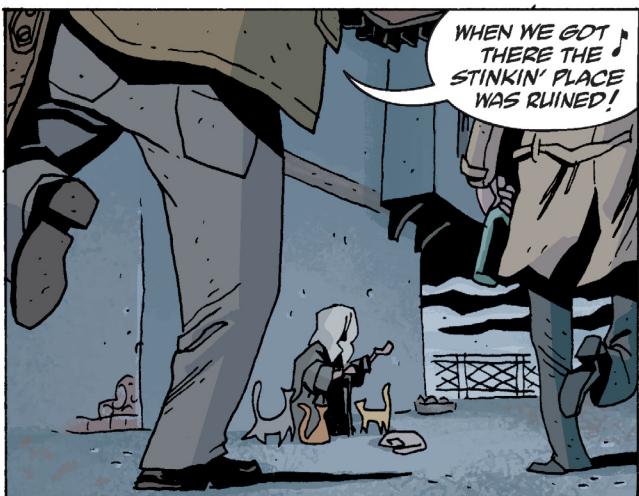


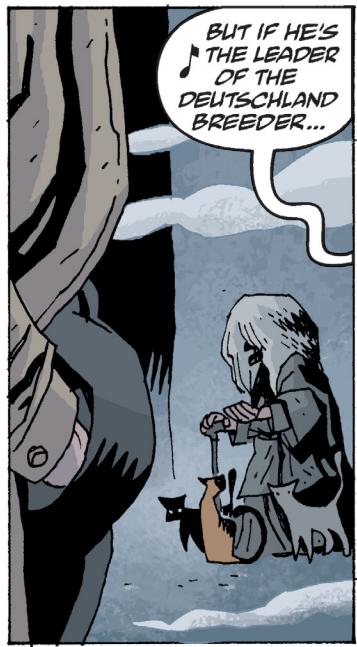










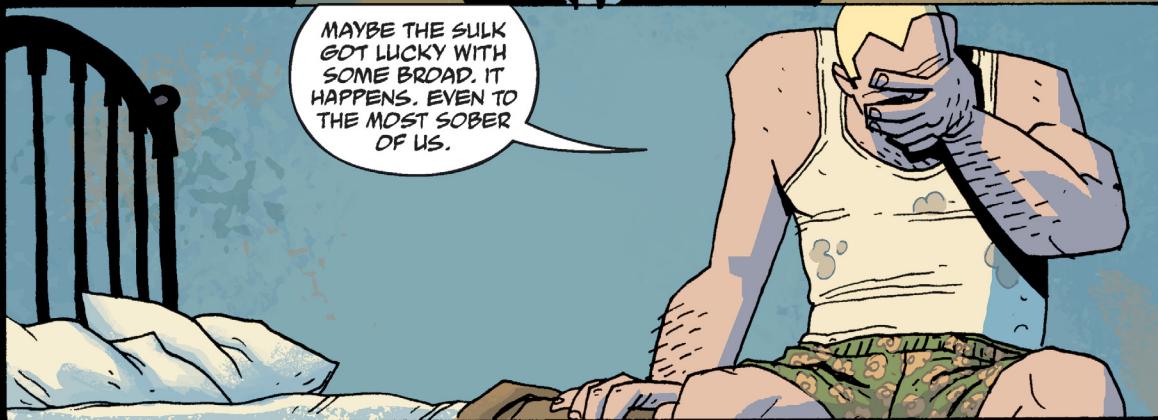








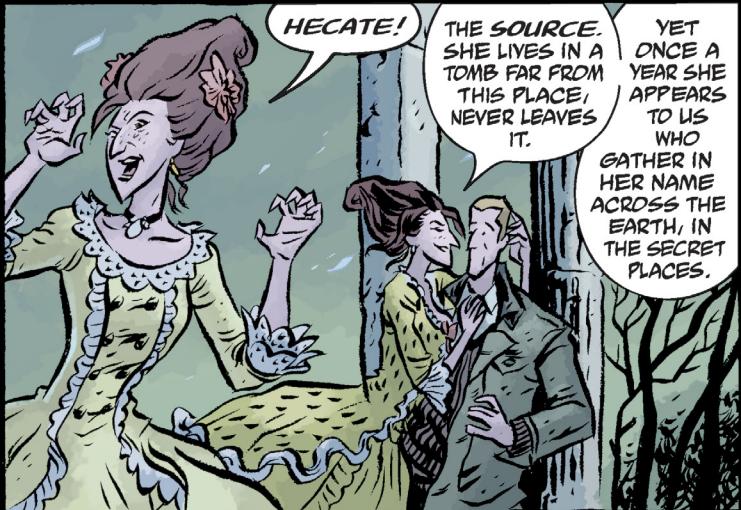




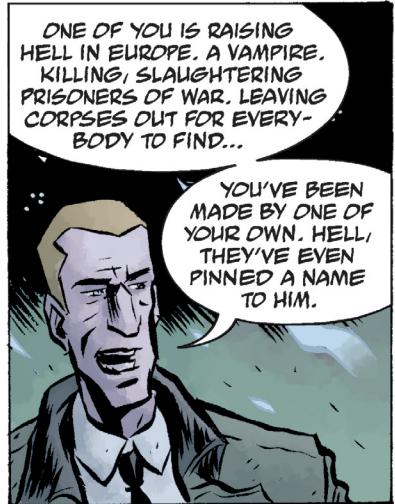


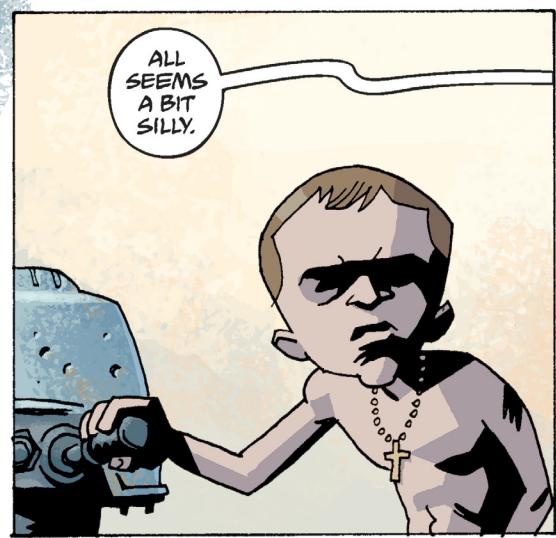
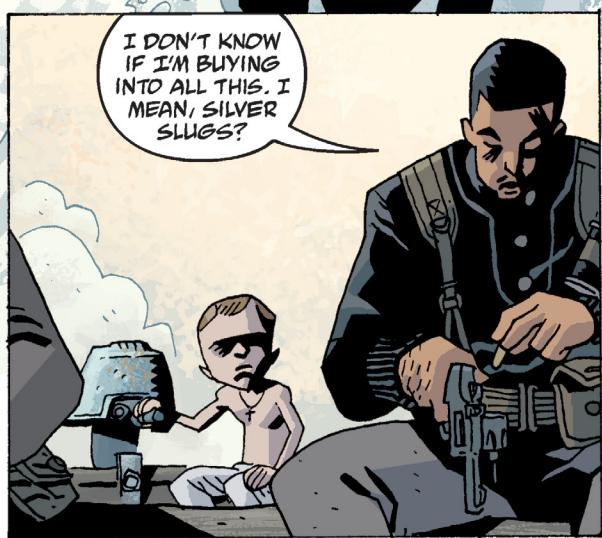




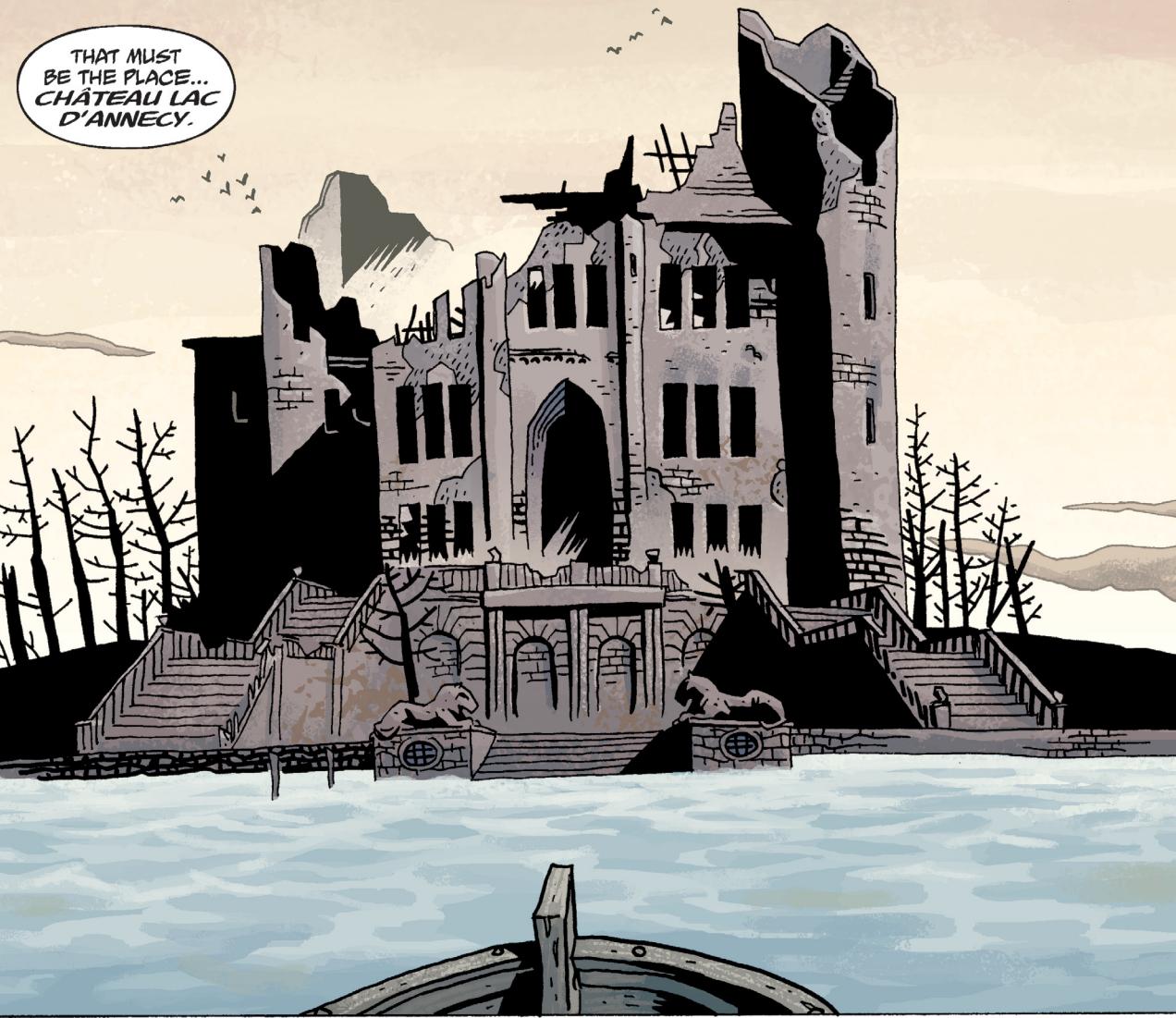


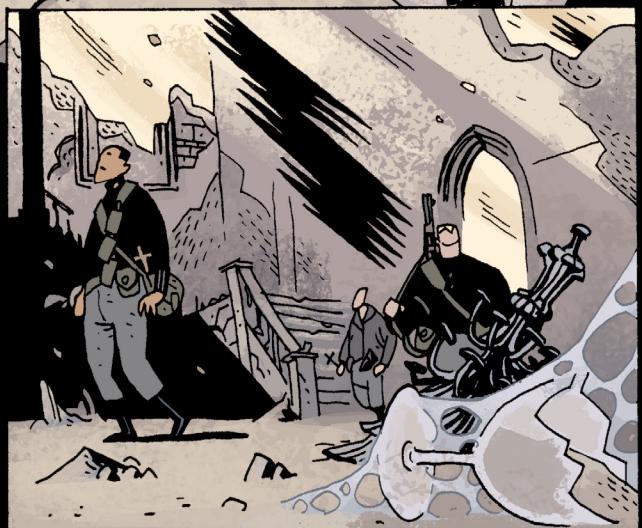






THAT MUST
BE THE PLACE...
CHÂTEAU LAC
D'ANNECY.



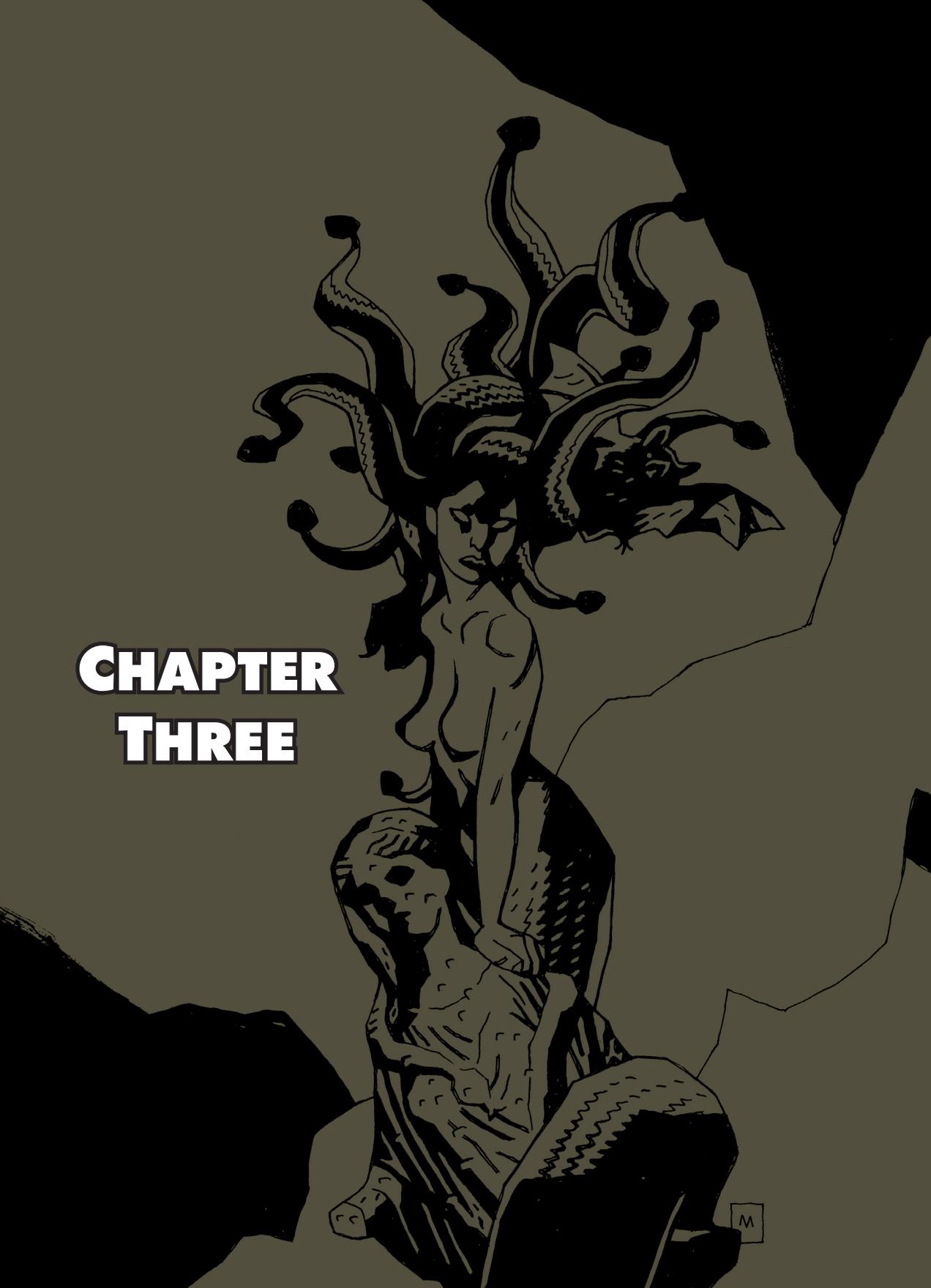








CHAPTER THREE







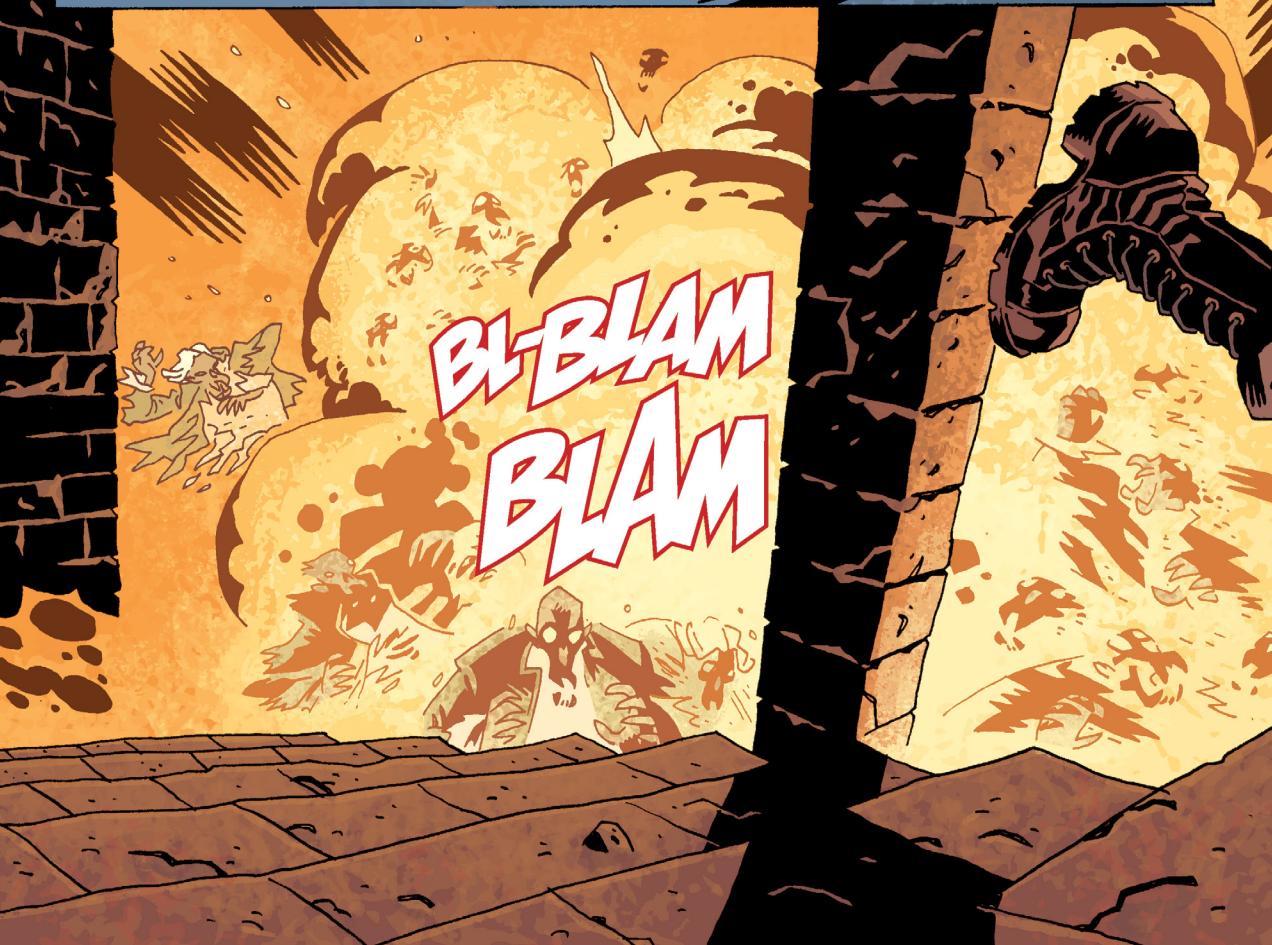


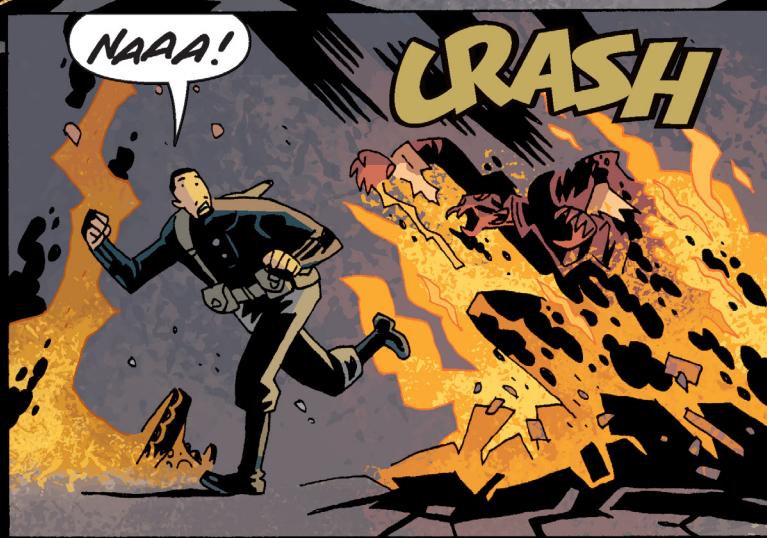


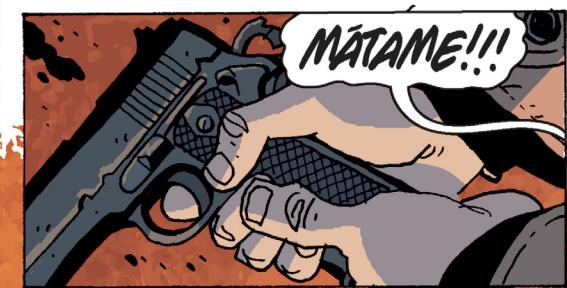
AGHHH!

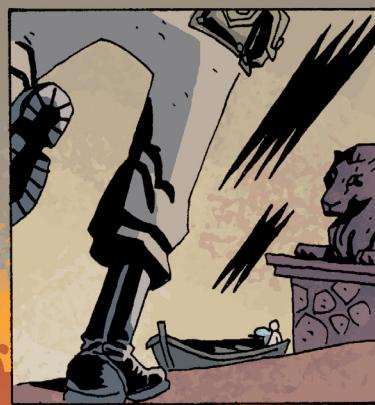


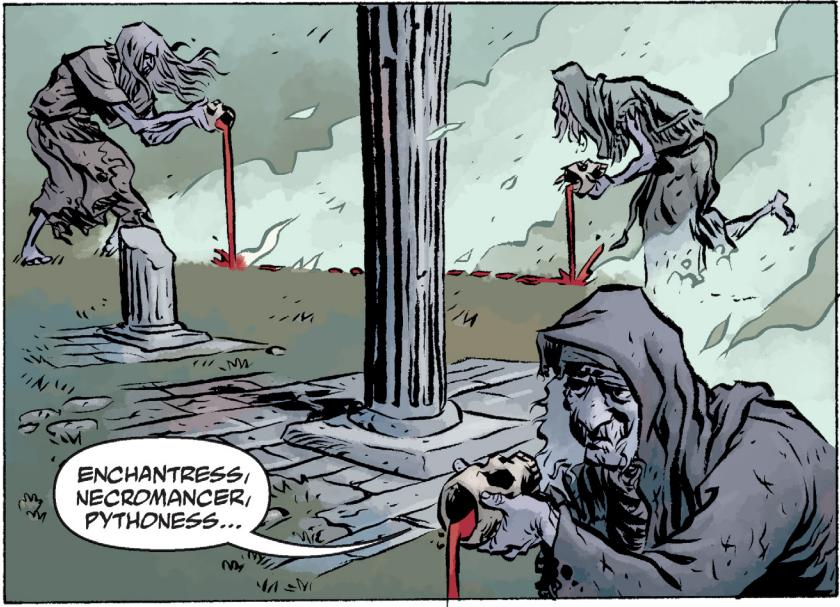


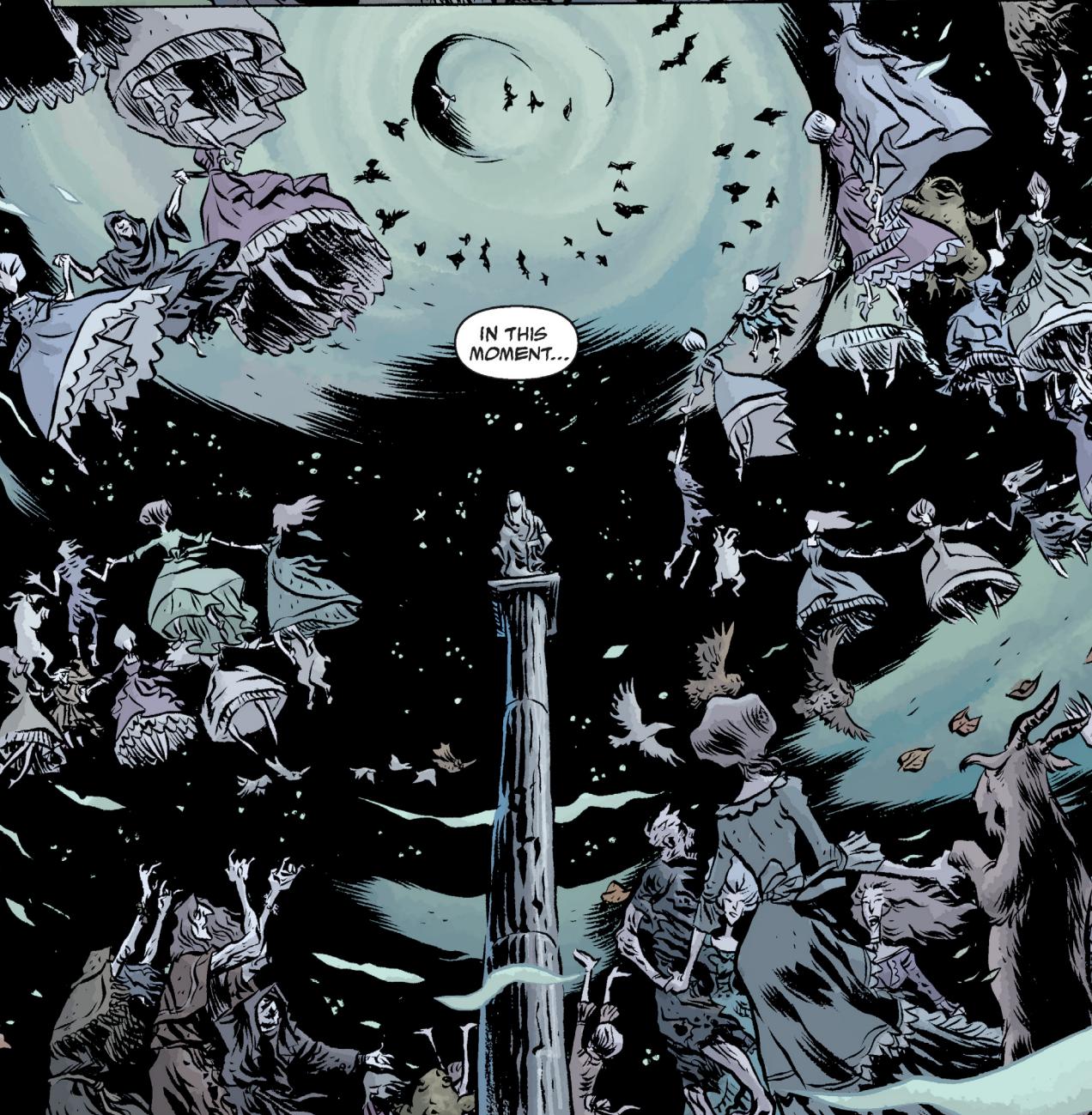












"WE CALL
TO YOU..."

I, FOR ONE,
WOULD LIKE TO
HEAR AN ANSWER
FOR YOUR ACTIONS,
BARON KONIG.

YOU'RE
ANGRY WITH
ME FOR
MURDERING MEN?
LOWLY, PIGGISH
MEN?



IS THAT HOW THIS
HOLIEST OF NIGHTS IS
TO TRANSPIRE? SOME
LITTLE...MOUSE FINDS
HIS WAY INTO OUR MIDST,
SQUEAKS IN YOUR
EAR...



...AND NOW
YOU ARE
ANGRY WITH
ME?

IT'S
LAUGHABLE.



WE AGREED. WE
SHALL DISAPPEAR.
FADE. WE HAVE ALL
THE TIME IN THE
WORLD.

WHEN NO ONE
REMEMBERS HOW
TO FIGHT US, THAT IS
WHEN WE WILL TAKE
EVERYTHING FROM
THEM. ON OUR TERMS,
KONIG. IT WAS A
DECISION WE
ALL MADE
TOGETHER.













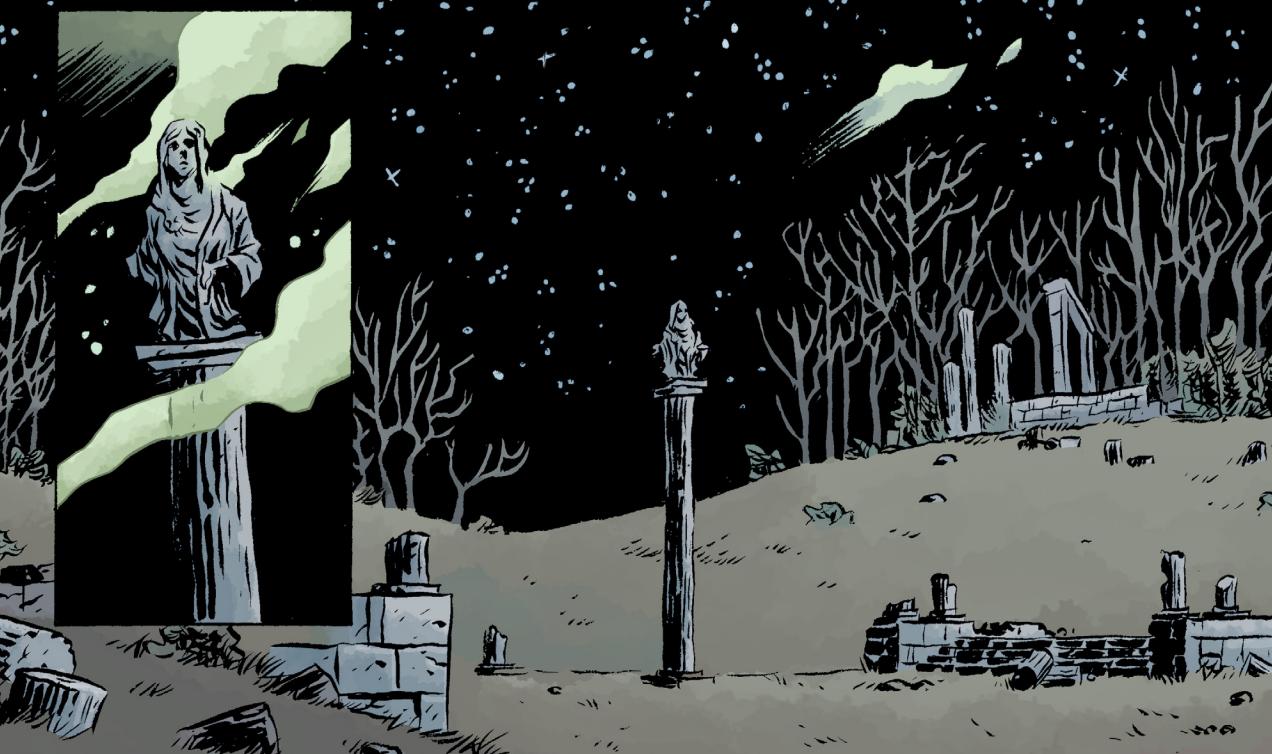
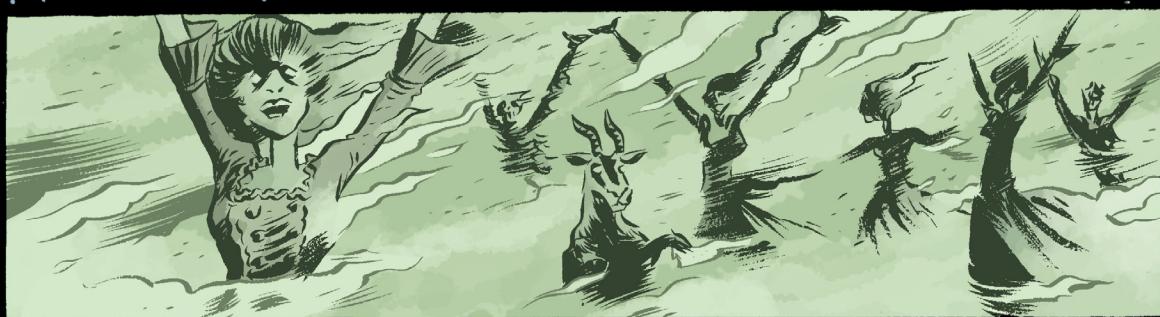


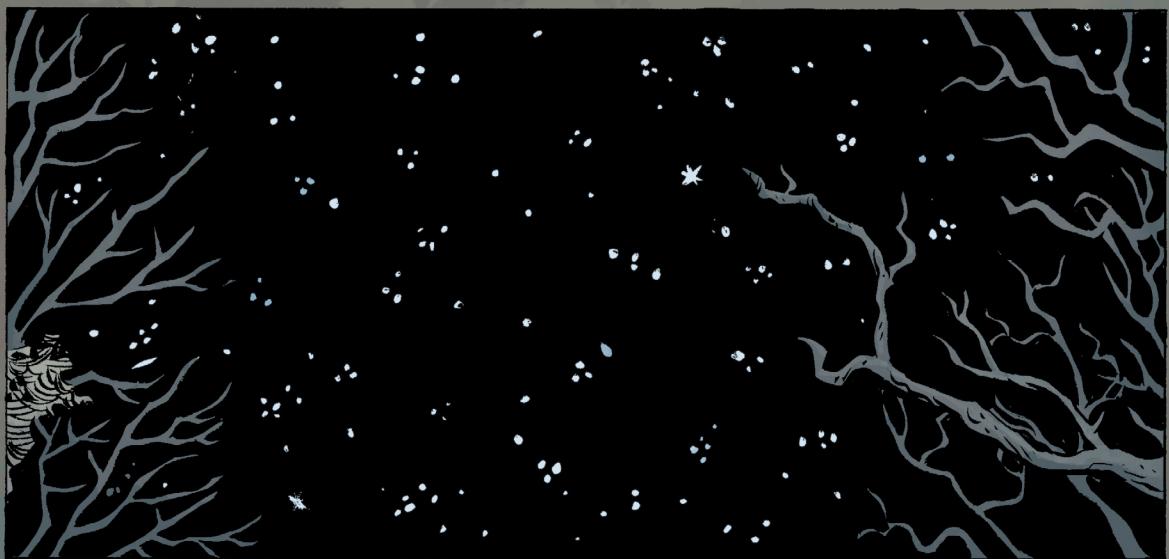
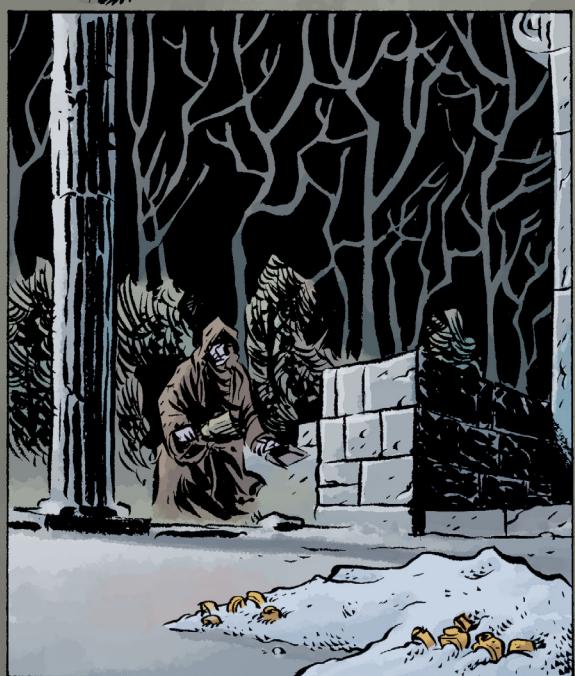
"WE BEG
THEE, SHOW
YOURSELF..."



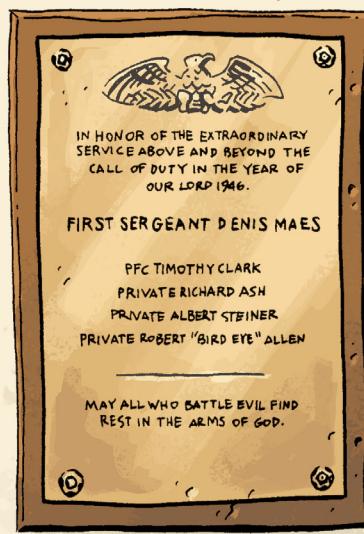
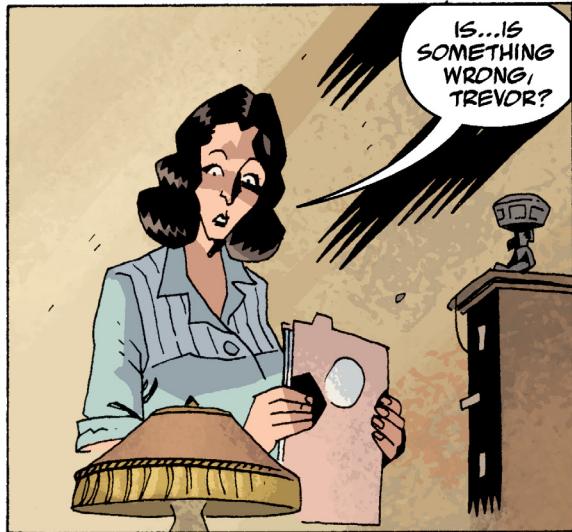
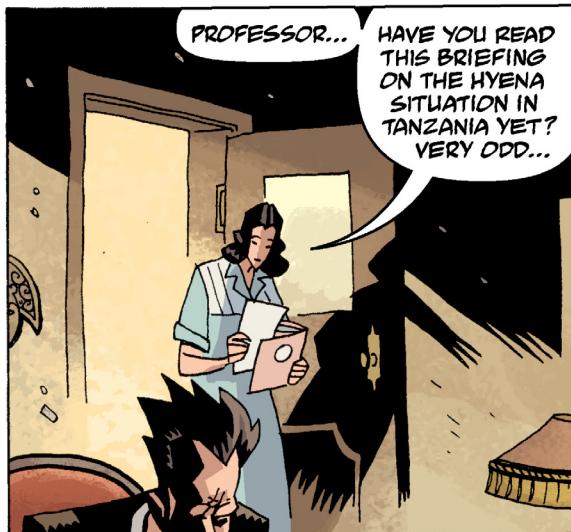


"HECATE!"





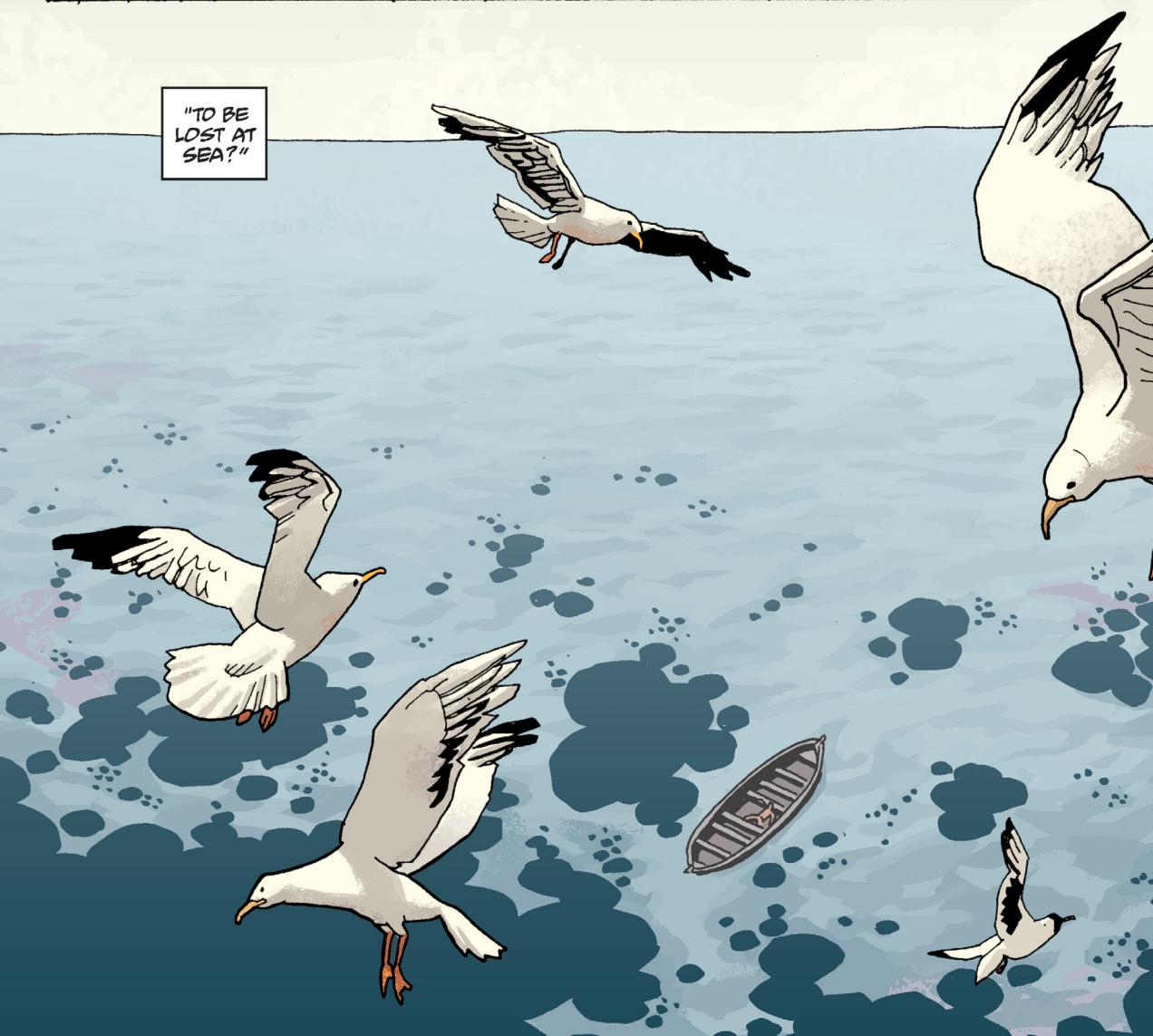
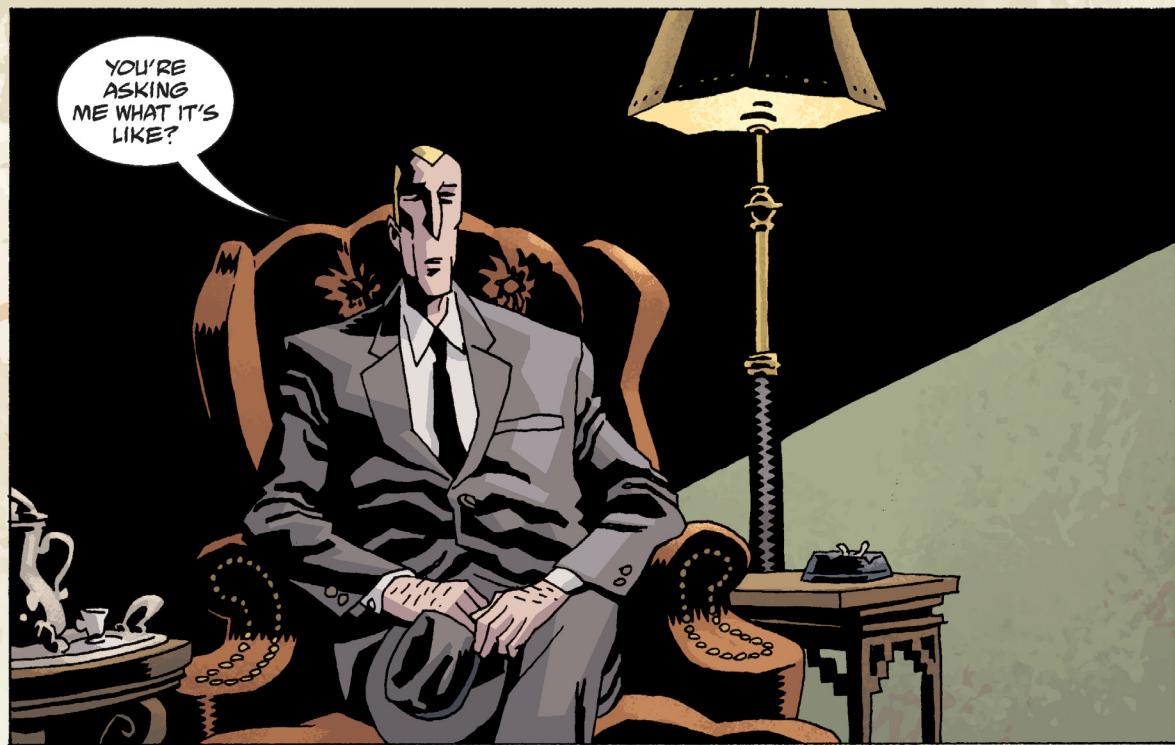




CHAPTER FOUR

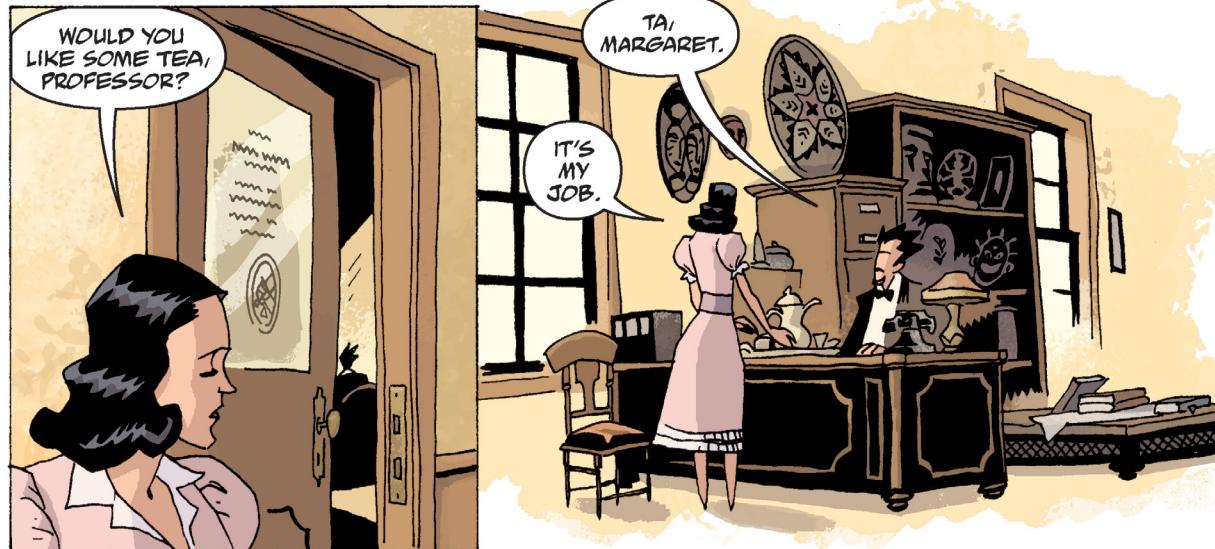




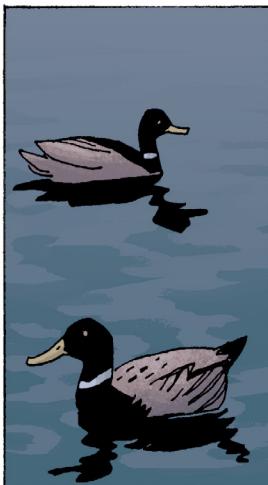




PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION REPORT
SIMON ANDERSON
UNITED STATES
MERCANTILE MARK
NON-SAFE-REG
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF STANDARDS



LAC
D'ANNECY,
FRANCE.

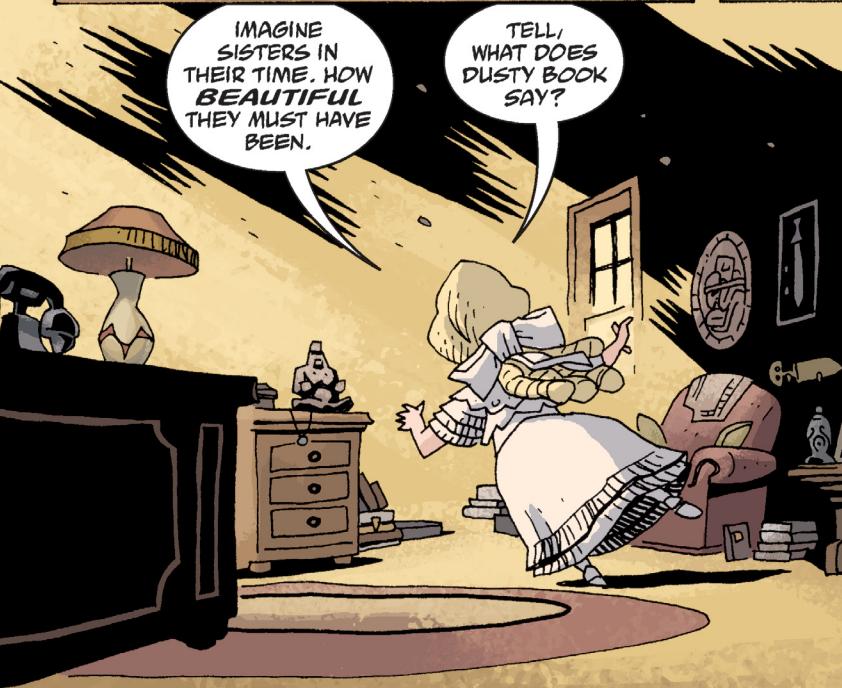
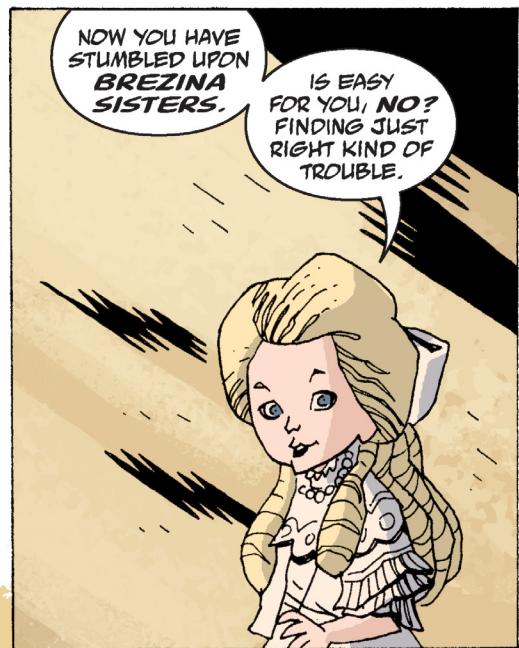












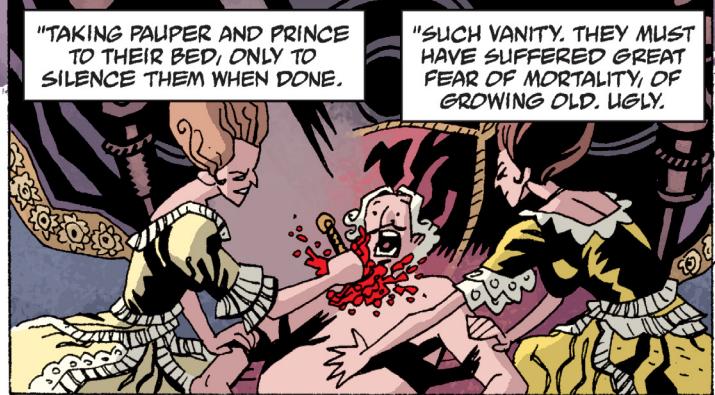
"...TO DANCE
WITH THEM.
TO COURT
THEM."



YES, BUT HOW
DELICIOUSLY
CRUEL THE
WOMEN WERE
AS WELL.

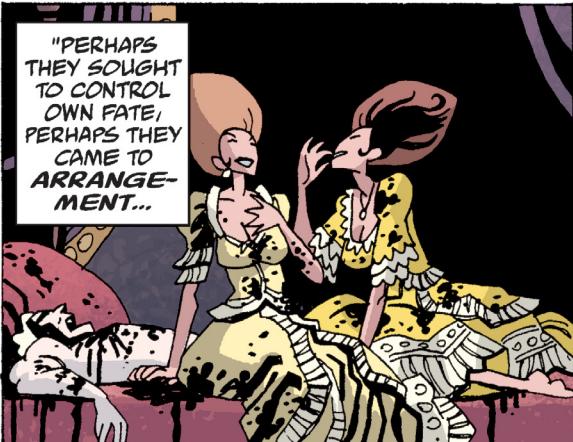
"TAKING PALIPER AND PRINCE
TO THEIR BED, ONLY TO
SILENCE THEM WHEN DONE.

"SUCH VANITY. THEY MUST
HAVE SUFFERED GREAT
FEAR OF MORTALITY, OF
GROWING OLD, UGLY.



"PERHAPS
THEY SOUGHT
TO CONTROL
OWN FATE,
PERHAPS THEY
CAME TO
ARRANGE-
MENT..."

"...WITH
DARKNESS
ITSELF."



PERHAPS...

NOW THEY
HAVE SIMON
ANDERS.
THEY HAVE
MY AGENT.



WHEN
YOU GET
OLD AND THINK
YOU ARE
SWEET.

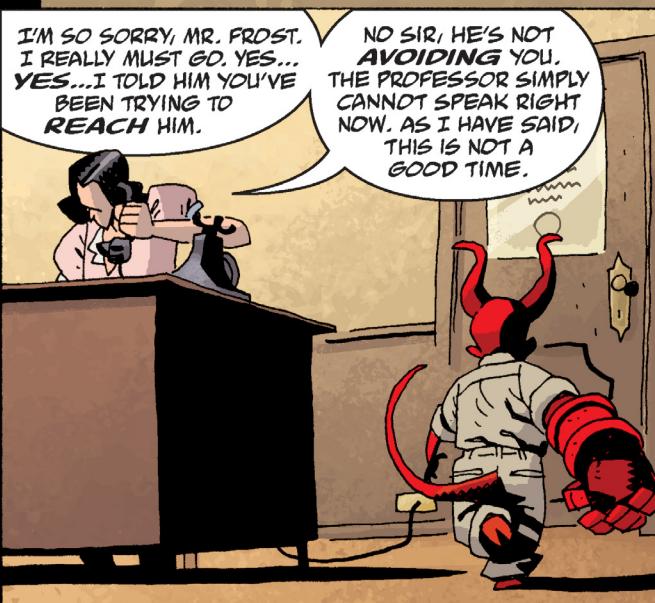
TAKE
OFF YOUR
SHOES, AND
SMELL YOUR
FEET...



I'M SO SORRY, MR. FROST.
I REALLY MUST GO. YES...
YES...I TOLD HIM YOU'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
REACH HIM.

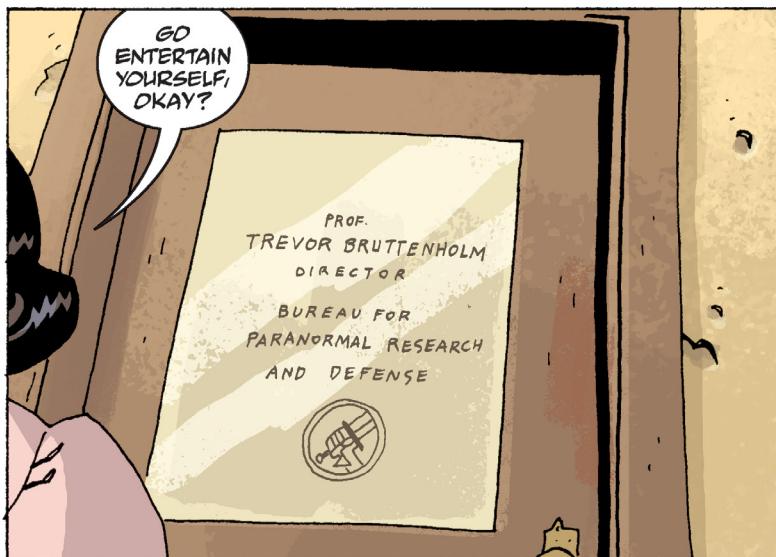
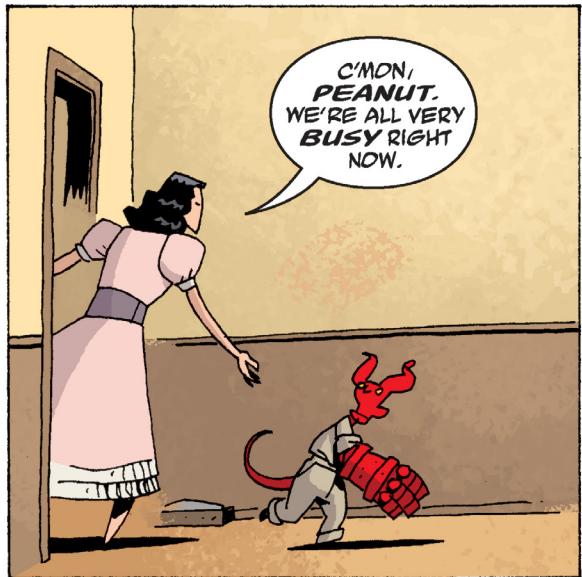
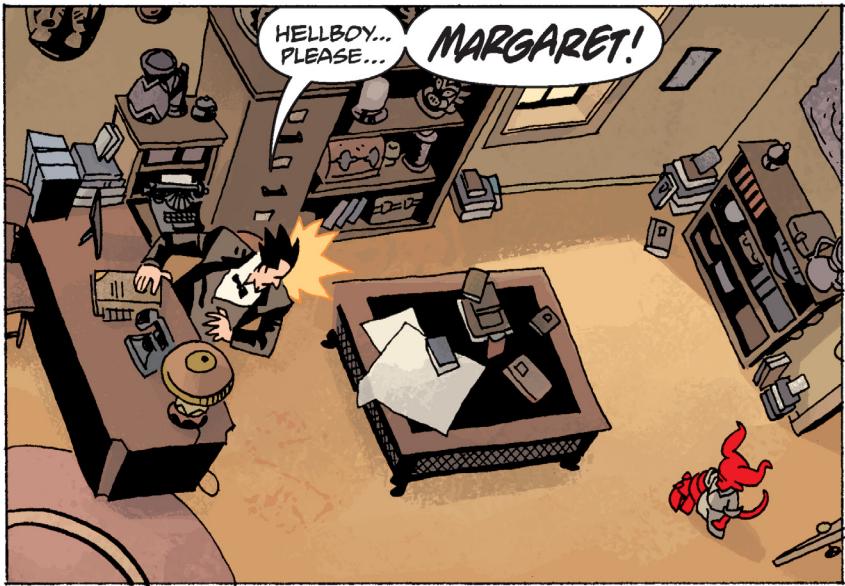
NO SIR, HE'S NOT
AVOIDING YOU.
THE PROFESSOR SIMPLY
CANNOT SPEAK RIGHT
NOW. AS I HAVE SAID,
THIS IS NOT A
GOOD TIME.

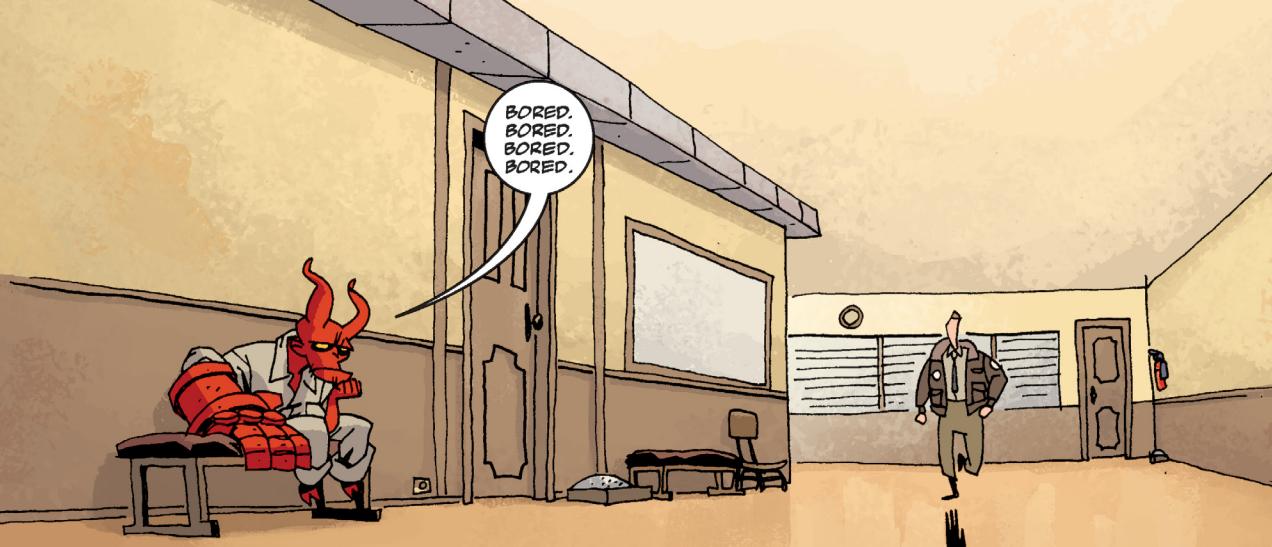
YOU
HAVE SENT
LAST SURVIVOR
INTO LION'S DEN,
PROFESSOR.
MORE MAY
DIE.



THAT
WON'T
HAPPEN.









"ONCE THE RATIONED WATER'S GONE, YOU SPEND THE HOURS BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP LICKING THE DEW OUT OF THE INSIDE OF THE RAFT."

"UNLESS IT RAINS, THAT'S ALL THE WATER YOU'LL GET FOR THE DAY."

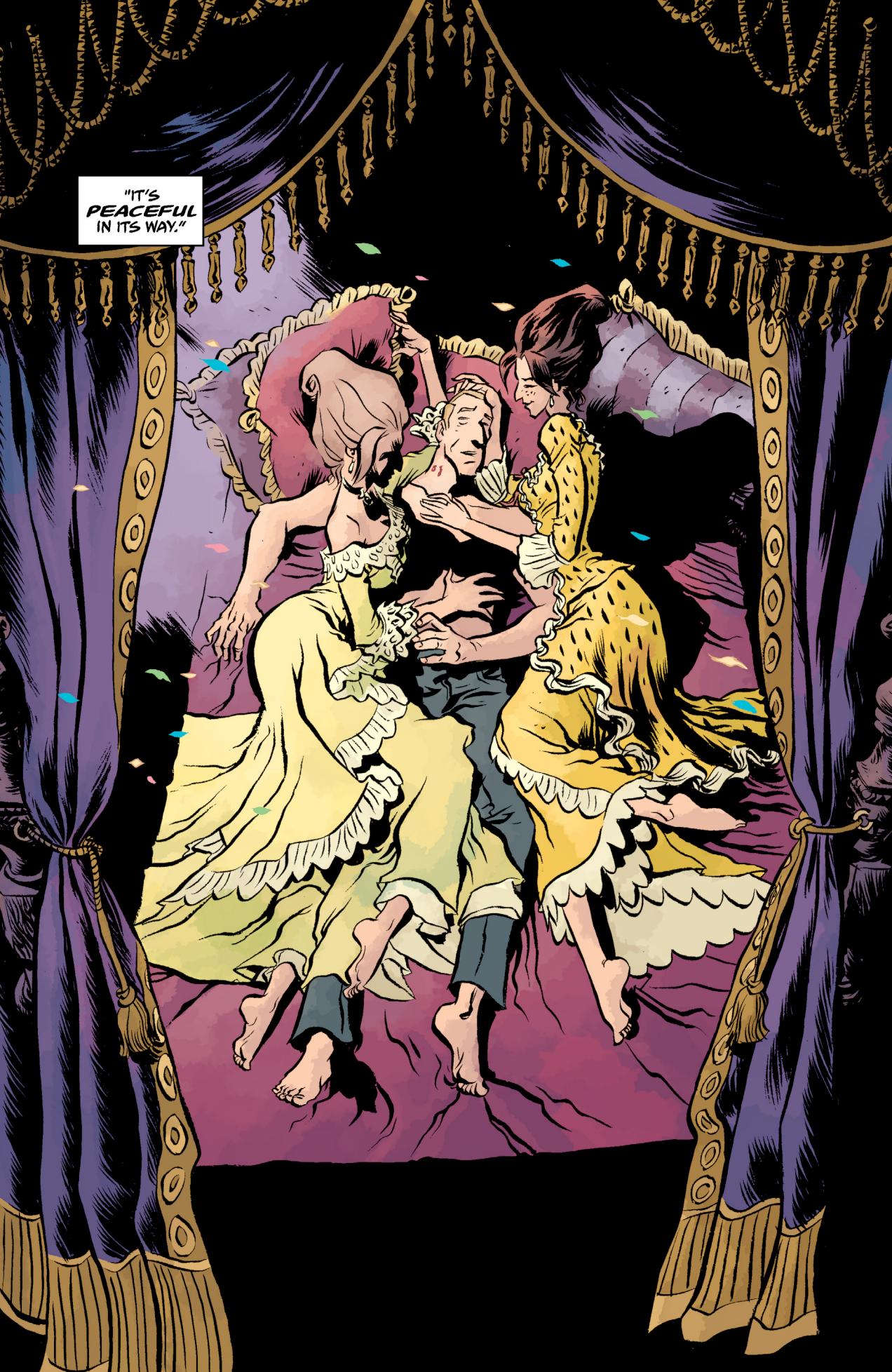
"YOU TRY TO FISH WITH THE RAFT'S SURVIVAL GEAR, BUT THAT'S MOSTLY CRAP. STILL, OCCASIONALLY YOU ACTUALLY CATCH SOMETHING."

"AND WHEN YOU DO, IT'S THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD. YOU JUST EAT IT WHOLE. EYES AND GUTS AND SCALES. EVERY INCH OF IT."

"YOU CAN FEEL IT, FEEL THE LIFE COMING OUT OF THE THING YOU'RE EATING AND GOING INTO YOU."

"AND THAT'S ABOUT IT. THAT'S YOUR WORLD. THE RAFT."

"DRIFTING. WAITING. AND LIKE I SAID..."

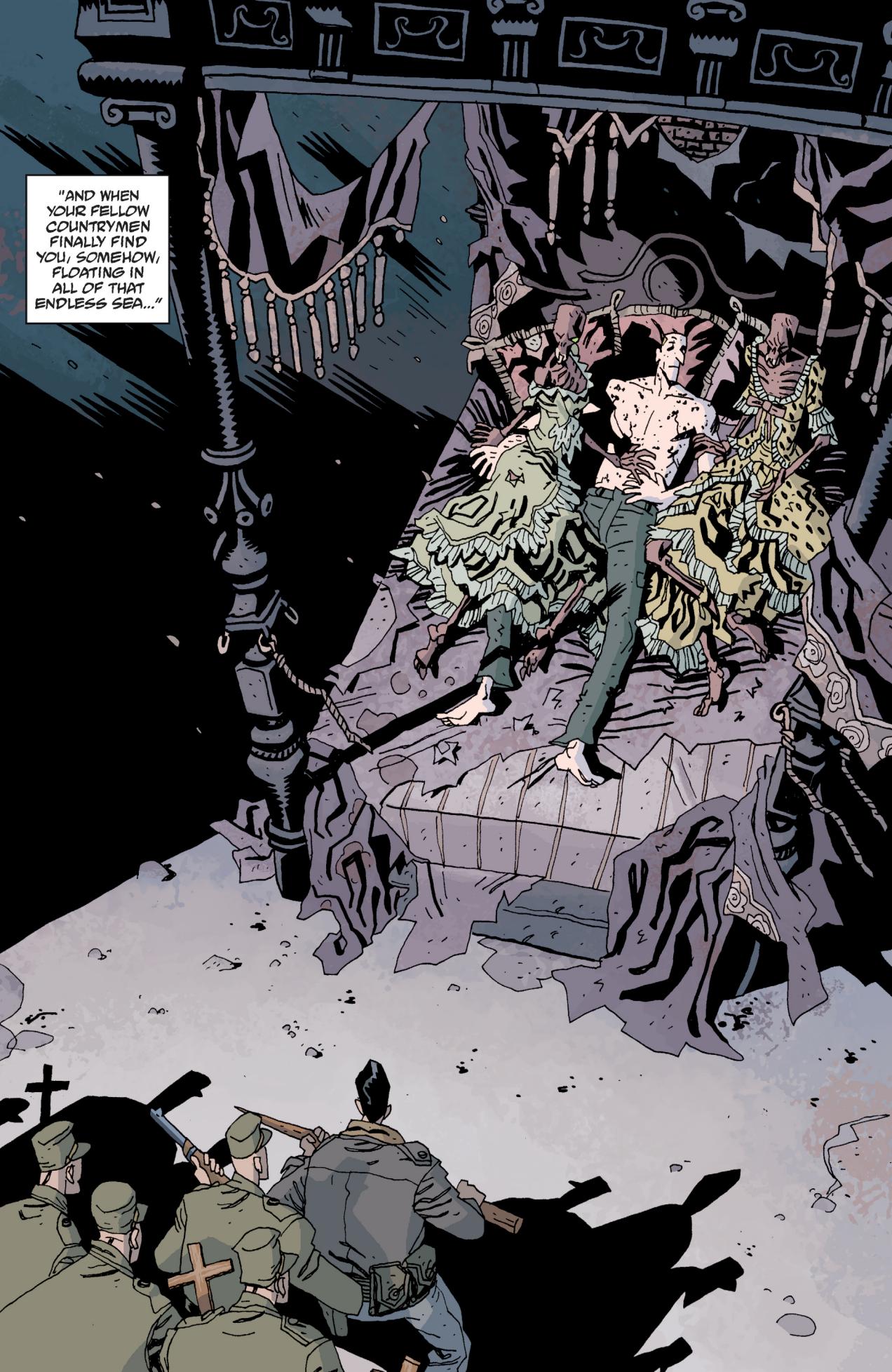


"IT'S
PEACEFUL
IN ITS WAY."

SANKT
ANTON AM
ARLBERG,
AUSTRIA.



"AND WHEN
YOUR FELLOW
COUNTRYMEN
FINALLY FIND
YOU, SOMEHOW,
FLOATING IN
ALL OF THAT
ENDLESS SEA..."





STOP! MY MAN'S IN
YOUR LINE OF FIRE, GOD
DAMN IT!!

"THEY SAVE
YOUR LIFE.
THEY REALLY
DO."

RAAAAAAAGHHH!!!

AGHH!!

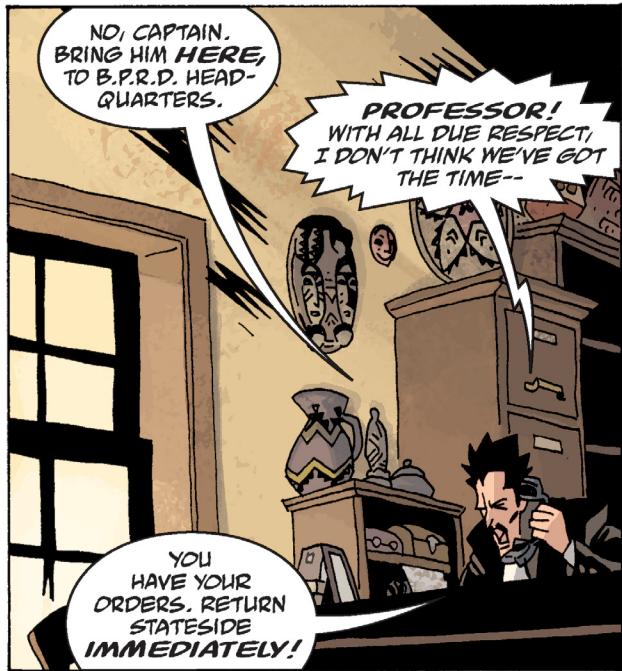
SCREEEEE

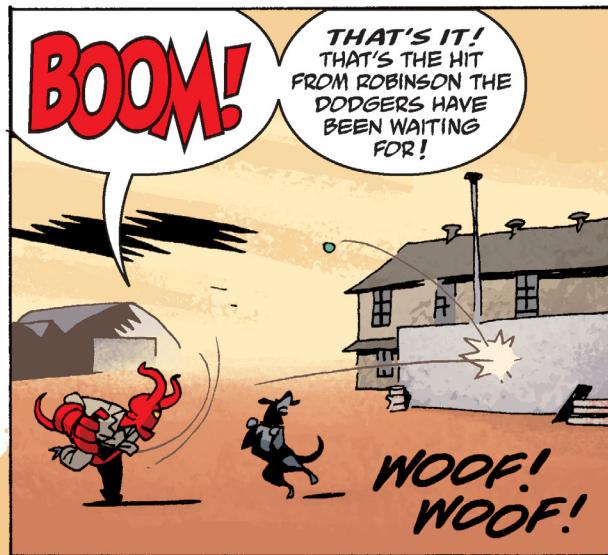
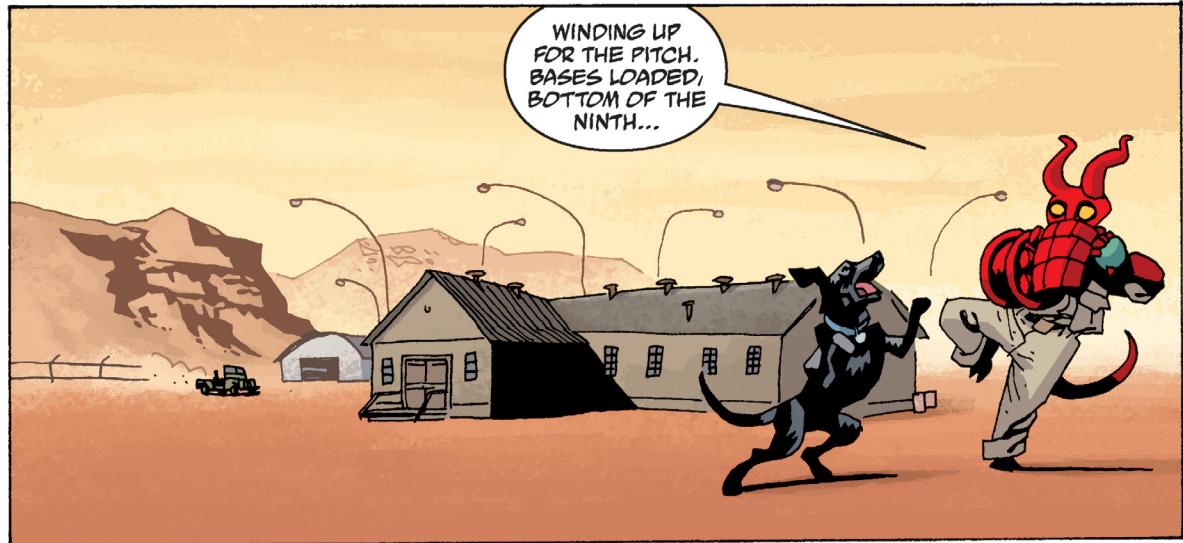
"BUT STILL, YOU REALIZE THAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS NOW, NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO TO GET YOU BACK TO BEING HEALTHY..."



"YOU'LL NEVER, EVER AGAIN FEEL AS STRONG AS YOU DID BEFORE YOU GOT STRANDED OUT ON THAT OCEAN."

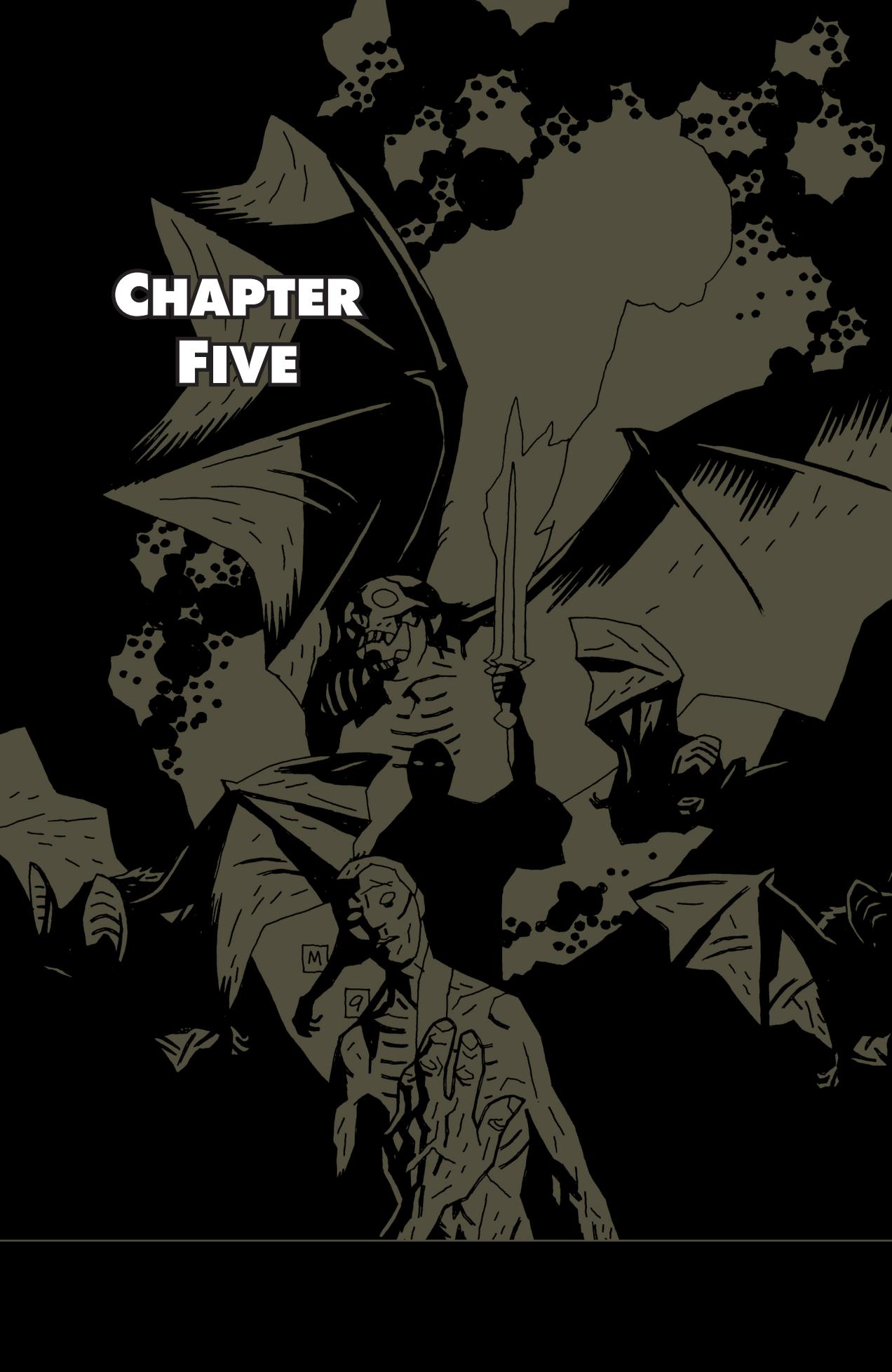






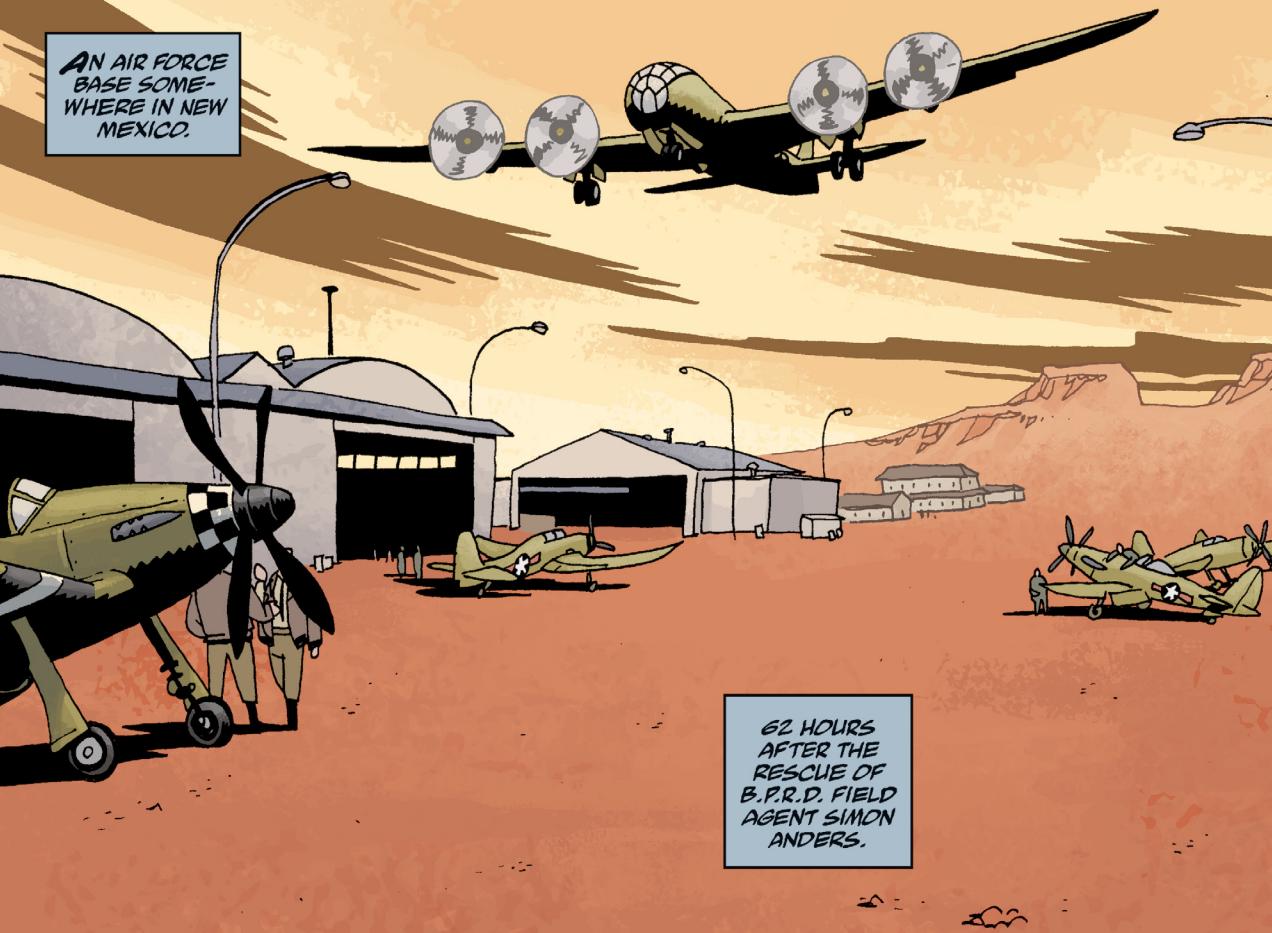


CHAPTER FIVE

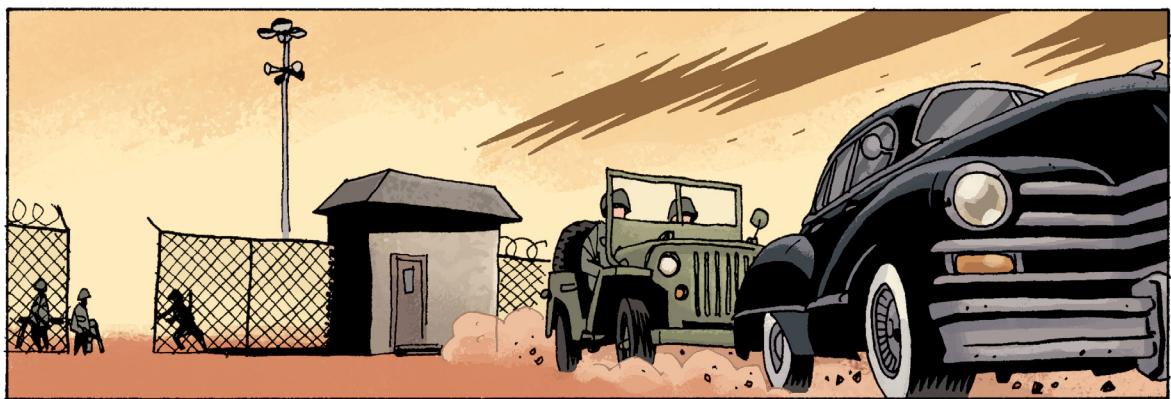




AN AIR FORCE
BASE SOME-
WHERE IN NEW
MEXICO.

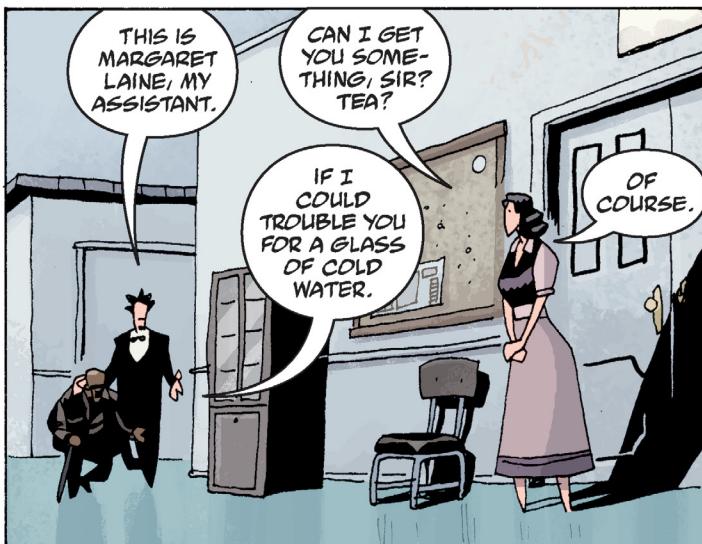


62 HOURS
AFTER THE
RESCUE OF
B.P.R.D. FIELD
AGENT SIMON
ANDERS.



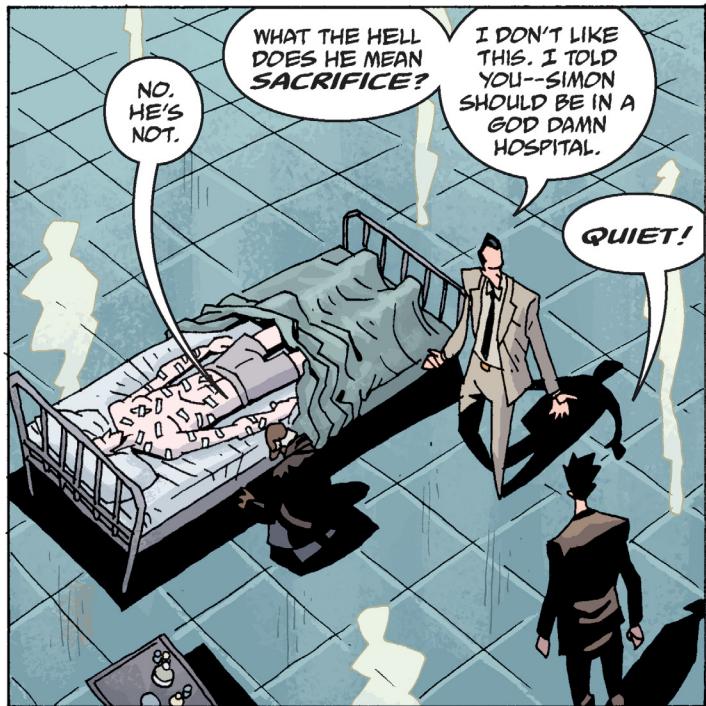














O LORD, BY YOUR MIGHT DEFEND MY CAUSE, HEAR MY PRAYERS, HARKEN TO THE WORD OF MY MOUTH--



DEFENDER OF THE HUMAN RACE, LOOK DOWN IN PITY ON THIS YOUR SERVANT, SIMON ANDERS--



AN
HONEST
MAN FALLEN
PREY TO
UNCLEAN
SPIRITS.



THOUGH
SERPENTS
RISE UP
AGAINST
ME--





WATCH
OVER
ME.

DURGA, LEND
STRENGTH TO MY
ARM AND FILL
MY HAND WITH
WEAPONS...



THAT I
MAY TURN
BACK EVIL
UPON MY
FOES!

TO
CAST
THEM OUT--

AAAH!



--OR
BY YOUR
POWERS
DESTROY
THEM!

HURR

RARAAA



SPEAR OF
MARDUK, ARROWS
AND THUNDERBOLTS
OF INDRA...



BAAL-HADAD!
FIRE OF
HINNOM!

LOFAHAM!
SOLOMAN!
IYOUEL!
IYOSENAOUI!



HERE THE LIGHTNING
THE CYCLOPS MADE
FOR ZEUS, TO DRIVE
TYPHON, THE
DRAGON, INTO THE
DEPTH OF THE EARTH...

PROFESSOR?
WILL YOU PLAY
BASEBALL WITH
ME?

!







ANU
AND HIS
COURT
OF HEAVEN
COMMAND
YOU!



THE
BLOOD OF
THE MARTYRS
COMMANDS
YOU!

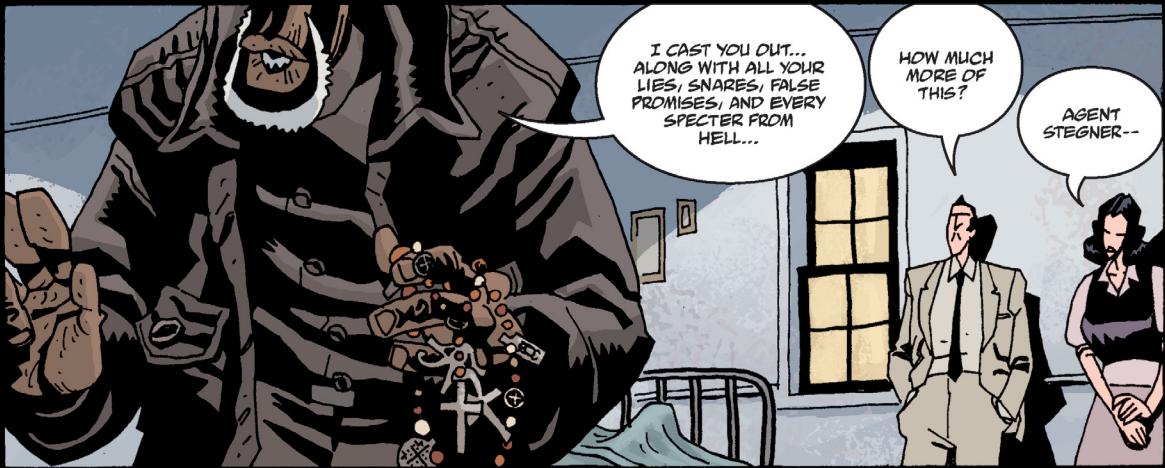


I CAST YOU
OUT, UNCLEAN
SPIRITS! BY THE
MYSTERIES! BY
THE COMING OF
THE LORD FOR
JUDGMENT!



HARKEN
THEREFORE
AND TREMBLE IN
FEAR, YOU ENEMIES
OF THE FAITH,
YOU FOES OF THE
HUMAN RACE,
SEDUCERS OF
MEN, BETRAYERS
OF NATIONS--





HE
CASTS
YOU
OUT!

HE, FROM
WHOSE
SIGHT
NOTHING IS
HIDDEN!

HE
WHO
EXPELS
YOU--

NO!

WHO
PREPARES
FOR YOU THE
BOTTOMLESS
PIT...

BACK!

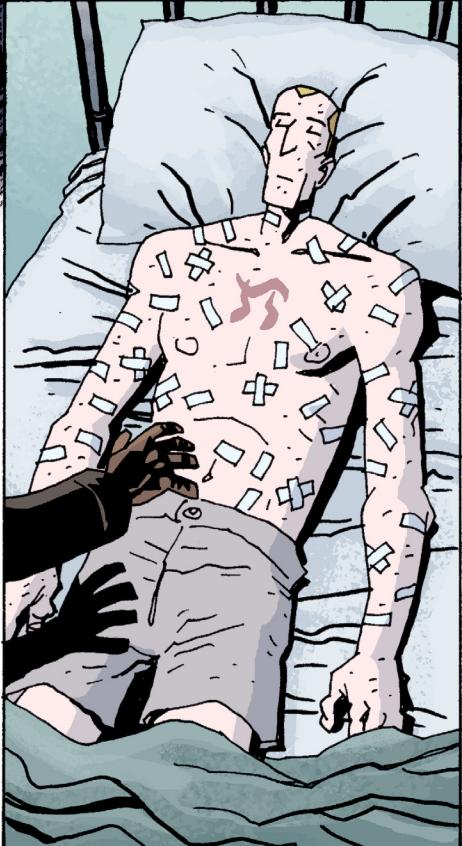
THE
MAN IS
OURS.

WE WILL
NEVER
LEAVE.





"SO THE
WICKED
SHALL
PERISH
BEFORE
GOD."





OTA,
I CAN'T
THANK YOU
ENOUGH FOR
COMING.

YOU DIDN'T
WANT TO
CALL ME.

NO. I
DIDN'T.

USING THE
SUPERNATURAL
TO COMBAT THE
SUPERNATURAL --
IT'S A SLIPPERY
SLOPE, I
FEAR.



IT'S
TRUE...

AND YOU'D
DO WELL TO
REMEMBER
THAT,
TREVOR.



IT'S
TRUE...

AND YOU'D
DO WELL TO
REMEMBER
THAT,
TREVOR.



AND
NOW I MUST
BE HONEST
WITH
YOU.

THE
RITUAL WAS
NOT ENTIRELY
SUCCESSFUL.

WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN--
ENTIRELY?

I COULD NOT DRIVE
THE DEMONS OUT.
THEY ARE STRONG, AND
THEIR HOOKS ARE IN
TOO DEEP. THE BEST I
COULD DO WAS LOCK
THEM AWAY INSIDE
YOUR MAN.

BUT I DON'T
KNOW HOW
LONG THAT
DOOR WILL
HOLD...

"MAYBE
A YEAR,
MAYBE
TWENTY
YEARS..."

I JUST
DON'T
KNOW. I'M
SORRY.

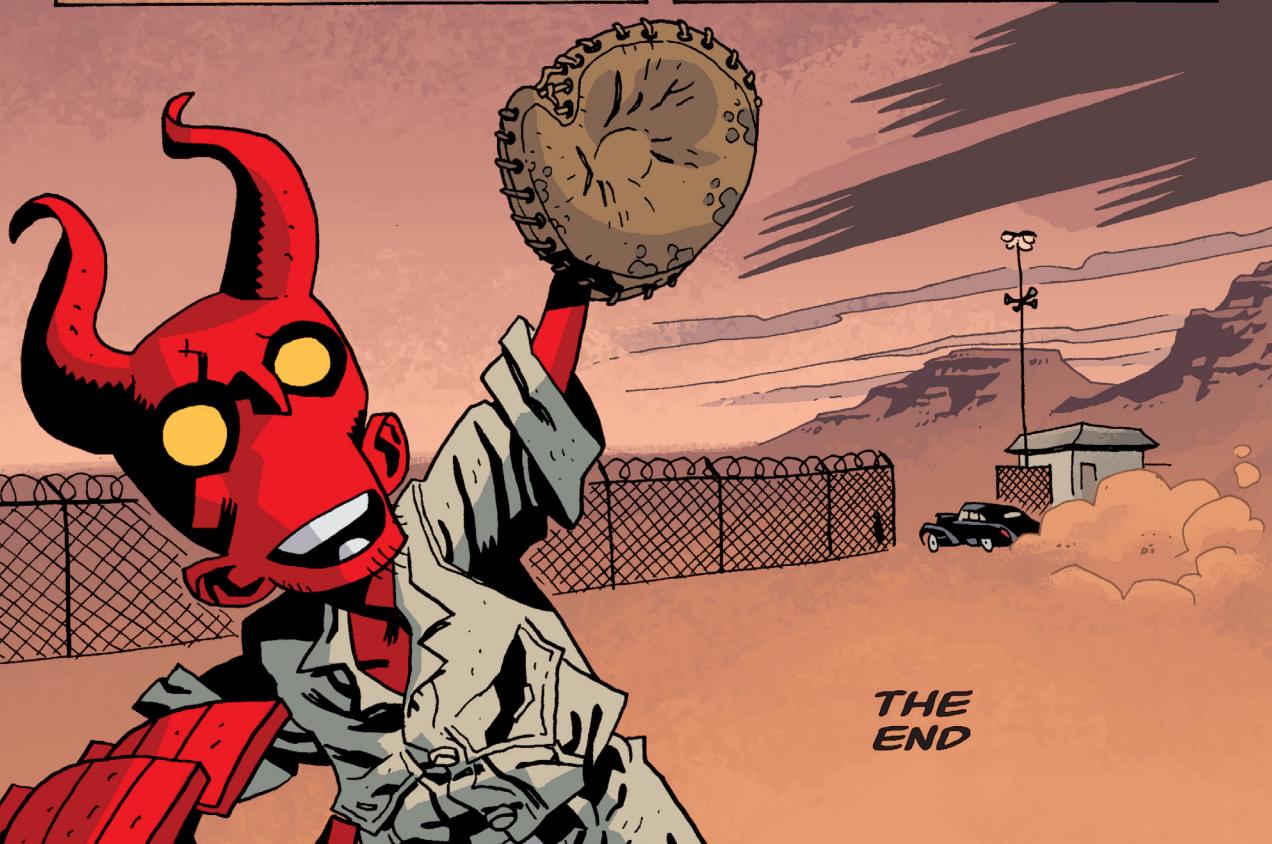
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN
FOR AGENT ANDERS?

IT
MEANS YOU
SHOULD
KILL HIM.









AFTERWORD

I really like vampires, but we'll get to that later.

In *B.P.R.D.: 1946* the Bureau was only two guys—Trevor Bruttenholm and Howard Eaton—and we killed off Eaton. In *B.P.R.D.: 1947* I wanted to introduce the first real agents and have at least a couple of them survive. And I wanted them to be regular guys. I never wanted to fill the B.P.R.D. with strange creatures and characters with superpowers—a few psychics (not too reliable), a couple spoon benders, but no “superheroes.” I wanted working stiffs, and recruiting GIs right out of WWII seemed the way to go. All the credit for turning those GIs into living (at least for a while), breathing humans goes to Josh Dysart. He created their backstories and personalities. When working with writers like Josh and John Arcudi, I leave almost all the human drama to them—that frees me up to just think about the supernatural stuff. I’m more comfortable writing ghosts and monsters—what does that say about me?

Now the idea of taking a regular guy, getting him into trouble, and having him slowly slide out of the real world and into a sort of supernatural dreamland—that was something I’d been wanting to do for a while. As the plot took shape, I realized the contrasts between those two worlds was going to be (at least for me) the defining character for this story. But how do you pull that off visually? Could I find one artist with two different styles? Maybe, but nobody sprang to mind, and in those later chapters I knew I wanted a clear difference between the human and supernatural worlds. So more and more I was leaning towards using two different artists, but with that you run into different problems. I needed our main character, Simon, to look pretty much the same in both worlds—rendered differently, but you needed to know at a glance that he was the same guy. That was going to be tricky. Then, most importantly, I wanted Simon’s transition into the supernatural world to be subtle—hopefully so subtle that the reader isn’t even aware that it’s happening at first. How the hell are you going to do that with two different artists?

Thank God (and long-suffering editor Scott Allie) for the mutantly perfect twins Gabriel Bá and Fábio Moon.

Scott suggested Gabriel and Fábio for the book, explaining that they share a studio and sometimes work on the same projects together—even occasionally on the same pages together. Well, that sounded perfect. And while there are similarities in the way they both draw, they each have different and distinct styles—Gabriel being cleaner, more open, more graphic, and Fábio being softer and brushier. Yes. Perfect. When Simon walks out of that bar in chapter 1 (bottom of page 18), he is literally walking out of a Bá background, towards a Moon foreground. Add to the mix the ever-brilliant (and infinitely patient) Dave Stewart, who made the transition between the two even more subtle. For a while Dave continued to color the Moon pages the way he colored the Bá, slowly transitioning to a softer, dreamier look as Simon approaches the château. As a result, it’s really impossible to tell exactly when Simon walks out of our world. It’s exactly what I was hoping for.

And about those vampires—since *B.P.R.D.: 1946* was about mad Nazi scientists and frozen mutant vampires, I wanted to return to the spooky, old-school variety here. Even though vampires are my favorite supernatural characters (thank you, Bram Stoker), I’ve done very little with them in *Hellboy* (though there are several on the horizon). One of the few traditional vampires I created, Countess Ilona Kákossy (from the *Hellboy* story “The Várcolac”), makes a guest appearance here as part of that little group that does in Baron Konig. We’re going to see more of that group in the future. Konig’s disintegration to dust and rings is a nod to any number of Christopher Lee’s Dracula films, and we *will* see that dust and those rings again. At least half the fun of killing off vampires (thank you, Hammer films) is thinking up ways to bring them back.

This was a fun one, and *B.P.R.D.: 1948* will be coming your way before too long—more Simon, more young Hellboy, and a whole lot more trouble.

Following is a younger-Professor Broom short story that Josh and Dave did on MySpace with Patric Reynolds, promoting *1947*.

There you go.

MIKE MIGNOLA



And What Shall I Find There?

STORY MIKE MIGNOLA & JOSHUA DYSART

ART PATRIC REYNOLDS

COLORS DAVE STEWART

LETTERS CLEM ROBINS



AND TO VISIT
THIS VERY
CHURCH.



I'D RECENTLY GRADUATED FROM OXFORD, NOTABLY EARLIER THAN MY PEERS. AS A GIFT TO MYSELF I WAS TOURING THE CONTINENT, HOPING TO EXPAND MY COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON REGIONAL FOLKLORE.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE ROAD AND THE HOUR IS LATE, MON PERE. I'D HOPED TO BED DOWN HERE FOR THE NIGHT.

I TRUST YOU HAVE NO VALUABLES OF CONCERN?



NO, NO, NOTHING BUT OLD STONES. HOWEVER, THERE'S ROOM IN MY PERSONAGE. IT'S CERTAINLY MORE COMFORTABLE.

MERCI. BUT I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING THE TIME ALONE...

WITH GOD.



AHHH, OF COURSE, GOOD, GOOD...

WE CAN BREAKFAST IN THE MORNING, THEN.





"IMAGINE IT, DEAR BOY,"
MY MAD, GLORIOUS
UNCLE HAD SAID TO
ME, RELATING ARCANE
GOSSIP ACQUIRED AT
SOME POINT DURING A
LIFE SPENT ACTIVELY
FASCINATED BY
SUCH THINGS.

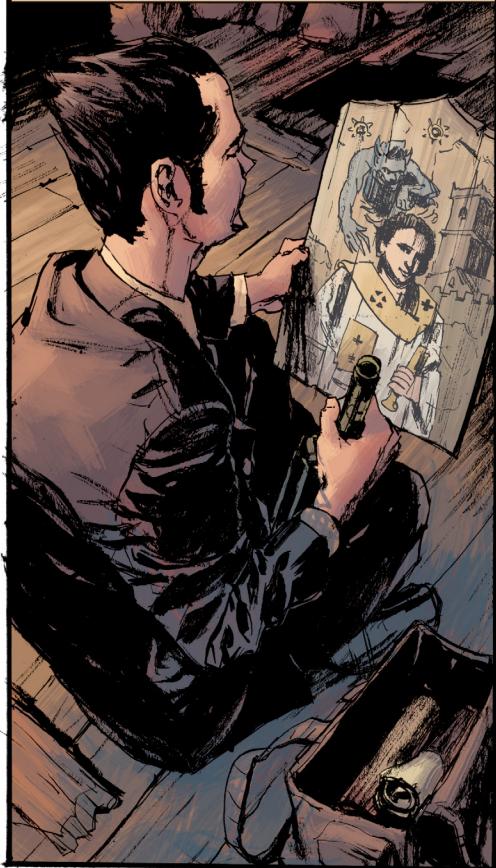
"MEDIEVAL PRIESTS, SOME
700 YEARS AGO... TOO
TERRIFIED AND IGNORANT
TO DESTROY THE GHASTLY
THING. HIDING IT INSTEAD."

I WAS JUST A
CHILD THEN,
SITTING AT HIS
FEET, SOAKING
IN HIS STORIES.

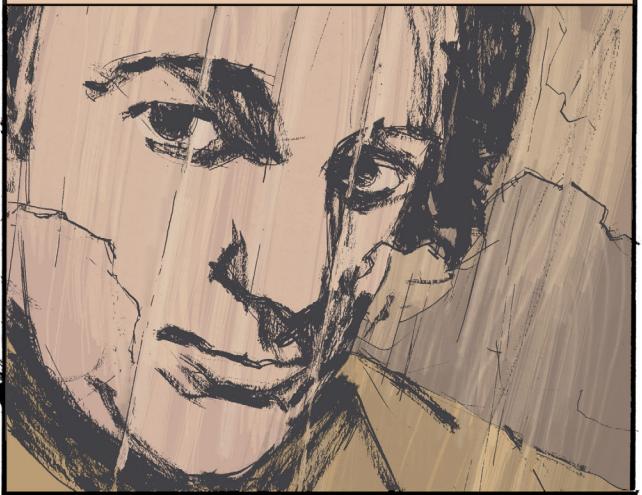
THOUGH TO BE HONEST, I DON'T KNOW IF I EVER
REALLY BELIEVED I'D FIND ANYTHING. LEAST OF
ALL THE OBJECT OF MY UNCLE'S STORY.

I WAS HERE MORE FOR THE THRILL, THE RISK, THE EXPERIENCE,
TO CROSS ONE "FLIGHT OF FANCY" OFF A LIST OF MANY. AND
YET... HERE IT WAS... BEFORE ME.

THE "GHASTLY THING" WAS A PAINTING CALLED "PÈRE PIERRE LE BÉGUE." CLERGY PORTRAITS WERE RARE FOR THE PERIOD, SPEAKING TO THE EGO OF ITS SUBJECT.



WHEN THE PIECE WAS DONE, THE ARTIST, CONSIDERABLY LESS SANE THAN WHEN HE STARTED IT, CLAIMED THE MONSTER HAD BEEN WITH THE PRIEST THROUGHOUT THE SITTING. HE AND FATHER PIERRE WERE THEN PROMPTLY MURDERED BY PIERRE'S CONGREGATION.



FEW BELIEVED THE PAINTING EVEN EXISTED. ONLY A BIT OF RURAL LORE. AND NOW I WOULD TAKE IT BACK TO ENGLAND. DONATE IT TO A PRESTIGIOUS COLLECTION. MY NAME WOULD BE MADE. MY REPUTATION SEALED. SUCH THINGS SEEMED IMPORTANT IN MY YOUTH.

BUT I'LL TELL YOU, SITTING THERE, STARING AT THAT PAINTING... WELL, IT FRIGHTENED ME. AND THIS MOUNTING FEAR BROUGHT A WEIGHT TO THE SURROUNDING SHADOWS AND A CRAWL TO MY SKIN. I'D FORCED DOWN HALF THE "CELEBRATORY" CÔTE CHALONNAISE TO TRY TO DROWN THE DREAD...



...WHEN I HEARD IT... SOMETHING IN THE ROOM WITH ME.



A SICKENING SCENT AROSE. SUDDENLY. FETID AND SOUR.

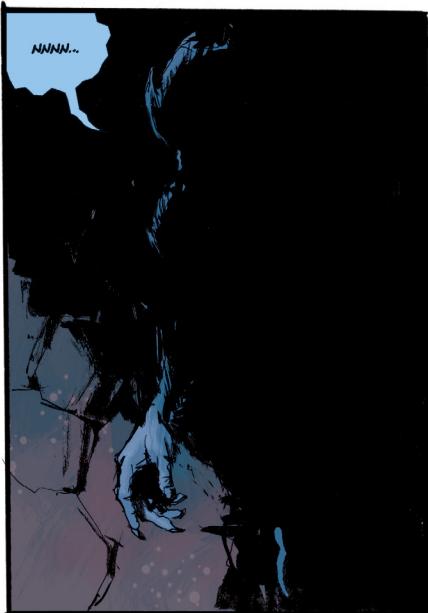


MY LEGS WEAKENED.

MY STOMACH CINCHED.



NNNN...







B.P.R.D.TM

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by Gabriel Bá with Fábio Moon



If there's one thing that I've always loved about all of Mignola's work, it's his skill at creating characters and settings by choosing the right details to make them as believable as possible, even when they're the most bizarre creatures from the most surreal places. So these were our greatest concerns when he invited us to work on *1947*.

It was very important to me that our B.P.R.D. crew looked distinct, even though they were all just men. Josh did a great job creating their profiles and biographies, and it took me a while to get it all right and to understand who these people were and where they came from. These are regular men, and the reader should be able to tell them apart.



I did a lot of research on the characters' army uniforms according to their ranks, where each served in World War II, and their battalion patches, weapons, and web gear. I was excited to play a little with the whole war genre, only to find out later that we wouldn't really use any of that research in the actual story. Nonetheless, it helped me understand the characters, and it was a little history lesson for me.

After a number of questions from me, Mike made it clear that these men should not look like a team with a unique uniform, nor would they wear their army clothes. They shouldn't look like soldiers.

I tried to include some similar elements in all of them, but to keep different looks for each of them.





It was important that Simon look very similar in both of our art styles. That's one reason why he has such strong features.

18
NOV
2008





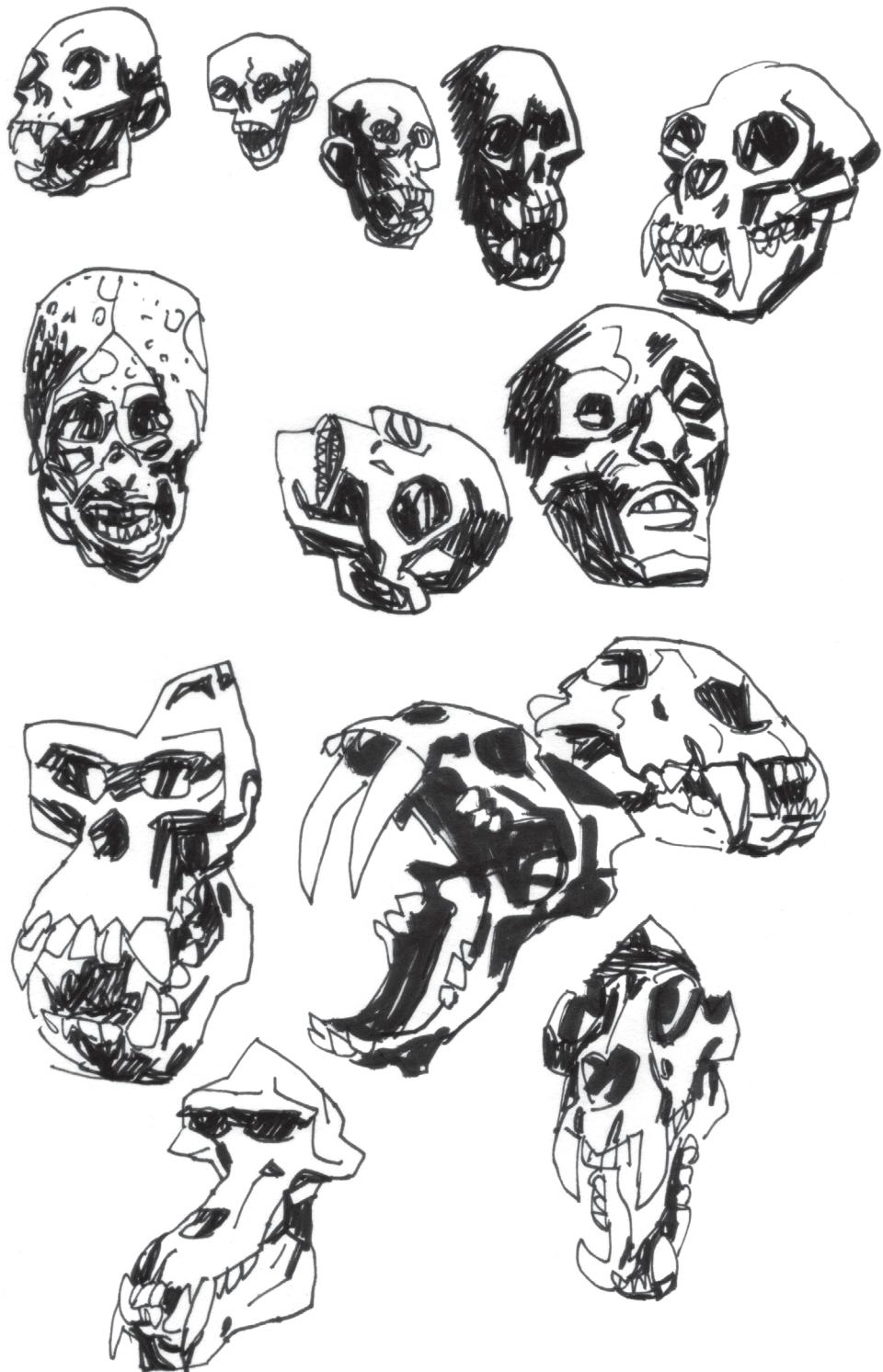
Fábio: When I first drew Katharina, Mike said she was too sexy for the time and place, so we included the sweater on top of her dress. When they got to the castle, I had more fun with both girls, and I tried to make them similar enough to be sisters, but different enough so that readers would not get confused.



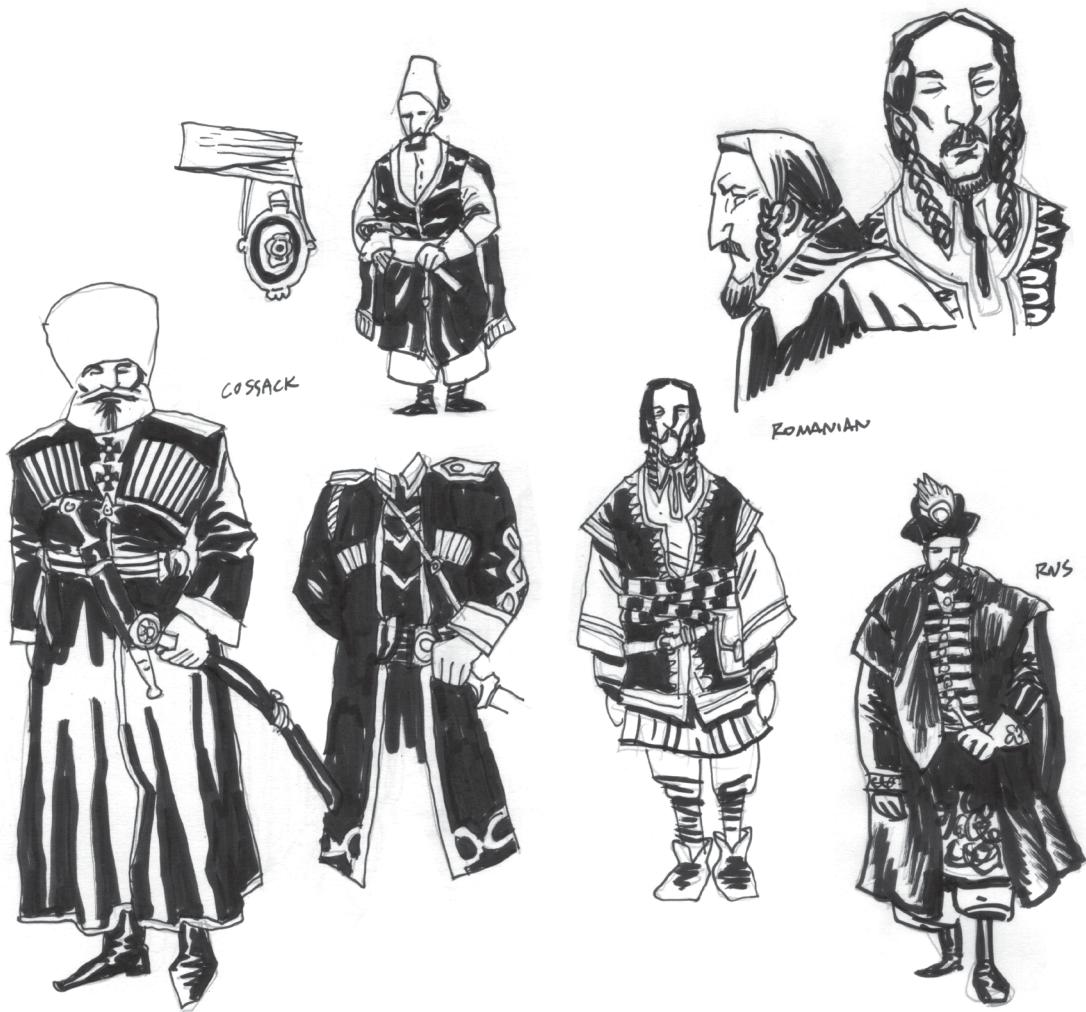


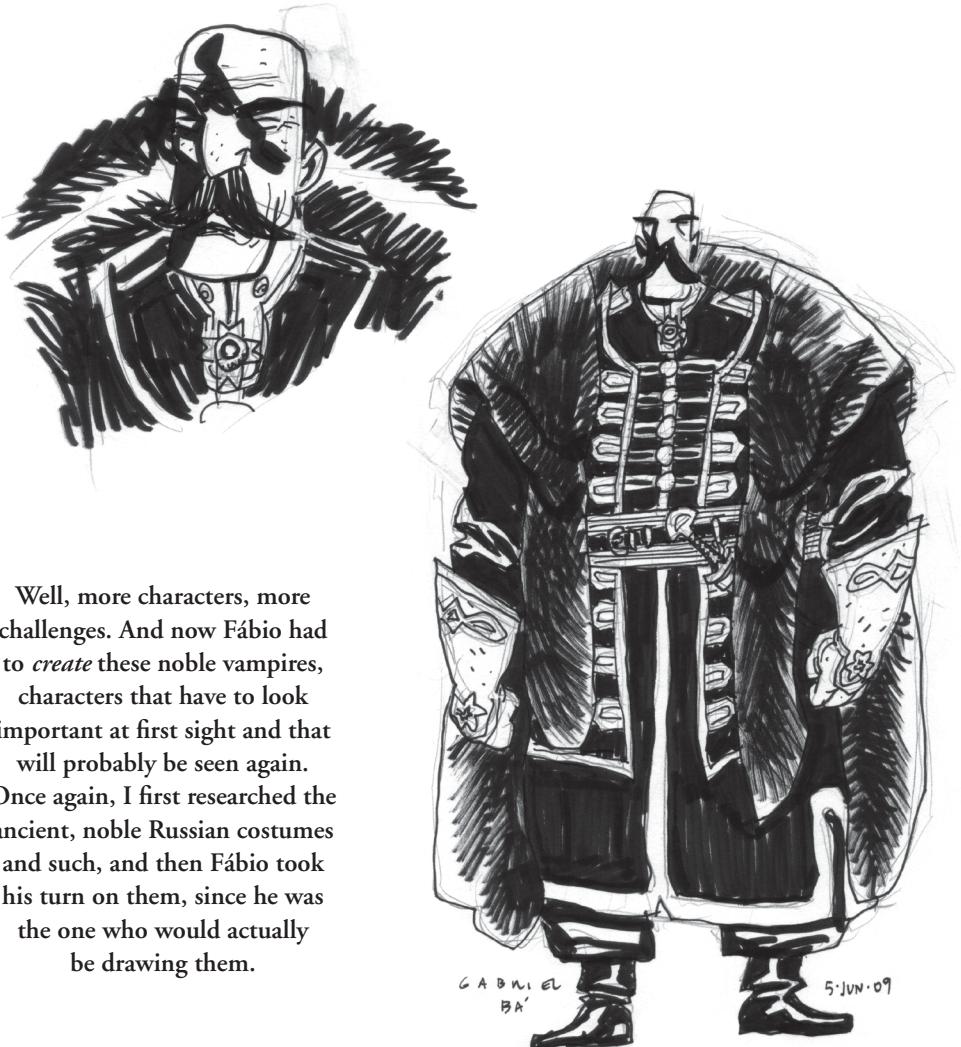
I liked designing the waiters and their masks, but they appear very little in the actual pages. Bá had more fun with them when they attack our boys.





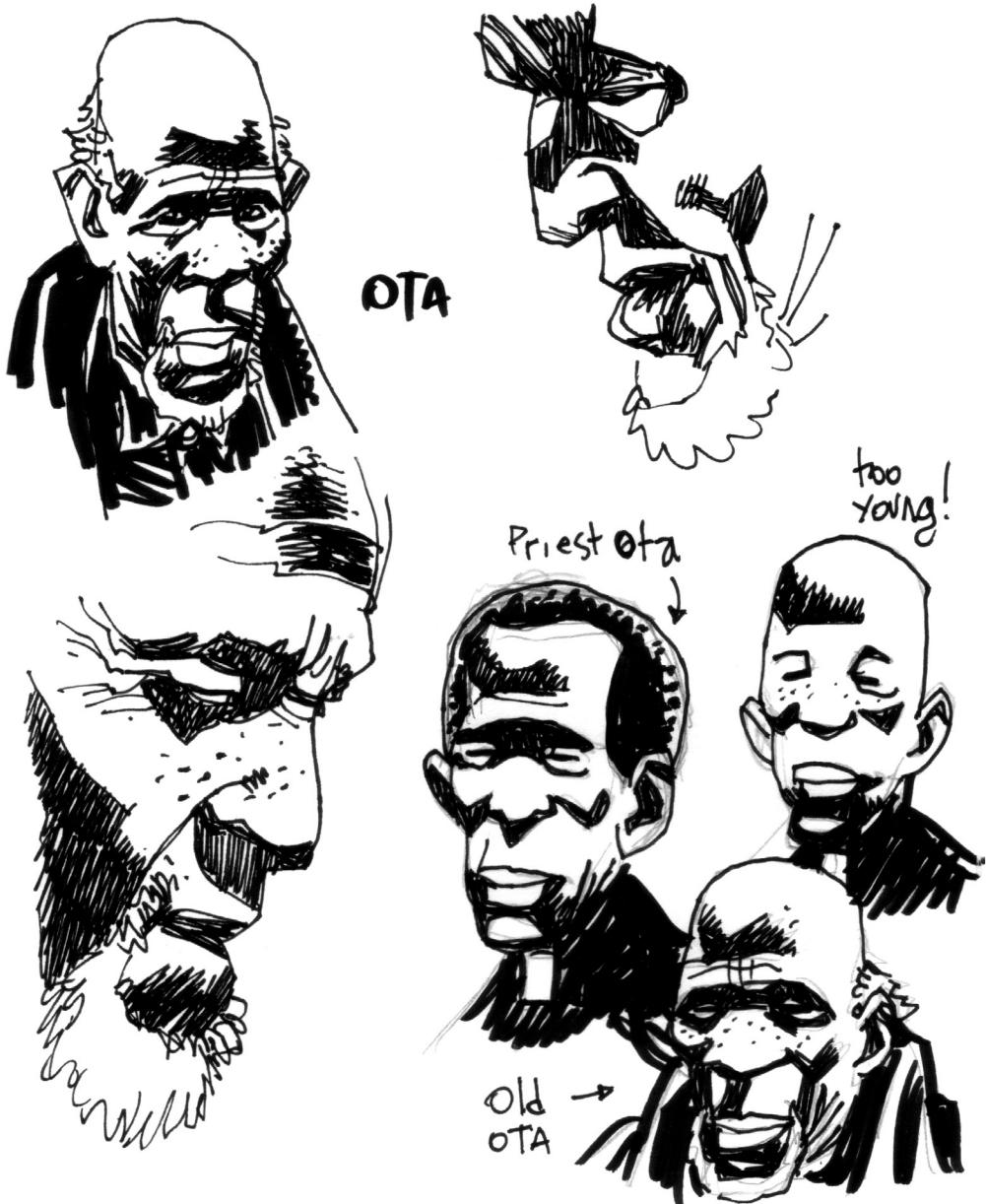
The very top images are actually copies of Old Man Giurescu from *Wake the Devil*, which I drew in order to understand how Mignola worked the skull-with-ears kind of stuff. On the bottom, fascinating skulls from different animals.





Well, more characters, more challenges. And now Fábio had to *create* these noble vampires, characters that have to look important at first sight and that will probably be seen again. Once again, I first researched the ancient, noble Russian costumes and such, and then Fábio took his turn on them, since he was the one who would actually be drawing them.





What did I tell you? *More characters!* Here comes Ota, the exorcist.

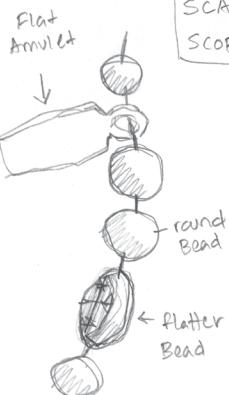
It's pretty much like casting actors for a movie, and the wrong choice could ruin your story. That's one thing Mignola has always been great at, and we had to take our best shot at all these characters. Once again, I studied old Ota and the young-priest version of him, so that Fábio could draw the same guy I was drawing.

Facing: I was expecting to get a lot of sketches from Mignola, excited about it. Sketches like this one, of Ota's rosary, with explanations and all these cool little details, already look awesome, even in pencil.

As far as sketches go, this is the only one besides a statue of Hecate he'd already drawn. So we ended up creating all the looks, all the characters, and coming up with all the artifacts in Broom's office, all the places and buildings.

During my research, it was funny to come across some artifacts that are present in previous Hellboy stories. It only meant I was looking in the right direction.

BPRD 19#7
OTAS "Rosary"



ALL RECTANGULAR AMULETS
↓
OWL
SCARAB BEETLE
SCORPION

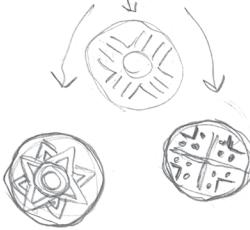


-Ankh

Something like this
For Symbol on door
and Simon's chest -
"CHETH" from
Hebrew Alphabet



ROUND AMULETS

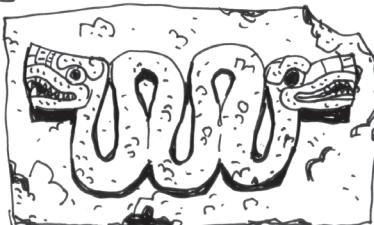


BEADS - Some are round -
Most are white (ivory)
with a few Amber and a few red stones.

- A few of the beads are flatter -
These are black with white markings



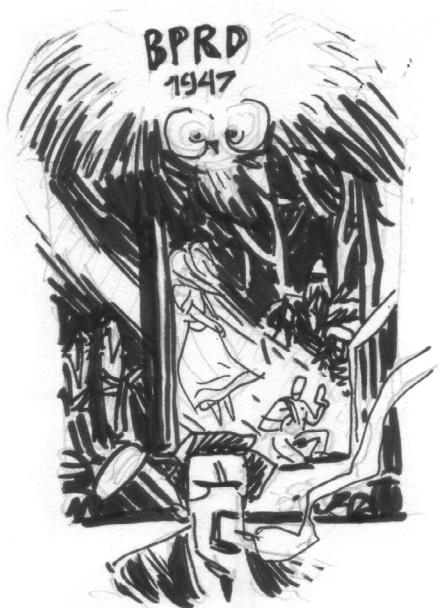
24.FEV.09



I didn't want Margaret to look like a hottie, but she should have her amount of charm. I looked at some Vivien Leigh photographs and other old photos of women of the postwar era, just to try to capture the right hairdo and clothes, and came up with an attractive look based on all that.

Oh, drawing Hellboy. The burden. Dream or nightmare?





We were so excited to be working on a Hellboy comic. We really put all our strengths into this pinup, even though at the time we knew little about the actual story or the characters. The only thing different from the actual comic is that Simon looks like a soldier in uniform on this image. That's all he was at that point, a soldier.

And working with Dave Stewart is always a delight. He is just the best. There's no complete Hellboy experience without him.

DPRO-1947

PIN UP

GABRIEL BA - FÁBIO MOON





One year after the near-devastating events of 1946, Professor Broom, guardian of the infant Hellboy, sends a new team of agents to investigate the link between a series of massacres and a lone vampire nobleman with a score to settle.



darkhorse.com