

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

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

## HOLLOW EARTH & OTHER STORIES



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# **HOLLOW EARTH & OTHER STORIES**

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**DARK HORSE BOOKS™**

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# HOLLOW EARTH



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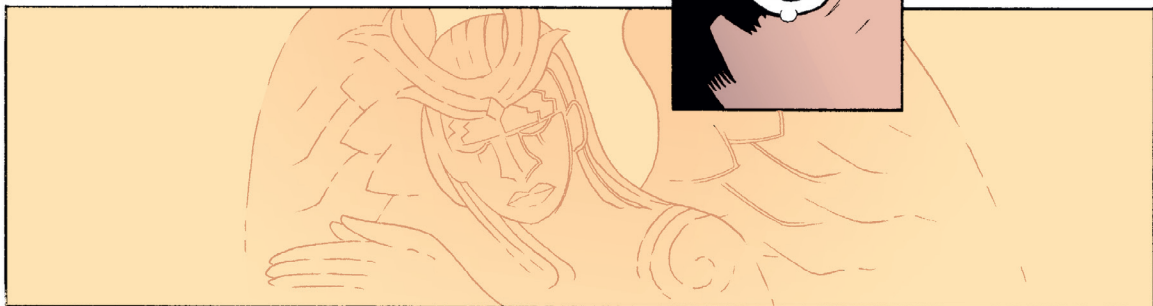
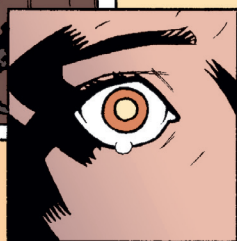
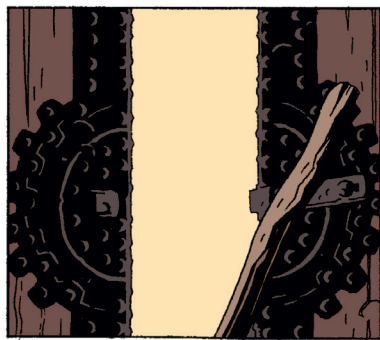
*Letters by*  
CLEM ROBINS



THE URAL  
MOUNTAINS,  
ABOVE THE  
ARCTIC  
CIRCLE.







W. THE OFFICES OF  
THE BUREAU FOR  
PARANORMAL RESEARCH  
AND DEFENSE. FAIRFIELD,  
CONNECTICUT.

ESTABLISHED IN 1944 BY  
THE LATE PROFESSOR  
TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM  
AND AN INTERNATIONAL  
COLLECTIVE IN RESPONSE  
TO NAZI--AND LATER  
SOVIET--OCCULT EXPERI-  
MENTS. ITS FUNCTION  
IN THE PRESENT IS TO  
MONITOR, INVESTIGATE,  
AND CONTAIN SUPER-  
NATURAL EVENTS  
WORLDWIDE.

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER CEMETERY DESECRATION IN HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS. EVIDENCE OF RITUAL... BODIES MOVED, PIECES MISSING...

YEAH,  
YOU BETTER  
GET SOMEONE ON  
THAT RIGHT  
AWAY.

## WHAT ELSE?

JUST THE  
USUAL.

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW MEXICO THING WITH THE CHICKENS?

NOTHING NEW.  
MAYBE IT WAS  
ONE OF THOSE  
FREAK, ONE-TIME-  
ONLY THINGS.

I  
HOPE  
SO.

NO  
KIDDING.

KATE,  
THE NEW  
GUY IS  
HERE.



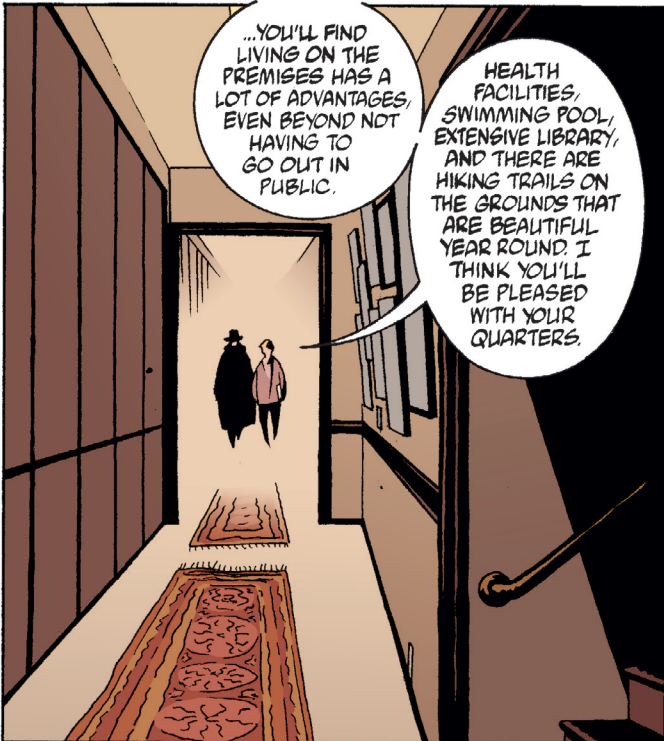


MR. KRAUS?  
SORRY TO KEEP  
YOU WAITING.  
I'M KATE  
CORRIGAN.



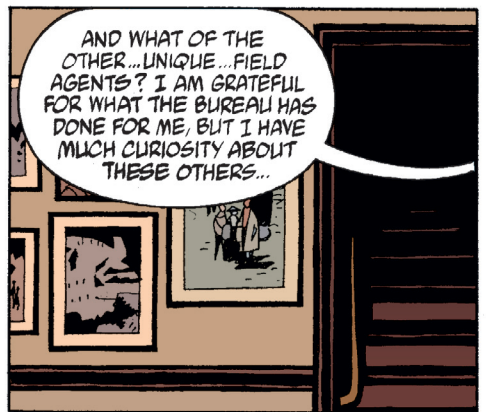
THERE IS NO  
PROBLEM, MISS  
CORRIGAN.

AND PLEASE TO  
CALL ME JOHANN. IF WE  
ARE TO BE COLLEAGUES,  
THE FORMALITY IS NOT  
NECESSARY.



...YOU'LL FIND  
LIVING ON THE  
PREMISES HAS A  
LOT OF ADVANTAGES,  
EVEN BEYOND NOT  
HAVING TO  
GO OUT IN  
PUBLIC.

HEALTH  
FACILITIES,  
SWIMMING POOL,  
EXTENSIVE LIBRARY,  
AND THERE ARE  
HIKING TRAILS ON  
THE GROUNDS THAT  
ARE BEAUTIFUL  
YEAR ROUND. I  
THINK YOU'LL  
BE PLEASED  
WITH YOUR  
QUARTERS.



AND WHAT OF THE  
OTHER...UNIQUE...FIELD  
AGENTS? I AM GRATEFUL  
FOR WHAT THE BUREAU HAS  
DONE FOR ME, BUT I HAVE  
MUCH CURIOSITY ABOUT  
THESE OTHERS...





...THIS HELLBOY,  
FOR INSTANCE. WHEN  
AM I TO MEET HIM?



I WISH  
I KNEW.  
HELLBOY  
HAS... HE'S  
ACTUALLY,  
WELL...

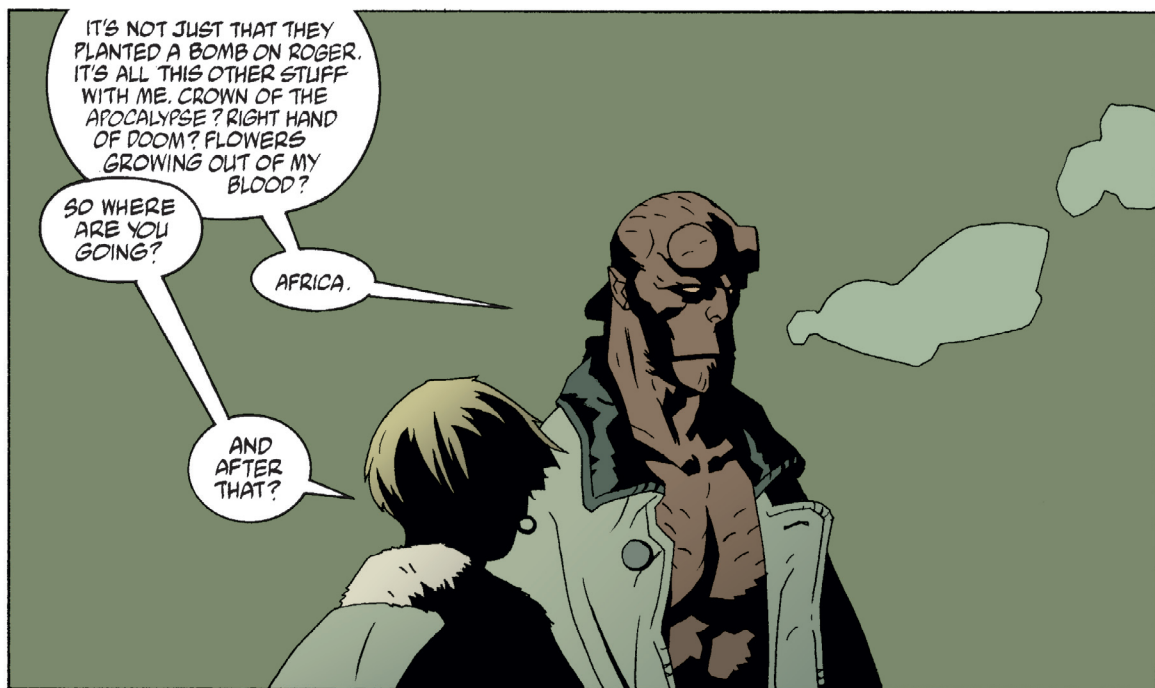


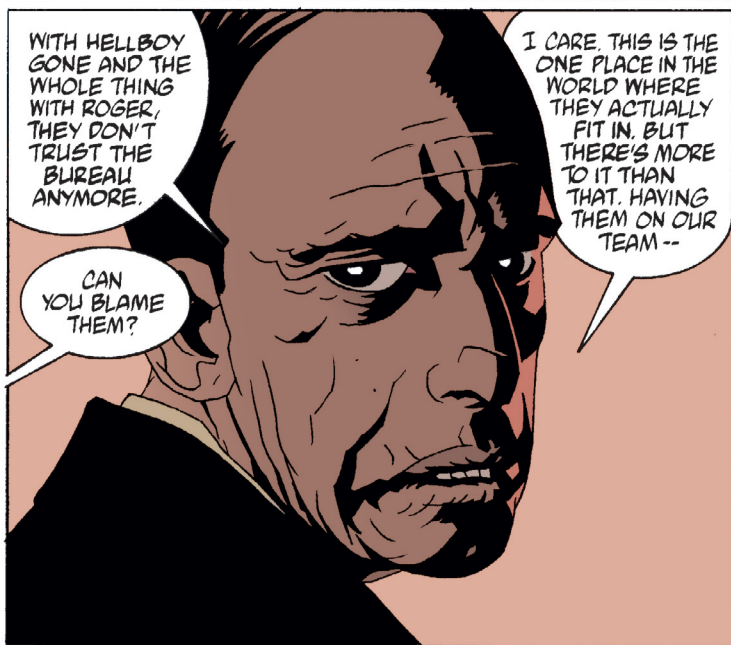
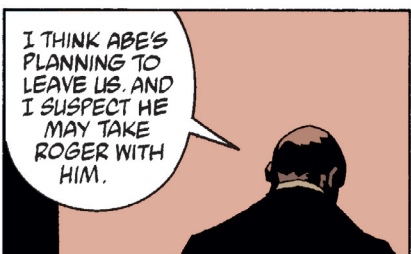
I QUIT.

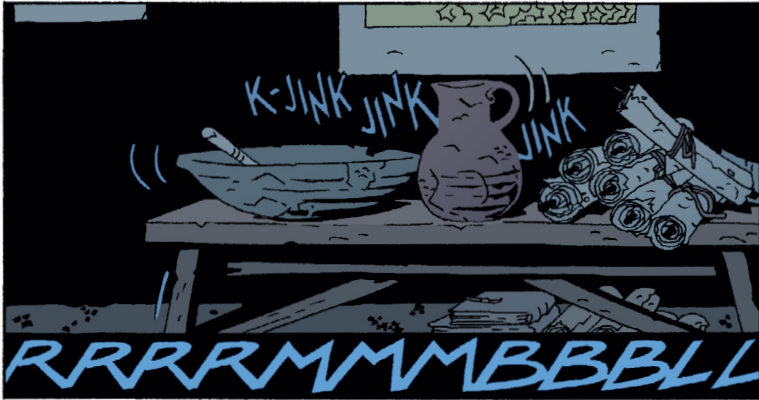
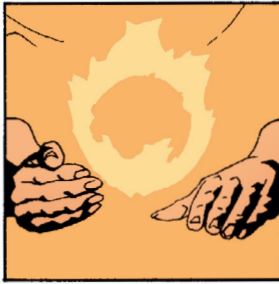
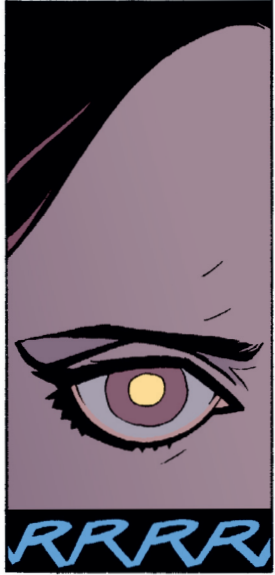


YOU'RE  
REALLY GONNA  
TAKE OFF?

YEP.









HECA  
EMEM-RA.  
BLACK GODDESS.  
NEB-OGEROOTH. SUCH  
WAS HER PROFANING  
OF THE TEMPLE  
THAT IT BROUGHT  
FORTH AN EVIL  
WIND...



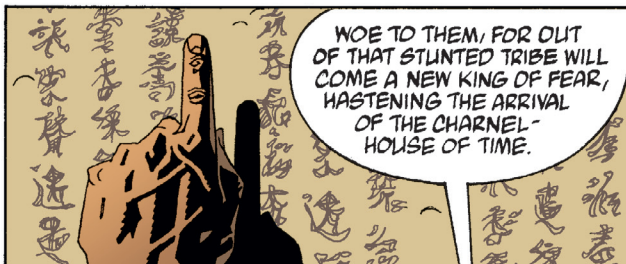
...AND THOTH ON HIS THRONE WAS BROUGHT LOW BY IT, EVEN UNTO DEATH. AND HIS FORTY-TWO GREAT BOOKS WERE PASSED DOWN TO LESSER KINGS WHO USED THEM BADLY, FASHIONING A NEW RACE TO TOIL IN THE EARTH.

HERE IS THE CRIME. TO REPEAT THE SIN OF THE WATCHERS.

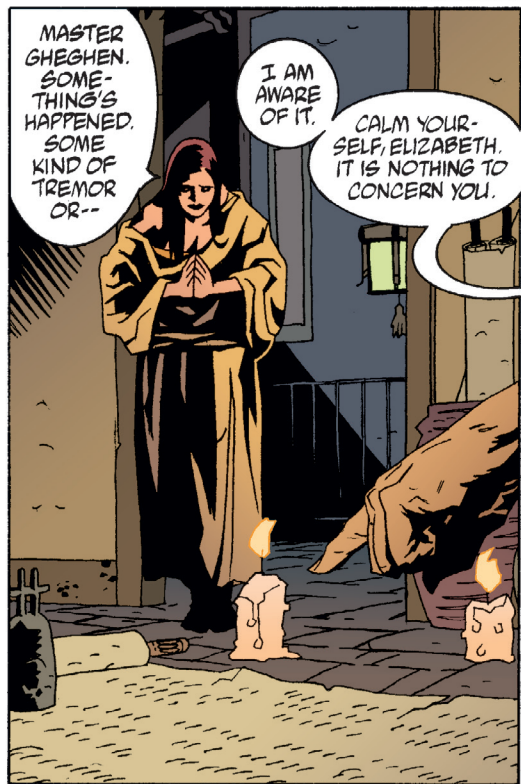


FOR WASN'T IT THEY WHO BROUGHT OUT OF THE SLIME, THE REBEL SERPENT OGDRI JAHAD, WHICH SPAWNED THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE ABOMINATIONS IN THE SEA?

AND SO THAT NEW-MADE RACE WOULD ONE DAY RISE UP AGAINST ITS MASTERS.



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. IT IS NOTHING TO CONCERN YOU.



BUT IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A NORMAL GEOLOGICAL--



THERE ARE OTHER SCIENCES THAN GEOLOGY, CHILD.



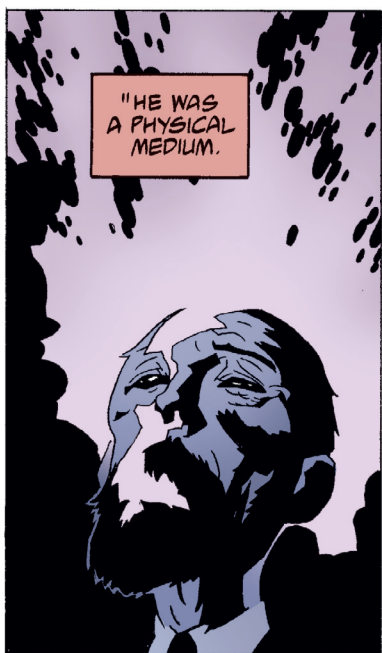
THE MATTER WILL BE DEALT WITH.



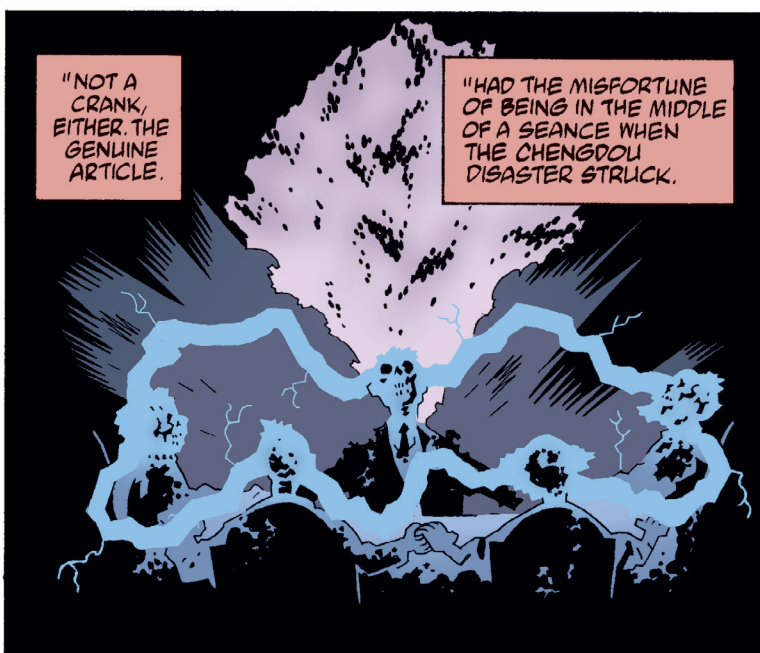
WE'RE FRIENDS, KATE. I'M GOING TO MISS YOU. BUT WE'RE NOT SO CLOSE THAT YOU MAKE IT A HABIT OF DROPPING BY MY QUARTERS UNLESS IT'S BUSINESS.

I SAW THE NEW GUY IN THE HALL- EARLIER. WHAT'S HIS STORY?

JOHANN. NICE GUY, ACTUALLY. SAD SON OF A BITCH.



"HE WAS A PHYSICAL MEDIUM.



"NOT A CRANK, EITHER. THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

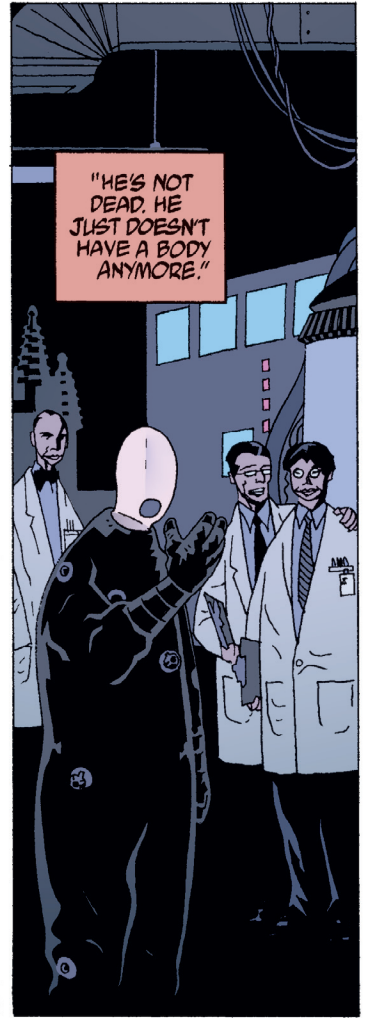
"HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEANCE WHEN THE CHENGDOU DISASTER STRUCK.

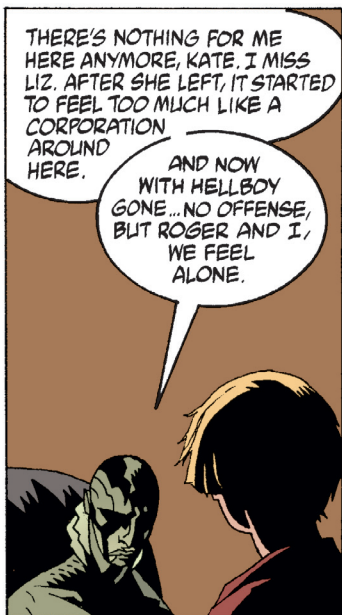


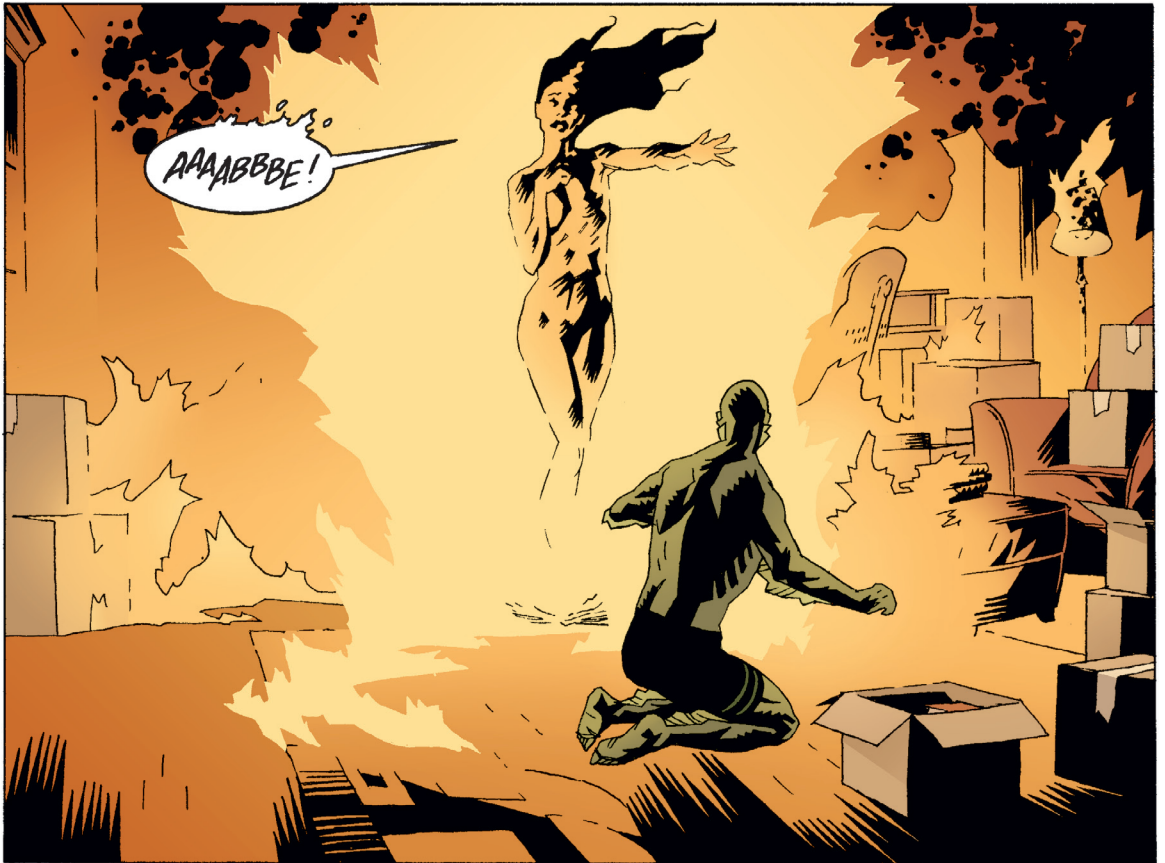
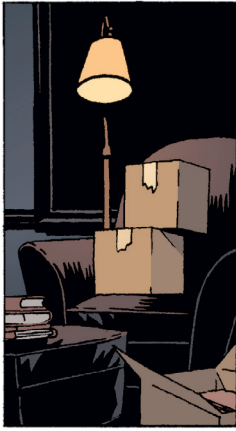
"BANGKOK TO DUBLIN. CHRIST, WHAT A MESS THAT WAS.

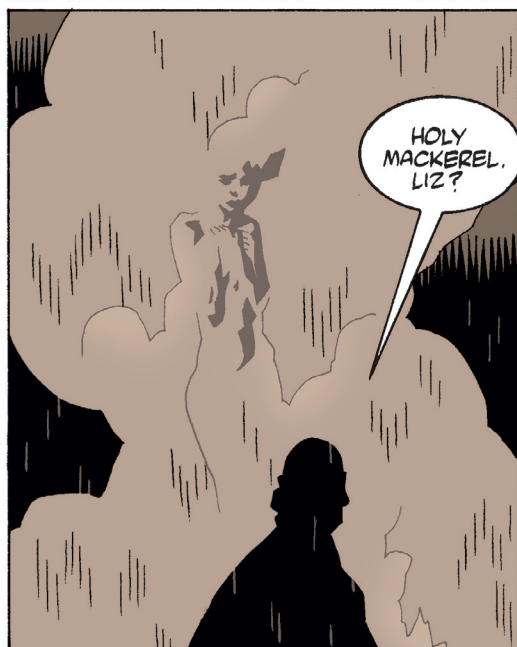
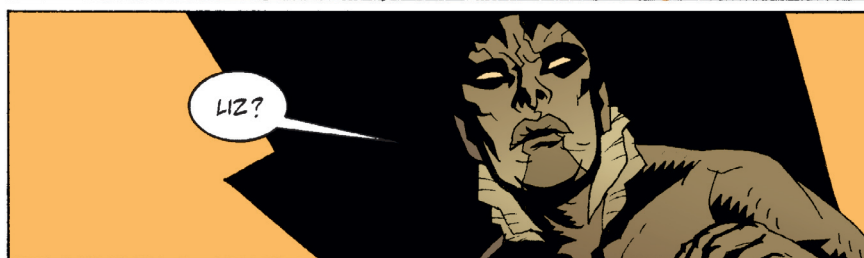
"KRAUS WAS OUT OF BODY

WHEN IT HIT. HIS ECTOPLASMIC PROJECTION HAD NOTHING TO COME BACK TO. BUT IN A TWISTED WAY, HE WAS LUCKY.











WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON IN HERE, ABE?



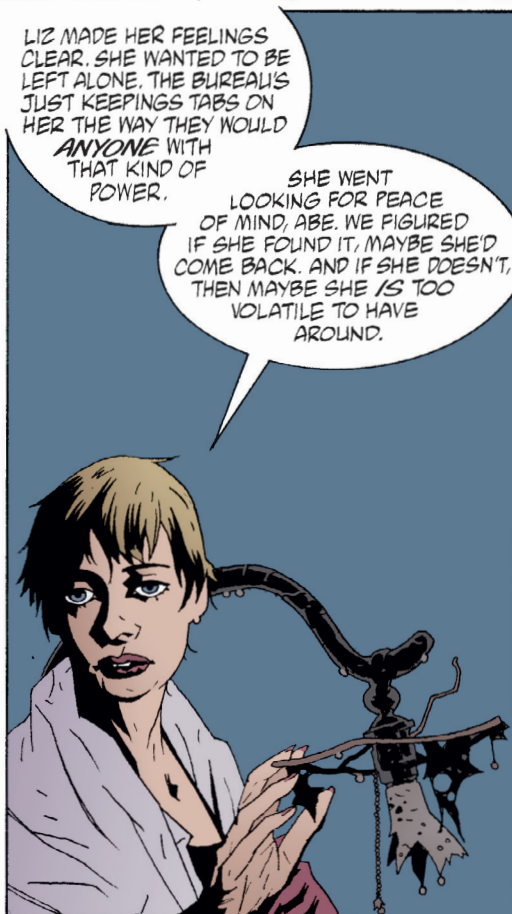
...AND THEN SHE SAID I HAD TO COME GET HER. BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING.

ACTUALLY, I MIGHT.

WE'VE KEPT TABS ON LIZ'S WHEREABOUTS EVER SINCE SHE LEFT.



AND NOBODY EVER THOUGHT TO MENTION THAT TO THE REST OF US?



LIZ MADE HER FEELINGS CLEAR. SHE WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE. THE BUREAU'S JUST KEEPINGS TABS ON HER THE WAY THEY WOULD ANYONE WITH THAT KIND OF POWER.

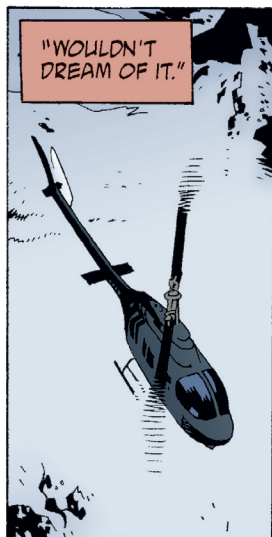
SHE WENT LOOKING FOR PEACE OF MIND, ABE. WE FIGURED IF SHE FOUND IT, MAYBE SHE'D COME BACK. AND IF SHE DOESN'T, THEN MAYBE SHE IS TOO VOLATILE TO HAVE AROUND.

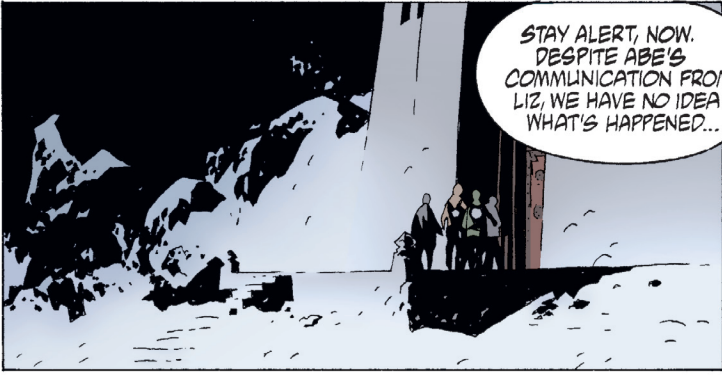


YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I WANT OUT? THAT'S IT RIGHT THERE. I DON'T NEED ANYONE TELLING ME MY FRIENDS ARE TOO VOLATILE TO HAVE AROUND.

FAIR ENOUGH. MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT ON THE WAY. FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, WE OUGHTTA HURRY.

FINE BY ME. BUT DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE MY MIND.



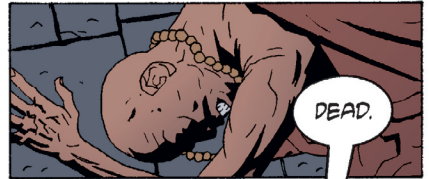
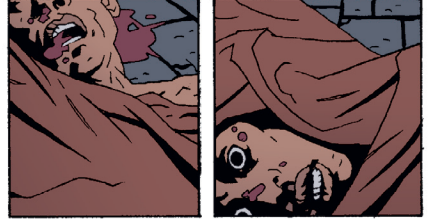


STAY ALERT, NOW.  
DESPITE ABE'S  
COMMUNICATION FROM  
LIZ, WE HAVE NO IDEA  
WHAT'S HAPPENED...



...HERE.

OH NO.



DEAD.

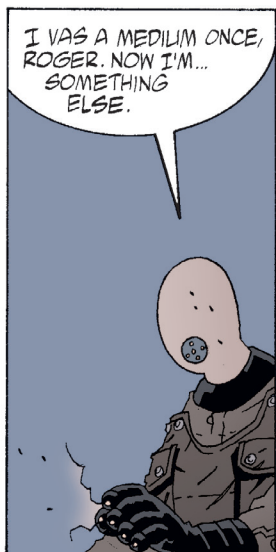


YOU  
GETTING ANY-  
THING?



NO. I  
THINK  
THEY'RE  
ALL  
DEAD.

HEY, ISN'T HE  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
ABLE TO TALK TO  
GHOSTS?

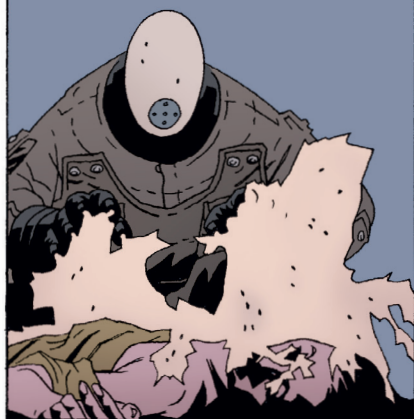




WHAT THE HELL'S  
WRONG WITH HER,  
JOHANN? IS SHE  
DEAD OR NOT?



NO. NOT DEAD. SHE IS, HOW TO SAY  
IT? SHE IS SIMPLY GONE. HER SHELL  
IS EMPTY.



OH, CRAP,  
NOT  
AGAIN.

SORRY.

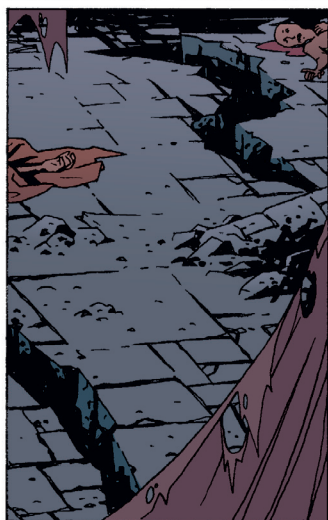
THAT'S  
ALL  
RIGHT.



HOW?

MAYBE  
IT WAS  
THESE  
GUYS.



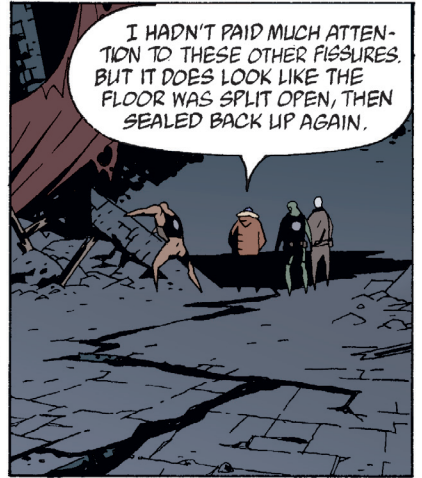
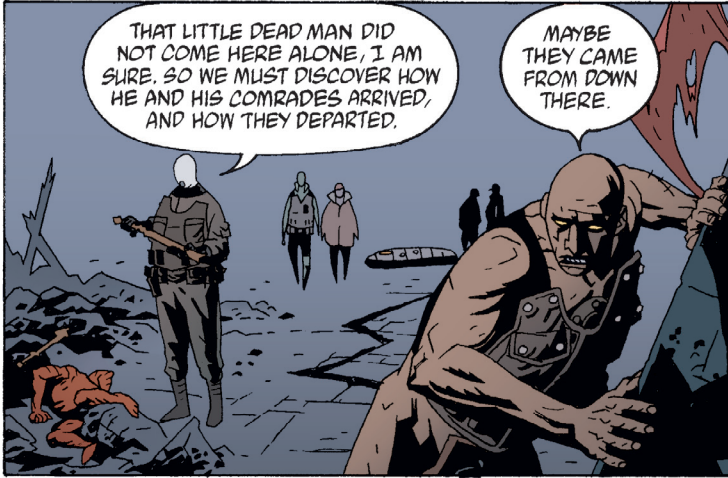


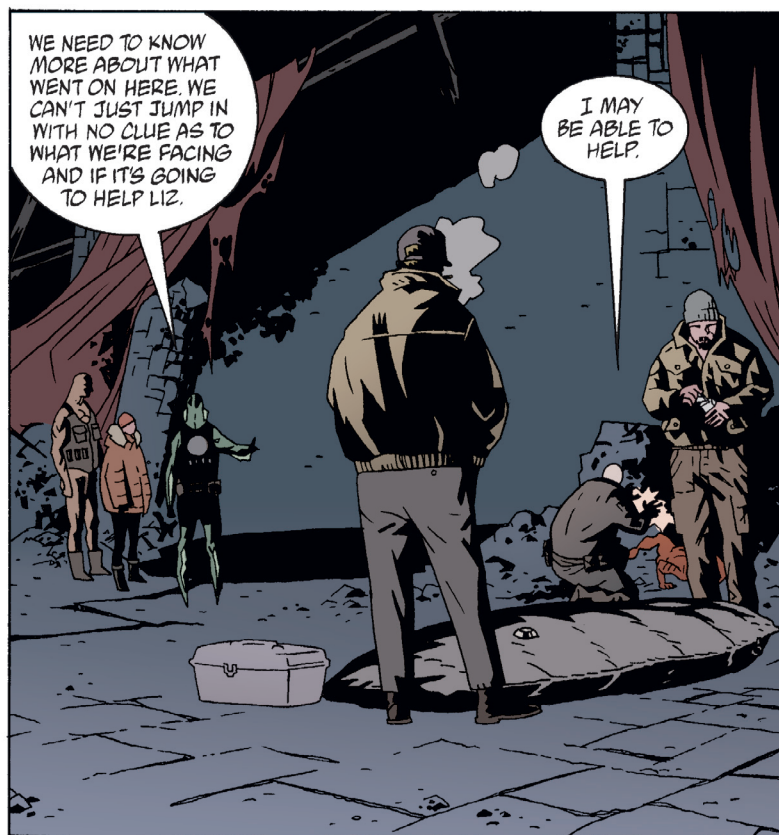
HER SKIN IS  
...HOT. NONE  
OF THIS  
MAKES ANY  
SENSE TO  
ME, KATE.

SO THAT'S  
OUR NEXT  
MOVE.  
MAKING  
SENSE  
OF IT.



IF JOHANN  
IS RIGHT, SOMEONE'S  
HOLLOWED LIZ OUT. HER  
LIFE FORCE, WHATEVER  
YOU WANT TO CALL IT,  
THEY STOLE IT. WE  
HAVE TO GET  
IT BACK.





WE NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT WENT ON HERE. WE CAN'T JUST JUMP IN WITH NO CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE FACING AND IF IT'S GOING TO HELP LIZ.

I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP.



THIS CREATURE, HE HAS BEEN DEAD NO MORE THAN A DAY. HIS SPIRIT IS STILL HERE, STILL BOUND TO THE DEAD FLESH.

IT IS POSSIBLE, I THINK, THAT HE MAY STILL TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.



WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?



THAT IS MY GIFT AS A MEDIUM. TO PROVIDE A TEMPORARY PHYSICAL FORM...

...THAT THE DEAD MAY APPEAR TO THE LIVING.



NOW PLEASE, SPEAK TO US. TELL US WHAT YOU ARE ... HOW YOU CAME TO DIE HERE ... AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ELIZABETH SHERMAN.



WE ARE CREATURES OF THE LEFT HAND. NOT CHILDREN, BUT *THINGS*. NOT MEN...



THE RIGHT HAND, THE KEEPERS OF SECRETS, THEY ABANDONED US IN THE EARTH. THEY LEFT US TO THE LEFT HAND AND *THAT* HAND IS A CRUEL AND EVIL MASTER...

SO WHEN HE CAME, HE LED US TO THROW DOWN THAT HAND.



NOW, FINALLY, HE HAS FOUND THE SPARK AND HE WILL MAKE OF IT A BURNING TORCH TO SCORCH THIS WORLD...



I GUESS THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.

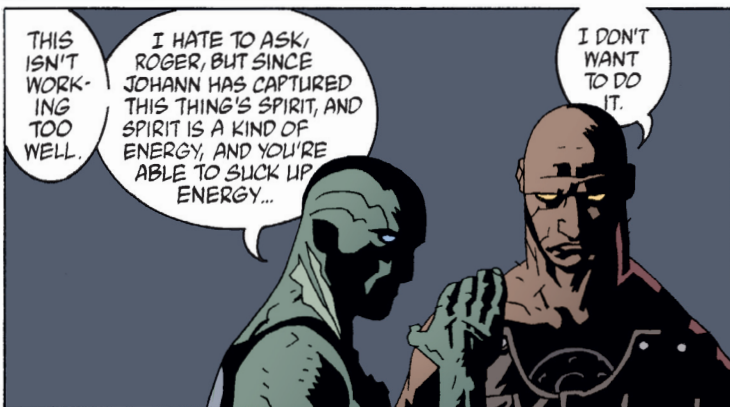
YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT?

NO. I WAS BEING SARCASTIC.

OH.



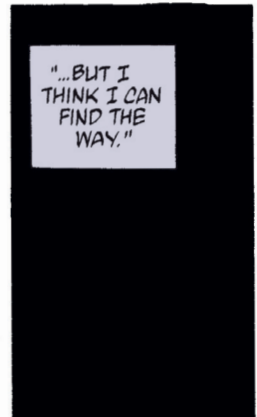
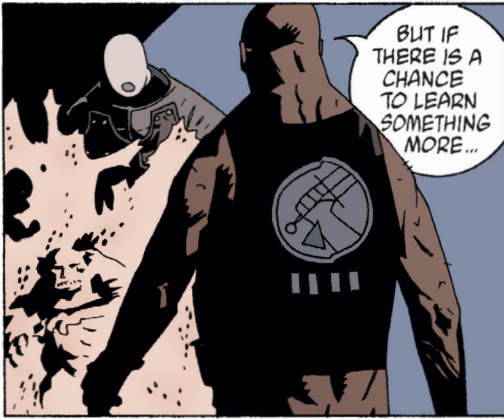
THE SPARK. THAT COULD BE LIZ.

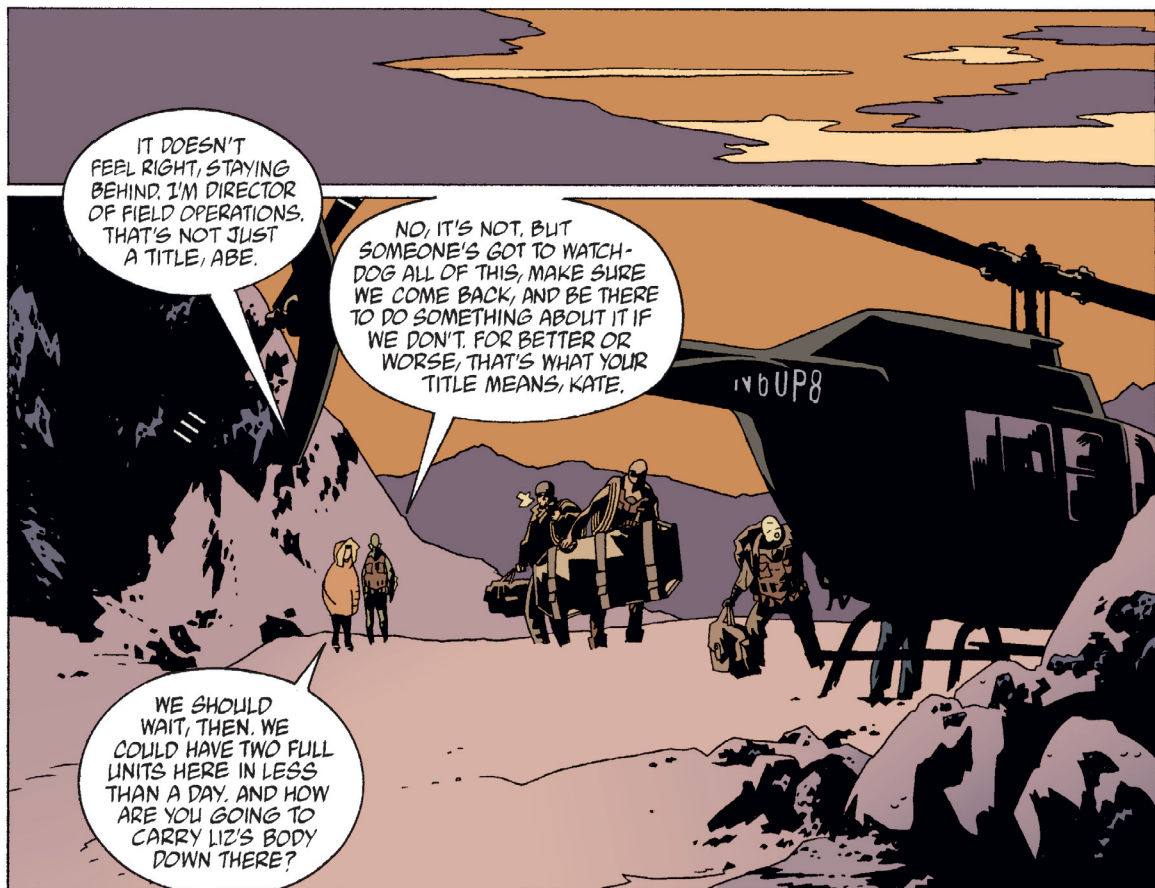


THIS ISN'T WORKING TOO WELL.

I HATE TO ASK, ROGER, BUT SINCE JOHANN HAS CAPTURED THIS THING'S SPIRIT, AND SPIRIT IS A KIND OF ENERGY, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO SUCK UP ENERGY...

I DON'T WANT TO DO IT.





IT DOESN'T  
FEEL RIGHT, STAYING  
BEHIND. I'M DIRECTOR  
OF FIELD OPERATIONS.  
THAT'S NOT JUST  
A TITLE, ABE.

NO, IT'S NOT, BUT  
SOMEONE'S GOT TO WATCH-  
DOG ALL OF THIS, MAKE SURE  
WE COME BACK, AND BE THERE  
TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT IF  
WE DON'T. FOR BETTER OR  
WORSE, THAT'S WHAT YOUR  
TITLE MEANS, KATE.

WE SHOULD  
WAIT, THEN. WE  
COULD HAVE TWO FULL  
UNITS HERE IN LESS  
THAN A DAY. AND HOW  
ARE YOU GOING TO  
CARRY LIZ'S BODY  
DOWN THERE?



"WE'LL  
MANAGE."



"BESIDES, LIKE YOU SAID,  
THE CLOCK IS TICKING."



BE SAFE. RADIO  
BACK OR RETREAT IF  
YOU NEED BACKUP.  
DON'T DO ANY-  
THING STUPID.

TOO  
LATE.



SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR SECOND DAY ON THE JOB, JOHANN? IS IT EVERYTHING YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE?

I CONFESS, MY FRIEND, THAT MY WORK AS A MEDIUM DID NOT PREPARE ME FOR THIS. BUT I HAVE ALREADY DIED ONCE, IN A WAY. THERE IS LITTLE FOR ME TO FEAR SAVE OBLIVION.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS. SOMETIMES WE PLAY CARDS.



IT ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT HELLBOY, THOUGH.

YES, I HAD HOPED TO MEET HIM. DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT, ROGER, HAVING HIM GONE?

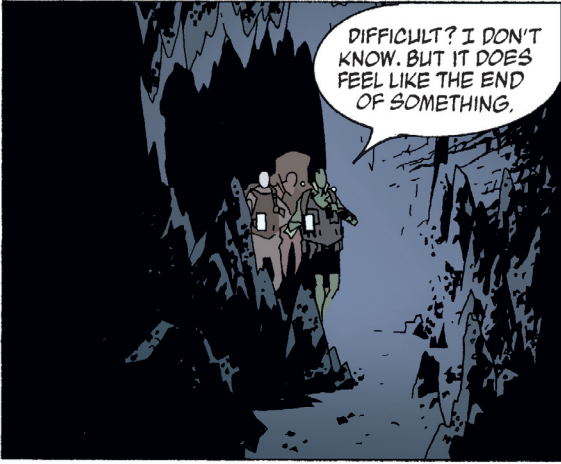
IT ISN'T EASY.

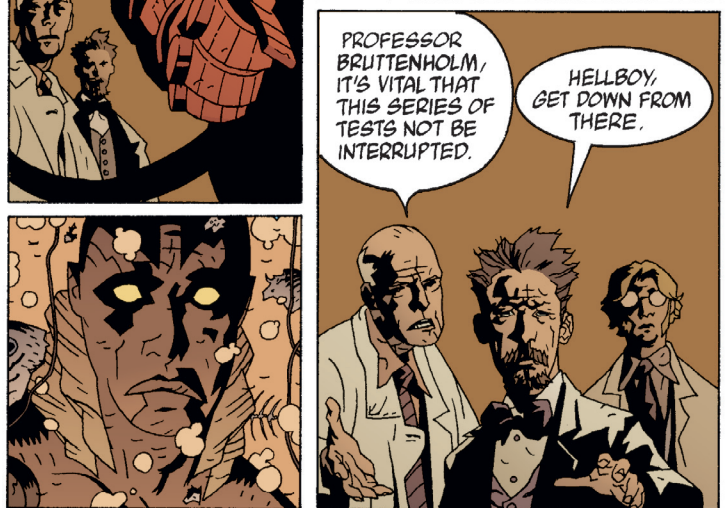


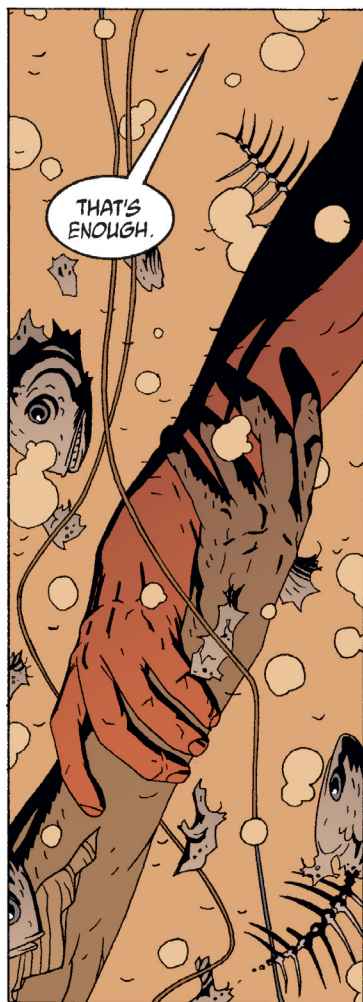
LOOKS LIKE YOUR GHOST-COMPASS IS WORKING, ROGER. I'D SAY WE'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

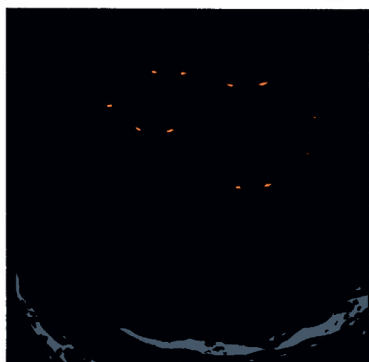
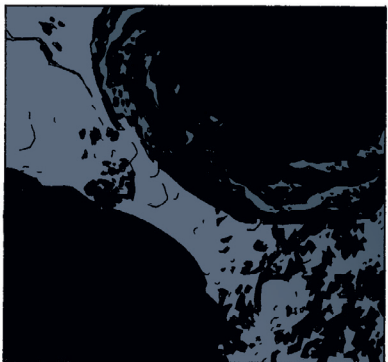


WHAT OF YOU, ABRAHAM? HAS IT BEEN DIFFICULT WITH YOUR FRIEND DEPARTED?











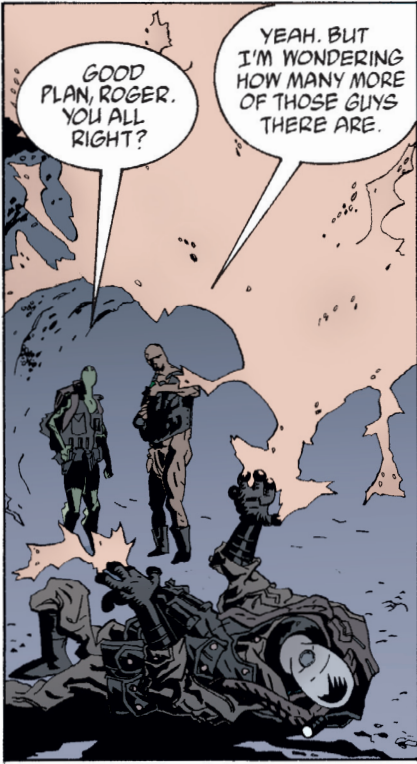
OH,  
CRAP!  
LIVE  
ONES!



THESE ARE  
DIFFERENT. MORE  
PRIMITIVE THAN  
THE DEAD  
WARRIOR  
WE FOUND.

**ARSCHLOCH!**  
STOP BITING  
MY HEAD!







COULD  
THESE HAVE  
BEEN BUILT  
BY THOSE  
CREATURES  
?



NO.



THEY DIDN'T  
BUILD THESE.  
THEY THEM-  
SELVES WERE  
CREATED...TO  
***MAINTAIN***  
THESE  
MACHINES.  
THEY WERE  
SLAVES.



YOU GOT  
THAT FROM  
THE LITTLE  
GUY?

THE CREATURE  
MENTIONED THE  
RIGHT AND LEFT  
HAND. GOOD  
AND EVIL?

THE  
FIRST  
RACE OF  
MAN...



...SPLIT.



THE  
FOLLOWERS  
OF THE RIGHT-  
HAND PATH  
SOMEHOW MOVED  
BEYOND THIS  
WORLD...

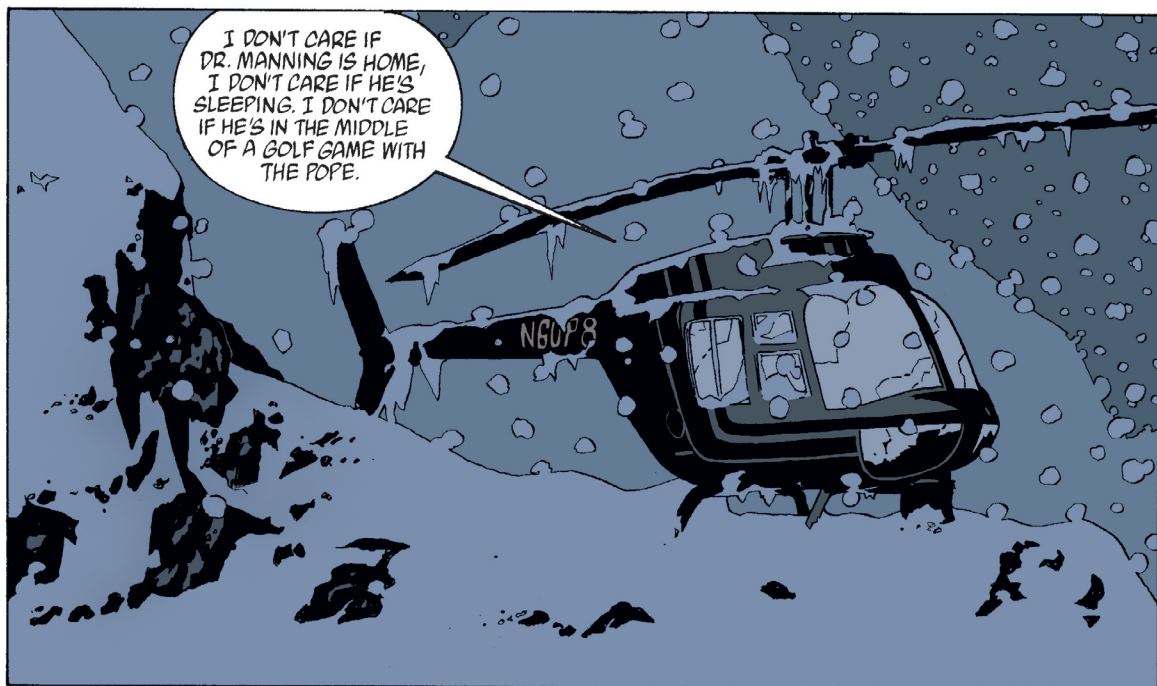


THE LEFT HAND  
REMAINED,  
EVENTUALLY TO BE  
KILLED OFF BY  
THEIR OWN  
SLAVES.  
LED  
BY THE  
KING OF  
FEAR.



DAMN...







I'M  
STARTING  
TO THINK ALL  
THOSE LEGENDS  
ABOUT THE  
EARTH BEING  
HOLLOW ARE  
TRUE.

IT'S JUST  
ONE BIG  
PARKING  
GARAGE.



YOU KNOW, MY FRIENDS,  
I WOULD ALMOST BELIEVE  
THAT THIS MACHINE COULD BE  
MADE TO FUNCTION AGAIN.  
IT APPEARS THAT SOME-  
ONE HAS BEEN TRYING  
TO REPAIR IT...



...THAT  
DOES NOT  
BODE  
WELL.

NO. IT  
DOESN'T.



ROGER, SOMETHING YOU SAID EARLIER HAS LEFT ME UNSETTLED. YOU MENTIONED THE BUREAU WANTING TO... HOW DID YOU SAY IT? TO BLOW YOU UP.

OH. YES. HELLBOY TOLD THEM THEY COULD TRUST ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM.



HE IS A GOOD FRIEND.



THE BEST.

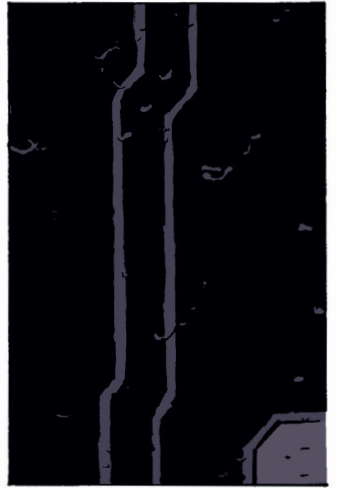


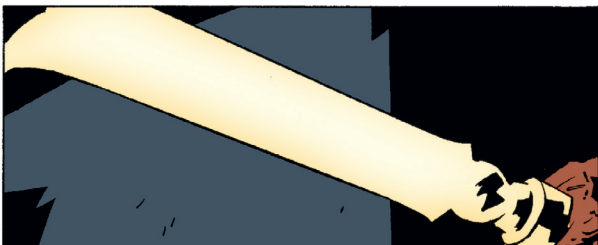
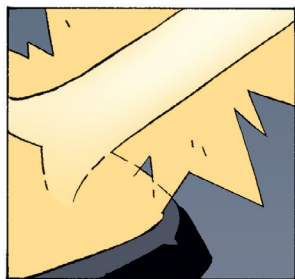
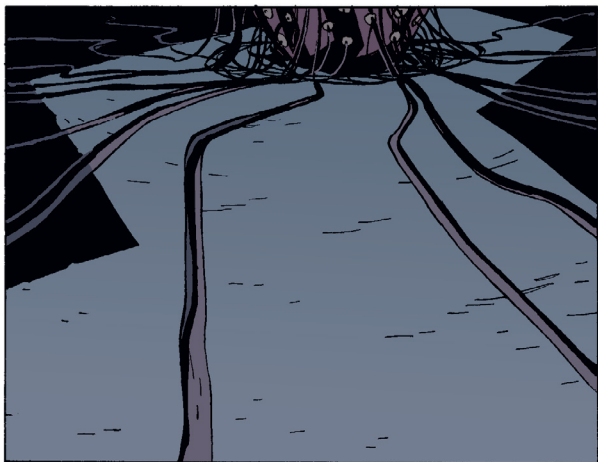
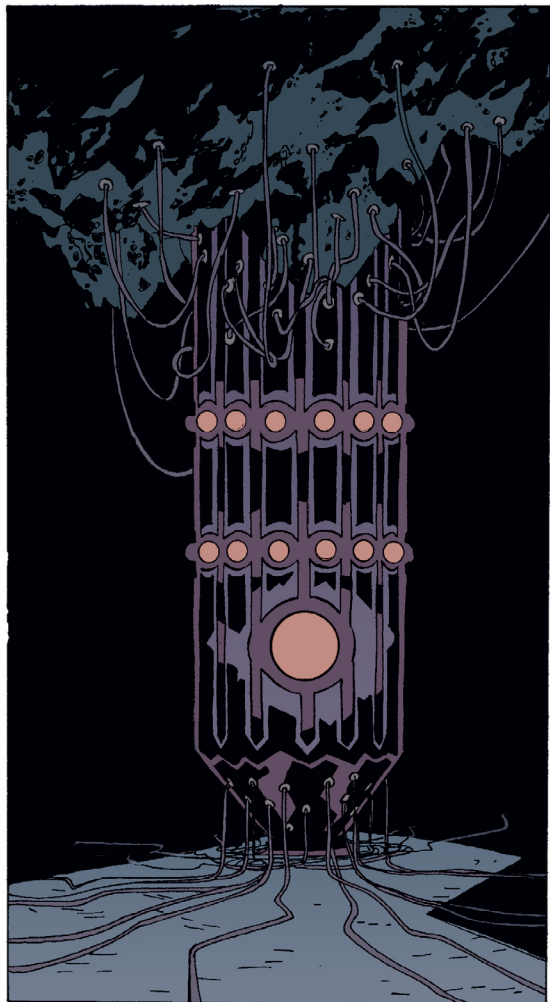
SSSH. DO YOU HEAR THAT?

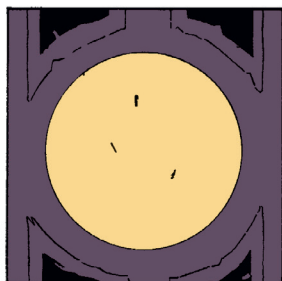
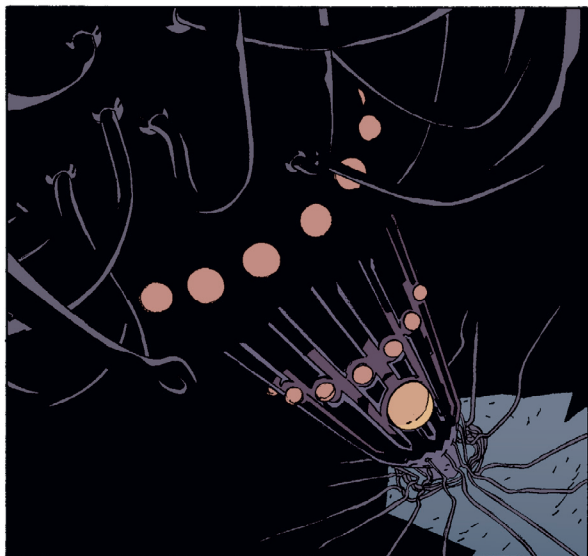


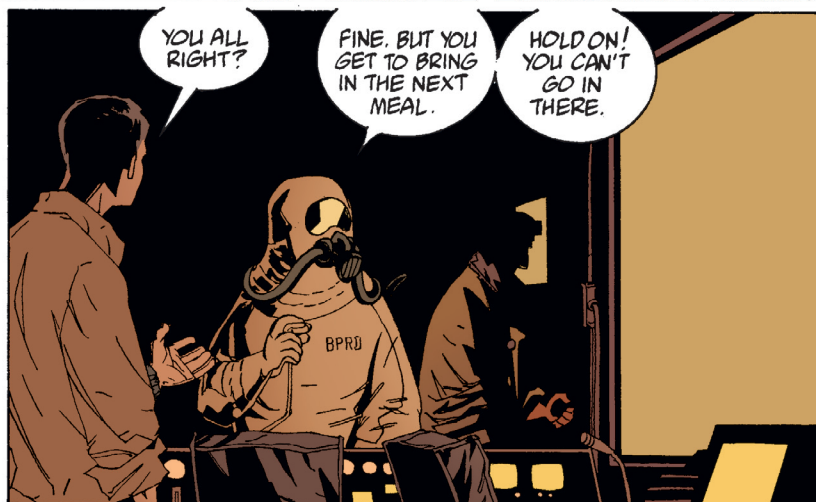
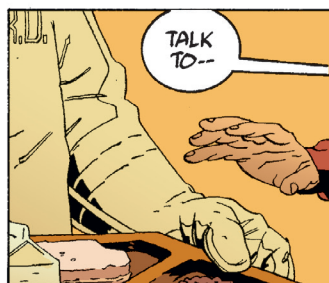
RRRMMB

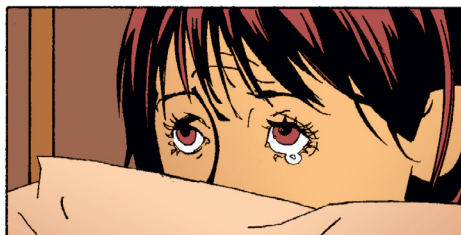














THESE GUYS LOOK MORE LIKE THE ONES WE FOUND DEAD AT THE MONASTERY! I WANT TO BET THAT MEANS WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO WHERE THEY'RE KEEP-  
ING LIZ?!



WUNDERBAR. BUT I'M FORCED TO WONDER IF WE WILL GET ANY CLOSER.



WE DIDN'T COME THIS FAR TO STOP NOW. BUT THIS FIGHT IS A WASTE OF TIME.

GET READY TO RUN.

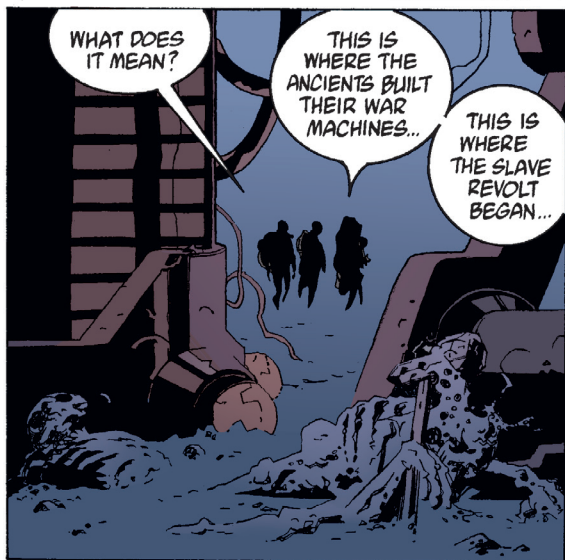
I'M ALREADY RUNNING!





ROGER,  
ANY IDEA  
WHAT THIS  
STUFF IS?

THE FURNACE  
OF GURGUROTH.  
THE HAMMER  
AND ANVIL OF  
GROMM...



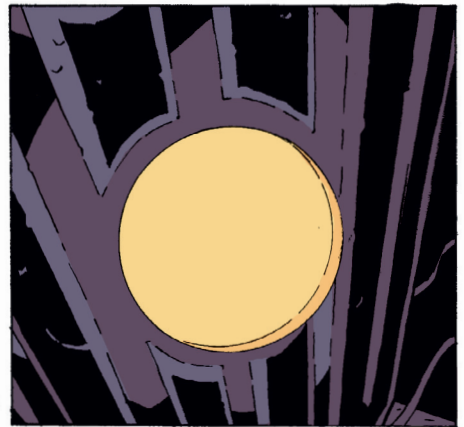
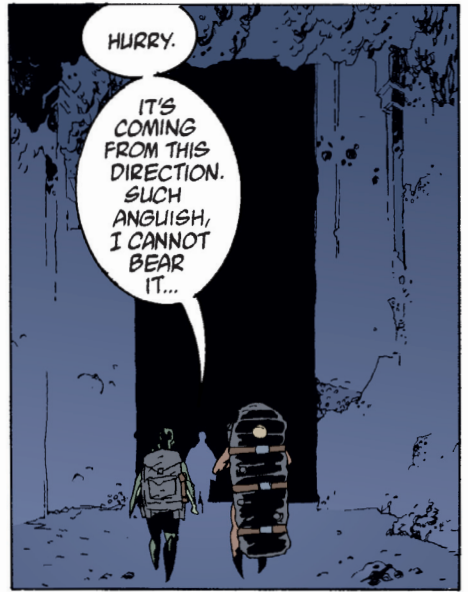
WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?

THIS IS  
WHERE THE  
ANCIENTS BUILT  
THEIR WAR  
MACHINES...

THIS IS  
WHERE  
THE SLAVE  
REVOLT  
BEGAN...



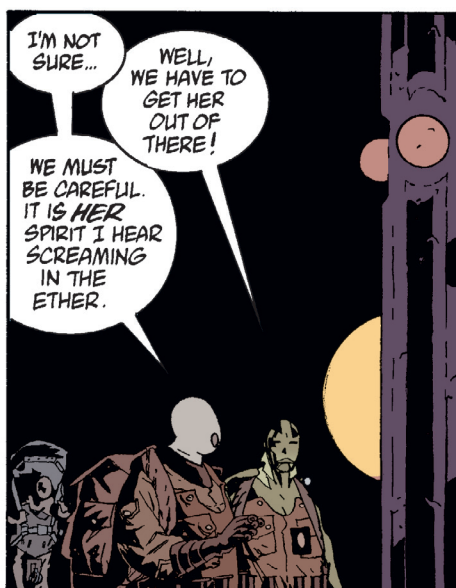
LOWER YOUR  
VOICES, MY FRIENDS.  
I HEAR SOMETHING  
JUST AHEAD.





IT IS  
ELIZABETH  
SHERMAN.

WHAT  
HAVE THEY  
DONE TO  
HER?



I'M NOT  
SURE...

WELL,  
WE HAVE TO  
GET HER  
OUT OF  
THERE!

WE MUST  
BE CAREFUL.  
IT IS *HER*  
SPIRIT I HEAR  
SCREAMING  
IN THE  
ETHER.



TO JOIN HER  
ESSENCE WITH  
HER FLESH  
ONCE MORE  
IS A PERILOUS  
ENDEAVOR.



UHHH!

JOHANN!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?



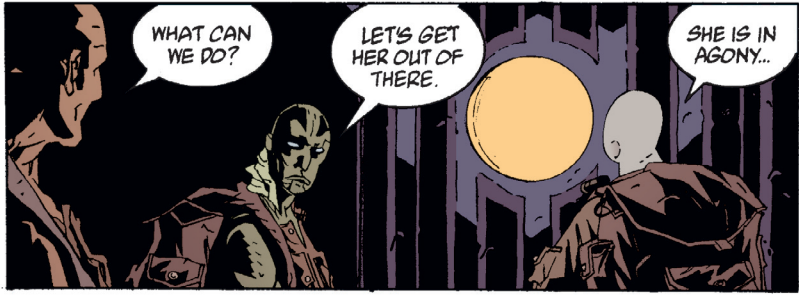
THE  
MACHINE...

THE  
FIRE INSIDE HER  
IS BEING *MADE*  
TO BURN LIKE  
THIS.

IT  
IS TOO  
MUCH...



...THE FIRE  
IS CONSUMING  
HER SPIRIT.



WHAT CAN  
WE DO?

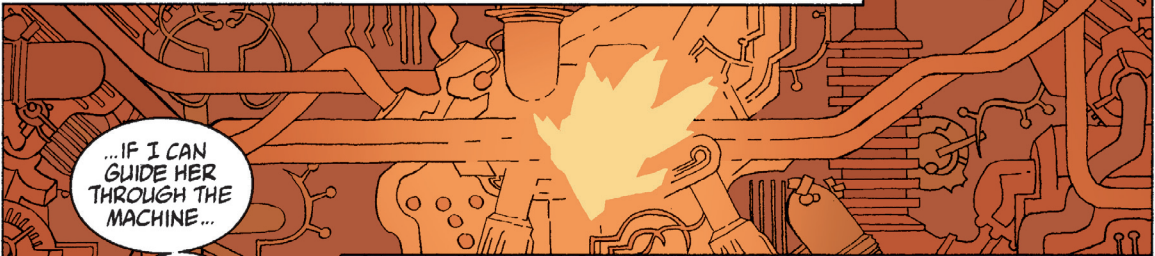
LET'S GET  
HER OUT OF  
THERE.

SHE IS IN  
AGONY...



IF I CAN REACH  
HER THROUGH  
THAT...

...IF I CAN  
CALM HER...



...IF I CAN  
GUIDE HER  
THROUGH THE  
MACHINE...

...I CAN  
GUIDE HER  
BACK TO  
HER OWN  
BODY.



THAT'S  
A LOT OF  
IFS.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK?



I CAN  
DO IT.





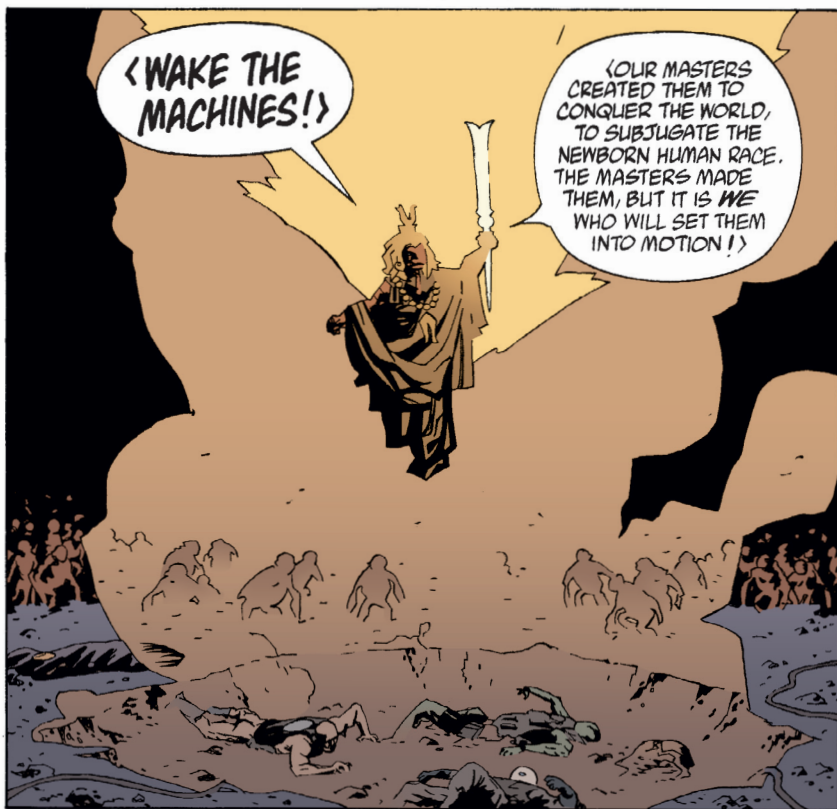
<NOW WE WHO WERE SLAVES, WE WHO SLEW OUR MASTERS ONLY TO REMAIN CHAINED IN THE DARK--OUR DAY IS FINALLY HERE.>

<HAVEN'T I PROMISED THIS?>

<HERE IN MY HAND IS THE POWER LONG SOUGHT, FINALLY WON.>



<DO NOT BE AFRAID...>



<WAKE THE MACHINES!>

<OUR MASTERS CREATED THEM TO CONQUER THE WORLD, TO SUBJUGATE THE NEWBORN HUMAN RACE. THE MASTERS MADE THEM, BUT IT IS *WE* WHO WILL SET THEM INTO MOTION!>

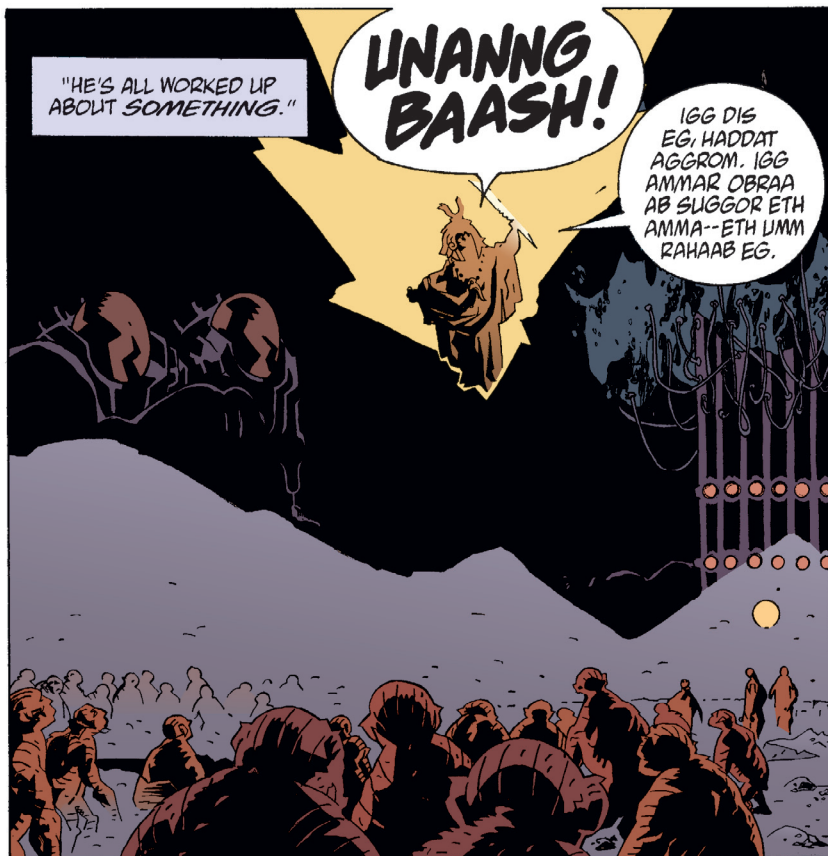


JOHANN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HOW'S YOUR SUIT HOLDING UP?

I AM INTACT.

ROGER?

I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT THAT LITTLE FLOATING MAN...



"HE'S ALL WORKED UP ABOUT *SOMETHING*."

**UNANNG  
BAASH!**

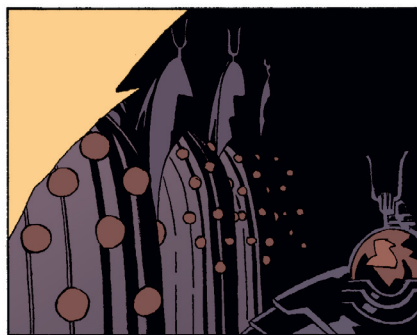
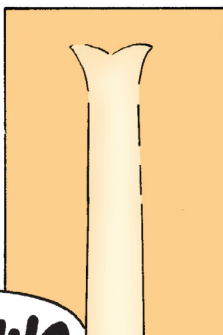
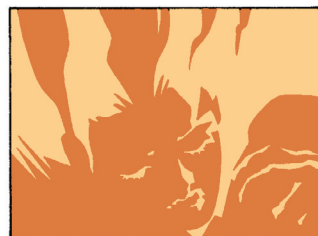
IGG DIS  
EG, HADDAT  
AGGROM. IGG  
AMMAR OBRAA  
AB SUGGOR ETH  
AMMA--ETH UMM  
RAHAAB EG.



UHH!

THAT  
CREATURE IS  
CAUSING THIS.  
HE IS DRAWING  
ON HER POWER  
...CAUSING HER  
TO BURN...TOO  
MUCH...

LIZ IS  
GOING TO BE  
DESTROYED!



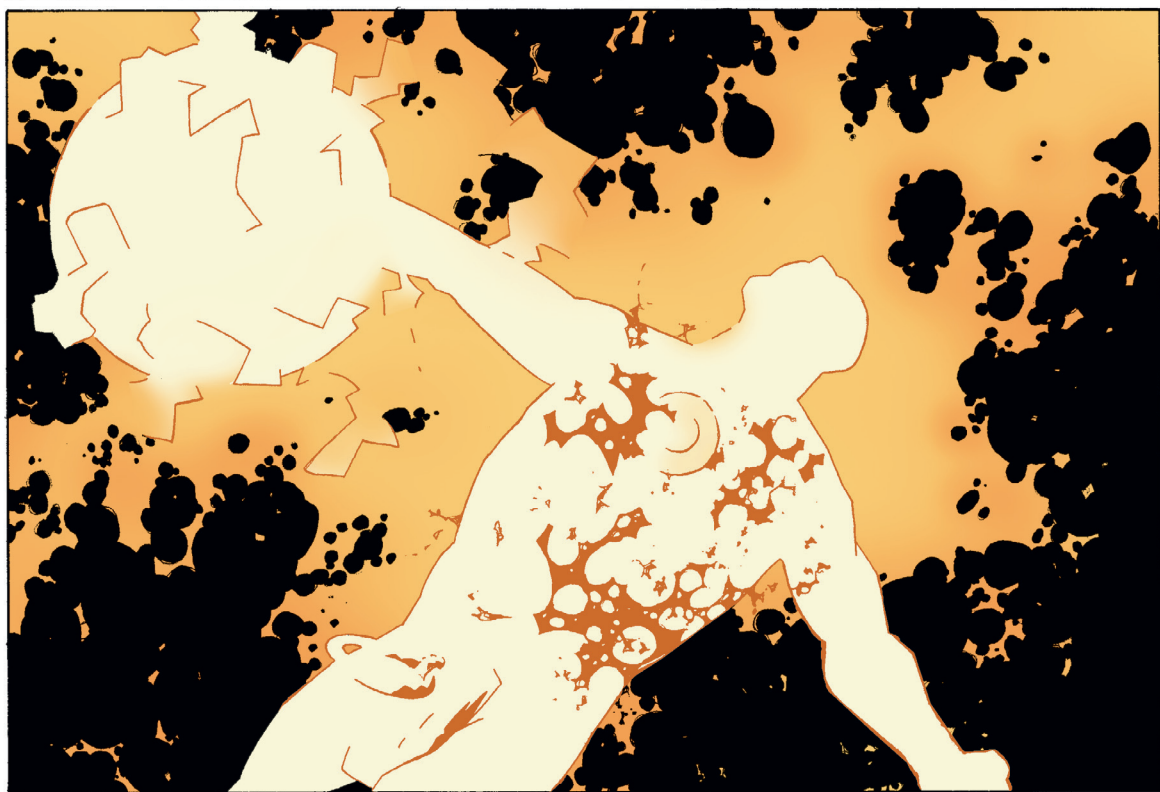
**UNANNG  
BAASH!**

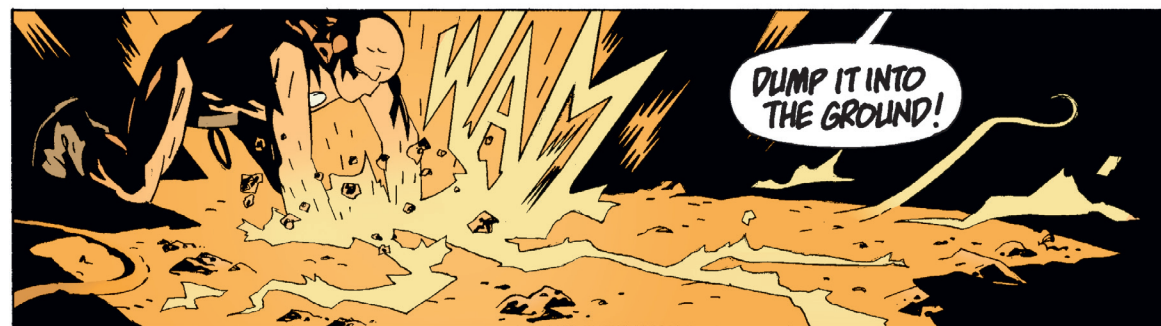
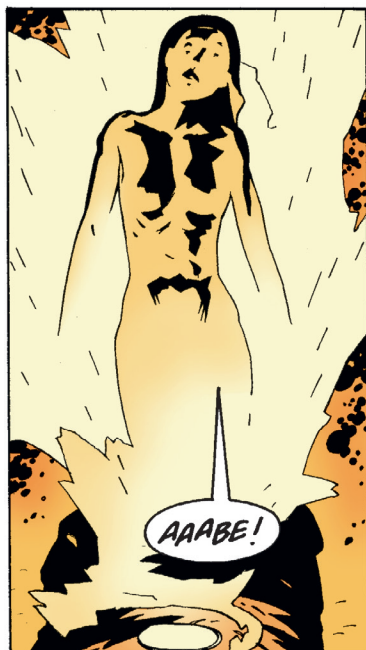


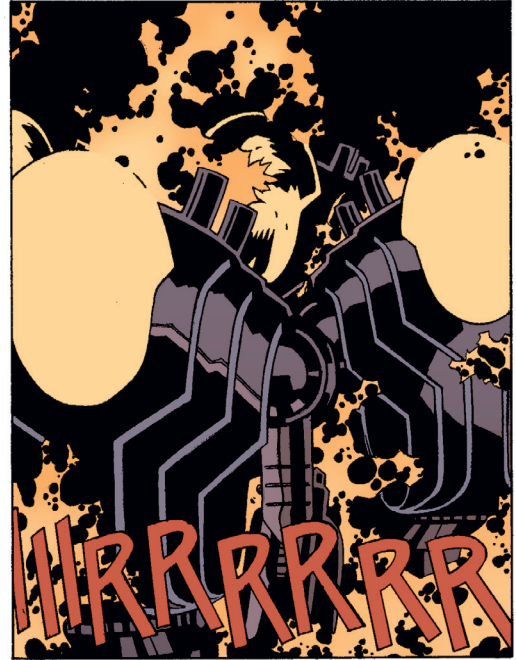
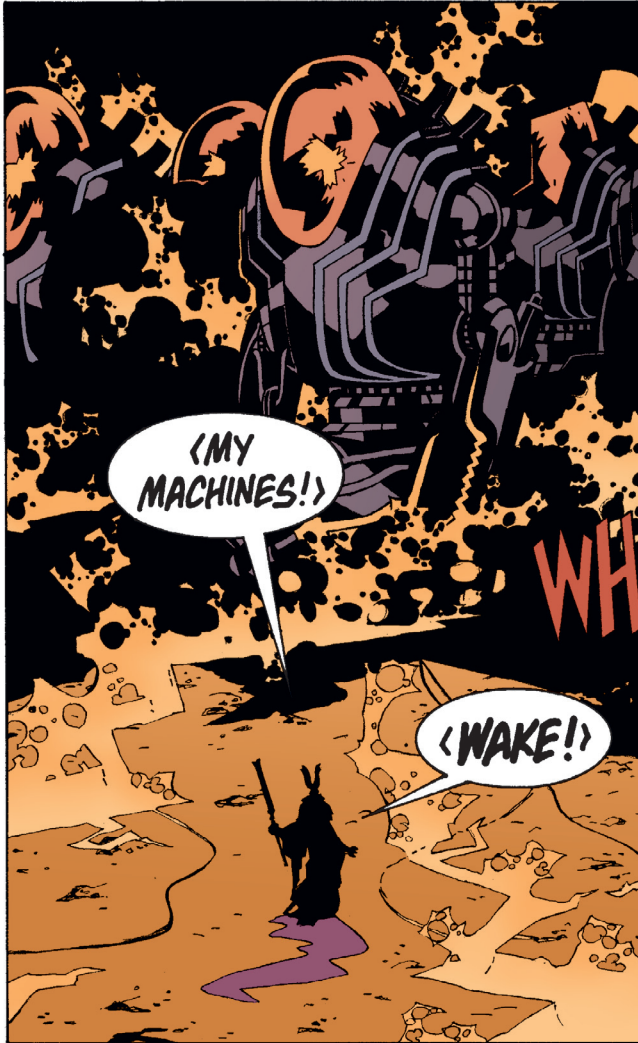
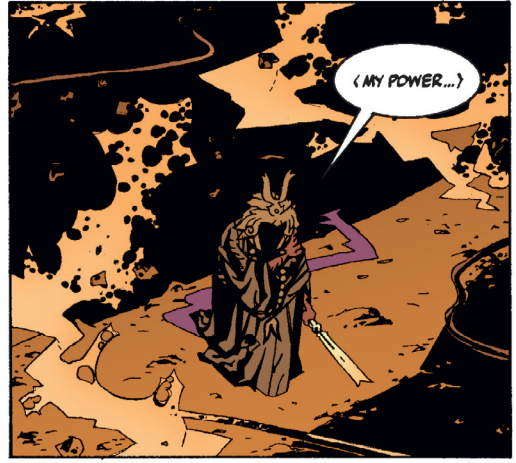
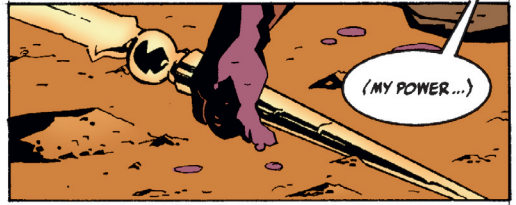
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT  
THAT.



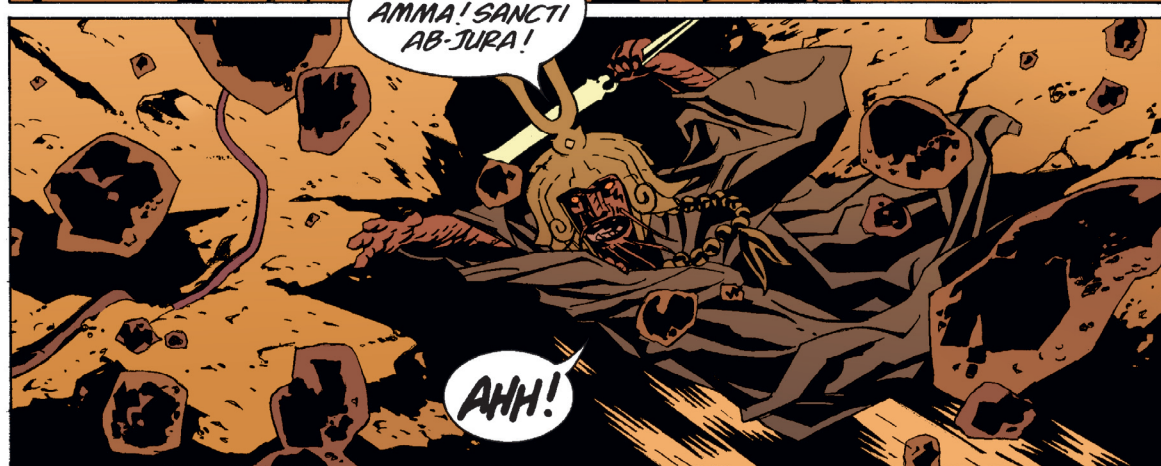
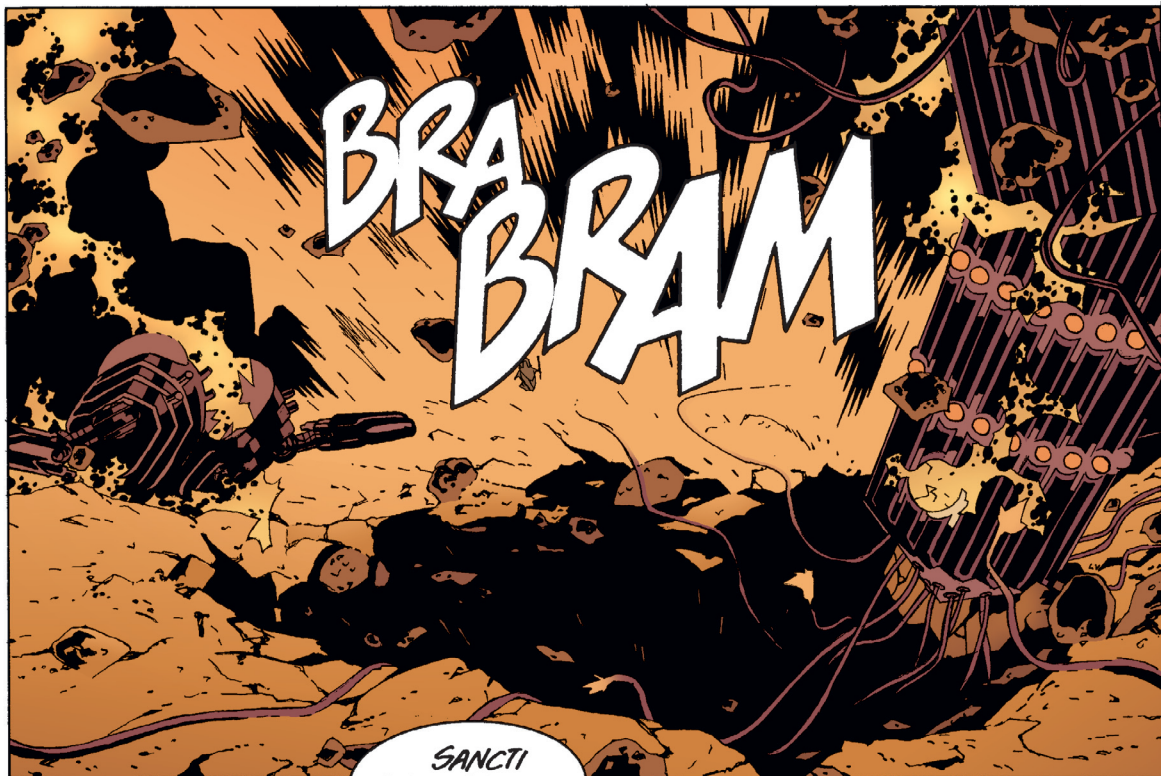


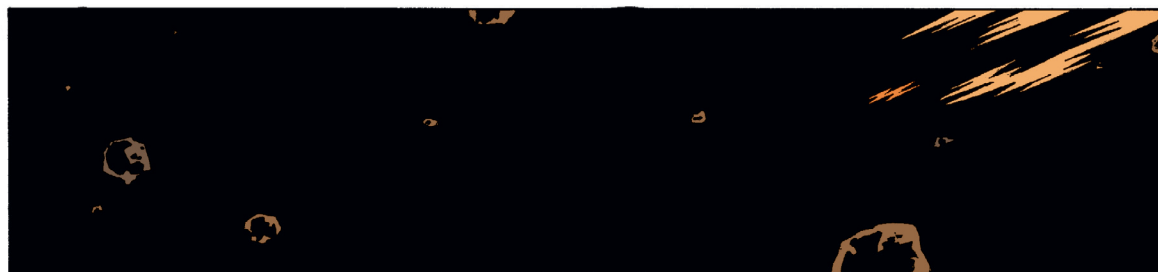




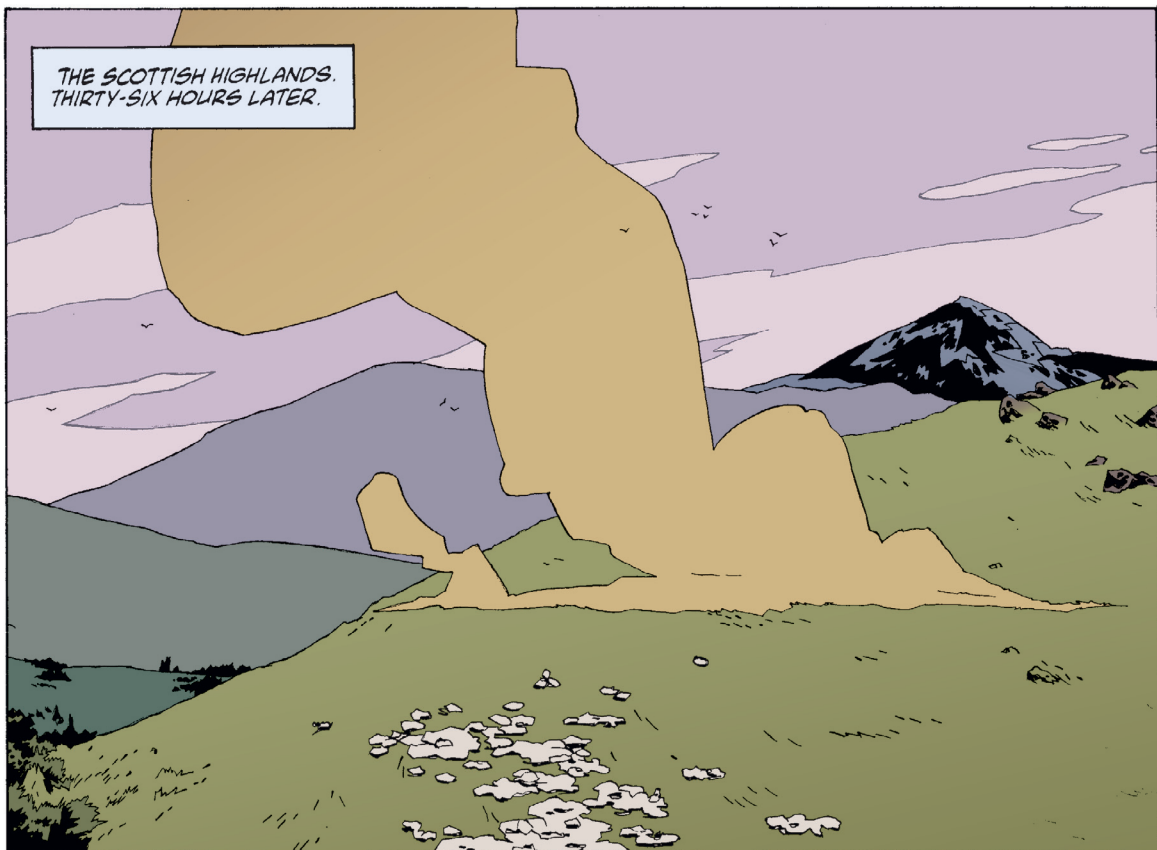








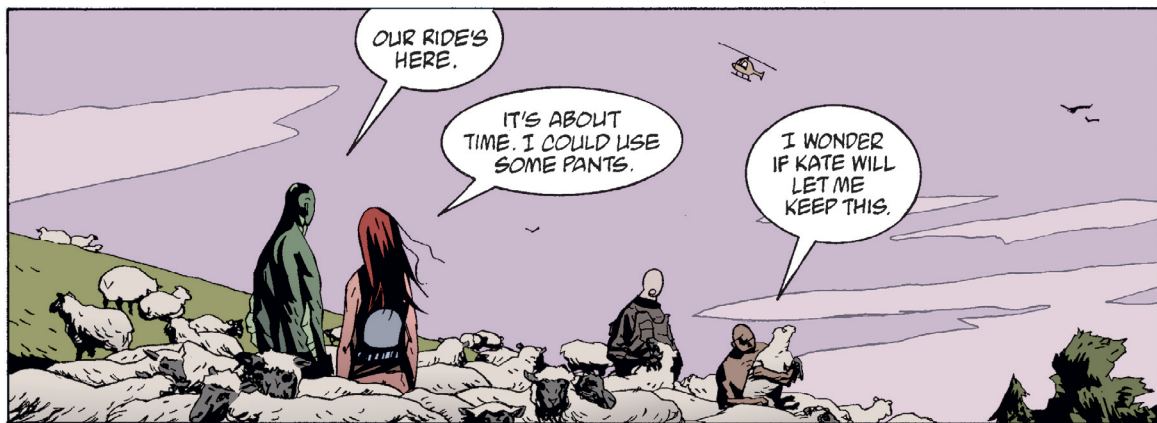
THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.  
THIRTY-SIX HOURS LATER.



OUR RIDES  
HERE.

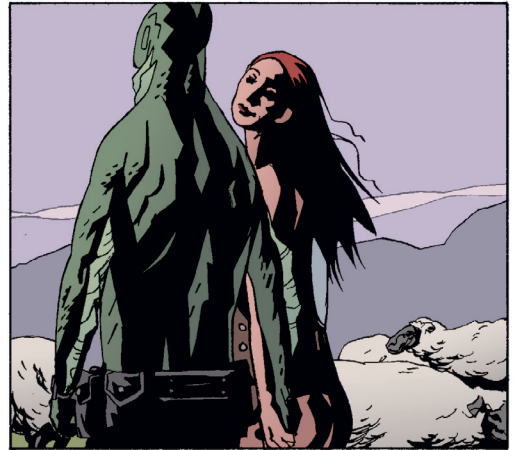
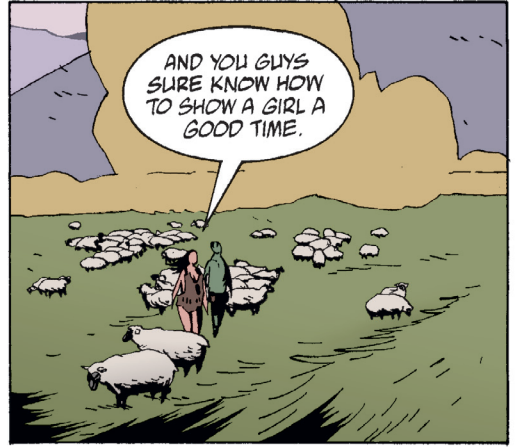
IT'S ABOUT  
TIME. I COULD USE  
SOME PANTS.

I WONDER  
IF KATE WILL  
LET ME  
KEEP THIS.



WOW.



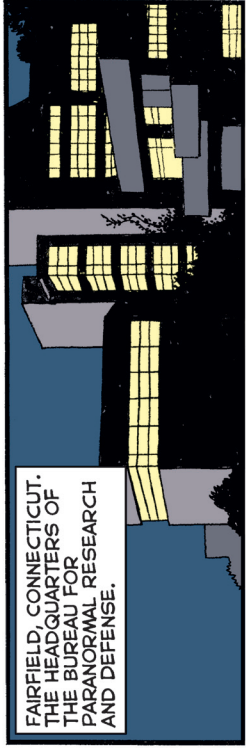


# HOLLOW EARTH



Mike Mignola had always wanted to expand the world of *Hellboy*, and this collection presents the first efforts in that direction. The preceding story came about after much consideration about what to do with the Bureau after Hellboy's departure. Artist Ryan Sook, who Mike had met at an Oakland, California convention in 1995, had been the clear choice for artist. *Hellboy* novelist Christopher Golden, with his long-time writing partner Tom Sniegowski, pitched the *Hollow Earth* concept, and with its implicit connections to Nazi paranormal research, everything fell into place. Mike contributed ideas for the overall plot, and the ending shows his influence very strongly. After a run on DC's monthly *Spectre* series, Ryan saw *B.P.R.D.* as a chance to have a book all to himself, working with his favorite colorist, Dave Stewart. When schedules became tight, halfway through the story, Curtis Arnold joined the team as inker.

The series came out from January 2002 to June 2002. The following three-page teaser ran in the newspaper-format *Dark Horse Extra* from December 2001 to February 2002. Lettering for the teaser was done by Dan Jackson.



FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.  
THE HEADQUARTERS OF  
THE BUREAU FOR  
PARANORMAL RESEARCH  
AND DEFENSE.



WHAT A  
NIGHT.

NO USE GOING  
HOME NOW.

LET'S HAVE A  
LOOK AT THE  
NEW GUY...  
OH, CHENGDOU.  
THAT WAS  
A MESS.



SEVEN MONTHS AGO.  
HEIDELBERG,  
GERMANY.

<WELCOME.  
I AM JOHANN  
KRAUS.>



<I WILL DO MY BEST TO  
REACH YOUR DEPARTED  
LOVED ONES. EVEN IF  
YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN  
MEDIUMS, COME INSIDE.  
SKEPTICISM IS NATURAL,  
AND ALSO USEFUL; A  
POWERFUL EMOTION  
TO ATTRACT THE  
SPIRITS.>

<THIS WAY,  
PLEASE.>



SIMULTANEOUSLY:  
CHENGDOU, CHINA.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT THOSE  
IN POWER DESIRE WITH GREATER  
FERVOR THAN MORE POWER.

AND WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO WITH POWER, THEY'LL  
GATHER IT UP AND LOCK IT AWAY  
SIMPLY TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NO  
ONE ELSE WILL HAVE IT.



PERHAPS THAT IS FOR  
THE BEST. FOR  
THERE ARE CERTAIN  
KINDS OF POWER THAT  
SHOULD NEVER BE USED,  
CERTAIN OBJECTS THAT  
OUGHT TO BE BURIED  
AWAY FOREVER.

IF ONLY THEY  
WOULD  
STAY THAT WAY...

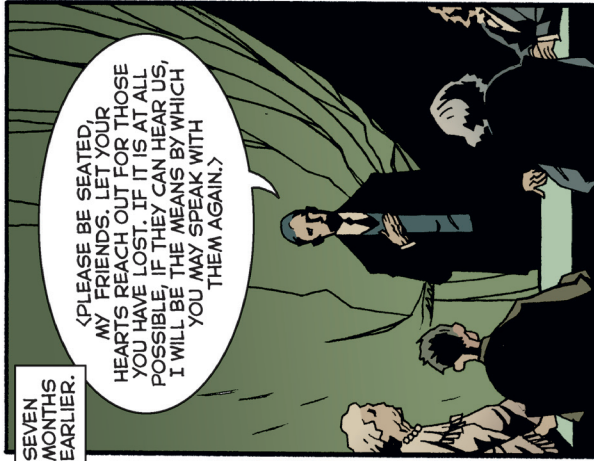
*continued*



<WAIT... SOMETHING IS HAPPENING...THERE IS A DISTURBANCE ON THE ETHERIC PLANE...>



AT THAT MOMENT, IN CHENGDOU, CHINA...



SEVEN MONTHS EARLIER.

<PLEASE BE SEATED, MY FRIENDS. LET YOUR HEARTS REACH OUT FOR THOSE YOU HAVE LOST. IF IT IS AT ALL POSSIBLE, IF THEY CAN HEAR US, I WILL BE THE MEANS BY WHICH YOU MAY SPEAK WITH THEM AGAIN.>



<I SPEAK NOW TO ALL THOSE SPIRITS WHO LINGER AMONG US. I SEEK THE SOUL OF HEINRICH WAGNER. YOUR FAMILY IS HERE. HEINRICH. COME TO US.>



A GENUINE PHYSICAL MEDIUM. THAT'S RARE ENOUGH.

POOR BASTARD. HE WAS JUST DOING HIS JOB.



<JOIN HANDS. WE MUST CREATE A PHYSICAL CIRCUIT, A BEACON TO THOSE NOW DEPARTED.>



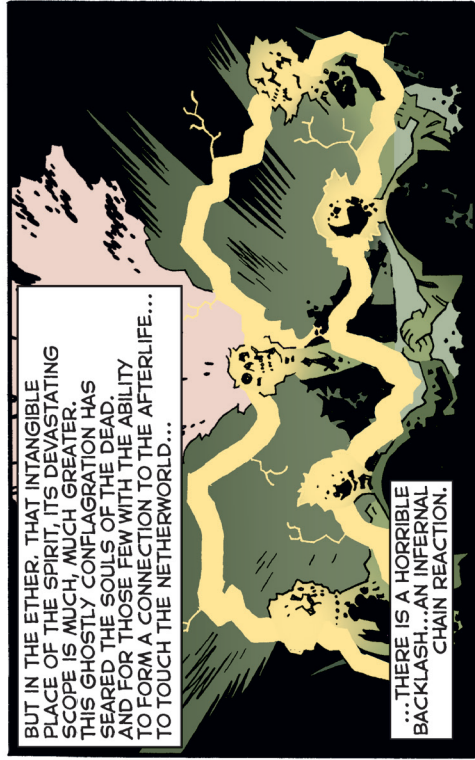
CHENGDOU, CHINA.  
SEVEN MONTHS AGO.

WHERE LUST  
FOR OCCULT  
KNOWLEDGE  
LED A WOULD-  
BE THIEF TO  
A SECRET  
HAZARD.



...CONSUMING THE  
SOULS OF EVERY BEING  
WITHIN A HUNDRED MILE  
RADIUS.

NOW, AN  
ELDRITCH  
POWER HAS  
BEEN  
UNLEASHED...



BUT IN THE ETHER. THAT INTANGIBLE  
PLACE OF THE SPIRIT, ITS DEVASTATING  
SCOPE IS MUCH, MUCH GREATER.  
THIS GHOSTLY CONFLAGRATION HAS  
SEARED THE SOULS OF THE DEAD,  
AND FOR THOSE FEW WITH THE ABILITY  
TO FORM A CONNECTION TO THE AFTERLIFE...  
TO TOUCH THE NETHERWORLD...

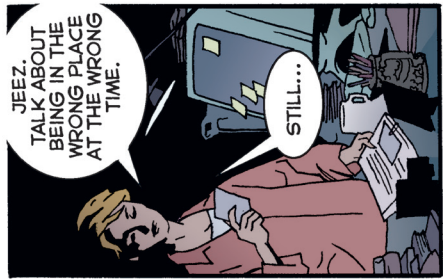
...THERE IS A HORRIBLE  
BACKLASH...AN INFERNAL  
CHAIN REACTION.



THE DEAD AND  
THE LIVING  
INCINERATED  
TOGETHER.



<DAMN.>



JEEZ.  
TALK ABOUT  
BEING IN THE  
WRONG PLACE  
AT THE WRONG  
TIME.

STILL...



I THINK  
HE'S GOING  
TO FIT IN  
JUST FINE.

# **THE KILLER IN MY SKULL**

*Story by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

*Pencils by*  
MATT SMITH

*Inks by*  
RYAN SOOK

*Colors by*  
DAVE STEWART

*Letters by*  
PAT BROSSEAU

# **ABE SAPIEN VERSUS SCIENCE**

*Story by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

*Pencils by*  
MATT SMITH

*Inks by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

*Colors by*  
DAVE STEWART

*Letters by*  
PAT BROSSEAU

# THE KILLER IN MY SKULL



This backup to Mike's *Box Full of Evil* (1999) featured the first appearance of Lobster Johnson, a character who became a sudden favorite among *Hellboy* fans, and returned to play a significant if not mystifying part in the next big series, *Conqueror Worm*. Had there been a *BPRD* in the thirties, Lobster Johnson would no doubt have been a member. Ryan's work on inks here was his first contribution to a *Hellboy* comic.

# ABE SAPIEN VERSUS SCIENCE



The backup to the second issue of *Box Full of Evil* provided more insight into the popular fishman's character than any story to date, but mainly served to reanimate Roger the Homunculus in time for *Conqueror Worm* and *Hollow Earth*.



NEW YORK  
CITY, UPTOWN,  
1938.



HOW  
COULD IT  
HAPPEN?

# The Killer in My Skull

Introducing  
**LOBSTER  
JOHNSON**



YOU'RE SURE  
NOBODY WAS IN  
HERE WITH HIM?

NO, SIR. NOBODY. HE  
WAS ALONE WHEN I  
BROUGHT HIM IN HIS TEA,  
AND IT WAS JUST A FEW  
MINUTES LATER I HEARD  
ALL THE NOISE. THE  
DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM  
THE INSIDE...

SHE'S ON THE  
LEVEL. WE HAD TO BUST  
THE DOOR DOWN, AND  
THIS ROOM AIN'T GOT  
NO WINDOWS.



JEEZ, THAT DESK  
GOTTA WEIGH  
FIVE HUNDRED  
POUNDS. NO WAY  
HE GOT THAT  
ONTO HIS OWN  
HEAD.

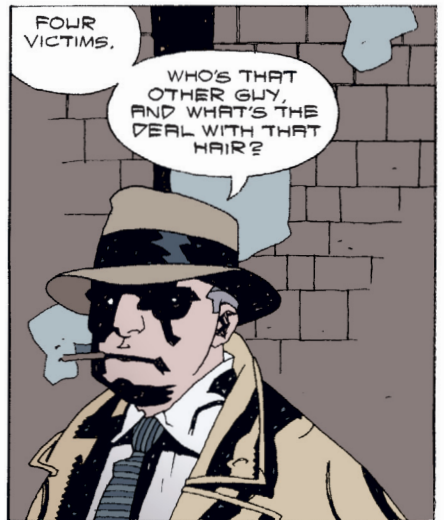
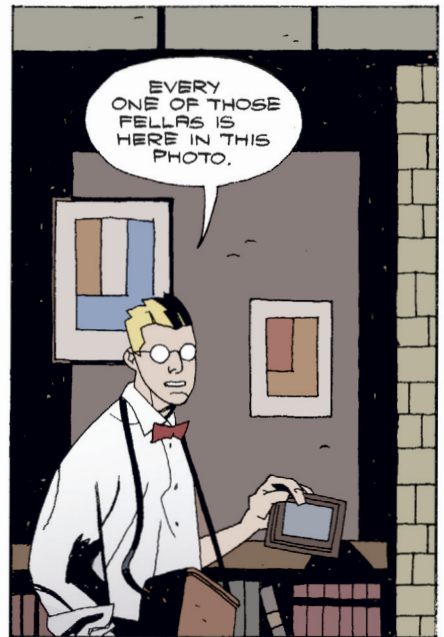
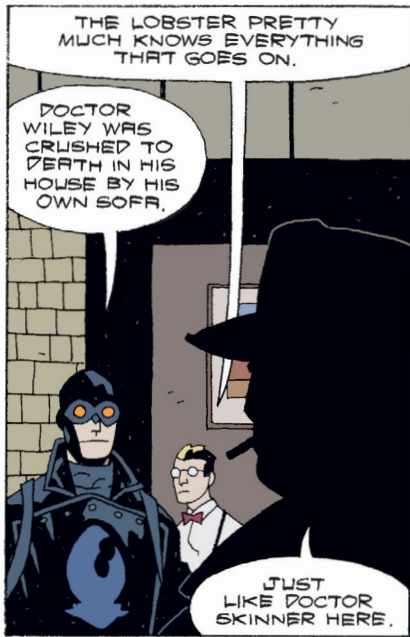
YEAH, IT DON'T  
LOOK LIKE NO  
SUICIDE.

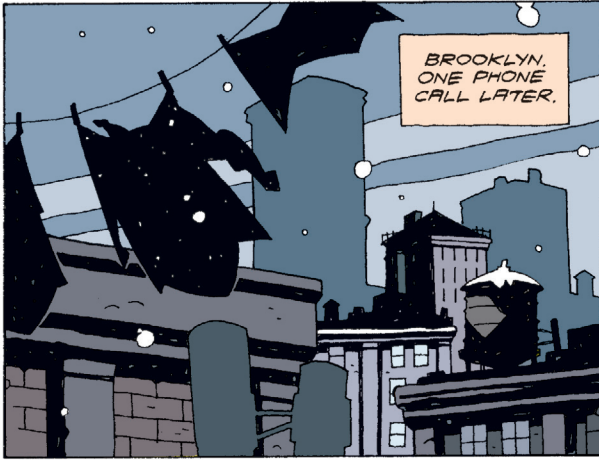


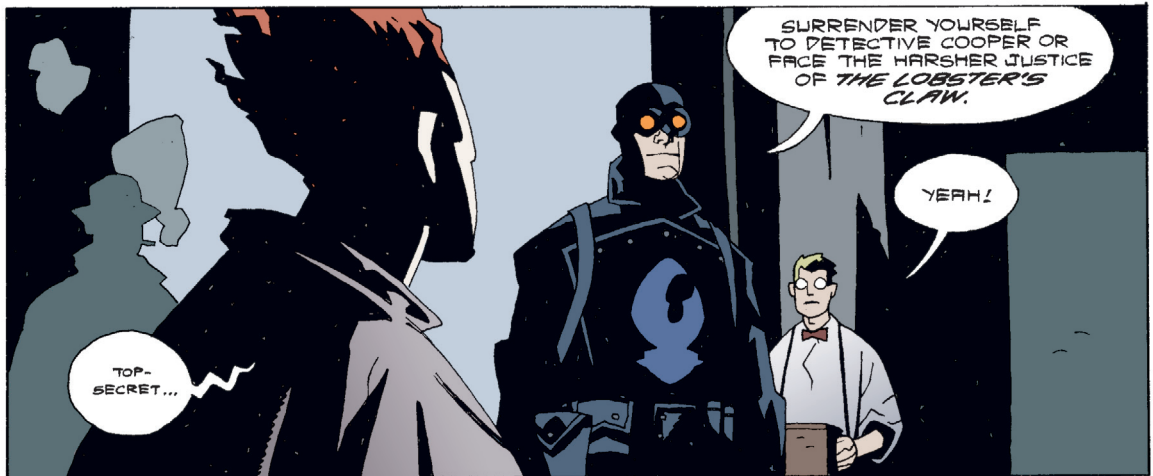
EXCUSE  
ME.

WE  
NEED TO  
EXAMINE THE  
BODY...

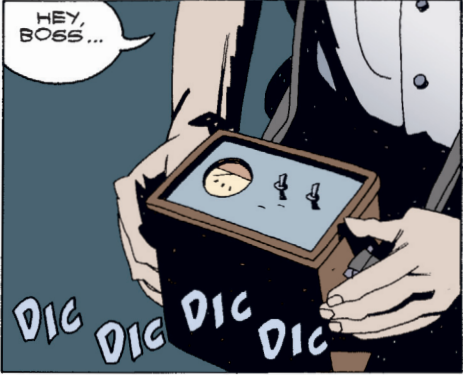














I AM  
INNOCENT...

...IT WAS  
ALWAYS...THE  
BRAIN.



HOLY  
SMOKES!

LOOK  
OUT,  
BOSS--

--THE  
SPINAL  
CORD!





# Abe Sapien versus Science

MIGNOLA \* SMITH

BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL  
RESEARCH AND DEFENSE  
HEADQUARTERS, FAIRFIELD,  
CT.

AGAIN.

YES,  
SIR.

**BZZZZZZZZ**

NO  
RESPONSE,  
DOCTOR.

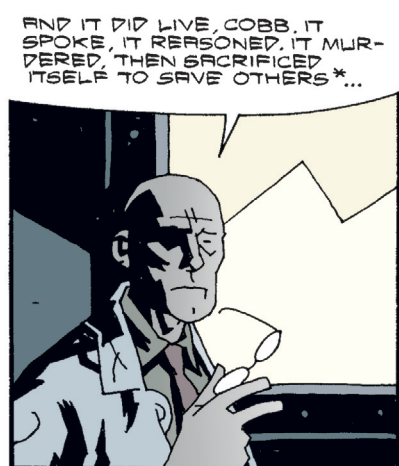
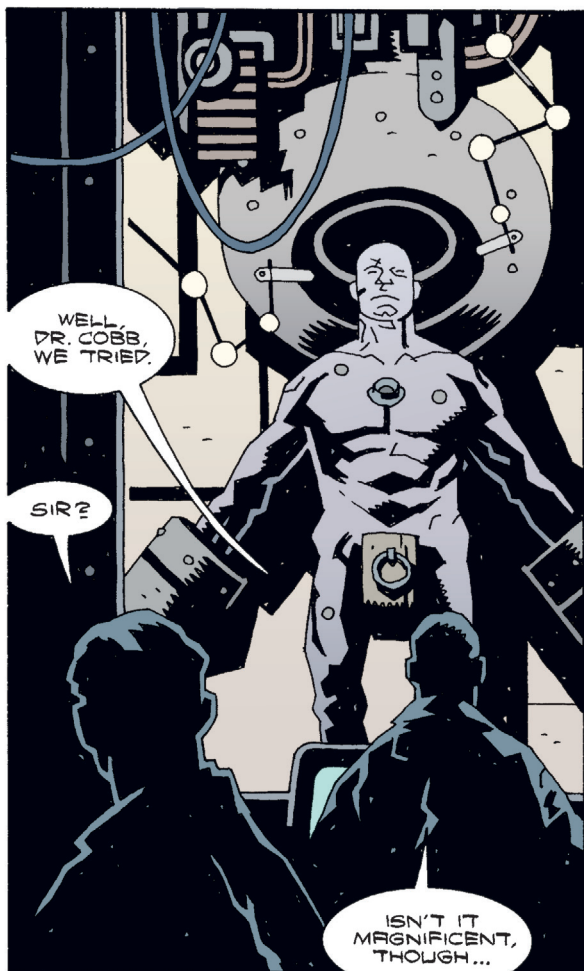
STEP  
UP THE  
VOLTAGE.

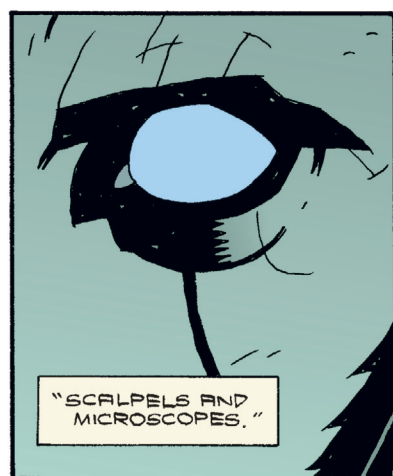
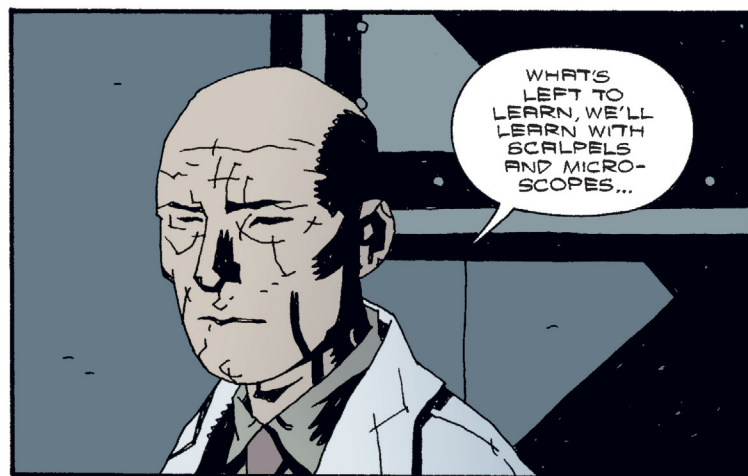
YES, SIR.  
WE'RE NOW  
AT MAXIMUM  
SAFETY  
TOLERANCE.

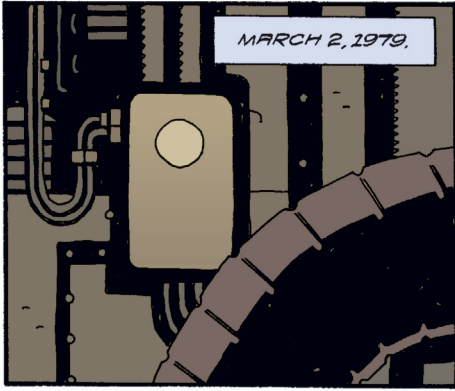
**BZZZZZZZZ**

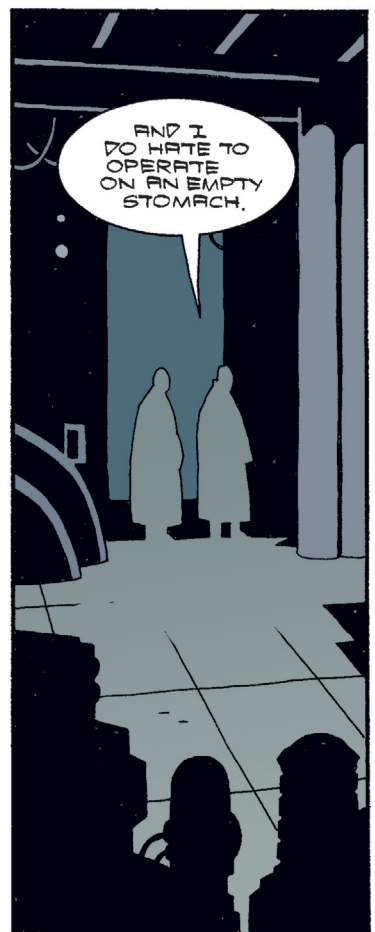
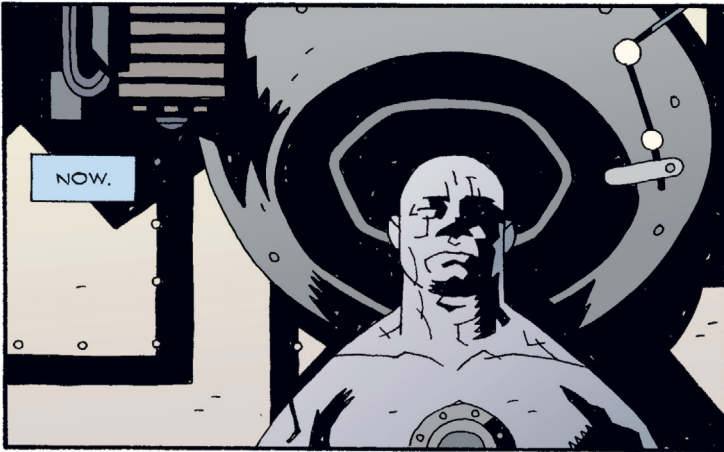
ANYTHING?

NOTHING,  
SIR.











WELL,  
FRIEND,  
HELLBOY SAYS  
YOUR NAME IS  
ROGER AND  
THAT YOU'RE  
OKAY.



ALL I  
KNOW IS THAT  
IF IT WASN'T FOR  
YOU, LIZ SHERMAN  
WOULD BE DEAD AND  
BURIED NOW...



AT THE  
VERY LEAST  
WE OWE YOU  
FOR THAT.



SO  
LET'S  
SEE.

DISENGAGE  
BREAKERS...



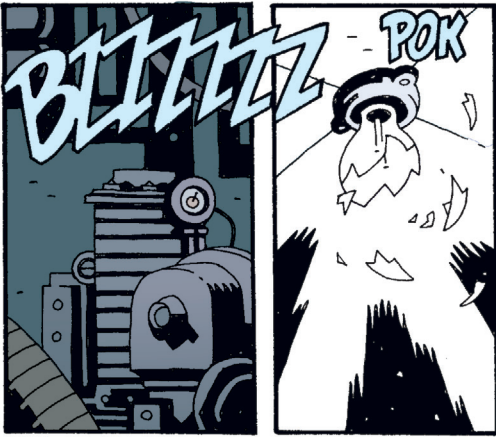
...REROUTE  
POWER...

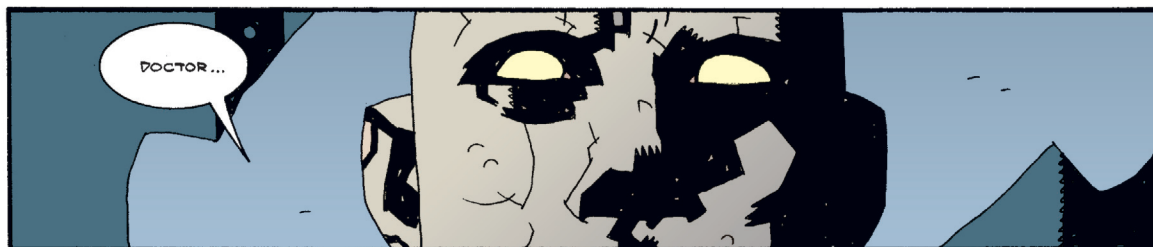


I HOPE  
THAT'S RIGHT.  
THIS ISN'T  
REALLY WHAT  
I DO.



KLIK





THE  
END

# DRUMS OF THE DEAD



# DRUMS OF THE DEAD



*Story by*  
BRIAN McDONALD

*Art by*  
DEREK THOMPSON

*Colors by*  
JAMES SINCLAIR

*Letters by*  
PAT BROSSEAU

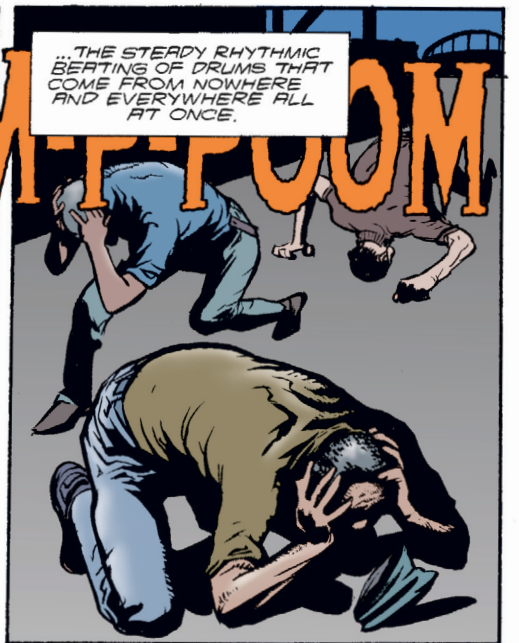
Mike had been considering using artist Derek Thompson for a *Hellboy*-related story. Brian McDonald, whose *Harry the Cop* comic had won him recognition around the industry, had been talking to me about various projects. When Mike and I put it together that these two guys were friends, we decided to go ahead and do our first *Hellboy* comic without Hellboy.

—Scott Allie  
Portland, Oregon





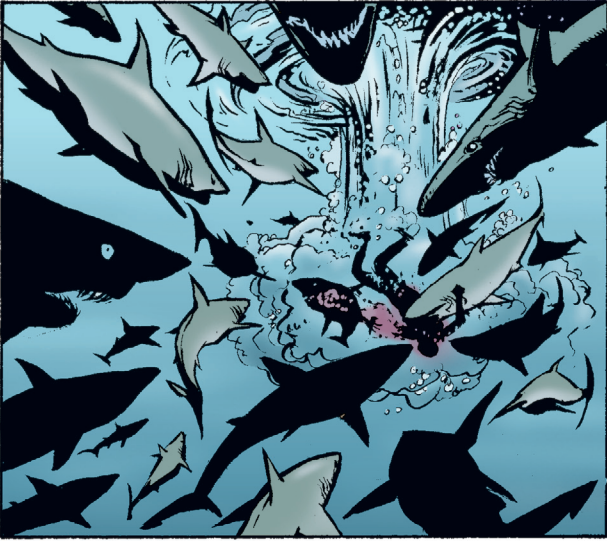
AND THEN  
THERE ARE  
THE DRUMS...



...THE STEADY RHYTHMIC  
BEATING OF DRUMS THAT  
COME FROM NOWHERE  
AND EVERYWHERE ALL  
AT ONCE.

POOM-POOM-POOM





BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL  
RESEARCH AND DEFENSE,  
FAIRFIELD, CT.

...YES, YOU  
HAVE MADE IT  
ABUNDANTLY  
CLEAR THAT YOU  
WANT HELLBOY  
ON THIS CASE...

...BUT AS I  
TOLD YOU,  
HE'S AWAY  
ON ASSIGN-  
MENT AND  
IS UNAVAIL-  
ABLE.

LOOK, I HAVE A  
SHIPPING COMPANY  
TO RUN-- I NEED  
SOMEONE I CAN  
TRUST TO TAKE  
CARE OF THIS  
THING.

I'M SENDING YOU ONE OF  
OUR BEST AGENTS. YOU  
HEARD ABOUT THAT LAKE  
MONSTER IN BRITISH COLUM-  
BIA LAST YEAR? WELL, HE'S  
THE MAN WE SENT ON  
THAT CASE. I ASSURE  
YOU THAT ABE SAPIEN  
IS--

SAPIEN? IS  
THAT THAT THING  
YOU FOUND IN A JAR  
IN SOMEBODY'S BASE-  
MENT TWENTY YEARS  
AGO? NO THANKS.

I'M SORRY  
YOU FEEL THAT  
WAY, BUT IF YOU  
WANT ANY HELP  
FROM THE BUREAU  
ON THIS--



"...YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
DUE WITH ABE SAPIEN."

NICE  
TO MEET  
YOU.

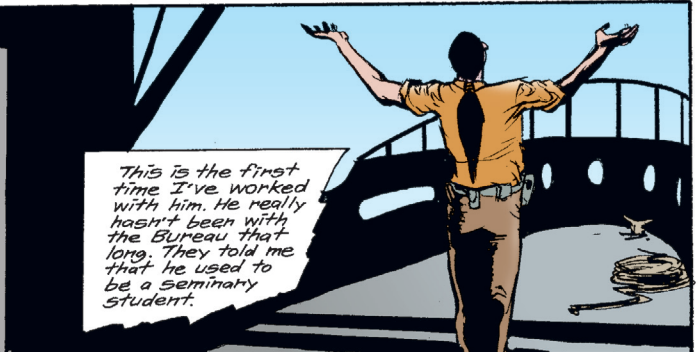
THE BAHAMAS.

NICE TO  
MEET YOU,  
MISTER  
SAPIEN.

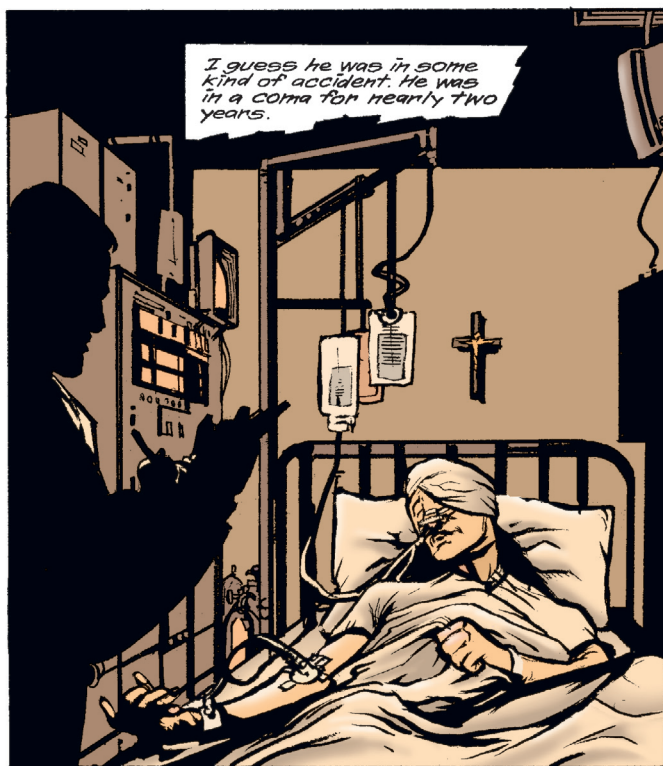


THIS IS MY  
ASSOCIATE,  
GARRETT  
OMATTA.

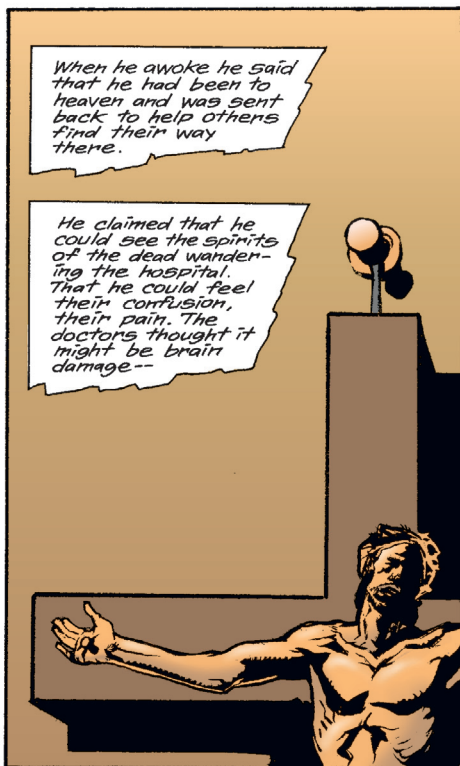
*Garrett's  
a psychic.*



*This is the first  
time I've worked  
with him. He really  
hasn't been with  
the Bureau that  
long. They told me  
that he used to  
be a seminary  
student.*



I guess he was in some kind of accident. He was in a coma for nearly two years.



When he awoke he said that he had been to heaven and was sent back to help others find their way there.

He claimed that he could see the spirits of the dead wandering the hospital. That he could feel their confusion, their pain. The doctors thought it might be brain damage--



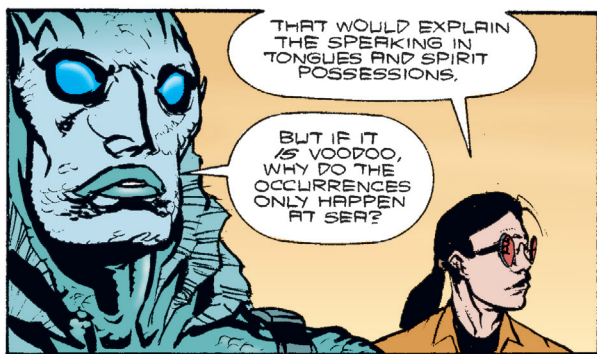
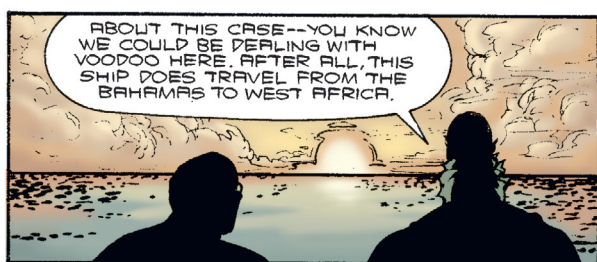
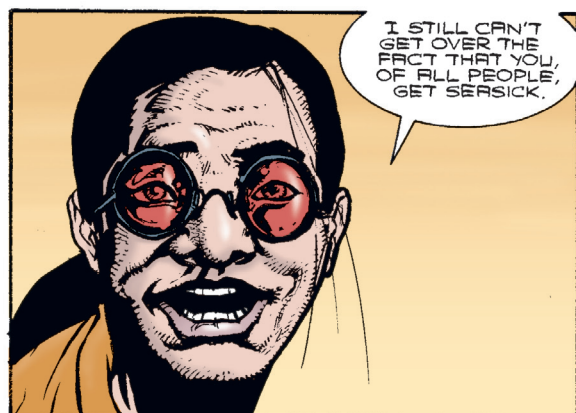
--until Garrett delivered a message to one of his physicians from that doctor's deceased father. Garrett knew things he had no way of knowing.

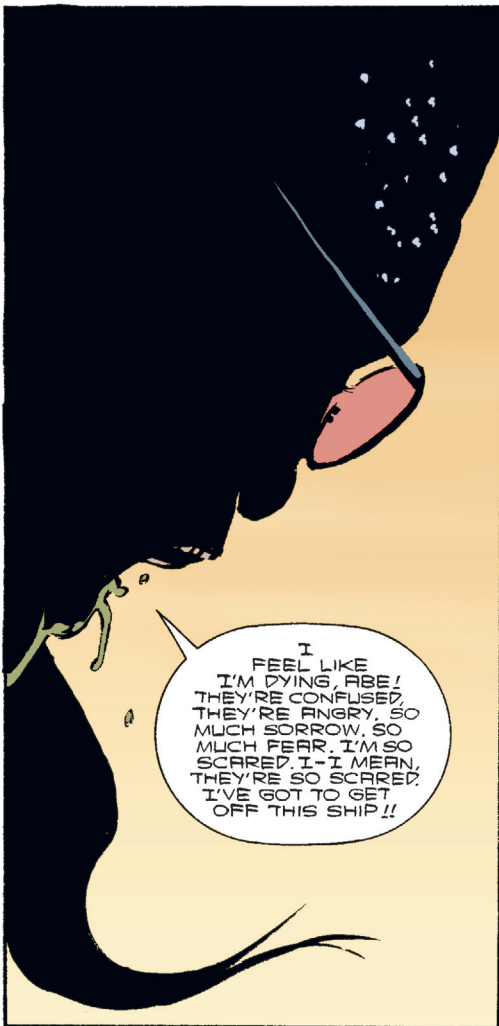
The hospital contacted the BARD. Garrett has been with us eight months now.



THERE AREN'T ANY SPIRITS HERE. THIS SHIP IS CLEAN.

CLEAN?







I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE THIS BAD.



"THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM, ABE. SO MANY LOST SOULS."



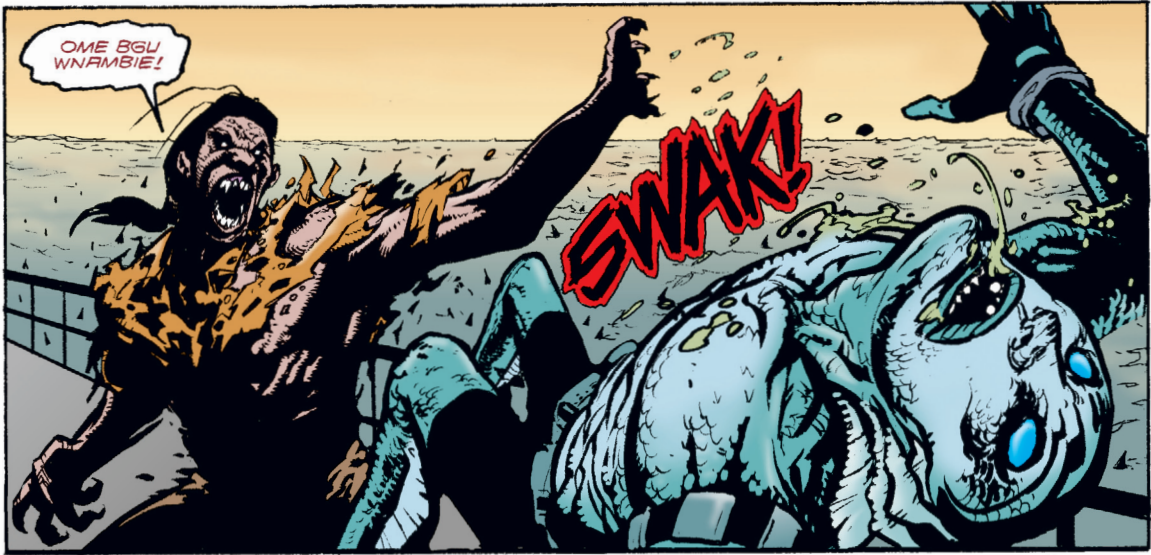
AND THEY'RE PRAYING, ABE-- THE SOULS ARE PRAYING. AND SOMETHING'S ANSWERING THEIR PRAYERS.



RREETTCH!

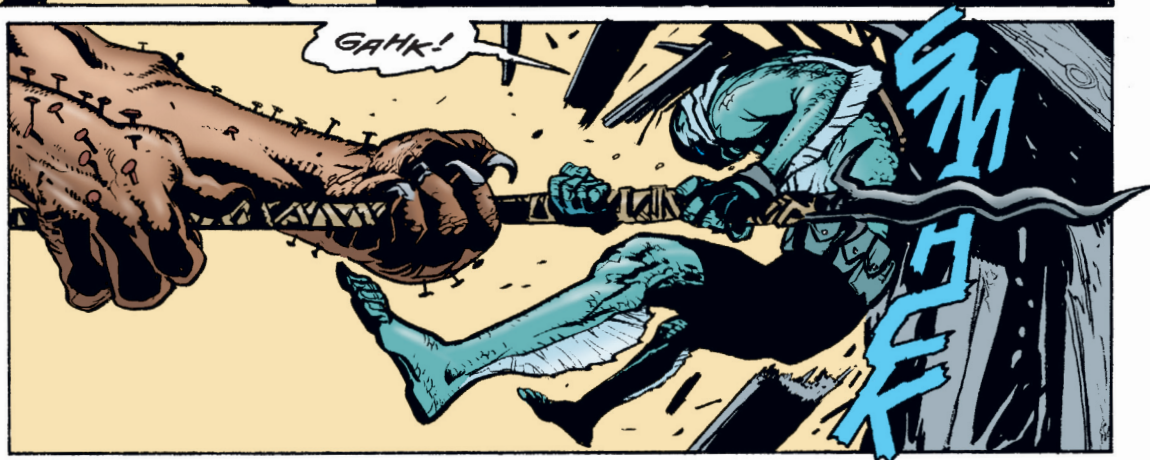


THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.



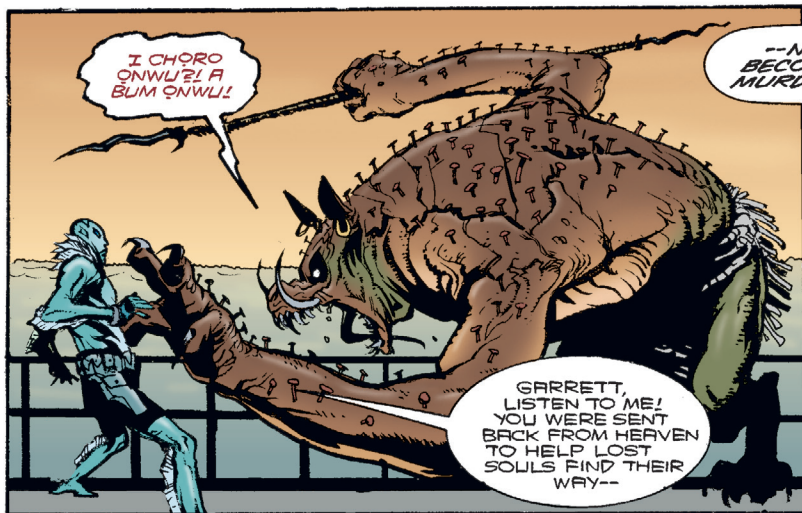
POOM-POOM-P-P-POOM

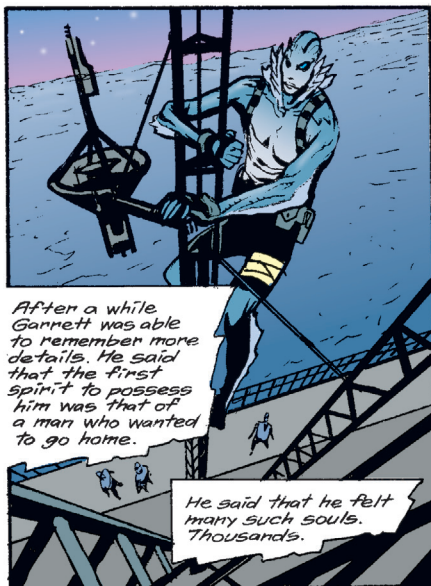












After a while Garrett was able to remember more details. He said that the first spirit to possess him was that of a man who wanted to go home.

He said that he felt many such souls. Thousands.

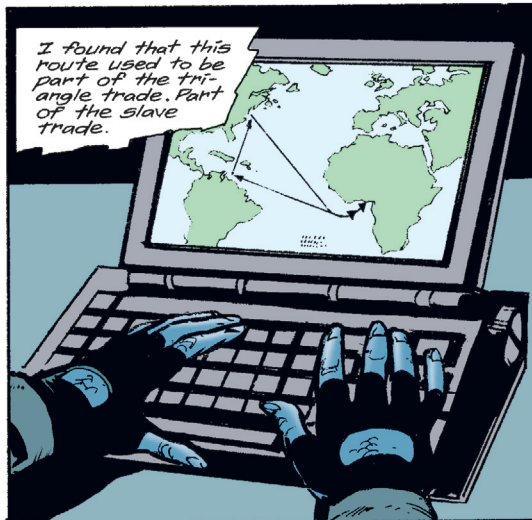
The second spirit, the creature, was a protector spirit. He says that he thinks it's really more than one spirit. He believes it is an amalgam created by thousands of spirits from different countries, cultures, and languages praying over hundreds of years.



Something Garrett said about triangles prompted me to re-search the history of this shipping route. I have a hunch.



BINGO.



I found that this route used to be part of the triangle trade. Part of the slave trade.



Slaves would be captured in Africa and taken to the West Indies.

There, they would be traded for sugar and molasses.

The sugar and molasses were then taken to North America where they were used to make rum.

Some of the rum was then taken to West Africa and used as currency to buy slaves from unscrupulous chiefs.



The first leg of this journey was known as the "Middle Passage." The same route we now travel.

To maximize profits, ship's captains sought to carry as many slaves as possible. This made for poor sanitary conditions.

Often people were made to urinate and defecate where they lay--sometimes spending days in their own excrement.



Needless to say, disease was rampant.

HACK  
COUGH  
HACK



It was not unusual for a ship to lose half her "cargo" before reaching port.



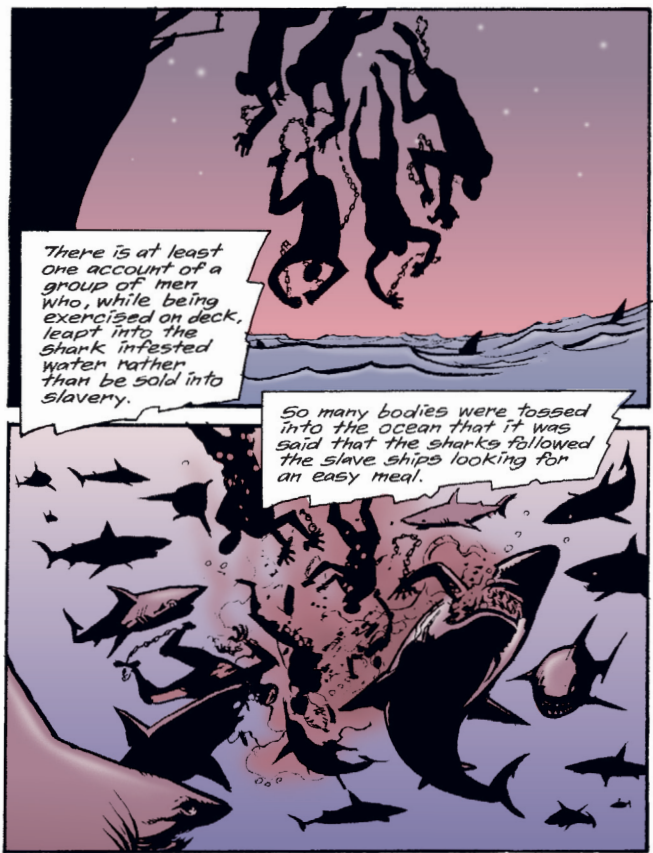
The dead were simply tossed overboard.

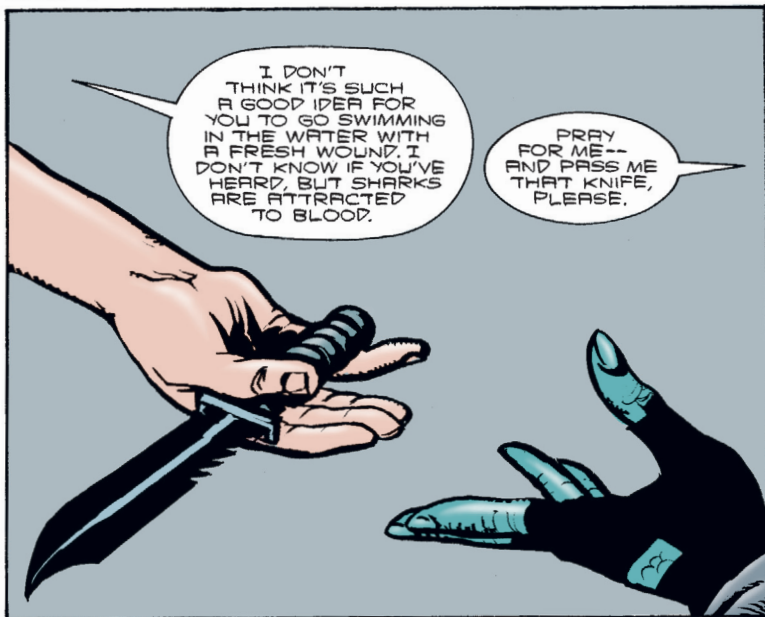
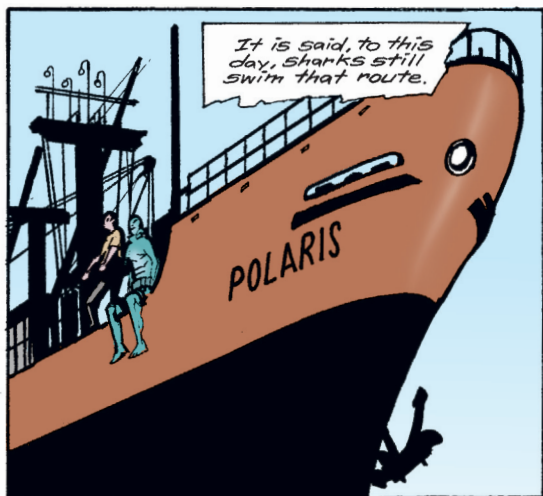
Conditions were so unbearable that many slaves would commit suicide.



There is at least one account of a group of men who, while being exercised on deck, leapt into the shark infested water rather than be sold into slavery.

So many bodies were tossed into the ocean that it was said that the sharks followed the slave ships looking for an easy meal.









An interesting irony: the ship's name, "Polaris," is the proper name for the North Star--the star that escaped slaves would follow to freedom.

We gathered up all the bones we could and buried them on the shores of West Africa. Since then no ship which travels the route reported any paranormal activity.

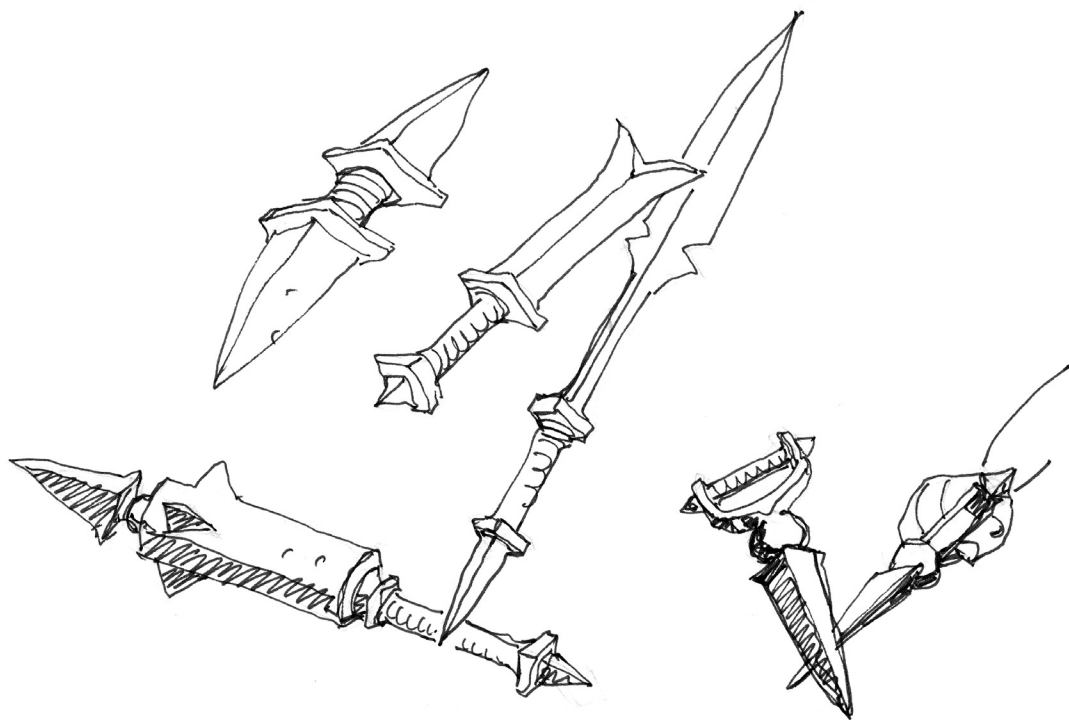
They do, however, report a significant reduction in the number of sharks.

The End

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

## SKETCHBOOK

*BPRD: Hollow Earth* provided the opportunity for a unique collaboration between Mike and Ryan Sook. Since Ryan would be working with characters Mike had developed over eight years, the two decided to collaborate on new designs and the look of the Hyperborean underworld. Excerpts from both artists' sketchbooks are presented on the following pages.



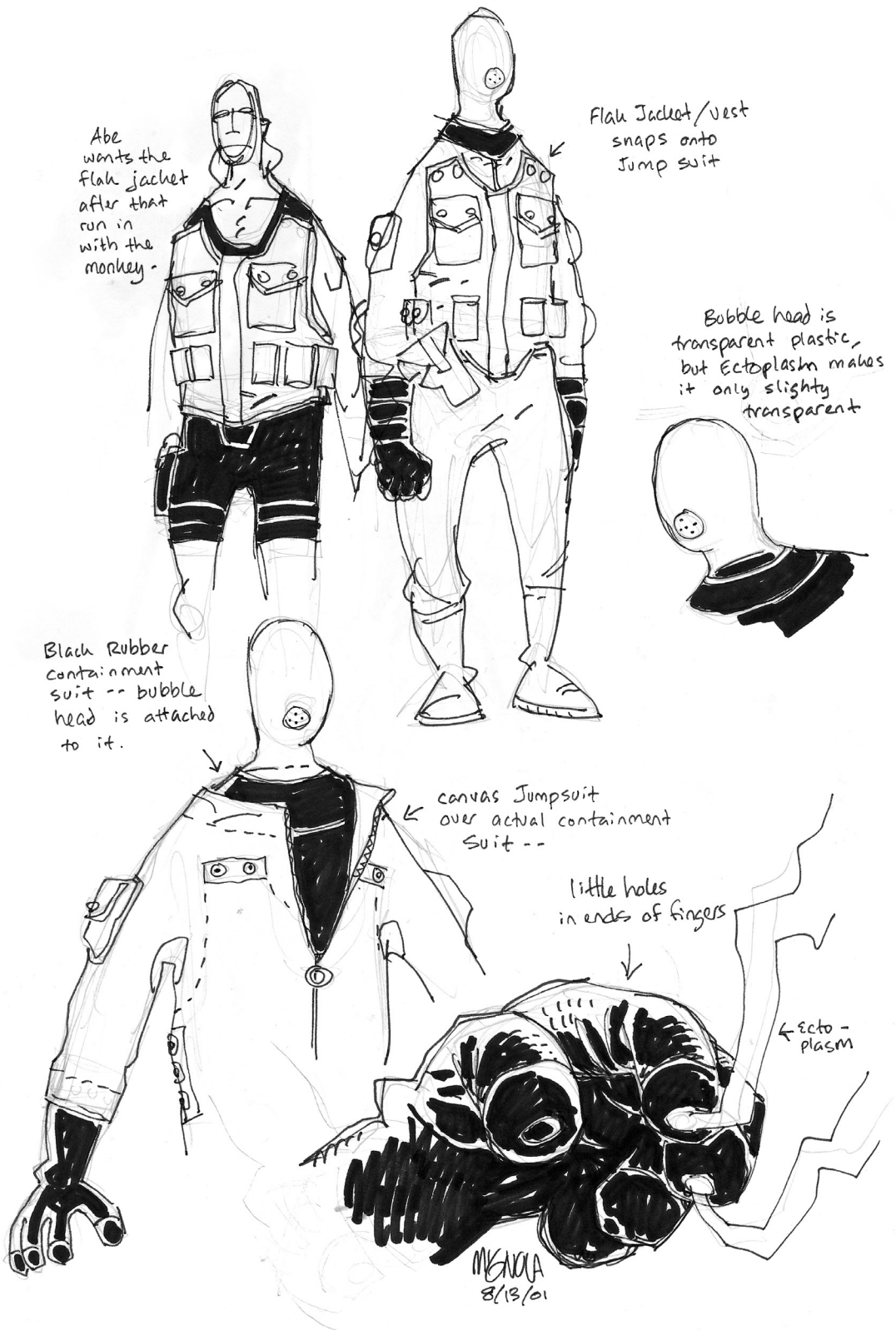
Hyperborean weapons by Mignola.



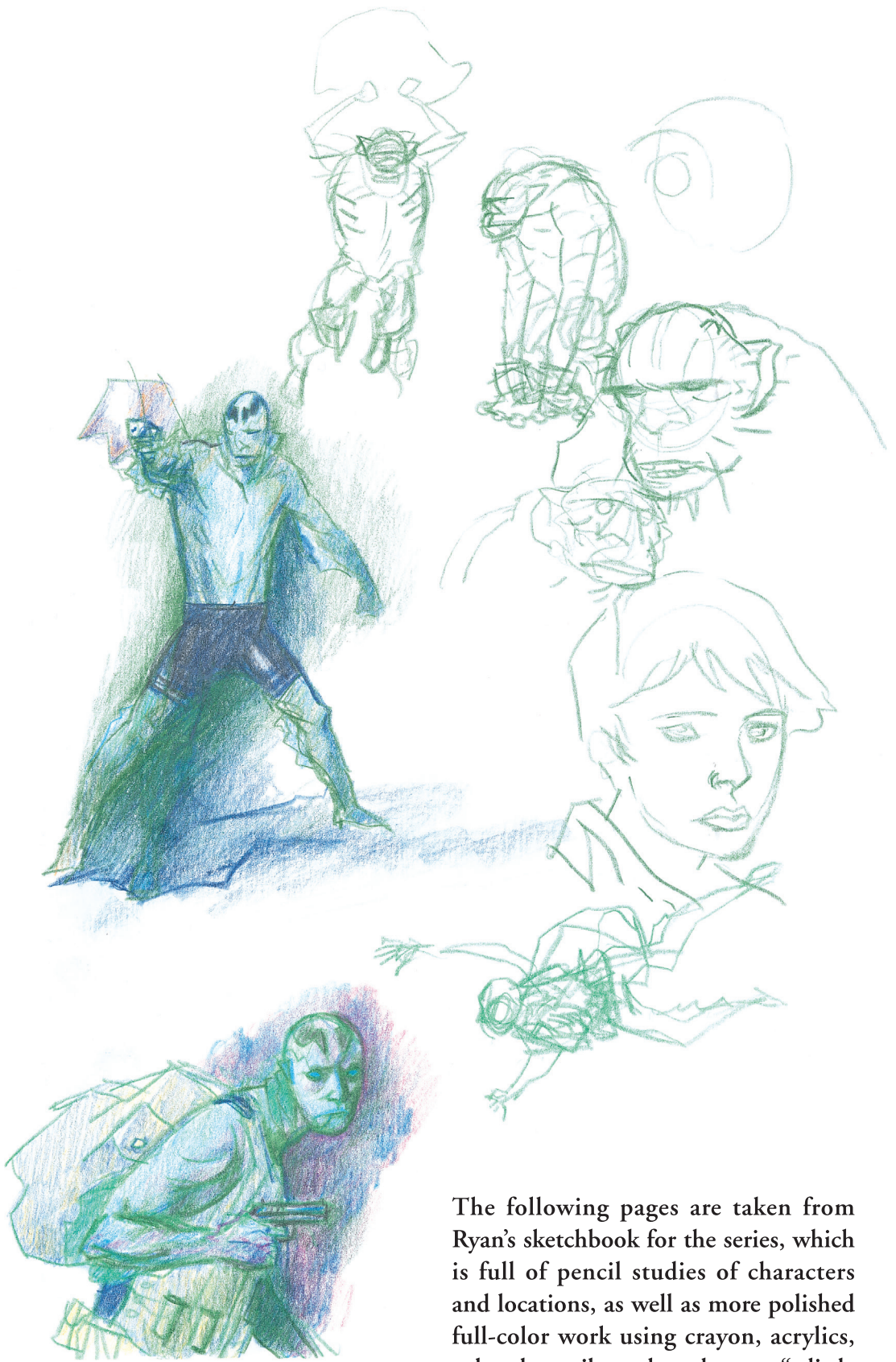
Mike suggested basing the look of all things Hyperborean on the sculptures and drawings of Polish artist Stanislaw Szukalski (1893-1987).



Mignola's studies for the  
underworld inhabitants.



Mike's designs for a new BPRD flak jacket — partly created to give Roger something to wear. Also, Johann Kraus, the new member of the team.

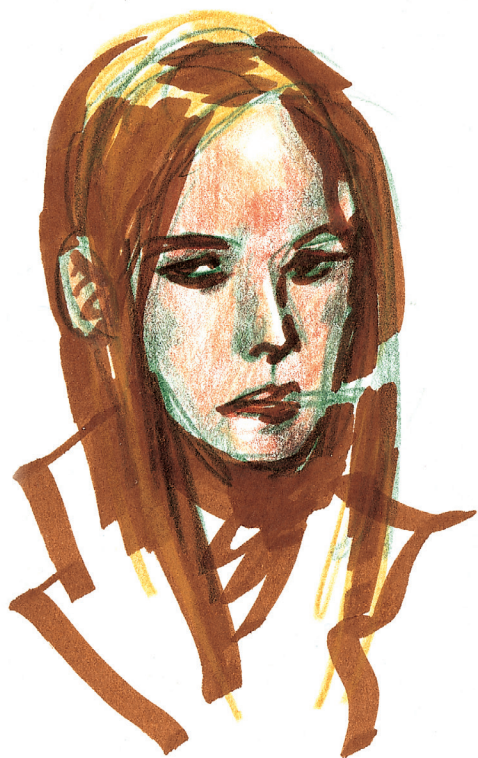


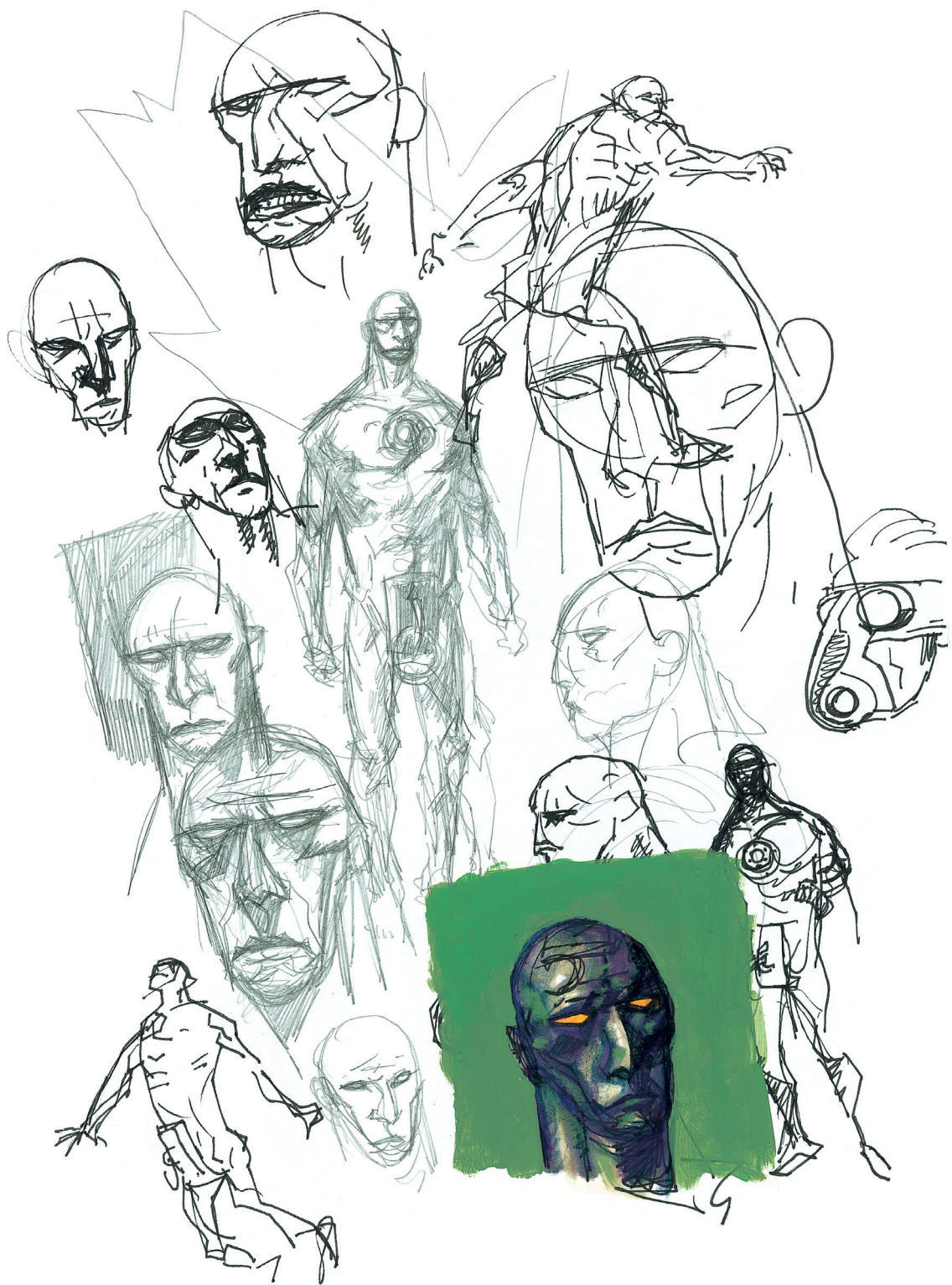
The following pages are taken from Ryan's sketchbook for the series, which is full of pencil studies of characters and locations, as well as more polished full-color work using crayon, acrylics, colored pencils, and markers — "a little bit of whatever's handy."

— Scott Allie  
Portland, Oregon











From the pages of Mike Mignola's award-winning *Hellboy* come the further adventures of the Bureau for Paranormal Research and Defense.

Beneath the treacherous South Seas and under a ravaged monastery, Abe Sapien and the other weird agents of the B.P.R.D. uncover homesick bones, mad science, and the junkyard at the center of the earth.

