

# GHOST HELLBOY

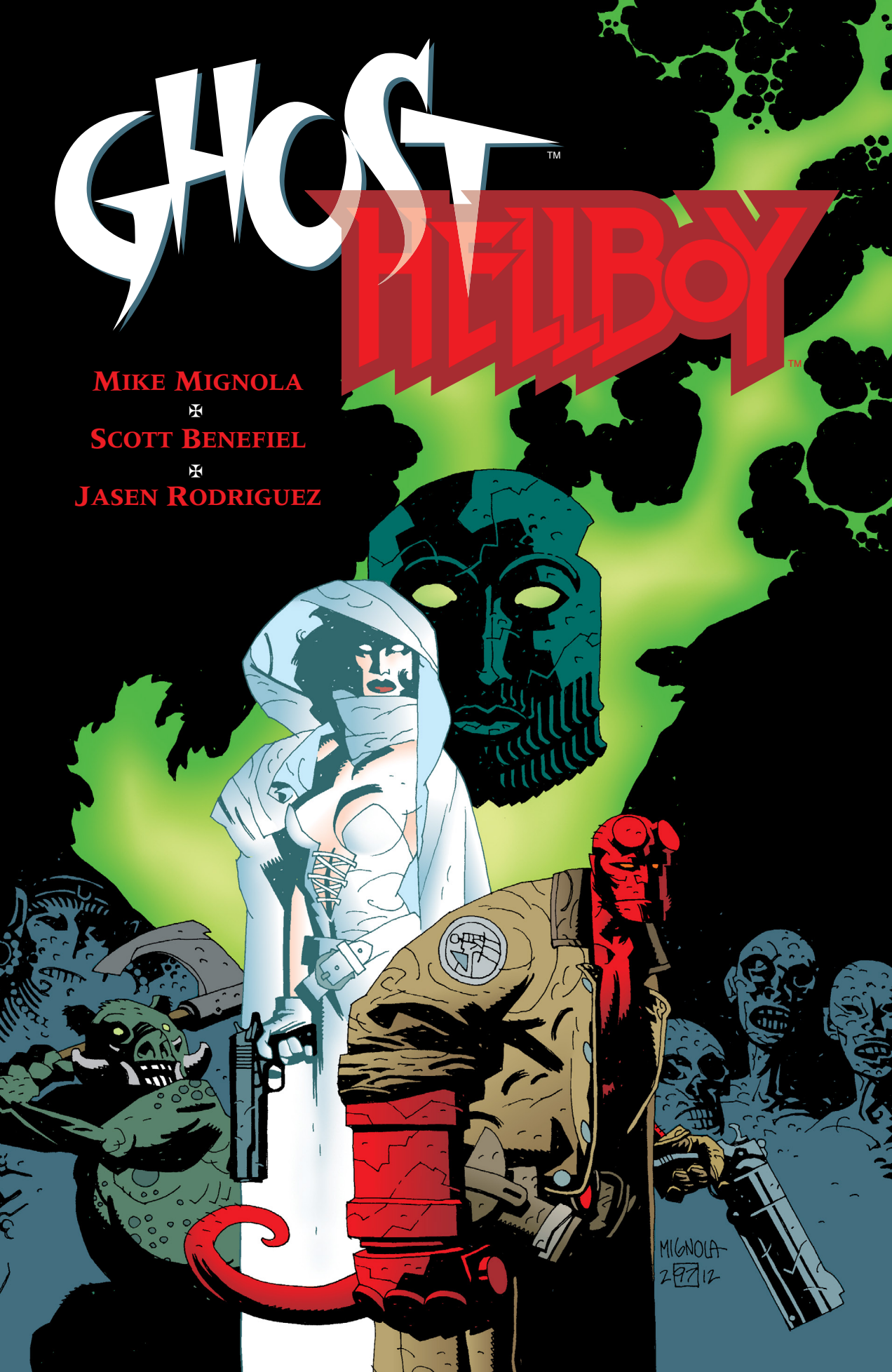
MIKE MIGNOLA



SCOTT BENEFIEL



JASEN RODRIGUEZ



STORY AND LAYOUTS MIKE MIGNOLA

PENCILS SCOTT BENEFIEL

INKS JASEN RODRIGUEZ

LETTERS SEAN KONOT

COLORS PAMELA RAMBO

# GHOST HELLBOY

COVER MIKE MIGNOLA

EDITOR SCOTT ALLIE

DESIGNER CARY GRAZZINI

HELLBOY LOGO DESIGNER KEVIN NOWLAN

PUBLISHER MIKE RICHARDSON





ARCADIA, 1939.

YOU  
WANT MORE  
OF THIS?  
COME ON!

*There's no way  
like the  
American Way*

YOU STOLE  
FROM ME, VINNIE.  
SAY IT. FESS UP  
OR GET SOME  
MORE OF THIS.

HA. TOUGH  
GUY. BIG BOSS.  
YOU CAN'T DO  
NOTHIN' TO ME  
NOW...

... I'M  
ALREADY  
DEAD!

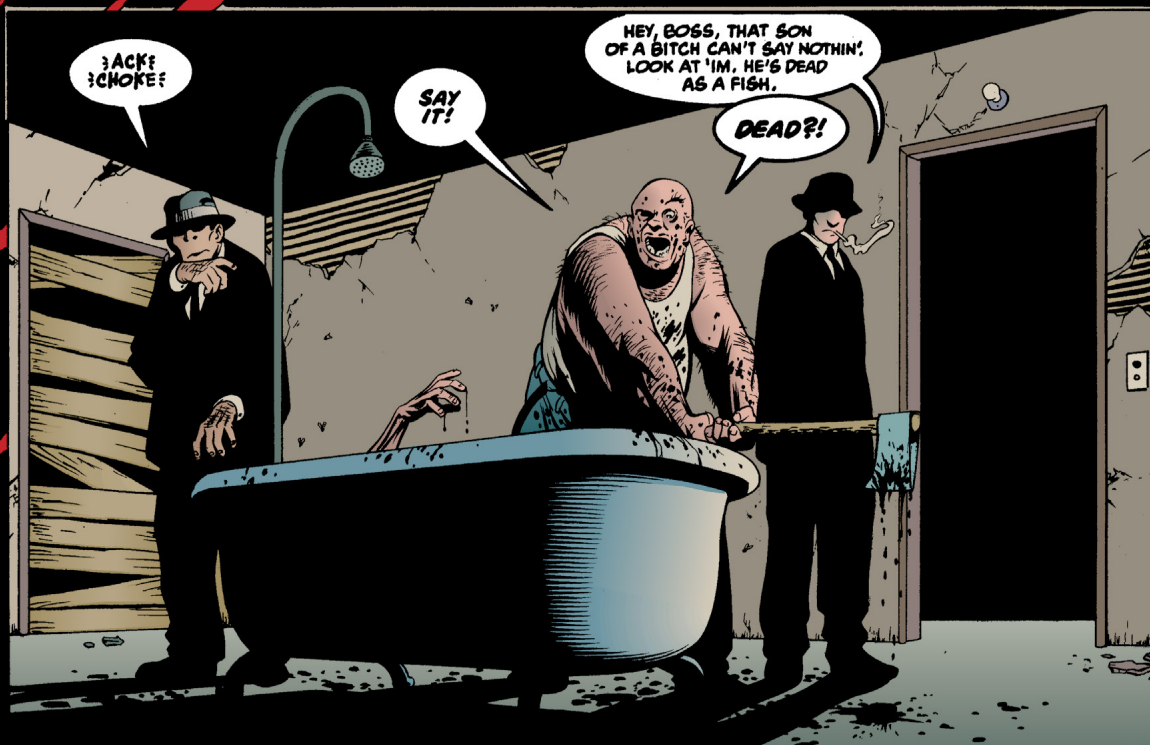
HA HA  
HA HA!

YOU  
LAUGHIN'  
AT ME?

**RAT  
BASTARD!**

YOU STOLE  
FROM ME AND I'M  
GONNA HEAR  
YOU SAY IT!

**SAY  
IT!**







THIRTY-NINE MINUTES LATER.

TA-DAA! DA FREAK!  
MIND YER MANNERS, APE.

MY NAME IS HERBERT IZZO. DOCTOR HERBERT IZZO.

HE BROUGHT SOME STUFF.

HERBERT, I HAVE A SITUATION HERE. THIS RAT BASTARD IS VINCENT "THE PIPE" GASSINI. HE IS A LIAR AND A THIEF AND I CUT 'IM UP WITH AN AX.

SEE?

CHOKE?

THE PROBLEM IS THE BASTARD'S STILL LAUGHIN' AT ME. MY ASSOCIATES DO NOT HEAR HIM LAUGHIN' AT ME. DO YOW HEAR HIM?

NO, SIR.

GOOD.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS DEAD BASTARD IS LAUGHIN' AT ME?

YES, SIR.

GOOD.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

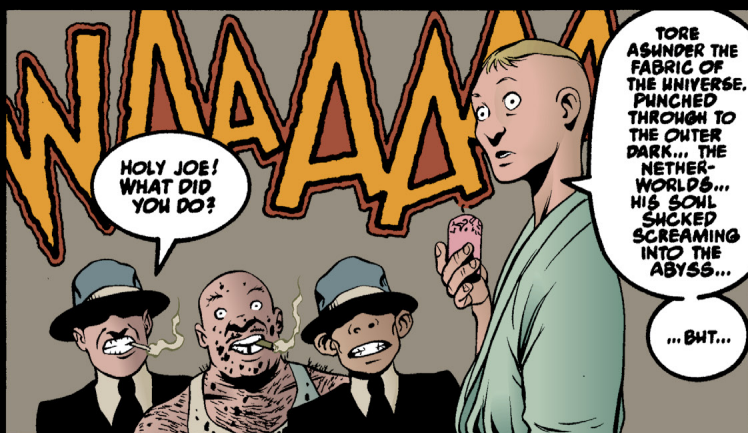
WITCH ME UP SOME HOO-DOO TO SEND THIS GUY TO HELL WHERE HE BELONGS.

FLOW OUT, THOU POISON. ADAD-RA COMPELS THEE, THE BLACK MOTHER COMPELS THEE. HE WHO WALKS IN DARKNESS COMPELS THEE. HE CUTS THEE OFF, HE SPITS THEE OUT, AND THOU RISEST NOT. THOU ART WEAK AND NOT STRONG, BLIND AND DOST NOT SEE. THOU LIFTEST NOT THY FACE FOR FEAR. THOU ART TURNED BACK AND FINDEST NOT THY WAY.

CAVERNS OF AGNATH OPEN FOR THEE. VAULTS OF GOGG GAPE WIDE FOR THEE, AND THOU SHALT DWELL FOREVER IN THE PIT. ADH SANCTI. OMN-RAMMA.

BEHOLD, THE MAGIC OF ADAD-RA IS POWERFUL AGAINST THEE.







**RATTAKTAKATTAKTTT**







ARCADIA,  
NOW.

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS PLACE?

NO CITY IN AMERICA CAN MATCH ARCADIA'S HISTORY OF GANGLAND-STYLE VIOLENT CRIME. A HUNDRED YEARS OF MOB WAR OVER GAMBLING, PROSTITUTION, DRUGS, WHATEVER. A CENTURY OF THUGS KILLING EACH OTHER IN THE STREET WITH WAY TOO MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE GETTING CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.

WHERE DOES ALL  
THAT BLOOD GO?

KEEP  
MOVIN',  
PINHEAD.



SEYMOUR GLUCK, PARAPSYCHOLOGIST AND FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE LONG ISLAND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY:

I BELIEVE  
THE SPILLED BLOOD  
OF ARCADIA HAS  
COLLECTED IN SOME  
SUBTERRANEAN  
GROTTO BENEATH  
THAT CITY.

IT HAS, IN  
FACT, BECOME A  
SORT OF LIVING  
CREATURE-- AN EVIL,  
CONTROLLING BRAIN,  
CORRUPTING THE LIVES  
OF THE PEOPLE OF THAT  
CITY, POLLUTING THE  
VERY ATMOSPHERE OF  
THE PLACE AND  
MAKING IT A  
BREEDING GROUND  
FOR...

"... FREAKS ..."



"... MONSTERS ..."







"... AND GHOSTS."

SHE'S  
HERE, HELLBOY.  
CLOSE.

REAL  
CLOSE.

YOU SURE  
IT'S HER, JO?  
THERE'S A DEAD GUY  
AROUND THE  
CORNER.

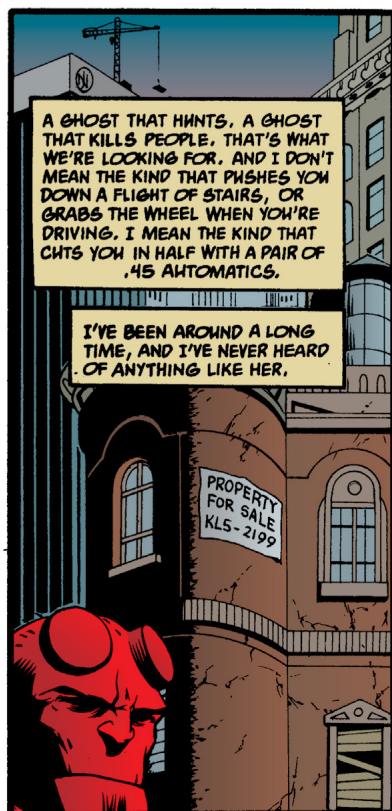
IT'S  
HER.



JOSEPHINE T. GANT, PSYCHIC. FIELD  
AGENT FOR THE BUREAU FOR PARA-  
NORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE  
SINCE 1989.

I'VE NEVER FELT ANYTHING  
LIKE HER. THERE'S ANGER COMING  
OFF HER LIKE HEAT...

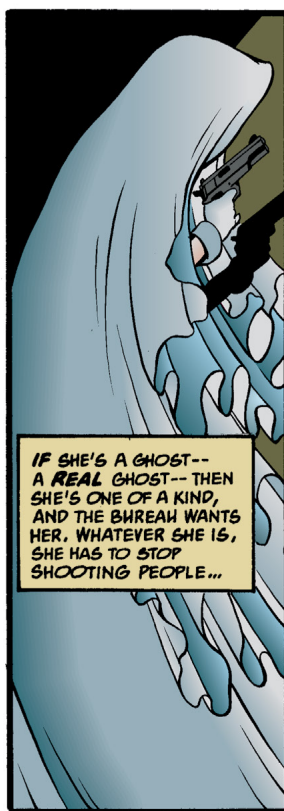
... SHE'S  
HUNTING...



A GHOST THAT HUNTS. A GHOST  
THAT KILLS PEOPLE. THAT'S WHAT  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR. AND I DON'T  
MEAN THE KIND THAT PUSHES YOU  
DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, OR  
GRABS THE WHEEL WHEN YOU'RE  
DRIVING. I MEAN THE KIND THAT  
CHITS YOU IN HALF WITH A PAIR OF  
.45 AUTOMATICS.

I'VE BEEN AROUND A LONG  
TIME, AND I'VE NEVER HEARD  
OF ANYTHING LIKE HER.

PROPERTY  
FOR SALE  
KLS-2199



IF SHE'S A GHOST--  
A REAL GHOST-- THEN  
SHE'S ONE OF A KIND,  
AND THE BUREAU WANTS  
HER. WHATEVER SHE IS,  
SHE HAS TO STOP  
SHOOTING PEOPLE...



... EVEN IF SHE IS ONLY SHOOTING  
THE BAD GUYS.

HEY, MR. MANNETTI,  
WHERE ARE YA? I DID  
IT...

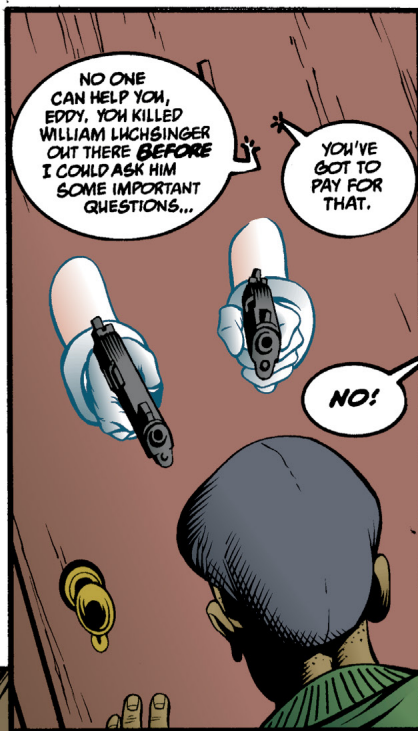
YOU  
GOT  
MY  
MONEY?







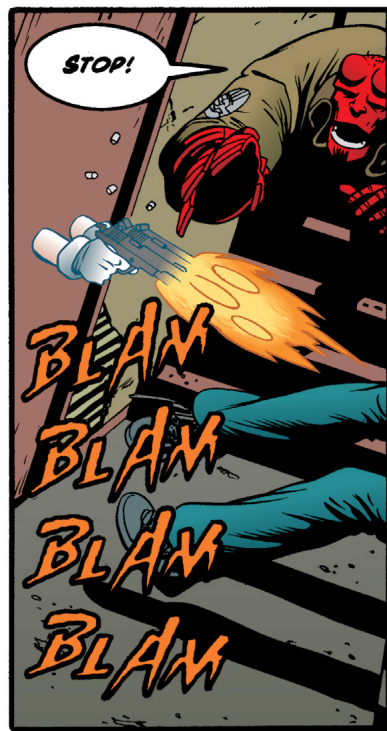
HELP ME!  
SOMEBODY!  
ANYBODY!



NO ONE  
CAN HELP YOU,  
EDDY. YOU KILLED  
WILLIAM LUCHSINGER  
OUT THERE **BEFORE**  
I COULD ASK HIM  
SOME IMPORTANT  
QUESTIONS...

YOU'VE  
GOT TO  
PAY FOR  
THAT.

NO!



STOP!

**BLAM**  
**BLAM**  
**BLAM**  
**BLAM**



jeez...

THIS IS  
NONE OF  
YOUR  
BUSINESS,  
HELLBOY.

YOU  
RECOGNIZE  
ME?

YOU WERE  
ON THE COVER  
OF LIFE MAGAZINE  
A COUPLE YEARS AGO  
-- "THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST PARANOR-  
MAL INVESTIGATOR  
TURNS  
FIFTY."



MOST  
GHOSTS  
DON'T READ  
MAGAZINES.  
YOU ARE  
INTERESTING.



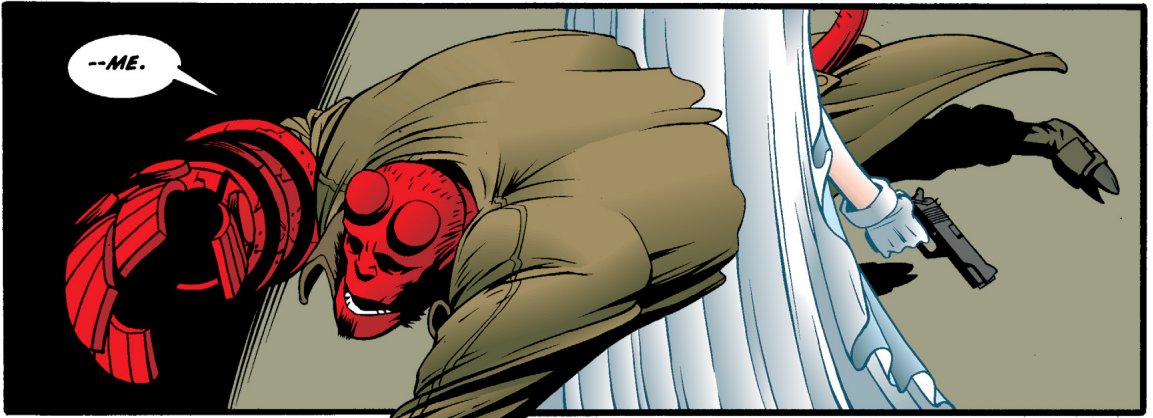
I'M  
WARNING  
YOU...

... LEAVE  
ME  
ALONE.



I CAME HERE TO  
HELP YOU, LADY, BUT  
WE CAN DO THIS THE HARD  
WAY. FINE  
BY--

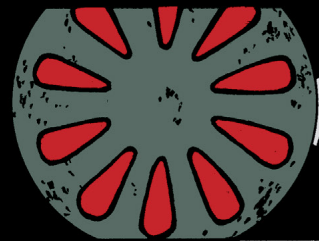
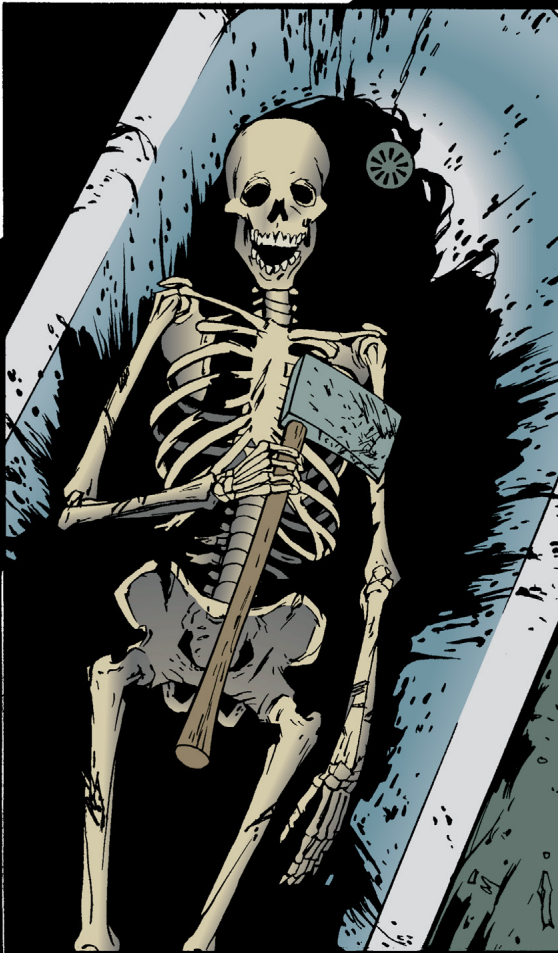
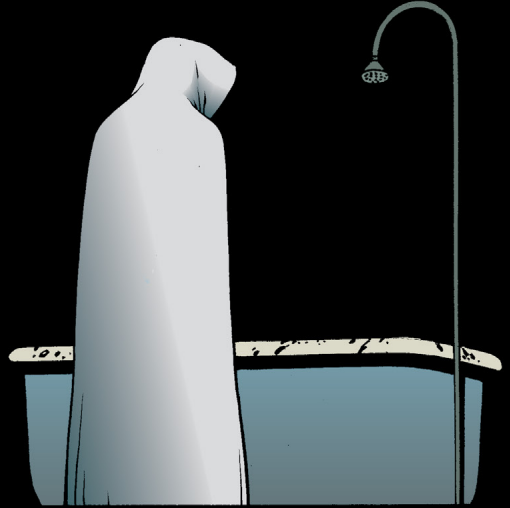
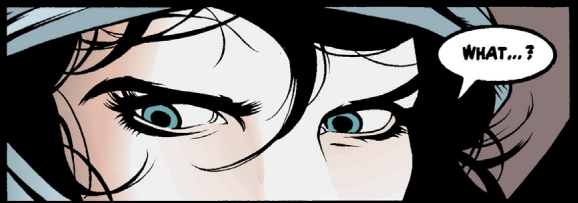
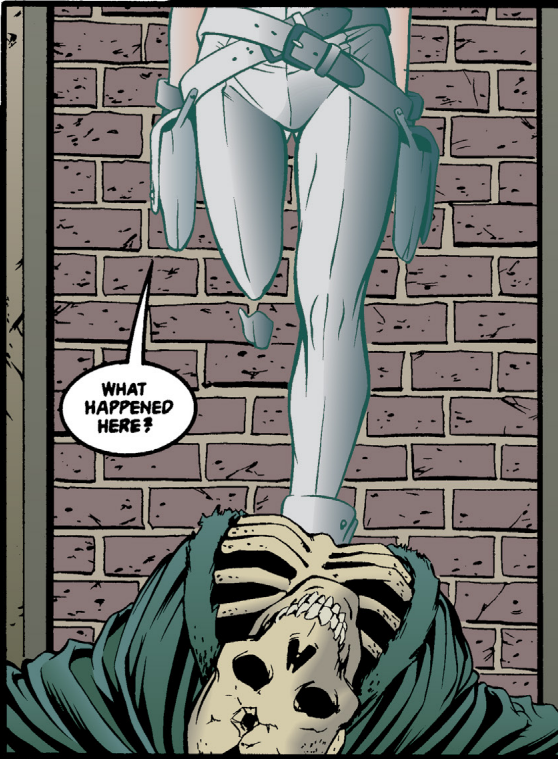




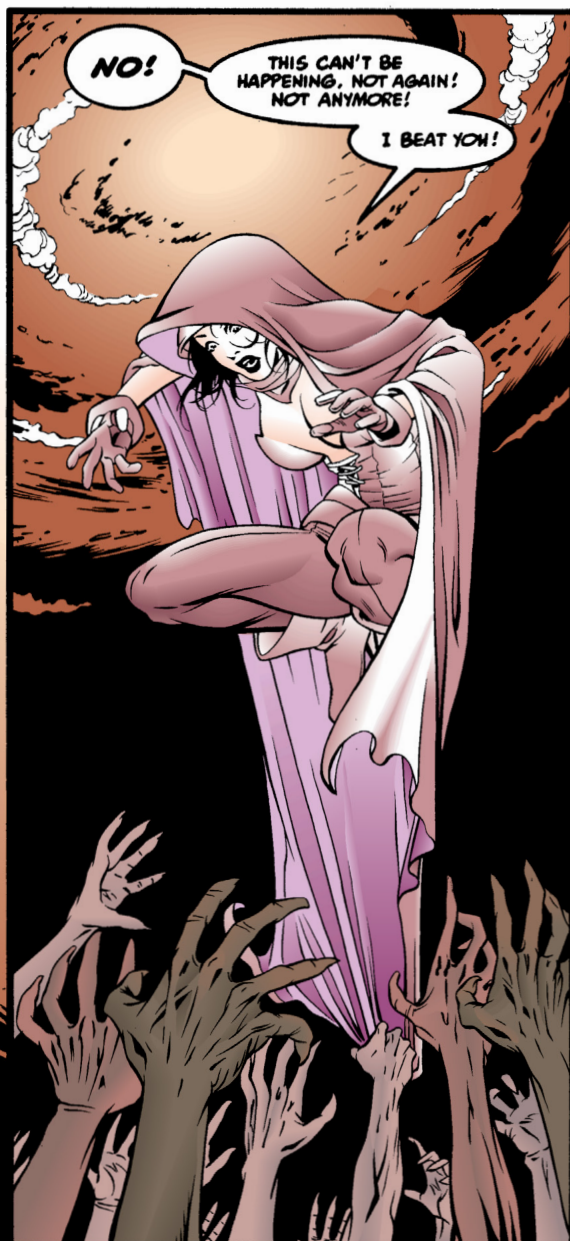


THUD









THESE CREATHRES  
SHOULD HAVE NO POWER  
OVER YOH. WHY DO YOH  
ALLOW IT? TRY AGAIN  
TO CAST THEM OFF.

I... CAN'T...

DO YOU LOVE YOUR  
PAIN SO MUCH, OR IS IT  
POSSIBLE THAT THESE  
DEMONS ARE *NOT* OF  
YOUR OWN MAKING?

WHO  
ARE  
YOH?

IS YOUR ROAD SO  
LONG AND SO BLACK  
THAT YOH DO NOT KNOW  
ME AT ALL?

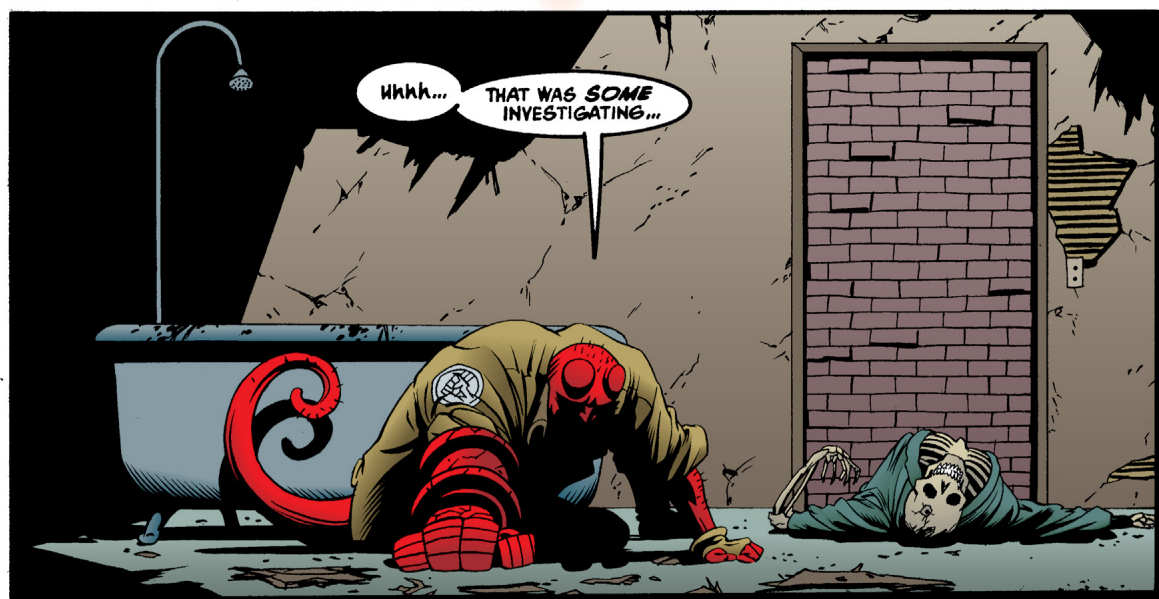
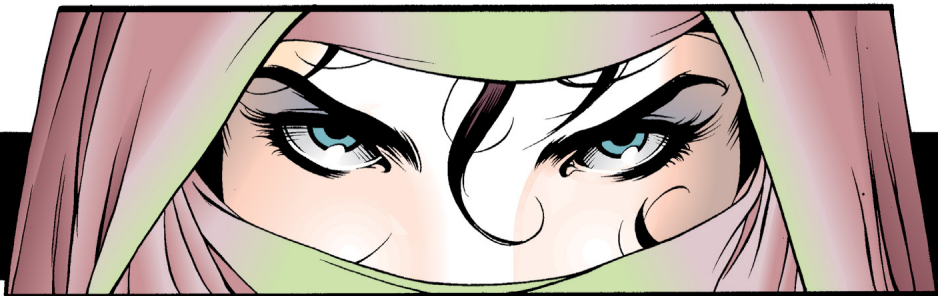
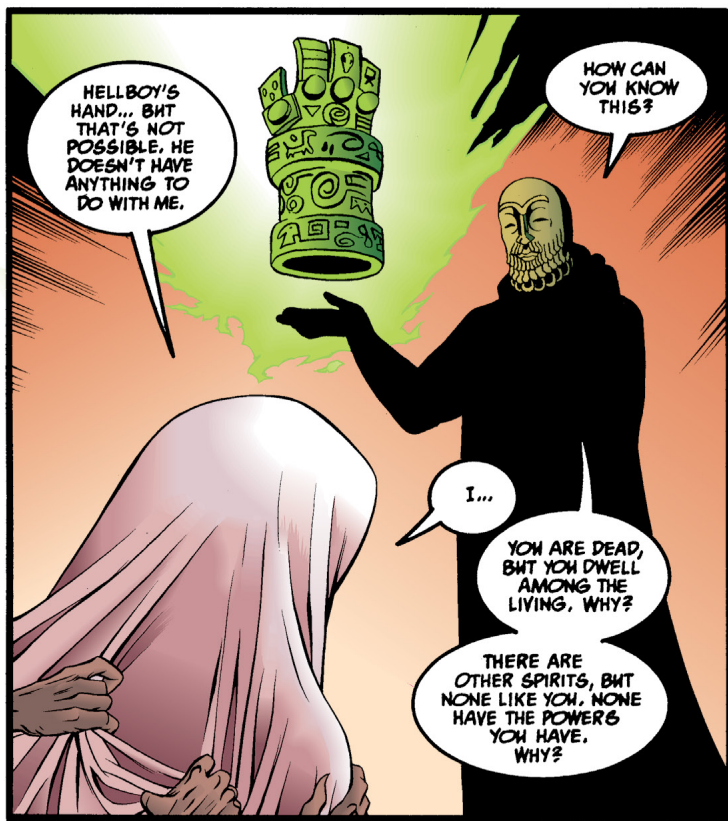
CAN YOH  
NOT RECALL  
MY FACE?

CHILD...

... MY  
NAME IS  
**PEACE.**















**YEOW!**

WHAT GIVES?

**BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM**

**AHHH!**



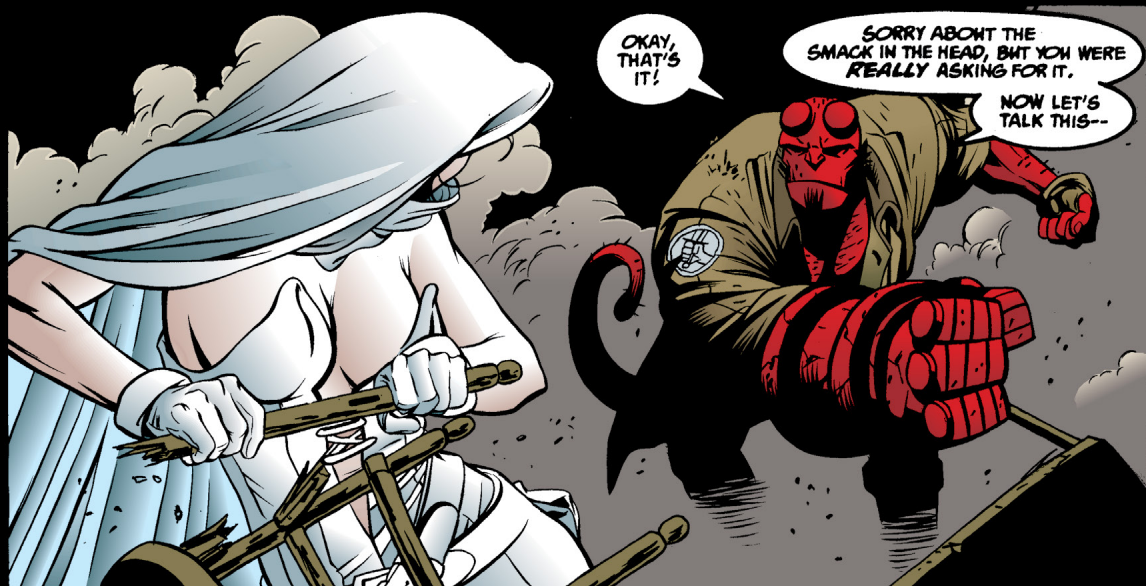
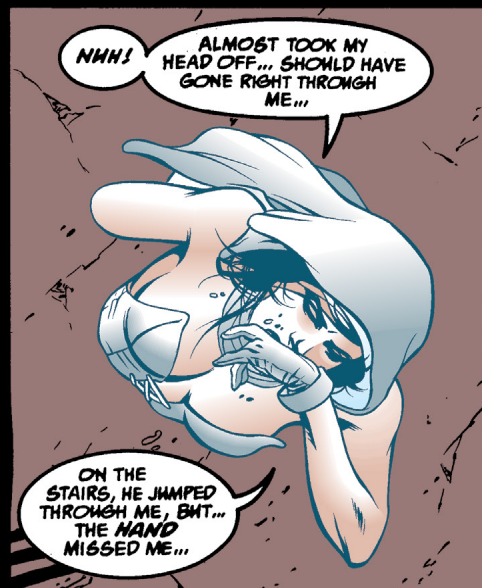
**QUIT IT!**



**I THOUGHT  
YOU WANTED TO  
BE LEFT  
ALONE!**

















DOMMH  
SANGTI AB-JHRA.  
SANGTI  
AMMA.

BROTHERS,  
SHE IS OUR  
DELIVERER...

... AND SHE  
SERVES HER OWN  
WORLD UP TO  
DAMNATION AND  
SLAUGHTER.

HA HA  
HA HA  
HA





ARCADIA.

WE GOT A CALL ABOUT SHOTS FIRED. NOW WE ARE GOING IN THERE--

NO, YOU ARE NOT GOING IN THERE. THIS IS B.P.R.D.\* BUSINESS, AND IF WE NEED YOU WE'LL CALL YOU...

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE CAN HOLD OFF THE COPS...

HELLBOY SAID TO LEAVE HIM ALONE IN THERE FOR AN HOUR.

YOU'RE THE PSYCHIC. CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT HE'S UP TO?

MMM...

...I'VE SORT OF LOST HIM!

WHAT?!

HELLBOY WENT IN, FOUND THE GHOST...

\* THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE

"... THERE WAS A VIOLENT CONFRONTATION  
... A MAN WAS KILLED,

"THEN IT WAS LIKE AN OLD WOUND OPENED UP..."

"SOMETHING HAPPENED IN THERE A LONG TIME AGO,

"SORCERY..."

"... A SECRET MURDER..."

"IT'S LIKE HELLBOY AND THE GHOST WERE SWALLOWED UP BY THE PLACE..."

"... VANISHED..."

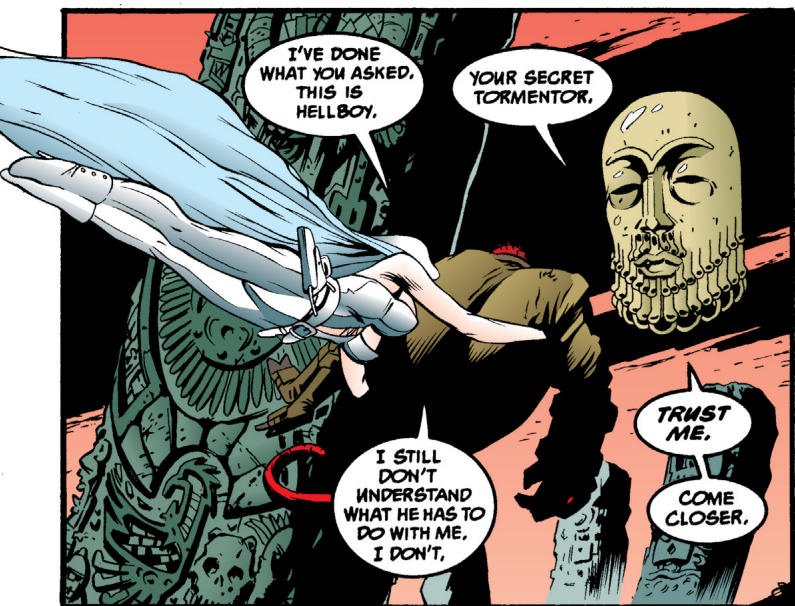
"... OFF THE FACE  
OF THE EARTH."

Uhh...

YOU HAVE  
DONE SO WELL,  
SUFFERED SO  
MUCH, COME  
SO FAR...





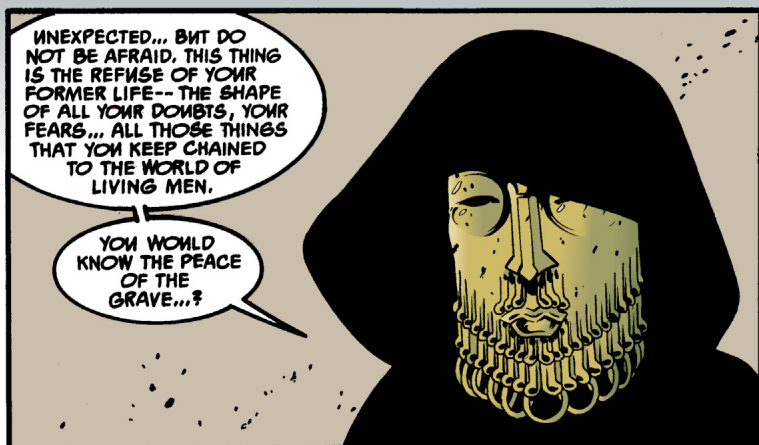




JEEZ!

THIS JUST  
KEEPS GETTING  
WORSE!

WHAT IS  
THIS?!



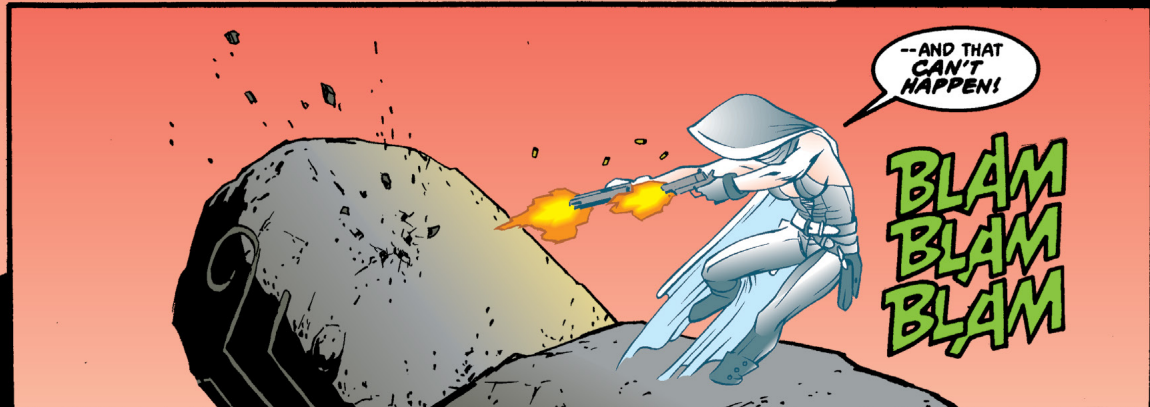
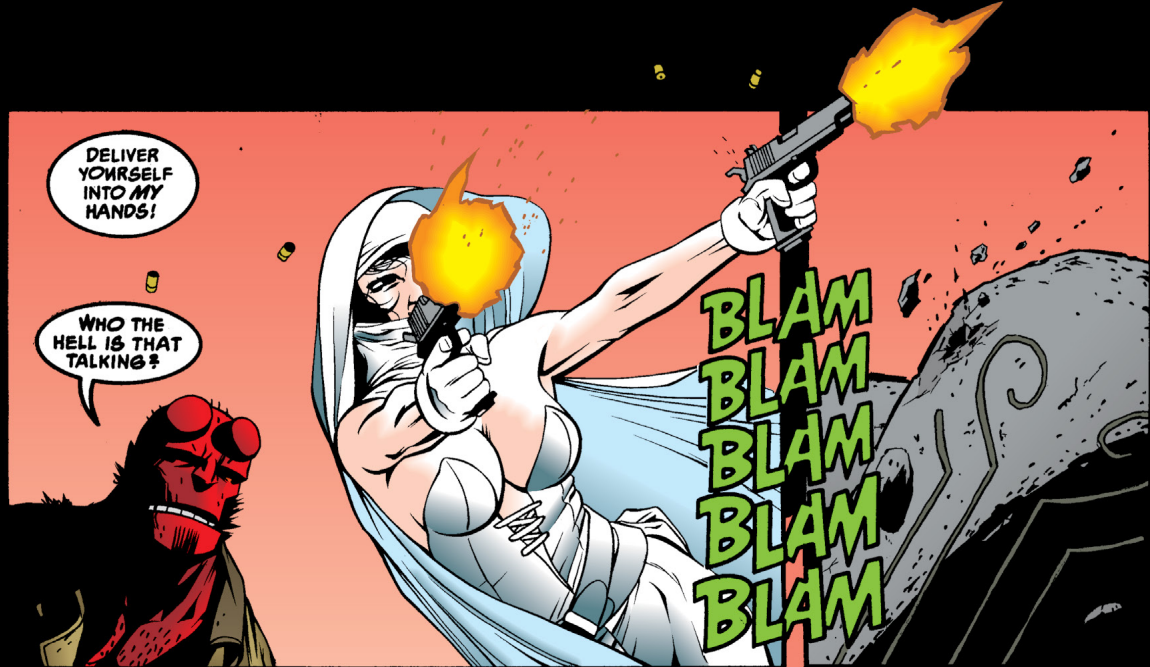
UNEXPECTED... BUT DO  
NOT BE AFRAID. THIS THING  
IS THE REFUSE OF YOUR  
FORMER LIFE-- THE SHAPE  
OF ALL YOUR DOUBTS, YOUR  
FEARS... ALL THOSE THINGS  
THAT YOU KEEP CHAINED  
TO THE WORLD OF  
LIVING MEN.

YOU WOULD  
KNOW THE PEACE  
OF THE  
GRAVE...?



DESTROY  
IT!











SAVE  
THE  
HAND!

ALL  
RIGHT.

FOLLOW  
ME,  
MONSTER!



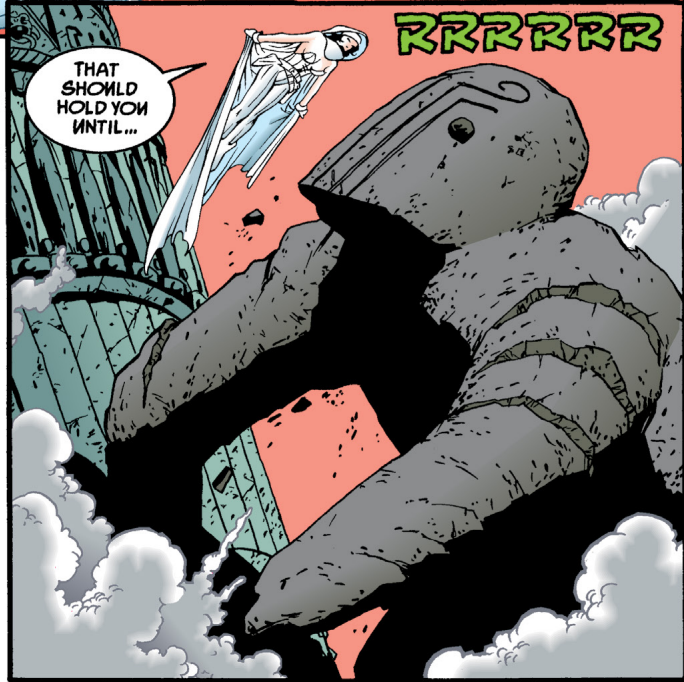
FAR  
ENOUGH.  
NOW...



SWING!

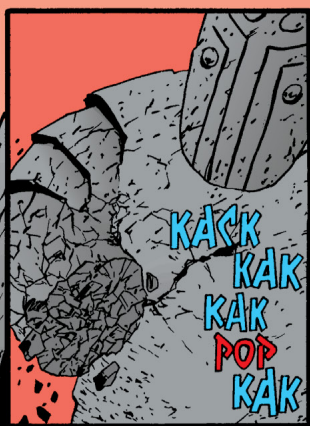
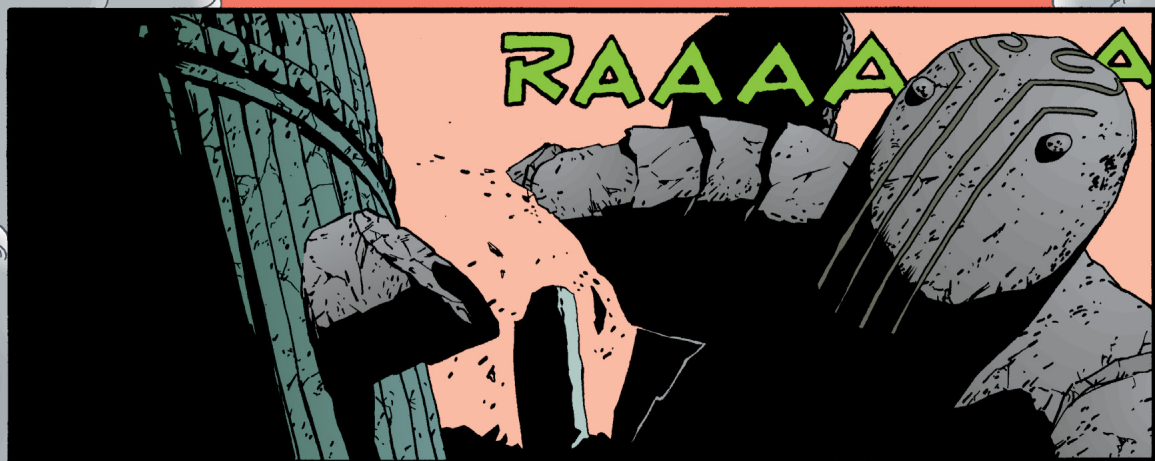


PERFECT.

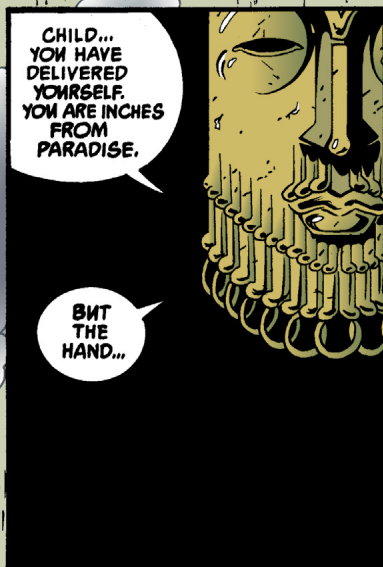


THAT  
SHOULD  
HOLD YOU  
UNTIL...

RRRRRRR









YOO-  
HOO...

СНТЕ.





IS HE DEAD? DID YOU KILL HIM?

NO.

JUST TELL ME, WHAT DOES HELLBOY HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

IN TRUTH, HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU AT ALL.

BUT YOU SAID HE WAS THE KEY...

THE HAND SHOULD BE STRUCK OFF WHILE THE BODY YET LIVES, SO IT IS WRITTEN IN THE TESTAMENT OF MILLGE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HA HA  
HA HA

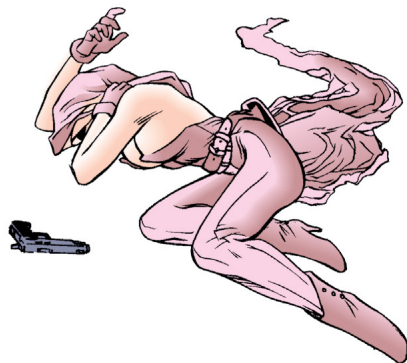
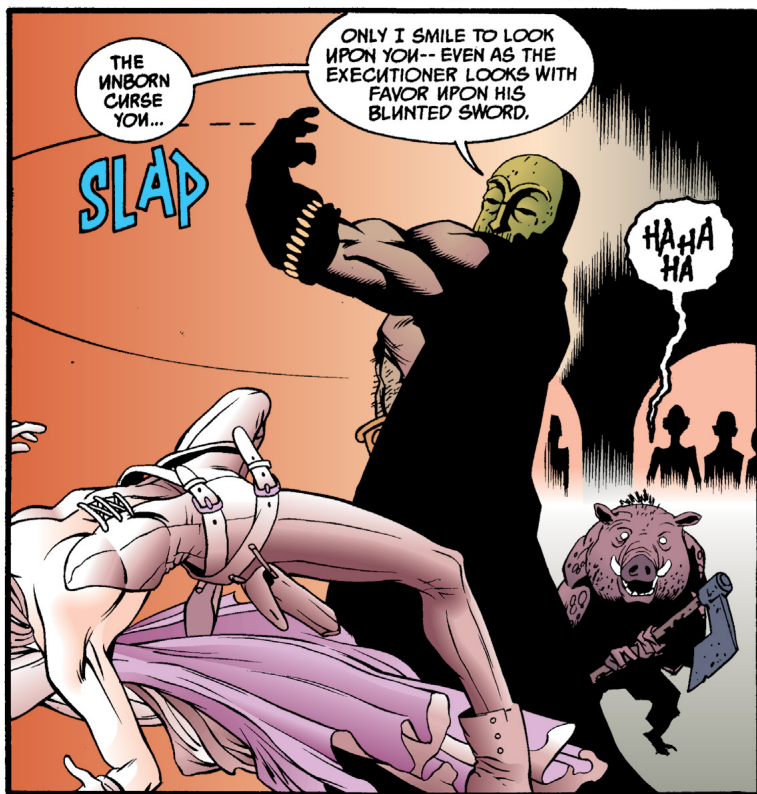
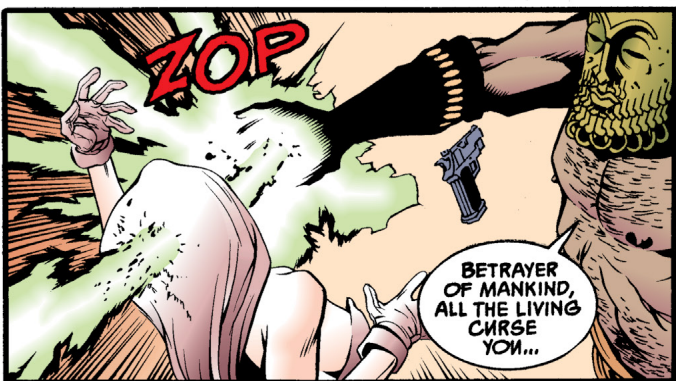
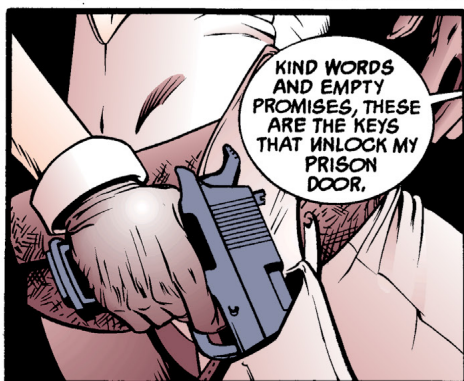
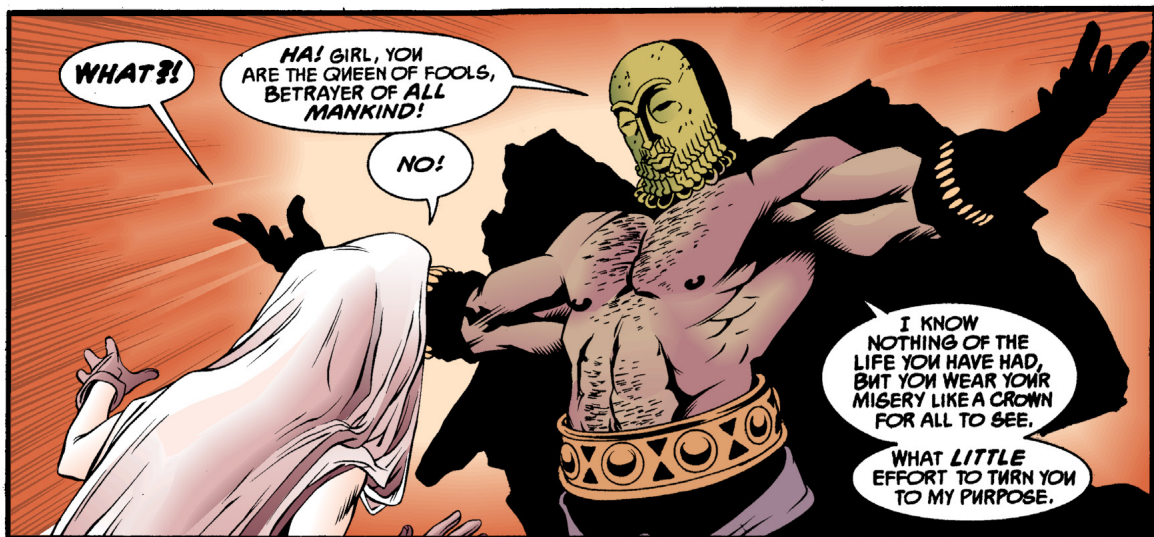
THE HAND IS UNRELATED TO YOU EXCEPT IN ITS RELATIONSHIP TO ALL HUMAN ANIMALS.

HA HA  
HA

EVERYTHING I HAVE SAID TO YOU IS A LIE.

WHAT...?







NOW, TO THAT WORK  
AND FREEDOM AND **REVENGE**.  
OH, THAT THOSE TREACHEROUS  
PRIESTS OF CHALDAEA COULD BE  
ALIVE STILL TO WITNESS THE OVER-  
THROW OF THEIR PLANS. THEIR  
STONE GIANT, MY JAILER,  
DESTROYED. WHAT PRISON  
WALLS CAN HOLD ME NOW?

THE HAND, **DAMN AB**  
**JHRR**, HELD UP BEFORE US,  
WE GO LIKE THUNDER INTO THEIR  
WAKING WORLD. AND NO STONE  
SHALL BE LEFT ONE UPON ANOTHER.  
AND ALL THEIR GREEN FIELDS  
LAID WASTE, AND ALL THE  
RIVERS RUN WITH BLOOD.

HA HA  
HA

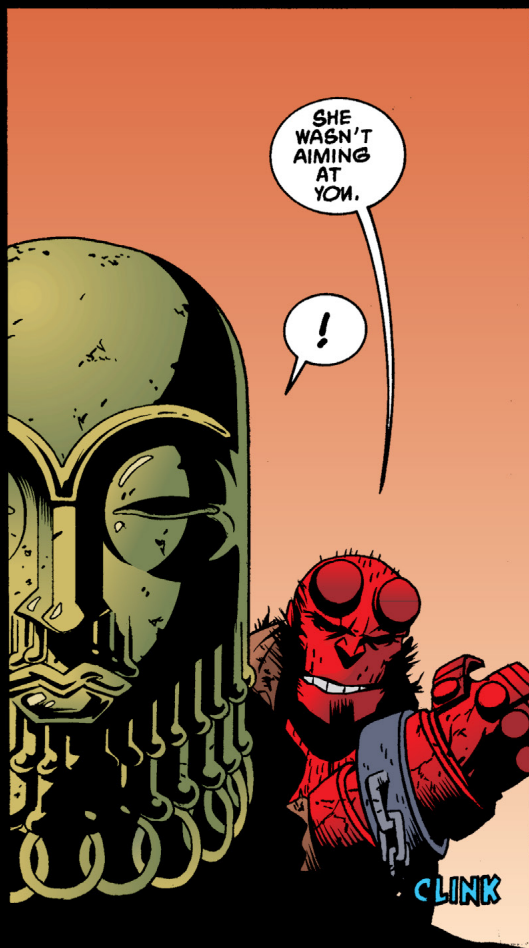
BROTHERS!  
BROTHERS! OUR TIME  
IS COME AT LAST--THE  
AGE OF RUIN!

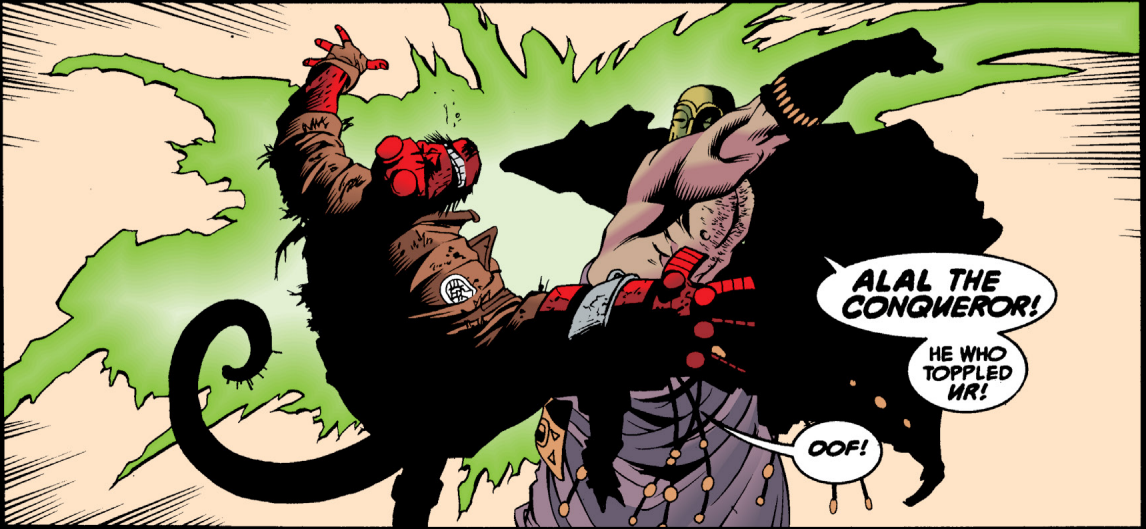


LIKE THE  
EARTHQUAKE,  
FIRE, AND  
GRAVEL...

**BLAM**







ALAL THE  
CONQUEROR!

HE WHO  
TOPPLED  
MR!

OOF!



HE WHO RAZED  
NINEVEH AND PMT  
ALL HER CITIZENRY TO  
TORTURE AND  
SWORD!

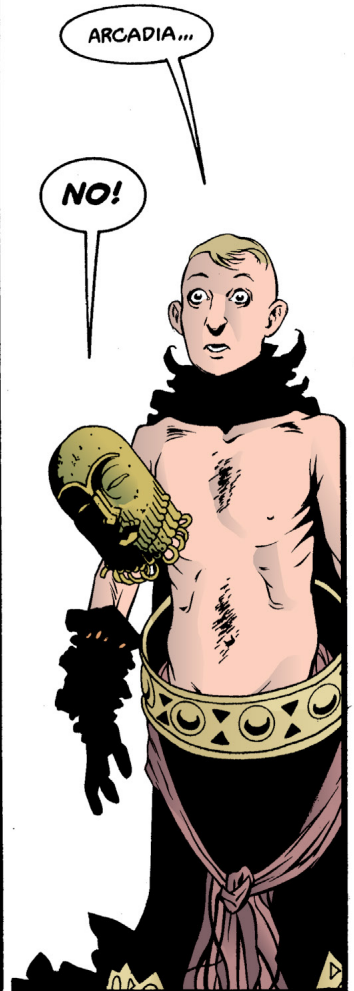
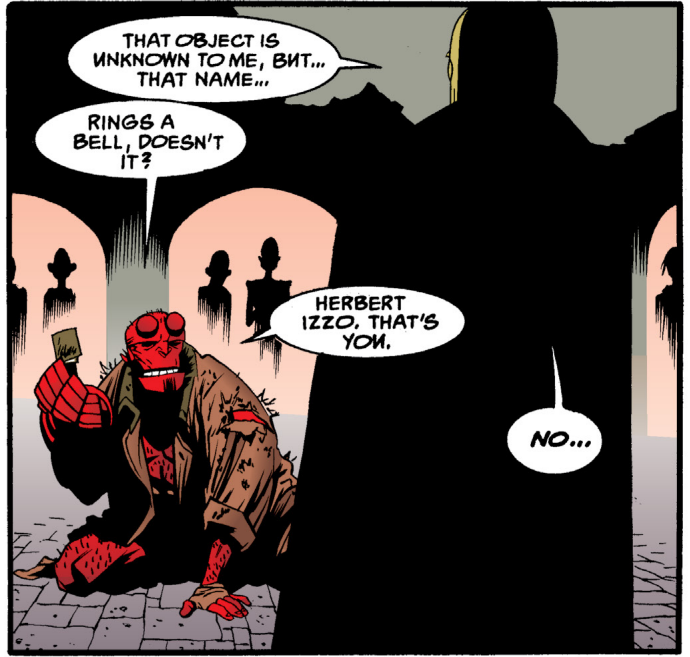
GUCK!

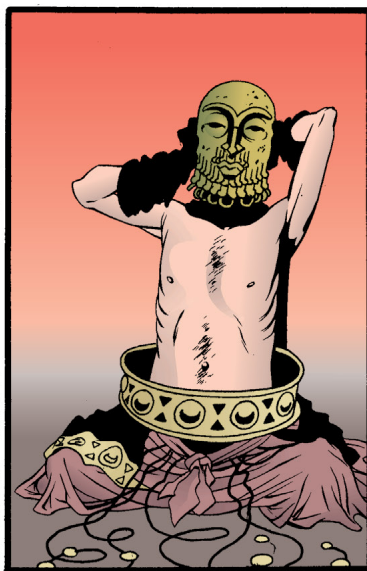
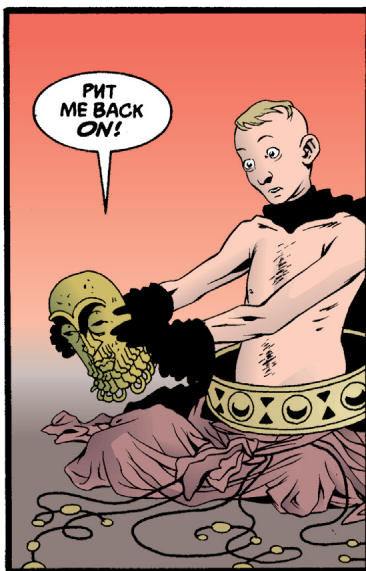


MERCILESS  
ALAL,  
WHO HEAPED SO MANY  
CUT-OFF HEADS AT THE  
ISHTAR GATE OF BABYLON  
THAT THE MIGHTY TOWER  
CRIED OUT TO HEAVEN AND  
ALL THE HANGING  
GARDENS  
WEPT.

AH, YOU  
DIDN'T DO ANY  
OF THAT  
STUFF!









"WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
PARANORMAL  
INVESTIGATOR..."

YEP...

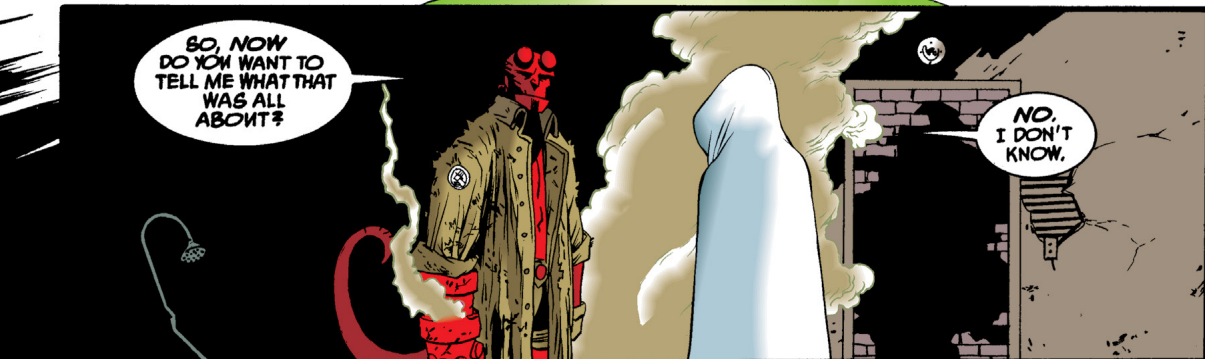
...BUT I DON'T  
KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS.  
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE  
ASKED HIM BEFORE I  
STUCK THAT BIG AX IN  
HIS HEAD...

HA HA  
HA HA HA

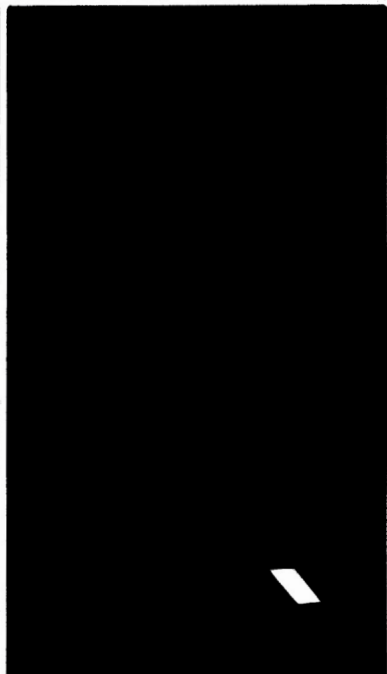
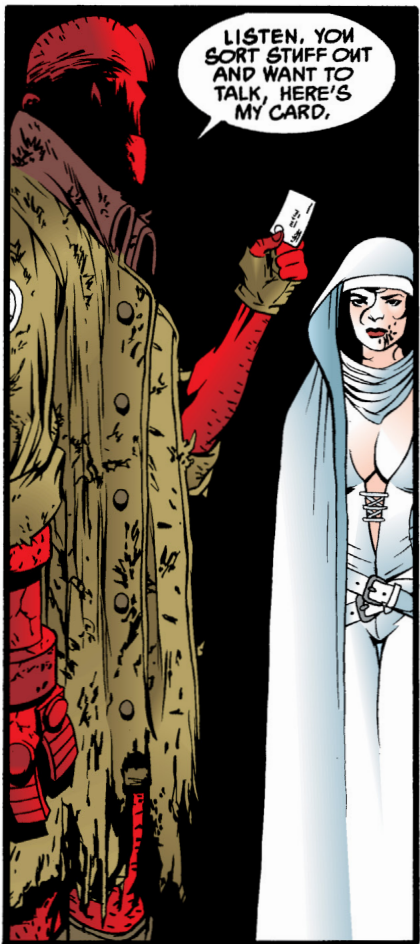
HA HA  
HA

MUST BE  
THE GUY IN  
THE  
BATHTUB.

...









WHAT DO YOU KNOW, JO?

HELLBOY!  
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I FELL DOWN SOME STAIRS...



YOU GETTING ANY IMPRESSIONS FROM OUR GHOST FRIEND?

ANGER... BUT MOSTLY, NOW, TERRIBLE PAIN...

YEAH...

"... THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT,"

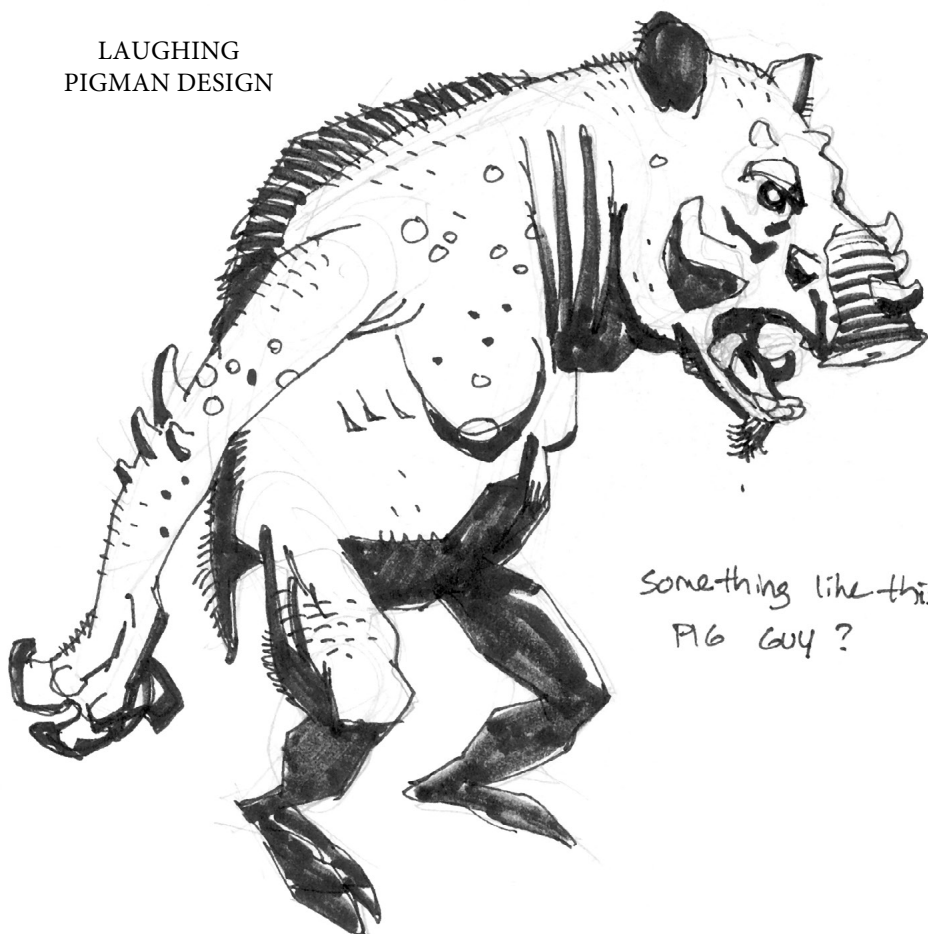
THE END





# MIGNOLA'S THUMBNAILS

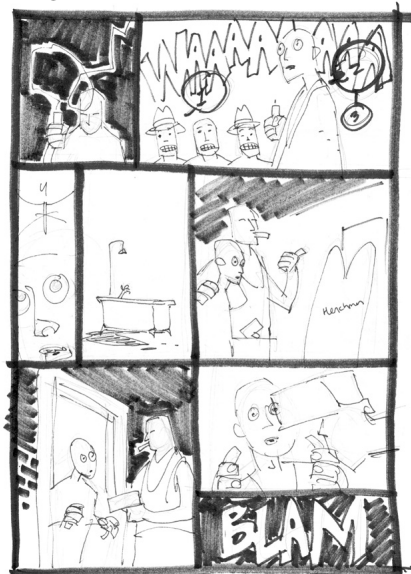
LAUGHING  
PIGMAN DESIGN

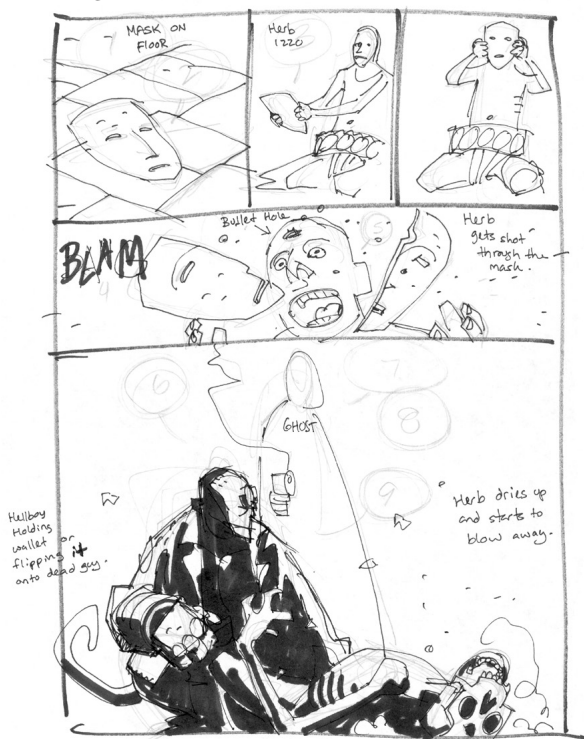
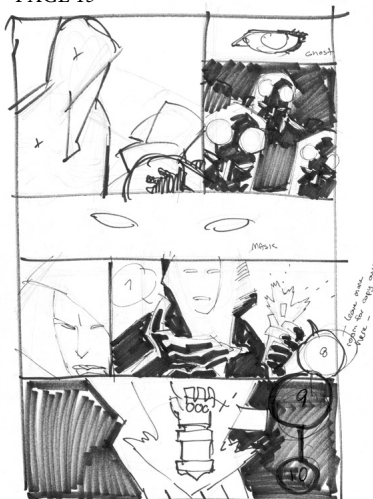
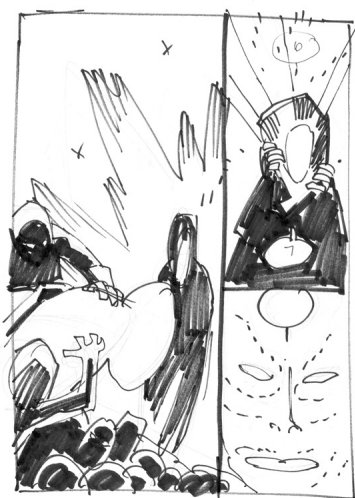


Something like this for  
PIG GUY?

RATHER THAN WRITING A detailed script for this story, Mike Mignola created rough layouts, or thumbnails, for Scott Benefiel to draw from. As you can see on this and the following page, Mike not only worked out the action to take place in the panels, but the light and dark composition of the pages, lending the book some of the atmosphere *Hellboy* fans are used to.

PAGE 4







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