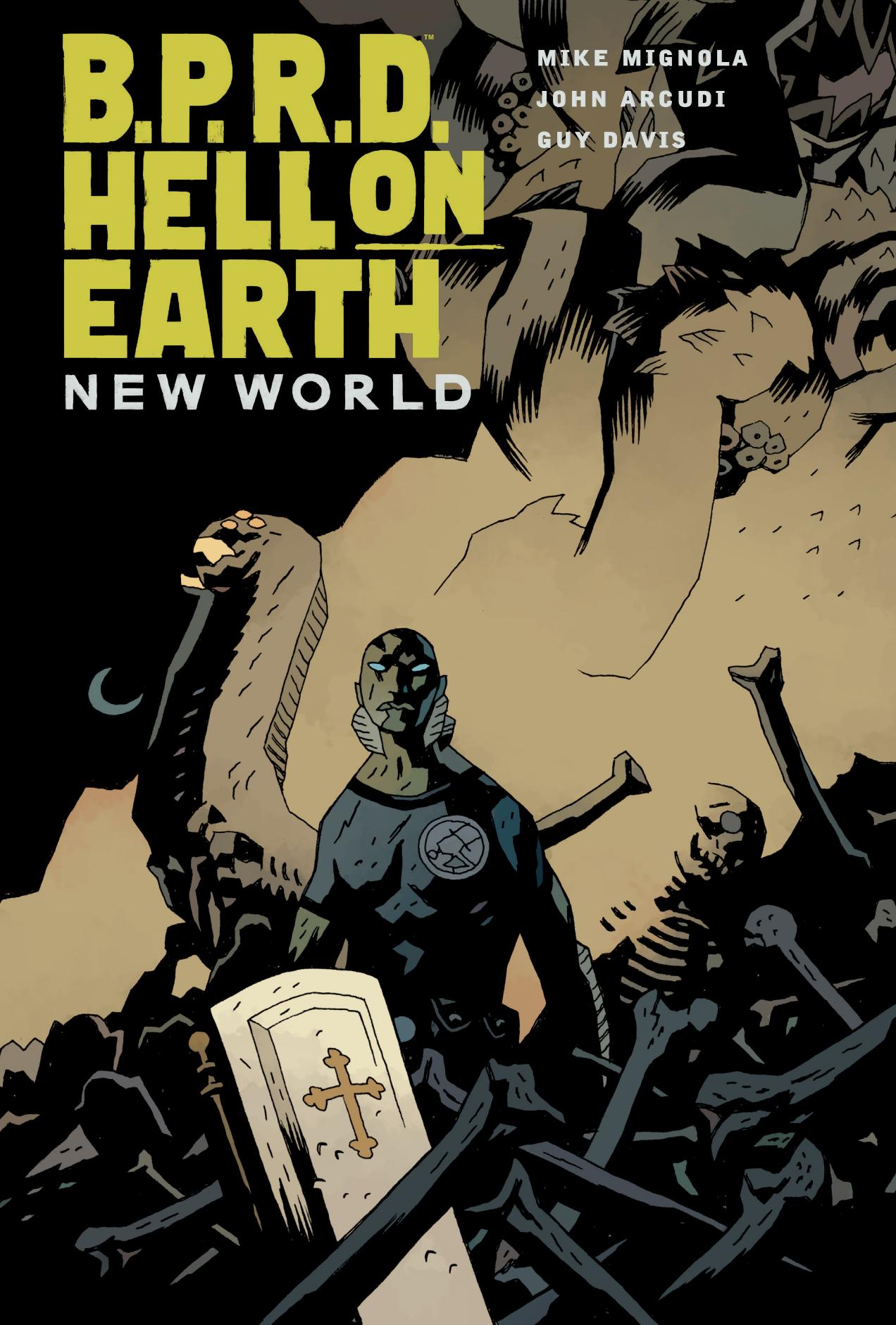


FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup> HELL ON EARTH

NEW WORLD

MIKE MIGNOLA  
JOHN ARCUDI  
GUY DAVIS







# B.P.R.D. HELL ON EARTH: NEW WORLD

created by MIKE MIGNOLA



### **ABE SAPIEN**

Victorian scientist and occult investigator Langdon Everett Caul, transformed into a fish-man while hidden in a stasis chamber beneath a Washington, D.C., hospital. The true nature of his transformation remains a mystery, but connections have been suggested between Abe and the recently defeated frog monsters.



### **DR. KATE CORRIGAN**

Current field director for the B.P.R.D., first brought into active duty by Hellboy. Dr. Corrigan is a former professor at New York University, an authority on folklore and occult history, who now serves as primary liaison between the Bureau and the United Nations.



### **JOHANN KRAUS**

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. He briefly inhabited an artificial body, before it was destroyed by former B.P.R.D. team leader Captain Ben Daimio.



### **PANYA**

Ancient Egyptian mummy who returned to life during an unrolling ceremony in the nineteenth century. Panya was rescued by the B.P.R.D. from a century-long imprisonment with the Oannes Society. She has demonstrated psychic abilities, although their precise nature and range remain unknown, as do her motives.



### **ANDREW DEVON**

Former professor 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.  
HELL ON  
EARTH  
NEW WORLD

story by **MIKE MIGNOLA** and **JOHN ARCUDI**

art by **GUY DAVIS**

colors by **DAVE STEWART**

letters by **CLEM ROBINS**

cover art by **MIKE MIGNOLA** with **DAVE STEWART**

editor **SCOTT ALLIE** associate editor **SAMANTHA ROBERTSON**

assistant editor **DANIEL CHABON** collection designer **AMY ARENTS**

publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**

*Special thanks to Jason Hvam*

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This book collects the *B.P.R.D. Hell on Earth: New World* comic-book series, issues #1–#5, and the *B.P.R.D. Hell on Earth: Seattle* ashcan, all originally published by Dark Horse Comics.

Published by Dark Horse Books  
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.  
10956 SE Main Street  
Milwaukie, OR 97222

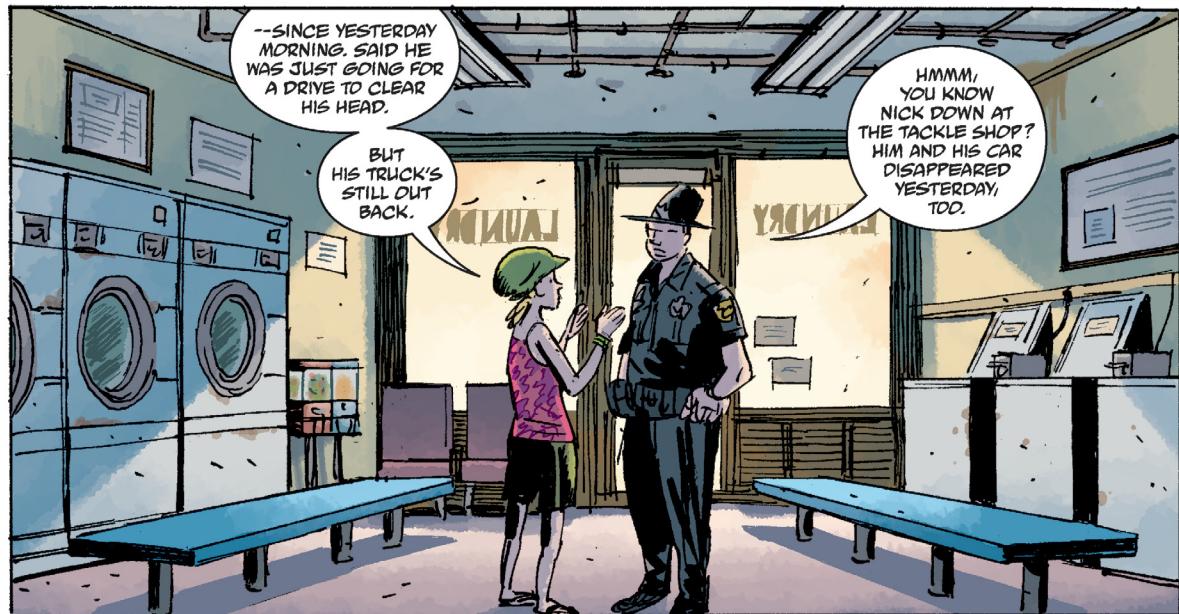
First edition: August 2011  
ISBN 978-1-59582-707-4

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Printed at Midas Printing International, Ltd., Huizhou, China

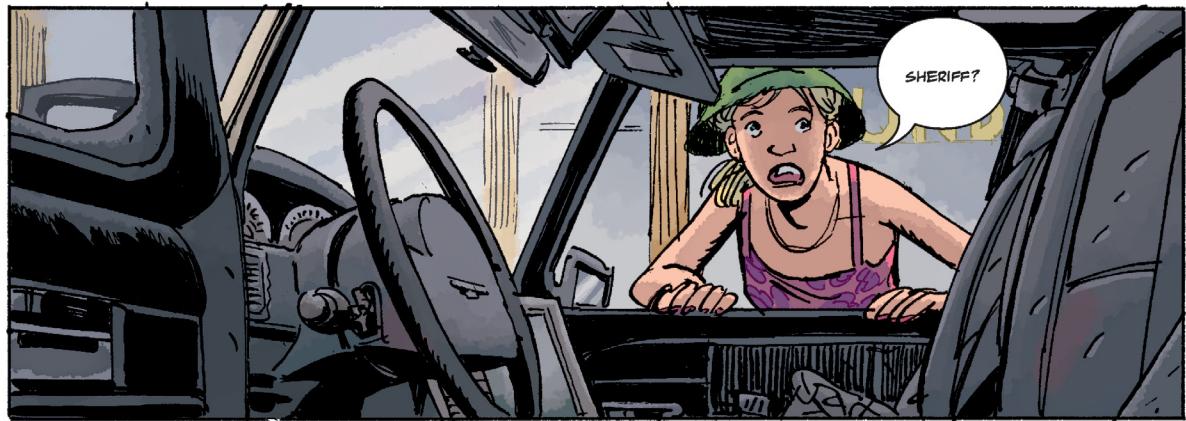
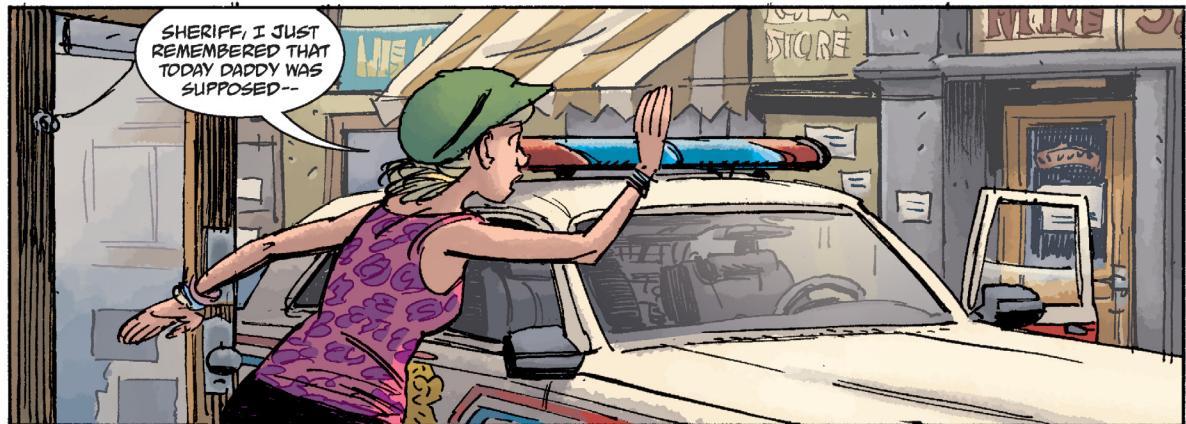
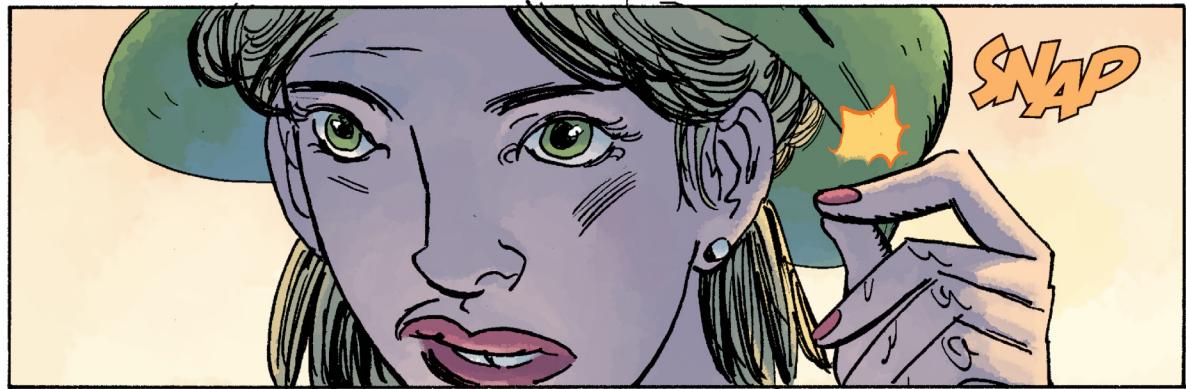
CHAPTER ONE











# Victoria Clarion-Gazette

## The Return of Bigfoot?

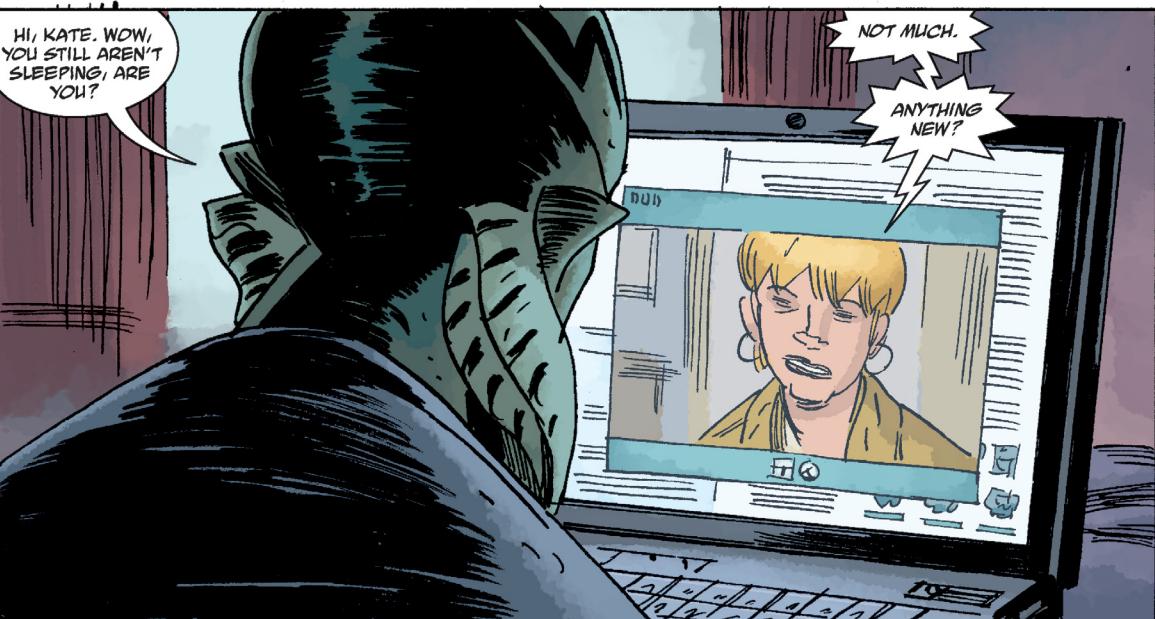


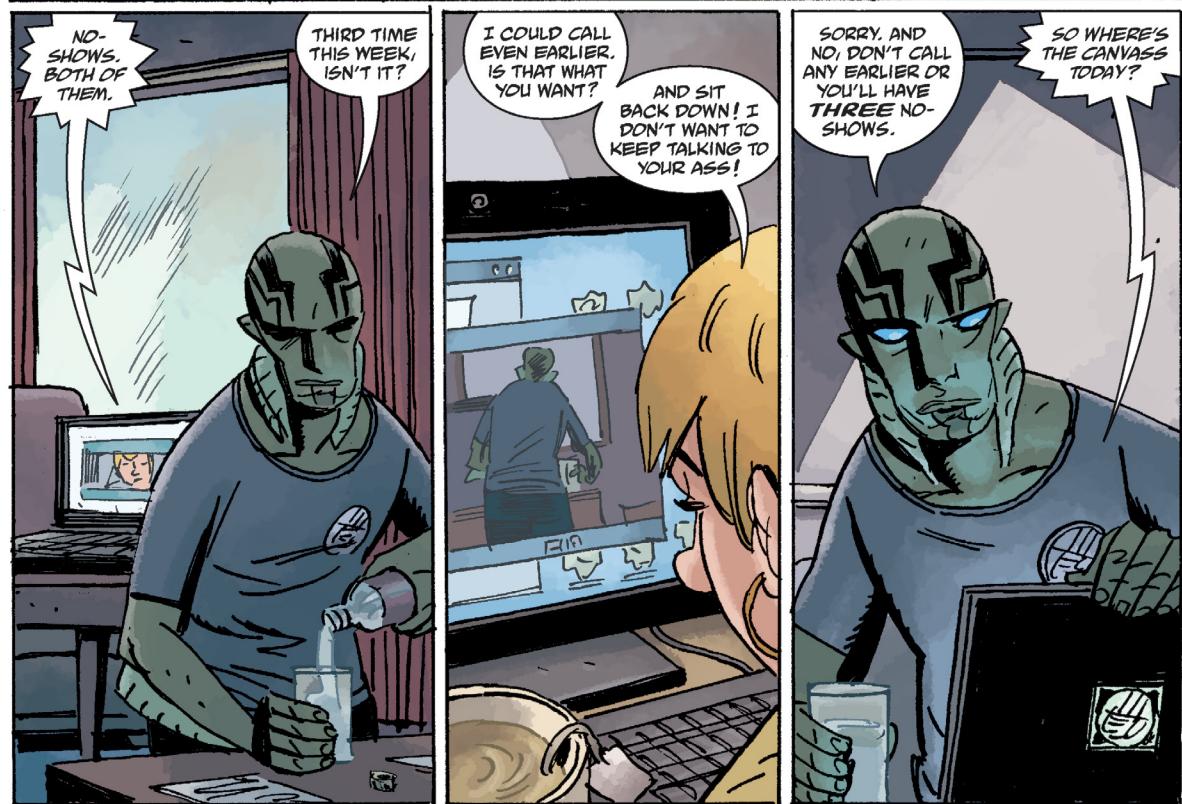
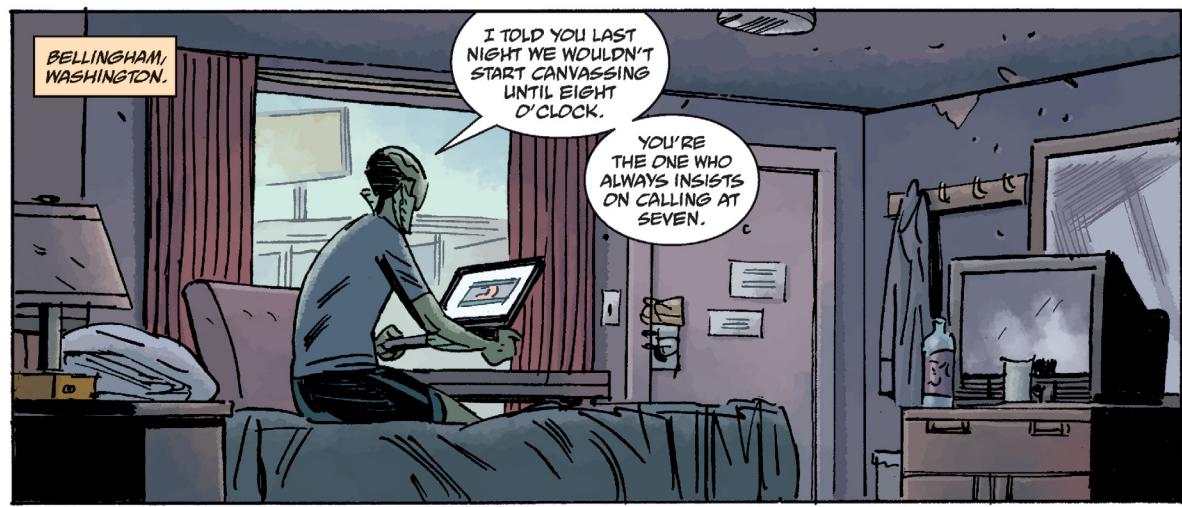
but few experts on the subject  
and although

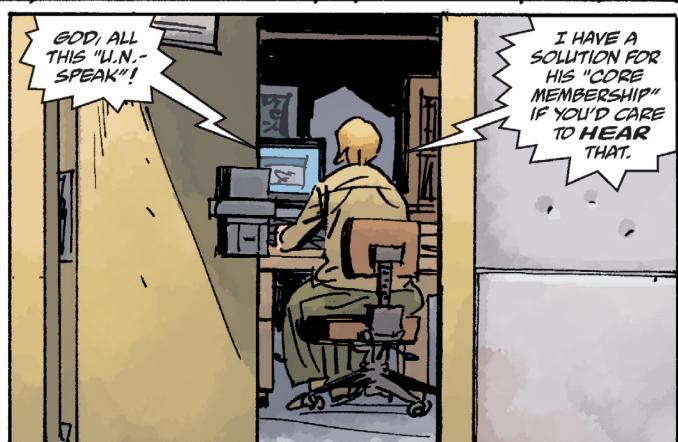
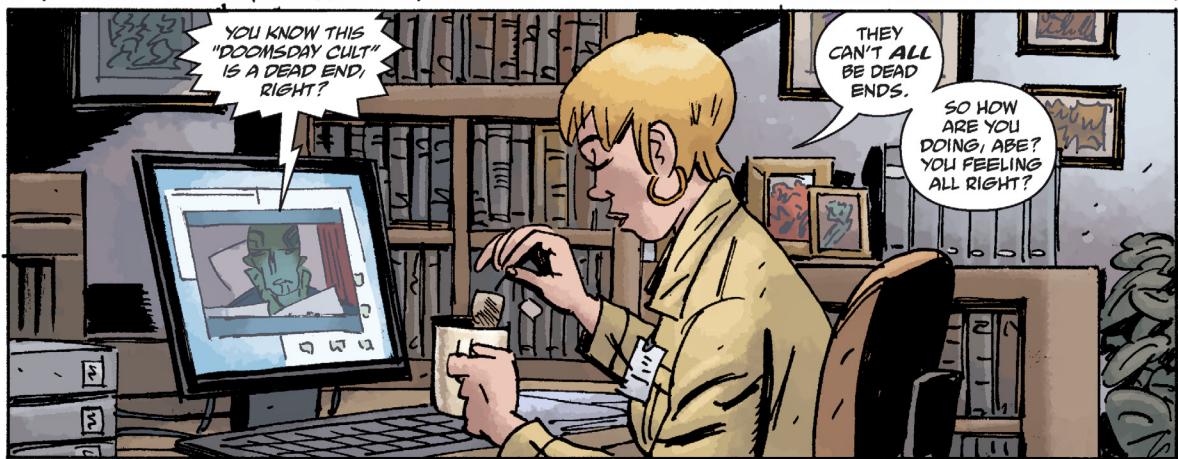
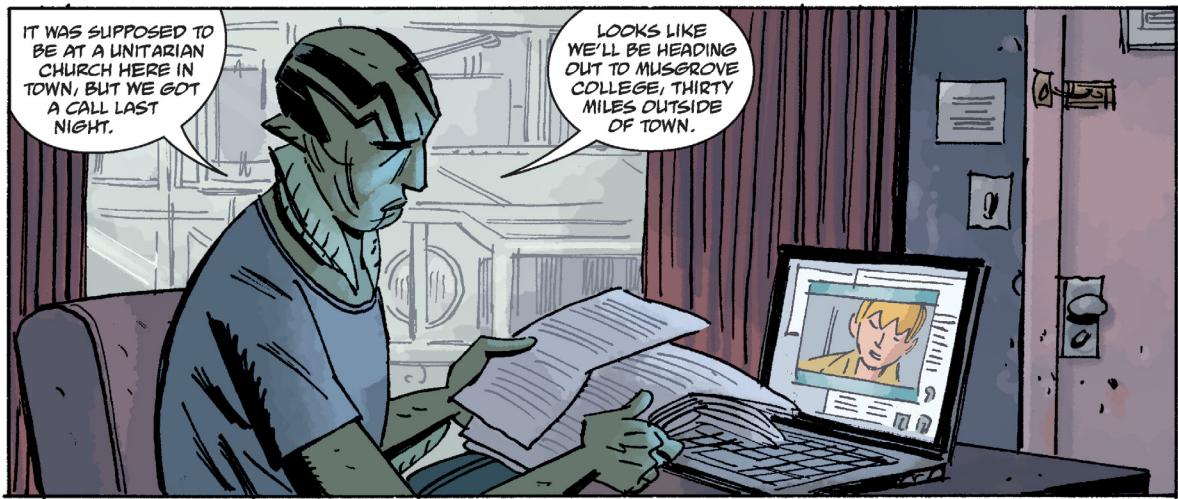
Once again the British Columbia forest is alive with the rumors of strange sightings and stranger theories. No one is using the name "Bigfoot," and in fact, none of the signature giant footprints have been found, but it's hard not to think of ol' Sasquatch when you hear what some of the eyewitnesses have to say.

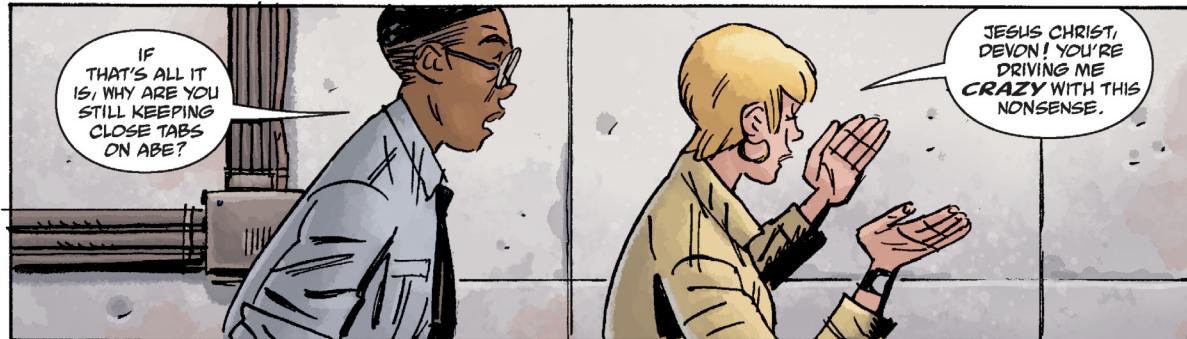
"Tall, like ten feet at least. No kidding," swears Michael Jennings. "And pale white as any snow you ever laid eyes on." No other witnesses have as yet corroborated Jennings' story, but his credibility is hard to dispute. In fact, he's been taken on the air of a crusade, as previously mentioned, along with television and

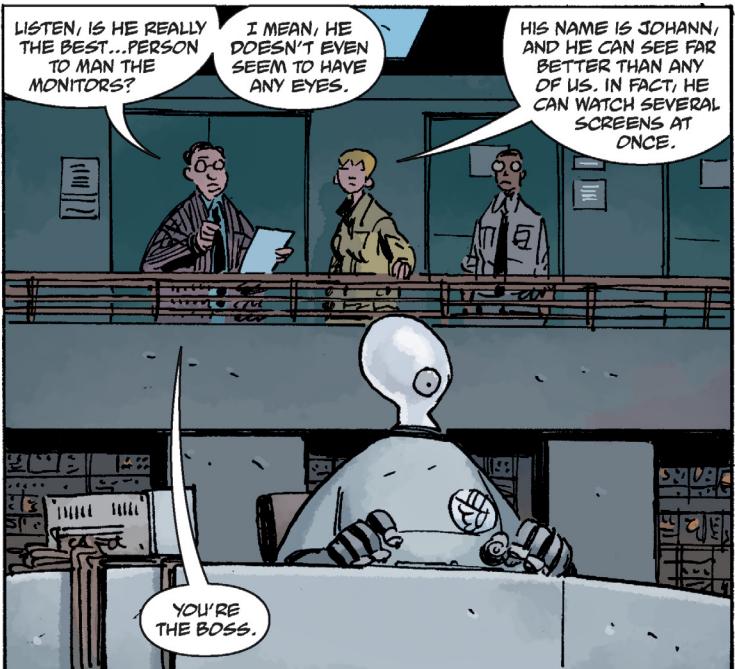
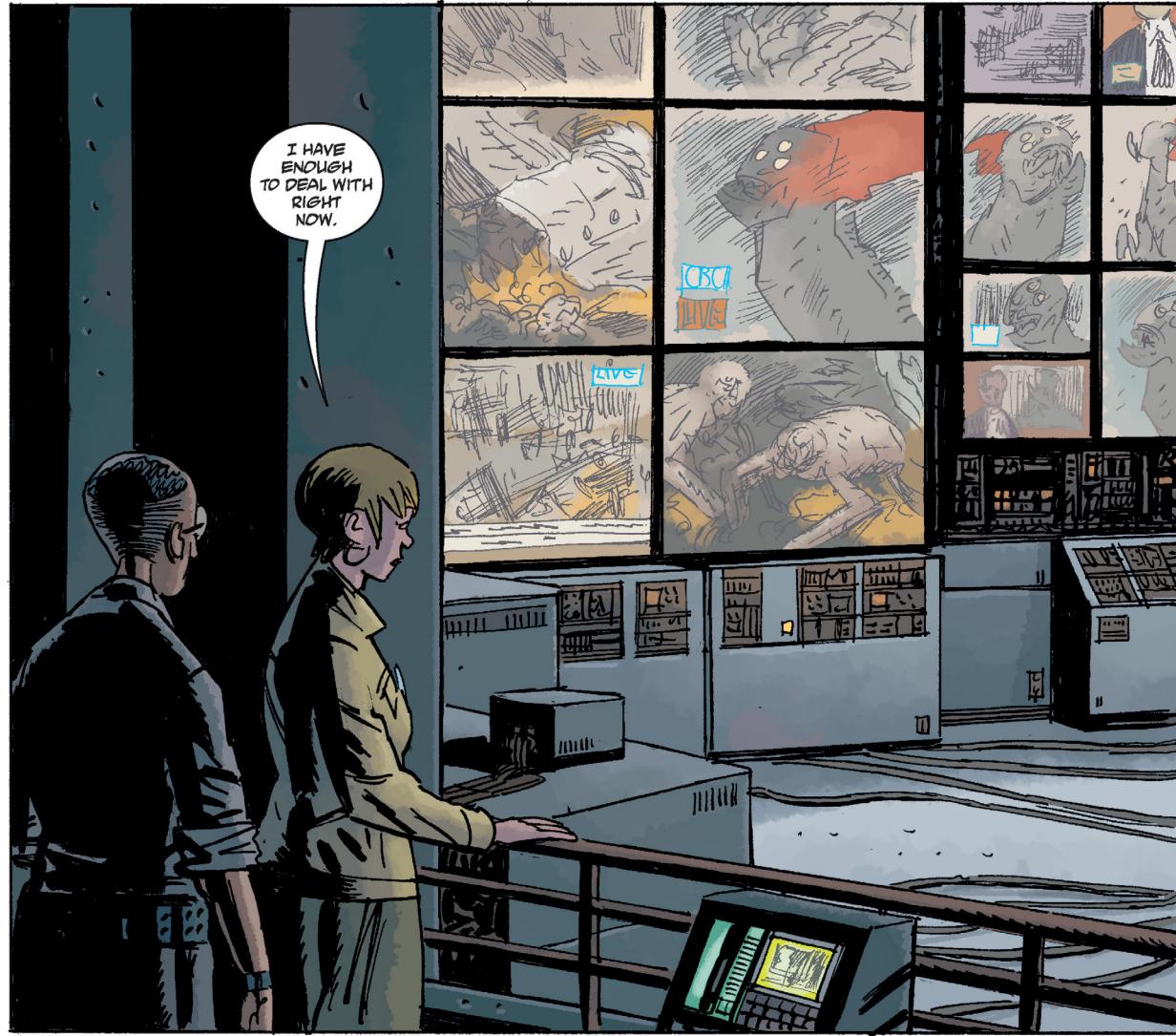
ings and stranger things. No one is using the name "Bigfoot," and in fact, none of the signature giant footprints have been found, but it's hard not to think of ol' Sasquatch when you hear what some of the eyewitnesses have to say. "Tall, like ten feet at least. No kidding," swears Michael Jennings. "And pale white as any snow you ever laid eyes on." No other witnesses have as yet corroborated Jennings' story, but his credibility is hard to dispute. In fact, he's been taken on the air of a crusade, as previously mentioned, along with television and

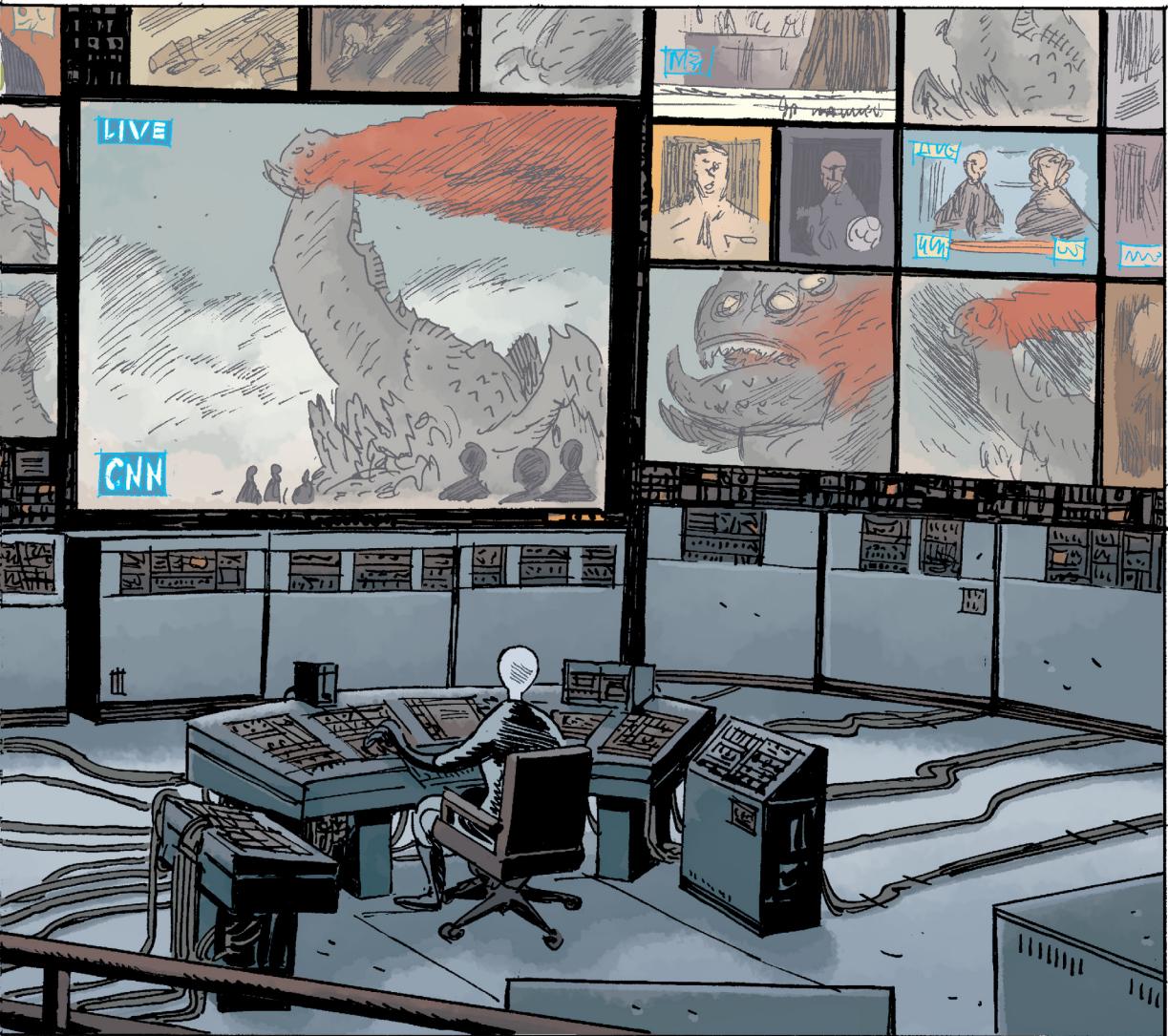




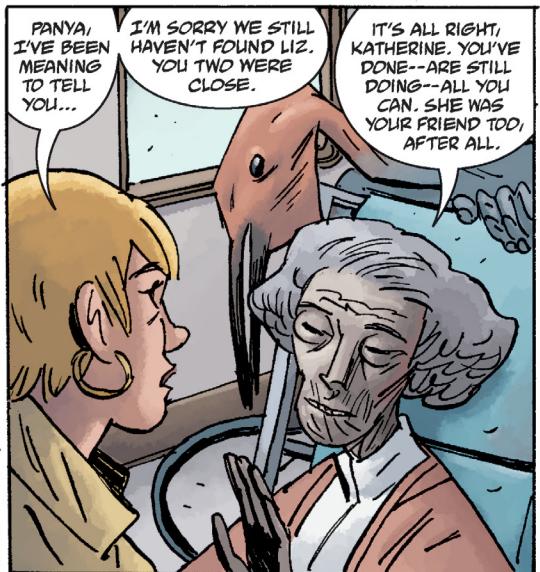
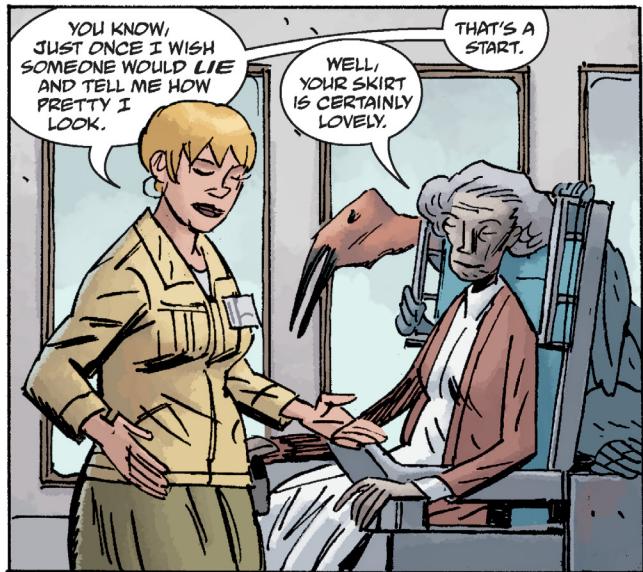
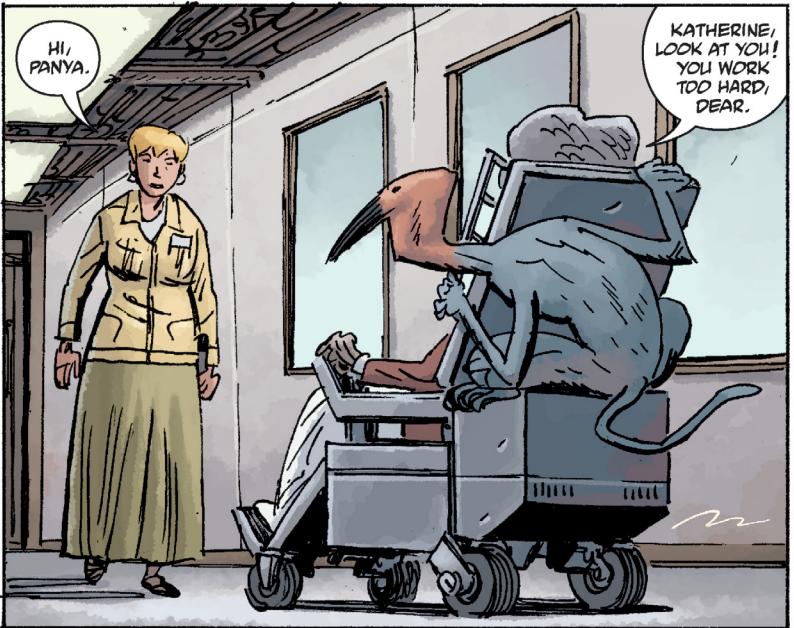




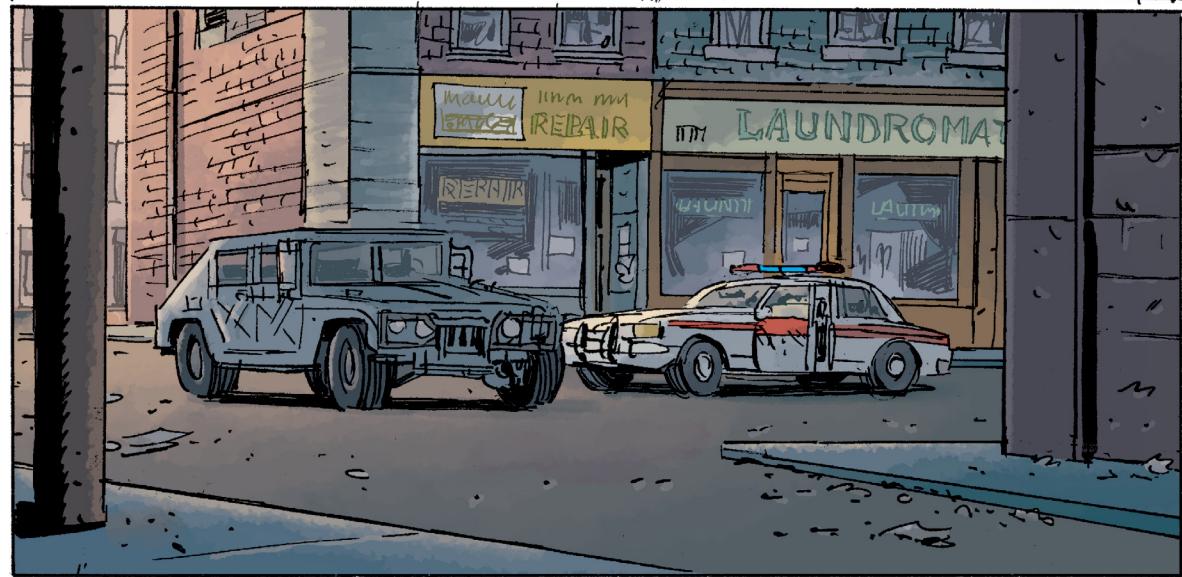




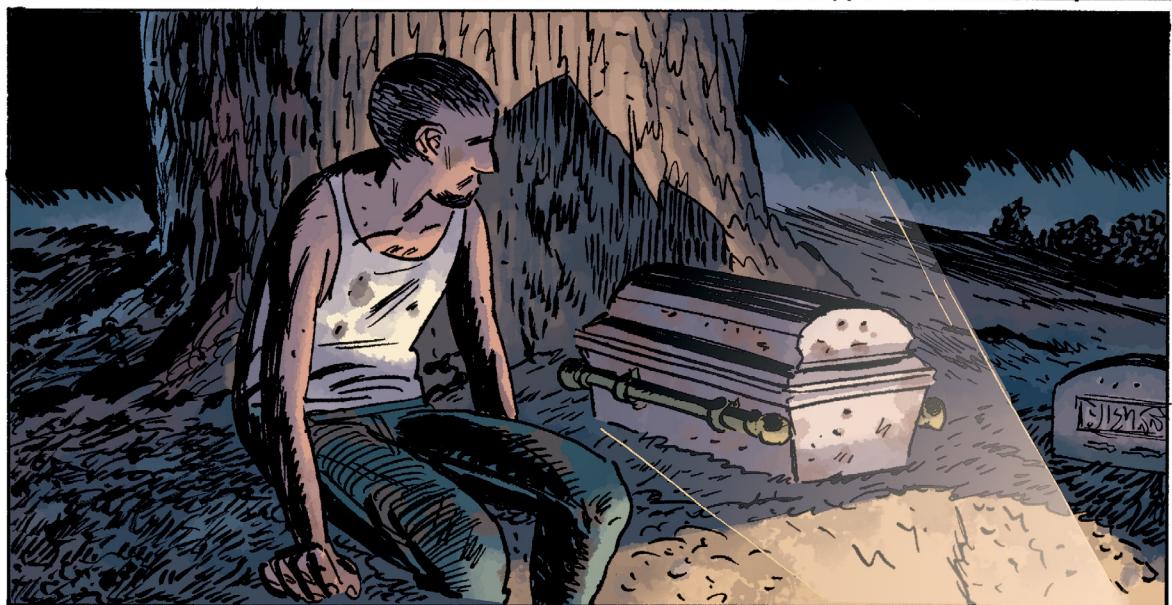






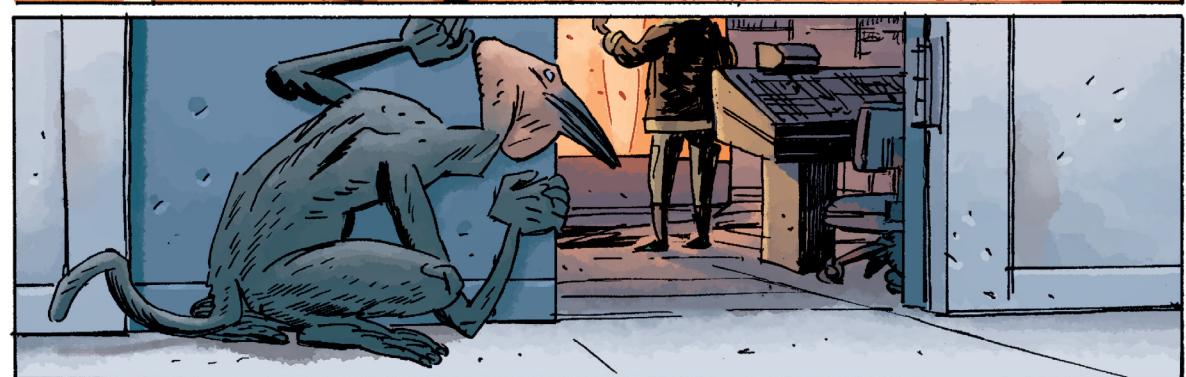
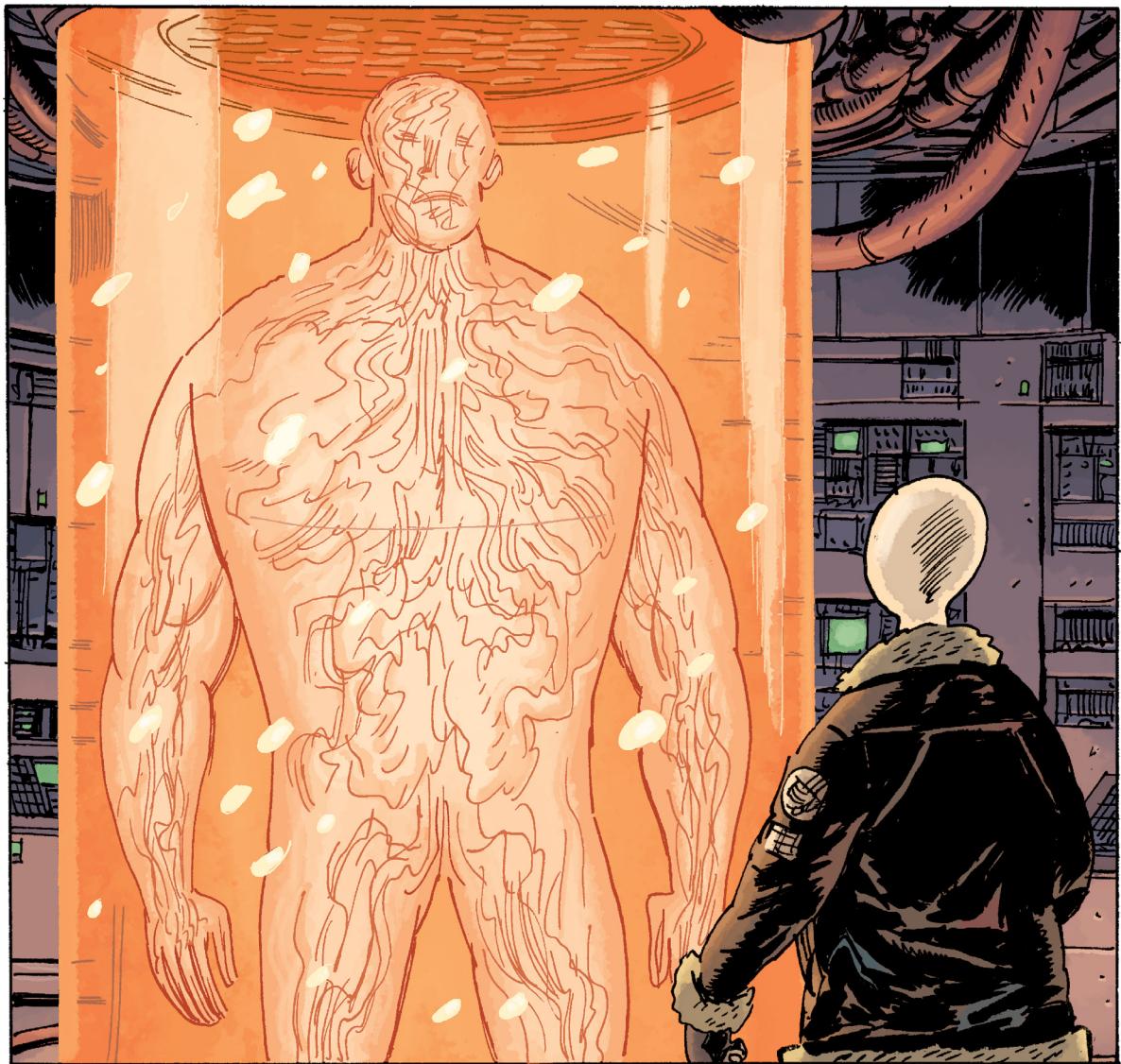












B.C. FOREST  
SERVICE ROAD  
#217. LAST  
SIGHTING WAS  
MADE HERE  
THREE NIGHTS  
AGO.



A LONG SHOT--AT  
BEST--BUT WHEN  
YOU CAN'T GET  
ANY LEADS ON  
YOUR OWN, RELY  
ON THE INTERNET.

SHOULDN'T I HAVE WAITED UNTIL MORNING,  
THOUGH? WHAT AM I LIKELY TO FIND HERE  
IN THE DARK?

OTHER THAN  
A CASE OF  
POISON IVY  
AND A FEW  
OWLS.

EXCEPT  
THERE  
ARE NO  
OWLS.

A JULY NIGHT IN THE  
CANADIAN FOREST, AND I  
DON'T HEAR EVEN ONE OWL.  
NO COYOTES, NO CRICKETS.

I DON'T  
HEAR  
ANYTHING.



HOW IS THAT  
POSSIBLE?



IT'S JUST LIKE  
THAT SMALL  
TOWN. EVERY-  
THING GONE.

NO. NOT  
EVERYTHING.

DON'T HEAR  
IT. CAN'T  
SEE IT--

--BUT I  
FEEL  
IT.



WHAT IS THE  
MATTER WITH ME,  
COMING OUT HERE  
ALONE AT NIGHT?



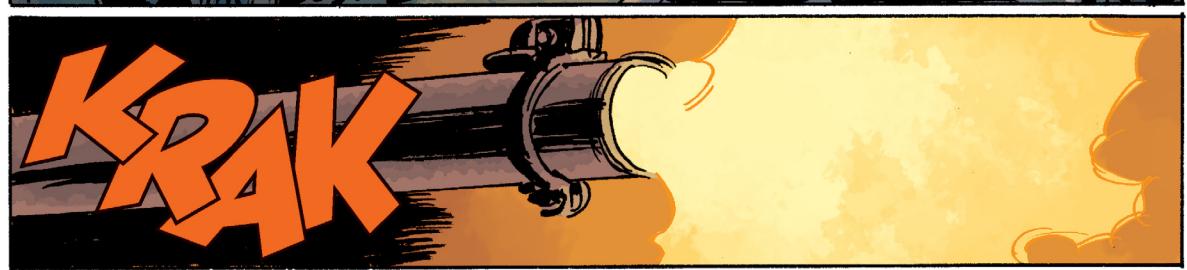
COMING  
OUT HERE  
AT ALL.



WHAT DID  
I THINK  
WAS GOING  
TO HAP--



KRAK

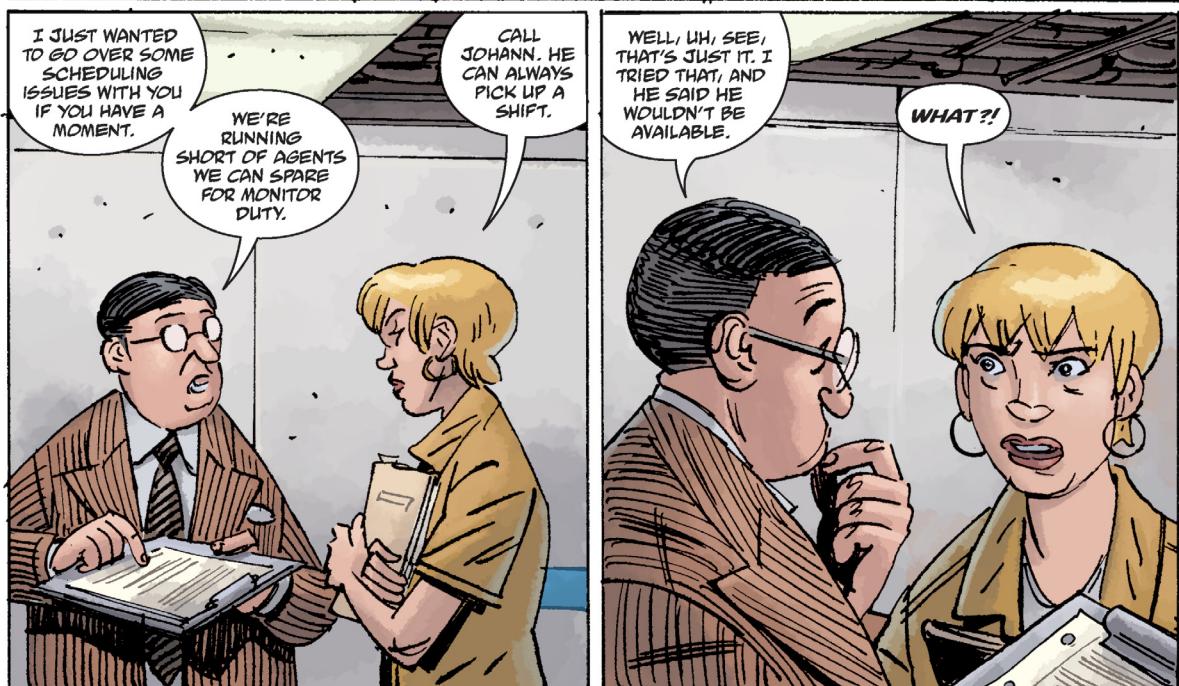
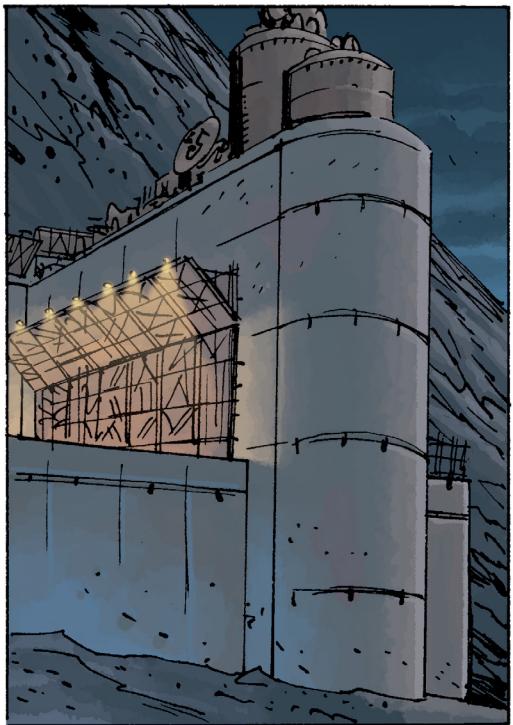


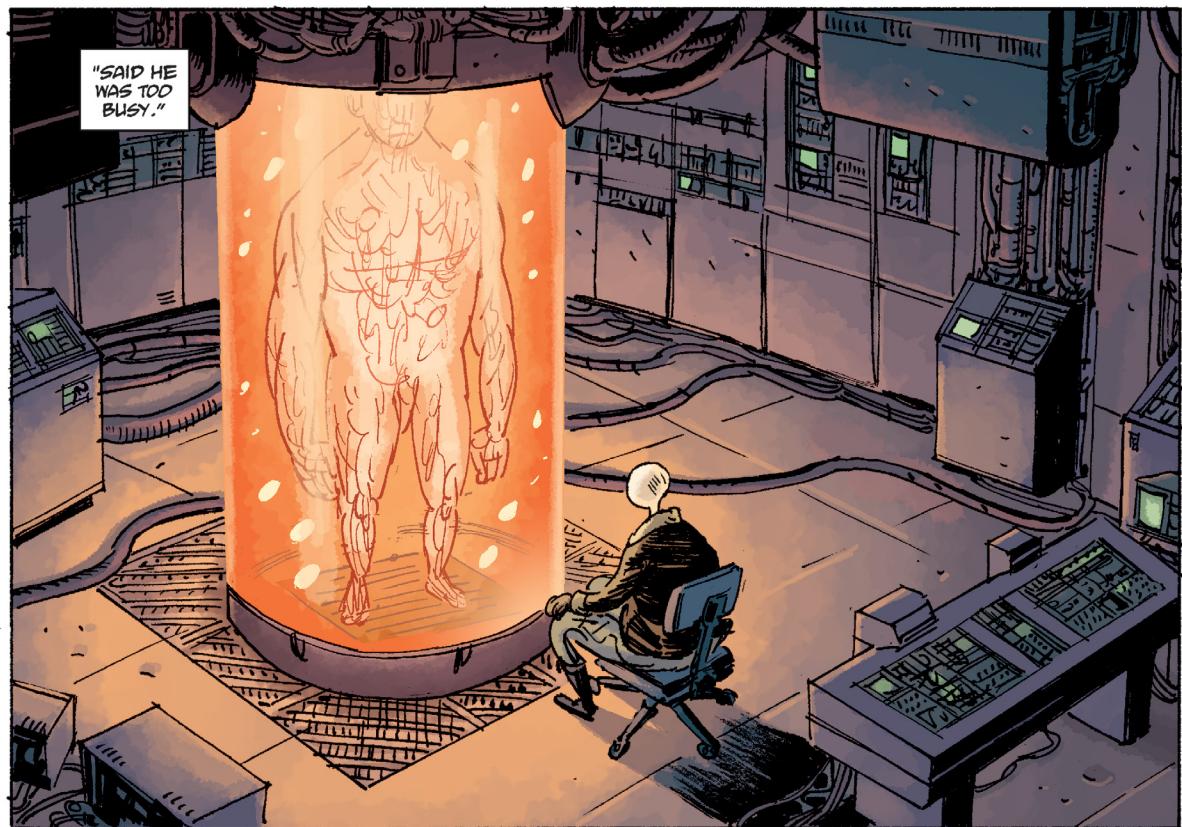


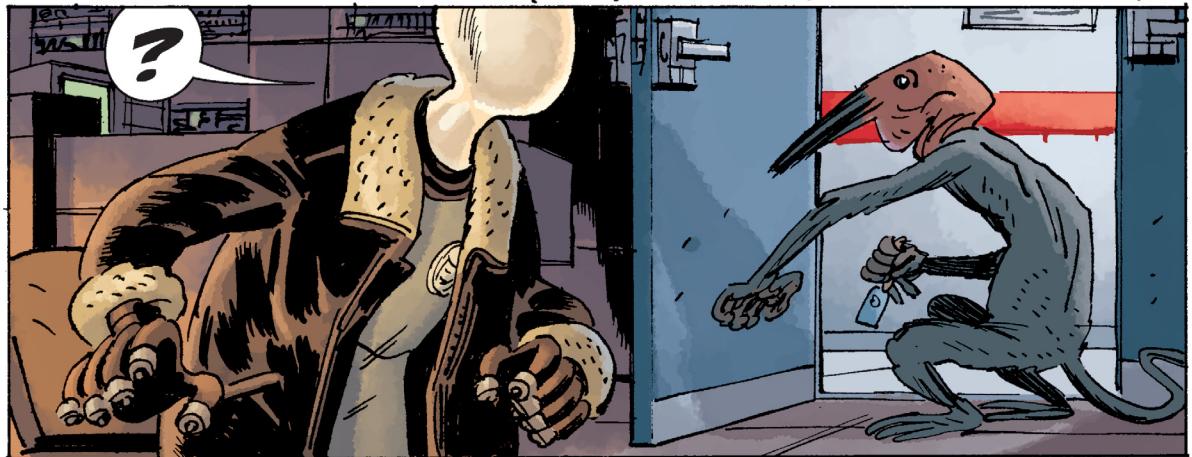
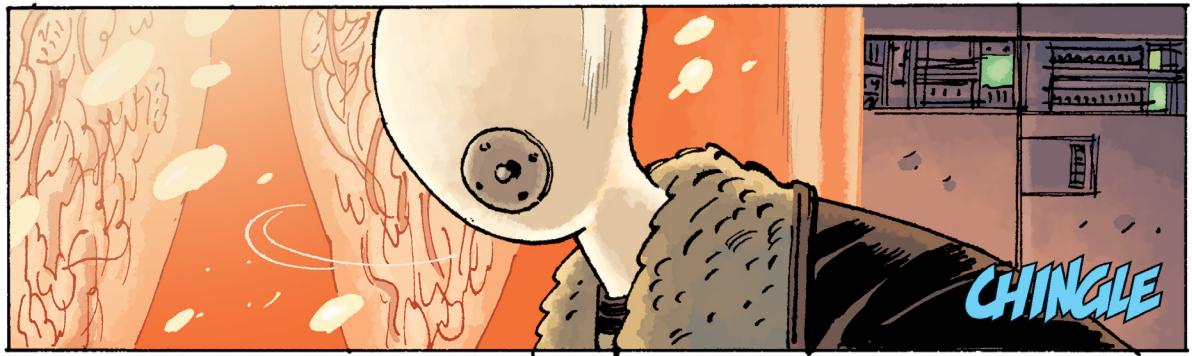
CHAPTER TWO

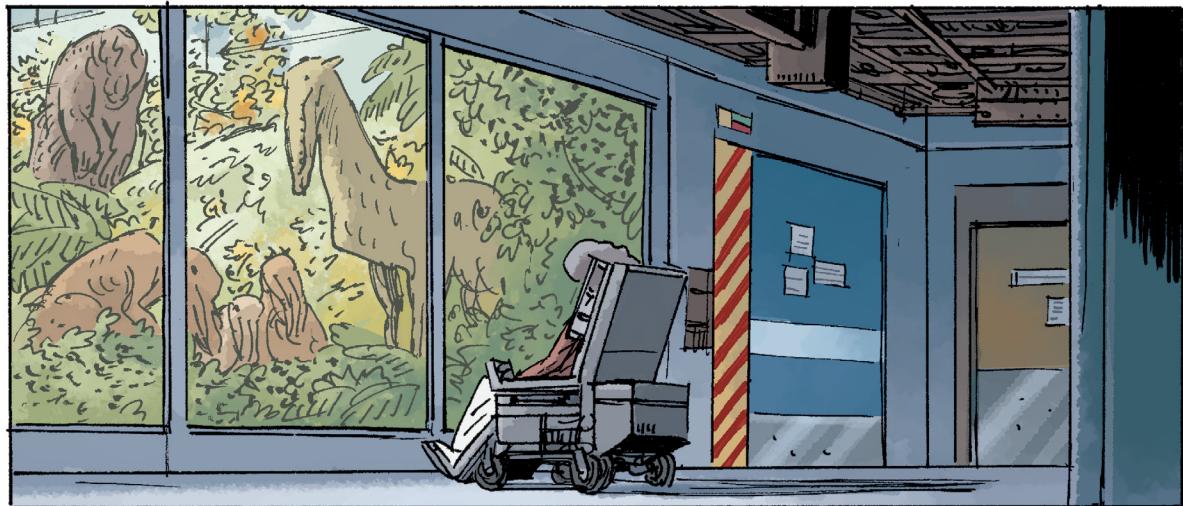


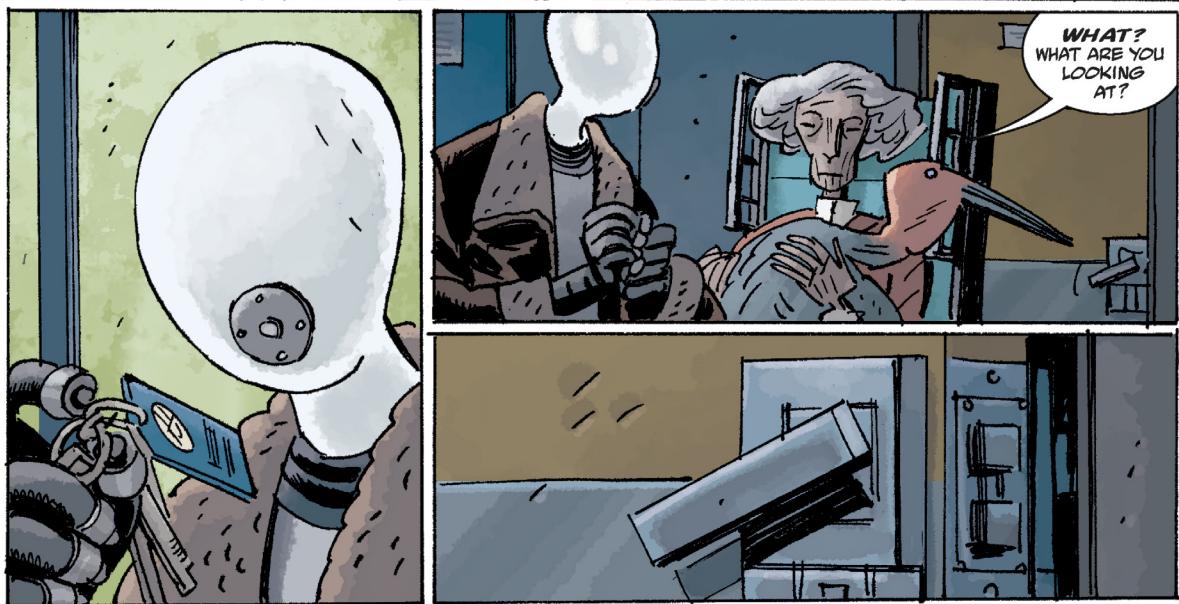
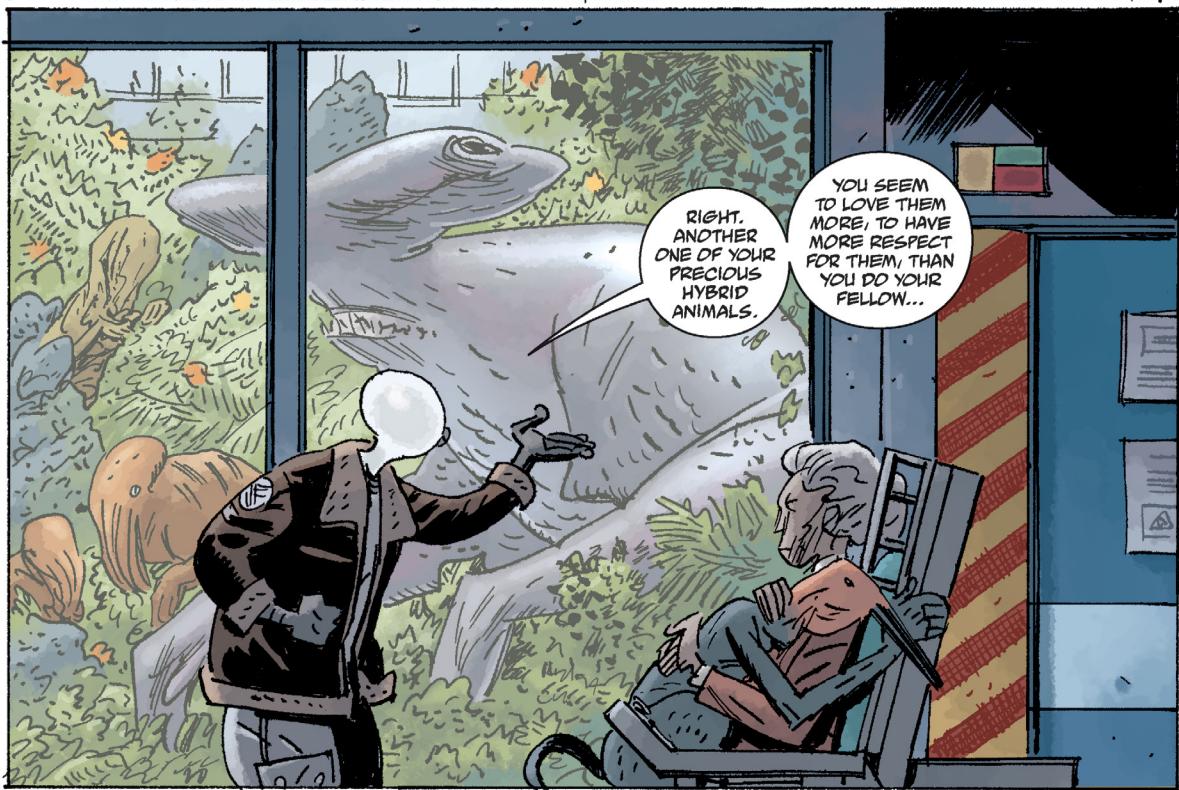


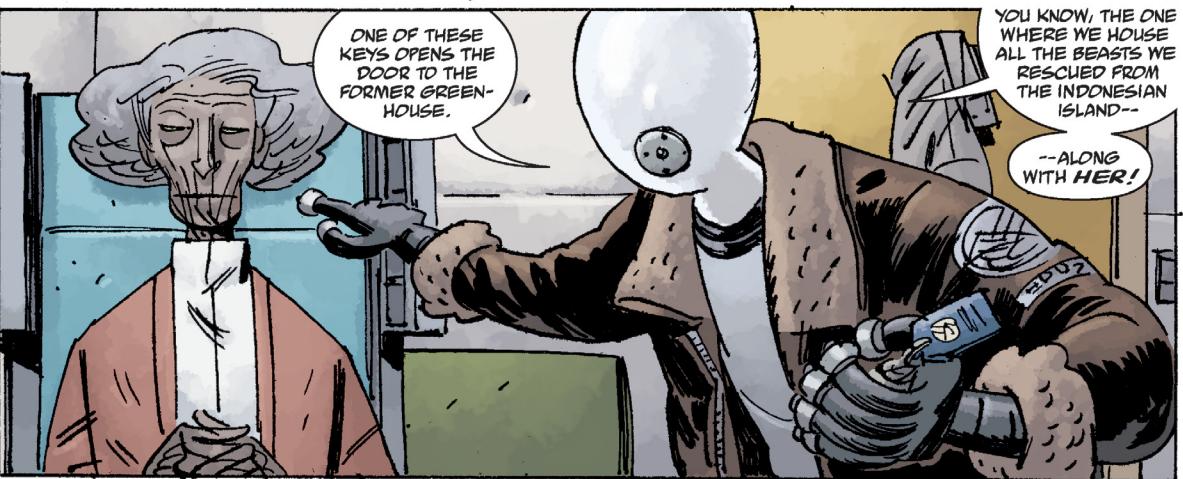
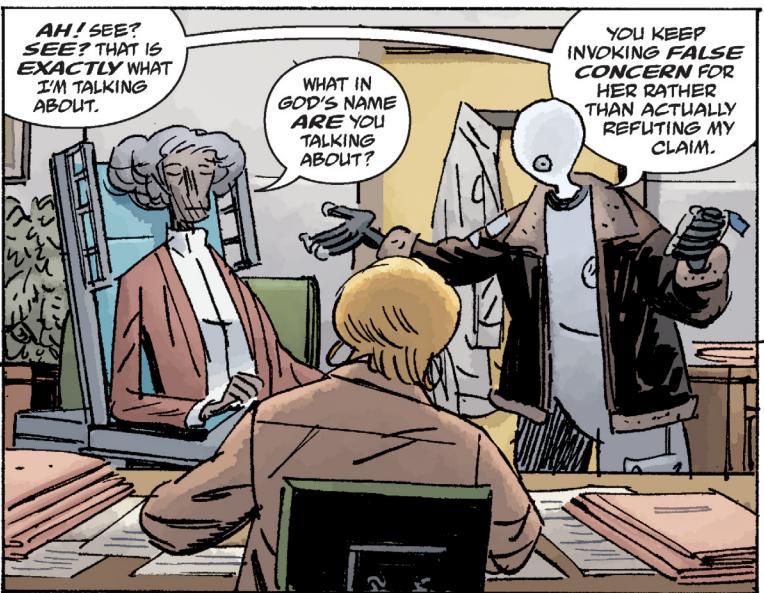


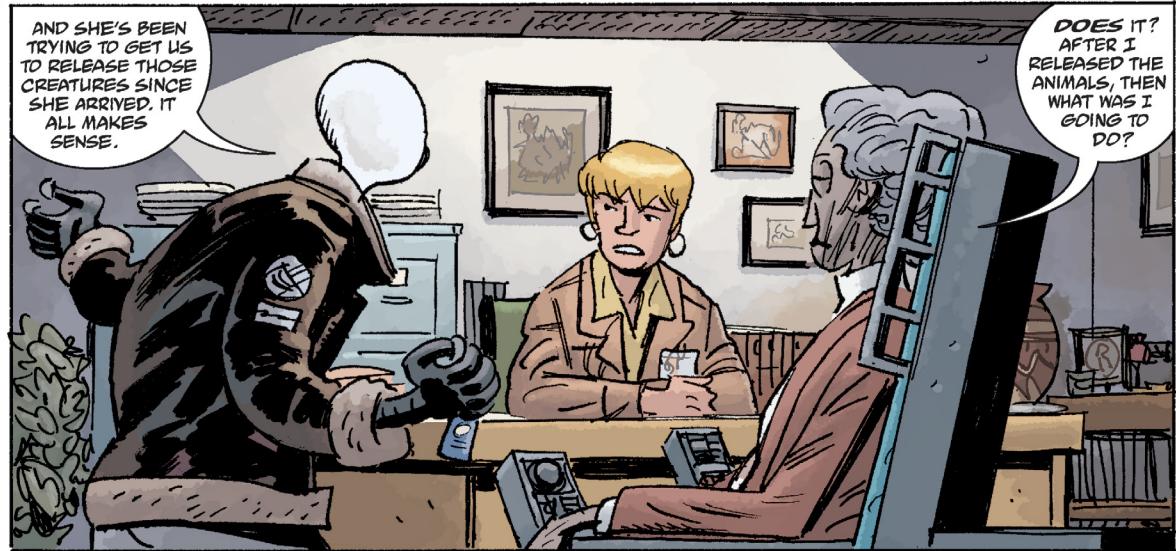




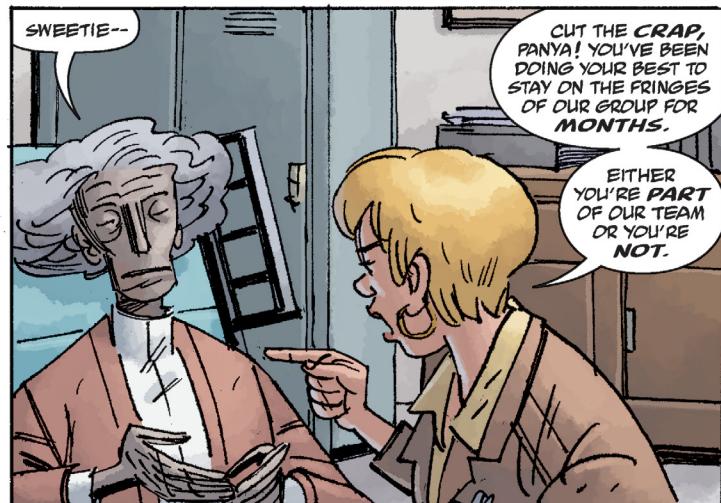
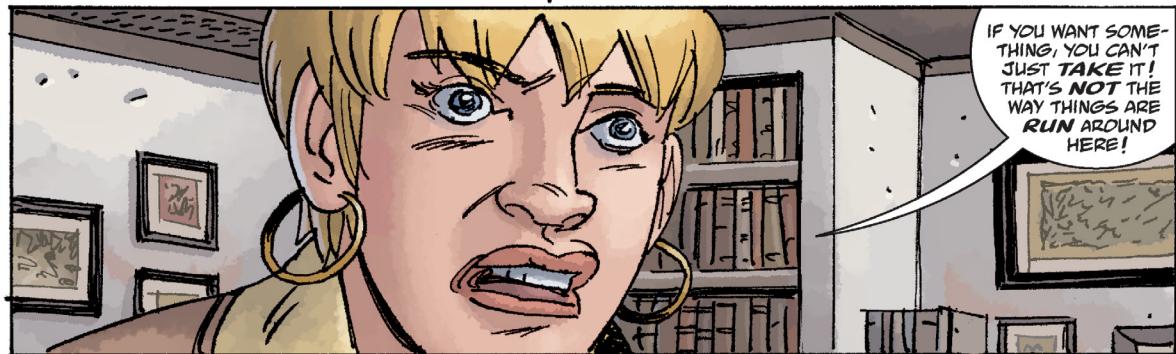


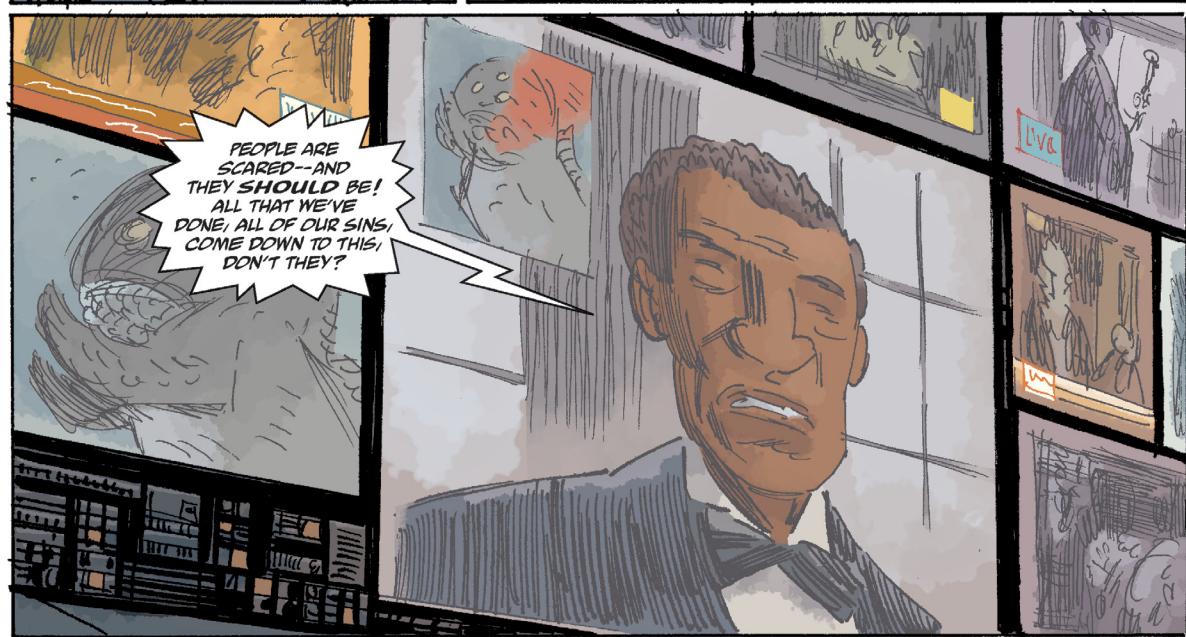
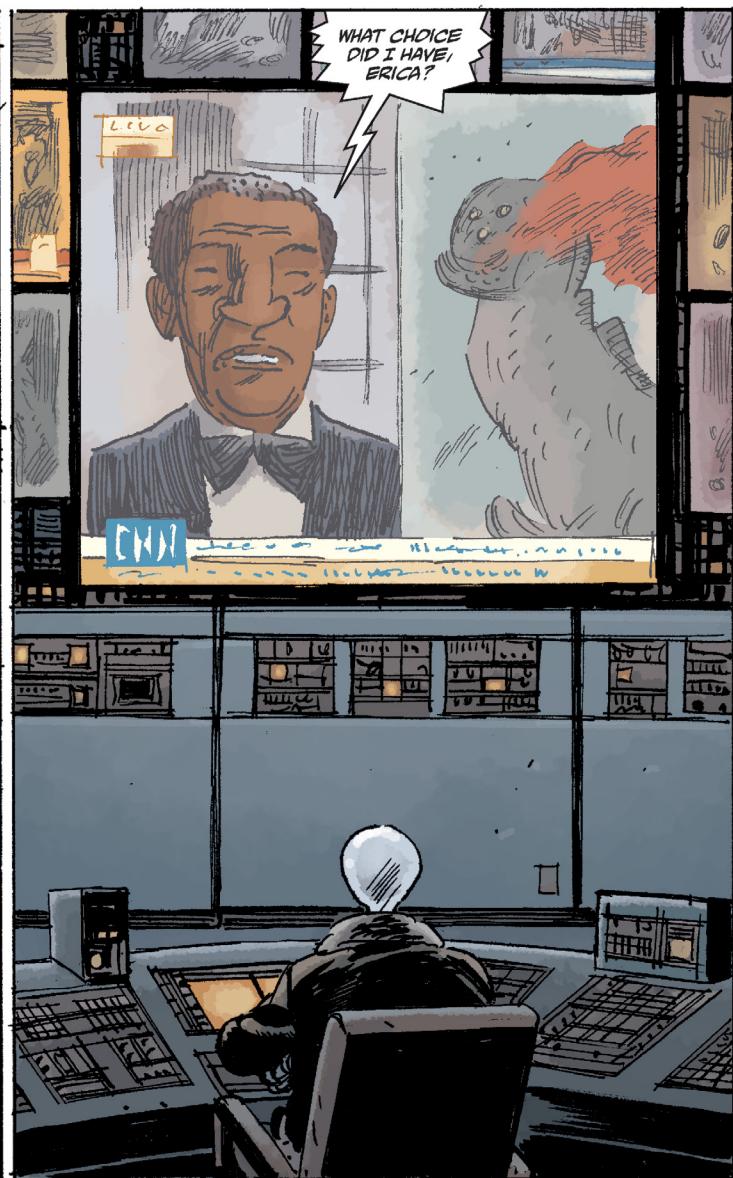












BECAUSE THIS ISN'T THE END OF IT. AS TERRIBLE AS IT IS, IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING.

THE WAY THIS NATION, THE WAY WE MOCK GOD WITH OUR DISREGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE, WE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED IT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ROME WHEN THEY INVADED SOVEREIGN NATIONS? WHAT HAPPENED TO GERMANY? THE ALMIGHTY DOES NOT FAVOR THE BELlicose. HE DOES NOT!



OKAY, PAT, YOU HEARD THE REVEREND.

I SURE DID, AND I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE. RIGHT AFTER 9/11 THIS SAME SORT OF RHETORIC WAS TROTTED OUT, THOUGH I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED THIS TIME.

AFTER ALL, THE WHOLE WORLD HAS SEEN CATASTROPHE. I'M SORRY, BUT YOU CAN'T POINT THE FINGER AT AMERICA THIS TIME.

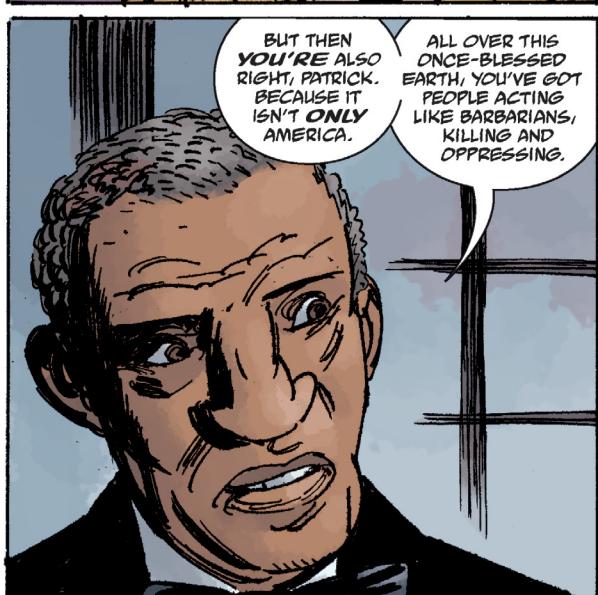
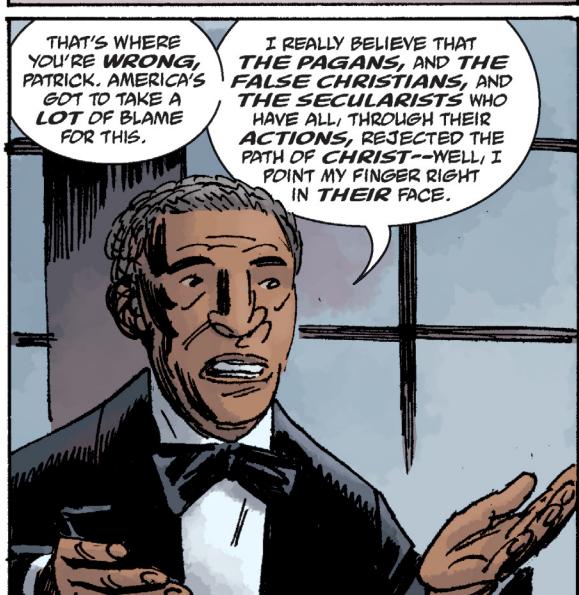


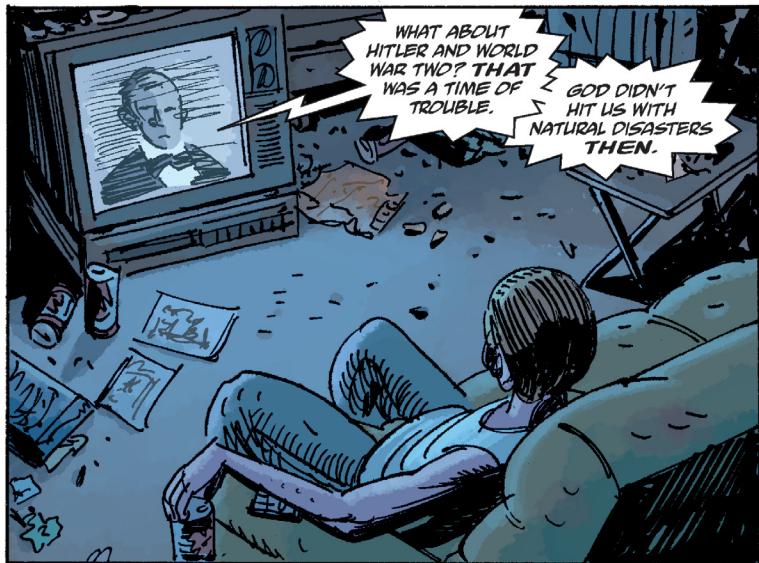
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, PATRICK. AMERICA'S GOT TO TAKE A LOT OF BLAME FOR THIS.

I REALLY BELIEVE THAT THE PAGANS, AND THE FALSE CHRISTIANS, AND THE SECULARISTS WHO HAVE ALL, THROUGH THEIR ACTIONS, REJECTED THE PATH OF CHRIST--WELL, I POINT MY FINGER RIGHT IN THEIR FACE.

BUT THEN YOU'RE ALSO RIGHT, PATRICK. BECAUSE IT ISN'T **ONLY** AMERICA.

ALL OVER THIS ONCE-BLESSED EARTH, YOU'VE GOT PEOPLE ACTING LIKE BARBARIANS, KILLING AND OPPRESSING.







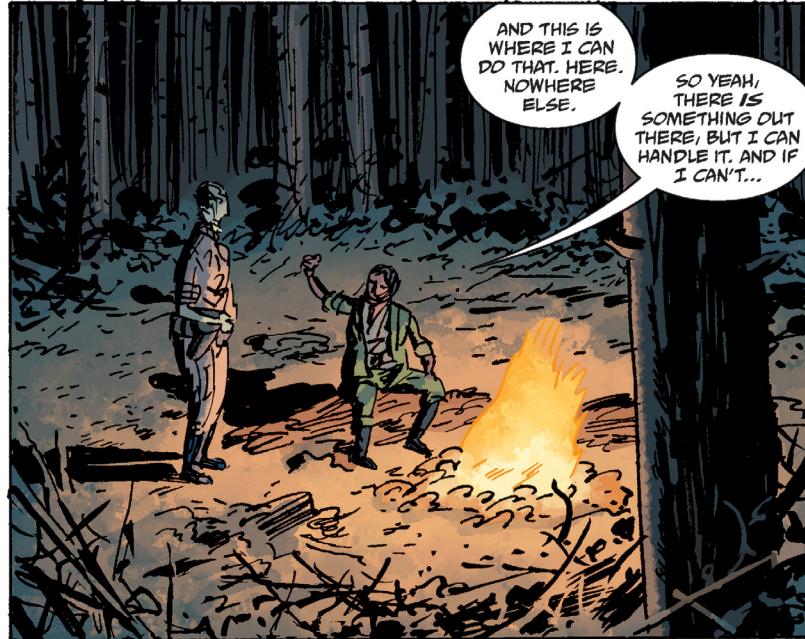


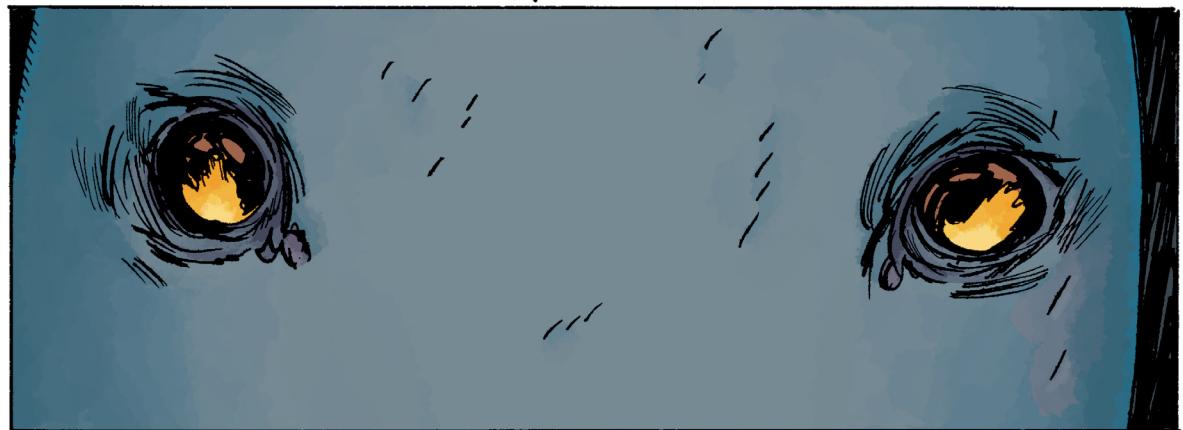












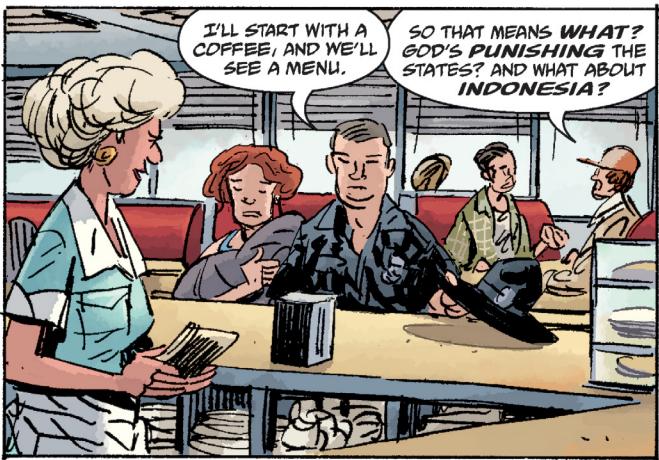
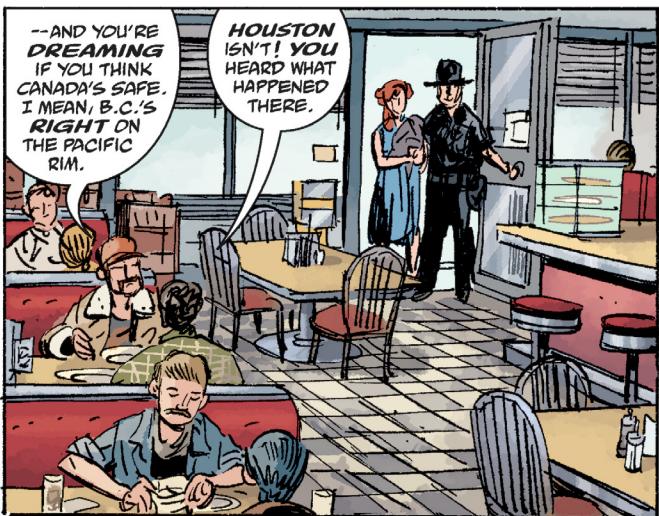
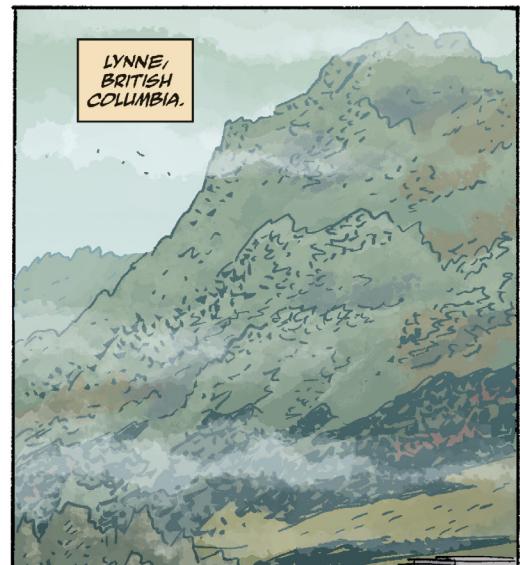




CHAPTER THREE











--WITH NEW REPORTS OF STRANGE AND DEADLY CREATURES APPEARING IN THE AS-YET INTACT OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

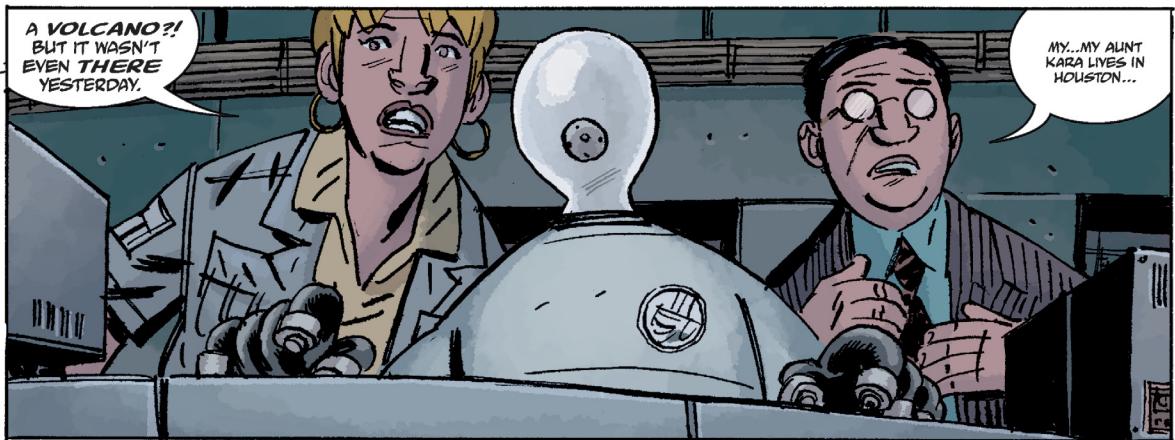


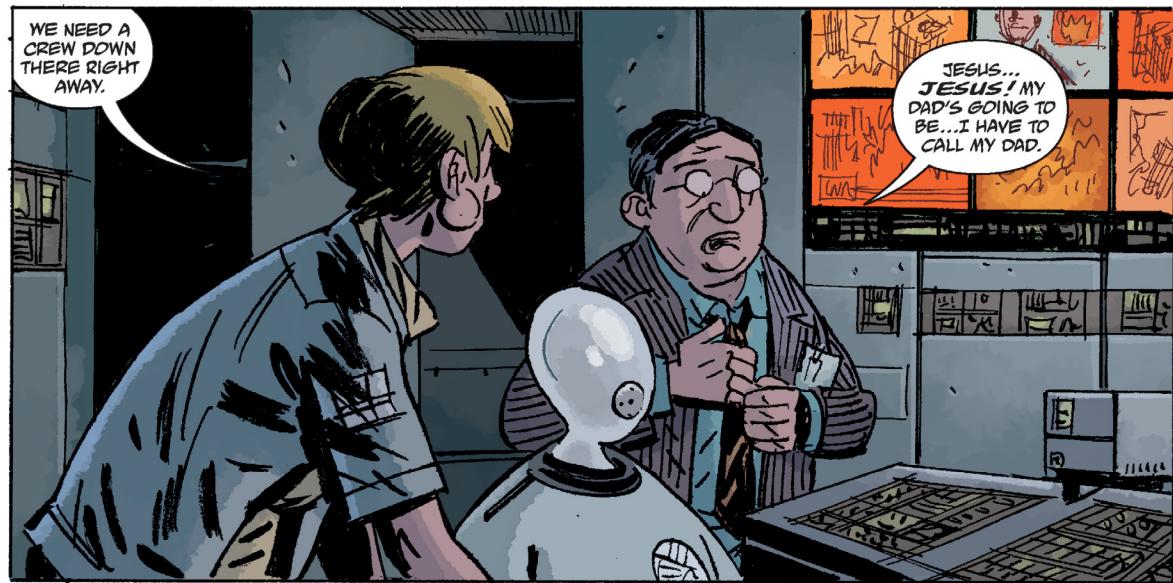
**CNN  
LIVE**

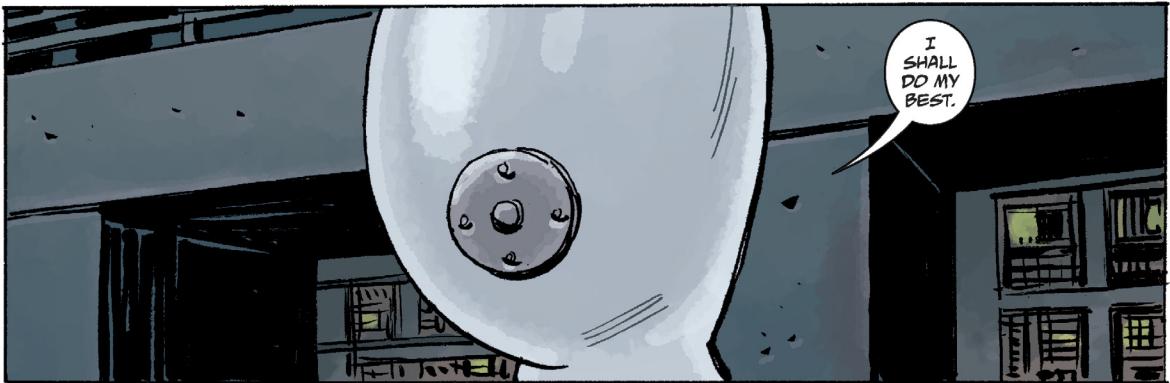
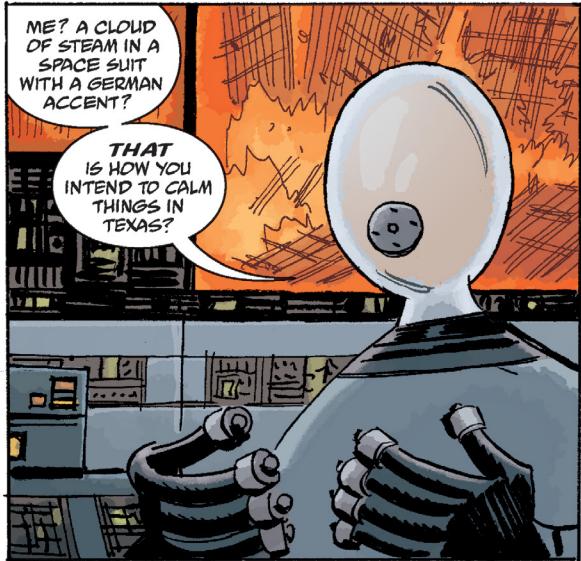
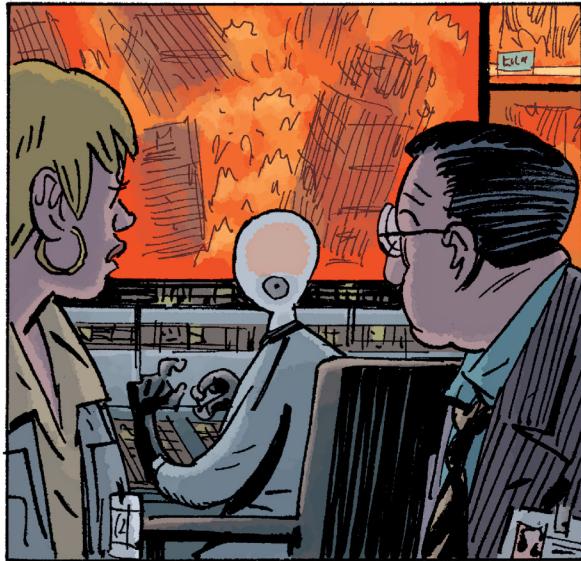
## Houston, TX: Volcano Eruption Kills Millions

A VOLCANO?!  
BUT IT WASN'T EVEN THERE YESTERDAY.

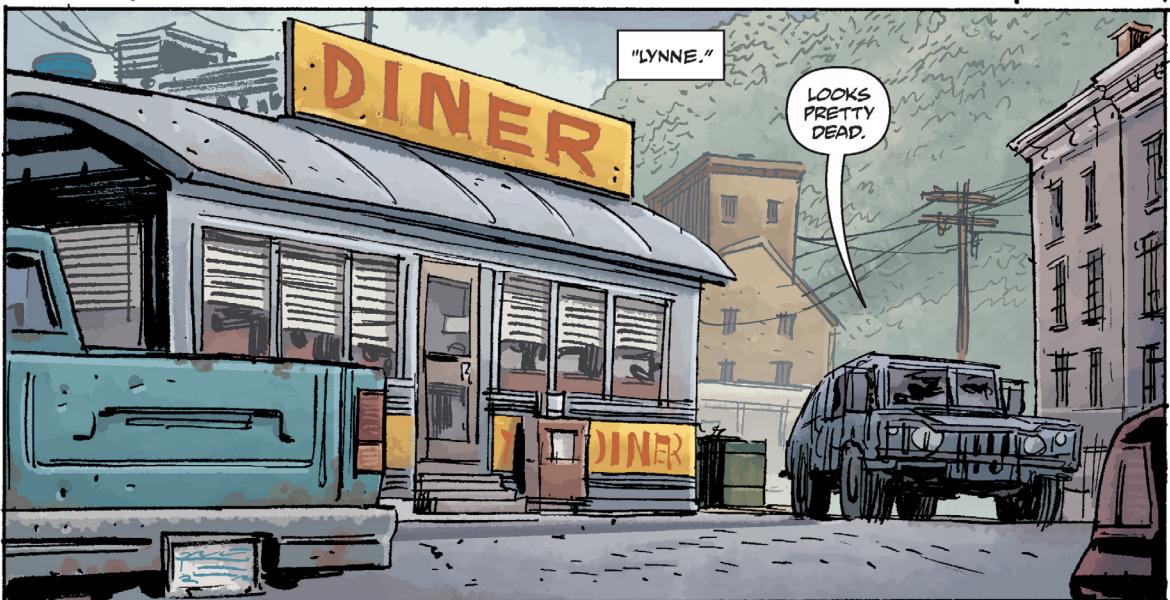
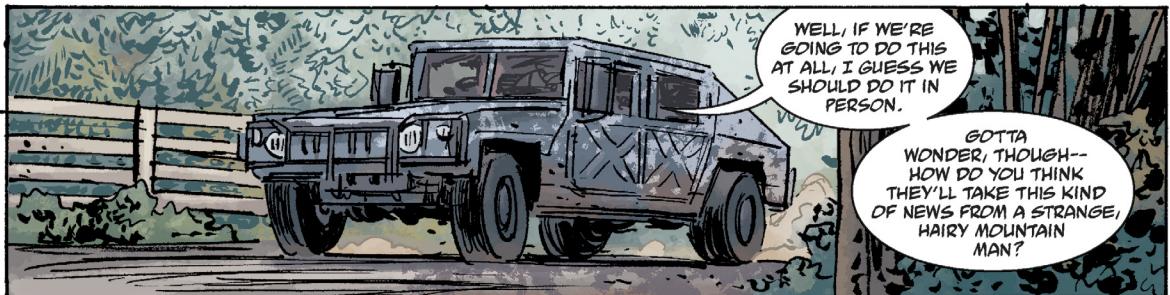
MY...MY AUNT KARA LIVES IN HOUSTON...

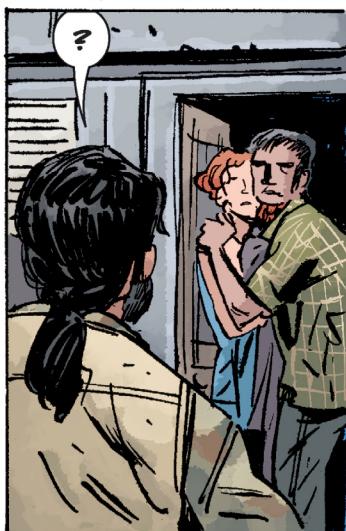
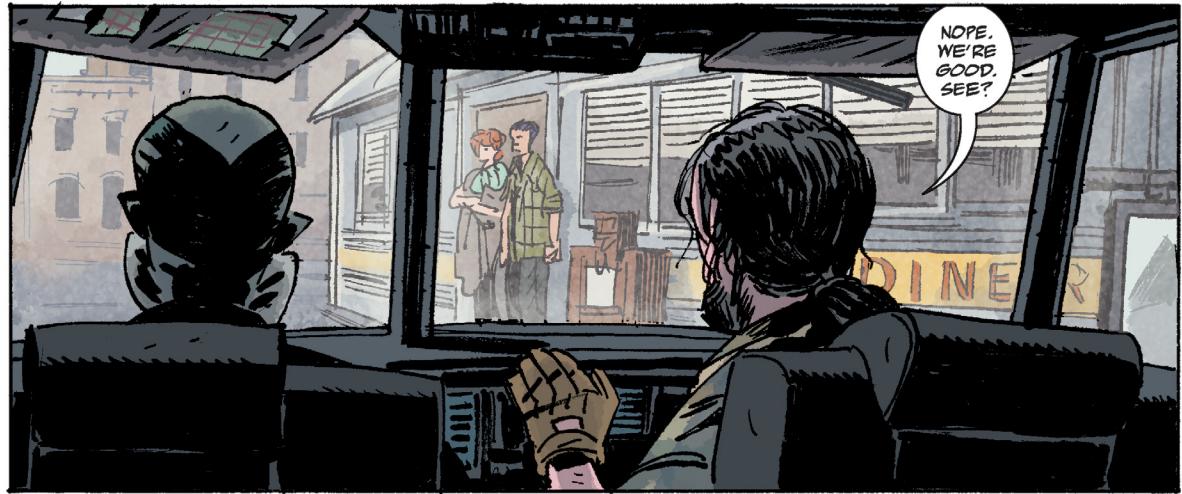






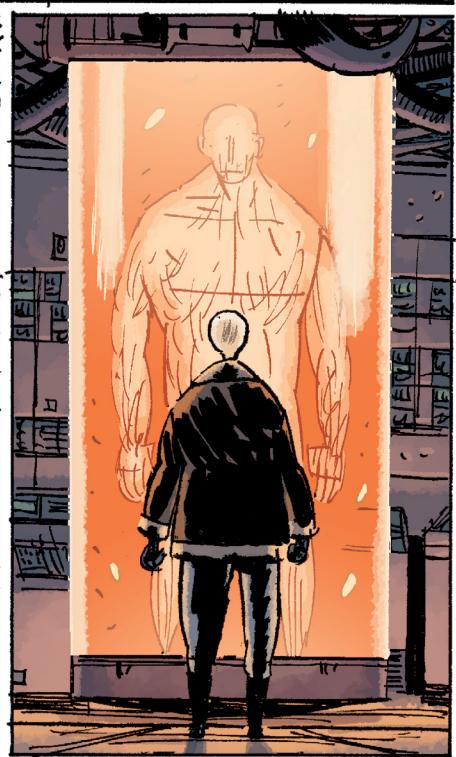
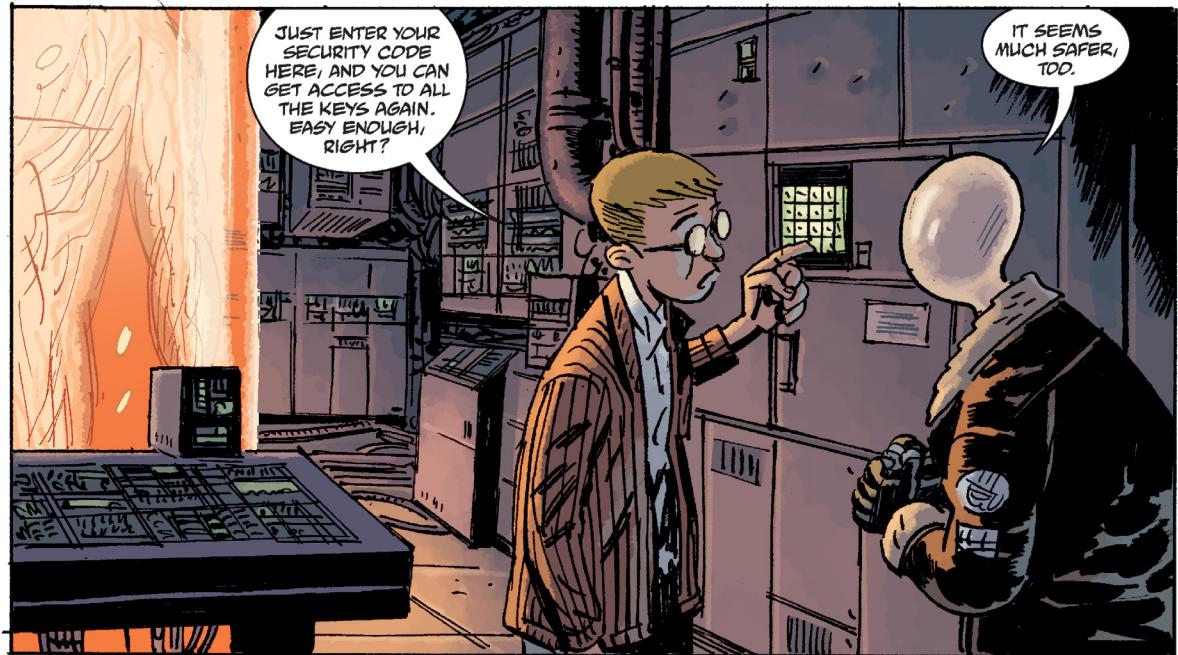




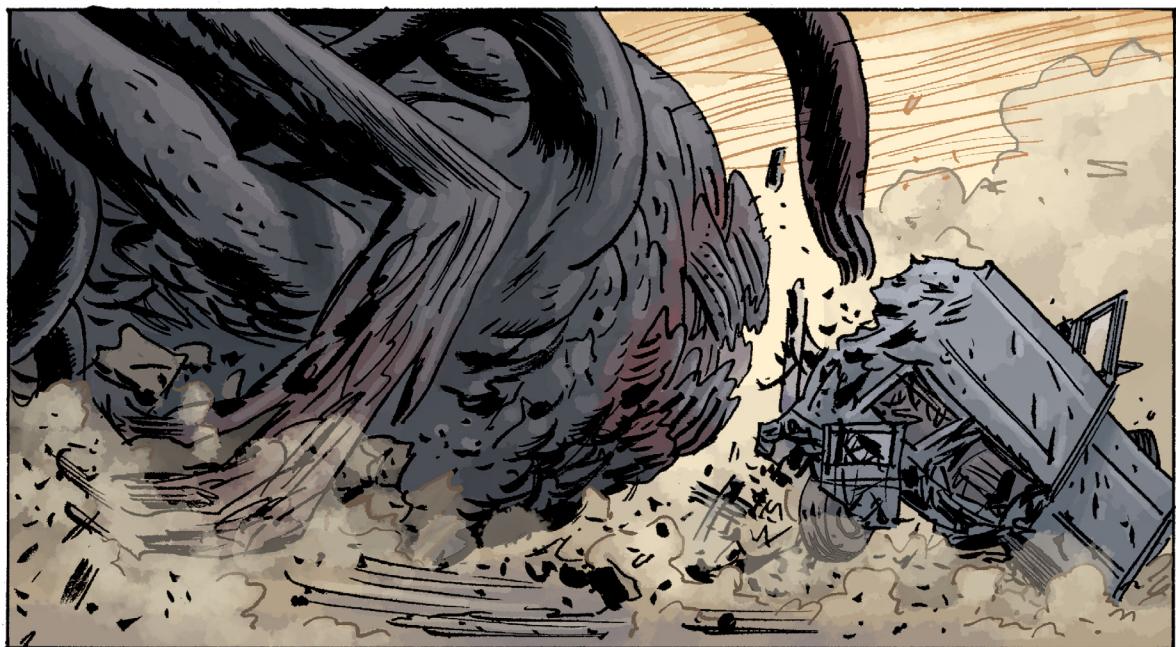










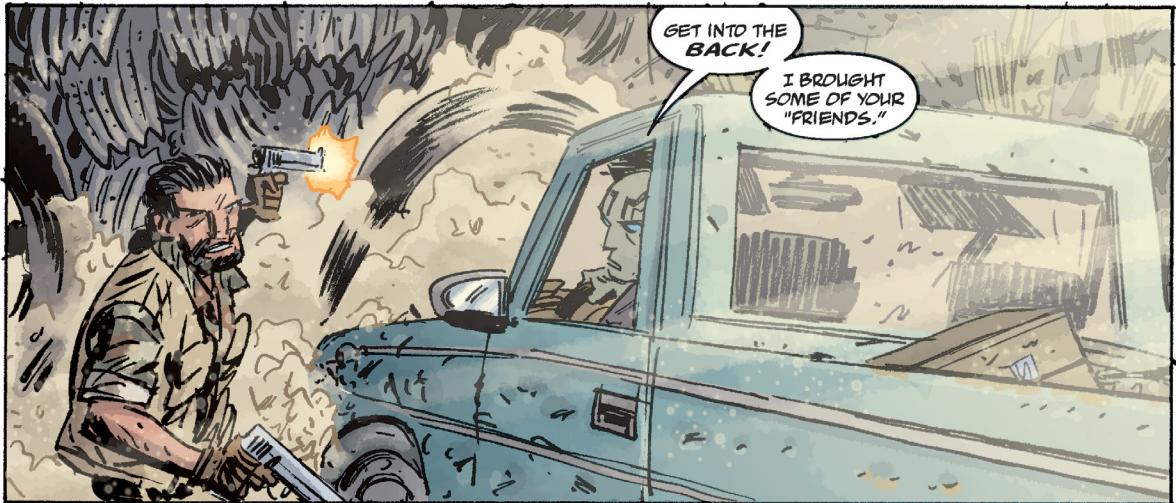
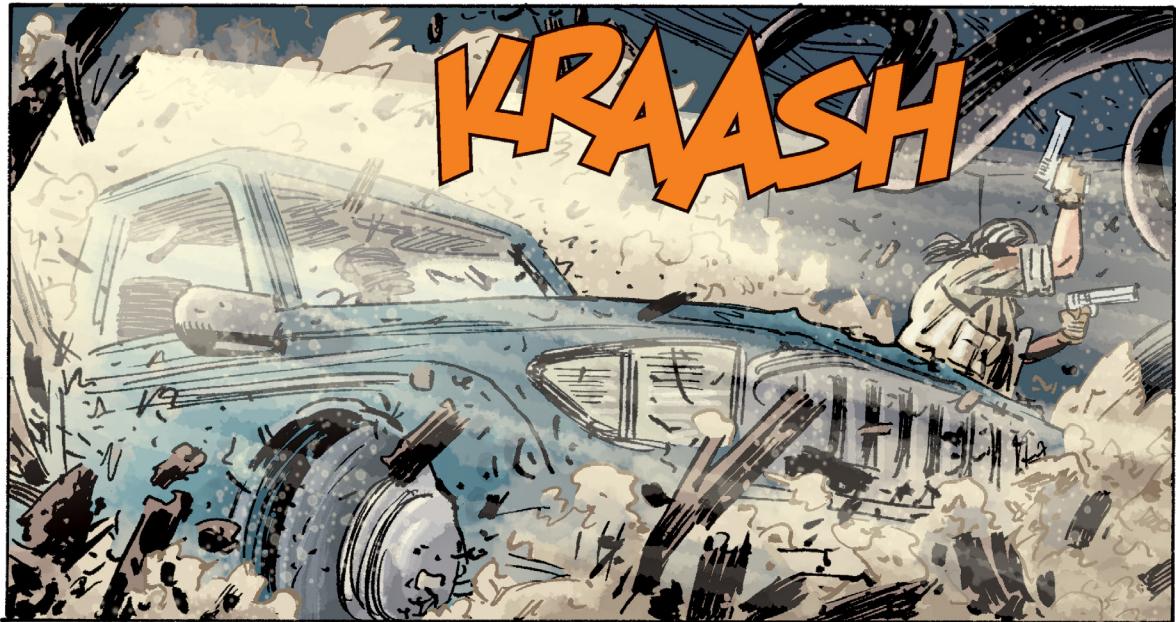


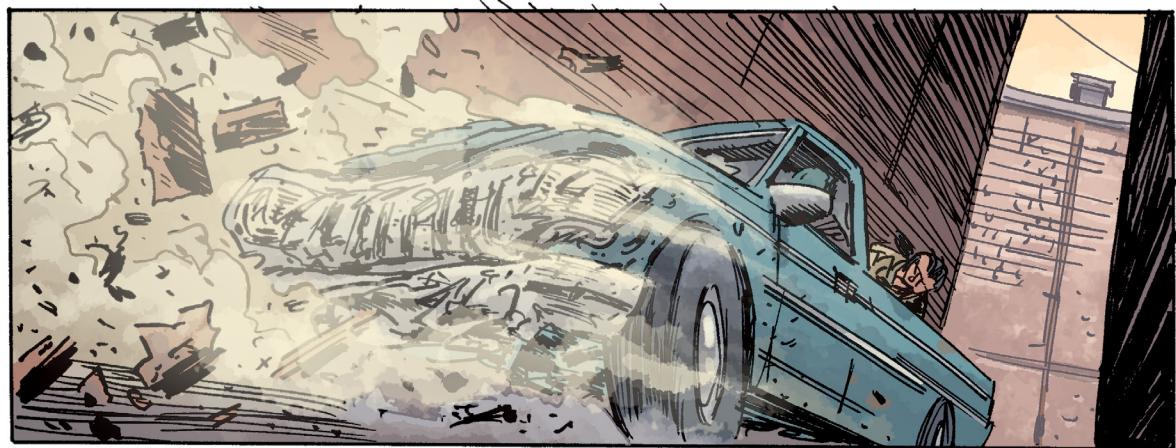






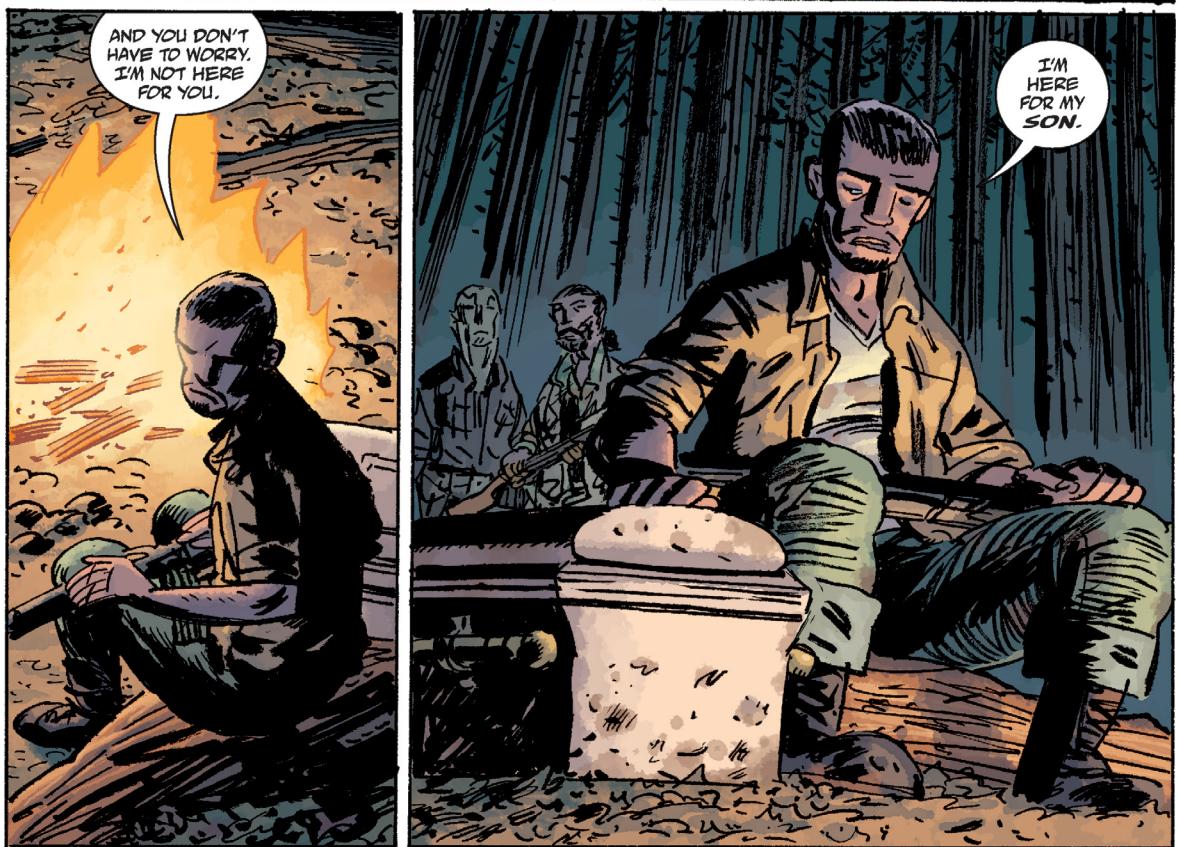
KRAASH











CHAPTER FOUR





SAUER CITY,  
IDAHO.

THAT'S WHERE  
WE'RE FROM.

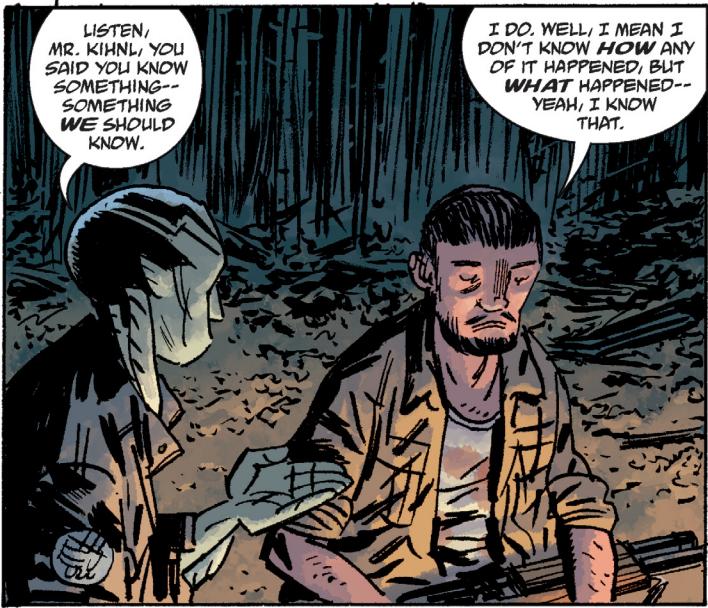
"WE"?

ME  
AND THE  
WIFE...

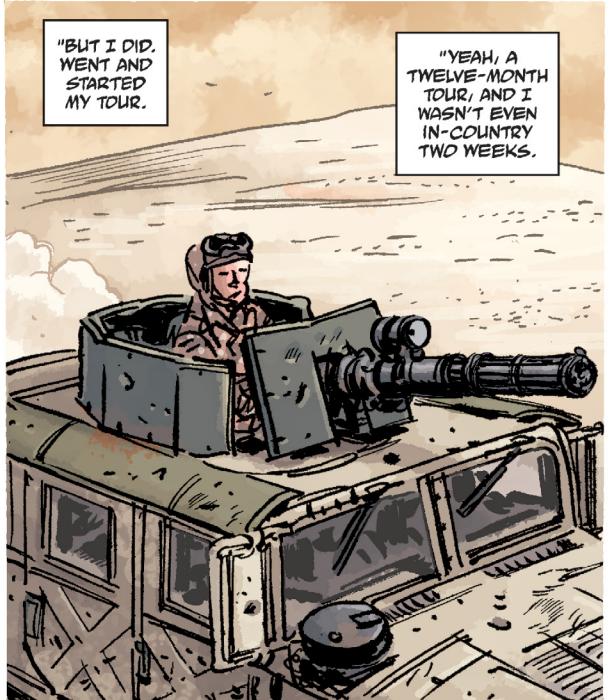
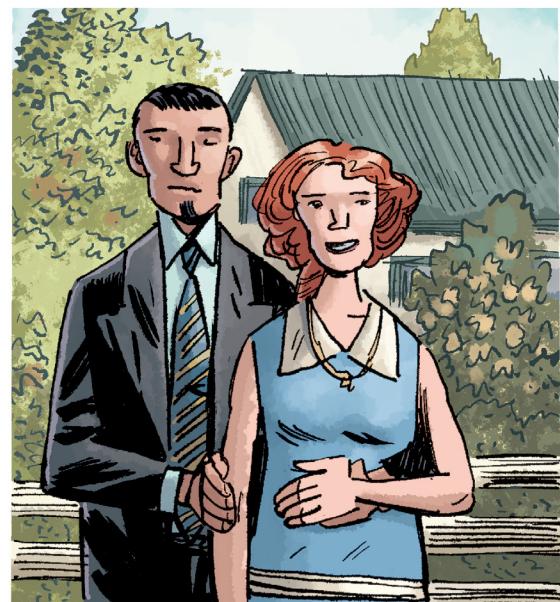
...AND  
MY SON.

CRACK  
FSSSSSSSS





"I WAS STATIONED OVER IN FORT FUHRMAN WHEN MY ORDERS CAME THROUGH TO SHIP OUT. I'D BEEN EXPECTING IT. NESSA--SHE'S MY WIFE--WAS SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT, THOUGH. I HATED TO LEAVE.



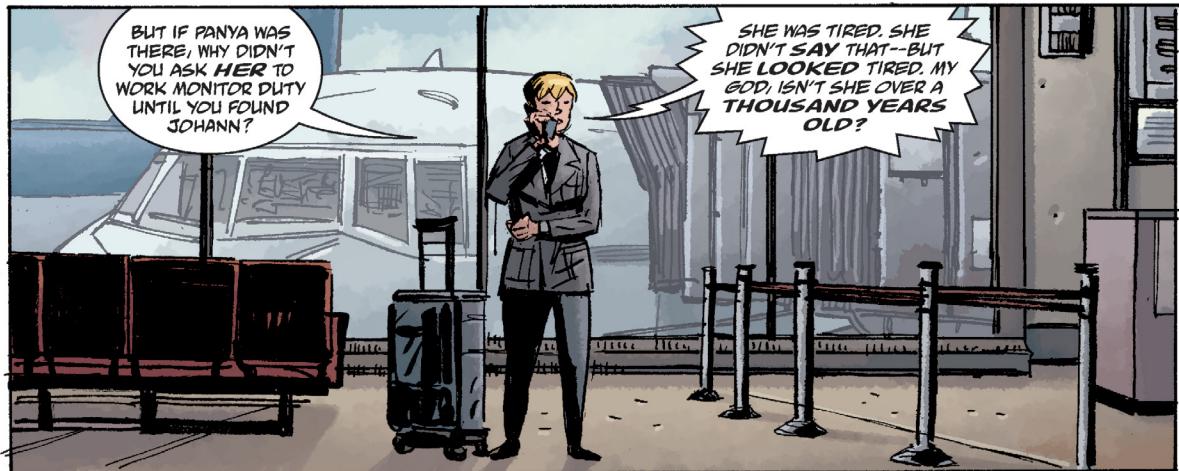
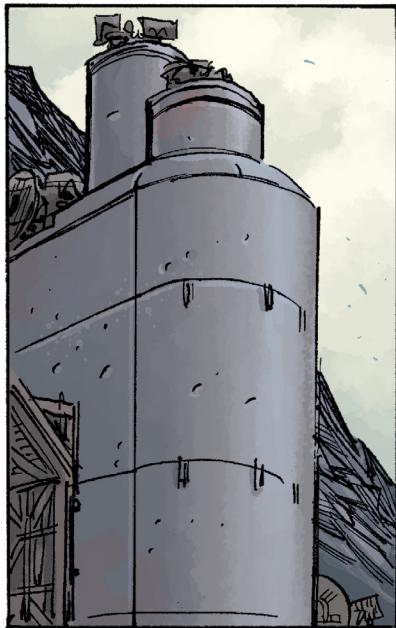


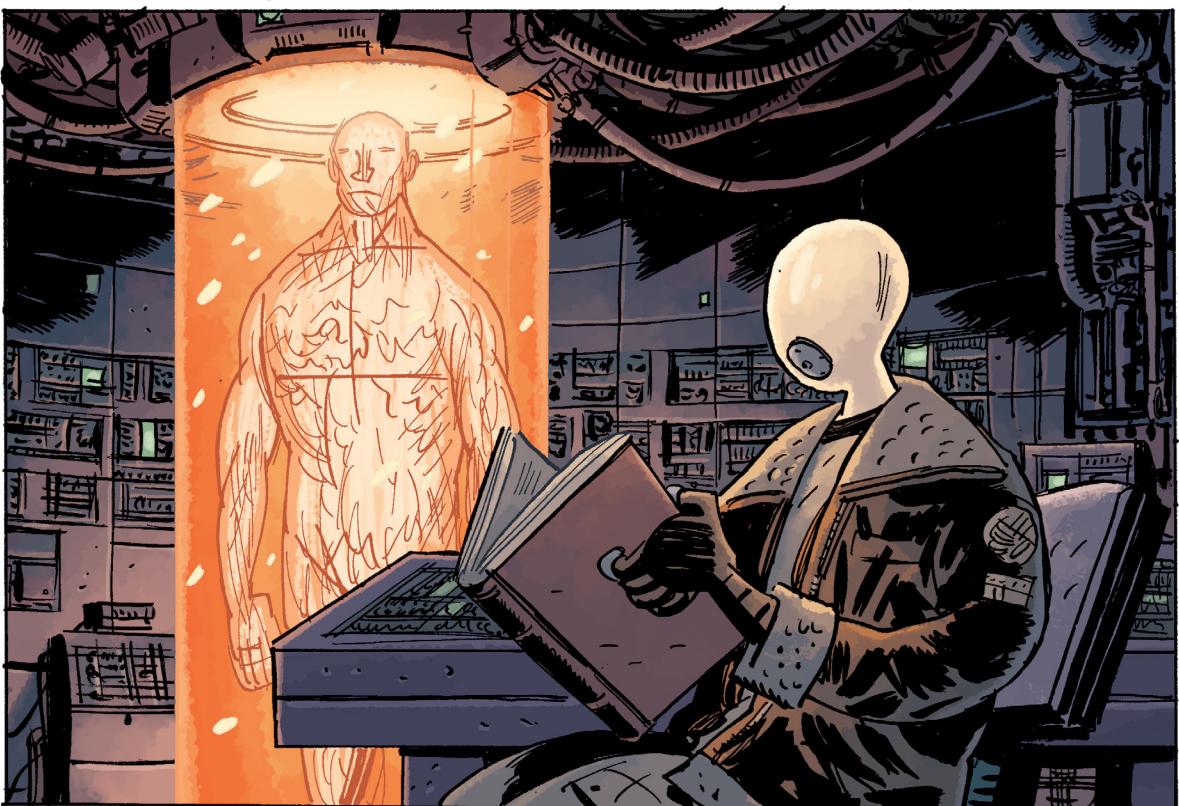


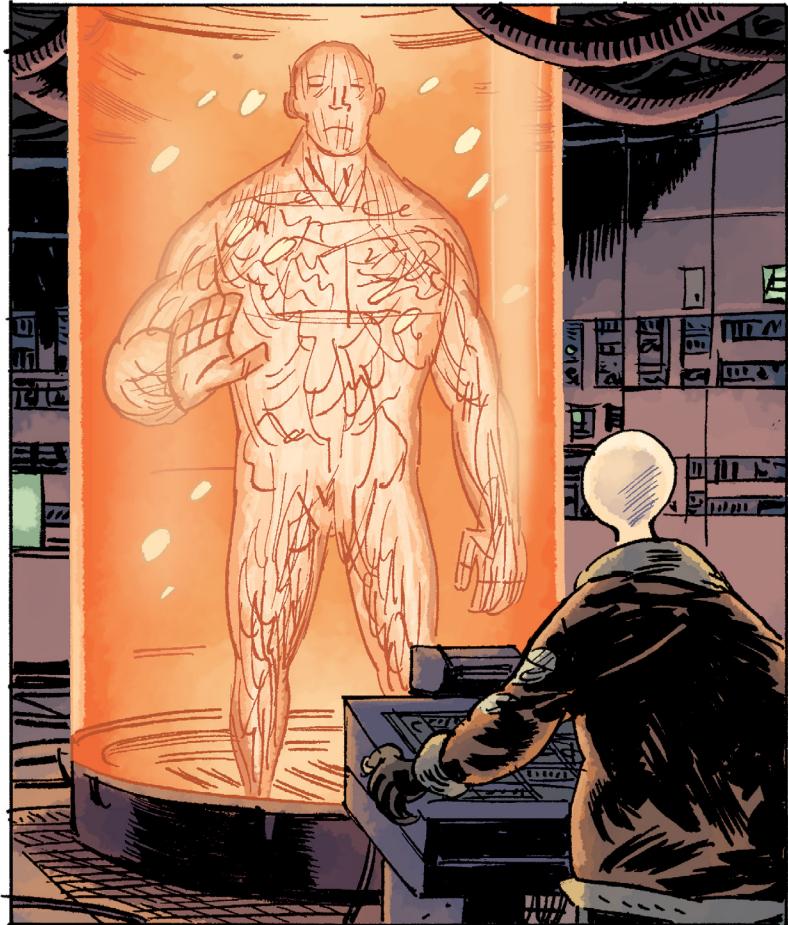




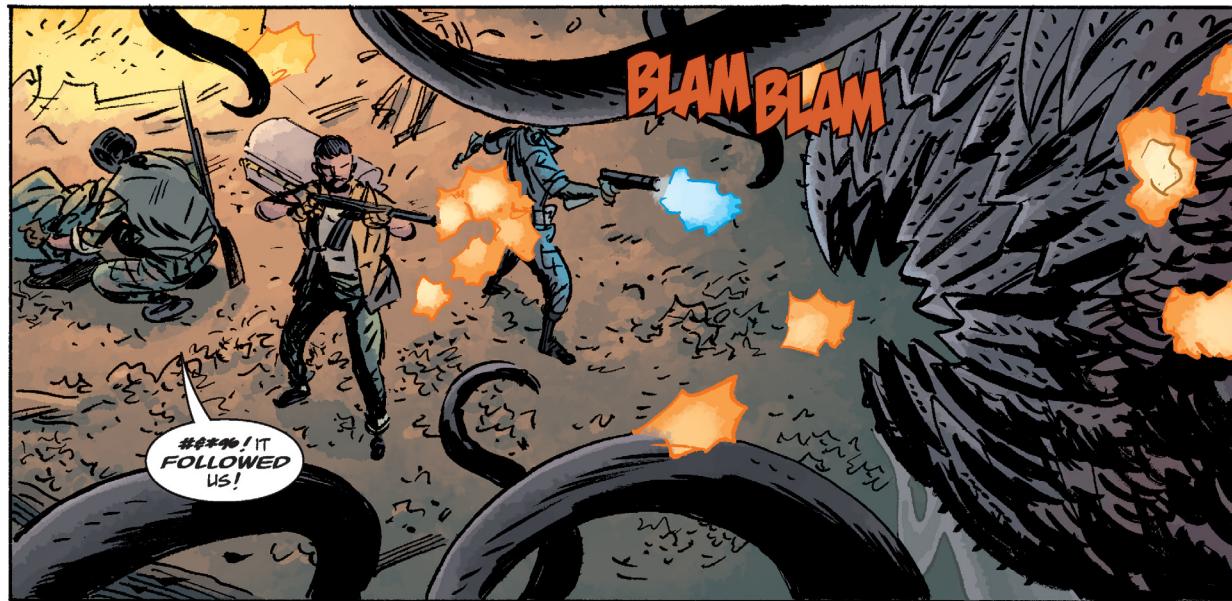












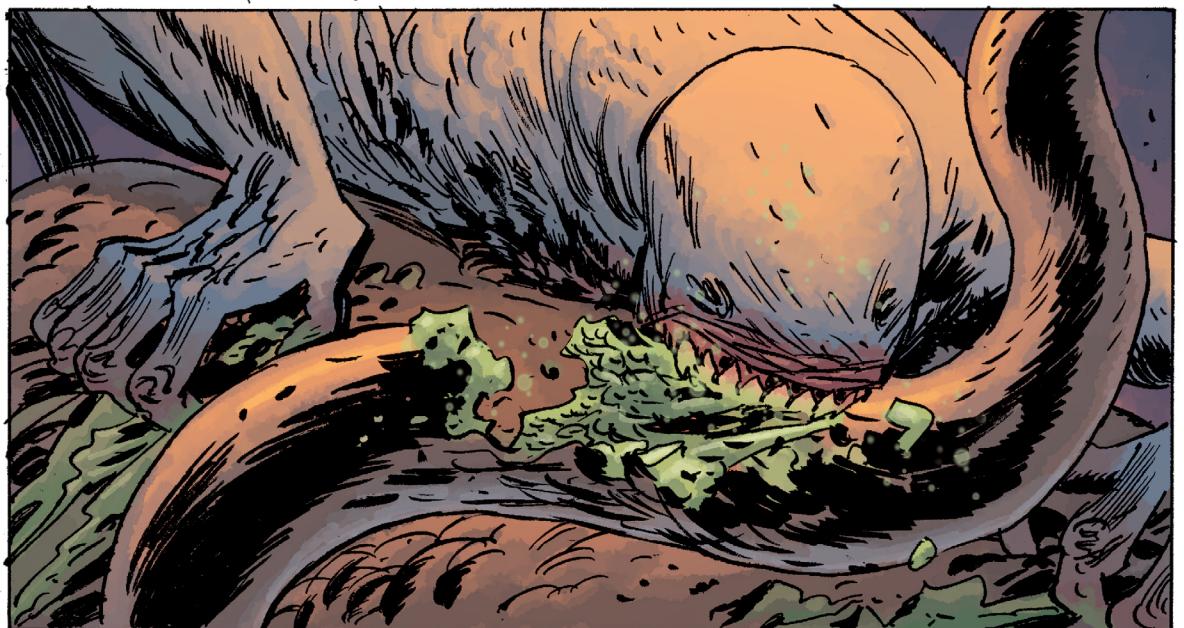






ROOOOWWW







"I KNOW SHE'S HERE! I KNOW YOU GOT HER!"



THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S HERE.

THING DIDN'T FOLLOW US. FOLLOWED HER.



PUMP BULLETS INTO THAT MONSTER ALL NIGHT. WHERE'LL THAT GET US?

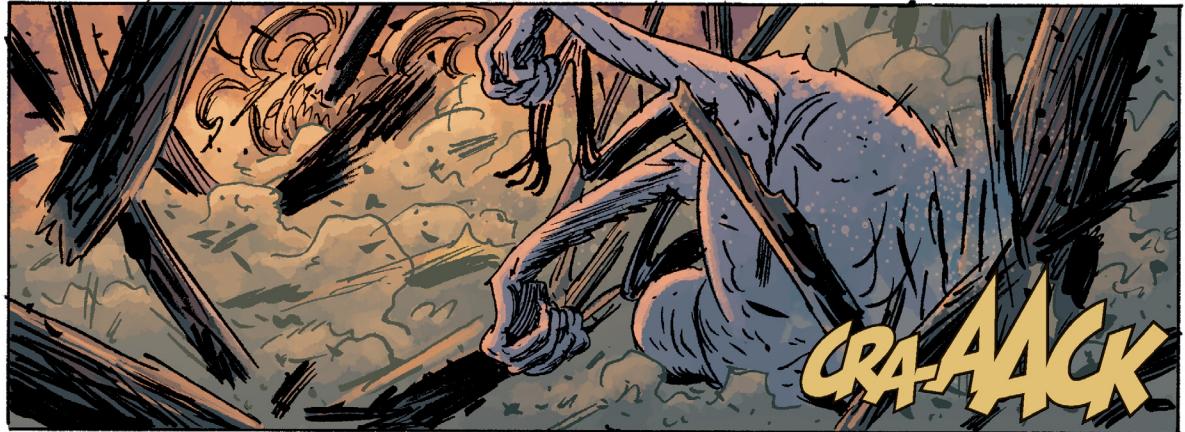


YOU, YOU BITCH. IT'S YOU.



YOU'RE HERE, AND I SWEAR--







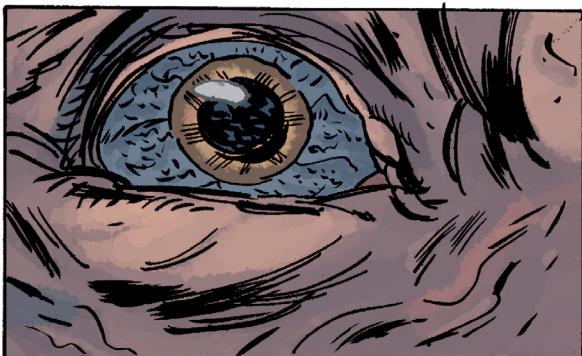


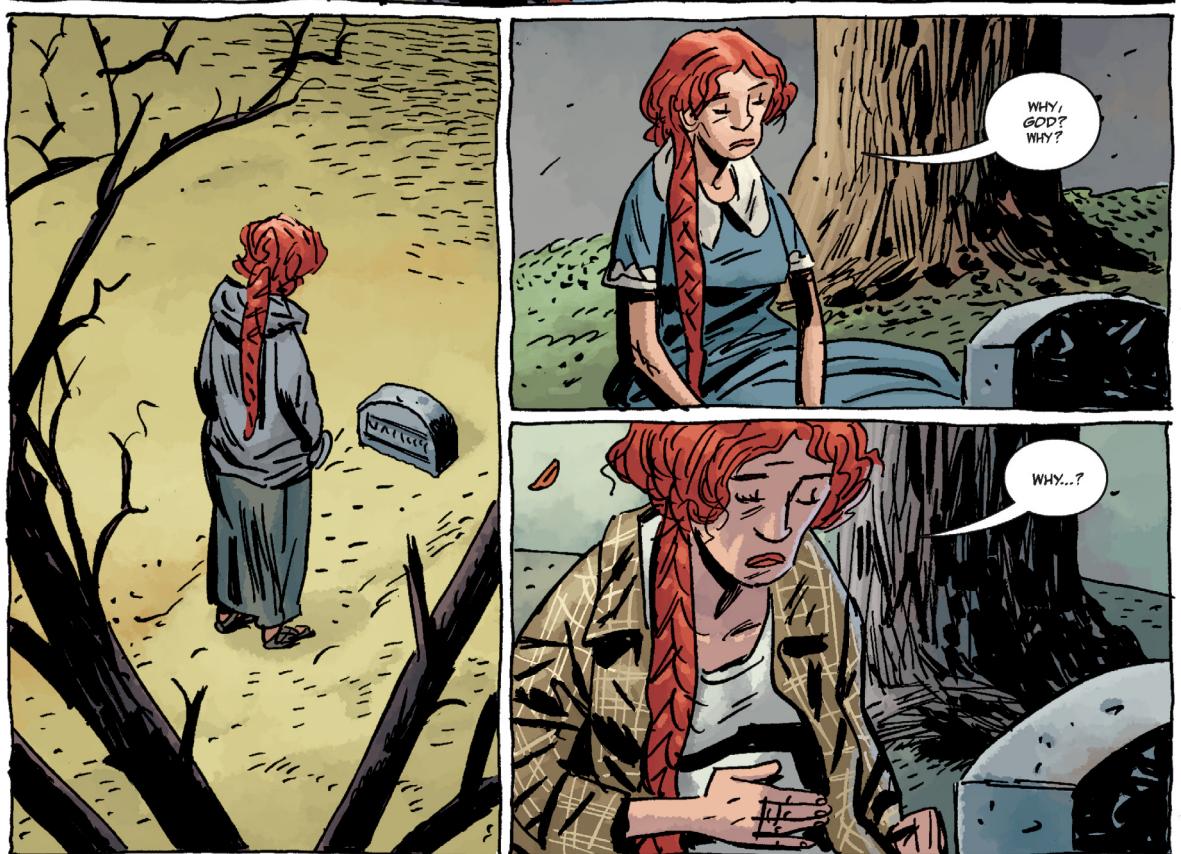
CHAPTER FIVE

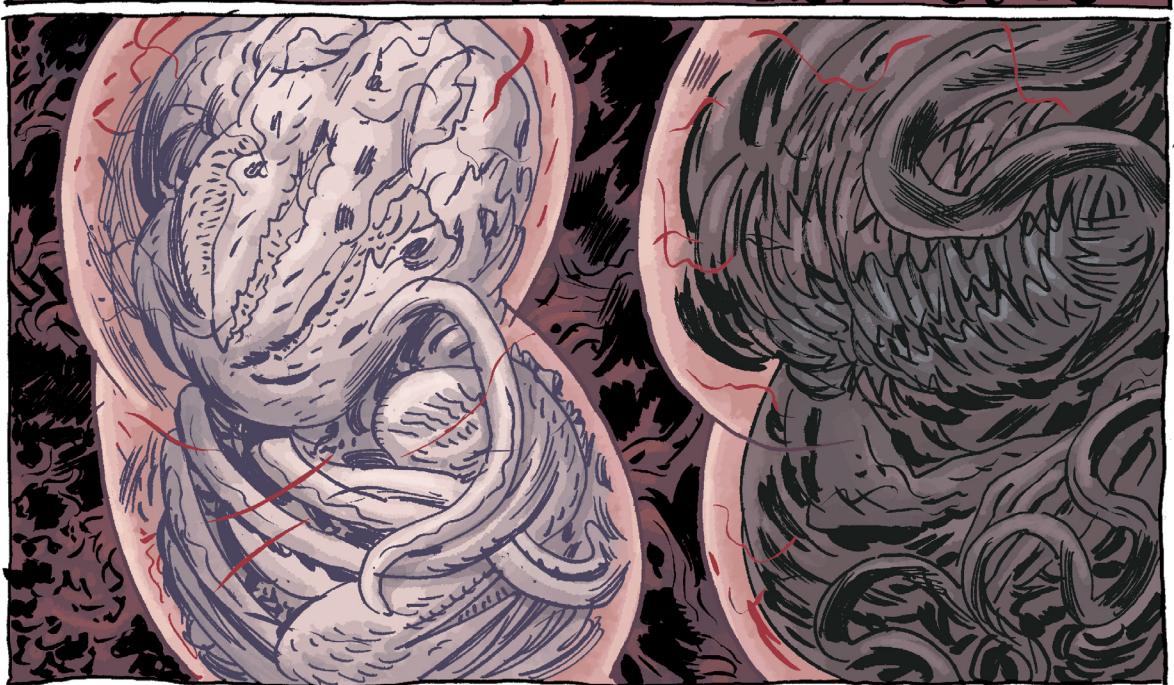
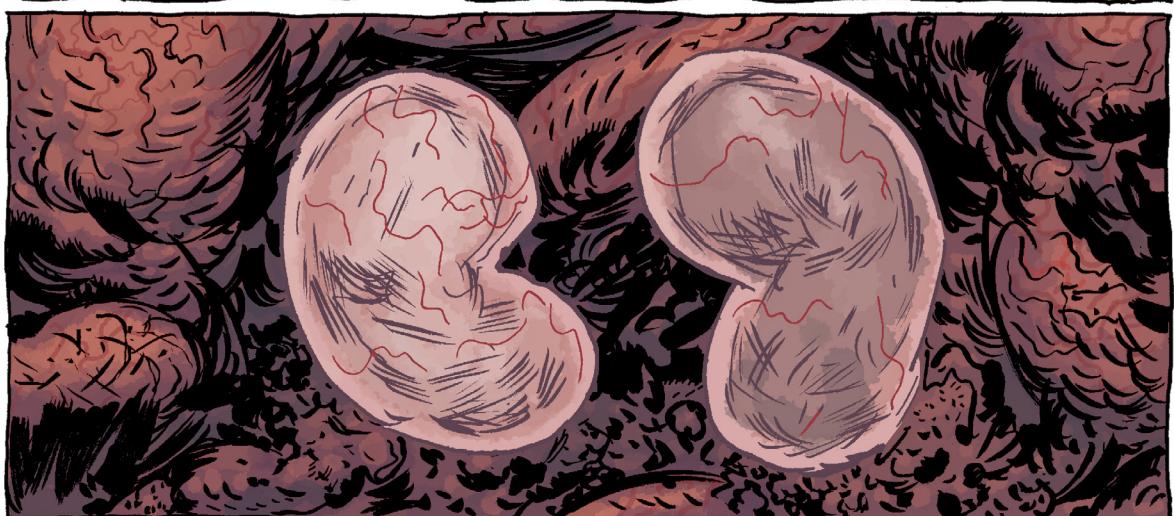






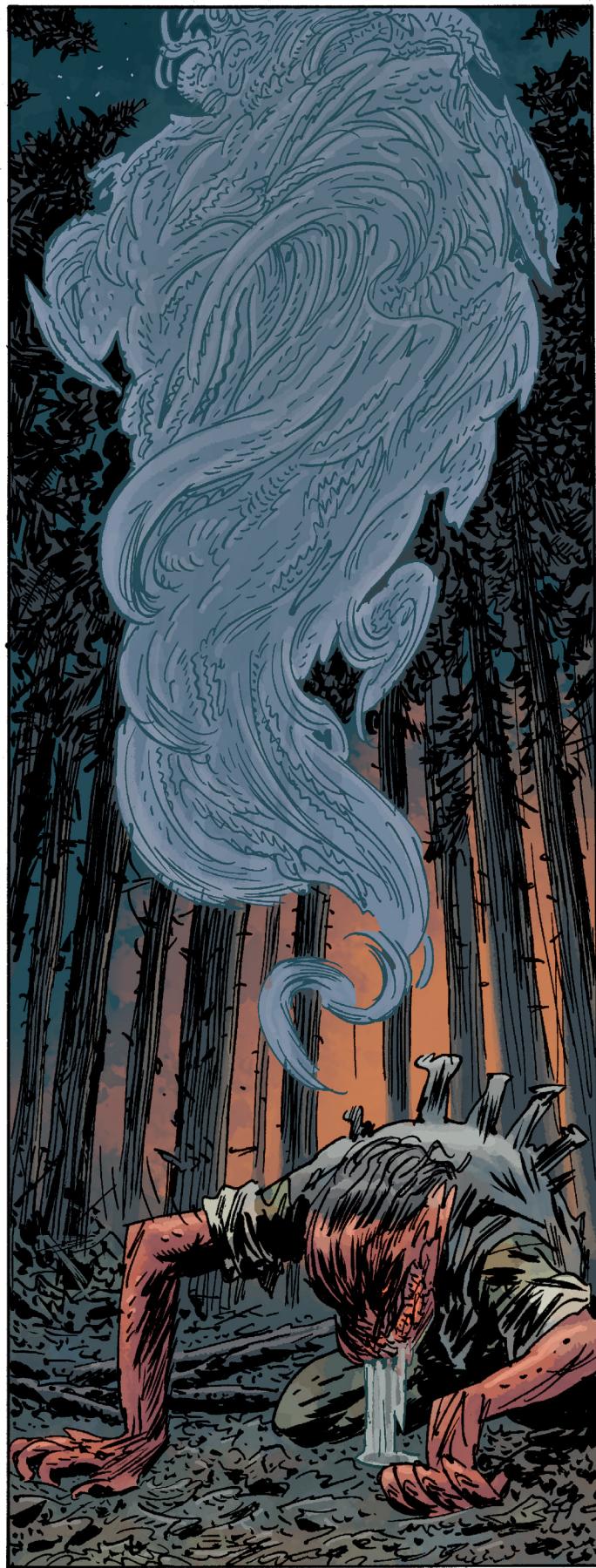








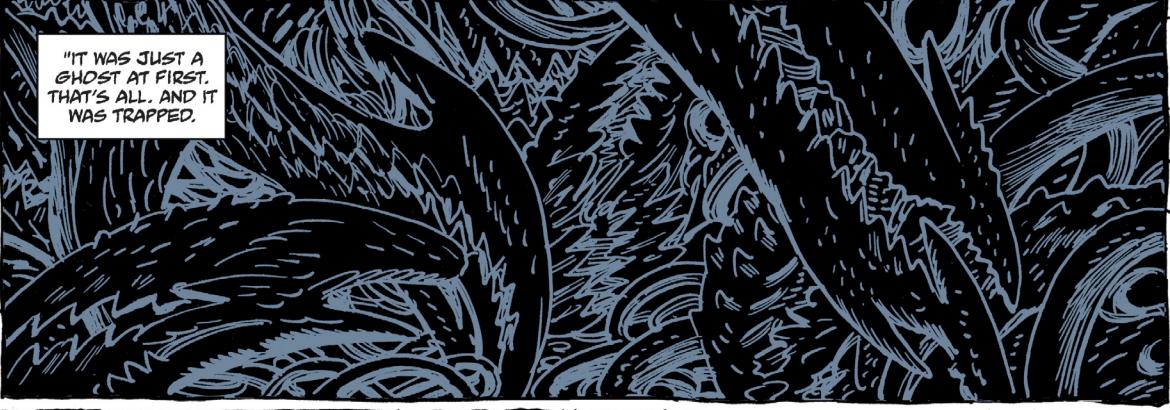








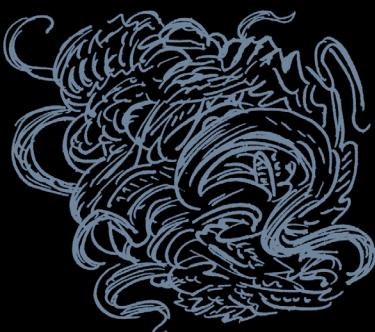




"IT WAS JUST A GHOST AT FIRST. THAT'S ALL. AND IT WAS TRAPPED.



"NOT TRAPPED IN ANYTHING. MORE LIKE IT WAS NOWHERE AT ALL.



"AND IT, I DON'T KNOW, IT HEARD MRS. KIHNL CRYING OVER HER BABY.

"THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT IT HERE, TO OUR REALITY.



"LIKE SOME SORT OF DEAD MOTH'S GHOST TO A FLAME."



BUT THAT'S ALL IT  
WAS--A SPIRIT. IT  
WANTED TO BECOME  
FLESH--AND HERE'S  
THE DISGUSTING  
PART--



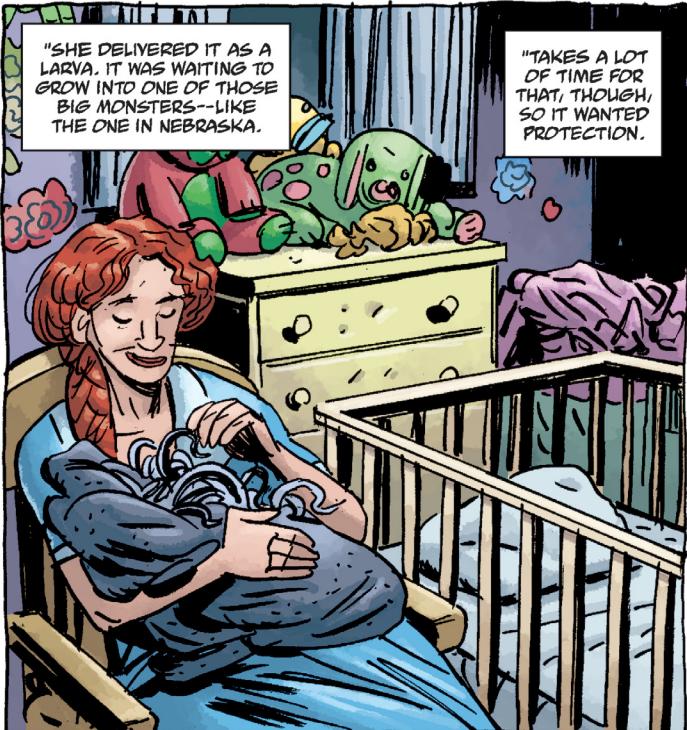
"IT ENTERED  
HER BODY  
AND USED  
HER EGGS--  
FROM HER  
OVARIES--  
TO BUILD A  
BODY FOR  
ITSELF--

"--AND FOR  
A TWIN  
'BROTHER.'

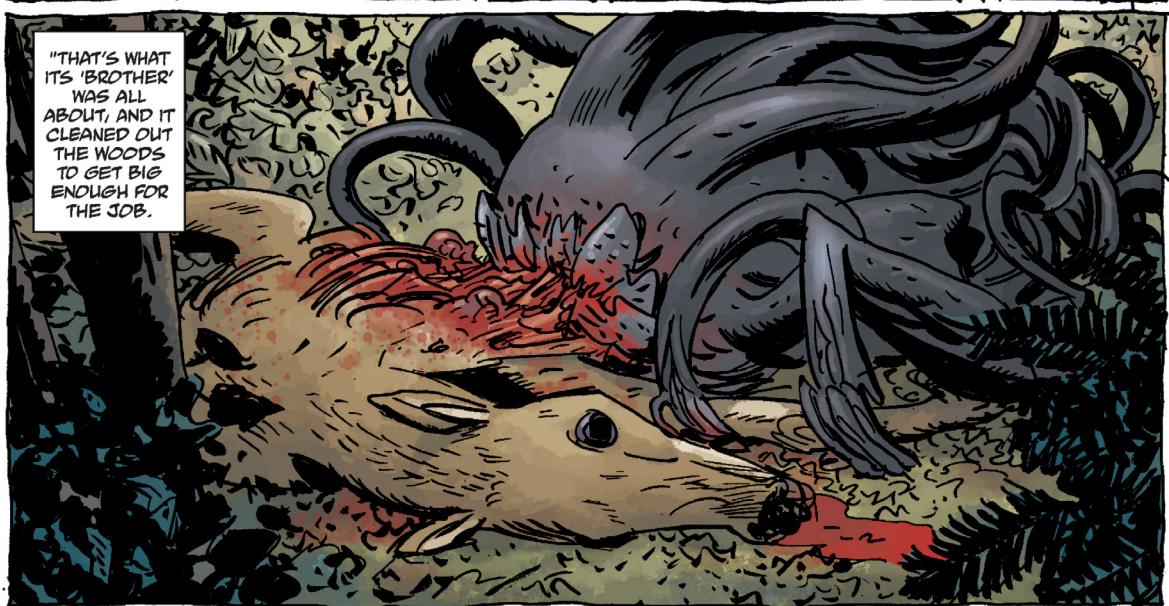


"SHE DELIVERED IT AS A  
LARVA. IT WAS WAITING TO  
GROW INTO ONE OF THOSE  
BIG MONSTERS--LIKE  
THE ONE IN NEBRASKA.

"TAKES A LOT  
OF TIME FOR  
THAT, THOUGH,  
SO IT WANTED  
PROTECTION.



"THAT'S WHAT  
IT'S 'BROTHER'  
WAS ALL  
ABOUT, AND IT  
CLEANED OUT  
THE WOODS  
TO GET BIG  
ENOUGH FOR  
THE JOB.





ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT MADE ME REALIZE MRS. KIHNL WAS THE ANCHOR FOR THIS CREATURE. SHE WAS WHAT KEPT ITS SPIRIT HERE.

A BULLET IN HER HEART WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT.

ALL THIS BECAUSE OF ONE WOMAN'S GRIEF?

THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT THIS MONSTER OUT OF ITS PRISON?

THERE'S SO MUCH PAIN IN THE WORLD, WHY HASN'T THIS HAPPENED BEFORE?

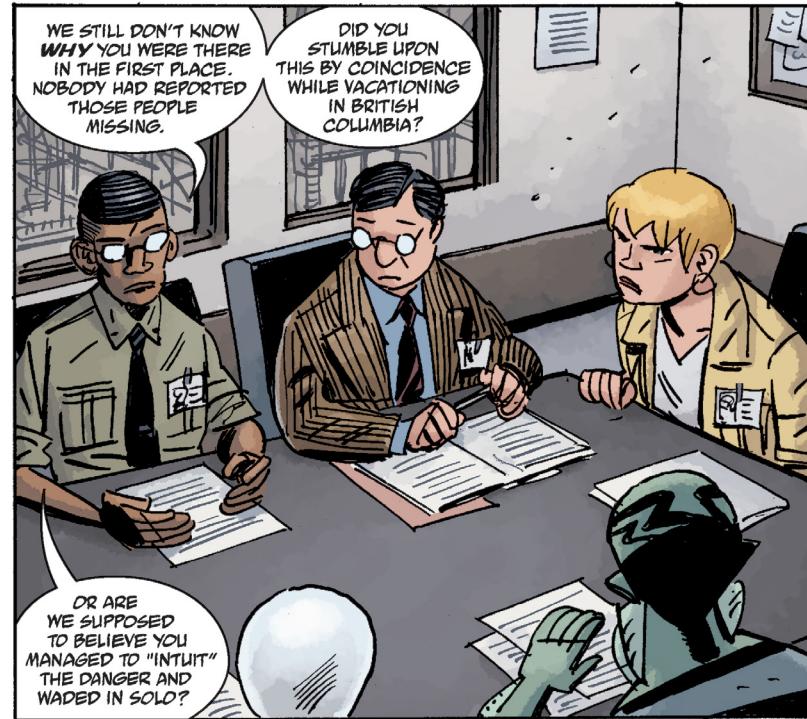
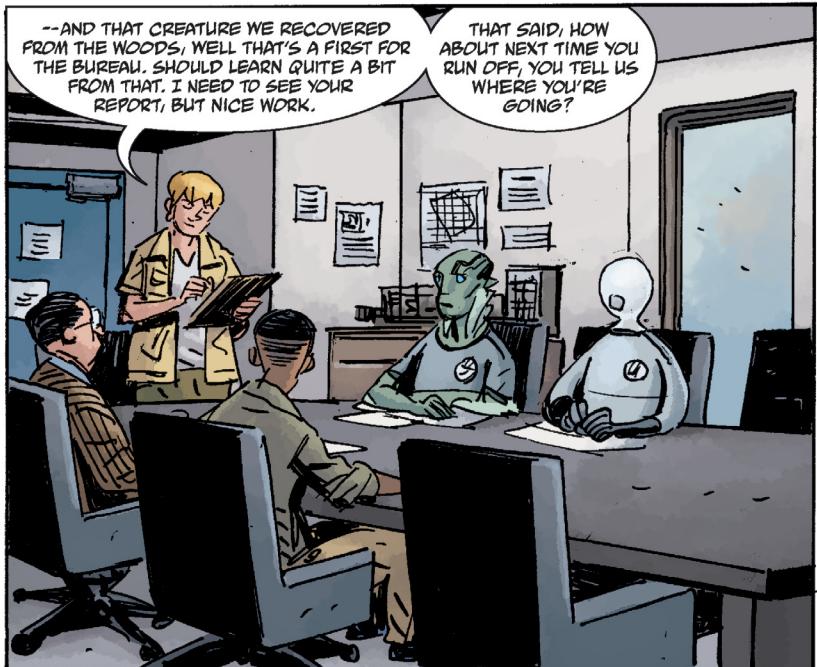
WE DON'T KNOW THAT IT HASN'T DO WE?

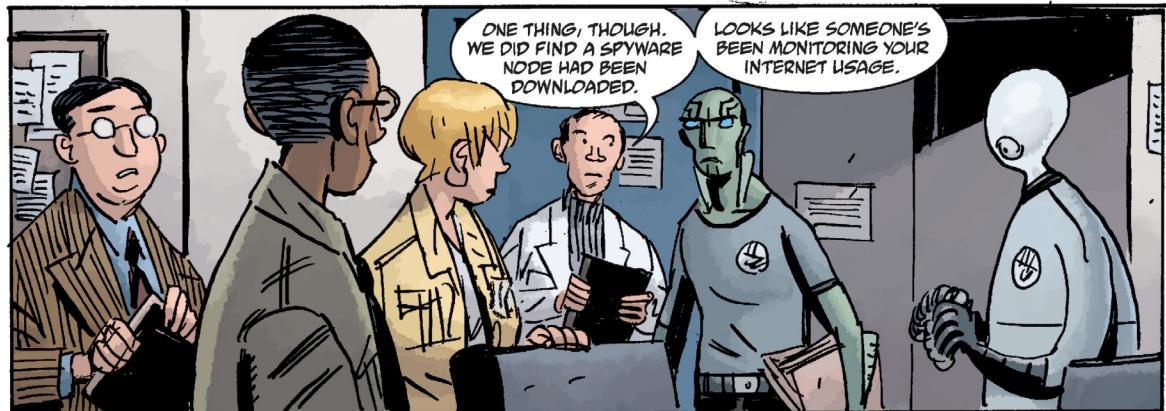
BUT IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING IN THIS WORLD RIGHT NOW? ALL THAT CRAZINESS?

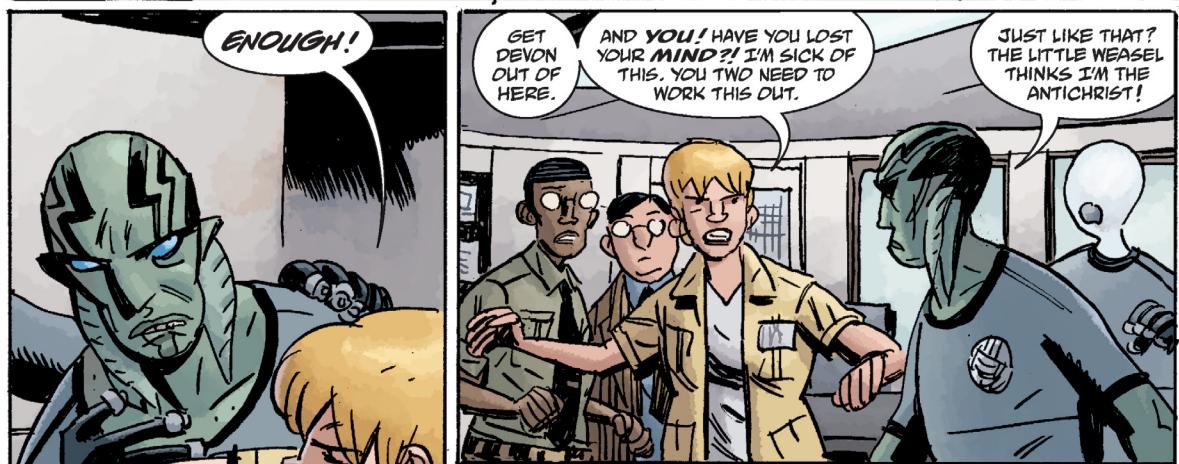
WE'RE AT A TIPPING POINT. THINGS ARE COMING APART. THIS "GHOST," OR WHATEVER, IT MAYBE JUST SLIPPED THROUGH ONE OF THE RIPS.

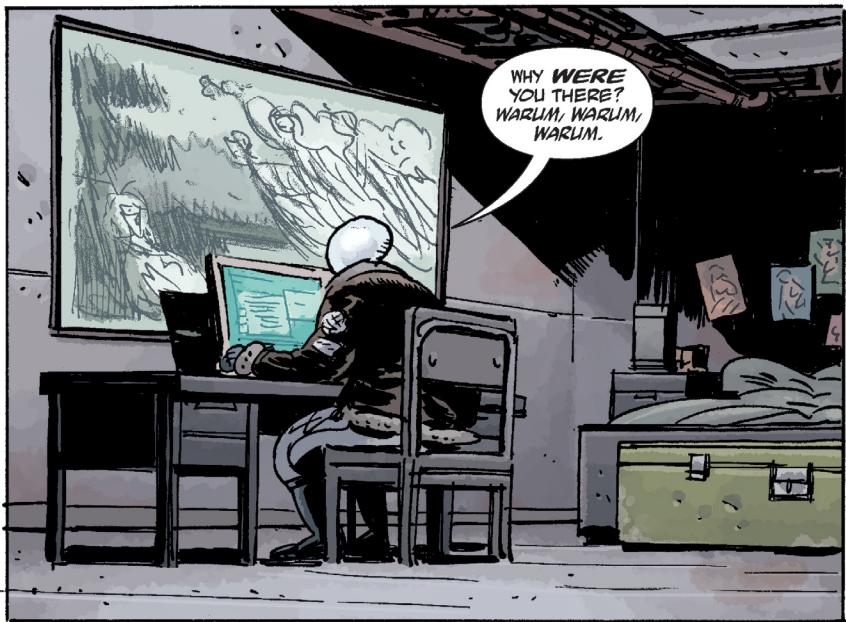












**Victoria Clarion-Gazette**

## The Return of Bigfoot?

Once again the British Columbia forest is alive with the rumors of strange sightings and stranger theories. No one is using the name "Bigfoot," and in fact, none of the signature giant footprints have been found, but it's hard not to think of ol' Sasquatch when you hear what some of the eyewitnesses have to say.

"Tall, like ten feet at least. No kidding," swears Michael Jennings. "And pale white as any snow you ever laid eyes on." No other witnesses have as yet corroborated Jennings' story, but his credibility is hard to dispute. Initial searching of the area has taken on the air of a crusade, as provincial officials have clustered in nearby towns along with television and newspaper reporters from the United States and Canada.

AHHH.

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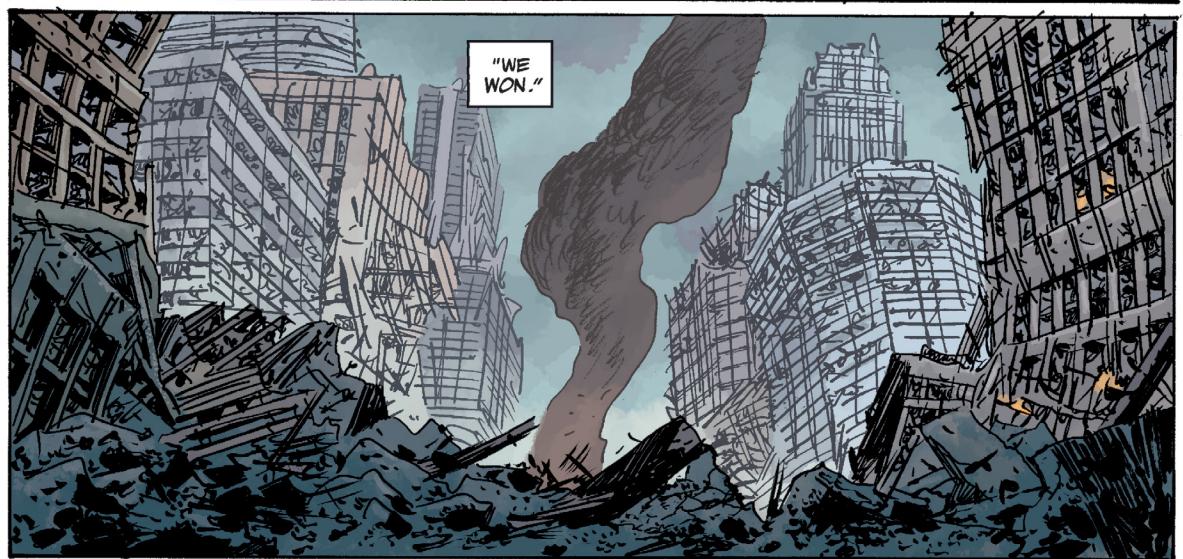




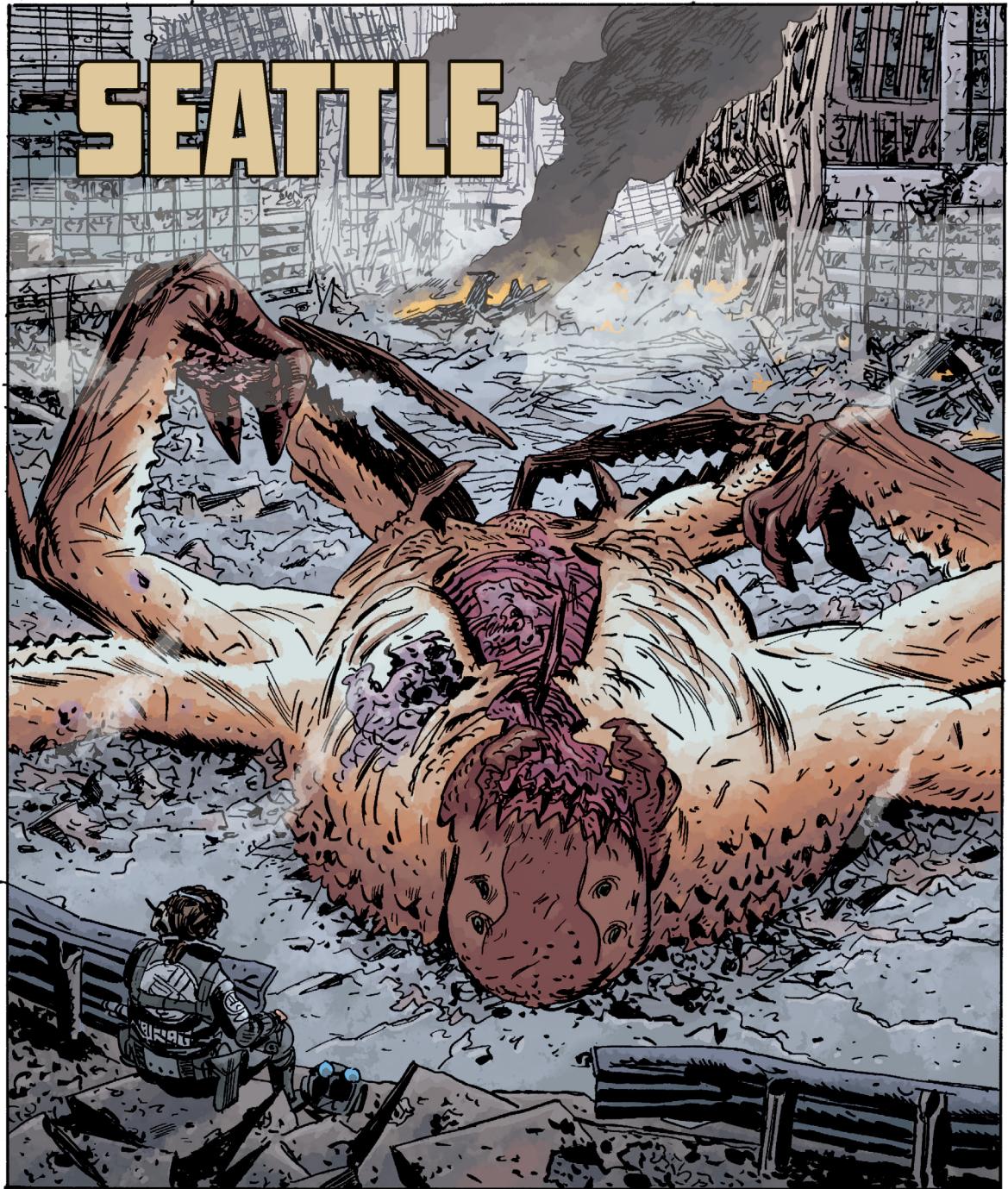
EPILOGUE: SEATTLE



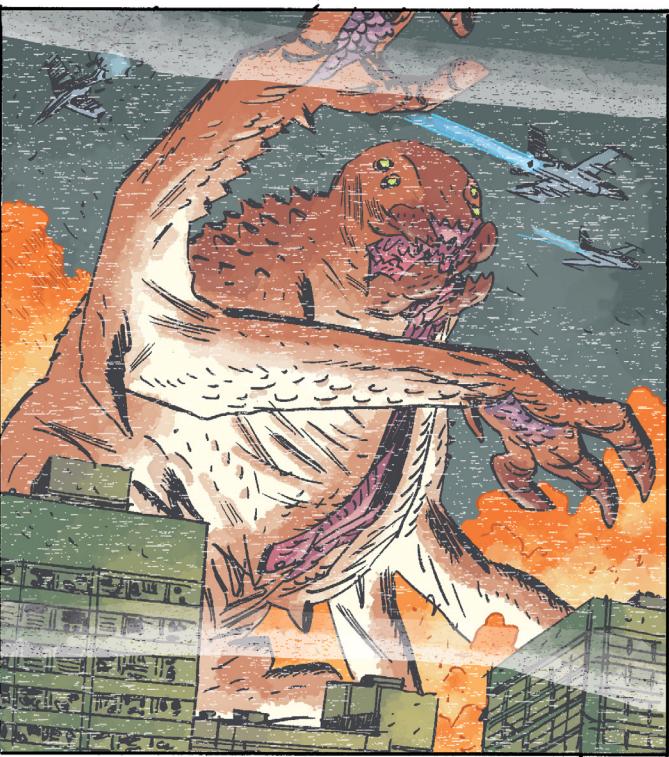
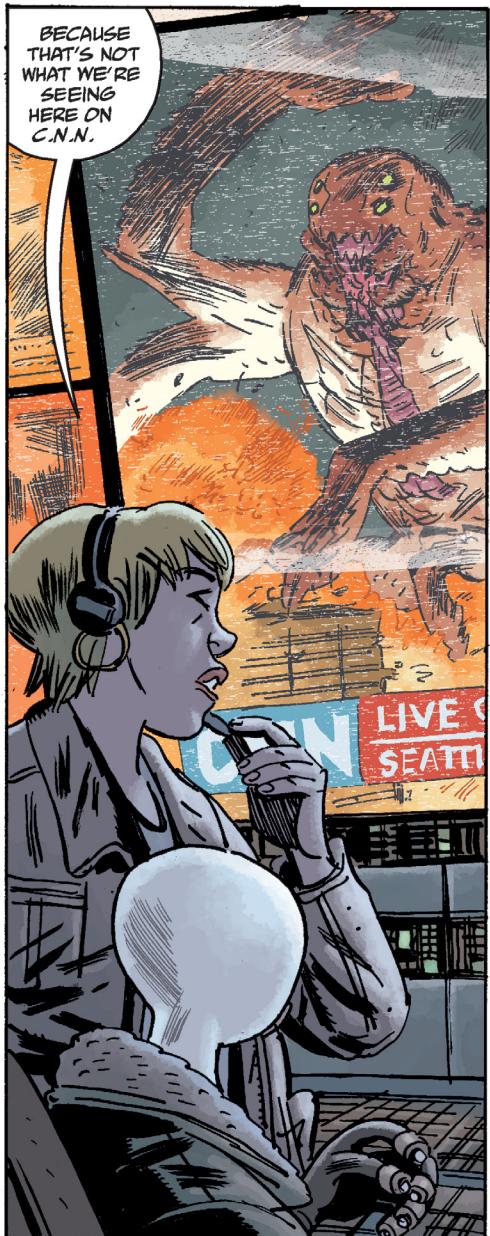


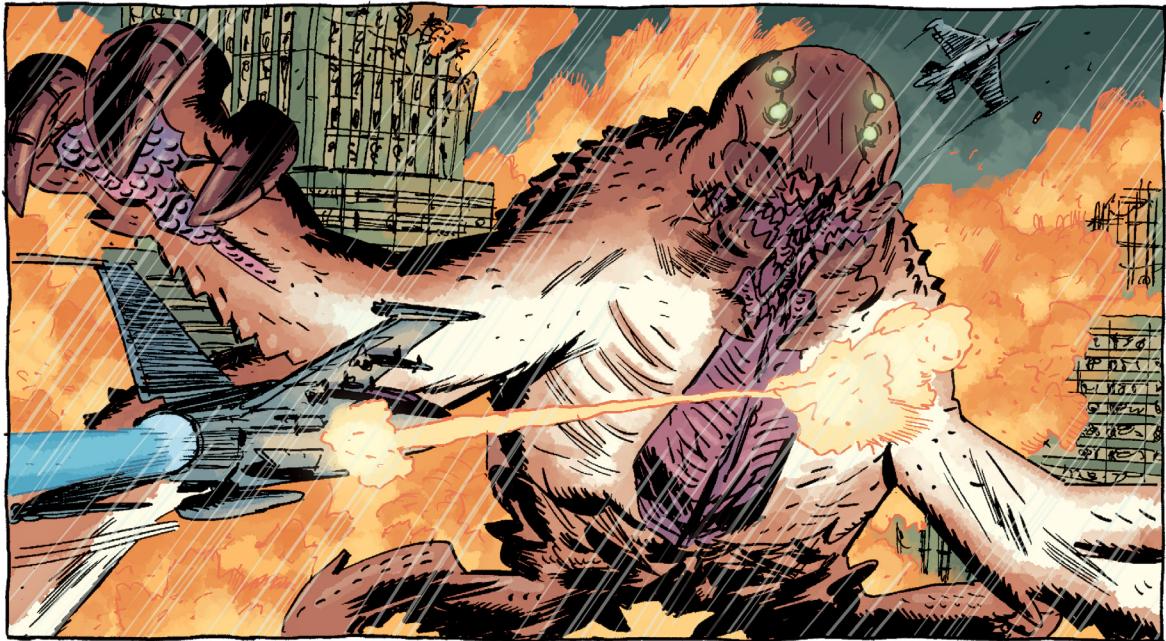


# SEATTLE

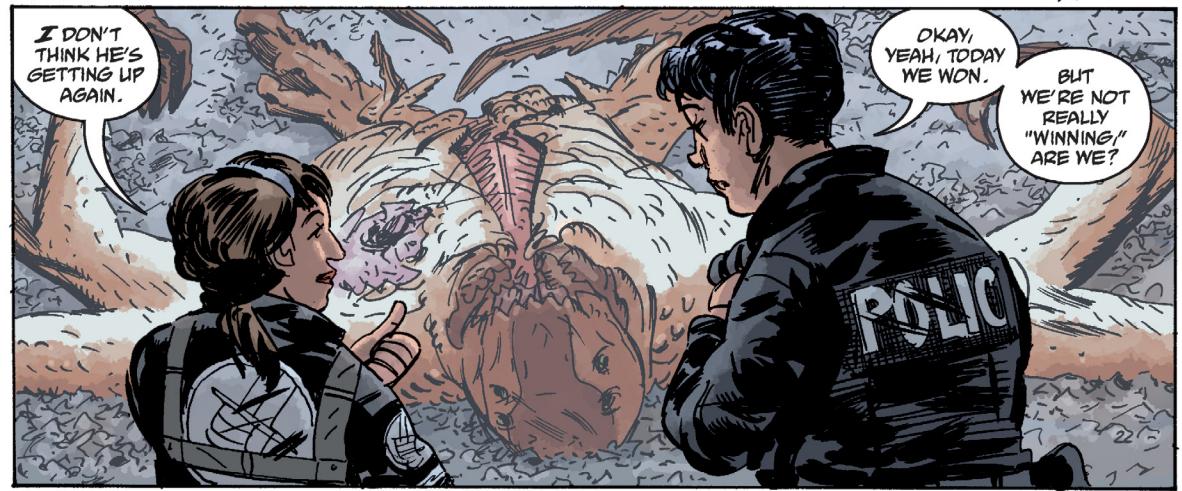


BECAUSE  
THAT'S NOT  
WHAT WE'RE  
SEEING  
HERE ON  
C.N.N.











SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT THIS IS HOW IT'S GOING TO BE FROM NOW ON? YOU AND THE U.N. JUST TRYING TO STAY ONE STEP AHEAD OF MONSTERS AND VOLCANOES?

MAYBE.

KEE-RIST! WELL, THAT JUST MAKES YOU WANNA GO OUT AND GET DRUNK, DOESN'T IT?

DOESN'T IT?

NOPE.

MAKES ME WANT TO HEAD HOME AND HUG MY THREE-YEAR-OLD SON.

THE END

## AFTERTWORD

IN *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (my all-time favorite monster movie) the great Dr. Pretorius raises a glass of gin (his only weakness) and toasts, “To a new world of gods and monsters.” And in the *B.P.R.D./Hellboy* world that’s where we are now.

Way back in the very first *Hellboy* story (*Seed of Destruction*, 1994) I turned four poor, unsuspecting Arctic explorers into frog monsters. Hellboy shot one as it tried to escape out a bathroom window and I dropped a house on the other three, and I figured that was that. But no. Ten years later I introduced a new batch of frog monsters in the *B.P.R.D.: Plague of Frogs* miniseries. Liz Sherman torched some of them, some were captured (and whatever happened to them?), but a bunch of them got away to cause more trouble. A lot of other strange stuff cropped up in *B.P.R.D.* over the years, but more often than not the frogs were there somewhere. They were the ongoing problem that ultimately defined that first arc of stories, so much so that we now refer to that entire arc as *Plague of Frogs*. But now Liz has torched the last of those frogs (in *King of Fear*), so all that’s behind us, right? This is a whole new beginning, and we’re back at square one, right? If you think that, then you haven’t yet read the book you’re holding (hey, this is an afterword, not an introduction): Those frogs may be gone, but they did a lot of damage. They set a lot of things in motion, and who knows where it will end? Well, John Arcudi and I know (at least we *think* we know), but we’re not telling. Not yet.

I’ve been saying it for a few years now—one of the things that separates our little *B.P.R.D./Hellboy* world from some of the other comic-book worlds out there is that when we break stuff it often stays broken, or, if it’s fixed, it’s just never quite like it was before. Sometimes things don’t break all at once—they crack, and those cracks get bigger and bigger until . . . well, you’ll see. There is no magic pill for our heroes, no magic spell for them to read that will get the world and their lives back to square one.

This story, *New World*, is the first of a whole new arc of stories. It is a relatively small story—the scale of it is small compared to the giant robots, frog armies, and fireworks of the last couple of books—but, believe me, this series is called *Hell on Earth* for a reason. The cracks are showing, and I’m pretty sure I smell smoke. I think it’s safe to say things are going to get worse before they get better. They are certainly going to get more complicated. So pour your drink of choice (whatever your weakness may be) and toast this new world, with gods and monsters on the way.

MIKE MIGNOLA

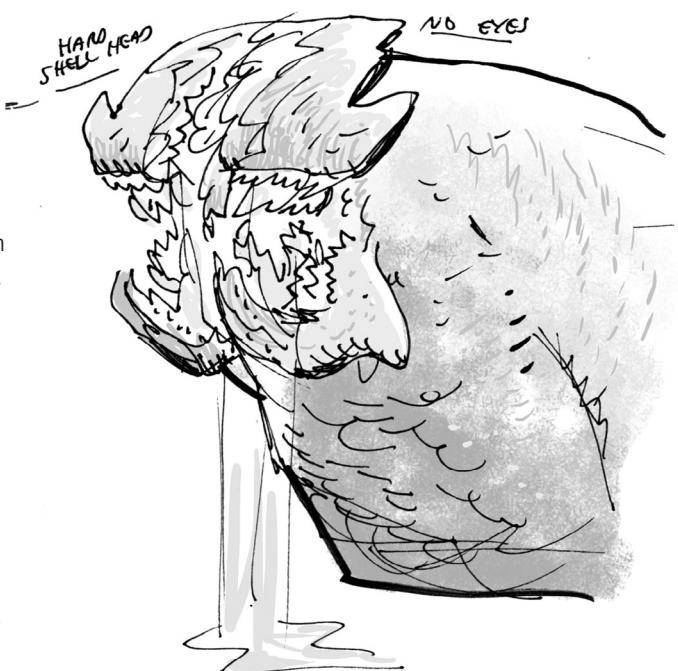
# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup>

## SKETCHBOOK

Notes by Guy Davis



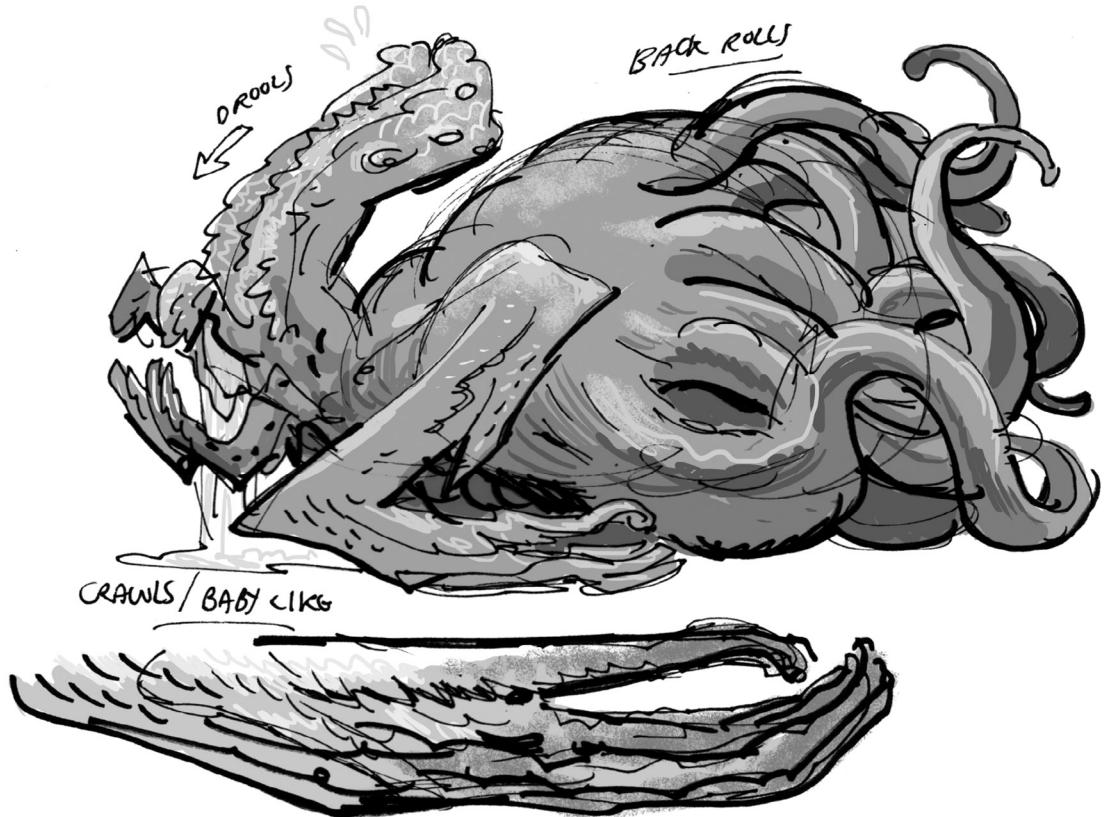
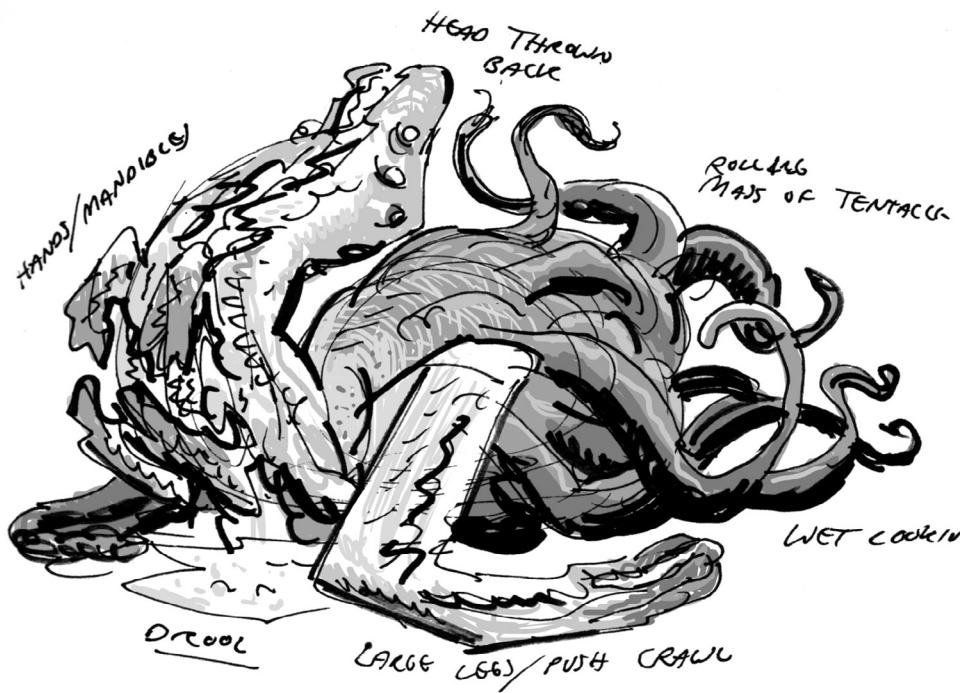
With the *Plague of Frogs* menace wrapped up, it was time to focus on new dangers ahead for the B.P.R.D. team, and of course that meant a bunch of new monsters to take the place of the frog creatures! It started with just doing a few random creature sketches to see if I was going in the right direction, but my first pass at a sort of "bulldog" monster didn't have the right feel for the story.



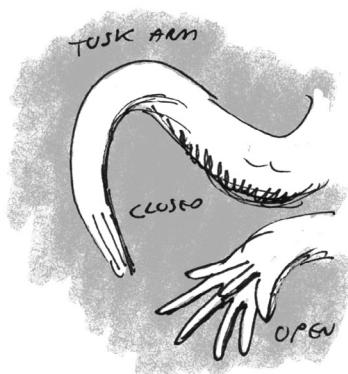
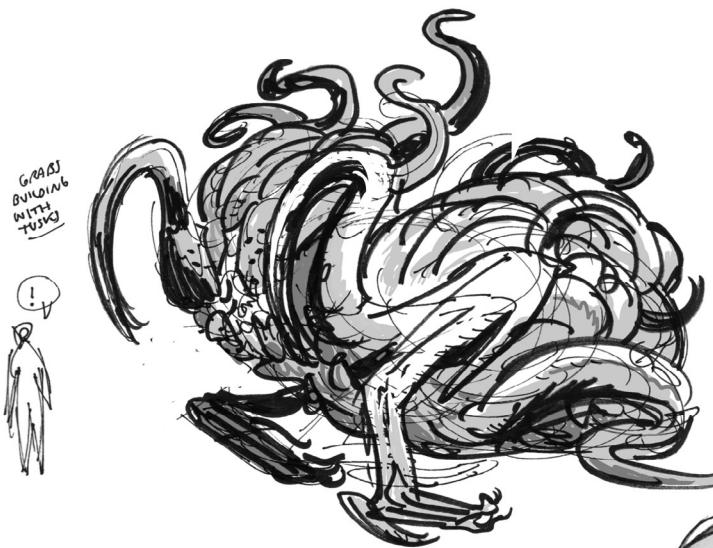


Next was a sort of tick-like creature that I thought would look fun wandering around the Canadian wilderness, but Mike thought this was still too similar to the other Ogdru Hem creatures we've seen through the series.

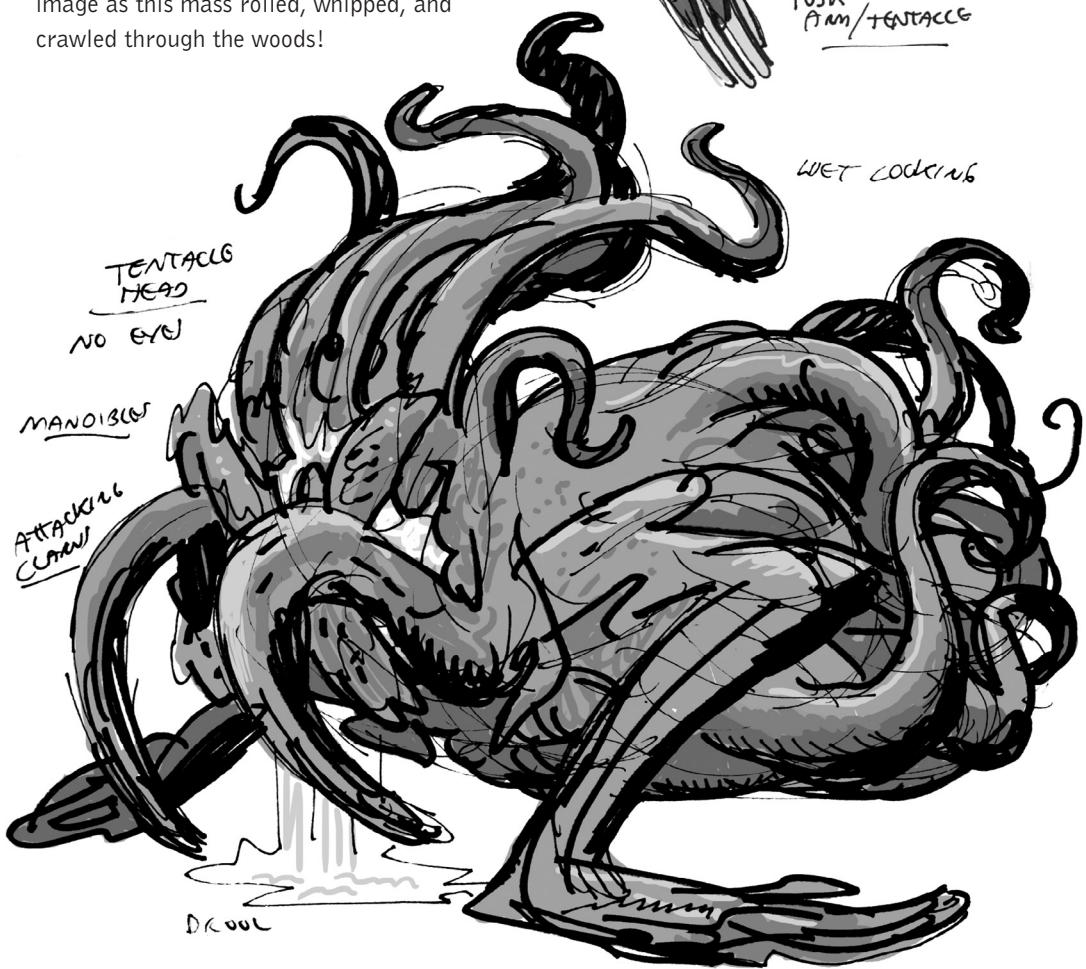


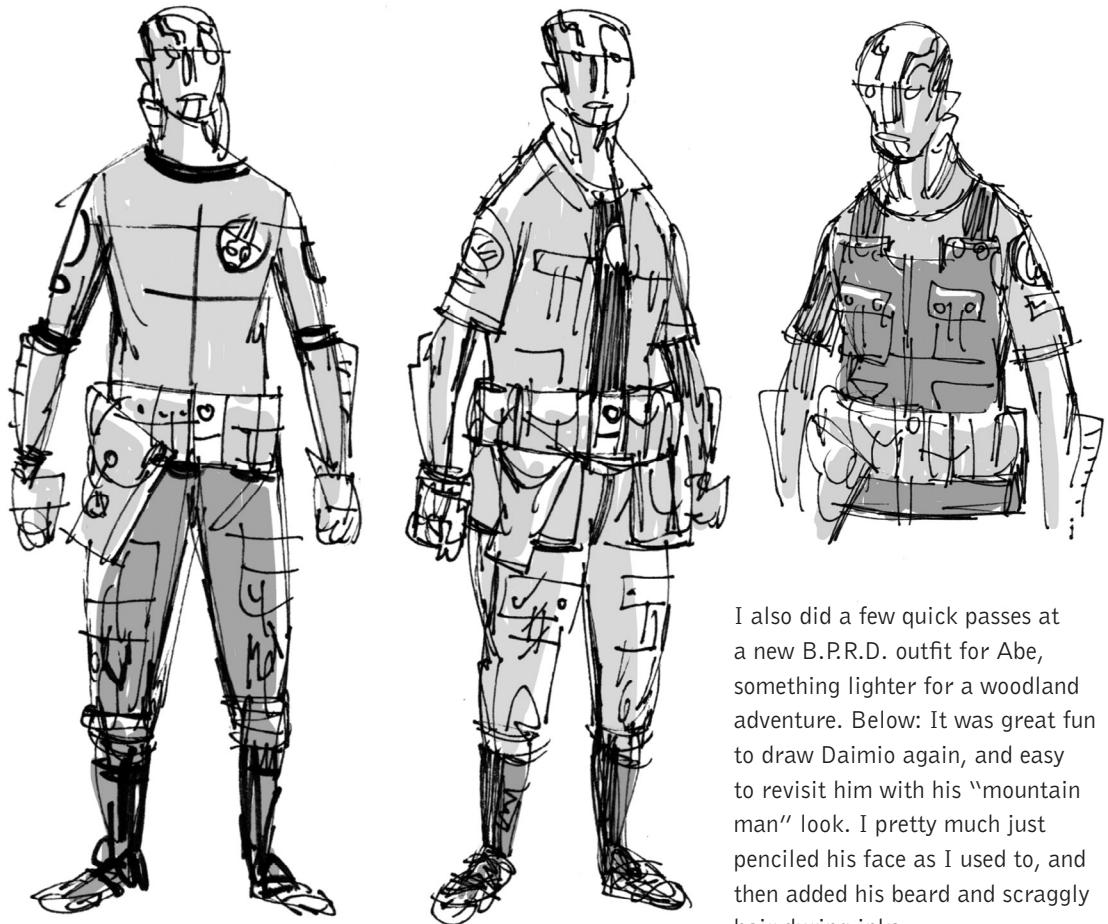


Time to add some tentacles! Mike and I liked the idea of it crawling along through the woods like some sort of infant (which it was) or larva. Almost there but not right yet . . .



With the final pass I kept the crawling arm and mass of tentacles but worked that up to the head design, too, so the tentacles were used as smaller arms and "holding" tusks around a hidden mouth of teeth. Mike liked this direction, and it made for a nice, spooky image as this mass rolled, whipped, and crawled through the woods!

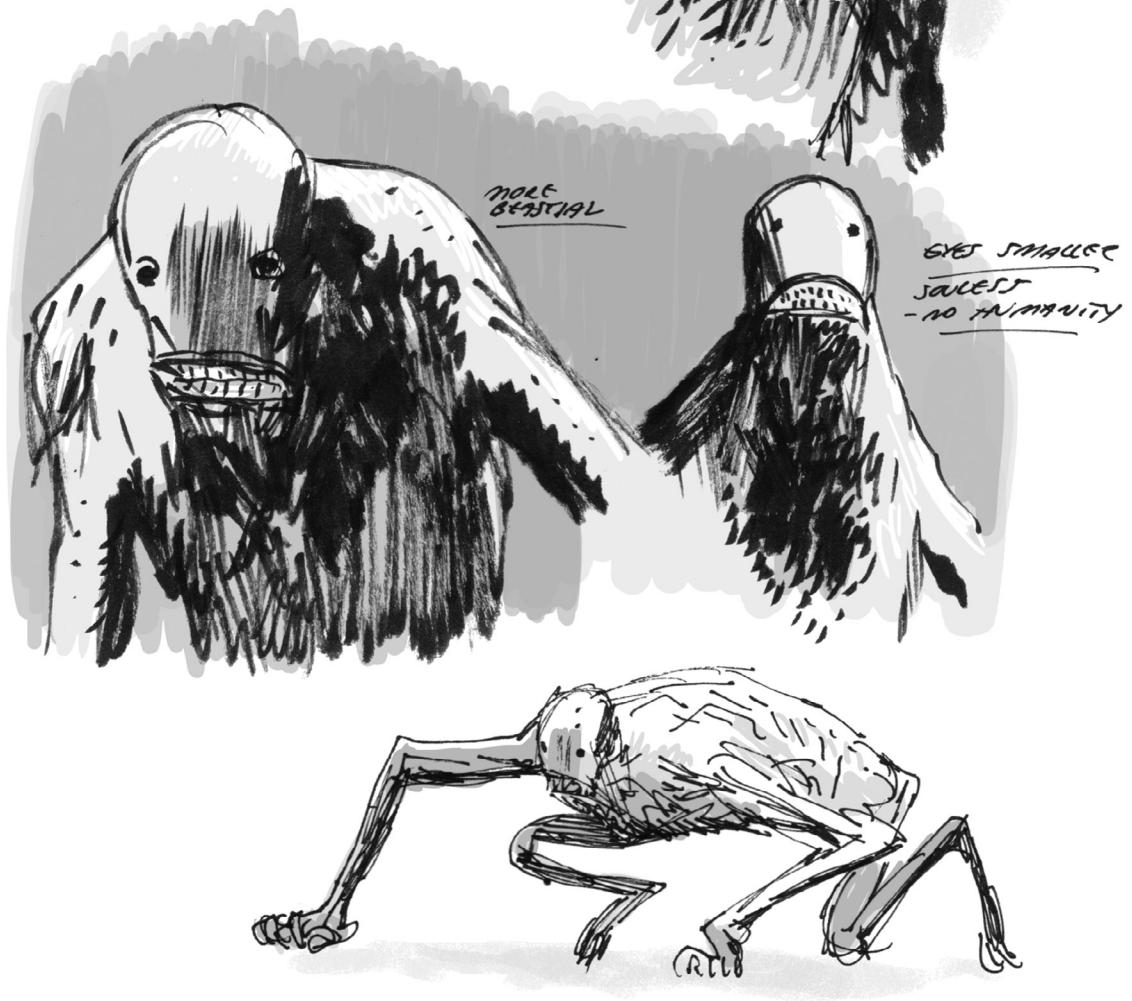




I also did a few quick passes at a new B.P.R.D. outfit for Abe, something lighter for a woodland adventure. Below: It was great fun to draw Daimio again, and easy to revisit him with his "mountain man" look. I pretty much just penciled his face as I used to, and then added his beard and scraggly hair during inks.

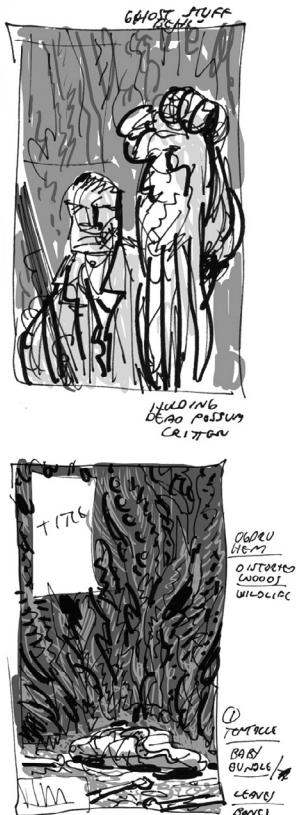


Along with Daimio, it was great to return to Daryl the wendigo for a bit. I wanted him to seem more feral and detached from his human side when we saw him again and tried to get that haunted feel in his stare.





Left: The pencils to the first issue's cover, including the Salton Sea monster and the "gothic" coffin shape that didn't work and was changed for the final cover. Below: Some rough sketches for covers to issues #4 and #5 (we knew Daryl would have to get a cover spot for one of those!)





A pinup for a comic-convention program book that I did around the time of the first issue with Abe in his woodland garb and an early look at the infant creature in the background before I settled on the final design.



# B.P.R.D. HELL ON EARTH NEW WORLD

In the aftermath of the devastating frog war, the world is in ruin and the B.P.R.D. must now operate under strict U.N. oversight. While Kate plays mediator among the fractured team, Abe breaks away to take down a monster preying on small-town populations, filling massive sinkholes with their corpses.



[DarkHorse.com](http://DarkHorse.com)