

# HELLBOY

TM



MIKE MIGNOLA



# HELLBOY

TM

WAKE THE  
DEVIL





MIGNOLA  
95



## WAKE THE DEVIL

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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

**H**E 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.

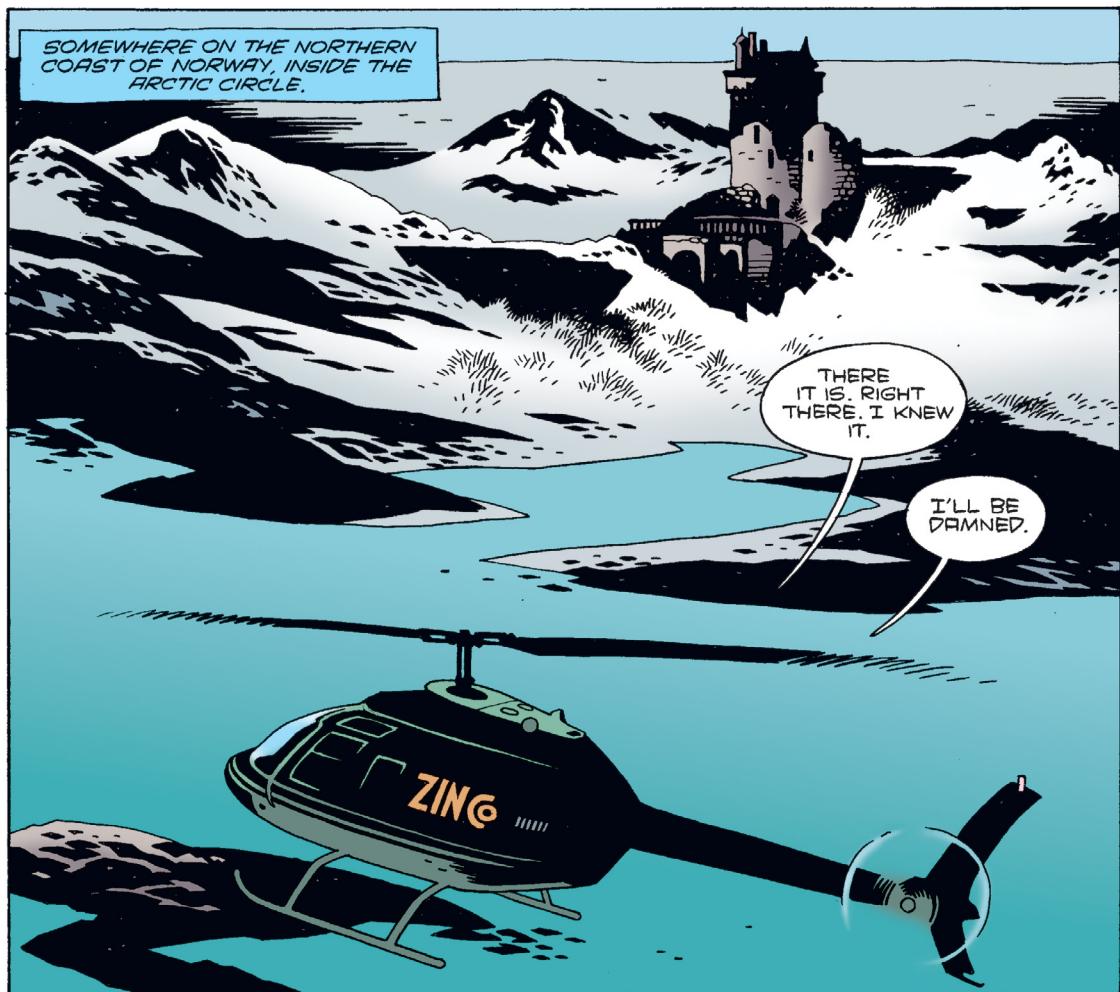
*Hellboy* is such a potion, strong and effervescent, served up in a foaming beaker from an archetypal Mad Scientist's dungeon or laboratory. The collection in your hands distills all that is best about the comic book into a dark, intoxicating ruby wine. Sit down and knock it back in one, then wait for 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.

**F**or Dracula and all those  
other vampires I have loved.

# CHAPTER ONE

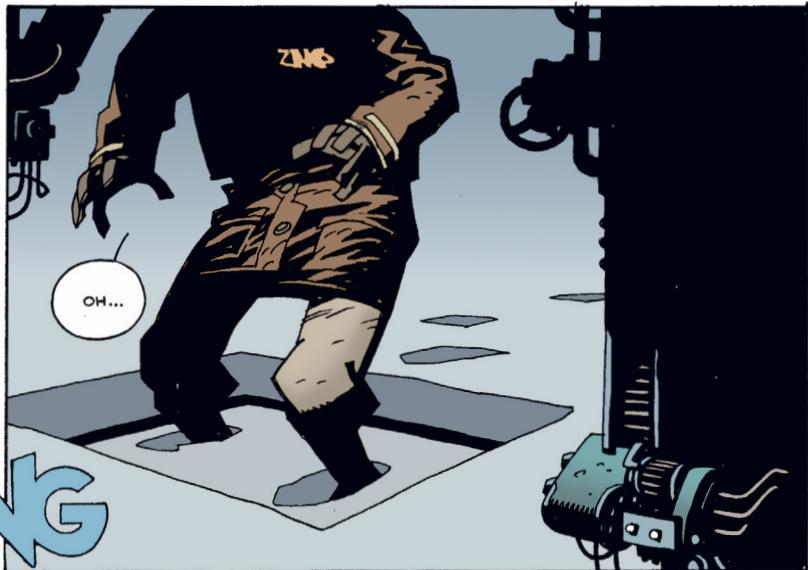


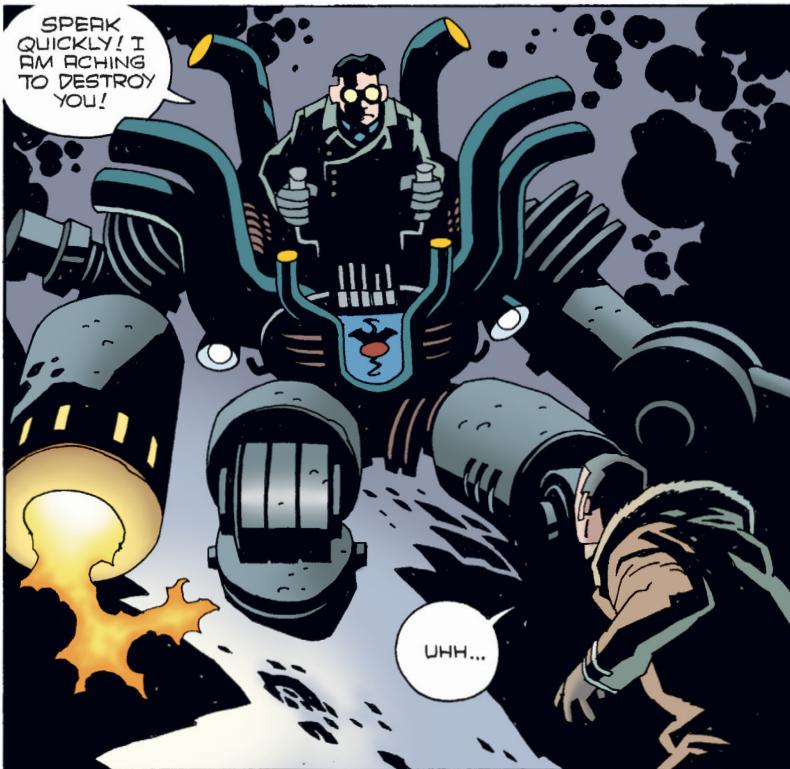


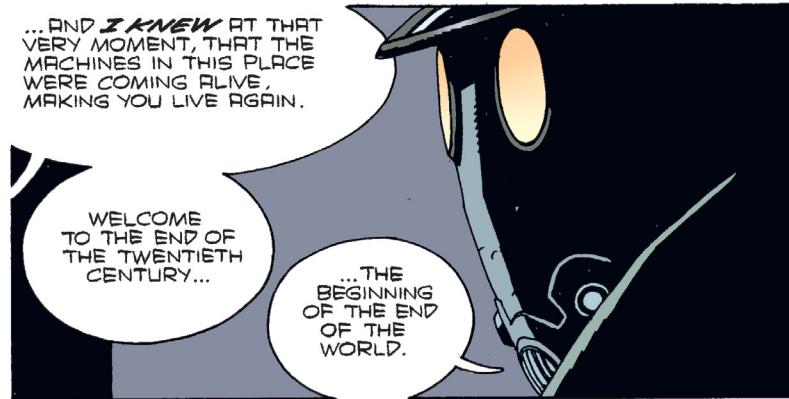
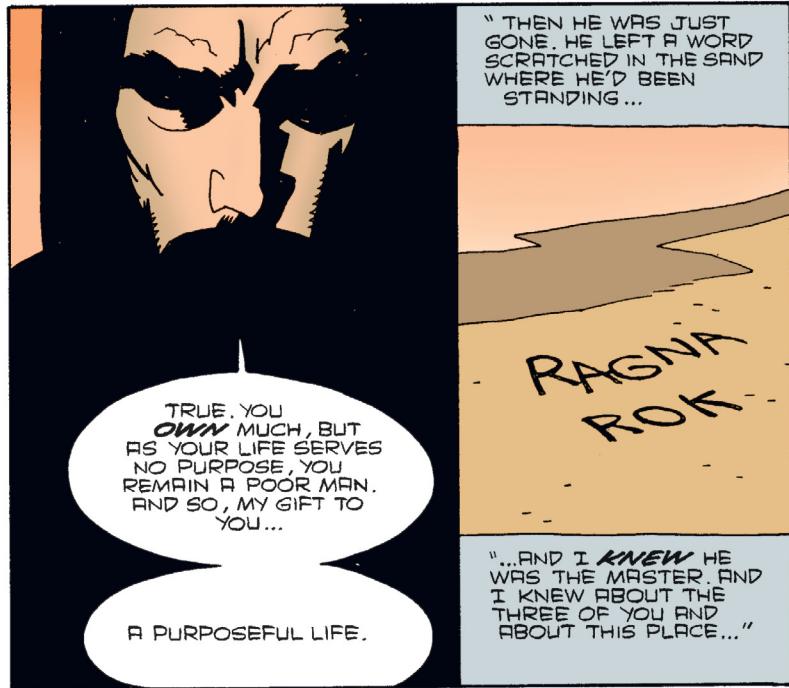
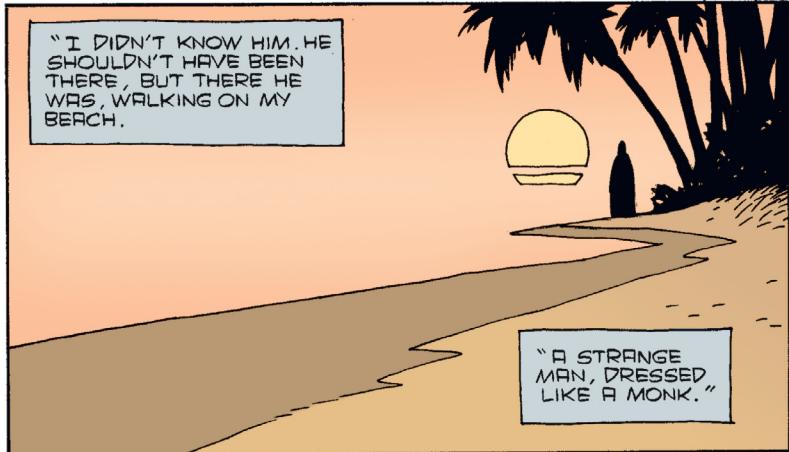




**KUNG  
CHANG**







NEW YORK  
CITY. SOHO.

ONE  
YEAR  
LATER.

CRIMSON  
CARPET  
LIVE

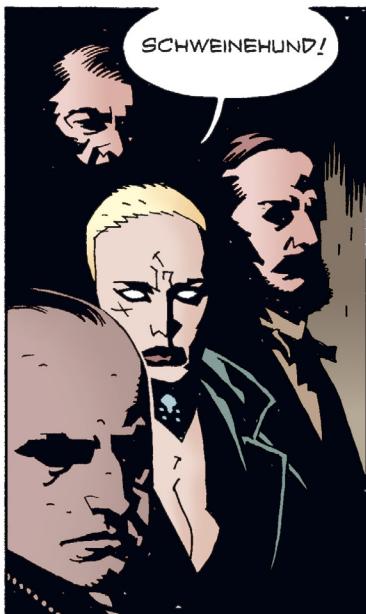
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APPOINTMENT  
ONLY

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15

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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  
WURTEMBERG 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...

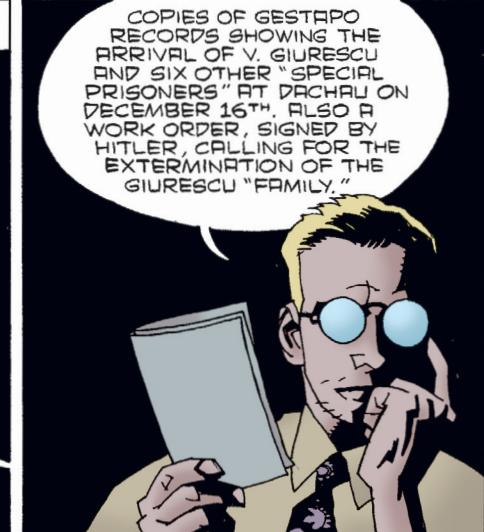
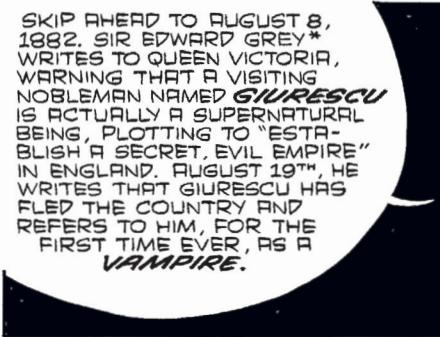
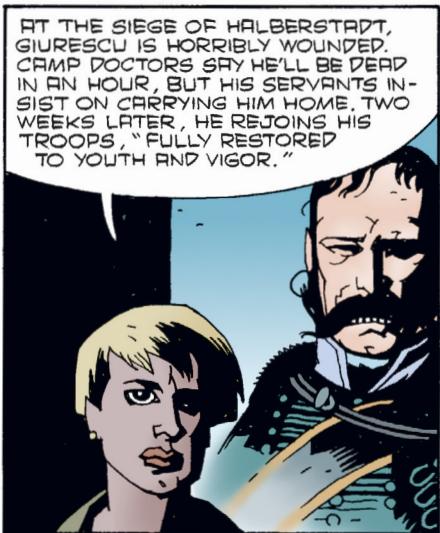
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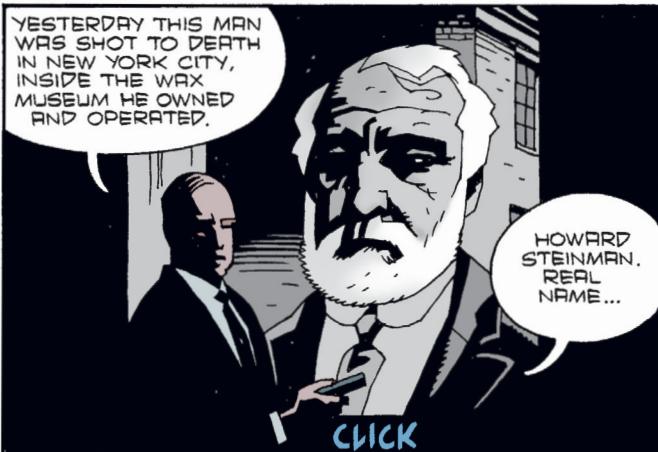
THANKS,  
TOM.

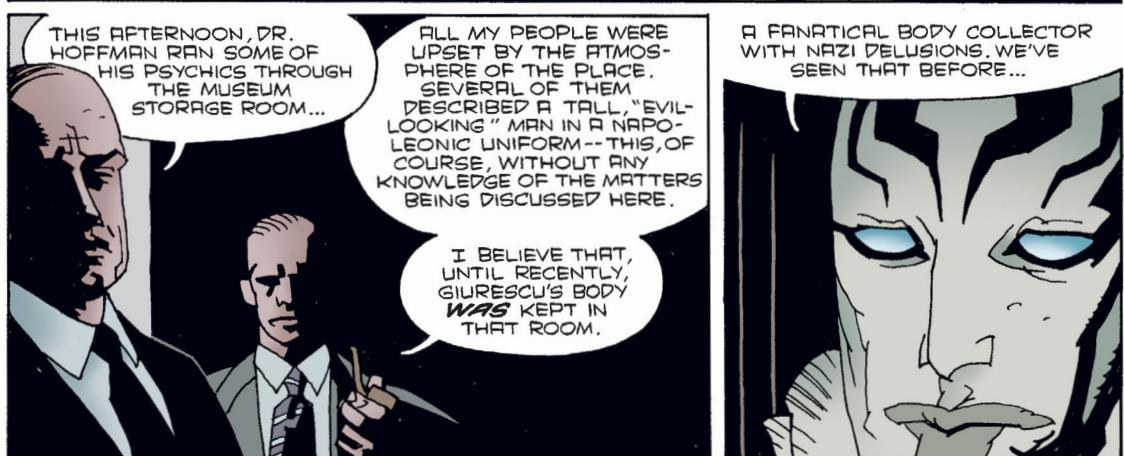
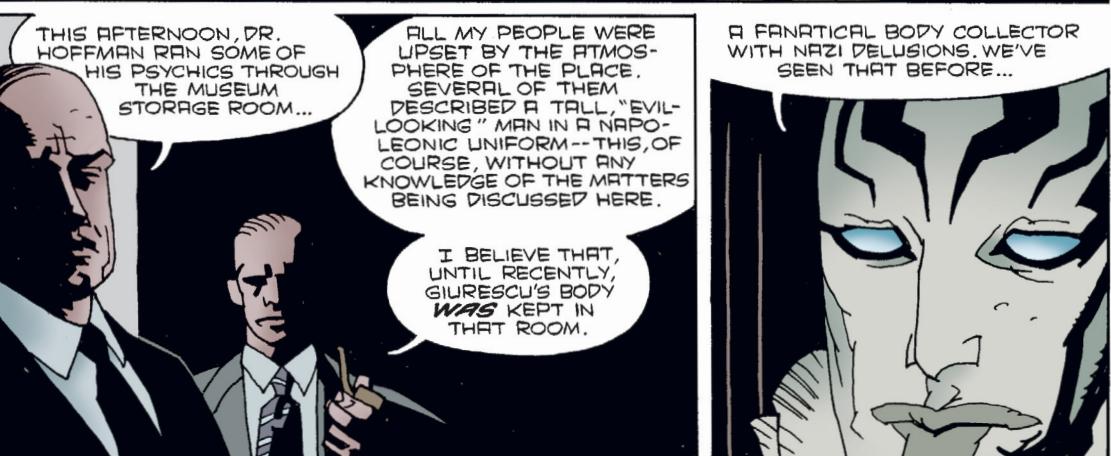
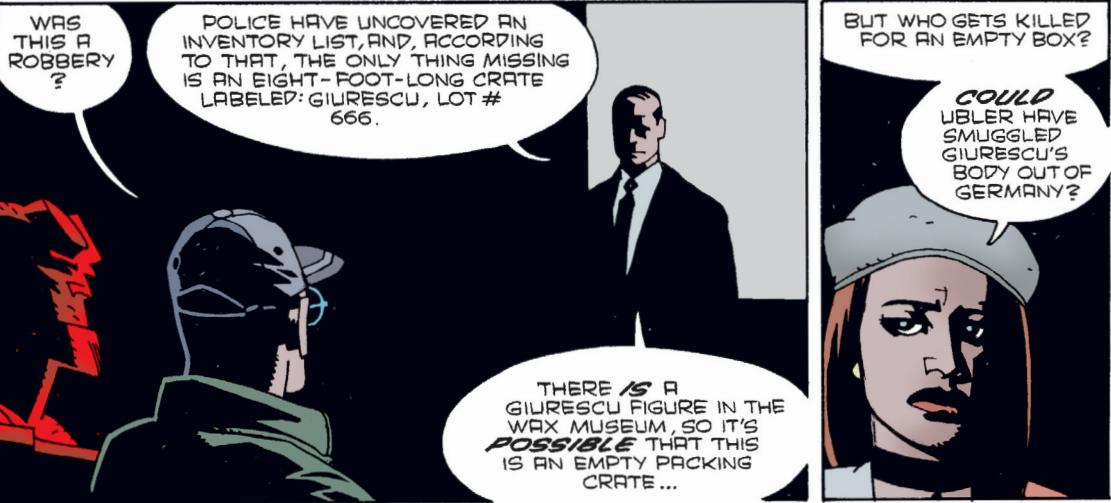
WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MR. GIURESCU. HE WAS AN OFFICER DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS. IN 1806 HE WAS COMMANDING PRUSSIAN TROOPS. IN 1809 HE WAS WITH THE AUSTRIANS, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT NATIONALITY ~~HE~~ WAS.

IN 1812 HE WAS IN RUSSIA. HE LED COSSACK GUERRILLAS AGAINST THE "GRANDE ARMÉE" RETREATING 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... FOLKLORE'S MORE INTERESTING.





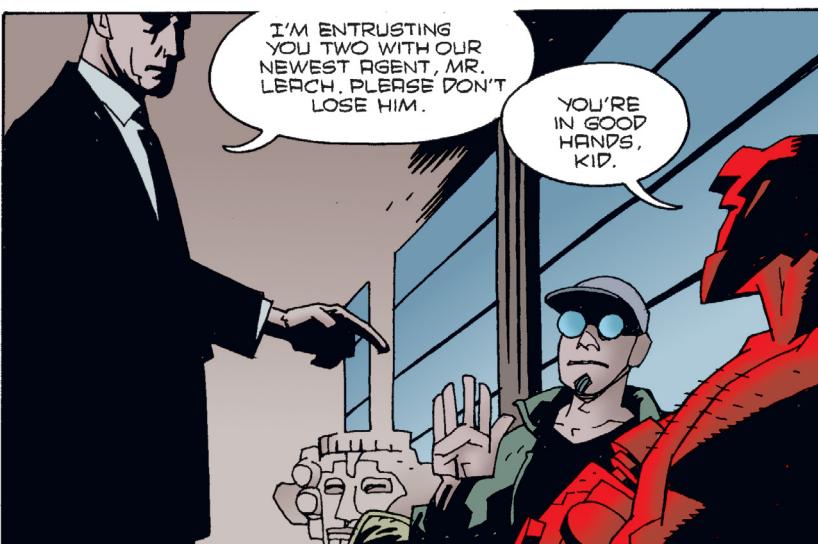


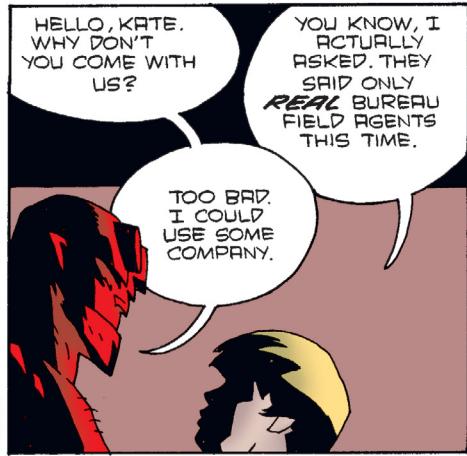
OF COURSE, WE  
DON'T KNOW  
EXACTLY WHERE  
THAT PLACE IS.

THERE IS NO  
OFFICIAL LISTING  
OF A CASTLE  
GIURESCU **ANYPLACE**,  
SO, GIVEN THE INFOR-  
MATION 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  
TERMS THAN I'D LIKE.





ROMANIA.



"IN WHAT DISTANT DEEPS OR SKIES  
BURN'T 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?"\*



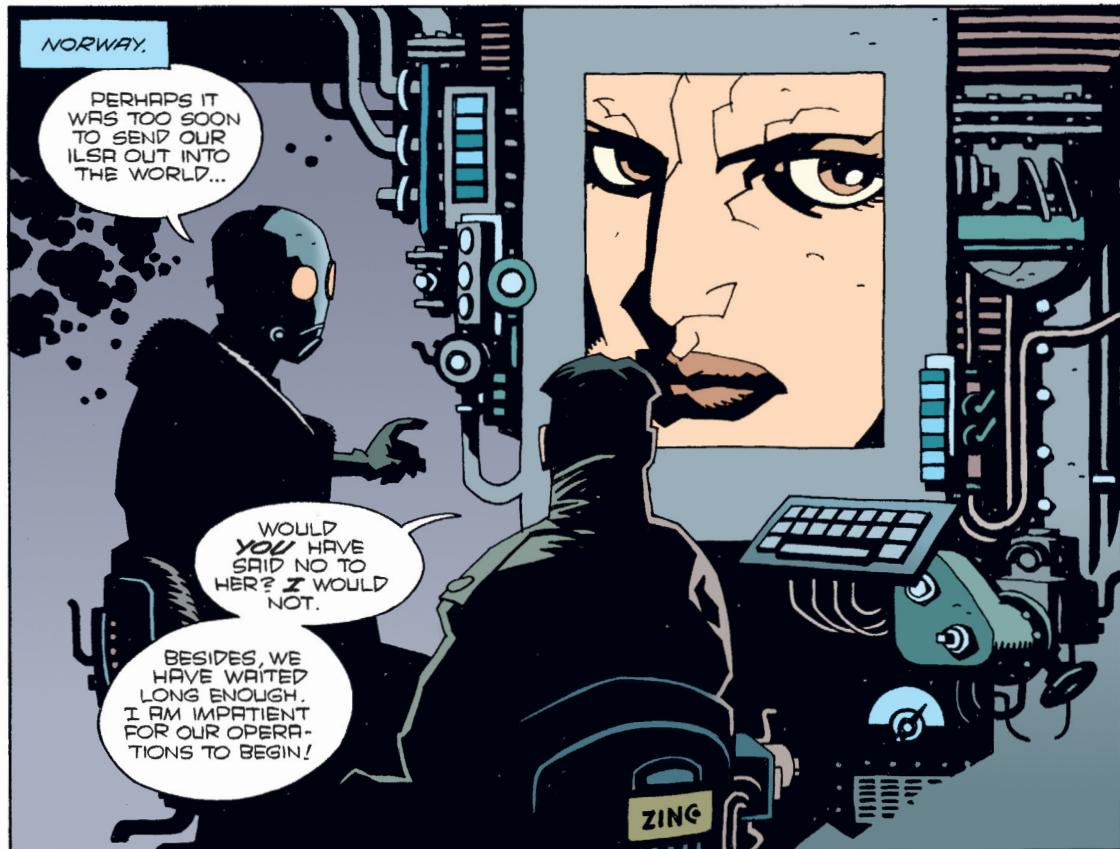
YOU TRUSTED  
ME. YOU PLACED  
YOUR LIFE IN MY  
HANDS, AND I  
DELIVERED YOU  
INTO HIS.



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.





IF THIS GIURESCU **IS** WHAT HE CLAIMS TO BE, AND IF HE **CAN** CREATE AN ARMY OF HIS OWN KIND--"VAMPIR STURM"--THEN CERTAINLY HE IS A VALUABLE TOOL FOR US.

YOU AGREE, MY FRIEND?

NO, LEOPOLD. NO, I DO NOT.

I THINK THIS THING IS AN UGLY AND, ULTIMATELY, UNCONTROLLABLE FORCE.

HMM.

EVEN THE FÜHRER RECOGNIZED THIS.

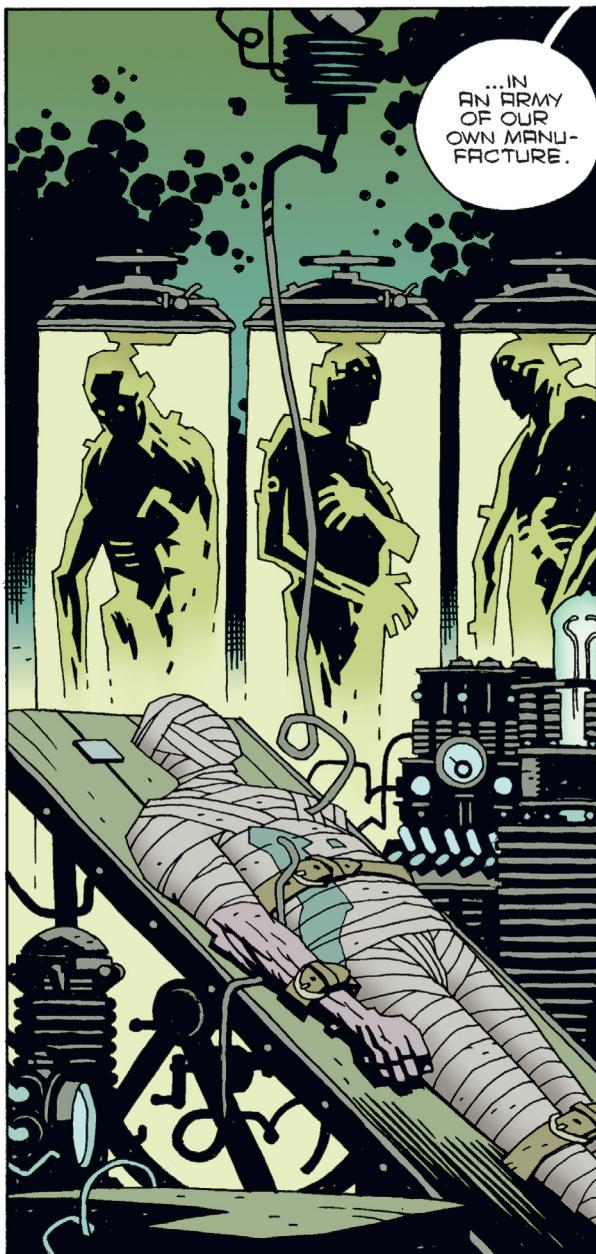
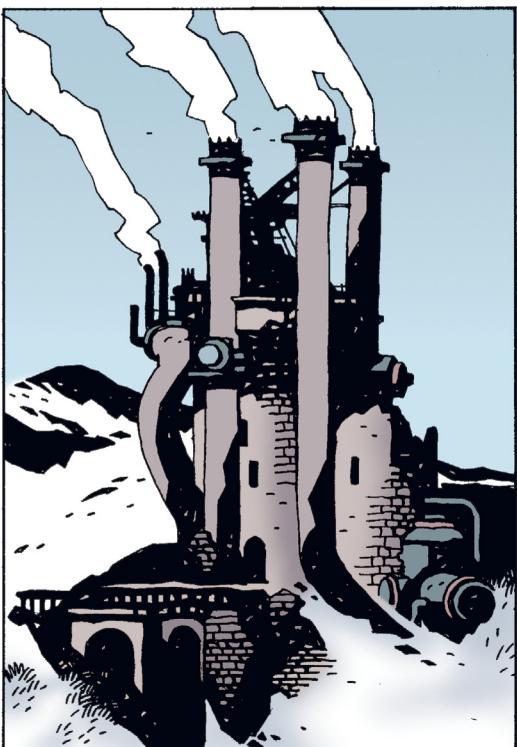
NO, I HAVE MORE FAITH...

...IN AN ARMY OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

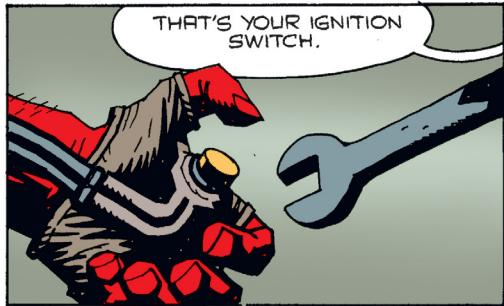
BUT SHE **IS** FOND OF HIM.

YES, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WENT ON BETWEEN THEM... ALL THOSE YEARS AGO?

SHE NEVER WOULD SPEAK OF IT...





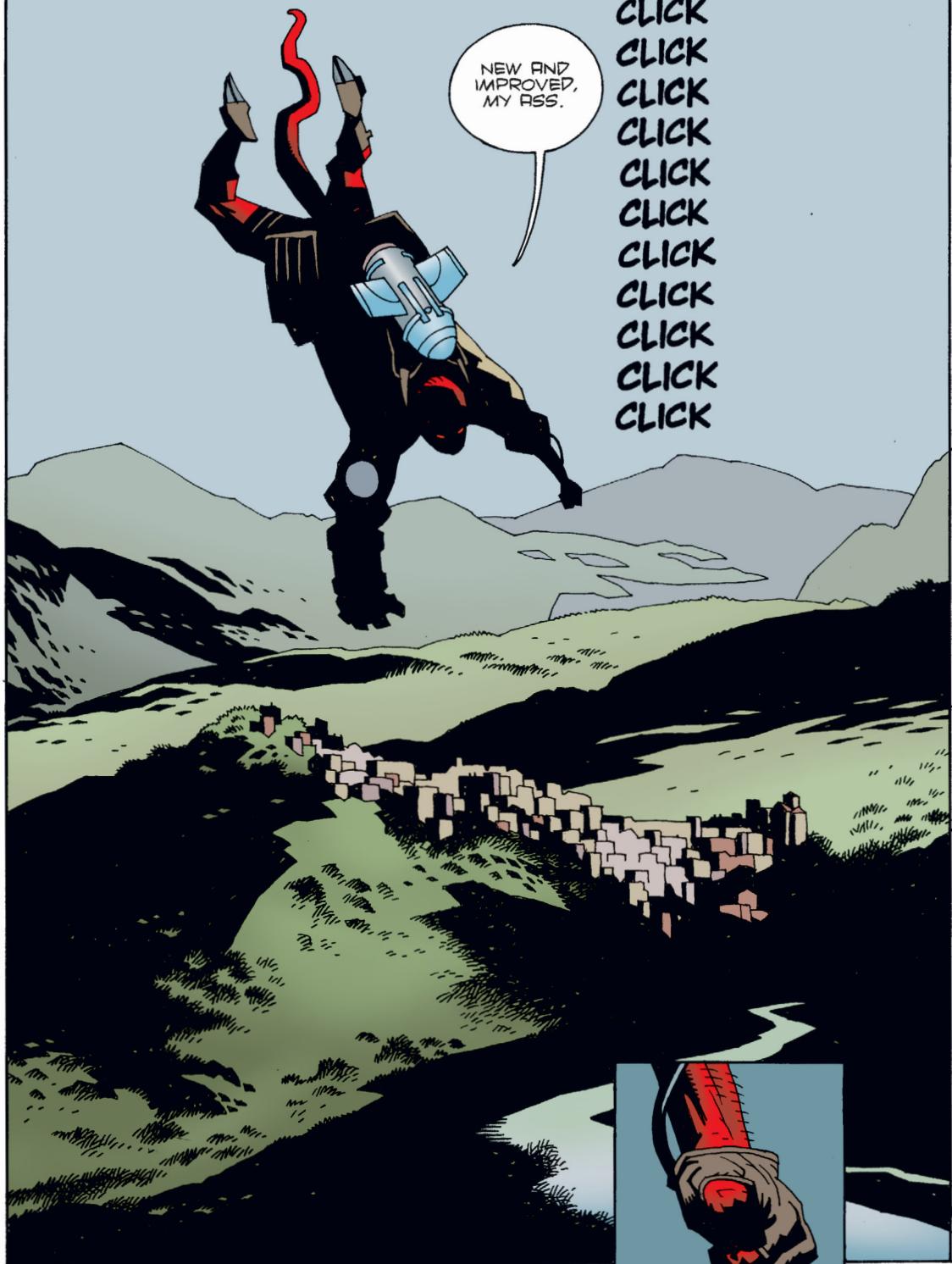


ERRR

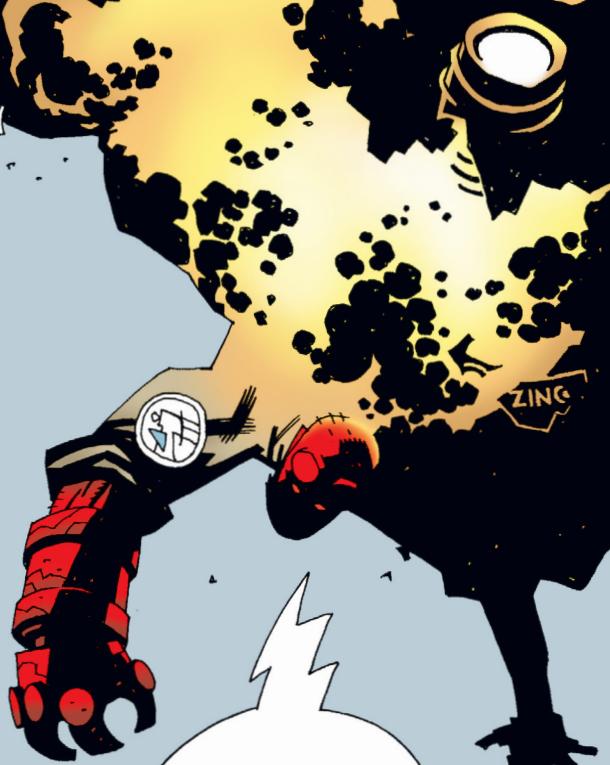


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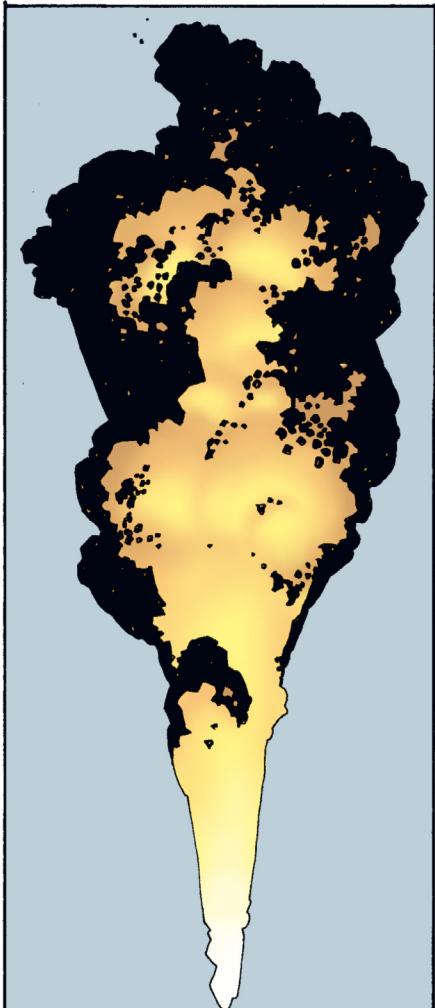
NEW AND  
IMPROVED,  
MY ASS.



BA  
BOOM



DAAA!



**NOT GOING!**

**YOU  
DOG!**

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

**BEG!**

**BUT...**

**BEG!**



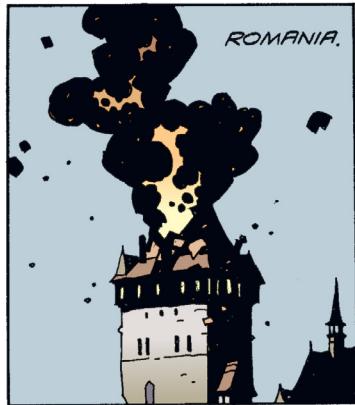
**YOU  
GET DOWN  
ON YOUR--**



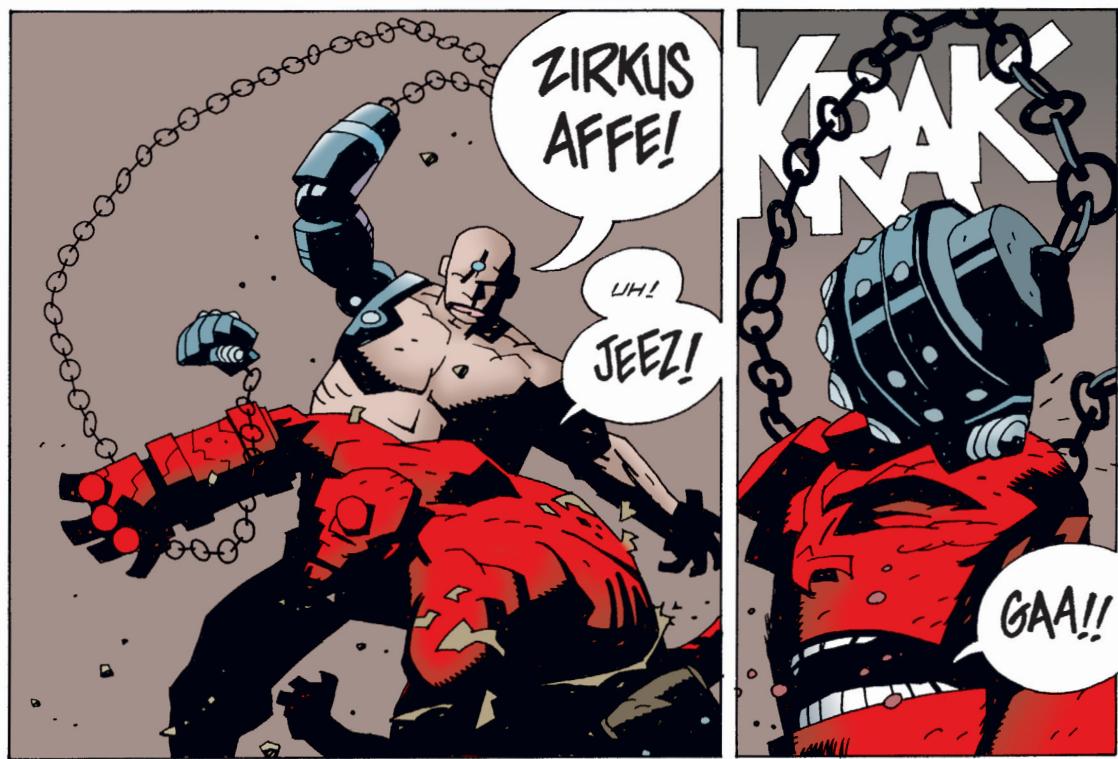
# CHAPTER TWO

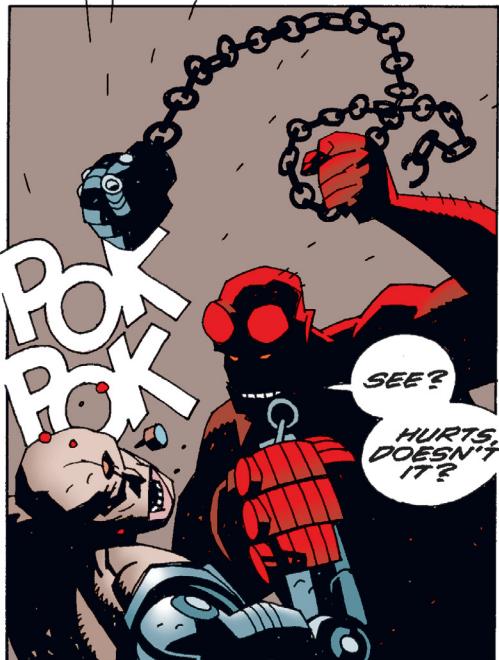


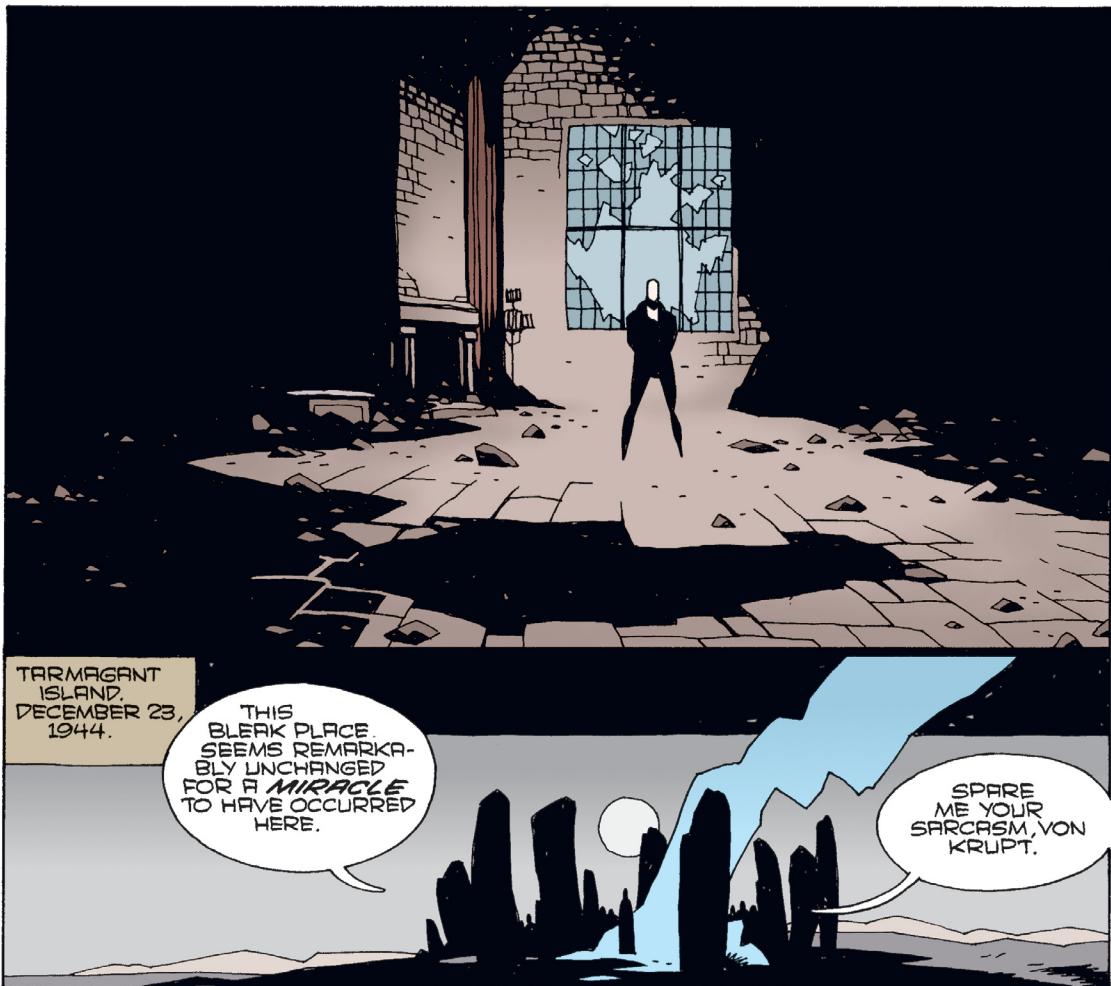












TARMAGANT  
ISLAND.  
DECEMBER 23,  
1944.

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

SPARE  
ME YOUR  
SARCASM, VON  
KRUPT.



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.

I HAVE NOT  
FAILED, VON  
KRUPT.

I  
HAVE  
MADE  
ONE.

HERR  
HITLER DOES  
NOT TAKE  
KINDLY TO  
FAILURE.

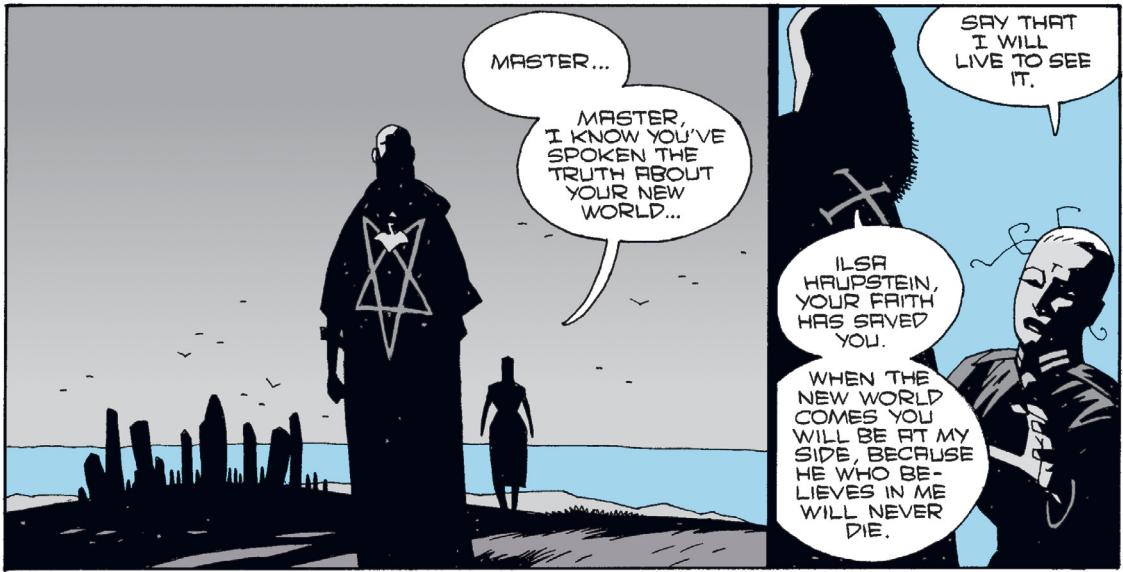
BUT YOU WILL NOT  
LIVE TO SEE IT,  
GENERAL. MY MIRACLE  
IS FOR THE FUTURE,  
FOR THE **NEW**  
**REICH**.

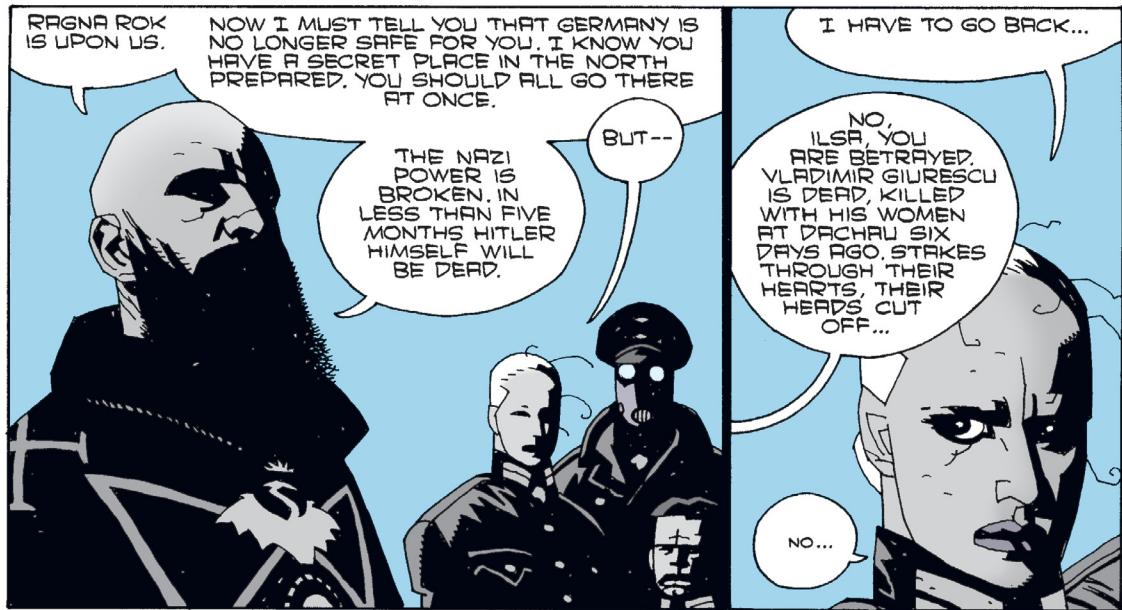
THERE IS  
NO PLACE  
FOR YOUR  
KIND IN THE  
WORLD THAT  
IS COMING.

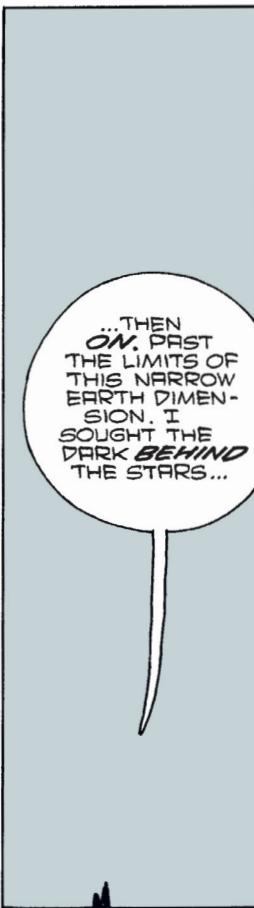
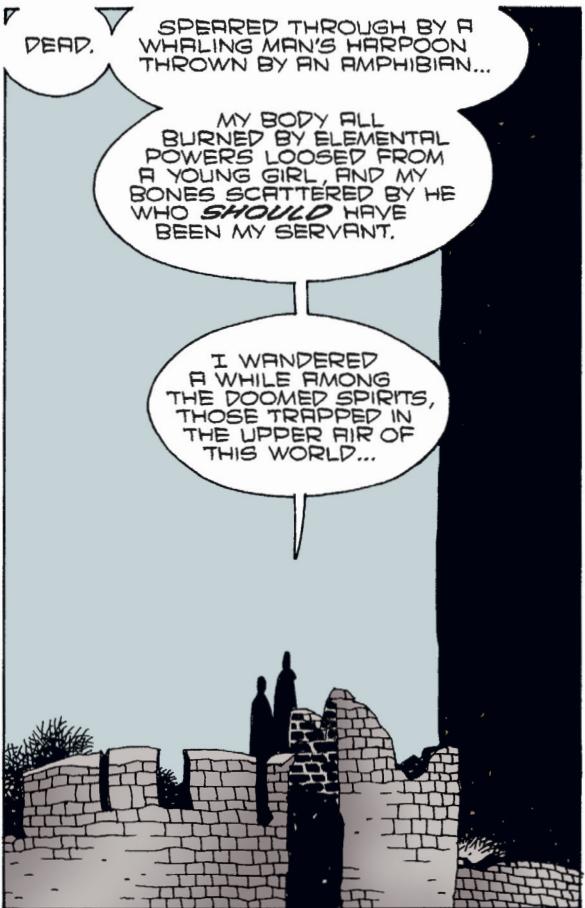
I HAVE SET  
IN MOTION  
EVENTS WHICH  
CANNOT NOW  
BE REVERSED  
OR UNDONE.

I PROMISED  
HERR HITLER  
A MIRACLE...

BAH!

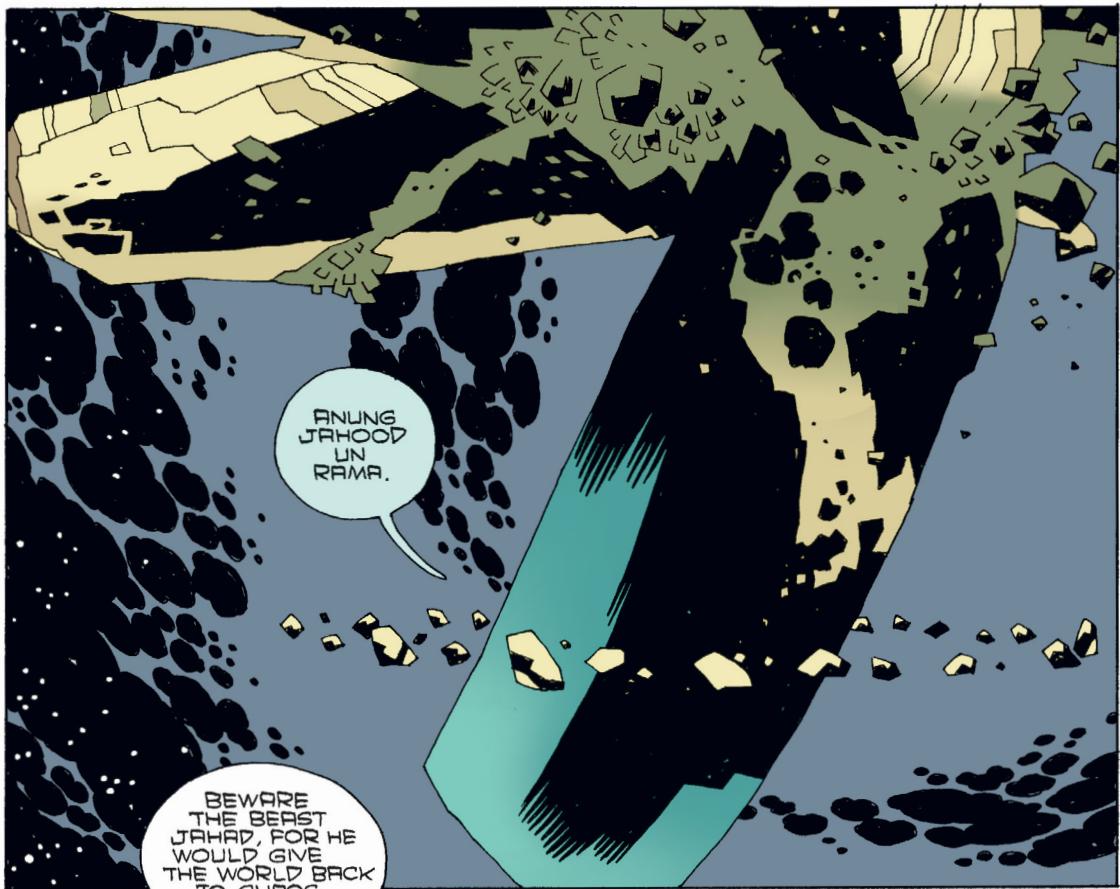




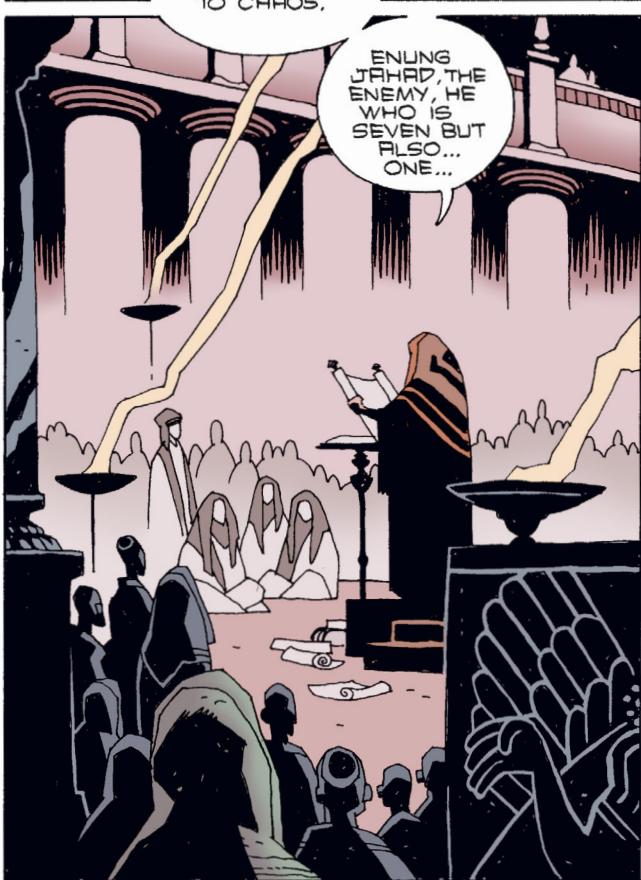


"...OGDRU JAHAD."

OBIDITH  
YUG  
JAHOOD.



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







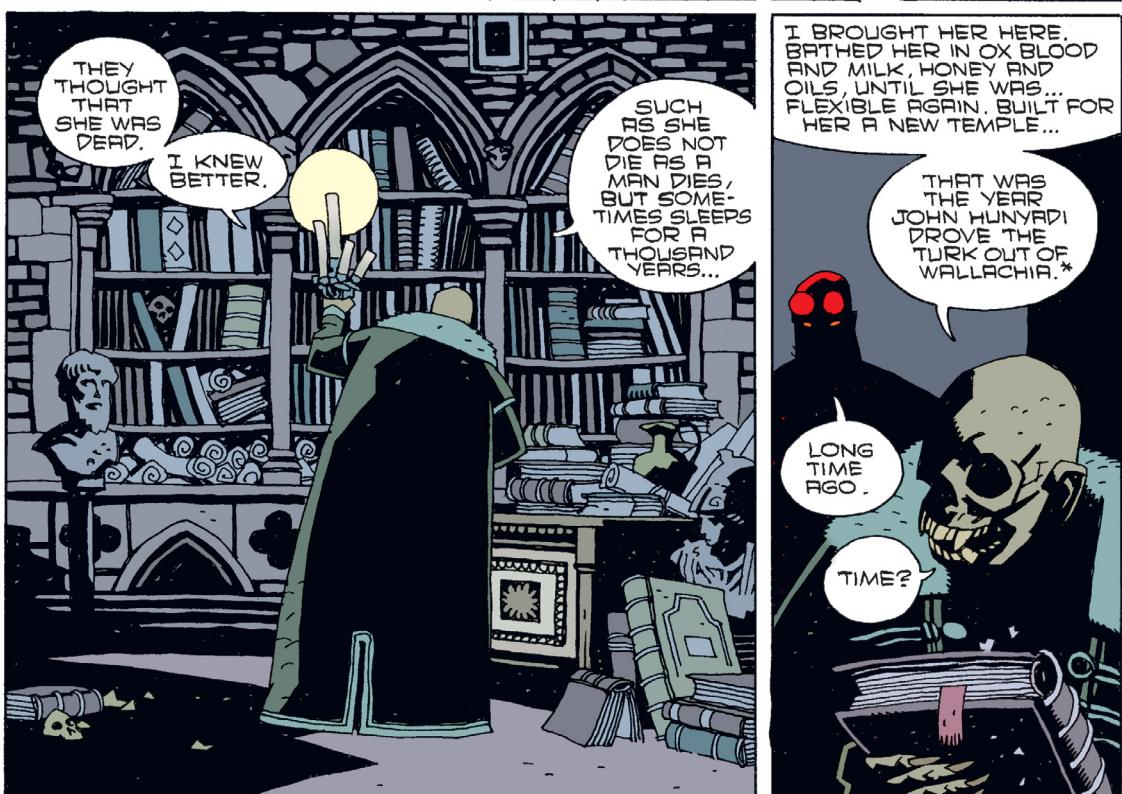




OH, YES.

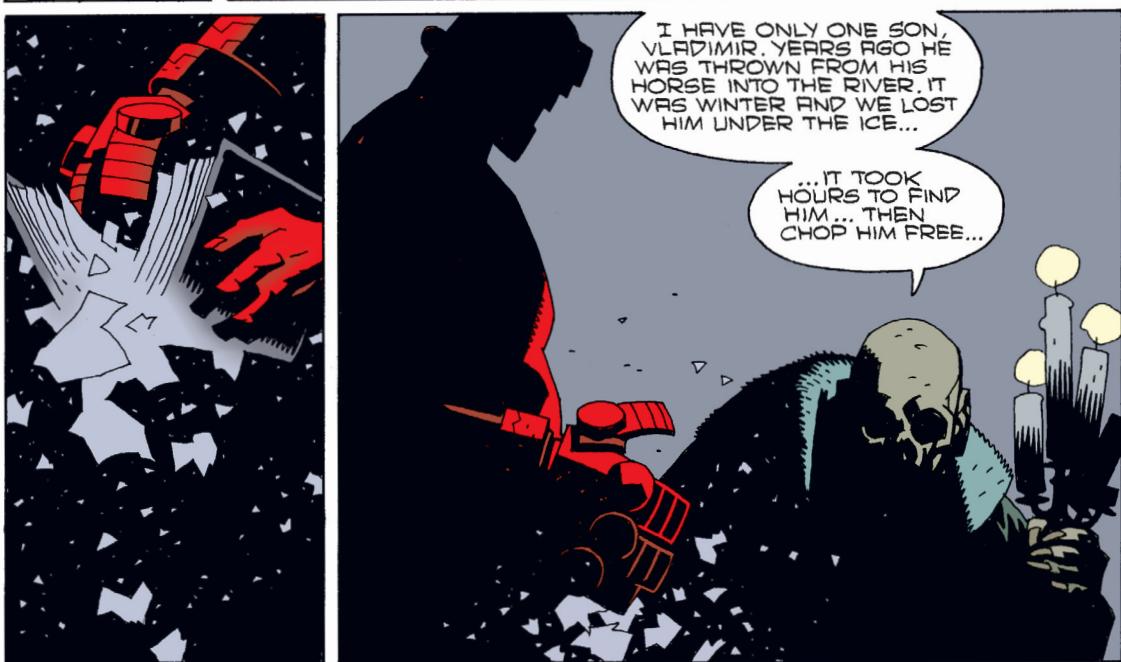
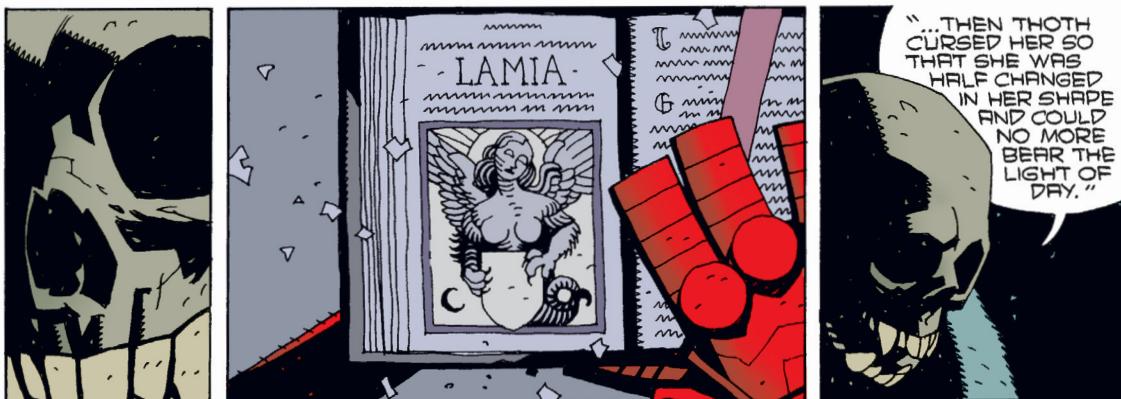


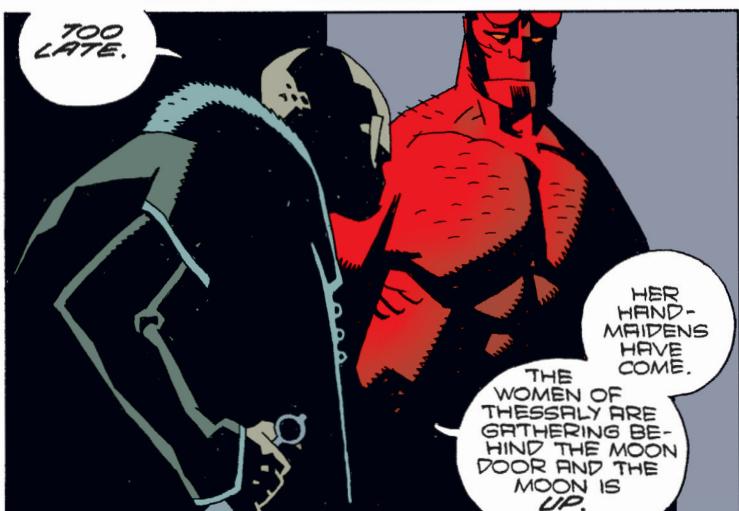
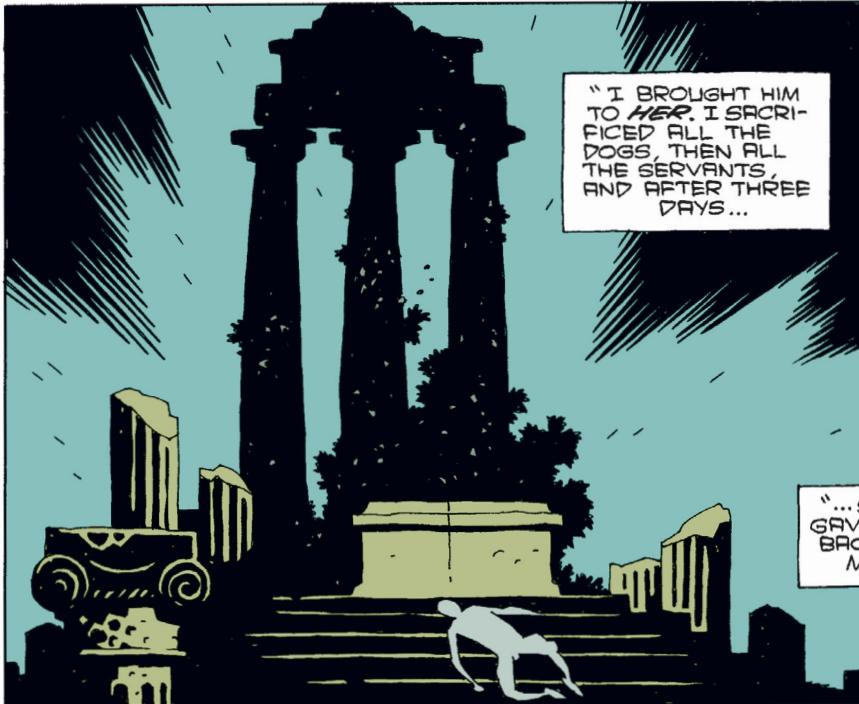






...MINE.













# CHAPTER THREE





MIGNOLA  
2 963



CASTLE GIURESCU.  
ROMANIA.

WITCHES OF THESSALY:

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



BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM





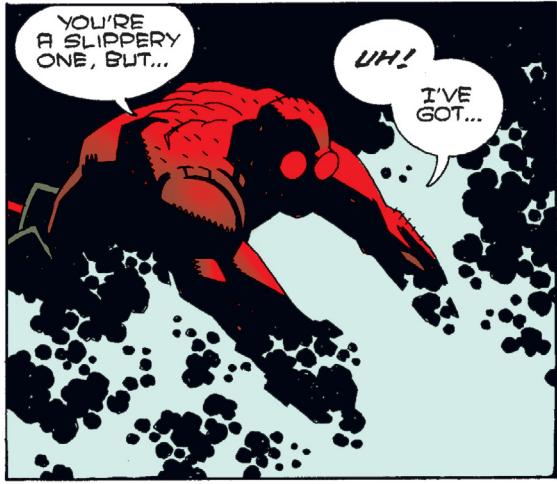












INFERNAL, TERRESTRIAL, AND  
CELESTIAL HECATE, GODDESS OF  
CROSSROADS, QUEEN OF NIGHT,  
ENEMY OF SUN, FRIEND AND  
COMPANION OF DARKNESS ...  
MOTHER ...

SAVE  
YOUR POOR  
SON.

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

... 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,  
OGDRU JAHAD,  
WHOSE SERVANT  
I HAVE BEEN ALL  
THESE YEARS.

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

AND WHAT A HUMAN LIFE IT WAS.

THE CRUDE SIBERIAN PEASANT, STINKING OF DRINK AND SEXUAL EXCESS, CRYING OUT TO GOD: GIVE ME ANSWERS!



"WHAT IS THIS POWER INSIDE ME?"



"WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? WHOM DOES IT SERVE?"

BUT GOD WAS SILENT TO ME.

I COULD HEAL THE SICK WITH MY BARE HANDS, BUT I COULD NOT HEAR HIS VOICE. WHY?

I MIGHT HAVE LOST MYSELF IN MY SINS, BUT THEN SHE FOUND ME.

"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.



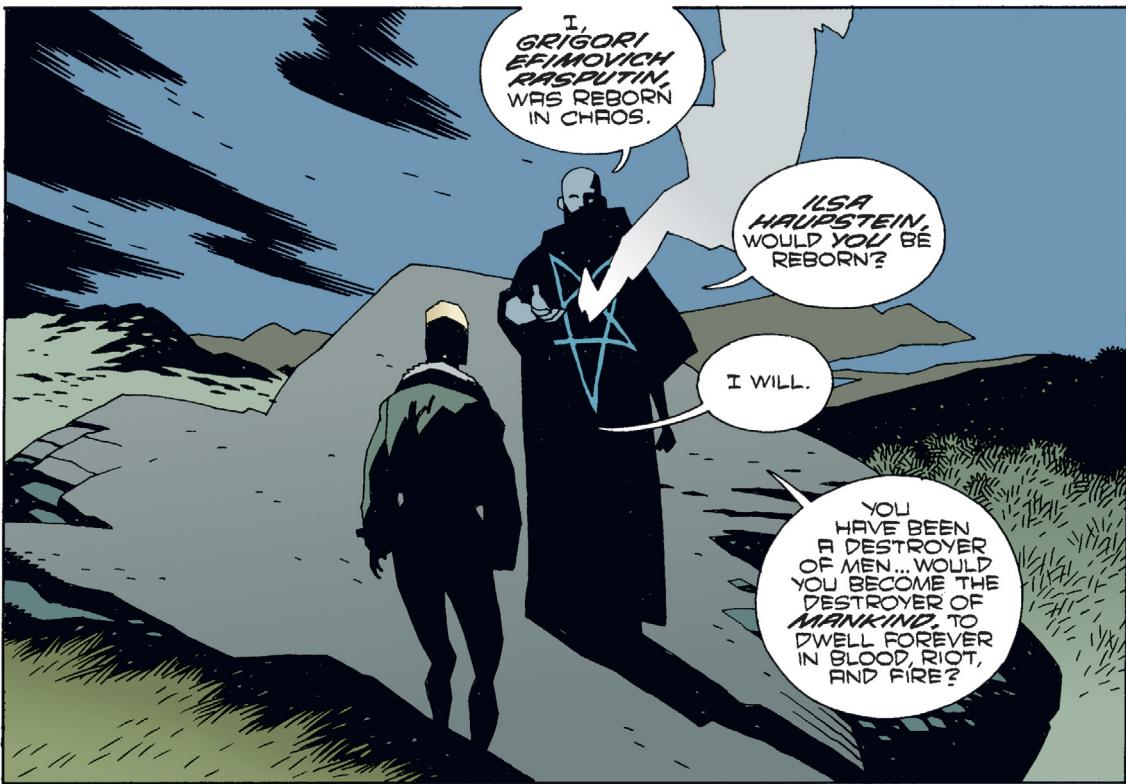
"I GAVE HER ONE HALF OF MY SOUL, WHICH SHE HID IN THE ROOTS OF YGGDRASIL, THE WORLD TREE, SO THAT MY SPIRIT, AT LEAST, WOULD ALWAYS BE SAFE."

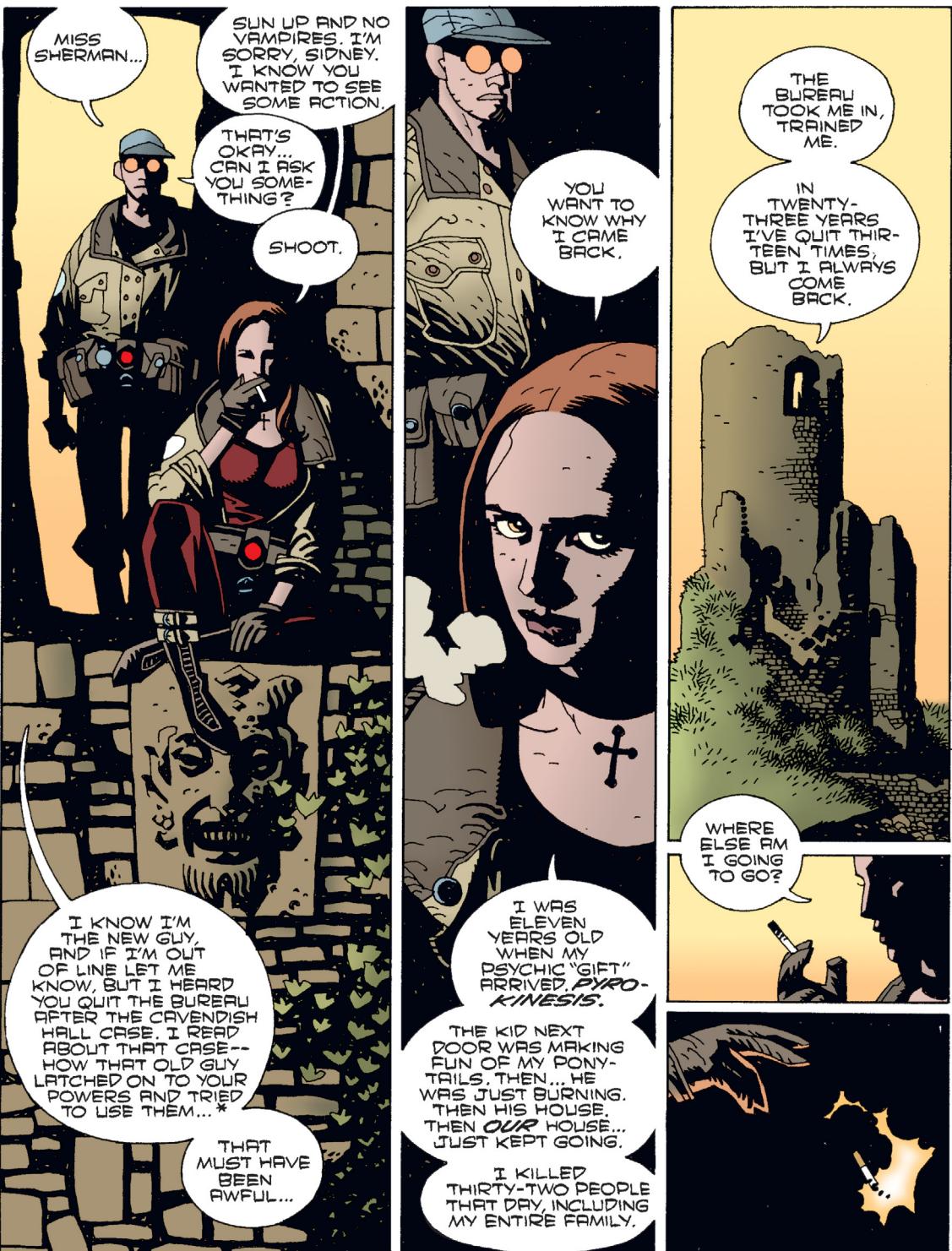


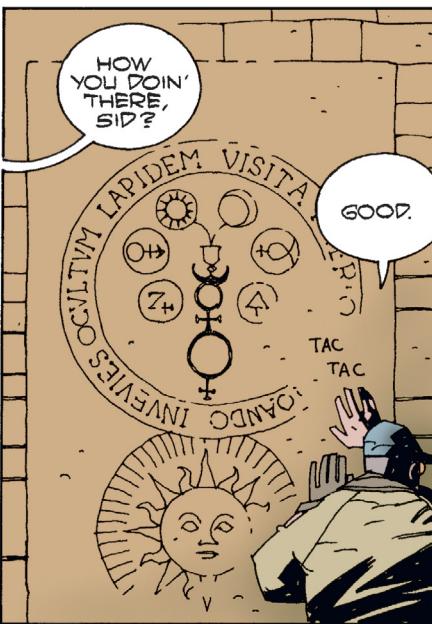
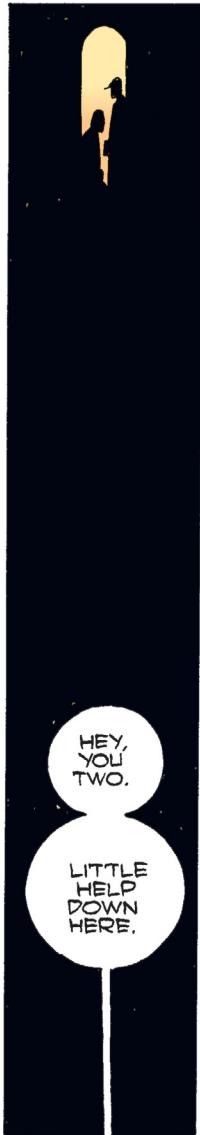


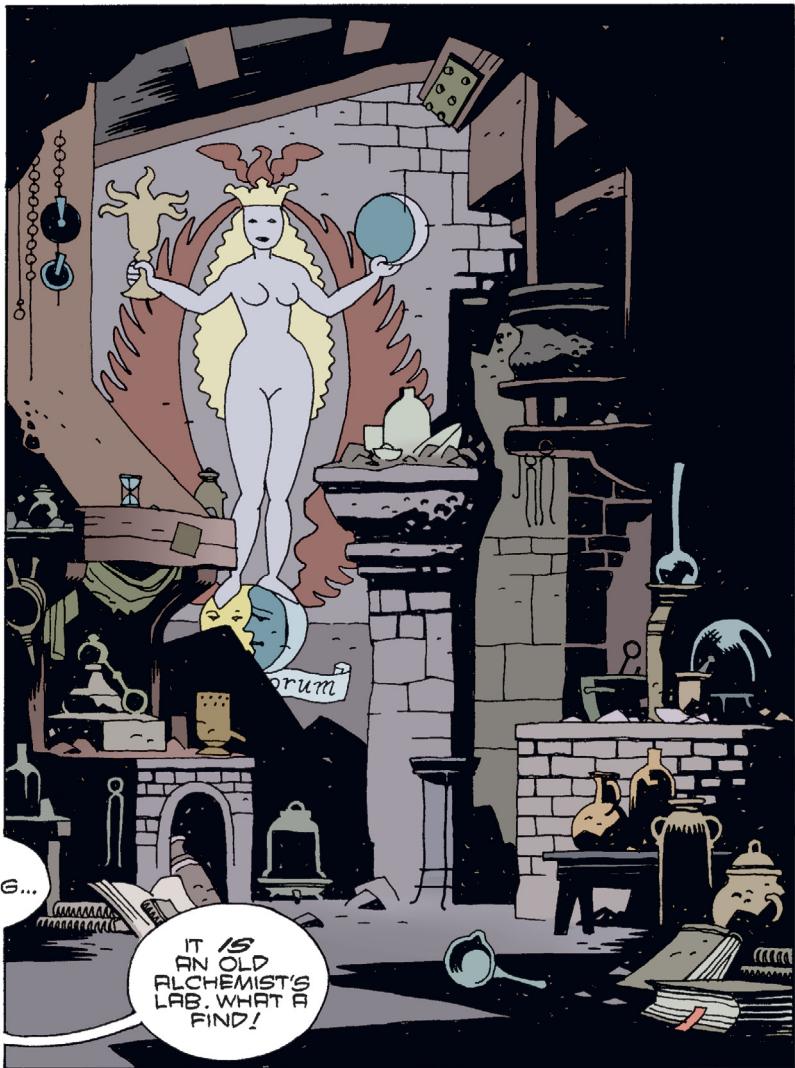
"HE AND HIS COHORTS DID THEIR BEST TO MURDER ME, FINALLY THROWING ME INTO THE FROZEN NEVA RIVER. BUT I DIDN'T FIND DEATH THERE... I FOUND THE DRAGON."

"I FOUND MY ANSWERS AND MY PURPOSE."



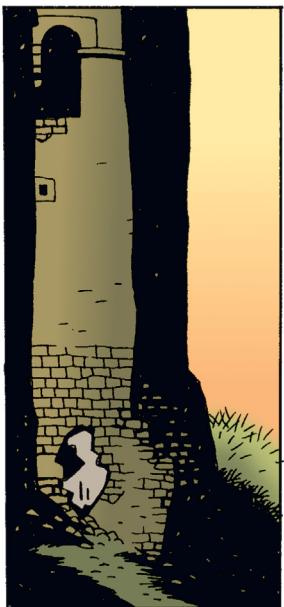
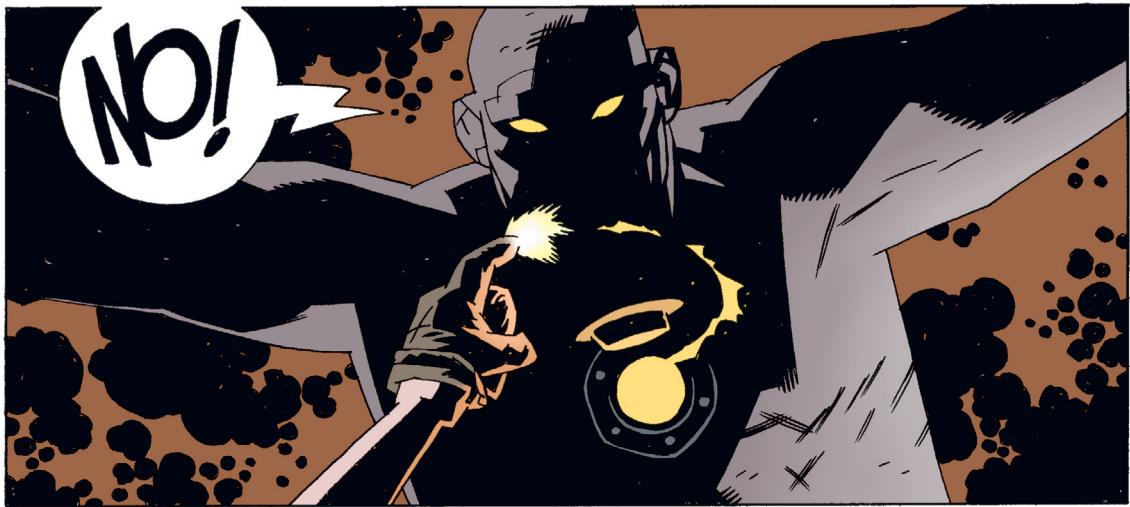


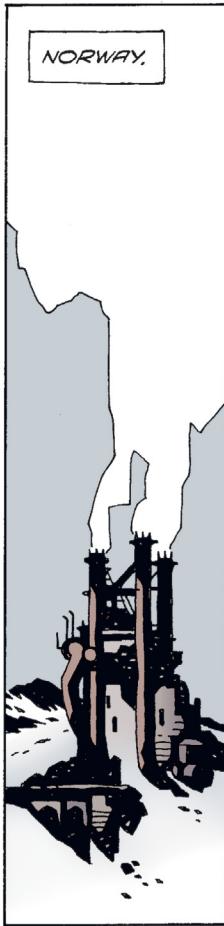


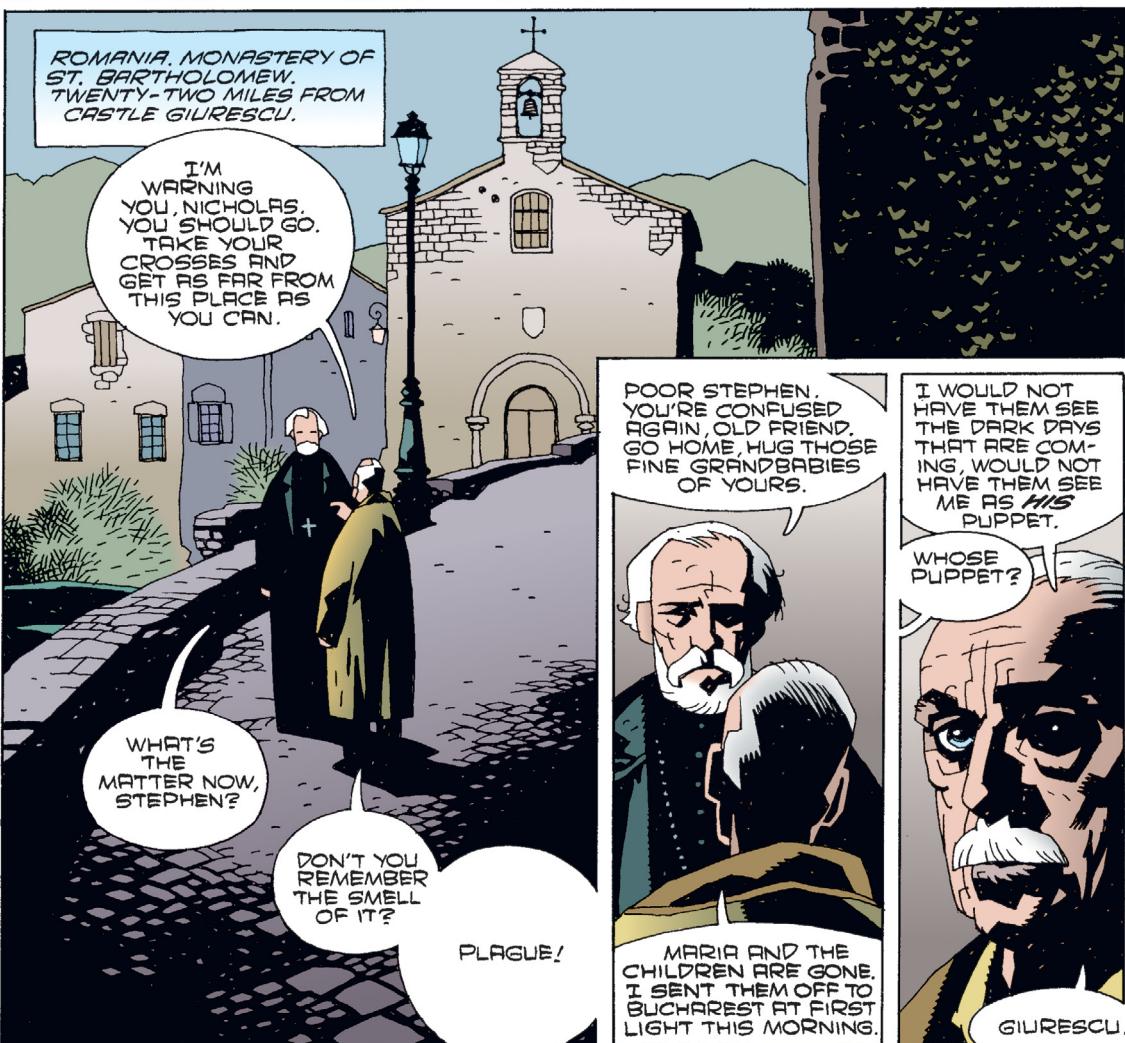


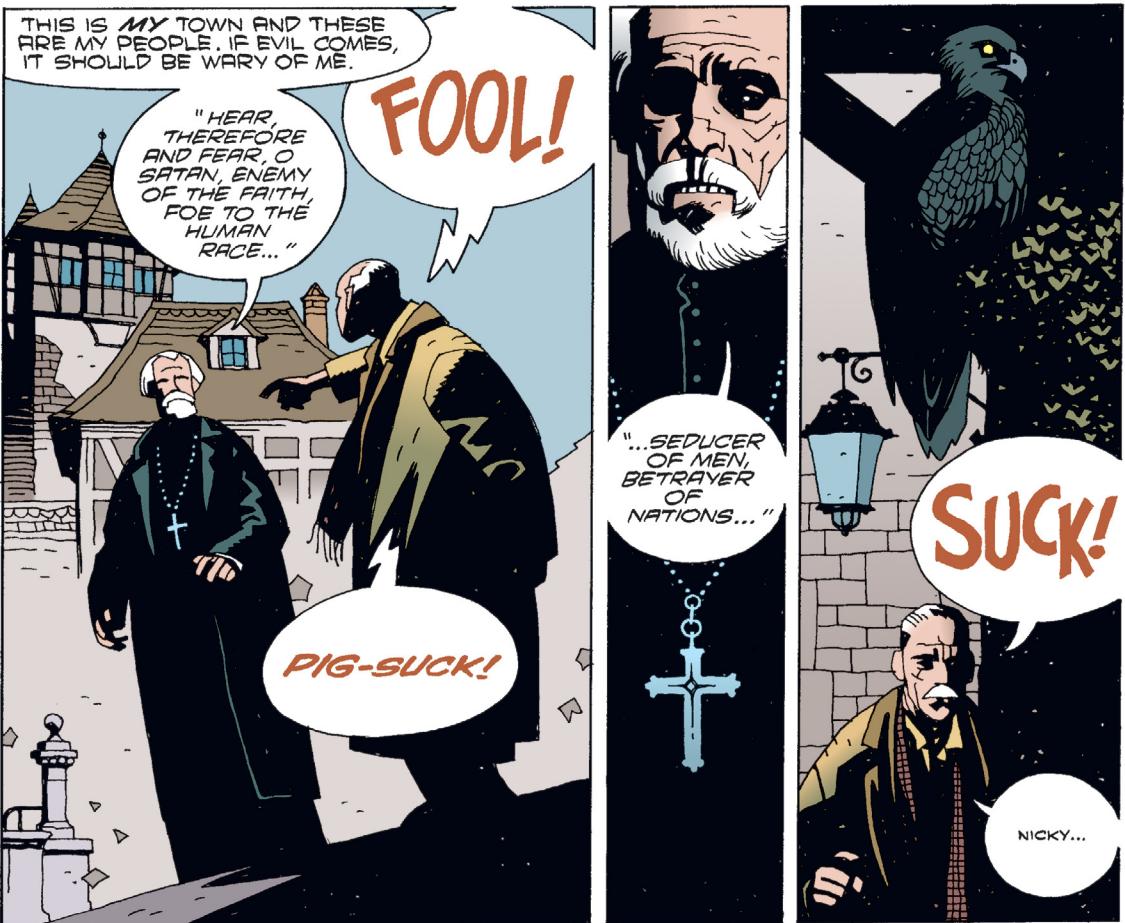
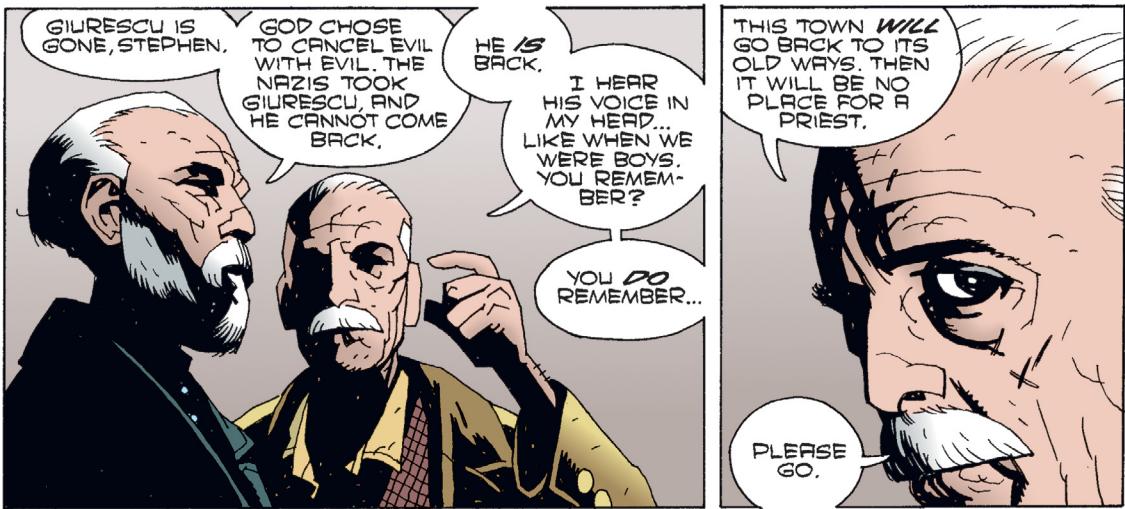












CASTLE GIURESCU.

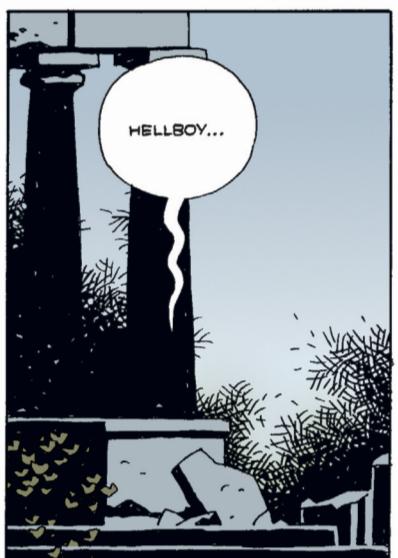
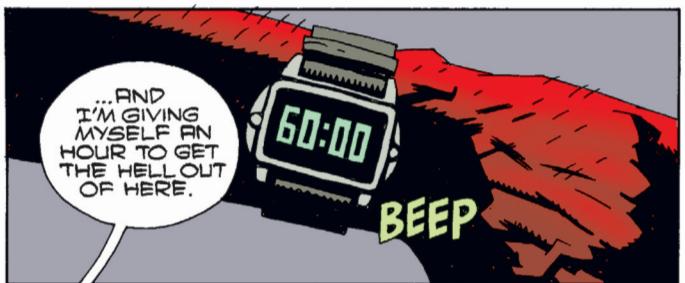
HELLBOY  
TO BUREAU.  
HELLBOY TO  
BUREAU. CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

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...

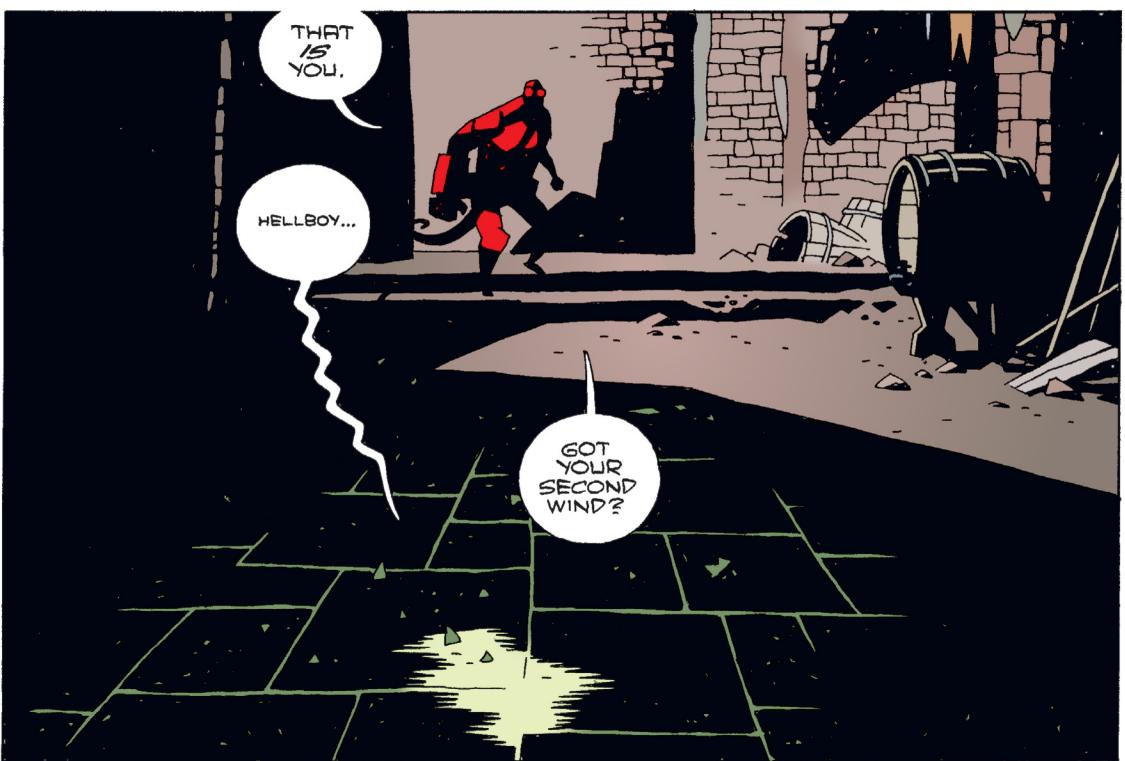


# CHAPTER FOUR

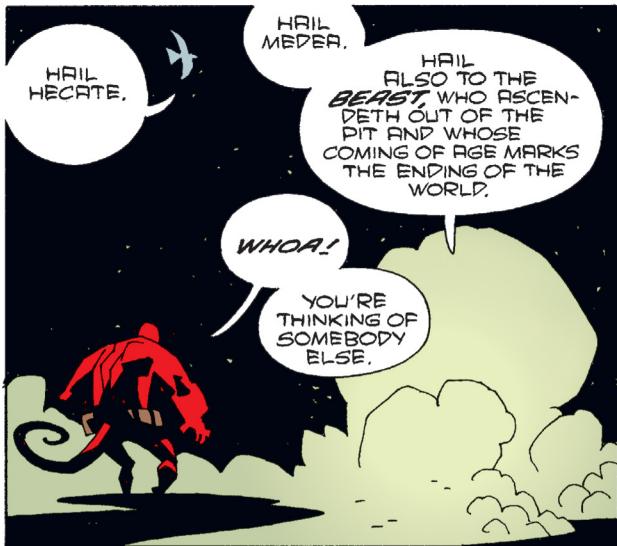




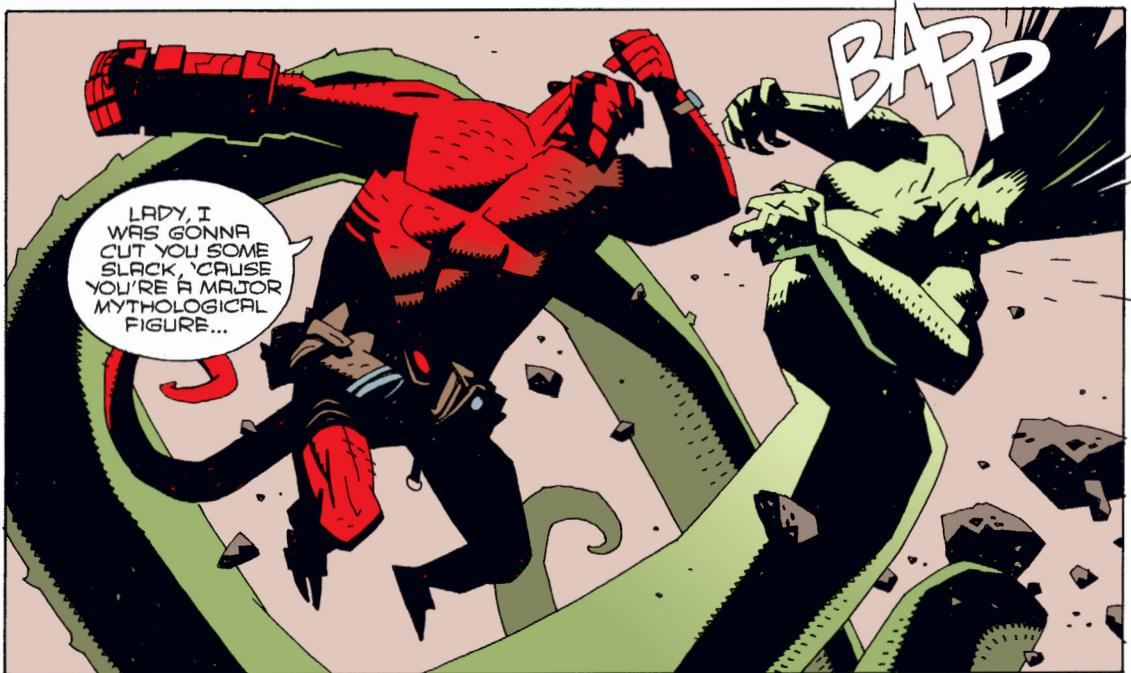
MIGNOLA  
3/96/10

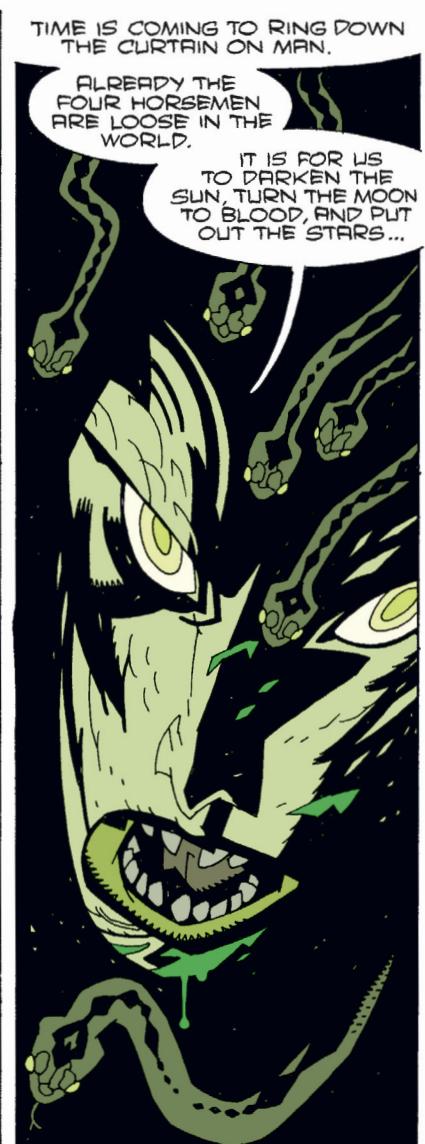


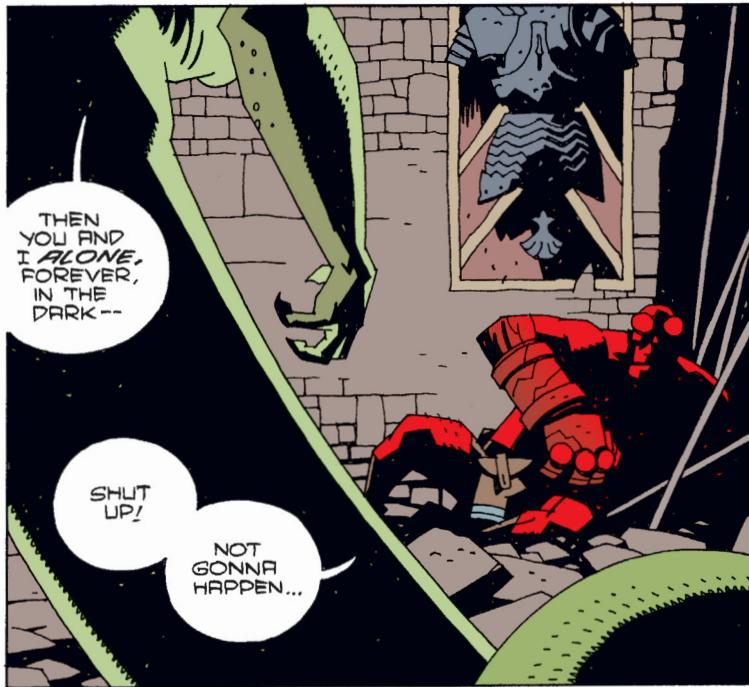




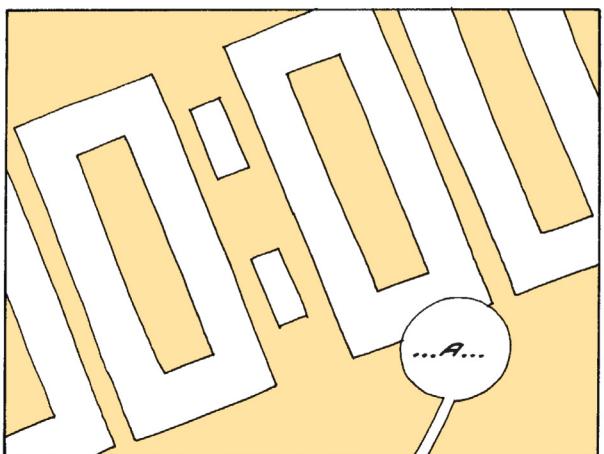




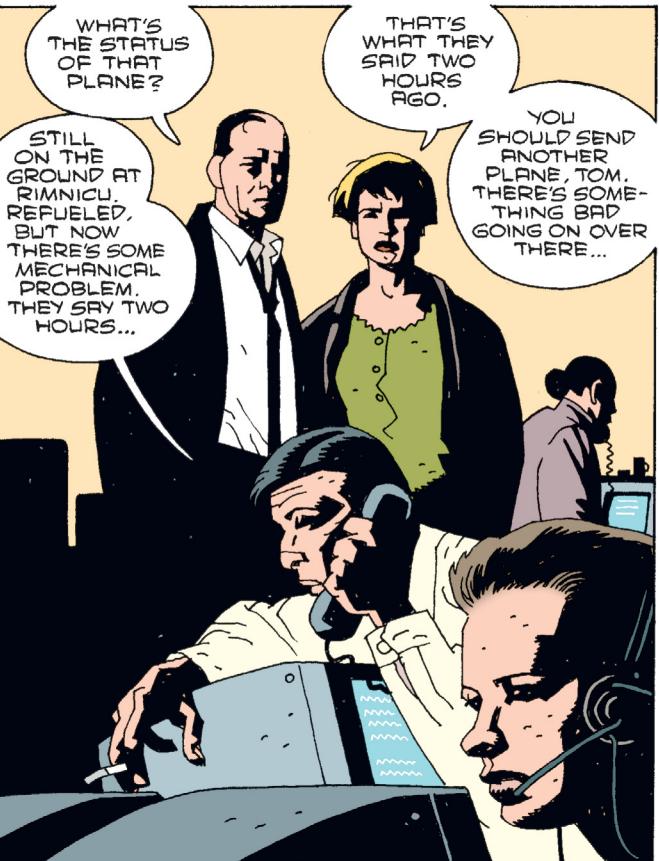
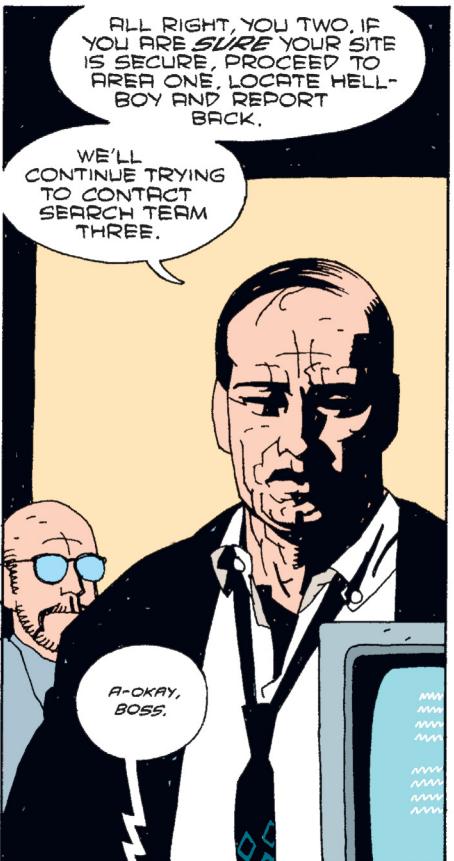
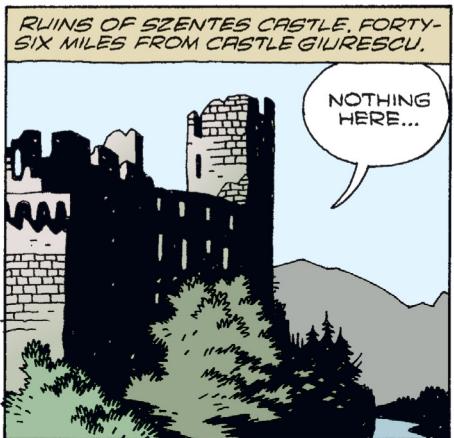
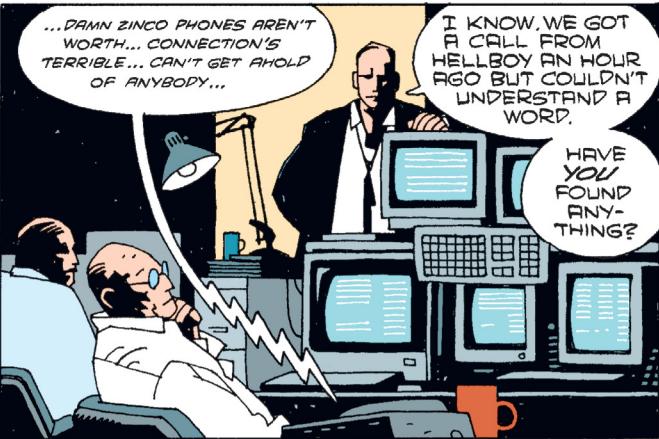
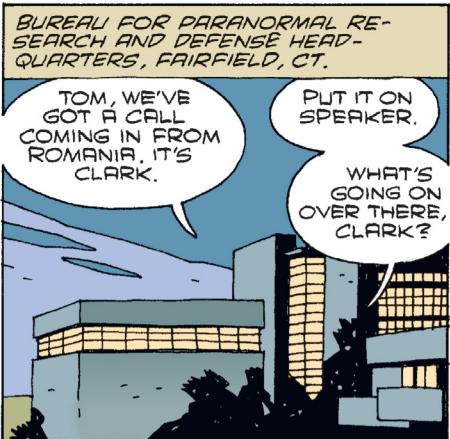


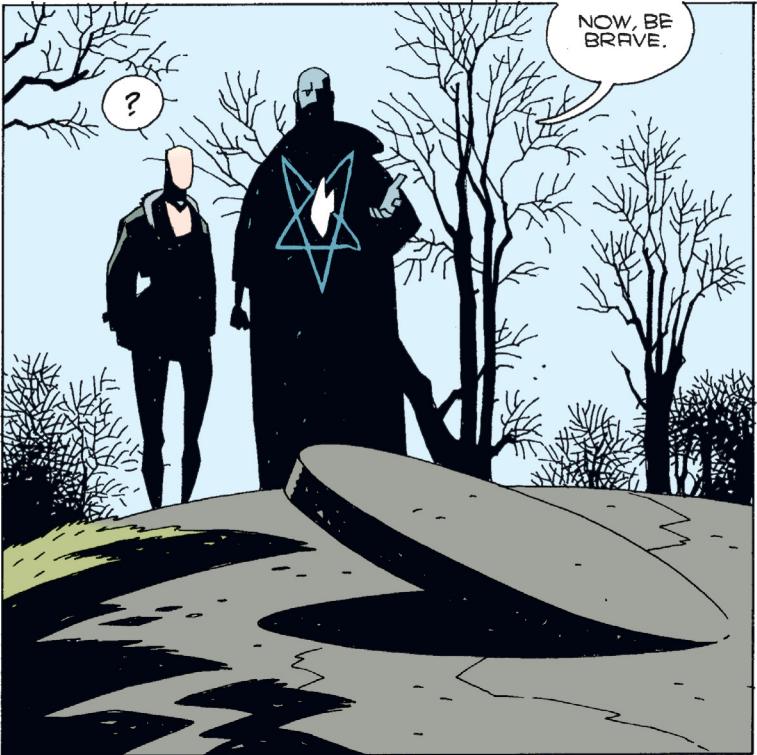
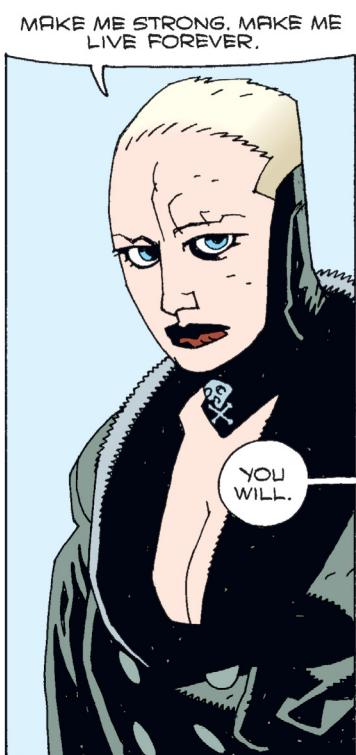
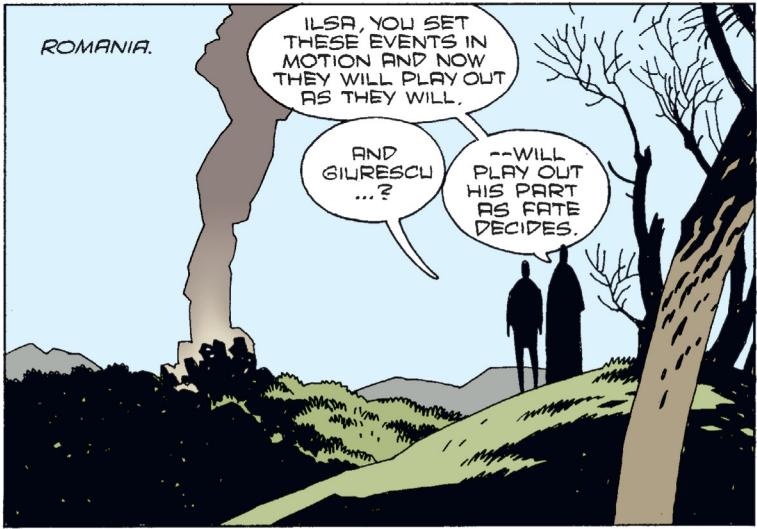
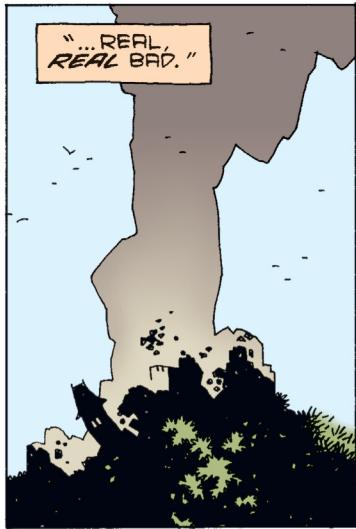


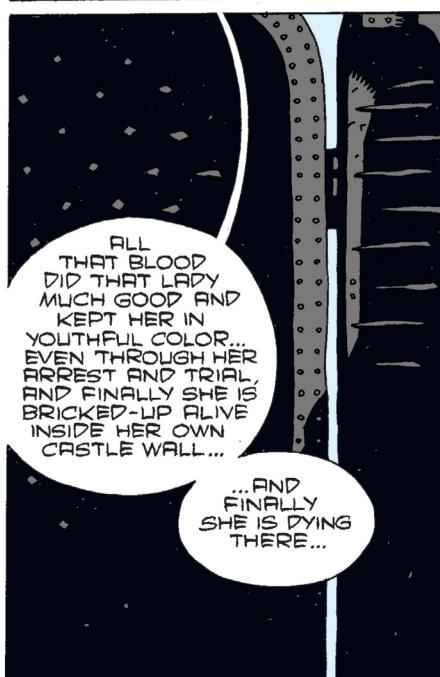
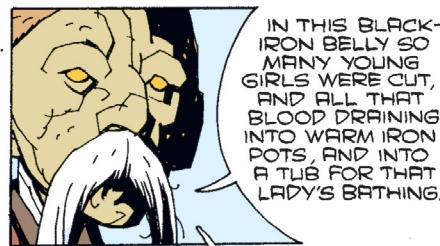












"SO THE BABA YAGA SAYS YOU SHOULD MAKE BETTER USE OF THIS THAN SHE WHO, IN THE END, WAS BEAUTIFUL ONLY FOR RATS AND SPIDERS."



NOT SO WELL. YEARS AGO, YOUR OWN CREATURE, THE "HELL-BOY" SURPRISED HER IN THE GRAVEYARD NEAR BEREZNİK 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 THRIC-E-NINE LANDS IN THE THRIC-E-TENTH KINGDOM.



AND HER CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE?



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.



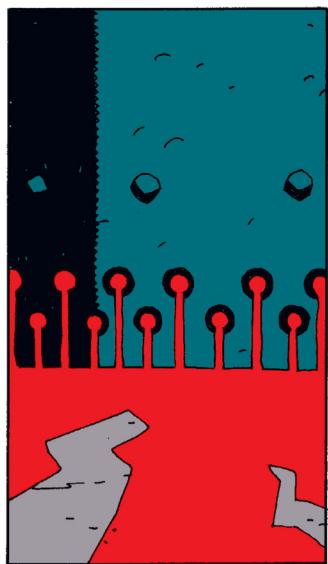
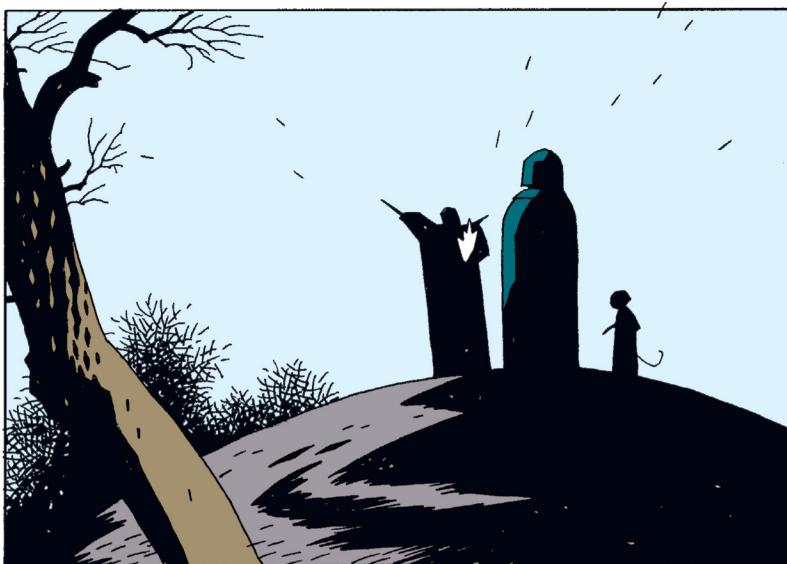
...LIKE I DIED A LITTLE IN THE NEVA RIVER. THE DRAGON WAITS FOR US JUST OUT-SIDE THE THRESHOLD OF HUMAN LIFE.

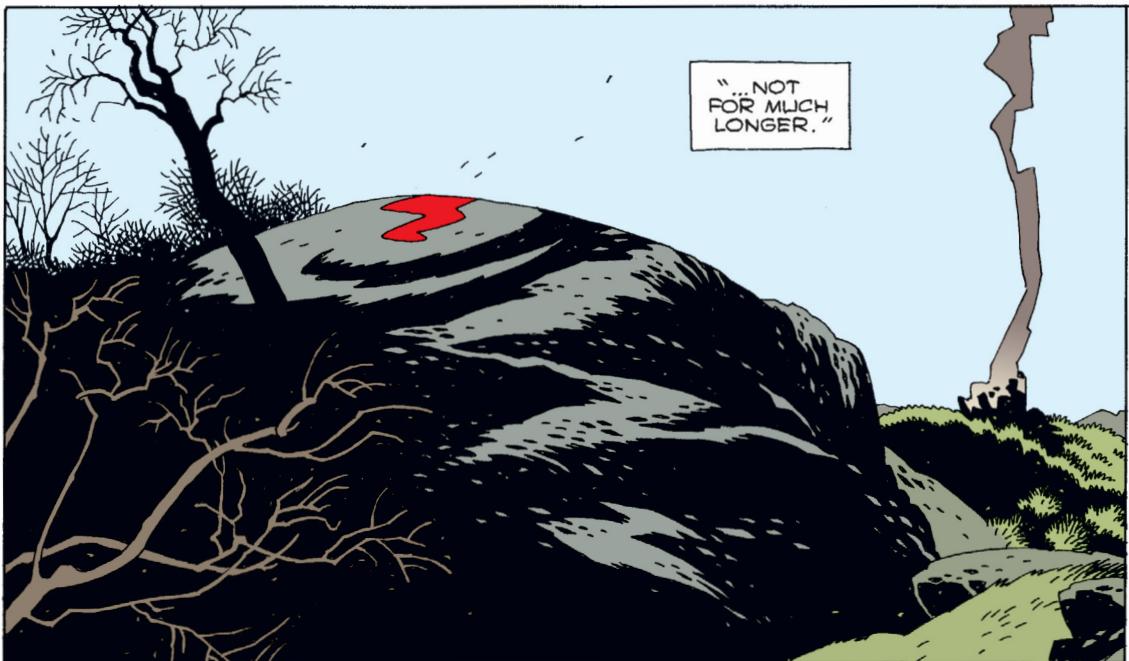
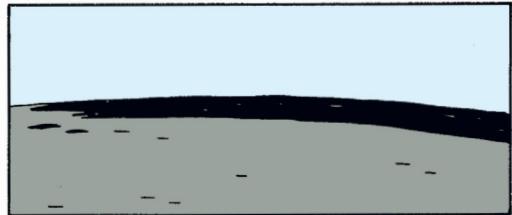
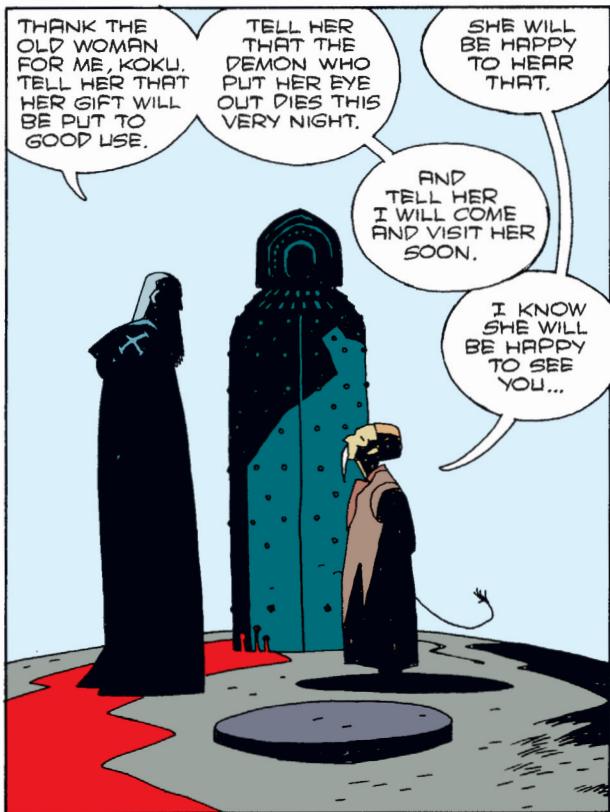


GO.

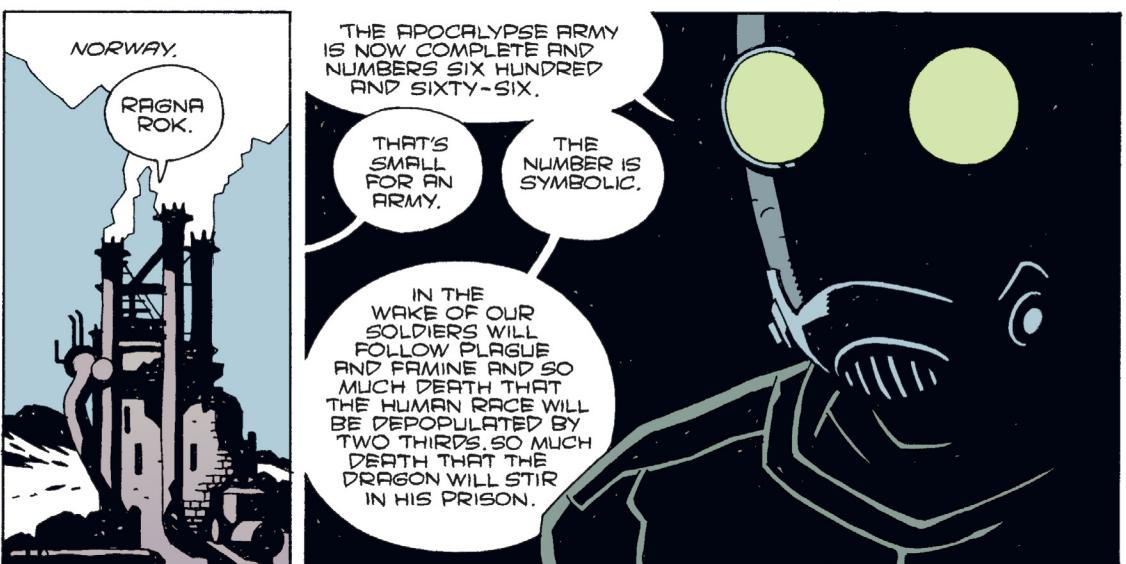
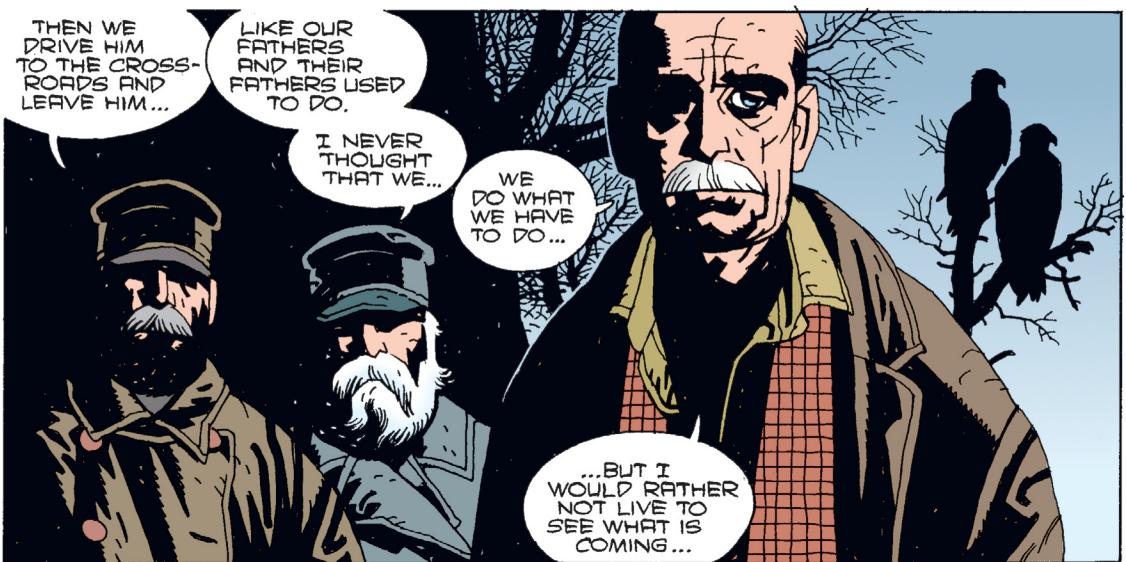
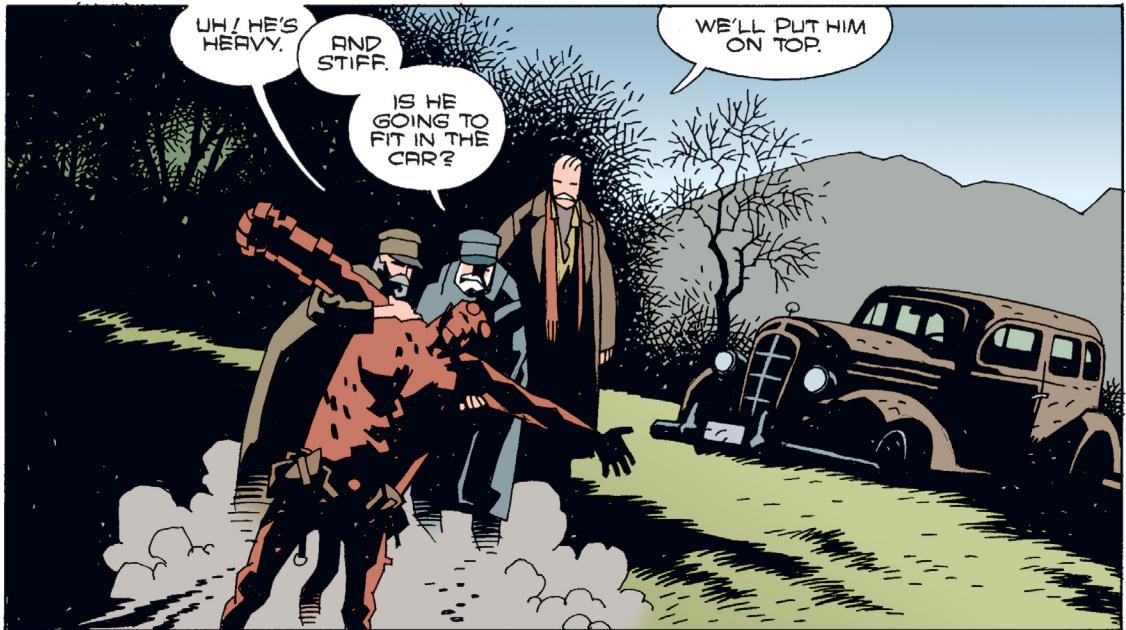
EMBRACE HIM THERE.

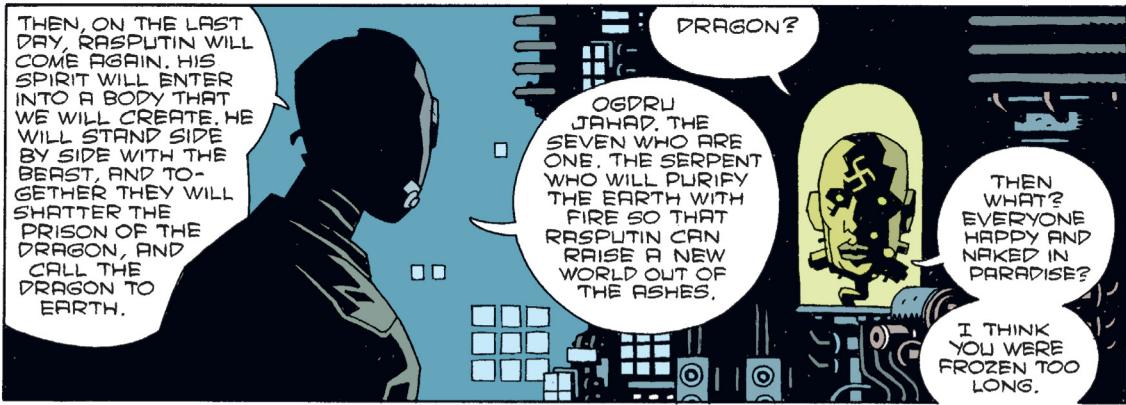




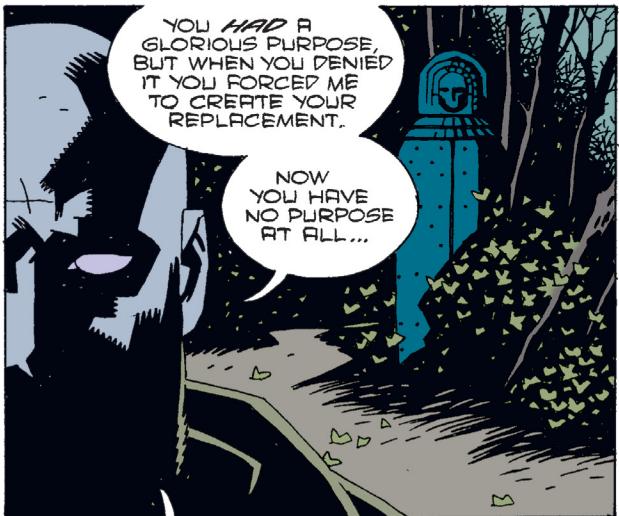
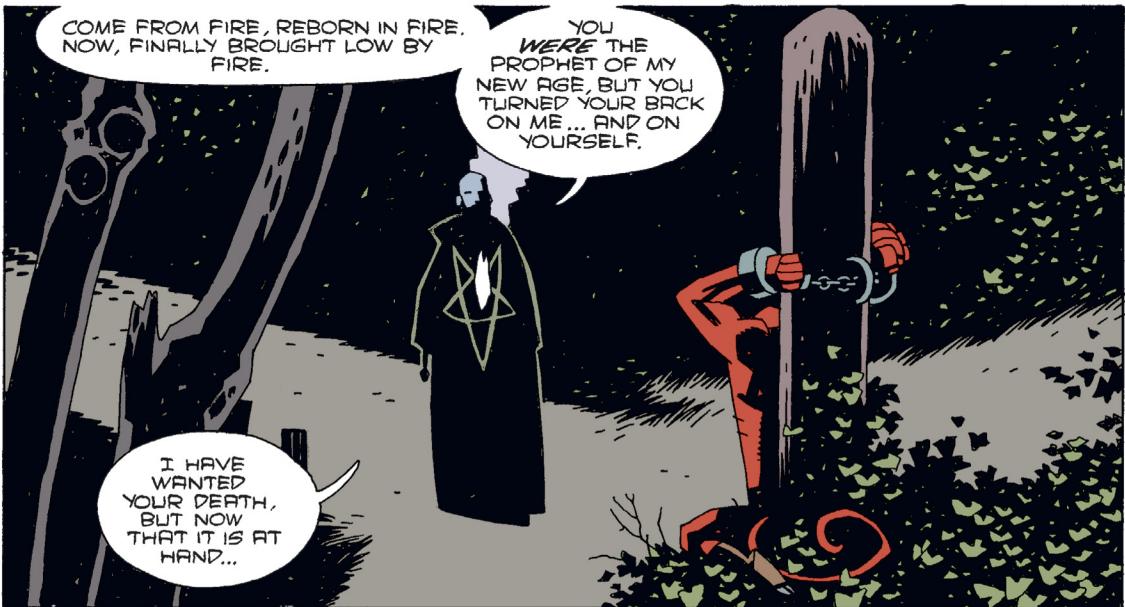
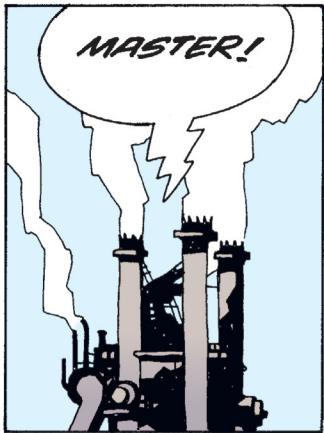












ELIZABETH SHERMAN KNOWS. ONLY HOURS AGO SHE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE FROM HERSELF... TRIED TO RID HERSELF OF HER LIVING GIFT.

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





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

BUREAU  
TO SEARCH  
TEAM TWO...

BUREAU  
TO SEARCH  
TEAM TWO...

MR.  
CLARK? MR.  
SAPIEN?  
COME IN,  
PLEASE...

YEAH,  
BUREAU.  
WE HEAR  
YOU.

ROMANIA.

WE'VE  
GOT A FIX  
ON HELLBOY'S  
BELT SIGNAL. IT'S  
COMING FROM A  
LITTLE TOWN, **NOT**  
THE CASTLE, WHICH  
IS GOOD, 'CAUSE THE  
CASTLE'S JUST A  
BIG, SMOKING  
HOLE.

PROCEED WITH  
CAUTION... STILL NO  
WORD FROM... BE  
ADVISED... AGENTS  
IN ROUTE...

YEAH,  
BUREAU.  
OVER AND  
OUT.

WHAT  
DID THEY  
SAY?

I DUNNO.

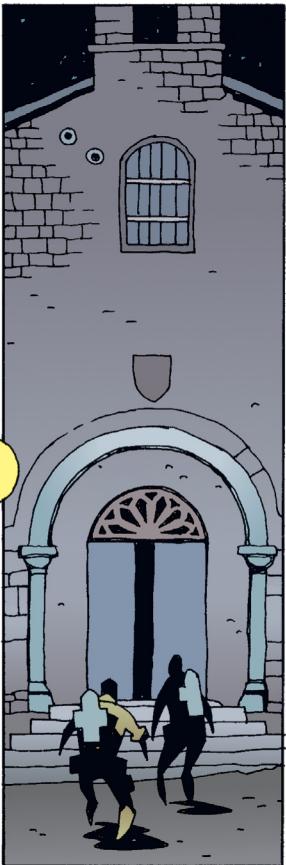
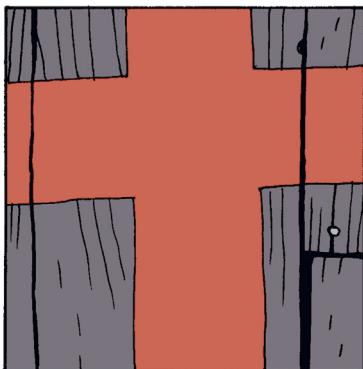
MEEP  
MEEP

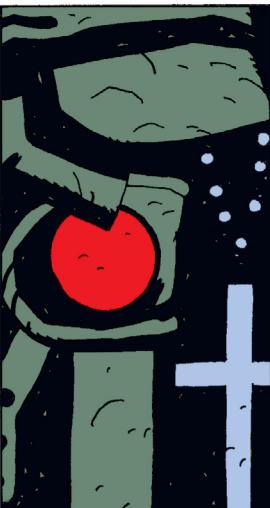
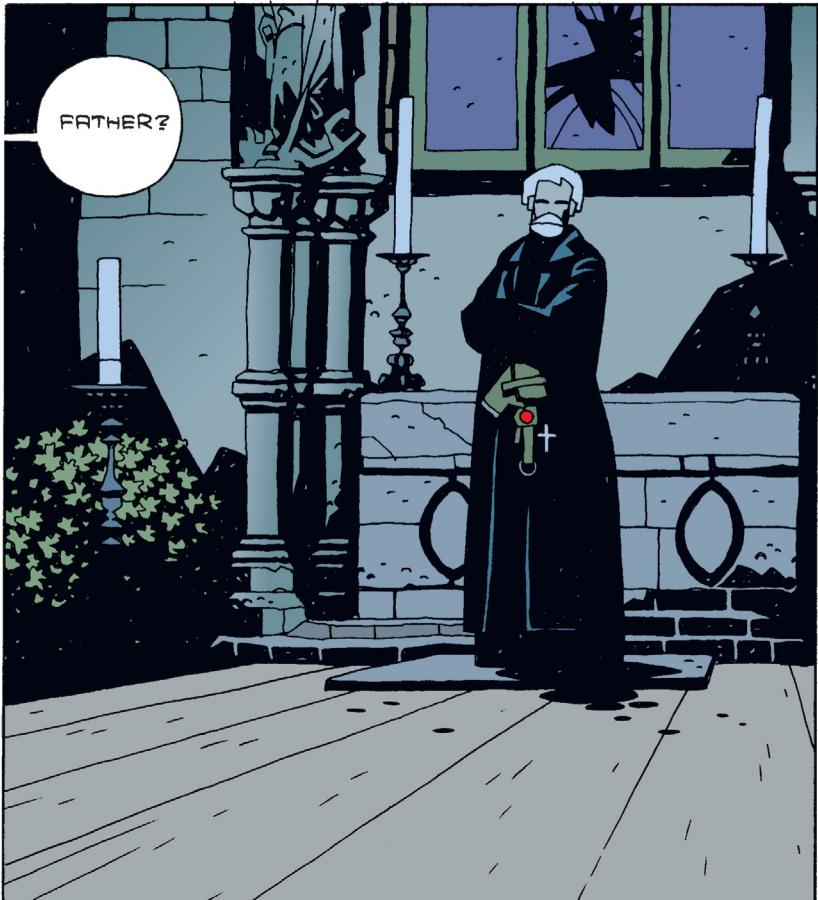
LOOKS  
RWFUL  
QUIET DOWN  
THERE.

MEEP  
MEEP





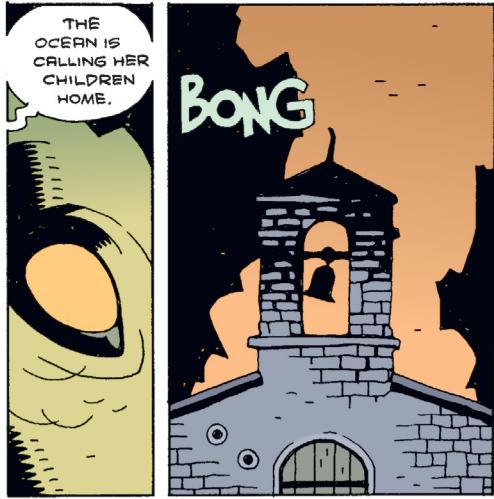


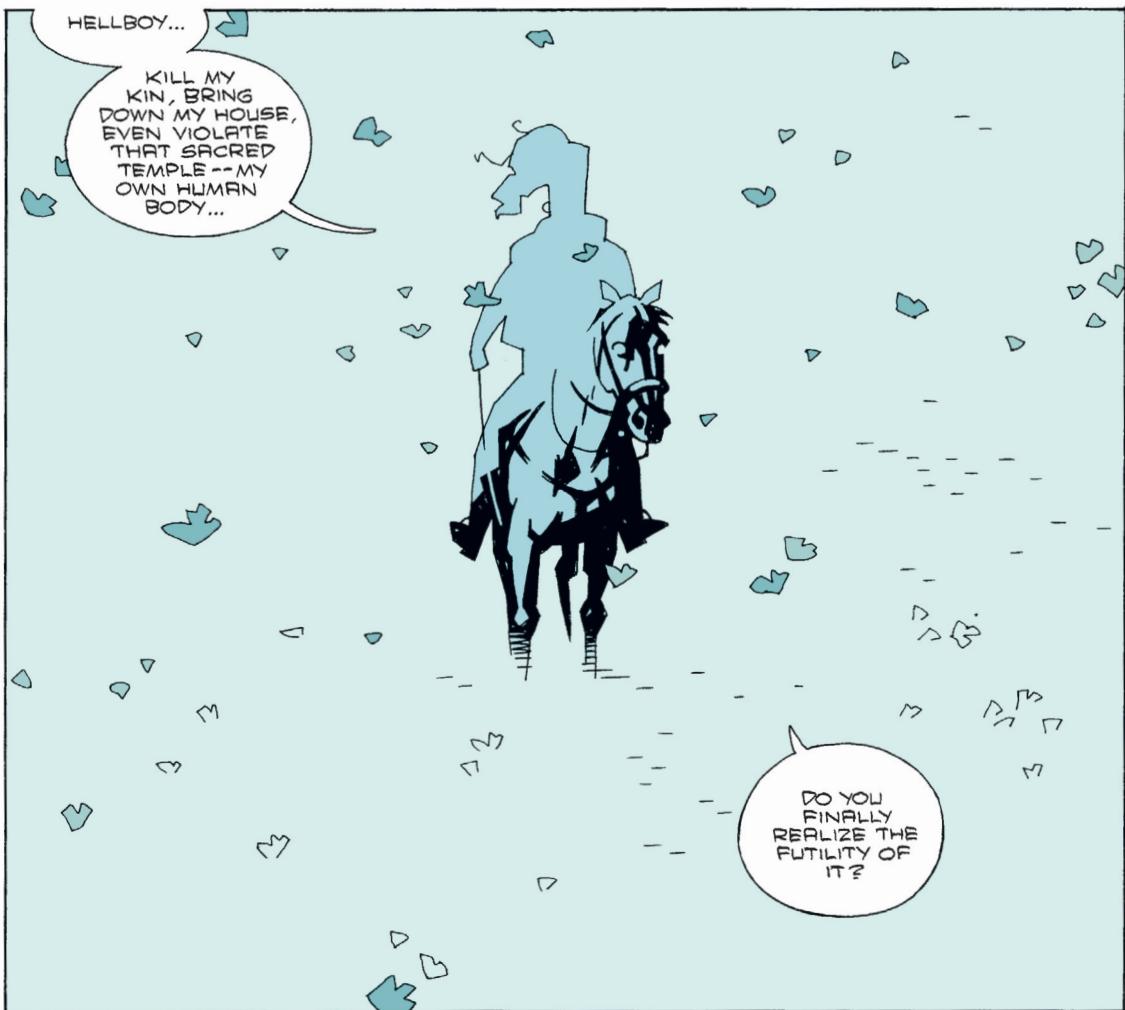










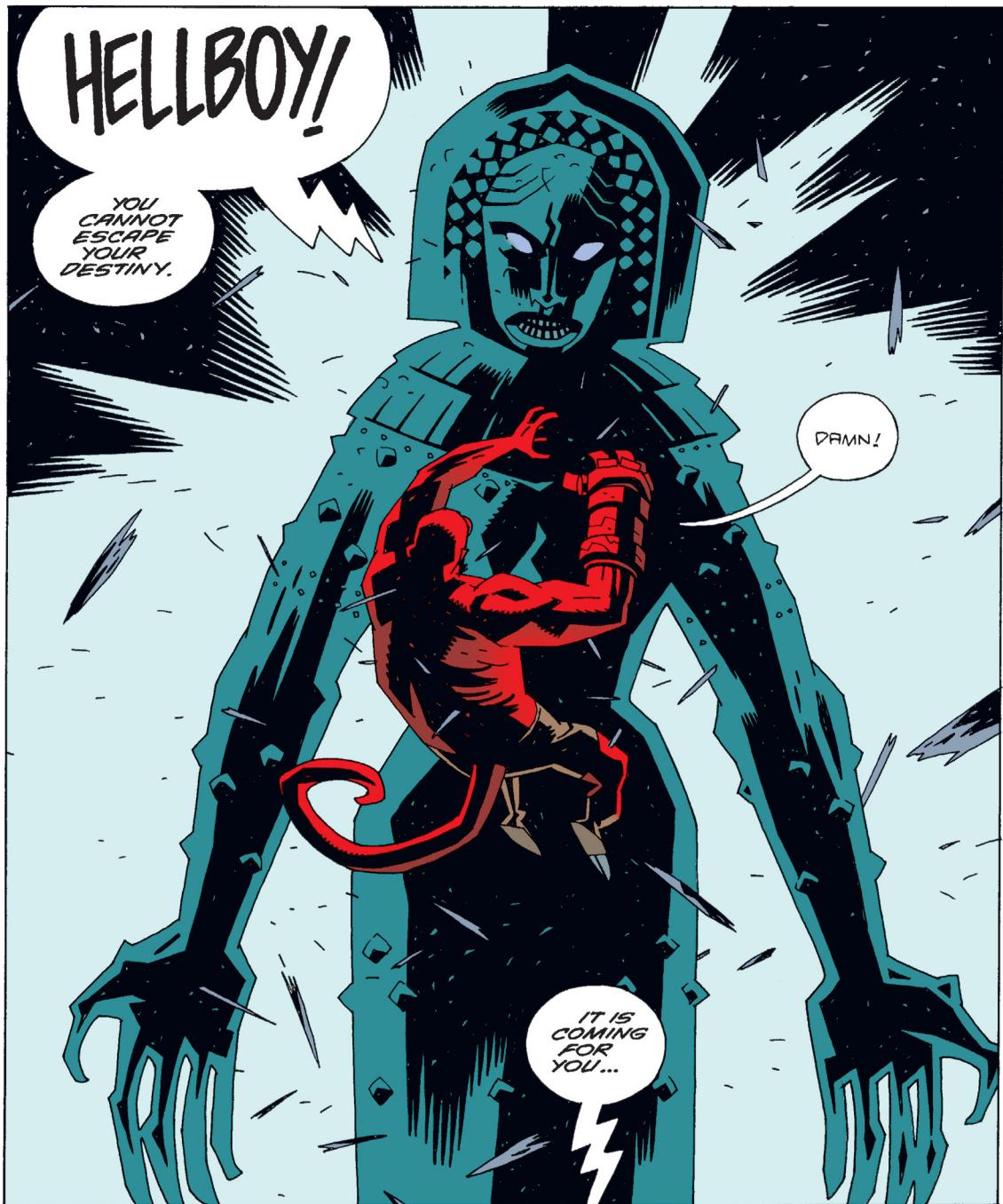


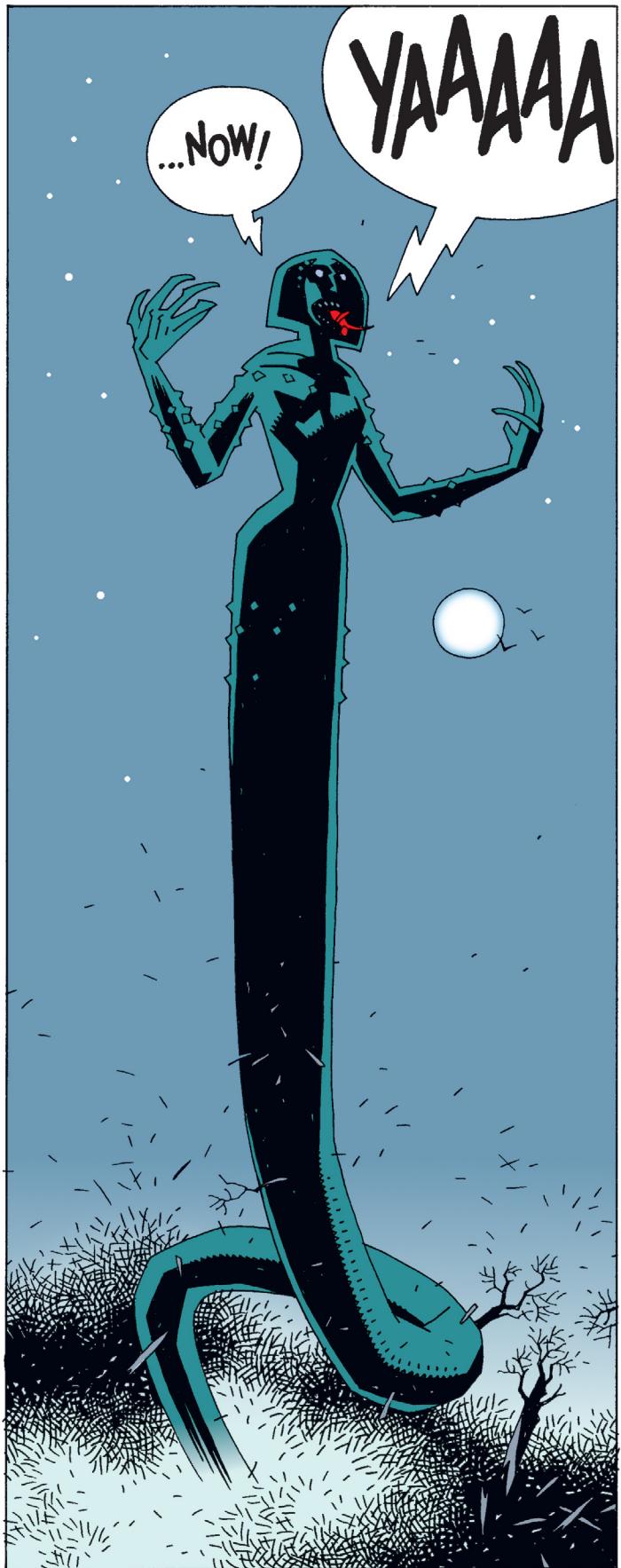












WHERE AM I?

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  
OGDRL 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.  
PRCCI AB  
JURA.

AS  
FORETOLD  
IN PROPH-  
EY, 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  
DOOR 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.

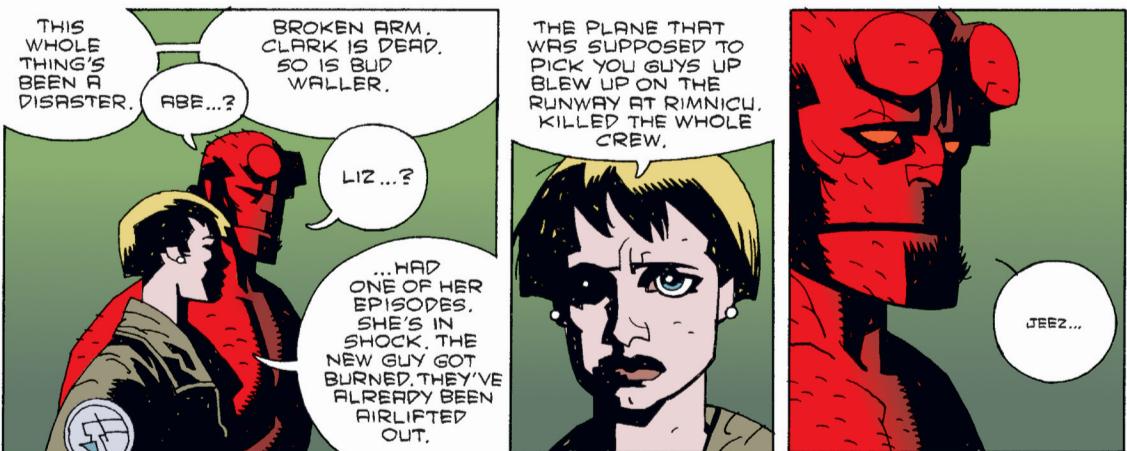
BORN OF HUMAN  
WOMAN IN HELL,  
REBORN OF HUMAN  
DESIGN ON  
EARTH...

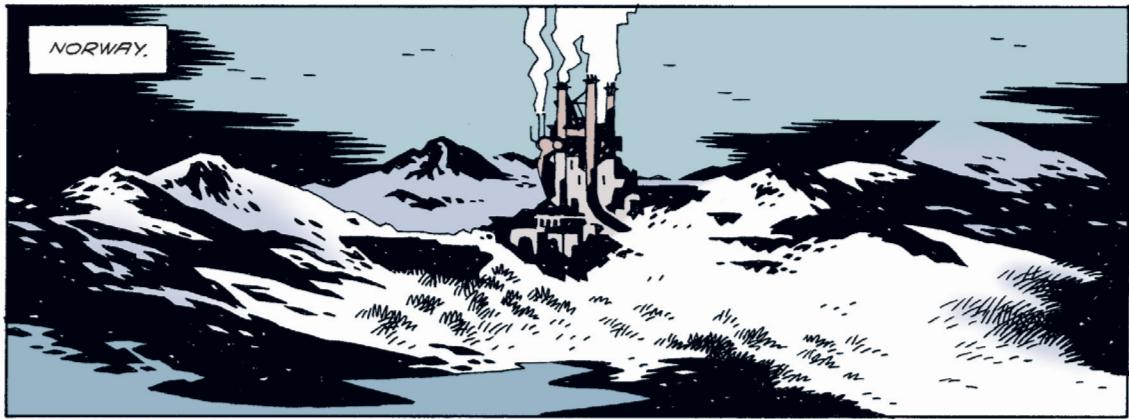
AND NOW,  
FINALLY...

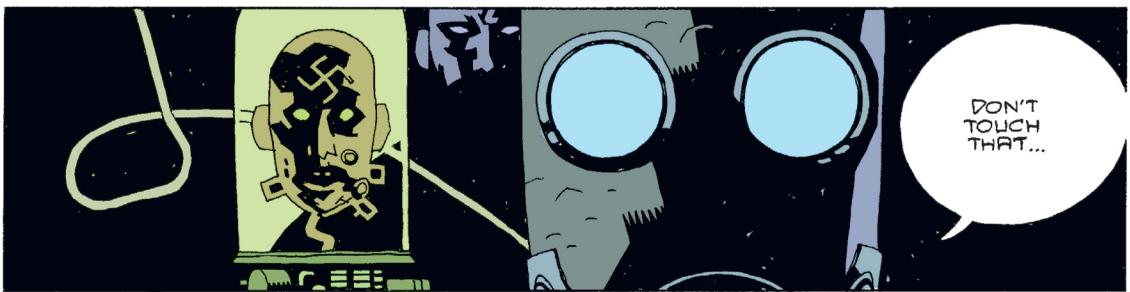
... HE  
GIVES  
BIRTH  
TO HIM-  
SELF.

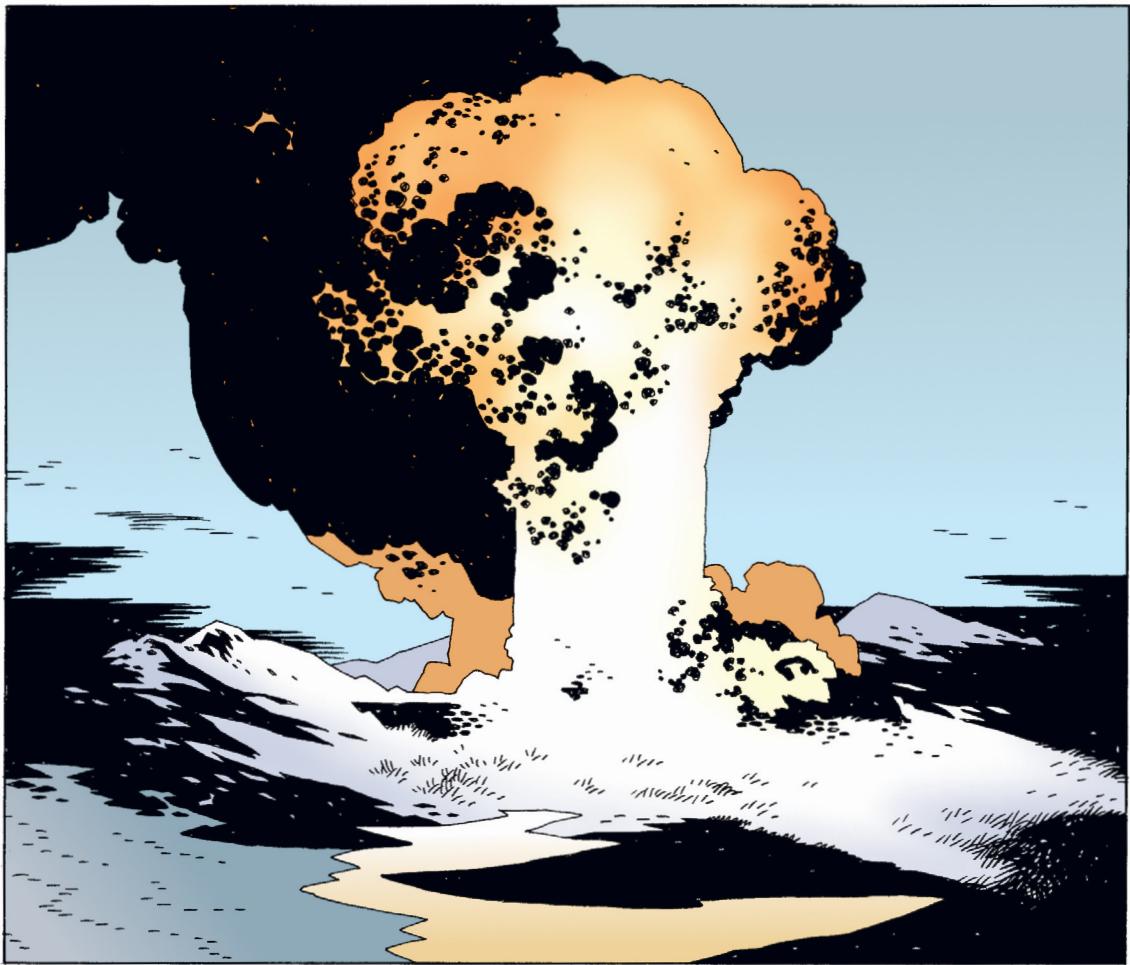


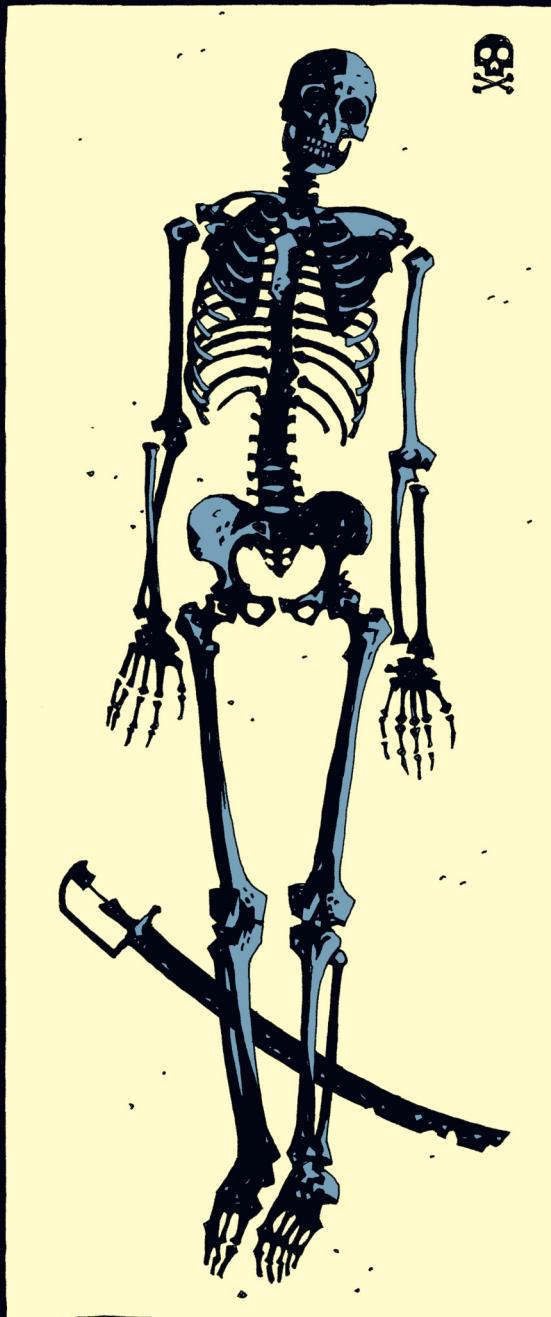












THE SKELETON of Vladimir Giurescu was to have been moved to B.P.R.D. headquarters in Fairfield, Connecticut. It was placed in temporary storage at the Bucharest airport, where it disappeared. It has never been recovered.



**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.

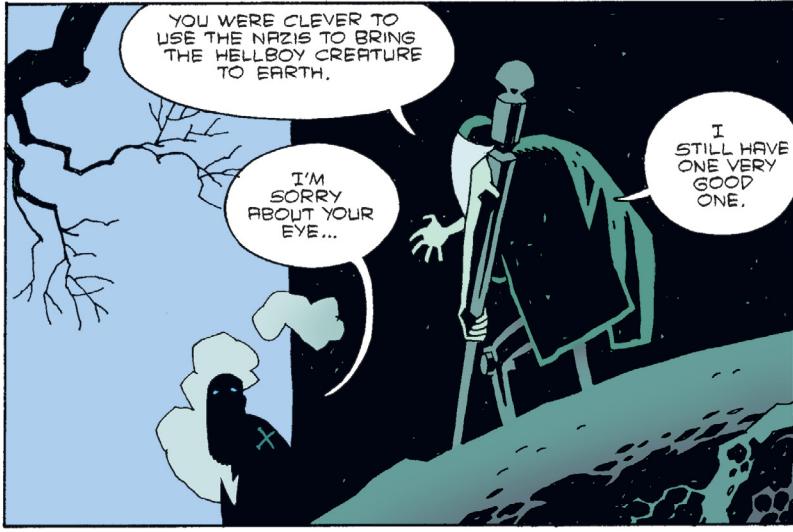
EPilogue.

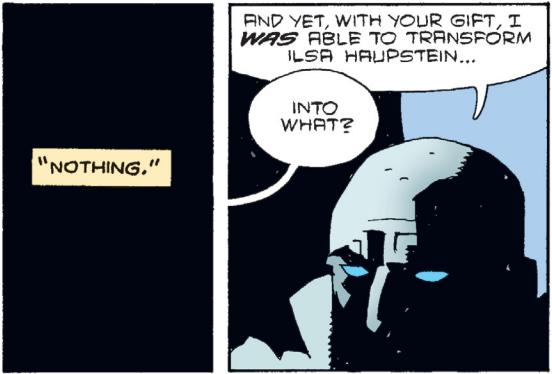
THE WORLD  
TREE,  
YGGDRASIL.

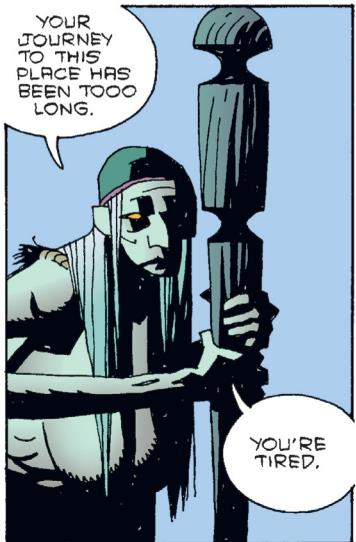
HELLO,  
GRAND-  
MOTHER.

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

...WITH  
HIS  
SOUL.









**H**E 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.

A red ink signature of the name "Mike Mignola" in a stylized, flowing font. The signature is written in a single continuous line with a few loops and flourishes.

Mike Mignola  
Portland, Oregon

# HELLBOY

<sup>TM</sup>

## G A L L E R Y



**featuring**

**BRUCE TIMM**

**P. CRAIG RUSSELL**

**DEREK THOMPSON**

**DAVE COOPER**

**JAY STEPHENS**

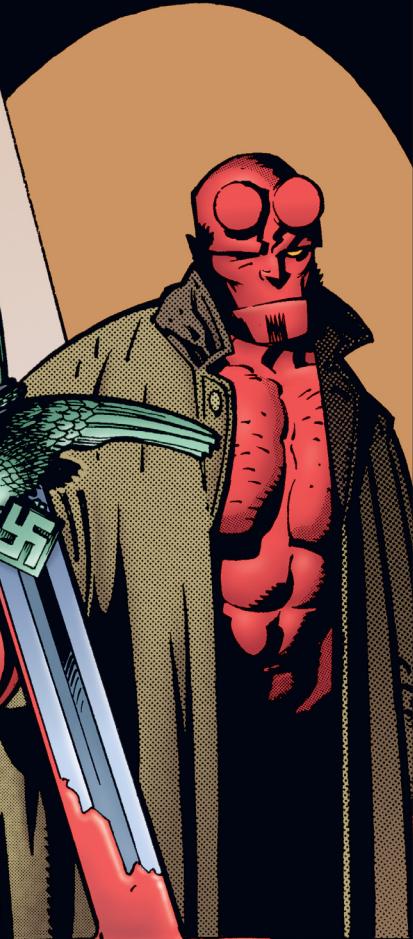
**and**

**OLIVIER VATINE**



# HELLBOY

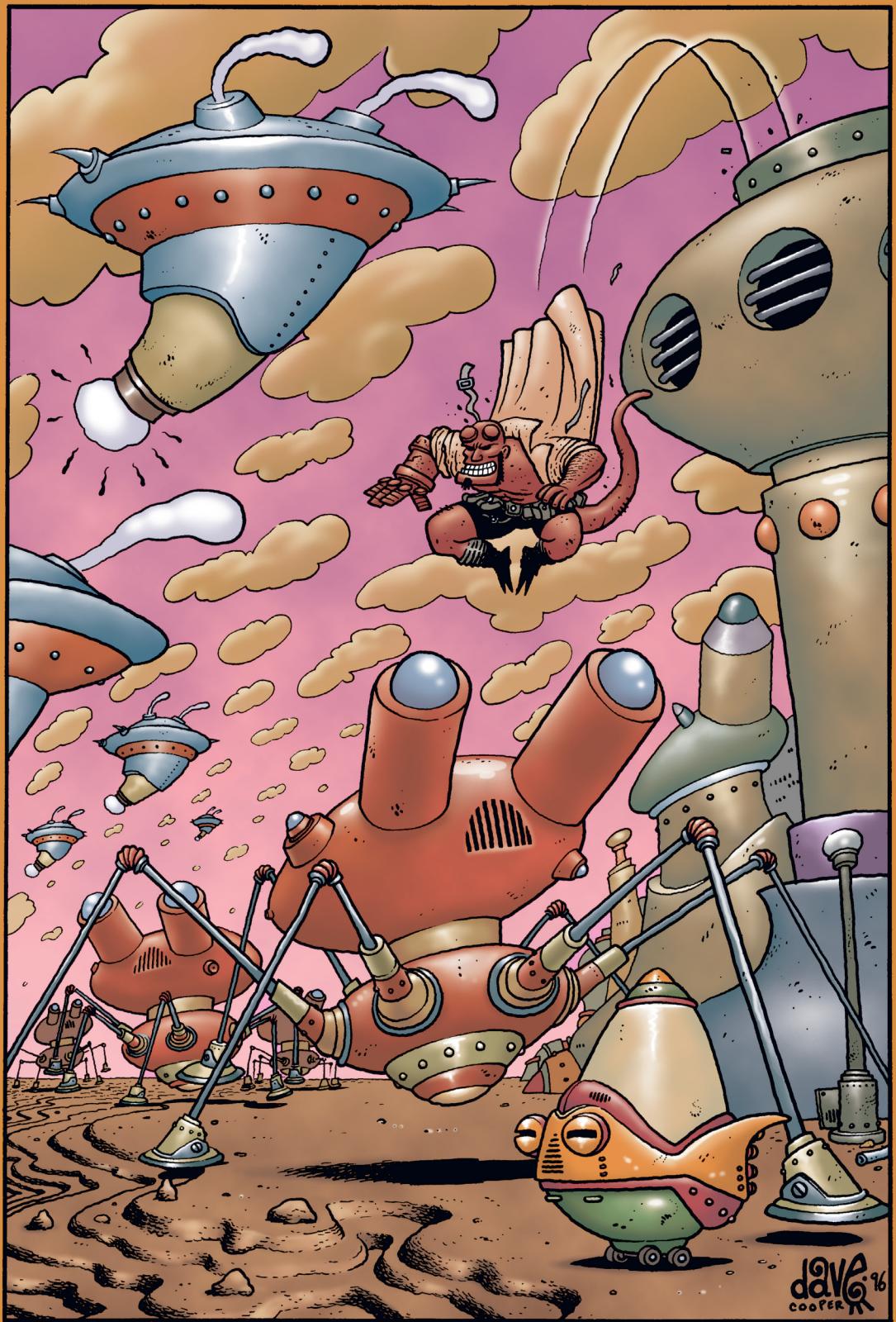
AND THE  
CASE  
OF THE  
CONTAMINATED  
CREDENZA



P. CRAIG RUSSELL • 96







dave '96  
COOPER



Sime '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*

