

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

B.P.R.D.TM

GARDEN OF SOULS



MIKE MIGNOLA

JOHN ARCUDI

GUY DAVIS



GARDEN OF SOULS

Created by MIKE MIGNOLA



ABE SAPIEN

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

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN DAIMIO

A United States Marine whose distinguished thirteen-year career ended in June of 2001 when he and the platoon he was leading were all killed during a mission. Exactly how it was that he came back to life is an outright mystery.

LIZ SHERMAN

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

DR. KATE CORRIGAN

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

JOHANN KRAUS

A medium whose physical form was destroyed while his ectoplasmic projection was out-of-body. That essence now resides in a containment suit. A psychic empath, Johann can create temporary forms for the dead to speak to the living.

MIKE MIGNOLA'S

B.P.R.D.TM

GARDEN OF SOULS

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MIKE MIGNOLA and JOHN ARCUDE

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GUY DAVIS

Colors by
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Letters by
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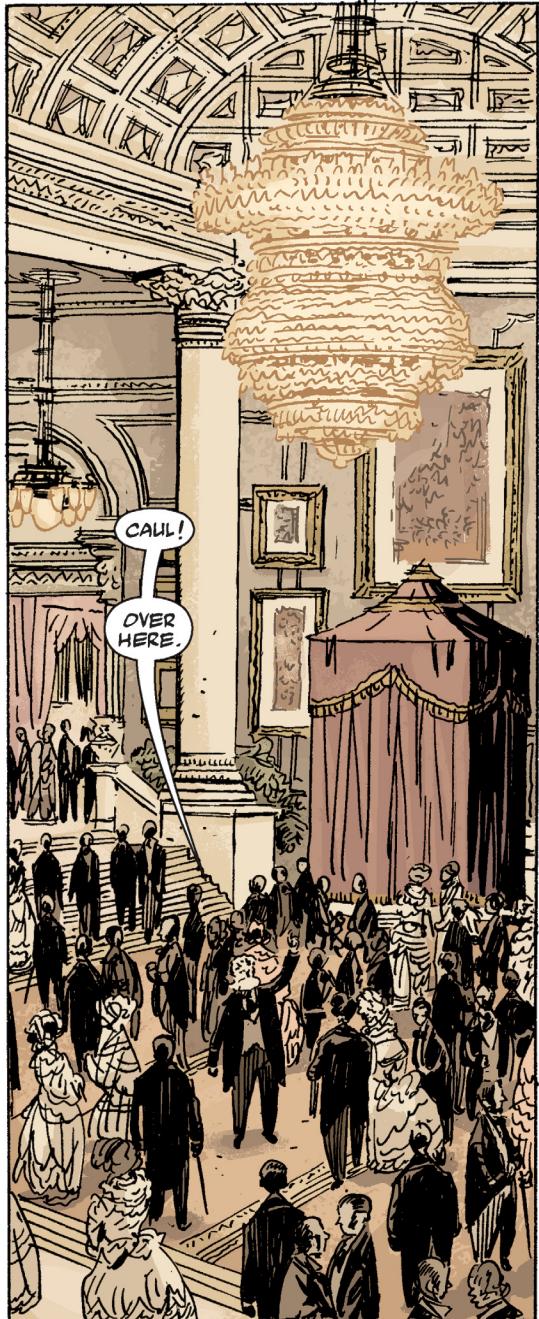


CHAPTER ONE

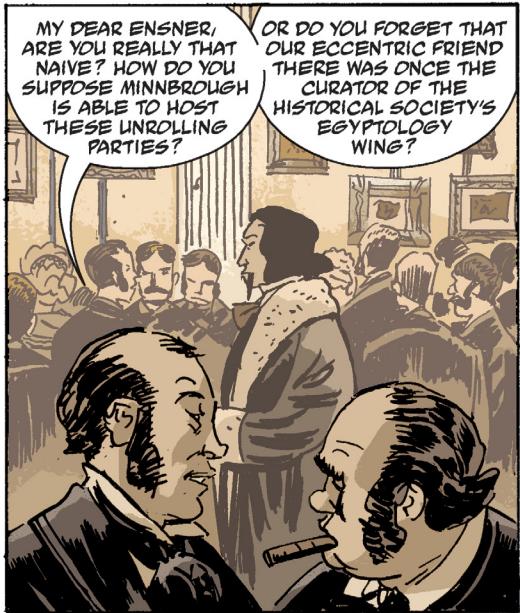


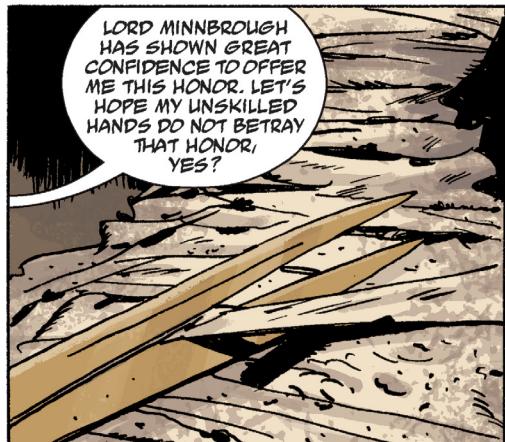
*Lord Minnbrough at Home:
A Mummy from Thebes to be unrolled
half-past six, November 24th in his
Bayswater House.*

LONDON.
NOVEMBER
1859.



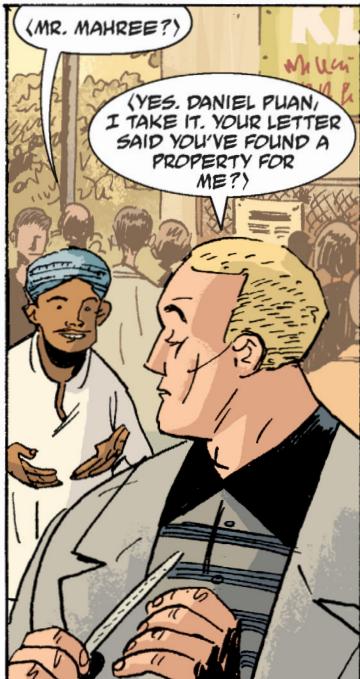




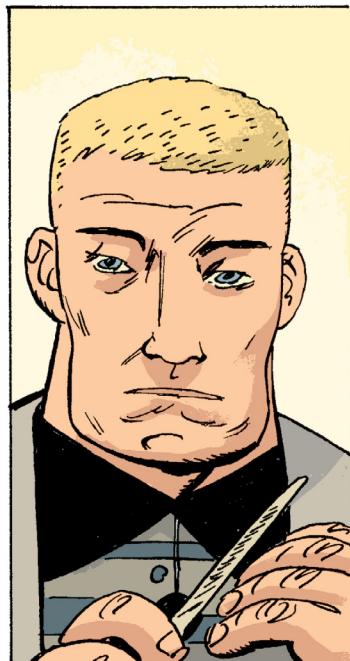


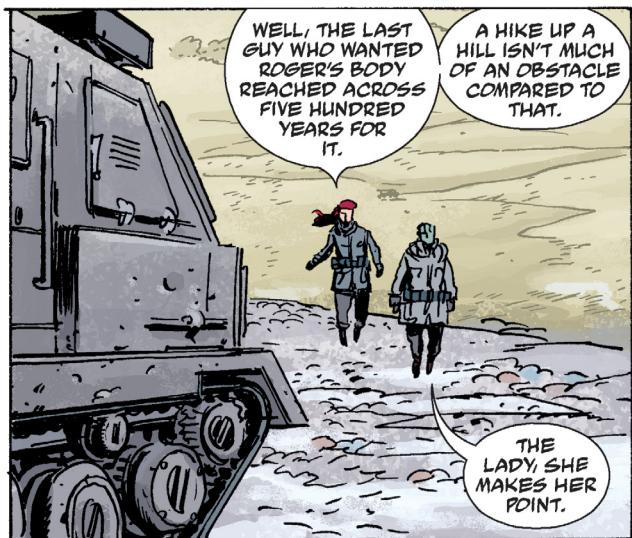
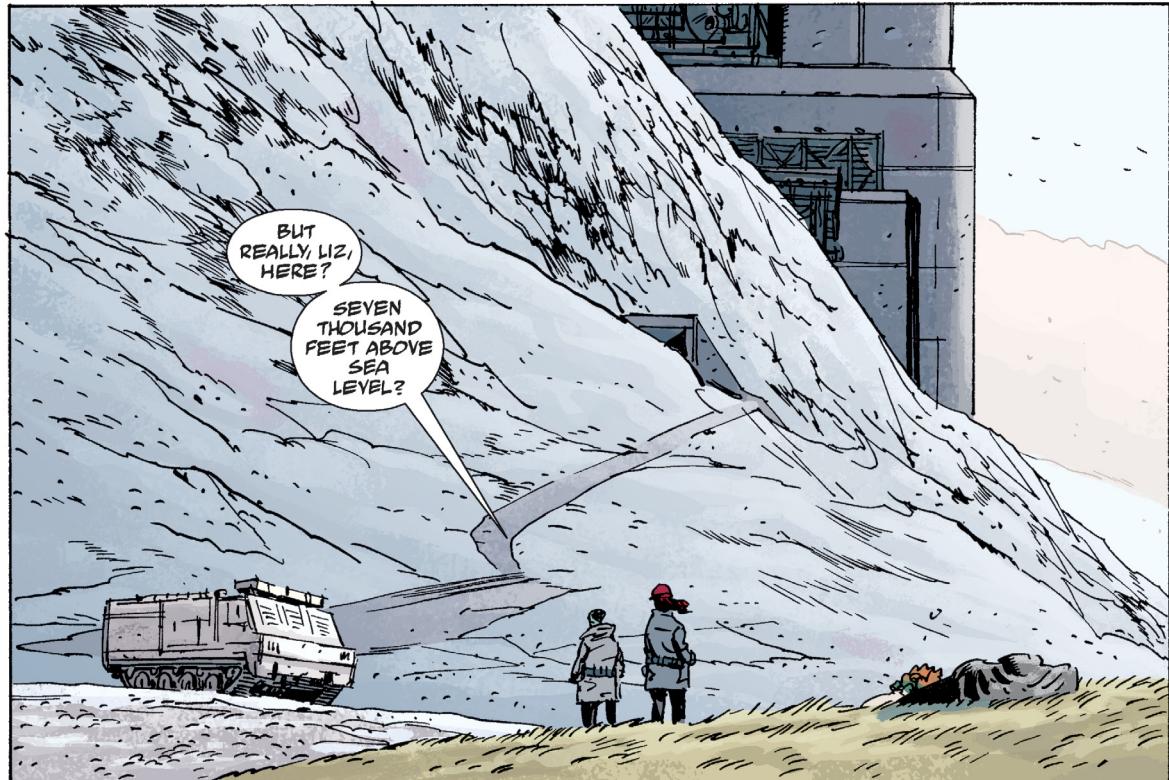
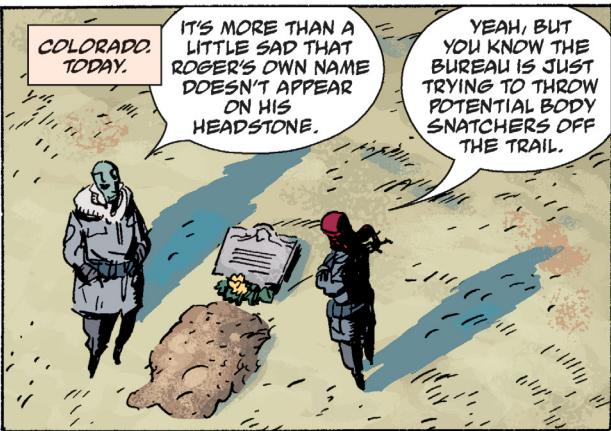
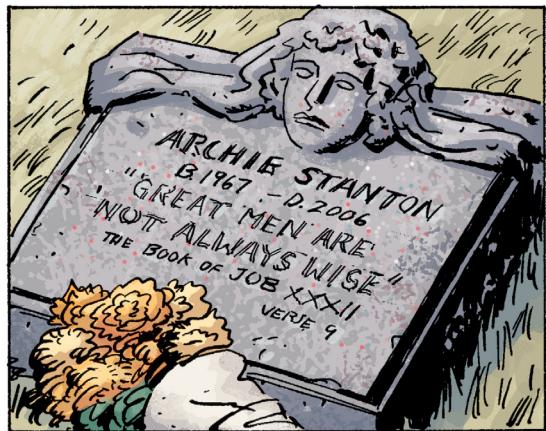


BALIKPAPAN,
INDONESIA.
MARCH 2006.

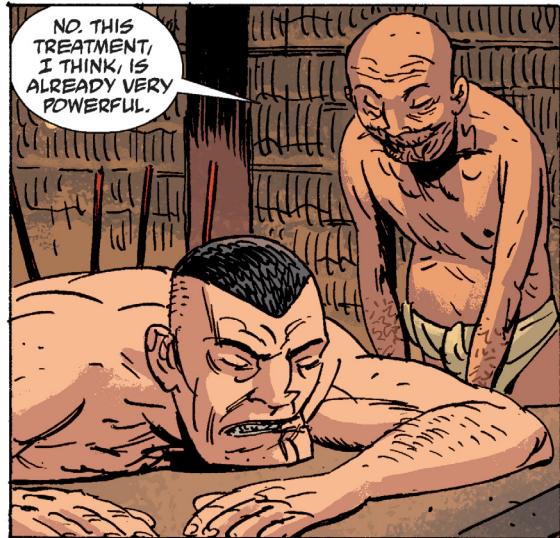
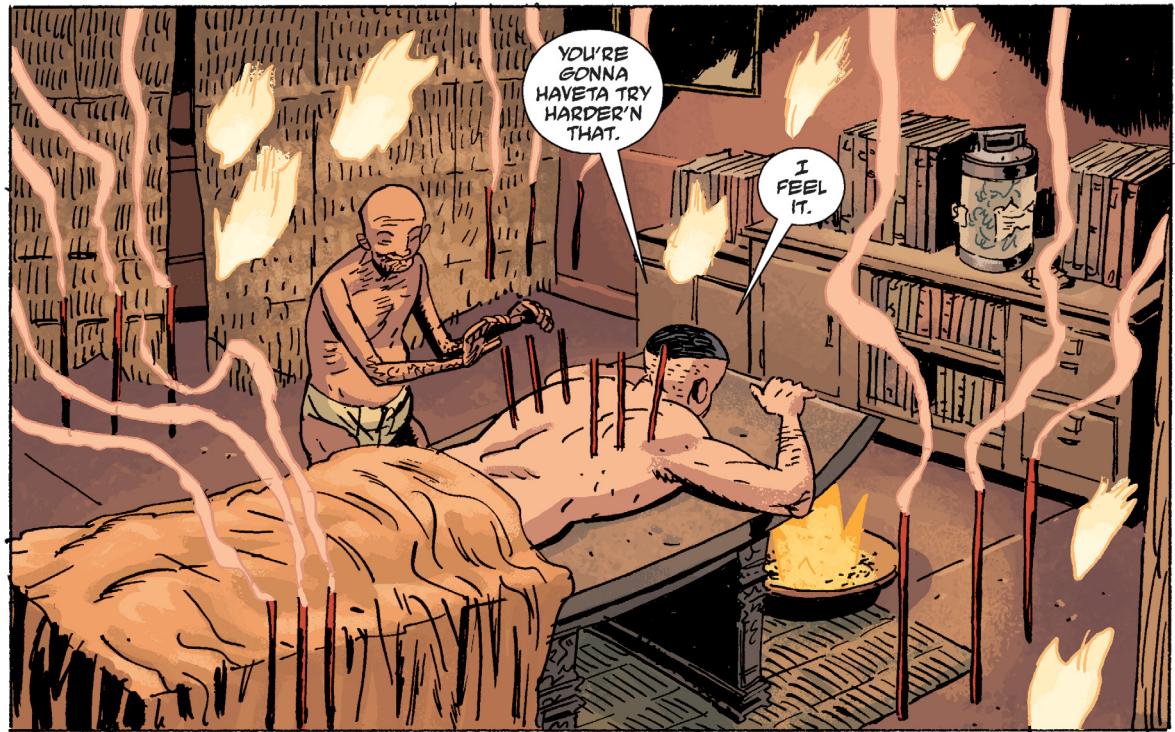


(TRANSLATED FROM JAVANESE)













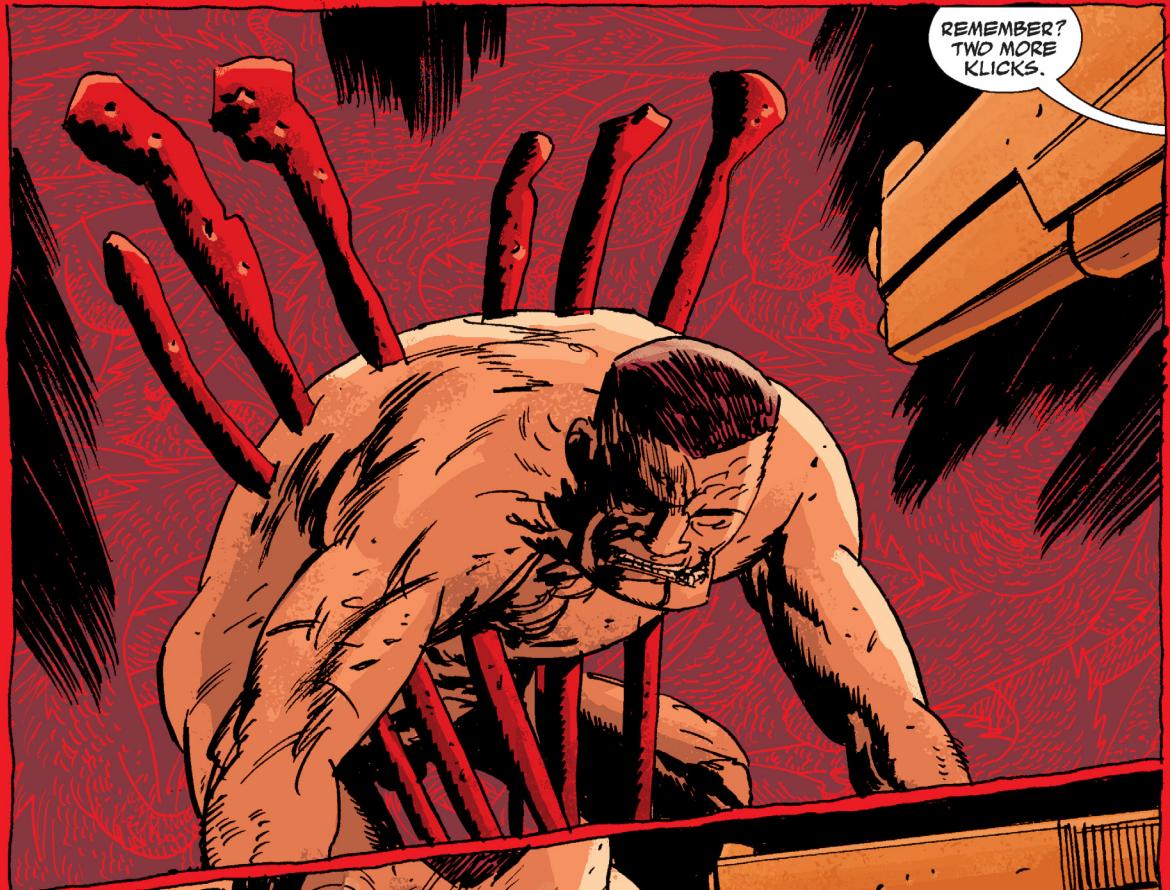


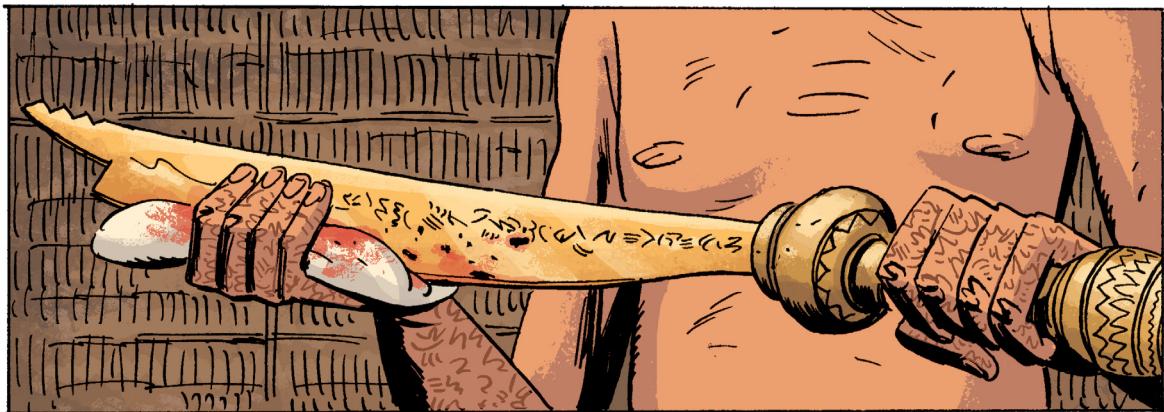
UHHH...

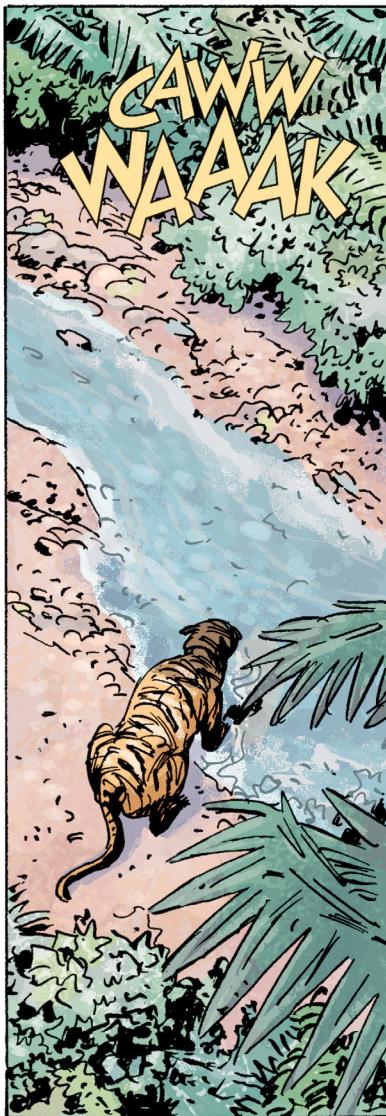
LOOK,
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S RIGHT,
CAPTAIN.

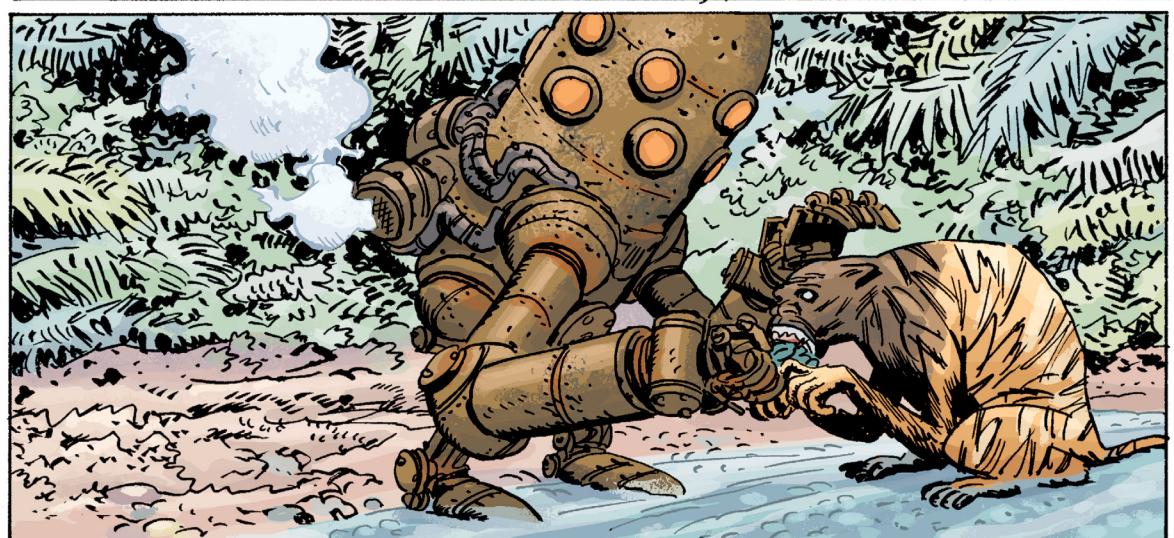
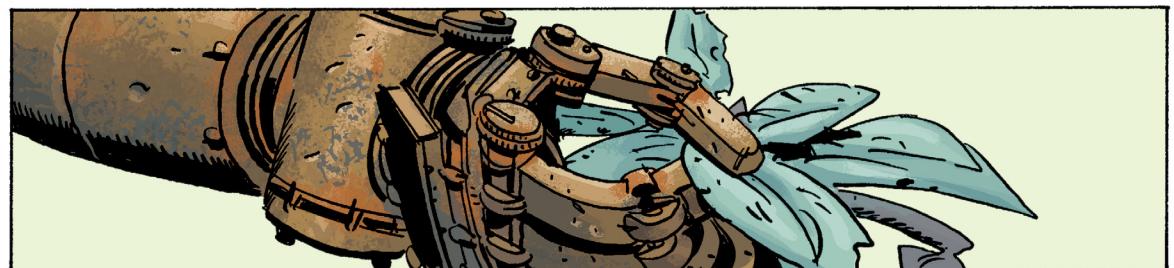
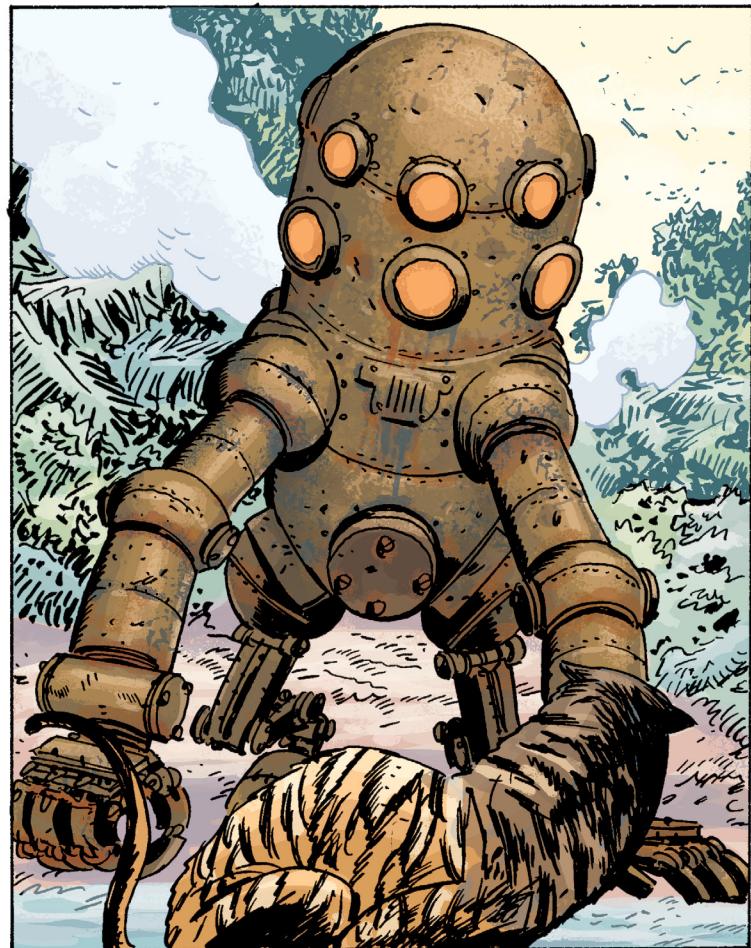
WE'RE
NOT GOING
TO LET YOU
FORGET.











COLORADO.



**BEEP
BEEP**



I'M SORRY,
ABRAHAM.

I COULD
HAVE JUST CALLED
OUT, BUT I'M TRYING
TO FAMILIARIZE
MYSELF WITH THIS
EQUIPMENT.

HAVE YOU
SUFFERED A
DEMOTION TO
LABORER?

OH NO, NO.
NOTHING LIKE
THAT.

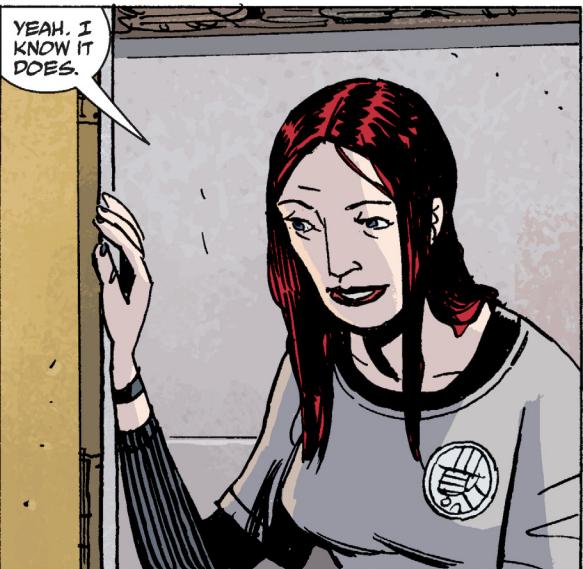
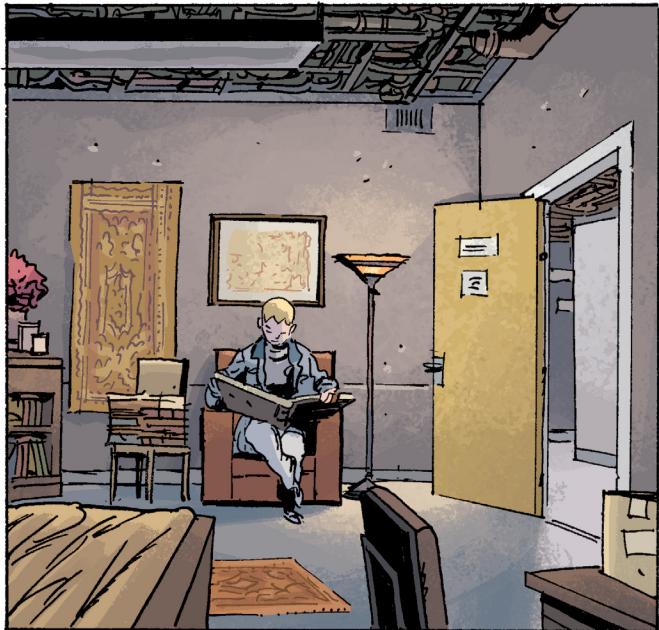
I'M TAKING THE
OPPORTUNITY OF
THIS LULL TO DO
SOME RESEARCH
IN THE FOURTH SUB-
BASEMENT.

REALLY? I THOUGHT
 ALL FILES DOWN THERE
 WERE DESTROYED
 WHEN DR. EISS WAS
 KILLED.

MOST OF THE FILES
 WERE, BUT THERE IS A
 BIT OF OTHER MATERIAL
 DOWN THERE UNDAMAGED
 BY THE FIRE THAT
 I THINK IS OF
 INTEREST.

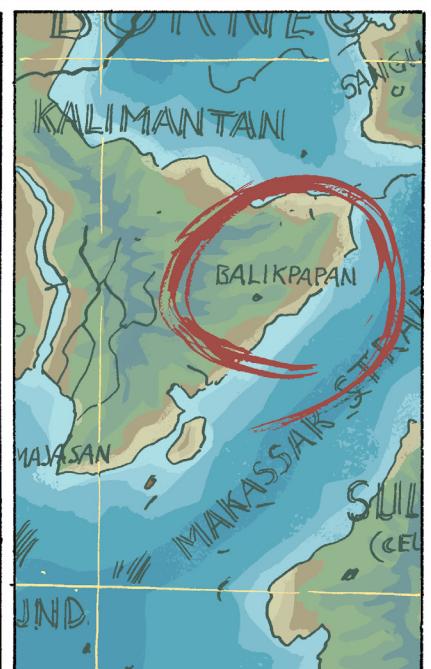
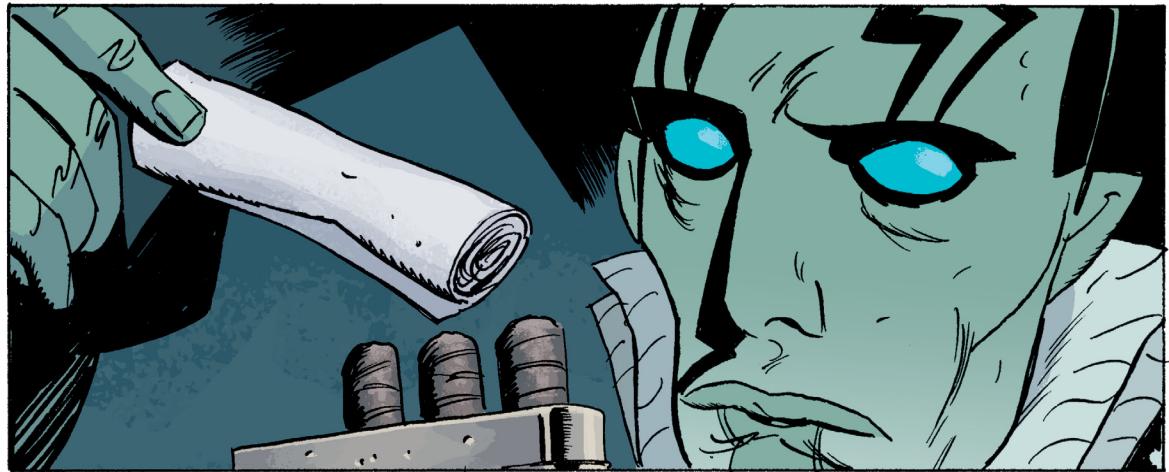














CHAPTER TWO





BALIKPAPAN,
INDONESIA.









B.P.R.D.
HEADQUARTERS,
COLORADO.

FOURTH SUB-
BASEMENT.

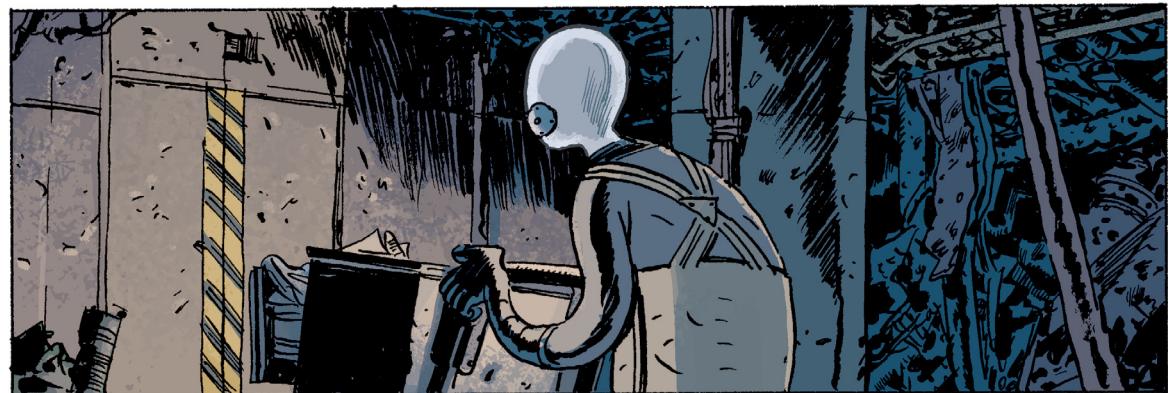
HMMMM.
QUITE A FEW
MORE FILES LEFT
THAN I HAD
HOPED.

FASCINATING...

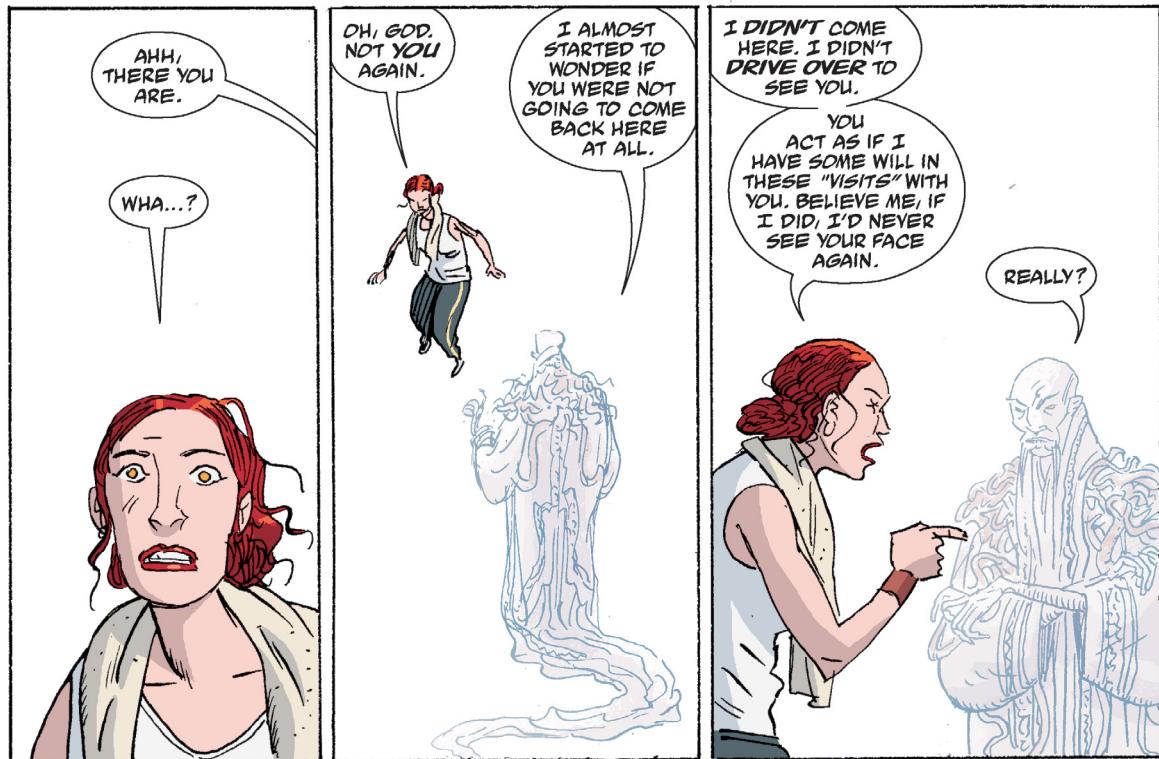


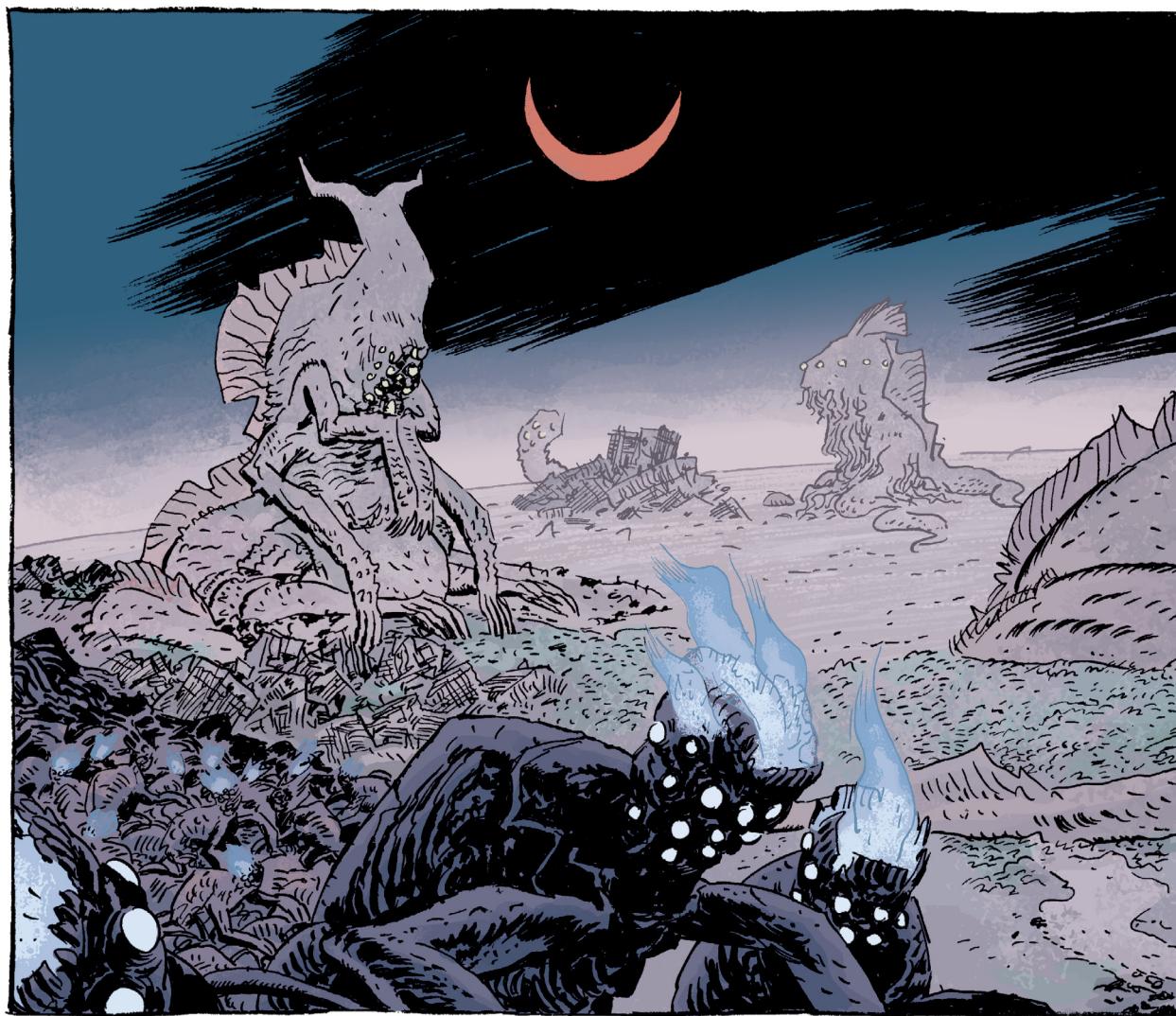
FASCINATING...

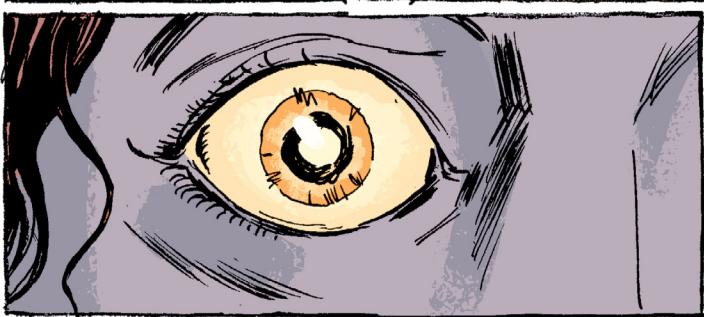




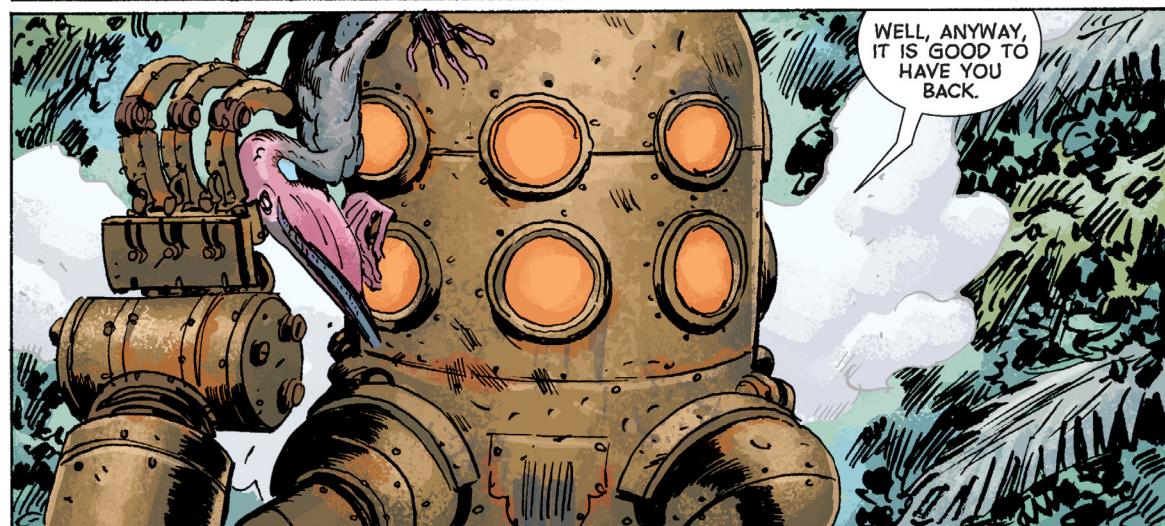
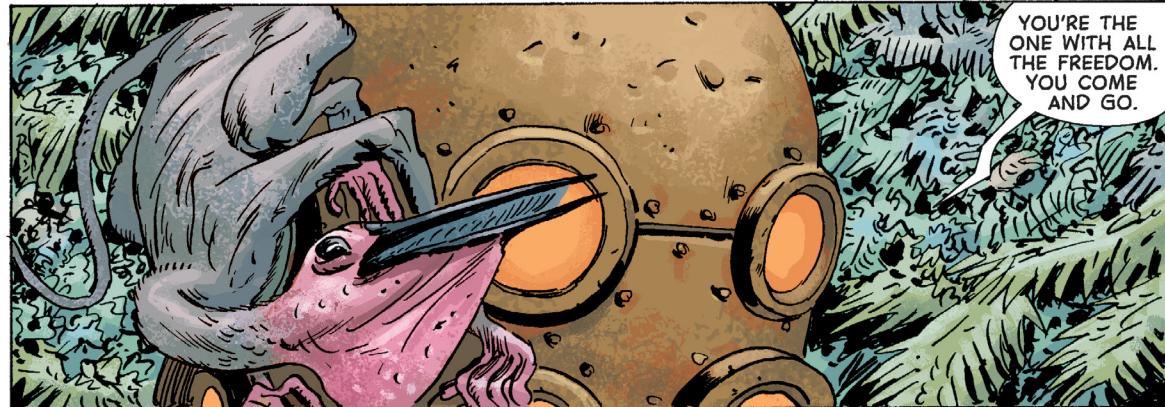
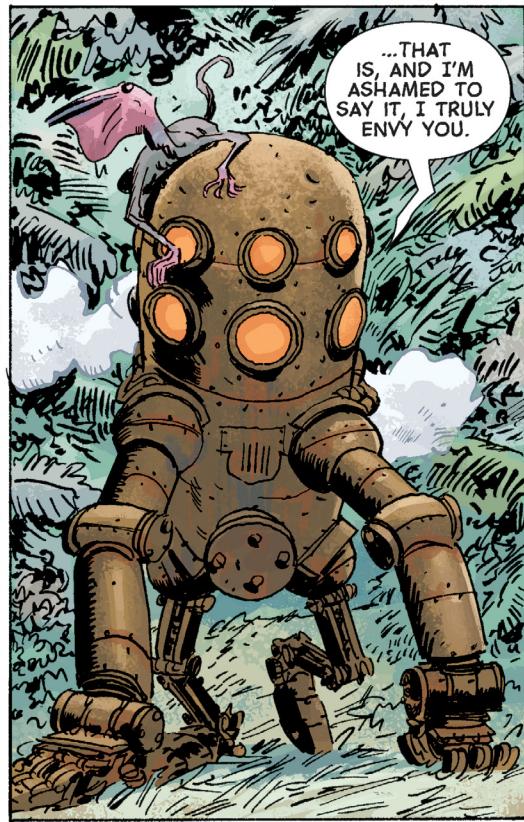


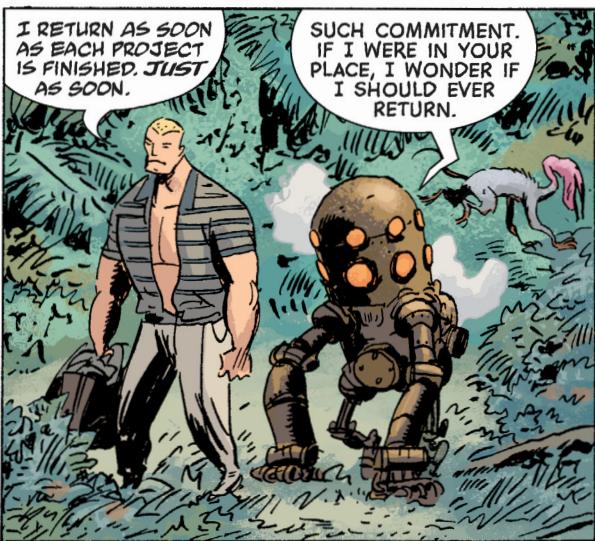
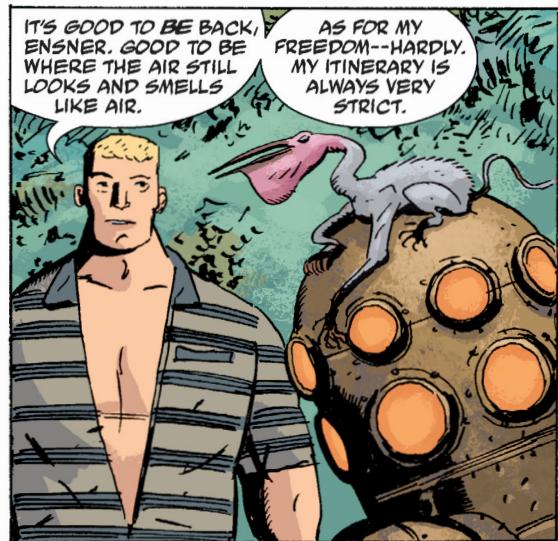


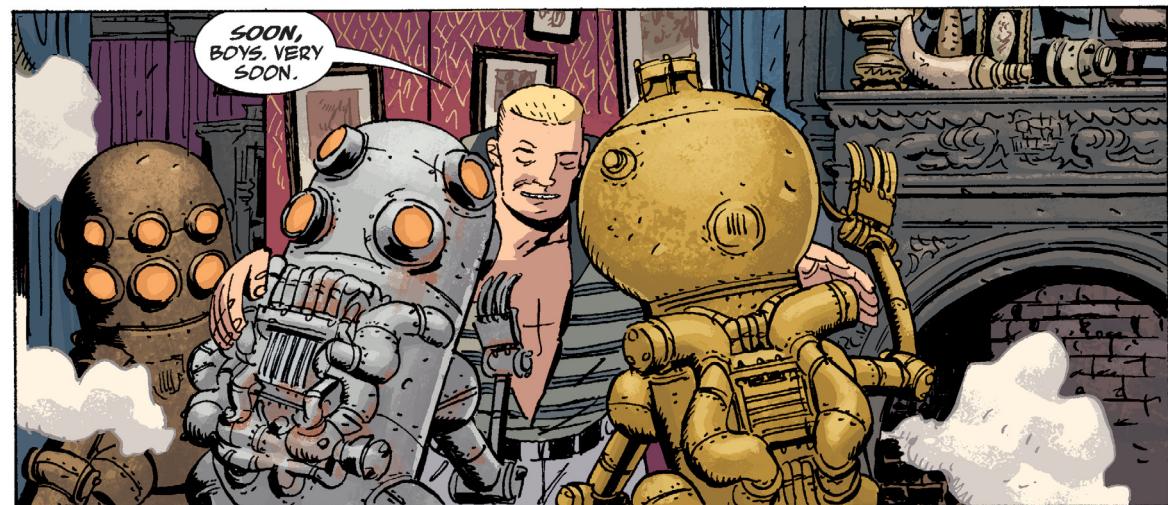
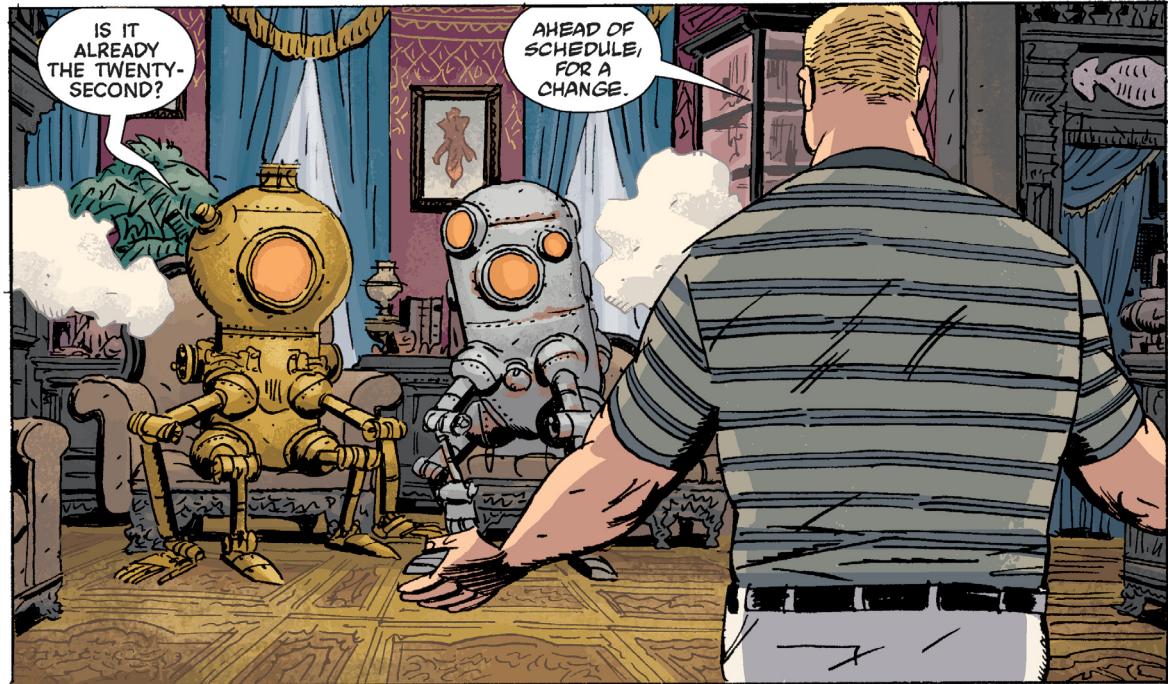


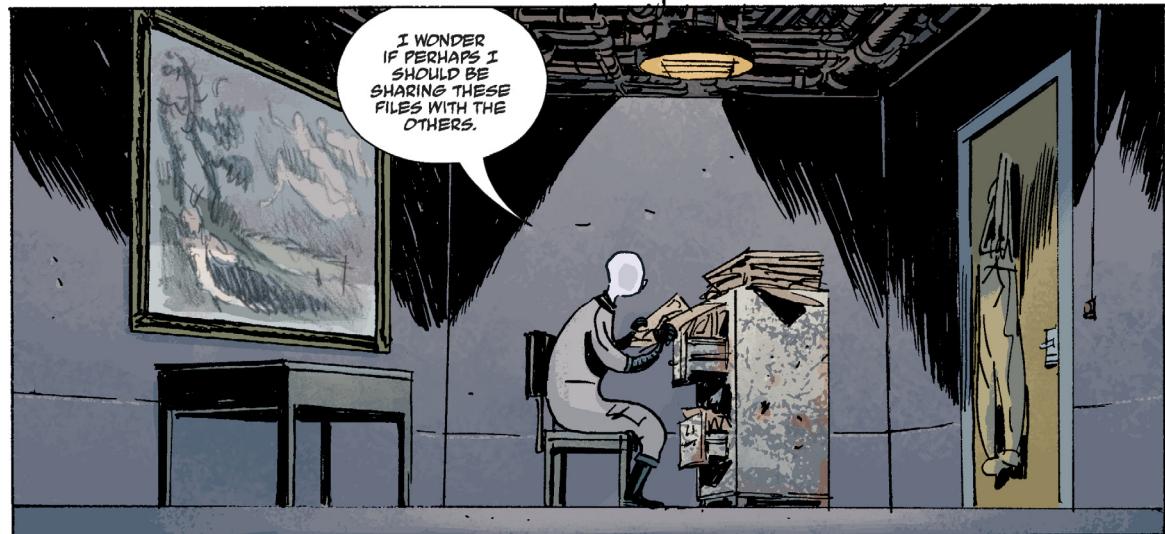
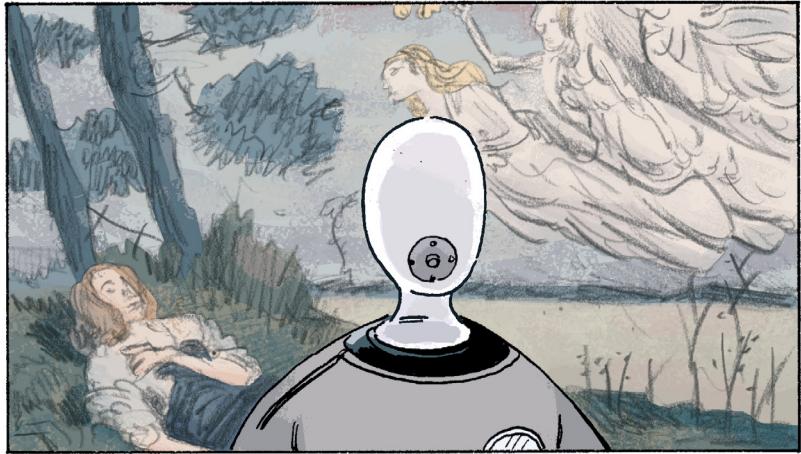
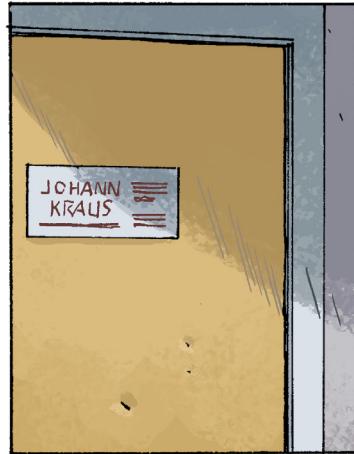


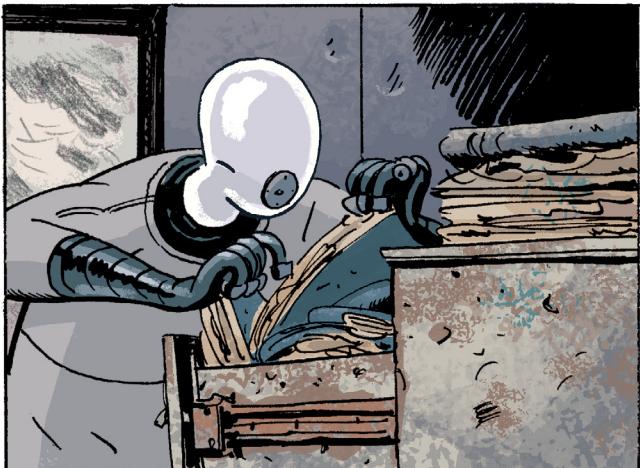


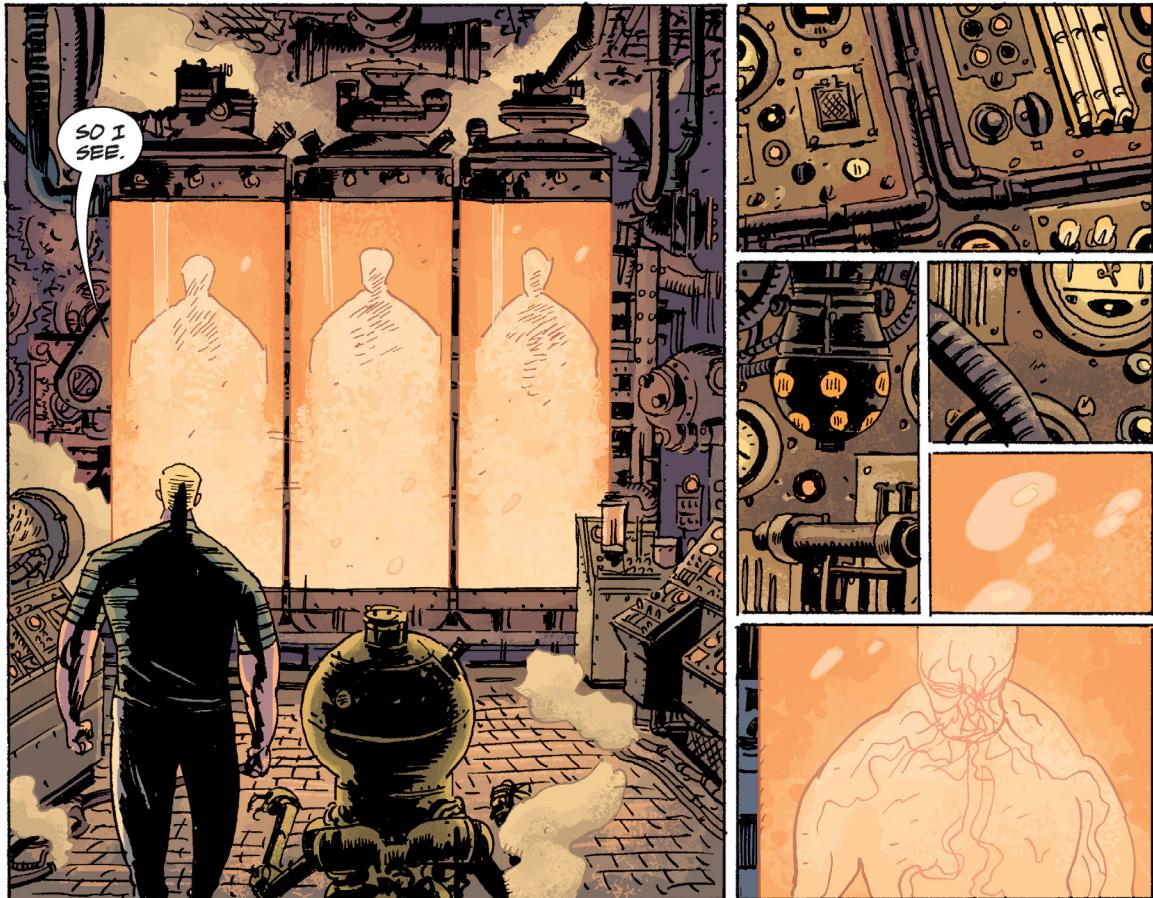
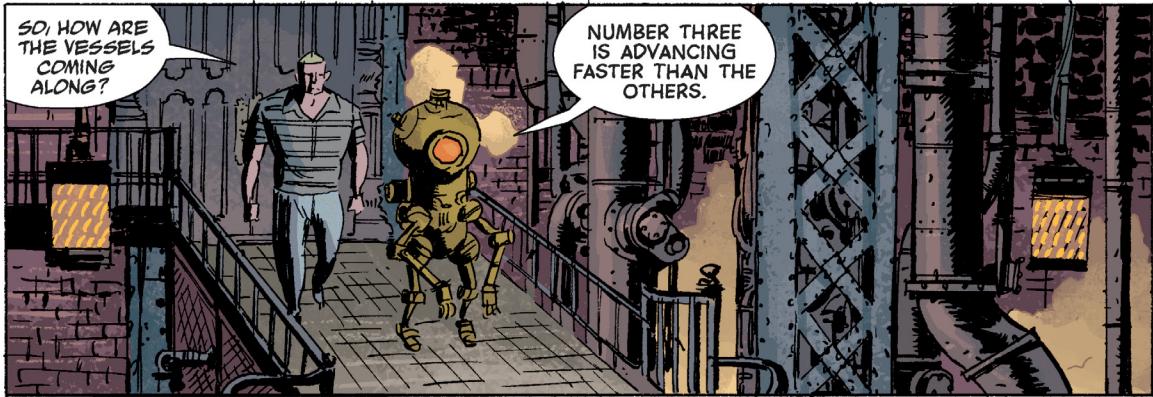


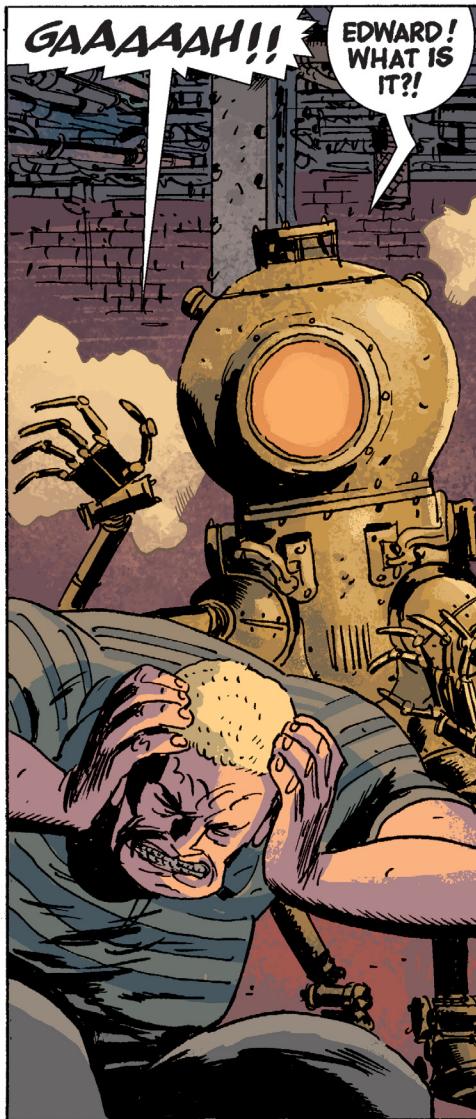
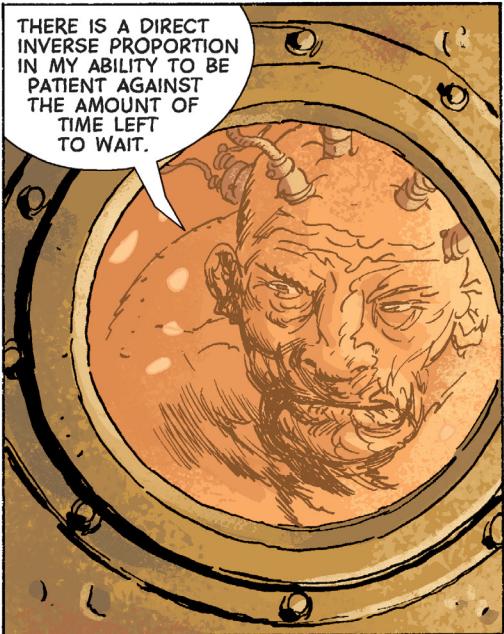


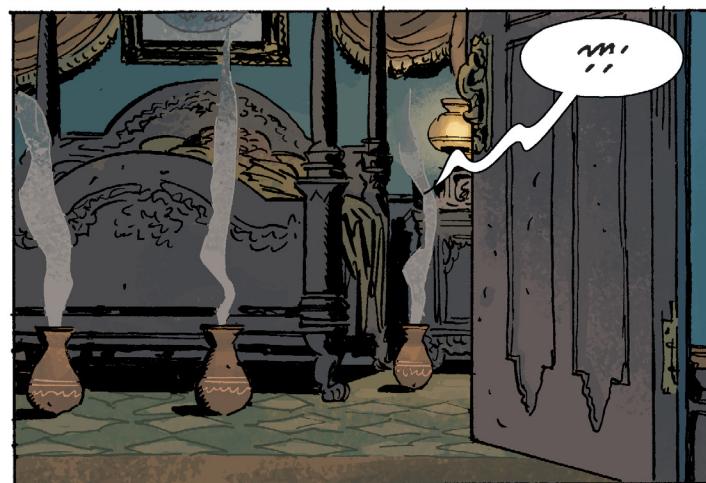
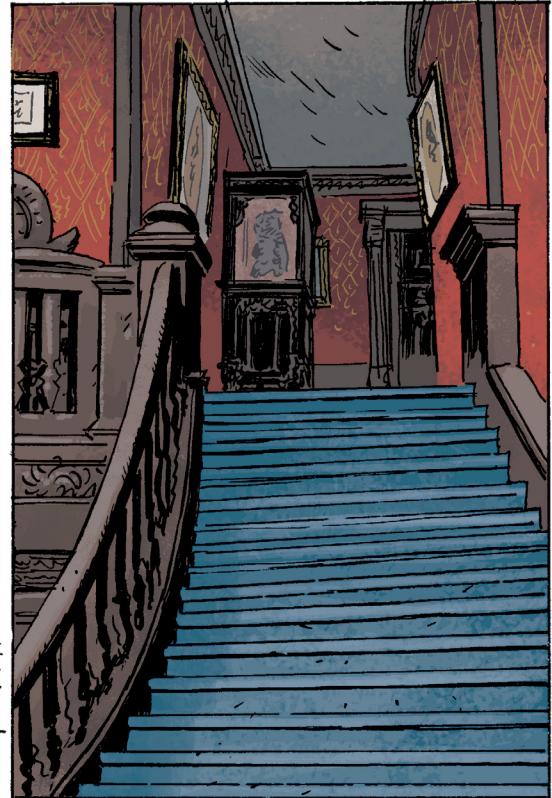








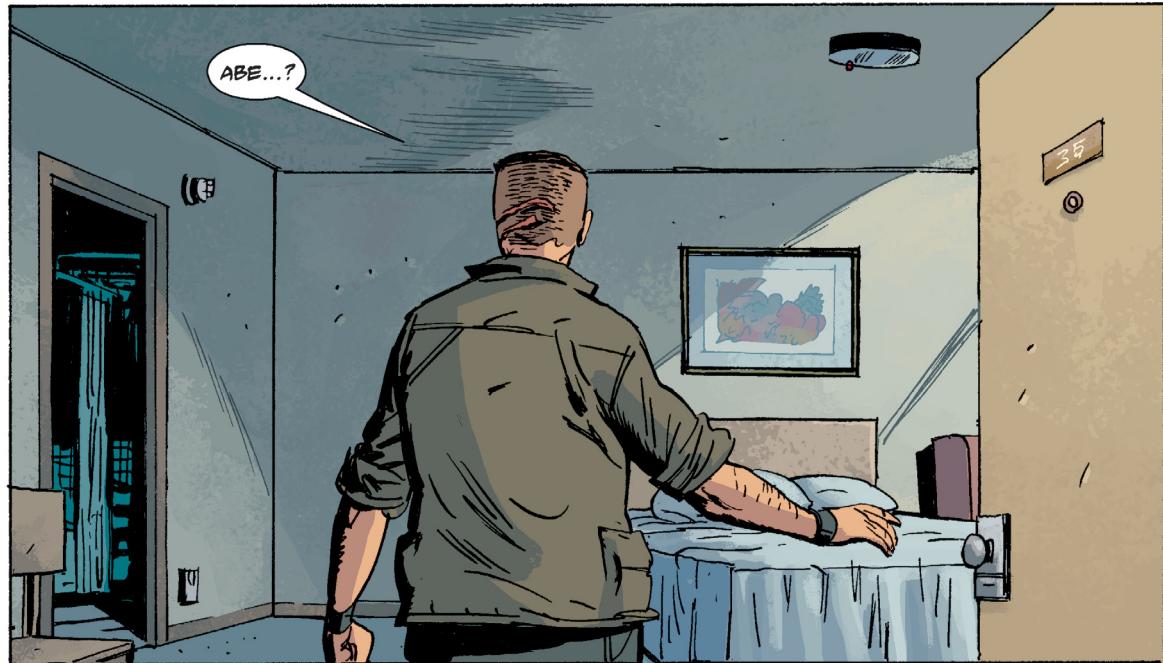
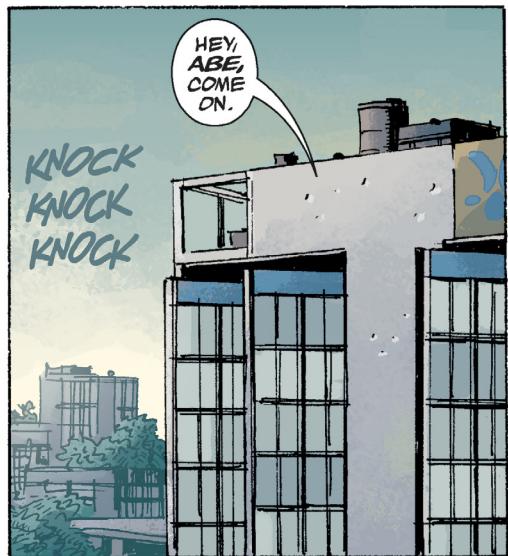






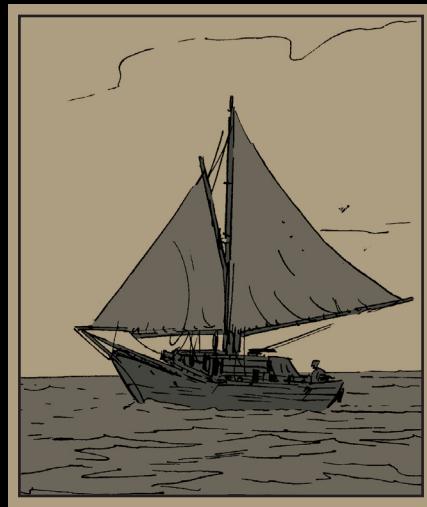








CHAPTER THREE









COLORADO, B.P.R.D.
HEADQUARTERS.

SO IS THIS ALL YOU'VE
BEEN DOING WHILE YOU'RE
LAID UP? ORDERING
BOOKS ONLINE?

HEY, YOU CAN TAKE
THE GIRL OUT OF
ACADEMIA...

EXCUSE ME, KATE,
ELIZABETH. A
MOMENT?

SURE,
JOHANN.
HAVE A
SEAT.

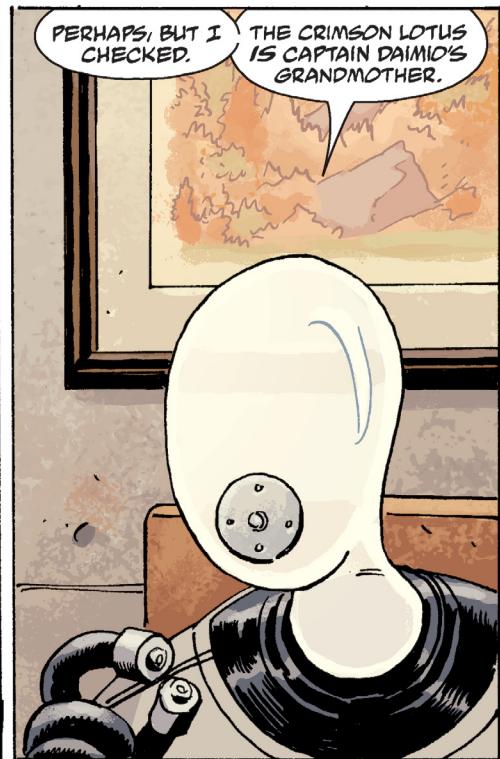
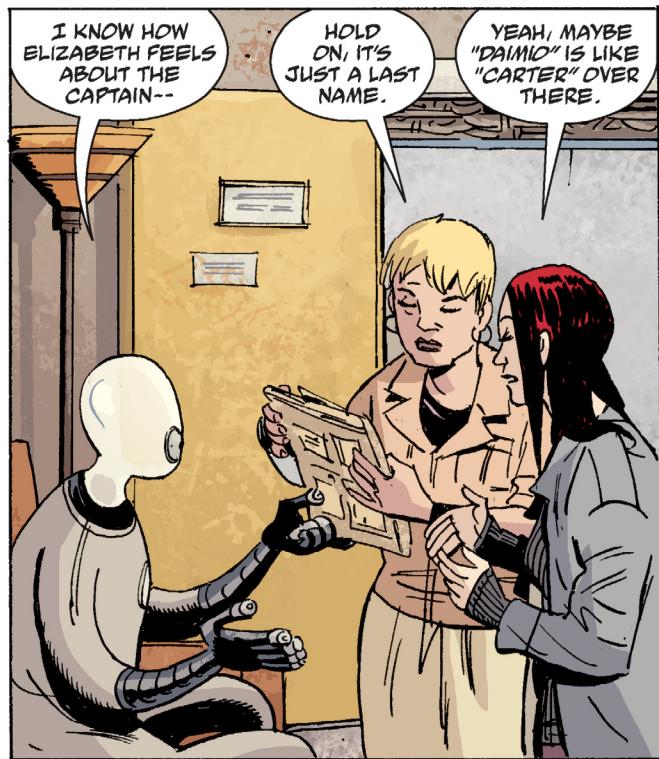
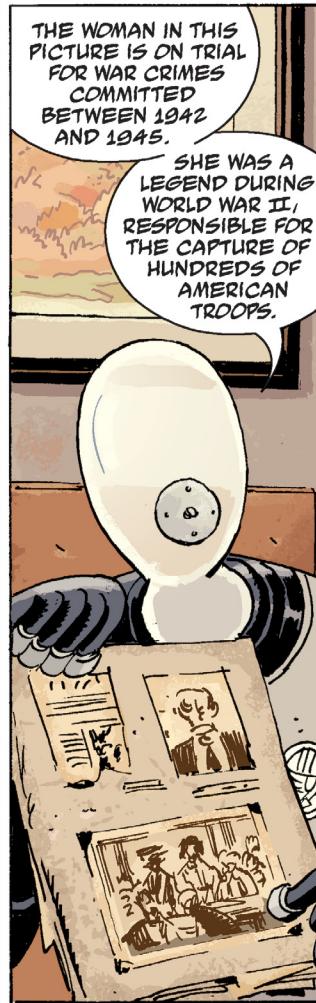
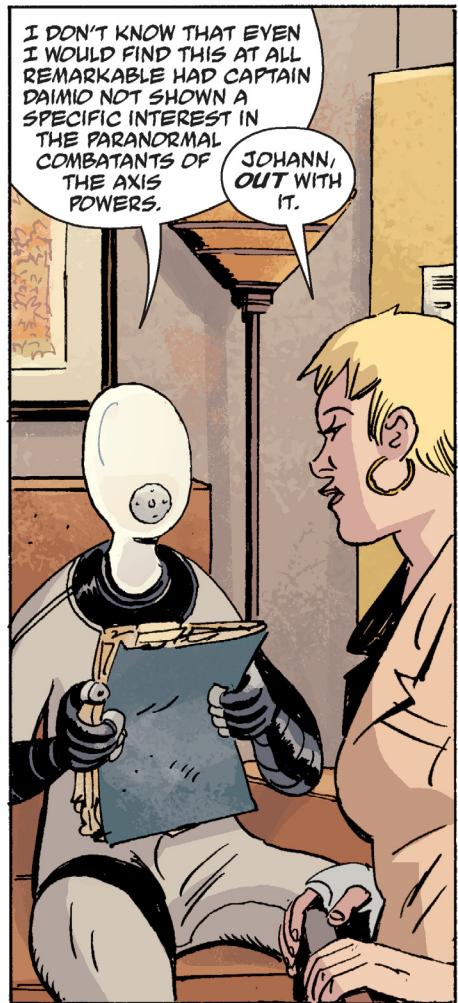
AS YOU ALL KNOW, I
HAVE BEEN POKING
AROUND IN THE SUB-
BASEMENTS, TRYING
TO PIECE TOGETHER
A HISTORY OF THIS
COMPLEX, AMONG
OTHER THINGS.

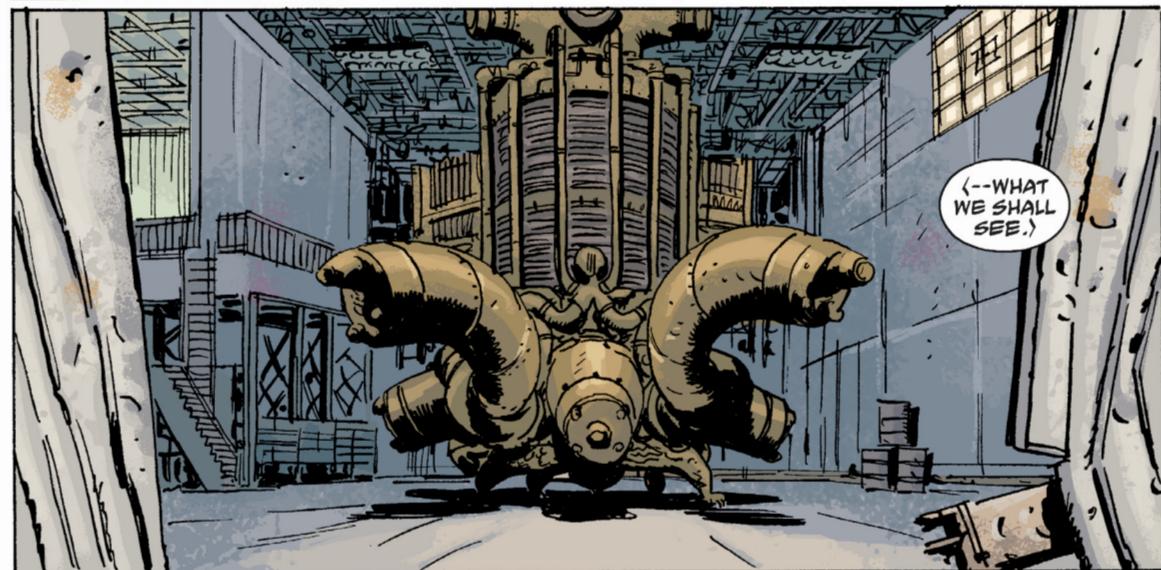
WELL, I
DIDN'T KNOW
THE REASON,
BUT SURE.

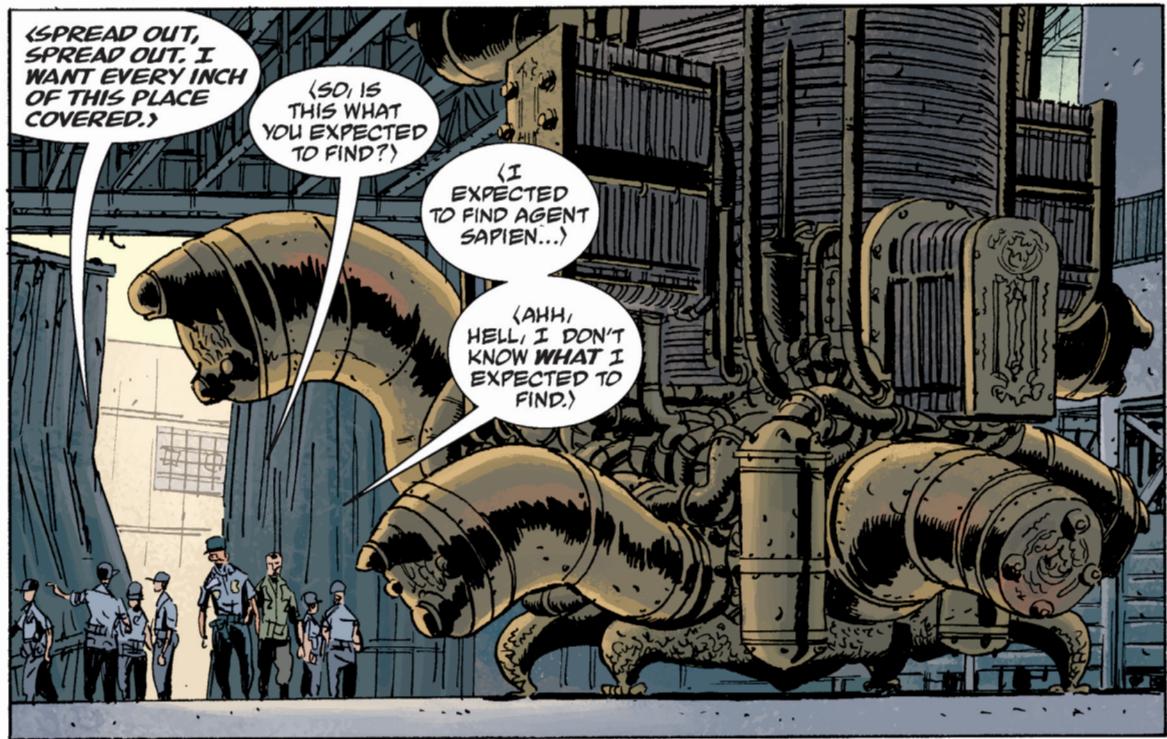
AS IT HAPPENS,
I STUMBLED
ACROSS
SOMETHING.

AND ELIZABETH,
YOU MUST RESERVE
JUDGMENT.

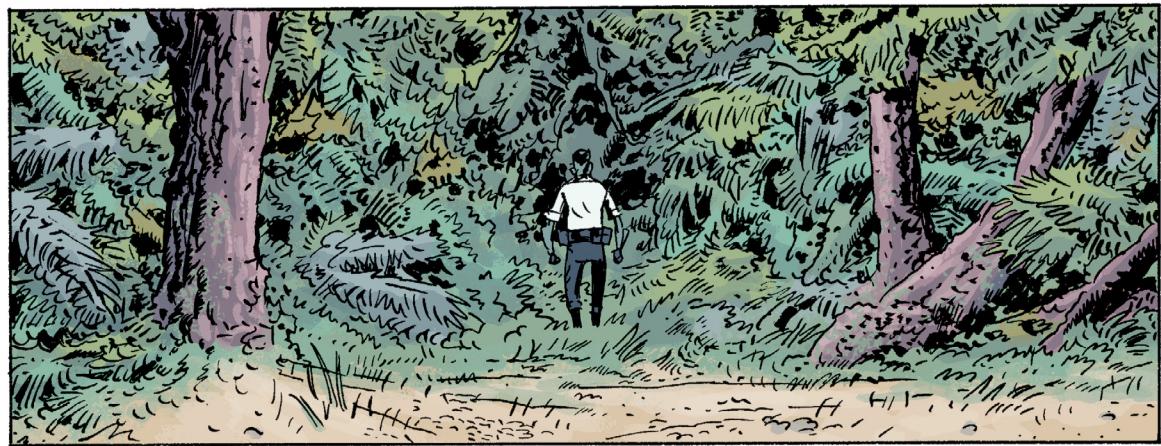
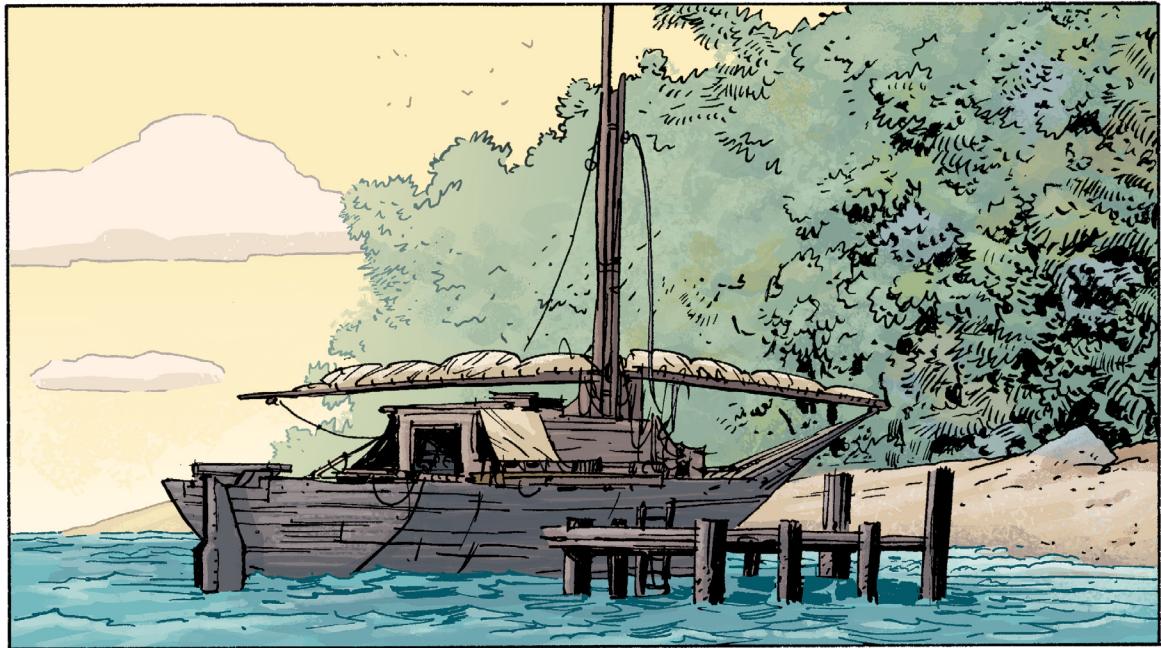
HUH?

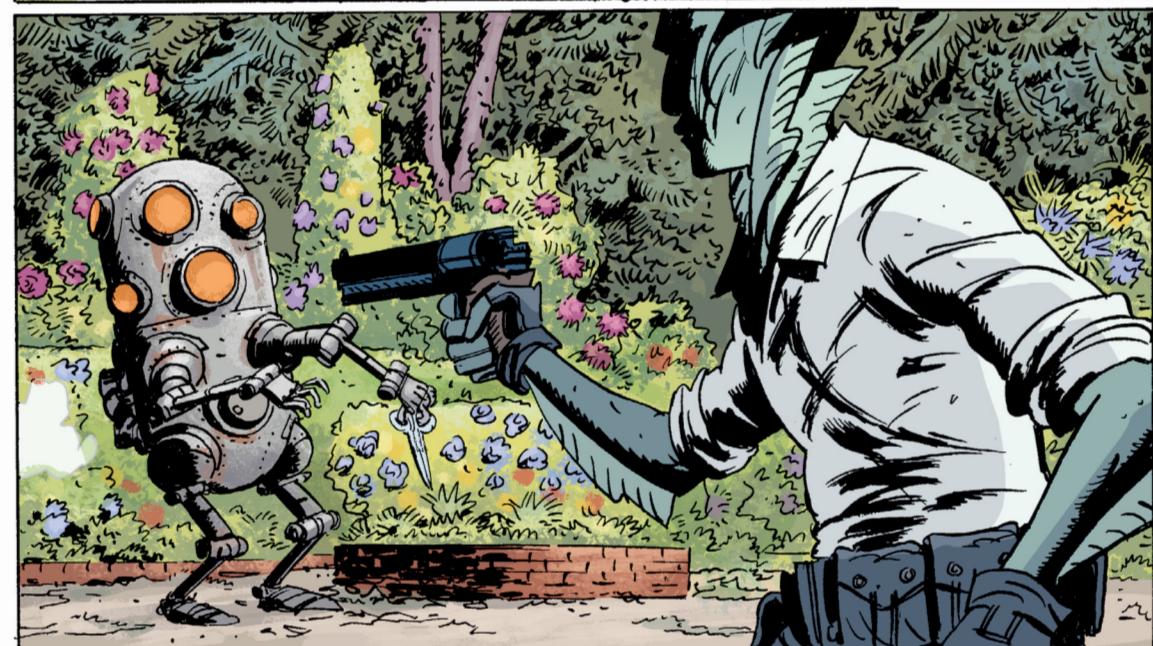
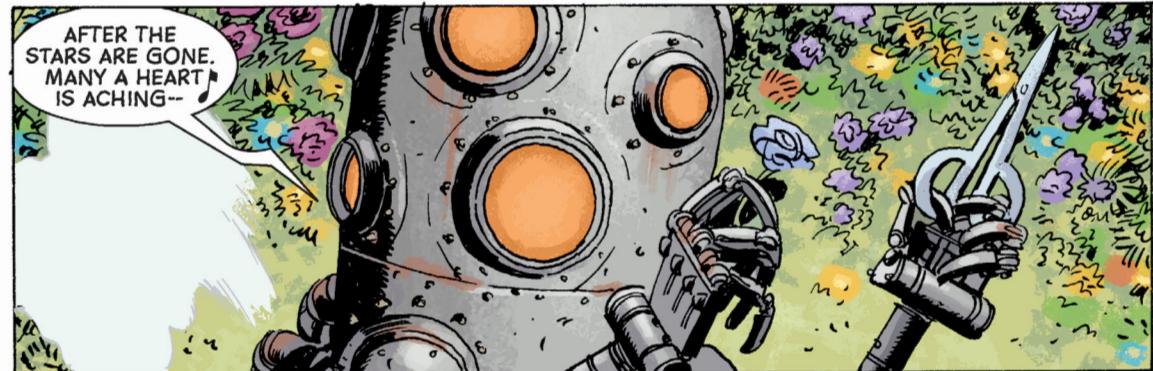
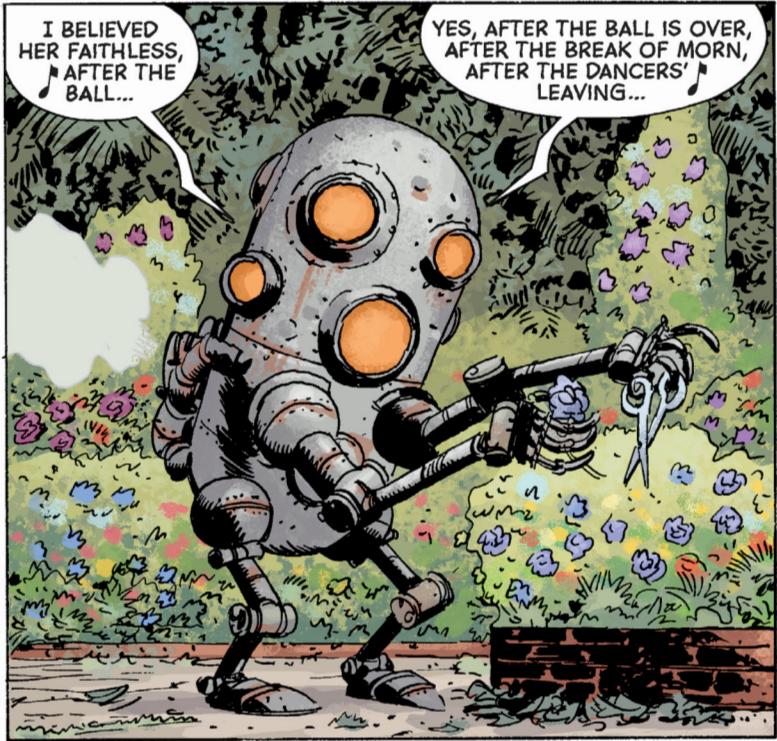


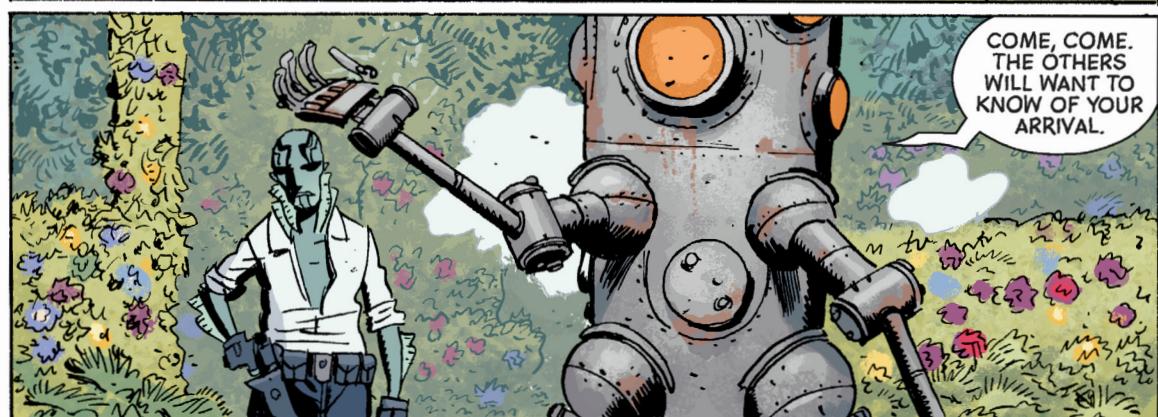
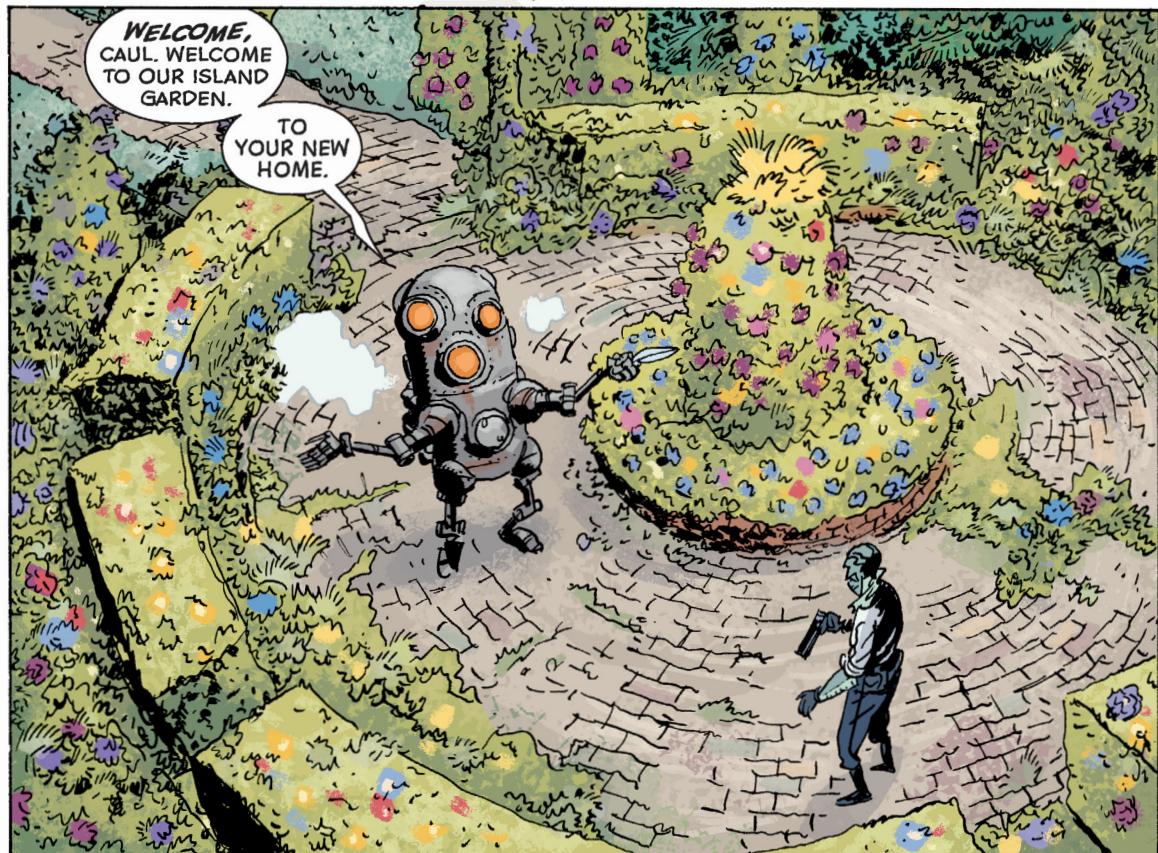
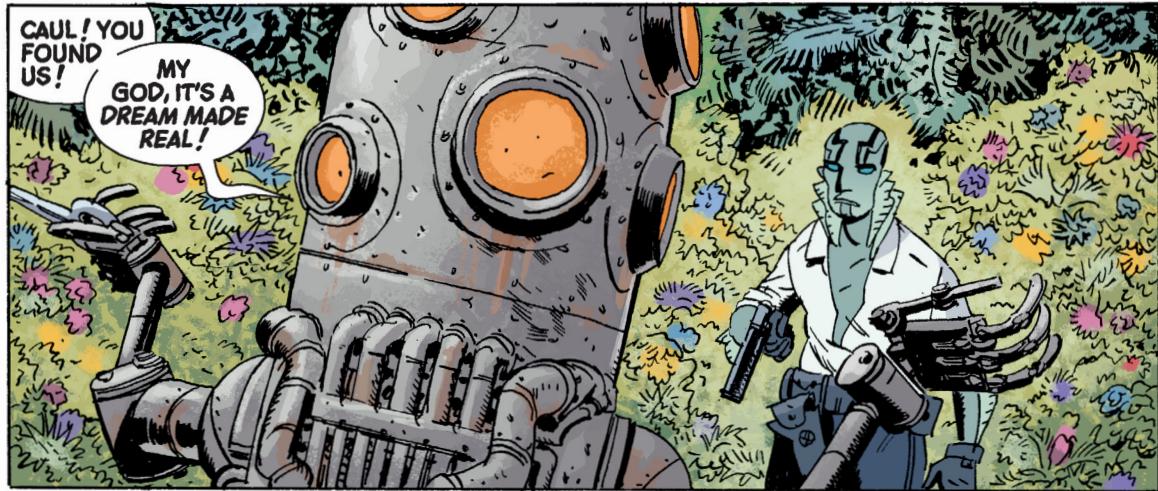


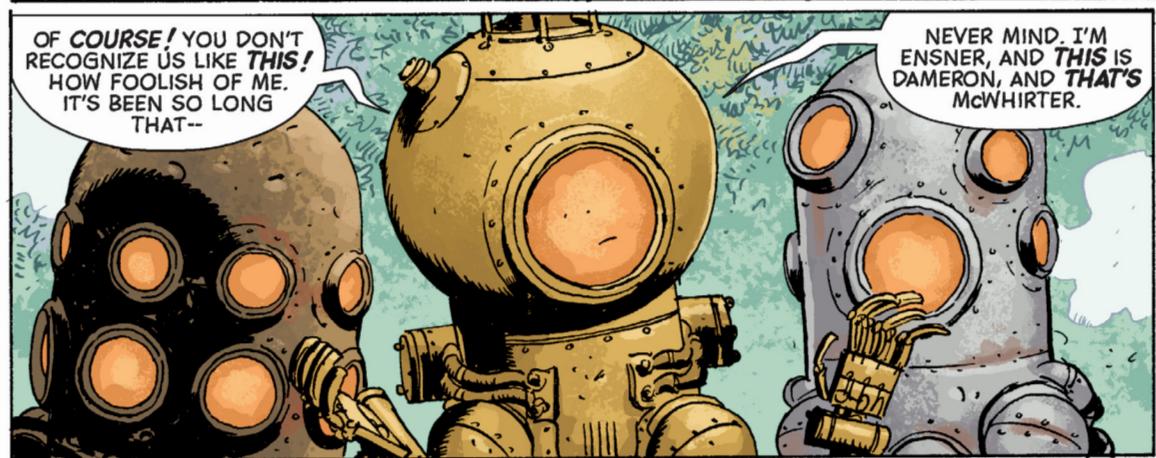
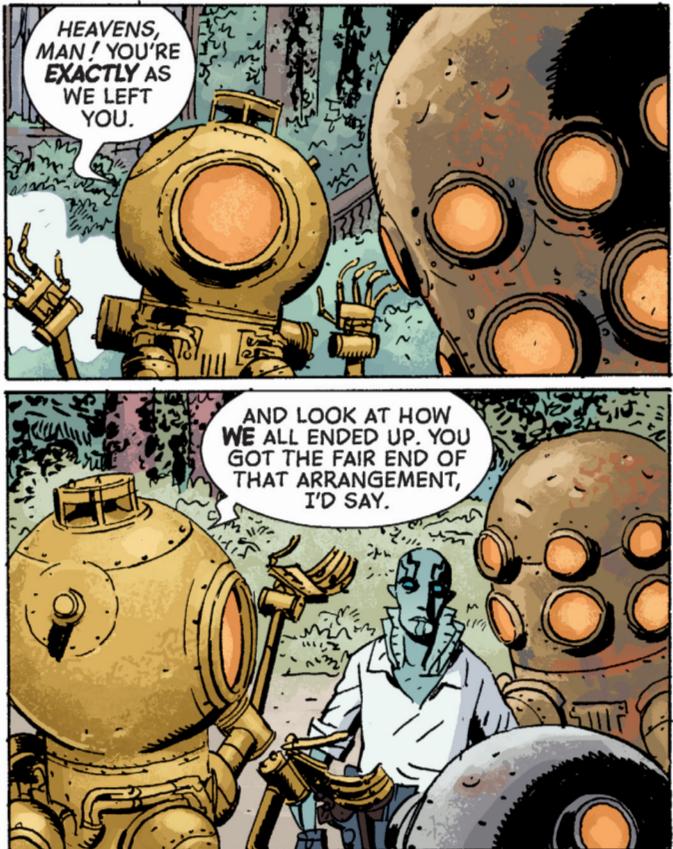


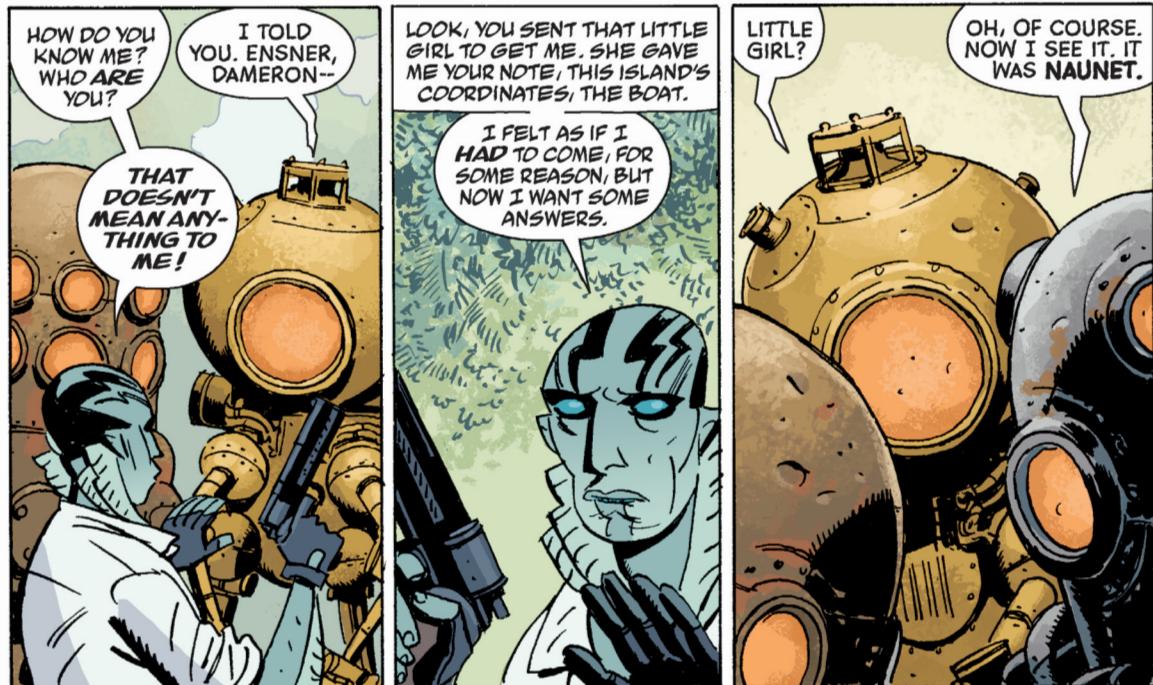
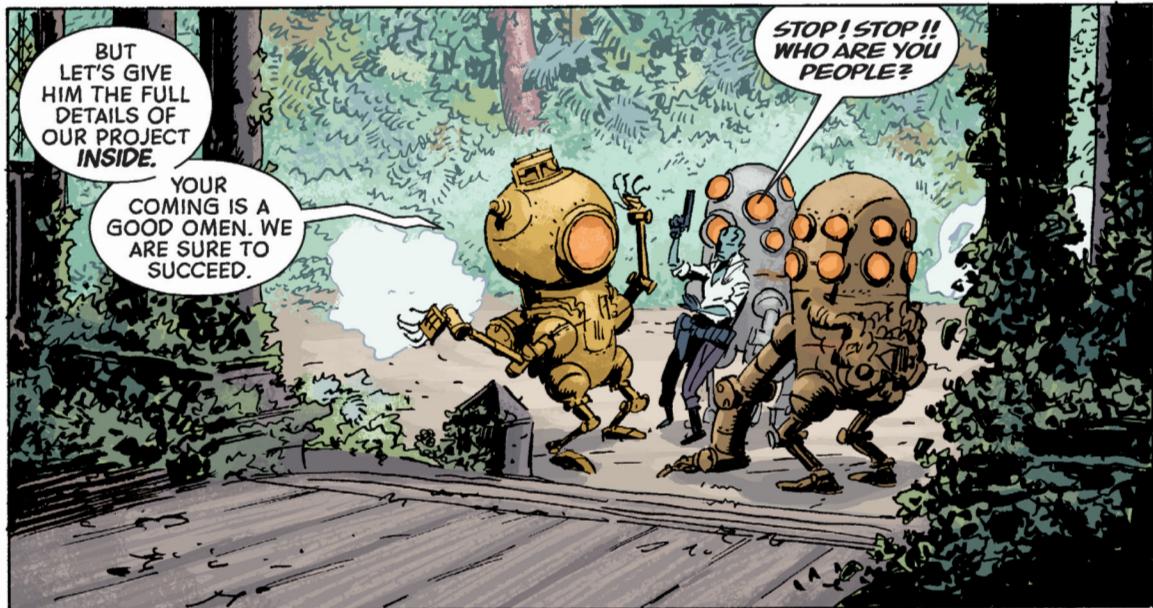
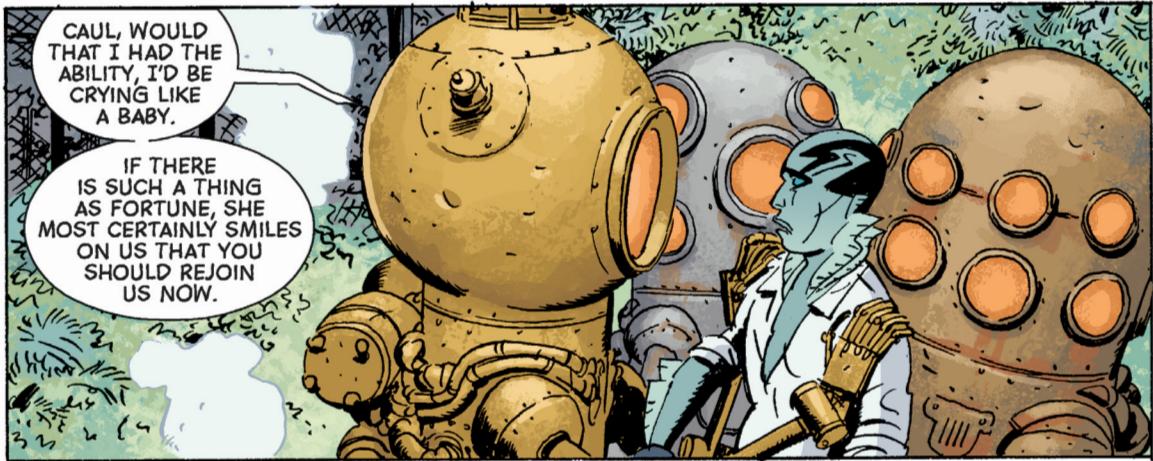


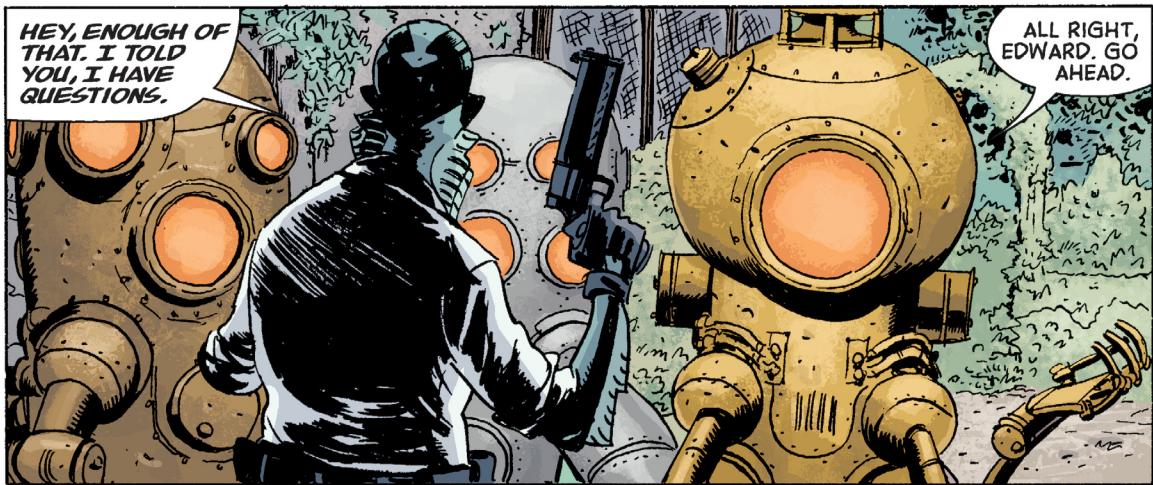




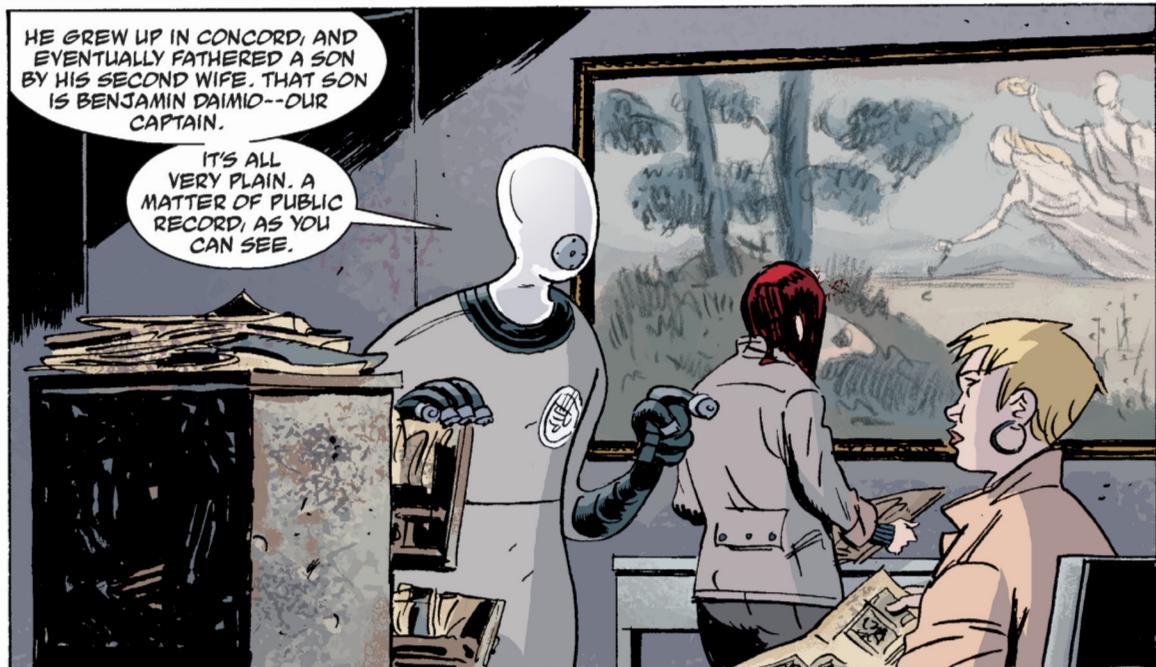


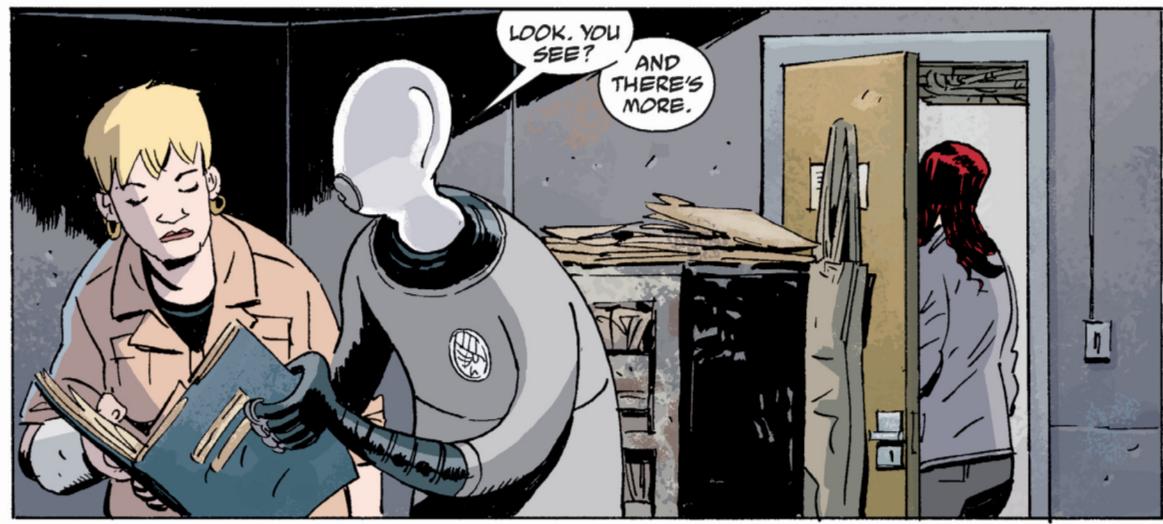


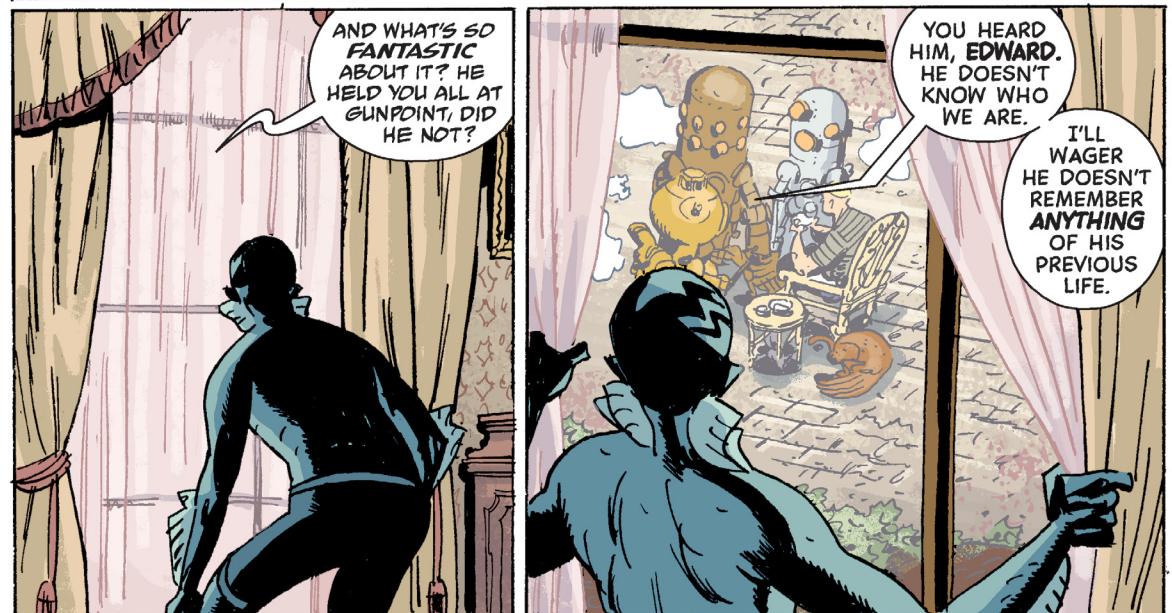


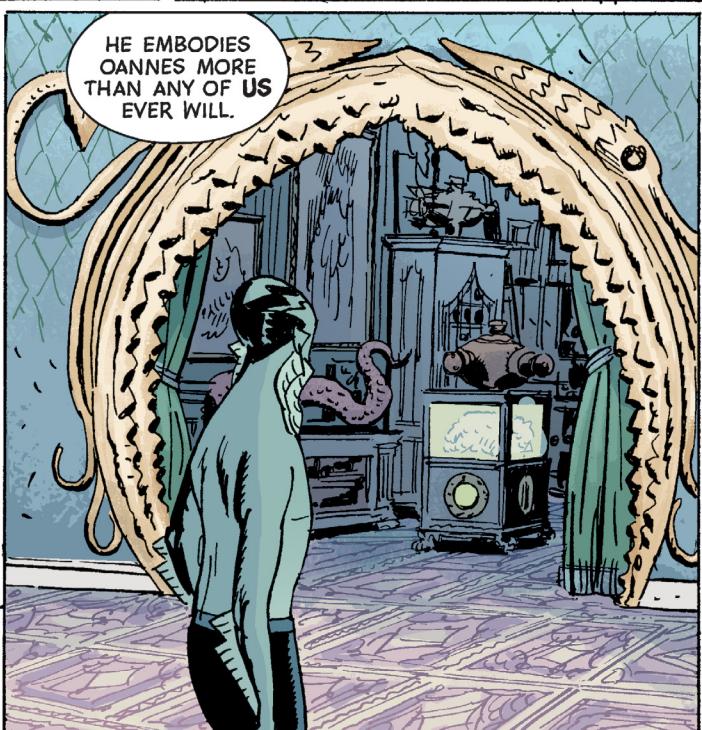
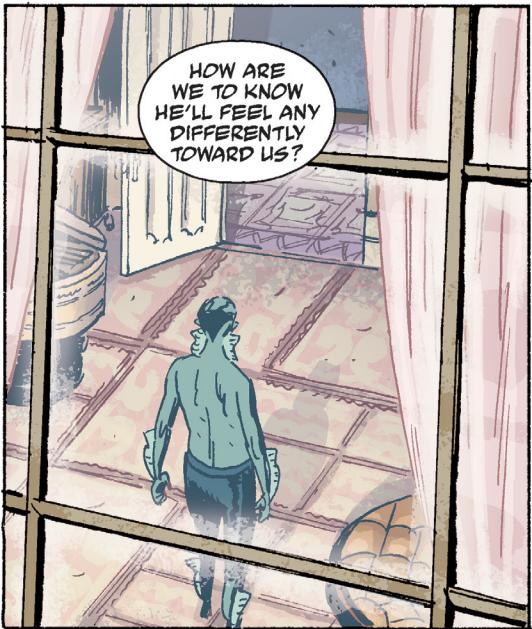
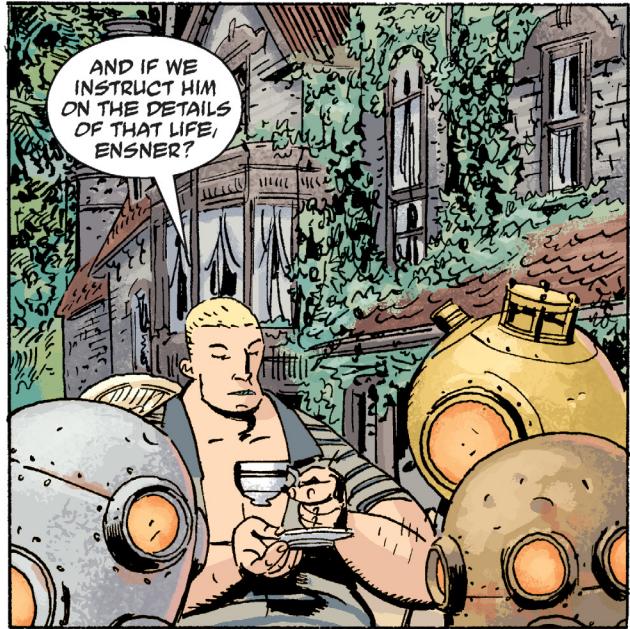


WHUMP!

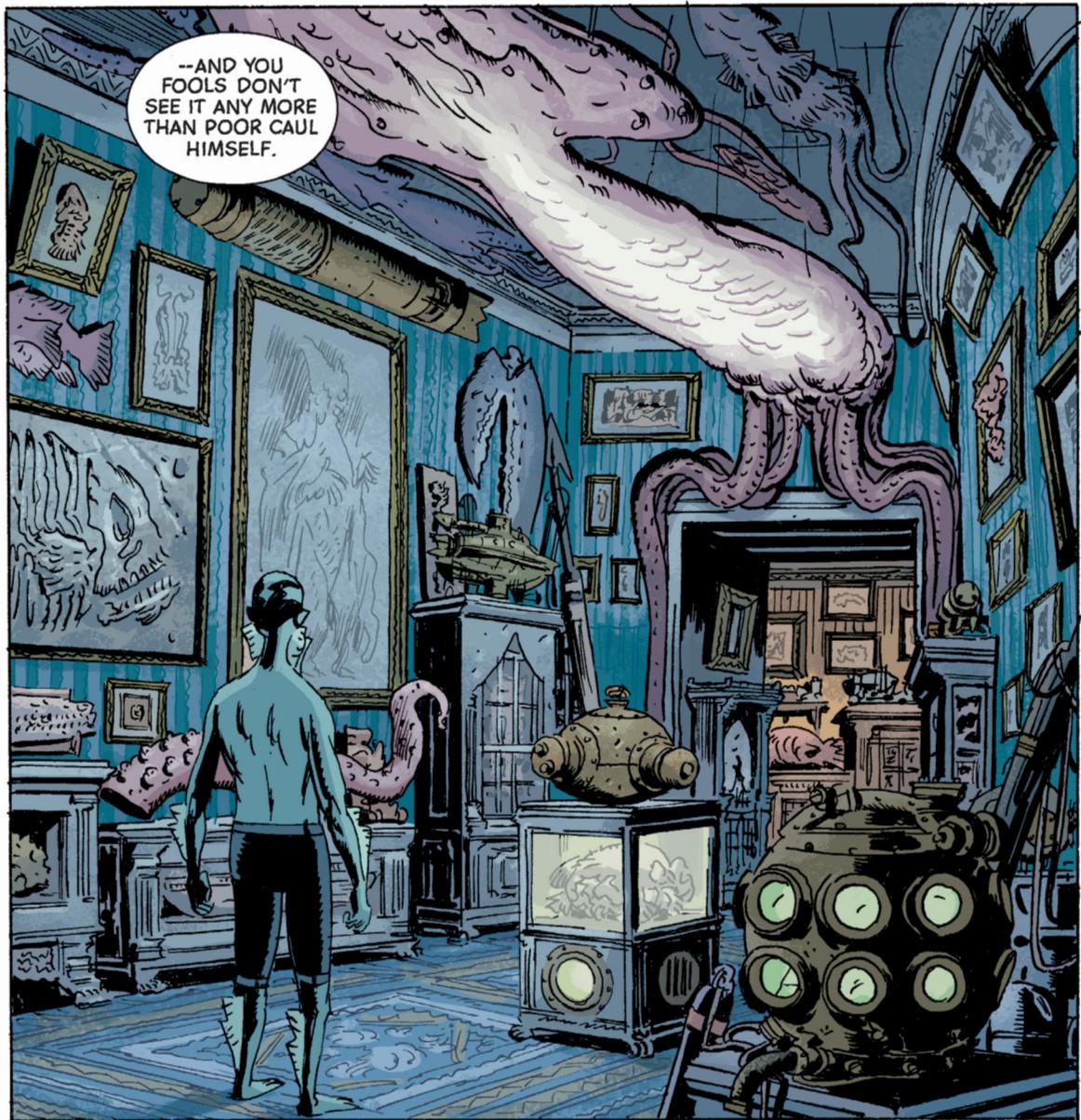






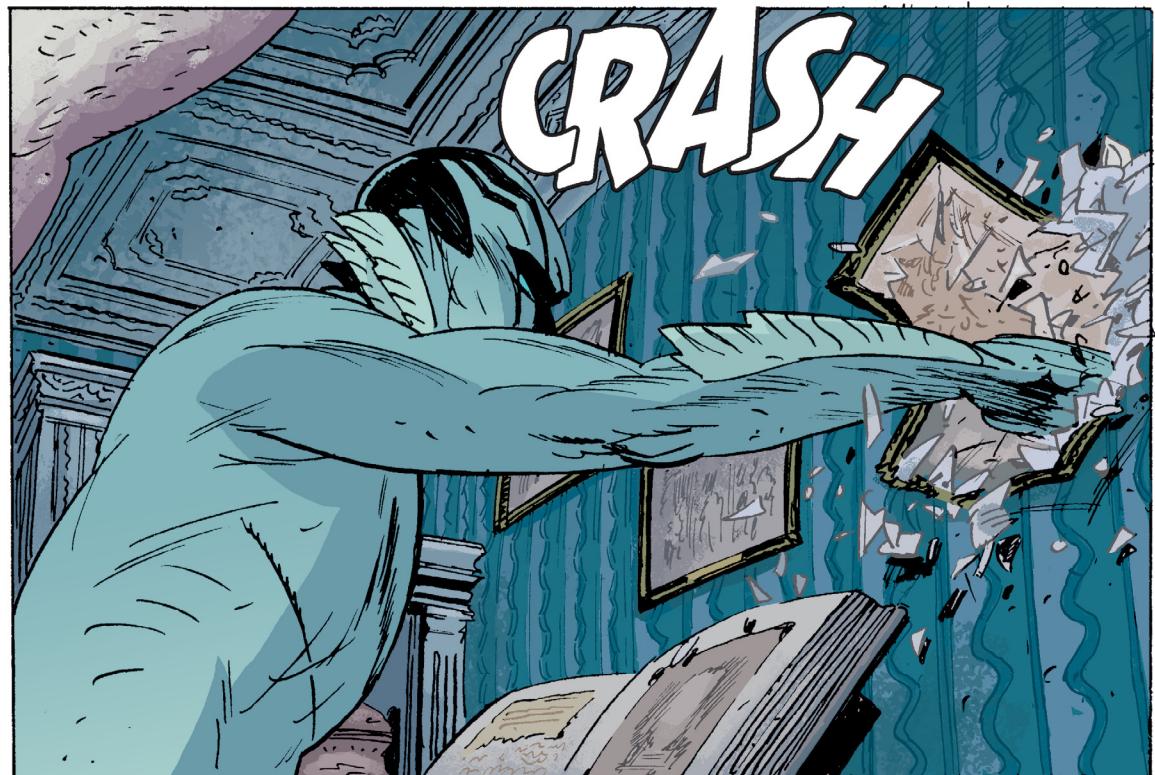


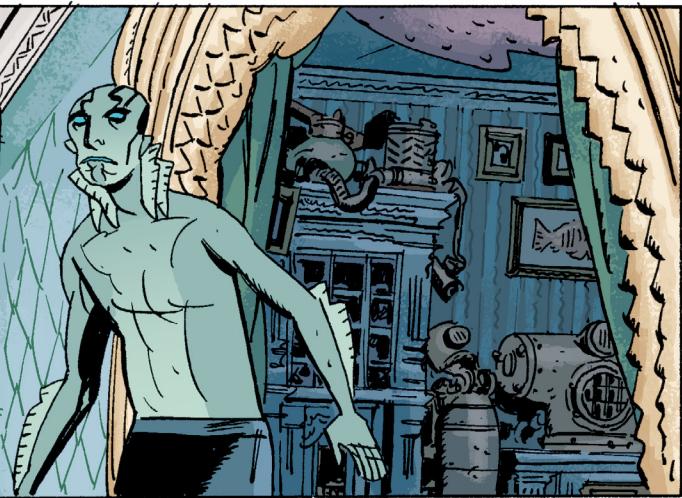
--AND YOU
FOOLS DON'T
SEE IT ANY MORE
THAN POOR CAUL
HIMSELF.





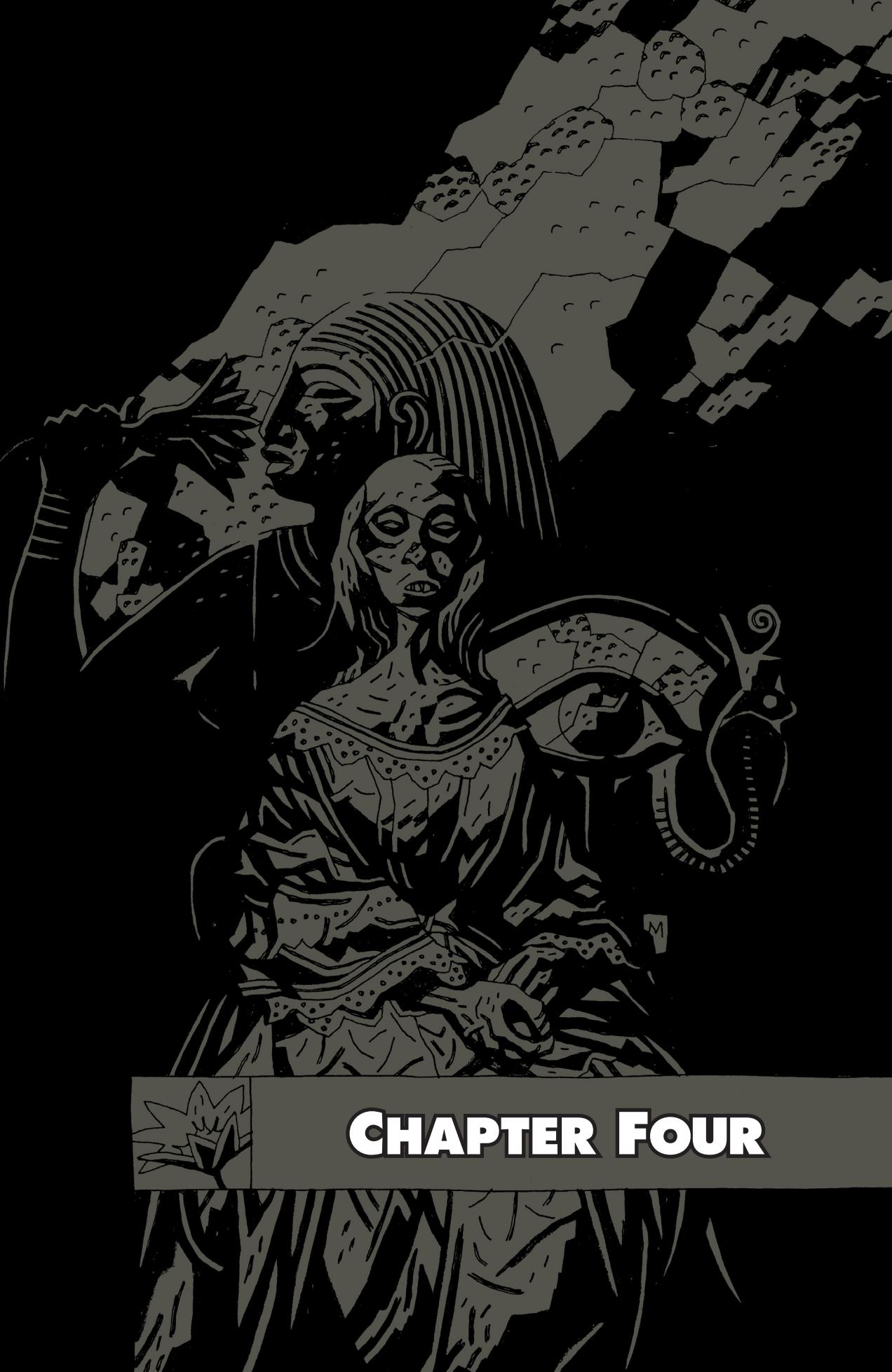






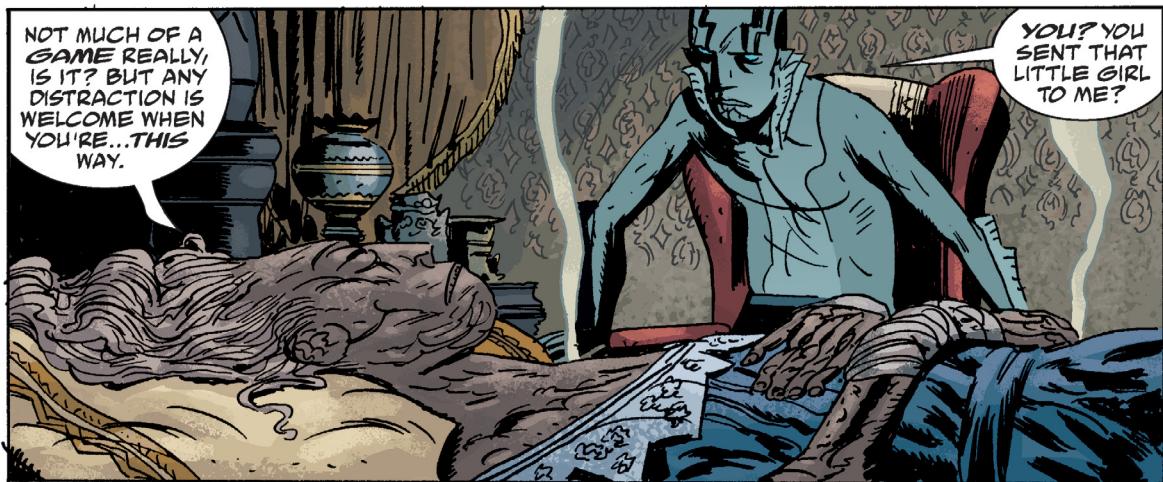
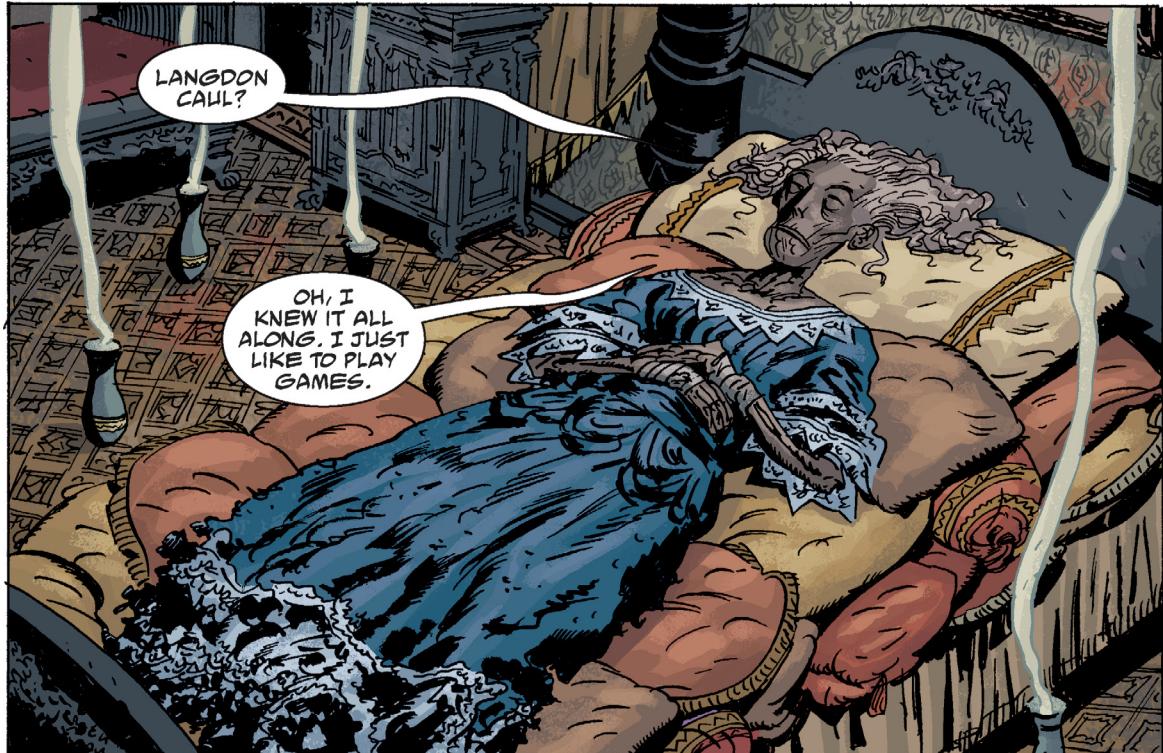
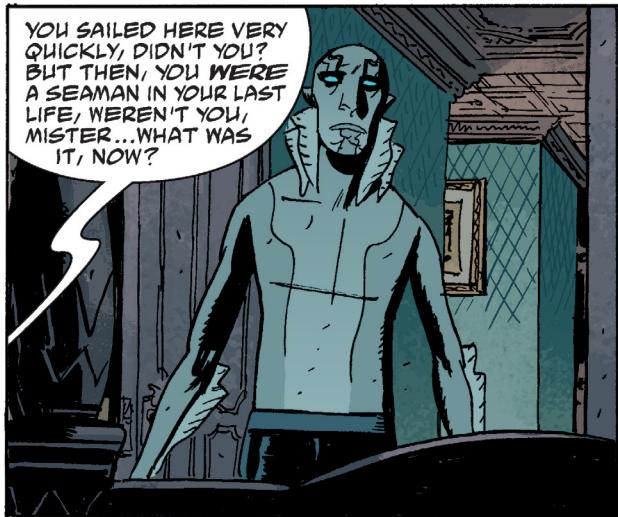


YOU'RE
NOT
EDWARD.



CHAPTER FOUR

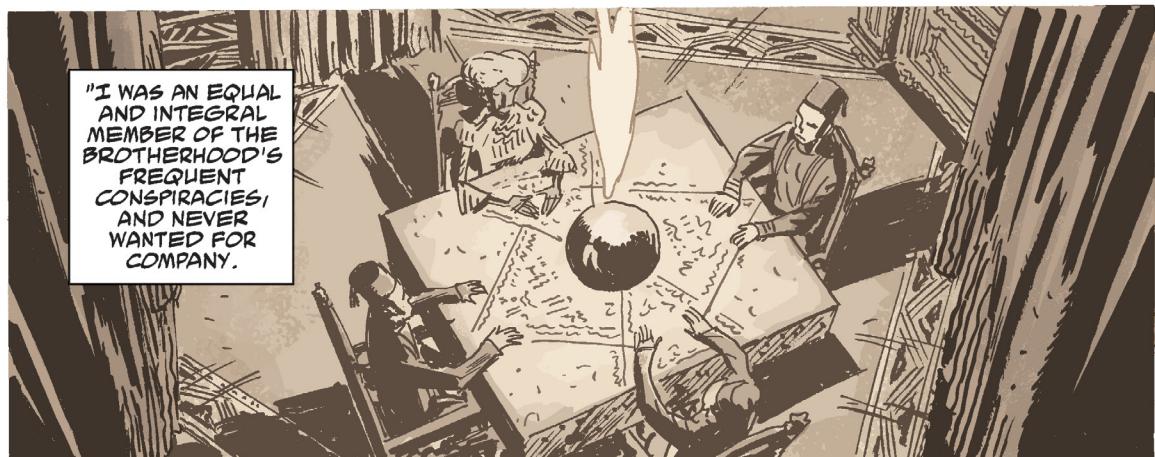












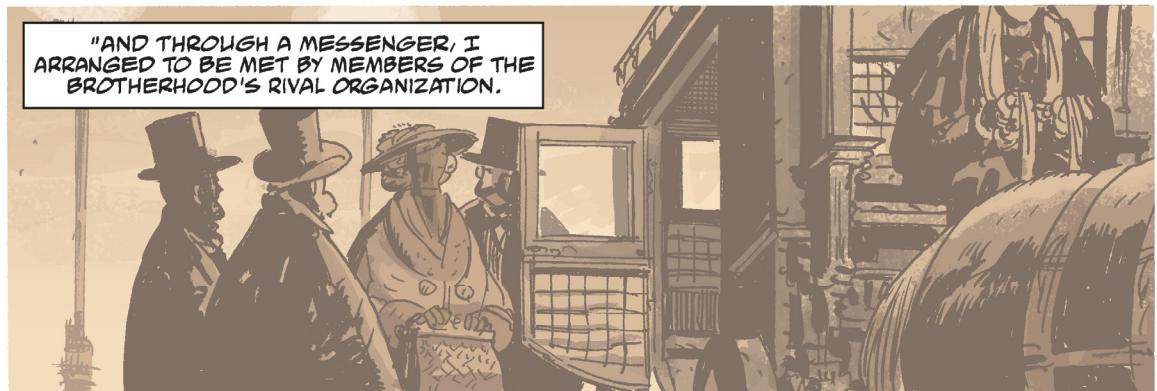
"IN THIS WAY, I FIRST DEVELOPED THE VERY SKILL THAT BROUGHT YOU TO ME.



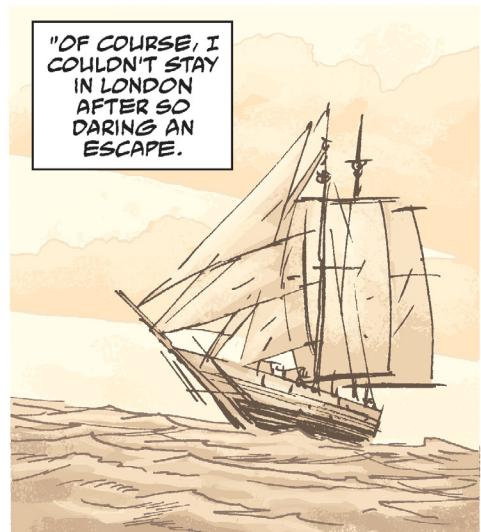
"TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION RENDERED MY HOSTS UNCONSCIOUS.



"AND THROUGH A MESSENGER, I ARRANGED TO BE MET BY MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD'S RIVAL ORGANIZATION.



"OF COURSE, I COULDN'T STAY IN LONDON AFTER SO DARING AN ESCAPE.



"BUT WHAT DID I CARE? I WAS FREE.





STILL, THEY TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF BURNING OPIATES AROUND MY BED TO PROHIBIT ME FROM ANY PSYCHIC MISDEEDS.

SO THAT'S WHY I'M FEELING SO... STRANGE.



I'VE ACCLIMATED MYSELF TO ITS INFLUENCE, BUT THEIR MINDS ARE TOO STRONG NOW TO CONQUER-- THOUGH I CAN STILL GIVE THEM A HEADACHE NOW AND AGAIN.

I'VE SO MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS, HOWEVER, THAT EVENTUALLY I FOUND A WEAK BRAIN I COULD INHABIT--A BODY I COULD MANEUVER.



THE LITTLE GIRL IN BALIKPAPAN. YOU WROTE TO ME IN COLORADO THROUGH HER, AND BROUGHT ME HERE-- TO RESCUE YOU?

OH, OF COURSE NOT. NO, REALLY, IT HASN'T BEEN SO BAD. THEY WORSHIP ME, YOU KNOW.



AFTER ALL, AT THIS POINT OF MY PHYSICAL DETERIORATION, WHERE CAN I GO ON MY OWN?

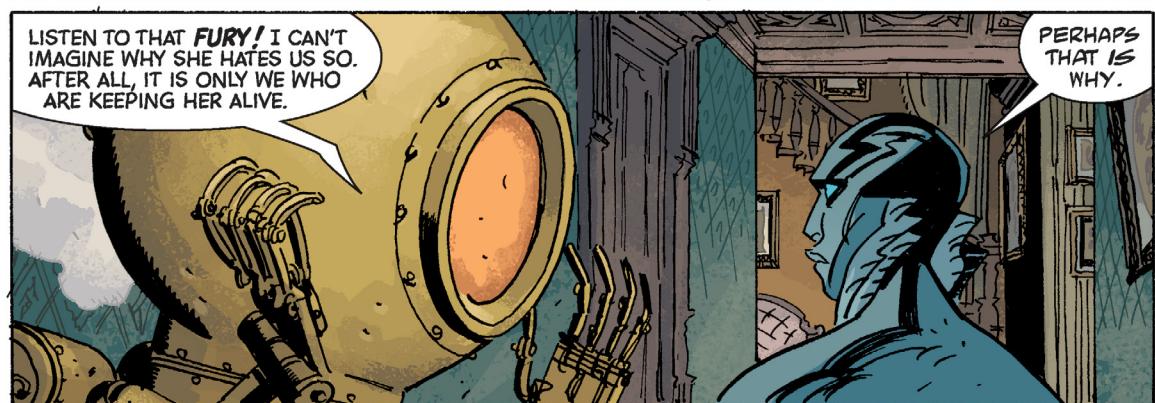
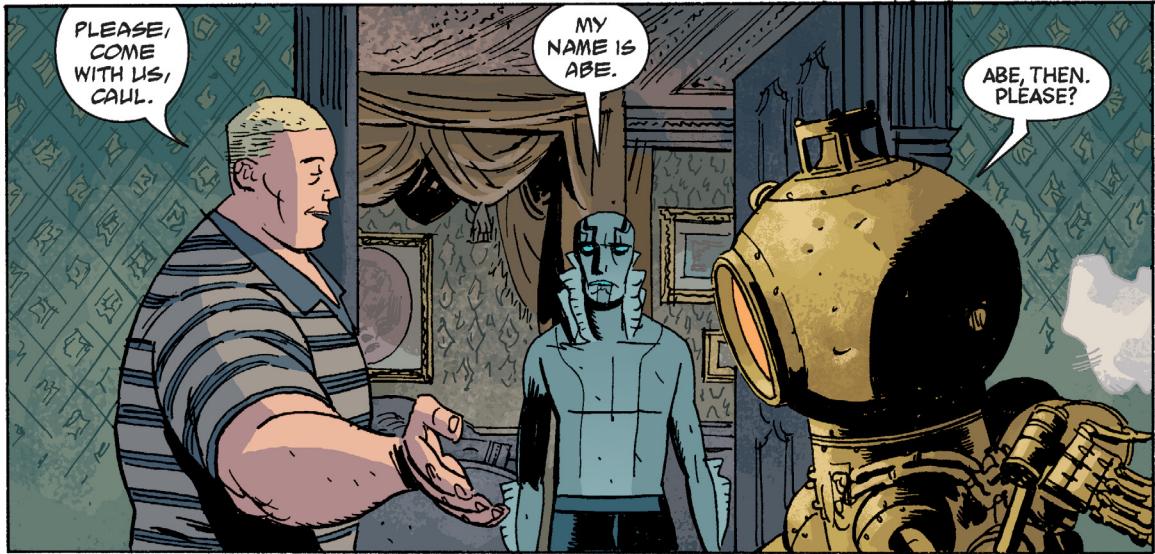
BUT I'M SURE THE WORLD IS STILL BEAUTIFUL. I CAN'T BE A PART OF IT ANYMORE, TRUE, ONLY I REFUSE TO ALLOW THEM TO END IT.

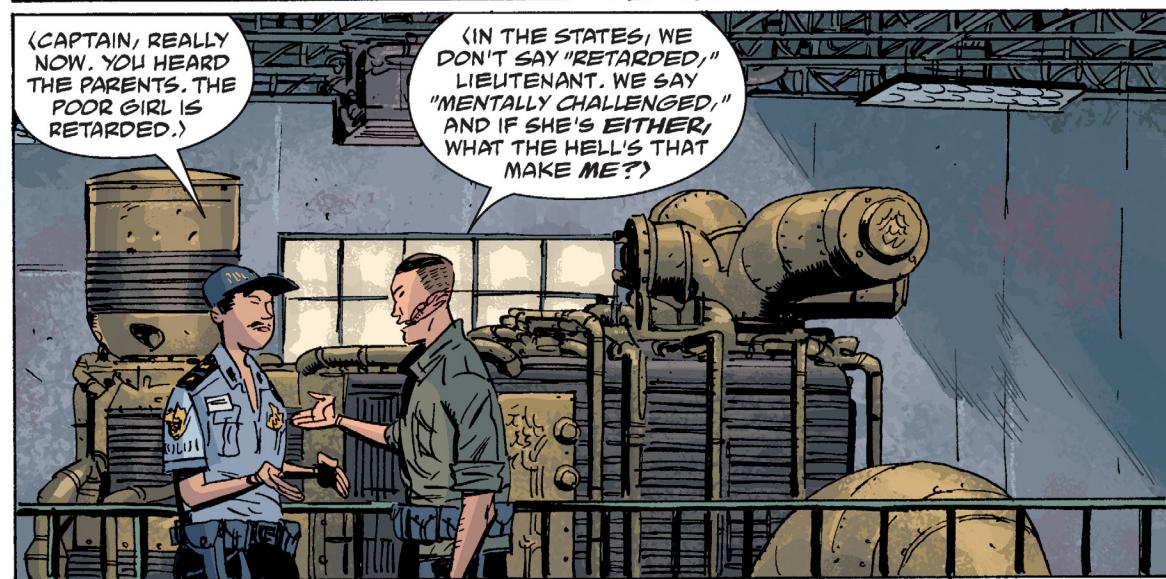


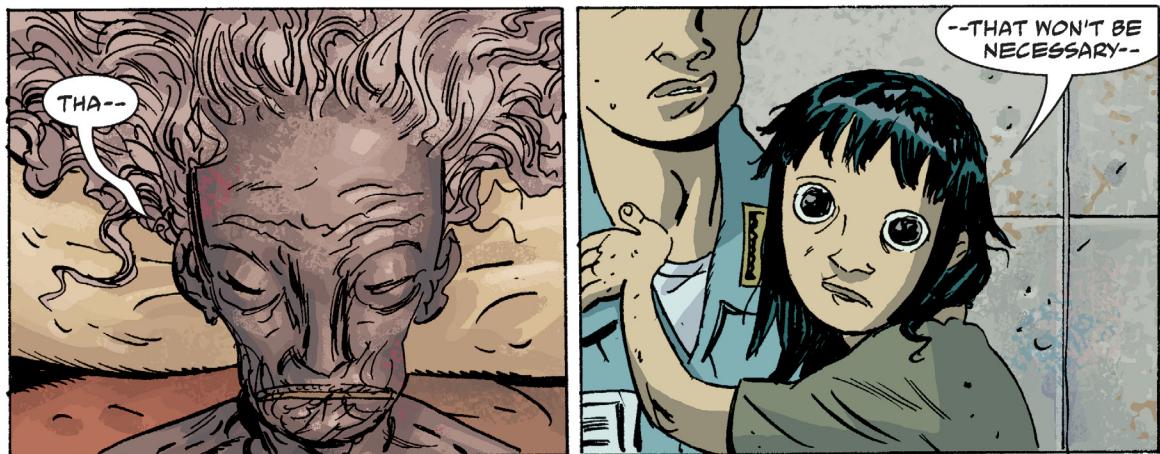
OH, DEAR NAUNET. DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

QUITE A NOTION SHE HAS THERE.









BEAUTIFUL,
YES?

MOST
IMPRESSIVE.

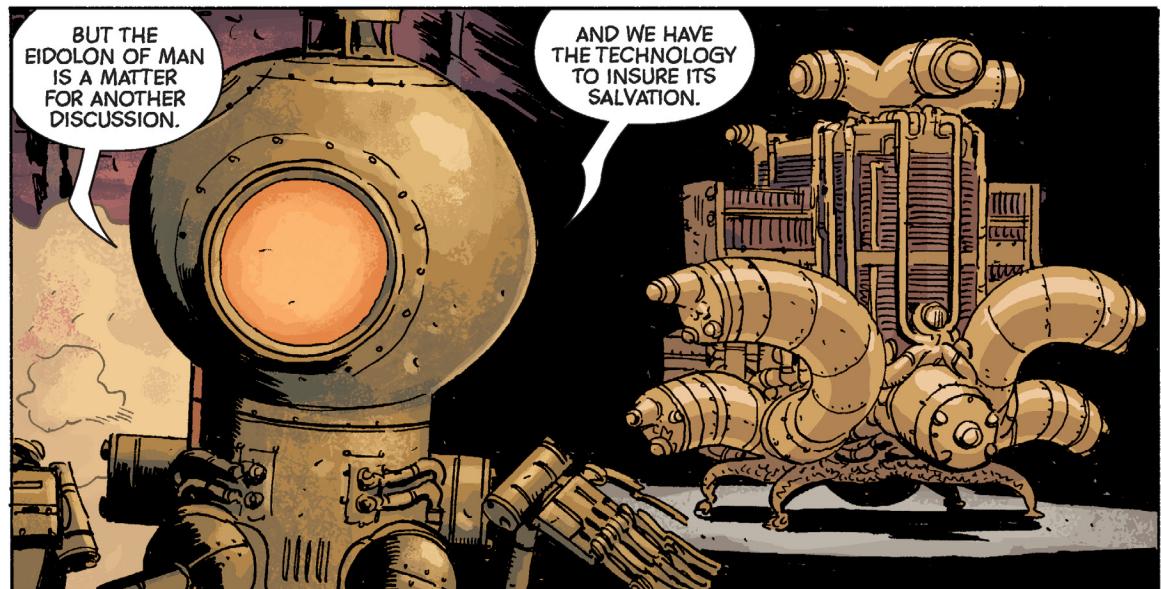
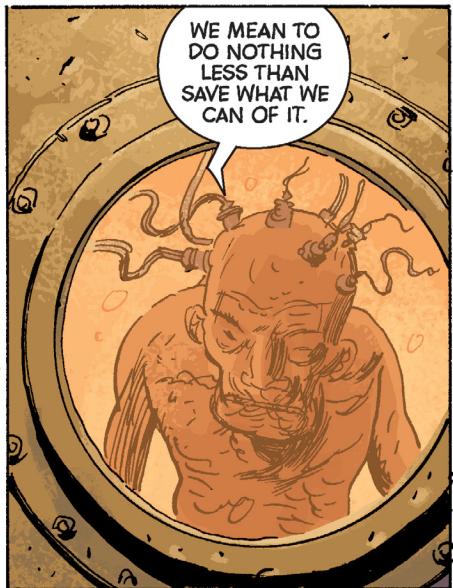
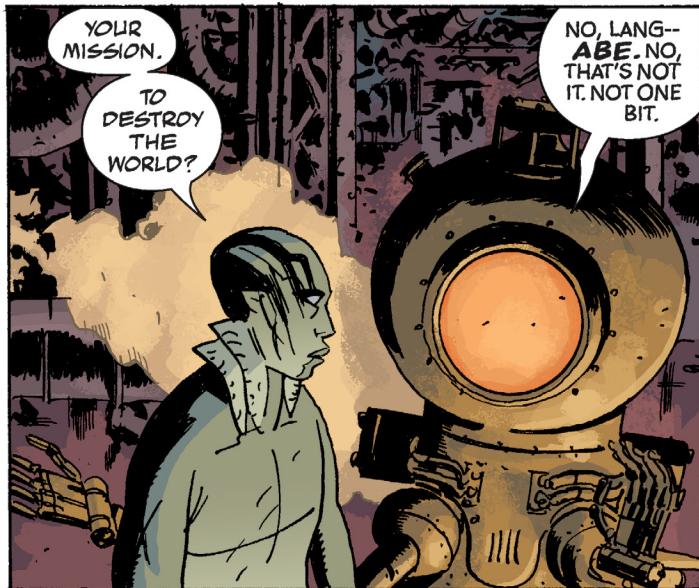
WE CRAFTED
THEM TO BE THE
PERFECT PHYSICAL
SPECIMENS, AS
WELL AS GREAT
SPIRITUAL
RESERVOIRS.

EDWARD'S BODY WAS OUR
FIRST. OUR PROTOTYPE.

HIS
WAS THE LOWEST
FUNCTIONING OF THESE
MOBILE LIFE-SUSTAINING
UNITS WE LUMBER ABOUT
IN, SO WE TRANSFERRED
HIS BRAIN INTO THAT
MAGNIFICENT
BODY.

SO YOU ARE
EDWARD.

FORGIVE ME FOR
STRIKING YOU, CAL.
OUR MISSION IS AT
SUCH A DELICATE
PHASE. I'M ALWAYS
TRYING TO BE SO
CAREFUL.





"WITH STRATEGICALLY PLACED EQUIPMENT, WE WILL SET OFF A SERIES OF MASSIVE EARTHQUAKES ALONG THE PACIFIC RIM."



"THE RESULT WILL BE PRODIGIOUS TIDAL WAVES THAT WILL DEVASTATE EASTERN ASIAN COASTLINES."

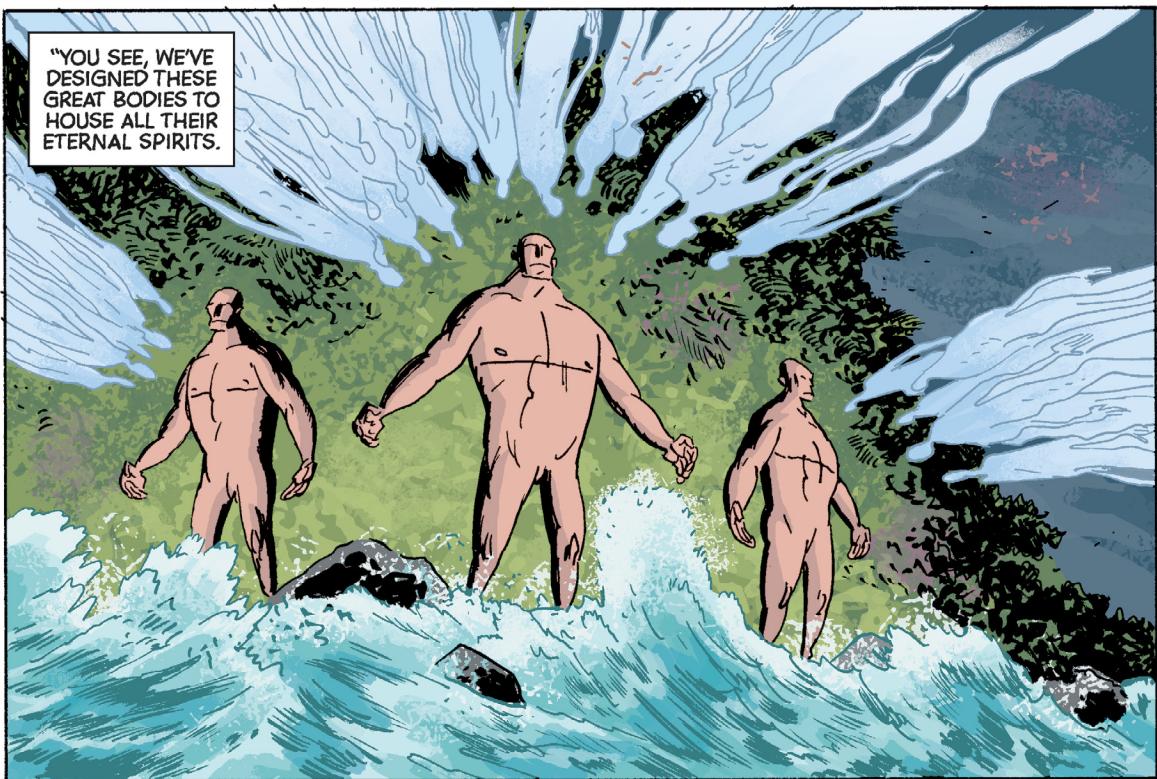


"YES, MILLIONS WILL LOSE THEIR LIVES, BUT AT A SPECIFIC TIME OF OUR CHOOSING."

"THUSLY, AT THAT MOMENT, WE CAN CONTROL THEIR FINAL FATES. WE'VE DEVELOPED A WAY TO GUIDE THEIR SOULS TO US, RIGHT HERE."



"YOU SEE, WE'VE DESIGNED THESE GREAT BODIES TO HOUSE ALL THEIR ETERNAL SPIRITS."



"THEY WILL POWER THE ENGINES OF DOMINATION OVER THE NEXT GREAT AGE."



"WHEN THE END COMES FOR ALL THE WORLD, THESE SOULS, UNLIKE BILLIONS OF OTHERS, WILL LIVE ON FOREVER UNDER OUR STEWARDSHIP."

"EACH ONE OF US, A LIVING NATION OF MAN."

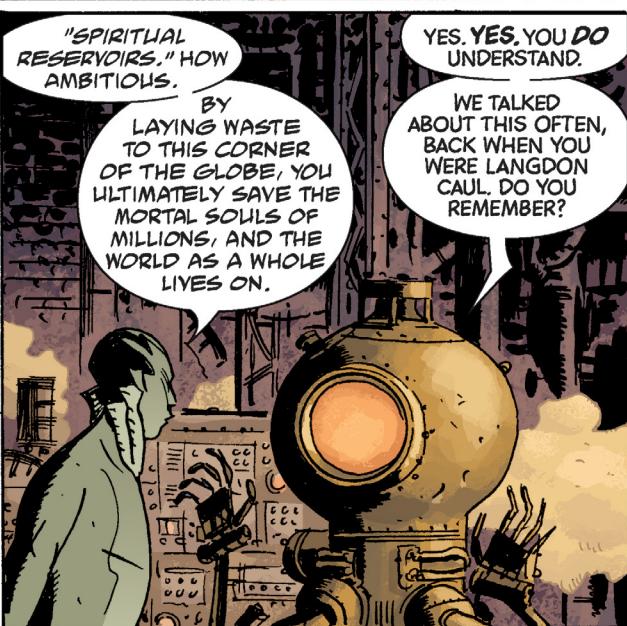


"SPIRITUAL RESERVOIRS." HOW AMBITIOUS.

BY LAYING WASTE TO THIS CORNER OF THE GLOBE, YOU ULTIMATELY SAVE THE MORTAL SOULS OF MILLIONS, AND THE WORLD AS A WHOLE LIVES ON.

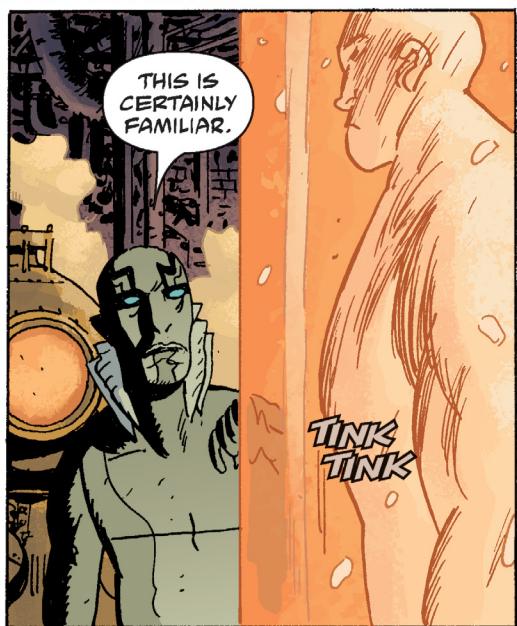
YES. YES, YOU DO UNDERSTAND.

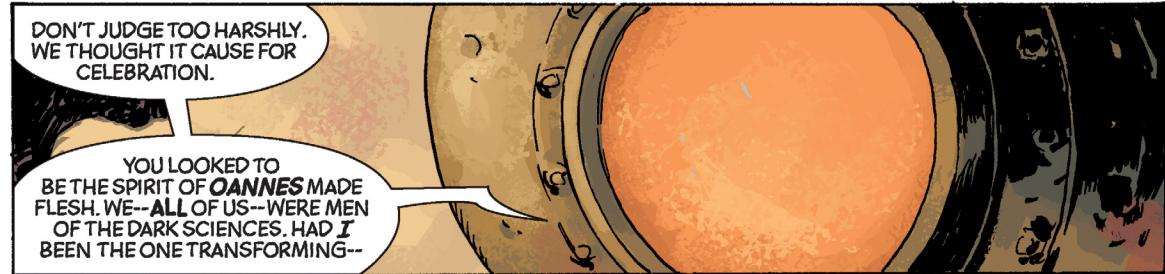
WE TALKED ABOUT THIS OFTEN, BACK WHEN YOU WERE LANGDON CAUL. DO YOU REMEMBER?

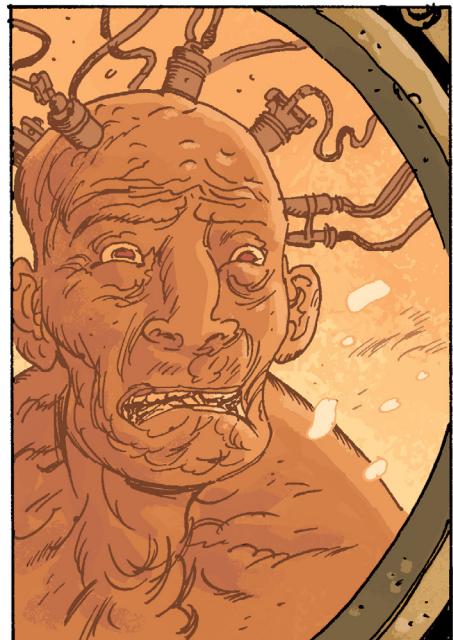


THIS IS CERTAINLY FAMILIAR.

TINK TINK

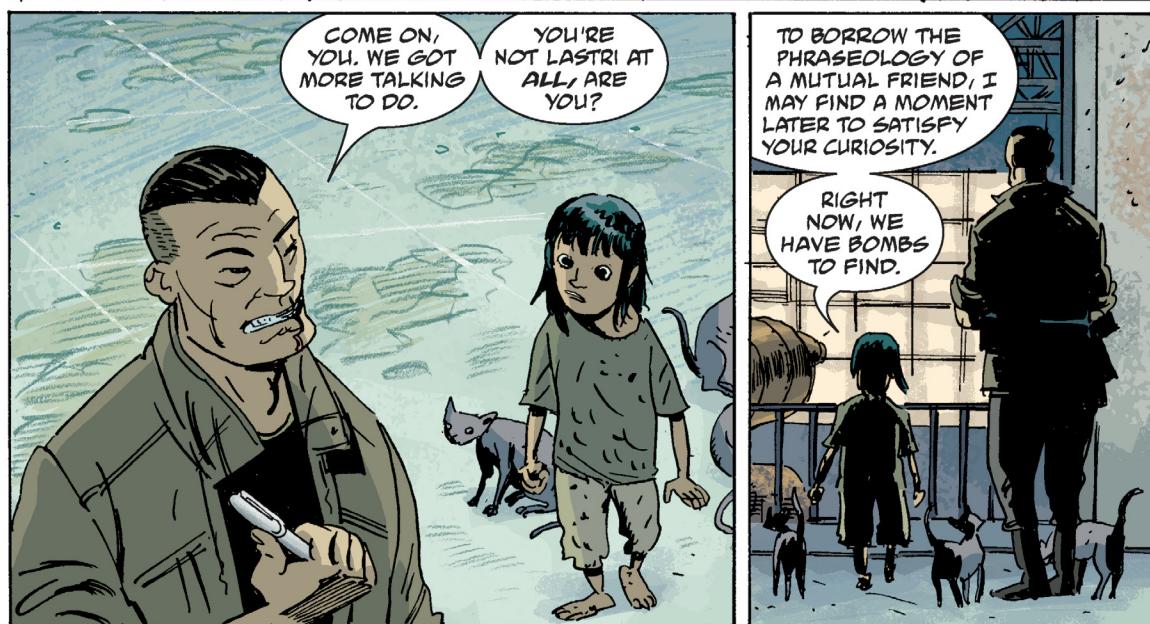
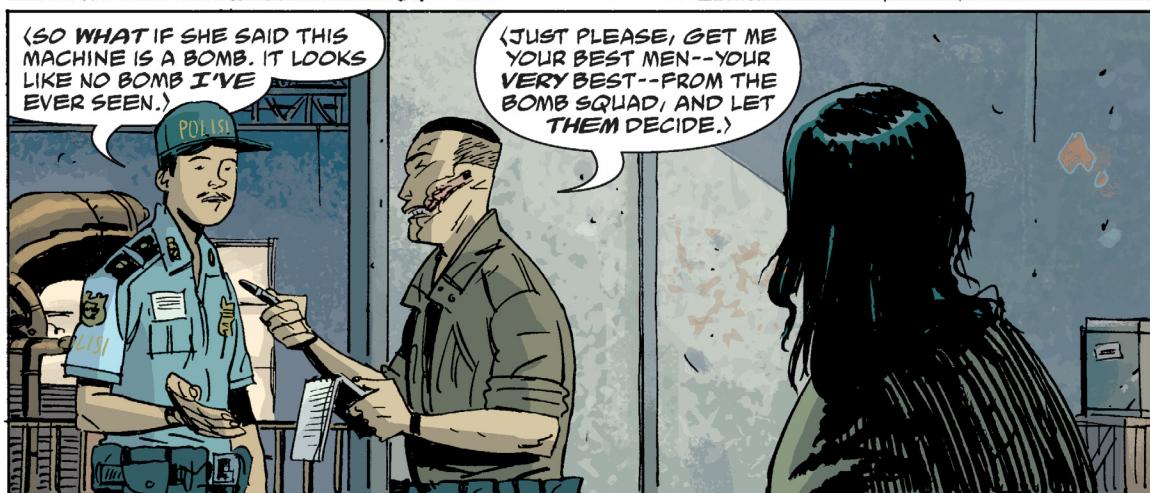
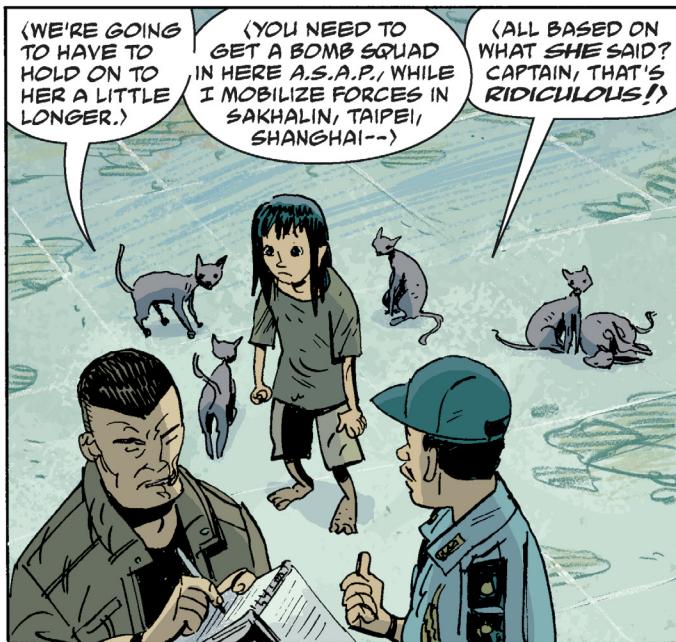




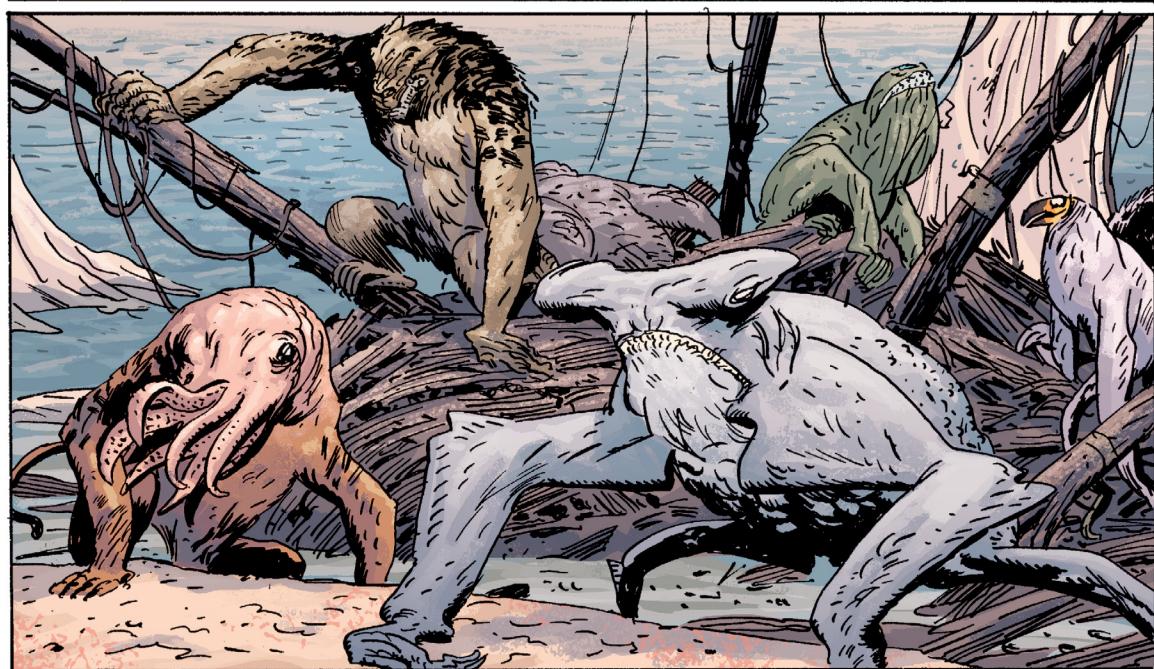


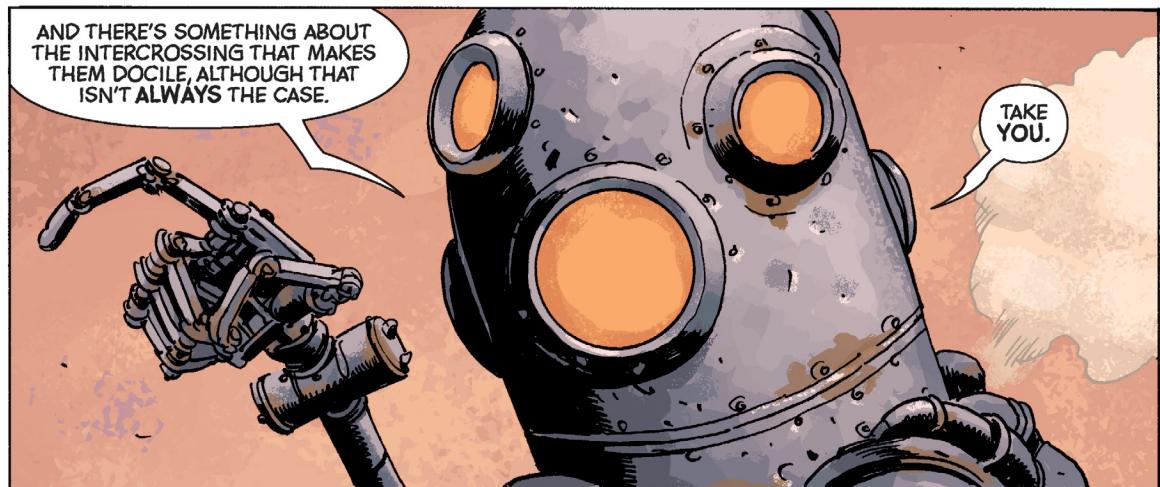
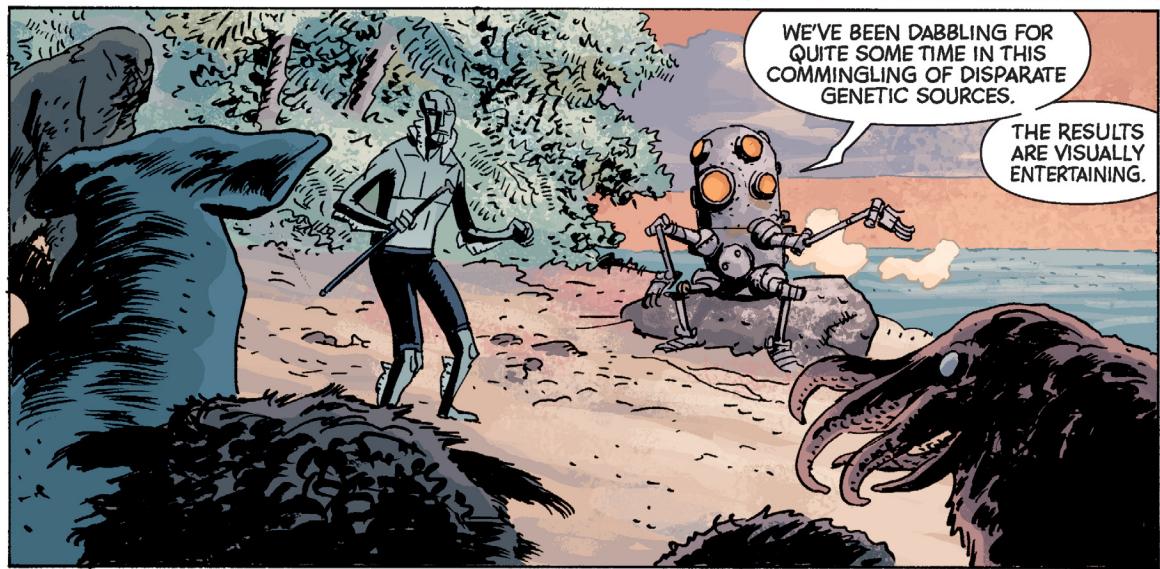
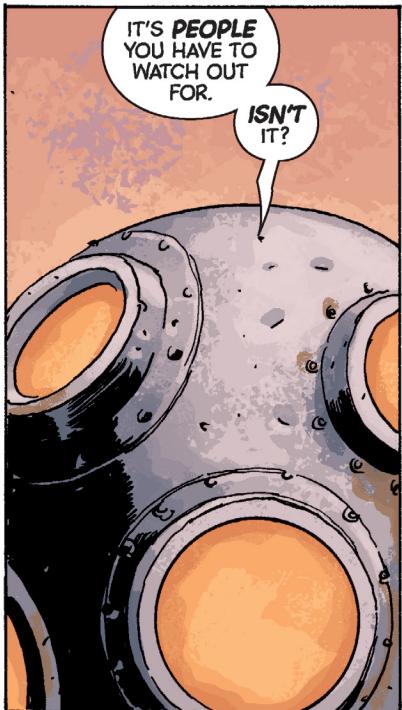
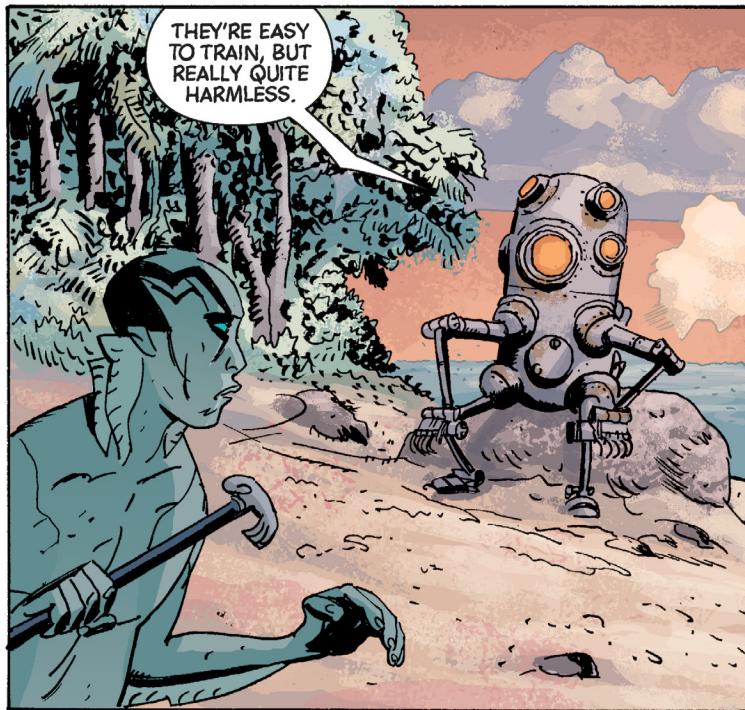
SPLOOOOSH

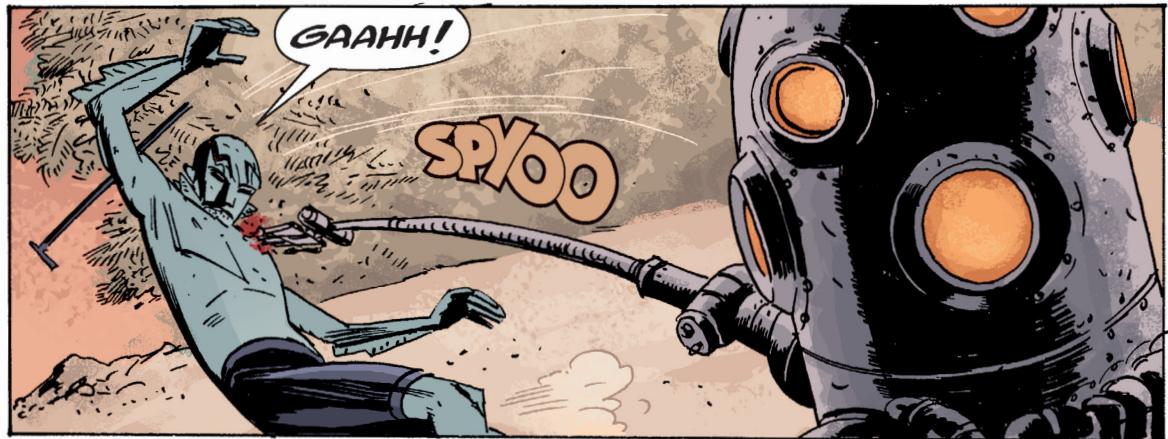














CHAPTER FIVE

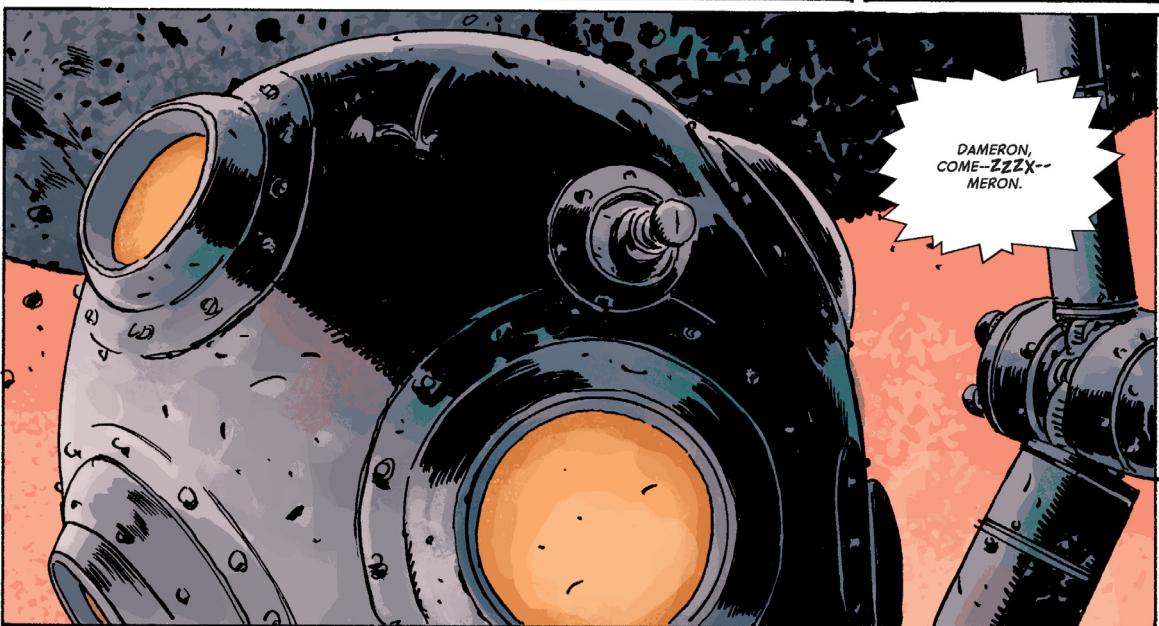


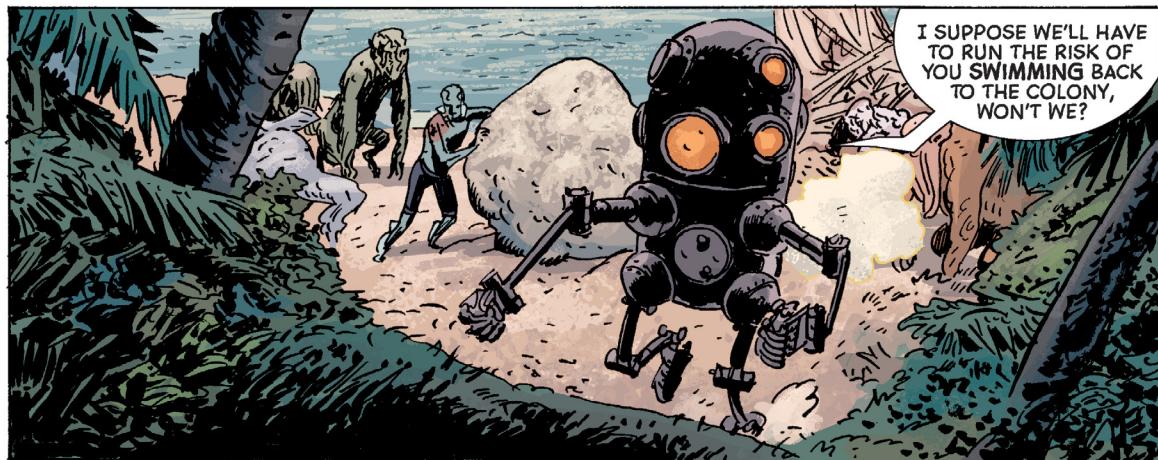
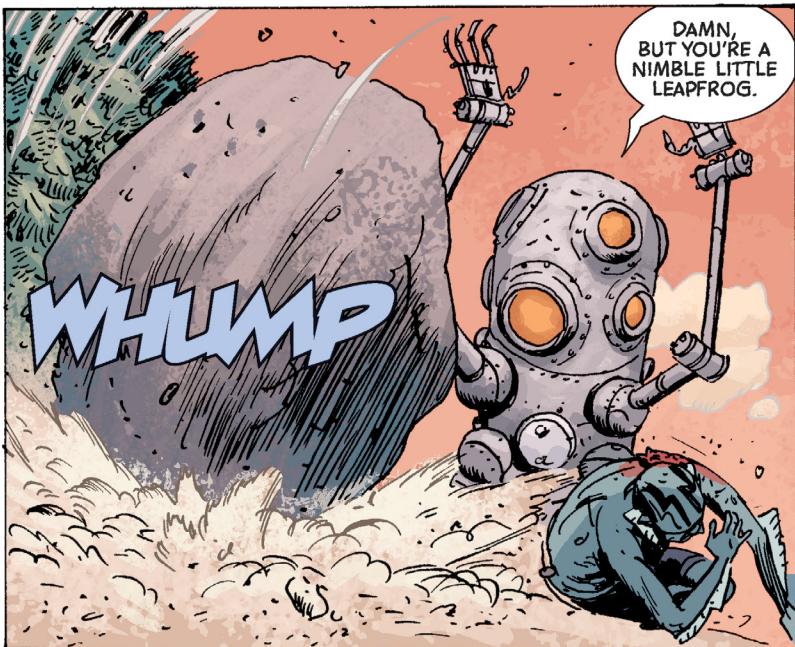
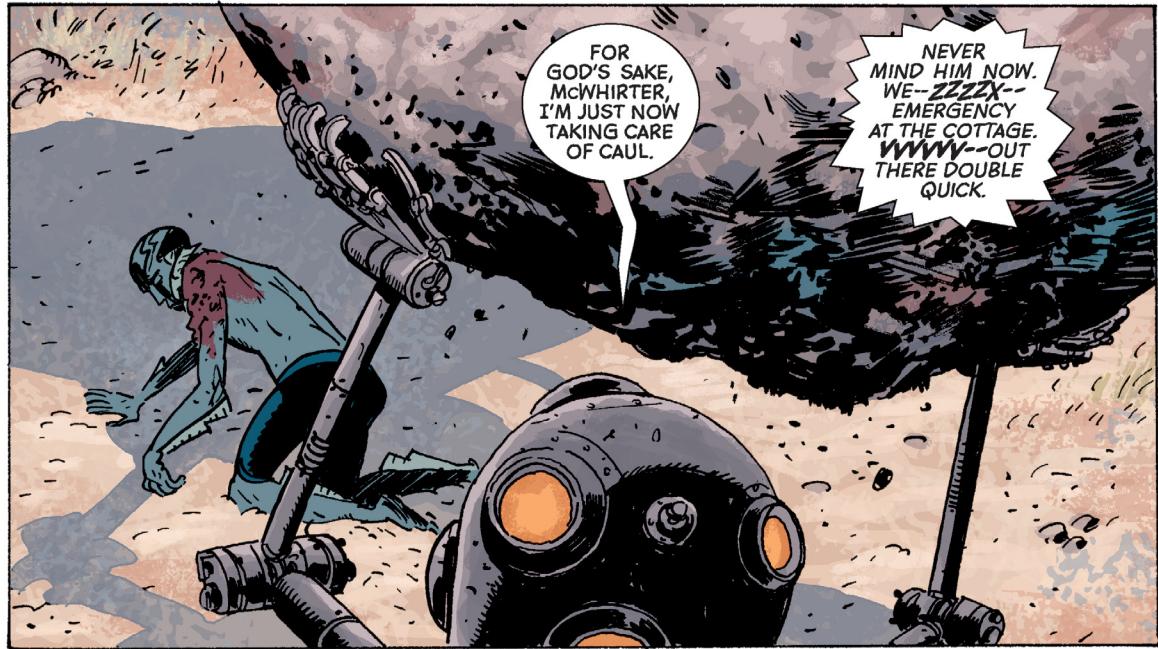


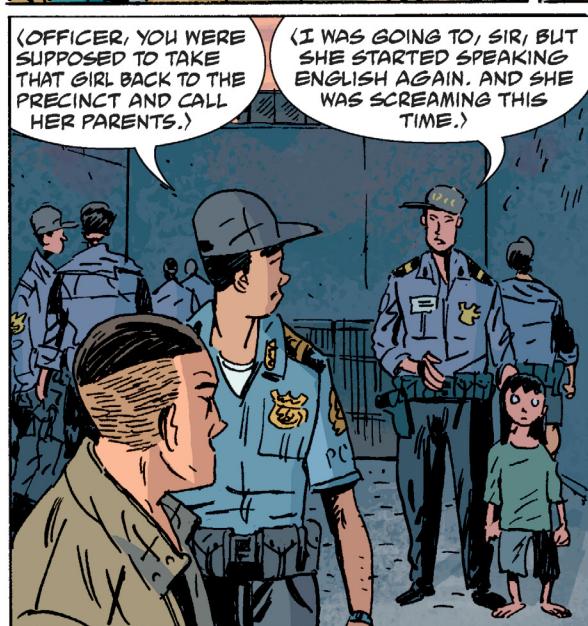
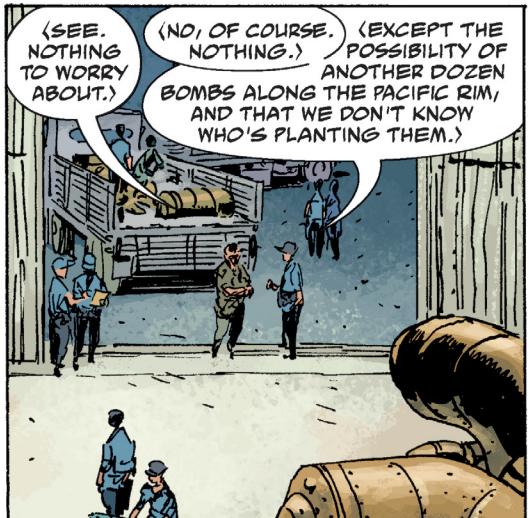


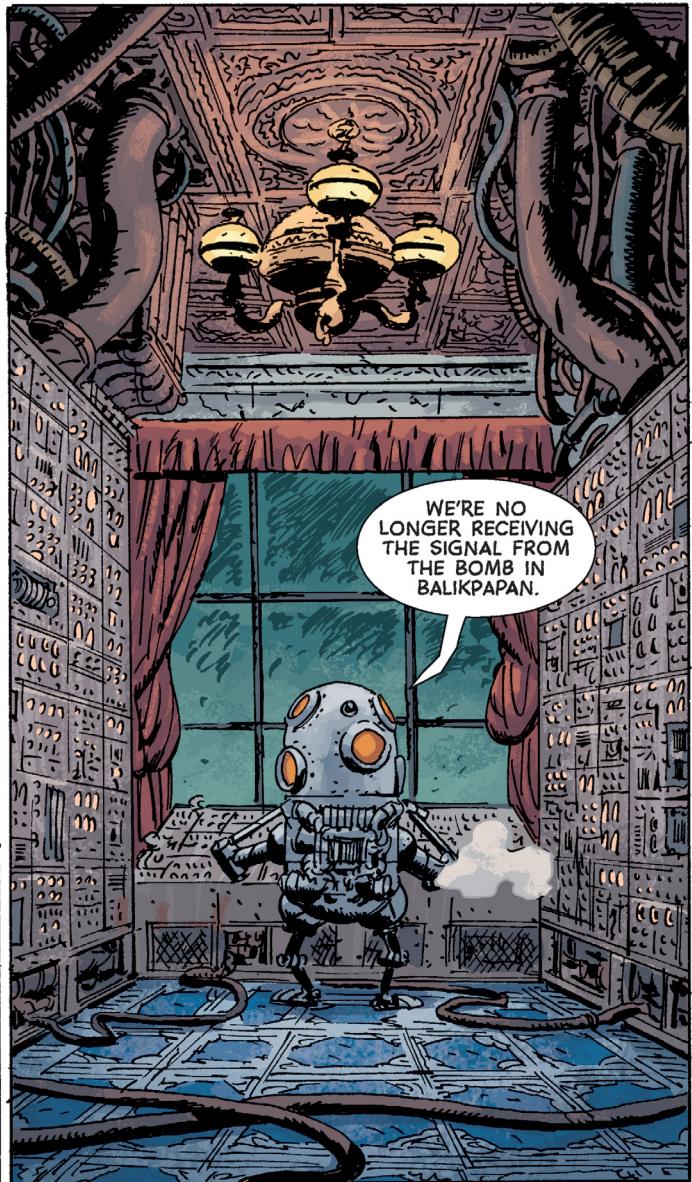


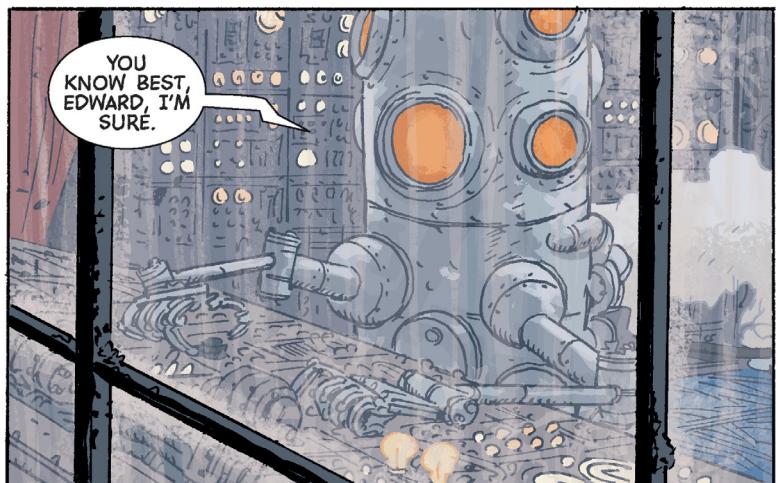
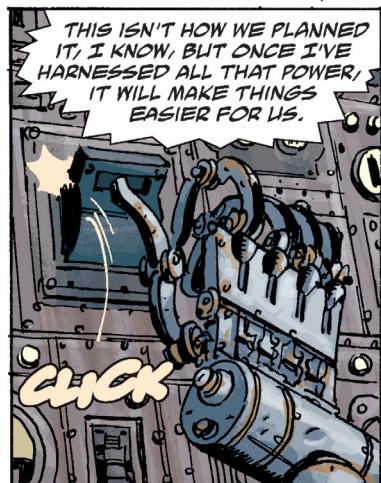
WOOOOOP
WOOOOOP
WOOOOOP
WOOOOOP



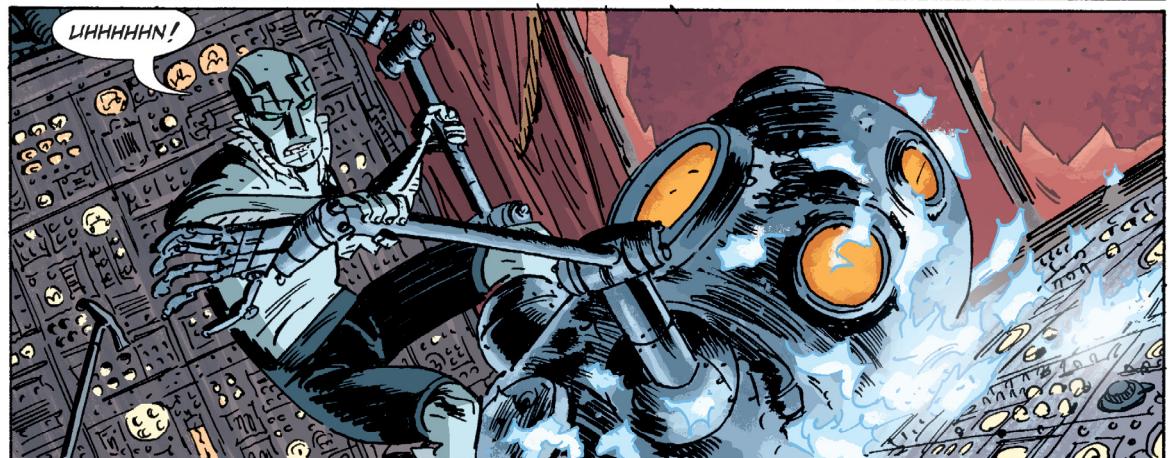
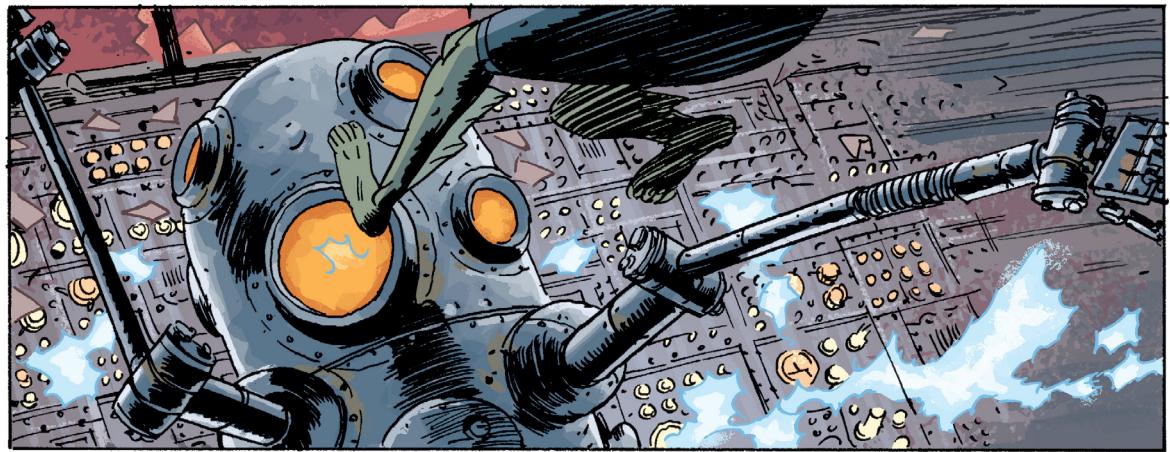


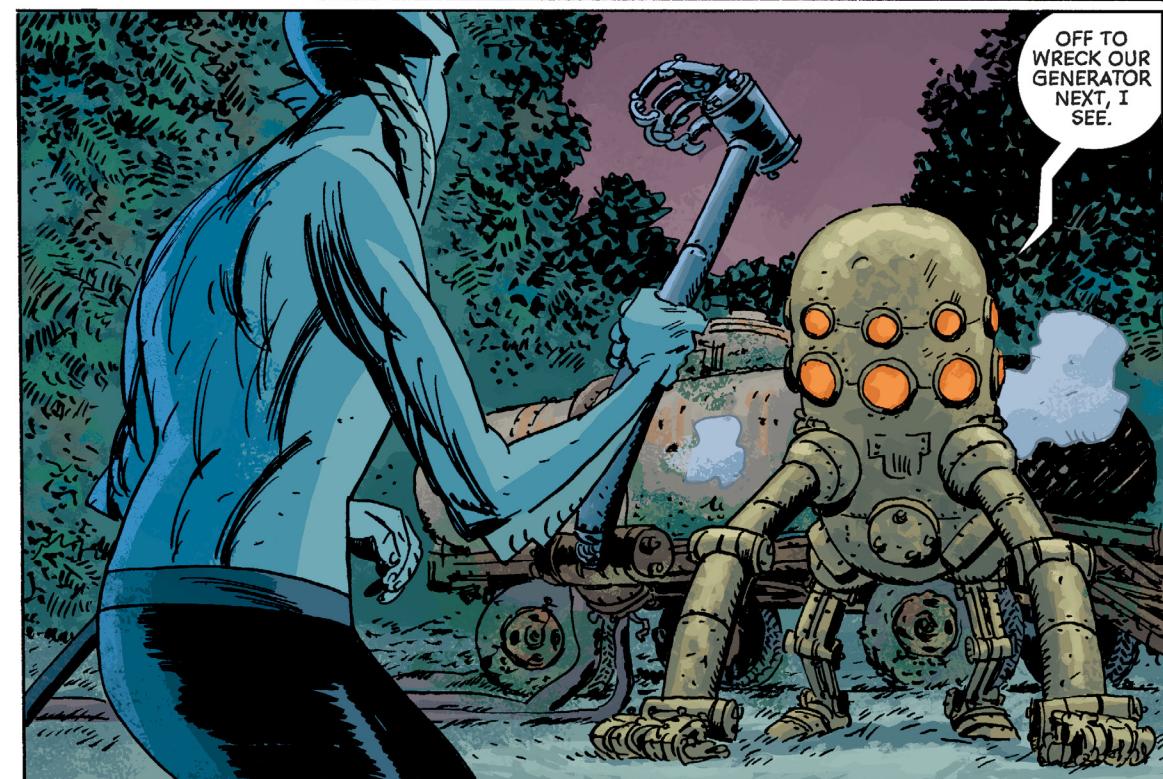


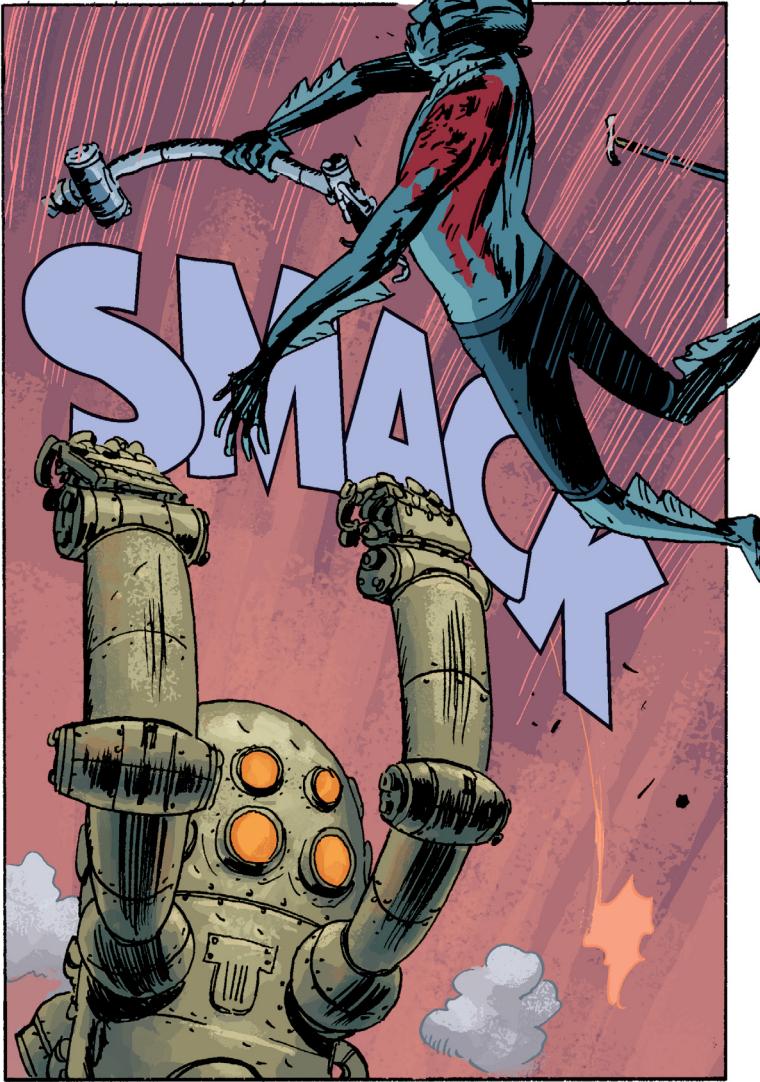


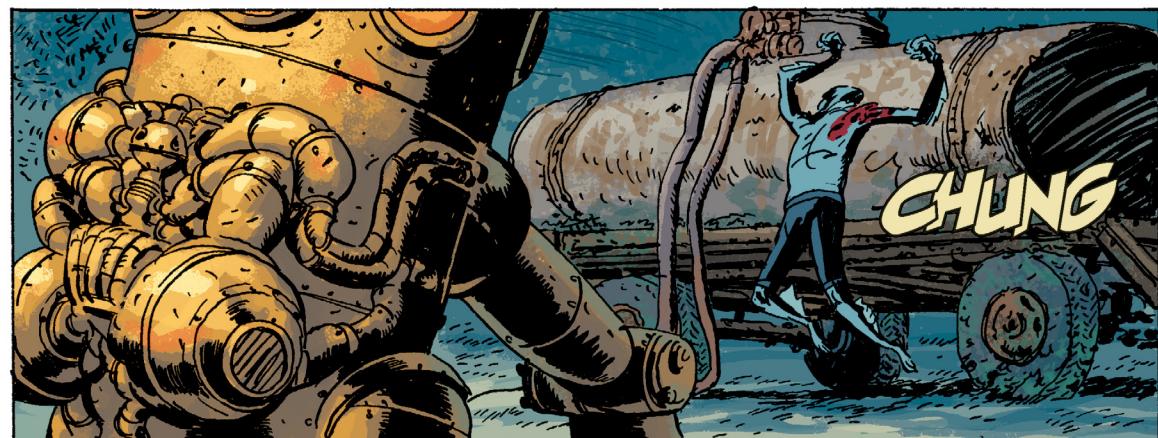


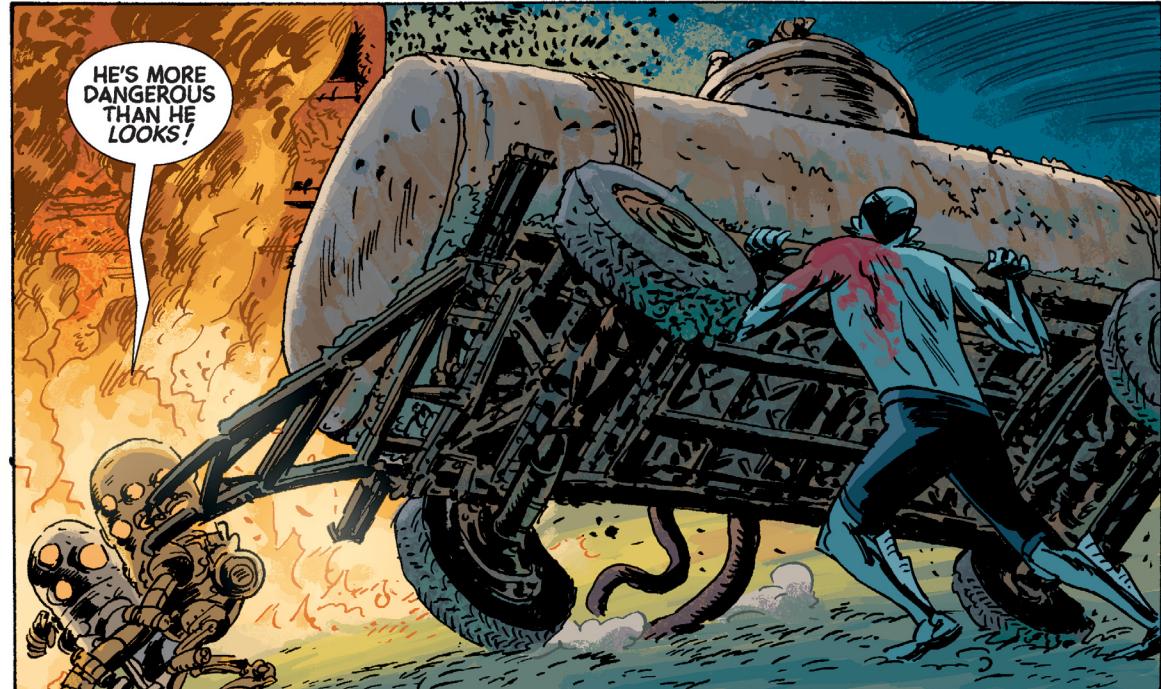
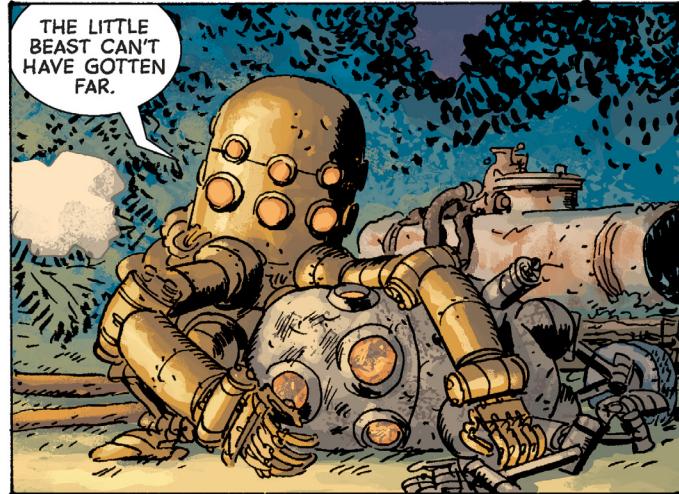
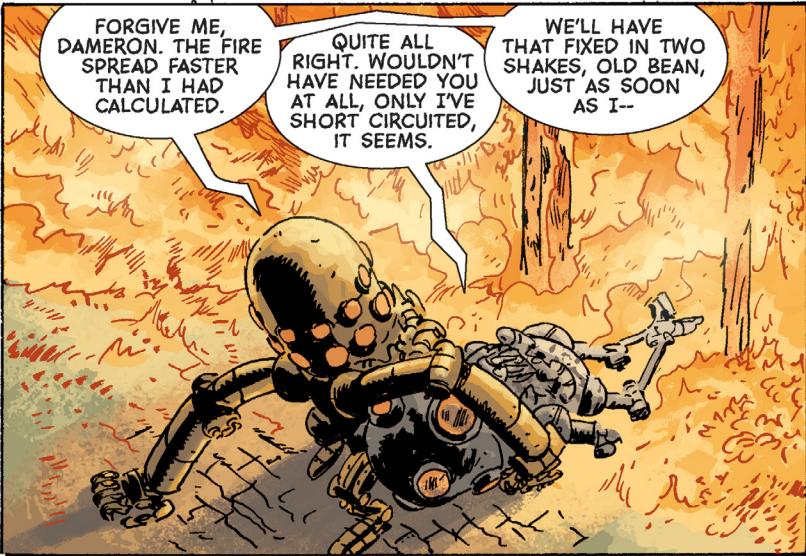


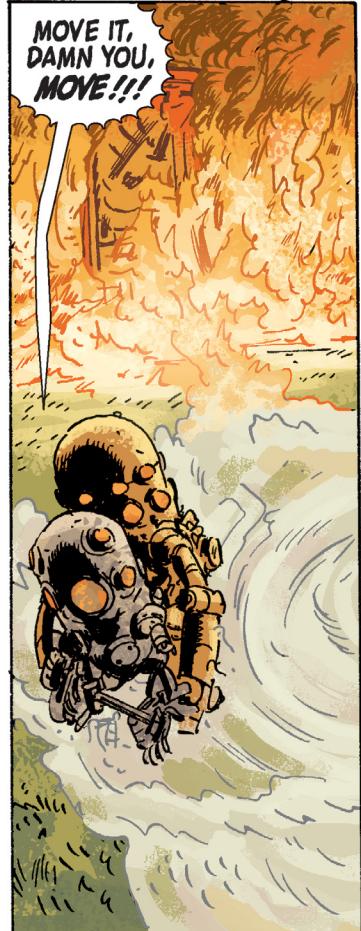
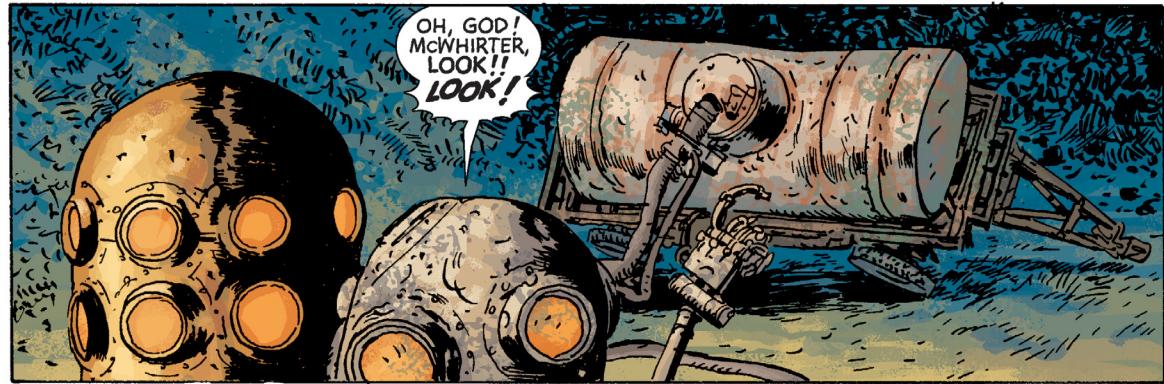






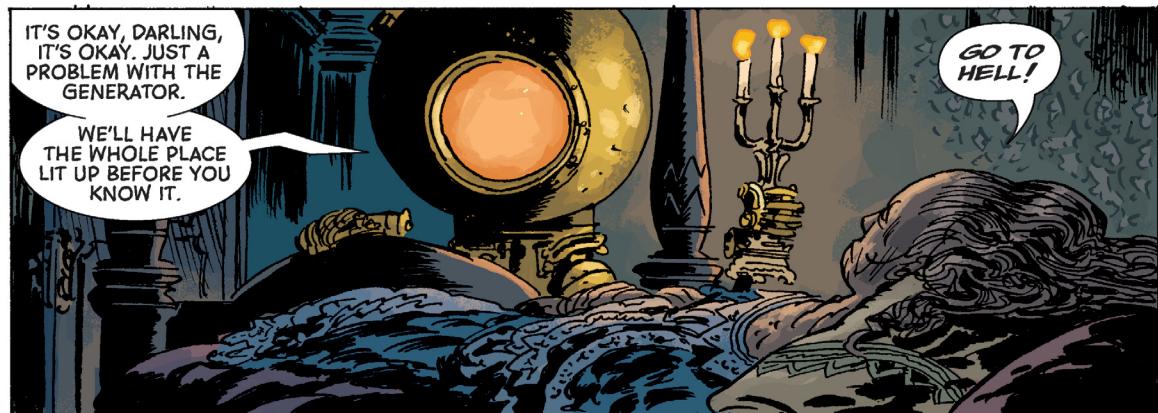


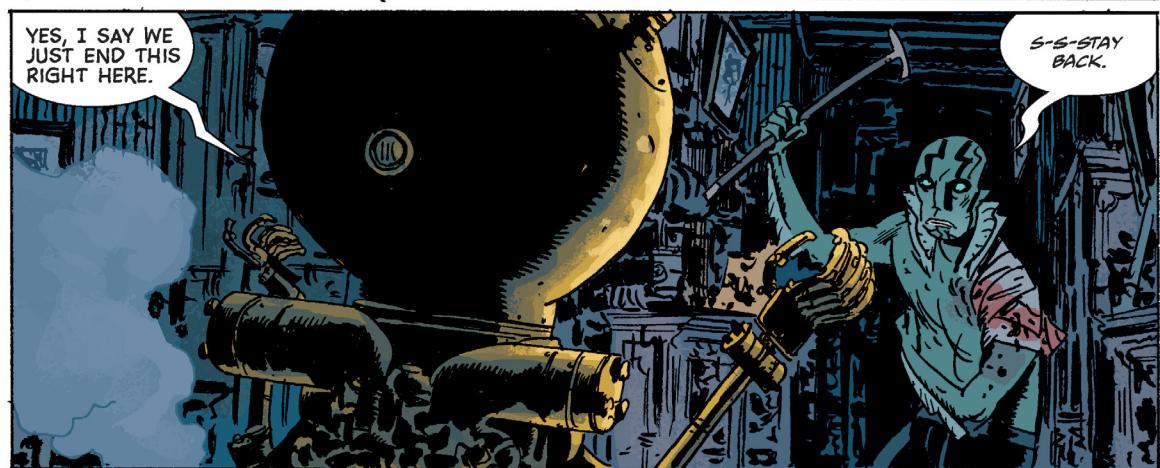
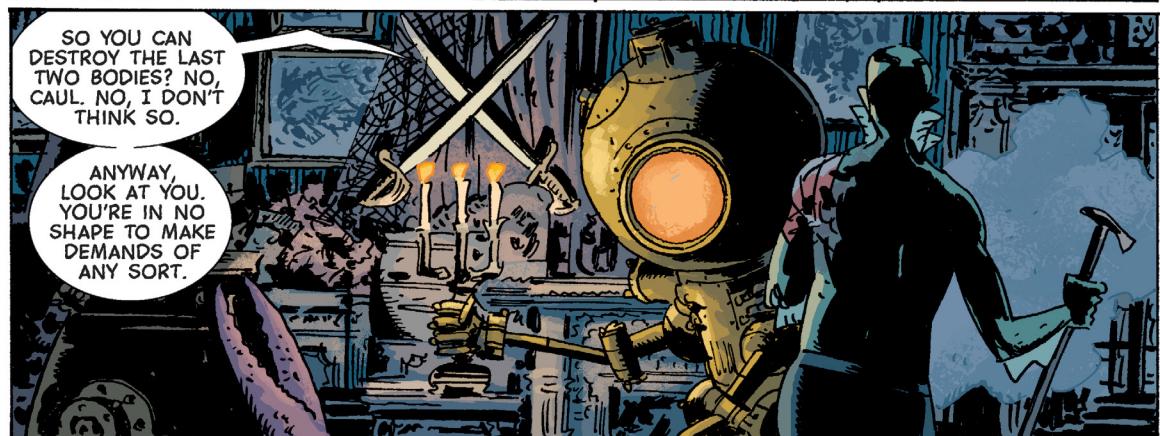
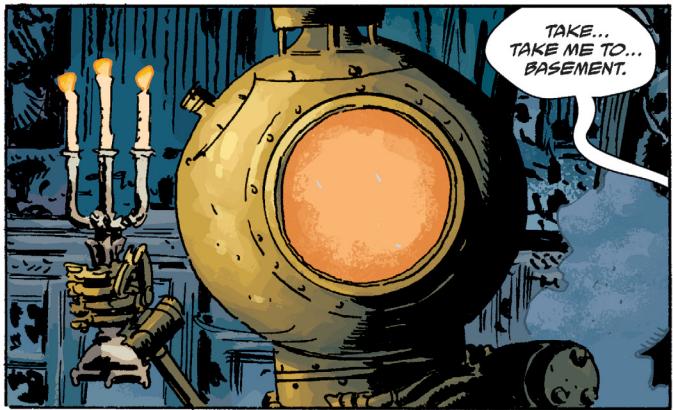


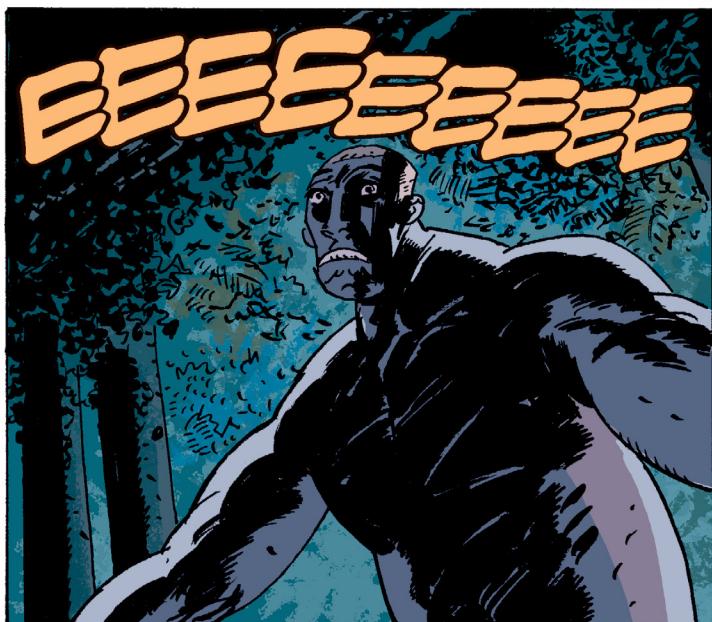
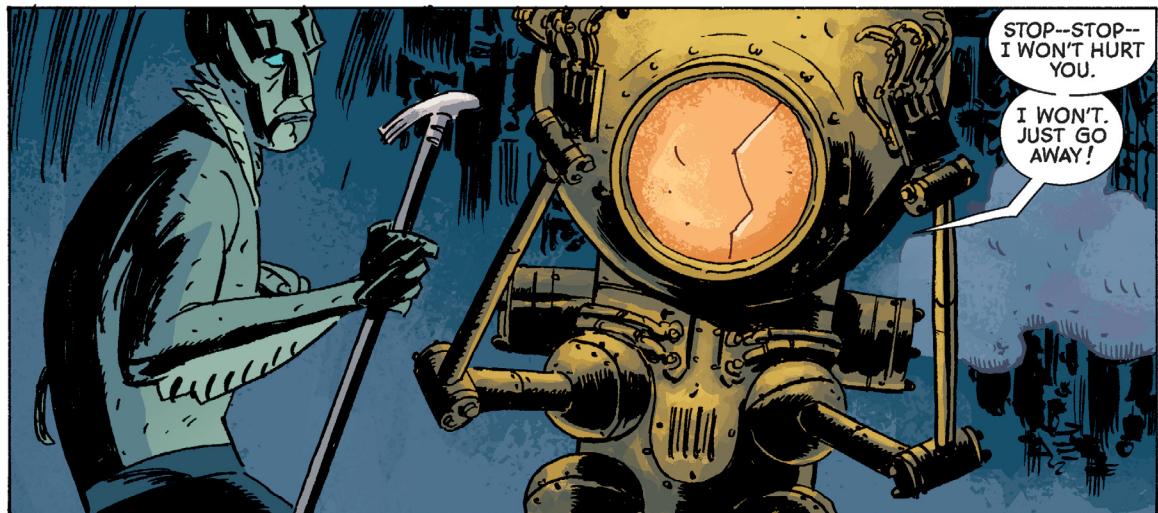


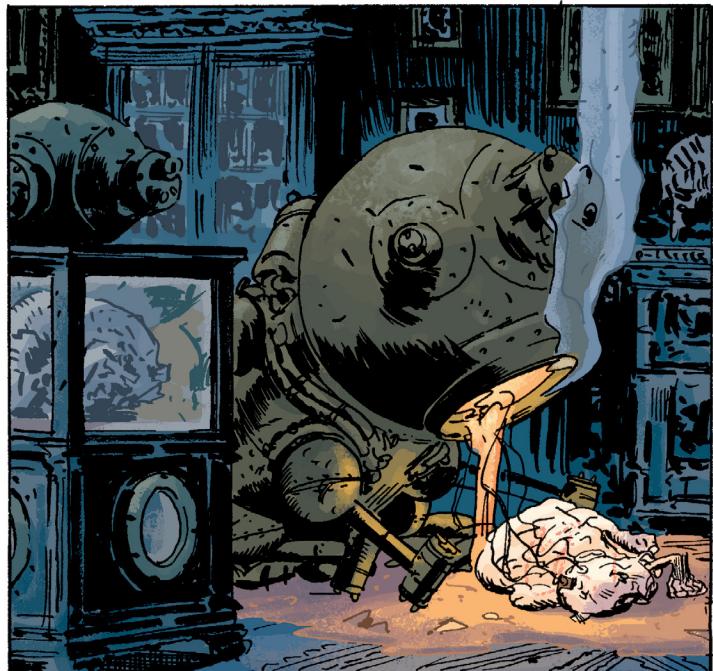
PLASH!







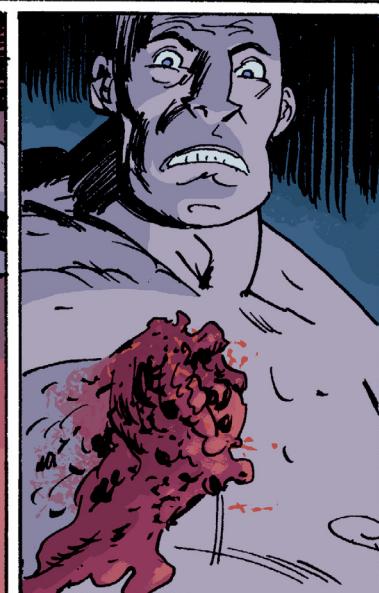
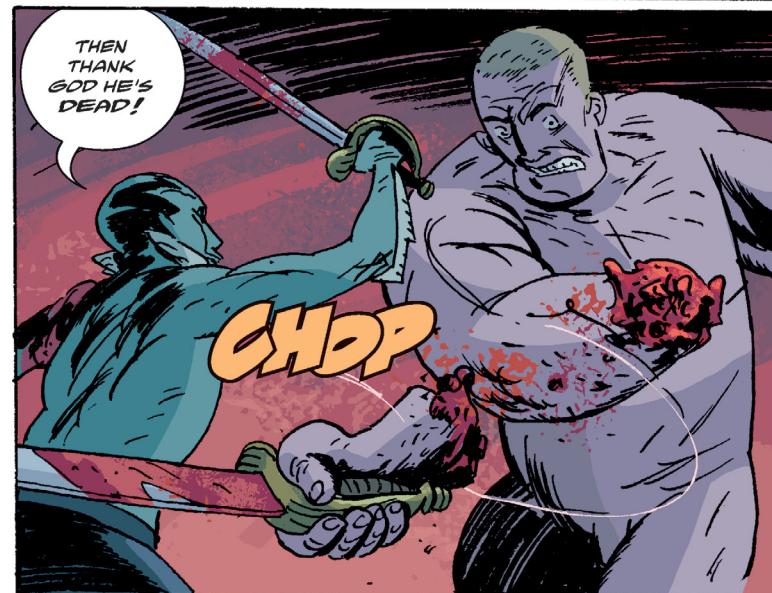
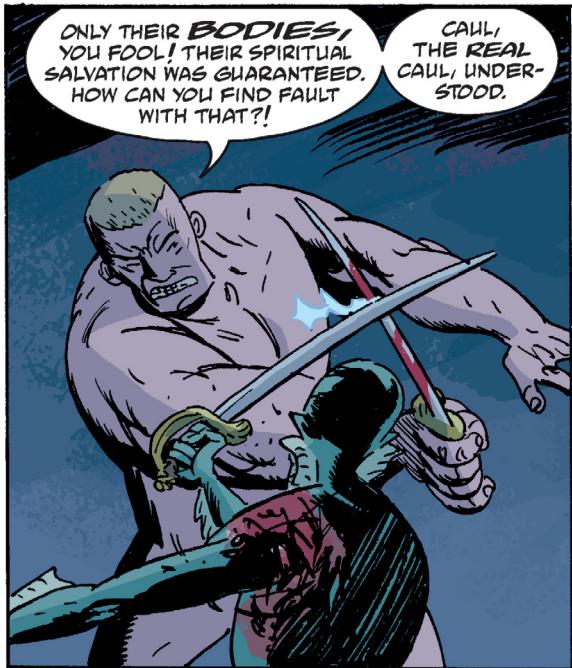


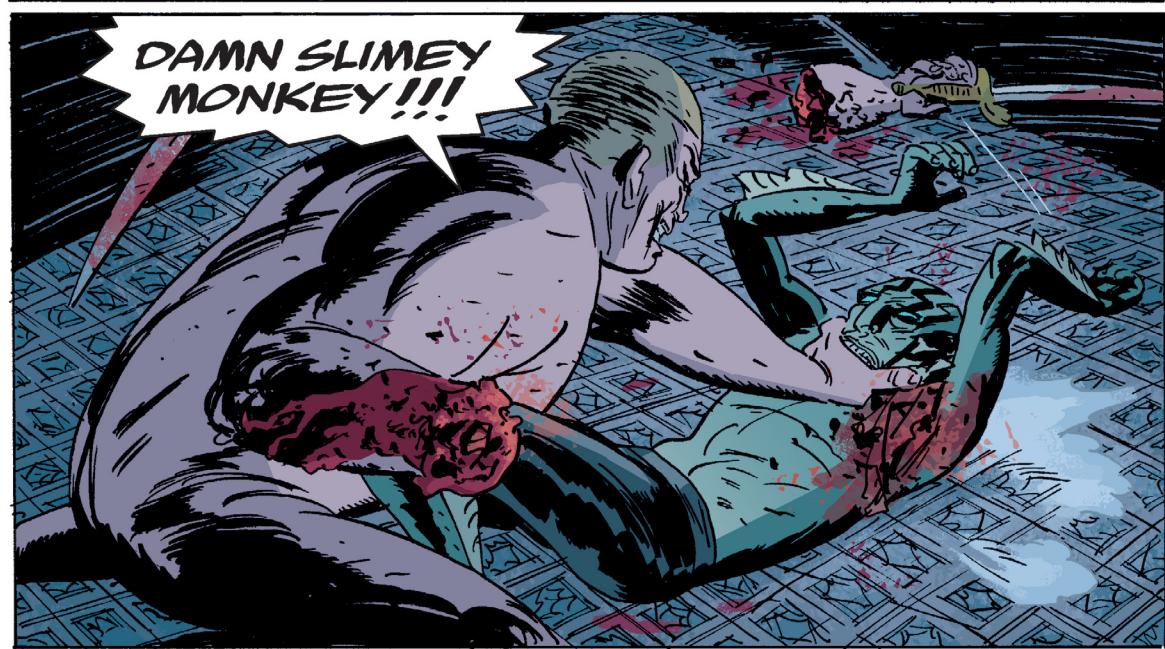


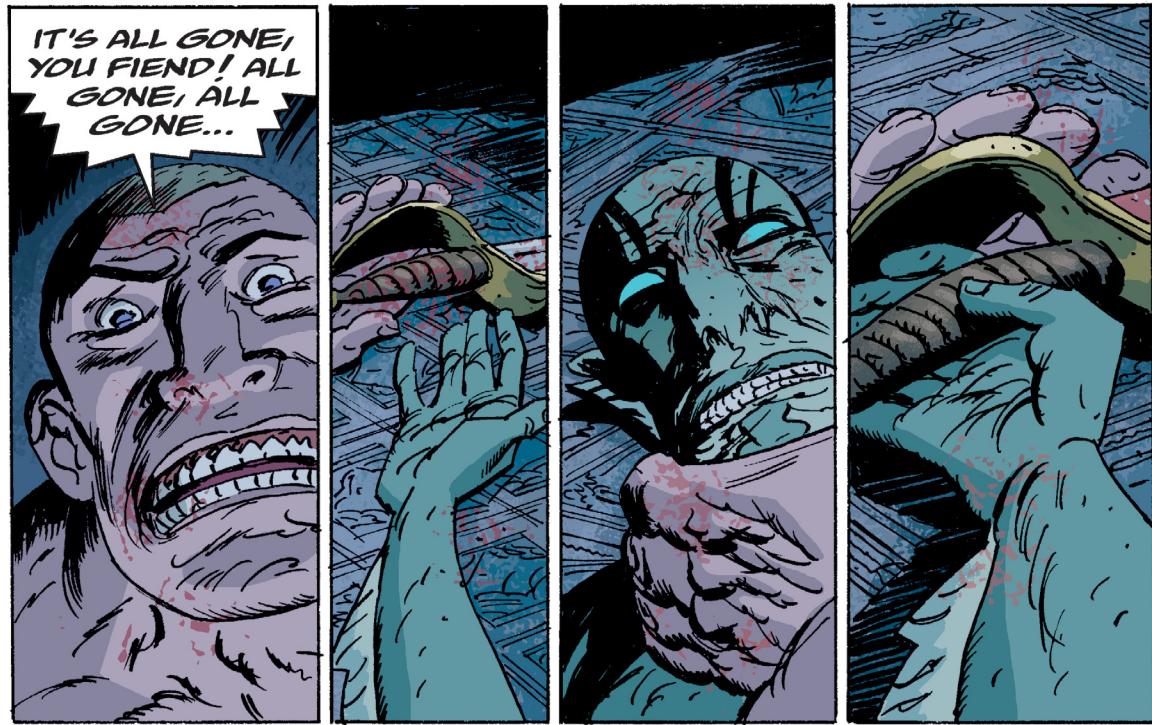
YOU'VE LIVED
TOO LONG,
NAUNET!

THE FIRE-
PLACE WILL BE
CROWDED WITH
YOUR BONES
TONIGHT!

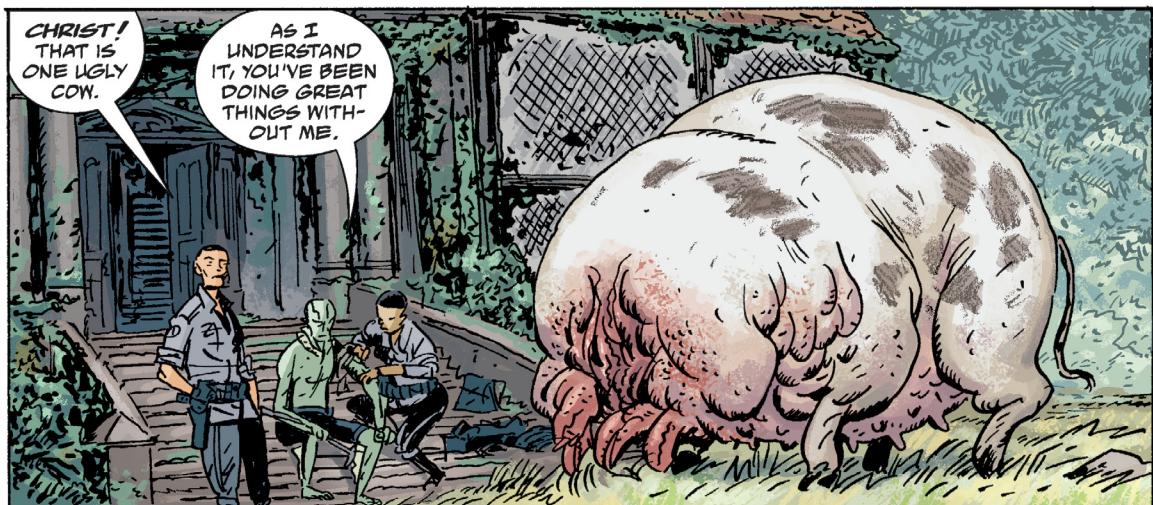


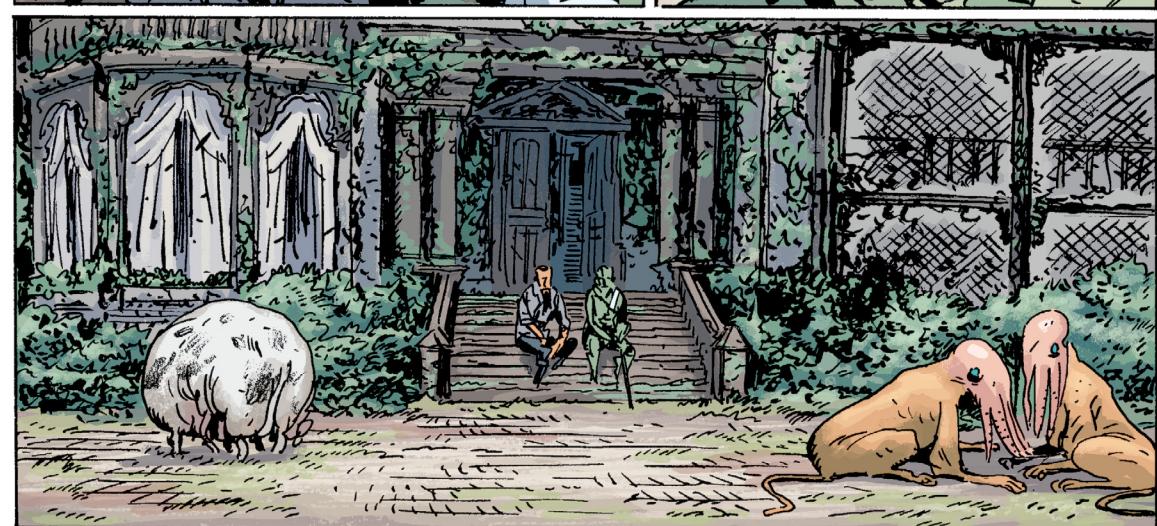












THE END

AFTERWORD

It all started where every good story starts: in failure.

Years ago, back when Mike and I still lived within spitting distance of each other, we were having lunch one day discussing, I think, plot points on *The Black Flame*. As usual, we got off-topic, and Mike asked me what else I was working on. I was writing a series for another company at the time, so I told him about a story element I was planning to introduce; the Victorian, sub-aquatic cyborg of Captain Nemo (Nemo being a public-domain character, and all). He said, in his inimitably enthusiastic fashion, “That’s *great!*” but then added after a pause, “Think they’ll let you do it? ’Cause if they don’t, you have to do it for *B.P.R.D.*” And we laughed about that for a little bit. I don’t think I’m ruining any surprises here when I tell you that, in fact, they did not let me do it.

Months later, Mike and I started talking about bringing back the Oannes Society. We knew we needed Abe to confront the past that he’d been made aware of in *The Dead*. It just had to be part of the natural progression to getting Abe back to being the guy who we, and

every reader out there, knew him to be. But what was the story? Yeah, that’s where you always run into problems in this business; you need a plot. And a blank computer screen is no more fun to stare at than a blank canvas, but then, from the bottom of the sea, tiny bubbles started to trail up and into my consciousness, and suddenly, we had a starting place. Of course, *Garden of Souls* was built from a whole bunch of pieces that came from all over, and as it happens, that “big idea” ended up morphing into a pretty minor element. A minor element that helped to make *Garden of Souls* a larger, richer story, but a minor element nonetheless. And yet, really, it couldn’t have been more important.

So what’s the lesson to be learned from this little anecdote? I don’t know. Somethin’, probably.

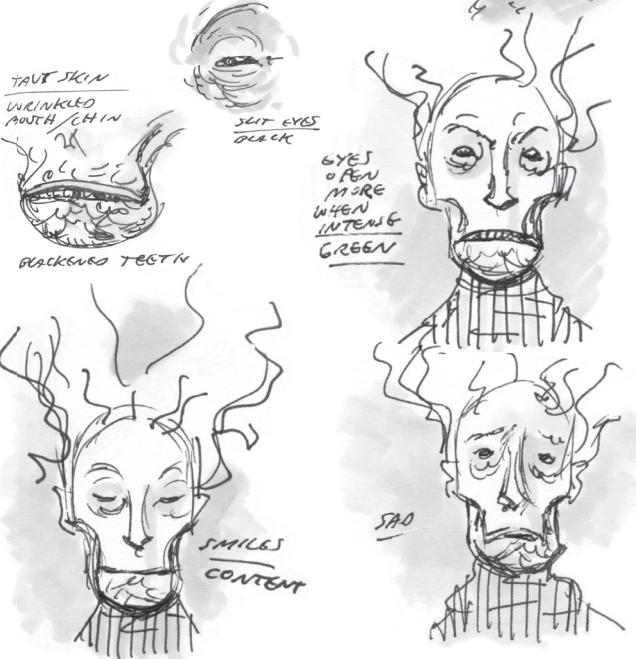
—John Arcudi
Philadelphia

B.P.R.D.TM

SKETCHBOOK

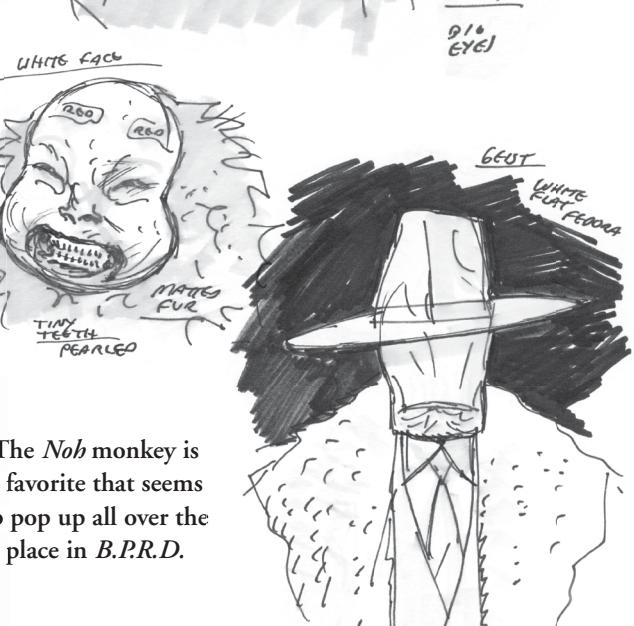
With a slew of new characters, an island full of cobbled-together menageries, and a trio of Victorian-era cyborgs, *Garden of Souls* turned out to be one of the most design-heavy

B.P.R.D. stories to date—and a personal favorite! A major new character in the story is the mummy Panya—originally, it was to be a male character, and to the right are the first couple designs. When John changed her to female, the basic face design remained the same, with the addition of mud-caked hair that later changed to her long withered locks.





A young girl
controlled by
a mummy.



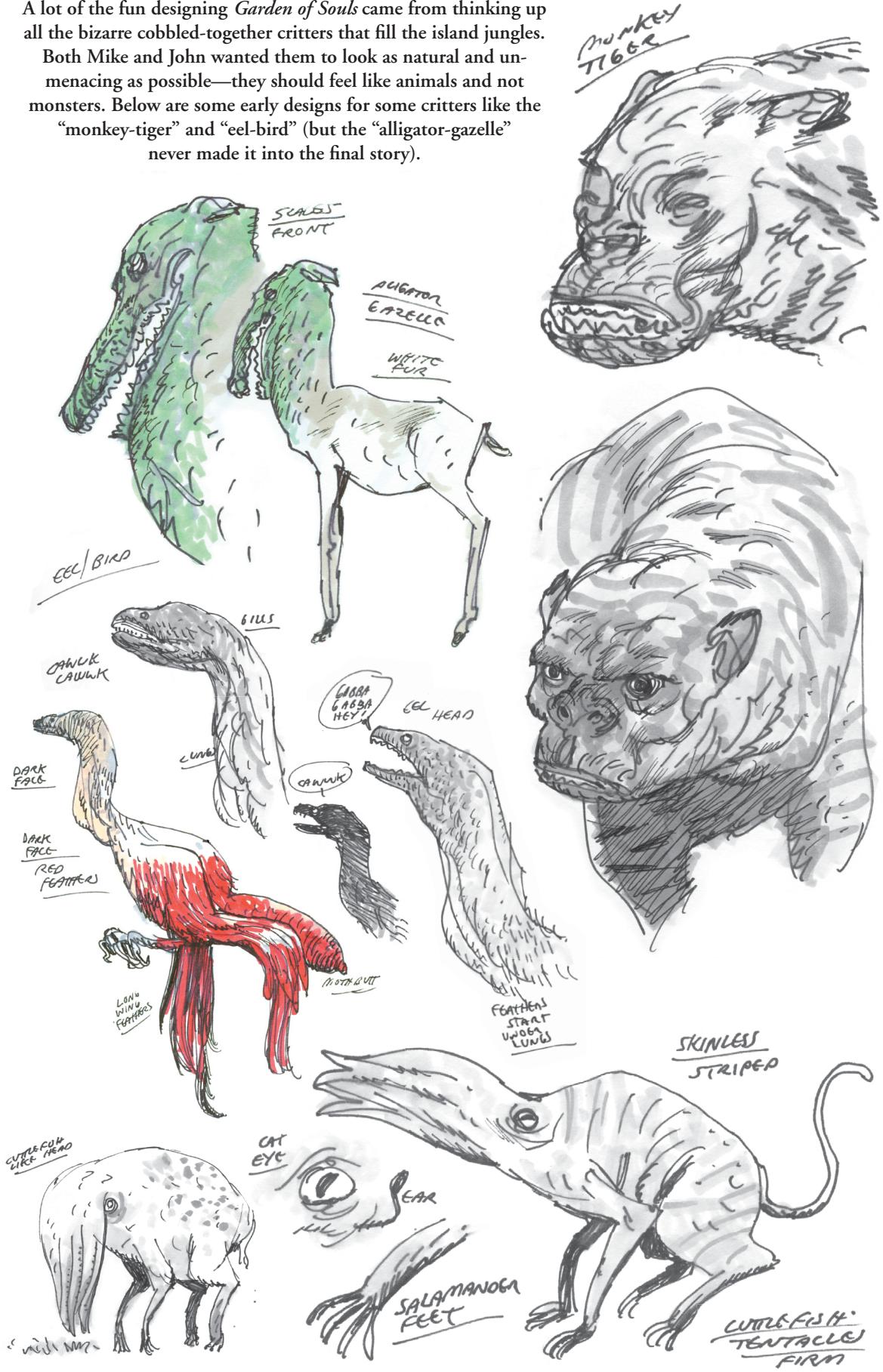
The Noh monkey is
a favorite that seems
to pop up all over the
place in B.P.R.D.

Geist!? Who is the
mysterious Geist?

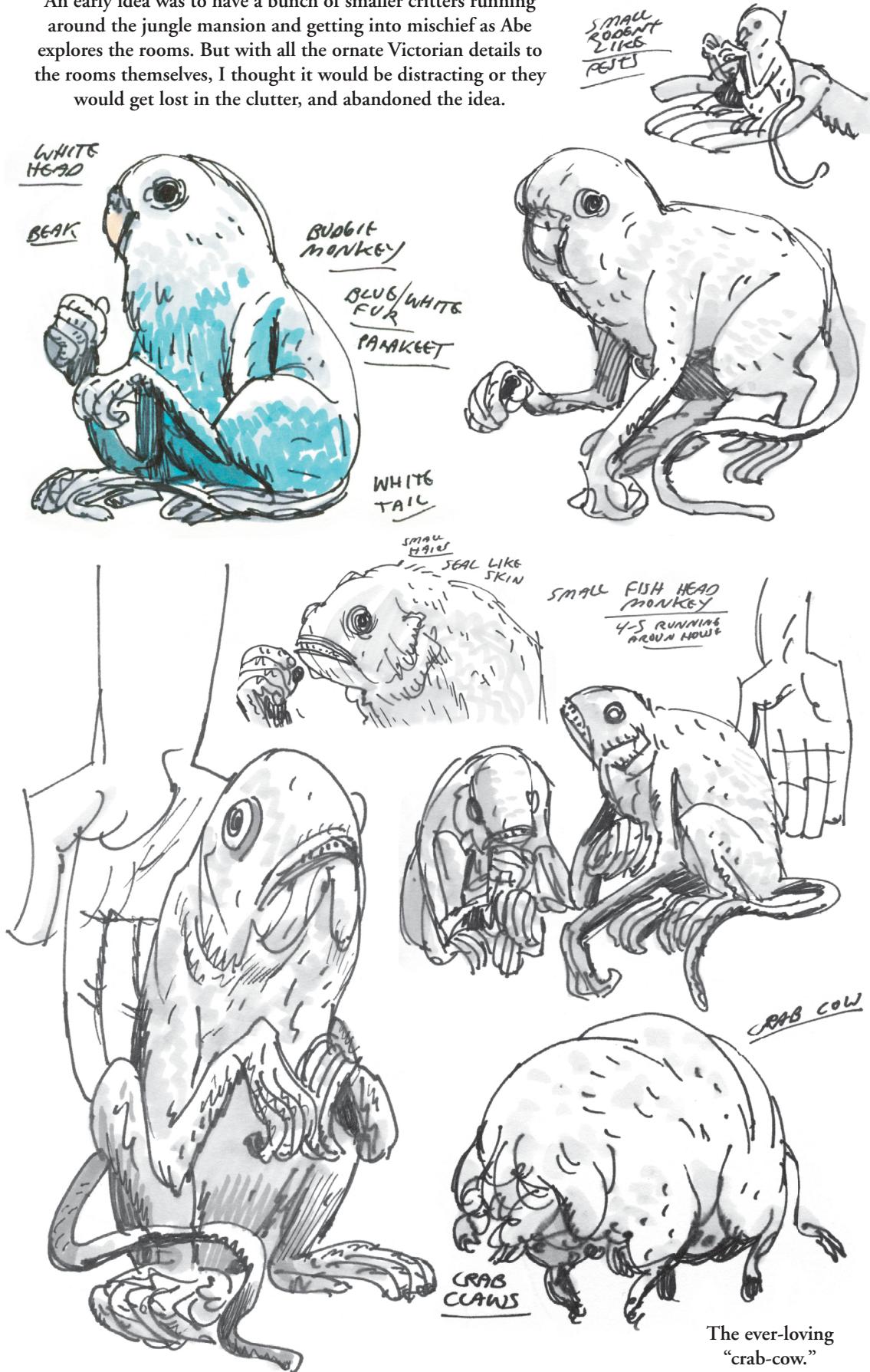
ENTIRELY WHITE OUTFIT
LONGCOAT / FUR COLLAR

A lot of the fun designing *Garden of Souls* came from thinking up all the bizarre cobbled-together critters that fill the island jungles.

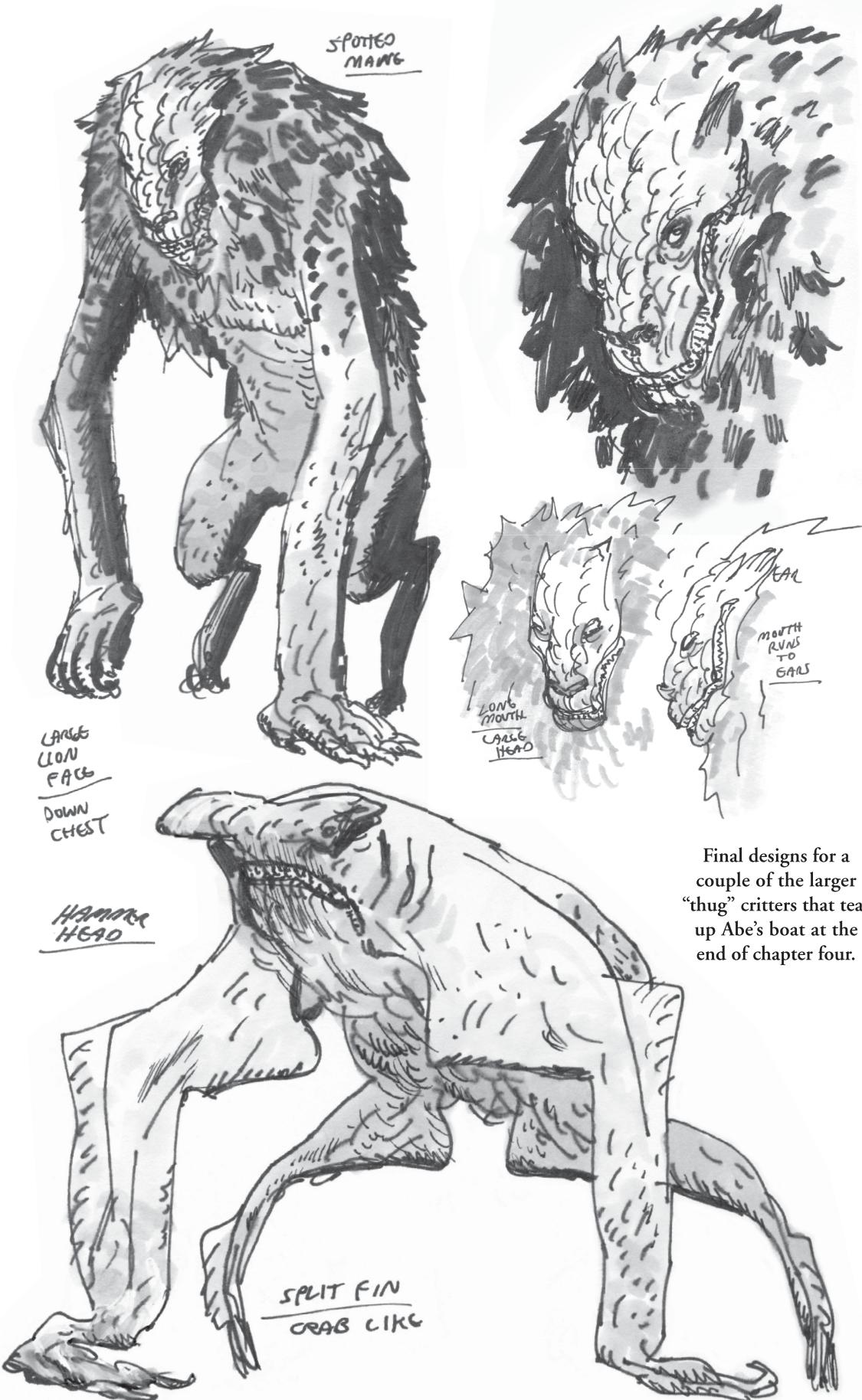
Both Mike and John wanted them to look as natural and unmenacing as possible—they should feel like animals and not monsters. Below are some early designs for some critters like the “monkey-tiger” and “eel-bird” (but the “alligator-gazelle” never made it into the final story).



An early idea was to have a bunch of smaller critters running around the jungle mansion and getting into mischief as Abe explores the rooms. But with all the ornate Victorian details to the rooms themselves, I thought it would be distracting or they would get lost in the clutter, and abandoned the idea.



The ever-loving
"crab-cow."



Final designs for a couple of the larger "thug" critters that tear up Abe's boat at the end of chapter four.

Eddie the god!
I thought it might be fun to give Eddie and his henchmen ornate get-ups for their visions of conquest in chapter four, but as John pointed out—

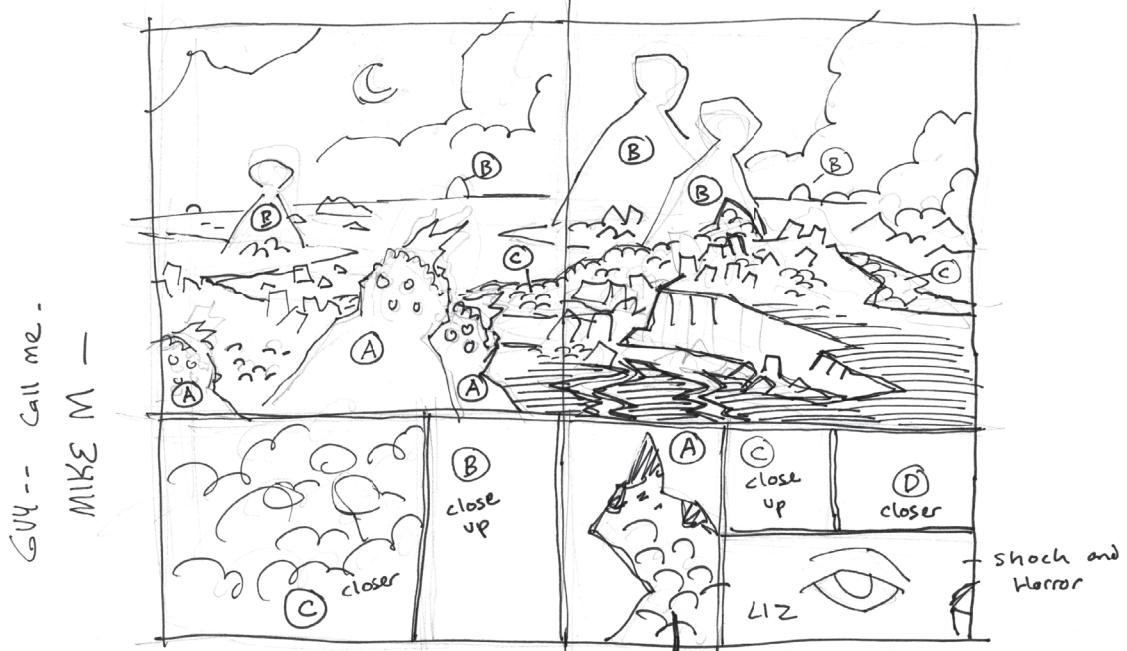
Gods don't need fancy hats and the idealized bodies, and nudity would play against the restrained

Victorian values of the group's past and hint at freedoms and powers reborn.

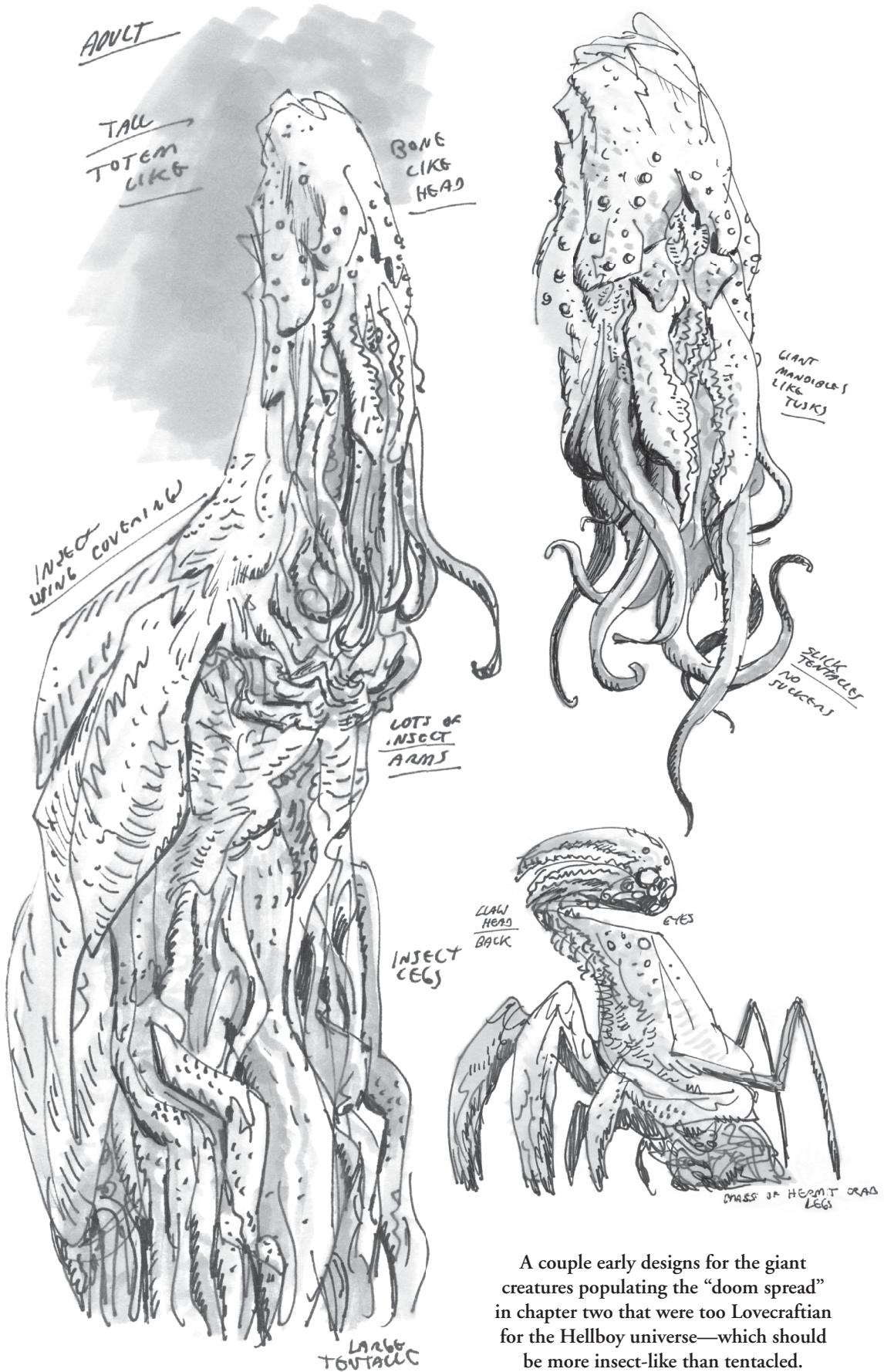


Sometimes if he has something specific that he wants to come across in a sequence, Mike will send over thumbnails showing what he has in mind. Below is his great layout for the vision of doom in chapter two, working out a life cycle from frog creature to Ogdru-Hem.

BR2D - End of the World.



- (A) Mutated humans w/ blue flame - dry - petrified -
- (B) Giant Lovecraftian things - Ogdru Hem - see Hellbay: Strange Places
- (C) Giant Masses of Frog creatures
- (D) Insect like Lovecraftian things - spilling out of busted open mutant humans.



A couple early designs for the giant creatures populating the “doom spread” in chapter two that were too Lovecraftian for the Hellboy universe—which should be more insect-like than tentacled.



I like this
guy



Guy -- Here's some
stuff - based on stuff
in my sketchbooks.

For the giant creatures
(Ogdru-Hem)
lets try to have 3
distinct different body /
head shapes.

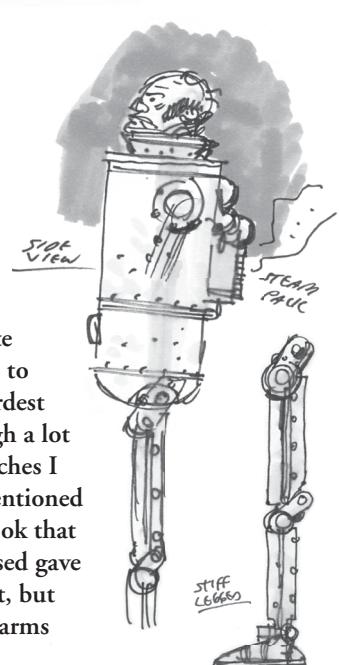
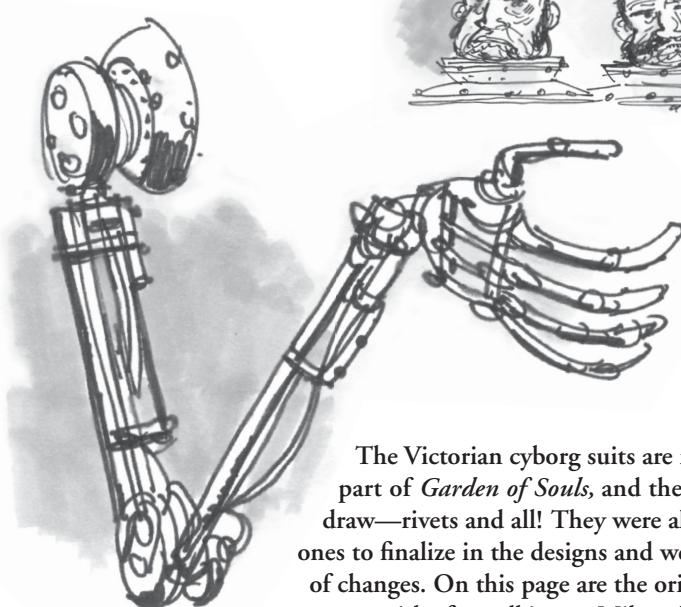
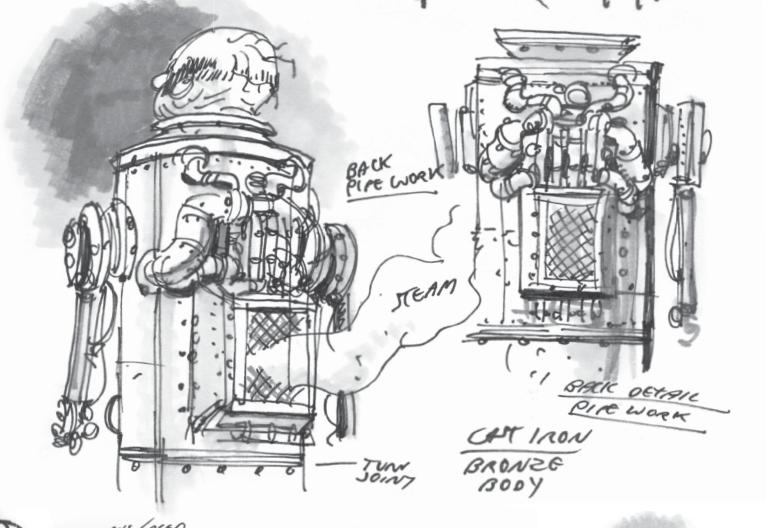
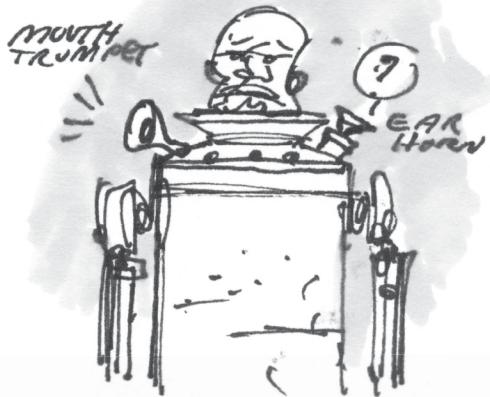
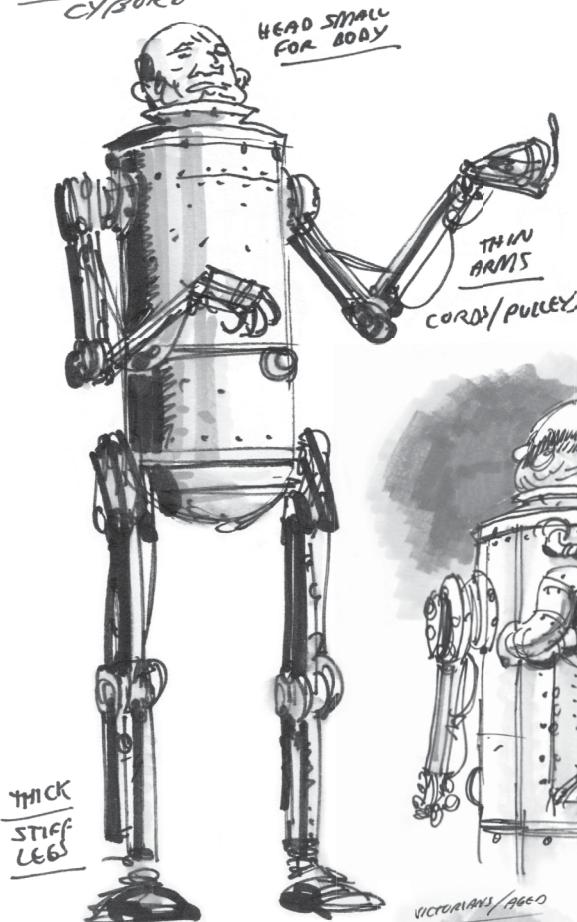


MICRA --

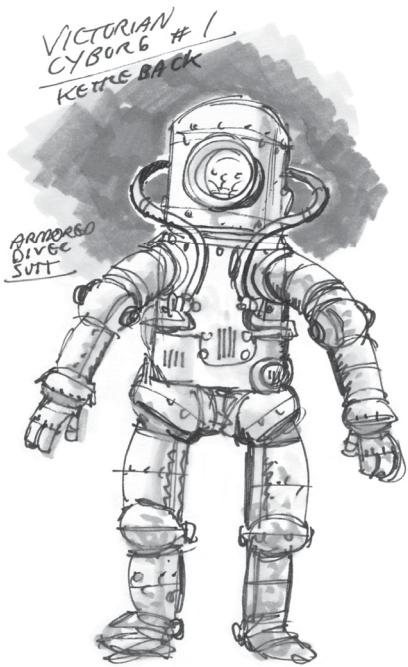


Above are some of Mike's incredible designs for the Ogdru-Hem. To the right are a couple more insect-like creatures and my take on one of Mike's designs. The rest of his designs are all featured in the final "doom spread" itself.

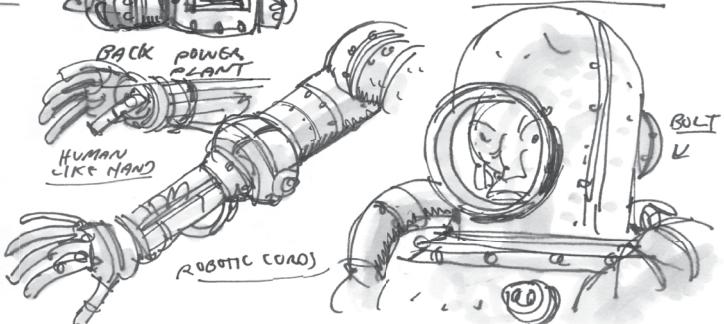
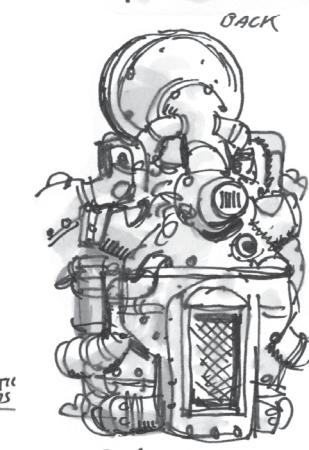
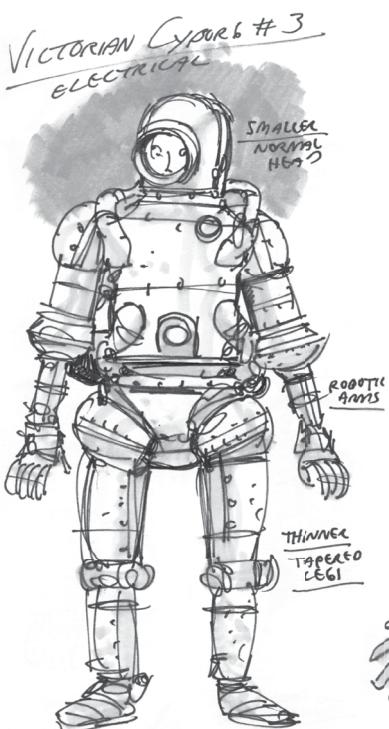
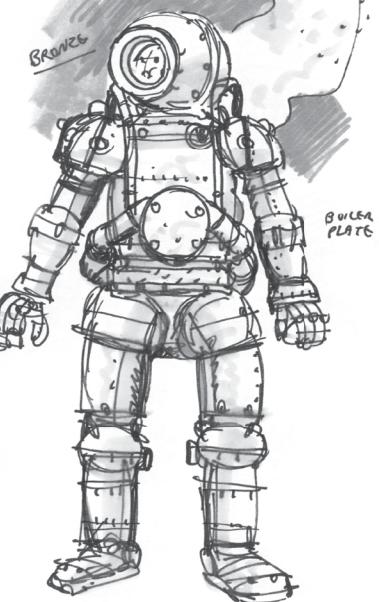
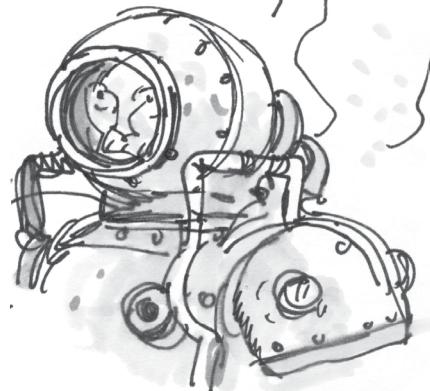
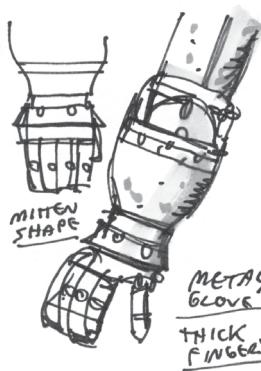
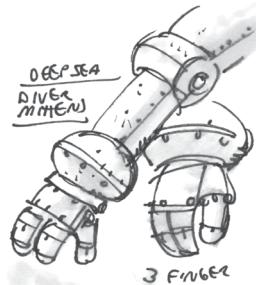
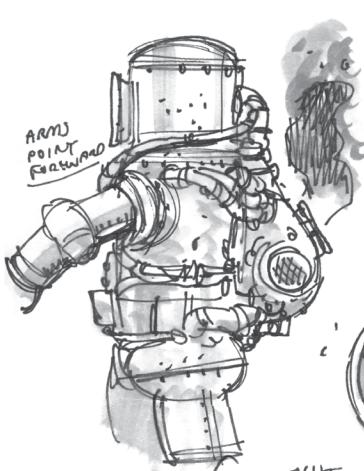
VICTORIAN CYBORG



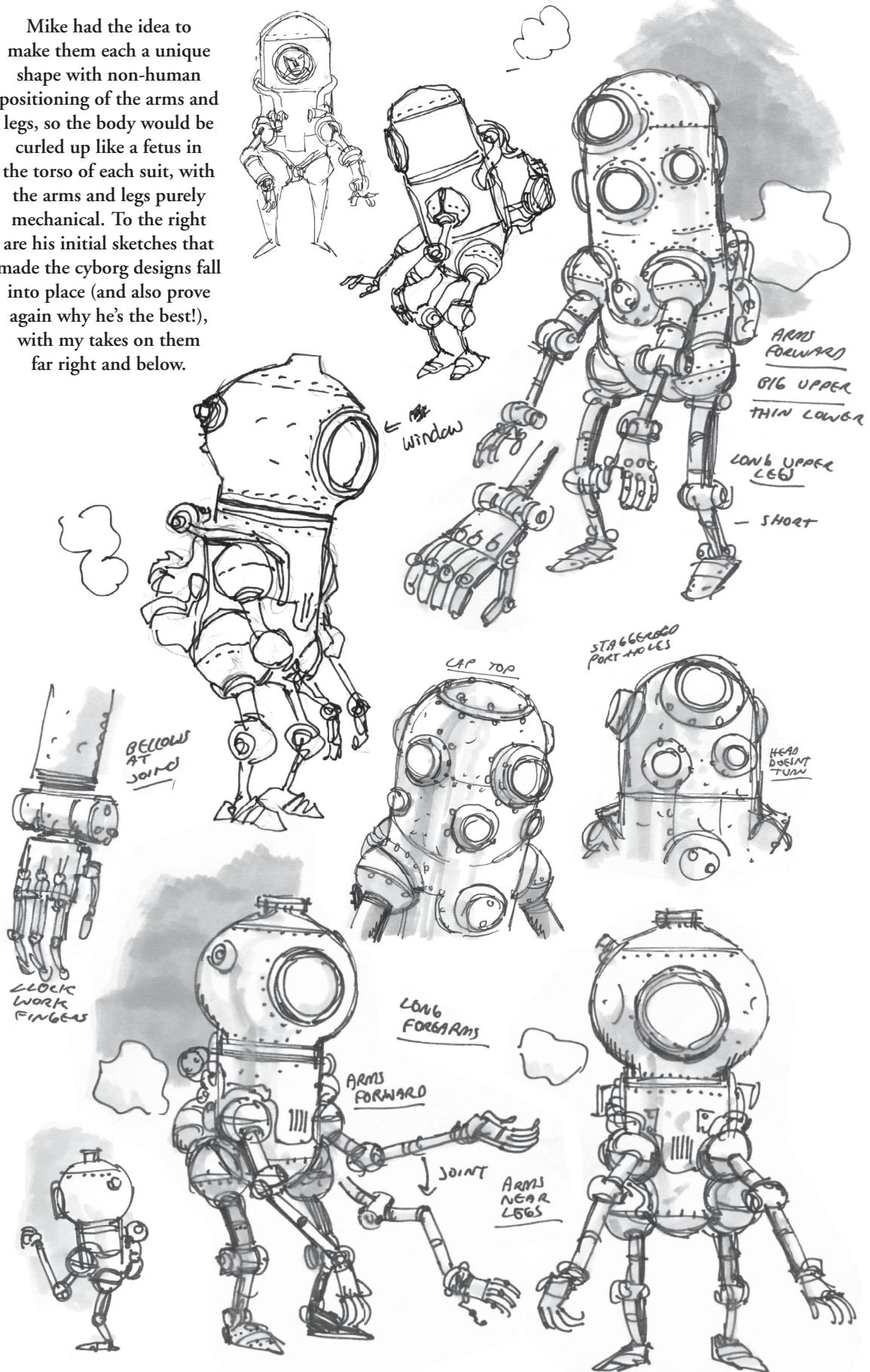
The Victorian cyborg suits are my favorite part of *Garden of Souls*, and the most fun to draw—rivets and all! They were also the hardest ones to finalize in the designs and went through a lot of changes. On this page are the original sketches I came up with after talking to Mike—he had mentioned their suits are like a walking iron lung, and I took that a bit too literally. Also, having their heads exposed gave away who the characters were upon first sight, but the power pack on the back and mechanical arms would carry over to the final designs.

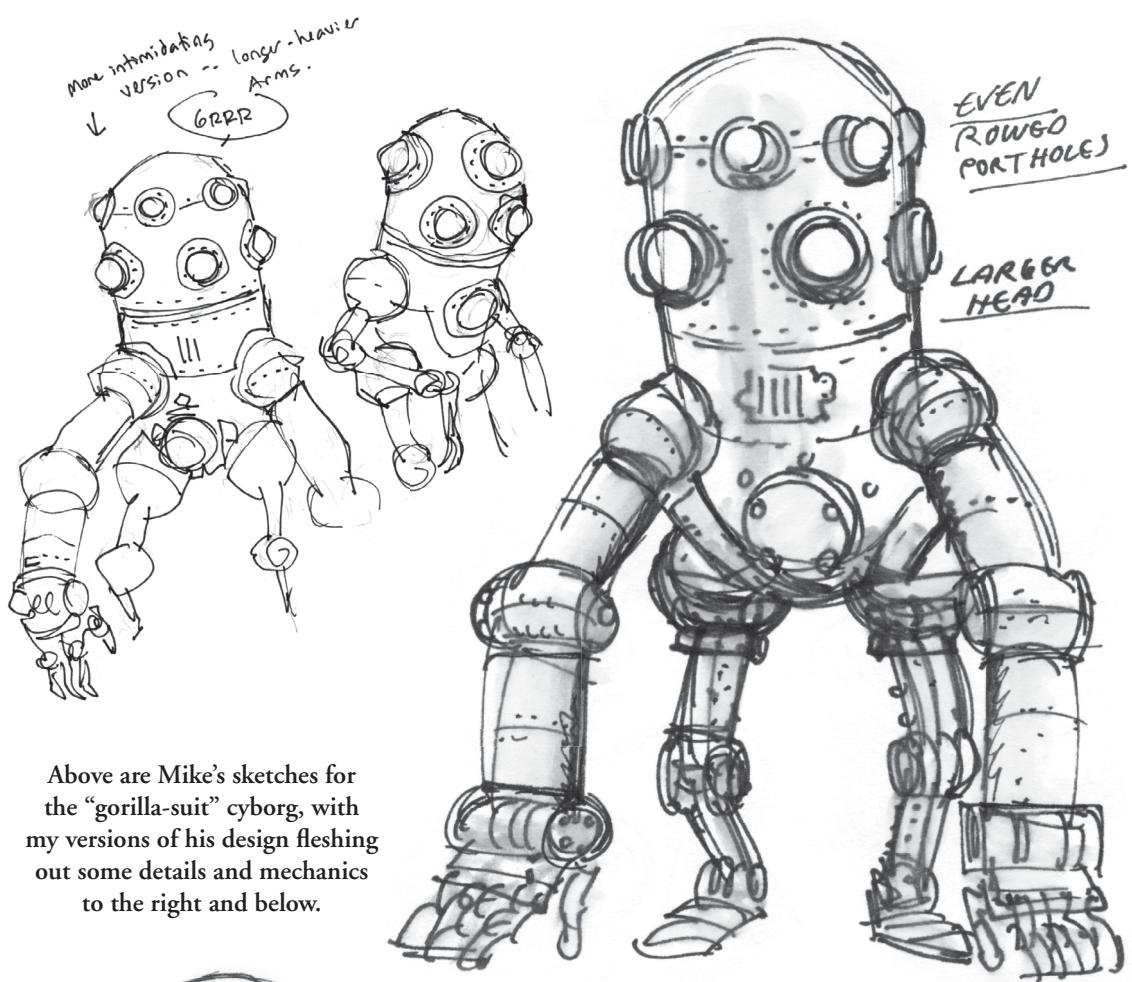


Next, it was suggested that they should have the feel of the Victorian diving suit from the end of *Plague of Frogs*—each one, a progression of technology, starting with a coal burner, then steam, and then electrical. And the images of deep-sea divers treading around the jungle would be a fun visual. Closer to the final design, but still too human-like and normal a form.

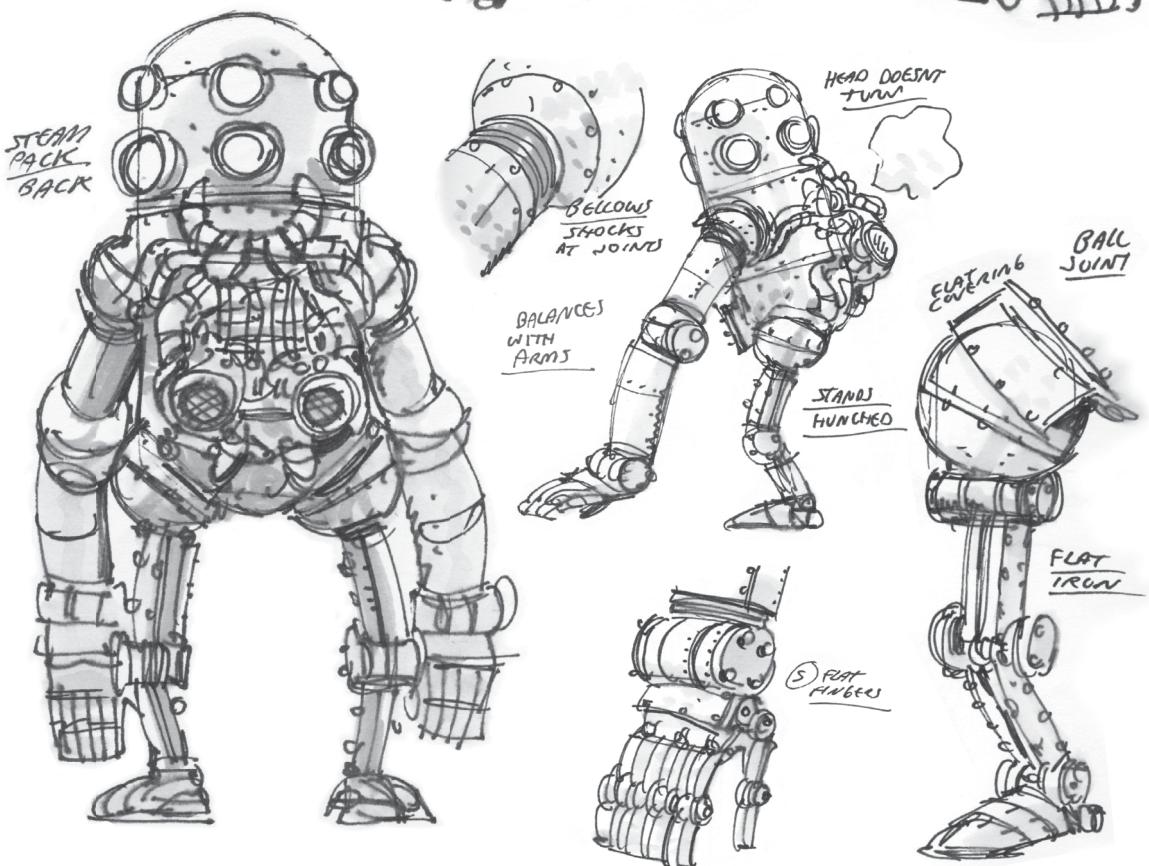


Mike had the idea to make them each a unique shape with non-human positioning of the arms and legs, so the body would be curled up like a fetus in the torso of each suit, with the arms and legs purely mechanical. To the right are his initial sketches that made the cyborg designs fall into place (and also prove again why he's the best!), with my takes on them far right and below.





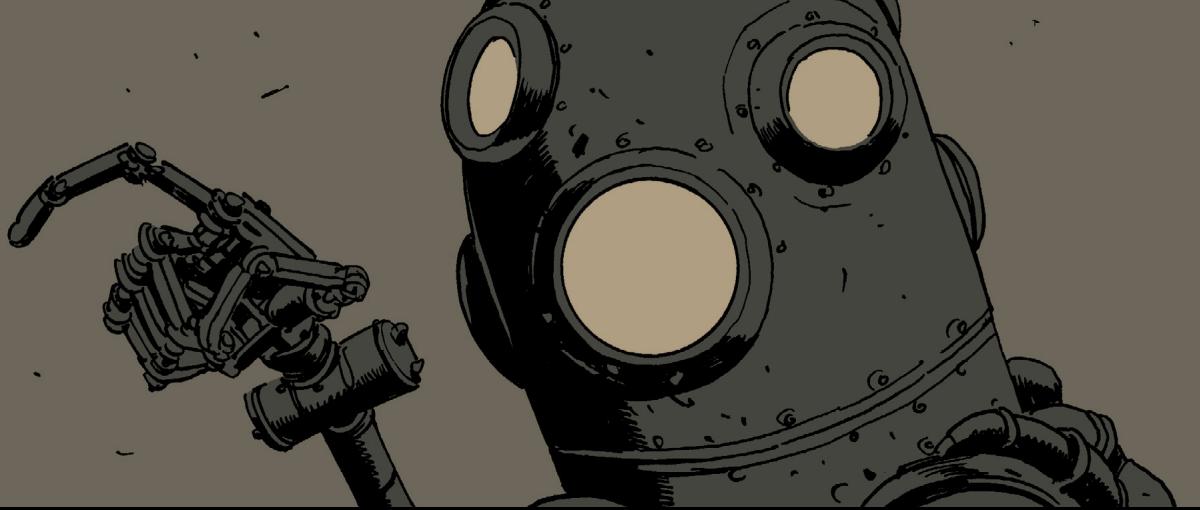
Above are Mike's sketches for the "gorilla-suit" cyborg, with my versions of his design fleshing out some details and mechanics to the right and below.





Mike's wonderful but mystifying self-rejected cover to *Garden of Souls* #2.
Even he can't explain what this is supposed to be.

—Guy Davis
Crab Pointe, MI



Abe Sapien follows a strange clue to the jungles of Indonesia and a secret society with connections to Abe's past life during the American Civil War. Meanwhile, Liz's apocalyptic visions have begun to escalate, and Johann makes a startling discovery about a member of the Bureau.



B.P.R.D.

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