

# HELLBOY™



WAKE THE DEVIL

MIKE MIGNOLA





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WAKE THE  
DEVIL





MIGNOLA

95



# WAKE THE DEVIL

by  
MIKE MIGNOLA

Colored by  
JAMES SINCLAIR

Lettered by  
PAT BROSSEAU

Cover colors by  
DAVE STEWART



Introduction by  
ALAN MOORE

Edited by  
SCOTT ALLIE

Hellboy logo designed by  
KEVIN NOWLAN

Color separations by  
DAVE STEWART

Collection designed by  
MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

Published by  
MIKE RICHARDSON



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This volume collects issues one through five  
of the Dark Horse comic-book series *Hellboy: Wake the Devil*.



# INTRODUCTION

by ALAN MOORE

**T**HE HISTORY OF COMIC-BOOK CULTURE, MUCH LIKE THE HISTORY OF ANY CULTURE, is something between a treadmill and a conveyer belt: we dutifully trudge along, and the belt carries us with it into one new territory after another. There are dazzlingly bright periods, pelting black squalls, and long stretches of grey, dreary fog, interspersed seemingly at random. The sole condition of our transport is that we cannot halt the belt, and we cannot get off. We move from Golden Age to Silver Age to Silicone Age, and nowhere do we have the opportunity to say, "We like it here. Let's stop." History isn't like that. History is movement, and if you're not riding with it then in all probability you're beneath its wheels.

Lately, however, there seems to be some new scent in the air: a sense of new and different possibilities; new ways for us to interact with History. At this remote end of the twentieth century, while we're further from our past than we have ever been before, there is another way of viewing things in which the past has never been so close. We know much more now of the path that lies behind us, and in greater detail, than we've ever previously known. Our new technology of information makes this knowledge instantly accessible to anybody who can figure-skate across a mouse pad. In a way, we understand more of the past and have a greater access to it than the folk who actually lived there.

In this new perspective, there would seem to be new opportunities for liberating both our culture and ourselves from Time's relentless treadmill. We may not be able to jump off, but we're no longer trapped so thoroughly in our own present movement, with the past a dead, unreachable expanse behind us. From our new and elevated point of view our History becomes a living landscape which our minds are still at liberty to visit, to draw sustenance and inspiration from. In a sense, we can now farm the vast accumulated harvest of the years or centuries behind. Across the cultural spectrum, we see individuals waking up to the potentials and advantages that this affords.

It's happened in popular music, where we no longer see the linear progression of distinct trends that we saw in the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, and so on. Instead, the current music field is a mosaic of styles drawn from points in the past or even points in the imagined future, with no single nineties style predominating. It's happened in the sciences, where mathematicians, for example, find valuable insights into modern theoretical conundrums by examining the long-outmoded Late Victorian passion for the geometric study of rope knots. It's happened in our arts and one could probably make a convincing argument that it has happened in our politics. Without doubt, it has happened in the comics field: the most cursory glance 'round at the most interesting books, whether we're talking about Seth's *Palookaville* or Chris Ware's *Acme Novelty Library* or

Michael Allred's *Madman*, will reveal that in even the most contemporary of modern comic books, our previous heritage looms large, and is in many ways the most important signifier. Which brings me to Mike Mignola's *Hellboy*.

*Hellboy* is a gem, one of considerable size and a surprising lustre. While it is obviously a gem that has been mined from that immeasurably rich seam first excavated by the late Jack Kirby, it is in the skillful cutting and the setting of the stone that we can see Mignola's sharp contemporary sensibilities at work. To label *Hellboy* as a "retro" work would be to drastically misunderstand it: This is a clear and modern voice, not merely some ventriloquial seance-echo from beyond the grave. Mignola, from the evidence contained herein, has accurately understood Jack Kirby as a living force that did not perish with the mortal body. As with any notable creator, the sheer electricity inside the work lives on, is a resource that later artists would be foolish to ignore just because times have changed and trends have fluctuated. Did we stop working in iron and stone the moment that formica was discovered? No. We understood those substances to be still-vital forms of mineral wealth that we could build our future from, if only we'd the wit and the imagination.

Mike Mignola has these qualities in great abundance. *Hellboy's* slab-black shadows crackle with the glee and enthusiasm of an artist almost drunk with the sheer pleasure of just putting down these lines on paper, of bringing to life these wonderfully flame-lit and titanic situations. Images, ideas, and thinly disguised icons from the rich four-color treasure house of comics history are given a fresh lick of paint and are suddenly revealed as every bit as powerful and evocative upon some primal ten-year-old-child level as when we last saw them. This, perhaps, is *Hellboy's* greatest and least-obvious accomplishment: the trick, the skill entailed in this delightful necromantic conjuring of things gone by is not, as might be thought, in crafting work as good as the work that inspired it really was, but in the more demanding task of crafting work as good as everyone *remembers* the original as being. This means that the work must be as fresh and as innovative as the work that preceded it seemed at the time. It's not enough to merely reproduce the past. Instead we have to blend it artfully with how we see things now and with our visions for the future if we are to mix a brew as rich, transporting, and bewitching as the potions we remember from the vanished years.

*Hellboy* is such a potion, strong and effervescent, served up in a foaming beaker from an archetypal Mad Scientist's dungeon or laboratory. The collection in your hands distills all that is best about the comic book into a dark, intoxicating ruby wine. Sit down and knock it back in one, then wait for your reading experience to undergo a mystifying and alarming transformation. *Hellboy* is a passport to a corner of funnybook heaven you may never want to leave. Enter and enjoy.

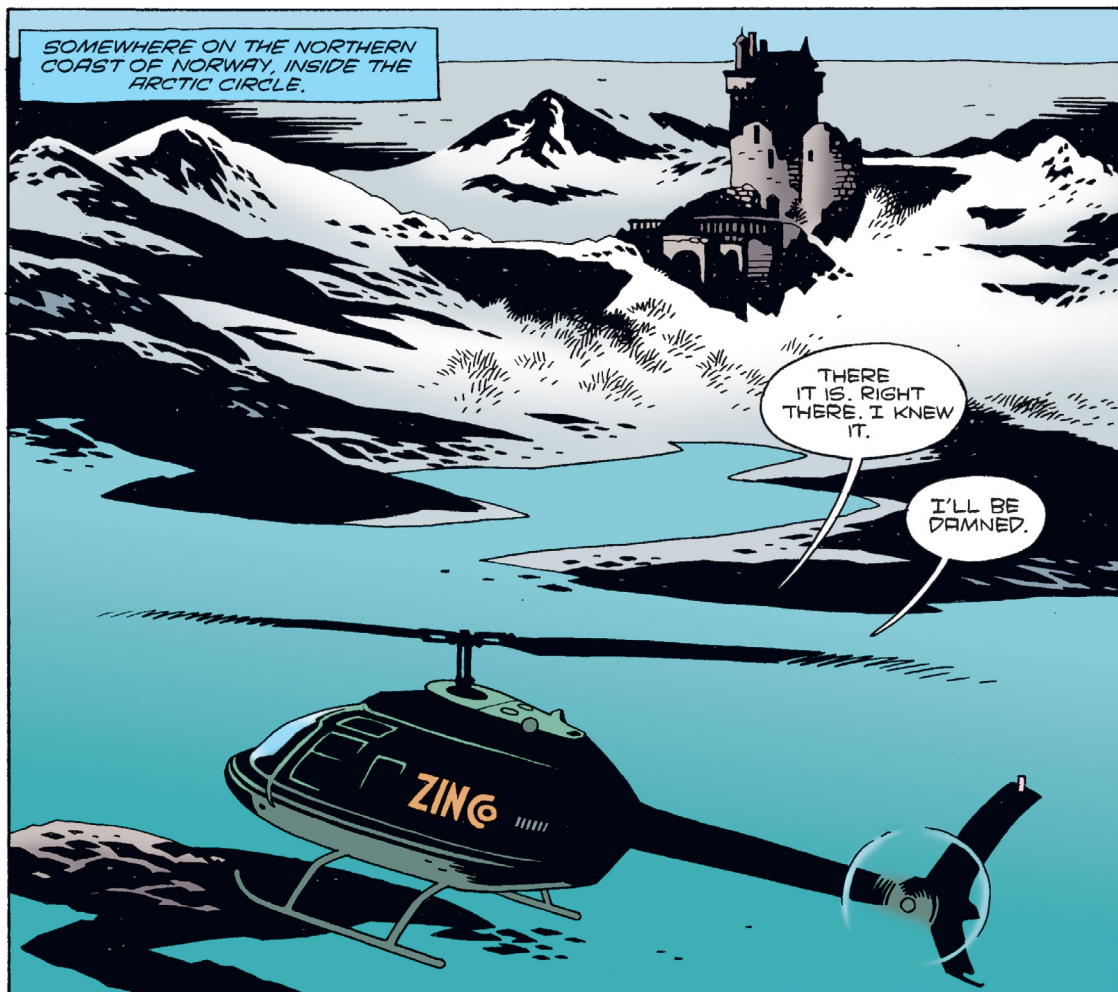
For Dracula and all those  
other vampires I have loved.

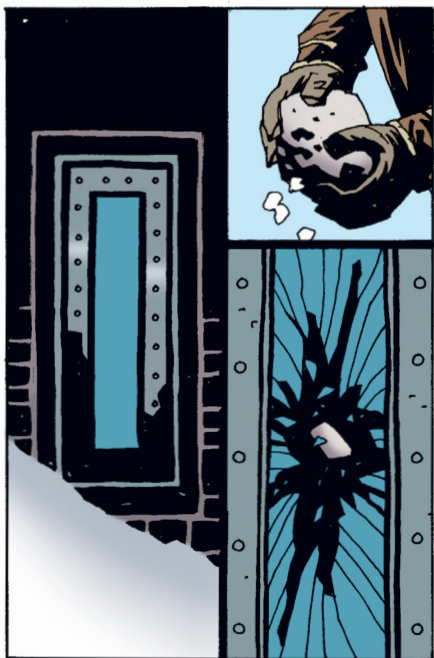
# CHAPTER ONE







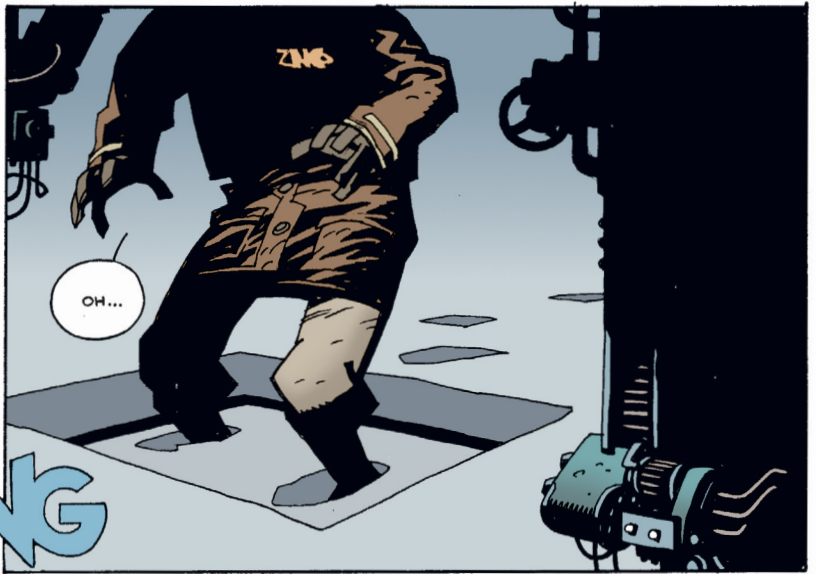


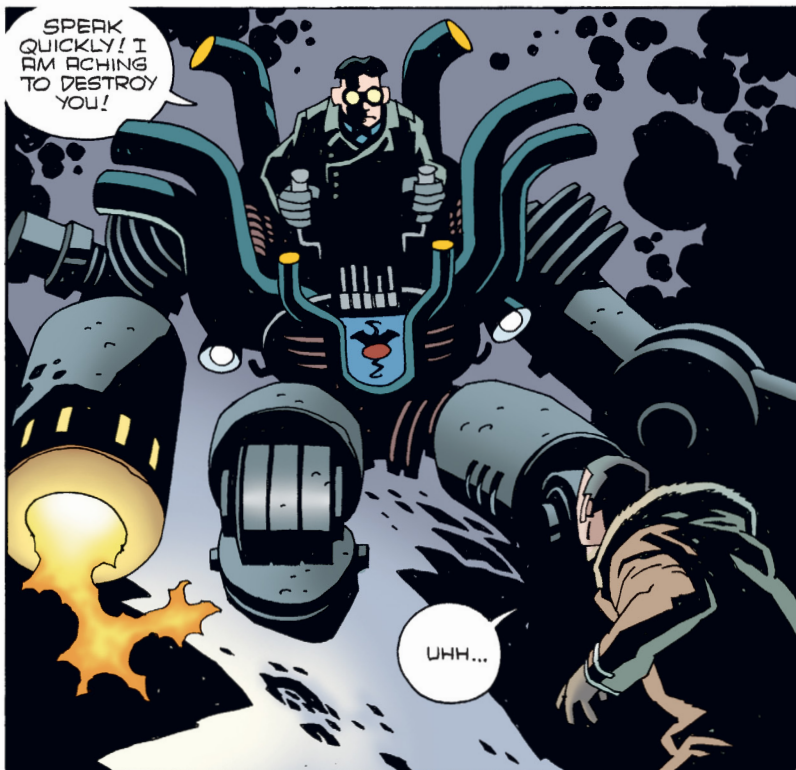


IT'S TRUE.









SPEAK QUICKLY! I AM ACHING TO DESTROY YOU!

UHH...



HUSH, LEOPOLD. WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? LET THIS YOUNG MAN EXPLAIN HIMSELF.

NO.

KILL HIM.



NO!

NO. LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE.

A MAN SENT ME. *THE* MAN. I *SAW* HIM...



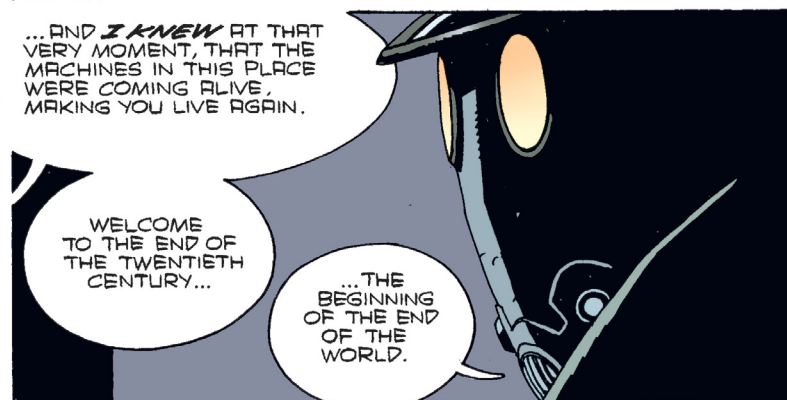
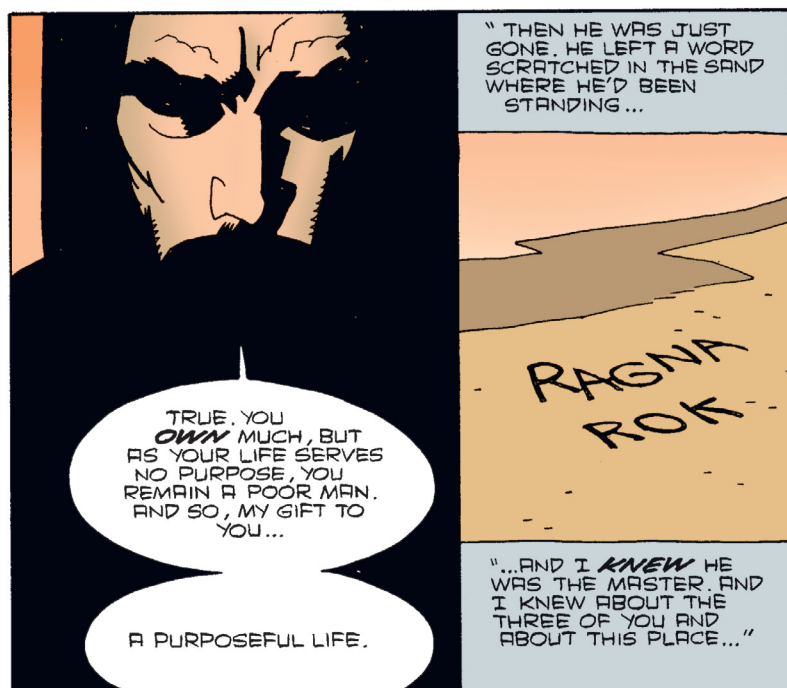
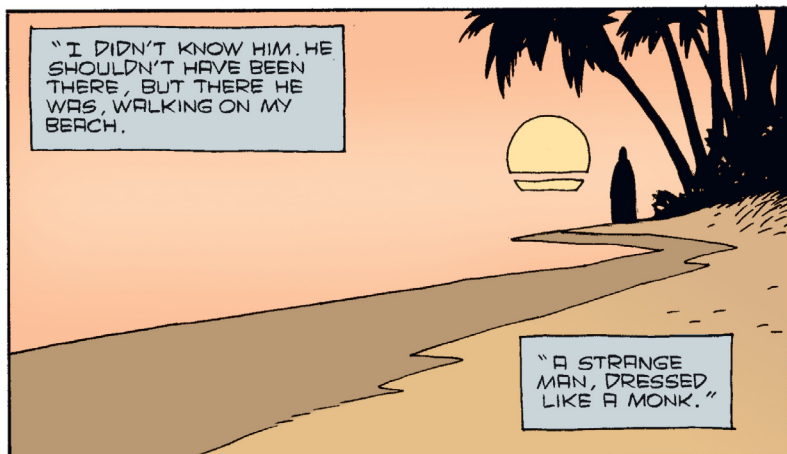
...IT WAS *THE MASTER*.



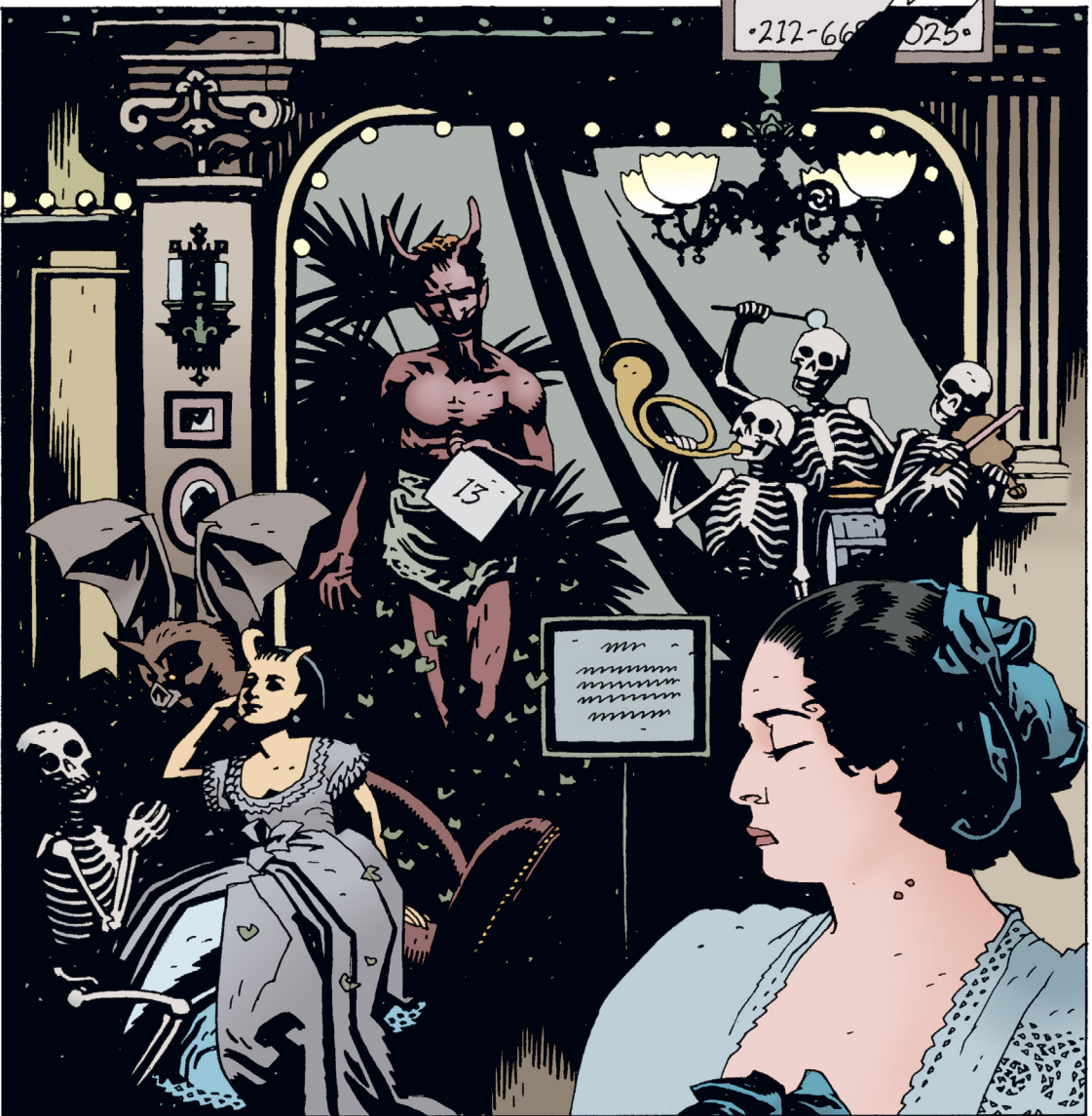
THE MASTER... I SAW HIM...

EXPLAIN YOURSELF, PLEASE.

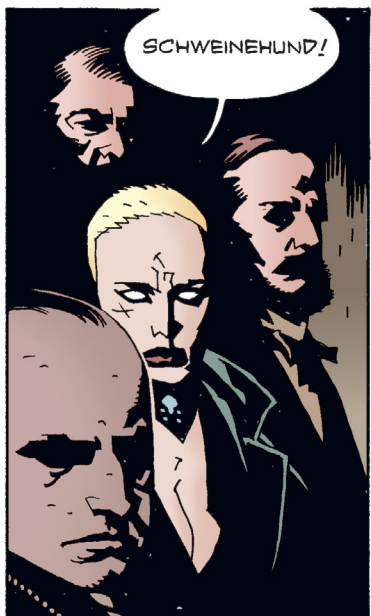
*AT ONCE!*







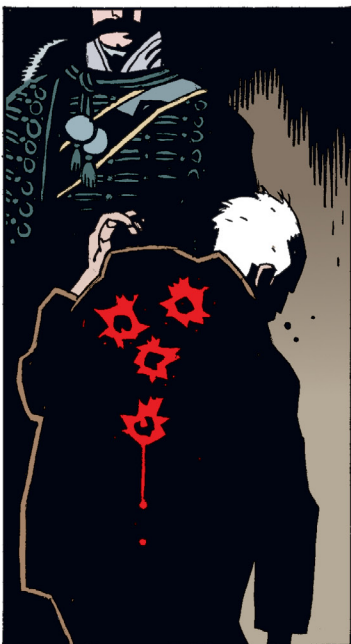




SCHWEINEHUND!



BLAM



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

LIGHTS,  
PLEASE.

LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, THE  
ONLY KNOWN  
PORTRAIT OF VLADIMIR  
GIURESCU. IT CURRENTLY  
HANGS IN THE  
WURTENBERG LIBRARY  
IN STUTTGART. THE  
ARTIST IS UNKNOWN,  
BUT THERE IS REASON  
TO BELIEVE GIURESCU  
POSED FOR IT IN 1811,  
BEFORE THE BATTLE  
OF REDINHA.

PROFESSOR  
CORRIGAN...

CLICK

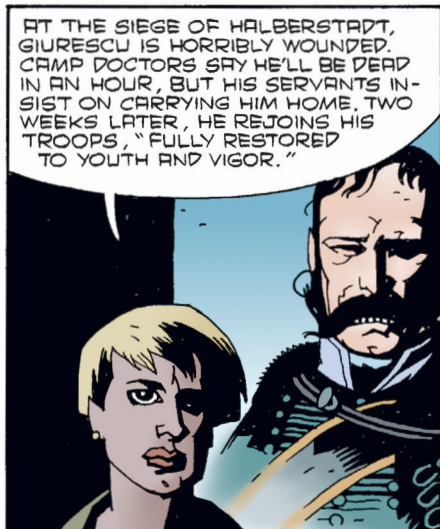
THANKS,  
TOM.

WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MR.  
GIURESCU. HE WAS AN OFFICER  
DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.  
IN 1806 HE WAS COMMANDING  
PRUSSIAN TROOPS. IN 1809 HE  
WAS WITH THE AUSTRIANS, BUT  
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT  
NATIONALITY **HE** WAS.

IN 1812 HE WAS IN  
RUSSIA. HE LED COSSACK  
GUERRILLAS AGAINST THE  
"GRANDE ARMÉE" RE-  
TREATING OUT OF MOSCOW,  
AND NAPOLEON BEGAN  
REFERRING TO HIM AS  
"GIURESCU THE  
DEVIL."

IN 1814 HE WAS  
IN PARIS TO WITNESS  
NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION,  
AND IN 1815 HE WAS WITH  
BLÜCHER AT WATERLOO. SO  
MUCH FOR HISTORY... FOLK-  
LORE'S MORE INTEREST-  
ING.

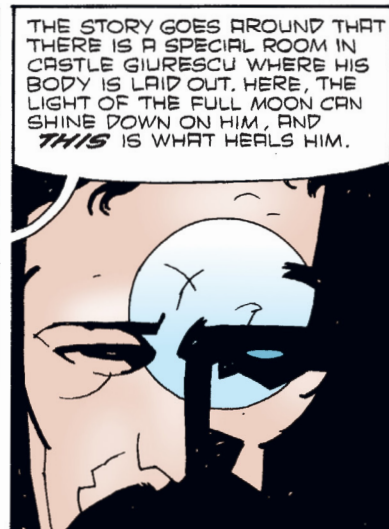




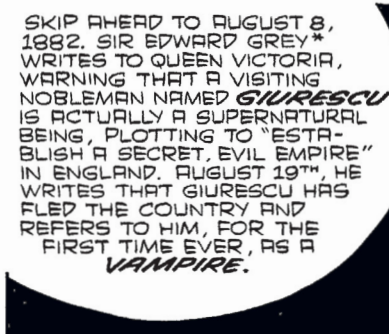
AT THE SIEGE OF HALBERSTADT, GIURESCU IS HORRIBLY WOUNDED. CAMP DOCTORS SAY HE'LL BE DEAD IN AN HOUR, BUT HIS SERVANTS INSIST ON CARRYING HIM HOME. TWO WEEKS LATER, HE REJOINS HIS TROOPS, "FULLY RESTORED TO YOUTH AND VIGOR."



THIS HAPPENS SIX OR SEVEN TIMES DURING THE WAR. EACH TIME HE'S BACK, GOOD AS NEW, IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS.



THE STORY GOES AROUND THAT THERE IS A SPECIAL ROOM IN CASTLE GIURESCU WHERE HIS BODY IS LAID OUT. HERE, THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON CAN SHINE DOWN ON HIM, AND **THIS** IS WHAT HEALS HIM.



SKIP AHEAD TO AUGUST 8, 1882. SIR EDWARD GREY\* WRITES TO QUEEN VICTORIA, WARNING THAT A VISITING NOBLEMAN NAMED **GIURESCU** IS ACTUALLY A SUPERNATURAL BEING, PLOTTING TO "ESTABLISH A SECRET, EVIL EMPIRE" IN ENGLAND. AUGUST 19TH, HE WRITES THAT GIURESCU HAS FLED THE COUNTRY AND REFERS TO HIM, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, AS A **VAMPIRE**.



1944. HEINRICH HIMMLER PROPOSED PROJECT "**VAMPIR STURM**," A NAZI DELEGATION WAS SENT TO CASTLE GIURESCU TO RECRUIT GIURESCU TO THE WAR EFFORT.

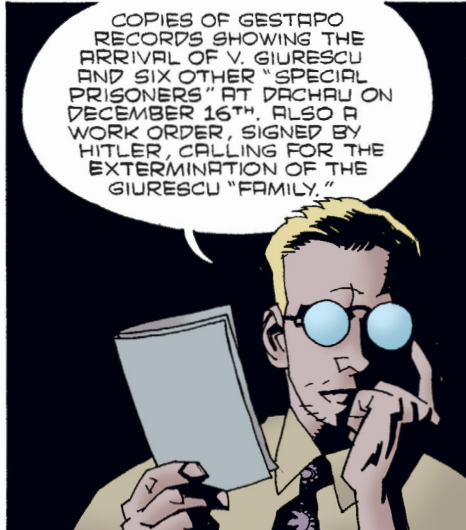


HEAD OF THAT DELEGATION: **ILSA HAUPSTEIN**.

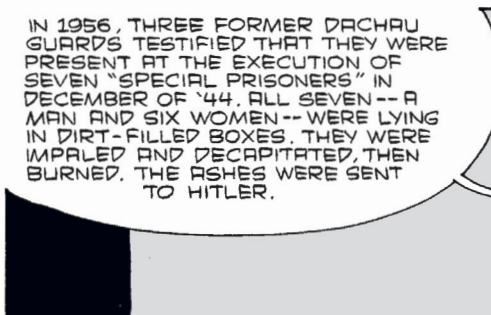
DECEMBER 3, 1944, HITLER AND GIURESCU MET AT WEWELSBURG. THE NEXT DAY, ORDERS WERE ISSUED FOR THE **ARREST** OF GIURESCU AND HIS "FAMILY."

GUESS IT WAS A BAD MEETING.

CLICK



COPIES OF GESTAPO RECORDS SHOWING THE ARRIVAL OF V. GIURESCU AND SIX OTHER "SPECIAL PRISONERS" AT DACHAU ON DECEMBER 16TH. ALSO A WORK ORDER, SIGNED BY HITLER, CALLING FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF THE GIURESCU "FAMILY."

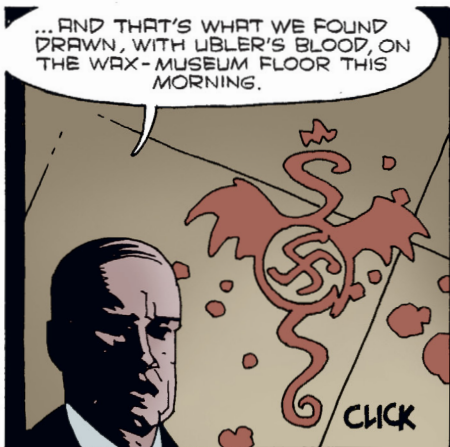
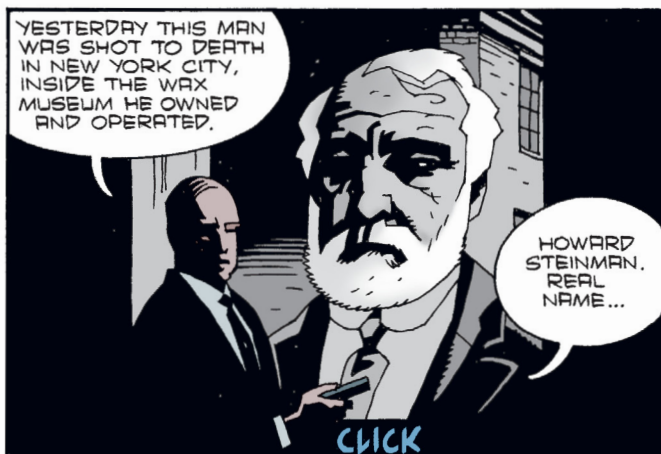


IN 1956, THREE FORMER DACHAU GUARDS TESTIFIED THAT THEY WERE PRESENT AT THE EXECUTION OF SEVEN "SPECIAL PRISONERS" IN DECEMBER OF '44. ALL SEVEN-- A MAN AND SIX WOMEN-- WERE LYING IN DIRT-FILLED BOXES. THEY WERE IMPALED AND DECAPITATED, THEN BURNED. THE ASHES WERE SENT TO HITLER.



THE END OF VLADIMIR GIURESCU? MAYBE NOT...

\* FAMOUS NINETEENTH-CENTURY PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR







WAS THIS A ROBBERY?

POLICE HAVE UNCOVERED AN INVENTORY LIST, AND, ACCORDING TO THAT, THE ONLY THING MISSING IS AN EIGHT-FOOT-LONG CRATE LABELED: GIURESCU, LOT # 666.

BUT WHO GETS KILLED FOR AN EMPTY BOX?

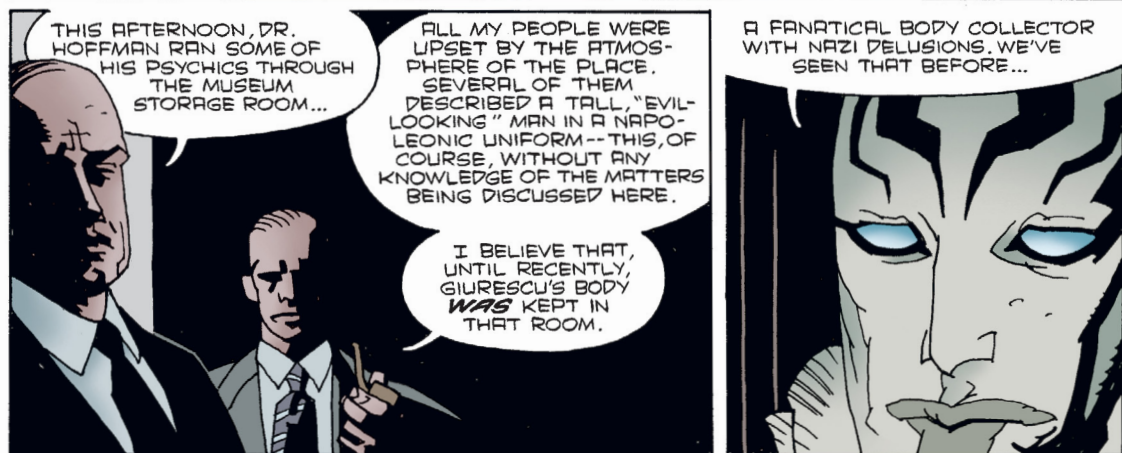
*COULD* UBLER HAVE SMUGGLED GIURESCU'S BODY OUT OF GERMANY?

THERE *IS* A GIURESCU FIGURE IN THE WAX MUSEUM, SO IT'S *POSSIBLE* THAT THIS IS AN EMPTY PACKING CRATE...

POSSIBLE.

GIURESCU WAS EXECUTED AT THE END OF '44 AND UBLER FLED GERMANY IN EARLY '45. HE WORKED CARNIVALS ALL ACROSS EUROPE UNTIL SETTLING IN NEW YORK.

UBLER'S MUSEUM WAS POPULAR WITH THE UNDERGROUND ART SCENE IN THE MID '60S. NOW IT'S ALMOST COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.



THIS AFTERNOON, DR. HOFFMAN RAN SOME OF HIS PSYCHICS THROUGH THE MUSEUM STORAGE ROOM...

ALL MY PEOPLE WERE UPSET BY THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE. SEVERAL OF THEM DESCRIBED A TALL, "EVIL-LOOKING" MAN IN A NAPOLEONIC UNIFORM--THIS, OF COURSE, WITHOUT ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE MATTERS BEING DISCUSSED HERE.

A FANATICAL BODY COLLECTOR WITH NAZI DELUSIONS. WE'VE SEEN THAT BEFORE...

I BELIEVE THAT, UNTIL RECENTLY, GIURESCU'S BODY *WAS* KEPT IN THAT ROOM.

BUT WE ARE FORCED TO CONSIDER THE WORST-CASE SCENARIO: THAT SOMEONE HAS STOLEN GIURESCU'S BODY WITH THE INTENTION OF RETURNING IT TO CASTLE GIURESCU, WHERE THE NEXT FULL MOON *WILL* REANIMATE IT.

REMEMBER, *ALL* THE OLD STORIES STRESS THAT GIURESCU IS RETURNED HOME. IN GREY'S AUGUST 19TH LETTER TO VICTORIA HE SAYS THE VAMPIRE IS WOUNDED AND *MUST* RETURN TO HIS HOME.

THAT FULL MOON IS TOMORROW NIGHT.

THERE *MUST* BE MORE TO THIS RESURRECTION TRICK THAN MOONLIGHT. *MUST* BE SOMETHING ABOUT THE *PLACE*...

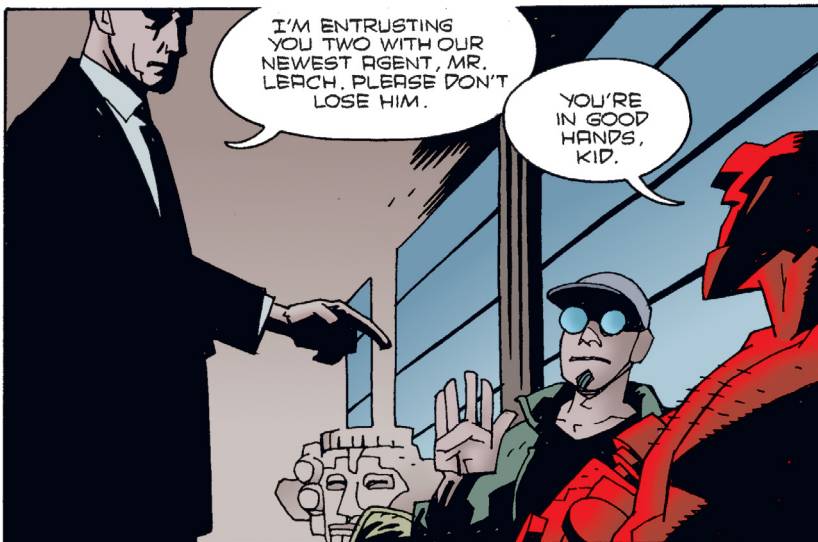
OF COURSE, WE DON'T KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE THAT PLACE IS.

THERE IS NO OFFICIAL LISTING OF A CASTLE GIURESCU *ANYPLACE*, SO, GIVEN THE INFORMATION WE *DO* HAVE, I'VE MADE THREE REALLY EXCELLENT GUESSES.

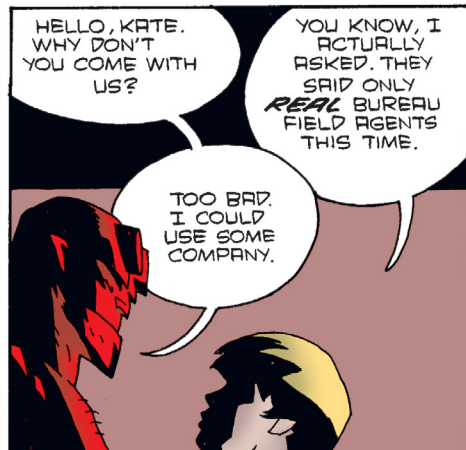


THREE SITES. THREE TEAMS.

UNFORTUNATELY, YOU SIX ARE THE ONLY AGENTS CURRENTLY AVAILABLE, SO I'M FORCED TO MAKE SMALLER TEAMS THAN I'D LIKE.









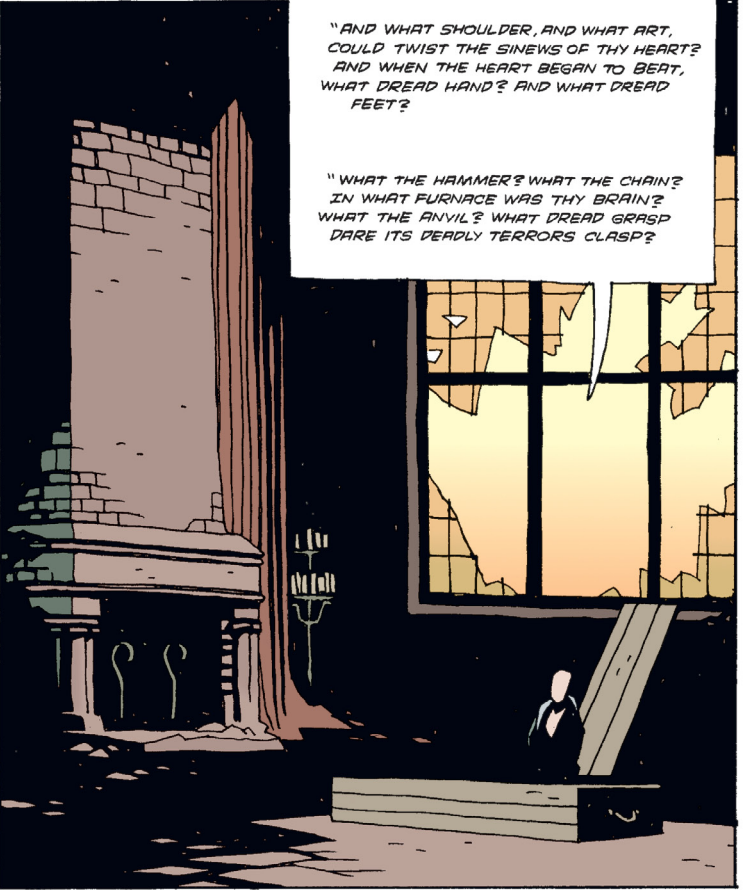
ROMANIA.



"IN WHAT DISTANT DEEPS OR SKIES  
BURNT THE FIRES OF THINE EYES?  
ON WHAT WINGS DARE HE ASPIRE?  
WHAT THE HAND DARE SEIZE THE FIRE?

"AND WHAT SHOULDER, AND WHAT ART,  
COULD TWIST THE SINEWS OF THY HEART?  
AND WHEN THE HEART BEGAN TO BEAT,  
WHAT DREAD HAND? AND WHAT DREAD  
FEET?

"WHAT THE HAMMER? WHAT THE CHAIN?  
IN WHAT FURNACE WAS THY BRAIN?  
WHAT THE ANVIL? WHAT DREAD GRASP  
DARE ITS DEADLY TERRORS CLASP?



"WHEN THE STARS THREW DOWN THEIR  
SPEARS,  
AND WATERED HEAVEN WITH THEIR  
TEARS,  
DID HE SMILE HIS WORK TO SEE?  
DID HE WHO MADE THE LAMB MAKE  
THEE?" \*

YOU  
MUST FOR-  
GIVE ME, MY  
LOVE.

YOU  
MUST.



YOU TRUSTED  
ME. YOU PLACED  
YOUR LIFE IN MY  
HANDS, AND I  
DELIVERED YOU  
INTO *HIS*.

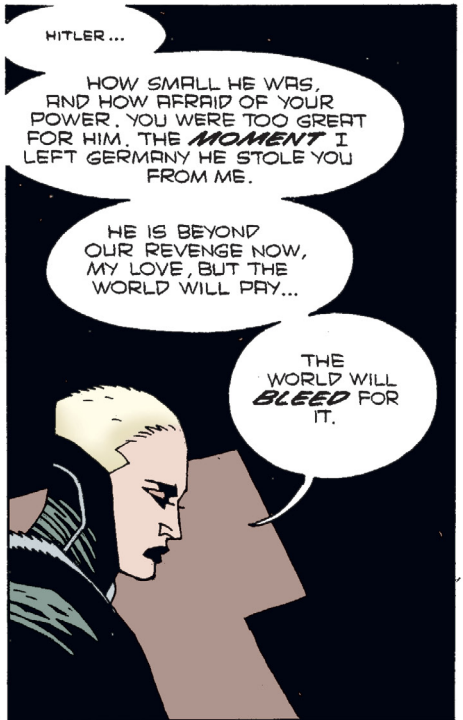


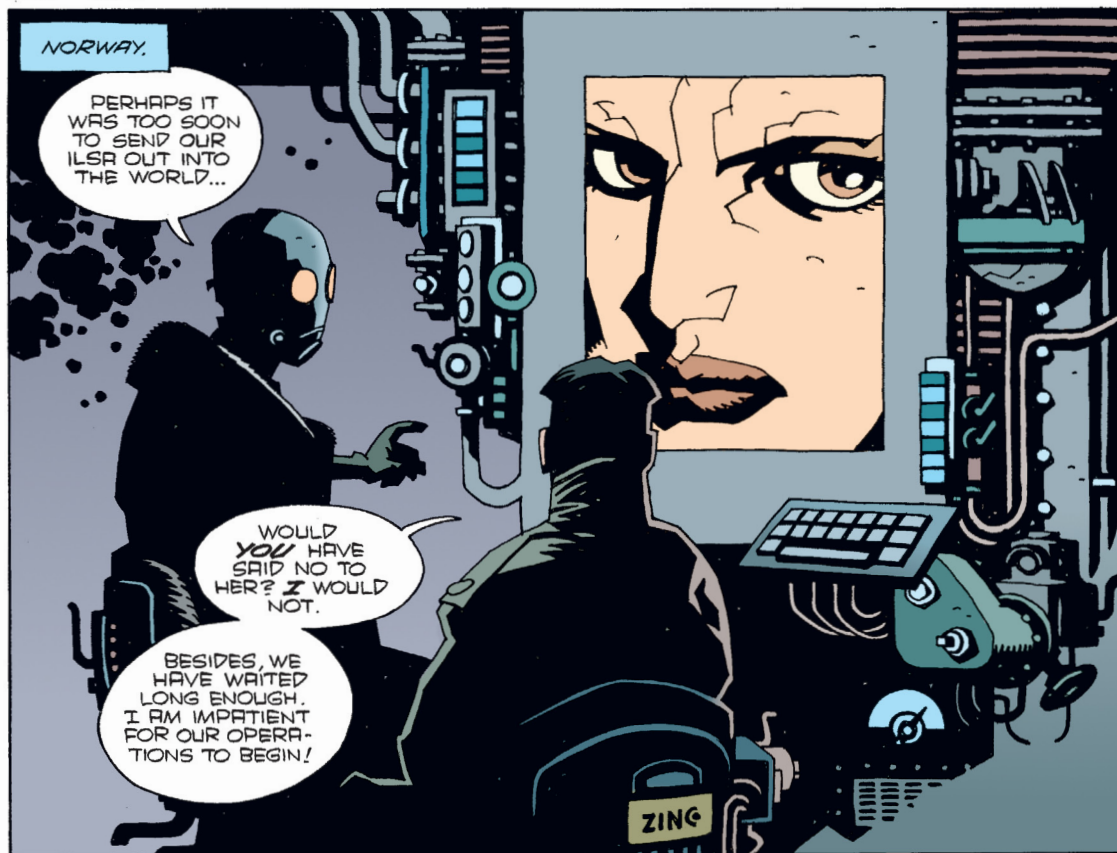
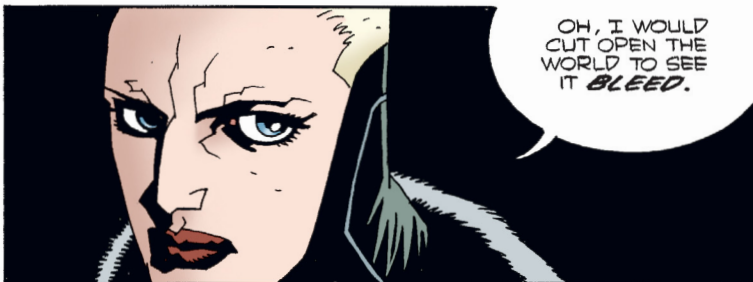
HITLER...

HOW SMALL HE WAS,  
AND HOW AFRAID OF YOUR  
POWER. YOU WERE TOO GREAT  
FOR HIM. THE *MOMENT* I  
LEFT GERMANY HE STOLE YOU  
FROM ME.

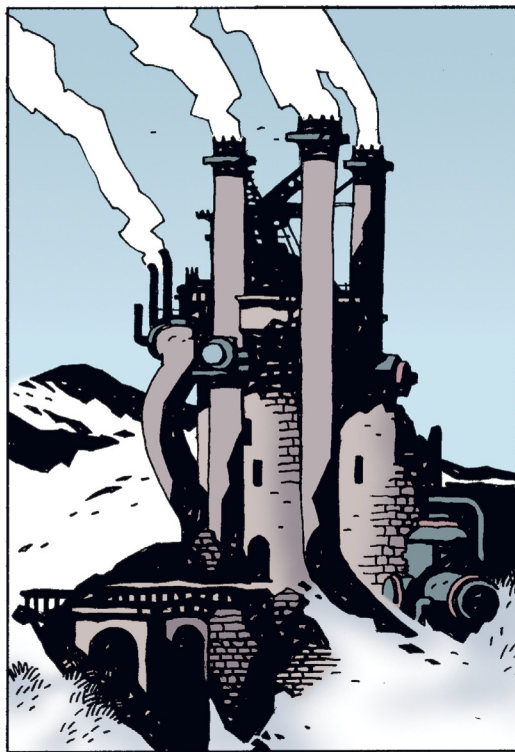
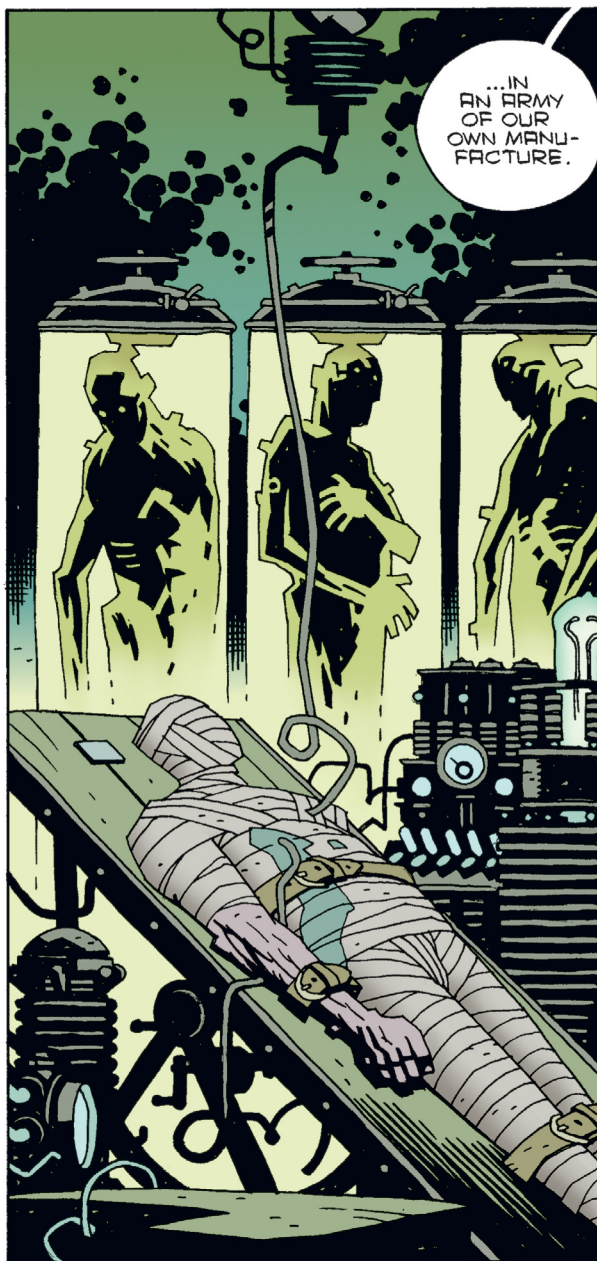
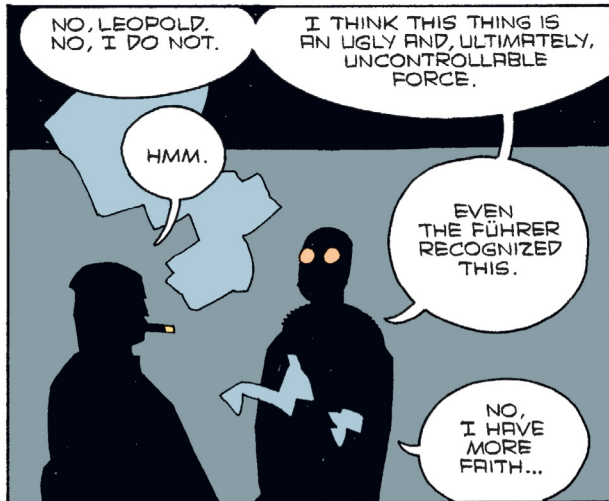
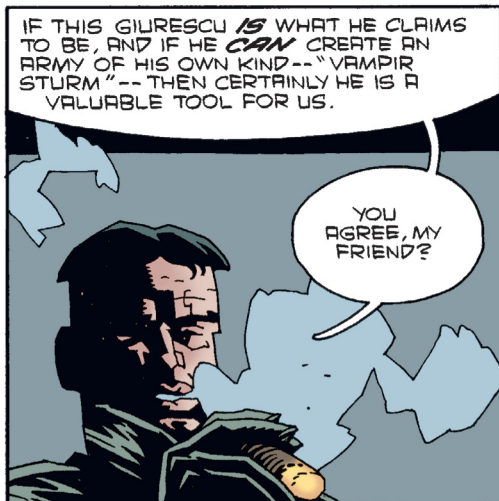
HE IS BEYOND  
OUR REVENGE NOW,  
MY LOVE, BUT THE  
WORLD WILL PAY...

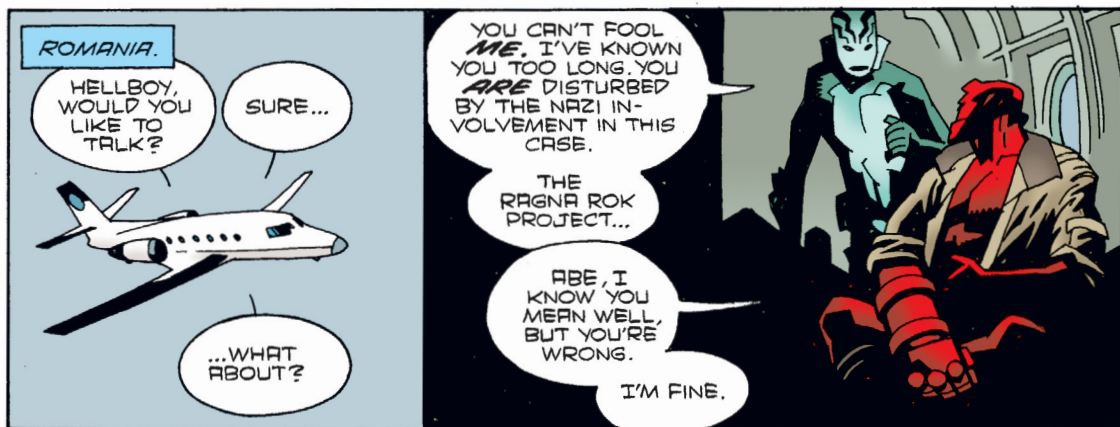
THE  
WORLD WILL  
*BLEED* FOR  
IT.



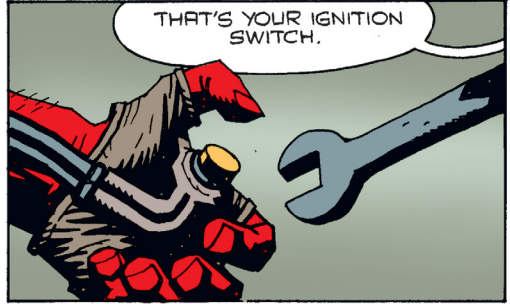


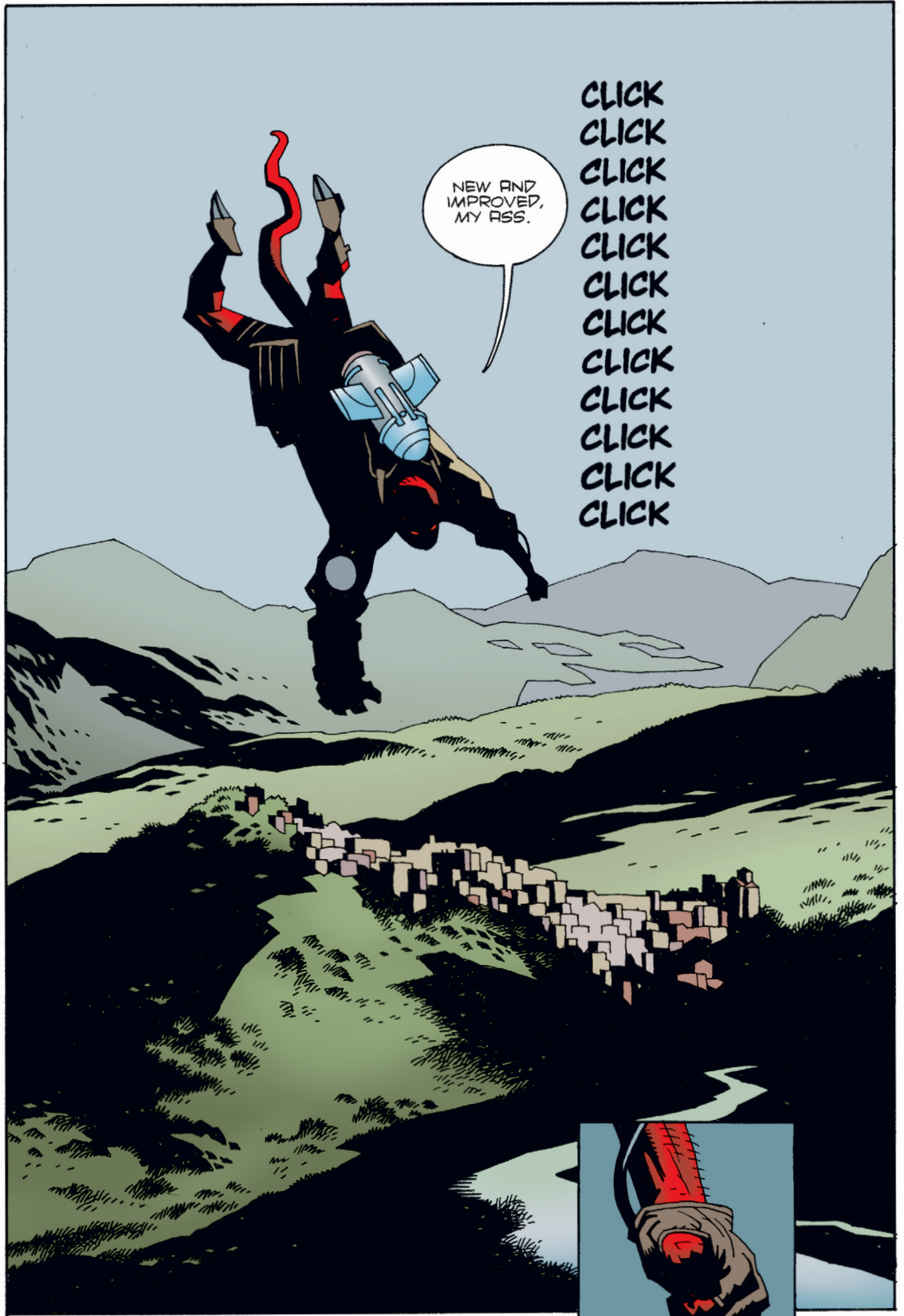












NEW AND  
IMPROVED,  
MY ASS.

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK





BA  
BOOM

ZING

DAAA!







**NOT GOING!**

YOU  
**DOG!**

YOU  
DARE SPEAK  
TO ME?! YOU  
SHOULD GET  
DOWN ON YOUR  
BELLY AND  
**BEG!**

**BEG!**

**BEG!**

BUT...

YOU  
GET DOWN  
ON YOUR--



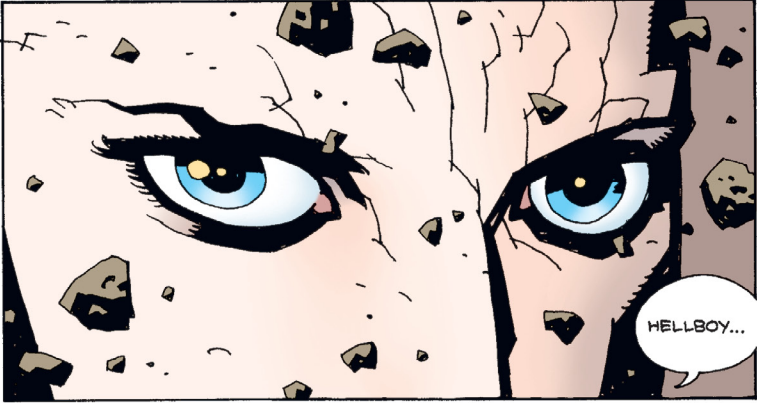
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# CHAPTER TWO



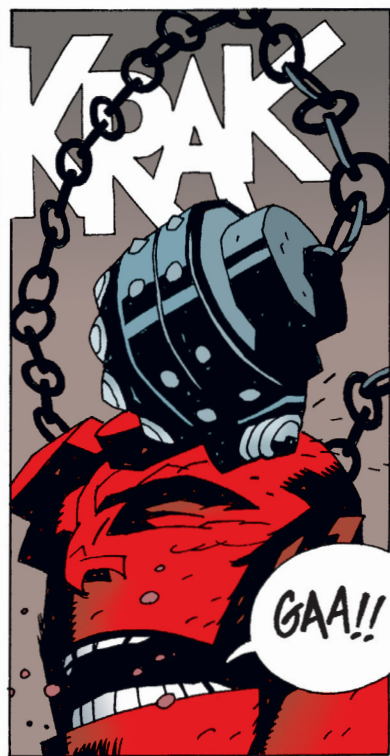














SEE?

HURTS,  
DOESN'T  
IT?

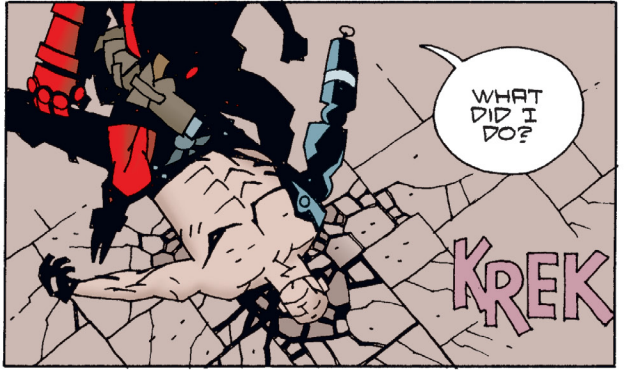
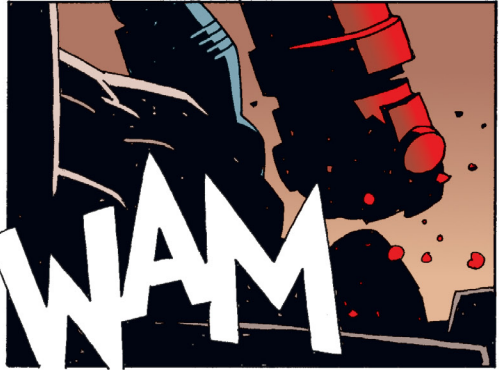


AND YOU...  
ILSA  
HAUPSTEIN...

WHEN  
I'M DONE  
WITH THIS  
GUY, YOU  
AND I ARE  
GONNA  
TALK!

RIDICULOUS  
APE.

ZIRKUS  
AFFE,  
ZIRKUS...



WHAT  
DID I  
DO?

KREK



HA  
HA





TARMAGANT  
ISLAND.  
DECEMBER 23,  
1944.

THIS  
BLEAK PLACE  
SEEMS REMARKA-  
BLY UNCHANGED  
FOR A *MIRACLE*  
TO HAVE OCCURRED  
HERE.

SPARE  
ME YOUR  
SARCASM, VON  
KRUPPT.

MY SARCASM IS  
THE VERY LEAST OF  
YOUR WORRIES,  
SORCERER. YOU  
PROMISED THE  
FÜHRER A MIRACLE.  
SOMETHING WHICH  
WOULD REVERSE  
THE COURSE OF THIS  
WAR AND ENSURE  
THE *VICTORY*  
OF THE REICH.

HERR  
HITLER DOES  
NOT TAKE  
KINDLY TO  
FAILURE.

I HAVE NOT  
FAILED, VON  
KRUPPT.

I  
HAVE  
MADE  
ONE.

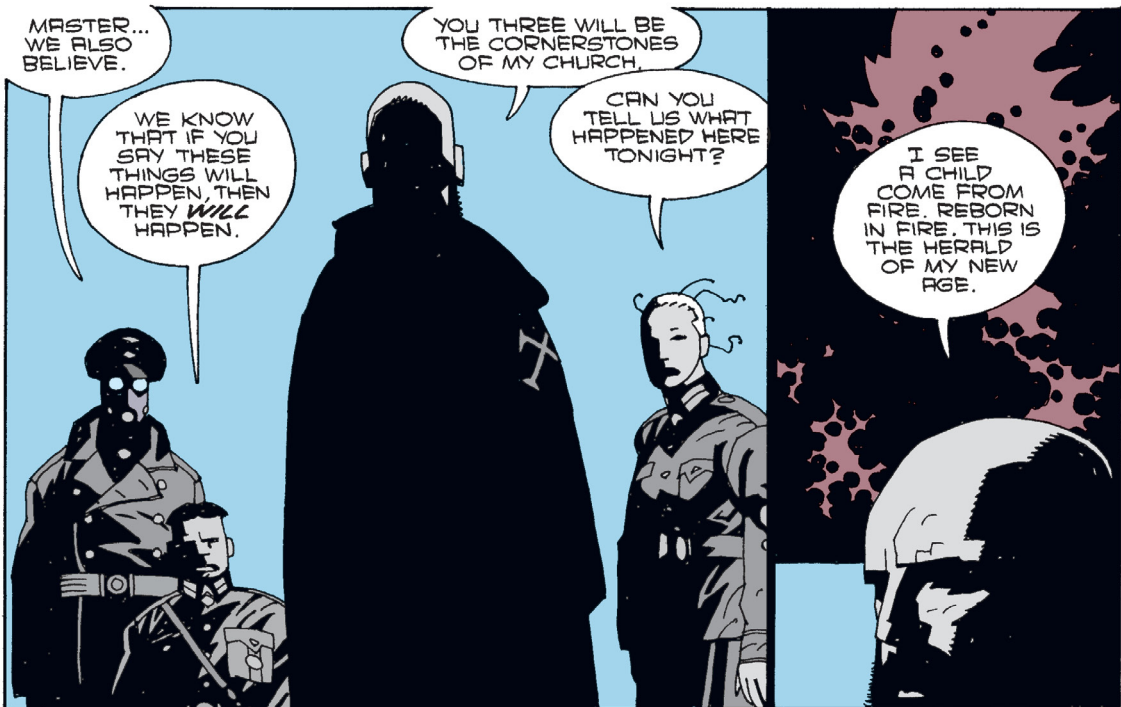
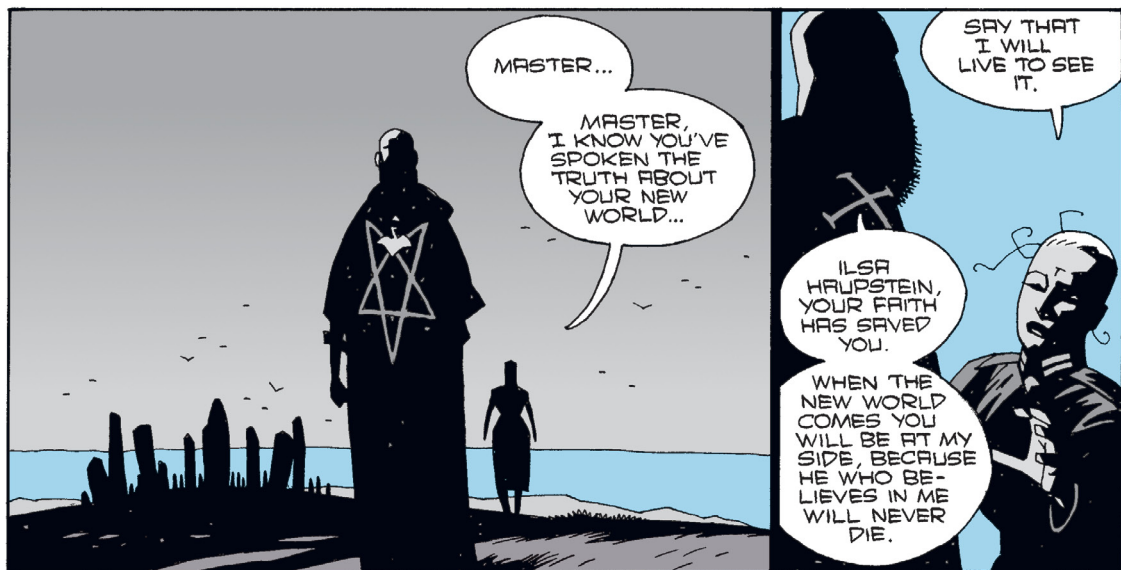
BUT *YOU* WILL NOT  
LIVE TO SEE IT,  
GENERAL. MY MIRACLE  
IS FOR THE FUTURE,  
FOR THE *NEW*  
*REICH*.

THERE IS  
NO PLACE  
FOR *YOUR*  
KIND IN THE  
WORLD THAT  
IS COMING.

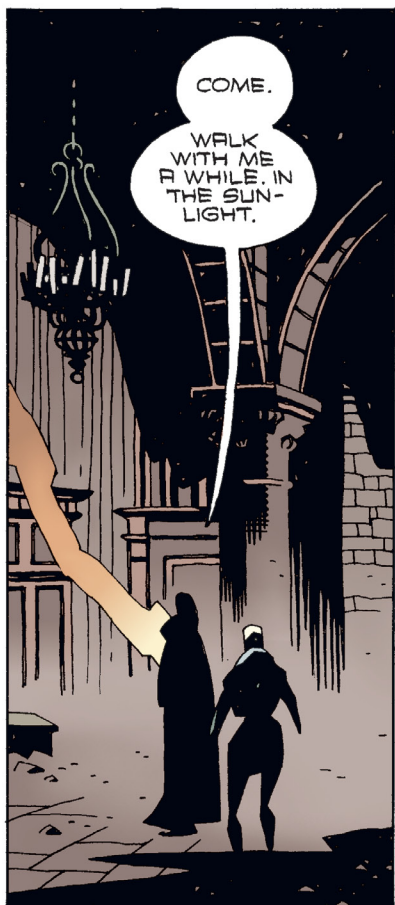
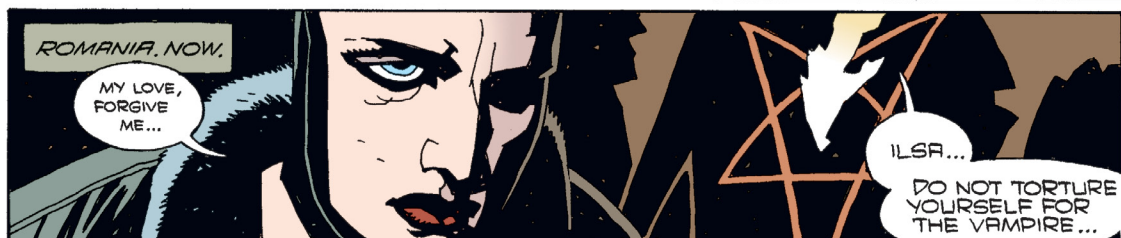
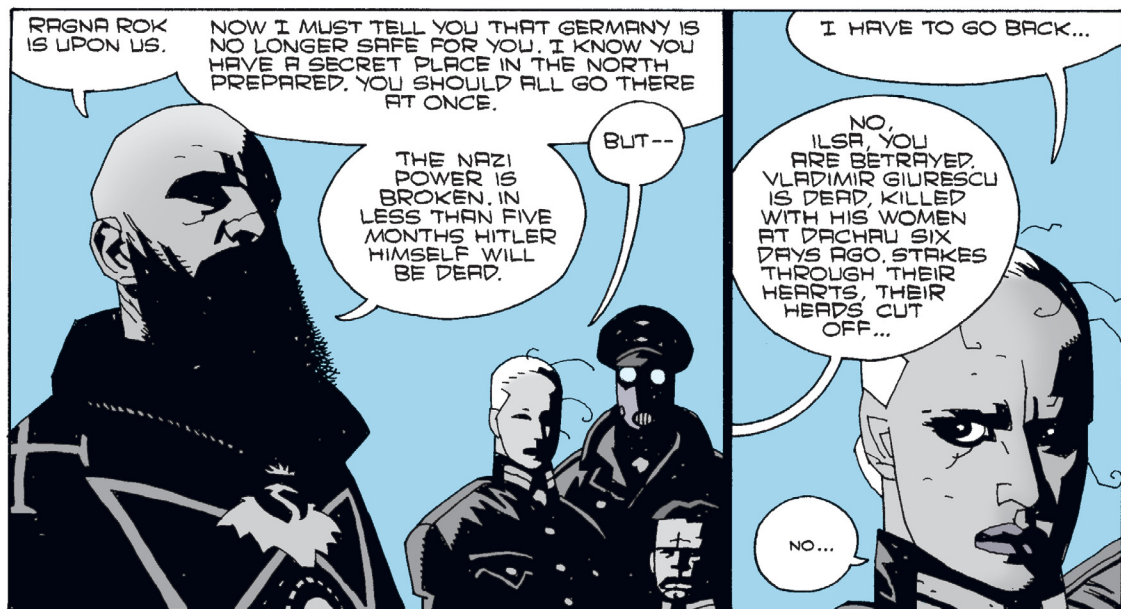
*BAH!*

I HAVE SET  
IN MOTION  
EVENTS WHICH  
CANNOT NOW  
BE REVERSED  
OR UNDONE.

I PROMISED  
HERR HITLER  
A MIRACLE...









MASTER, I HAVE TO STAY *HERE*...

YOU HAVE DONE ALL YOU CAN IN THIS PLACE, BUT YOU *WILL* SEE YOUR GIURESCU AGAIN, AND WHEN YOU DO HE WILL BE YOUNG AND STRONG AS YOU REMEMBER HIM.

YOU BELIEVE ME?

YES, MASTER. ALWAYS.

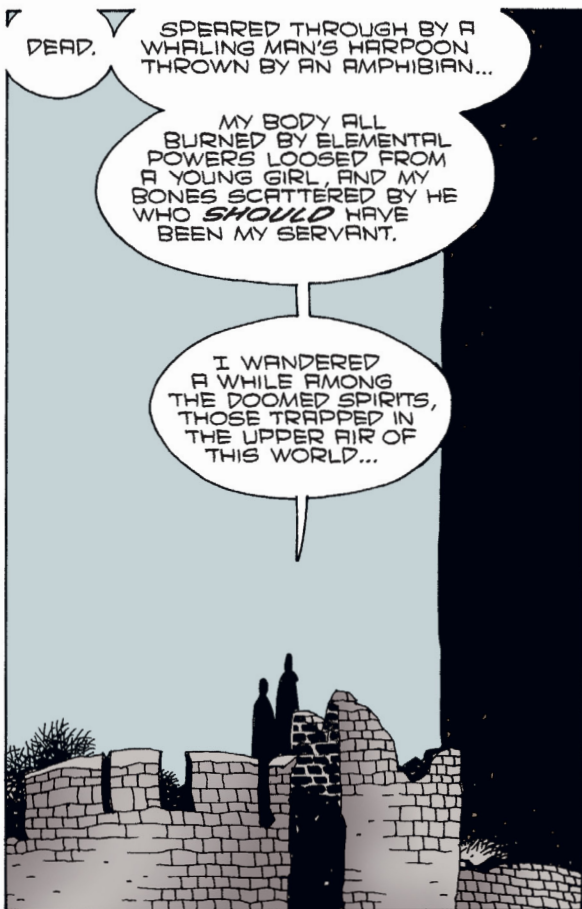
GOOD.



AH...

MASTER, YOU ARE... DEAD.

YES.

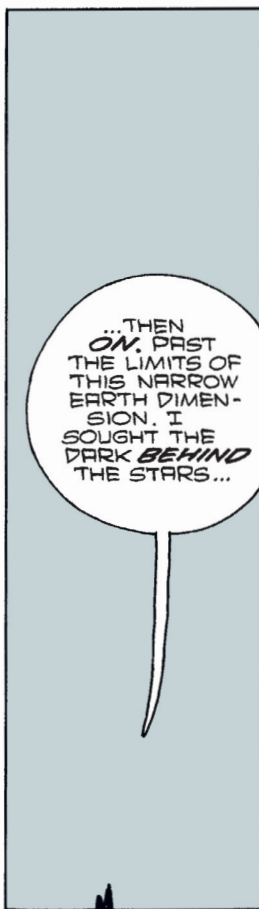


DEAD.

SPEARED THROUGH BY A WHALING MAN'S HARPOON THROWN BY AN AMPHIBIAN...

MY BODY ALL BURNED BY ELEMENTAL POWERS LOOSED FROM A YOUNG GIRL, AND MY BONES SCATTERED BY HE WHO *SHOULD* HAVE BEEN MY SERVANT.

I WANDERED A WHILE AMONG THE DOOMED SPIRITS, THOSE TRAPPED IN THE UPPER AIR OF THIS WORLD...



...THEN *ON*. PAST THE LIMITS OF THIS NARROW EARTH DIMENSION. I SOUGHT THE DARK *BEHIND* THE STARS...



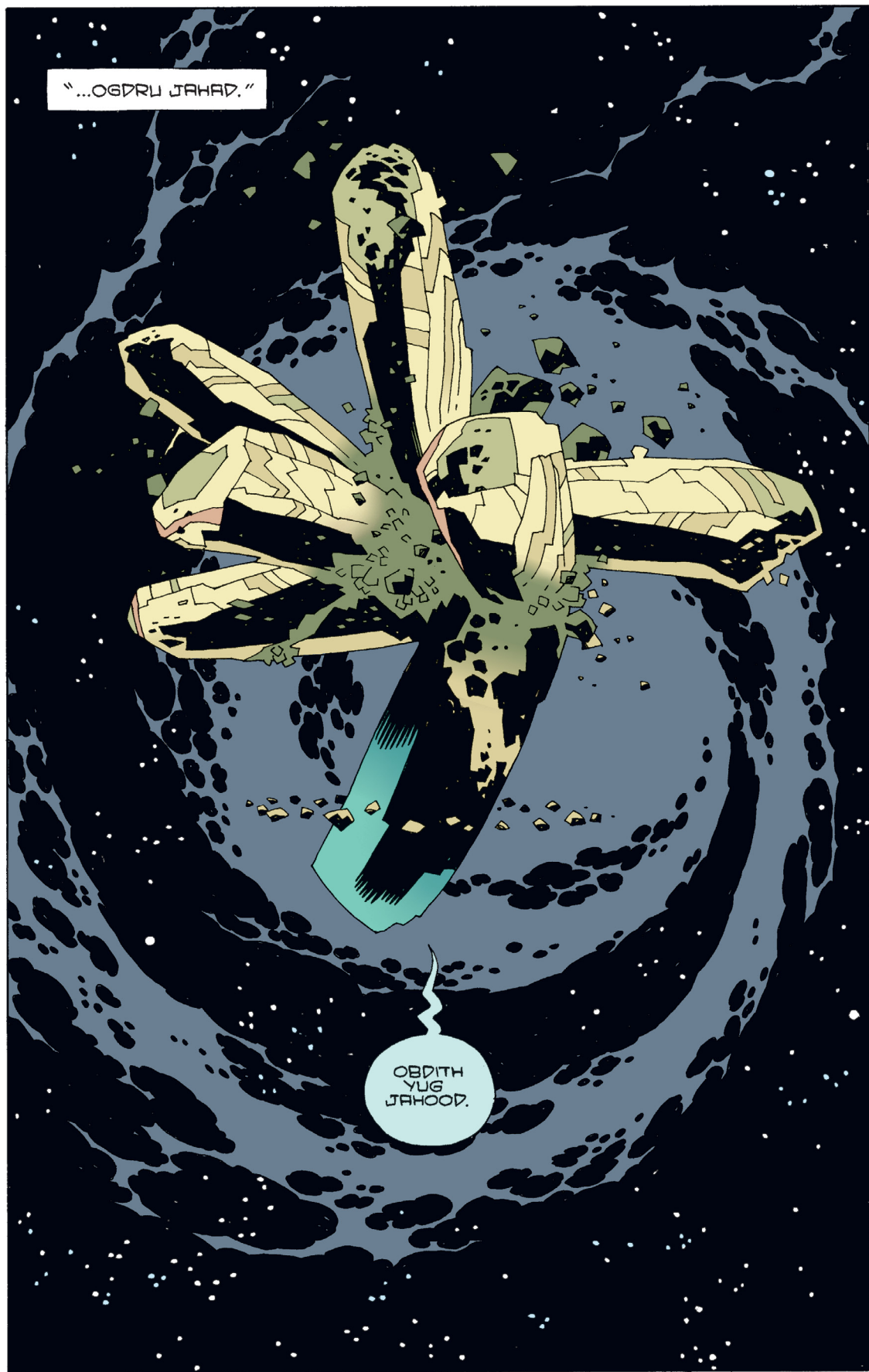
THE PIT.

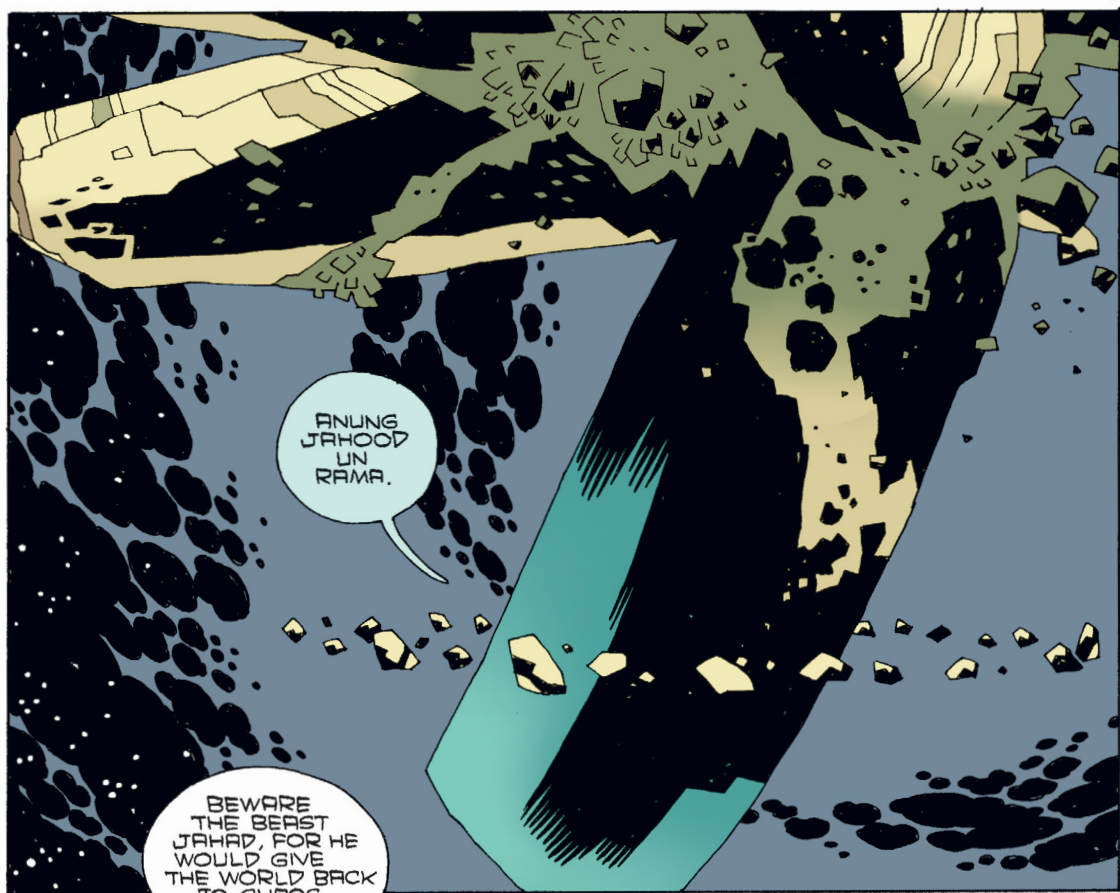
THE PRISON-HOLE OF THE DRAGON...



"...OGDRI JAHAD."

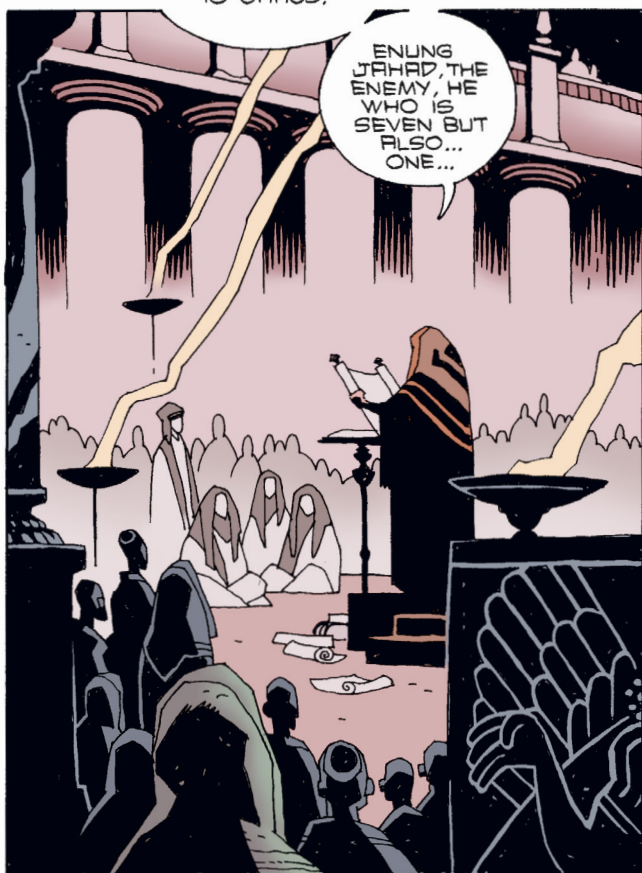
OGDITH  
YUG  
JAHOD.





ANUNG  
JAHOD  
UN  
RAMA.

BEWARE  
THE BEAST  
JAHAD, FOR HE  
WOULD GIVE  
THE WORLD BACK  
TO CHAOS.



ENUNG  
JAHAD, THE  
ENEMY, HE  
WHO IS  
SEVEN BUT  
ALSO...  
ONE...



IN THE ABYSS  
AND IN THE  
BRILLIANCY OF  
THE HEAVENS,  
HE IS SEVEN.

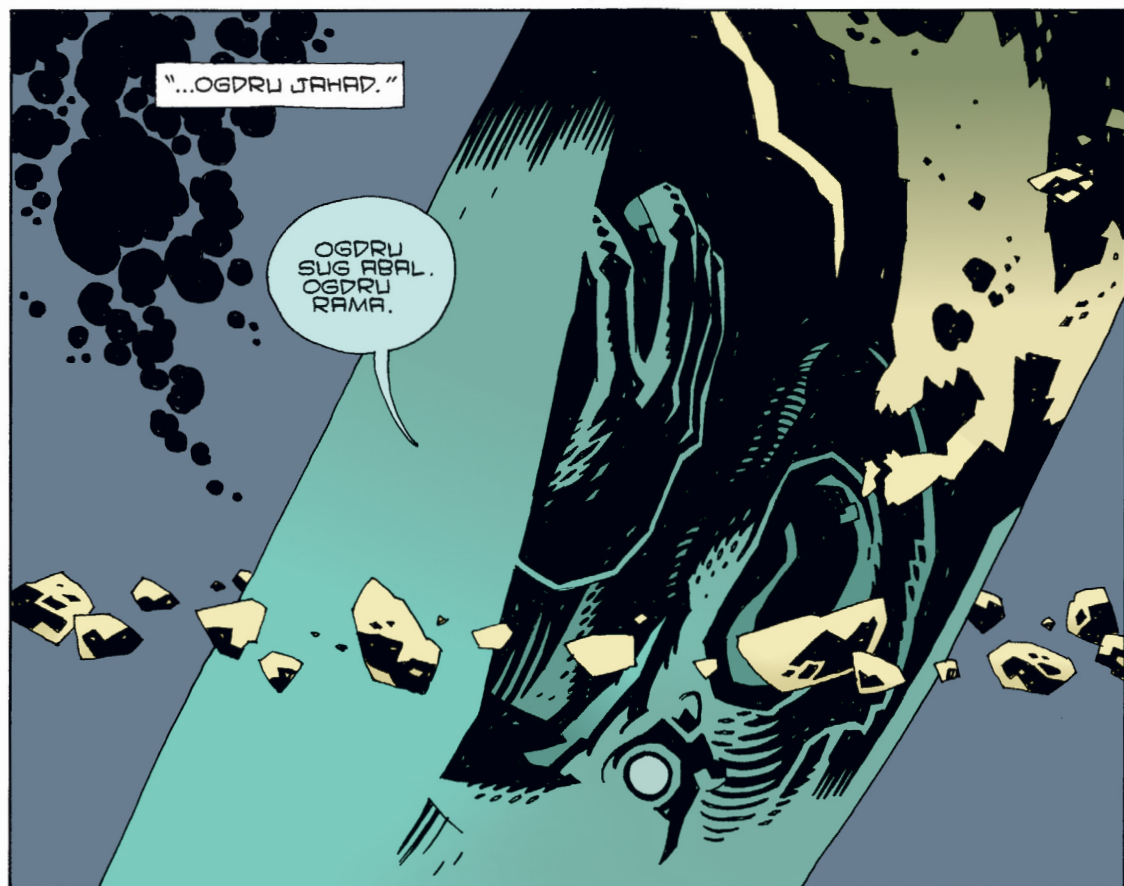
ANU  
PROTECT  
US FROM  
HIM.



ANNUI  
SANCTI  
HYPER-  
BERUM.

SANCTI  
AB-  
JURA.

ANU  
PROTECT  
US FROM  
HIS EVIL  
POWER...



"...OGDRU JAHAD."

OGDRU  
SUG ABAL.  
OGDRU  
RAMA.



ROMM ANU

UH...



NOW,  
WHERE'S  
THAT BIG  
NAZI...

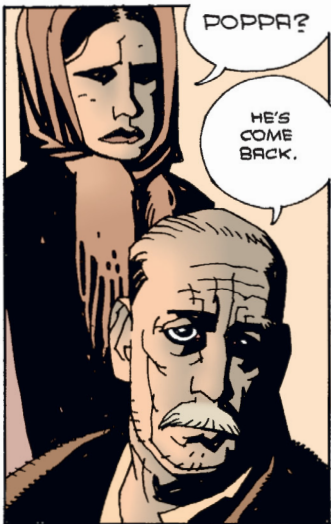
STUPID.

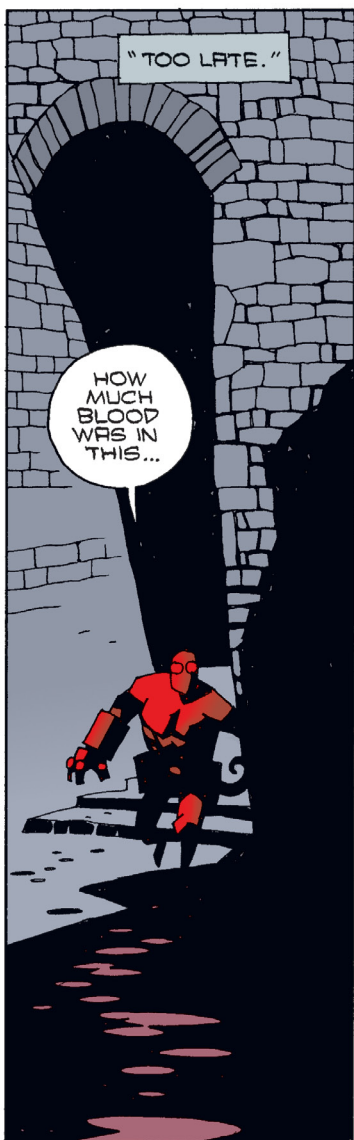
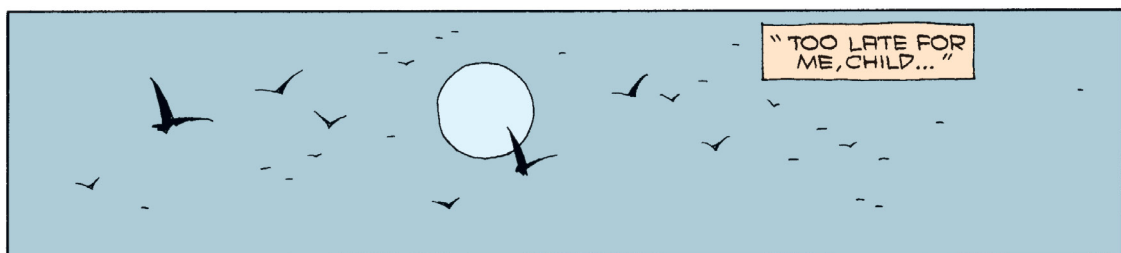
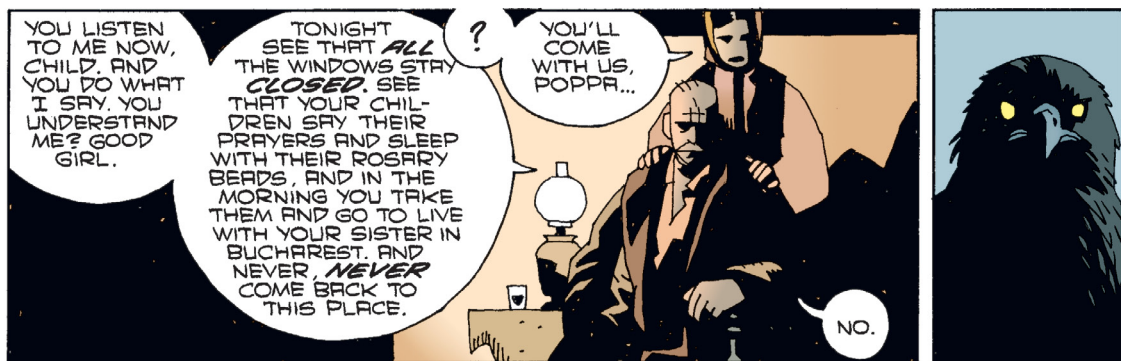


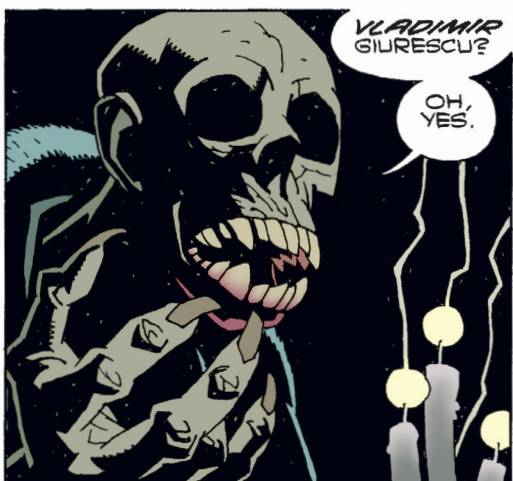
...BASTARD.

OH.













LOOK.

THESE  
WERE HIS  
LADIES.



ALL  
GONE  
NOW.



"VOICA  
AND  
IRINA..."



"...CAROLINE..."



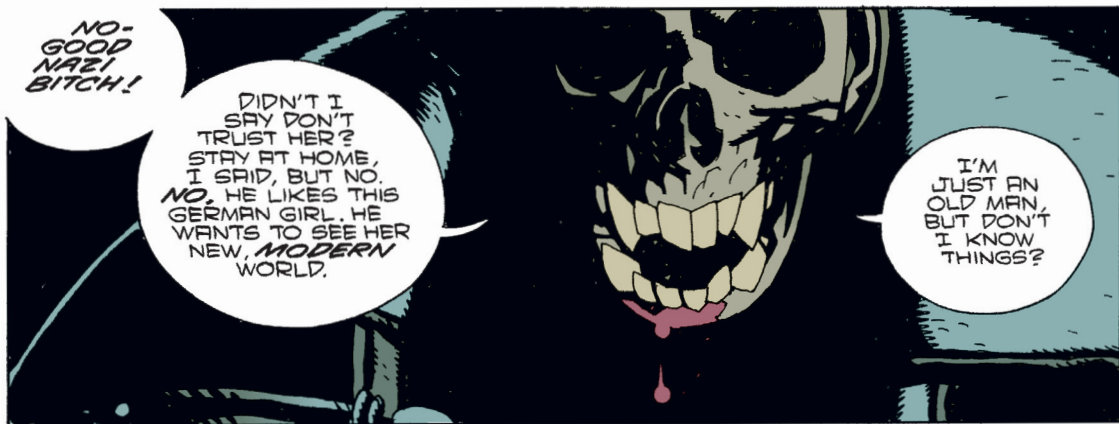
"...MARY..."



CATHERINE,  
WHO WAS THE  
PRETTIEST, AND  
LITTLE ANNA,  
WHO WAS  
NICEST TO  
ME.

ALL  
GONE...

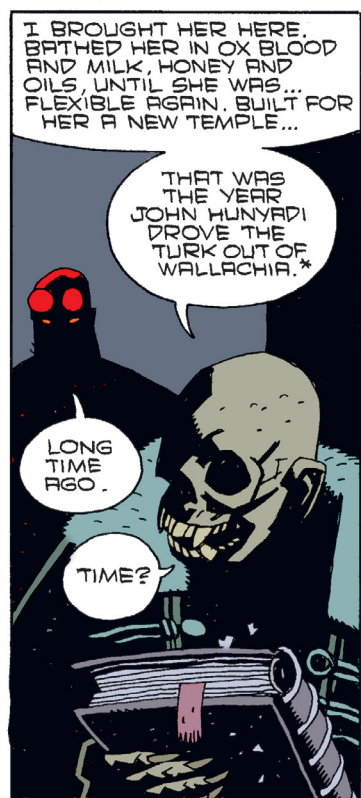
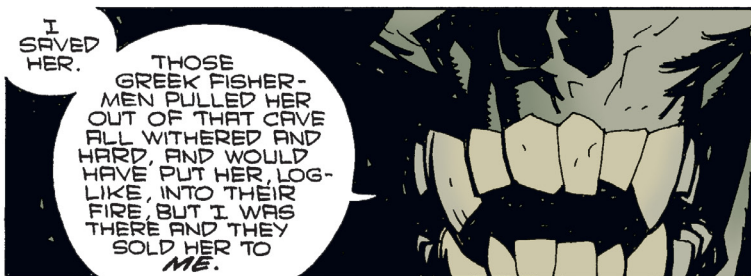
ILSA  
HAUPSTEIN  
BROUGHT  
THEM TO  
GERMANY...



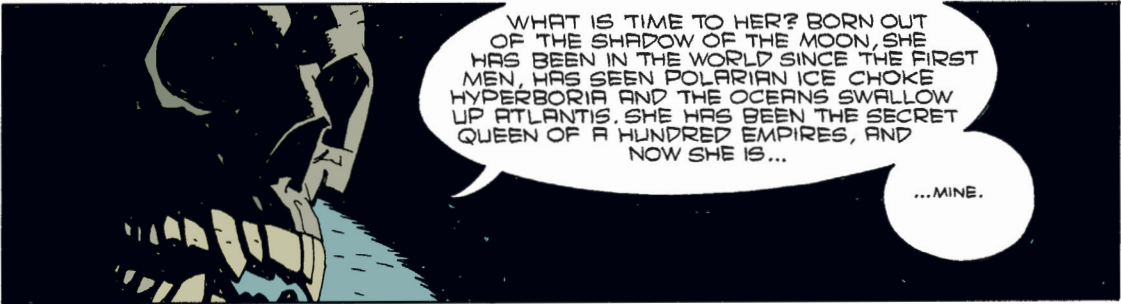
NO-  
GOOD  
NAZI  
BITCH!

DIDN'T I  
SAY DON'T  
TRUST HER?  
STAY AT HOME,  
I SAID, BUT NO.  
NO. HE LIKES THIS  
GERMAN GIRL. HE  
WANTS TO SEE HER  
NEW, *MODERN*  
WORLD.

I'M  
JUST AN  
OLD MAN,  
BUT DON'T  
I KNOW  
THINGS?

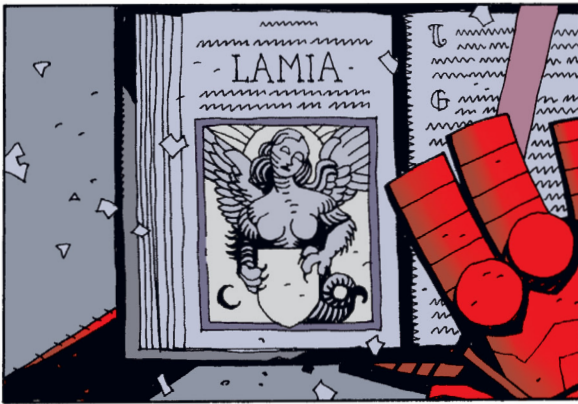




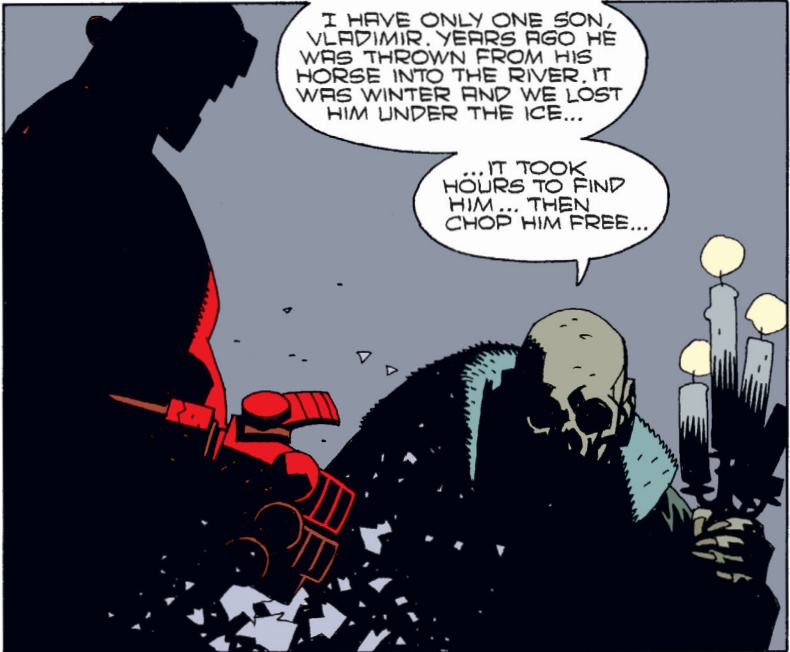


WHAT IS TIME TO HER? BORN OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE MOON, SHE HAS BEEN IN THE WORLD SINCE THE FIRST MEN, HAS SEEN POLARIAN ICE CHOKE HYPERBORIA AND THE OCEANS SWALLOW UP ATLANTIS. SHE HAS BEEN THE SECRET QUEEN OF A HUNDRED EMPIRES, AND NOW SHE IS...

...MINE.



"...THEN THOTH CURSED HER SO THAT SHE WAS HALF CHANGED IN HER SHAPE AND COULD NO MORE BEAR THE LIGHT OF DAY."



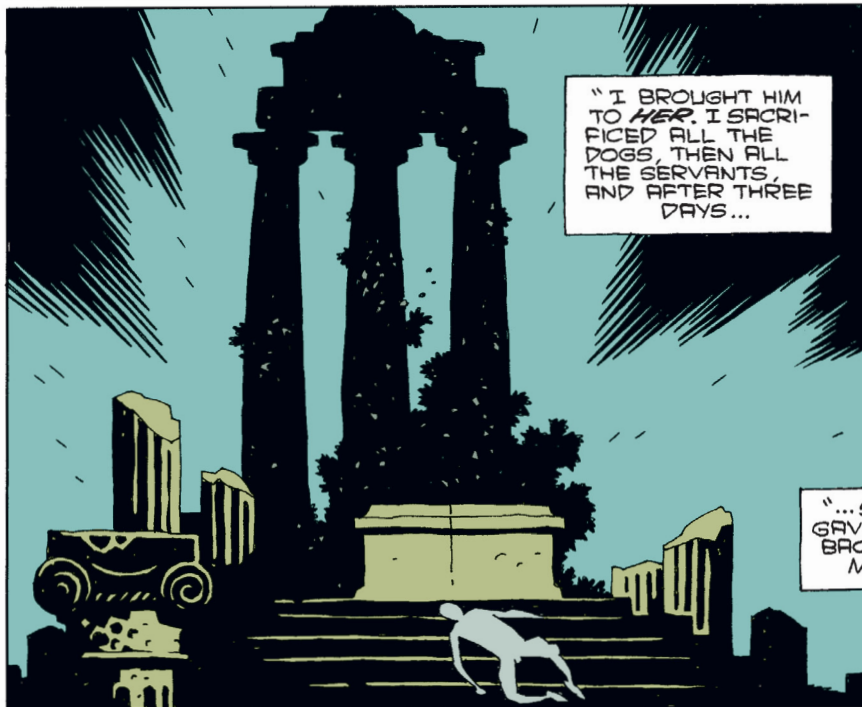
I HAVE ONLY ONE SON, VLADIMIR. YEARS AGO HE WAS THROWN FROM HIS HORSE INTO THE RIVER. IT WAS WINTER AND WE LOST HIM UNDER THE ICE...

...IT TOOK HOURS TO FIND HIM ... THEN CHOP HIM FREE...





"THE  
SERVANTS  
BROUGHT  
HIS FROZEN  
BODY TO  
ME..."



"I BROUGHT HIM  
TO HER. I SACRI-  
FICED ALL THE  
DOGS, THEN ALL  
THE SERVANTS,  
AND AFTER THREE  
DAYS..."



"...SHE  
GAVE HIM  
BACK TO  
ME."



STILL MY  
BOY, BUT  
NOW ALSO  
HER  
SON.

NOW  
YOU WANT  
TO TAKE  
HIM AWAY  
AGAIN. WELL,  
YOU'RE TOO  
LATE.

GUESS  
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT  
THAT.



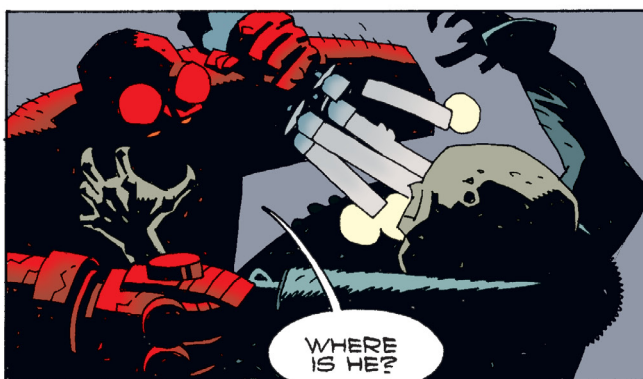
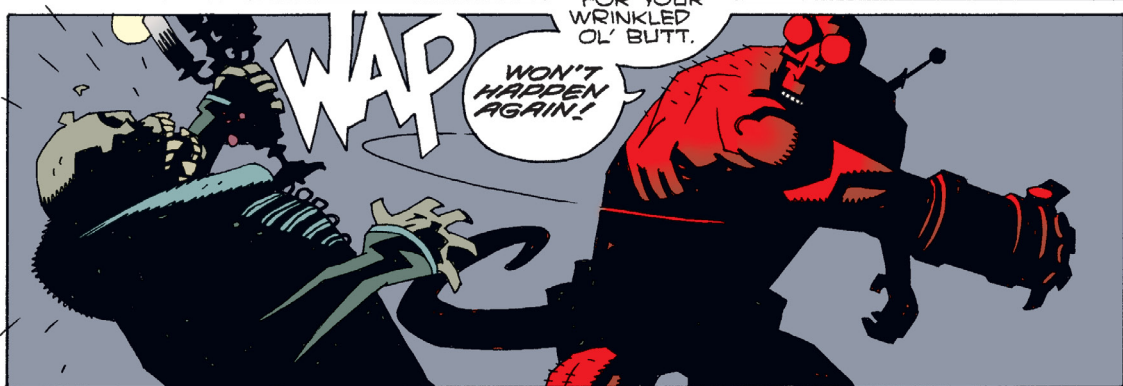
TOO  
LATE.

HER  
HAND-  
MAIDENS  
HAVE  
COME.

THE  
WOMEN OF  
THESSALY ARE  
GATHERING BE-  
HIND THE MOON  
DOOR AND THE  
MOON IS  
UP.



WHERE IS VLADIMIR  
GIURESCU?











# CHAPTER THREE

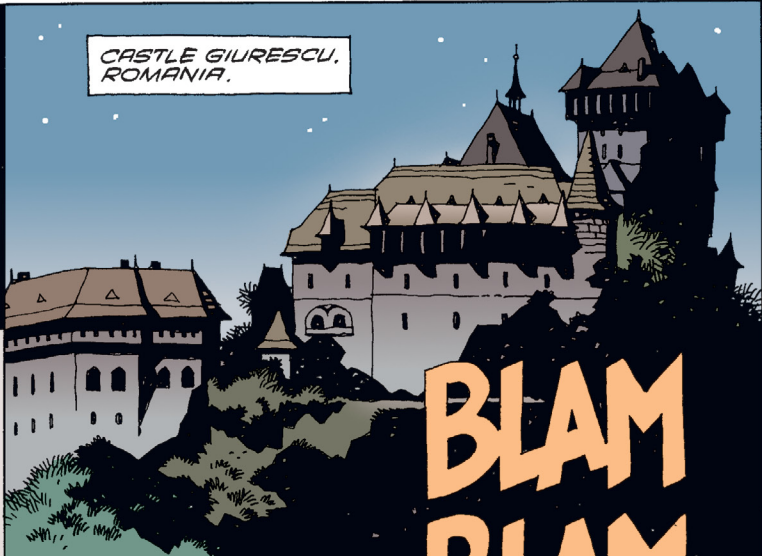








CASTLE GIURESCU,  
ROMANIA.



**WITCHES OF THESSALY:**

ACCORDING TO GREEK FOLK-  
LORE, WOMEN WITH THE  
POWER TO "DRAW DOWN THE  
MOON," TO TRANSFORM THEM-  
SELVES INTO MONSTERS, BIRDS,  
AND ANIMALS. THEY WERE KNOWN  
TO EAT CORPSES AND EXCREMENT,  
AND POSSESSED INSATIABLE  
SEXUAL APPETITES.

BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

















KEEP  
DREAMING,  
GIURESCU.



YOU'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY?



*I  
THINK  
NOT!*



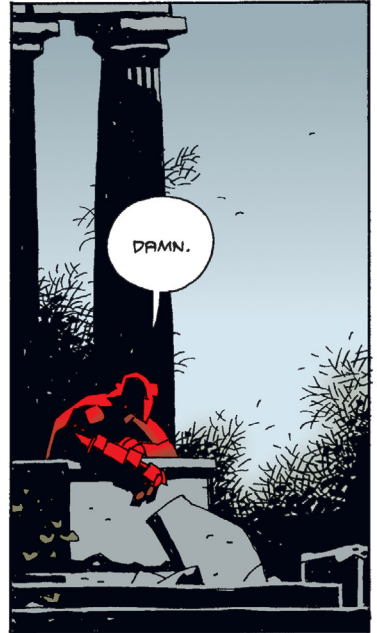
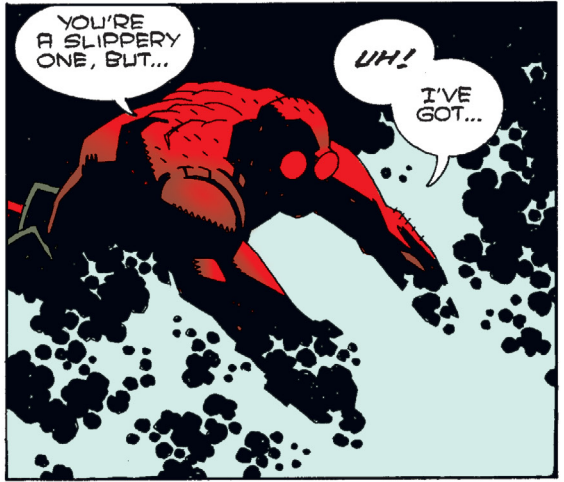
**KRAK**

*JEEZ!*

GOT  
TO GIVE  
YOU CREDIT  
FOR TRY-  
ING.











INFERNAL, TERRESTRIAL, AND  
CELESTIAL HEKATE, GODDESS OF  
CROSSROADS, QUEEN OF NIGHT,  
ENEMY OF SUN, FRIEND AND  
COMPANION OF DARKNESS...  
MOTHER...

SAVE  
YOUR POOR  
SON.



QUICKEN ME ONE LAST TIME...  
THAT I MIGHT TASTE BLOOD  
AGAIN...

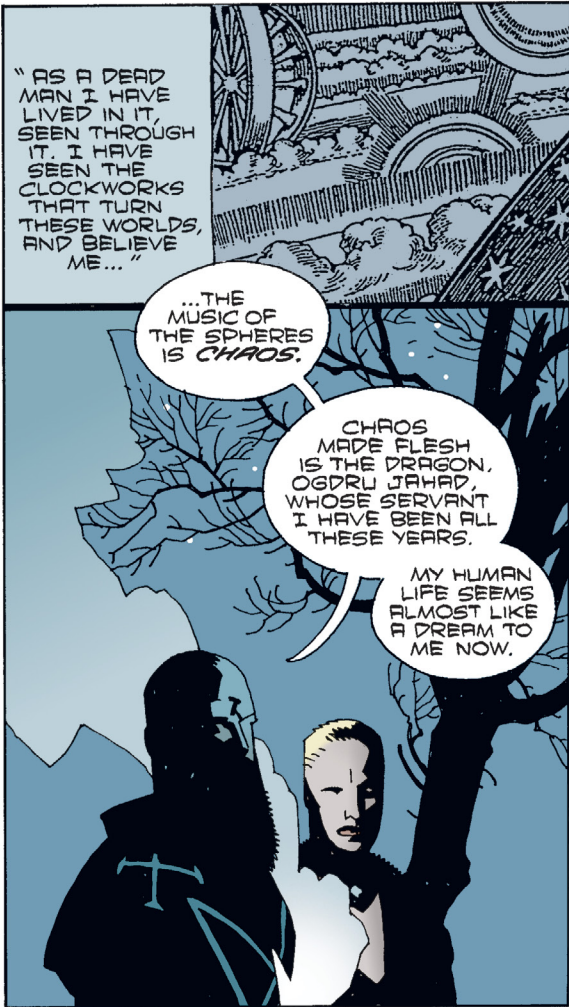
...HAVE  
REVENGE...

MY  
SON.

SO LONG AS I AM IN THE  
WORLD YOU WILL ALWAYS  
LIVE. AND HE WHO THREAT-  
ENS *MY* CHILD IN *MY*  
HOME BECOMES *MY*  
*ENEMY.*



ILSA,  
CONSIDER  
THIS  
SKY...



"AS A DEAD  
MAN I HAVE  
LIVED IN IT,  
SEEN THROUGH  
IT. I HAVE  
SEEN THE  
CLOCKWORKS  
THAT TURN  
THESE WORLDS,  
AND BELIEVE  
ME..."

...THE  
MUSIC OF  
THE SPHERES  
IS *CHAOS.*

CHAOS  
MADE FLESH  
IS THE DRAGON,  
OGDRI JAHAD,  
WHOSE SERVANT  
I HAVE BEEN ALL  
THESE YEARS.

MY HUMAN  
LIFE SEEMS  
ALMOST LIKE  
A DREAM TO  
ME NOW.



"THE **BABA YAGA**, THE GREAT WITCH WHOSE CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE I HAD SEEN SO OFTEN IN MY BOYHOOD DREAMS."

SHE EXPLAINED THAT THE FATES HAD CHOSEN ME TO BE THEIR AGENT OF CHANGE, FATHER OF A NEW MILLENNIUM.



"I GAVE HER ONE HALF OF MY SOUL, WHICH SHE HID IN THE ROOTS OF YGGDRASIL, THE WORLD TREE, SO THAT MY SPIRIT, AT LEAST, WOULD ALWAYS BE SAFE."







" THEN, FOOLISHLY BELIEVING THAT THIS NEW MILLENNIUM WOULD COME THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION, I SECURED FOR MYSELF A POSITION OF INFLUENCE IN THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY..."

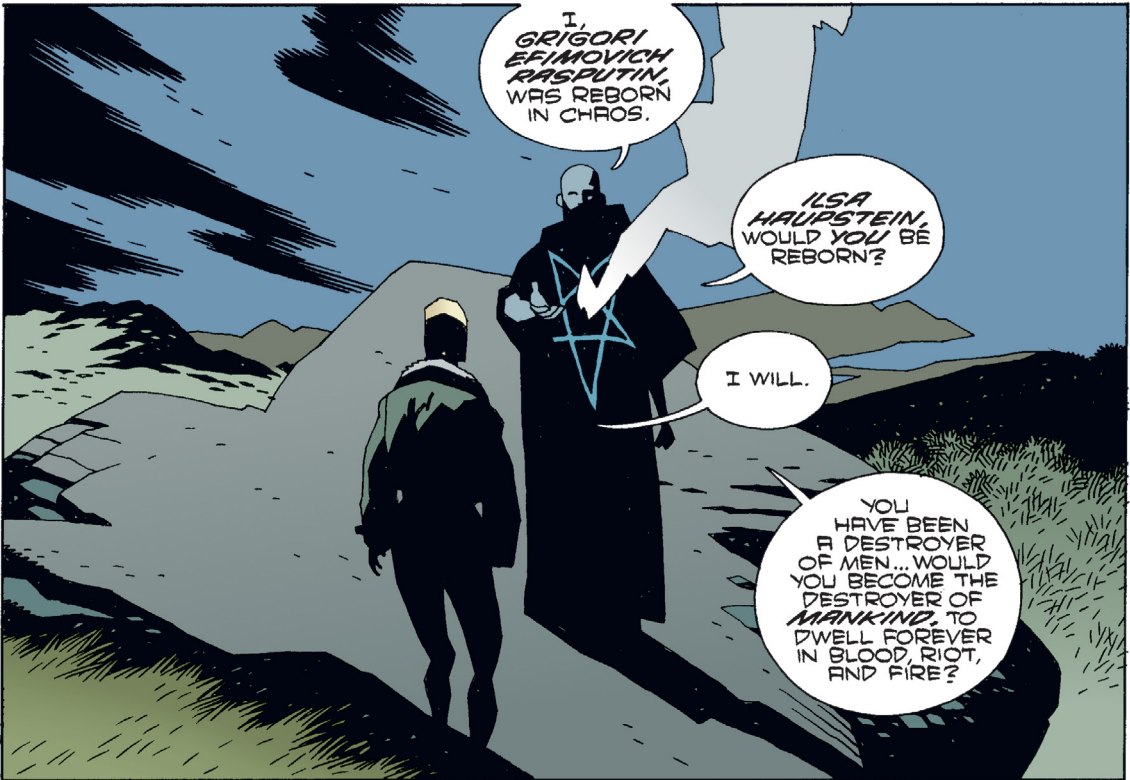
"...AND WAITED FOR A SIGN."



" IT CAME ON DECEMBER 16, 1916, WHEN MY FRIEND FELIX YUSUPOV SHOT ME IN THE BACK."

"HE AND HIS COHORTS DID THEIR BEST TO MURDER ME, FINALLY THROWING ME INTO THE FROZEN NEVA RIVER. BUT I DIDN'T FIND DEATH THERE... I FOUND THE *DRAGON*."

"I FOUND MY ANSWERS AND MY *PURPOSE*."



"I, *GRIGORI EFIMOVICH RASPUTIN*, WAS REBORN IN CHAOS."

"*ILSA HAUPTSTEIN*, WOULD YOU BE REBORN?"

"I WILL."

"YOU HAVE BEEN A DESTROYER OF MEN... WOULD YOU BECOME THE DESTROYER OF *MANKIND*. TO DWELL FOREVER IN BLOOD, RIOT, AND FIRE?"



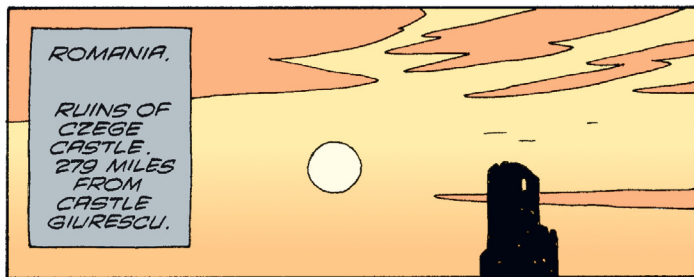
"YES... PLEASE."



"GOOD."

"SEE THIS SUNRISE? WHEN IT RISES AGAIN YOU WILL BE CHANGED FOR-*EVER*."





ROMANIA.

RUINS OF  
CZEGE  
CASTLE.  
279 MILES  
FROM  
CASTLE  
GIURESCU.



MISS  
SHERMAN...

SUN UP AND NO  
VAMPIRES. I'M  
SORRY, SIDNEY.  
I KNOW YOU  
WANTED TO SEE  
SOME ACTION.

THAT'S  
OKAY...  
CAN I ASK  
YOU SOME-  
THING?

SHOOT.

I KNOW I'M  
THE NEW GUY,  
AND IF I'M OUT  
OF LINE LET ME  
KNOW, BUT I HEARD  
YOU QUIT THE BUREAU  
AFTER THE CAVENDISH  
HALL CASE. I READ  
ABOUT THAT CASE--  
HOW THAT OLD GUY  
LATCHED ON TO YOUR  
POWERS AND TRIED  
TO USE THEM... \*

THAT  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN  
AWFUL...

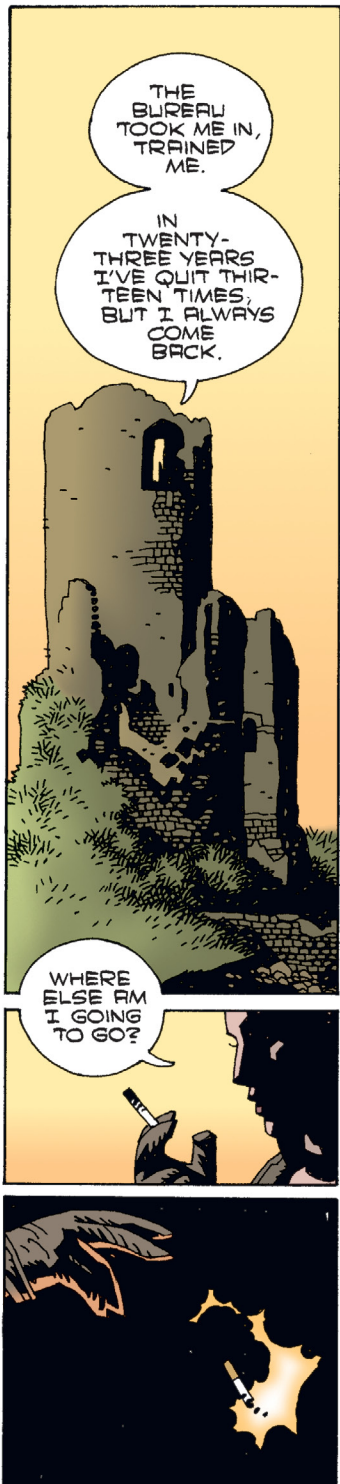


YOU  
WANT TO  
KNOW WHY  
I CAME  
BACK.

I WAS  
ELEVEN  
YEARS OLD  
WHEN MY  
PSYCHIC "GIFT"  
ARRIVED. *PYRO-  
KINESIS.*

THE KID NEXT  
DOOR WAS MAKING  
FUN OF MY PONY-  
TAILS. THEN... HE  
WAS JUST BURNING.  
THEN HIS HOUSE.  
THEN *OUR* HOUSE...  
JUST KEPT GOING.

I KILLED  
THIRTY-TWO PEOPLE  
THAT DAY, INCLUDING  
MY ENTIRE FAMILY.



THE  
BUREAU  
TOOK ME IN,  
TRAINED  
ME.

IN  
TWENTY-  
THREE YEARS  
I'VE QUIT THIR-  
TEEN TIMES,  
BUT I ALWAYS  
COME  
BACK.

WHERE  
ELSE AM  
I GOING  
TO GO?



HEY,  
YOU  
TWO.

LITTLE  
HELP  
DOWN  
HERE.



LAST  
NIGHT THIS  
LOOKED JUST  
LIKE A PIECE OF  
WALL, BUT IN THE  
LIGHT OF DAY...  
I'M STARTING TO  
THINK IT MIGHT BE  
A DOOR.



TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T  
FIND ANY CATCH, LOCK,  
HANDLE...

SIDNEY  
LEACH,  
HUMAN METAL  
DETECTOR.



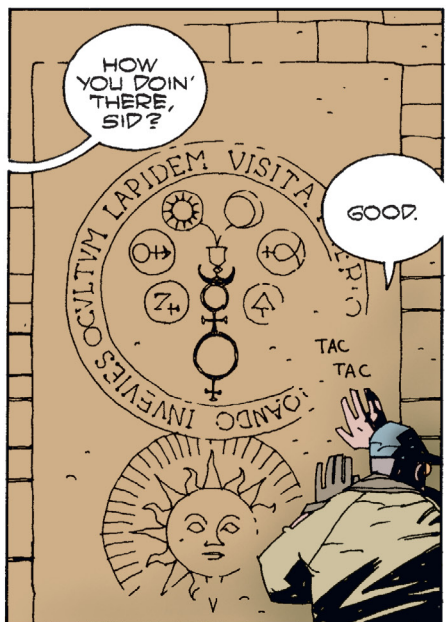
AH...  
HUMAN METAL  
DETECTOR DE-  
TECTS METAL.

GEARS...  
HINGES...IT'S  
A DOOR, ALL  
RIGHT.



BUD, THOSE  
SYMBOLS ON  
THE DOOR...  
ALCHEMY?

YEAH...



HOW  
YOU DOIN'  
THERE,  
SID?

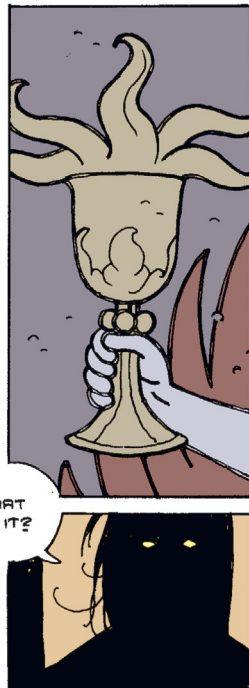
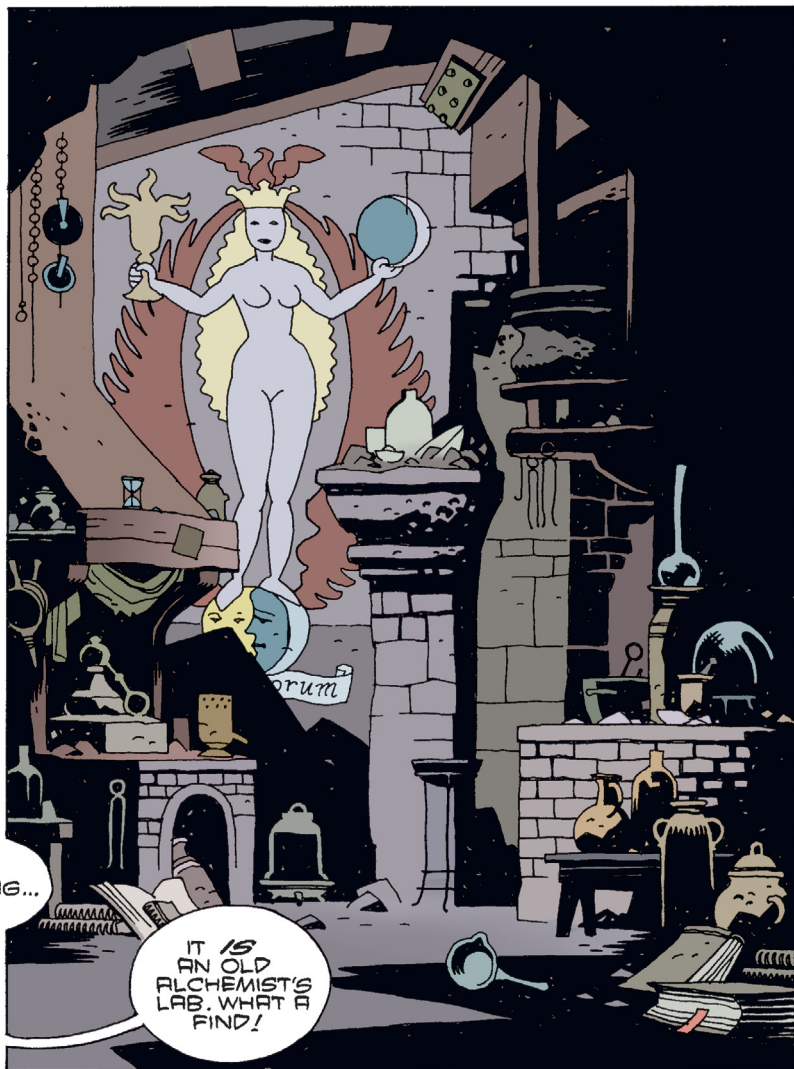
GOOD.



REAL  
GOOD.

KREK









FEELS LIKE  
SKIN, BUT IT'S  
COLD.

IT'S A  
HOMUNCULUS. I  
SAW ONE IN PRAGUE  
BACK IN '82, BUT I'VE  
NEVER EVEN *HEARD*  
OF ONE THIS SIZE.  
USUALLY THEY'RE  
TINY LITTLE GUYS.

HOMUNCU-  
WHAT?

AN  
ARTIFICIAL  
PERSON MADE  
FROM BLOOD AND  
HERBS, STEWED  
IN A JAR AND IN-  
CUBATED IN HORSE  
MANURE...



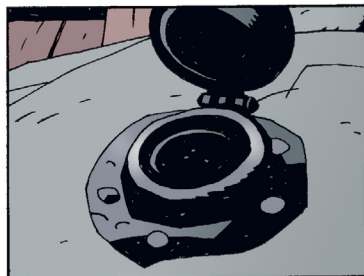
SORT OF  
A MEDIEVAL  
TEST-TUBE  
BABY.



WELL... HE'S  
UGLY.

AND  
WHAT'S  
THAT HOLE  
IN HIS  
CHEST ALL  
ABOUT?

YOU'VE  
GOT ME  
THERE.



THESE LOOK  
LIKE JOURNALS.  
THERE SHOULD  
BE SOMETHING  
IN HERE.



WHAT  
*LANGUAGE*  
IS THIS?



UH...  
MISS  
SHERMAN?



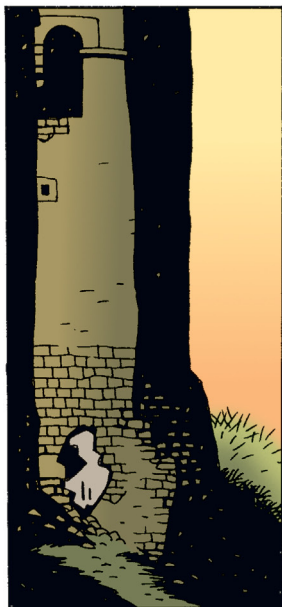
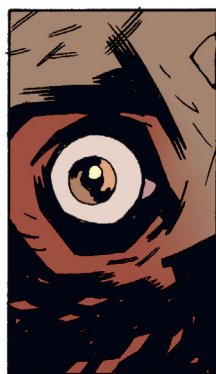
JESUS  
CHRIST,  
LIZ...



DON'T  
TOUCH  
THAT!









NORWAY.

MASTER  
KURTZ.  
MASTER  
KROENEN...

ZINCO?  
WHAT  
DOES HE  
WANT?

PLEASE  
EXCUSE US,  
MISTER ZINCO,  
BUT WE REALLY  
ARE RIGHT IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
SOMETHING.

MY  
APOLOGIES,  
BUT THIS JUST  
ARRIVED FROM  
MY MAN IN SOUTH  
AMERICA. IT'S  
WHAT YOU ASKED  
ME TO FIND, SO I  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
WANT TO SEE IT  
RIGHT AWAY.

...MISTER  
ZINCO IS  
HERE.

IT WAS BURIED  
IN A BOMBED-  
OUT RUIN NEAR  
MACAPA. NO  
TELLING HOW  
LONG IT HAD  
BEEN THERE.

OH,  
YES!

OH, ZINCO, WONDERFUL  
JOB. NOT TOO MUCH  
DAMAGE...

THAT'S  
*NOT* WHO  
I THINK IT  
IS, IS IT?

YES,  
LEOPOLD...

PROFESSOR  
HERMAN VON  
KLEMP.

THE  
*LUNATIC*  
!

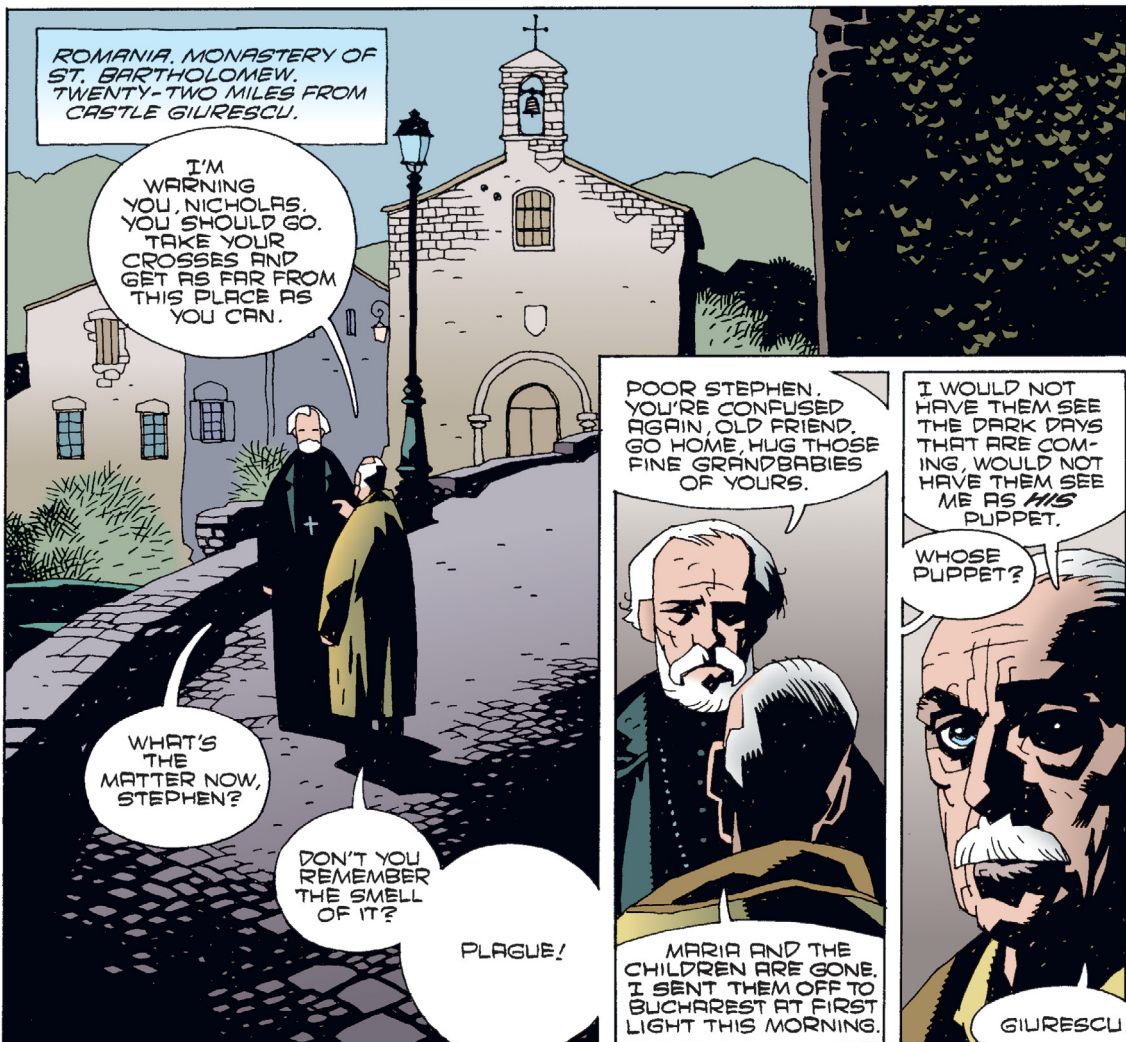
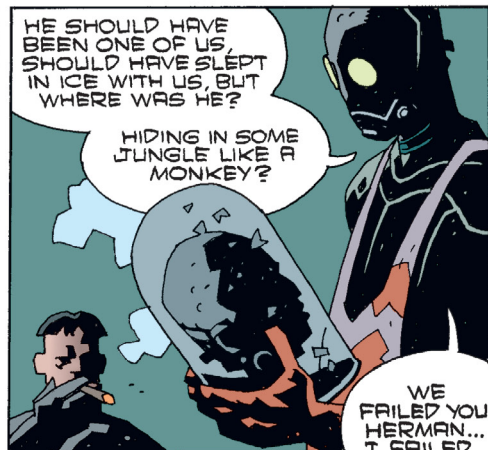
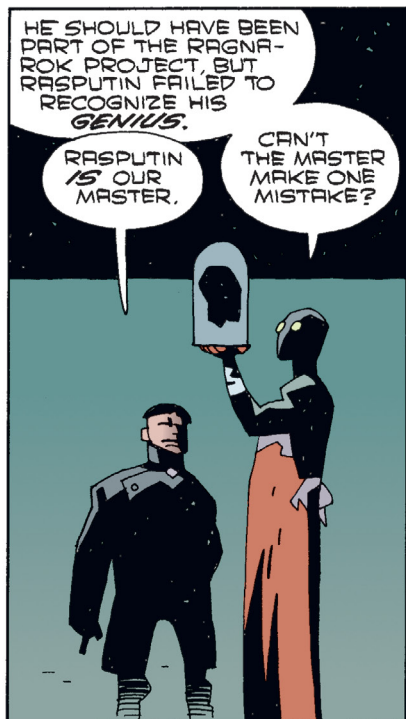
HAVE YOU GONE MAD,  
KARL? WHAT ARE YOU  
THINKING ABOUT, DIG-  
GING *HIM* UP? HE WAS  
NEVER ANYTHING BUT  
TROUBLE.

HE WAS  
MY FRIEND.

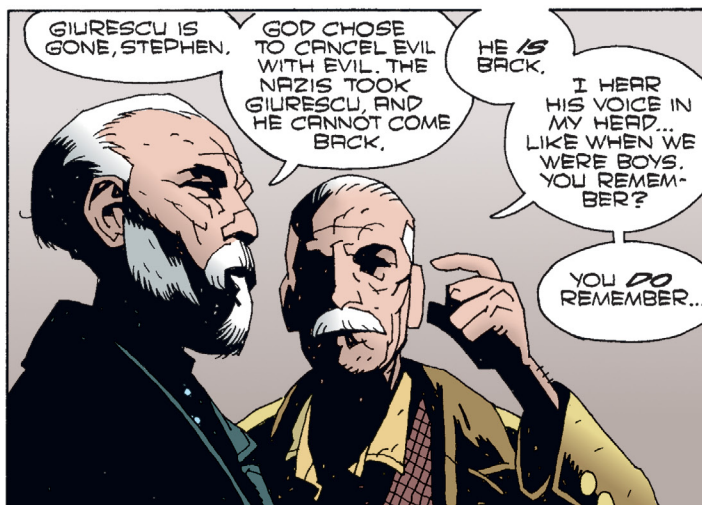
WE WERE AT UNI-  
VERSITY TOGETHER,  
WORKED TOGETHER.

HIMMLER  
RECRUITED US  
TOGETHER INTO  
HIS "SPECIAL  
GROUP."

HE SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN ONE  
OF *US*.







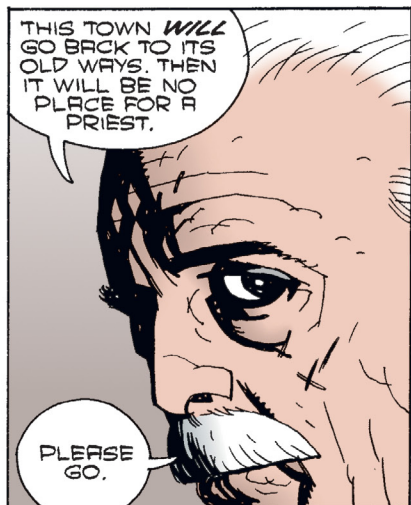
GIURESCU IS GONE, STEPHEN.

GOD CHOSE TO CANCEL EVIL WITH EVIL. THE NAZIS TOOK GIURESCU, AND HE CANNOT COME BACK.

HE *IS* BACK.

I HEAR HIS VOICE IN MY HEAD... LIKE WHEN WE WERE BOYS. YOU REMEMBER?

YOU *DO* REMEMBER...



THIS TOWN *WILL* GO BACK TO ITS OLD WAYS. THEN IT WILL BE NO PLACE FOR A PRIEST.

PLEASE GO.



THIS IS *MY* TOWN AND THESE ARE MY PEOPLE. IF EVIL COMES, IT SHOULD BE WARY OF ME.

"HEAR, THEREFORE AND FEAR, O SATAN, ENEMY OF THE FAITH, FOE TO THE HUMAN RACE..."

**FOOL!**

**PIG-SUCK!**



"...SEDUCER OF MEN, BETRAVER OF NATIONS..."



**SUCK!**

NICKY...



"...FORGIVE ME IF YOU CAN."



CASTLE GIURESCU.

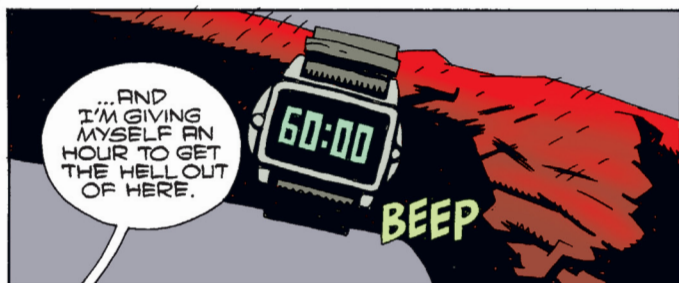
HELLBOY  
TO BUREAU.  
HELLBOY TO BUREAU. CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

THIS  
CONNECTION  
ISN'T WORTH  
CRAP!

IF YOU  
*CAN* HEAR  
ME, I'VE FOUND  
GIURESCU. HE'S  
ALIVE, WOUNDED,  
AND STILL ON THE  
LOOSE SOME-  
WHERE UNDER-  
GROUND.

I THINK  
OUR BEST BET  
HERE IS TO  
BLOW UP THIS  
WHOLE DAMN  
CASTLE AND BRING  
IT DOWN ON TOP  
OF HIM.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT WENT ON HERE  
BACK IN '44, BUT,  
FORTUNATELY FOR US,  
IT LOOKS LIKE THERE  
WAS SOME KIND OF  
VAMPIRE-NAZI ARMS  
DEAL....



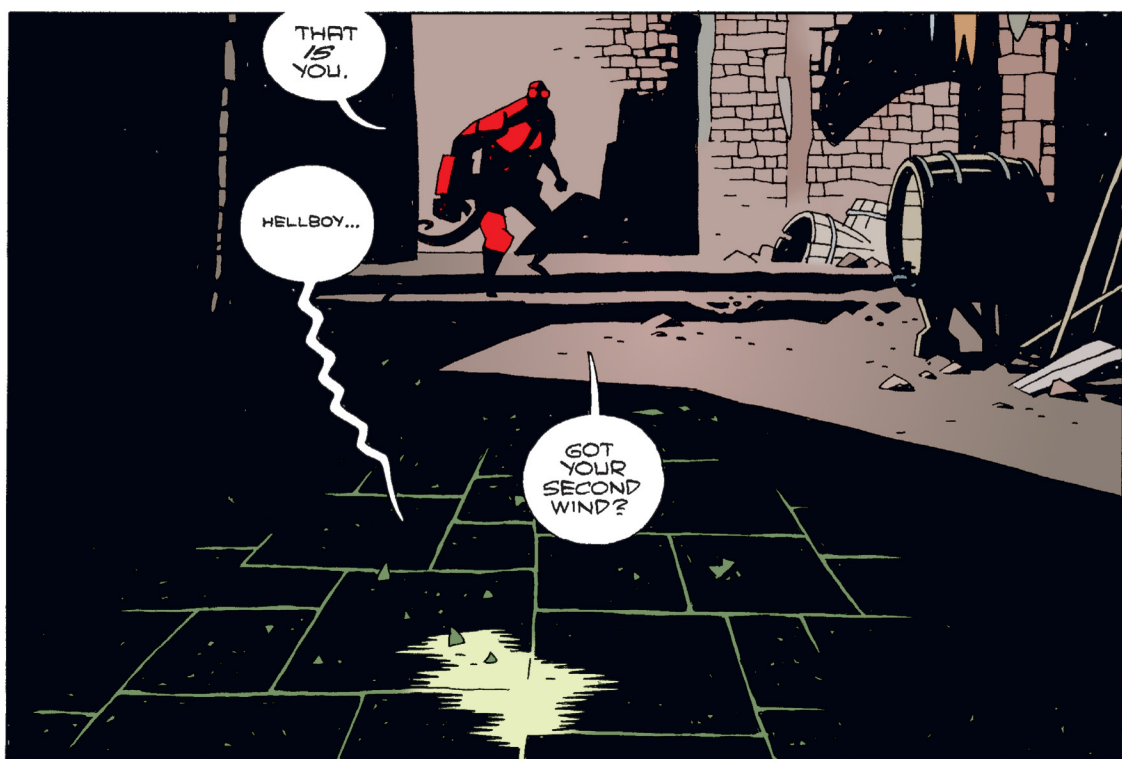
# CHAPTER FOUR

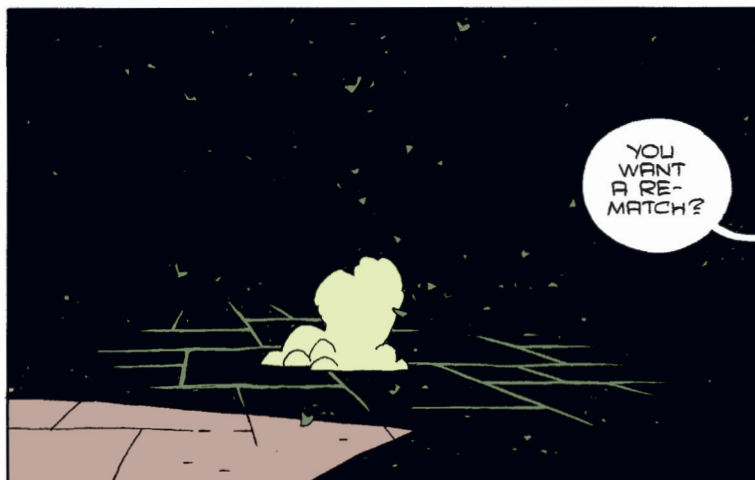




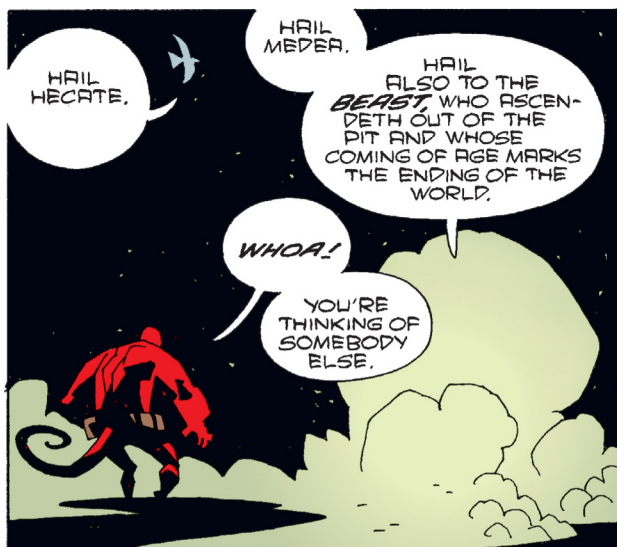


MIGNOLA  
3/9/10









HAIL  
HECATE.

HAIL  
MEDA.

HAIL  
ALSO TO THE  
**BEAST**, WHO ASCEN-  
DETH OUT OF THE  
PIT AND WHOSE  
COMING OF AGE MARKS  
THE ENDING OF THE  
WORLD.

WHOA!

YOU'RE  
THINKING OF  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE.



ANUNG  
UN  
RAMA...



... HELLBOY.



AS LONG AS  
I HAVE BEEN IN  
THE WORLD, MEN  
HAVE SPOKEN OF  
YOU. PROPHETS  
HAVE FORETOLD  
YOUR COMING.

I HAVE  
WAITED ALL  
THESE CENTURIES  
TO SEE YOU WITH  
MY OWN EYES.

HOW  
STRANGE  
YOU APPEAR  
TO ME NOW...  
SO SHORT OF  
YOUR GLORY,  
YOU ARE  
HARD TO RE-  
COGNIZE.

'CAUSE  
YOU'VE  
GOT THE  
**WRONG**  
GUY.



TOO LONG  
LOST AMONG  
HUMANS, YOU  
HAVE NEARLY  
LOST **YOUR-  
SELF**...

...TURNED  
YOUR BACK  
ON YOUR OWN  
KIND...

...AND  
WORSE...

...YOU  
ARE  
SOAKED  
IN THEIR  
BLOOD.













... BUT NOW YOU'VE  
JUST GONE

NUTS!

ACCEPT THE TRUTH  
OF YOUR EXISTENCE  
OR BE DESTROYED!

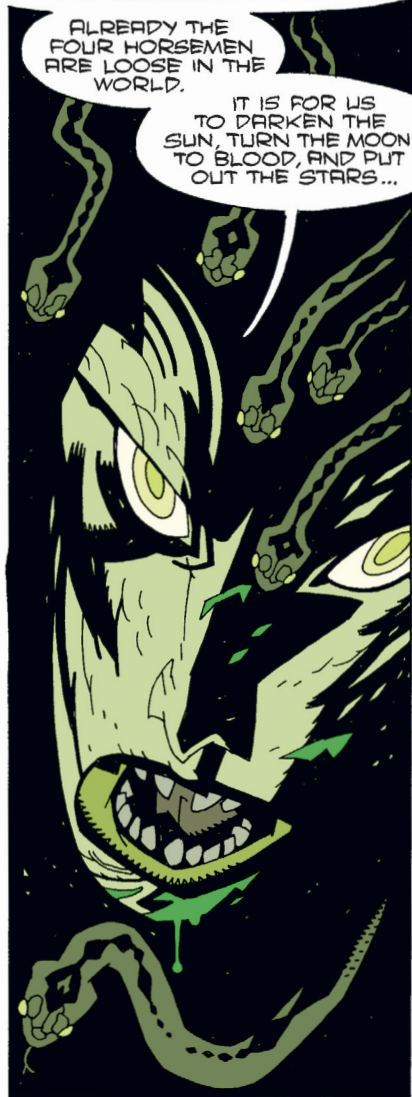
YOU  
CANNOT  
ESCAPE YOUR  
DESTINY!

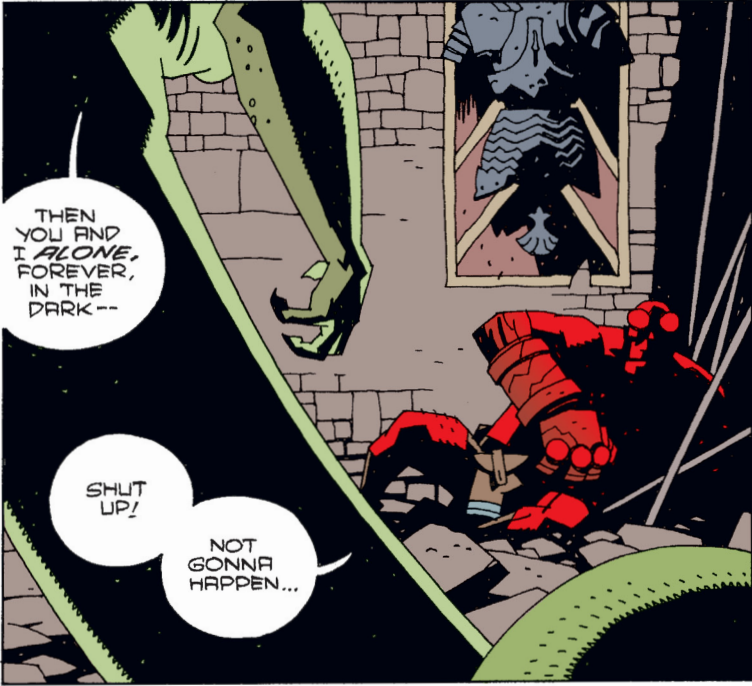
GONNA  
TRY.

TIME IS COMING TO RING DOWN  
THE CURTAIN ON MAN.

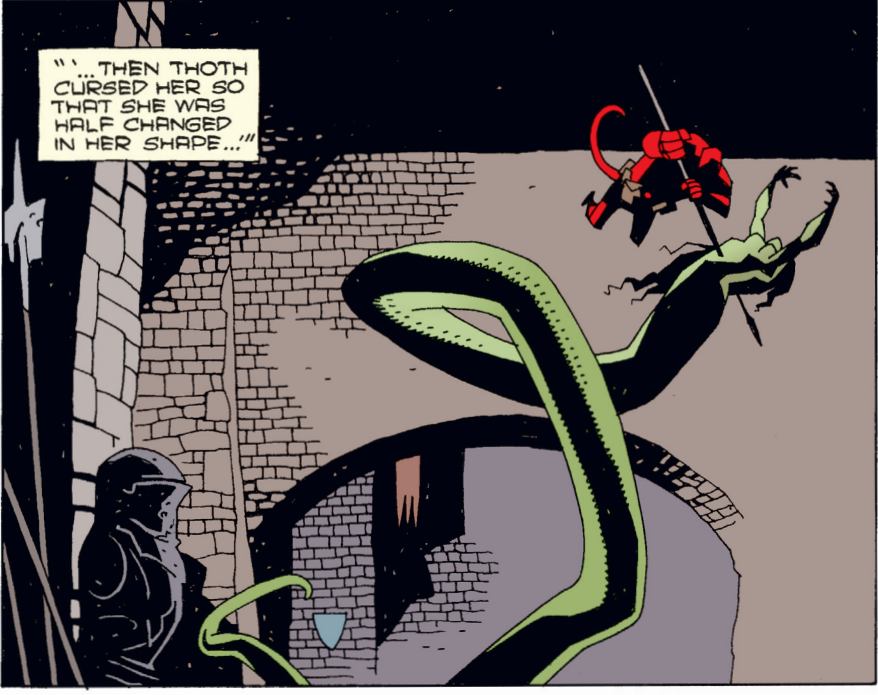
ALREADY THE  
FOUR HORSEMEN  
ARE LOOSE IN THE  
WORLD.

IT IS FOR US  
TO DARKEN THE  
SUN, TURN THE MOON  
TO BLOOD, AND PUT  
OUT THE STARS...





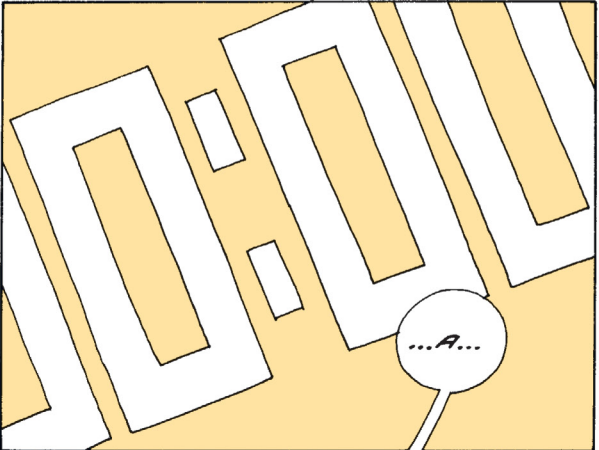
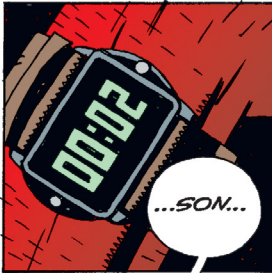
"... AND WHEN HER TRUE NATURE WAS DISCOVERED, SHE WAS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE AND OUT OF THE GATES OF THE CITY..."





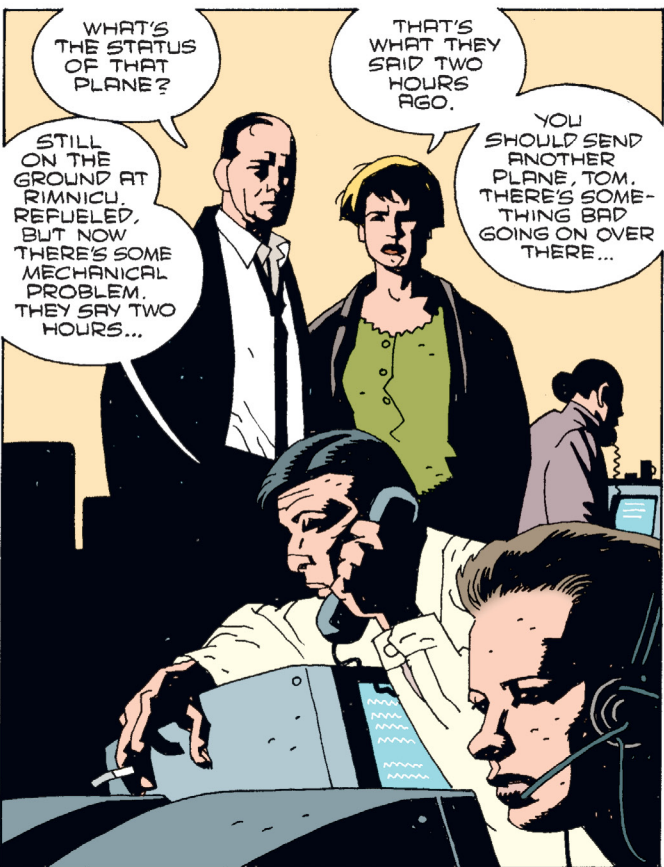
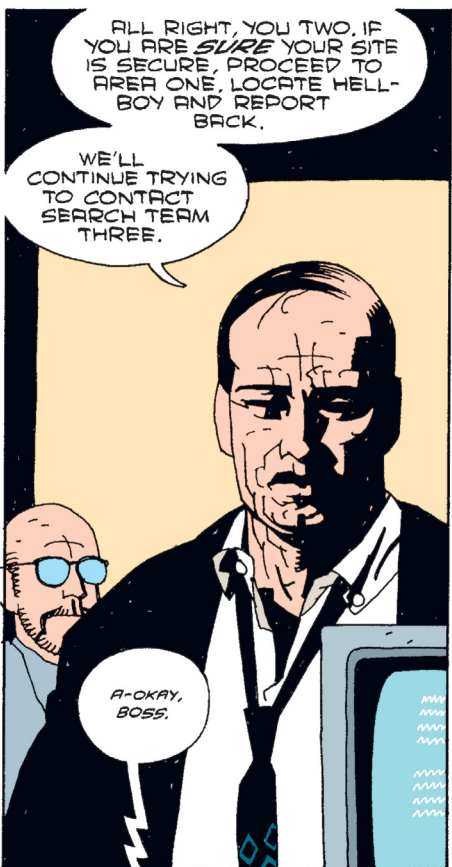
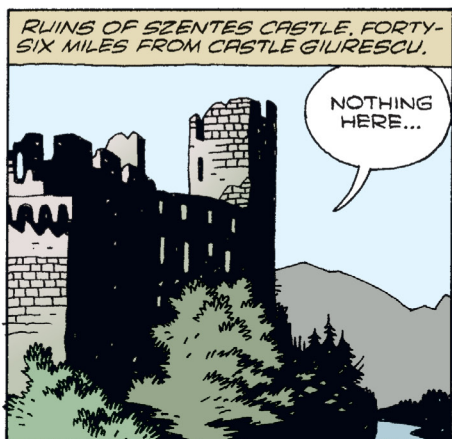
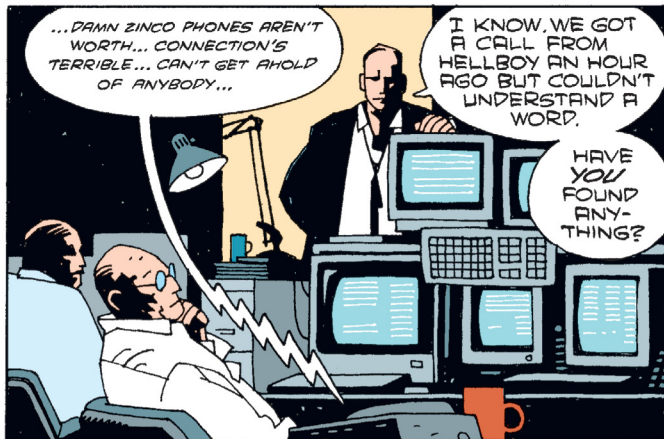
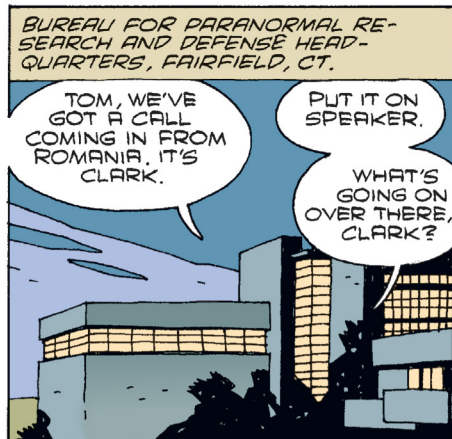




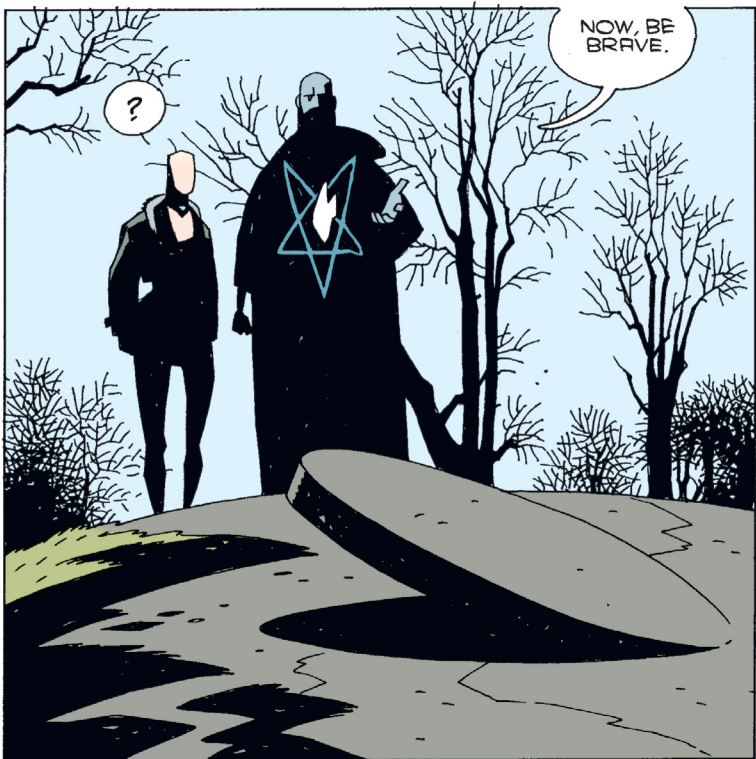
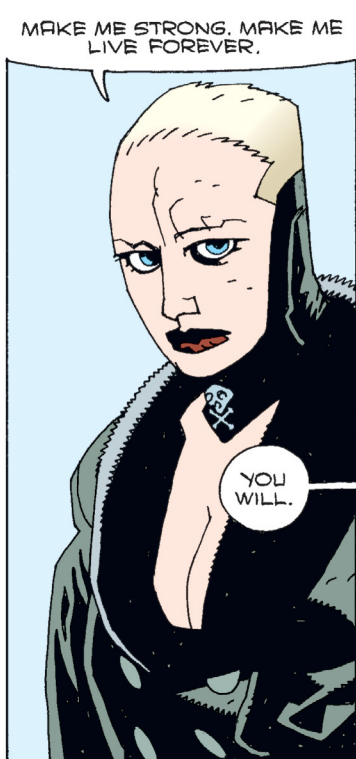
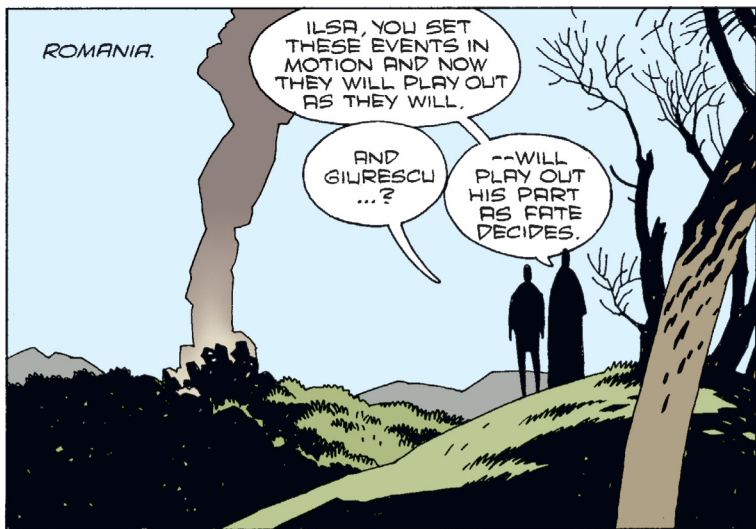
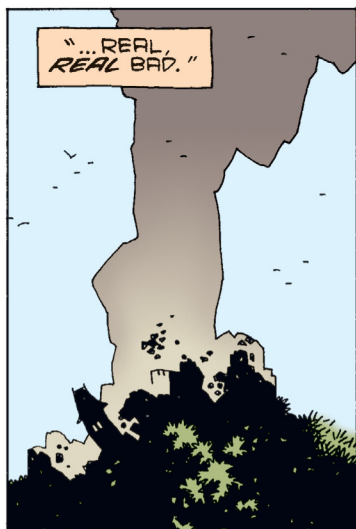


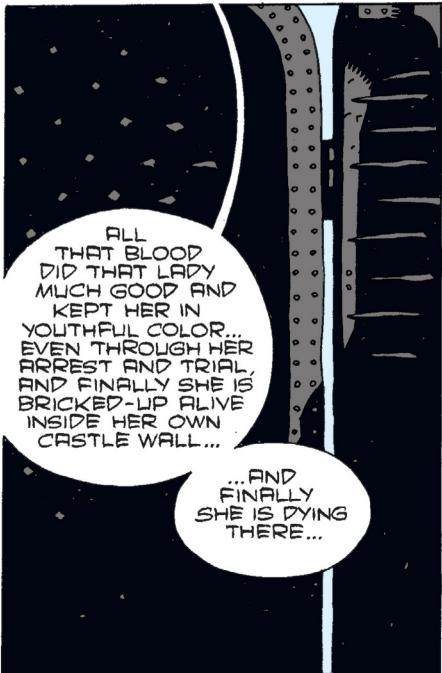
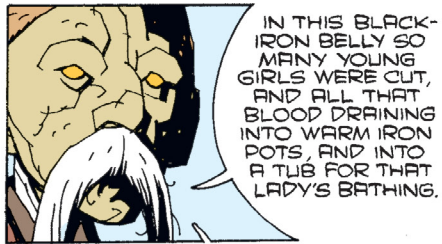
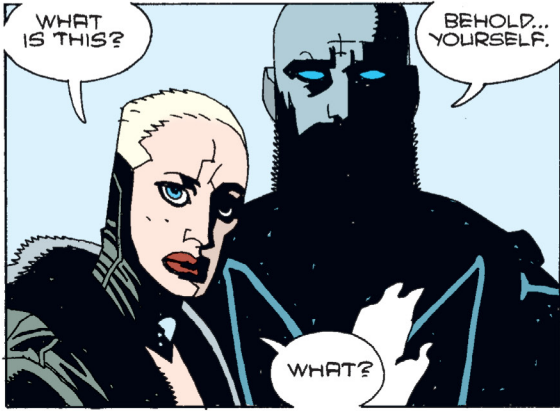
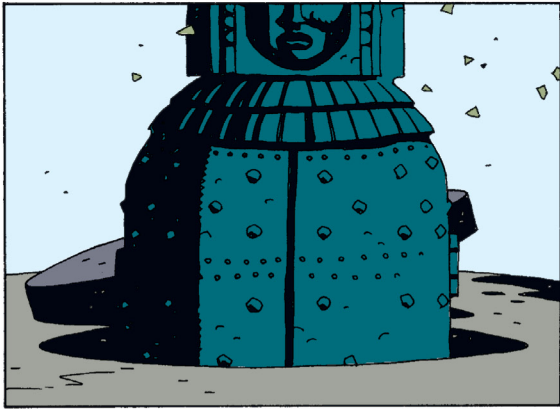














"SO THE BABA YAGA SAYS YOU SHOULD MAKE BETTER USE OF THIS THAN SHE WHO, IN THE END, WAS BEAUTIFUL ONLY FOR RATS AND SPIDERS."



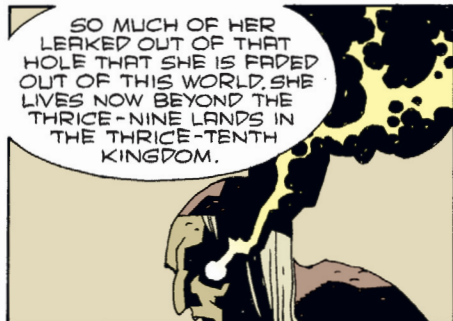
OUR THANKS TO THE BABA YAGA AND TO YOU, KOKU. TELL ME, HOW IS THE OLD WOMAN?



NOT SO WELL. YEARS AGO, YOUR OWN CREATURE, THE "HELL-BOY," SURPRISED HER IN THE GRAVEYARD NEAR BEREZNIK AND SHOT OUT ONE OF HER EYES.



SO MUCH OF HER LEAKED OUT OF THAT HOLE THAT SHE IS FADED OUT OF THIS WORLD. SHE LIVES NOW BEYOND THE THRICE-NINE LANDS IN THE THRICE-TENTH KINGDOM.



AND HER CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE?



GONE ALSO, FOR THE ONE IS NEVER FAR FROM THE OTHER.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS...

TIMES THAT ARE COMING WILL BE TOO HARSH FOR FLESH, AND YOU WILL NEED TO STAND BESIDE ME IN THE TEETH OF THE RAGNA-ROK STORM.

THIS IRON BODY NEEDS ONLY YOUR GREAT HEART AND MIND TO MAKE IT LIVE.



ME? IN THERE?

I'LL DIE...

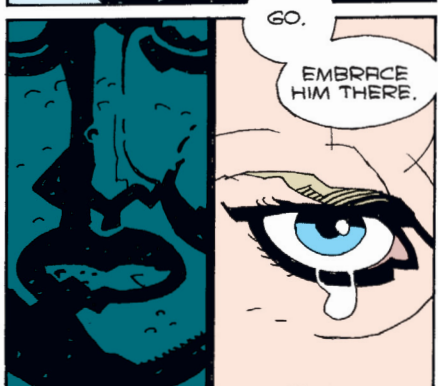
YOU HAVE TO DIE A LITTLE...

... LIKE I DIED A LITTLE IN THE NEVA RIVER. THE DRAGON WAITS FOR US JUST *OUT-SIDE* THE THRESHOLD OF HUMAN LIFE.

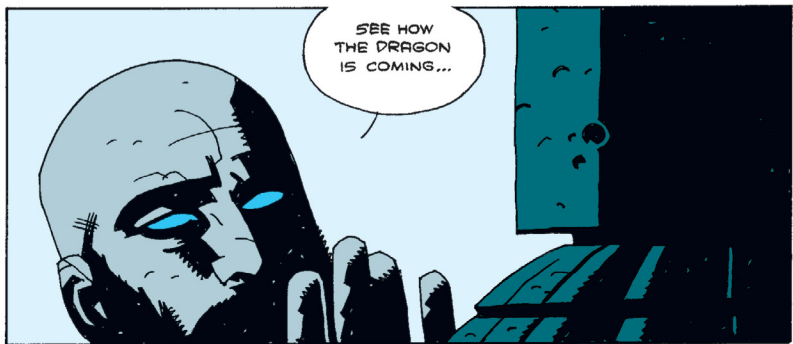
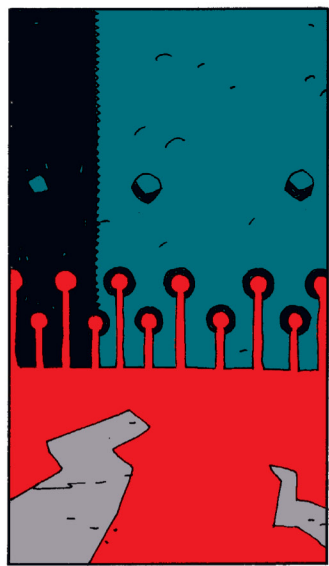
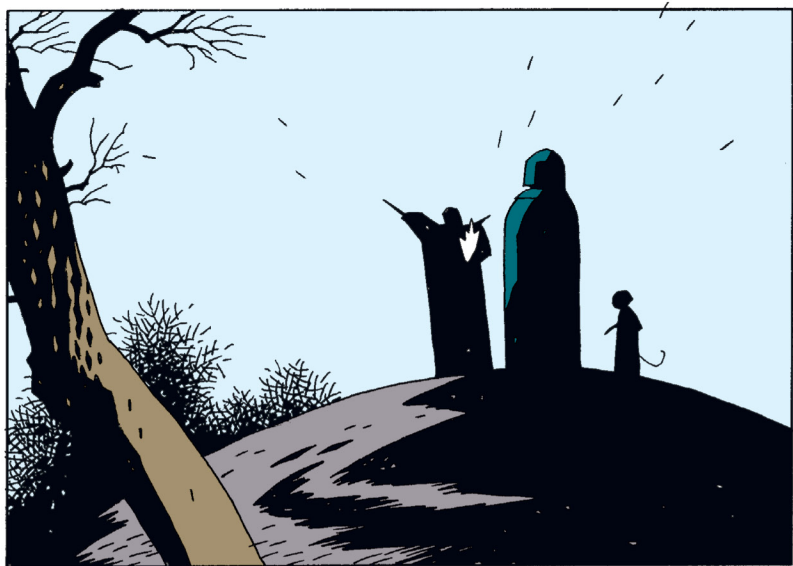
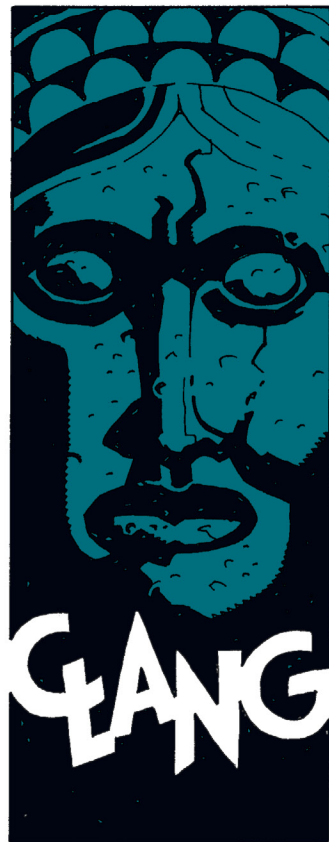
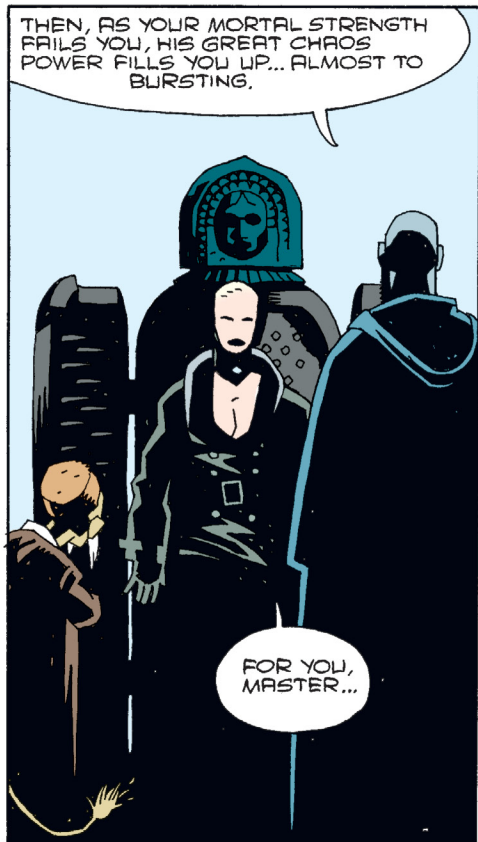


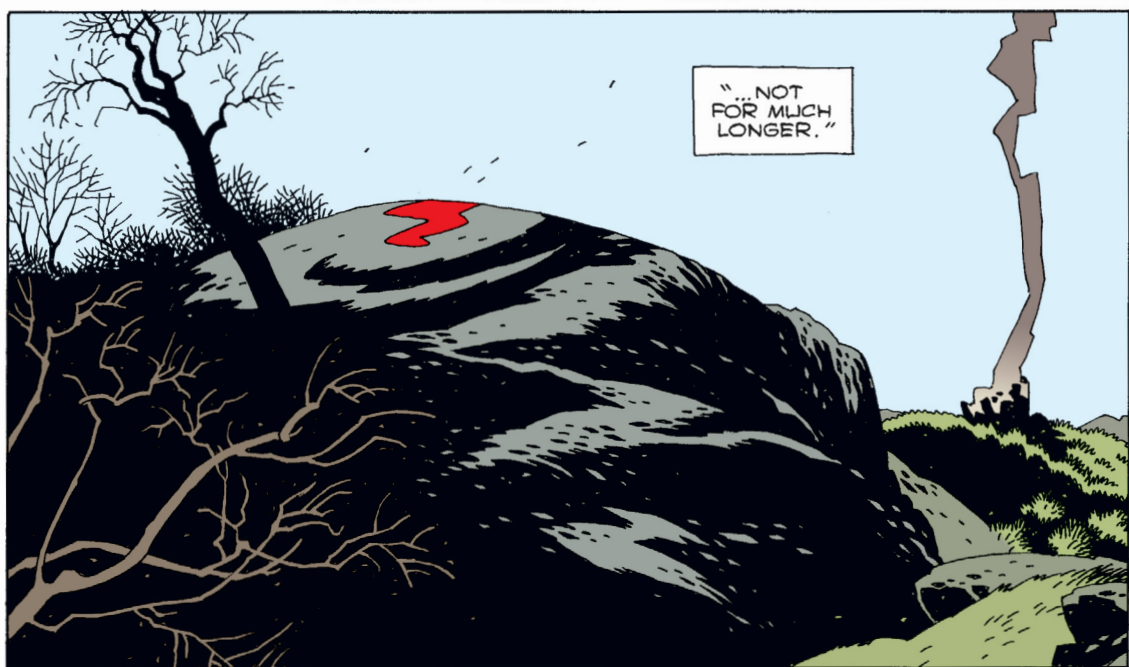
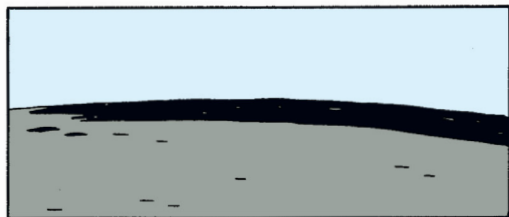
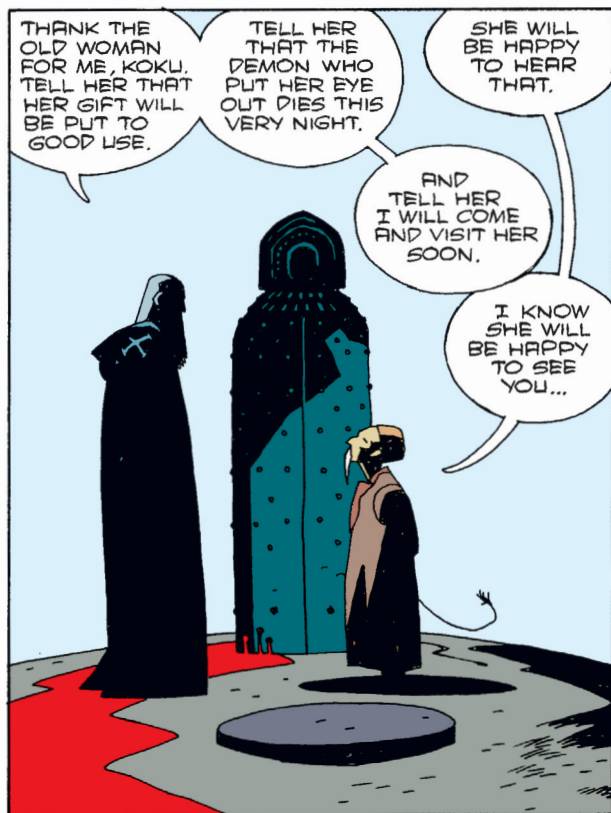
GO.

EMBRACE HIM THERE.



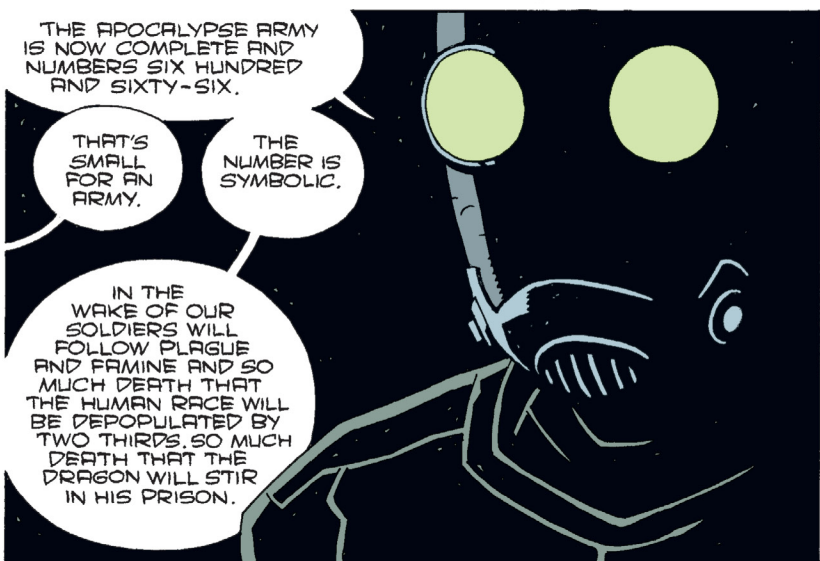
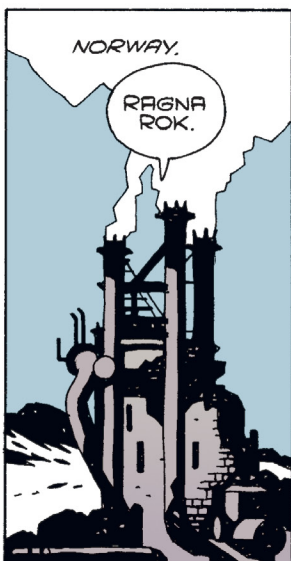
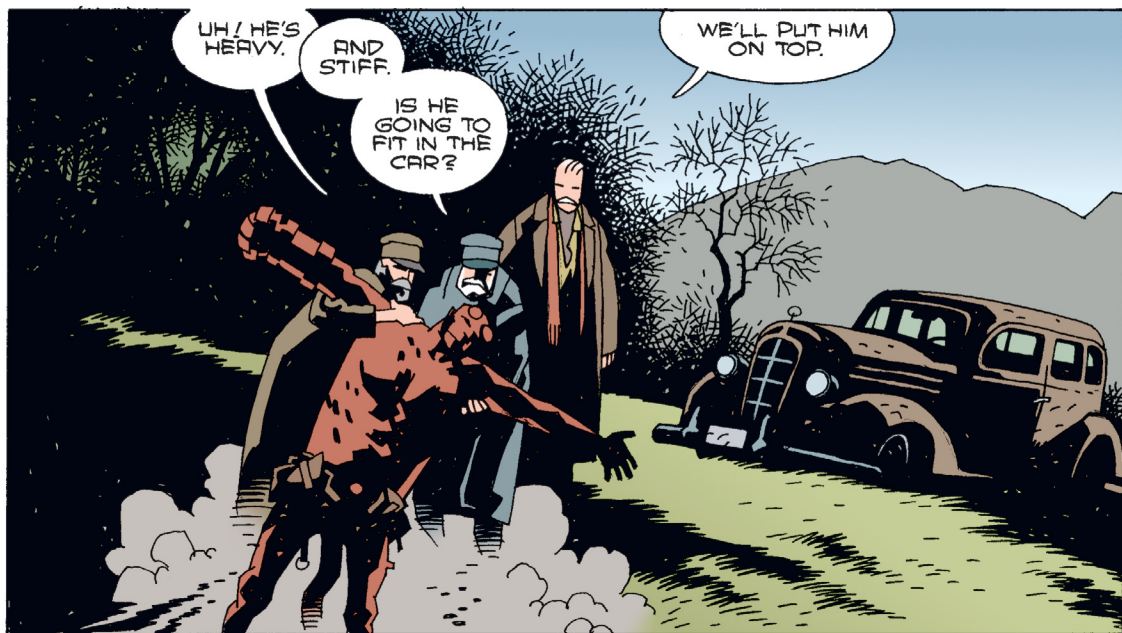












THEN, ON THE LAST DAY, RASPUTIN WILL COME AGAIN. HIS SPIRIT WILL ENTER INTO A BODY THAT WE WILL CREATE. HE WILL STAND SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE BEAST, AND TOGETHER THEY WILL SHATTER THE PRISON OF THE DRAGON, AND CALL THE DRAGON TO EARTH.

DRAGON?

OGDRU JAHAD, THE SEVEN WHO ARE ONE. THE SERPENT WHO WILL PURIFY THE EARTH WITH FIRE SO THAT RASPUTIN CAN RAISE A NEW WORLD OUT OF THE ASHES.

THEN WHAT? EVERYONE HAPPY AND NAKED IN PARADISE?

I THINK YOU WERE FROZEN TOO LONG.

KARL, I HAVE A DOZEN HALF-FINISHED PROJECTS HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA. ANY ONE OF THEM COULD MAKE US THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN *THIS* WORLD.

I ONLY NEED MANPOWER. THIS MAGIC-NUMBER ARMY OF YOURS...

THINK. WHY BURN DOWN THE WORLD WHEN WE CAN BE ITS MASTERS?

THAT'S ENOUGH.

RASPUTIN IS OUR MASTER.

LEOPOLD?

KARL...

**RASPUTIN IS MASTER!**

DEATH FOR YOU!

**KRANG**

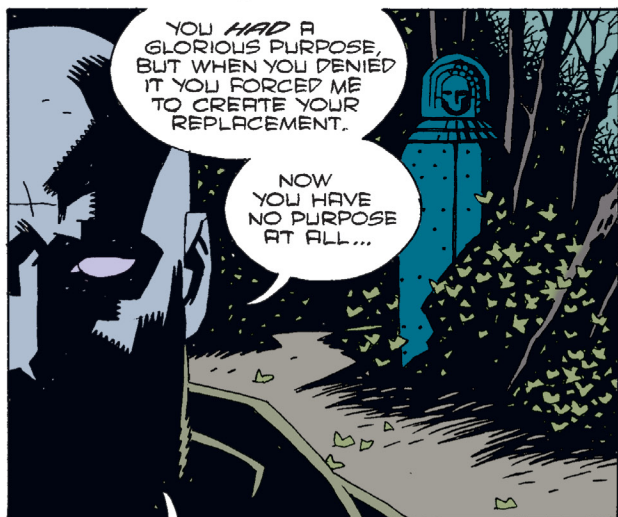
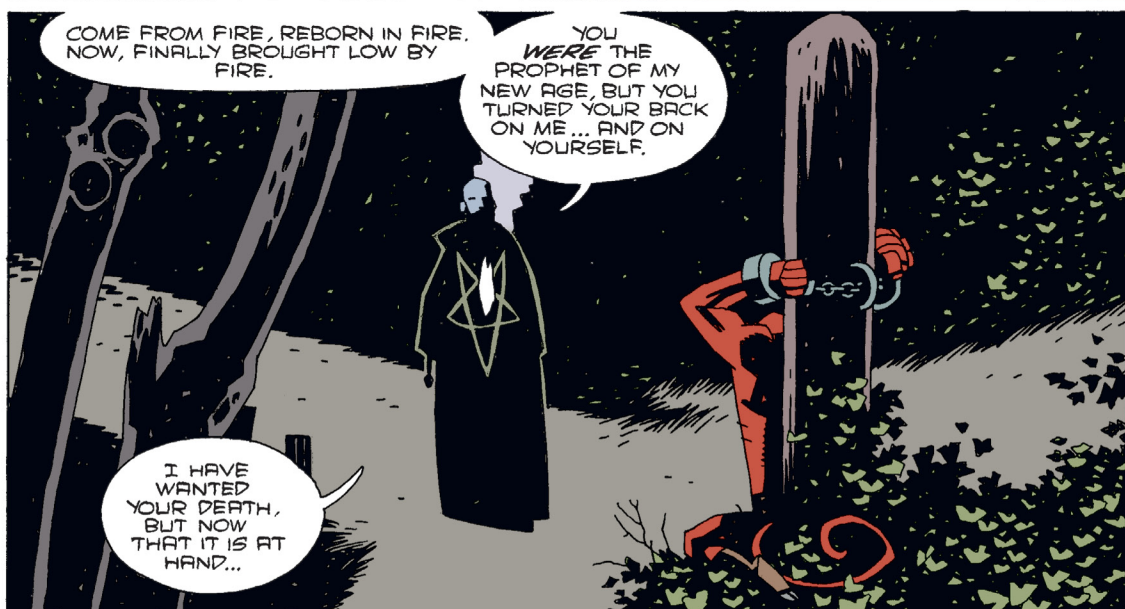
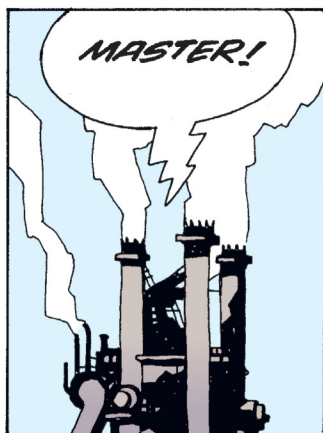
AH!

HELP ME, KARL!









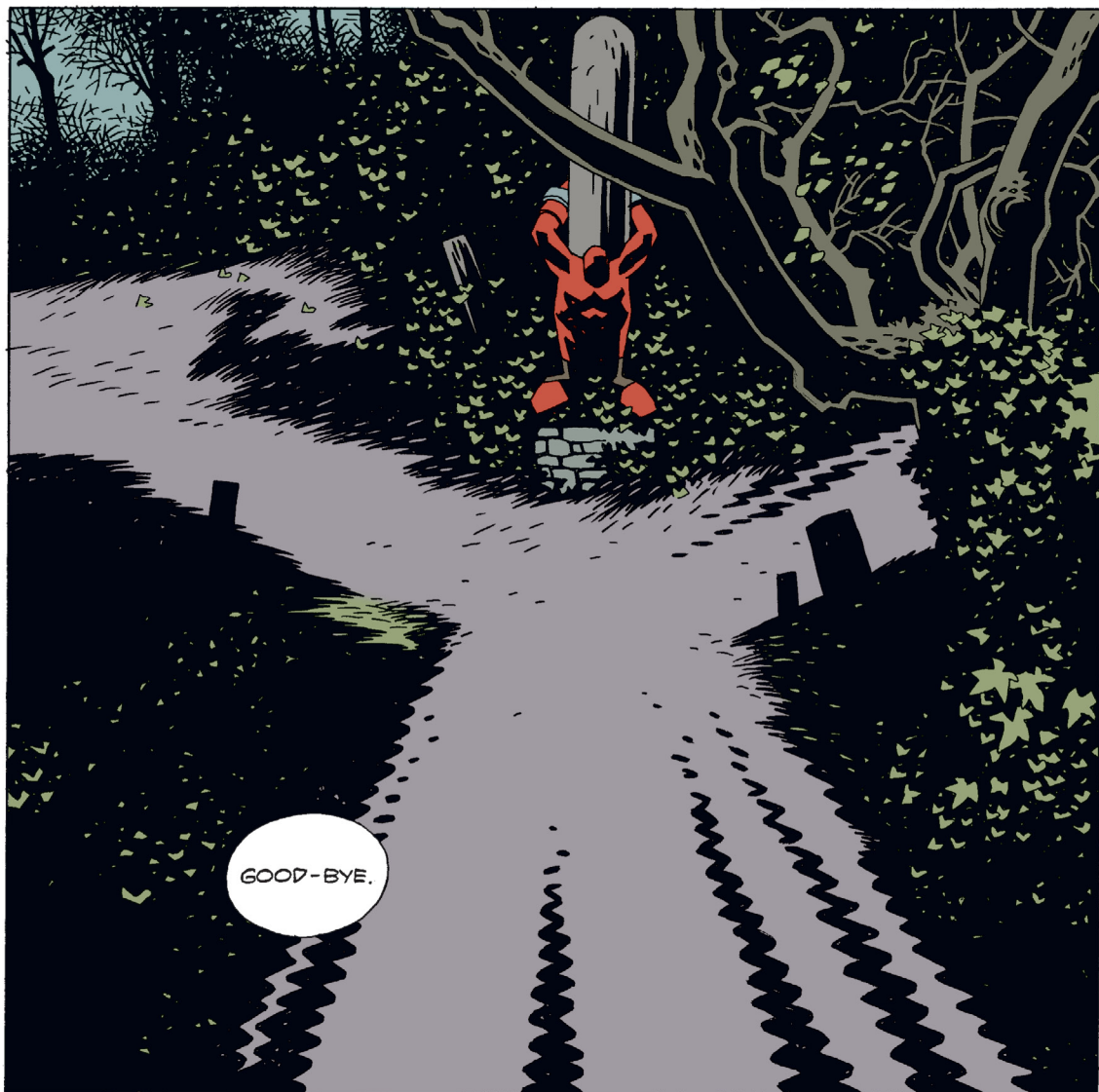
ELIZABETH SHERMAN KNOWS. ONLY HOURS AGO SHE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE FROM HERSELF... TRIED TO RID HERSELF OF HER LIVING GIFT.

SHE, AND OTHERS, SUFFERED FOR IT.



WE ARE WHAT WE ARE, AND WE HAVE OUR PATHS TO TRAVEL.

YOURS ENDS HERE.



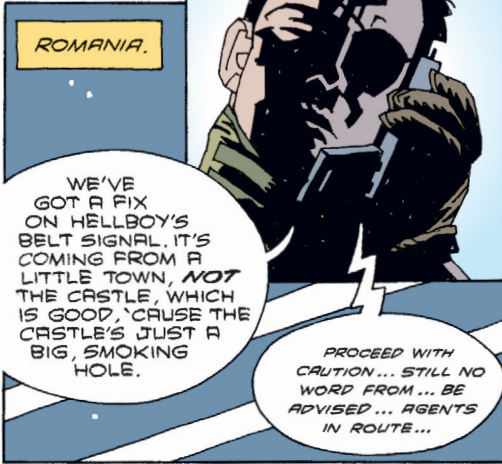
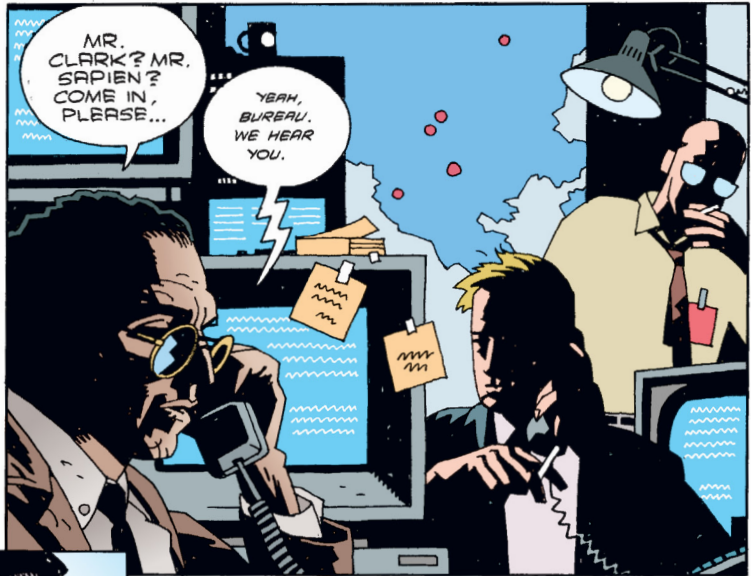
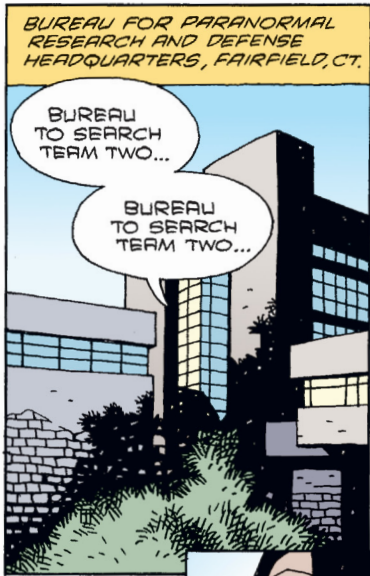
GOOD-BYE.

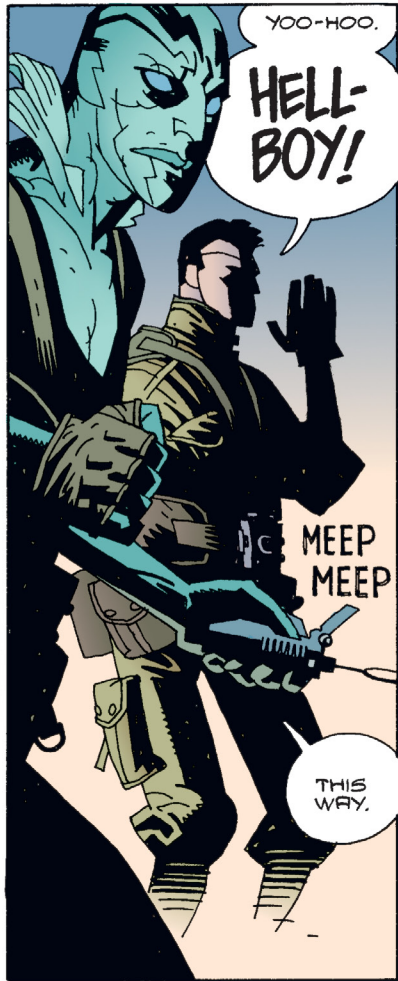
# CHAPTER FIVE



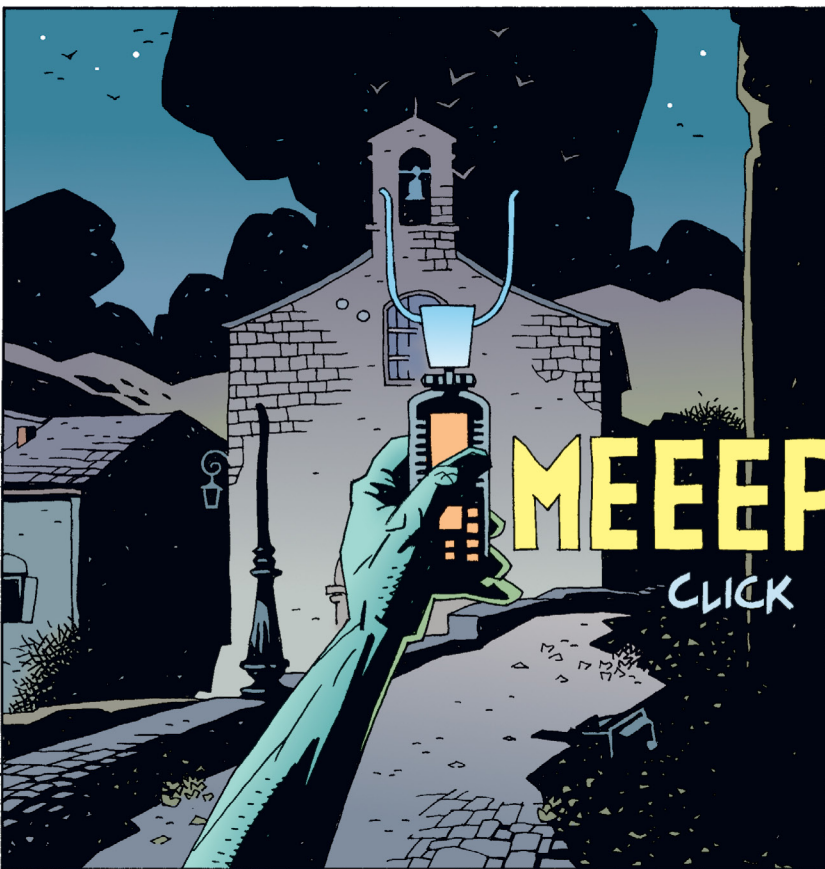
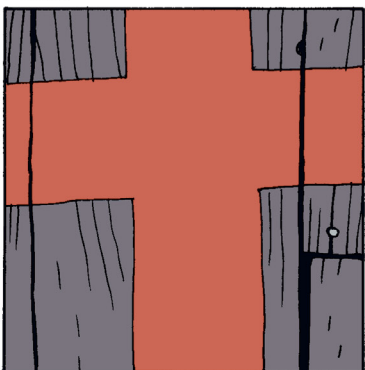
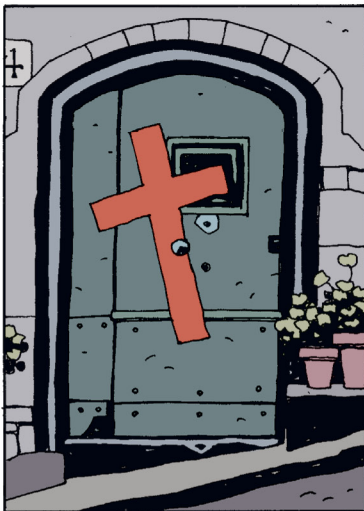


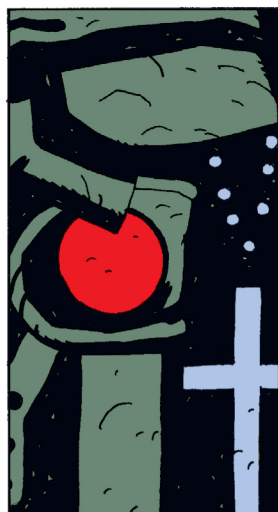
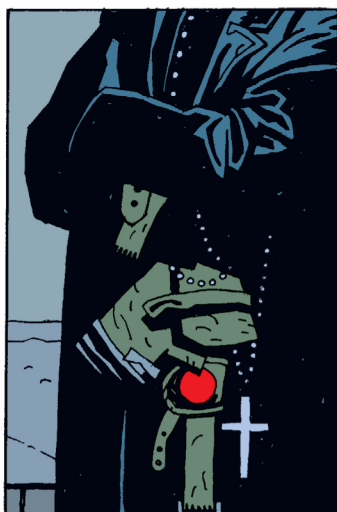




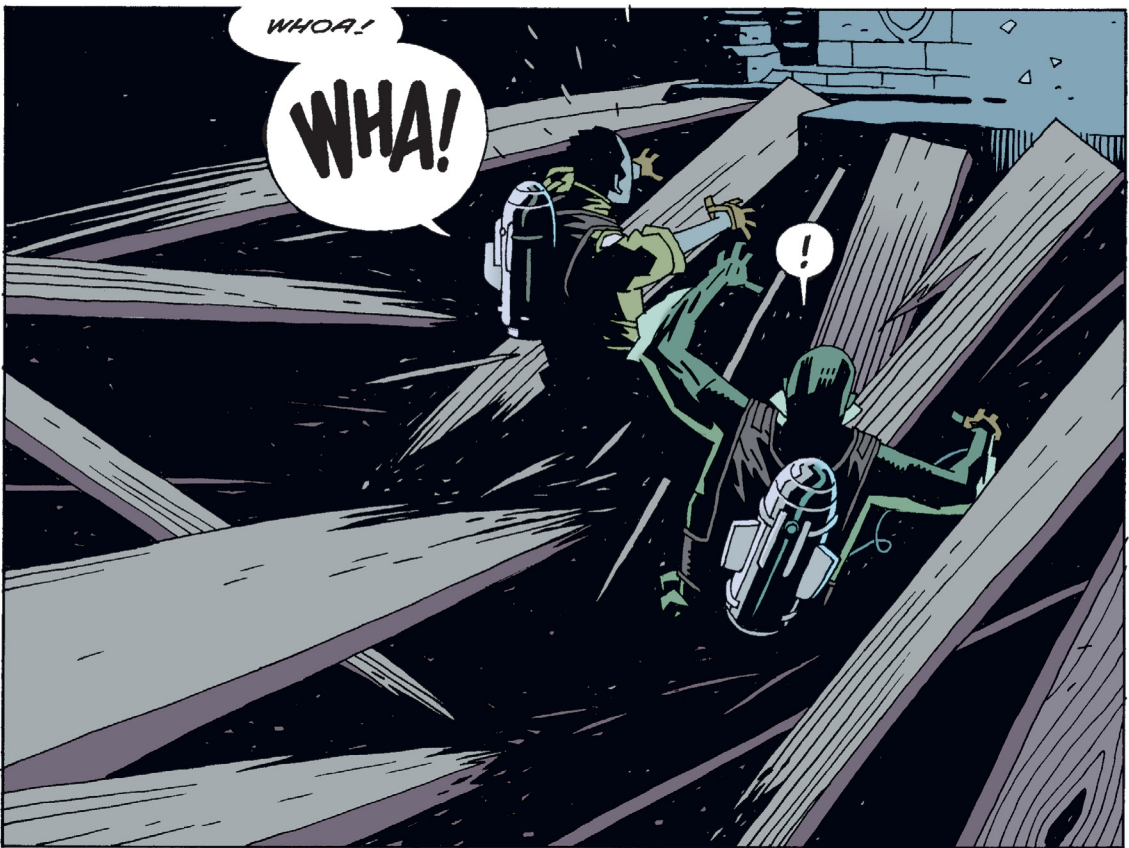


















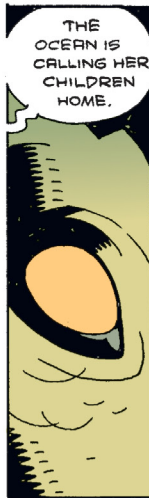




ABRAHAM  
SAPIEN,

DO YOU HEAR...  
SUNKEN BELLS  
ARE TOLLING  
FOR THEE.

OUT OF  
THE CAVERNS  
OF NUM-YABISC,  
DARK AND TERRIBLE  
DEEP...



THE  
OCEAN IS  
CALLING HER  
CHILDREN  
HOME.



BONG



THE CROSSROADS  
NEAR CASTLE GIURESCU.



WHEN SHALL WE THREE  
MEET AGAIN? IN THUNDER,  
LIGHTNING, OR IN  
RAIN?

WHEN  
THE HURLY-  
BURLY'S  
DONE,  
WHEN THE  
BATTLE'S  
LOST...

...AND  
WON...



GIURESCU.

MY LOVE.



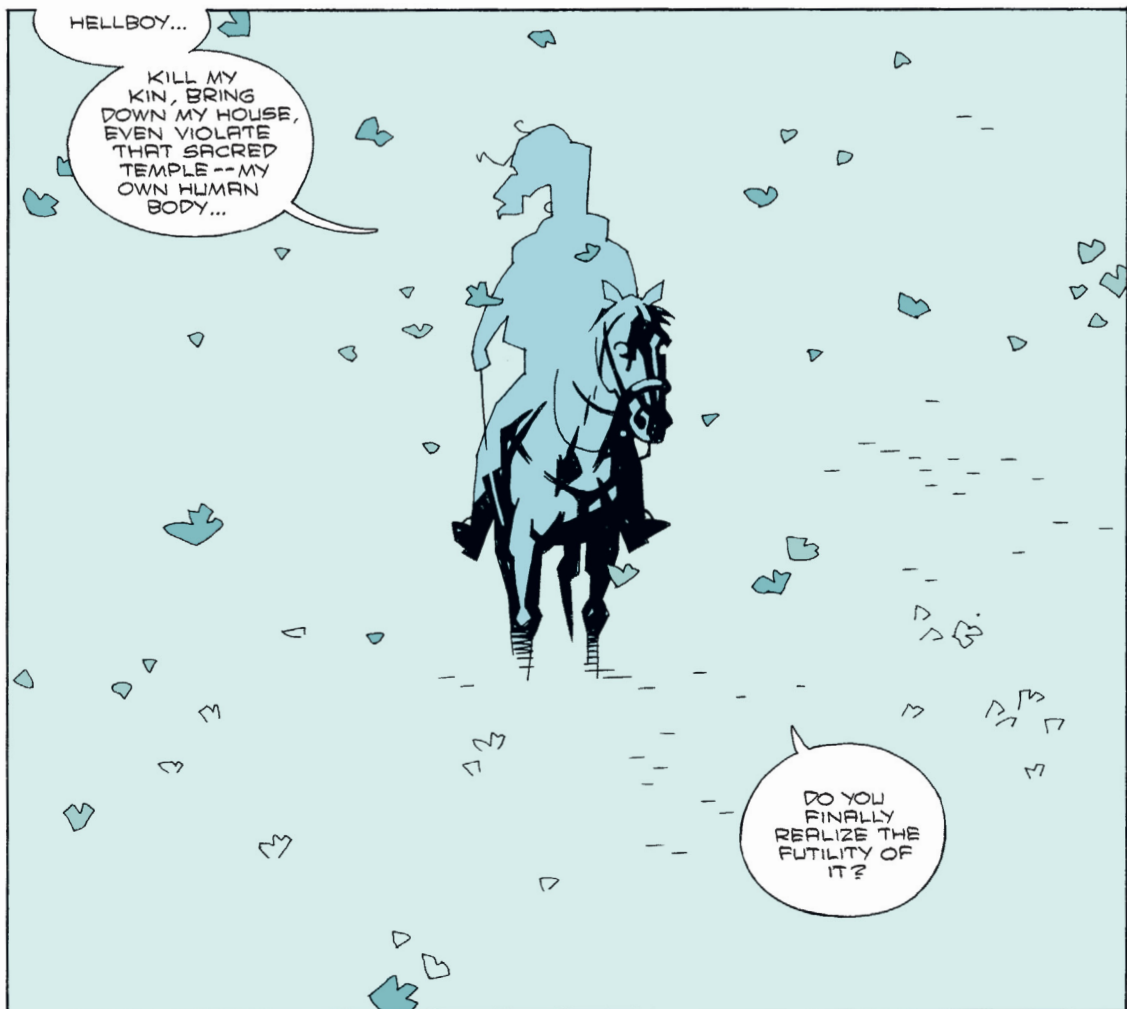




GIURESCU!



WHAT IS THIS CREATURE BEFORE ME, HALF-DRESSED IN THE BORROWED *SHAPE* OF A MAN?

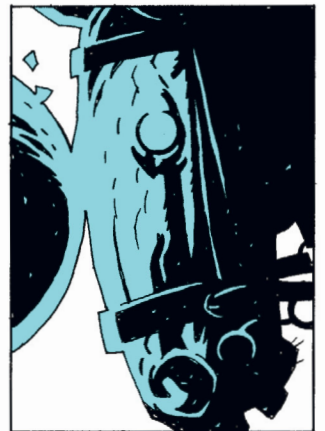
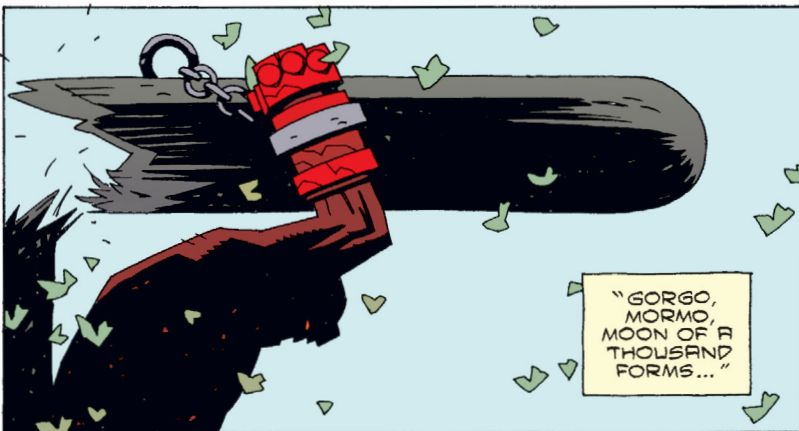


HELLBOY...

KILL MY KIN, BRING DOWN MY HOUSE, EVEN VIOLATE THAT SACRED TEMPLE -- MY OWN HUMAN BODY...

DO YOU FINALLY REALIZE THE FUTILITY OF IT?

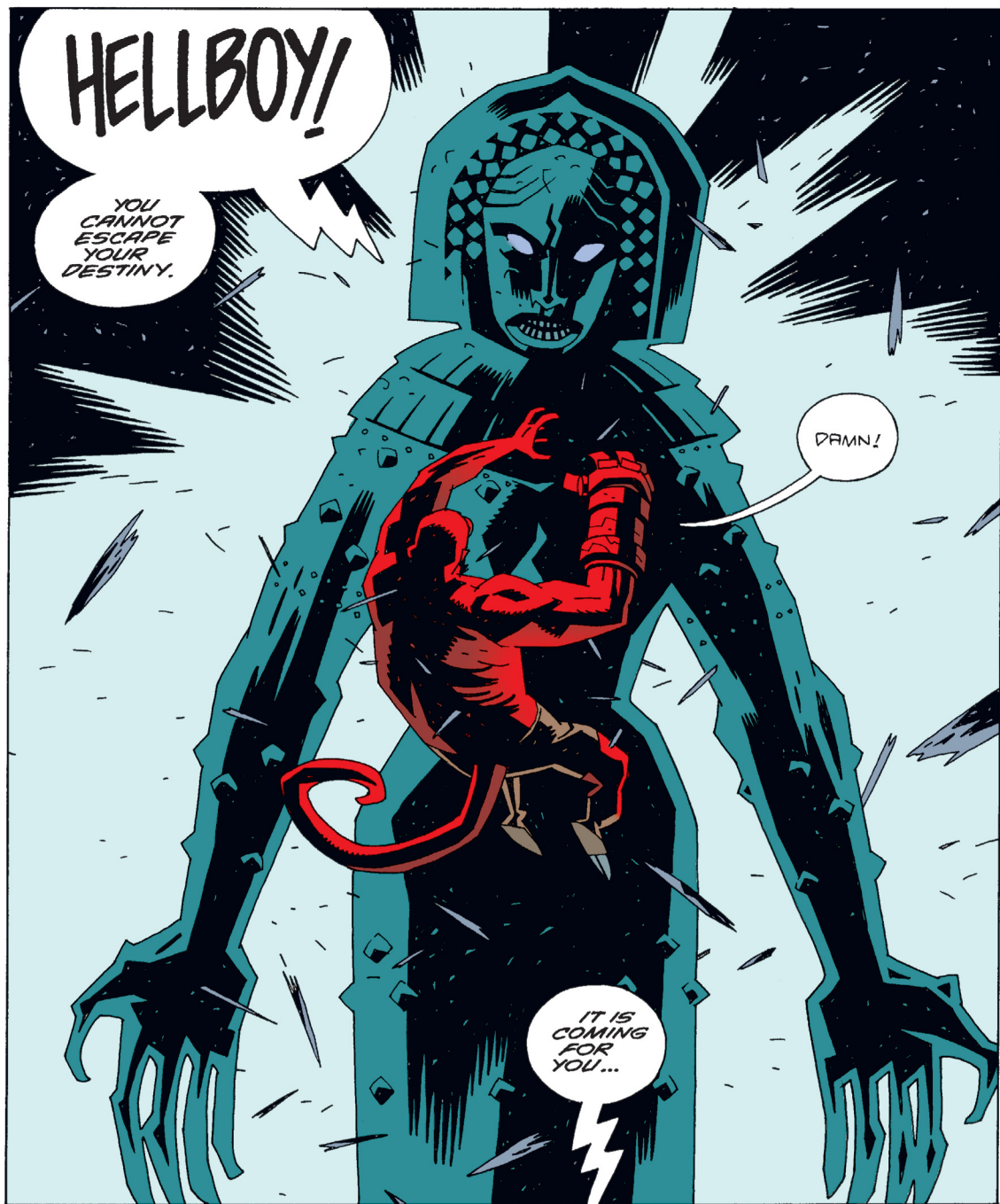




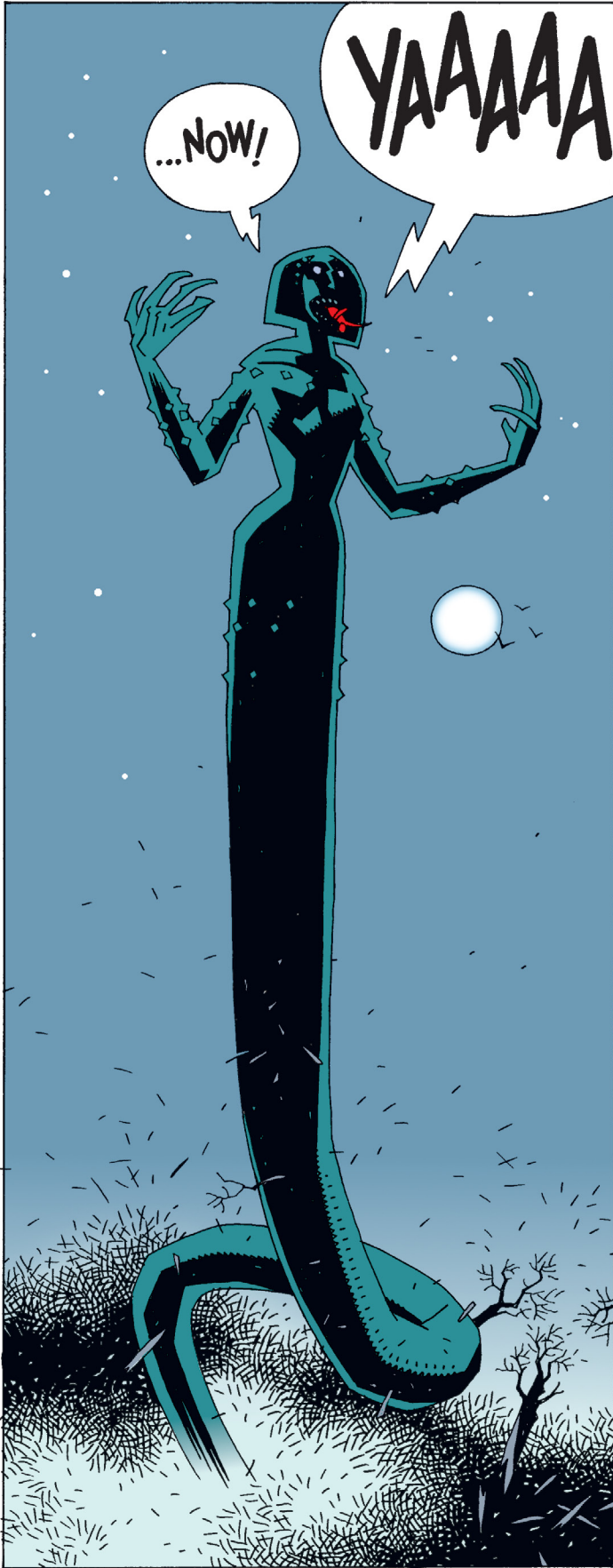












WHERE  
AM I?

BEHOLD THE PIT.

AND THE BEAST  
SHALL COME FORTH  
OUT OF THE PIT TO  
BREAK THE HEAVENS  
AND LOOSE THE  
DRAGON TO BURN THE  
WORLD. THEN SHALL BE  
HEARD SINGING AND  
JOYOUS SOUNDS OUT OF  
ALL THE DARK PLACES,  
OUT OF THE PEOPLES  
OF THE PAST.



WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

DOES THE  
DARKNESS  
HAVE A  
TONGUE AND  
A VOICE  
AND A NAME  
FOR ITS  
CALLING?  
OM-NUNG  
RAHAB UN  
OGDRU RAMA  
UN ERSCHUG-  
GUL.

IT IS CHAOS  
THAT IS  
SPEAKING  
TO YOU.

FOR THIS  
MOMENT  
YOU WERE  
BORN...



YOU'VE  
GOT THE  
WRONG  
GUY.

NOW,  
BECOME  
YOURSELF...

THE  
BEAST.

CORPSE-  
BORN  
BLINDER OF  
INNOCENT  
WOMEN...

HEAVEN,  
HELL, AND  
HUMAN COME  
TOGETHER AS  
ONE.  
DACC AB  
JURA.

AS  
FORETOLD  
IN PROPHE-  
CY, AND  
YET...

...WATCH  
HIM.



ANUNG UN RAMA.  
LOOSE THE DRAGON  
FOR THIS IS THE  
ENDING OF DAYS.

WHAT?!

YOU WERE  
BORN INTO  
THE WORLD  
FOR THIS  
PURPOSE  
ONLY.

DELIVER  
THE WORLD  
BACK INTO  
CHAOS.



NO!

WAKE YOUR  
DEVIL HEART.



SET  
UPON YOUR  
BROW THAT  
CROWN OF  
FIRE...





YOUR COMING OF  
AGE IS THE DEATH  
KNELL OF MAN.

NO!



YOU  
KNOW  
THIS IS  
TRUE.

YOU HAVE  
ALWAYS  
KNOWN.



AH, NO...



NO...



AND KNOWING WHAT YOU KNOW,  
STILL YOU MIGHT DENY THIS  
TRUTH ONE LAST TIME, AND THAT  
WILL BE YOUR INSTANT DEATH...  
OR BECOME YOURSELF, TAKE  
THAT KEY YOU HOLD IN YOUR  
RIGHT HAND AND OPEN THE PIT...

YOU HAVE  
ONLY  
THESE TWO  
CHOICES.

OH  
YEAH  
?

*SCREW  
YOU!*



I CHOOSE  
POOR NUMBER  
*THREE!*

IT'S *MY*  
GODDAMN  
LIFE, I'LL DO  
WHAT I WANT  
WITH IT!

YOU DON'T  
LIKE THAT,  
KILL ME IF  
YOU CAN!



IMPOSSIBLE.

BORN OF HUMAN  
WOMAN IN HELL,  
REBORN OF HUMAN  
DESIGN ON  
EARTH...

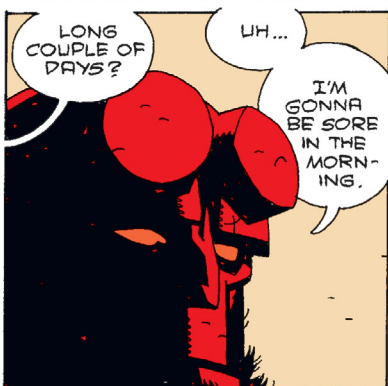
AND NOW,  
FINALLY...

... HE  
GIVES  
BIRTH TO HIM-  
SELF.

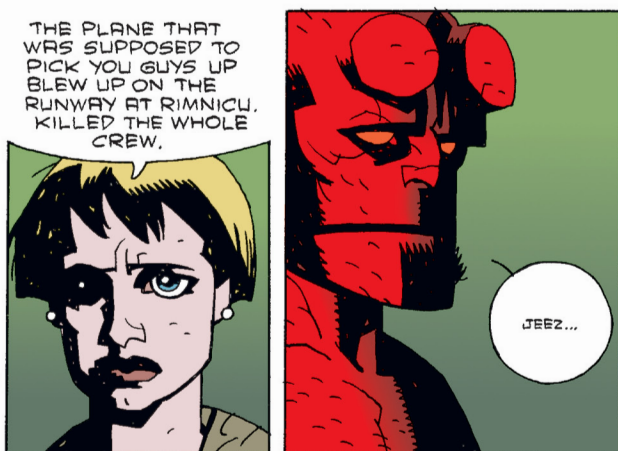


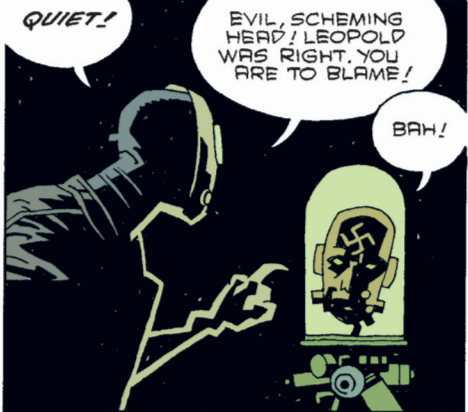
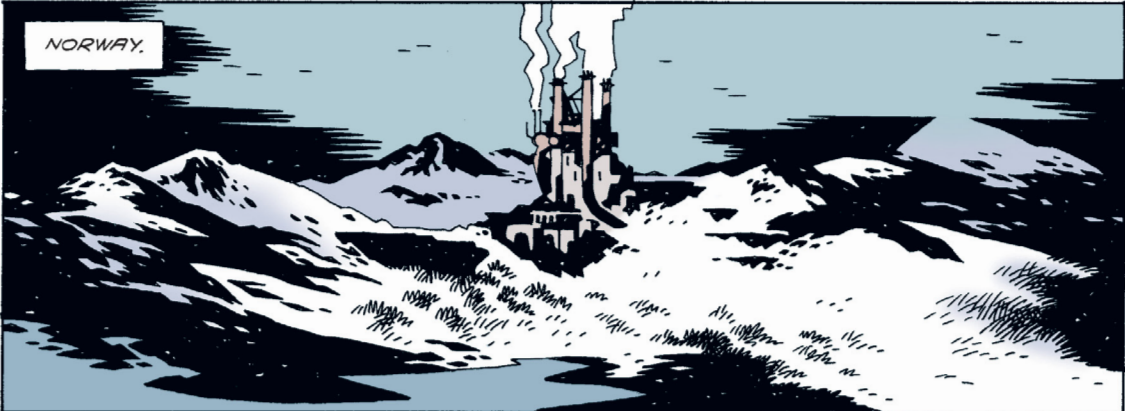
YAAAA!  
KRAK



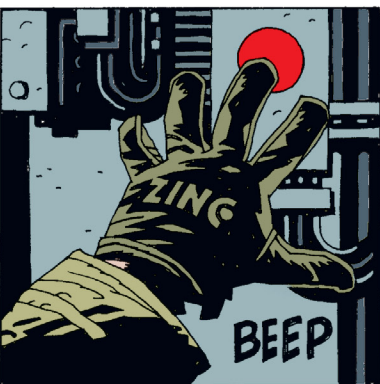
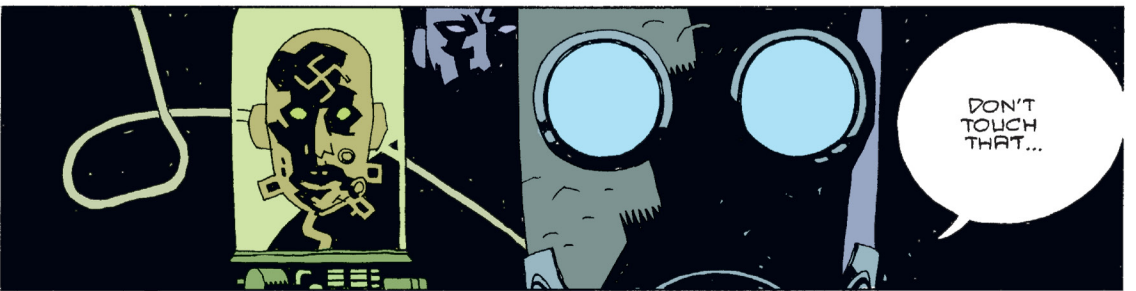
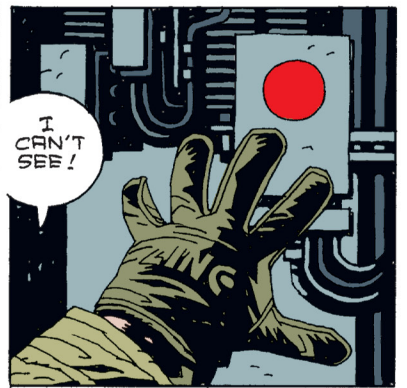




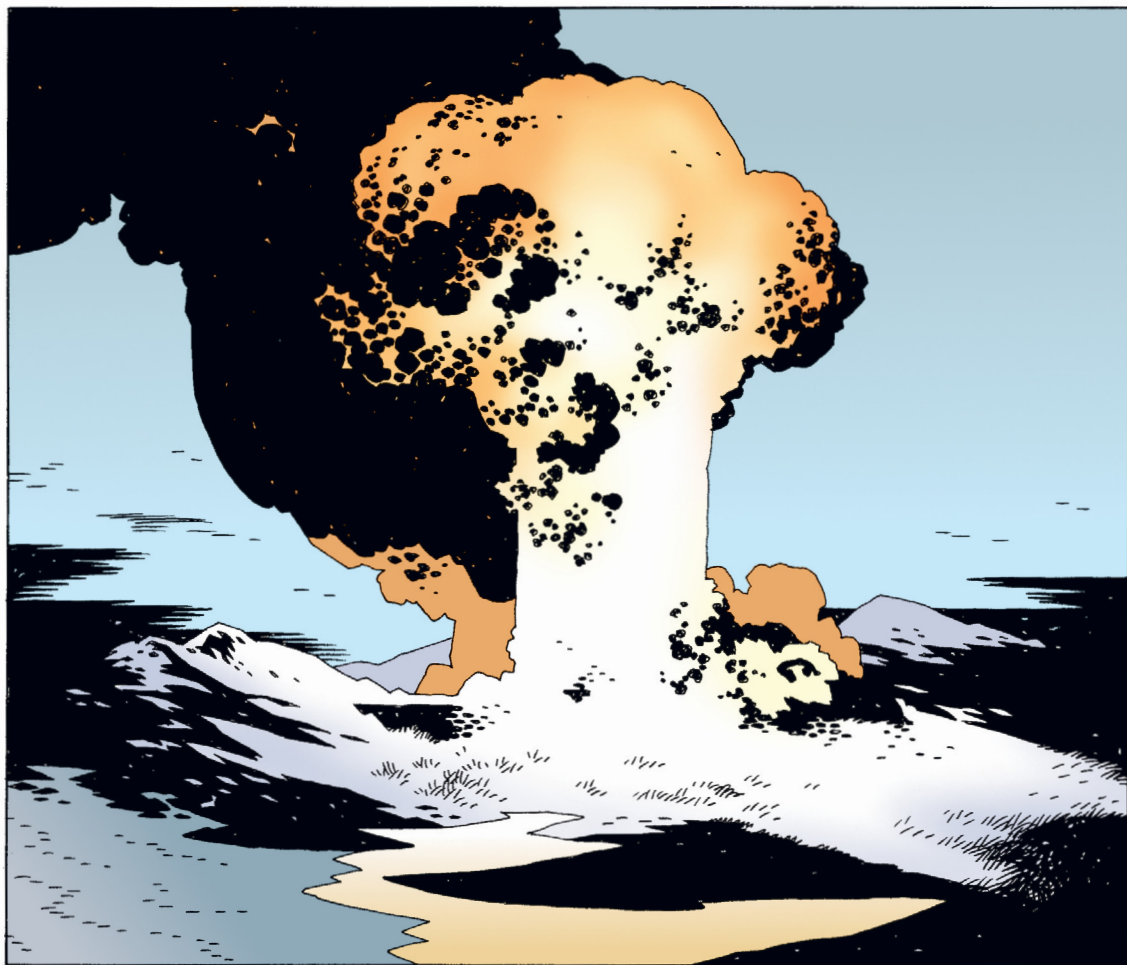


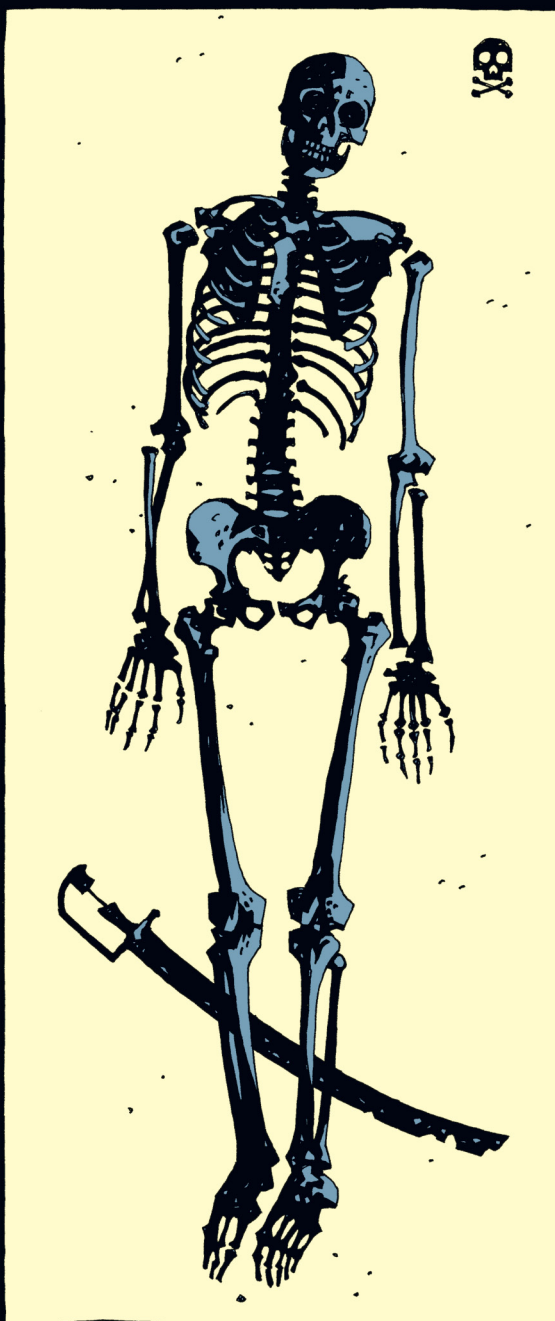













**T**HE SKELETON of Vladimir Giurescu was to have been moved to B.P.R.D. headquarters in Fairfield, Connecticut. It was placed in temporary storage at the Bucharest airport, where it disappeared. It has never been recovered.



**T**HE HEAD of Father Nicholas Budenz never spoke again, but for weeks continued to be the focus of poltergeist activities, including sudden temperature changes and the levitation of objects. It is currently on loan to the Paulvé Institute in Avignon, France.






EPILOGUE.



THE WORLD  
TREE,  
YGGDRASIL.



AND BEHOLD THE GREAT  
RASPUTIN, HOW IN DEFEAT  
HE COMES TO SIT A  
WHILE...

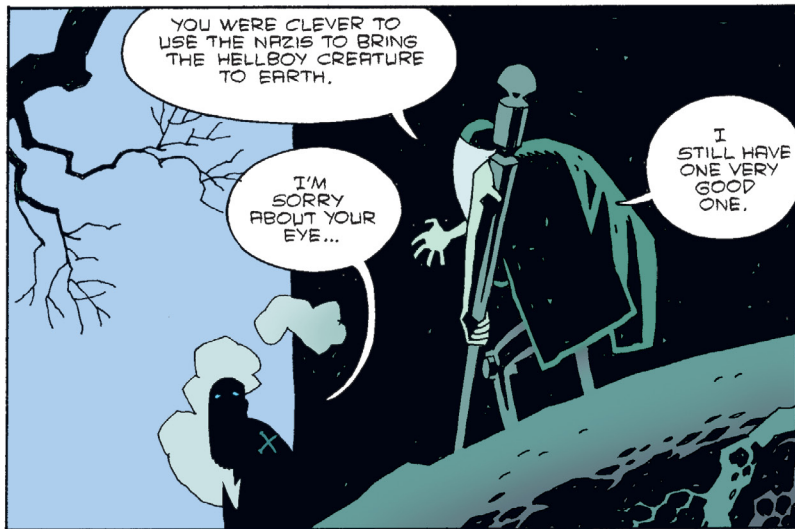
...WITH  
HIS  
SOUL.

HELLO,  
GRAND-  
MOTHER.



AH, POOR GRIGORI.

I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU, YOU KNOW, ALL THESE YEARS.



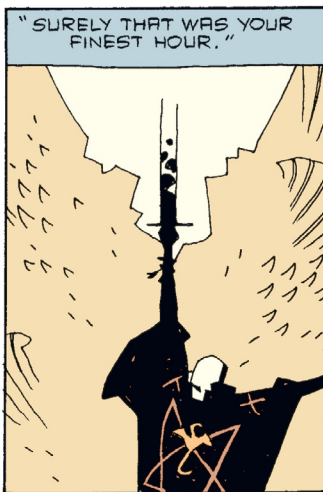
YOU WERE CLEVER TO USE THE NAZIS TO BRING THE HELLBOY CREATURE TO EARTH.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR EYE...

I STILL HAVE ONE VERY GOOD ONE.



MY GOOD EYE OBSERVED YOU AT CAVENTISH HALL, AND SAW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO VICTORY THERE.



"SURELY THAT WAS YOUR FINEST HOUR."



YOU SHOOK THE DRAGON IN HIS HOLE, AND NO OTHER HUMAN HAS EVER DONE *THAT*.



BUT THIS LAST BIT OF BUSINESS... UNDONE BY A HEAD IN A JAR?

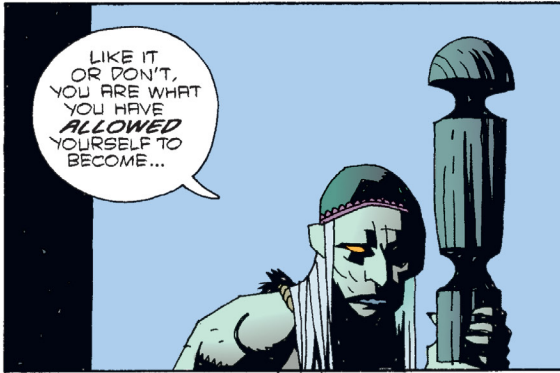
SINCE I WAS REBORN IN THE NEVA I HAVE ALWAYS FOLLOWED THE DICTATES OF THE DRAGON. I HAVE DONE HIS WILL AND HAVE LISTENED FOR HIS VOICE TO INSTRUCT ME IN ALL THINGS. BUT THIS LAST THING... THIS WAS MY OWN.

YOU'RE FOOLING YOURSELF.



SURELY THE LESSER DETAILS OF THIS PLAN *WERE* YOURS, BUT THE DESIGN OF THE THING CAME OUT OF THAT COLD, DARK PLACE BETWEEN WORLDS.

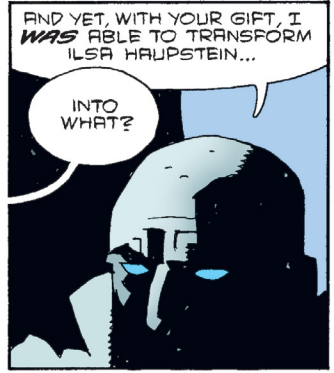
I DO NOT LIKE THE IDEA THAT I AM ONLY A PAWN...



LIKE IT OR DON'T, YOU ARE WHAT YOU HAVE **ALLOWED** YOURSELF TO BECOME...



"NOTHING."



AND YET, WITH YOUR GIFT, I **WAS** ABLE TO TRANSFORM ILSA HAUPSTEIN...

INTO WHAT?



WHOSE PURPOSE DOES SHE SERVE NOW?

YOURS?

I DON'T KNOW...



GRIGORI, WHOSE PURPOSE DO **YOU** SERVE NOW?

CAN'T I HAVE SOMETHING FOR **MYSELF!**



HOW?

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, GRIGORI. NOT A GOD. NOT A KING. NOT EVEN A WITCH.



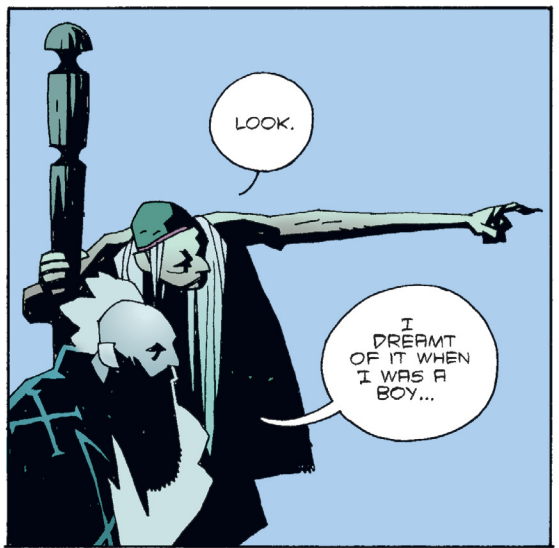
IN THE END YOU ARE ONLY A MAN ...

AND MAYBE THIS **IS** THE END.

NO...



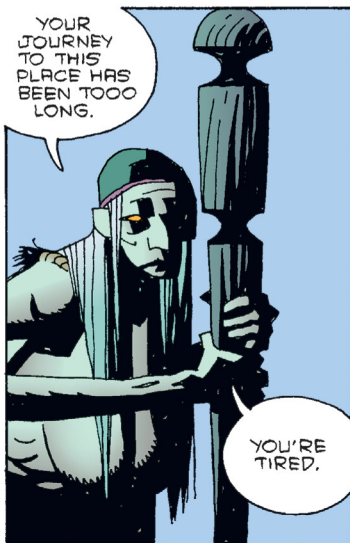
GRAND-MOTHER... WHERE IS YOUR CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE?



LOOK.

I DREAMT OF IT WHEN I WAS A BOY...







**T**HE BOOK YOU'RE HOLDING is the most ambitious comics project I've ever attempted as both writer and artist. When I began drawing issue one, the plot was different. The Nazis, Karl and Leopold, had a much smaller role and Herman Von Klempt, the head in a jar, wasn't in the book at all (hard to believe I would have left him out). The biggest difference was the last chapter. In the original version, Hellboy was freed from the stake at the crossroads by the Homunculus from issue three (a bit of a stretch even for me), then had a big fight to the death with Giurescu. It was okay, and probably would have worked just fine, except when I got to issue four, Hecate did all that talking about Hellboy's destiny. Well, that sort of screwed up everything. Suddenly my ending was too small. With the help of my wonderful editor (who is constantly saving me from myself), I replotted the more cosmic ending and, in the process, I think I finally made clear what those things on Hellboy's forehead are. The epilogue is brand new, done specifically for this collection.

I want to thank my wife, Christine, for putting up with me, and Scott Allie, James Sinclair, Pat Brosseau, and Cary Grazzini for making me look better than I am. Thanks to Gary Gianni for letting me run his beautiful MonsterMen story as my backup feature. Thanks to everyone who bought the comics, and a special thanks to everyone who wrote in. You've been great. You seem to want more Hellboy, so now I'm going back to work.

Goodnight.

**MIKE MIGNOLA** →

Mike Mignola  
Portland, Oregon



# HELLBOY™

## GALLERY



featuring

BRUCE TIMM

P. CRAIG RUSSELL

DEREK THOMPSON

DAVE COOPER

JAY STEPHENS

and

OLIVIER VATINE





## The logo for the comic book series Hellboy, featuring the word "HELLBOY" in a stylized, jagged, yellow font with a black outline, set against a dark background.

AND THE  
CASE  
OF THE  
CONTAMINATED  
CREDENZA



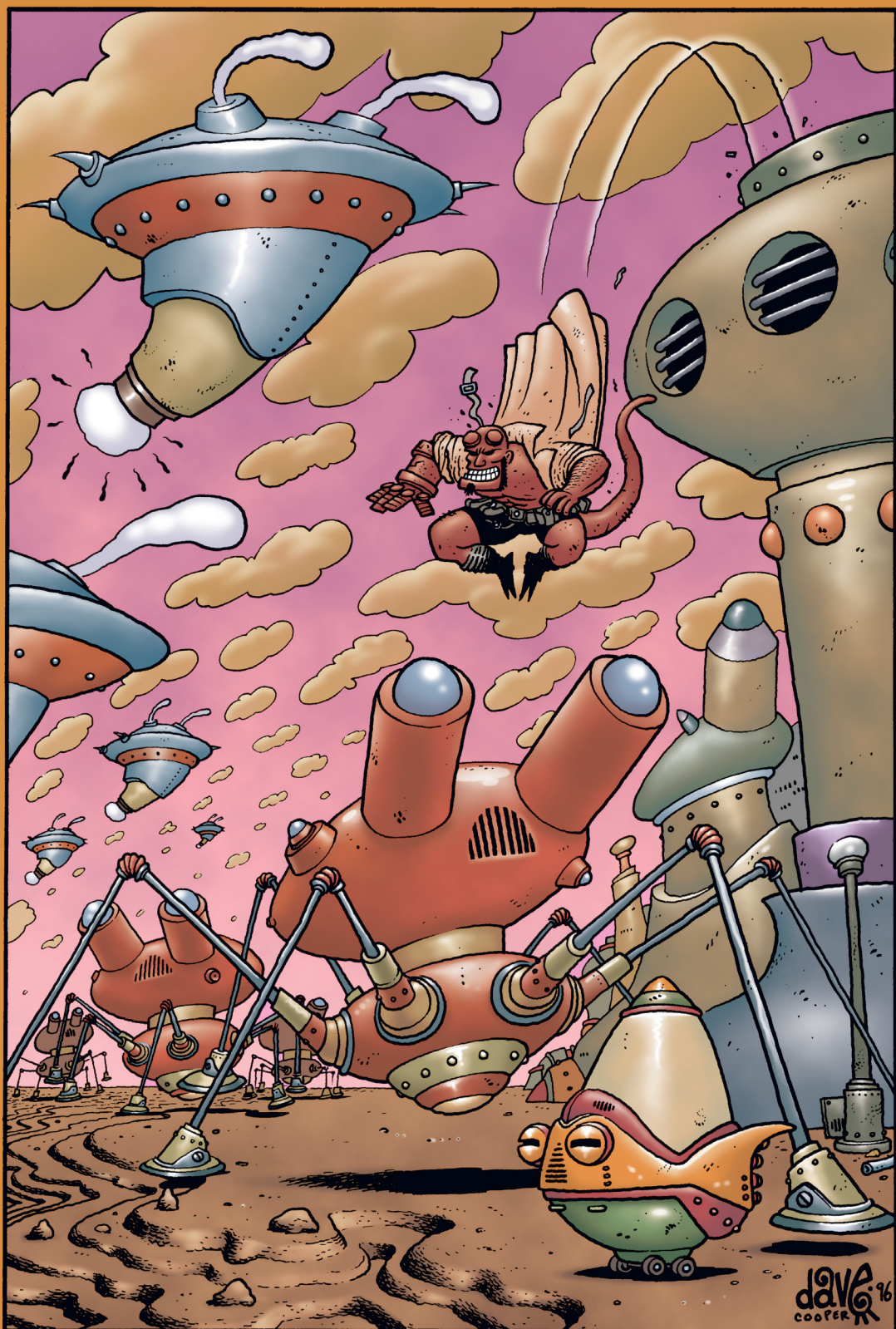
P. CRAIG RUSSELL · 96



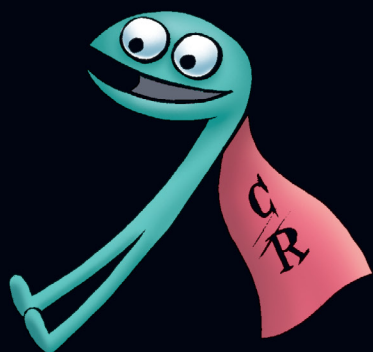
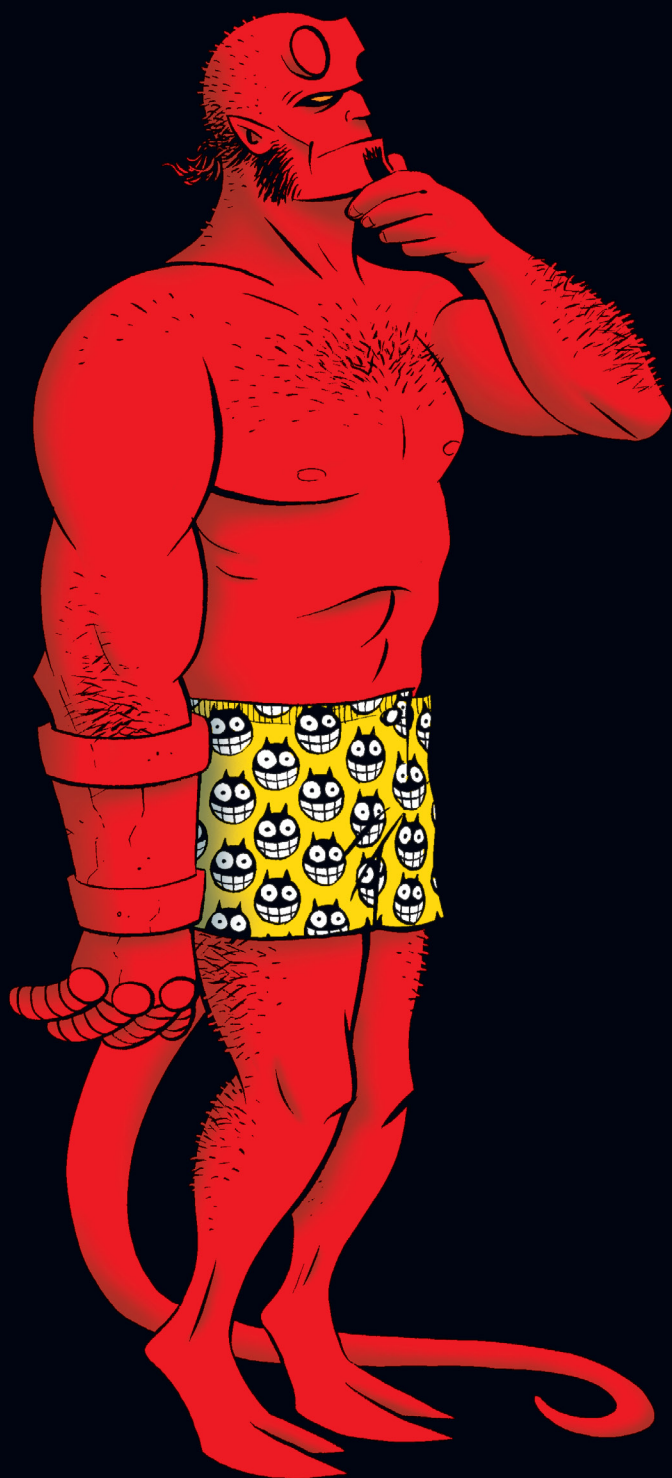








dave 96  
COOPER



Sim '95







“The collection in your hands distills all that is best about the comic book into a dark, intoxicating ruby wine. Sit down and knock it back in one, then wait for your reading experience to undergo a mystifying and alarming transformation. *Hellboy* is a passport to a corner of funnybook heaven you may never want to leave. Enter and enjoy.”

*from the introduction by Alan Moore*

