

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

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

## KING OF FEAR



MIKE MIGNOLA

JOHN ARCUDI

GUY DAVIS







# **KING OF FEAR**

*Created by* **MIKE MIGNOLA**



### ABE SAPIEN

An amphibious man discovered in a primitive stasis chamber in a long-forgotten subbasement beneath a Washington, D.C., hospital. Recent events have confirmed a previous life, dating back to the Civil War, as scientist and occult investigator Langdon Everett Caul.

### DR. KATE CORRIGAN

A former professor at New York University, an authority on folklore and occult history. Dr. Corrigan has been a B.P.R.D. consultant for over ten years, now serving as special liaison to the enhanced-talents task force.

### LIZ SHERMAN

A fire starter since the age of eleven, when she accidentally burned her entire family to death. She has been a ward of the B.P.R.D. since then, learning to control her pyrokinetic abilities and cope with the trauma those abilities have wrought.

### JOHANN KRAUS

A medium whose physical form was destroyed while his ectoplasmic projection was out of body. A psychic empath, Johann can create temporary forms for the dead to speak to the living.

### PANYA

An ancient Egyptian mummy who returned to life during an unrolling ceremony in the nineteenth century. After her resurrection, Panya was a prisoner first of the Heliopic Brotherhood of Ra, and later of the Oannes Society, until she made contact with and subsequently was freed by the B.P.R.D. She has demonstrated psychic abilities, although their precise nature and range remain unknown.

### ANDREW DEVON

A relatively recent addition to the B.P.R.D., Devon earned his Ph.D. in modern and medieval languages from Cambridge. While growing up in St. Louis, Missouri, his interest in the supernatural was piqued when he read Kate Corrigan's case study of a demonic possession in Azerbaijan. His effort to debunk it drew the scholar into a world he never believed existed.

MIKE MIGNOLA'S  
**B.P.R.D.**<sup>TM</sup>  
**KING OF FEAR**

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This book collects the *B.P.R.D.: King of Fear* comic-book series, issues #1–#5,  
published by Dark Horse Comics.





# CHAPTER ONE



WASHINGTON, D.C.

A WHOLE  
BATTALION  
OF MEN. A  
BATTALION AND  
AN ARMORED  
COMPLEMENT.

JUST  
GONE.

WELL, AS WE  
OUTLINED IN OUR  
REPORT, THE THREAT  
MY AGENTS  
ENCOUNTERED  
WAS NOT THE  
ONE WE HAD  
ANTICIPATED.

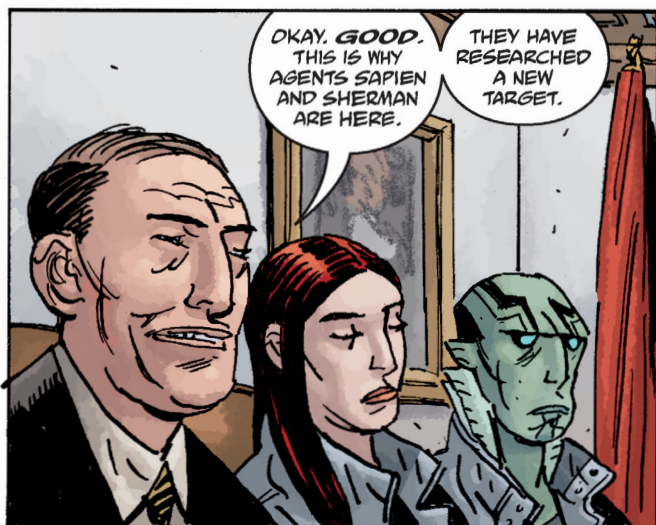
THAT'S  
YOUR EXCUSE,  
DIRECTOR  
MANNING?  
"WE DIDN'T  
KNOW."

DOESN'T EXACTLY  
INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.  
YOU'RE THE EXPERTS  
ON THIS **MONSTER**  
BUSINESS. OR YOU'RE  
**SUPPOSED** TO  
BE.

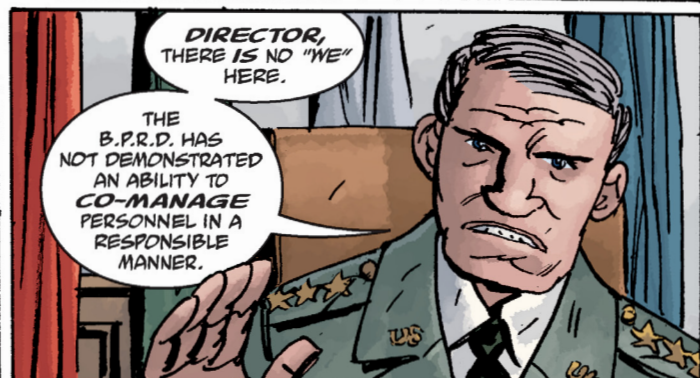
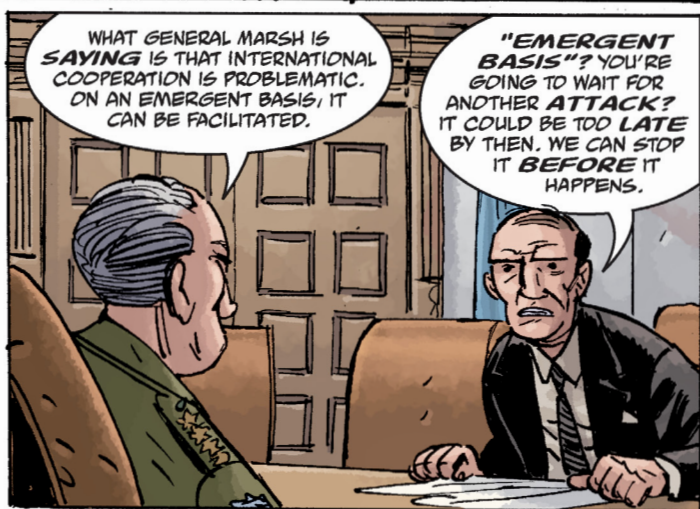
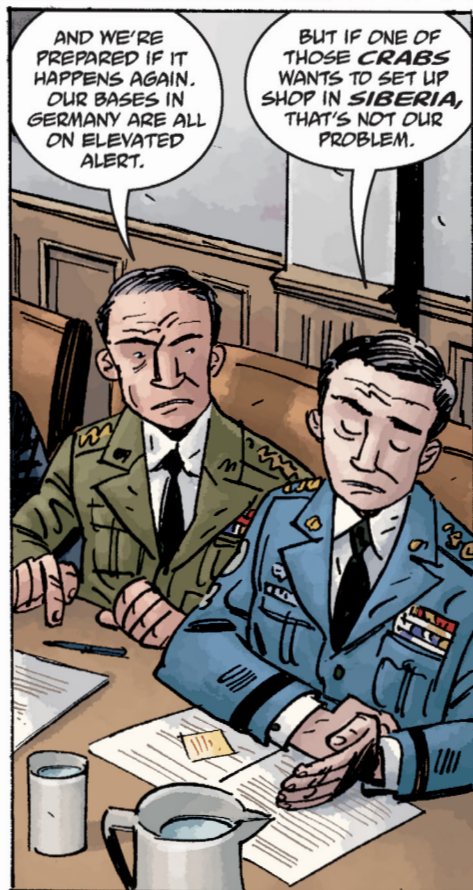
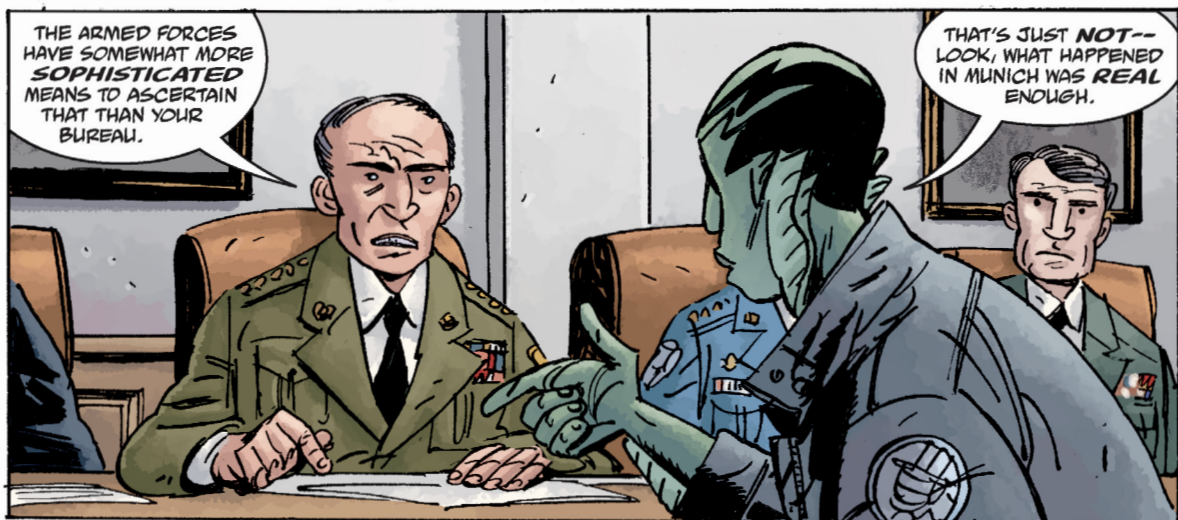
WE CAN TALK  
ABOUT **MY** FAILINGS  
LATER. YOU HAVE THE  
ACCOUNTS OF THE MEN  
WHO SURVIVED THE  
BATTLE. YOU SAW  
WHAT HAPPENED IN  
MUNICH.

THE FROG  
MENACE IS  
BACK, AND  
WORSE THAN  
**ANYTHING**  
WE'VE SEEN.





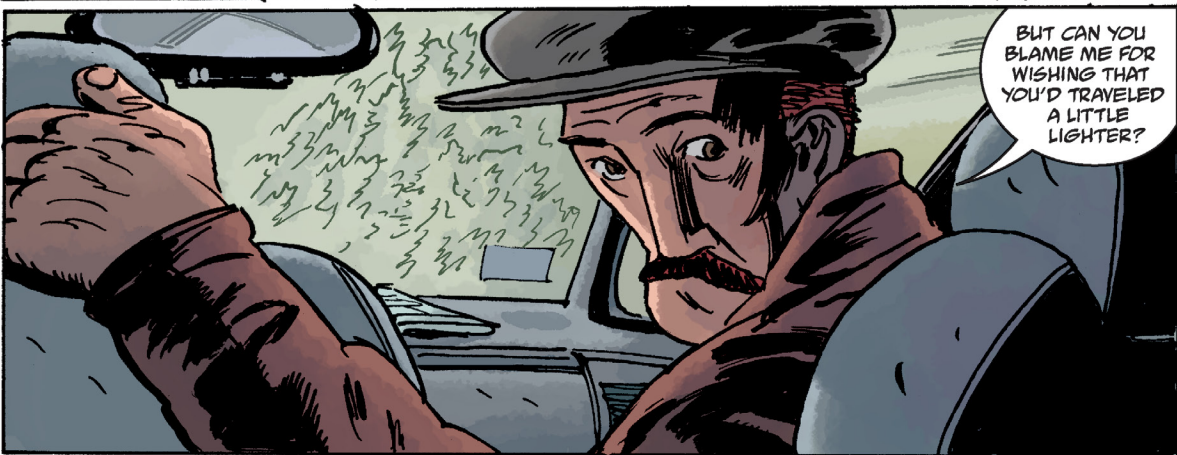
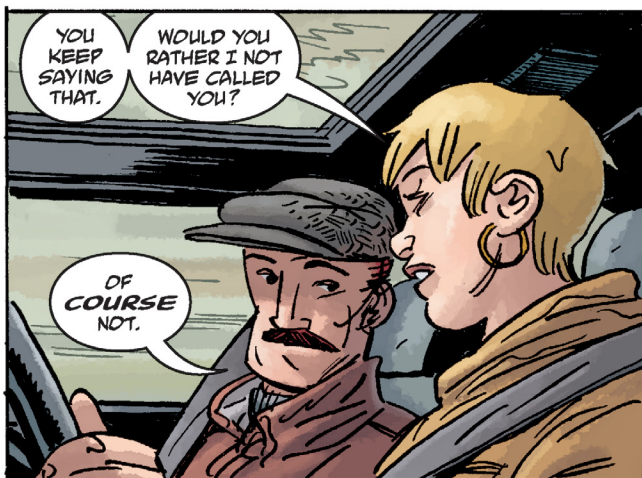
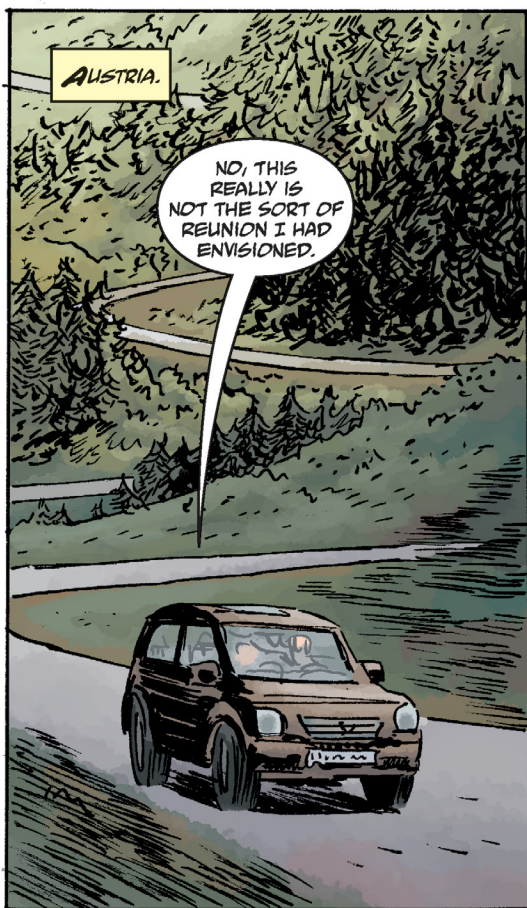




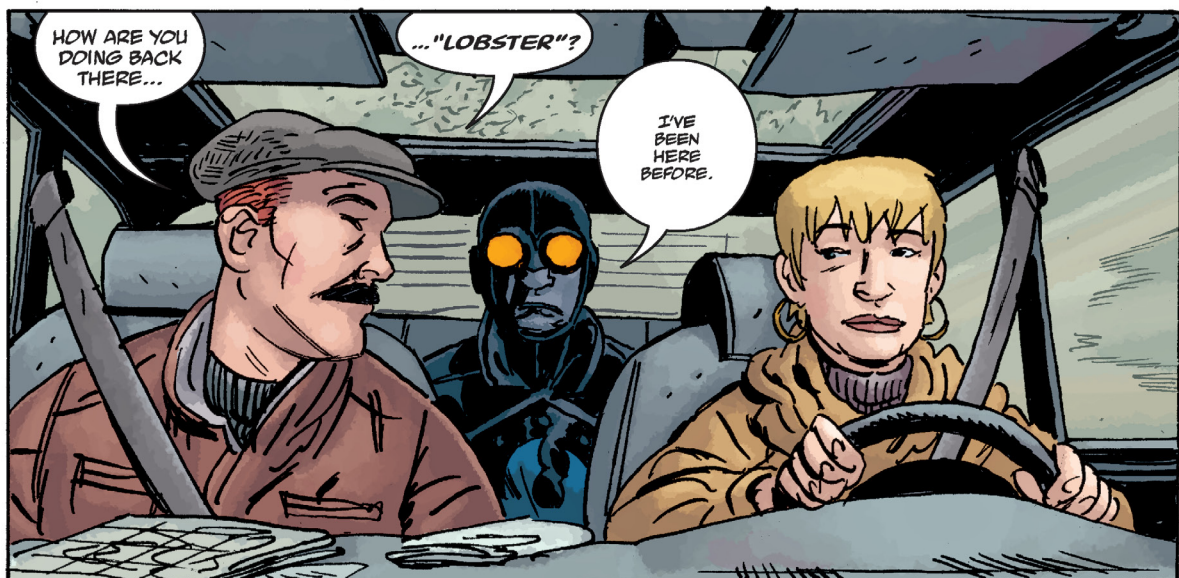












HOW ARE YOU  
DOING BACK  
THERE...

..."LOBSTER"?

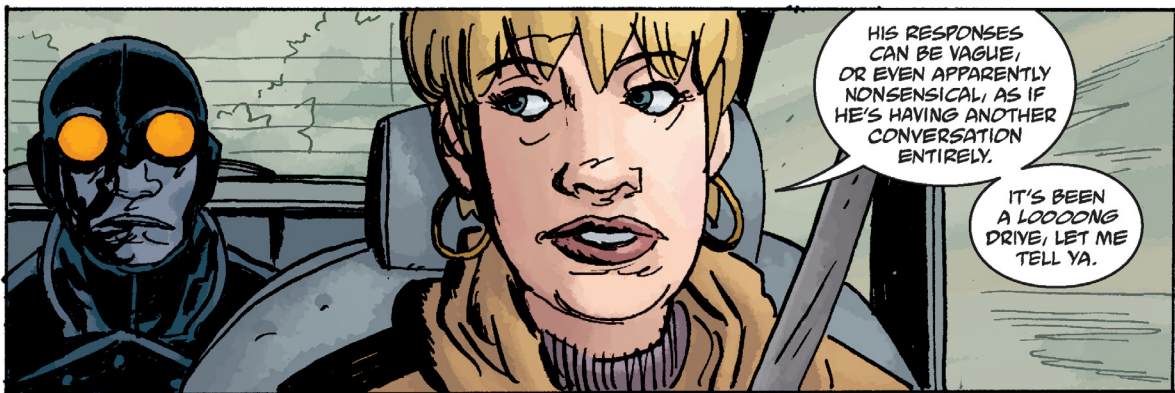
I'VE  
BEEN  
HERE  
BEFORE.



HE PREFERS  
"MISTER  
JOHNSON."

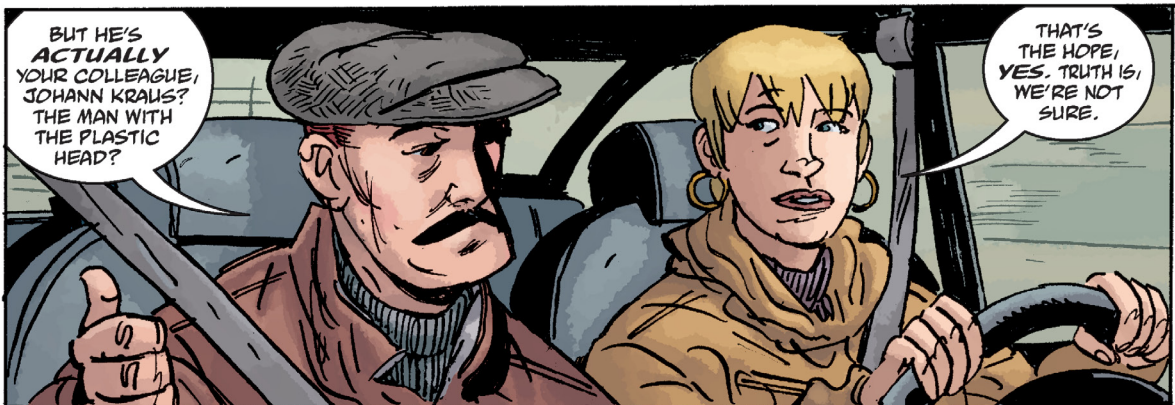
REALLY?

I HAVE  
NO IDEA.  
TALKING TO HIM IS  
SOMETHING OF AN  
ADVENTURE.



HIS RESPONSES  
CAN BE VAGUE,  
OR EVEN APPARENTLY  
NONSENSICAL, AS IF  
HE'S HAVING ANOTHER  
CONVERSATION  
ENTIRELY.

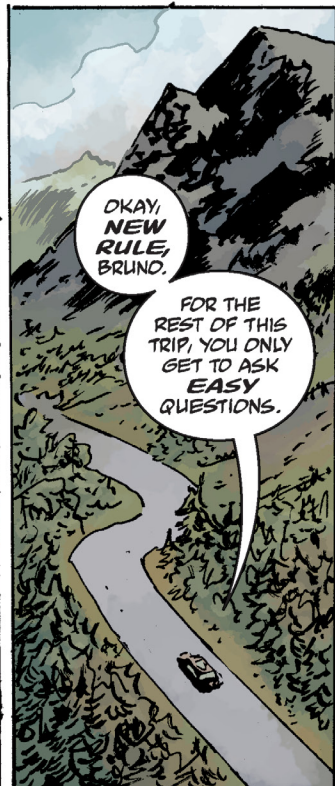
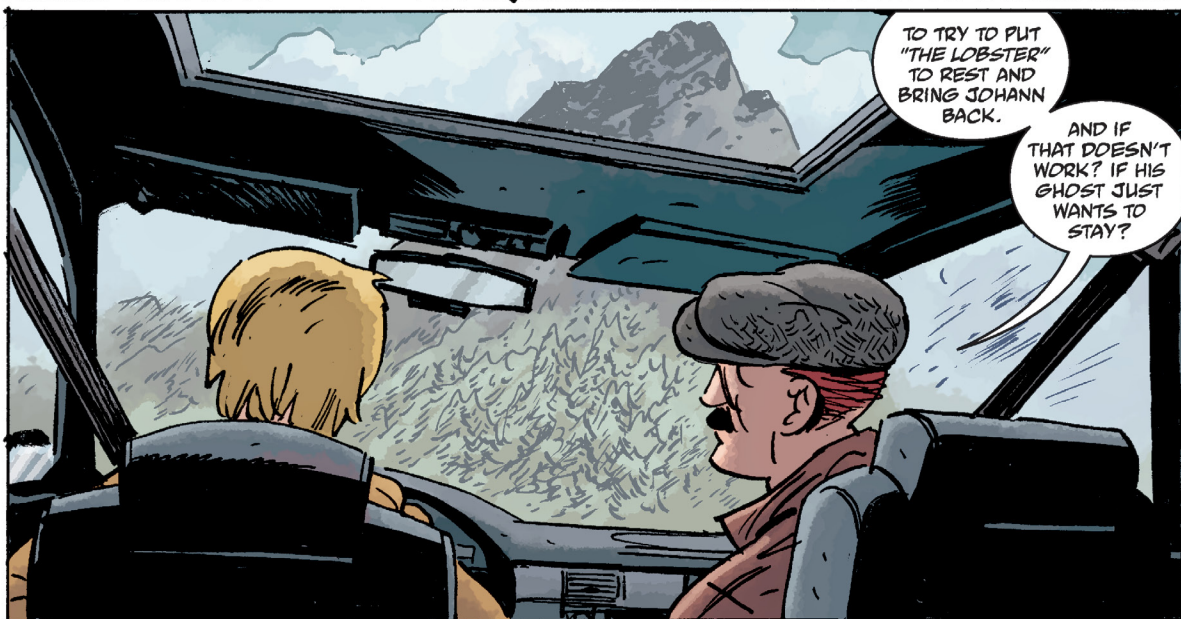
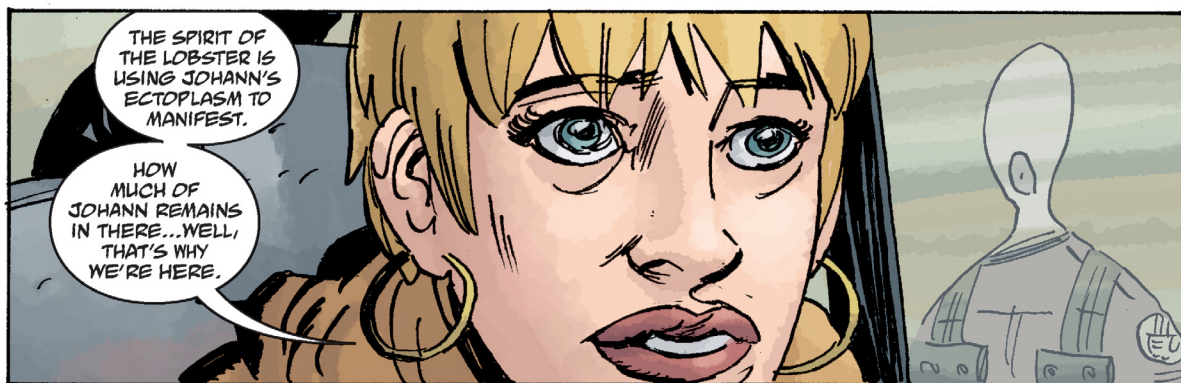
IT'S BEEN  
A LOOOONG  
DRIVE, LET ME  
TELL YA.



BUT HE'S  
**ACTUALLY**  
YOUR COLLEAGUE,  
JOHANN KRAUS?  
THE MAN WITH  
THE PLASTIC  
HEAD?

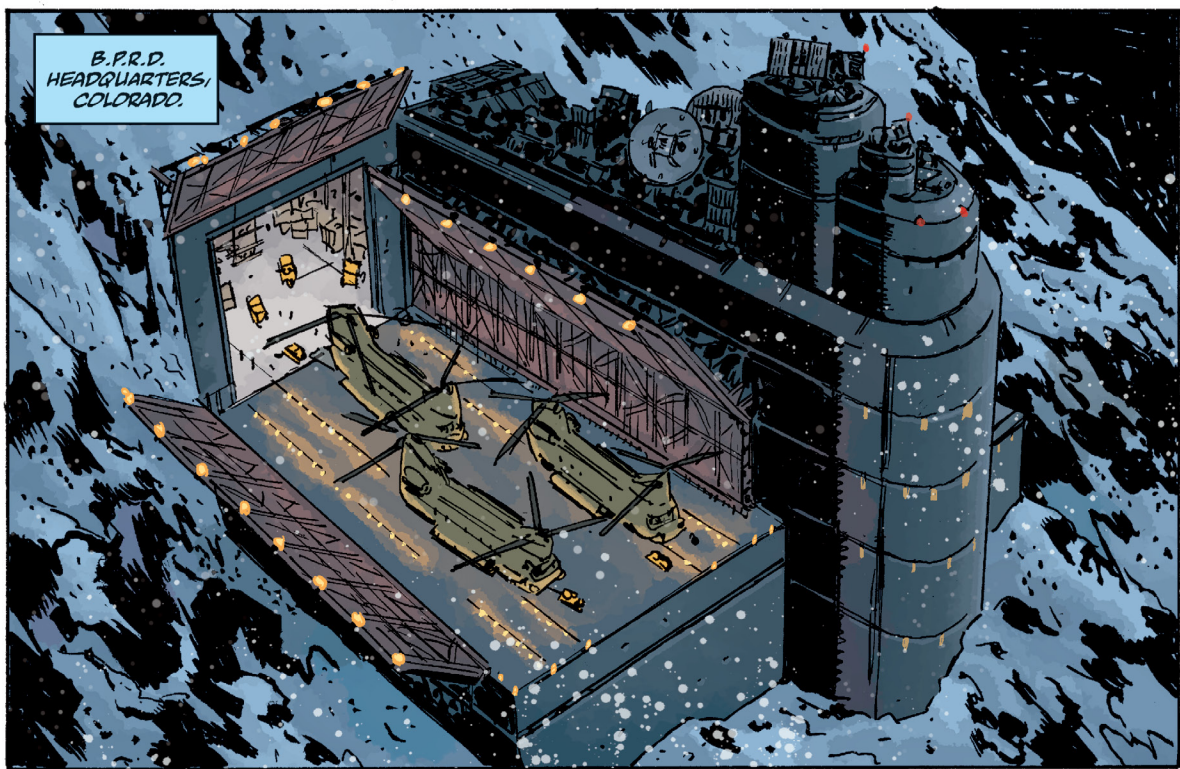
THAT'S  
THE HOPE,  
YES. TRUTH IS,  
WE'RE NOT  
SURE.





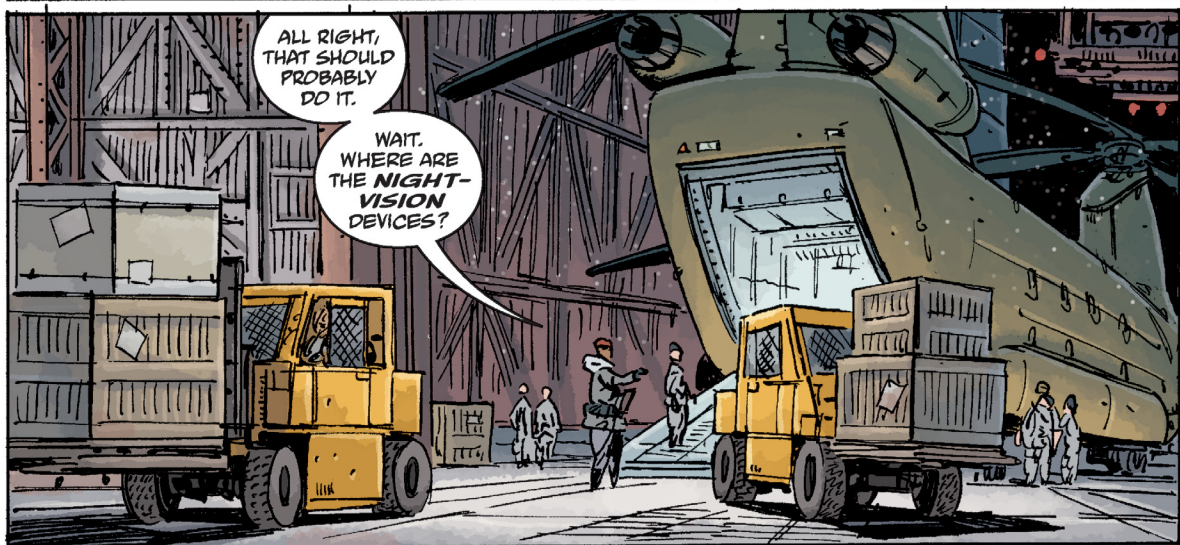


B.P.R.D.  
HEADQUARTERS/  
COLORADO.

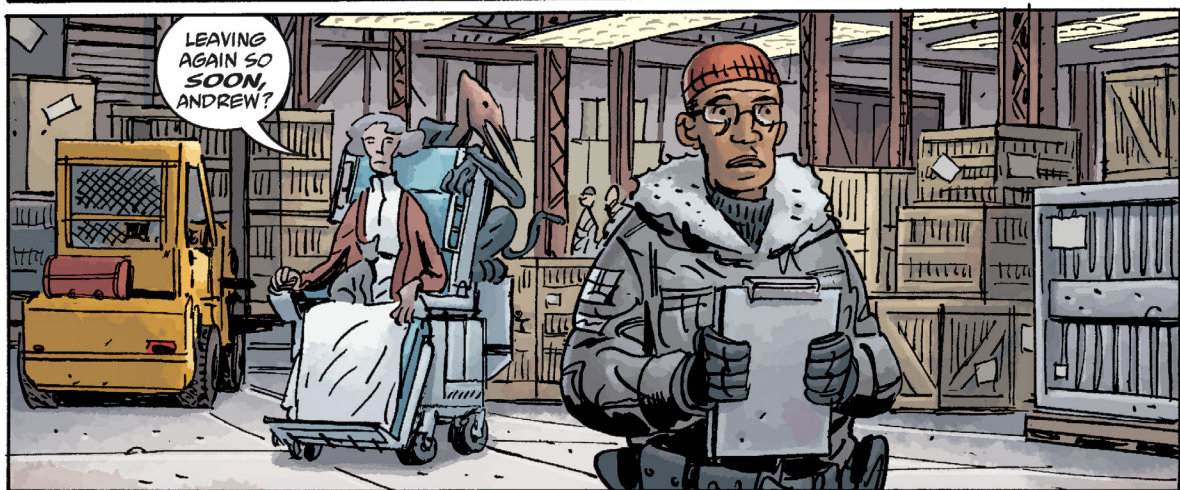


ALL RIGHT,  
THAT SHOULD  
PROBABLY  
DO IT.

WAIT.  
WHERE ARE  
THE **NIGHT-  
VISION**  
DEVICES?



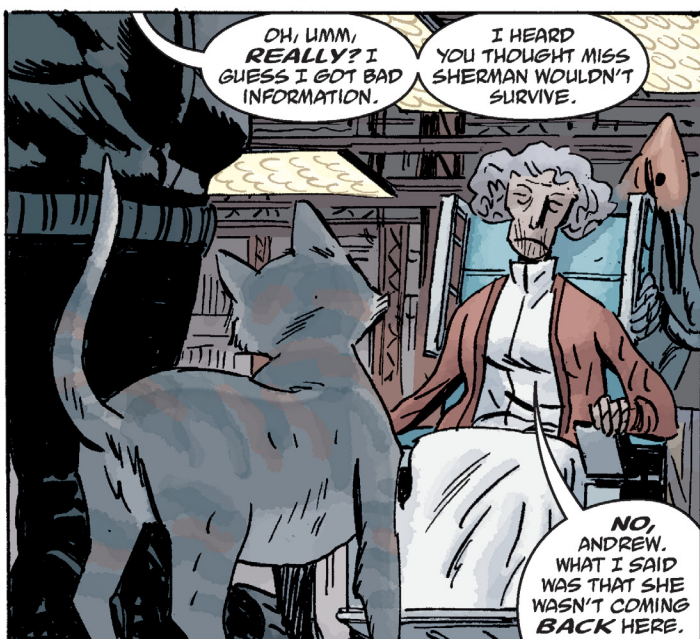
LEAVING  
AGAIN SO  
**SOON**,  
ANDREW?



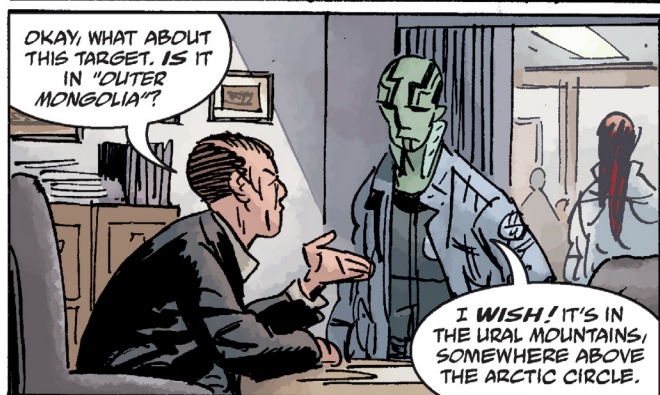
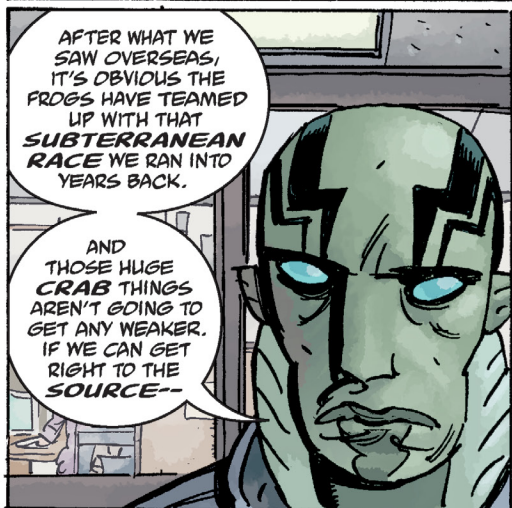
















AGARTHA.



2002.

WOE TO THEM, FOR  
OUT OF THAT STUNTED  
TRIBE WILL COME A NEW  
**KING OF FEAR**,  
HASTENING THE ARRIVAL  
OF THE **CHARNEL**  
HOUSE OF  
TIME.



MASTER GHEGHEN,  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED. SOME  
KIND OF TREMOR,  
OR--

I AM AWARE  
OF IT. CALM  
YOURSELF,  
ELIZABETH.

THE  
MATTER  
WILL BE DEALT  
WITH.

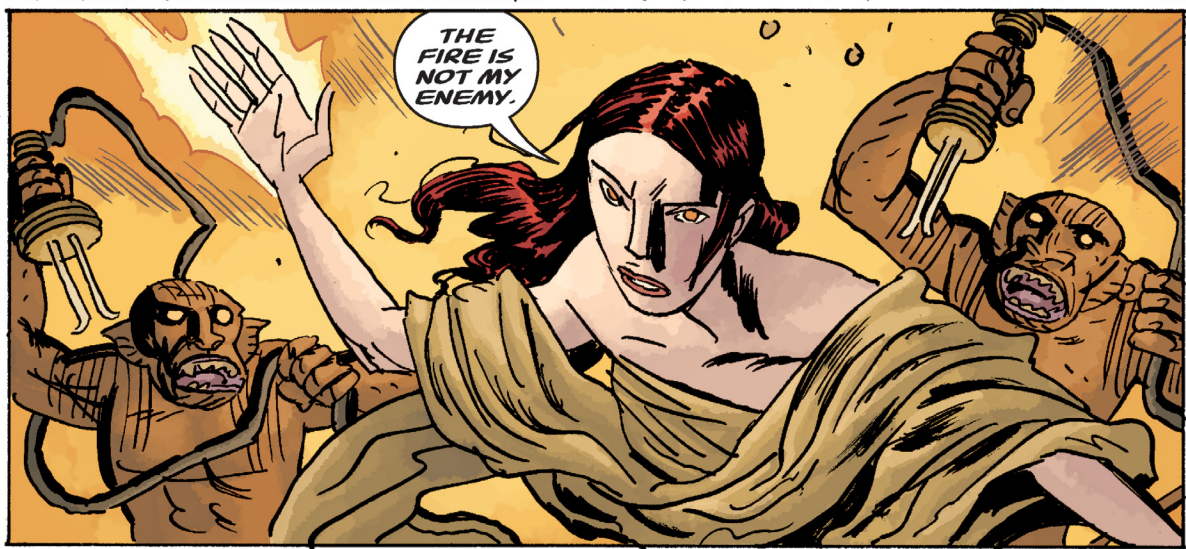


MASTER  
GHEGHEN?

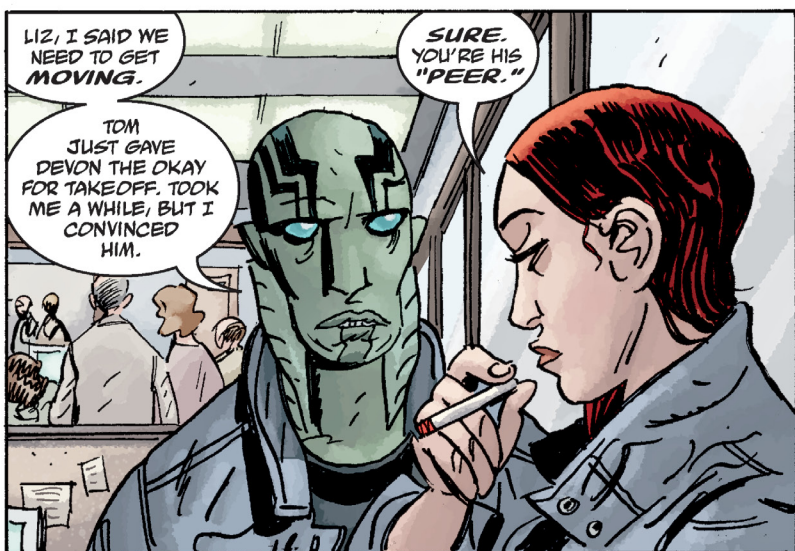
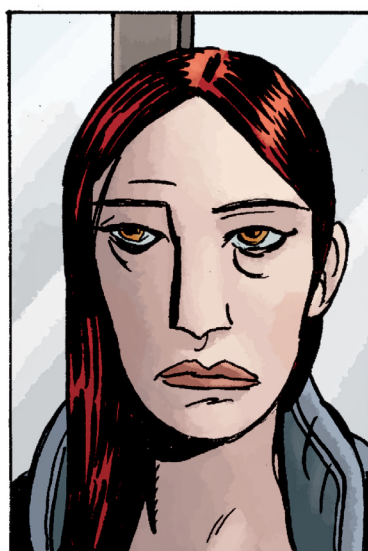


WHAT  
IS THE  
KING OF  
FEAR?





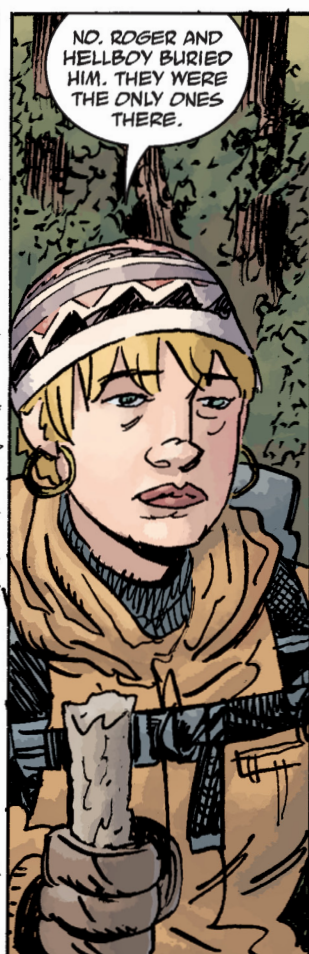










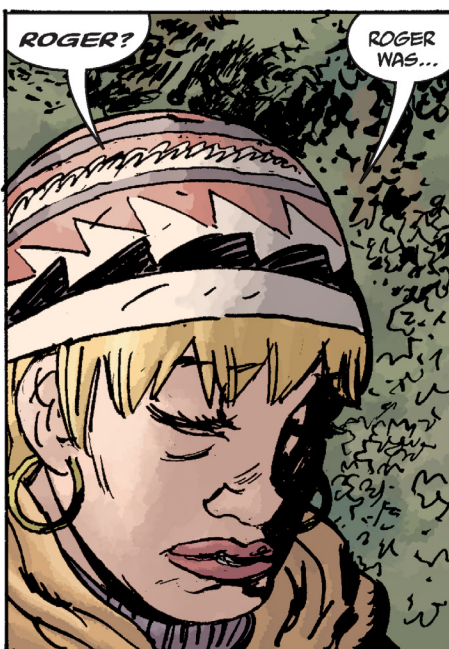






BUT I KNOW  
WE'LL BE  
ABLE TO  
FIND IT.

WHO'S  
ROGER?



ROGER?

ROGER  
WAS...



ROGER  
WAS A  
FRIEND.

KATE! WHAT'S  
WRONG? DID I  
SAY SOME-  
THING?



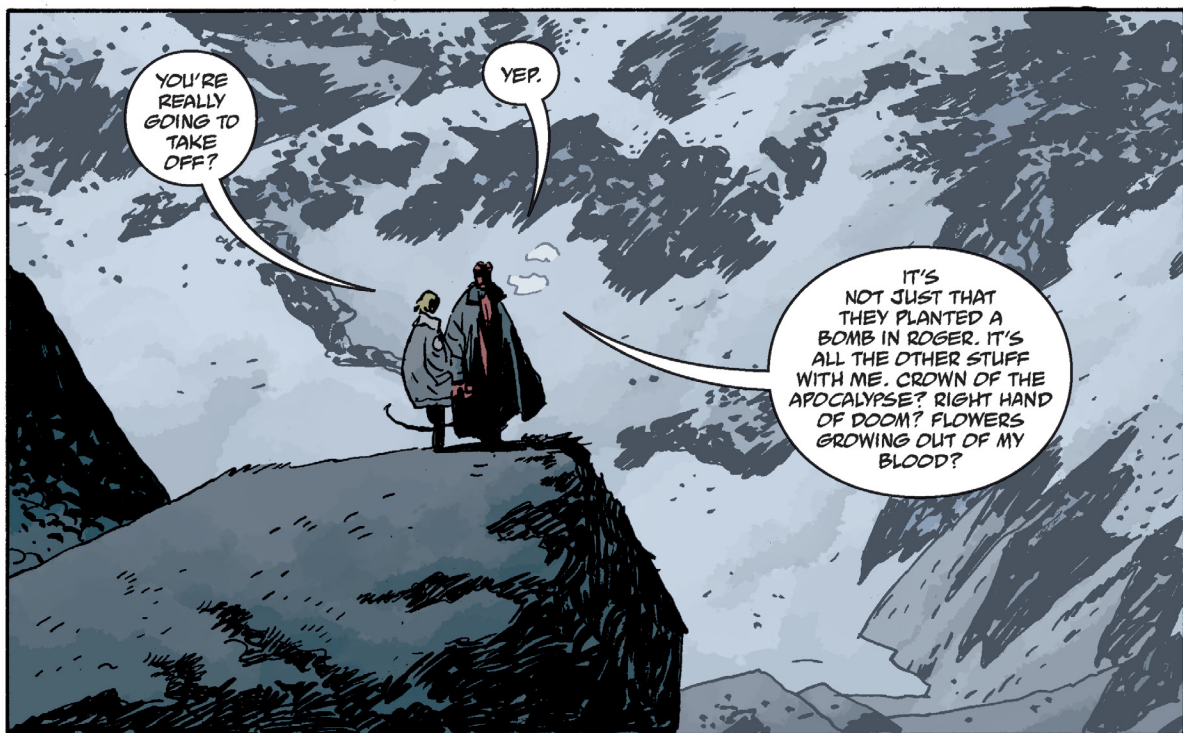
NO, BRUND.  
IT'S NOT YOU.  
IT'S THIS  
PLACE.

THE LAST TIME  
I SAW HELLBOY,  
IT WAS RIGHT  
HERE.



GOD, I DIDN'T  
THINK IT WAS  
GOING TO GET  
TO ME LIKE  
THIS.

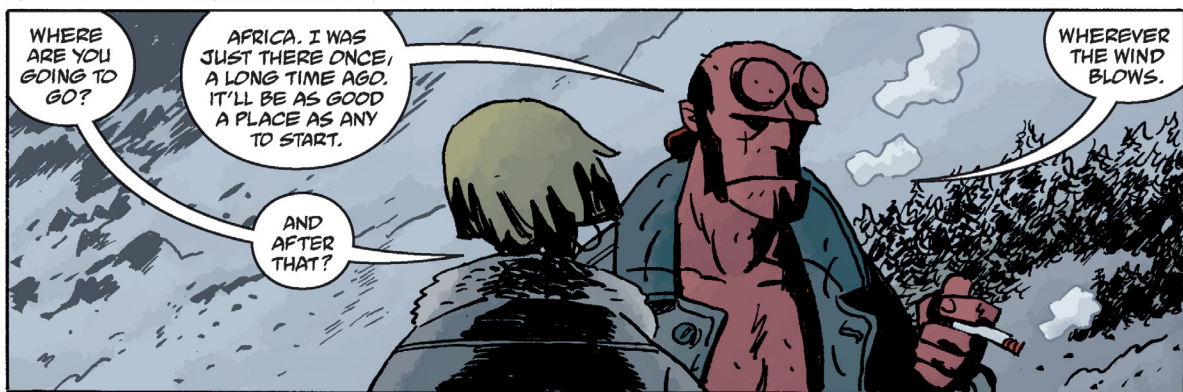




YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO TAKE OFF?

YEP.

IT'S NOT JUST THAT THEY PLANTED A BOMB IN ROGER. IT'S ALL THE OTHER STUFF WITH ME. CROWN OF THE APOCALYPSE? RIGHT HAND OF DOOM? FLOWERS GROWING OUT OF MY BLOOD?



WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GO?

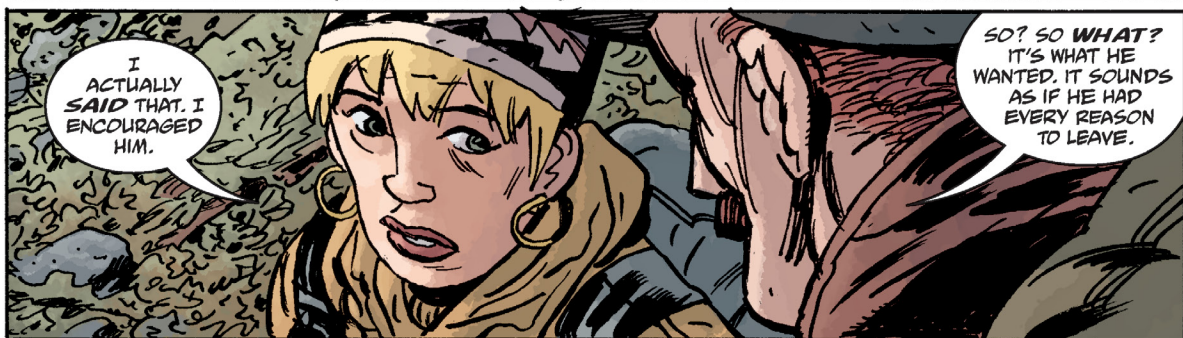
AFRICA. I WAS JUST THERE ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO. IT'LL BE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START.

AND AFTER THAT?

WHEREVER THE WIND BLOWS.



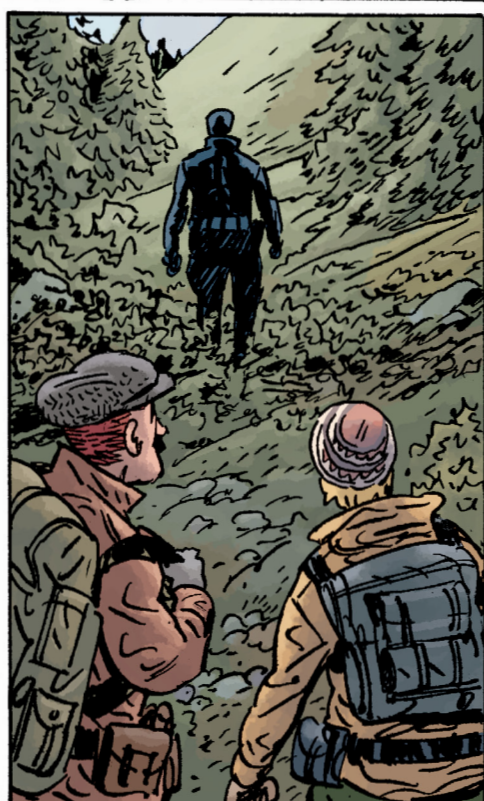
GOOD FOR YOU.



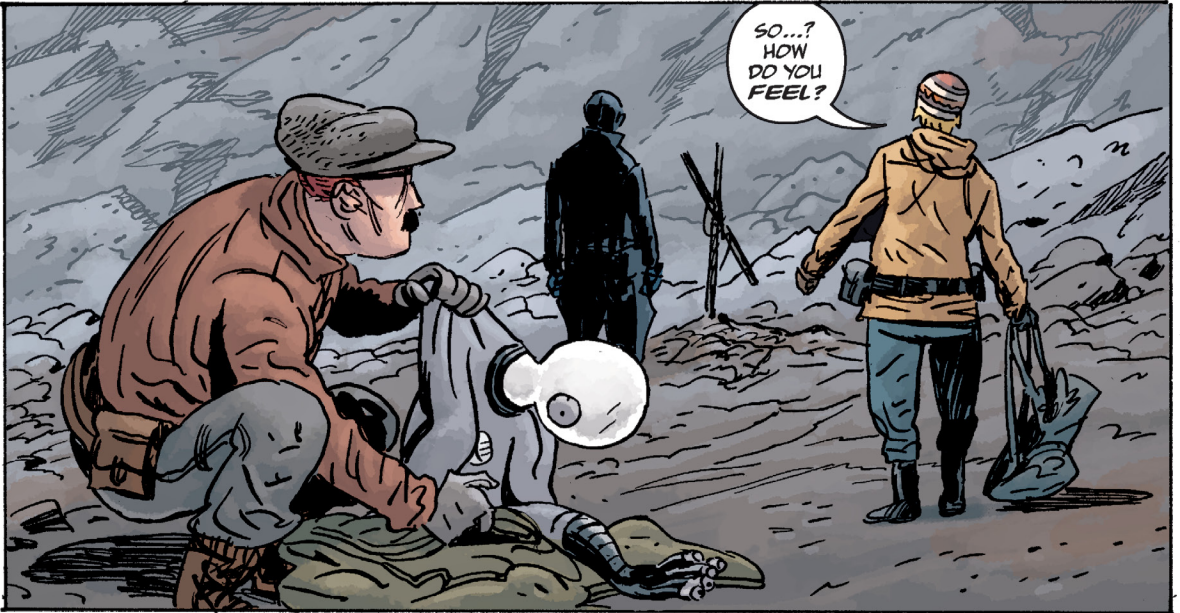
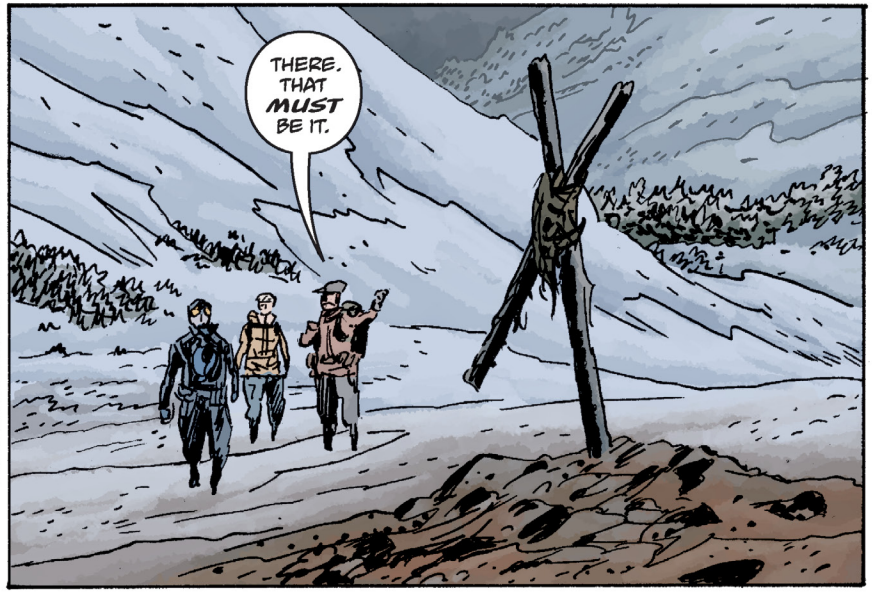
I ACTUALLY SAID THAT. I ENCOURAGED HIM.

SO? SO WHAT? IT'S WHAT HE WANTED. IT SOUNDS AS IF HE HAD EVERY REASON TO LEAVE.

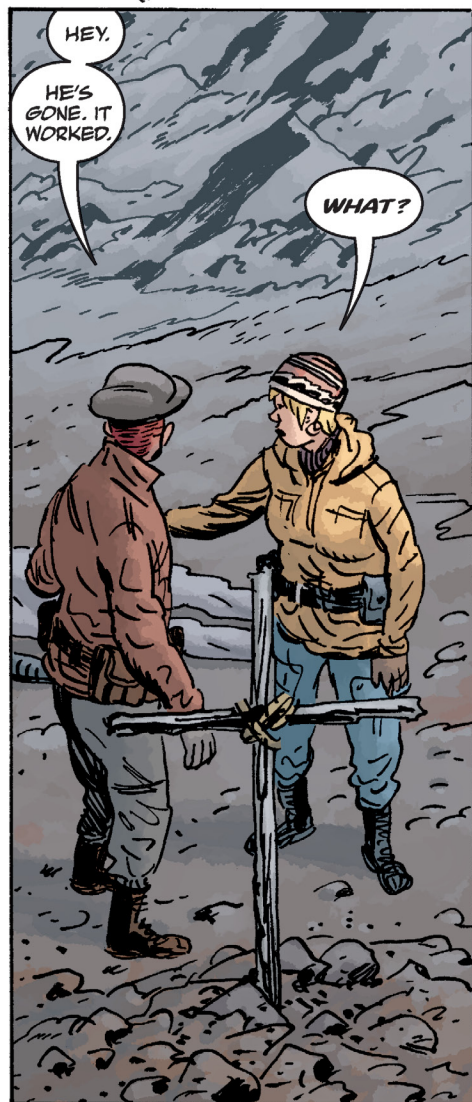
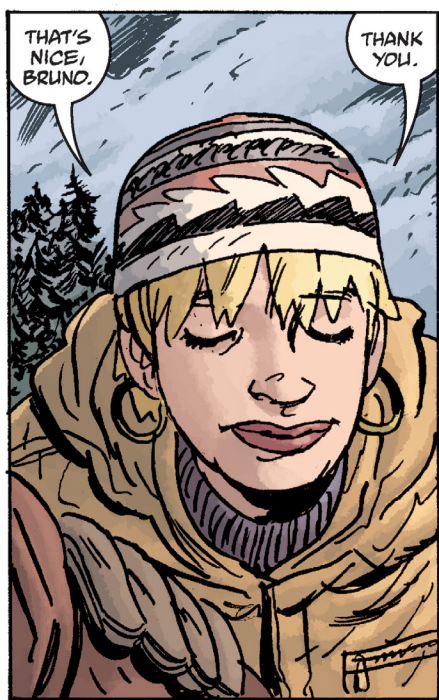
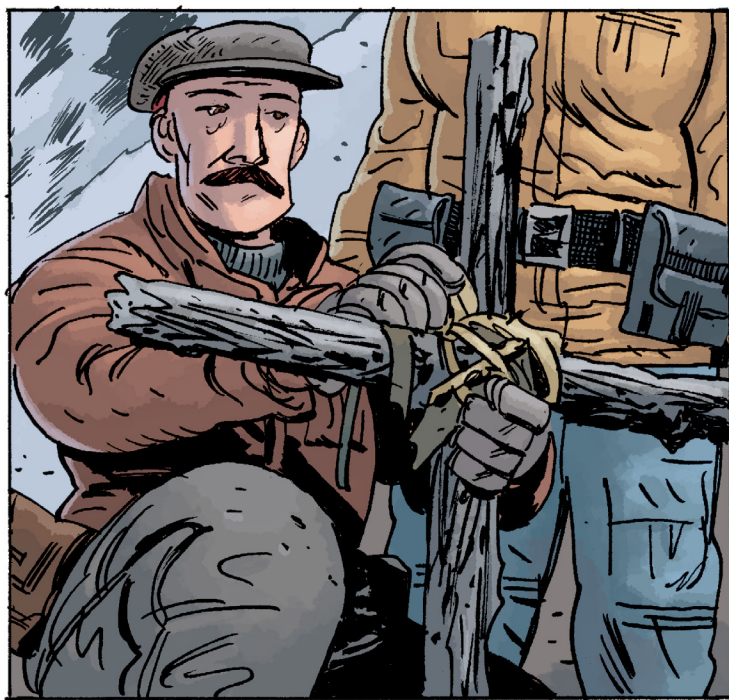














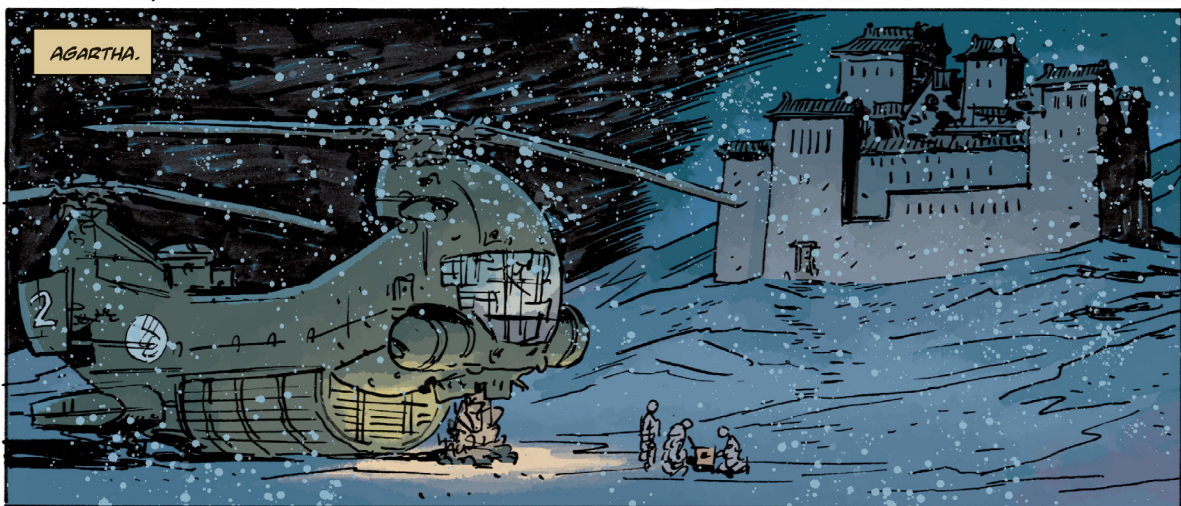


# CHAPTER TWO





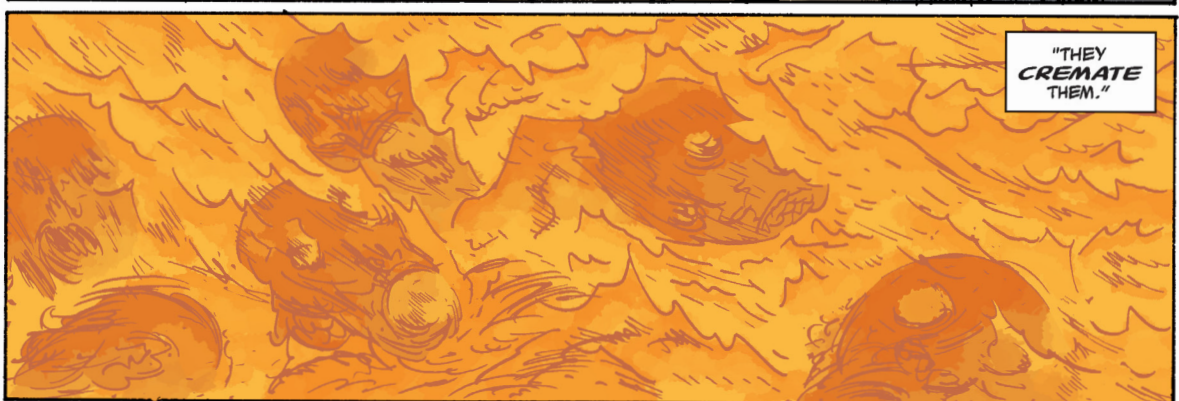
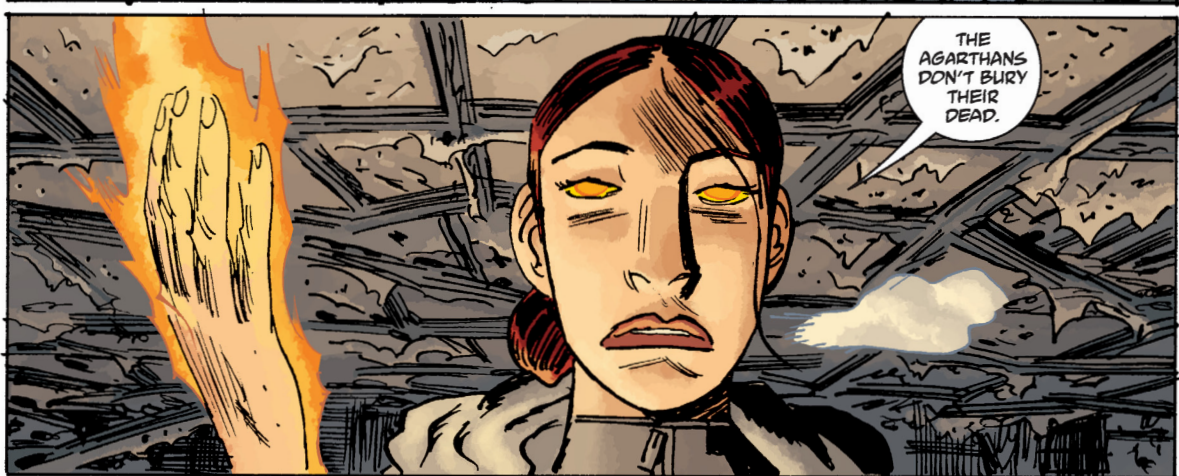
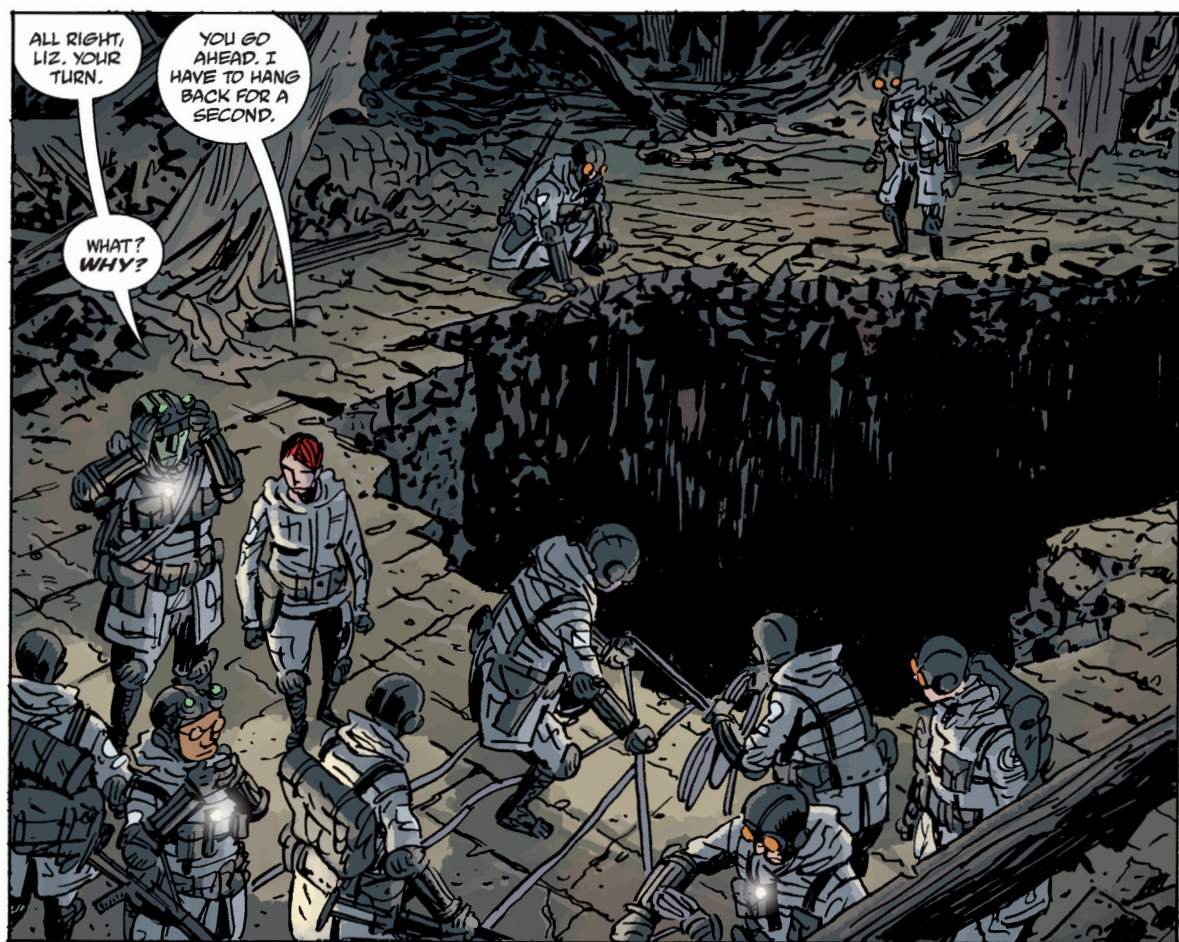




















GOTT!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
HERE?

WHICH  
TIME?



WHICH  
TIME?

IT'S KIND  
OF FREAKY.  
LET'S JUST  
SKIP IT.

NO,  
I WANT TO  
HEAR. IS IT  
CONNECTED TO  
THE LOBSTER'S  
DEATH?

"THE FIRST TIME, YEAH. HE WAS SENT HERE IN 1939  
ON A MISSION TO STOP A NAZI *SPACE* PROGRAM."

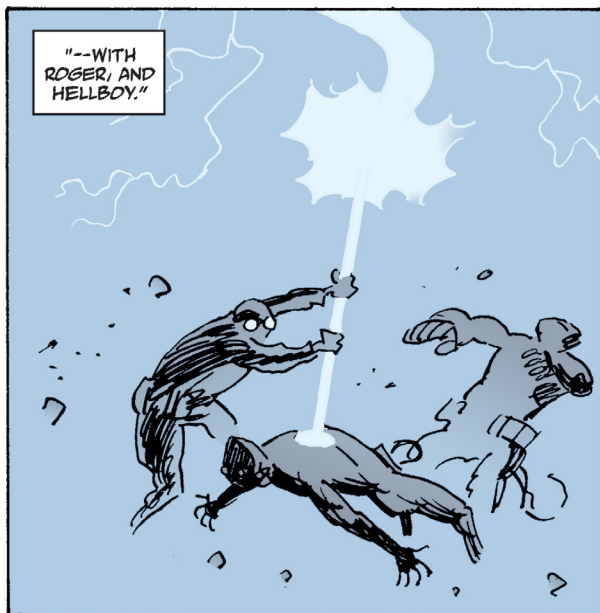


HERE  
IS THE  
CLAW!

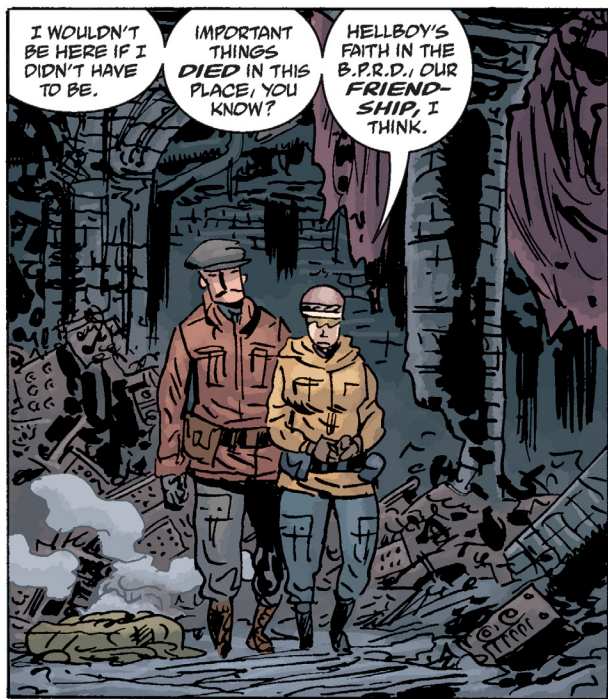
"INSTEAD,  
IT STOPPED  
HIM."















AND I THOUGHT  
I WAS TALKING  
ABOUT THE  
GHOSTS OF  
DEAD MEN.

THERE  
ARE PLENTY  
OF *THOSE*  
HERE, TOO,  
I'M SURE.



TODAY LET'S  
FOCUS ON  
JUST *ONE*  
OF THEM.

I'LL CLEAR  
A SPOT. YOU  
GET OUT THAT  
CONTAINMENT  
SUIT. *≡KOFF≡*



--PUT  
*≡KOFF≡* IT  
*≡KOFF≡* DOWN--  
OVER--*≡KOFF≡*  
OVER--  
*≡KOFF≡*  
*≡KOFF≡*  
*HACK!*

BRUNO,  
ARE YOU--?



*≡KOFF KOFF≡*  
*HACK HACK*  
*HACK!*

TAKE IT  
EASY.

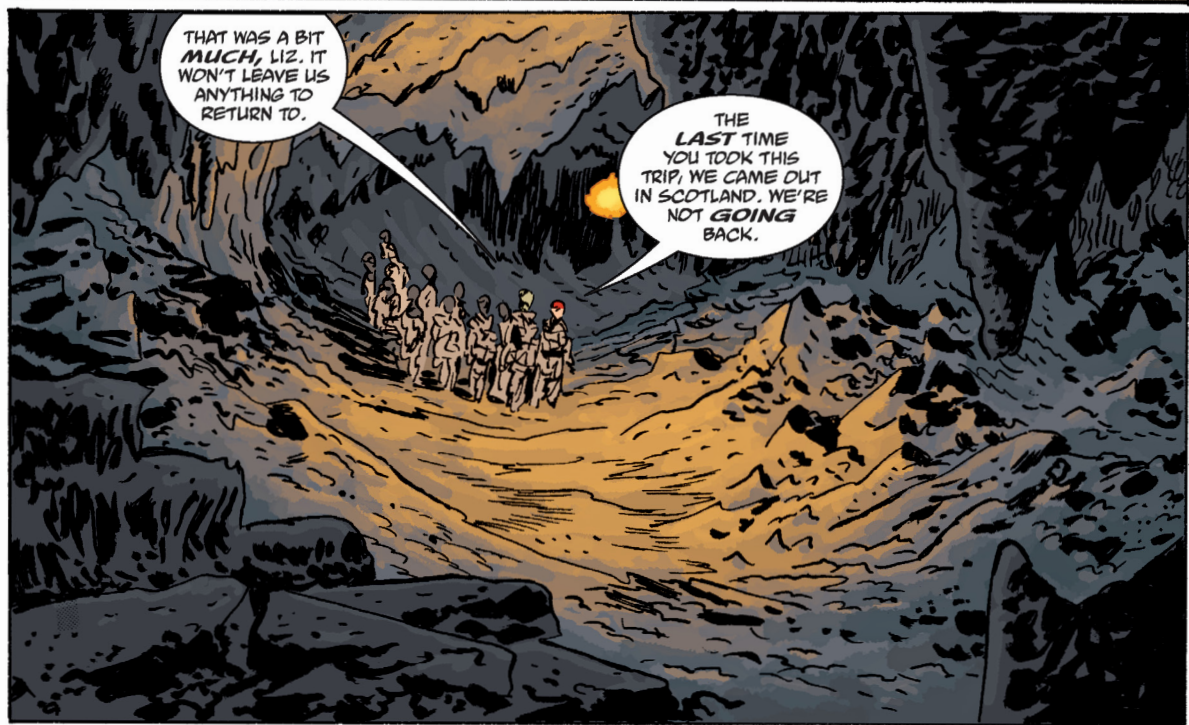
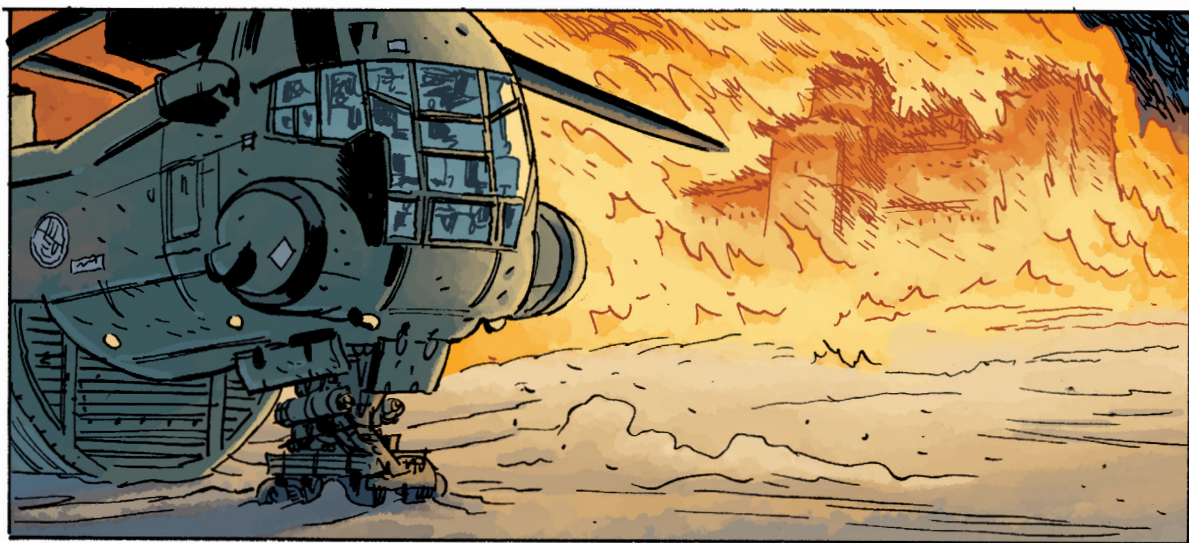


*HACK*  
*HACK*  
*KOFF KOFF*  
*HACK*









THAT WAS A BIT **MUCH**, LIZ. IT WON'T LEAVE US ANYTHING TO RETURN TO.

THE **LAST** TIME YOU TOOK THIS TRIP, WE CAME OUT IN SCOTLAND. WE'RE NOT **GOING** BACK.



NOT **NOW**, NO.

SEEMS TO ME WE SHOULD BE MOVING A **LOT** FASTER THAN **THIS**. CAN'T WE PICK UP THE PACE?



**ACTUALLY**, AGENT SHERMAN, IT'S...IT'S YOUR FLAME. IT INTERFERES WITH OUR THERMOGRAPHIC IMAGING DEVICES. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO SEE BEYOND IT.

REALLY?





WELL, HOW ABOUT I SOLVE **BOTH** OUR PROBLEMS?

LIZ, GET **BACK** HERE.



RELAX, ABE. THAT'S WHY WE HAVE THESE **RADIOS**, ISN'T IT?



AND WE'LL HAVE **VISUAL** CONTACT, TOO.



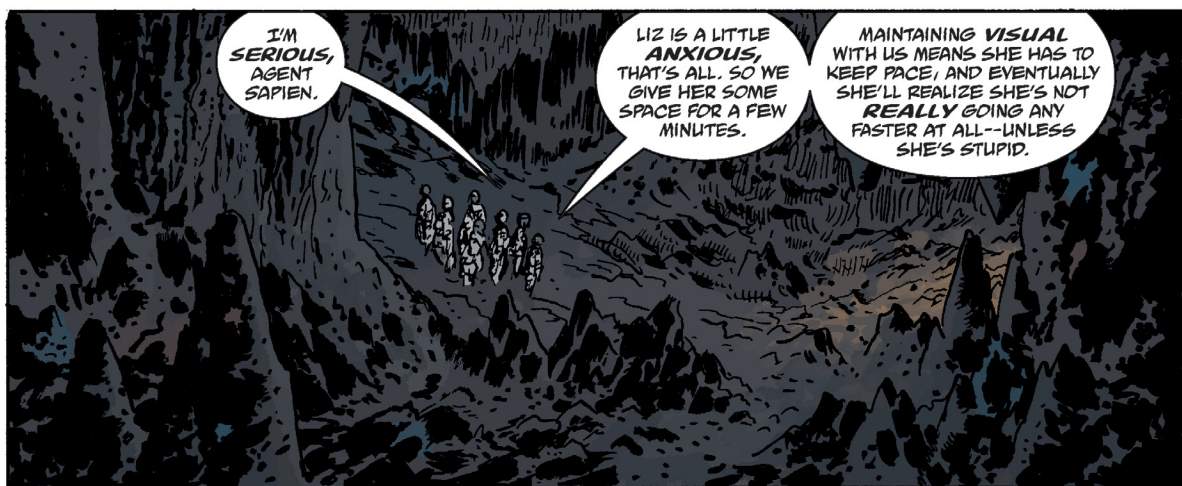
IS THIS **SAFE**? ISN'T **SHE** OUR PRIMARY OFFENSIVE WEAPON?

ALL THE MORE REASON TO **HUMOR** HER, DEVON. **TRUST** ME.



BESIDES, WHO EVER TOLD YOU THIS WAS A **SAFE** JOB?

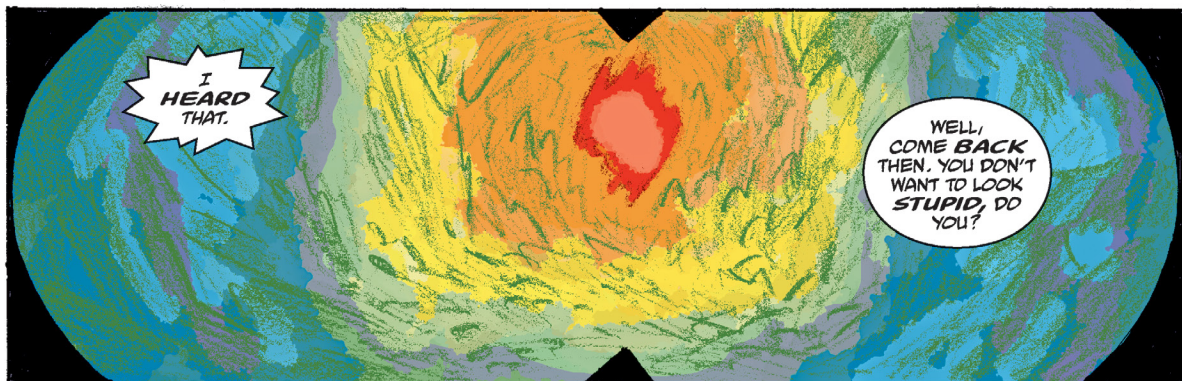




I'M  
SERIOUS,  
AGENT  
SAPIEN.

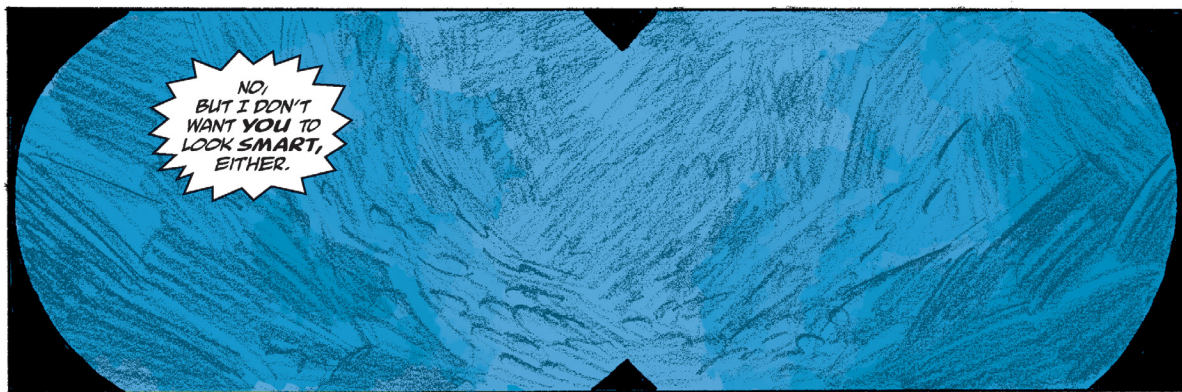
LIZ IS A LITTLE  
**ANXIOUS**,  
THAT'S ALL. SO WE  
GIVE HER SOME  
SPACE FOR A FEW  
MINUTES.

MAINTAINING **VISUAL**  
WITH US MEANS SHE HAS TO  
KEEP PACE, AND EVENTUALLY  
SHE'LL REALIZE SHE'S NOT  
**REALLY** GOING ANY  
FASTER AT ALL--UNLESS  
SHE'S STUPID.



I  
HEARD  
THAT.

WELL,  
COME **BACK**  
THEN. YOU DON'T  
WANT TO LOOK  
**STUPID**, DO  
YOU?

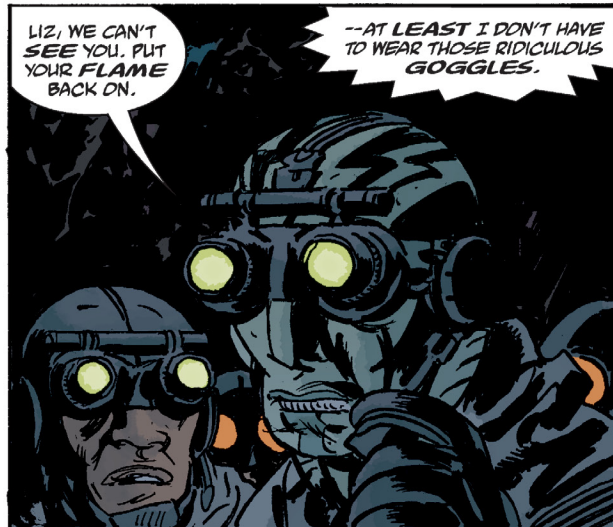


NO,  
BUT I DON'T  
WANT **YOU** TO  
LOOK **SMART**,  
EITHER.



LIZ, WHY  
DID YOU PUT  
YOUR FLAME  
OUT?

AND EVEN IF  
I AM GOING  
AT THE SAME  
PACE--



LIZ, WE CAN'T  
SEE YOU. PUT  
YOUR FLAME  
BACK ON.

--AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE  
TO WEAR THOSE RIDICULOUS  
**GOGGLES**.





LIZ,  
DID YOU  
HEAR  
ME?

HEY, THERE'S  
A LIGHT UP  
AHEAD. CAN  
YOU GUYS SEE  
THAT?

LIGHT?  
WHAT IS  
SHE--

MAYBE  
SHE TURNED  
DOWN A  
TUNNEL.

BUT THERE  
WOULD STILL  
BE A RESIDUAL  
HEAT  
SIGNATURE.



THERE'D  
BE RESIDUAL  
IF SHE TURNED  
IT OFF,  
TOO.

IT'S SUN-  
LIGHT, I  
THINK. YEAH,  
HAS TO  
BE.



LIZ,  
LISTEN!  
WE CAN'T  
SEE  
YOU!!



WAIT,  
I SEE  
SOME-  
THING.

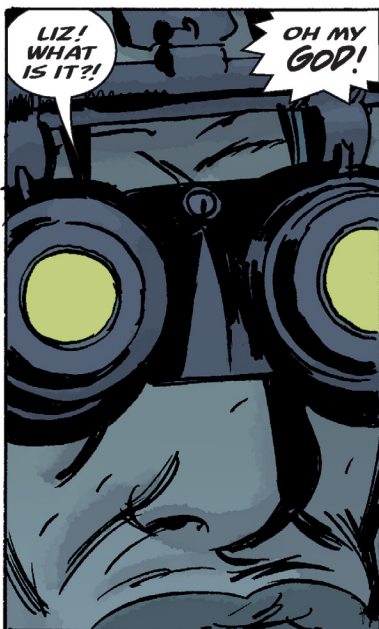
AGENT  
SHERMAN,  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

SHE  
DOESN'T  
COPY. WHY  
CAN WE  
HEAR HER,  
BUT SHE  
CAN'T--



LIZ!  
LIZ!

IS THAT...?  
OH, NO...  
NO!



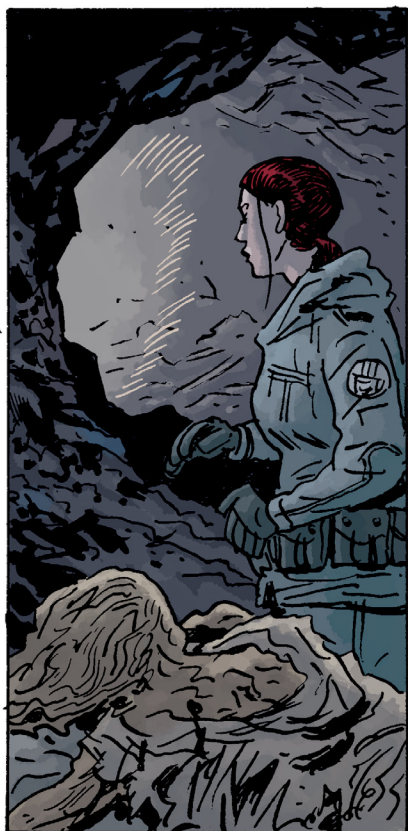
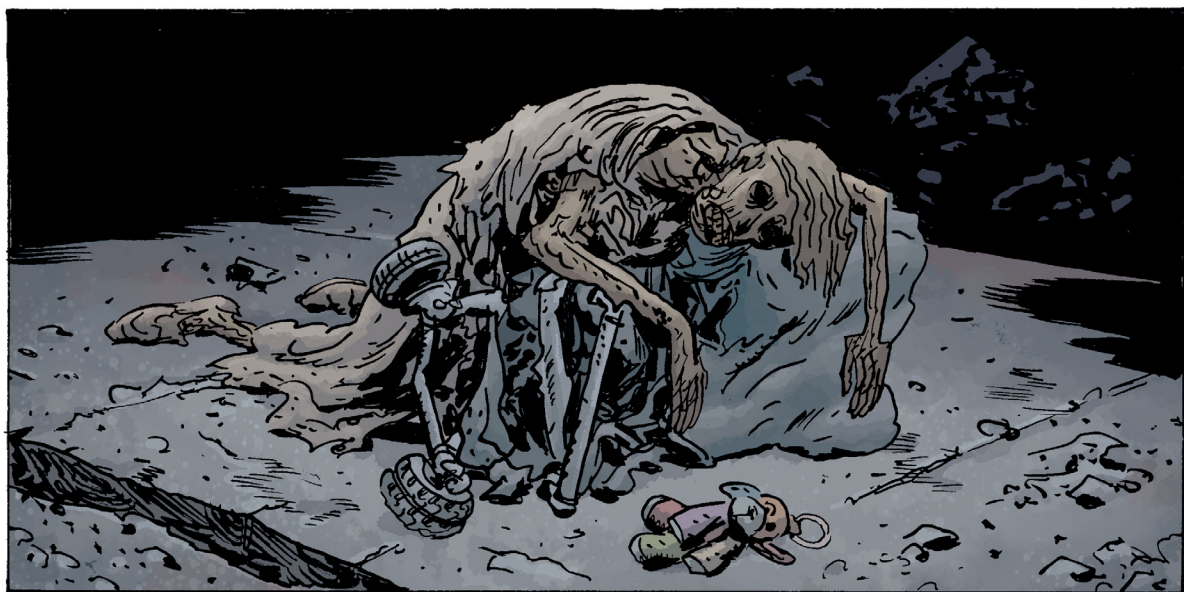
LIZ!  
WHAT  
IS IT?!

OH MY  
GOD!

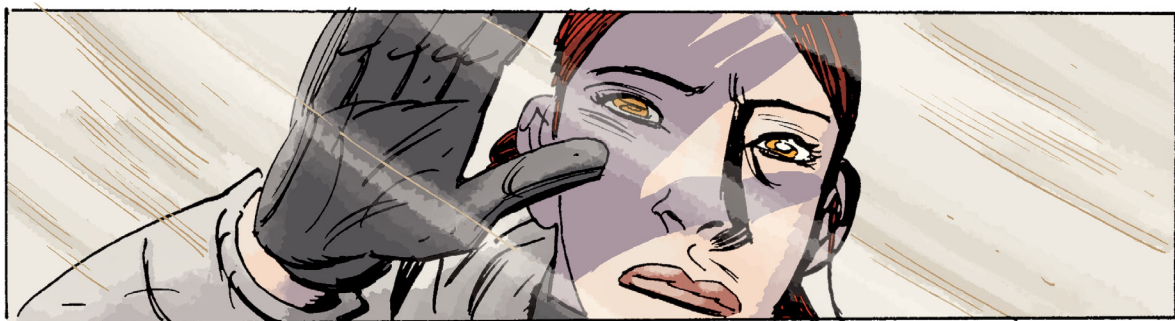


**LIZ!**

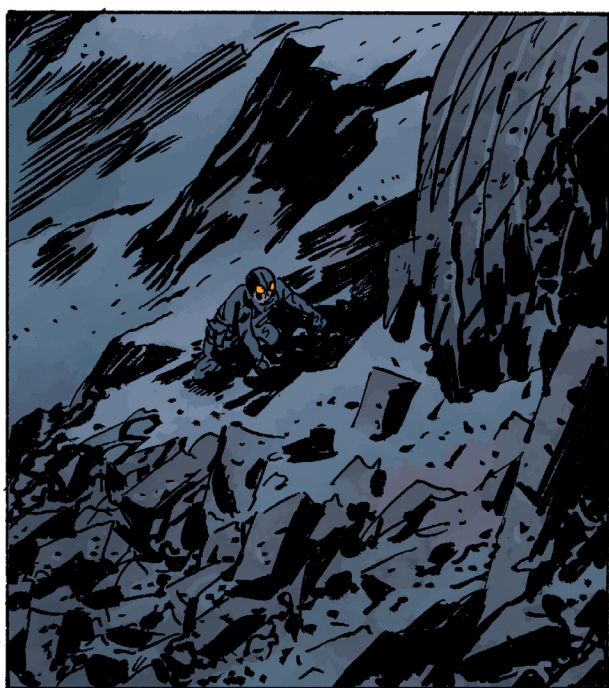




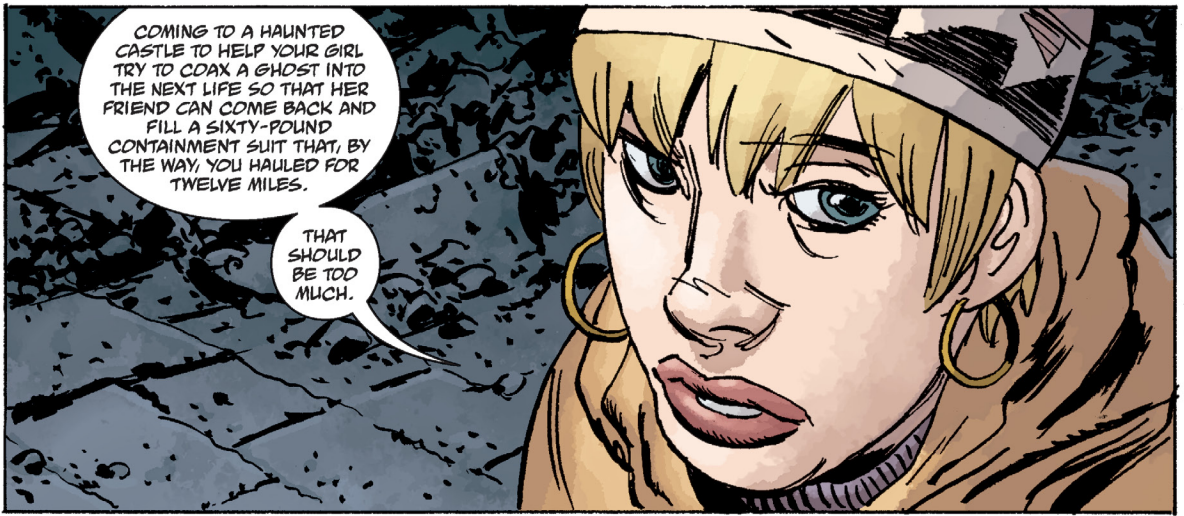






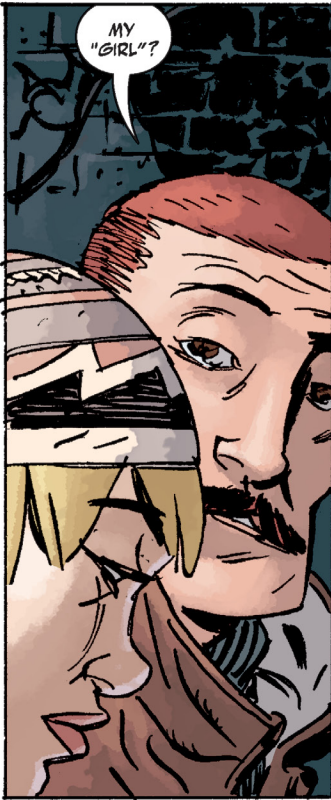






COMING TO A HAUNTED CASTLE TO HELP YOUR GIRL TRY TO COAX A GHOST INTO THE NEXT LIFE SO THAT HER FRIEND CAN COME BACK AND FILL A SIXTY-POUND CONTAINMENT SUIT THAT, BY THE WAY, YOU HAULED FOR TWELVE MILES.

THAT SHOULD BE TOO MUCH.



MY "GIRL"?



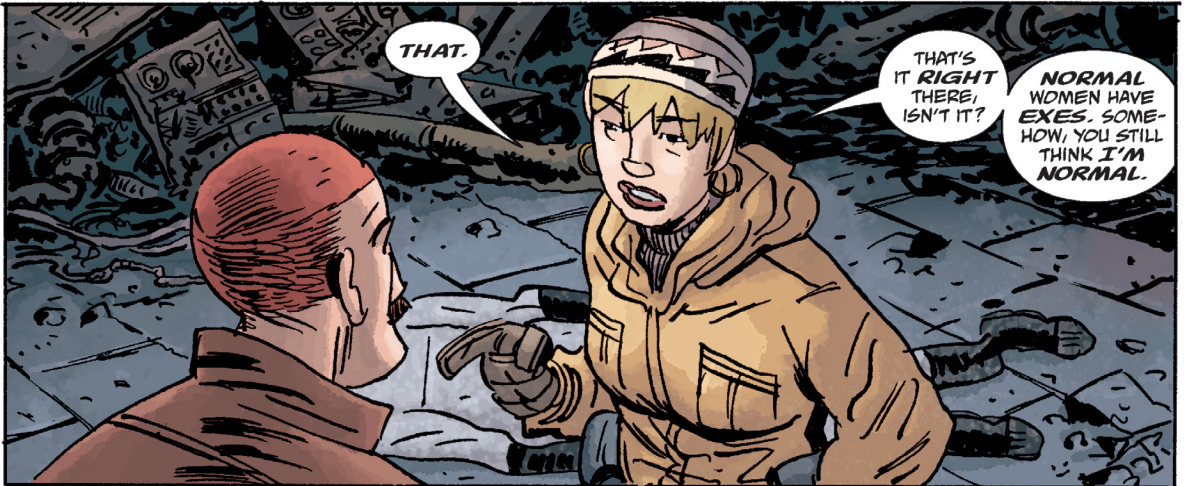
KATE, YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO SCARE ME OFF SINCE WE WALKED IN HERE. WHY?



WHY **AREN'T** YOU SCARED?

WE MET IN THE MIDDLE OF A GIANT ROBOT WAR, AND HERE WE ARE BABYSITTING A GHOST WHILE I REMINISCE ABOUT HELLBOY AND ROGER SAVING THE WORLD.

THAT NAME AGAIN. "ROGER." IS HE AN OLD BOYFRIEND?

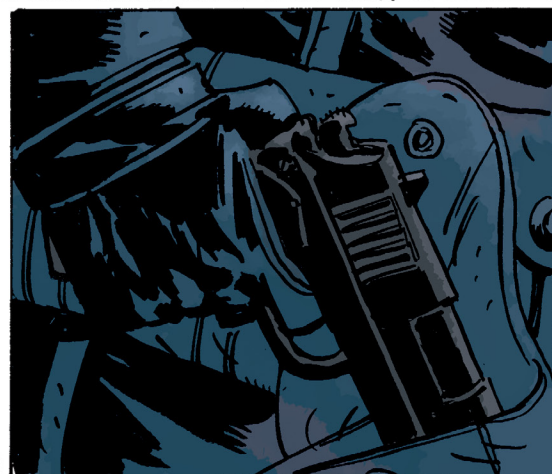
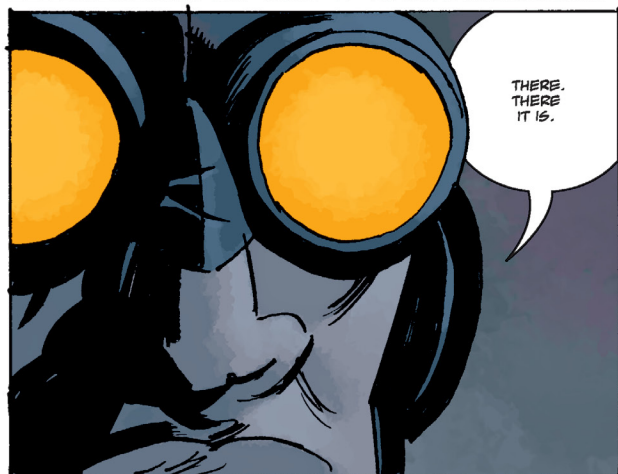
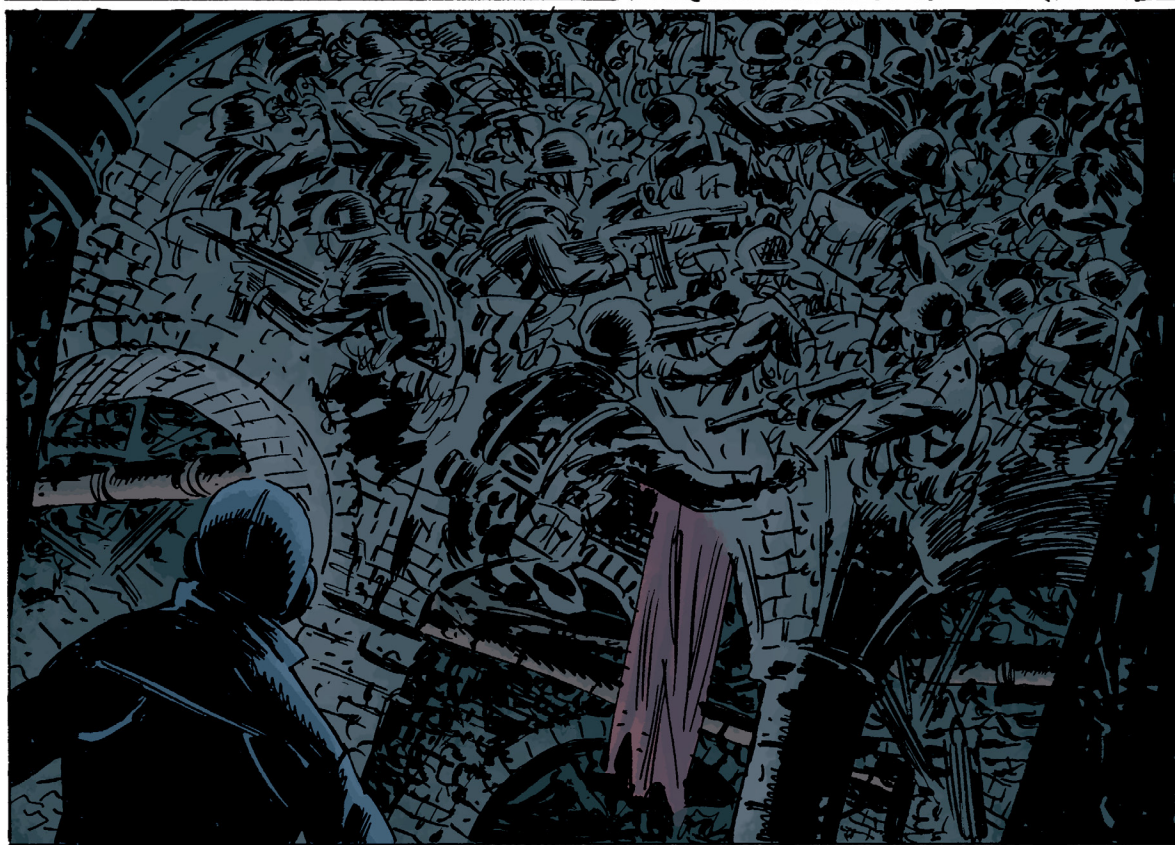


THAT.

THAT'S IT RIGHT THERE, ISN'T IT?

**NORMAL** WOMEN HAVE **EXES**. SOMEHOW, YOU STILL THINK I'M **NORMAL**.









YOU KEEP SAYING YOUR LIFE IS STRANGER THAN MINE, BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE ANYMORE.

YES, WE MET IN MUNICH WHEN GIANT ROBOTS ATTACKED. BUT IF WE HADN'T MET, WOULD THEY NEVER HAVE ATTACKED?



THE FROG CREATURES, THAT MONSTROUS SLUG IN THE STATES--EVERYTHING IS CHANGING FOR ALL OF US. IT'S NOT JUST YOU WHO IS A MAGNET FOR WEIRDNESS.

NO? OKAY, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO ROGER WAS?



HE WAS A HOMUNCULUS-- A MAN-MADE PERSON GROWN IN MANURE AND SPICES.

AND THE LAST NEW FRIEND I MADE? HE TURNED OUT TO BE A WERE-JAGUAR WHO ATE PEOPLE.



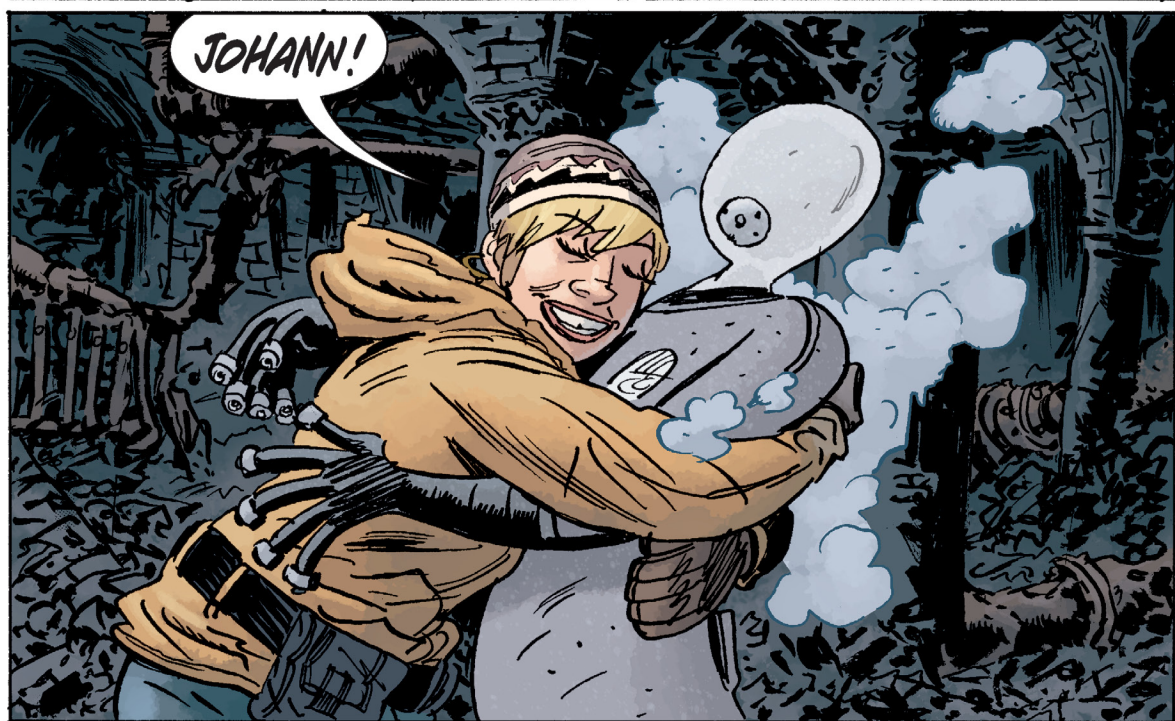
SO YOU'RE SAYING YOU'RE WORRIED I MIGHT BE A MONSTER?

NO! I'M SAYING THE WAY THINGS ARE, I CAN'T HAVE NORMAL RELATIONSHIPS WITH PEOPLE.



OR MAYBE, KATE, YOU JUST DON'T WANT A RELATIONSHIP WITH ME.





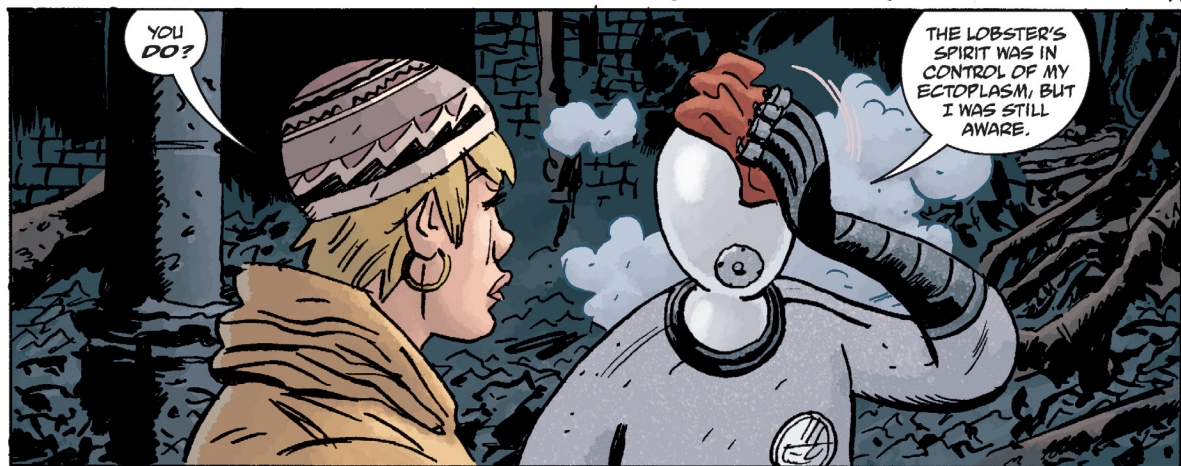




HERE YOU ARE.

YOU REMEMBER BRUNO, RIGHT? YOU'RE PROBABLY **CONFUSED**. WE'RE NOT IN **THADRETHES** ANYMORE. THIS IS **HUNTE CASTLE**.

I KNOW.



YOU DO?

THE LOBSTER'S SPIRIT WAS IN CONTROL OF MY ECTOPLASM, BUT I WAS STILL AWARE.



IT WAS A LOT LIKE BEING PARALYZED IN THE PASSENGER'S SEAT OF A VEHICLE.

I KNEW WHERE I WAS, I COULD SEE EVERYTHING, BUT I WASN'T THE DRIVER. I WAS POWERLESS.



THAT IS A FAIRLY BRUTAL DESCRIPTION.

YES, AND ACCURATE.

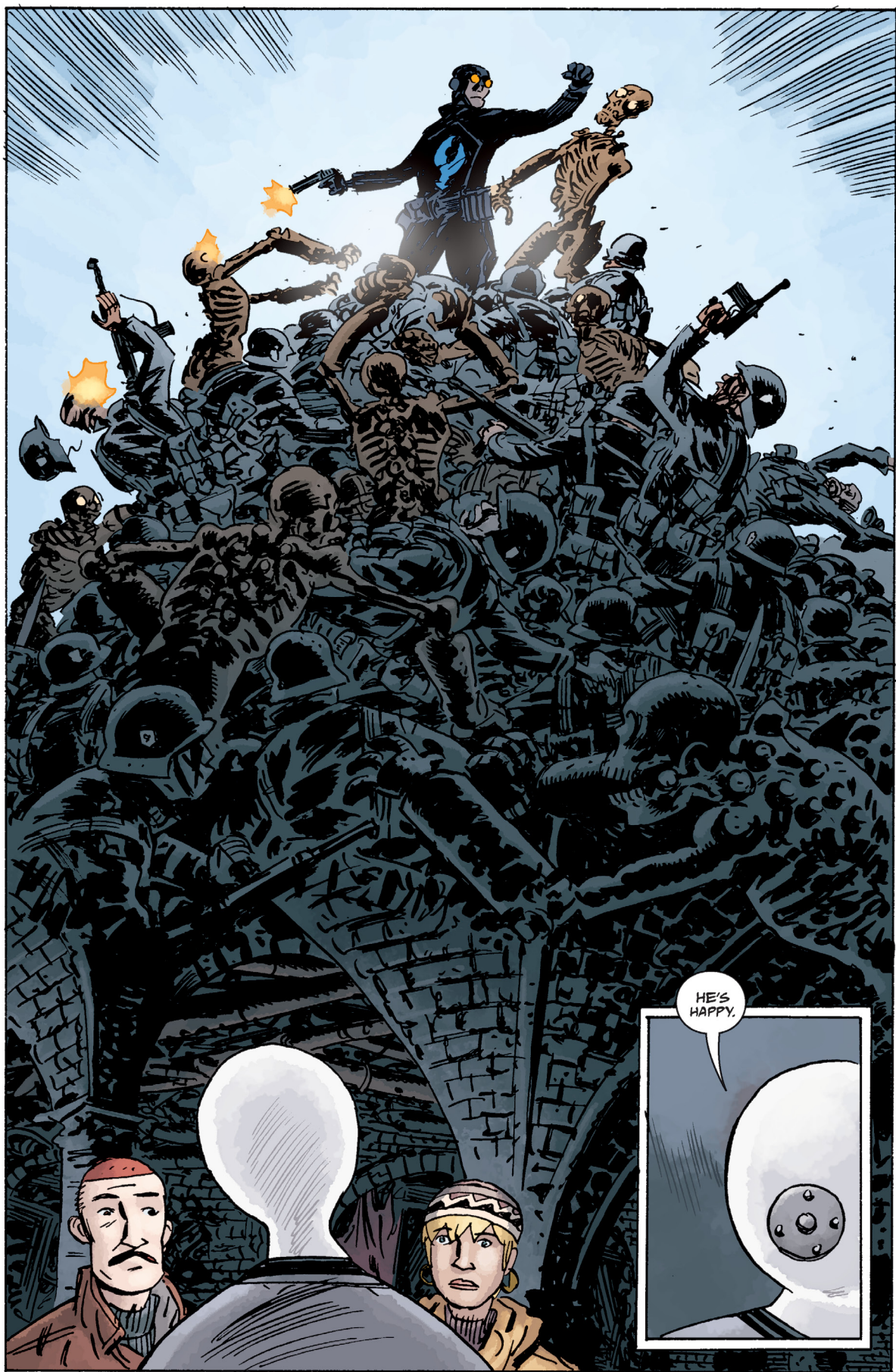
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. I WON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH IT AGAIN. THE LOBSTER IS DONE. WHEN HE LEFT ME, THAT WAS OBVIOUS.



**OBVIOUS?** SO WE'VE SUCCEEDED.

I MEAN, YOU'RE SAYING HIS SPIRIT IS AT REST NOW, RIGHT? HE'S AT PEACE HERE.





HE'S  
HAPPY.

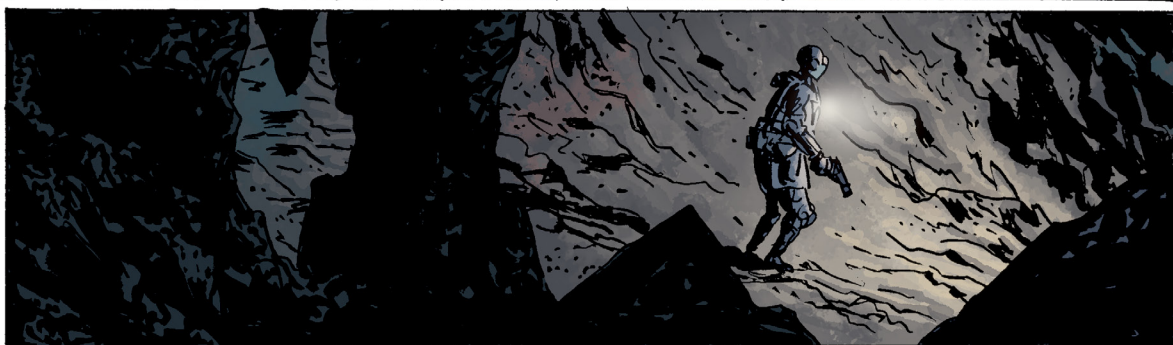




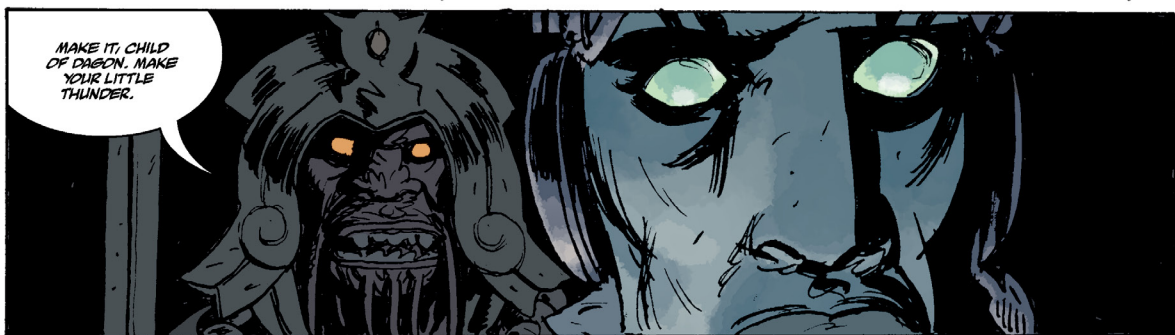




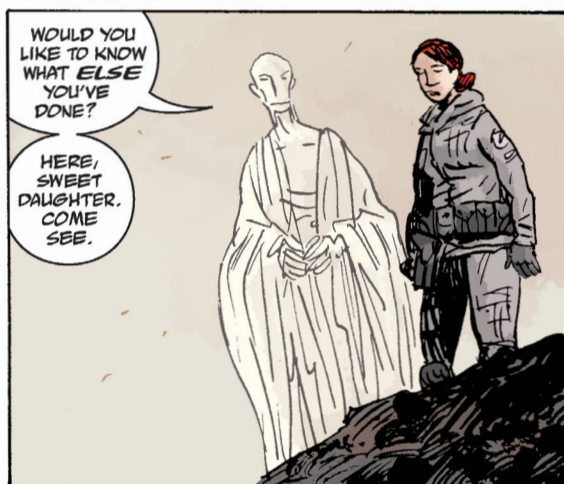
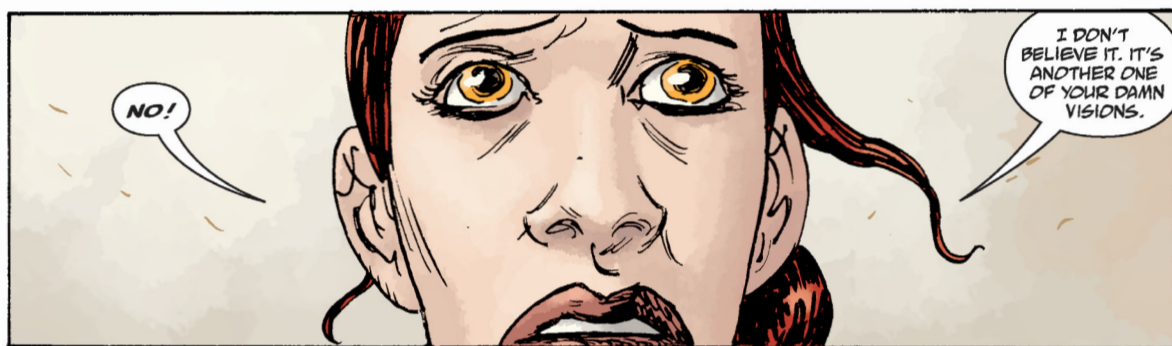




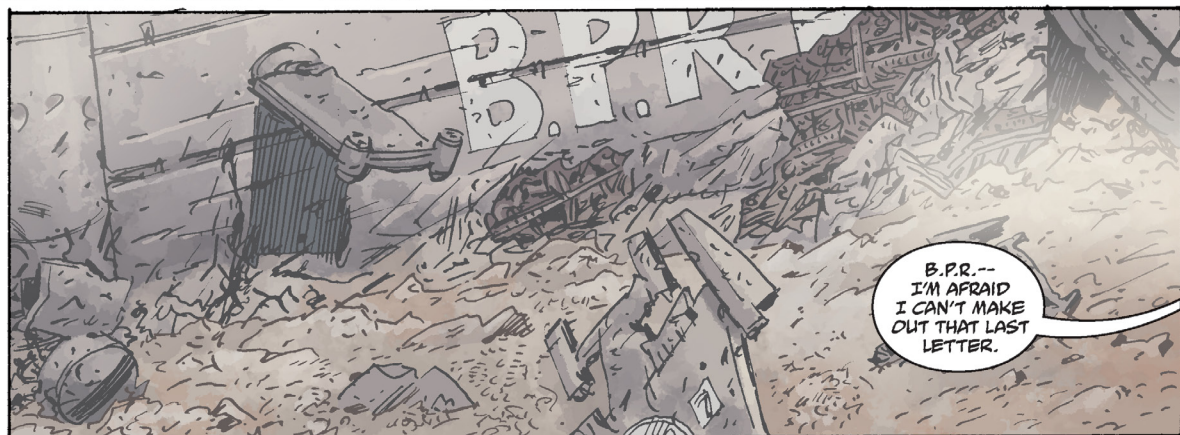
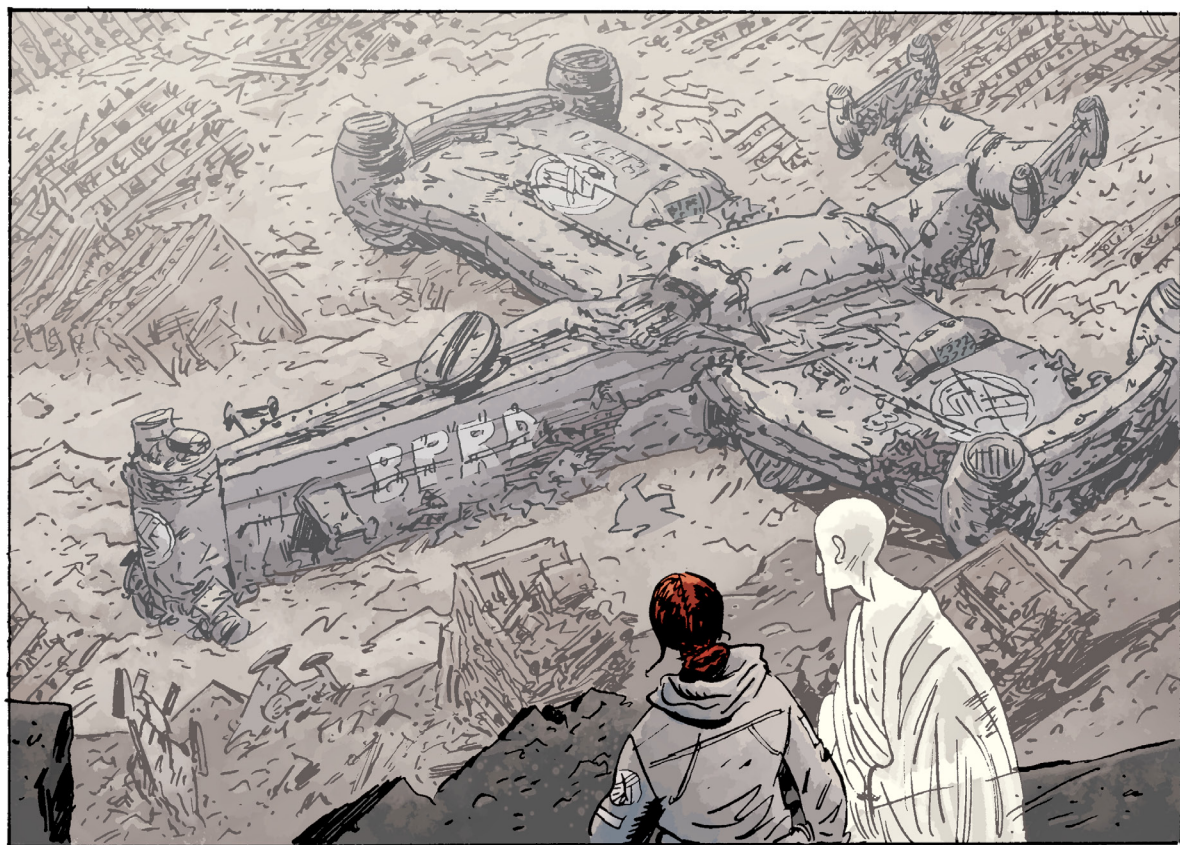
















THE  
BLOOD OF  
WHAT WAS IS  
A LAKE OF  
GRIEF.



YOUR ARMS  
ARE WEARY FROM  
THE KILLING, AND  
THE KILLING.  
ALL MY PEOPLE,  
**CRUSHED**  
UNDER YOU.

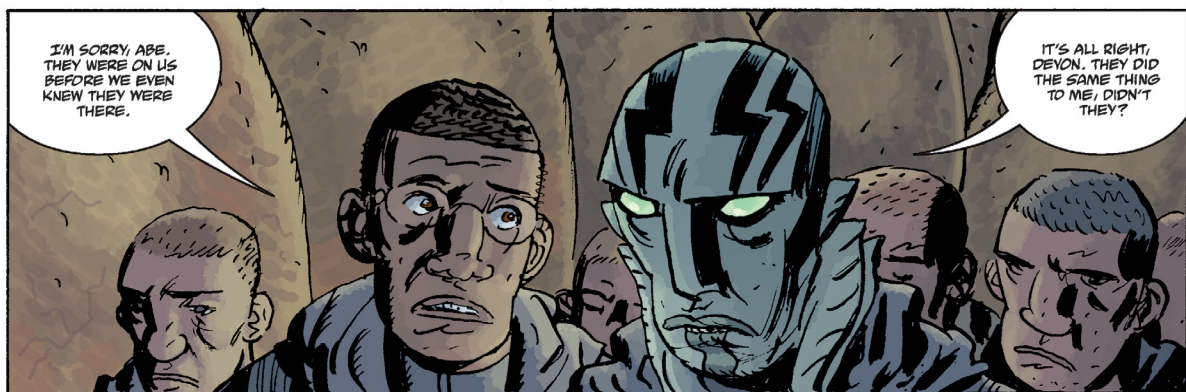
BUT  
**LOOK!** A  
YOUNG EMPIRE  
GROWS.





HERE, IN THE CHAMBER WHERE THE OLD MASTERS KEPT US IN CHAINS, **HERE** IS WHERE THE **NEW MASTER** LAUNCHES HIS POWER.

IT ALL ENDED HERE-- IT ALL **STARTS** HERE.



I'M SORRY, ABE. THEY WERE ON US BEFORE WE EVEN KNEW THEY WERE THERE.

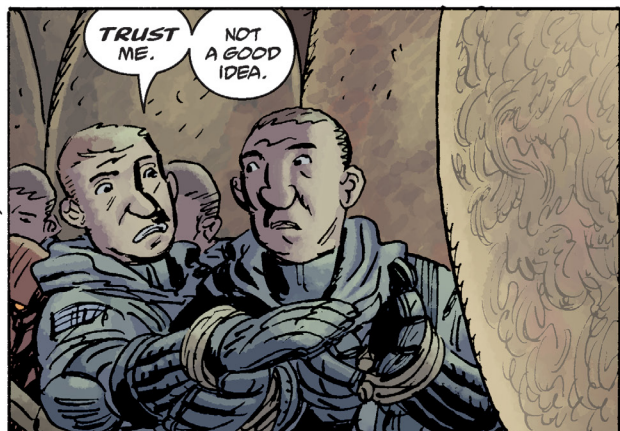
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEVON. THEY DID THE SAME THING TO ME, DIDN'T THEY?



GOD DAMN, THESE MOTHERS STINK!



LOOK AT THAT. IT'S LIKE PLASTIC!



TRUST ME.

NOT A GOOD IDEA.





MY NATION  
**RISES** HERE  
UNDER ME. ALL  
YOU DO CANNOT  
**STOP** IT.

IT IS TO  
**BE**, AND ALL  
YOU DO ONLY  
**SPEEDS** MY  
ASCENSION.



YOU **LED** MY NEW  
ALLIES TO ME.  
YOU **DROVE** THEM  
INTO THE EARTH'S  
BOSOM AND TO  
MY SIDE.

YOU **PUSHED**  
YOUR ENEMIES  
**TOGETHER**. WHY  
SHOULD YOU BE  
SURPRISED THEY  
WOULD UNITE?

WHO  
SAYS WE'RE  
**SURPRISED**?



WHAT **YOU**  
ARE IS DUST.  
AN ECHO IN  
FADING  
MIST.

WHAT **I**  
AM. WHAT  
**WE** ARE.  
WHAT IS  
TO BE.

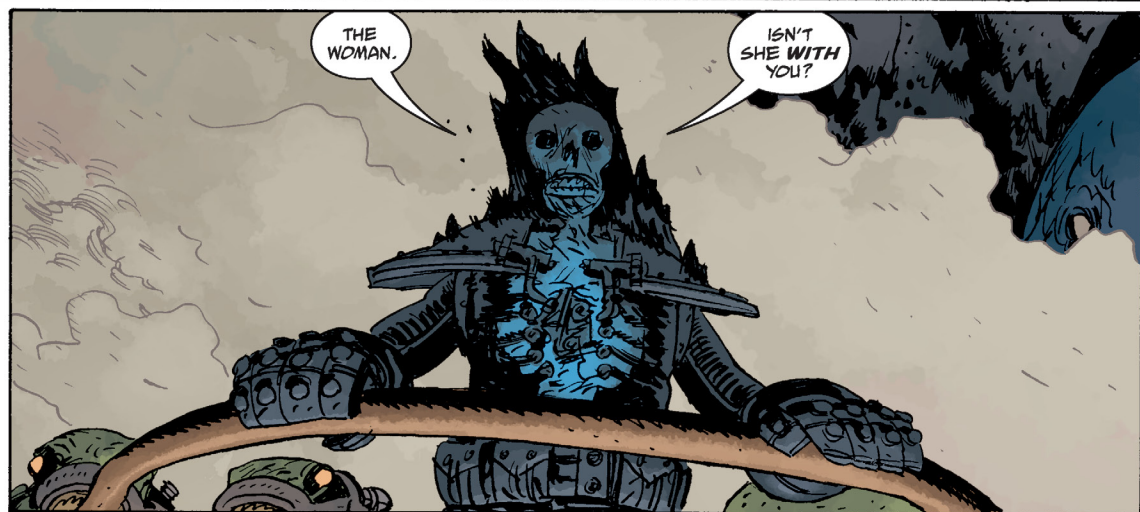


THINK ON THOSE  
THINGS WHILE YOU  
**LIVE**, CHILD OF  
DAGON.

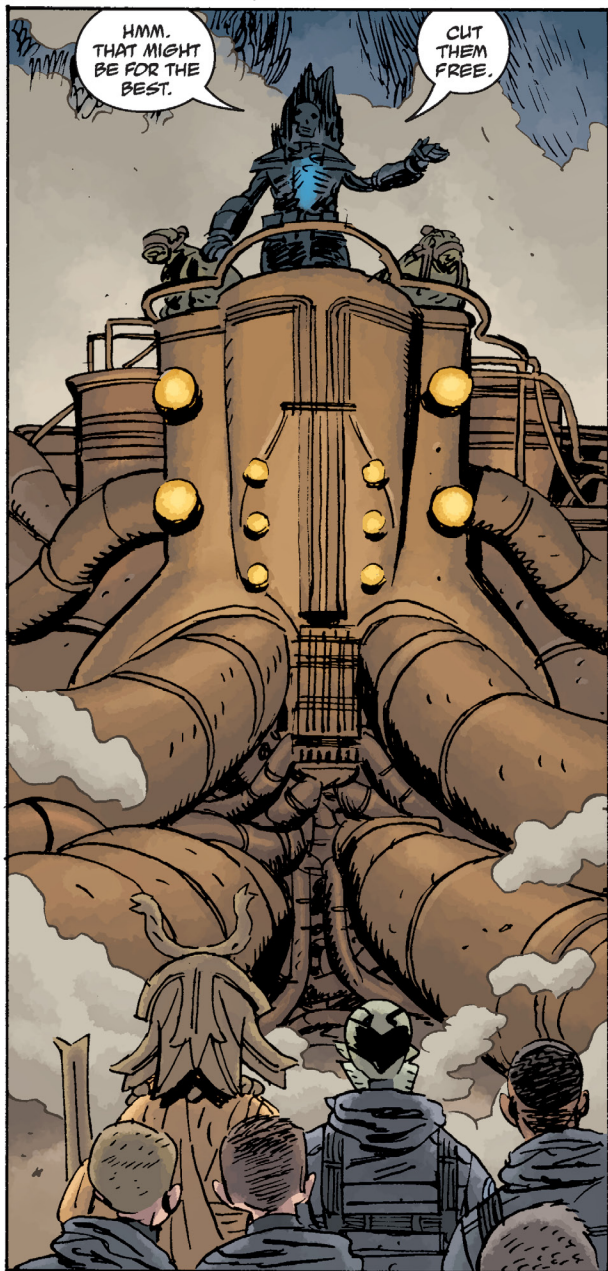
















TO WHERE IS  
IT THAT I  
SHOULD BE  
AFRAID YOU'LL  
RUN?

DO  
YOU EVEN  
KNOW  
WHERE YOU  
ARE?



YOUR MILITARY  
HAS BEEN BUSY.  
THERE ARE NOT  
MANY BRETHREN  
LEFT.



BUT ENOUGH TO  
CONTAIN YOU, NOW  
THAT YOU'RE  
DISARMED.

THIS IS IT? THESE  
ARE ALL THAT ARE  
LEFT OF THE  
FROGS?



FOR  
NOW.

FOR  
NOW.





DO YOU KNOW WHAT  
A **BILLION** TIMES  
A **BILLION** IS?

**THAT**  
IS THE MIGHT  
OF MY COMMAND  
SWELLING AROUND  
YOU. YOUR ARMIES  
WILL DIE OF **FEAR**  
AT THE SIGHT  
OF THEIR  
NUMBERS.



I GET THE  
PICTURE.

BUT  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON WITH THEM?  
WHY AREN'T THEY  
OUT SMASHING  
THINGS?

MY ENGINES  
ARE **MINE**.  
YOUR QUESTIONS  
ARE NOT  
ADMISSIBLE.

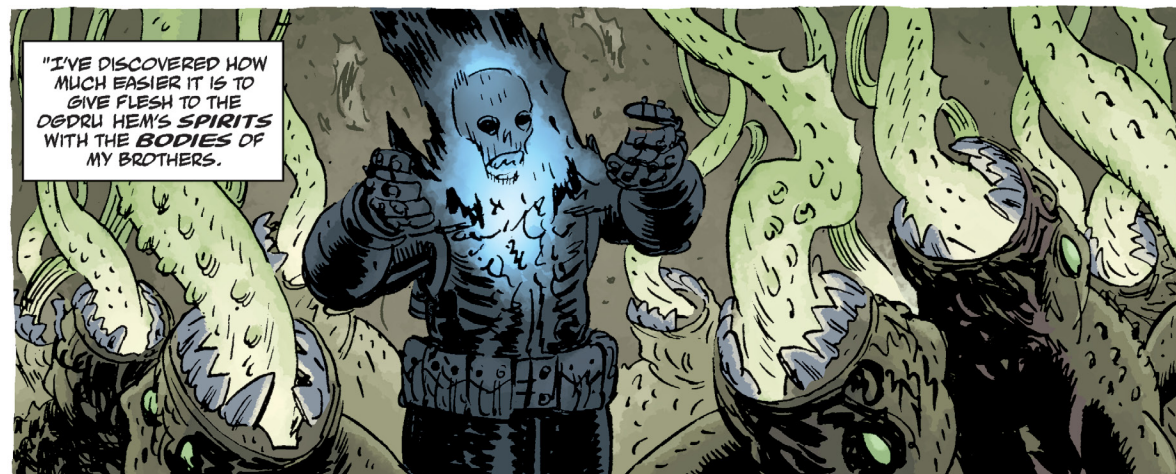


THIS IS A NURSERY.  
FOR MY BRETHREN,  
BUT ALSO FOR THE  
MAKERS OF THE  
NEXT WORLD.

WHO KNOWS WHAT  
DIVINE INFLUENCE  
BROUGHT ME  
TO THESE  
"ENGINES."



ALL THE TIME, ALL THE  
ENERGY EXPENDED  
TO BRING KATHA-HEM  
HERE. AND JUST THAT  
**ONE**. WHAT A  
WASTE.



"I'VE DISCOVERED HOW  
MUCH EASIER IT IS TO  
GIVE FLESH TO THE  
ODRU HEM'S SPIRITS  
WITH THE **BODIES** OF  
MY BROTHERS.



"LIKE LARVAE, THEY INCUBATE IN THESE MAGNIFICENT CONDUITS OF GEOMANTIC ENERGY."

"AND THEN IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS. THE OODRU HEM FORM THEMSELVES, GROW OF THEIR OWN WILL AND THROUGH THE LIFE OF THE EARTH."

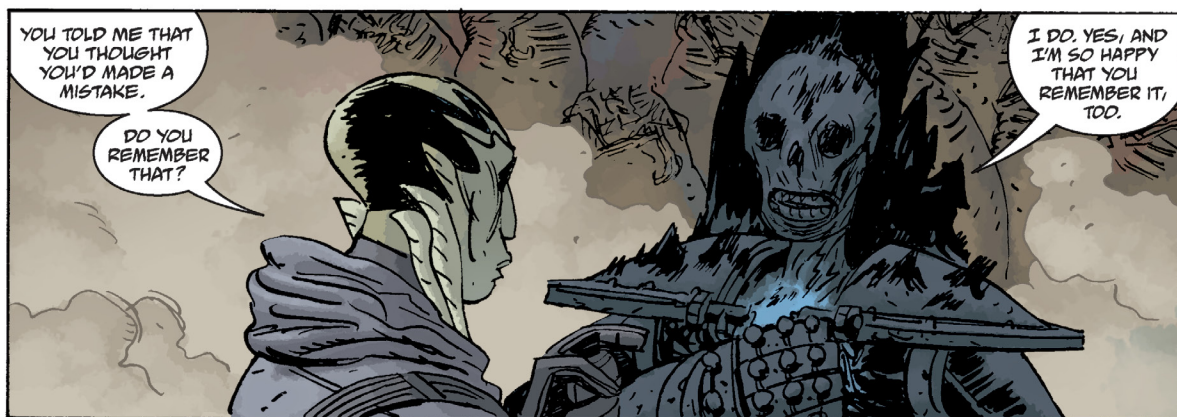
"I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH SINCE I CAME DOWN HERE. MY PLACE IS CLEARER TO ME."

LOOK, I CAN'T TALK TO HIM. I KNOW THAT.

BUT YOU. I REMEMBER YOU.

JUST NOW YOU MENTIONED WHAT YOU DID BEFORE, IN NEBRASKA. I WAS THERE, RIGHT AFTER IT HAPPENED, I WAS THERE, AND YOU SAID SOMETHING TO ME.





YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU'D MADE A MISTAKE.

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?

I DO. YES, AND I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU REMEMBER IT, TOO.



I WAS RIGHT. I HAD MADE ALMOST THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.

I WAS TRYING TO MASTER MY BRETHREN, AND THE **OGDRU HEM** THEMSELVES. I THOUGHT I COULD BE THE CENTER OF IT ALL.



BUT THEY WERE FORGIVING, AND PATIENT, IN WAYS I COULDN'T IMAGINE.

AND IT'S ALL SO OBVIOUS NOW.



"THEY WILL TAKE STRENGTH FROM THE **OGDRU HEM** IN THE AIR TO RAISE THE **OGDRU HEM** OUT OF THE GROUND."

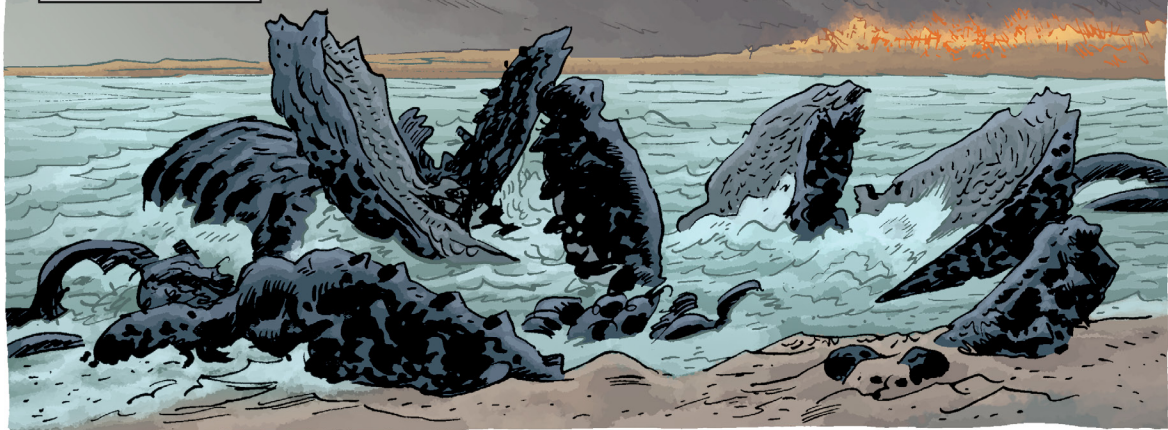
I HAVE HELPED THEM IN THIS, TO RESTORE THE OLD LORDS' REIGN ON EARTH.



MY REIGN! MY REIGN OF EARTH!!

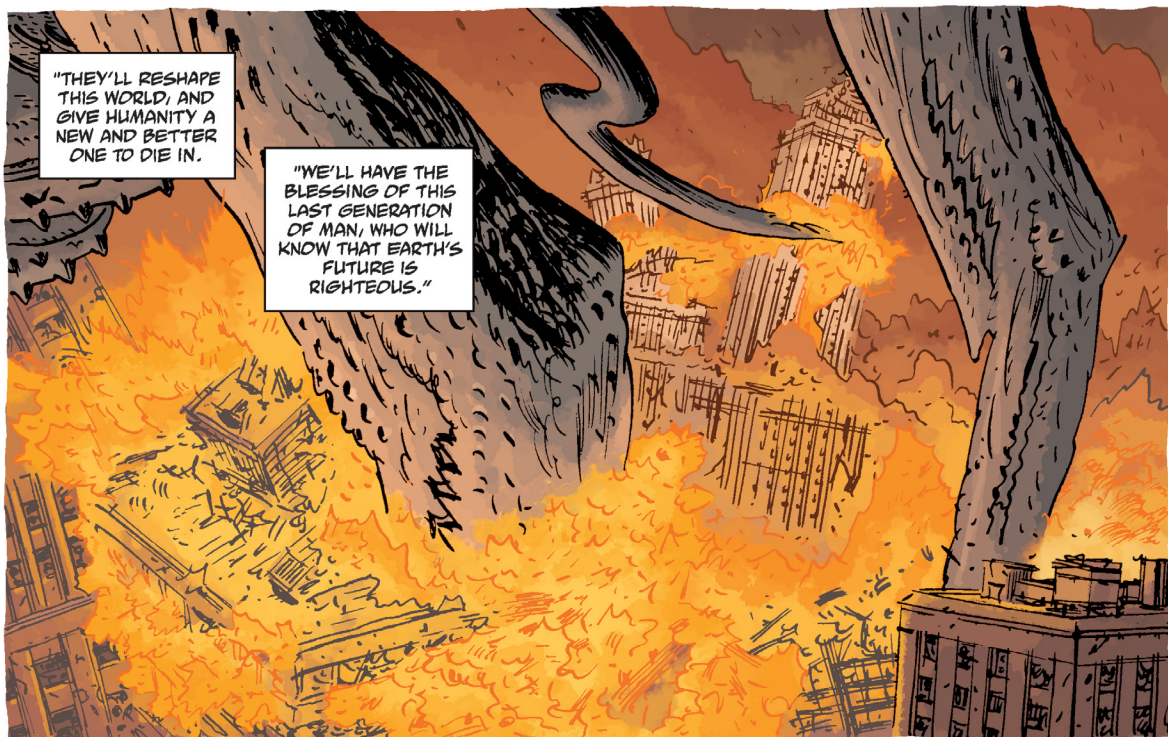


"YOU SEE? THE  
ODDRU HEM ARRIVE  
NOT ONE AT A TIME,  
BUT IN A WAVE, AND  
THAT ACCOMPLISHES  
THE DIFFERENCE."



"THEY'LL RESHAPE  
THIS WORLD, AND  
GIVE HUMANITY A  
NEW AND BETTER  
ONE TO DIE IN."

"WE'LL HAVE THE  
BLESSING OF THIS  
LAST GENERATION  
OF MAN, WHO WILL  
KNOW THAT EARTH'S  
FUTURE IS  
RIGHTEDUS."



IF YOU EXPECT PEOPLE TO  
GO THAT QUIETLY, THEN YOU  
HAVEN'T STUDIED HISTORY  
VERY WELL.







AND  
YOU ARE  
NO STUDENT OF  
RELIGION IF  
YOU THINK THEY  
WON'T.

FOR  
HOW MANY  
CENTURIES  
HAVE PEOPLE  
BEEN WARNED  
OF THE END  
TIMES?



WHEN THEY  
WITNESS THE NEXT  
CREATION, THEY'LL  
SEE IT ALL COME TO  
PASS, JUST AS THEIR  
PROPHETS TOLD  
THEM.

THEY'LL  
SEEK SALVATION  
IN ANY WAY  
THEY'RE ABLE,  
AND WE CAN  
OFFER IT.





NOT ALL  
ARE COMING  
TO US, WE  
KNOW.

SOME WILL MAKE  
NEW IDOLS TO THE  
*SPIDER* AND THE  
*FLY*. WE EXPECT  
THAT. THE  
BEGINNING WON'T  
BE WITHOUT  
BLOOD.



THERE WILL  
BE SOME  
RESISTANCE,  
BUT NOT SO  
MUCH AS YOU  
THINK. PERHAPS  
EVEN LESS  
THAN I  
THINK.

IF YOU'VE COME TO  
STOP US, THIS IS A  
PRETTY PATHETIC  
SHOWING, YOU  
MUST ADMIT.



AFTER OUR SIEGE OF  
THADRETHES, YOU'D THINK  
THE WORLD GOVERNMENTS  
WOULD TAKE US MORE  
SERIOUSLY.

THIS IS *NOT*  
AS IT IS TO BE.  
HE'S SPEAKING  
DIFFERENTLY  
NOW.







WELL, CONSIDERING WE STOPPED YOU COLD AT THADRETHES, AND APPARENTLY WIPED YOUR ARMIES OUT, I'D SAY WE'RE DOING OKAY.

EXCEPT THAT IN DEFEAT, WE WERE STILL VICTORIOUS.



WHAT WE NEEDED DONE WAS *DONE*. HAD I KNOWN YOU WERE AFTER THE SERPENT YOURSELF, MANY BROTHERS MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED.

STILL, YOU KILLED HIM, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.



"SERPENT"? YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MEMNAN SAA?

IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP UP THIS PRETENSE FOR ME.

WE'RE A BIT *BEYOND* THAT, AREN'T WE?



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

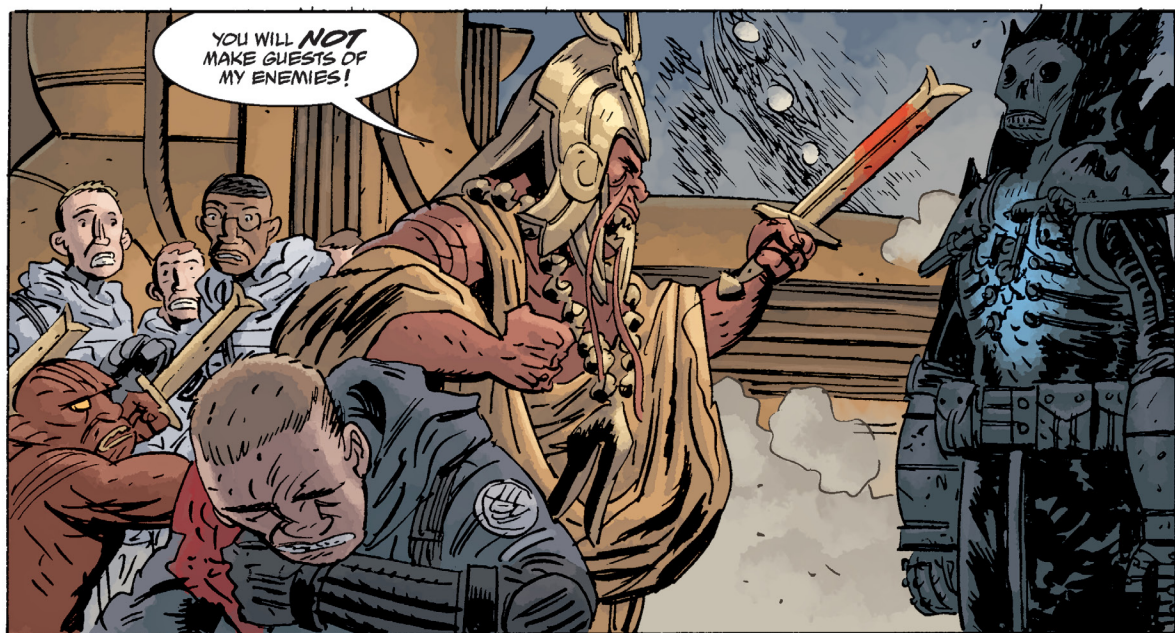
I SUGGEST YOU RELAX. IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW.



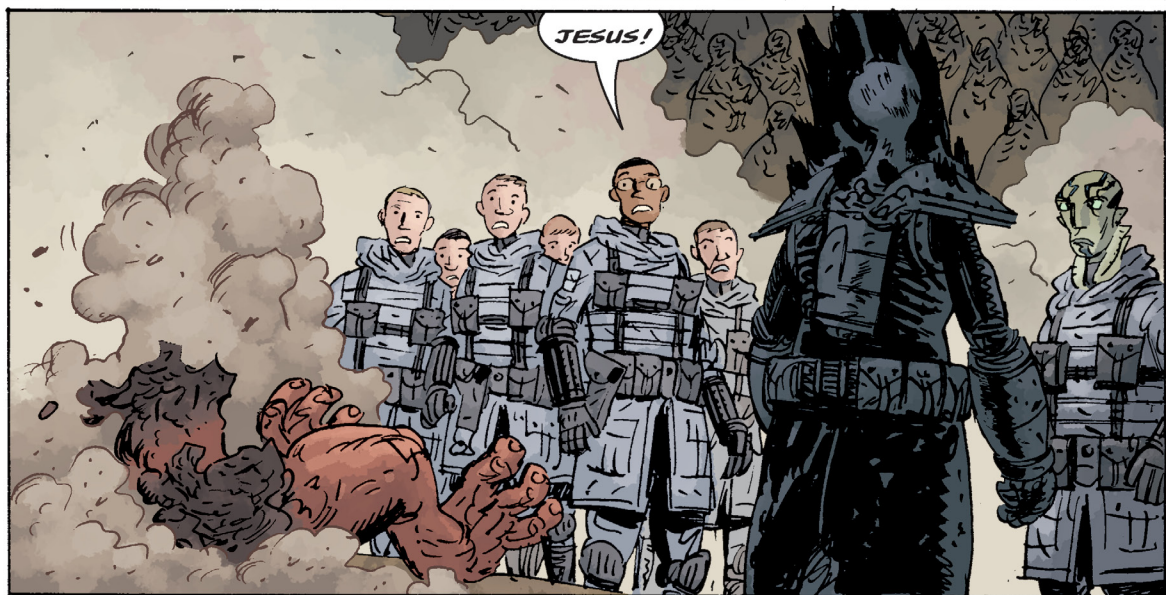
NO!

GAAA!













I'M  
SORRY,  
SON.

YOU'RE  
BLEEDING  
BADLY, BUT  
WE'LL HELP  
YOU.



I DON'T  
GET ANY OF  
THIS! YOU'RE  
**INSANE!**

YOU KILL YOUR  
**OWN ALLY** IN  
RETALIATION FOR  
HIS ATTACKING MY  
MAN, WHEN YOU'RE  
JUST GOING TO  
**KILL** ALL OF US  
ANYWAY.



MY **ALLY?**  
YOU MEAN YOU  
**STILL** DON'T  
KNOW?

WHY WOULD I GO  
ON **EXPLAINING**  
ALL THIS IF I WERE  
PLANNING TO  
**KILL** YOU?

NO--DOESN'T  
MAKE MUCH  
SENSE, BUT  
GUYS WHO  
WANT TO RULE  
THE WORLD  
DO CRAZY  
THINGS.



YOU JUST  
HAVEN'T BEEN  
LISTENING, "**ABE.**"  
THAT'S THE  
PROBLEM.

YOU NEED TO  
UNDERSTAND.  
**I'M** NOT GOING  
TO BE THE CENTER  
OF POWER  
IN ALL  
THIS.

YOU  
KNOW MY  
NAME?



**YOU**  
ARE.





"I'M JUST  
PREPARING IT  
FOR YOU--"

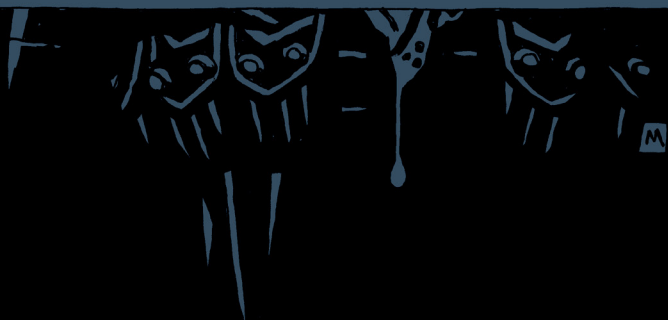


"--YOUR  
NEW WORLD."

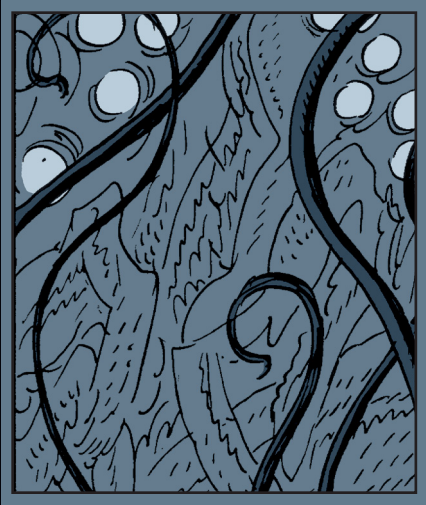




## CHAPTER FOUR











"WHAT THE #+&% ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"



DIDN'T I JUST SAY WE WERE BEYOND ALL THAT?

THERE'S NO POINT IN KEEPING IT FROM YOUR COLLEAGUES ANYMORE.

I THINK THEY'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH YOU WILL SPARE THEM.



OH, SO IT'S "MY COLLEAGUES."

WOW! THAT'S A PRETTY SORRY ATTEMPT TO CULTIVATE MISTRUST AMONG US. YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HOW TO BEAT YOUR ENEMIES, DO YOU?

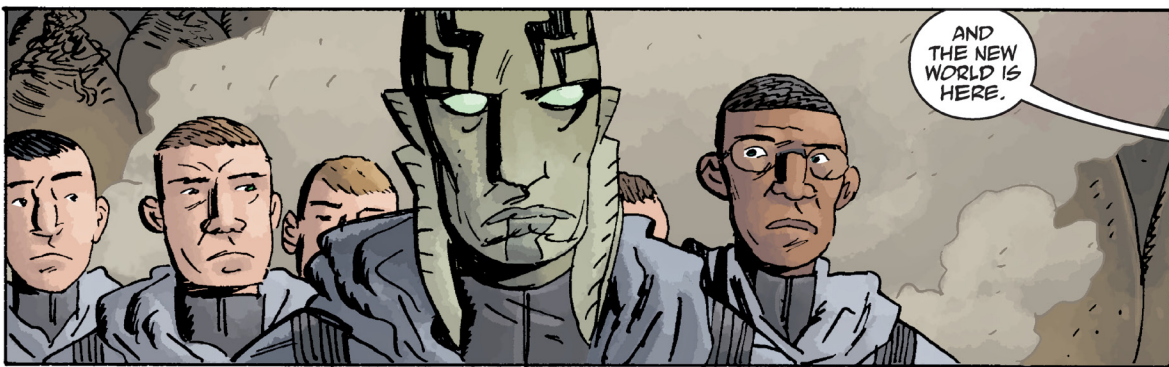
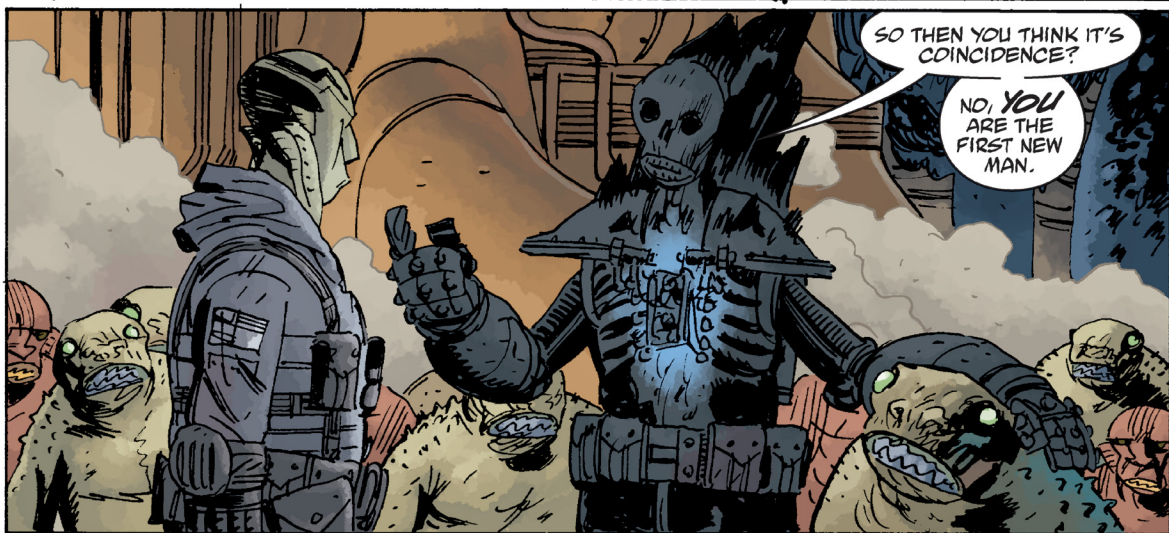


IF WE WERE ENEMIES, I'D JUST DESTROY YOU.

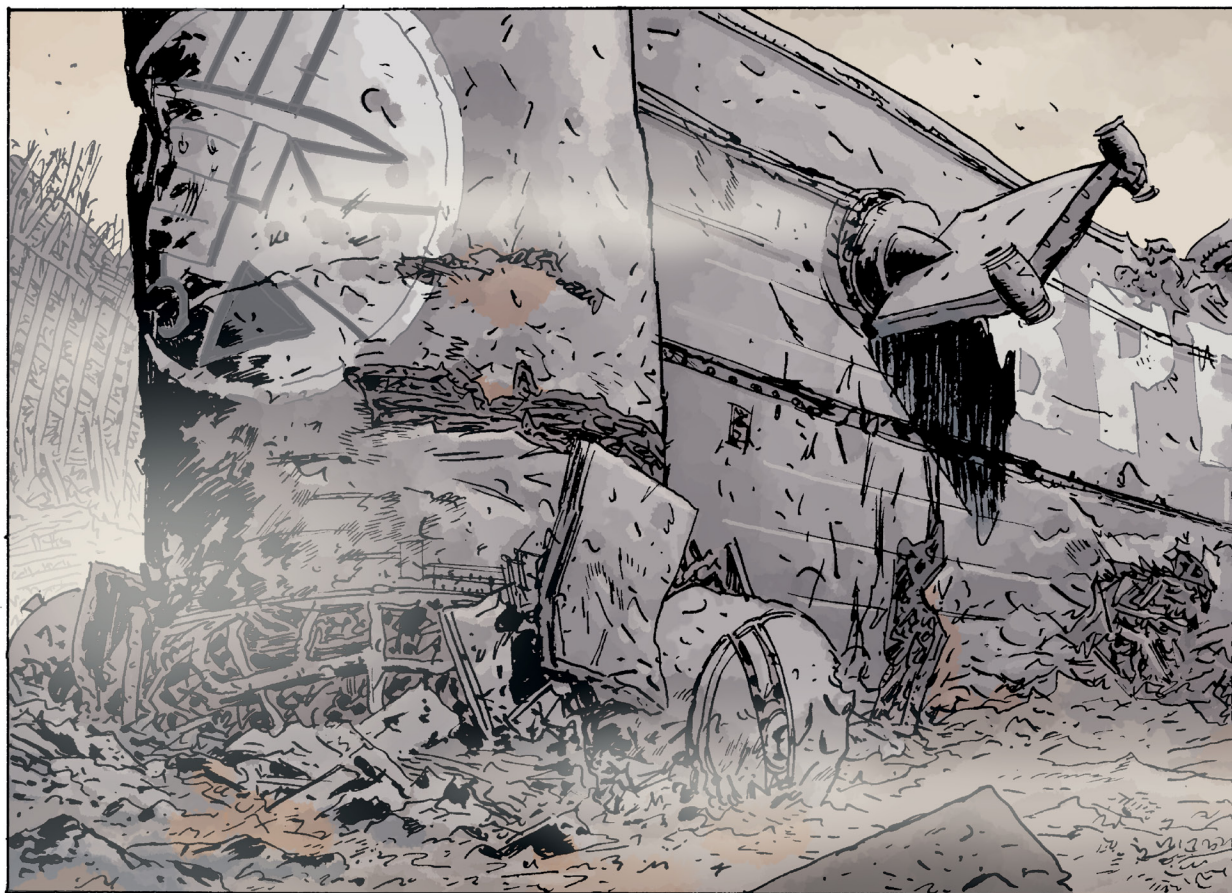












THAT **THING**, THE BUREAU HAS NOTHING LIKE THAT.

NOT THE DAY YOU WENT TO AGARTHA, NO. BUT THEY DID. YEARS LATER... YEARS AGO.

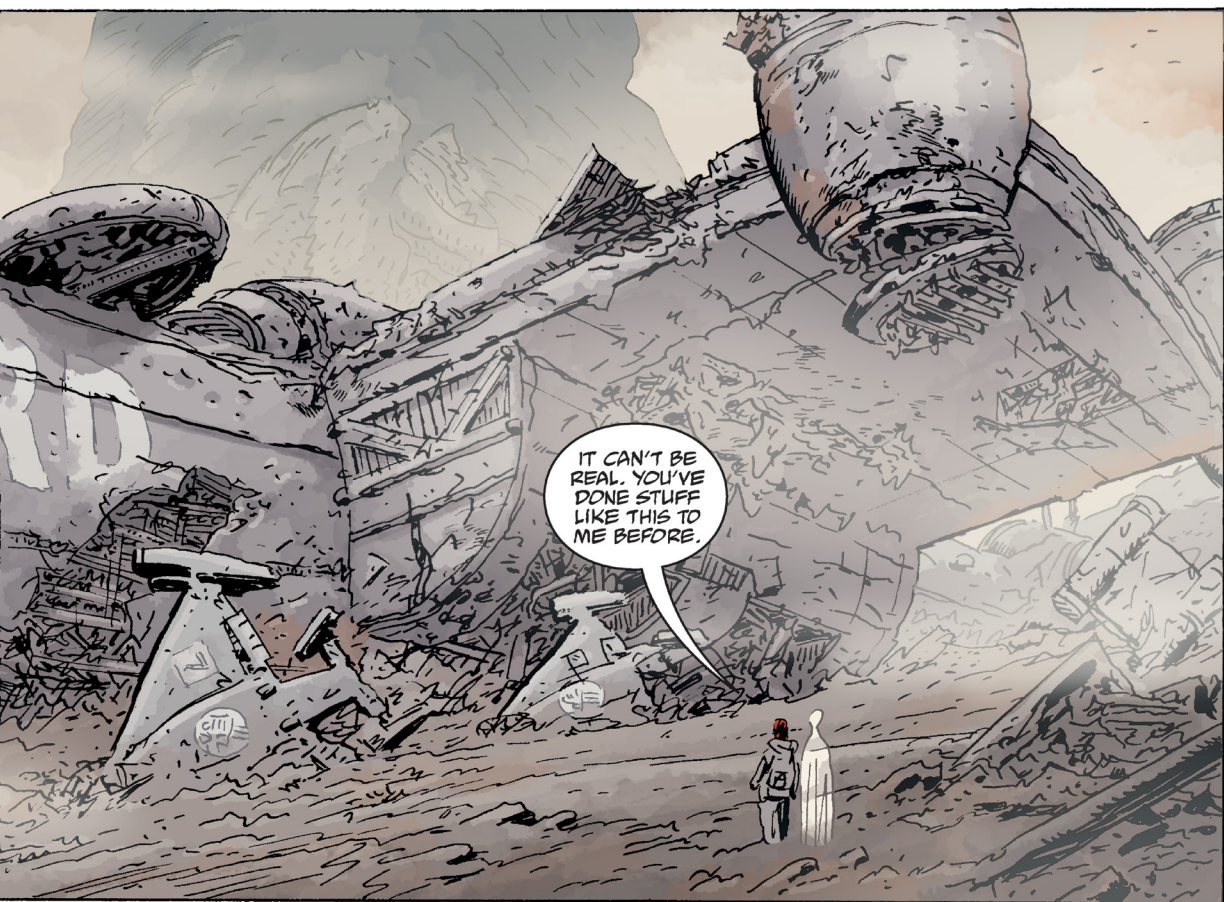
SO THIS **IS** JUST ANOTHER VISION. IT IS.

NO. THIS **IS** THE FUTURE. IT IS REAL. YOU ARE HERE. I HAVE NO POWER OVER Y--

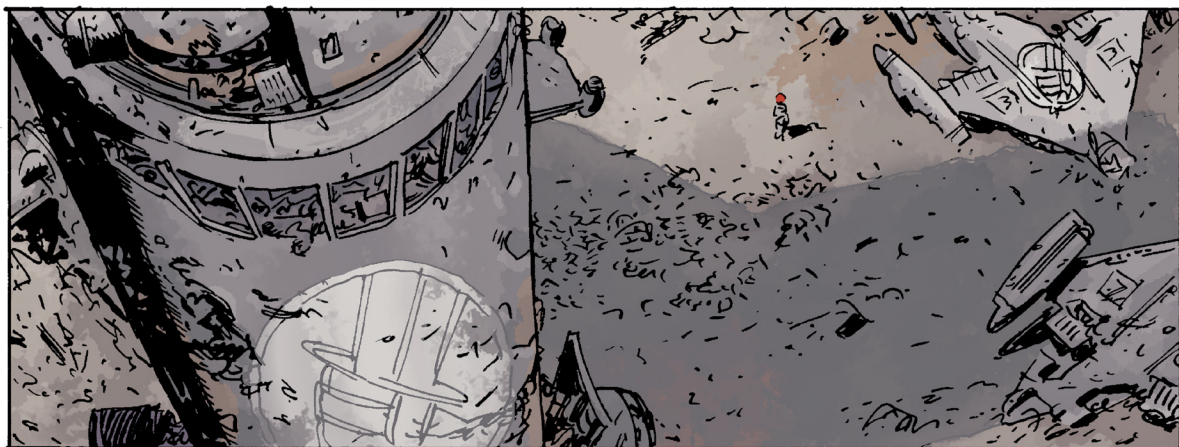
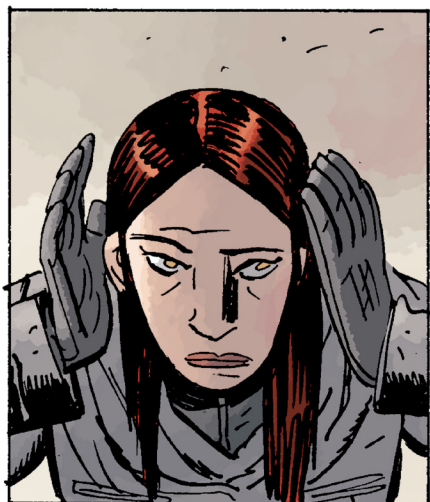
BULLSHIT! IF THAT WERE TRUE, YOU WOULDN'T **BE** HERE. IF THIS IS **REALLY** THE FUTURE, YOU'RE LONG GONE.

ONE OF THE FEW BENEFITS OF DEATH IS THAT IT TRANSCENDS TIME.













NEW MAN,  
HUH?

WANT TO SEE  
WHAT YOUR NEW  
MAN THINKS OF HIS  
"BROTHERS"?

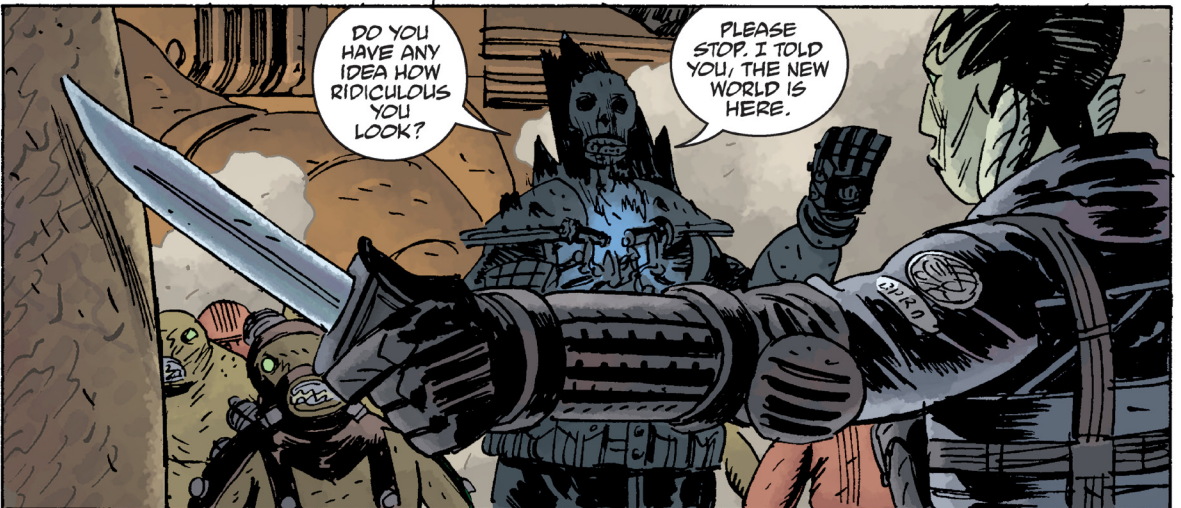


A KNIFE?  
REALLY?

IS THIS  
SOME SORT  
OF SYMBOLIC  
ACT OF  
DEFIANCE?



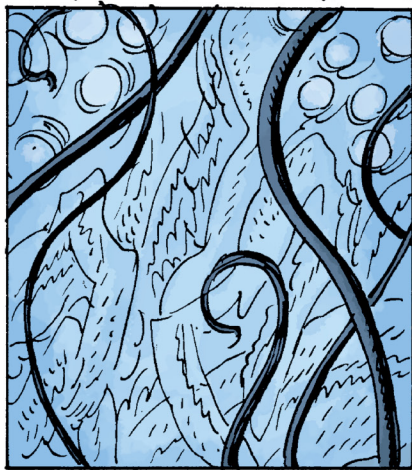
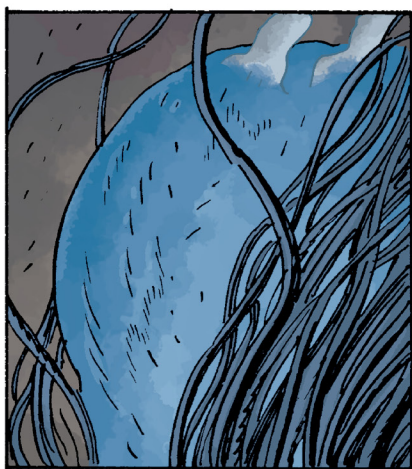
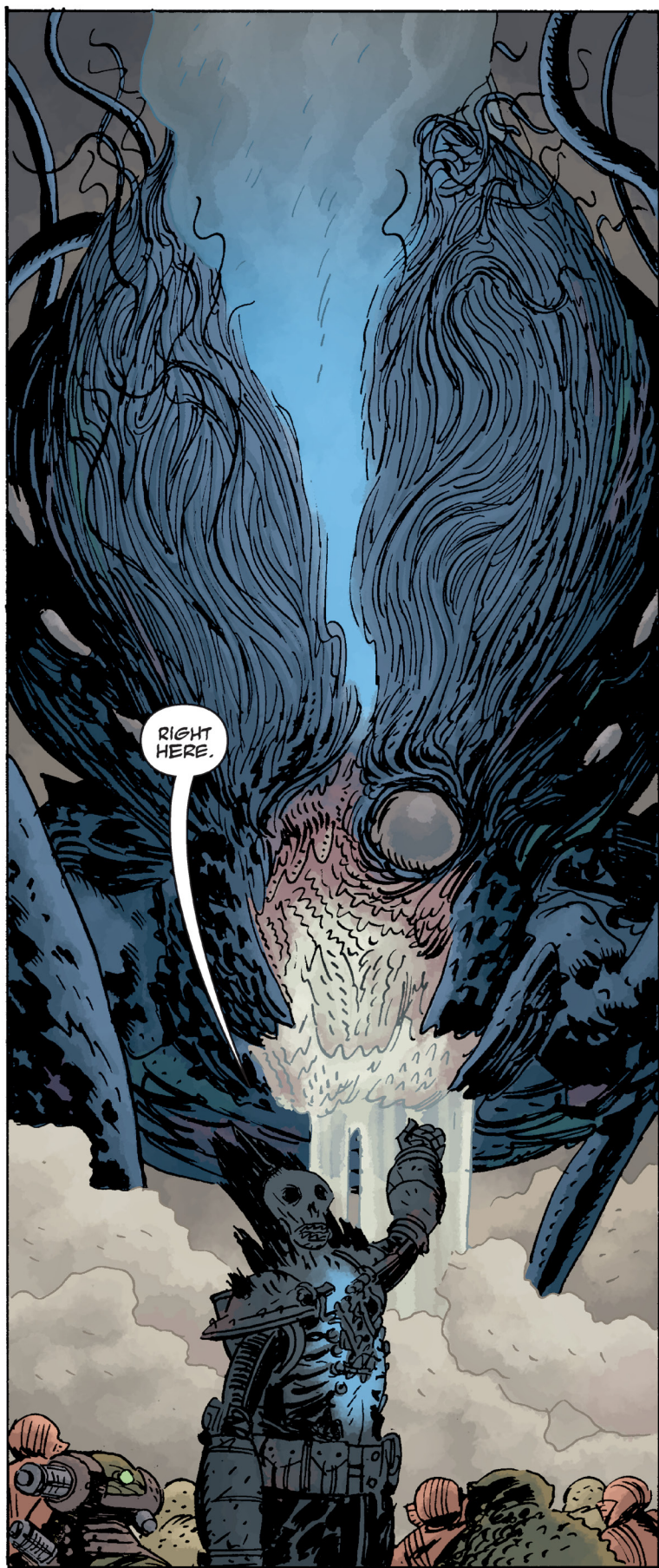
YOU TELL  
ME AFTER I KILL  
A FEW THOUSAND  
OF YOUR FUTURE  
RACE.



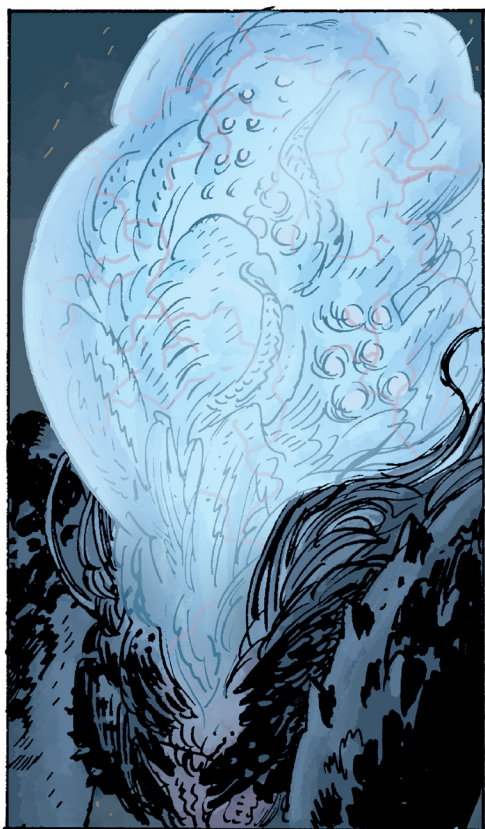
DO YOU  
HAVE ANY  
IDEA HOW  
RIDICULOUS  
YOU  
LOOK?

PLEASE  
STOP. I TOLD  
YOU, THE NEW  
WORLD IS  
HERE.





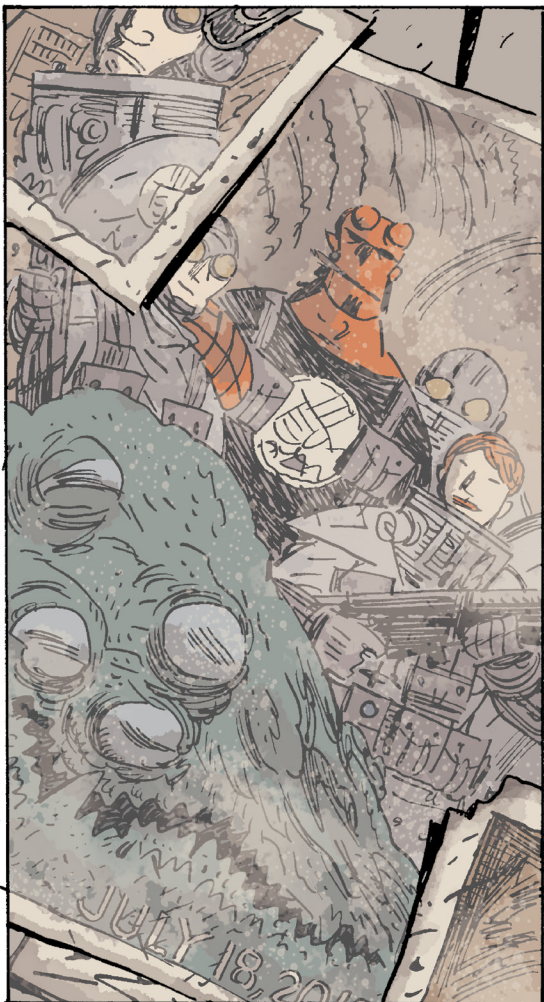
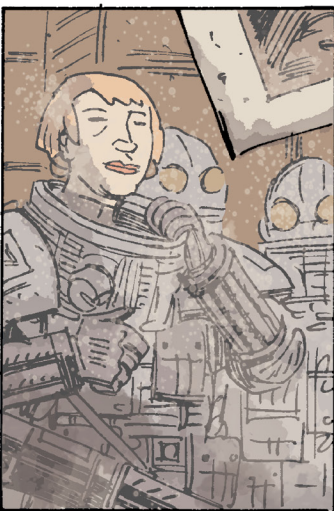
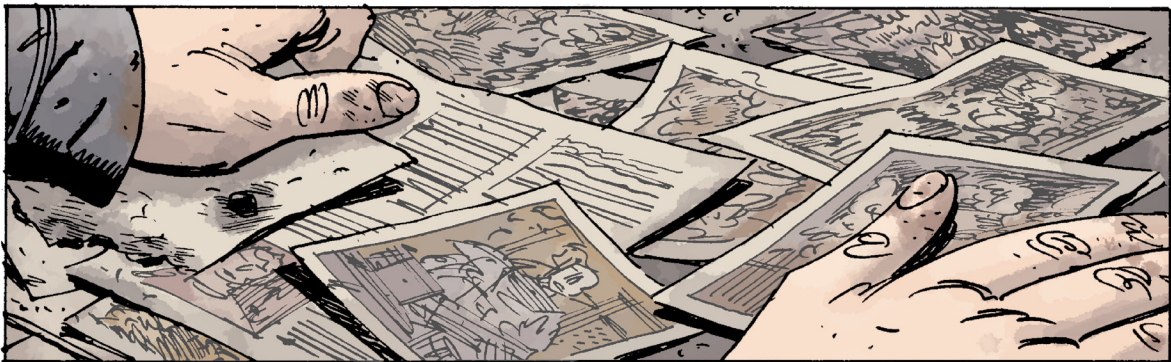
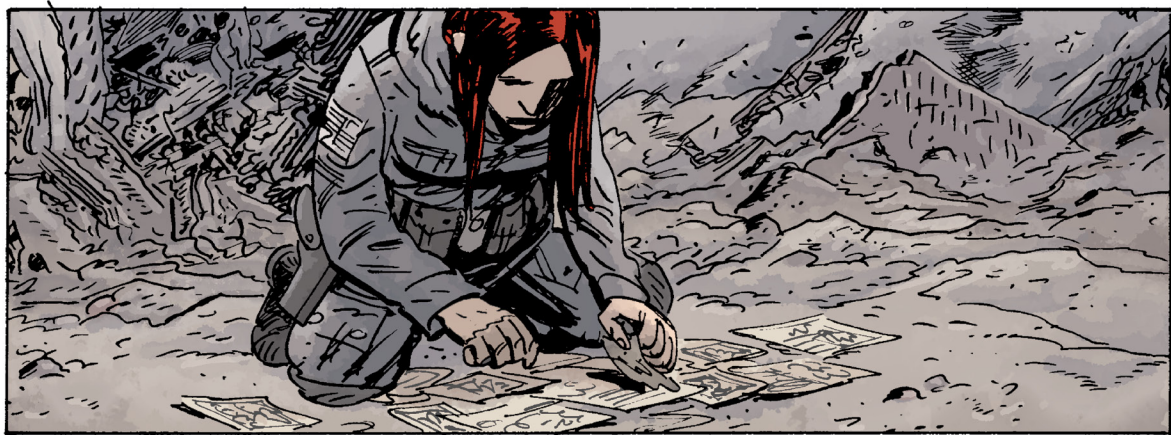




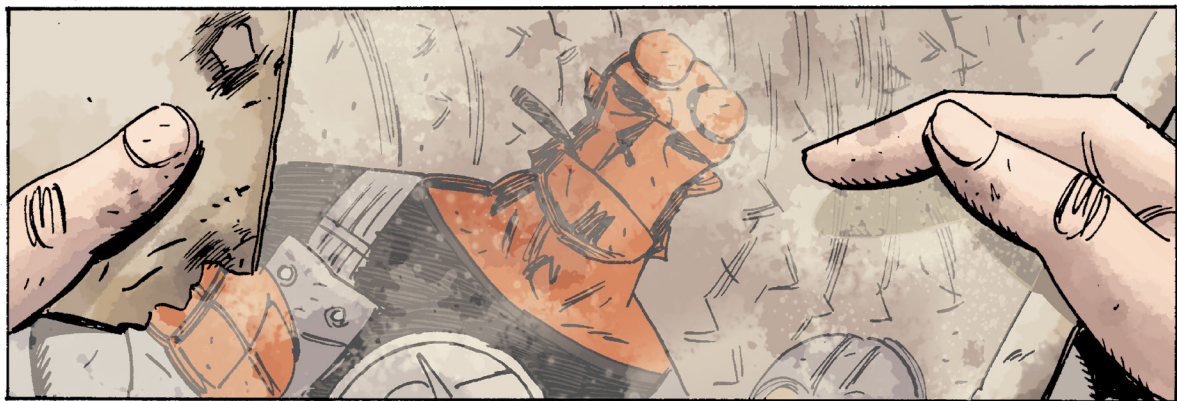
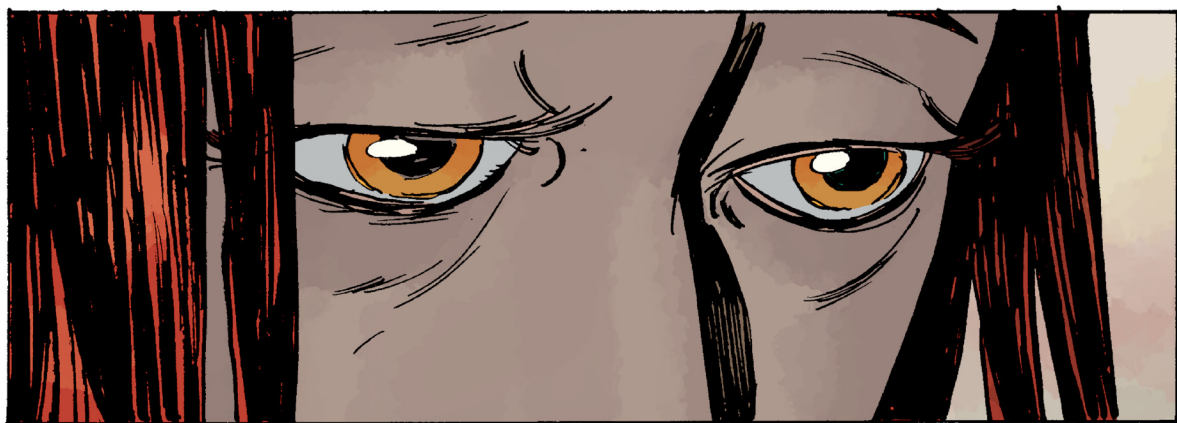








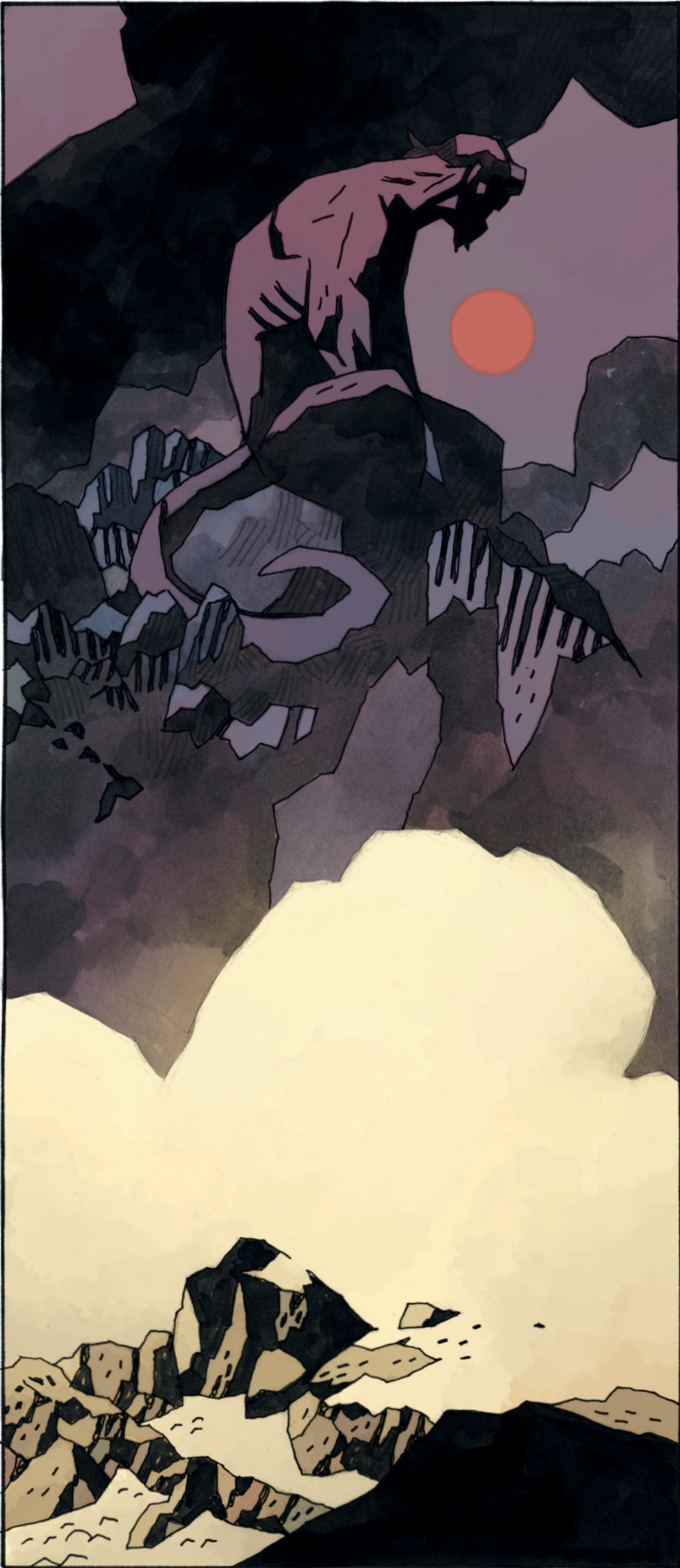












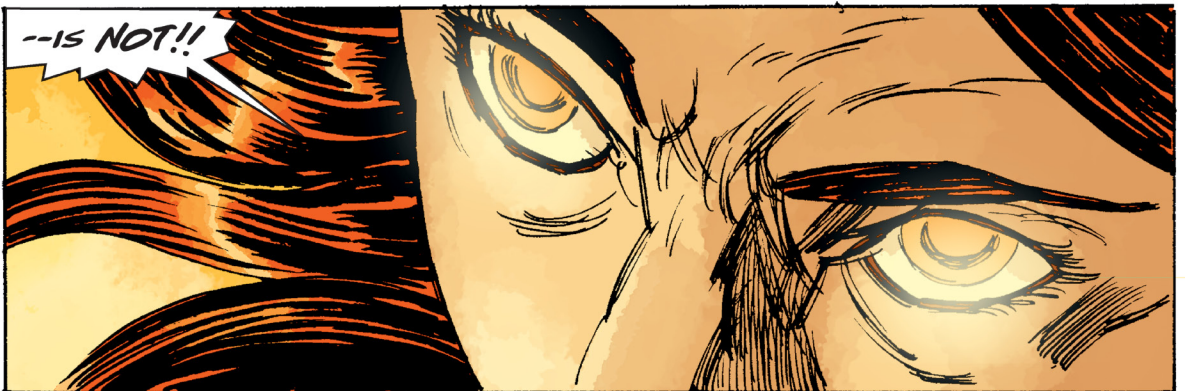
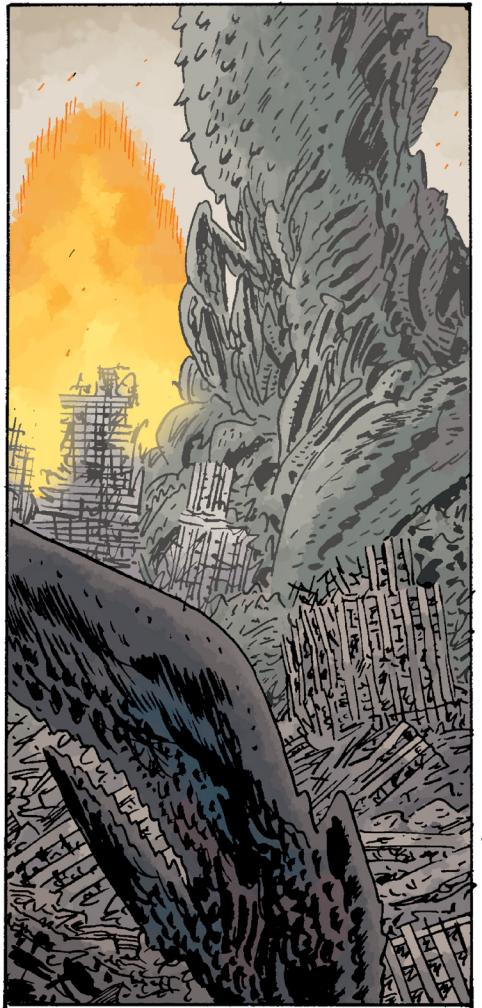




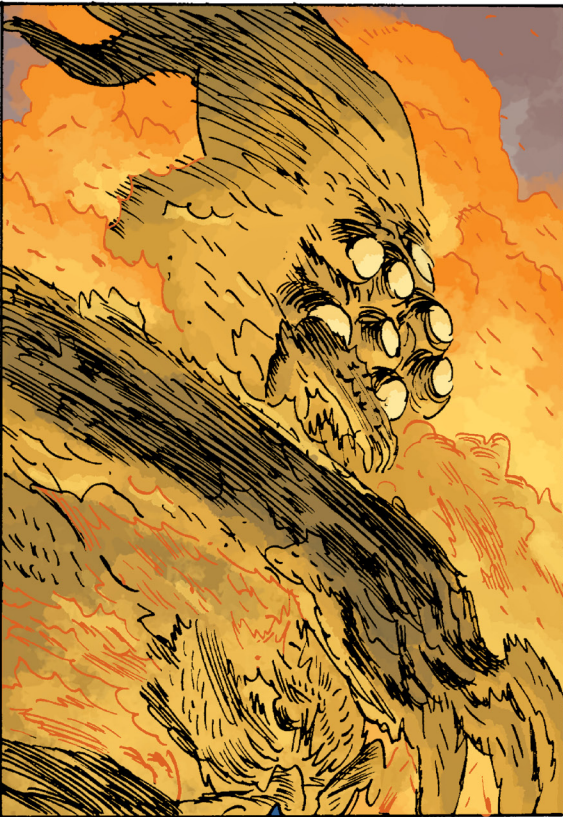
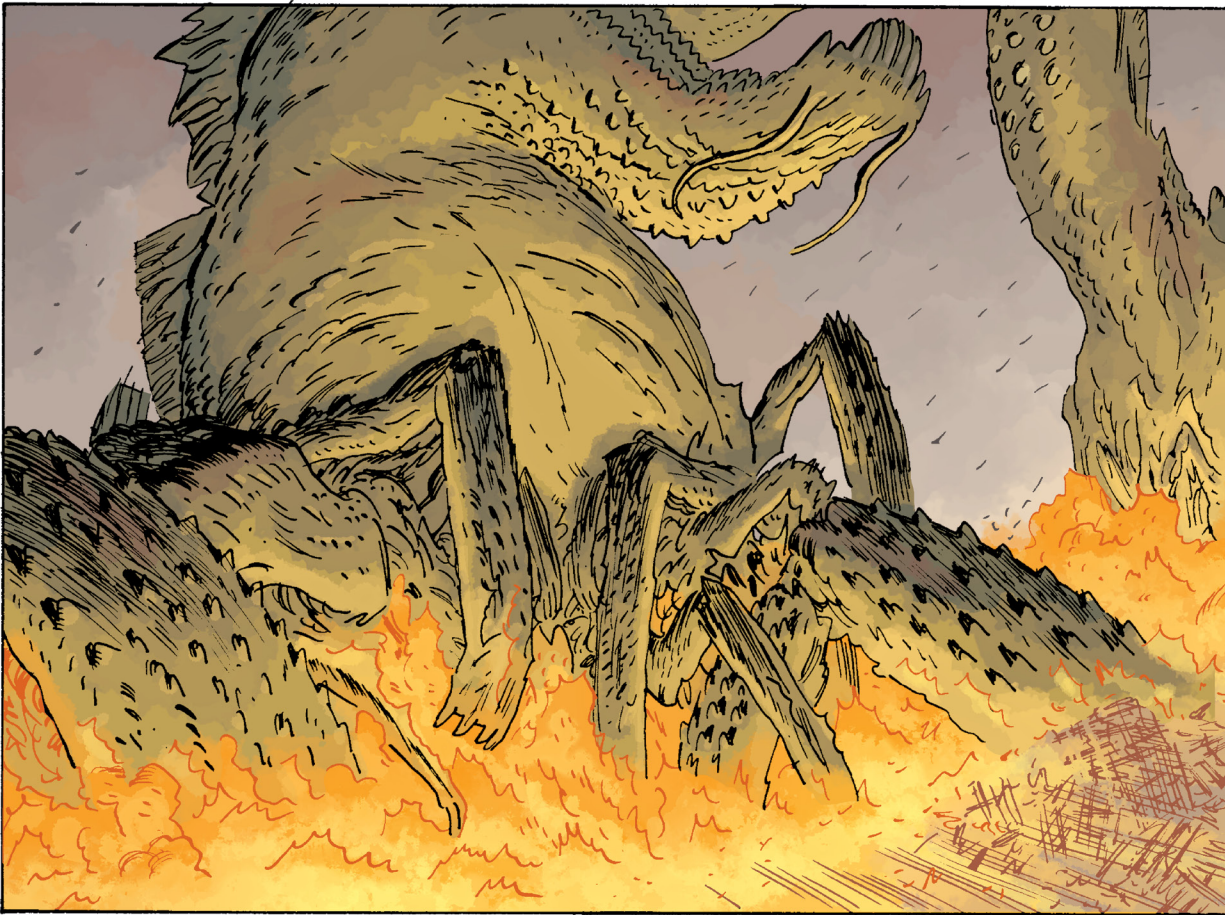




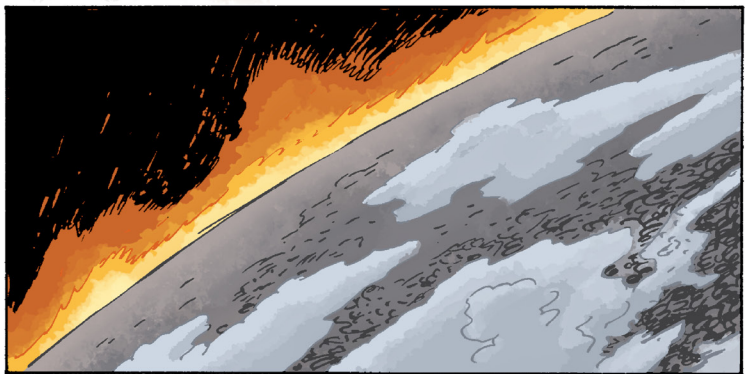
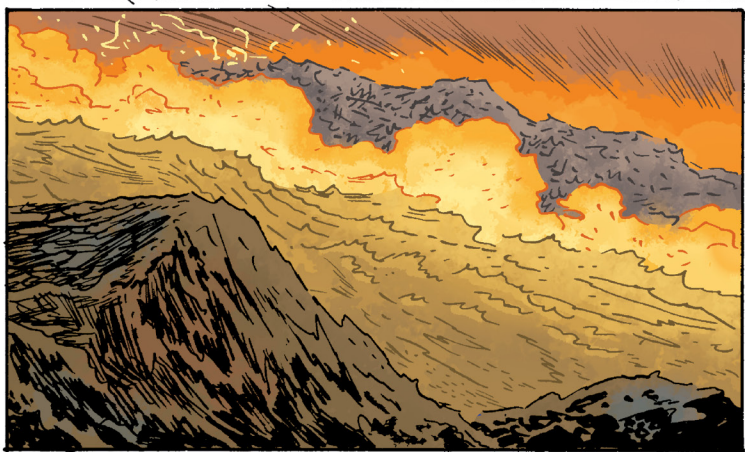








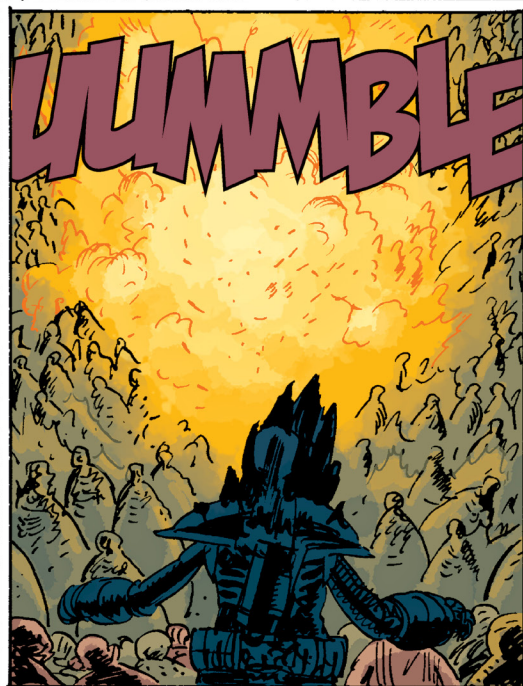




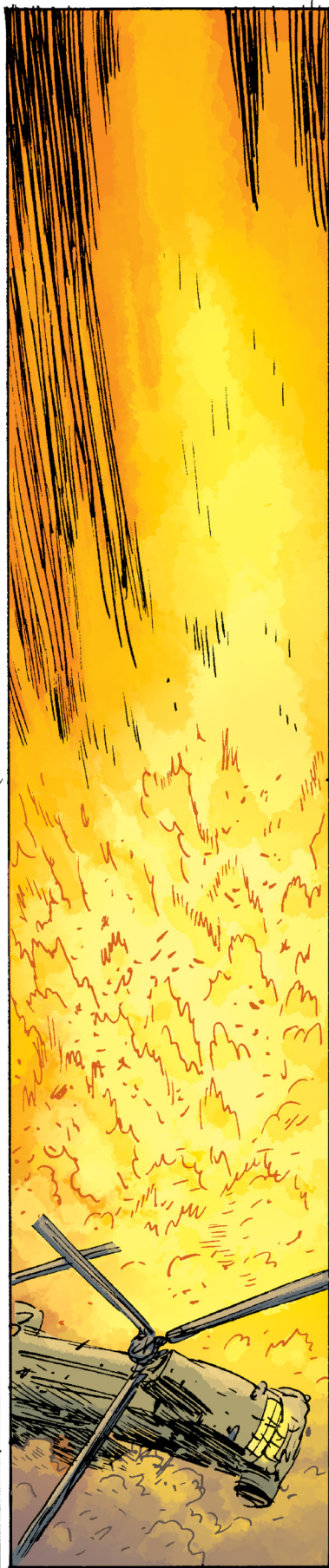














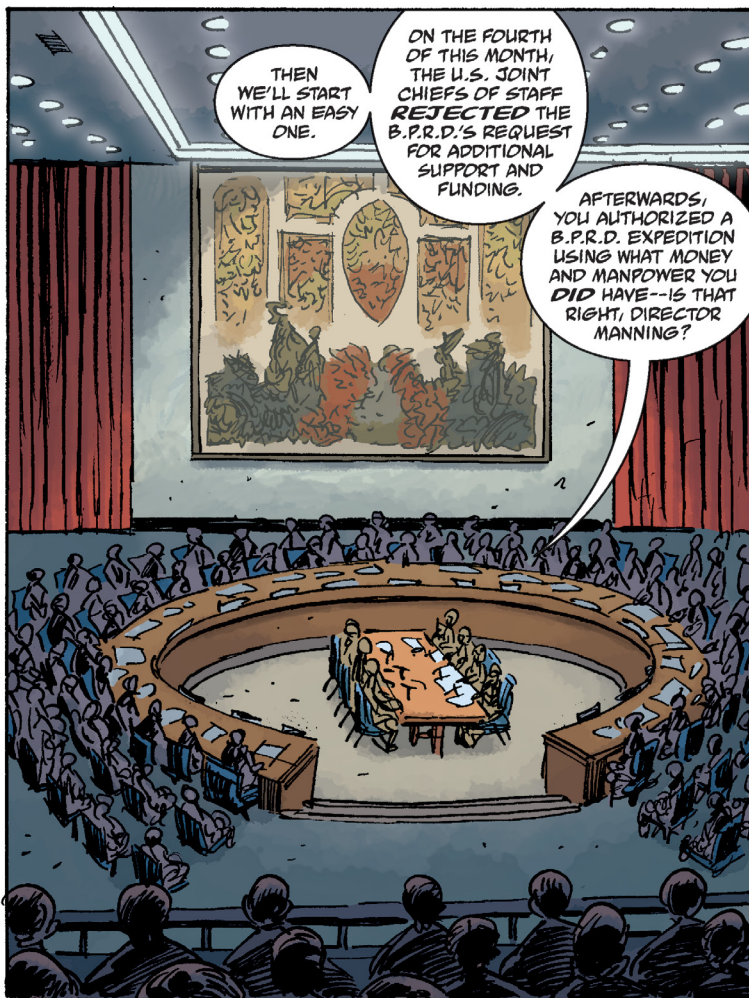


## CHAPTER FIVE













--REPORTS ARE **STILL** DIFFICULT TO VERIFY TWO DAYS AFTER THE **VOLCANIC** EVENTS THAT WRECKED **GLOBAL HAVOC**, AS COMMUNICATIONS ARE STILL DISRUPTED, ESPECIALLY IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.

THE **MAGNITUDE** OF DESTRUCTION AND **LOSS** OF LIFE, HOWEVER, IS BEGINNING TO BECOME CLEARER. **STEVEN WALPOLE** HAS AN UPDATE.



BBC WORLD

THANK YOU, PAT.

WHILE WE'RE STILL UNABLE TO ESTABLISH RELIABLE CONTACT WITH OUR SOURCES IN THE REGION, THE MOST **TROUBLING** DATA WE'VE GATHERED HAS COME FROM **THIS SATELLITE** PHOTO.

RIGHT HERE IS WHERE WE **SHOULD** SEE THE ISLANDS OF **BORNEO** AND **SULAWESI**.



BBC WORLD



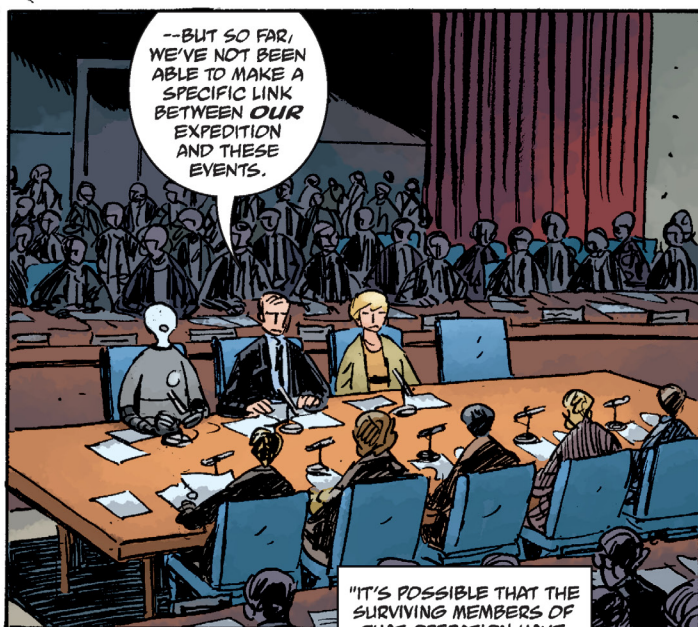






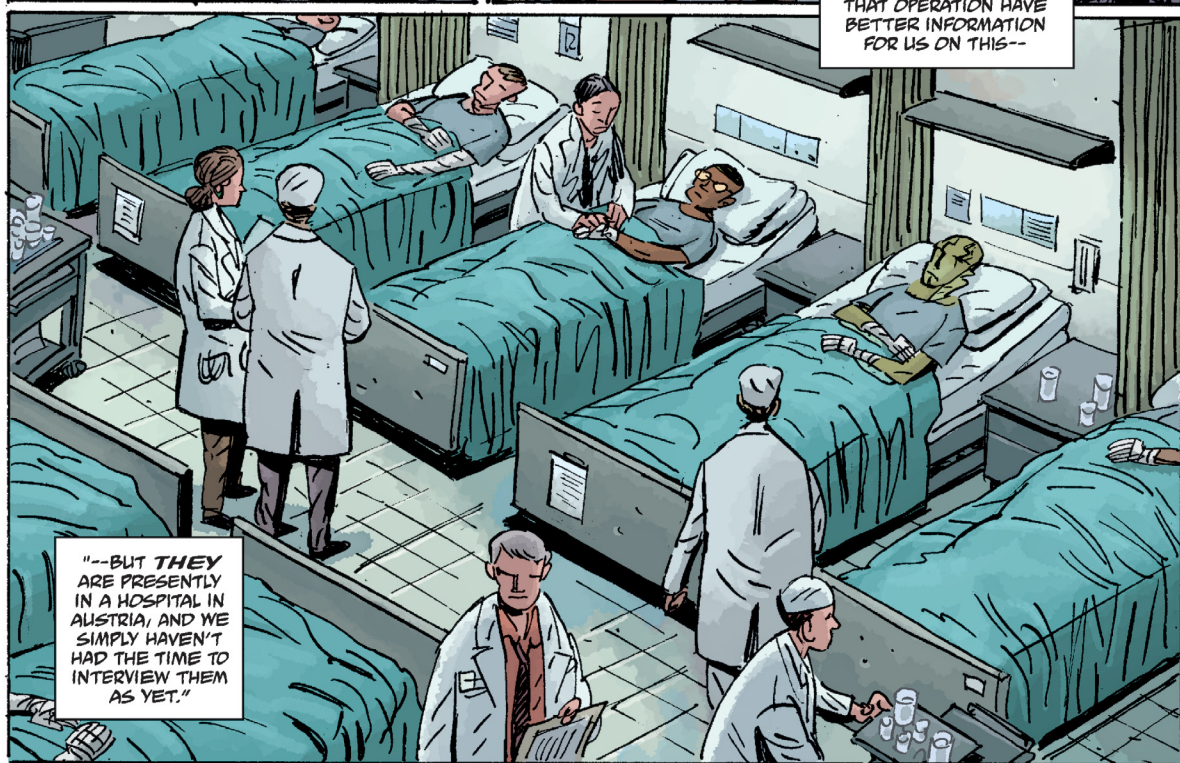
WELL, THAT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY.

OBVIOUSLY, I KNOW ABOUT THE SERIES OF VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS, THE LOSS OF EASTERN MALAYSIA, BRUNEI, AND THE INDONESIAN ISLANDS, AS WELL AS WHAT HAPPENED IN CALIFORNIA--

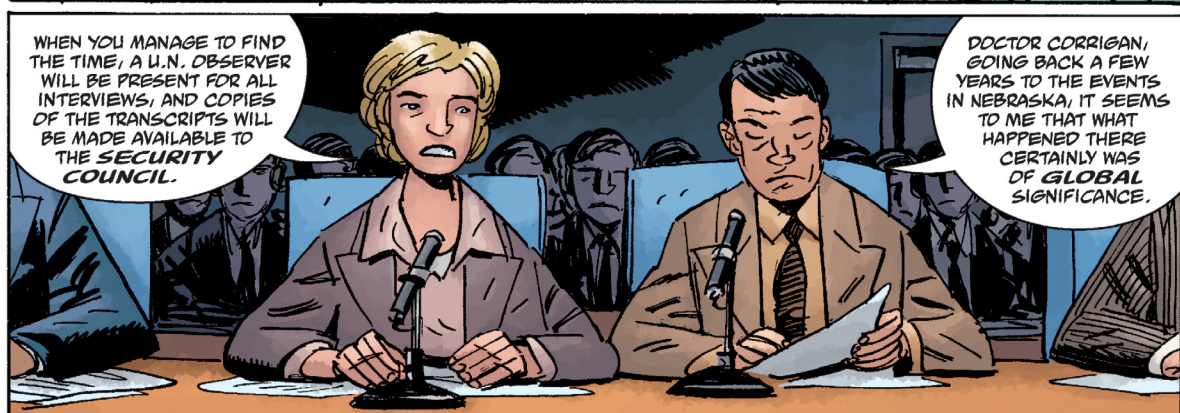


--BUT SO FAR, WE'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO MAKE A SPECIFIC LINK BETWEEN **OUR** EXPEDITION AND THESE EVENTS.

"IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THAT OPERATION HAVE BETTER INFORMATION FOR US ON THIS--"



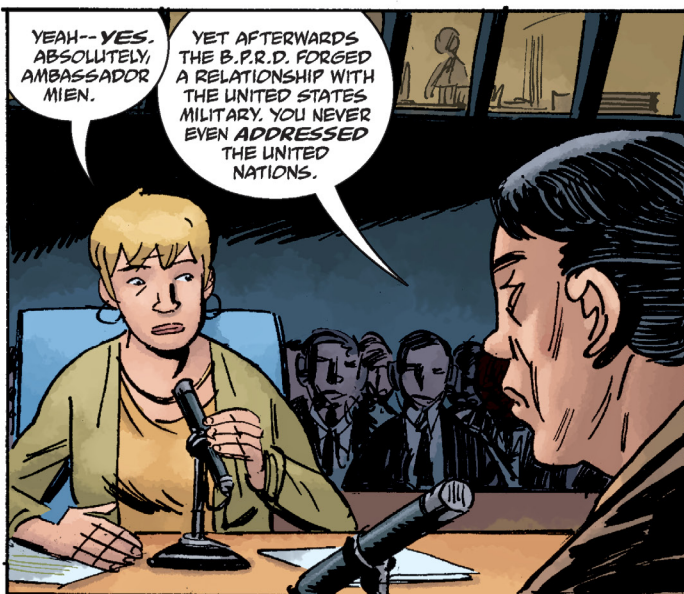
"--BUT **THEY** ARE PRESENTLY IN A HOSPITAL IN AUSTRIA, AND WE SIMPLY HAVEN'T HAD THE TIME TO INTERVIEW THEM AS YET."



WHEN YOU MANAGE TO FIND THE TIME, A U.N. OBSERVER WILL BE PRESENT FOR ALL INTERVIEWS, AND COPIES OF THE TRANSCRIPTS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO THE **SECURITY COUNCIL**.

DOCTOR CORRIGAN, GOING BACK A FEW YEARS TO THE EVENTS IN NEBRASKA, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WHAT HAPPENED THERE CERTAINLY WAS OF **GLOBAL** SIGNIFICANCE.





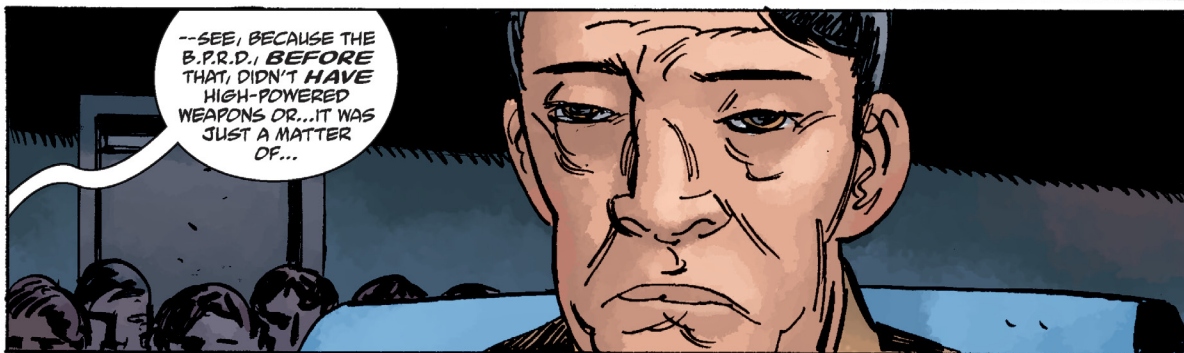
YEAH--YES.  
ABSOLUTELY,  
AMBASSADOR  
MIEN.

YET AFTERWARDS  
THE B.P.R.D. FORGED  
A RELATIONSHIP WITH  
THE UNITED STATES  
MILITARY. YOU NEVER  
EVEN ADDRESSED  
THE UNITED  
NATIONS.

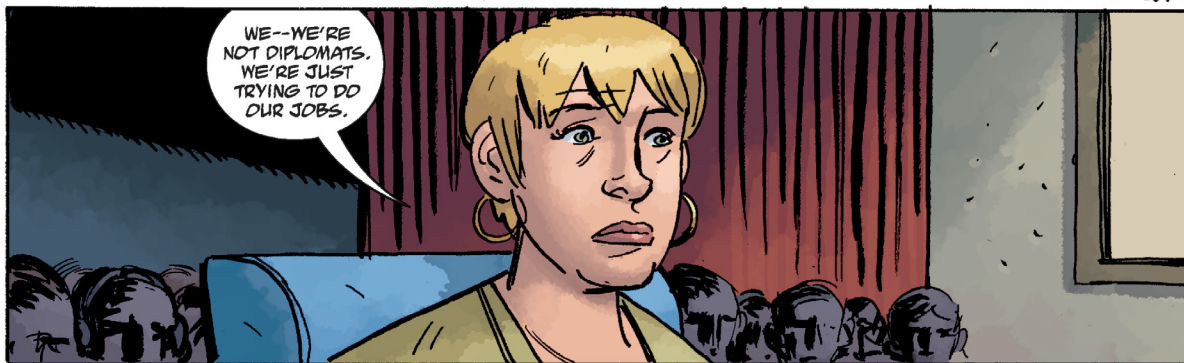


UHHHH...WELL,  
THE U.S. MILITARY  
DOES HAVE  
AUTHORITY OVER--I  
MEAN, NEBRASKA  
IS AMERICAN  
SOIL.

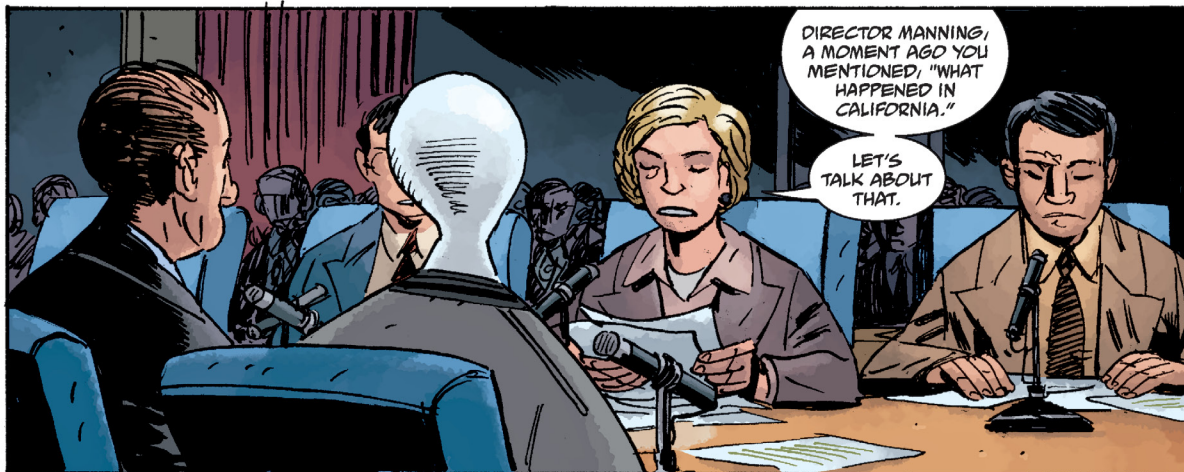
WE WERE  
JUST TRYING TO  
SECURE THE MEANS  
TO COPE WITH THE  
ONGOING--



--SEE, BECAUSE THE  
B.P.R.D., BEFORE  
THAT, DIDN'T HAVE  
HIGH-POWERED  
WEAPONS OR...IT WAS  
JUST A MATTER  
OF...



WE--WE'RE  
NOT DIPLOMATS.  
WE'RE JUST  
TRYING TO DO  
OUR JOBS.

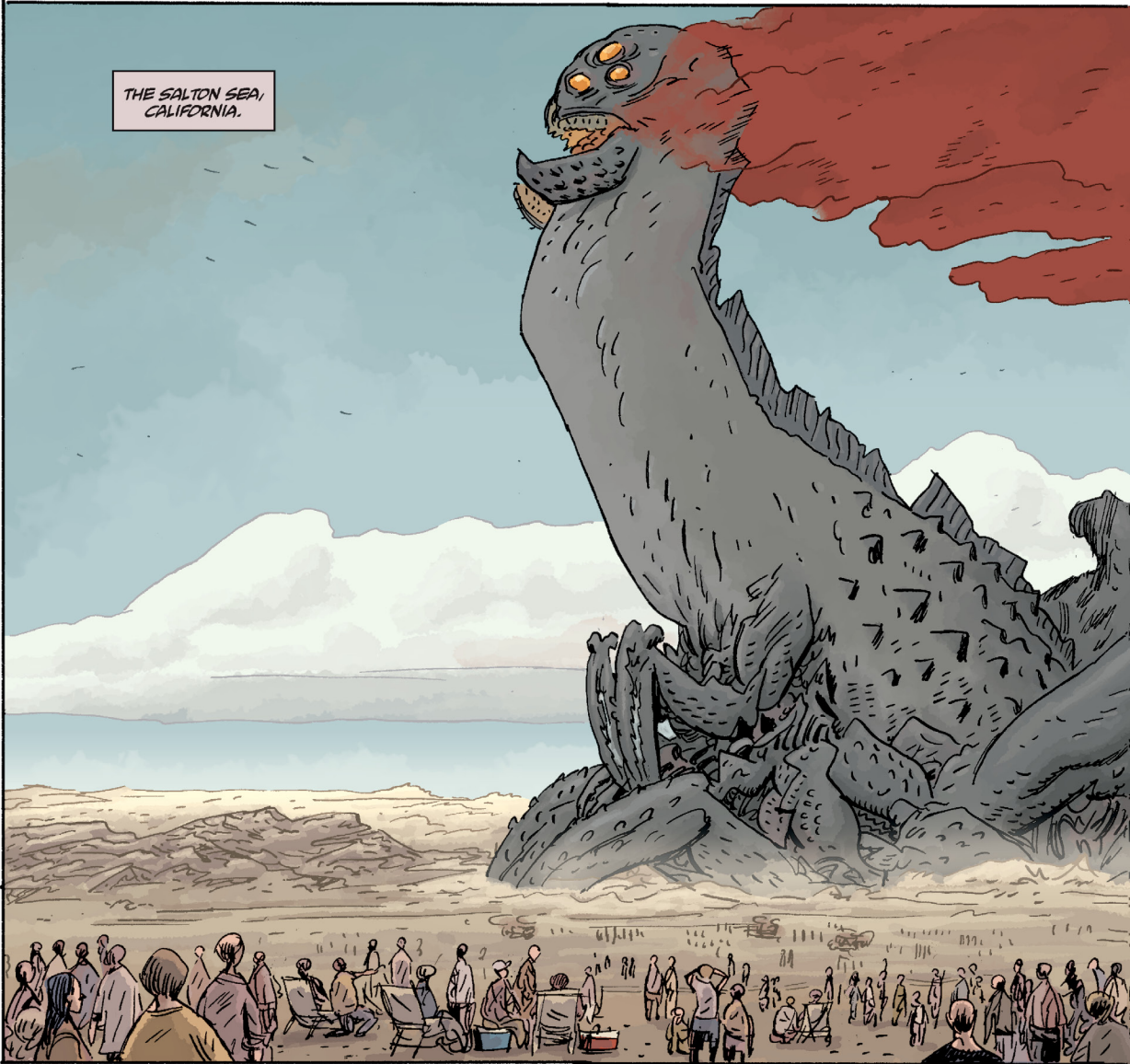


DIRECTOR MANNING,  
A MOMENT AGO YOU  
MENTIONED, "WHAT  
HAPPENED IN  
CALIFORNIA."

LET'S  
TALK ABOUT  
THAT.



THE SALTON SEA,  
CALIFORNIA.



NO, NO EXPLOSIONS,  
NO FIRE. MY HUSBAND  
SAID THERE WAS  
SMOKE, BUT I DIDN'T  
SEE ANY.

THERE WAS A BIG  
EARTHQUAKE, IS ALL,  
BUT WE'RE USED TO  
THOSE.

CNN

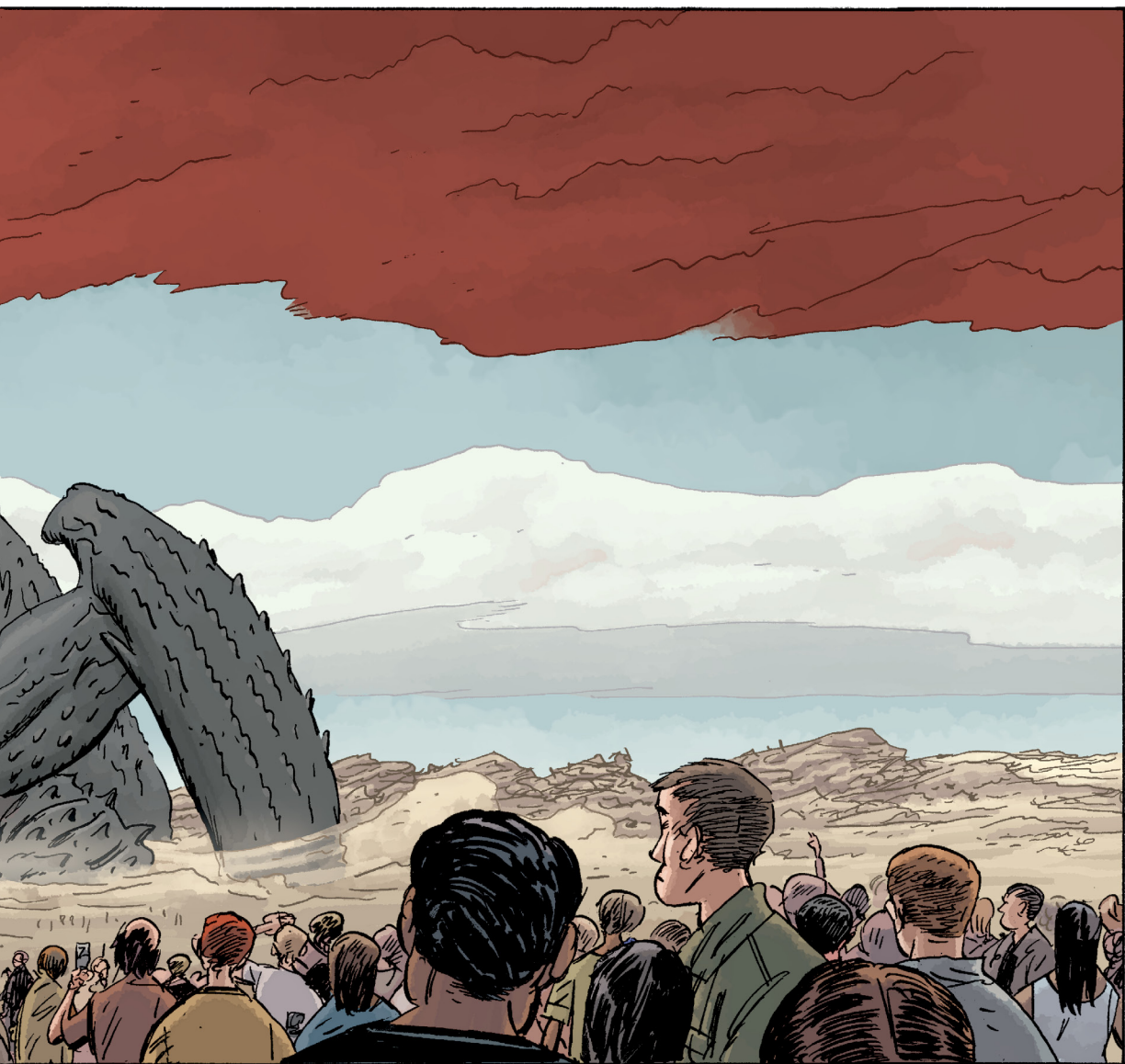
LIVE

AND THEN *THAT*  
THING CRAWLS RIGHT  
UP OUT OF THE  
WATER--WELL,  
WHERE THERE  
USED TO BE  
WATER.

TROOPS  
WON'T LET  
US WITHIN  
FIVE  
MILES  
OF IT.





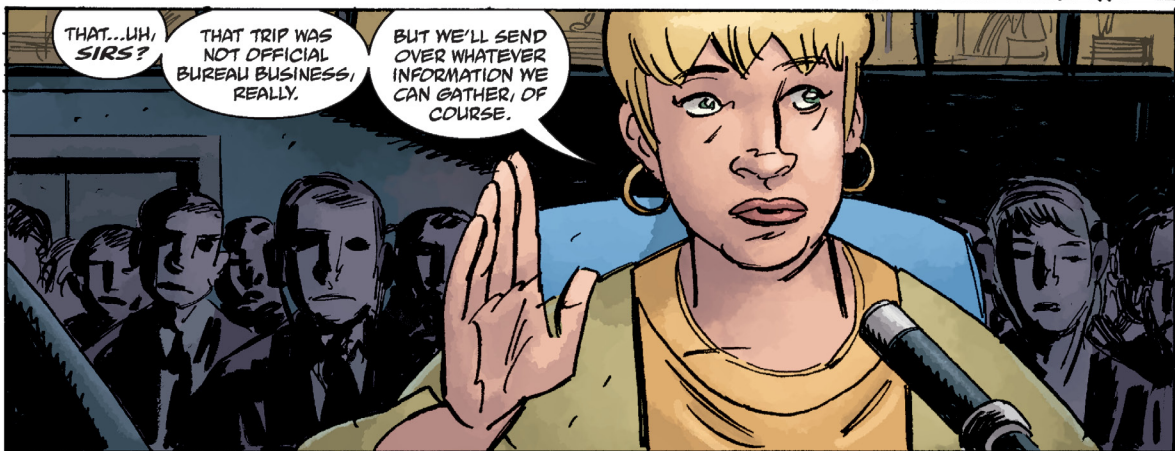
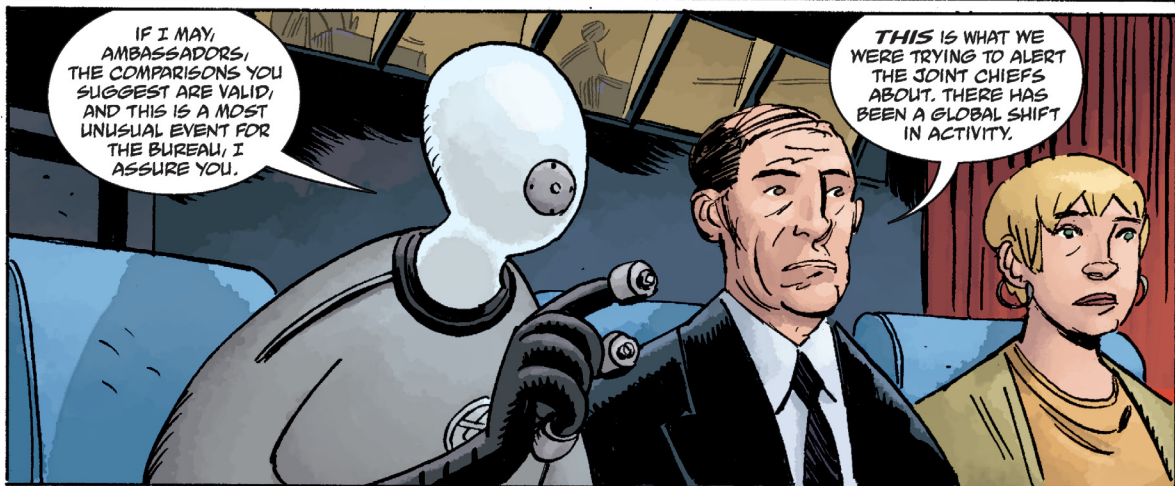


AND THAT'S  
**FINE**. WHO WANTS  
TO GET NEAR IT  
ANYWAY? BUT  
THERE'S **THAT**  
STUFF, ISN'T  
THERE?

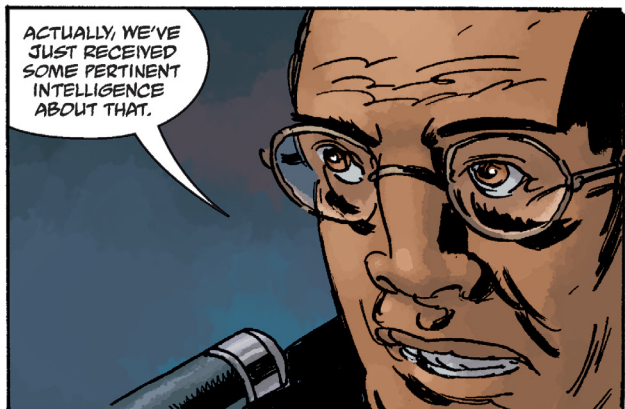
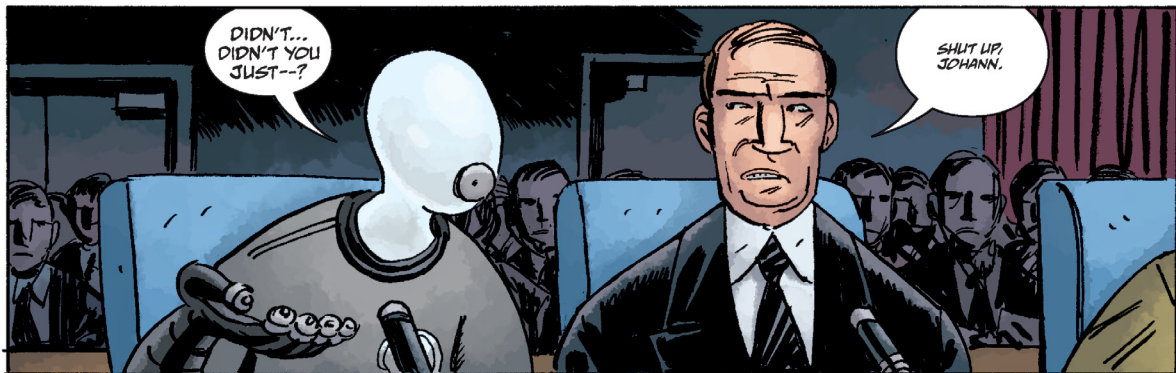
WHERE'S  
**IT** GOING?



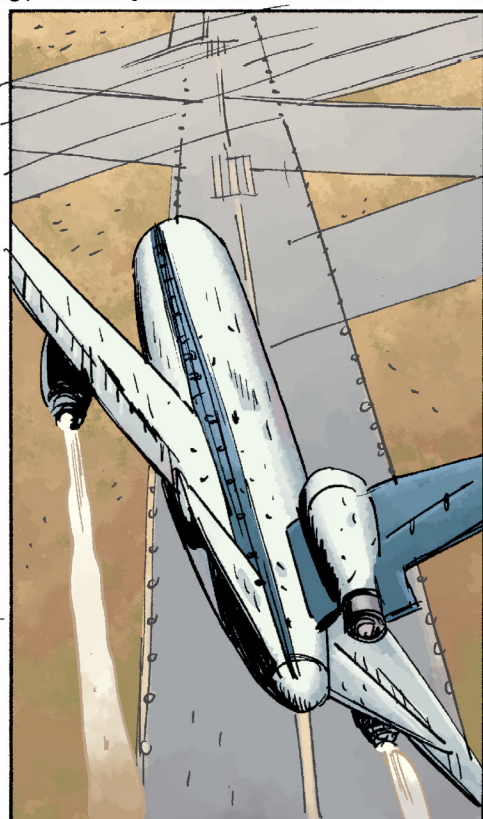
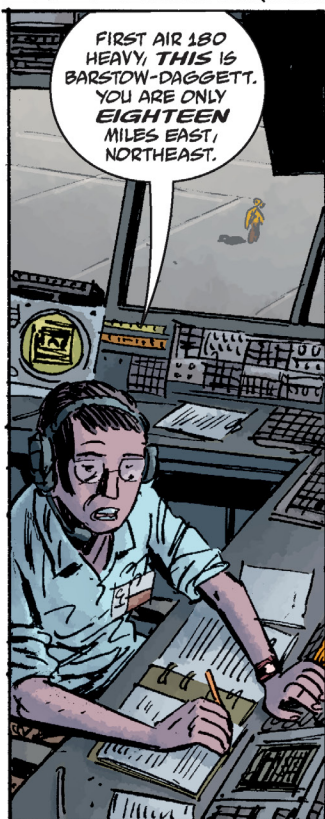
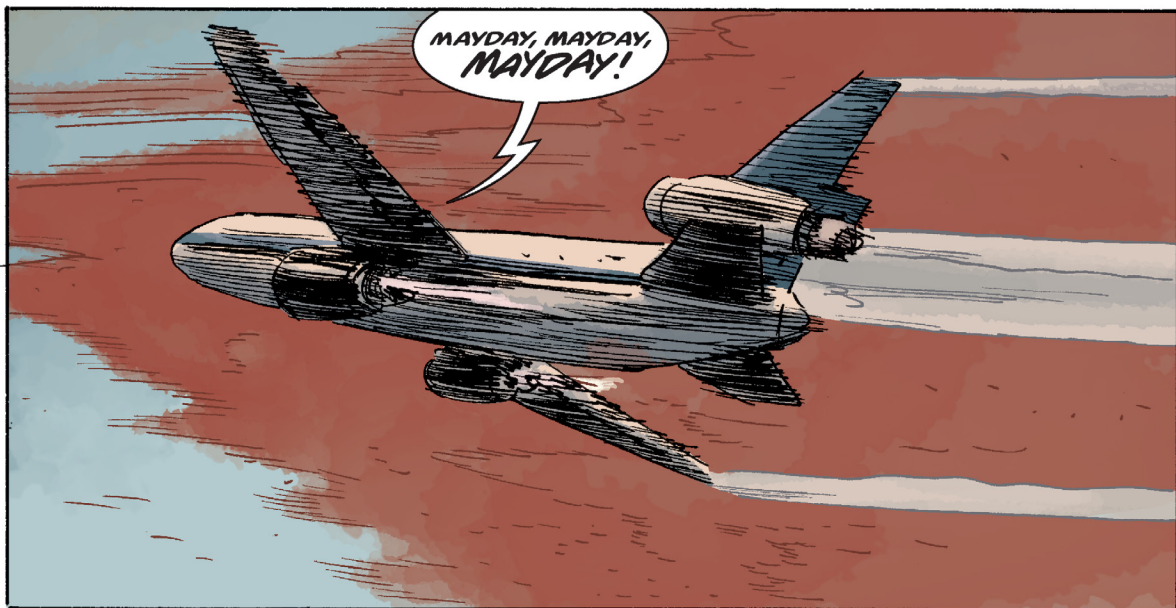




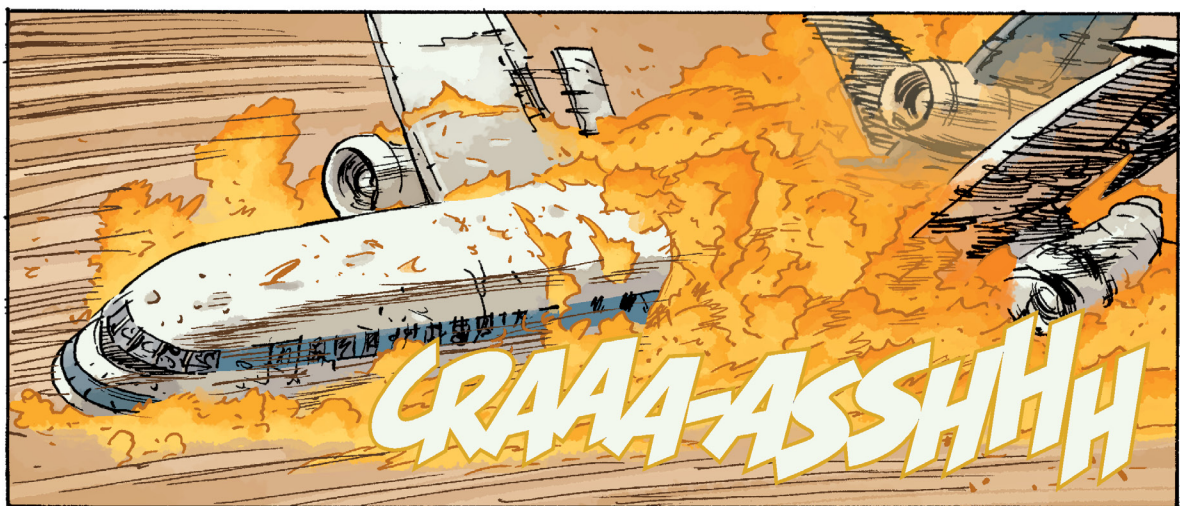




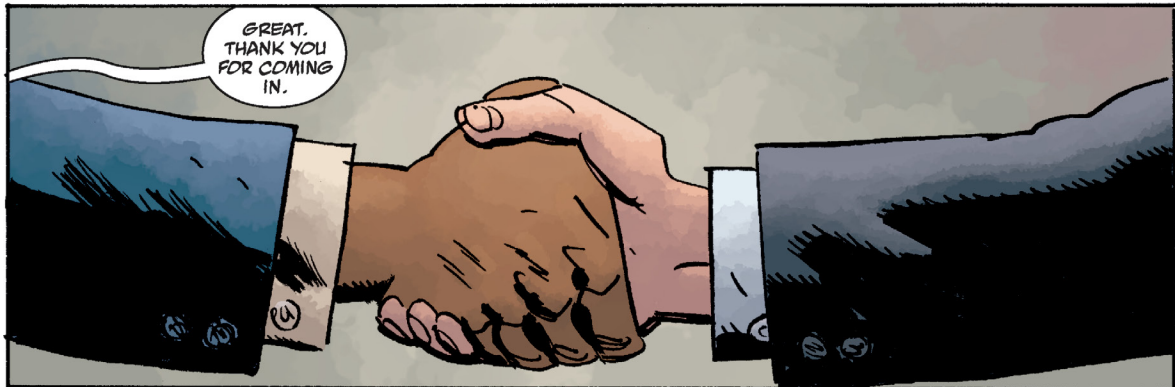
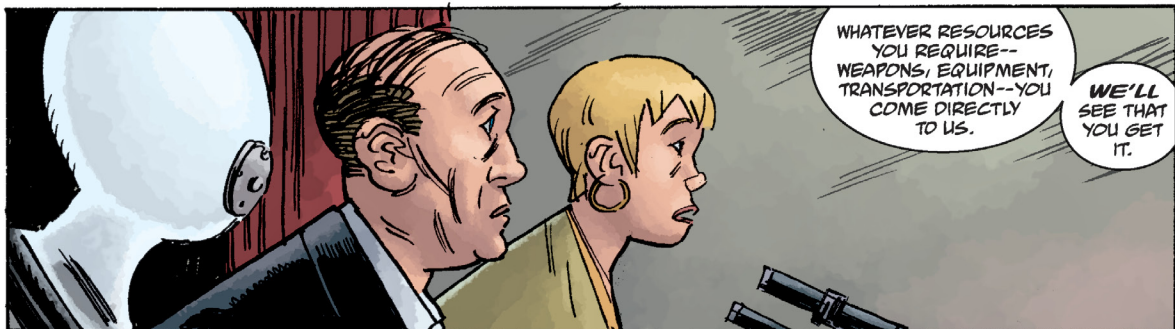
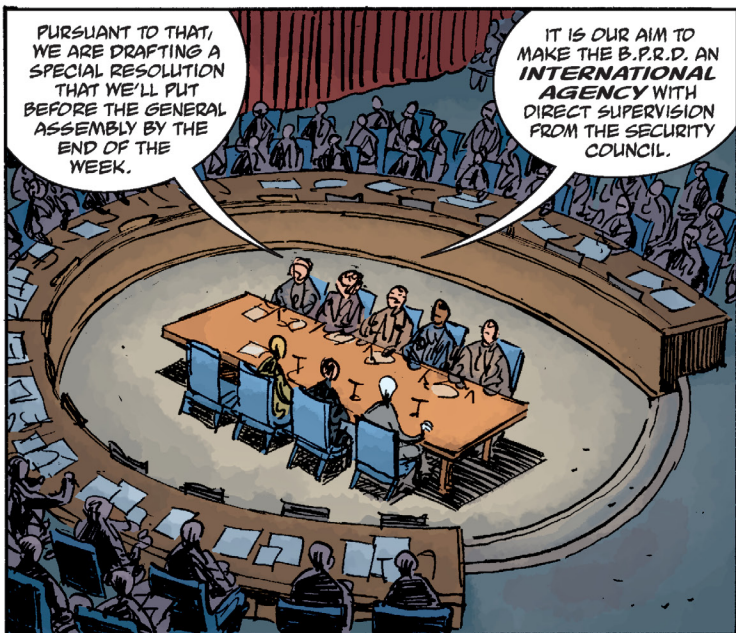
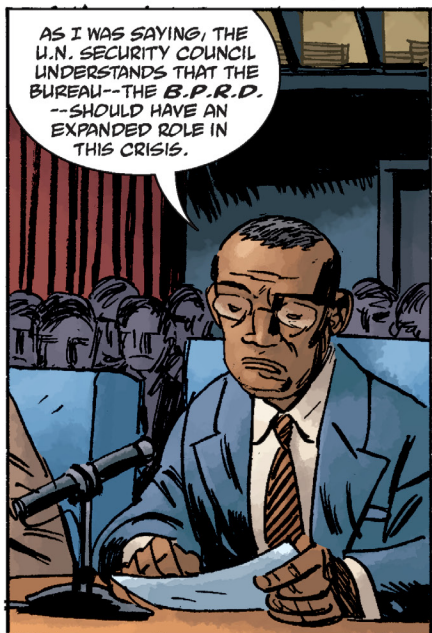




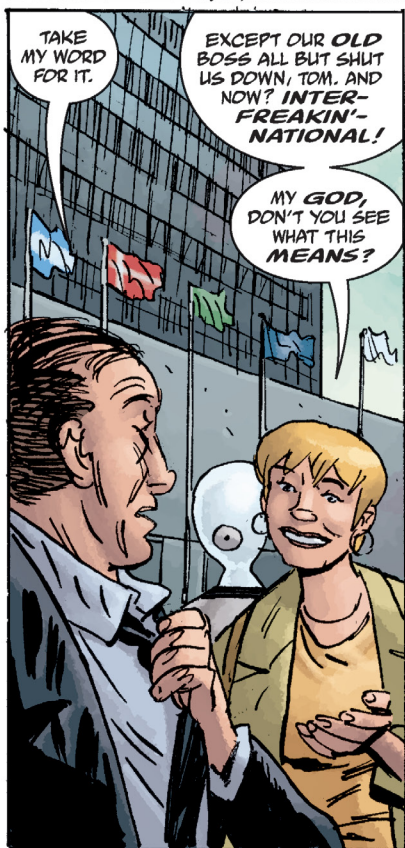
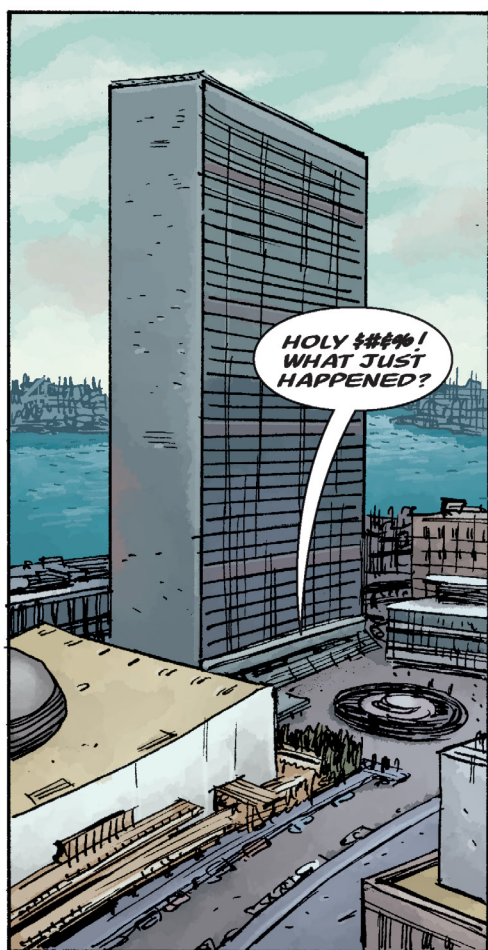




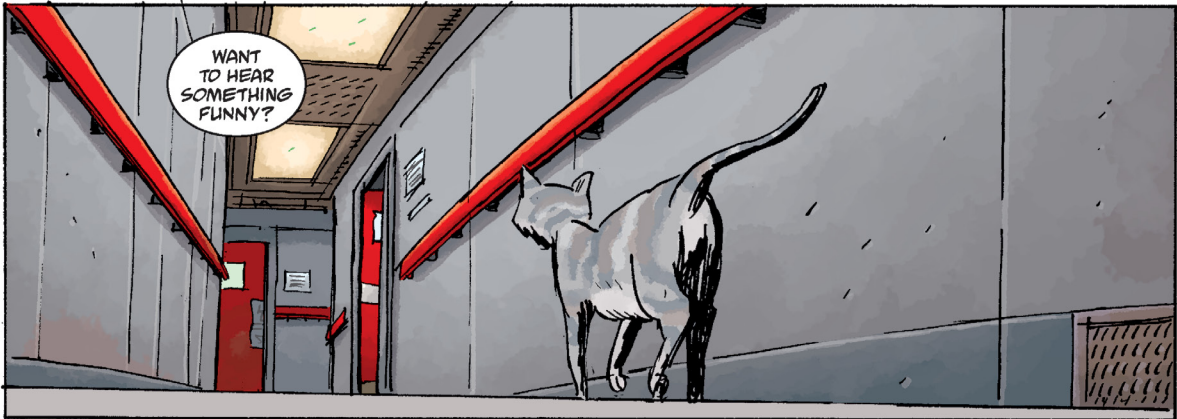
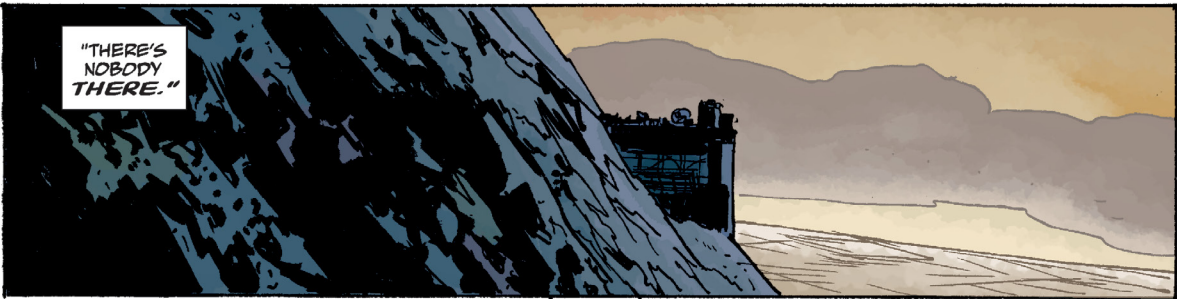




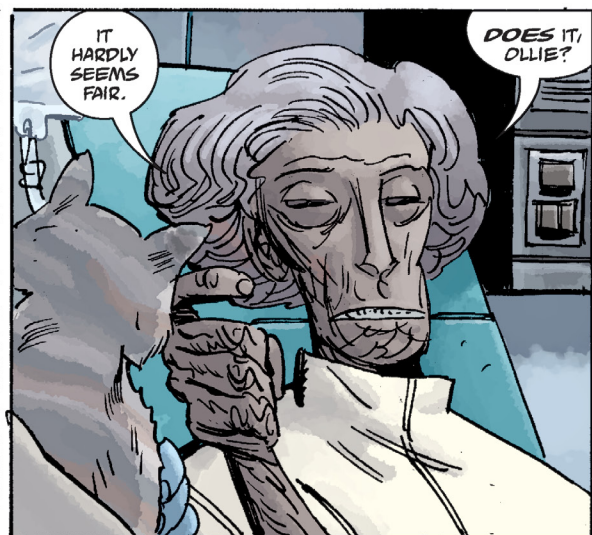
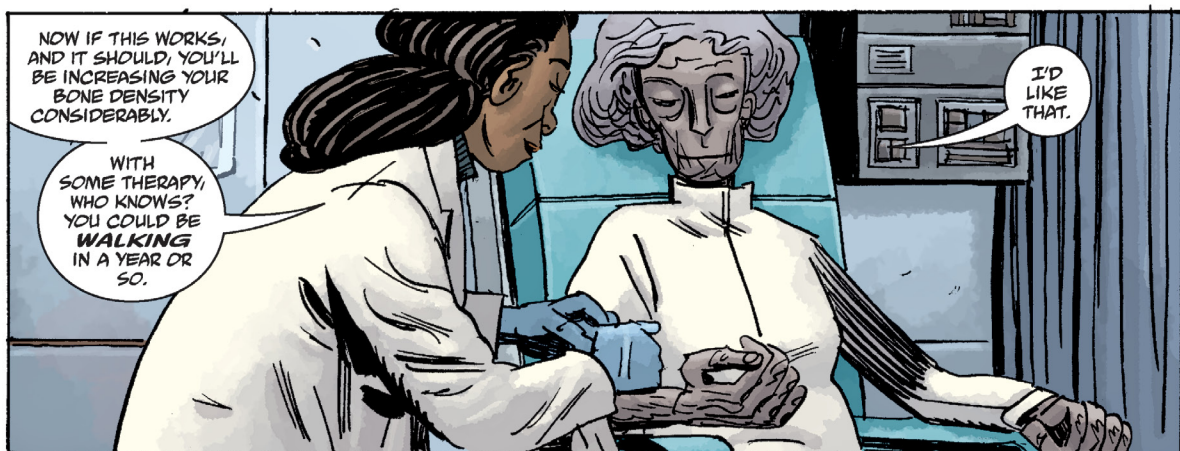








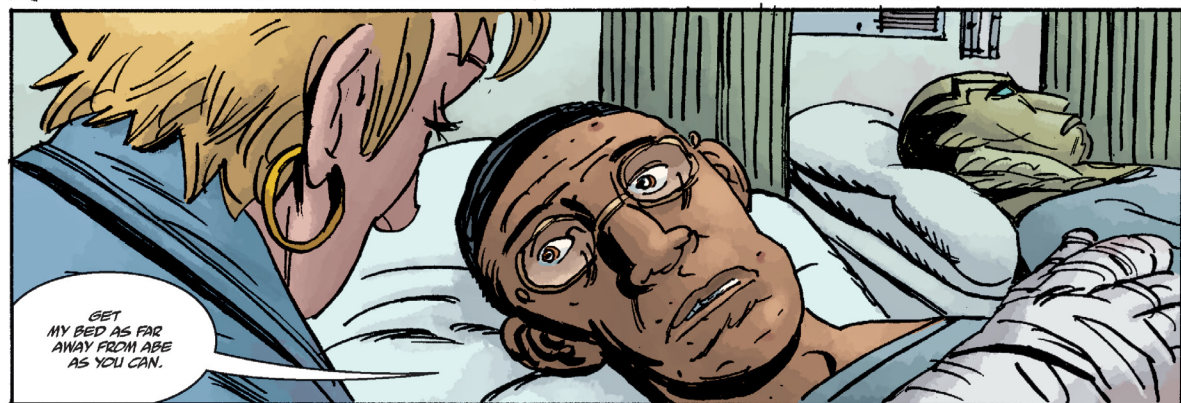
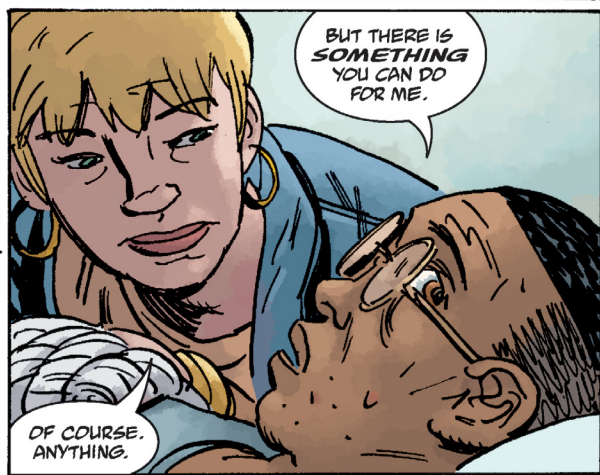
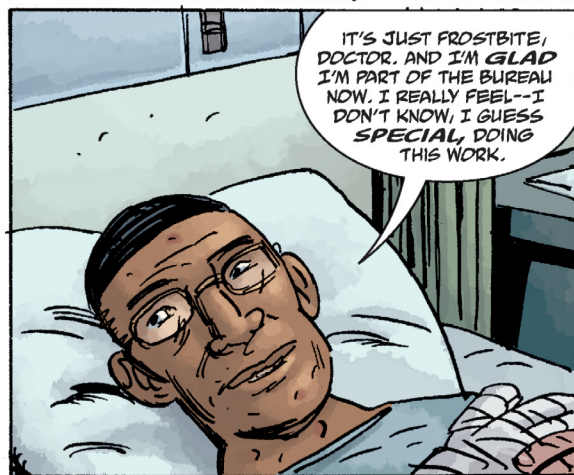
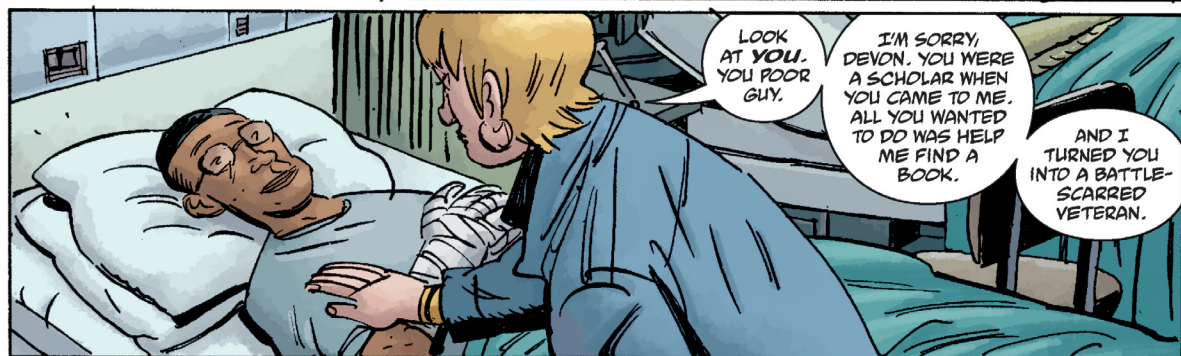




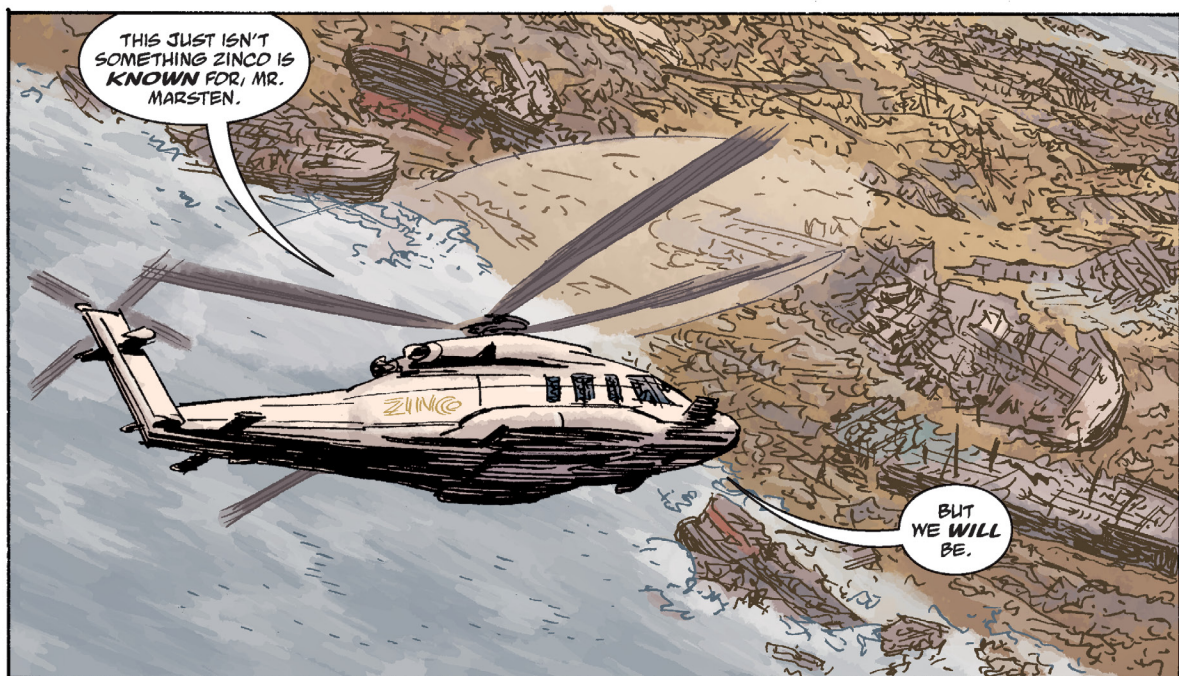












THIS JUST ISN'T  
SOMETHING ZINCO IS  
**KNOWN** FOR, MR.  
MARSTEN.

BUT  
WE **WILL**  
BE.

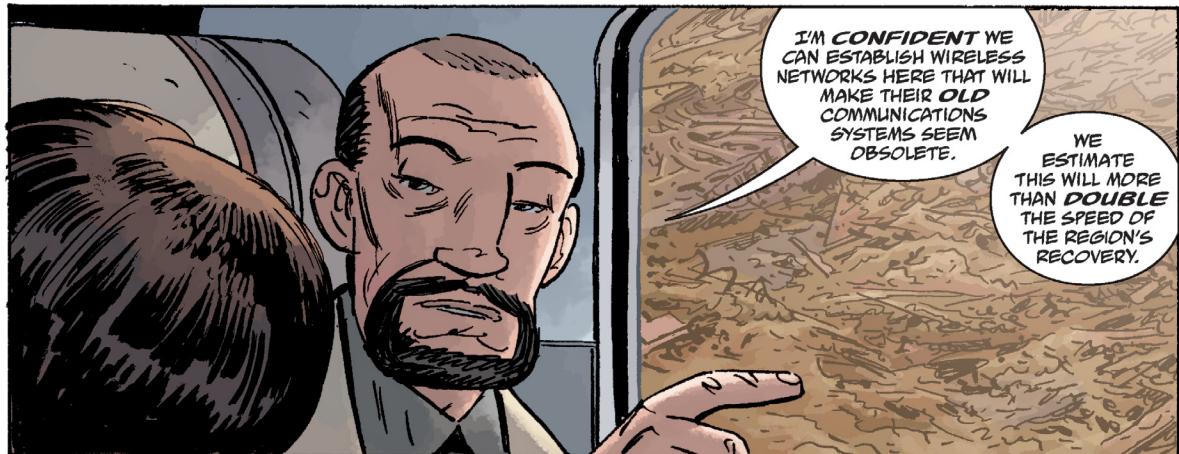


WE COULD HAVE JUST  
DONATED FUNDS, AS  
**OTHER** CORPORATIONS  
HAVE--AND BY THE  
WAY, IT'S **GREAT** THAT  
THEY DO THAT. I'M  
NOT DENIGRATING  
THOSE EFFORTS  
AT ALL.

BUT **ZINCO** IS  
**UNIQUELY** QUALIFIED  
TO DO SO MUCH  
MORE THAN THAT,  
SO I FEEL WE  
**HAVE** TO.



ZINCO HAS DEVELOPED,  
AND IS DEVELOPING,  
TECHNOLOGIES THAT  
CAN BENEFIT THE POOR  
PEOPLE OF INDONESIA  
AND MALAYSIA IN  
THIS DESPERATE  
TIME.



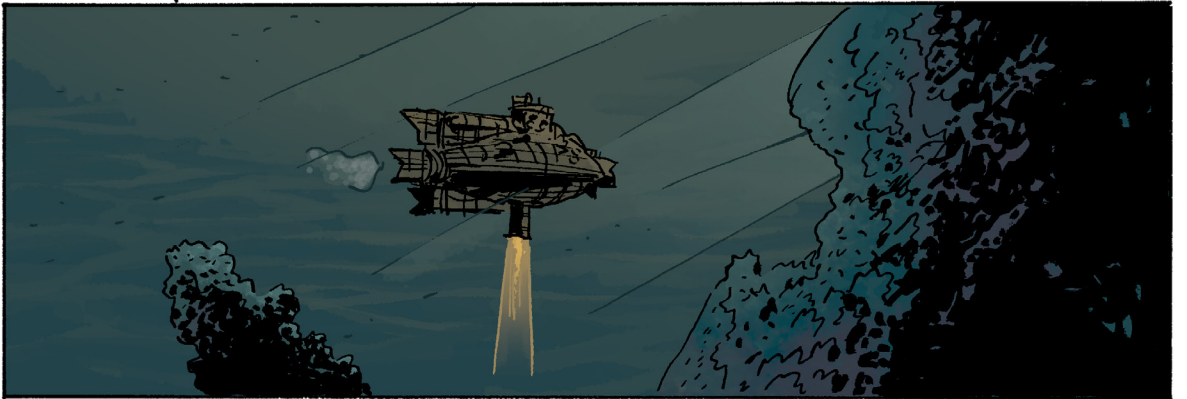
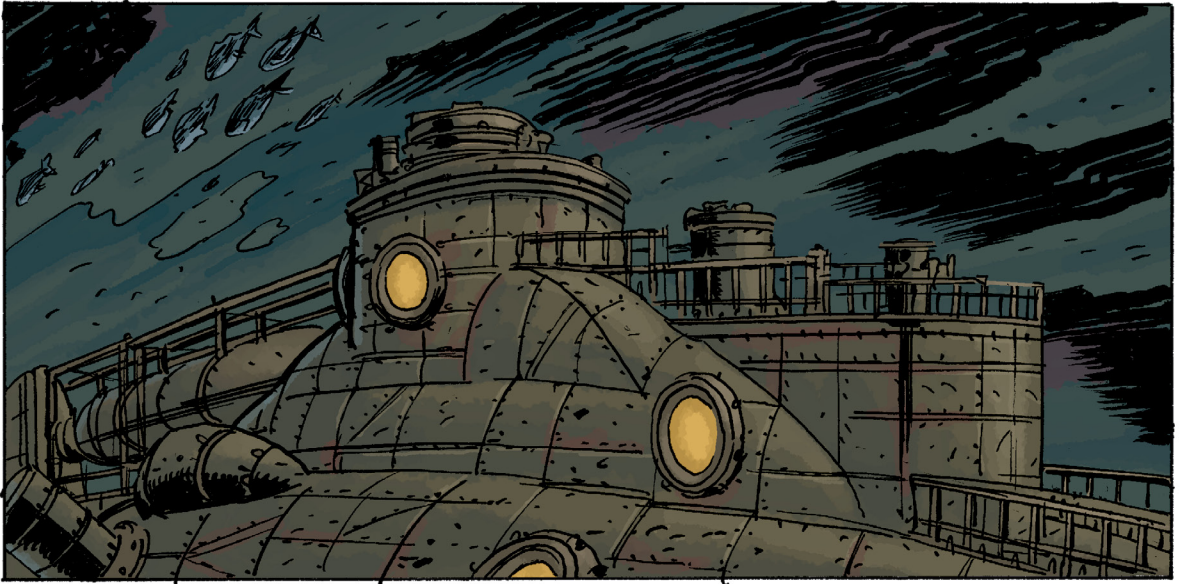
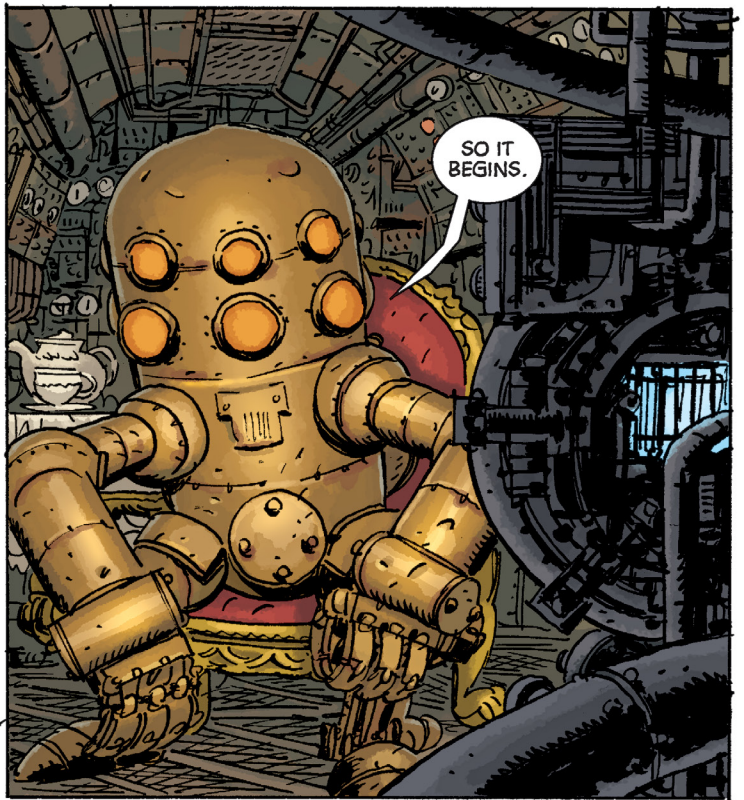
I'M **CONFIDENT** WE  
CAN ESTABLISH WIRELESS  
NETWORKS HERE THAT WILL  
MAKE THEIR **OLD**  
COMMUNICATIONS  
SYSTEMS SEEM  
OBSOLETE.

WE  
ESTIMATE  
THIS WILL MORE  
THAN **DOUBLE**  
THE SPEED OF  
THE REGION'S  
RECOVERY.

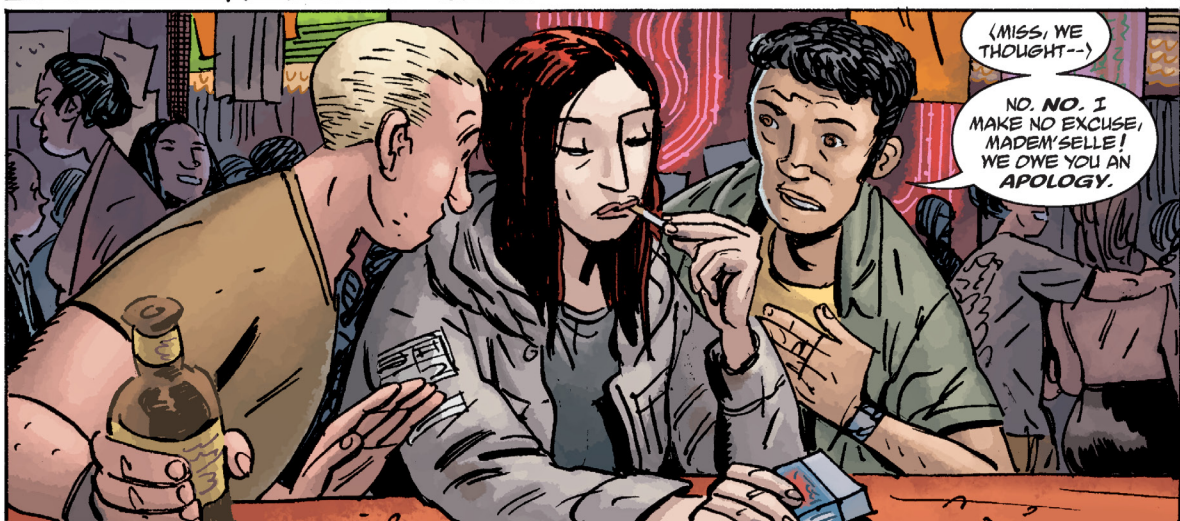
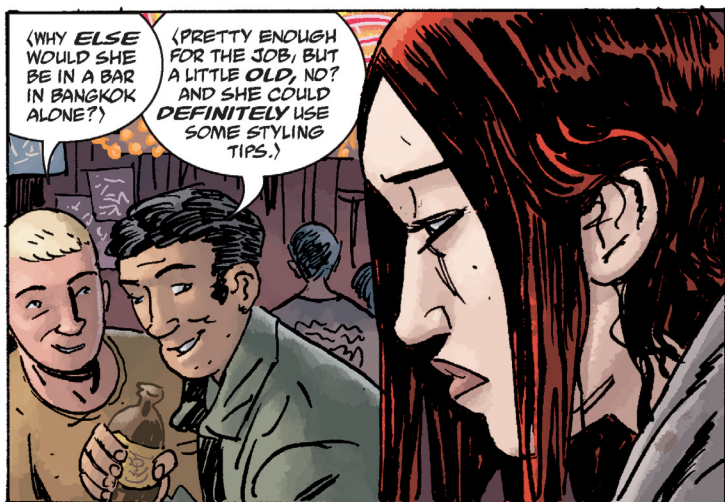




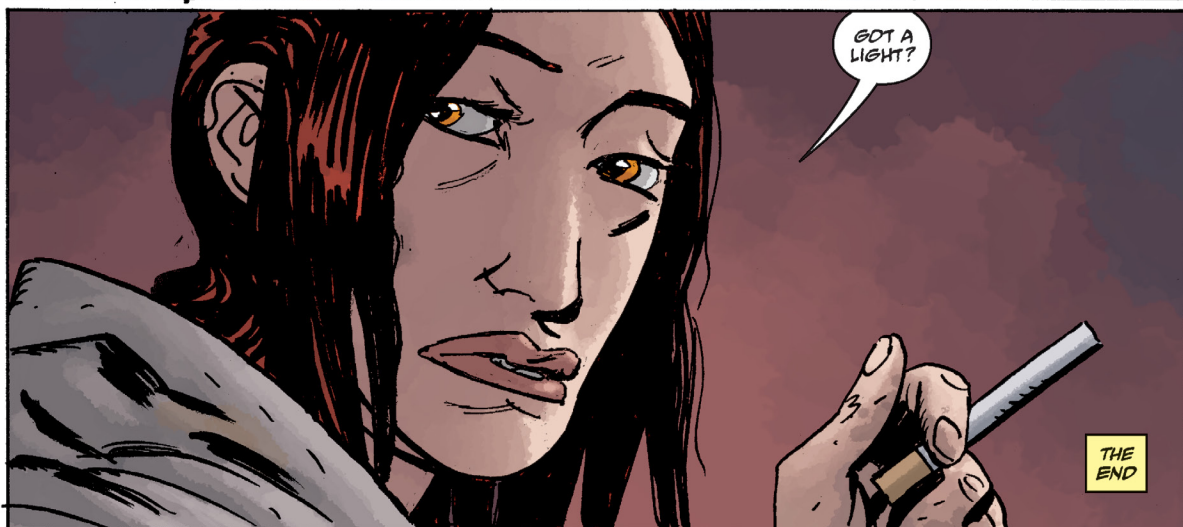
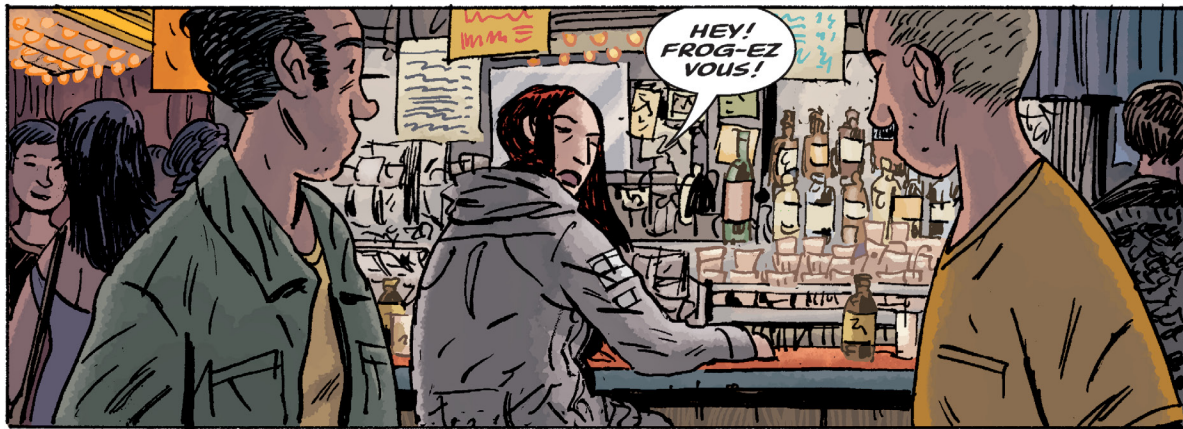
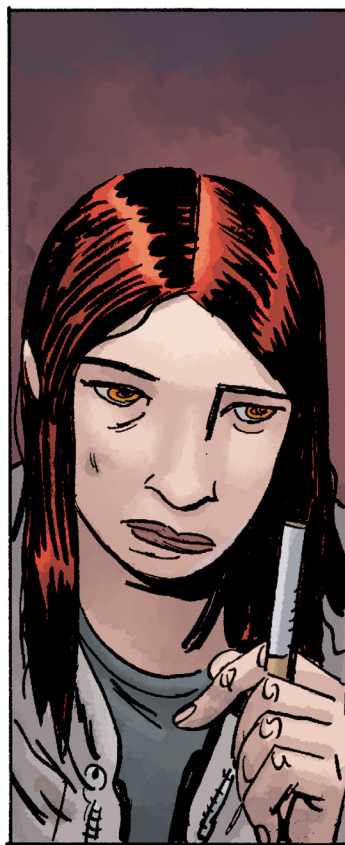














# AFTERWORD

The book you're holding is the final volume in the first cycle of *B.P.R.D.* stories—so now I guess it's safe to admit that when this whole thing started I had no idea where it was going to go.

Volume 1 (*Hollow Earth and Other Stories*—way back in 2003) was a pretty good story. It introduced those subterranean guys, and there was that nice bit of prophecy about “a new king of fear hastening the arrival of the charnel house of time,” but I had no idea any of that would be important later on. Volume 2 (*The Soul of Venice and Other Stories*) was a bunch of short stories by different creative teams, all very nice, but none of them gave any indication where the series might go. One of them *did* bring us the great Guy Davis, and that worked out pretty well, but really it wasn't till volume 3, *Plague of Frogs*, that this thing really started to go someplace. I feel like an ass writing that, since *Plague* was the only *B.P.R.D.* book I wrote all by myself, but reintroducing those frog monsters (there were a couple of them in the first Hellboy series) was a good idea. I also gave Abe his origin, and eventually that would lead to a living mummy and Victorian cyborgs, but it was the frogs that finally gave the series its direction.

With volume 3 we were starting to go someplace and in volume 4 (*The Dead*) we picked up speed—new headquarters, new leader, an attempt to get Roger to wear pants, and (most important) new writer: John Arcudi. Technically, I am credited as cowriter, but right away I felt that he was the real driver of this thing. I'm sort of a back-seat driver. Sometimes I lean over the seat and give directions, but I rarely try to climb into the front seat. A lot of the time I get to just sit back and enjoy the ride—chasing those frogs, past the rise and fall of the Black Flame, the death of Roger, the evolution/devolution of Daimio—

Pause to make a phone call.

I had to call John to see if *he* knew when we knew where this book was going. He says he started to see it when we introduced the Memnan Saa character in *The Black Flame* (volume 5). Really? I don't remember seeing it way back then. Maybe I was napping in the back seat, but now that I think about it, he is the character (responding to the frog problem) who sort of draws us through the rest of the series, eventually steering us back to all that Hyperborean stuff and the King of Fear, back to where all this started. And he set the stage for what's to come. Funny. I just thought we needed a Fu Manchu kind of guy. I've said it before—sometimes it really feels like you create these characters, wind them up, put them on the board, and they go where they're gonna go.

So here ends the first cycle of *B.P.R.D.* stories. We are going to refer to everything we've done up to now (except *B.P.R.D.: 1946* and *1947*) as *Plague of Frogs*. The next cycle is called *Hell on Earth* and begins with the appropriately named miniseries *New World*. Maybe I didn't know where we were going when this all started, but I know where we are going now. John and I don't know all the twists and turns ahead (it wouldn't be any fun writing this stuff if you knew *everything* that's going to happen), but we know the big story, and . . . well, it's big. Really big. Trust me. Big changes have just happened and bigger ones are on the way. With John in the driver's seat and Guy sitting next to him (trying to find Jack Benny on the radio), I am very content to help steer from the back seat. And from here on out everybody should be sure to wear their seat belts.

There you go—

MIKE MIGNOLA



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

## SKETCHBOOK

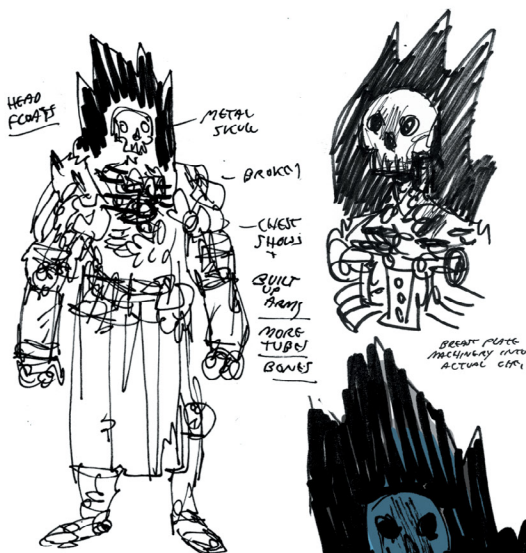
Notes by Guy Davis

I knew way back at the end of *The Black Flame* that we'd be seeing him again and I couldn't wait to revisit the character. Back before we started on *The Warning* we kicked around different ideas of how he would look after all this time underground with the legion of frog monsters—one idea was that his armor might mutate and become fleshlike, similar to the robot monsters in the series . . .

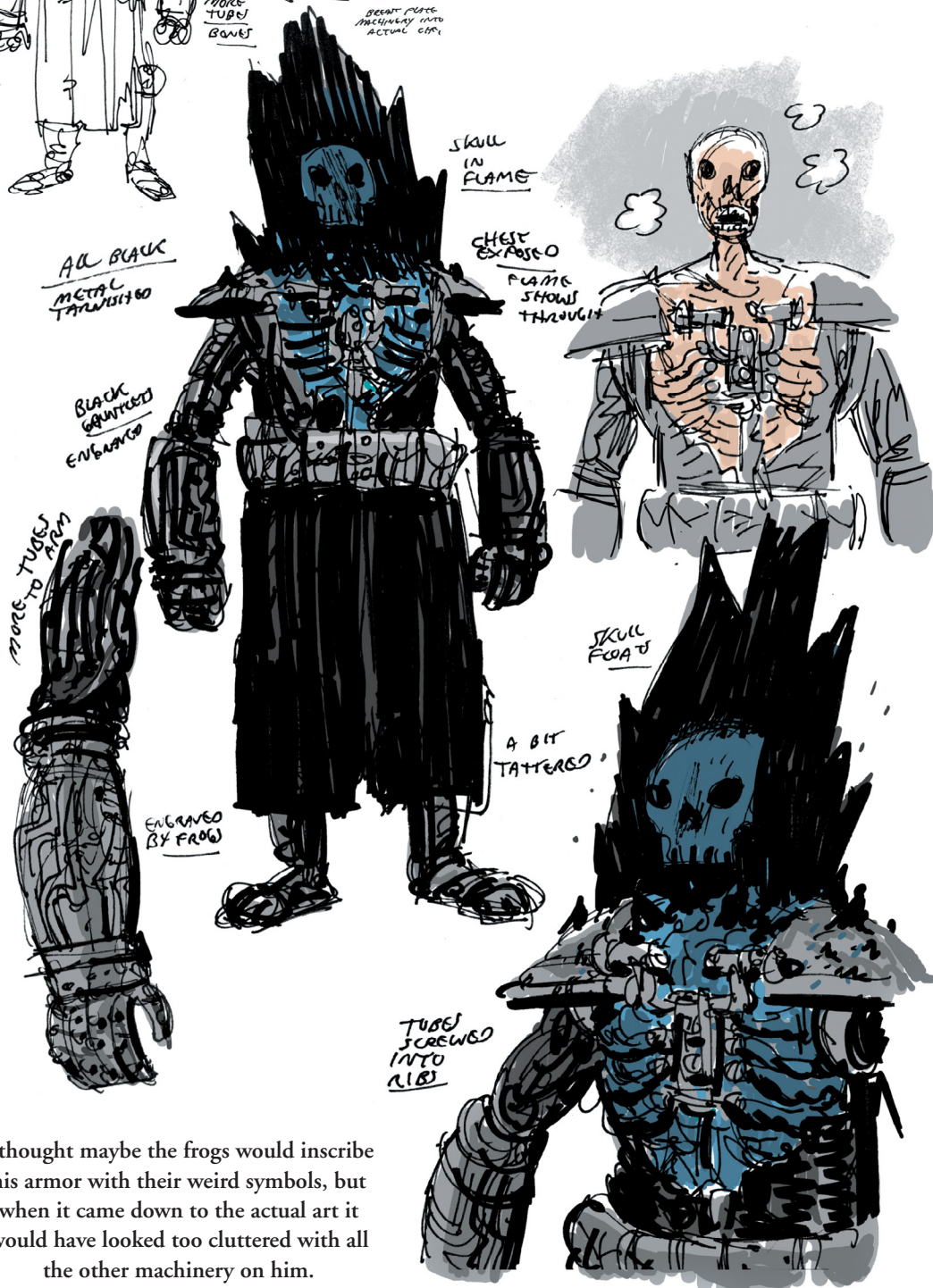


. . . but that didn't feel right. We didn't want it to look like his power was now coming from the technology of the suit.





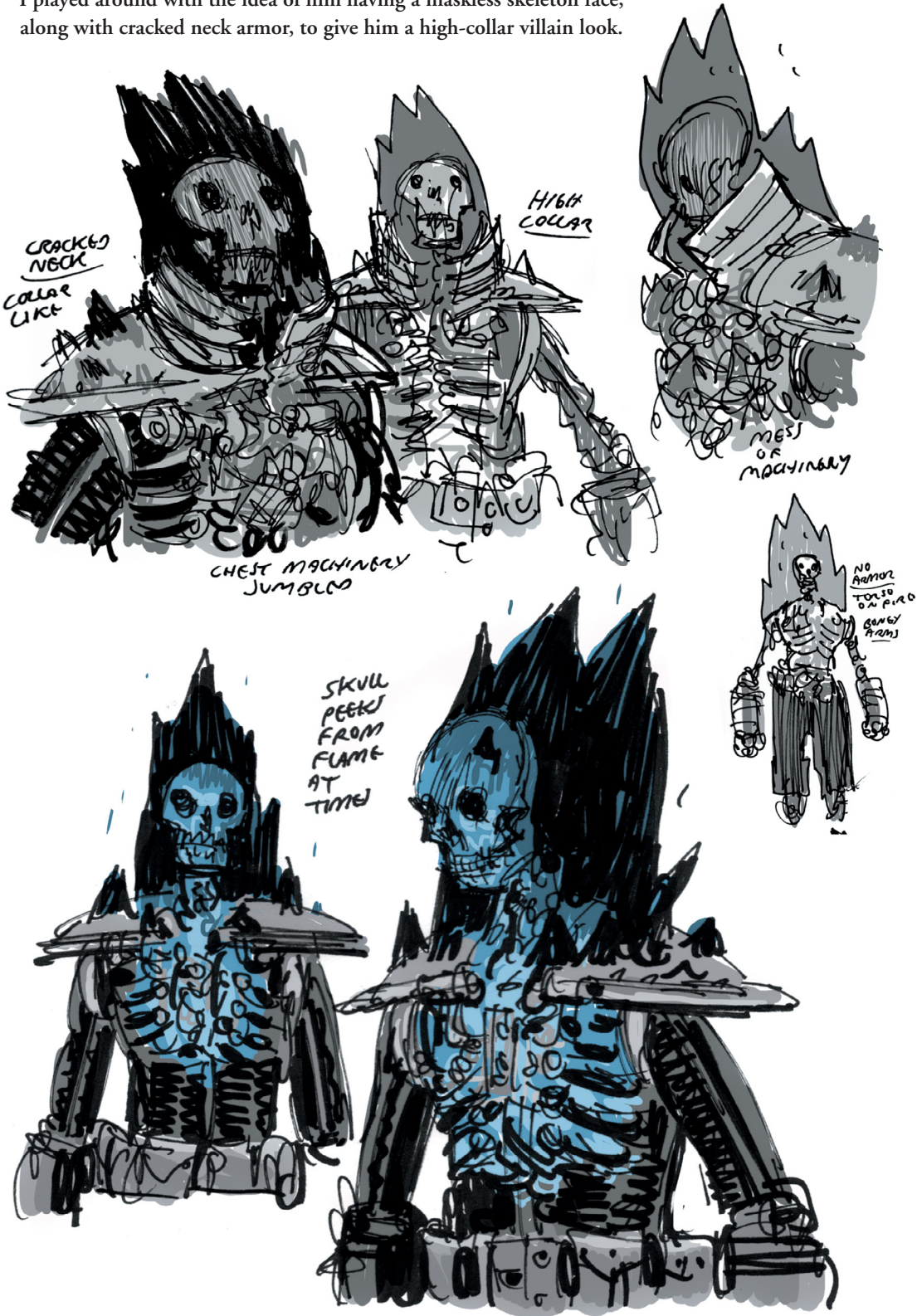
Next was the idea that the flame itself would have been burning away more of his armor and hinting that the skull inside the flame was actually his face burned off and not a mask.



I thought maybe the frogs would inscribe his armor with their weird symbols, but when it came down to the actual art it would have looked too cluttered with all the other machinery on him.



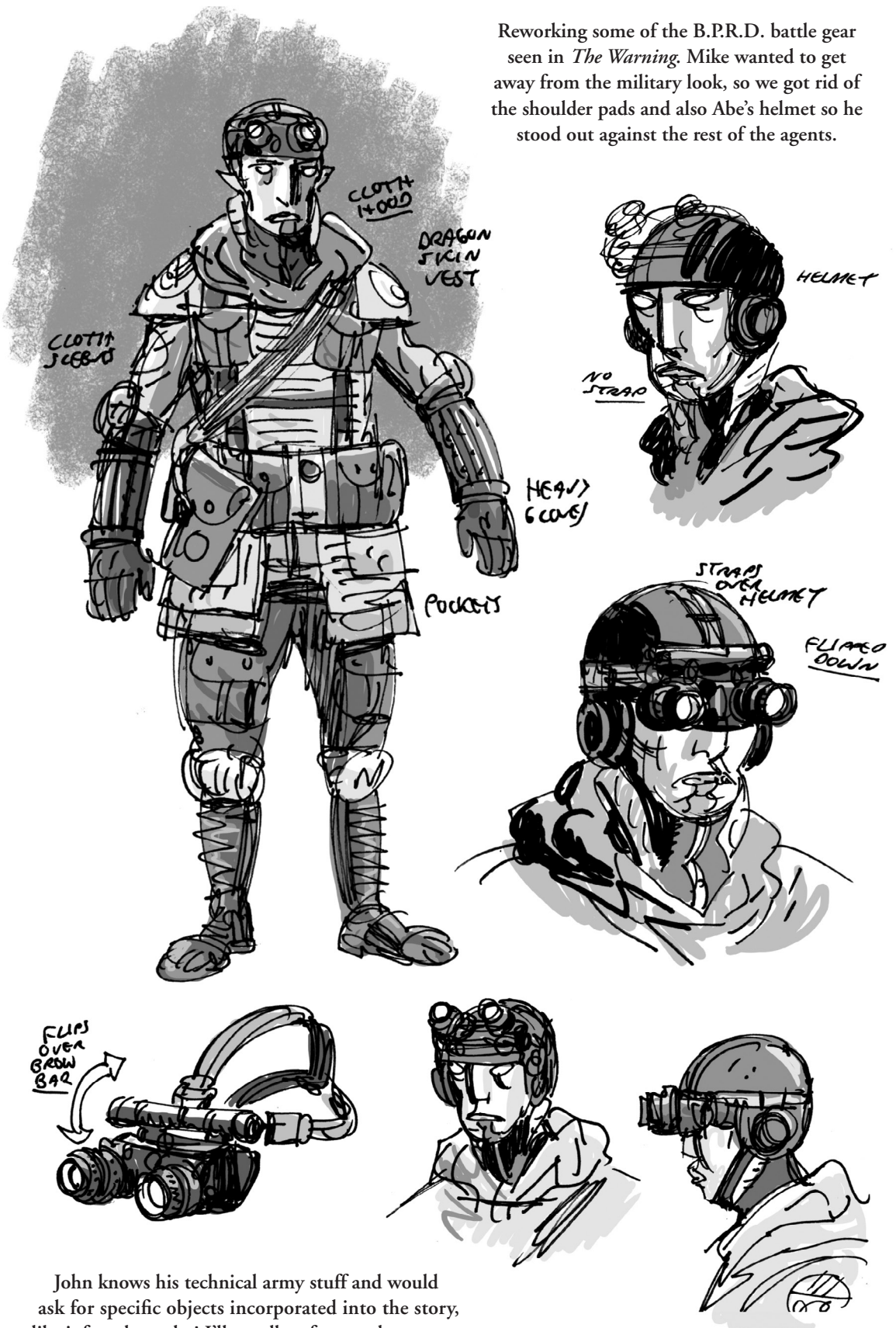
I played around with the idea of him having a maskless skeleton face, along with cracked neck armor, to give him a high-collar villain look.



The final design. There is no doubt his face is now just a skull and his body burns with the Black Flame—but before I drew the pages, Mike did the cover for #3 and made his face look mummified instead of like a skull. Which was a great idea to give him more character, so I went that route with the inside art.



Reworking some of the B.P.R.D. battle gear seen in *The Warning*. Mike wanted to get away from the military look, so we got rid of the shoulder pads and also Abe's helmet so he stood out against the rest of the agents.



John knows his technical army stuff and would ask for specific objects incorporated into the story, like infrared goggles! I'll usually reference those types of objects, but still take liberties on their design so they work with the actions of the script.

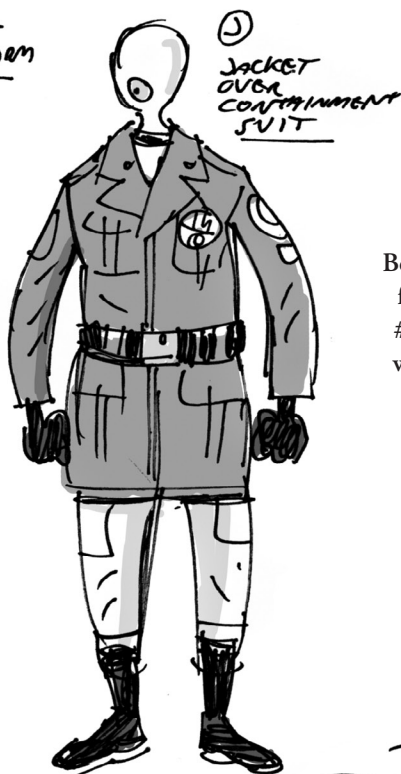
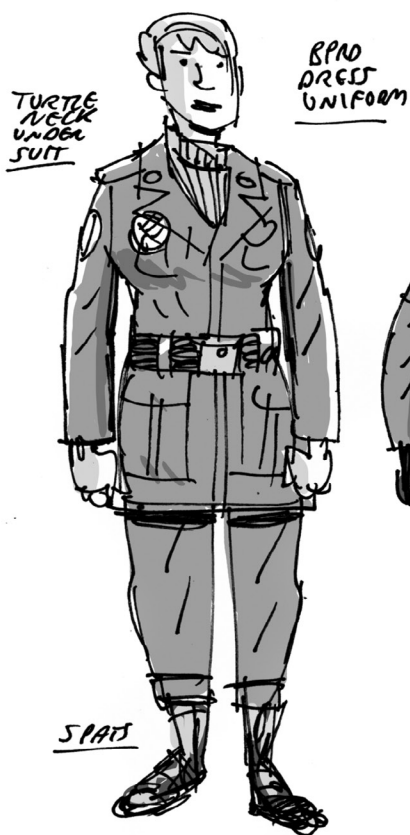


Liz loses even more of the military dress for exploring the Hollow Earth.

Below: I liked the idea that the ghosts of the dead would be dressed differently depending on the individual person. I played around with that a bit at the end of *Killing Ground*. I don't know why, but it seemed right to stick Memnan Saa in the same robes that the monks and Liz wore in *The Black Goddess*.

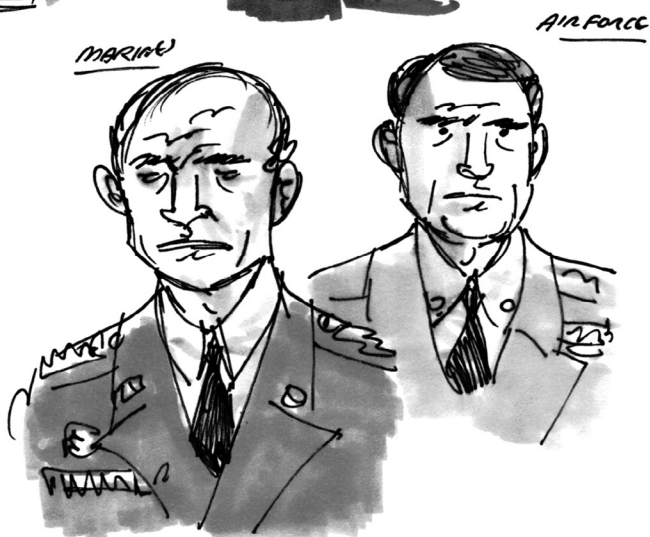






An idea for some B.P.R.D. dress uniforms that didn't make it into the last issue with Kate, Johann, and Manning at the U.N.

Below: A bunch of character faces for the military leaders in issue #1—which actually worked out with the first round of sketches. If only they all were that easy.





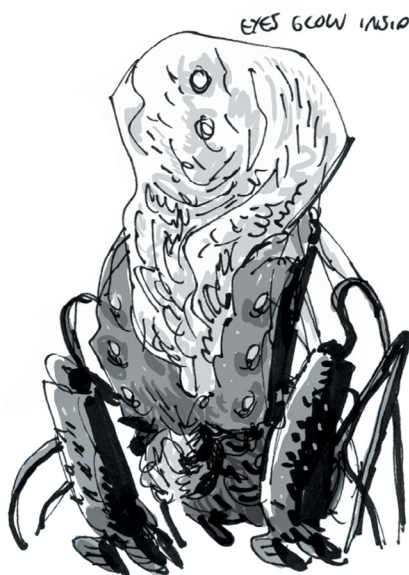


The robot monsters' purpose gets revealed! Before I read the script for the first issue I thought of their heads falling back so they could crawl through tight caverns. Below: Some designs on the final transformations and birth!



EMBRO  
BEASTIE  
CLEAN  
SACK

MONSTER SAME AS  
IN BLOCK 600065



EYES GLOW INSIDE

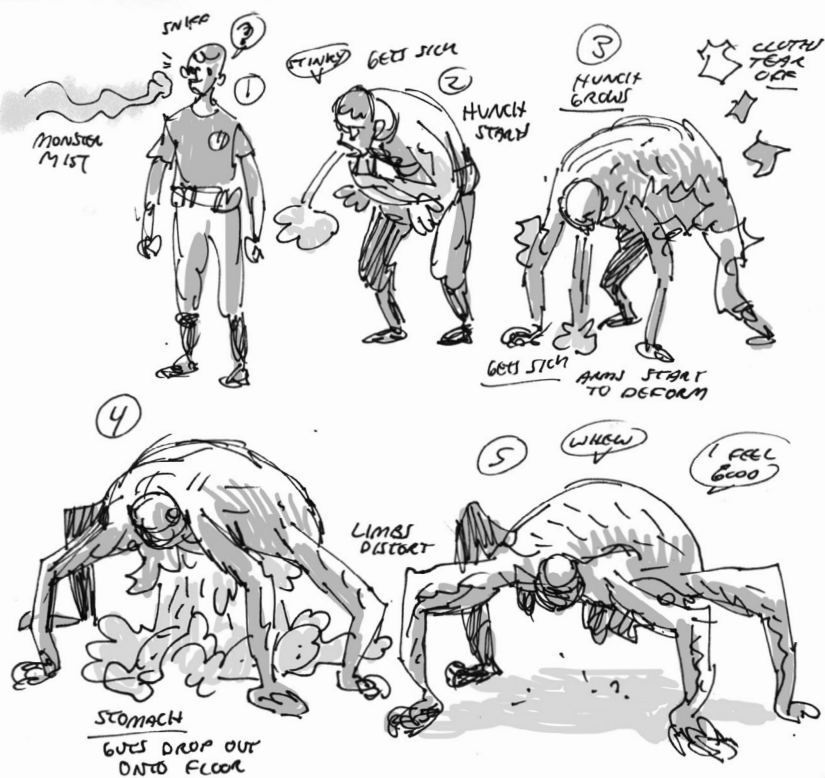
VERY  
DARK  
BLACK  
HUSK

FAINT  
GLOW  
TO EYES

ANCHORED  
STANCE

~~CURLED UP~~  
CURLED UP

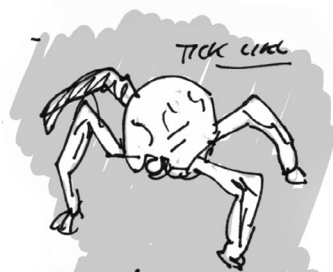
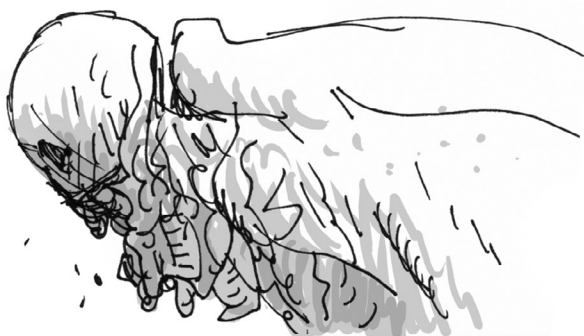




Oh boy! Time for some new creature designs. For the airline passengers that transform after being exposed to the "mysterious gas," I worked out the entire transformation so it didn't just seem like they faded into the creatures like in an old movie. Mike said the guts falling out was "just gross," which I take as a compliment, but too gross for *B.P.R.D.*, so it was left out.



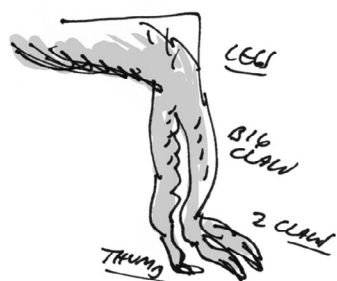




Working out more of the final transformation design, which Mike pointed out looked too much like a regular person walking weird and not a monster. He did like the split-arm design and carried that over to his cool final designs below.



MORE EVOLVED

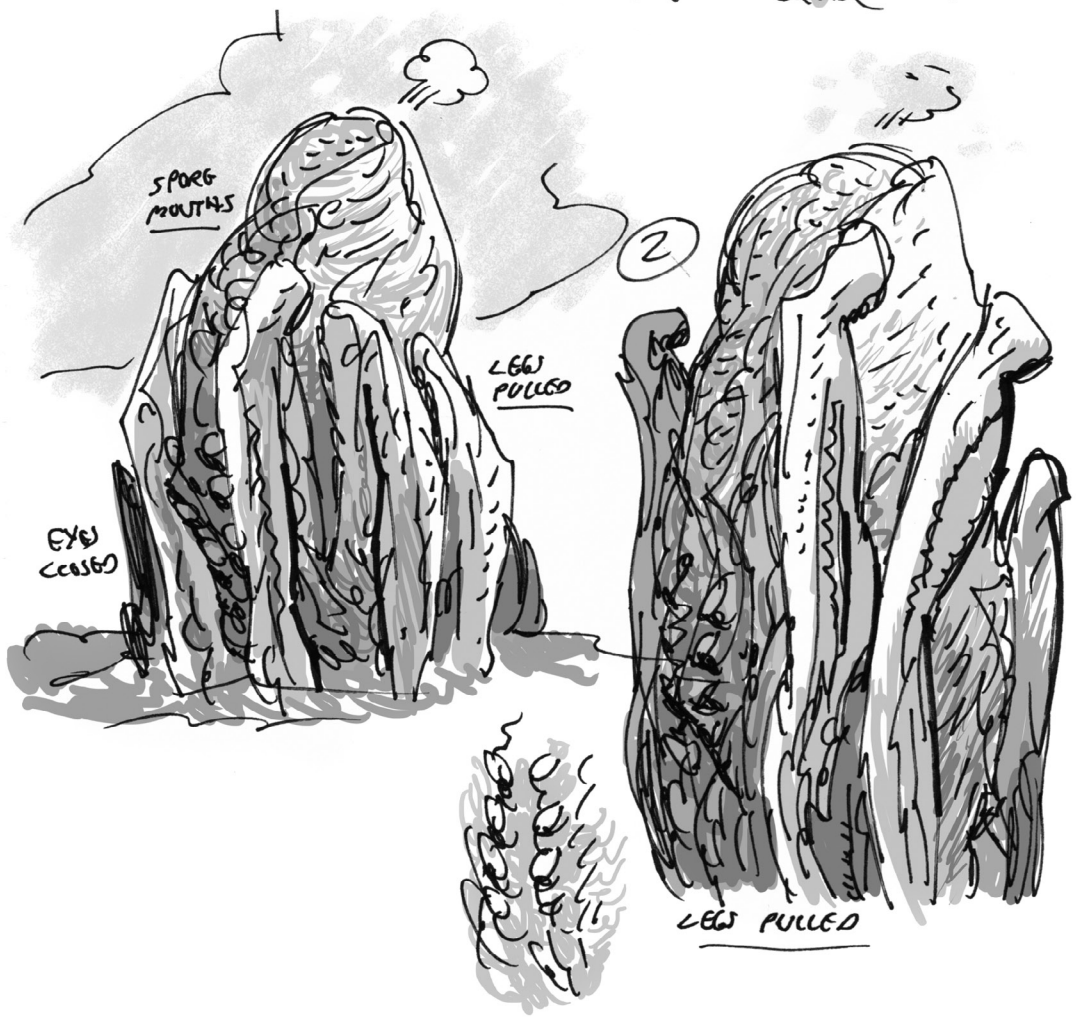


MIGMA

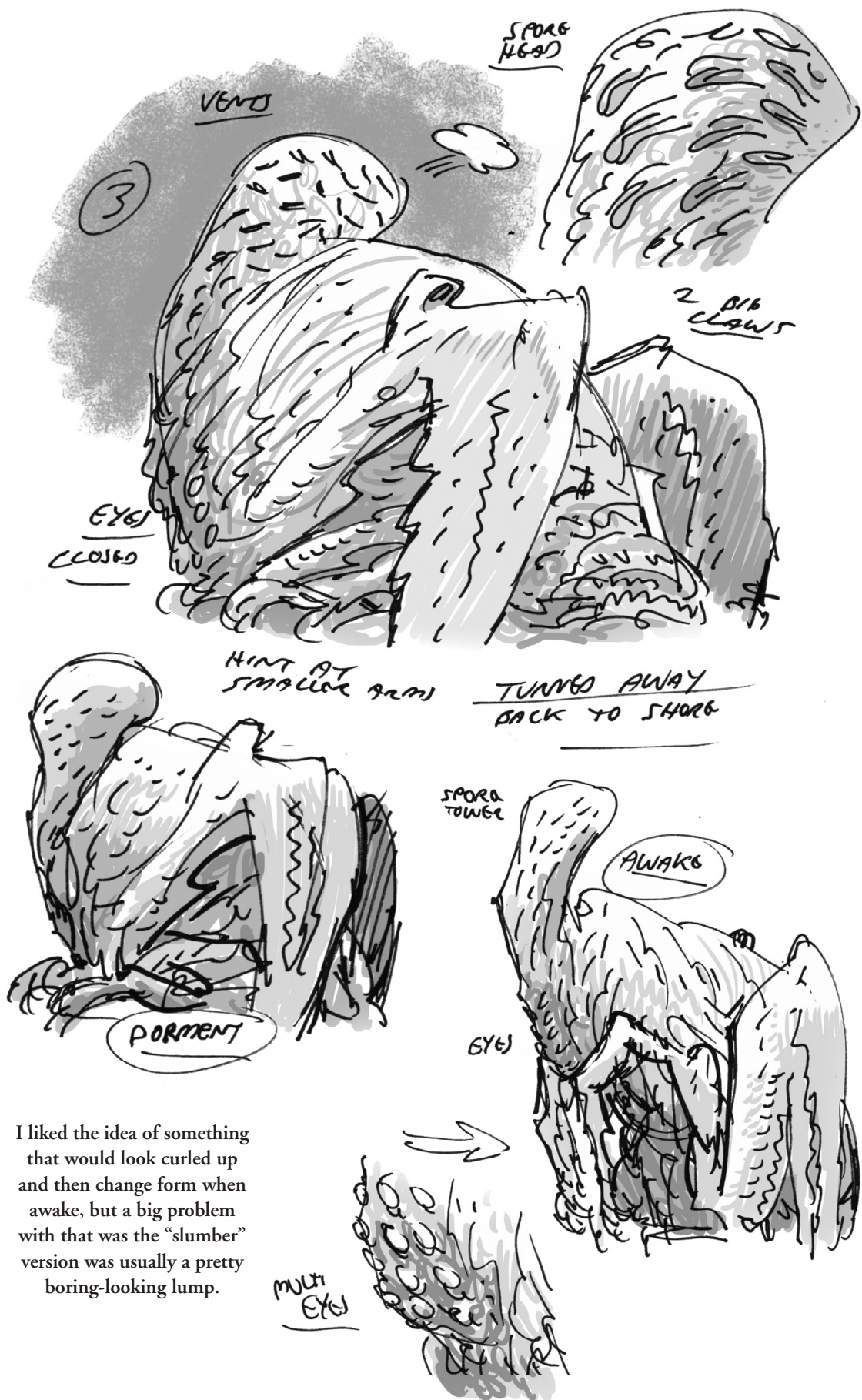
less Evolved



The biggest design work for *King of Fear* was figuring out the huge slumbering creature at the end. The script was not specific on any details to how it should look (aside from spouting gas), so I just started drawing a few ideas off the top of my head.

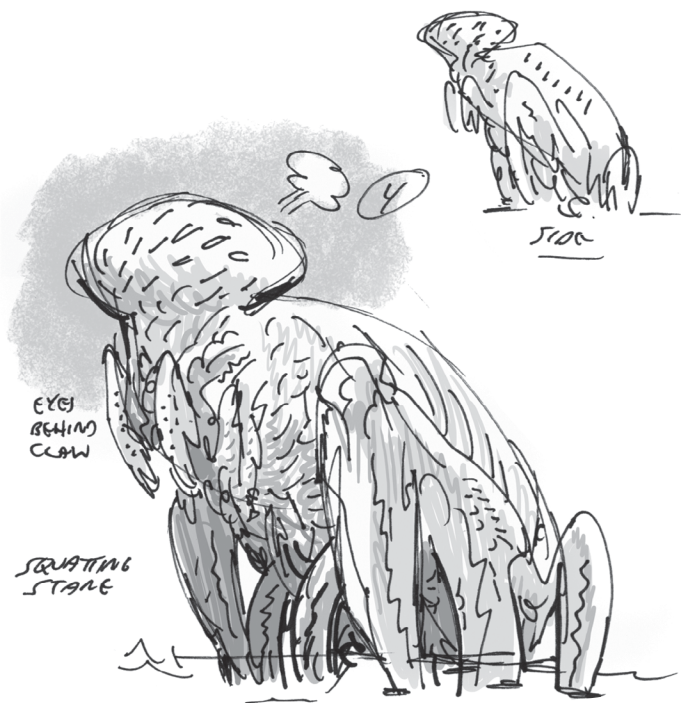




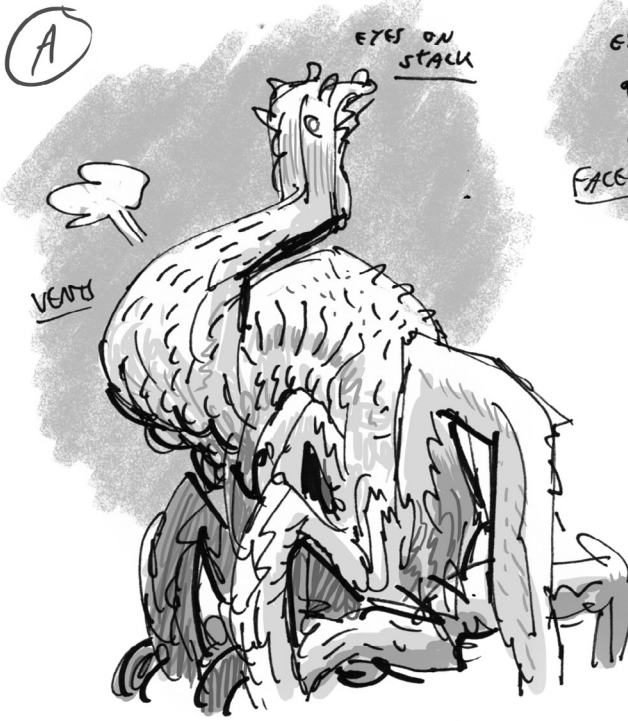


I liked the idea of something that would look curled up and then change form when awake, but a big problem with that was the “slumber” version was usually a pretty boring-looking lump.



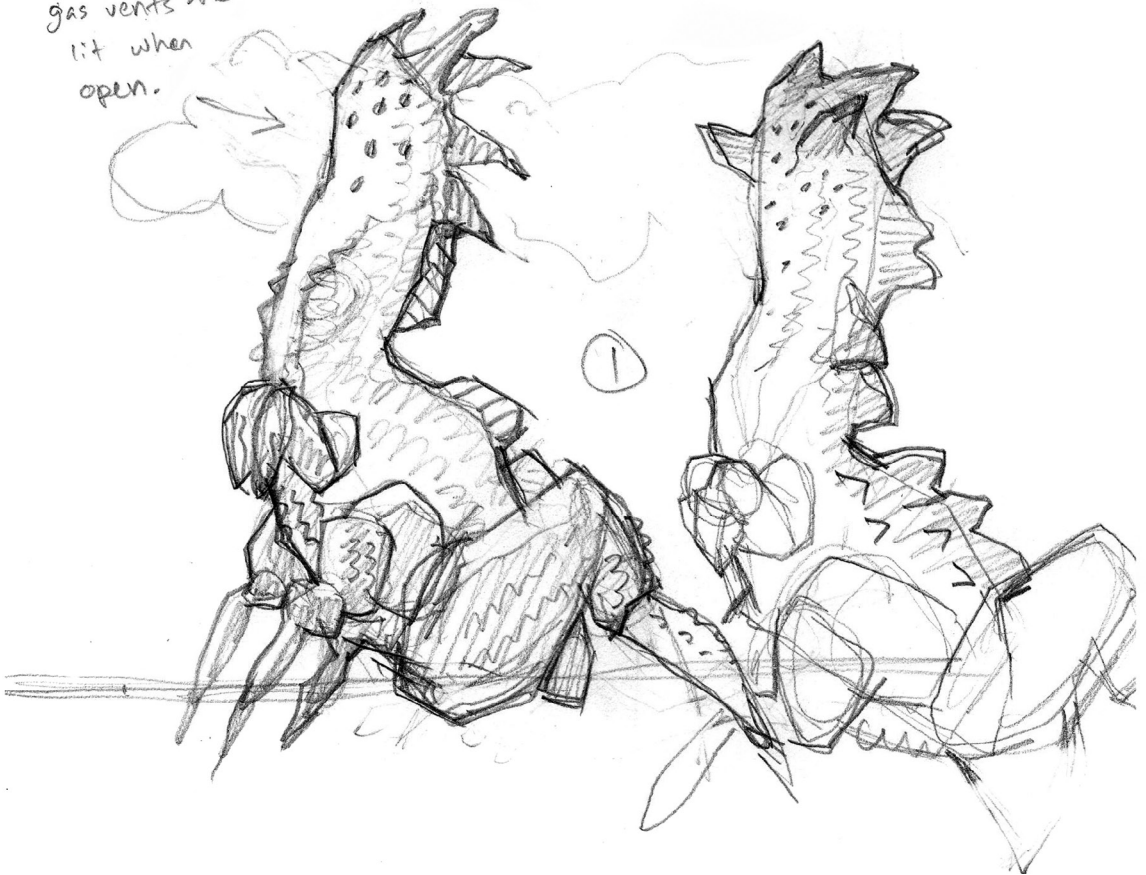




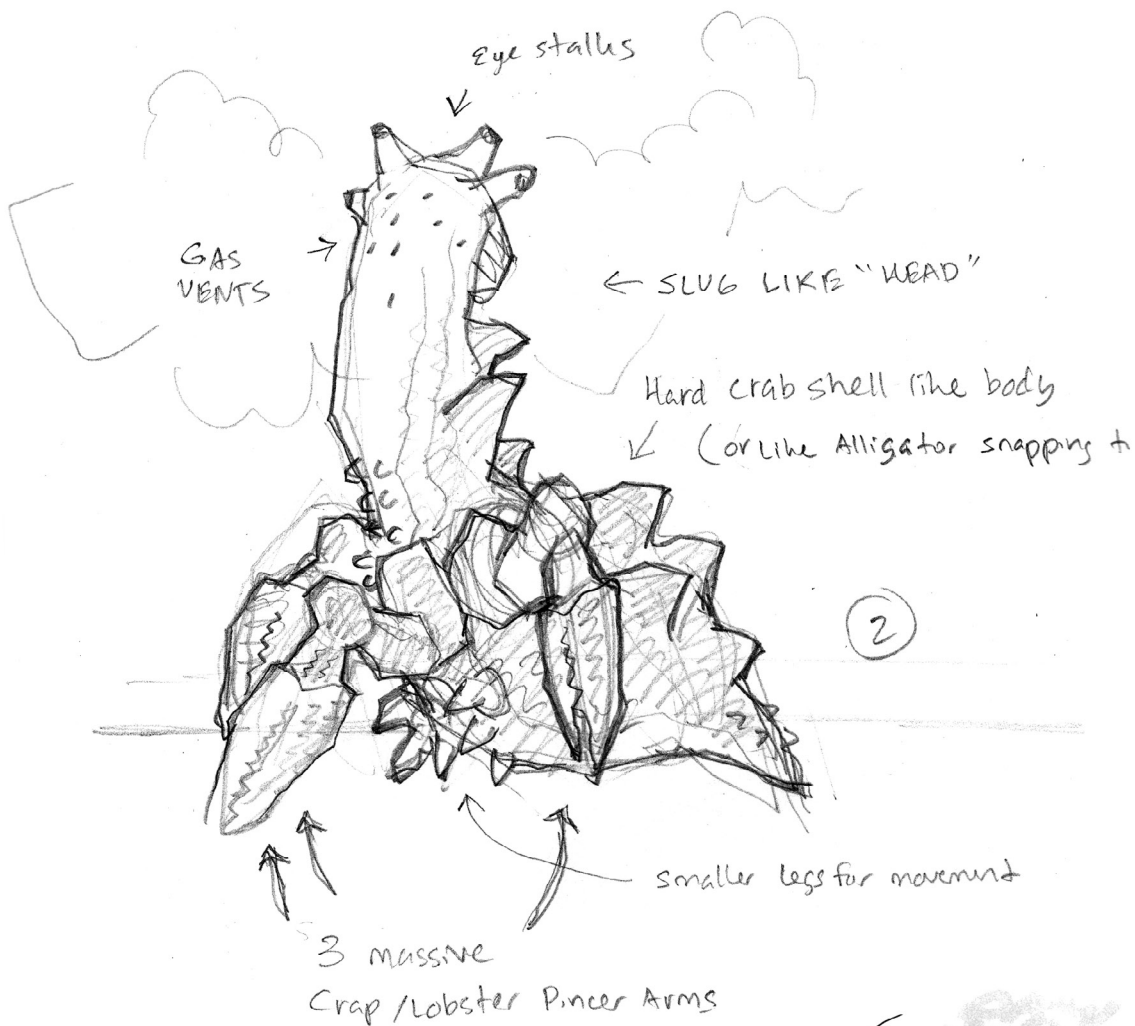


I really liked Mike's idea of it being like a lighthouse while sleeping, and played with the head-stalk a bit with these sketches above.

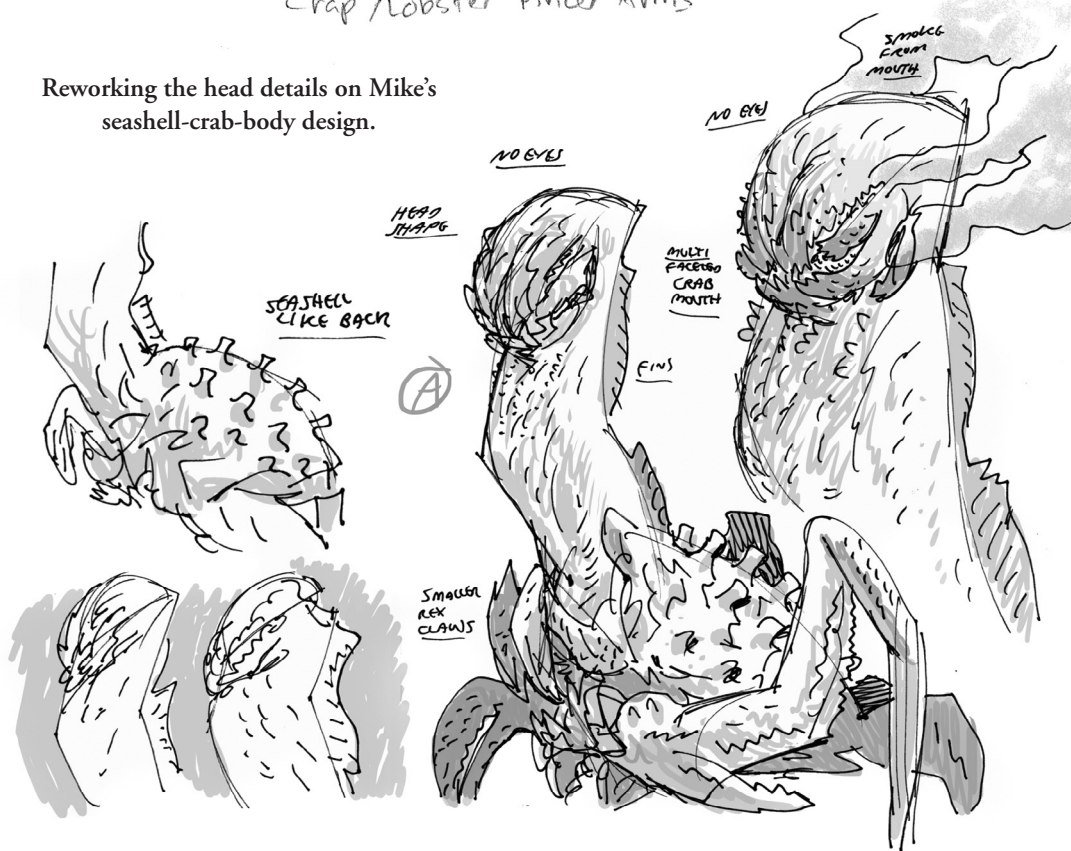
NO  
Eyes, but  
gas vents are  
lit when  
open.







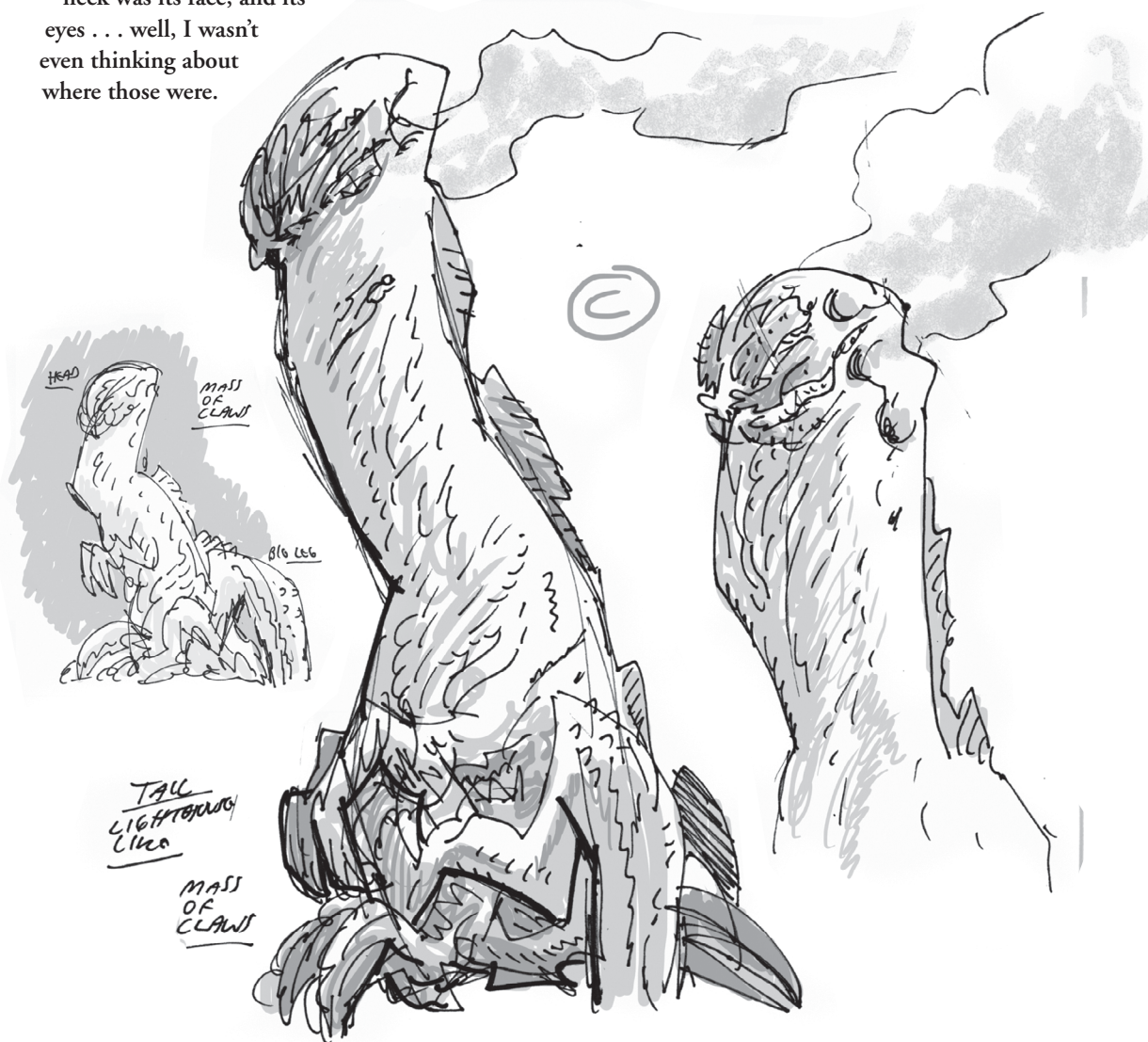
Reworking the head details on Mike's  
seashell-crab-body design.



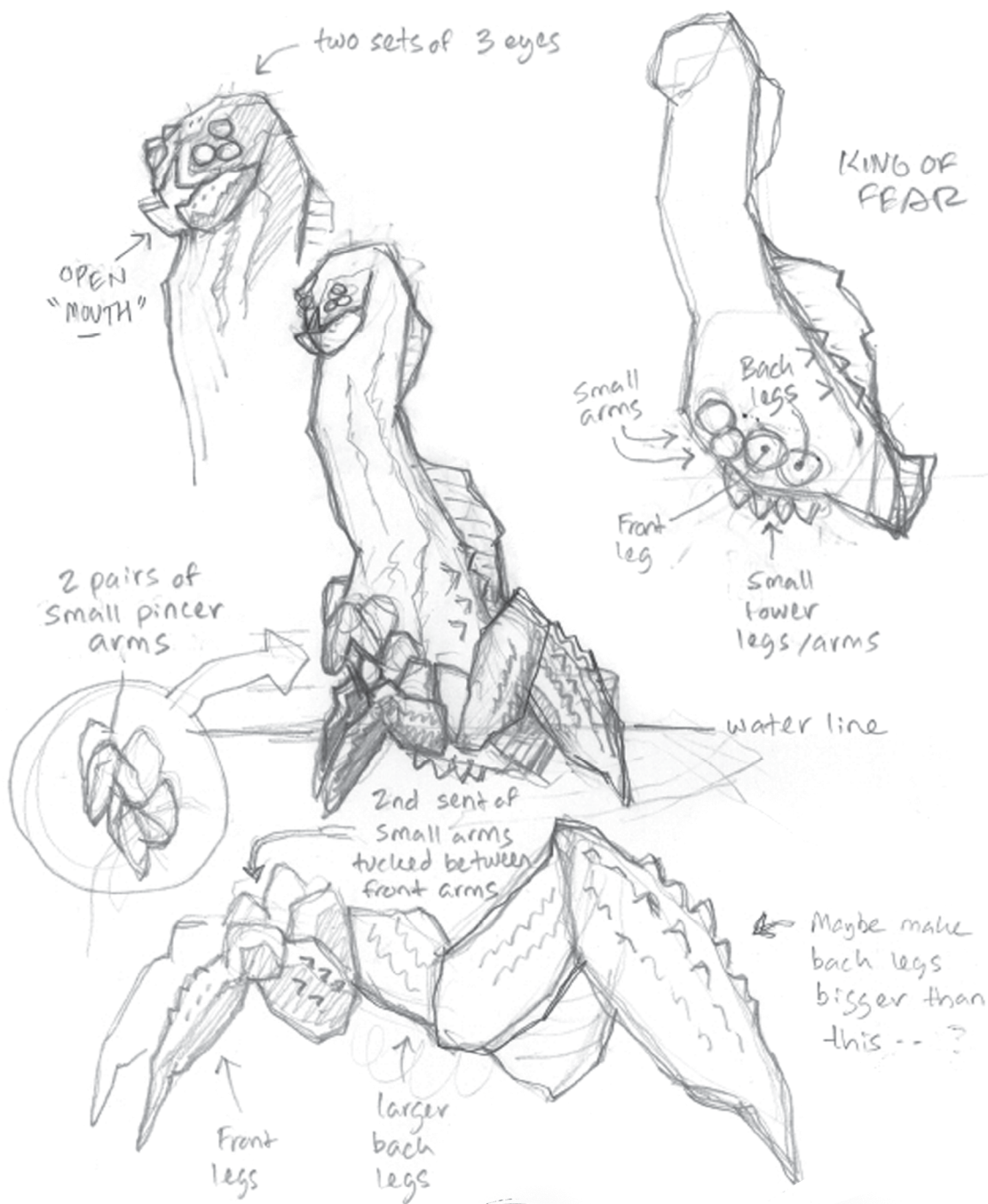




It's getting closer to the finished design with the "lighthouse" body, but the head still wasn't right. I played around with the idea that the head wasn't really its actual head, but a curled-up jaw that would open at some point. So the whole neck was its face, and its eyes . . . well, I wasn't even thinking about where those were.



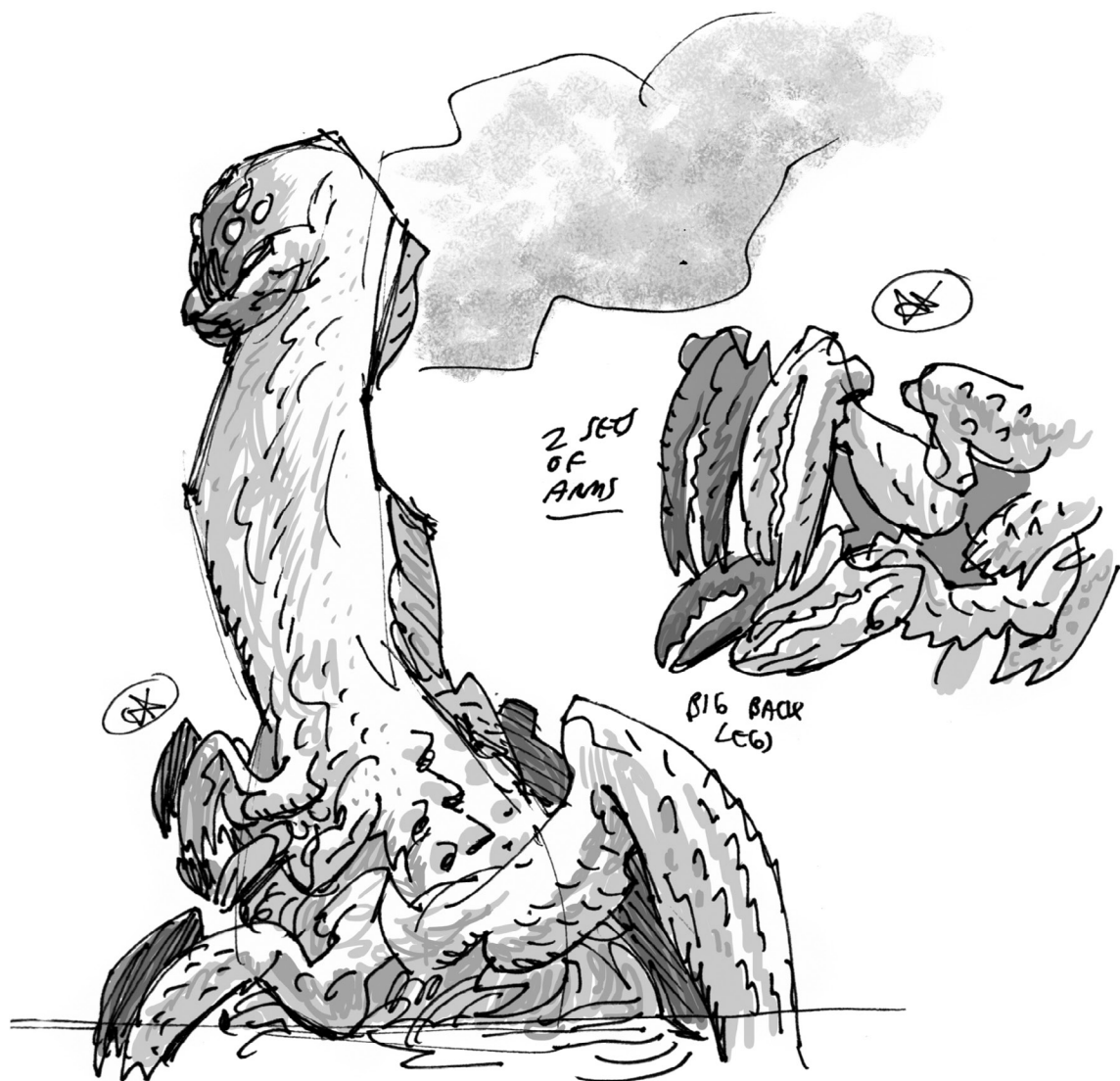




Mike nails the final design and again shows why he's the best! Before drawing the creature in the actual comic, I did a few sketches to flesh out some details and to make sure I captured the feel of it in my style.



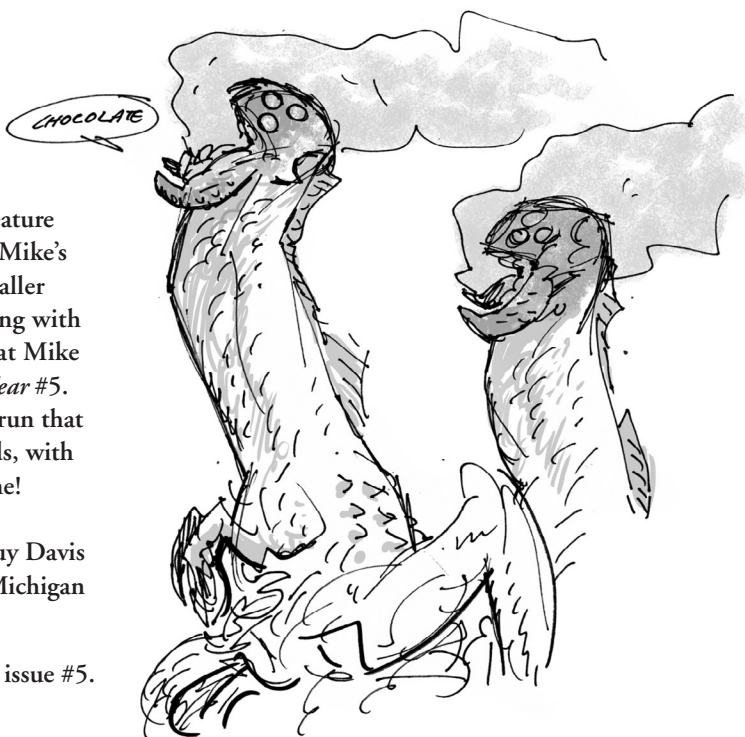




The finished design of the creature (whom I call Farfel) based on Mike's sketch, with some of the smaller forearm details worked out, along with the open smokestack mouth that Mike drew for the cover of *King of Fear* #5. And with that beastie, the huge run that started with *Plague of Frogs* ends, with more *Hell on Earth* to come!

Guy Davis  
Crab Point, Michigan

Facing: Mike's unused cover for issue #5.











A story that began in the first issue of *Hellboy* concludes with the B.P.R.D. set to permanently wipe out a subterranean colony of frog monsters. With Memnan Saa dead, agents Liz Sherman and Abe Sapien take on the powerful King of Fear—who reveals that it is the agents themselves who will lead the world to apocalypse.



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