



HELLBOY™

WINTER SPECIAL

MIKE MIGNOLA

BEN STENBECK

GABRIEL BÁ

FÁBIO MOON

TONCI ZONJIC

DAVE STEWART



M
2018

HELLBOY™

WINTER SPECIAL

Happy New Year, Ava Galluci

Story by MIKE MIGNOLA

Art by BEN STENBECK

Colors by DAVE STEWART

Lost Ones

Story and art by GABRIEL BÁ & FÁBIO MOON

Colors by DAVE STEWART

The Empty Chair

Story, art, and colors by TONCI ZONJIC

Letters by CLEM ROBINS

Cover A by MIKE MIGNOLA *with* DAVE STEWART

Cover B by GABRIEL BÁ

Cover C by FÁBIO MOON

Publisher ✧ MIKE RICHARDSON

Editor ✧ KATH O'BRIEN

Assistant Editor ✧ JENNY BLENK

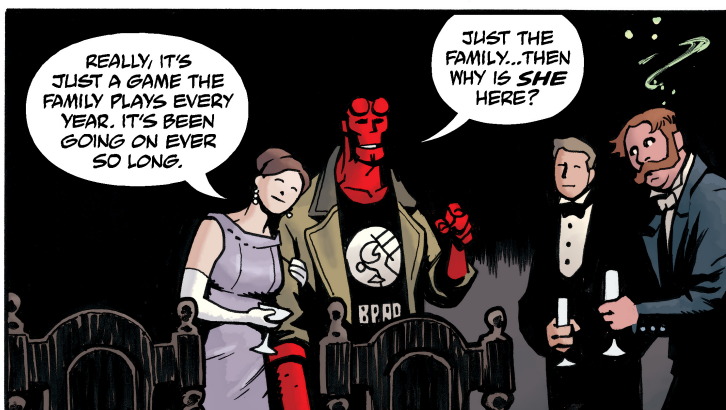
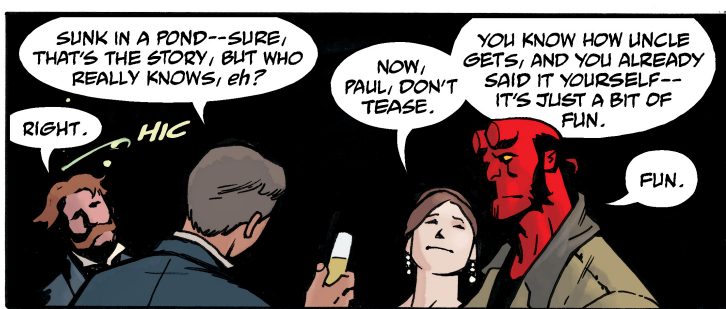
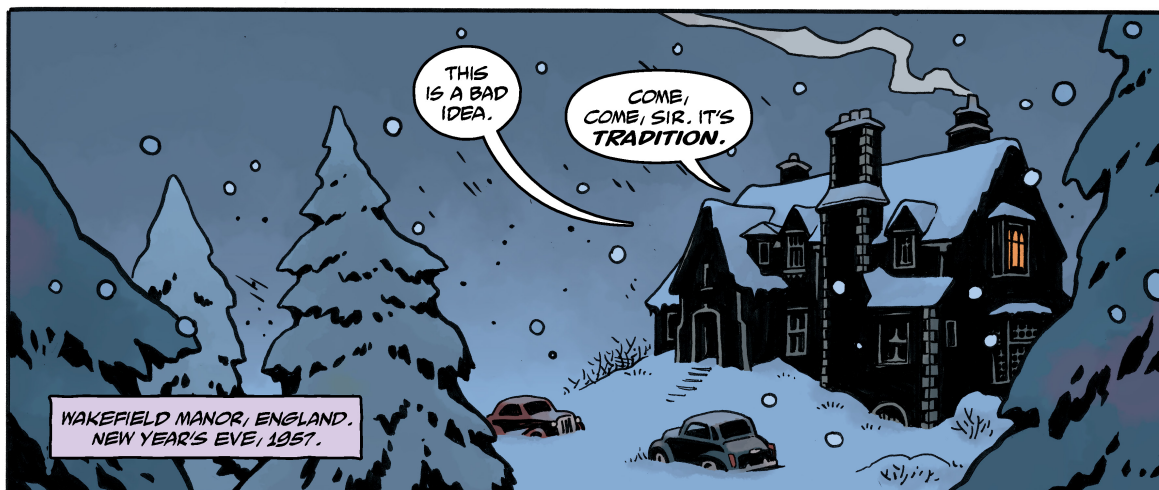
Designers ✧ MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

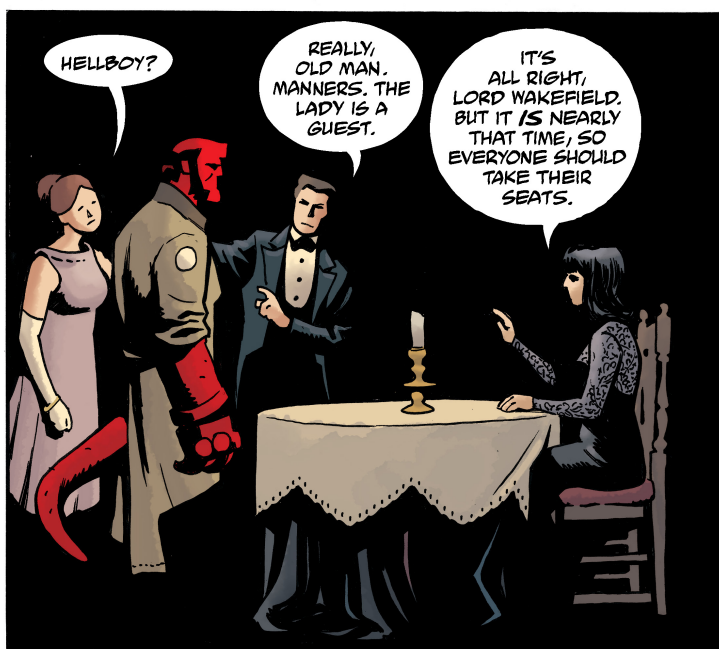
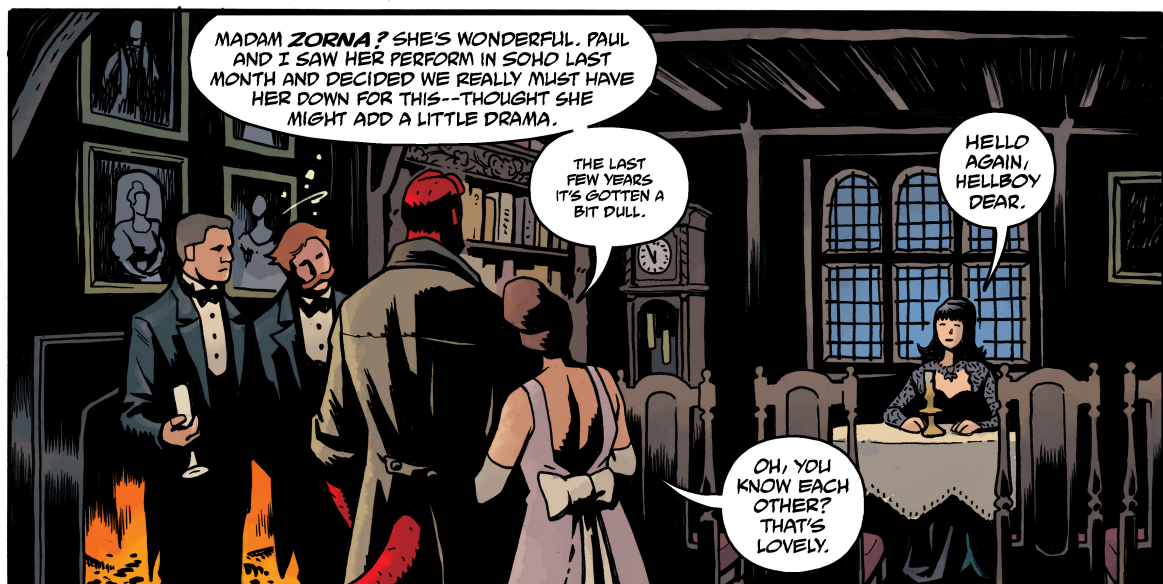
Digital Art Technician ✧ CHRISTIANNE GILLENARDO-GOUDREAU

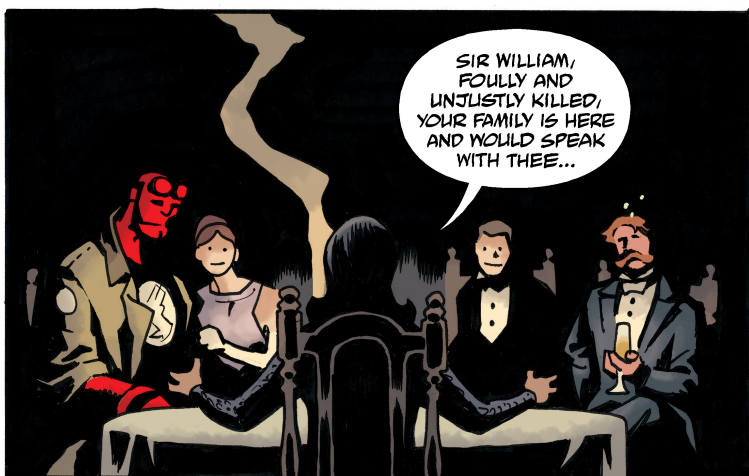
Hellboy Winter Special 2018, December 2018. Published by Dark Horse Comics LLC, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222.
Hellboy © 2018 Mike Mignola. Hellboy™ and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Comics™ is a trademark of Dark Horse Comics LLC, registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics LLC. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in Canada.

DarkHorse.com ✧ Facebook.com/DarkHorseComics ✧ Twitter.com/DarkHorseComics
Advertising Sales: (503) 905-2315 ✧ ComicShopLocator.com

Happy New Year, Ava Galluci









YOU
TRADED YOUR
IMMORTAL SOUL
FOR RICHES AND AN
IMP TO DO YOUR
BIDDING...



HERE
NOW, I DON'T
LIKE THE SOUND
OF THAT.

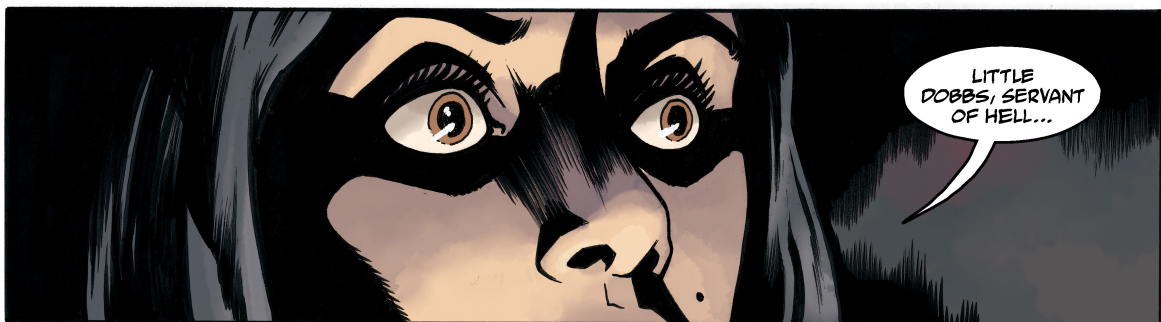


DOBBS,
YOUR TOAD--
IS HE WITH YOU
STILL?

THIS IS THE CRAP I
WAS TALKING ABOUT.
SHE WANTS TO GET
HER HANDS
ON--

SHHHH!

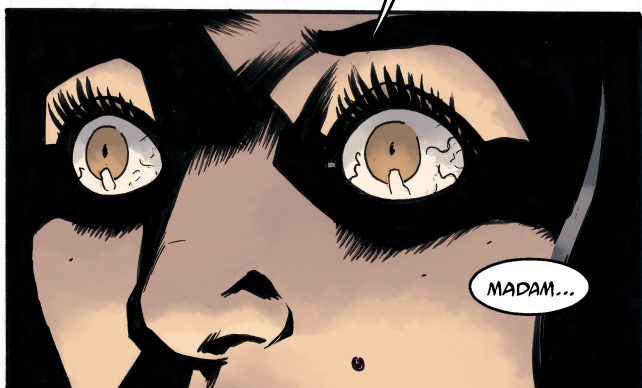
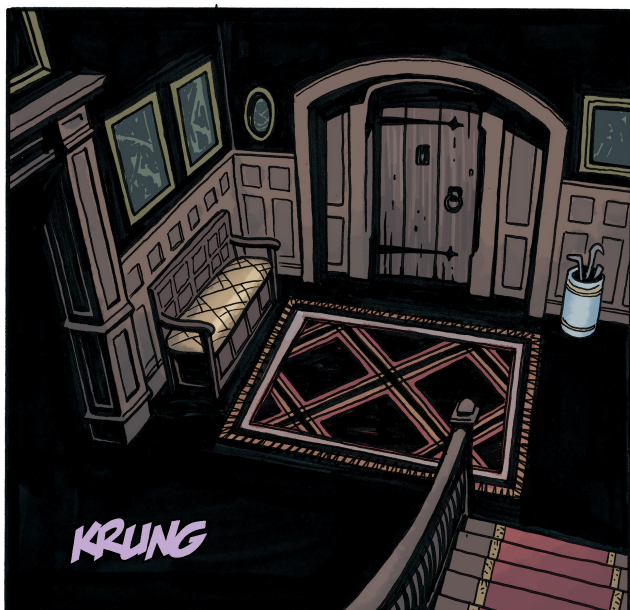
NEVER
HEARD
ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS
BEFORE.



LITTLE
DOBBS, SERVANT
OF HELL...

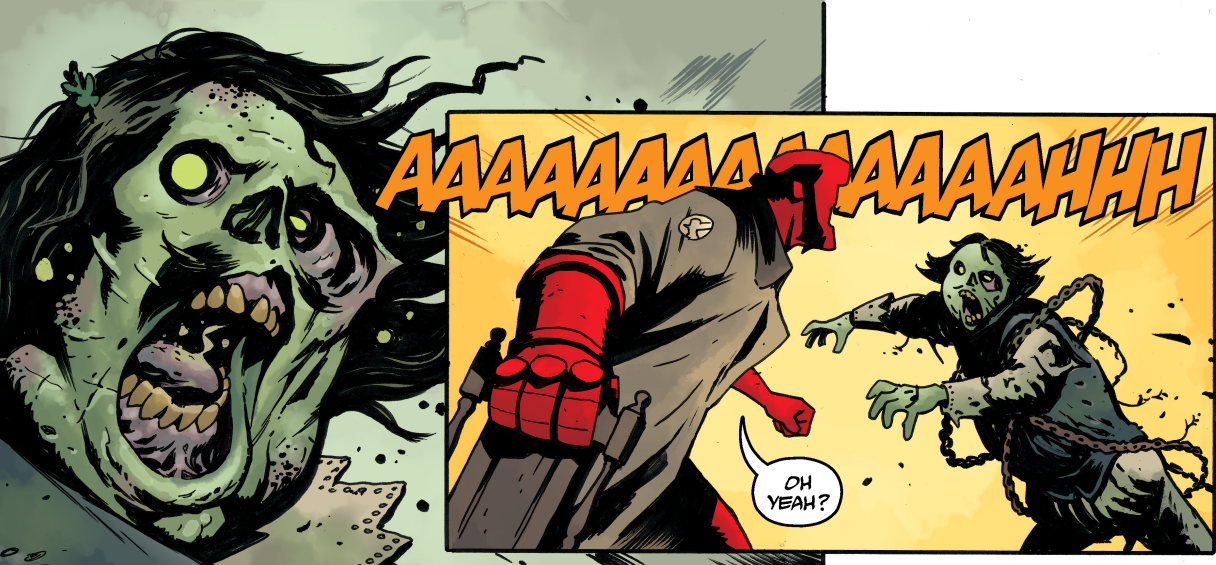


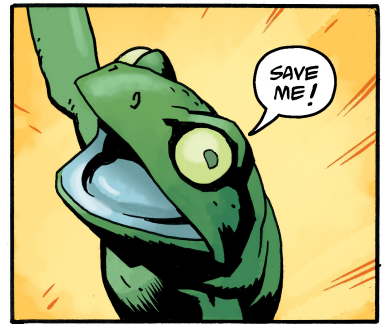
WHEREVER
YOU ARE...







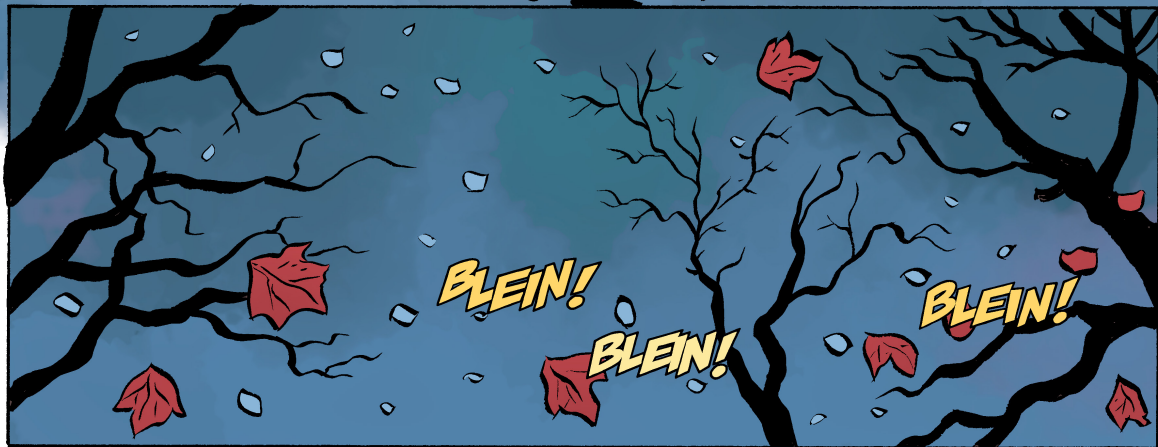






Lost Ones

SOMEWHERE IN BULGARIA, 1954.







WE ARE
GATHERED HERE,
IN THE CORE OF THE
WOODS, IN THE DEAD
SILENCE OF THE
COLDEST NIGHT OF
WINTER...

...TO
GUARANTEE
THE FERTILIZING OF
NATURE AND THE
BIRTH OF **NEW
LIFE...**

...AND TO
PROTECT OUR
LAND FROM THE **EVIL
SPIRITS** THAT MIGHT
COME TO POSSESS
AND POISON OUR
CROPS.



THE
WINTER HAS
BEEN LONG AND
HARSH, BUT WITH OUR
HELP IT WILL GIVE
PLACE TO THE
ABUNDANCE OF
SPRING.

OUR
PRAYERS ARE
STRONG AND WE
WILL NOT **PERISH**
FROM THE FORCES
OF THE BEASTS
THAT LURK IN THE
SHADOWS.



YOU ARE
THE ONES THAT
SHOULD GO BACK
TO WHERE YOU
CAME FROM.





**SILENCE,
TREACHEROUS
VESHTITSA!**

YOU MAY
NOT OPEN YOUR EVIL
EYE ON OUR LAND, AND
WILL NOT BE ALLOWED
TO BEFALL YOUR
SPELLS OVER MY
PEOPLE.



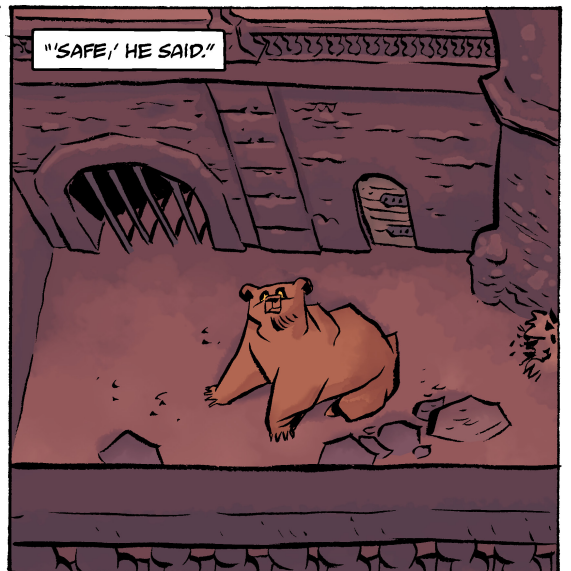
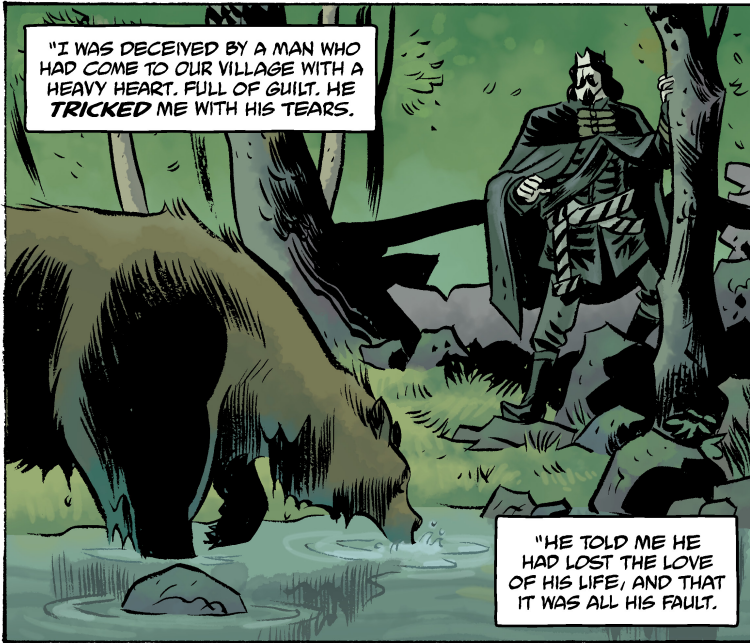
OUR
NUMBER IS
GREAT AND OUR
FORCES, GREATER!
YOUR FOUL WORDS
WILL NOT
WEAKEN OUR
HEARTS!

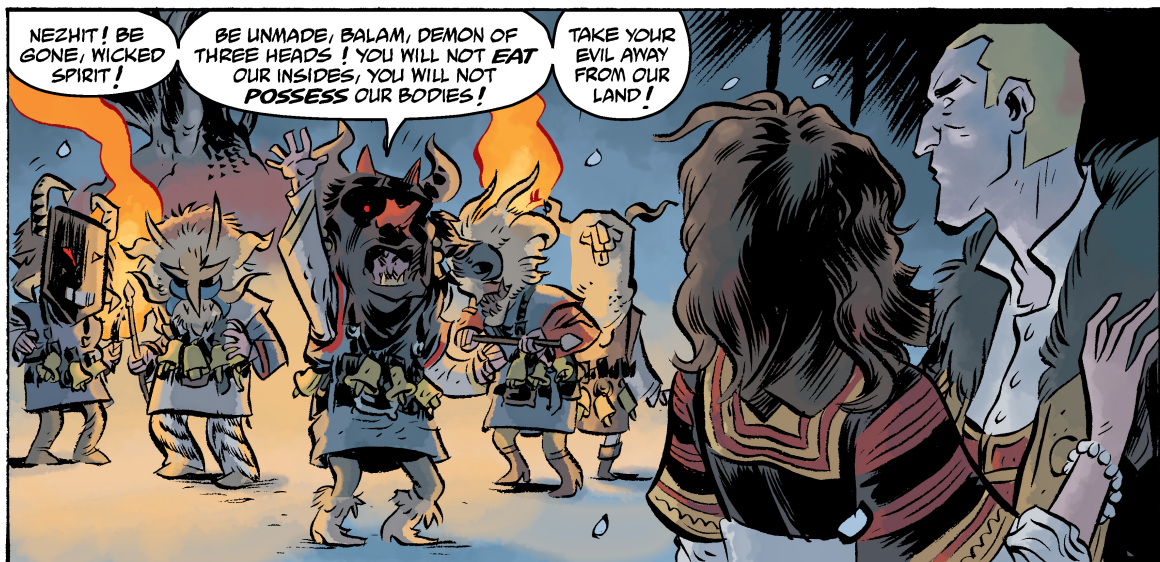
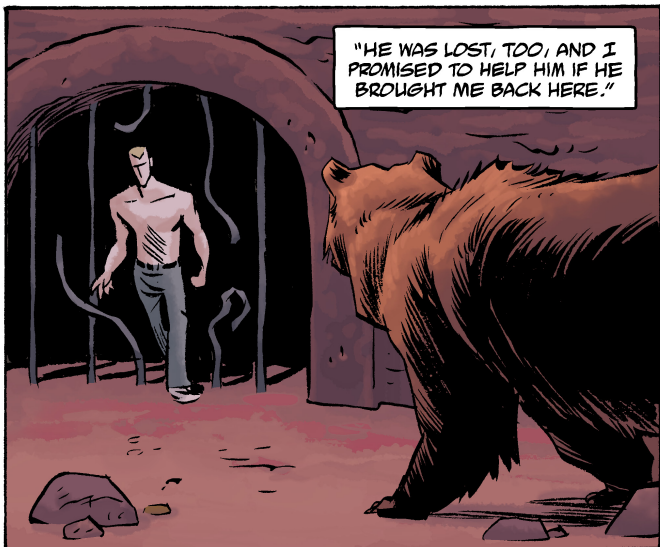
BLEIN!
BLEIN! BLEIN!

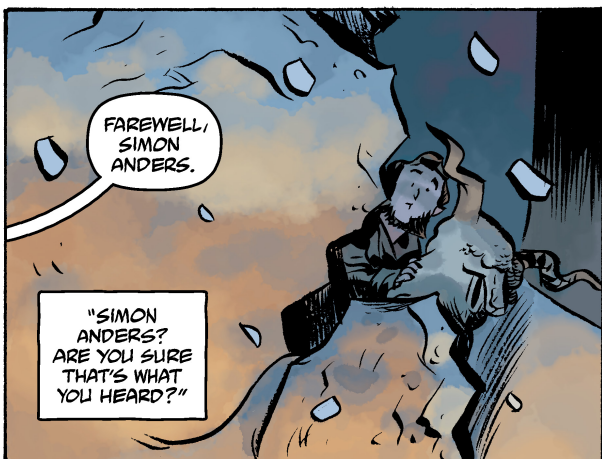


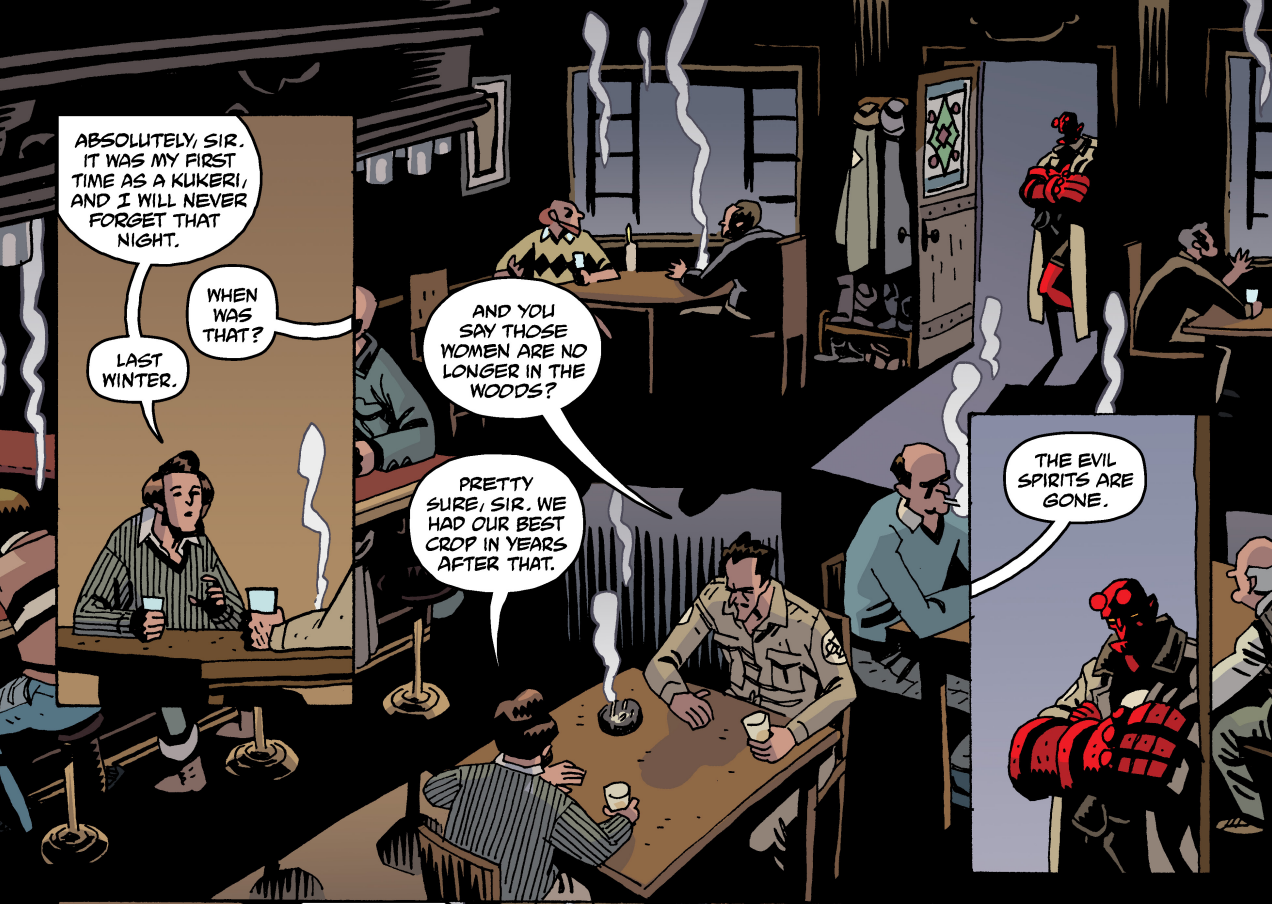
STOP!











ABSOLUTELY, SIR. IT WAS MY FIRST TIME AS A KUKERI, AND I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT.

WHEN WAS THAT?

LAST WINTER.

AND YOU SAY THOSE WOMEN ARE NO LONGER IN THE WOODS?

PRETTY SURE, SIR. WE HAD OUR BEST CROP IN YEARS AFTER THAT.

THE EVIL SPIRITS ARE GONE.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT **ROAD** SHE MENTIONED? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT **PORT** HE COULD HAVE HEADED TO?

I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT FAR EAST, SIR.



ANOTHER DEAD END?

NOT QUITE. HE'S STILL OUT THERE.



SOMEWHERE.

THE END

"GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE AGREED TO KEEP THE CHAIR EMPTY EVER SINCE BOSS STASIO GOT KILLED BACK IN '26--

"--PURELY OUT OF RESPECT FOR OLD BOSS, AND THE SEAT, OF COURSE--"

OF COURSE.

The Empty Chair

WHO WANTS TO SPLIT THINGS FOUR WAYS, EITHER?

--AND THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN CONTENDERS FOR THE SPOT BEFORE. BUT NOW WE HAVE PETTY, DISRESPECTFUL THUGS LIKE "PRETTY BOY" CALORY MUSCLING IN--NO REGARD FOR RANK OR TRADITION--

--I SAY **THE CHAIR STAYS EMPTY.** AGREED?

NEW YORK CITY, 1930.

HEAR, HEAR. BUT WITH CALORY, HOW DO WE DO IT WITHOUT STARTING A WAR?

I MEAN, I DON'T MIND A WAR, BUT WHO HAS THE TIME FOR IT. WHAT WITH THE HOLIDAYS AND EVERYTHING.

I'LL DO IT. I'LL STAB HIM IN THE FACE, I DON'T CARE! THE BLOND PRICK.

THERE MAY BE A BETTER SOLUTION. I SAY WE GET **ALL** THE BIRDS WITH **ONE** STONE.

WE USE THIS NEW "LOBSTER" WINGNUT THAT'S BEEN TRYING TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS, ETC., ETC. HE **SIGNS** HIS WORK--

VINNY THE STRING

SKINNY JOE LINCOLN

ZUCO BANANA

"--I SAY WE **FORGE THE SIGNATURE.**"

WELL, DONE WITH THIS BATCH.

SSS

HOW MANY MORE DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET BEFORE THEY GO INTO HIDING?

CALORY BOYS ARE MORONS, ED. IF THEY WERE ANY DUMBER, WE COULD ROUND 'EM UP WITH AN ICE CREAM TRUCK.

LET'S DROP THESE OFF AND FREE UP SOME SPACE.

GOODE'S DRY GOODS

BAKE



YET MORE OF CALORY'S GUYS, BOSS.

SOMEONE REALLY HAS IT IN FOR THEM, AND WHOEVER IT IS, THEY ARE TRYING TO BE CLEVER.



DIDN'T EVEN GET THE CLAW RIGHT!



PLAGIARIZED JUSTICE.



YEAH, WELL, WITH THESE BUMS? GOOD RIDDANCE, IF YOU ASK ME!

SAVED US THE HASSLE.



IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP SCORE.

WE'RE LATE AGAIN, HARRY. WE NEED TO GET CLOSER.



AND DO IT BEFORE CALORY RUNS OUT OF GOONS, HUH?



DING!

JEEZ!



WITH THIS LOBSTER FELLA ON OUR ASSES, EVEN SANTA CLAUSES MAKE ME JUMPY!

DO WE AT LEAST KNOW WHAT THE NUT LOOKS LIKE?

I THINK HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME SORT OF A MUSCLE MAN.

PSH. "LOBSTER." WHAT, WAS "MUSSEL MAN" TAKEN?

HA HA



