

# HELLBOY

TM



MIKE MIGNOLA



# HELLBOY

TM

THE CHAINED  
COFFIN  
*and OTHERS*







**THE CHAINED  
COFFIN**  
*and OTHERS*

*by*  
**MIKE MIGNOLA**

*Colored by*  
**JAMES SINCLAIR,  
MATTHEW HOLLINGSWORTH,  
& DAVE STEWART**

*Lettered by*  
**PAT BROSSEAU**



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*Collection designed by*  
**MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI**

*Published by*  
**MIKE RICHARDSON**



**DARK HORSE BOOKS®**

BARBARA KESEL *co-edits on*  
“*The Corpse*” and “*The Wolves of Saint August*.”

BOB SCHRECK *co-edits on “The Chained Coffin.”*

JAMES SINCLAIR *colors for “The Iron Shoes,” “Almost Colossus,”*  
“*The Wolves of Saint August*,” and “*A Christmas Underground*.”

MATTHEW HOLLINGSWORTH *colors for “The Corpse.”*

DAVE STEWART *colors and separations for cover, “The Chained Coffin,”*  
“*The Baba Yaga*,” and the pinup gallery;  
*separations and additional colors for “Almost Colossus”*  
and “*A Christmas Underground*.”

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This volume collects stories from the Dark Horse comic books *Hellboy: The Wolves of Saint August*, *Hellboy: The Corpse* and *The Iron Shoes*, *Hellboy: Almost Colossus*, *Dark Horse Presents* 100 #2, and *Hellboy: Christmas Special*.



# INTRODUCTION

by P. CRAIG RUSSELL

**J**own five pages of the original artwork to Mike Mignola's Hellboy story "The Corpse." Five. If you all want to hate me now, it's okay, I can handle it. I own five pages of "The Corpse."

When it comes to the artwork of Mike Mignola, I find I'm still wearing the hat of a fan. It appears every time I pick up his latest work. And it's especially prominent whenever it's one of his short stories, which, let me be up front about this, I consider to be the finest and most consistently successful work, on so many different levels, being done in comics today.

I first became aware of Mike's work about ten years ago when Al Milgrom, editor of *Marvel Fanfare*, knowing I filled time between my personal projects with inking assignments, tried to entice me onto the book by sending me xeroxes of a Submariner story by a young artist I was not too familiar with. It bore little resemblance to the Mike of these days, but it looked good, and one panel in particular, that of Subby casually standing on a wave, seemed fresh and clever. I was enticed.

Over the next six years I inked almost three hundred pages of Mike's artwork and I'm still enticed. For those three hundred pages I had a front-row-center seat to watch his continual development, and watching that evolution was half the fun of inking him (only in comics do we talk about inking "him," as if to ink an artist's pencil drawings is to ink the artist himself).

A digression. Our careers have intersected in some interesting ways. Years ago DC Comics editor Mike Carlin called to offer me the art assignment on a *Phantom Stranger* limited series. I said I was too busy to pencil it, but I could possibly ink it if they could find an interesting penciller, someone, say, like Mike Mignola, who was currently pencilling Michael Moorcock's *Corum* for First Comics. When he was offered the project, Mike seemed to like the idea of the collaboration, and so dropped *Corum* and went over to DC. Almost immediately I got a call from an editor at First saying "For some reason, Mike has left the *Corum* book and we need an artist. Would you be interested?" You can't make up stuff like that. A criminal genius who *wanted* to hijack the *Corum* book couldn't have planned it better. But I didn't want to hijack the *Corum* book, I just wanted to ink Mignola. Besides, Mike was already well on his way to becoming a master of understatement. Inkers love that in a penciller.

Let me get back to the "fan hat" thing.

As a kid I seemed to wear it all the time. In the mid sixties for Steranko's series of Nick Fury and Captain America stories. Then in the early seventies for Windsor-Smith's first flash of brilliance on the Conan stories. Sure, some of these graphic stories, as *stories*, could be naively pulpy, but it was the way these artists worked the form itself that fascinated me, and I was

devoted to these creators not just for the quality of their work, but for the greater excitement of seeing them grow as artists, literally, month by month. Each new work brought some new visual innovation, as they stretched their graphic wings, as influences were assimilated, or dropped, or transformed. To me, the cliffhanger wasn't what would happen to the hero next issue, but what surprising visual development the artist might come up with next. And so it has been with Mike Mignola.

In the past . . . twenty-five (my god) years since the last Windsor-Smith Conan stories, there have been many graphic stories that stretched the form, that have expanded and deepened it and taken it far from any Hyperborean fantasy land. If you read comics at all you probably know which ones I mean. Monumental stand-alones like Spiegelman's *Maus* and Cruse's *Stuck Rubber Baby*, series with names like *Bone* and *Hate* and *Cerebus* and *Eightball*. Documentaries like Joe Sacco's *Palestine*, Pekar's *American Splendor* and Chester Brown's *Yummy Fur*. All of these books, and many more besides, have moved me, provoked me, and challenged me to produce better work. And though already a devotee of Mignola's *Hellboy*, it was the publication of "The Corpse" that rekindled my youthful enthusiasm for the form. It was, and remains, absolutely unique, with a deft wit, a sometimes gruesome sense of humor, and at all times a formal elegance.

It is this formal elegance that hearkens back to those earlier works that so excited my imagination as a young artist. It is not just in Mike's drawing that I take such pleasure, but in all the disparate elements that make simple drawing fit into the larger context of graphic storytelling. It lies in the powerful use of black, the clever use of expositional panels, the careful attention to the rhythm of balloon placement and sound effects, color as mood, architectural detail (Mike seems to be the only artist in comics to realize that not all graveyards come from New England), and, most importantly, the plasticity of his layouts. His panel arrangements seem to breathe, their size and proportion one to the other in quick and elastic response to the needs of the story. It is a sensual pleasure to read these stories.

To bring us up to date. It was just a few weeks ago that I saw an announcement for this volume in the back of the book *Abe Sapien*. And it was only a few days ago that editor Scott Allie asked me, to my great pleasure, to write this intro. As I hadn't seen the as yet unpublished "Baba Yaga" story, I asked Scott for a copy to preview, reasoning that I couldn't introduce a book unless I'd seen all of it. But, really, my motive was not so pure. What I really wanted to do was to wave the unpublished piece before all my friends who are also Mignola fans and say, "Look what I haaaaave."

I have five pages of original art from "The Corpse," did I mention that?

## The Corpse

ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO I discovered an Irish folktale called “Teig O’Kane and the Corpse,” and I decided right then and there that one day I would adapt it for comics. Well, that sort of happened. In 1995 someone at Dark Horse approached me with the idea of me doing a Hellboy story that would appear in Capital City’s *Advance Comics* catalog in two-page installments. Two pages? How the hell do you do that? The challenge was to come up with a story where some new, strange thing would happen every two pages. I dug out “Teig O’Kane” (thinking of the three different churchyard incidents), added bits and pieces from other English and Irish folktales (the changeling, the bouncing rock, Jenny Greenteeth, etc.), and there you go.

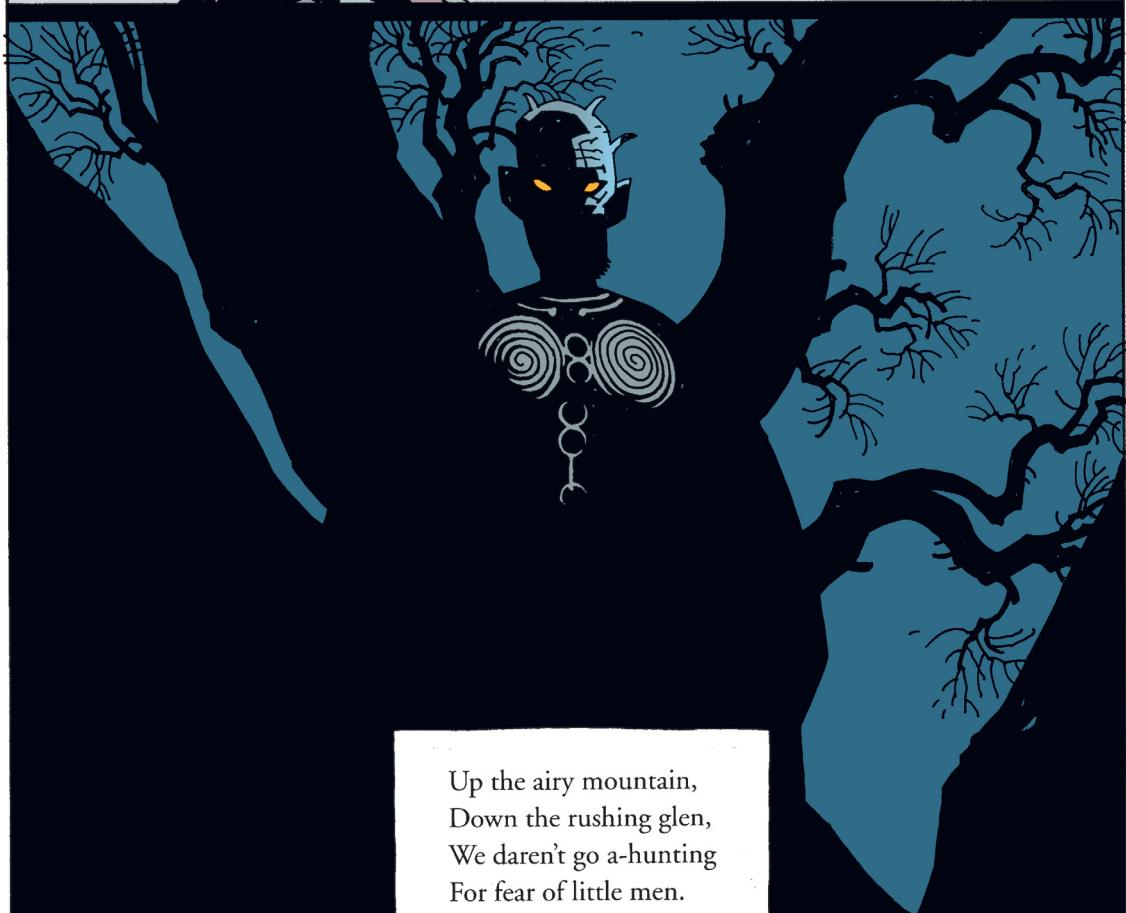
Several people I respect and admire consider this to be the best Hellboy story I’ve done (see Craig Russell’s introduction). I guess I would agree, but when I first did “The Corpse,” I was convinced that it was the all-time worst story I had ever done. I don’t remember why. Oh well . . .



## The Iron Shoes

WHEN IT CAME TIME to collect the two-page “Corpse” installments I was faced with a problem. The story wasn’t quite long enough to fill a comic. I added a new first page (the title page), but didn’t want to try adding new story pages. By now I liked the story and didn’t want to mess it up. So I came up with “The Iron Shoes,” because I like the title *The Corpse and the Iron Shoes*.

I will be the first to admit that this isn’t really a story, just a weird little incident, but that’s okay. I like the use of the experts at the beginning as a way to throw some folklore at the reader. It’s a trick I plan to use again one of these days.

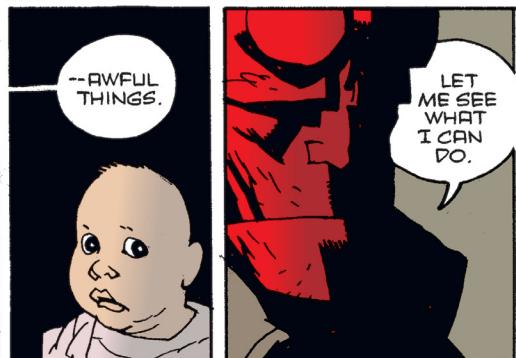


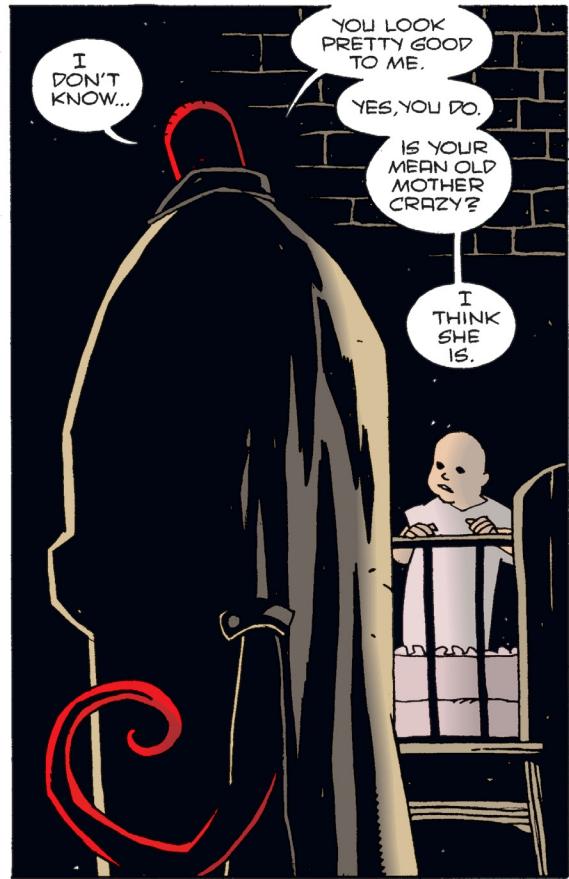
Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushing glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men.

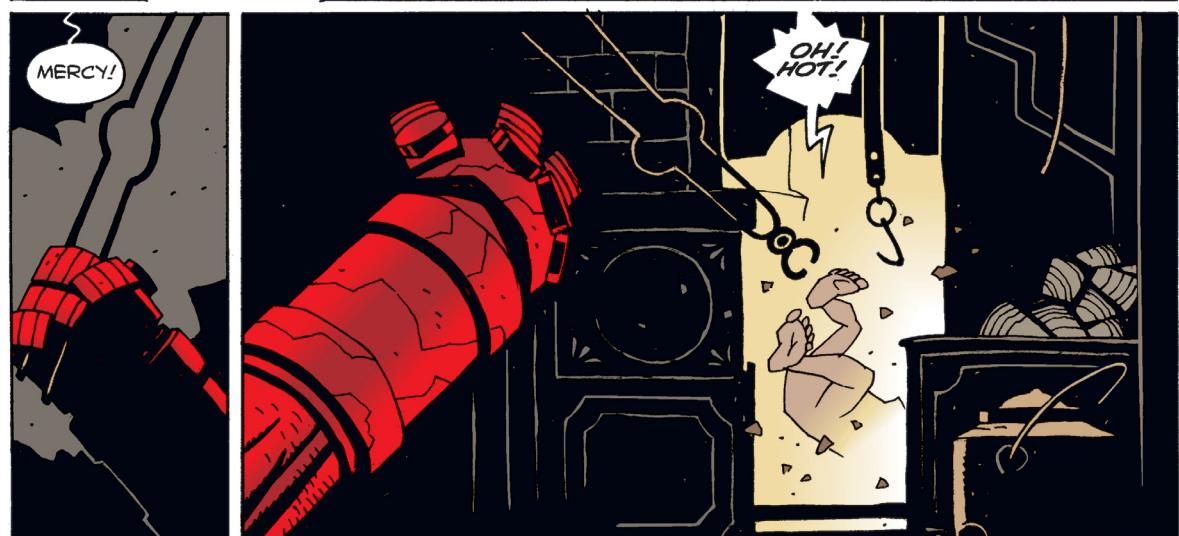
“The Fairies”  
William Allingham

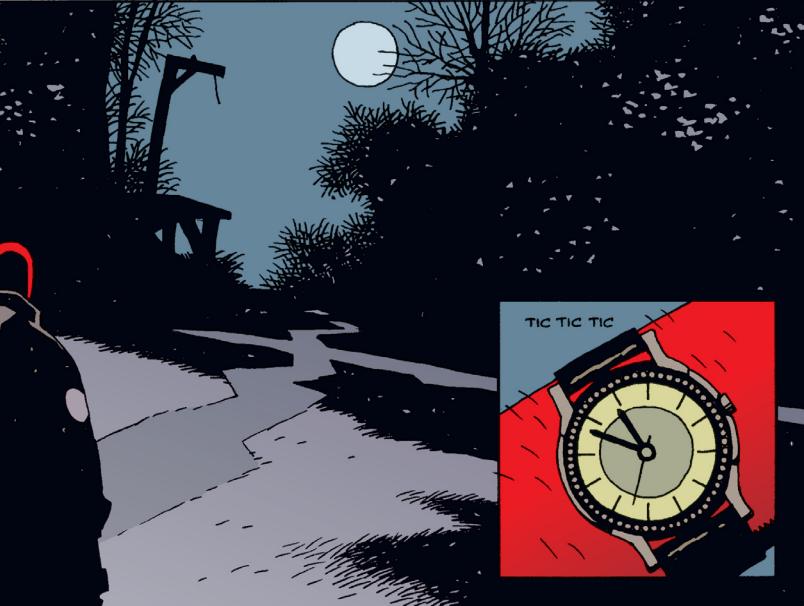
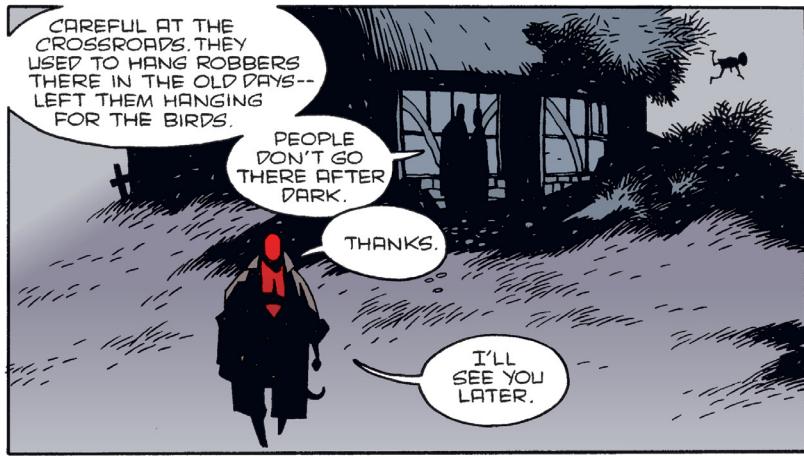
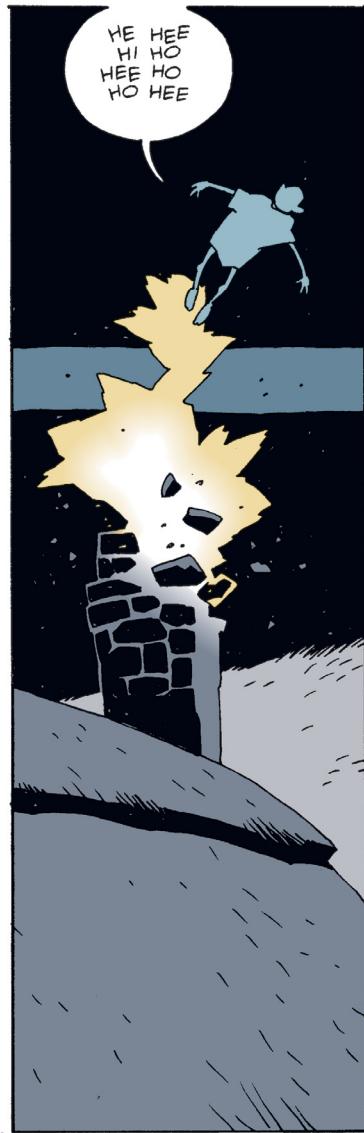
IRELAND, 1959.

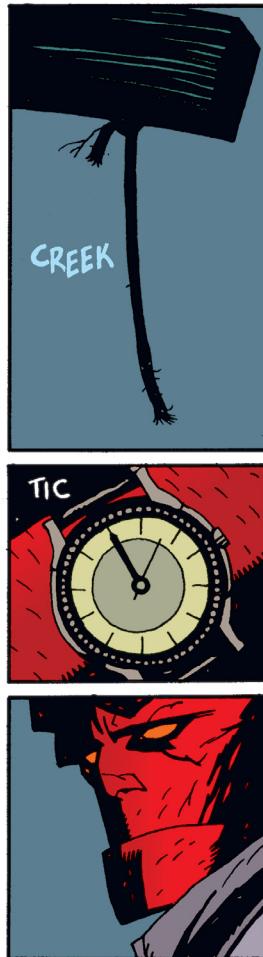
WHAT  
HAVE  
YOU  
DONE  
WITH MY  
BABY?











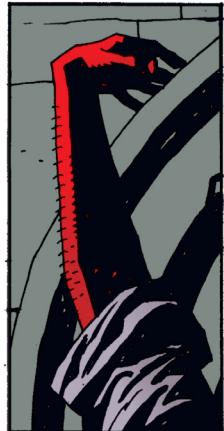


QUICK, NOW, QUICK!  
SEE THAT TAM O'CLANNIE  
IS IN HIS GRAVE BY DAY-  
BREAK. BURY 'IM IN THAT CHURCH  
AT TEAMPOLL-DÉMUS. IF NOT  
THERE, THEN CARRICK-FHAD-VIC-  
ORUS. IF NOT THERE, THEN  
IMOLGUE-FADA. AND IF  
NOT THERE, IT **MUST**  
BE KILL-BREEDYA.

DO  
THIS WORK  
RIGHTLY AND  
THE GOOD  
PEOPLE WILL  
BE THANKFUL  
TO YOU.

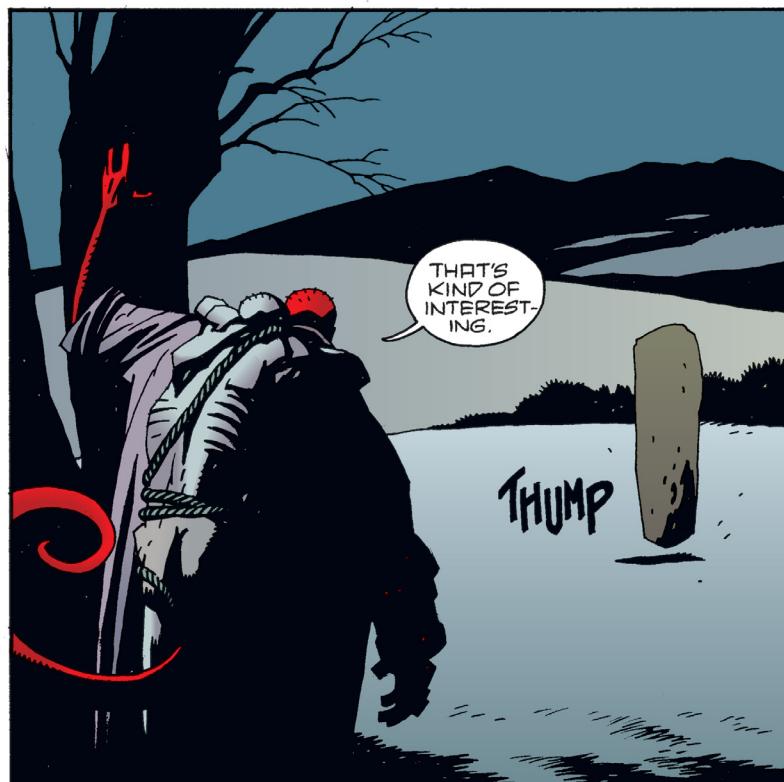
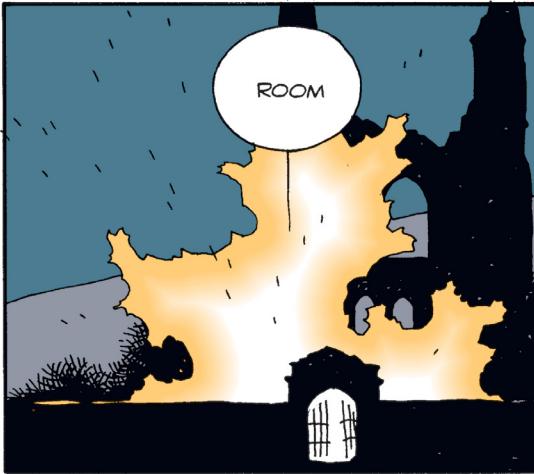
FAIL  
IN THIS  
AND THE  
CHILD IS  
LOST.

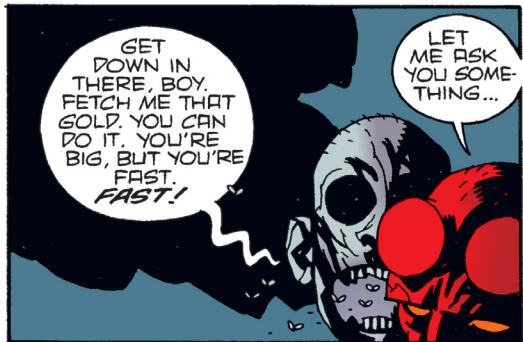
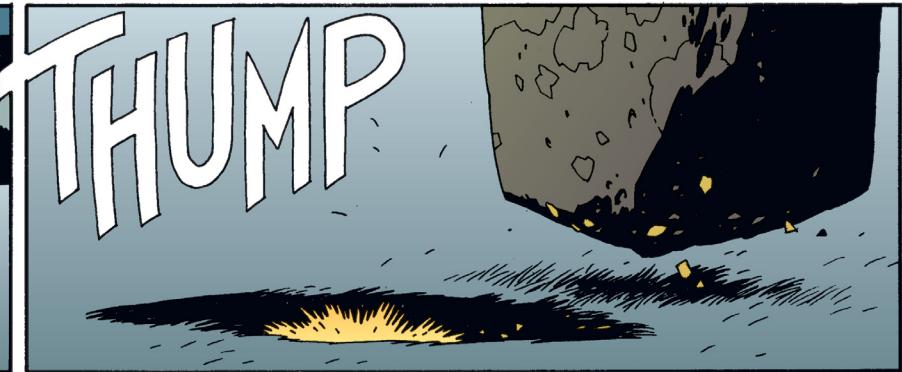




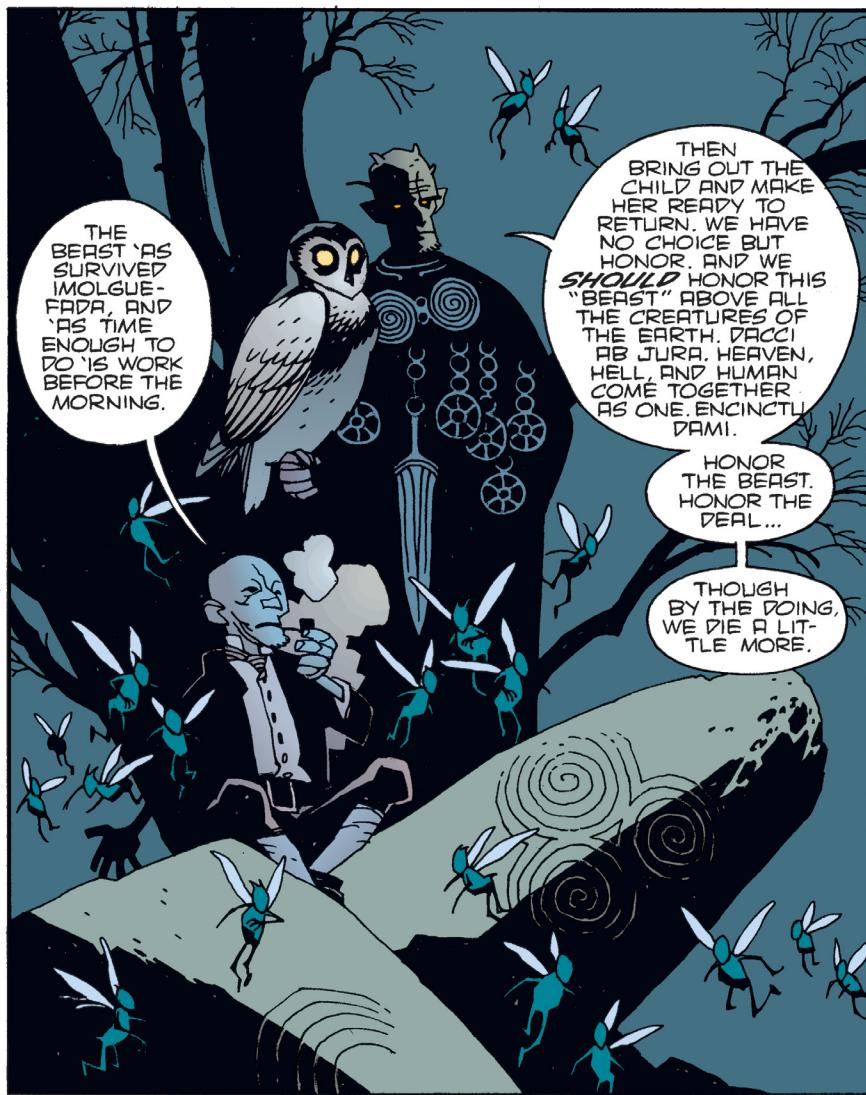
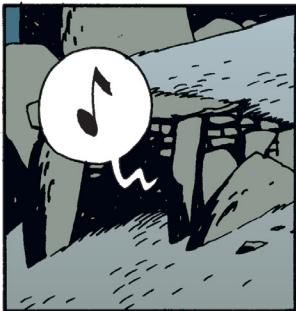
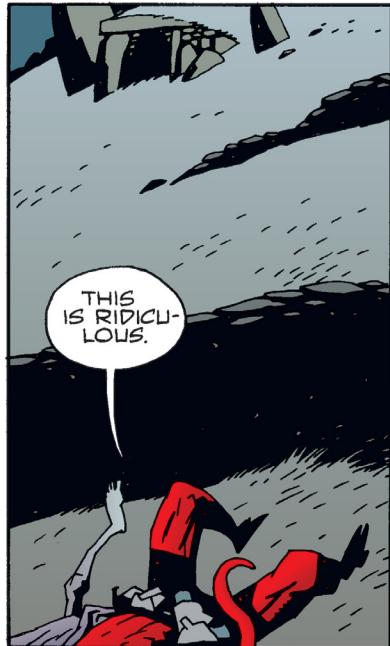


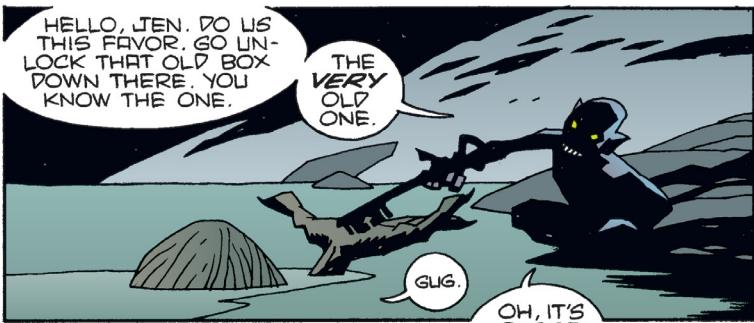
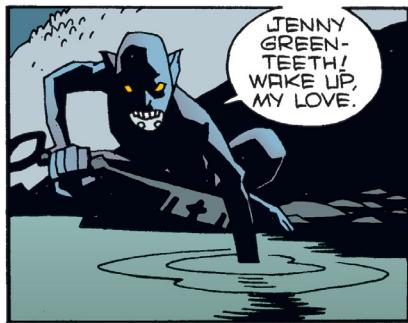




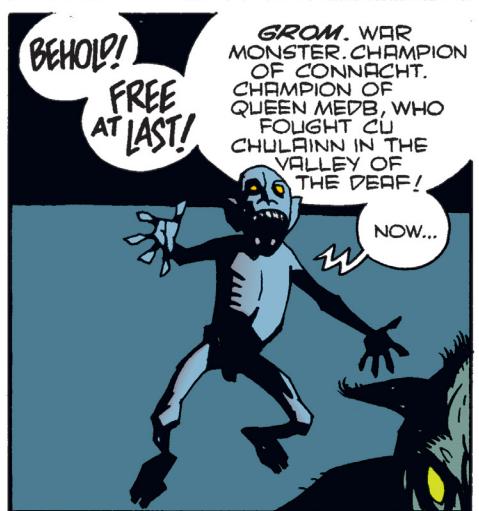






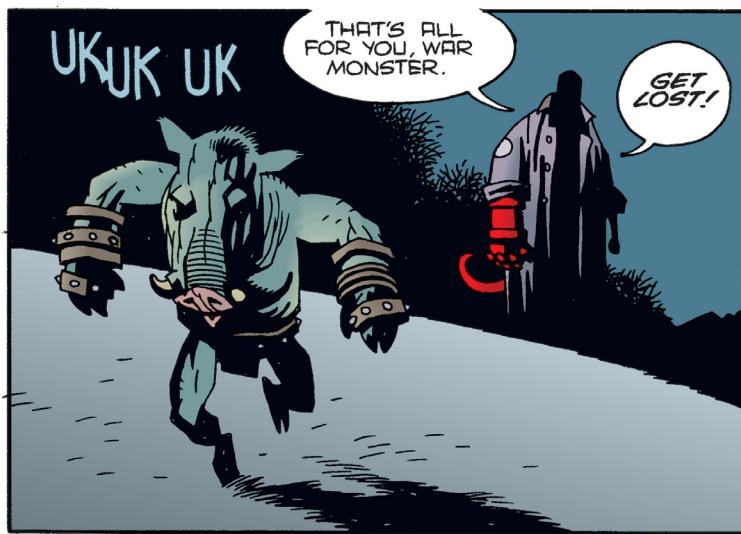


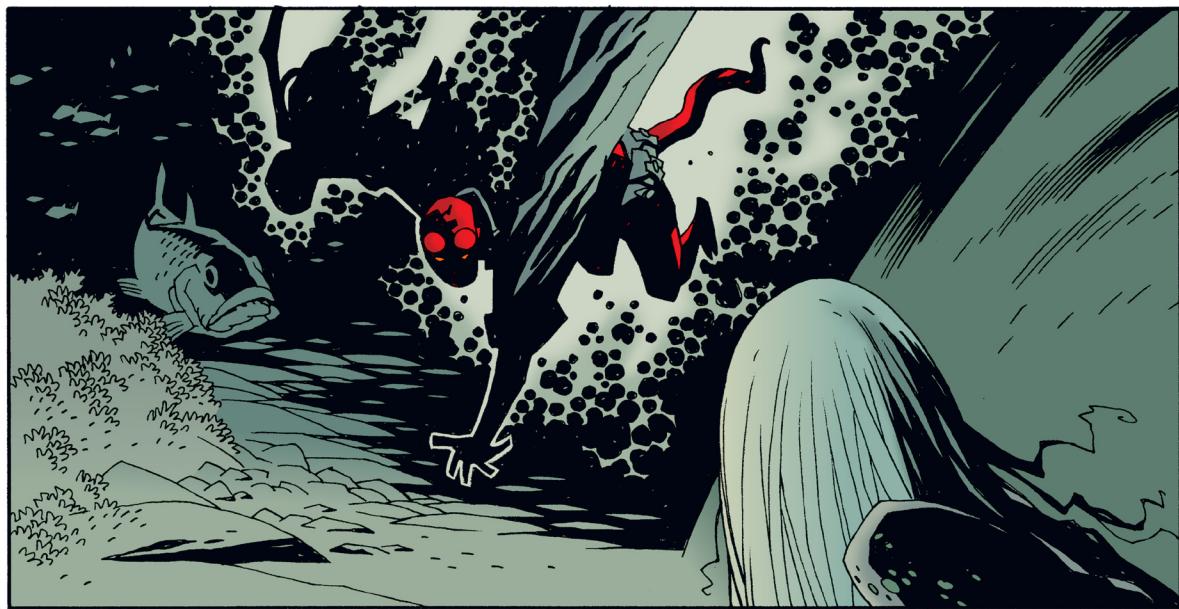


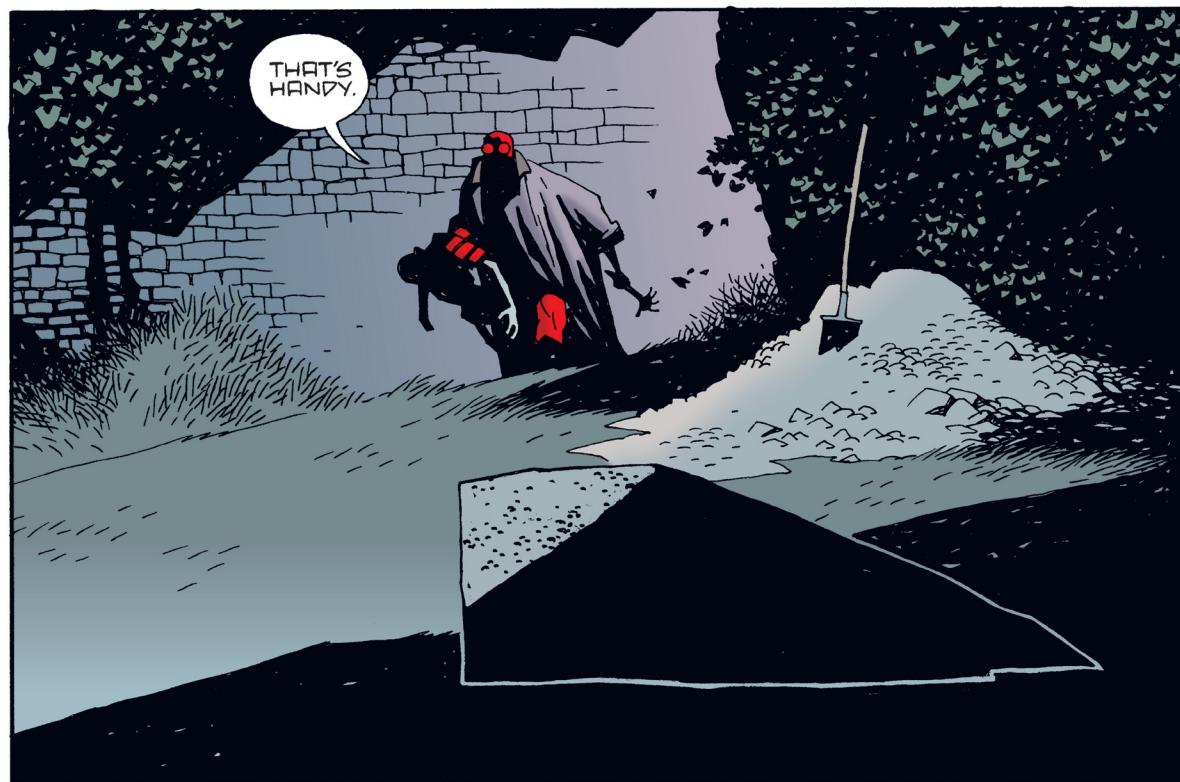
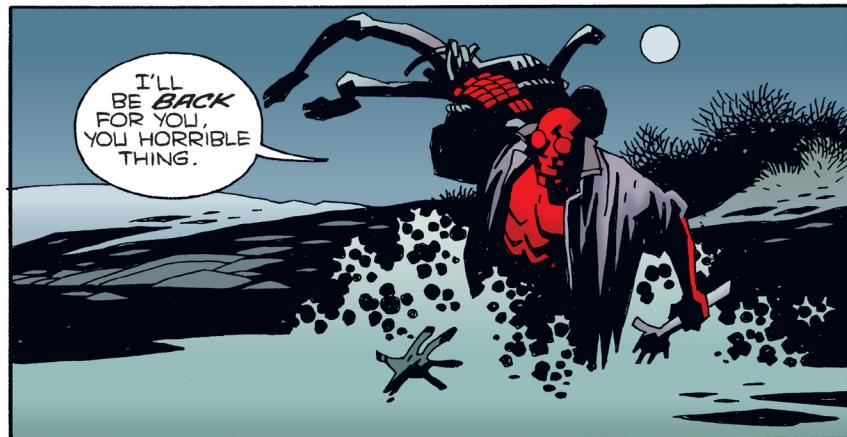


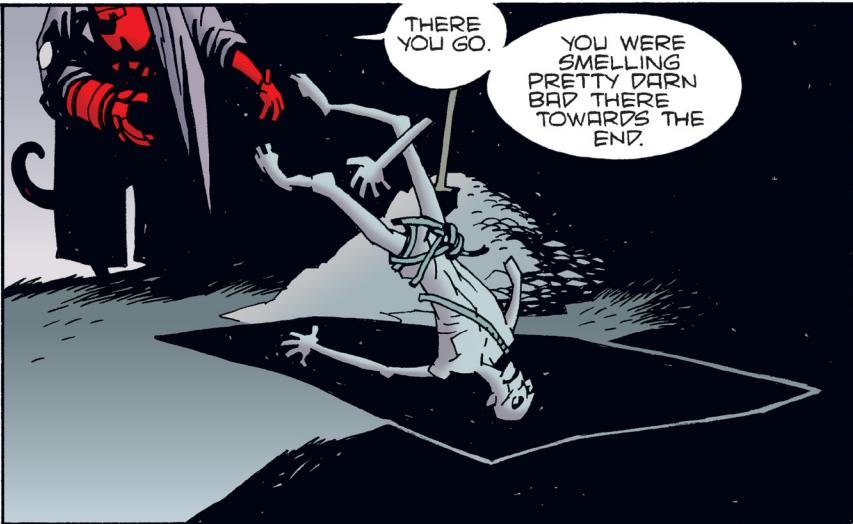














EDWIN D. WOLF,  
FOLKLORIST,  
DEMONOLOGIST,  
AND PROFESSOR  
OF MEDIEVAL  
LITERATURE AT  
TRINITY COLLEGE.

WHILE IT IS A GOOD GENERAL RULE  
THAT IRON REPELS FAIRIES, EVIL  
SPIRITS, WITCHCRAFT, AND ALL OTHER  
MALIGN INFLUENCES, ALL RULES HAVE  
THEIR GLARING EXCEPTIONS. I HAVE  
PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF DEMONIC  
CREATURES WHO DRESS THEMSELVES  
IN IRON AND SUFFER NO ILL EF-  
FECTS...

...JACK-IN-  
IRONS, THE  
YORKSHIRE  
GIANT...

...BLACK-IRON-  
TOM OF THE LAXLEY  
MINES...

...AND, MOST  
HORRIBLE OF  
THEM ALL, A THING  
KNOWN ONLY AS...

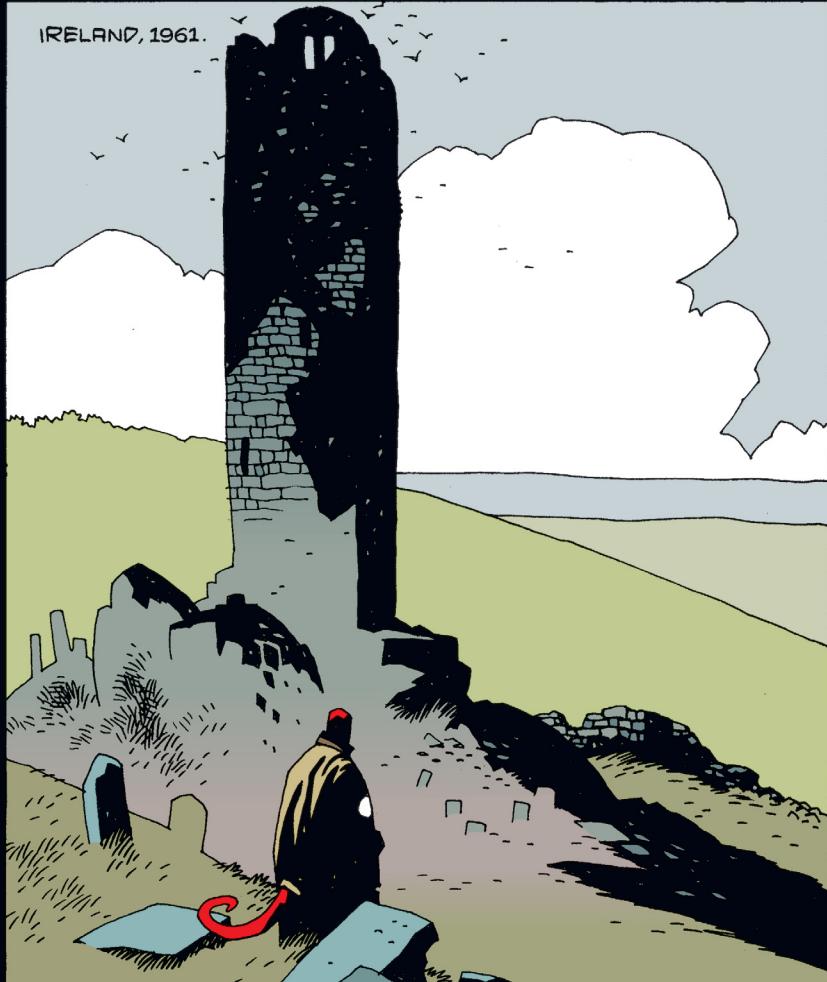
# The Iron Shoes

IRON SHOES IS  
CERTAINLY THE MOST  
BLOODTHIRSTY OF  
THE OLD BORDER  
GOBLINS. HE LIVES IN  
RUINED TOWERS --  
PARTICULARLY THOSE  
WITH AN EVIL HIS-  
TORY -- AND PREYS  
UPON UNSUSPECTING  
TRAVELERS.

IRELAND, 1961.

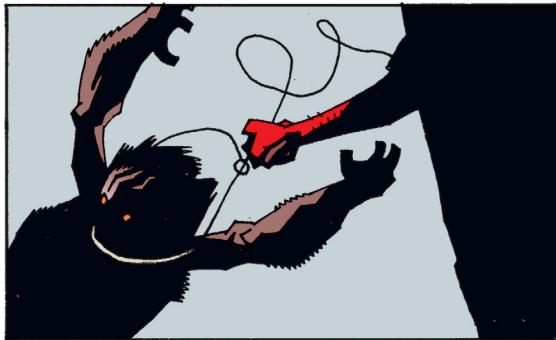


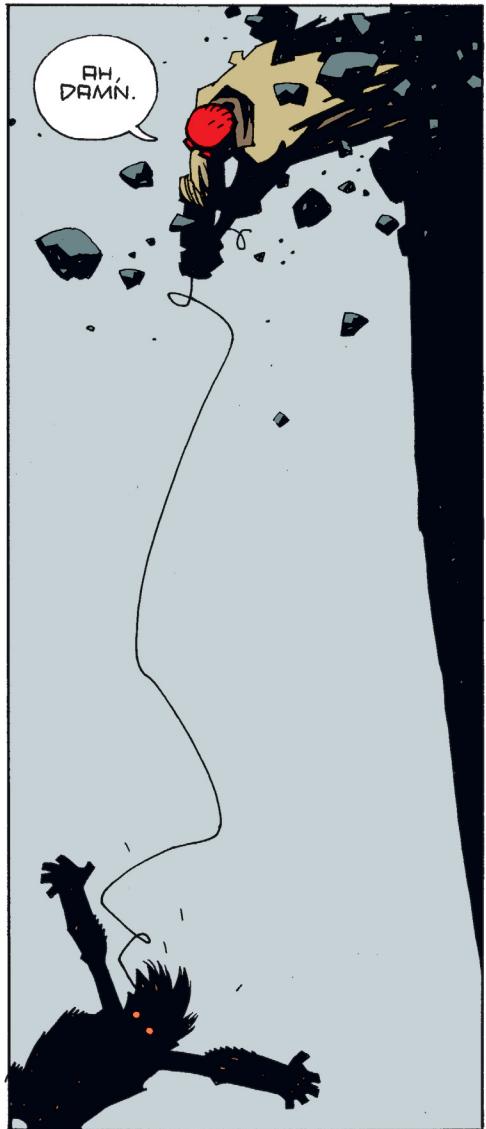
KATHERIN BOGGS,  
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
OF THE ENGLISH  
FOLKLORE SOCIETY.

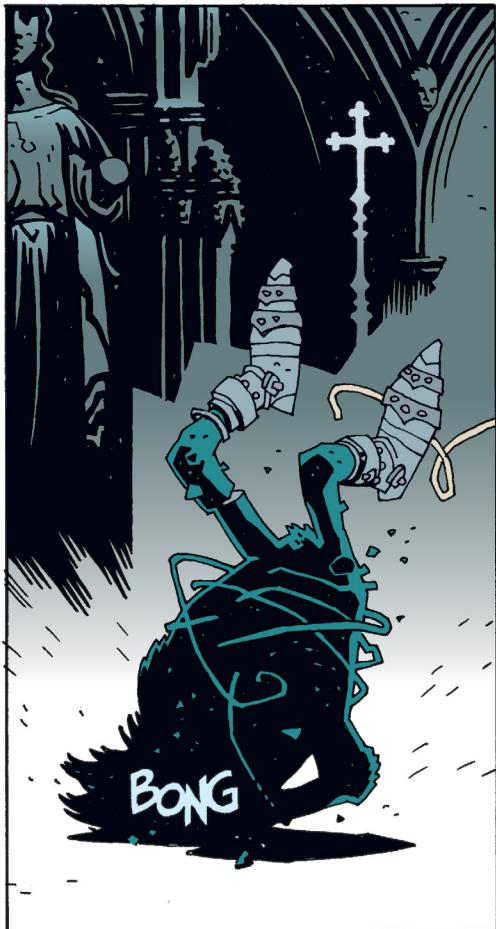












## The Baba Yaga

I HAD ORIGINALLY PLANNED to do this story as one of four backup features in Art Adams' *Monkeyman and O'Brien* miniseries. When Art took longer than expected on that series, I went ahead with other projects. Eventually I worked Baba Yaga (the most famous witch in Russian folklore) into *Wake the Devil*, the second Hellboy miniseries. In there I mentioned Hellboy shooting her eye out, but I still really wanted to draw that scene. It's sort of an important moment in Hellboy's history. So here it is, done specifically for this collection.

I made up all the business about counting dead men's fingers, but (believe it or not) the thing about Baba Yaga counting spoons is an actual Russian folktale.



## A Christmas Underground

LIKE "THE CORPSE," this one was inspired by a folktale I read years ago. It was an odd thing about a girl who looks under a bush and finds stairs leading down to some kind of palace, where she falls in love with an invisible prince. The stairs underground struck me as a sort of symbolic death/grave thing, turning the prince into a more sinister character. Well, I filed the story away in my head until Gary Gianni and I came up with the idea of doing a Christmas special. I realized I didn't have a Hellboy Christmas story, so I added the Christmas angel to the underground story, which helped it a lot, and there you go.

YOU'RE  
SURE  
SHE'LL BE  
HERE?

EACH YEAR ON THIS  
NIGHT THE BABA YAGA  
COMES TO CALL UP  
DEAD SINNERS AND  
COUNT THEIR FINGERS.

# The Baba Yaga

WHY DOES  
SHE COUNT  
FINGERS?

WHY?

I KNEW A MAN ONCE--HE  
LIVED IN A HOUSE NEAR  
THE WOODS, AND EACH  
NIGHT THE BABA YAGA  
WOULD FLY INTO HIS KI-  
TCHEN TO  
COUNT HIS SPOONS...

THE MAN  
WOULD HIDE IN  
A CLOSET AND  
BITE A RAG TO  
KEEP FROM  
SCREAMING.

IT TELLS YOU  
SOMETHING.  
SHE HAS CURIO-  
US HABITS.

IT'S NOT  
FOR YOU  
AND I TO  
UNDERSTAND.

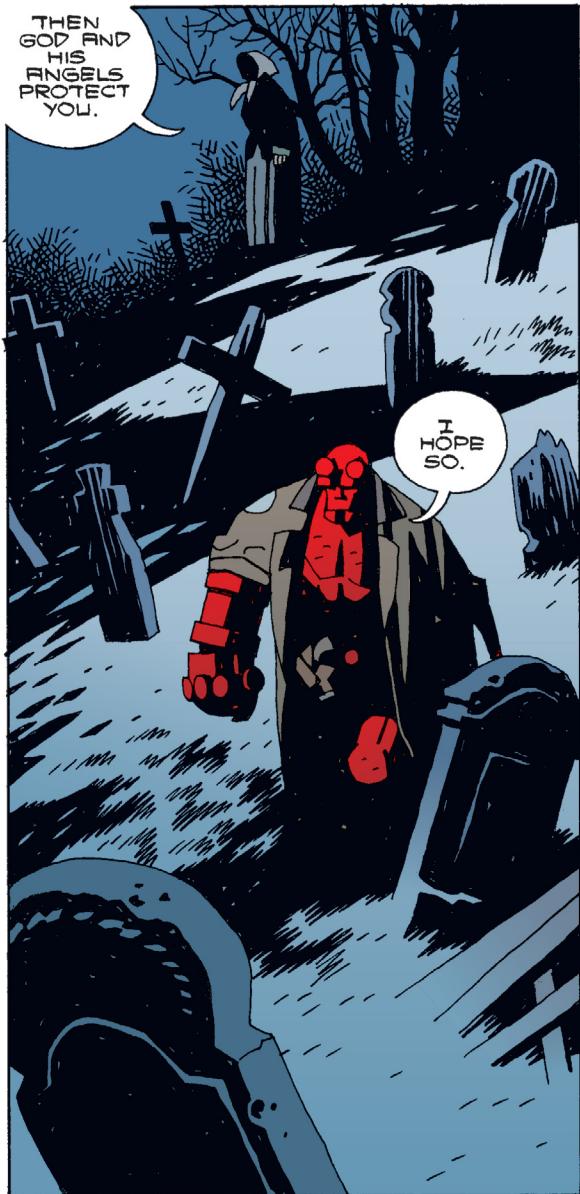
YEAH,  
WELL...  
NOT FOR  
LONG.

COME BACK TO  
THE VILLAGE WITH  
ME NOW--

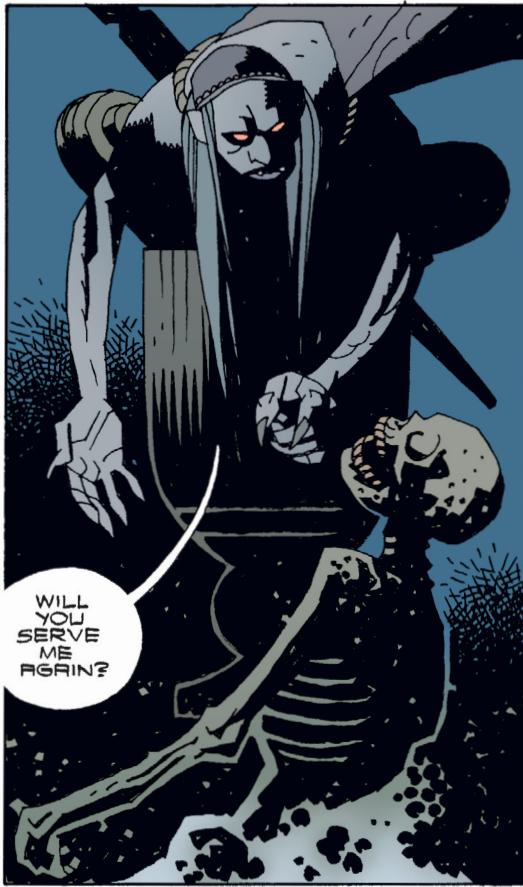
I'VE  
HEARD TOO  
MANY STORIES  
HERE ABOUT  
STOLEN  
CHILDREN,  
AND I'VE SEEN  
BONES...

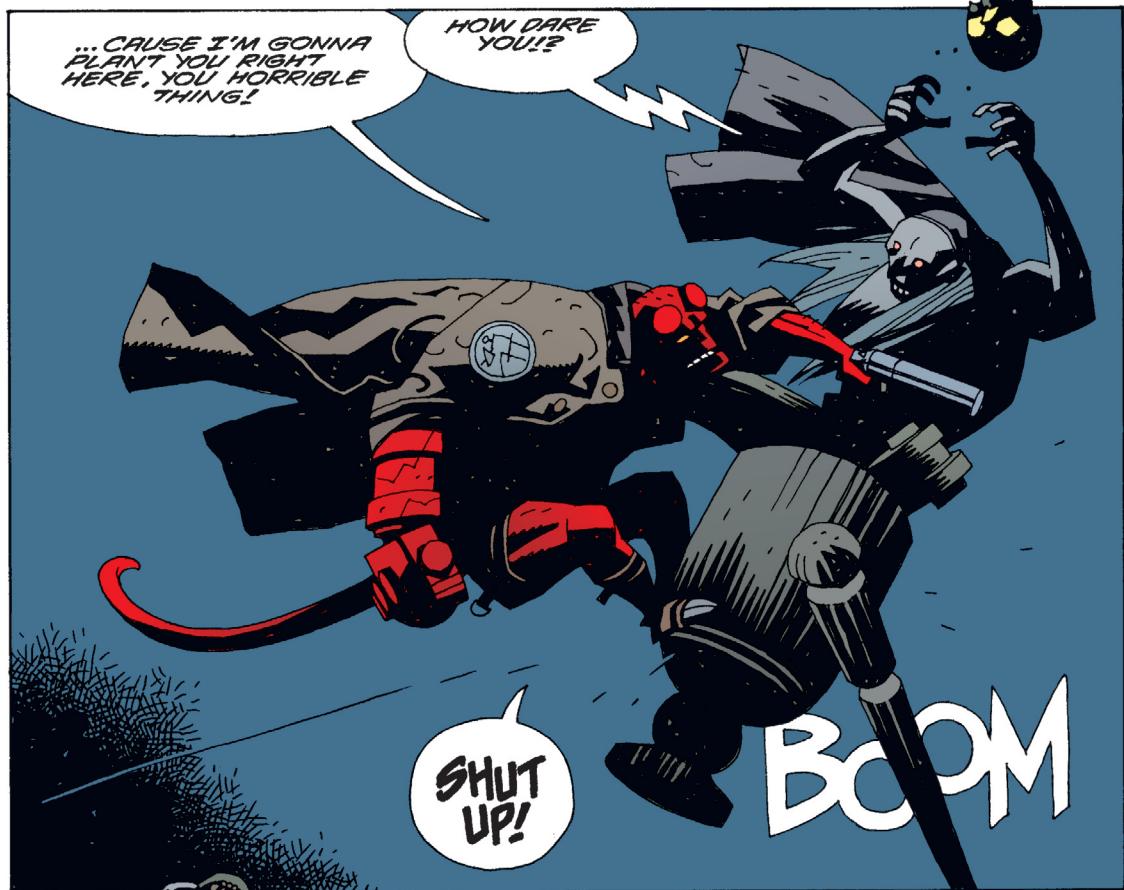
...LITTLE  
TINY  
BONES.

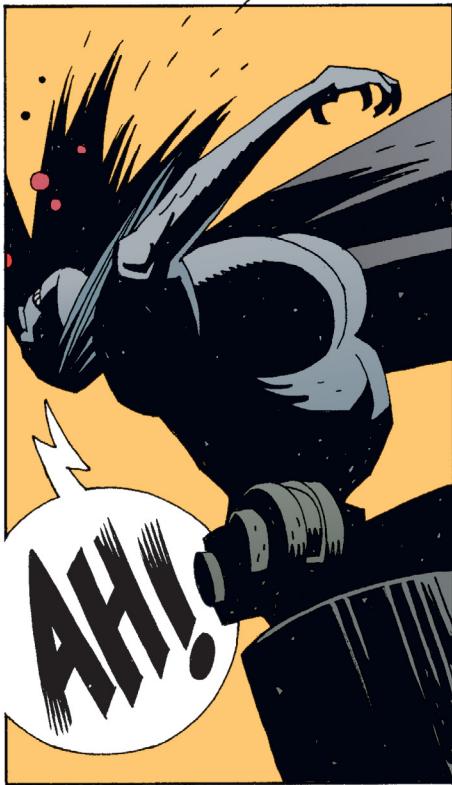
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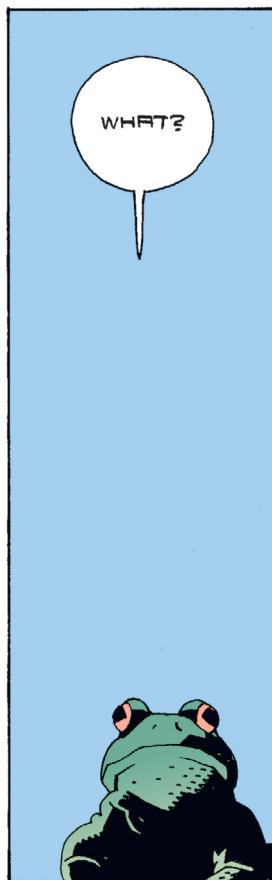
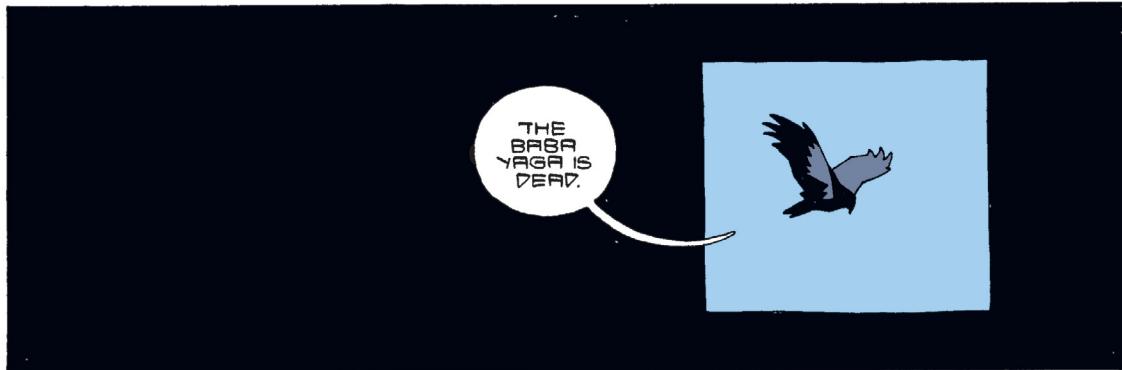










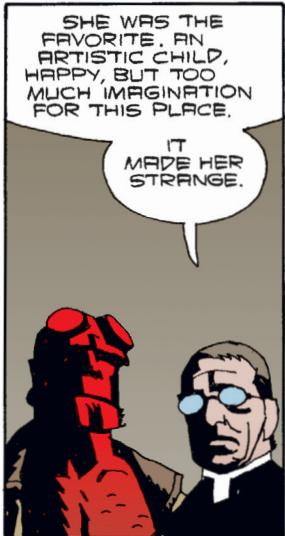


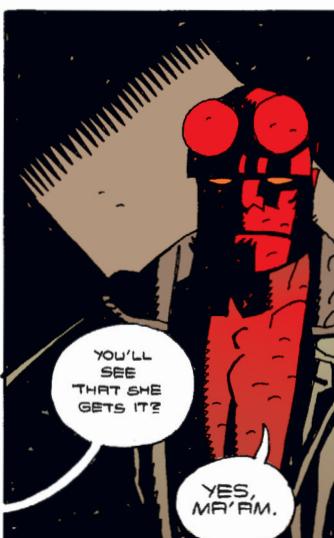




# A Christmas Underground

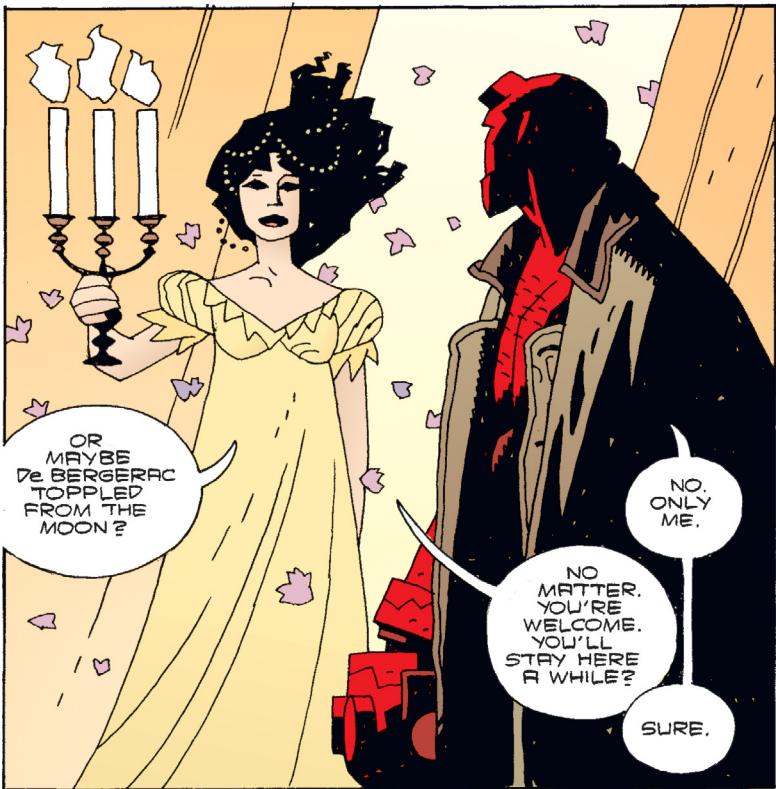
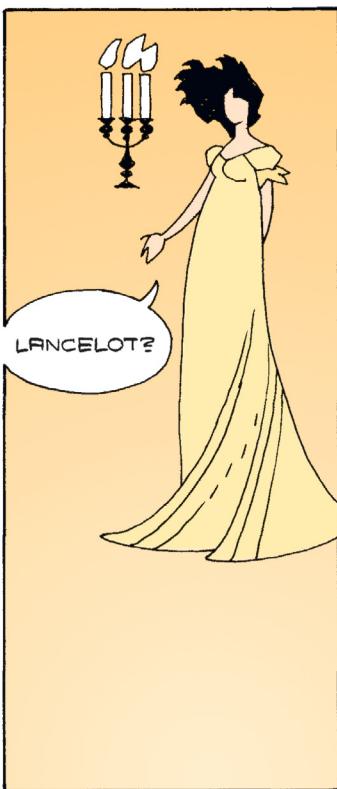
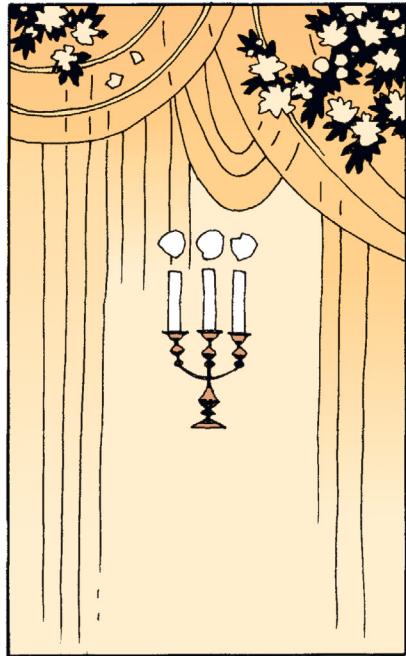


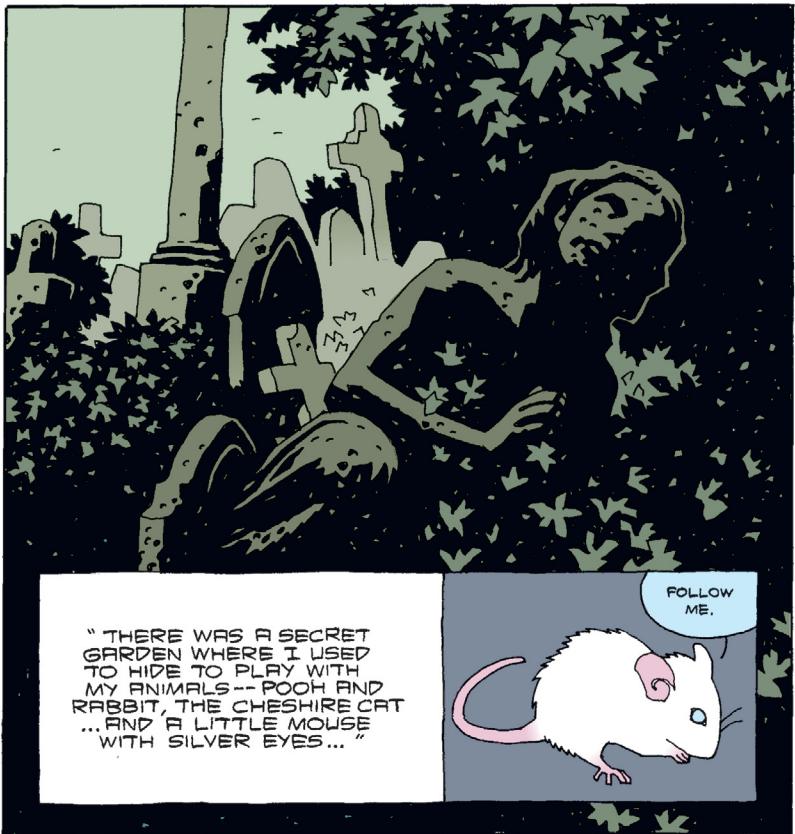
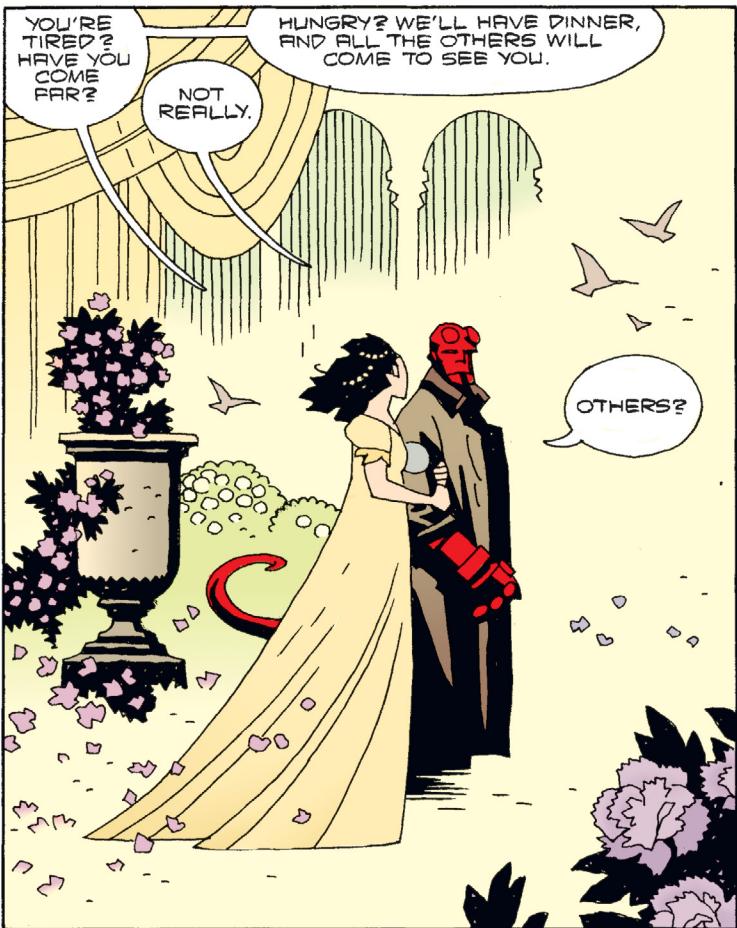












"HE LED ME DOWN  
A HOLE IN THE  
GROUND, AND FOR  
A WHILE I WAS  
LOST. THEN A  
SOOTHING VOICE  
SPOKE TO ME OUT  
OF THE DARK..."

ABIDE  
WITH ME  
AND BE MY  
BRIDE, AND  
THOU SHALT  
HAVE ALL  
THY HEART'S  
DESIRERS.

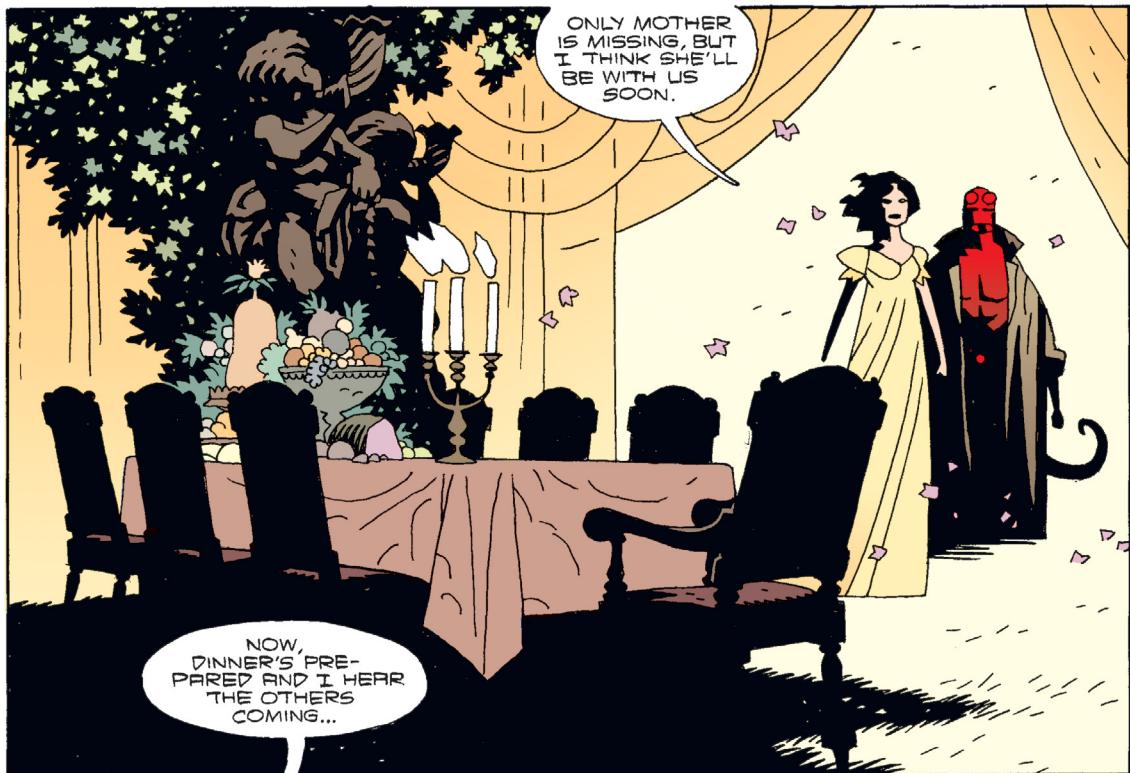
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

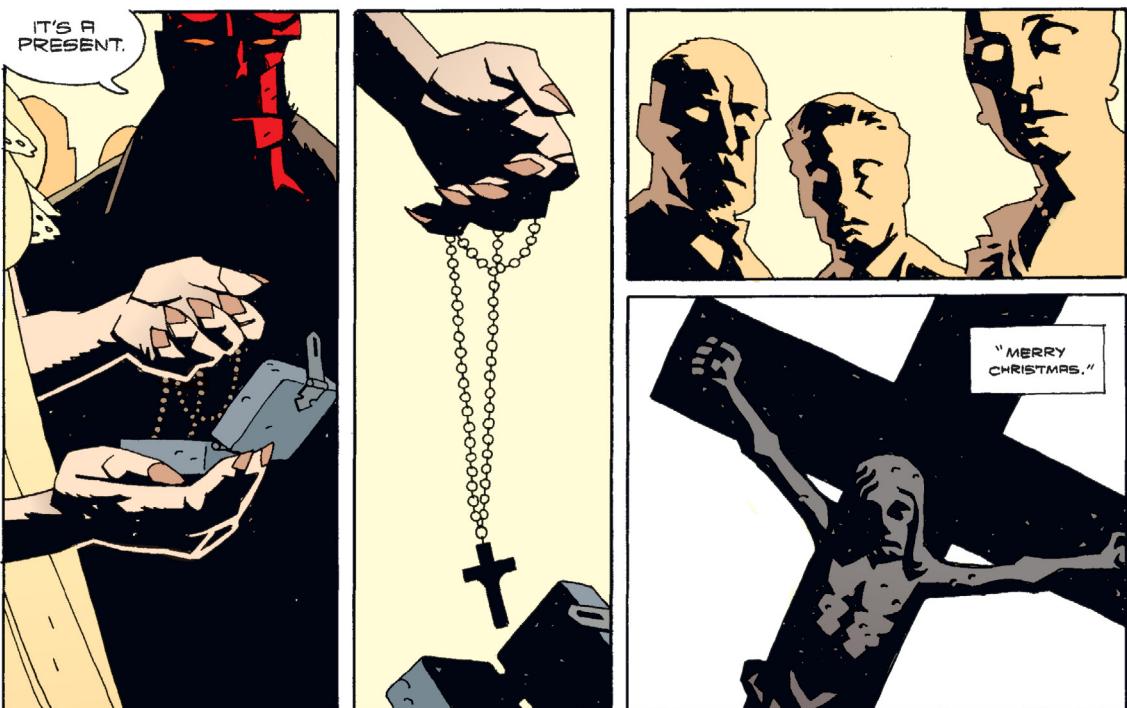
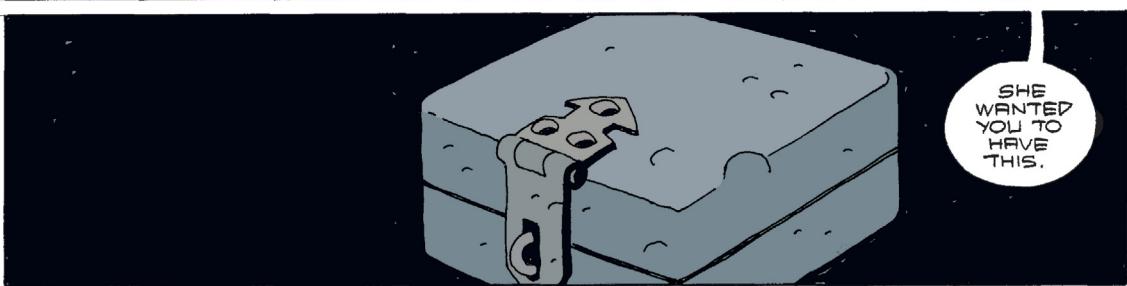
THE  
SECOND  
SON OF A  
KING.

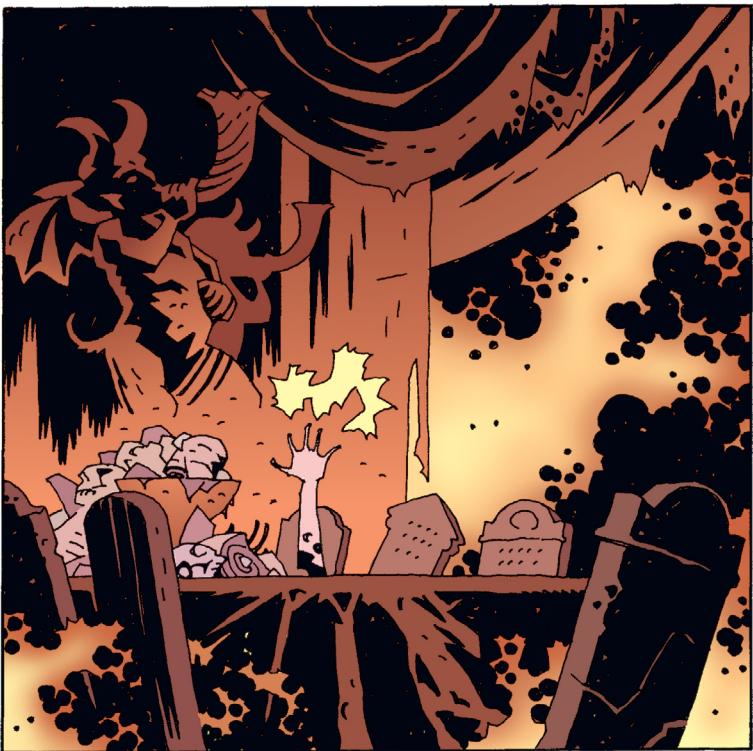
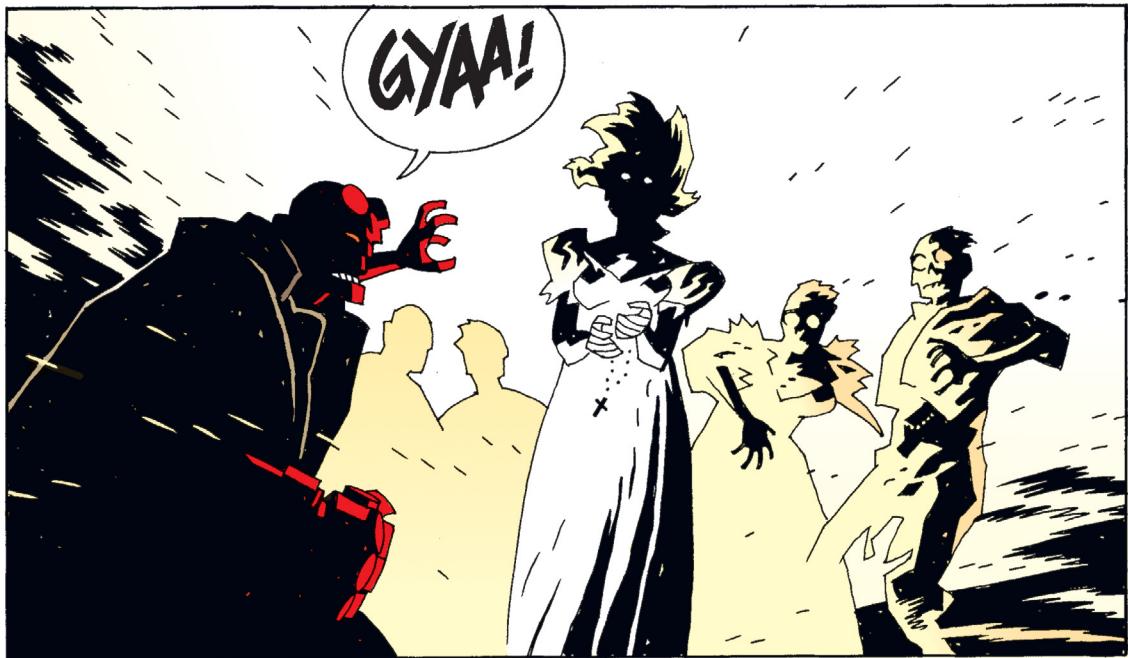
"AND  
THAT'S  
ALL HE  
WOULD  
SAY."

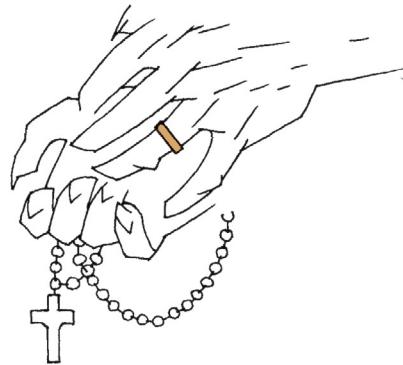
"HE TOOK ME TO  
HIS PALACE AND  
GAVE ME EVERY-  
THING I COULD  
WANT."

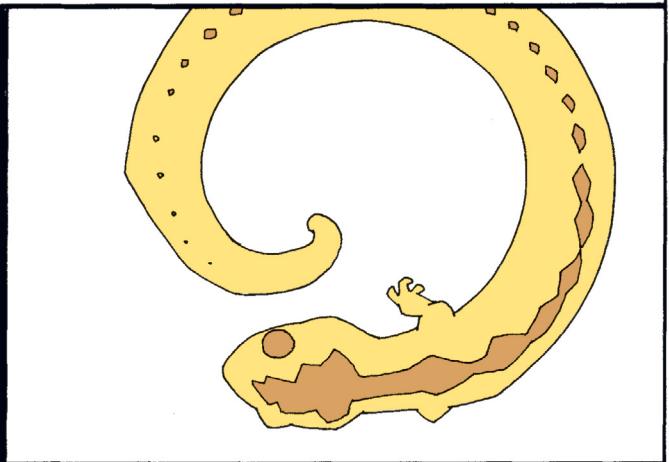
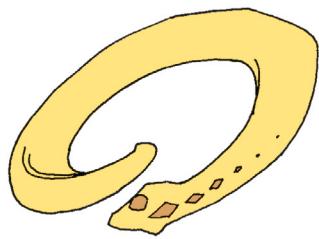
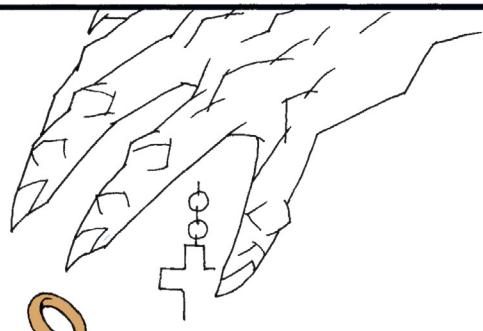
"I BELONG  
TO HIM."



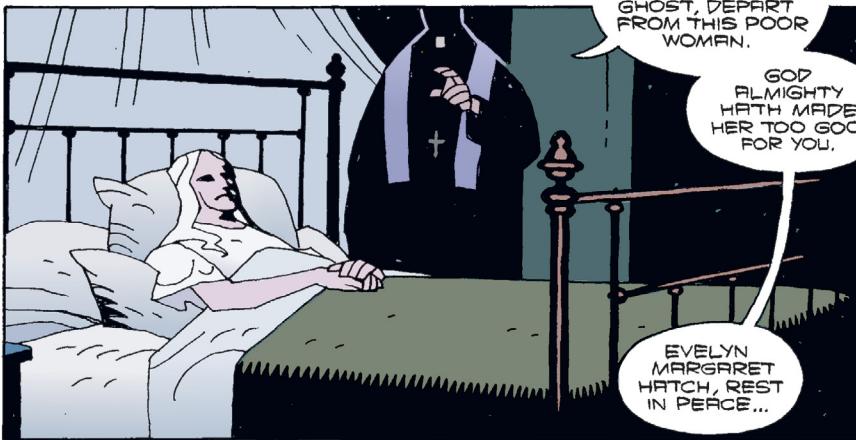
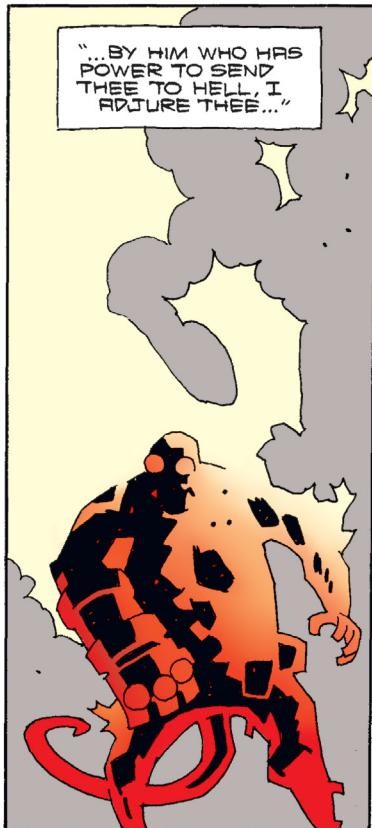


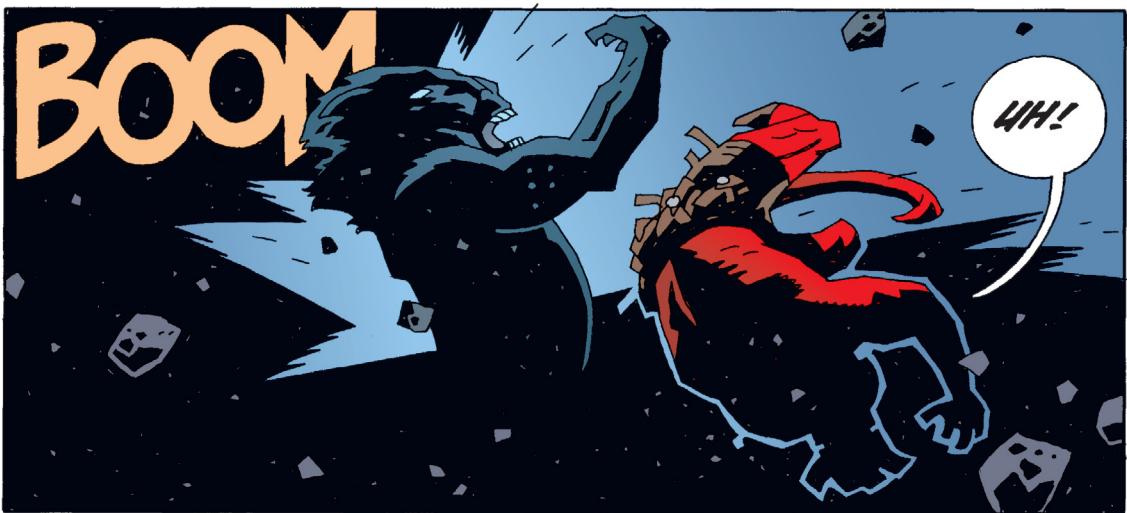




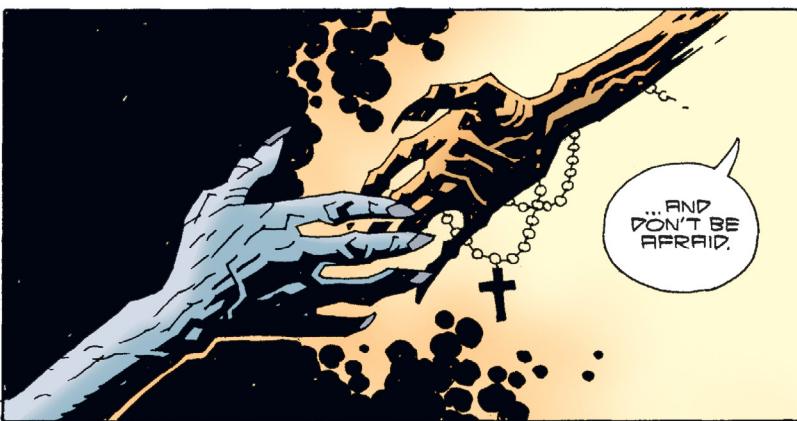


















THE  
END

## The Chained Coffin

THIS IS ANOTHER FOLKTALE I'd been thinking about adapting for years. I actually started laying it out once, but somewhere along the way it occurred to me that it would work nicely as a Hellboy origin story. I didn't want to mess up the original English folktale too much, so I kept Hellboy out of the action (a nice change) and kept the whole mother/father angle very vague. The witch's deathbed confession, the chained coffin, the demon, and the horse covered in hooks are all elements from the original folktale.

"The Chained Coffin" was first published in *Dark Horse Presents* 100 Part 2 in 1995. It appears here in color for the first time, with a slightly different first page.



## The Wolves of Saint August

WHEN I FINISHED the first Hellboy miniseries, *Seed of Destruction*, my editor (at the time Barbara Kesel) urged me to do a Hellboy story that would be serialized in *Dark Horse Presents*. This would be a fast way to show my audience that I was serious about doing more Hellboy stories. Good idea. I decided to do a werewolf story. I dug around until I found an Irish legend about St. Patrick cursing a group of pagans so that every seven years they would turn into wolves. The rest of the story cobbled itself together around that.

"The Wolves of Saint August" ran as eight-page chapters in *DHP* numbers 88 to 91 in 1994. A year later it was collected into one book with new pages to smooth out some of the rough spots.

John Byrne had scripted the first Hellboy miniseries, so "Wolves" was my first attempt at handling a full writing job. There are plenty of parts I wince at, but there are a few things (like the little girl with the wolf head) that I'm still pretty happy with.

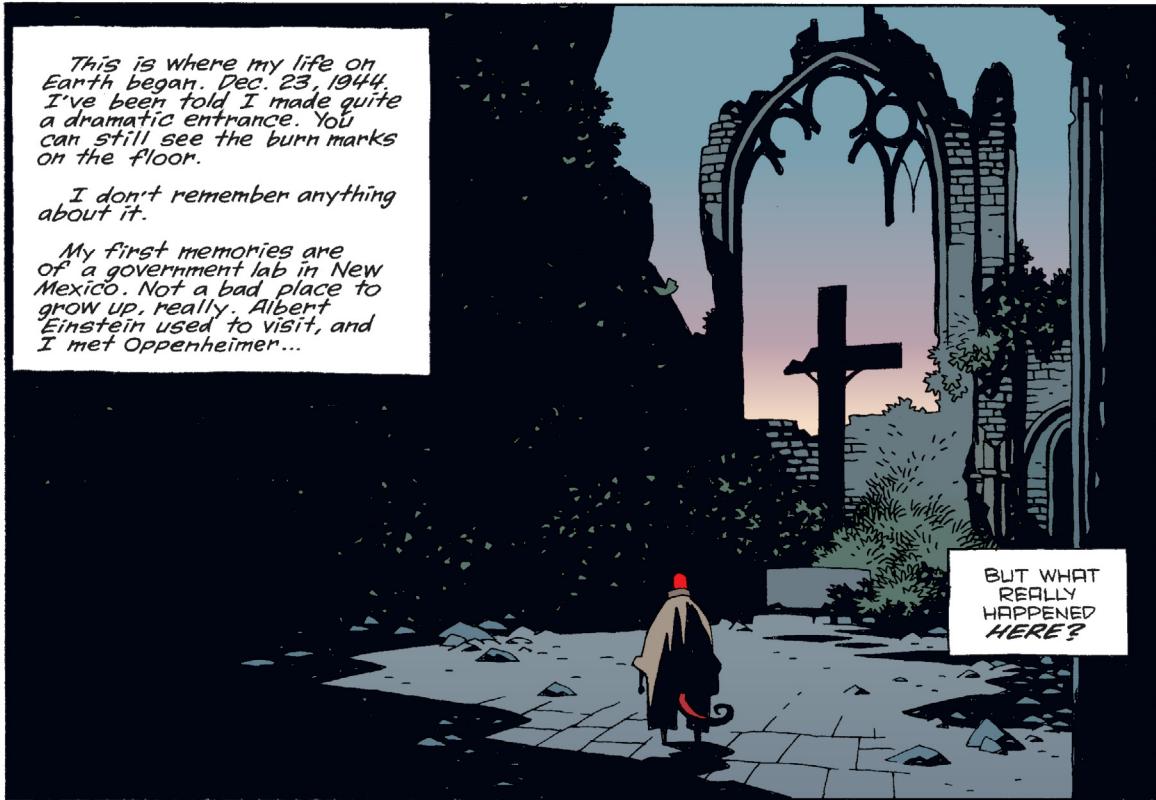
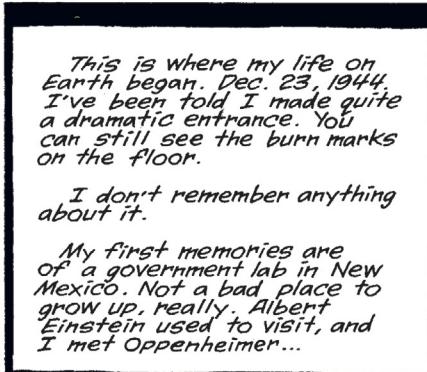
# The Chained Coffin



ABRAHAM.

We've known each other a long time, and I guess you know my habits pretty well, so you won't be all that surprised to hear I'm in England again. I always come here to clear my head after particularly ugly cases.

What might surprise you is that right now I'm standing in the ruin of that church in East Bromwich. I've only been here once, and that was fifty years ago.



CYNTHIA EDEN-JONES, THE MEDIUM, WAS HERE THAT NIGHT. SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT MY APPEARANCE WAS **NOT** AN ACCIDENT, **NOT** THE RESULT OF A FAILED NAZI EXPERIMENT OR AN "EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL INTER-PHASE ANOMALY." NO, SHE FELT I WAS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO TWO SPIRITS SHE HAD CONTACTED EARLIER THAT EVENING-- A PRIEST AND A NUN, BOTH OF THEM ARE TRAPPED IN HERE.

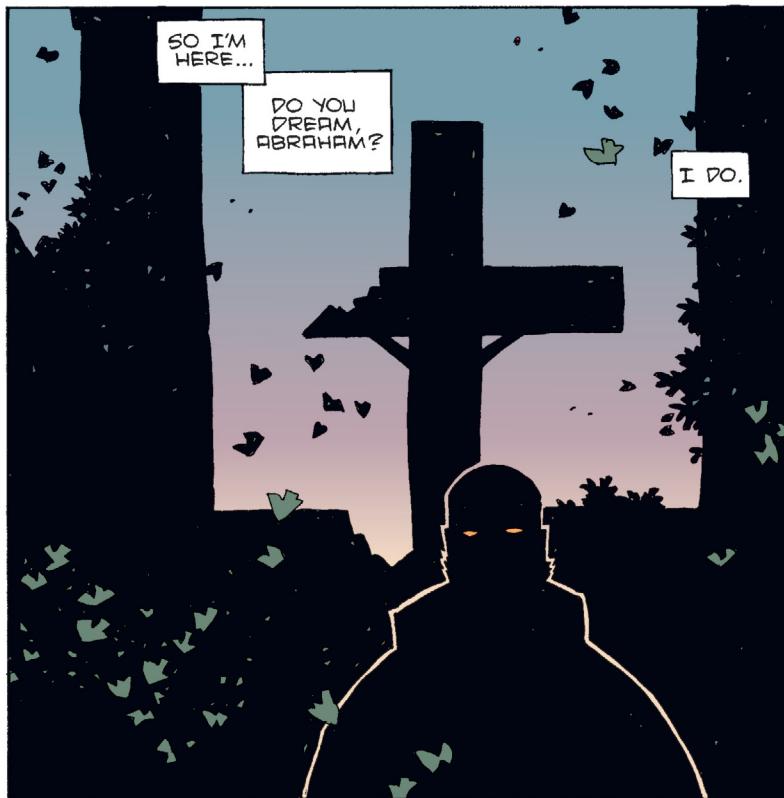


I MET CYNTHIA IN '62, RIGHT BEFORE SHE DIED, AND SHE PLEADED WITH ME TO REOPEN THE INVESTIGATION INTO THIS PLACE...



TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM SPENT NINE YEARS STUDYING THIS CHURCH AND NEVER FOUND ANYTHING. THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. I WASN'T EVEN CURIOUS.

OUR RECENT EXPERIENCE AT CAVENDISH HALL\* MADE ME THINK THAT MAYBE I SHOULD GET CURIOUS.





LAST NIGHT, I SLEPT HERE  
AND DREAMT OF AN OLD  
WOMAN ON HER DEATHBED.

THUS I  
RENOUNCE  
THE DEVIL AND  
ALL HIS WORKS  
AND PRAY GOD  
FORGIVE ME ALL  
THE SINS OF MY  
FORMER LIFE--

HOW I  
CONSORTED  
WITH THE DEMONS  
OF THE EARTH AND  
THE AIR AND ONE  
WHO WAS SHAPED  
LIKE A BLACK GOAT  
AND CARRIED ME  
TO THE SABBAT.

HOW I WORKED  
MAGIC TO RAISE  
STORMS SO THAT  
SHIPS AT SEA MIGHT  
BECOME WRECKED  
AND THEIR CREWS  
ALL DROWNED.

HOW I  
HAVE CHANGED  
MYSELF INTO THE  
LIKENESS OF ANI-  
MALS AND OTHER  
FORMS THAT I DARE  
NOT THINK OF, FAR  
LESS NAME.

LORD GOD,  
FORGIVE ME  
THESE TRANS-  
GRESSIONS AND  
RECEIVE ME INTO  
THY KINGDOM AT  
THE FINAL HOUR,  
JUDGMENT  
DAY.



PLEASE

I WOKE UP TO VOICES.  
SOME PIECE OF THAT  
DREAM STILL RATTLING  
AROUND IN MY HEAD?  
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

NO.

THEY  
WERE  
THERE...

THE  
TWO OF  
THEM AND  
A CHAINED  
BOX.

THEN, SUDDENLY THE PLACE  
IS FULL OF NOISE: EVERY  
WINDOW SMASHING AT ONCE...

THEN SOMETHING  
REAL BIG KICKING  
A WOODEN DOOR  
TO PIECES.

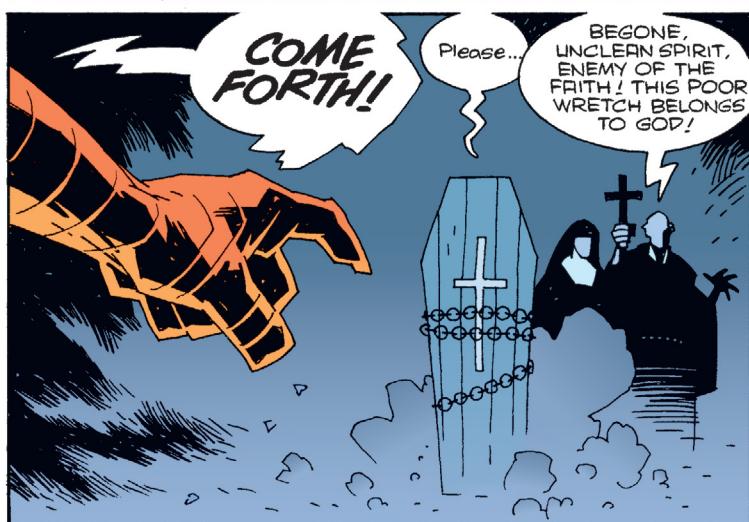


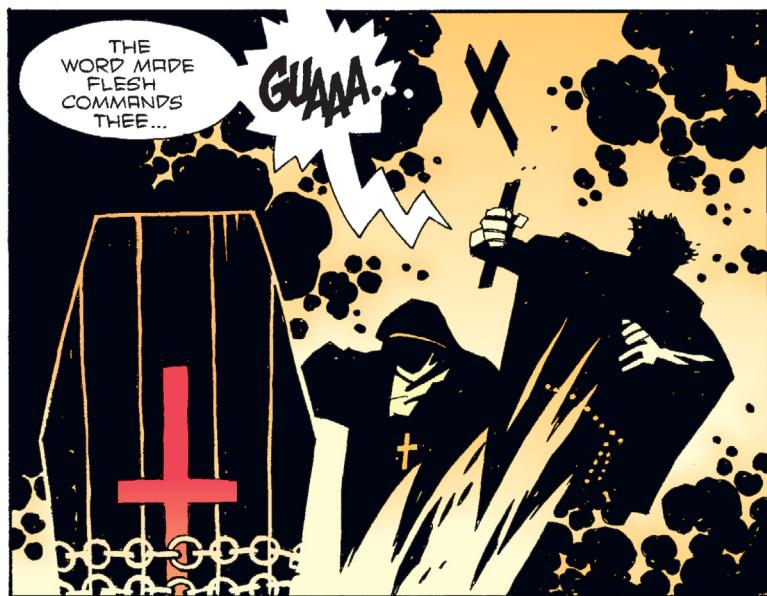
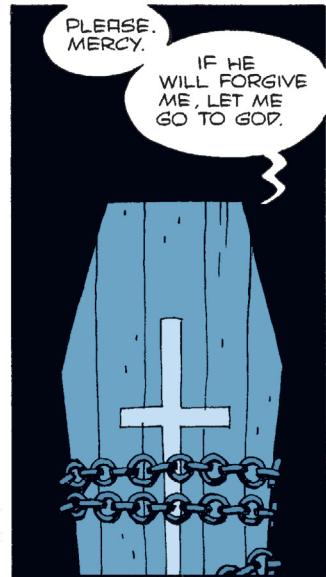
OF COURSE, THERE  
HASN'T BEEN ANY  
GLASS OR WOOD IN  
THIS PLACE IN AT  
LEAST 300 YEARS.

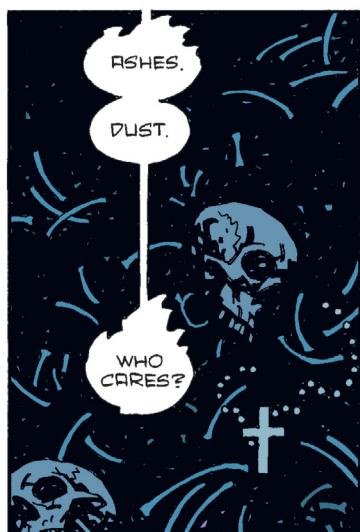
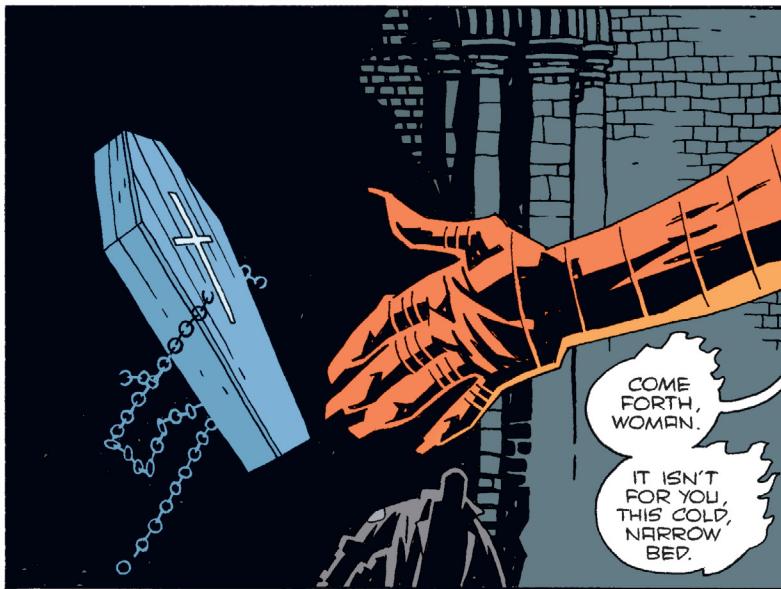


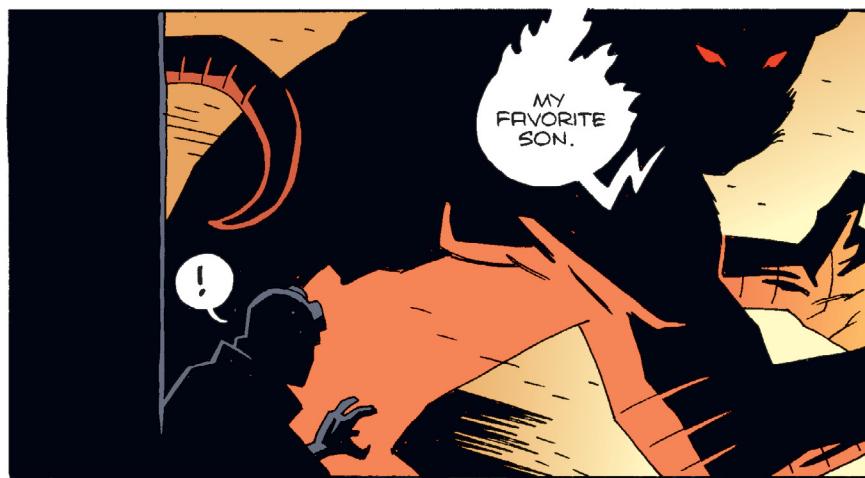
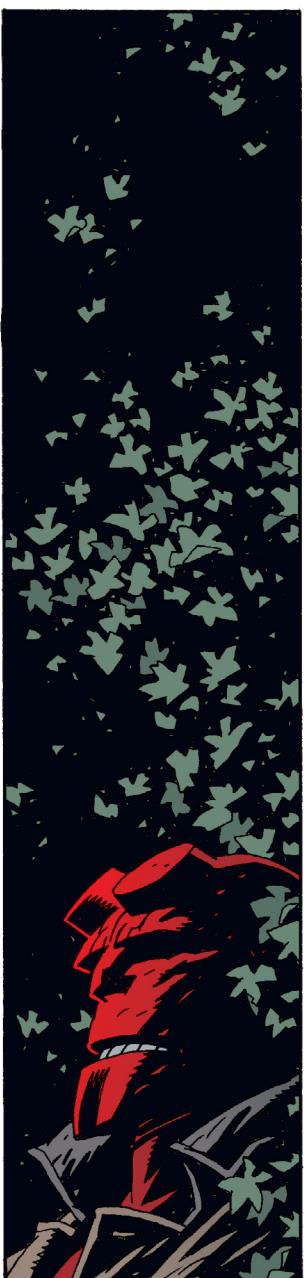
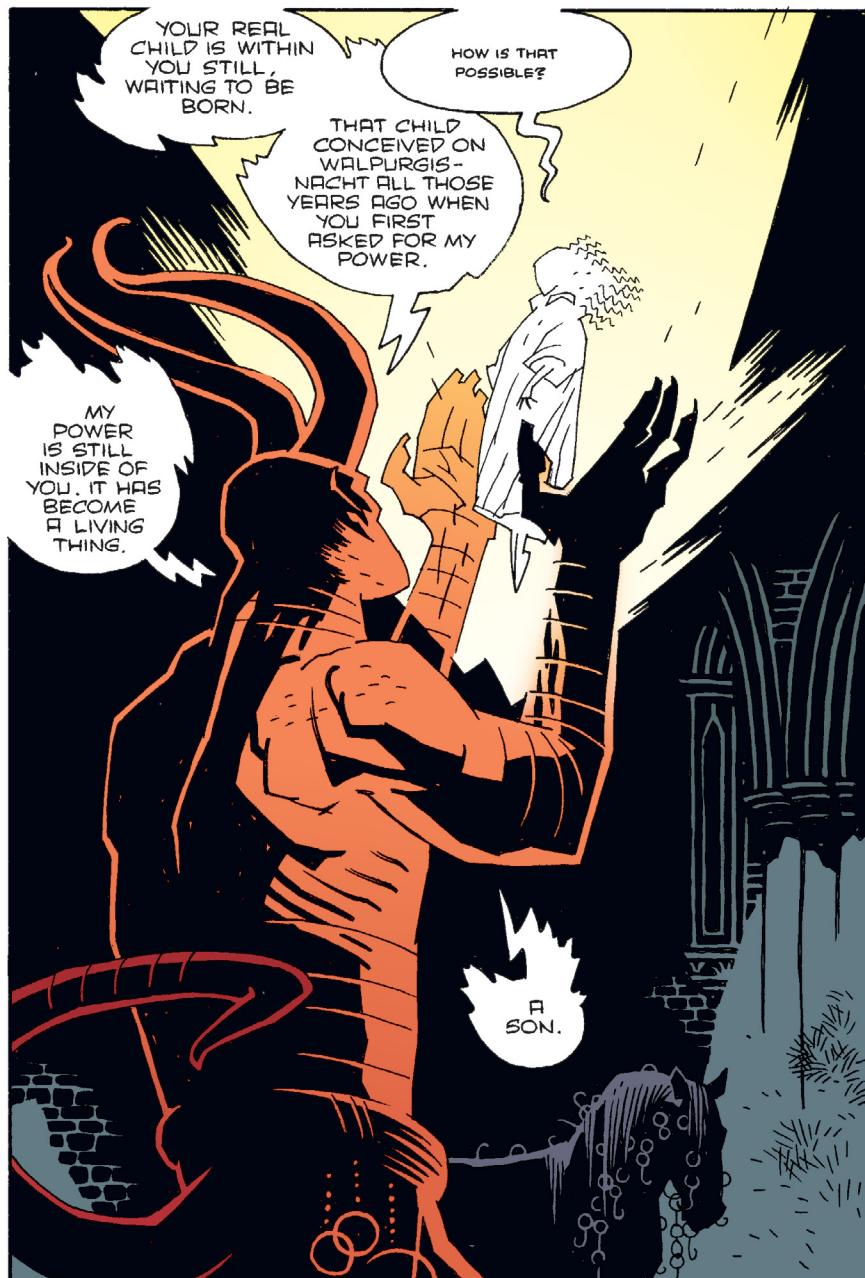
GHOST  
SOUNDS.



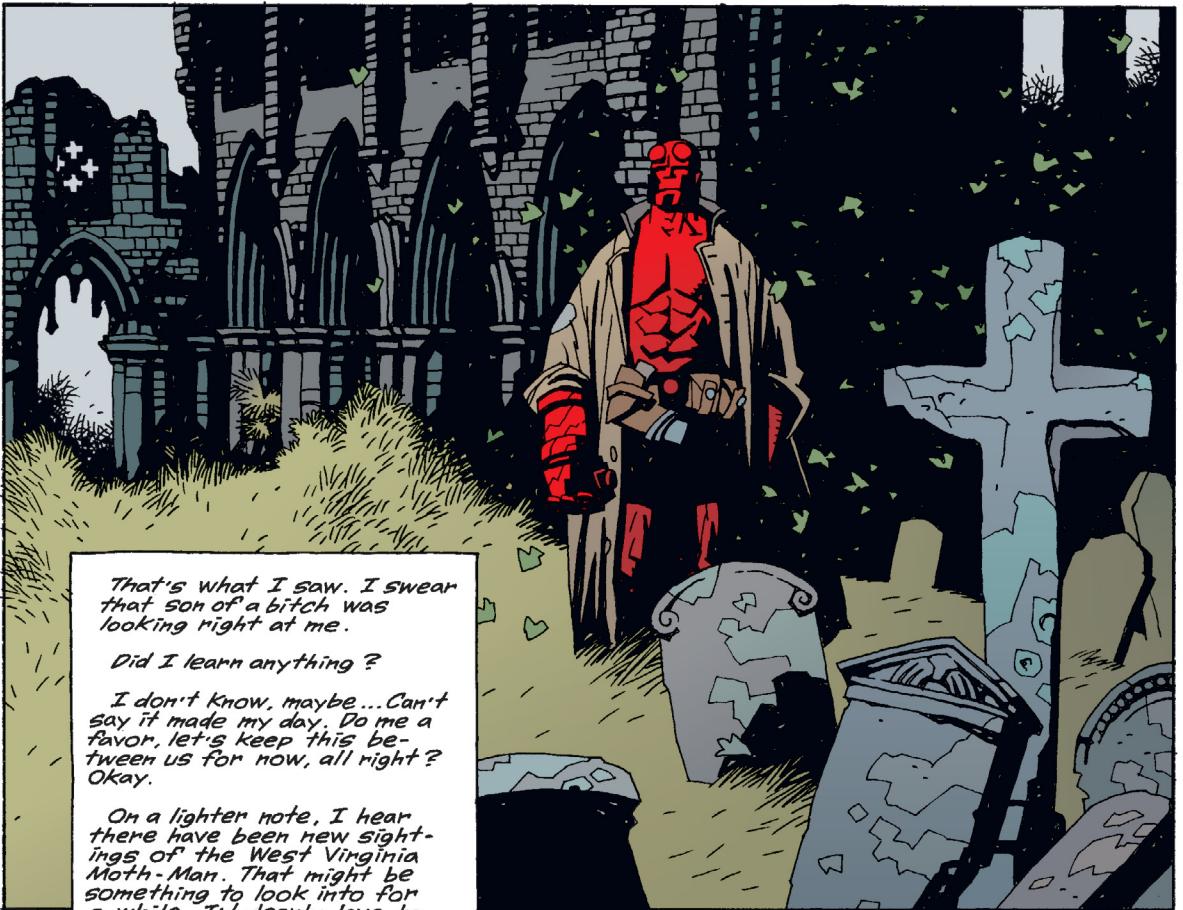












That's what I saw. I swear that son of a bitch was looking right at me.

Did I learn anything?

I don't know, maybe... Can't say it made my day. Do me a favor, let's keep this between us for now, all right? Okay.

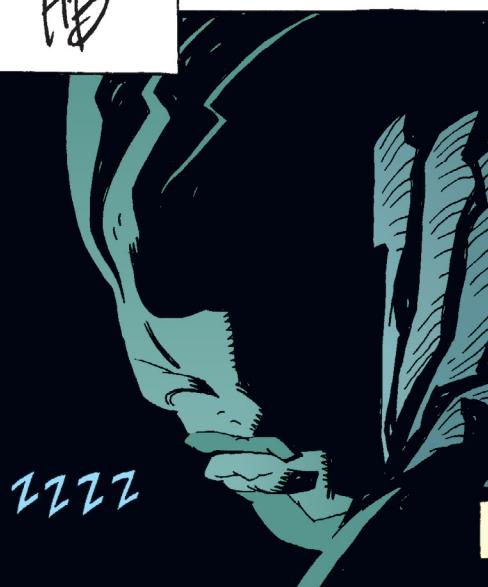
On a lighter note, I hear there have been new sightings of the West Virginia Moth-Man. That might be something to look into for a while. I'd dearly love to see a Moth-Man.

TAKE CARE.

HB



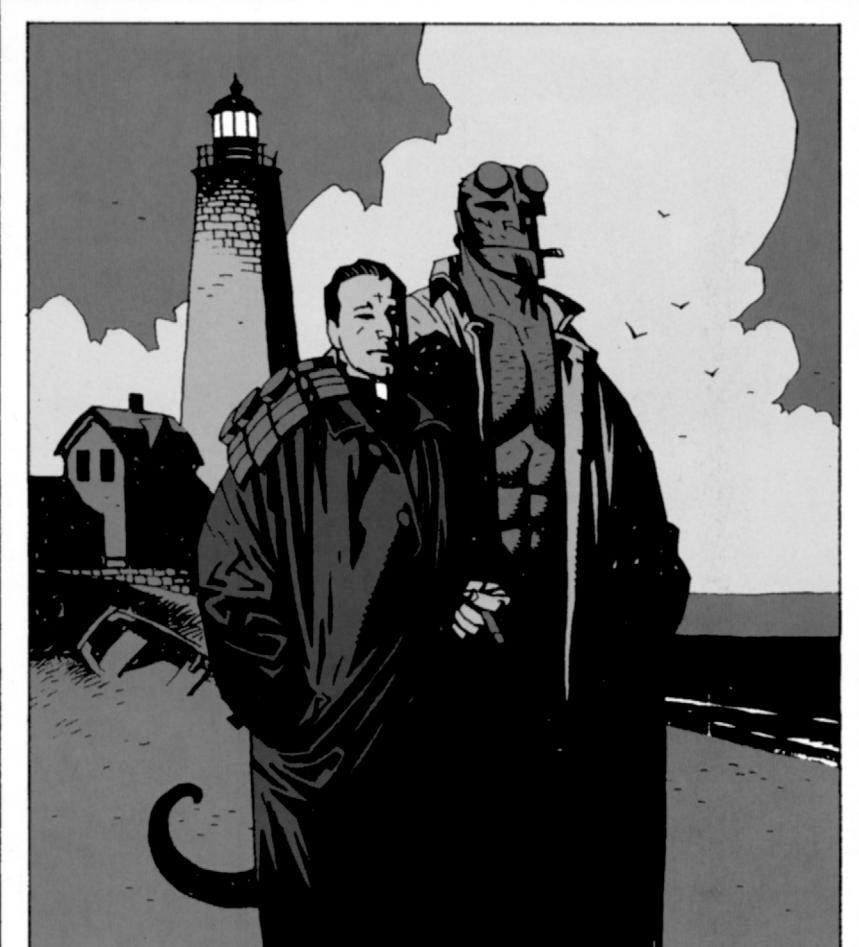
BACK AT BUREAU  
HEADQUARTERS...



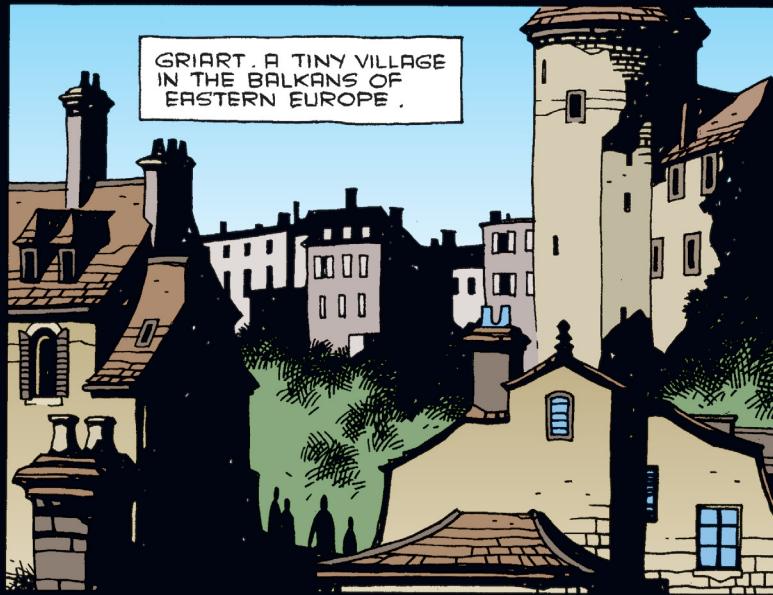
THE  
END

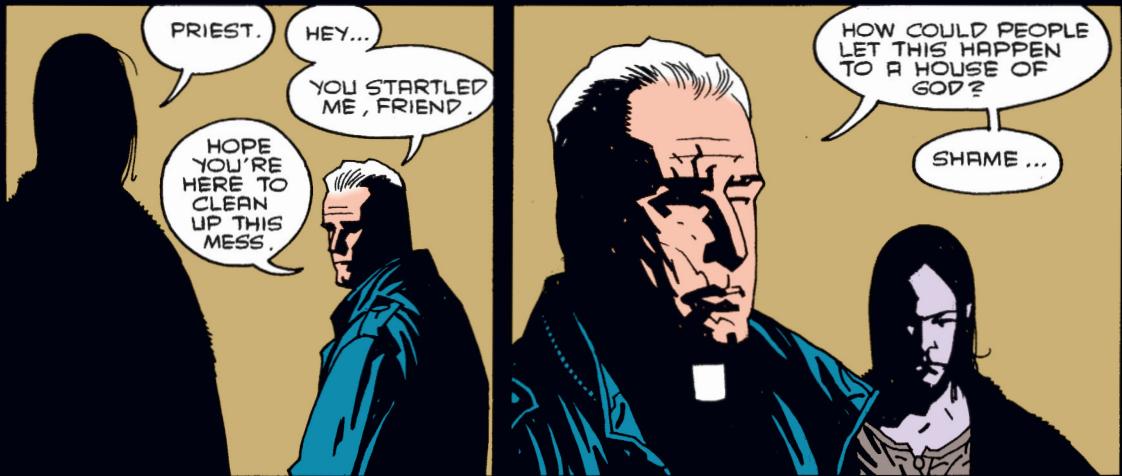


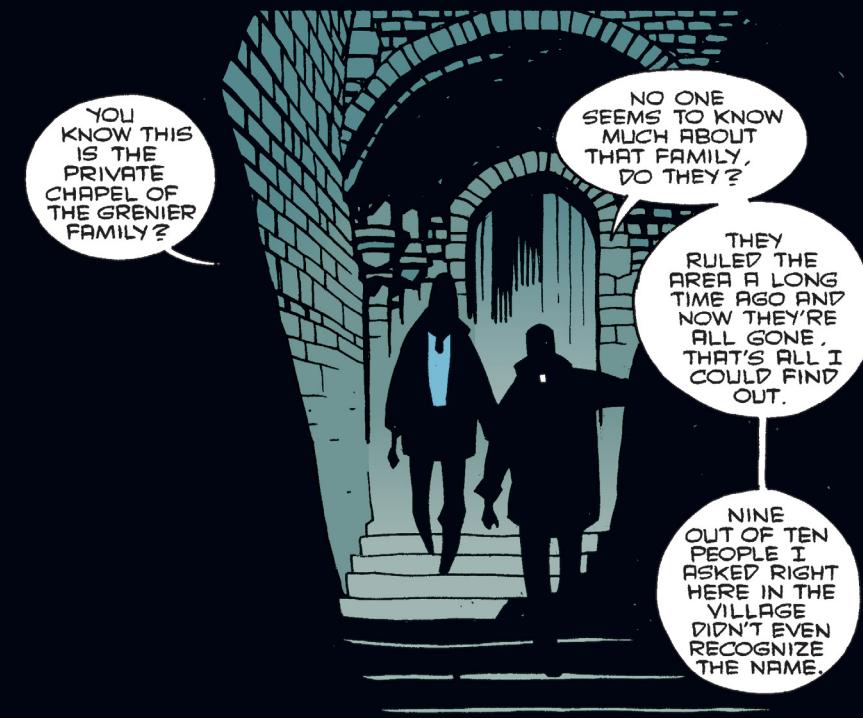
# The Wolves of Saint August



Father Kelly and Hellboy  
Saybrook, Connecticut, 1961







MURDER.

THE VILLAGERS TRAPPED THEM HERE IN THIS CHAMBER. THE ENTIRE ROYAL FAMILY, THEIR RETAINERS ... CHILDREN.

THEY WERE SPITTED ON IRON PIKES SO THEIR DEATHS MIGHT BE SLOW AND TORTUROUS, AND WHEN THE ATTACKERS BECAME BORED WITH THE SPORT, THEY TOOK AXES AND CUT THE BODIES APART.

LOOK THERE.

DUKE HENRY GRENIER AND THE LADY CLAUDIA.

THEIR BODIES GATHERED UP AND LAID TO REST IN SECRET BY THE ONLY SERVANT TO ESCAPE THE SLAUGHTER, THE HUNCHBACK, YARGO.

LOOK!

LOOK!

SEE THE CONSUMMATION OF HIS WRATH!

LORD HAVE MERCY...

NOT MUCH.



GRIART, NINE  
DAYS LATER.



167 DEAD.  
THAT'S EVERY  
MAN, WOMAN,  
AND CHILD IN  
TOWN. ALL  
KILLED IN ONE  
NIGHT.

CONDITION OF  
THE BODIES WOULD  
SEEM TO INDICATE  
THE KILLER WAS  
A LARGE, CARNIV-  
OROUS ANIMAL.

VICTIMS  
WERE ALL  
KILLED AT  
ROUGHLY THE  
SAME TIME,  
ROUGHLY THE  
SAME WAY.

ALL VICTIMS,  
EXCEPT ONE  
FOUND IN THEIR  
HOMES, MOST  
IN OR NEAR  
THE BED.

NO SIGN OF  
FORCED ENTRY,  
WHICH IS REAL  
INCONSISTENT  
WITH THE  
BRUTALITY OF  
THE KILLINGS.

YOU MAKE  
IT SOUND SO  
ROUTINE. I'VE  
RESEARCHED  
CASES LIKE  
THIS, BUT I  
GUESS YOU'VE  
**SEEN**  
THEM.

INDIA  
'57.

NEW  
GUINEA  
'59.

INDIA  
AGAIN.  
'82.

THIS ONE'S  
WORSE.

HELLBOY. WORLD-RENNED OCCULT INVESTIGATOR... FIELD AGENT FOR THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE SINCE 1952.



I HATE THIS.

A WEIRD MASS KILLING LIKE THIS DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN.

IN EVERY CASE I'VE EVER HEARD OF, THE PLACE HAS ALWAYS HAD SOME KIND OF UGLY HISTORY--WITCHCRAFT OR CULT ACTIVITY, CEMETERY PROBLEMS, SOMETHING...

NOTHING HERE.

I'VE BEEN CHECKING REGIONAL HISTORY SINCE YOU CALLED.



NOT ONLY COULD I NOT FIND ANYTHING, APPARENTLY THE PAPAL INQUISITION COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING. THOSE BASTARDS COULD FIND THE DEVIL ANYWHERE. NOT HERE. NO SECULAR WITCH OR WEREWOLF TRIALS EITHER. NOT ONE SINGLE PUBLISHED REPORT OF SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENON? IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD? UNHEARD OF.

RED FLAG #1.

DR. KATE CORRIGAN. PROFESSOR AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY. AUTHOR OF 16 BOOKS ON FOLKLORE AND OCCULT HISTORY, INCLUDING "THE CONFESSIONS OF ISOBEL GOWDIE." CONSULTANT TO THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE SINCE 1984.

RED FLAG #2. I CAN'T FIND ANY MENTION OF THE VILLAGE OF GRIART BEFORE 1326.

NOW SOME OF THIS TOWN LOOKS OLDER THAN 14TH CENTURY.

THAT PLACE IS DEFINITELY OLDER.



CHATEAU GRENIER. HOME TO ONE OF THE OLD RULING FAMILIES.

IT'S BEEN EMPTY AS LONG AS ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.









IN 1214 A MONK, PHILIP OF BRYEUX, RETURNING FROM A PILGRIMAGE, STUMBLED ACROSS A LITTLE VILLAGE CALLED ST. AUGUST.



"HE LET HIMSELF INTO THE CASTLE'S CHAPEL AND FOUND THE WHOLE FAMILY PRAYING. BUT ON THE ALTAR, SET UP IN FRONT OF THE CROSS-- 'AN IMAGE OF THE DEVIL ANTI-CHRIST.'



"ACTUALLY, IT WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE OLD FERTILITY GODS."



"WELL, PHIL GOES WILD."



"EVERY SEVENTH YEAR YOU SHALL TAKE THE SHAPE OF THE WOLF AND GET FOOD BY FANG AND CLAW, AND YOUR REASON SHALL REMAIN HUMAN TO BETTER KNOW THE HORROR OF YOUR PUNISHMENT."

"THEY CHANGED, BUT MANAGED TO KEEP IT A SECRET."

"SEVEN YEARS LATER THEY WEREN'T SO LUCKY. THE VILLAGERS CAUGHT THEM IN THEIR WOLF FORMS AND KILLED THEM."



A PAMPHLET TITLED "THE WOLVES OF SAINT AUGUST" WAS PUBLISHED IN PARIS IN 1332. BY THEN, I THINK, THE TOWN HAD ALREADY CHANGED ITS NAME TO GRIART.



THE INQUISITION WOULD HAVE BEEN ON A PLACE CALLED ST. AUGUST IN A SECOND, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN-- TRIALS, FORCED CONFESSIONS, PUBLIC EXECUTION. CAN'T BLAME PEOPLE FOR WANTING TO AVOID THAT.

YOU NOTICED THE RUINED TOWER ON THIS PLACE. I THINK THERE WAS A BELL TOWER THERE...

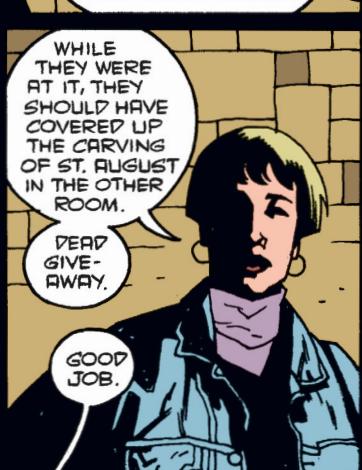
I THINK THE VILLAGERS DESTROYED IT ON PURPOSE BECAUSE IT WAS A DETAIL IN THE STORY.

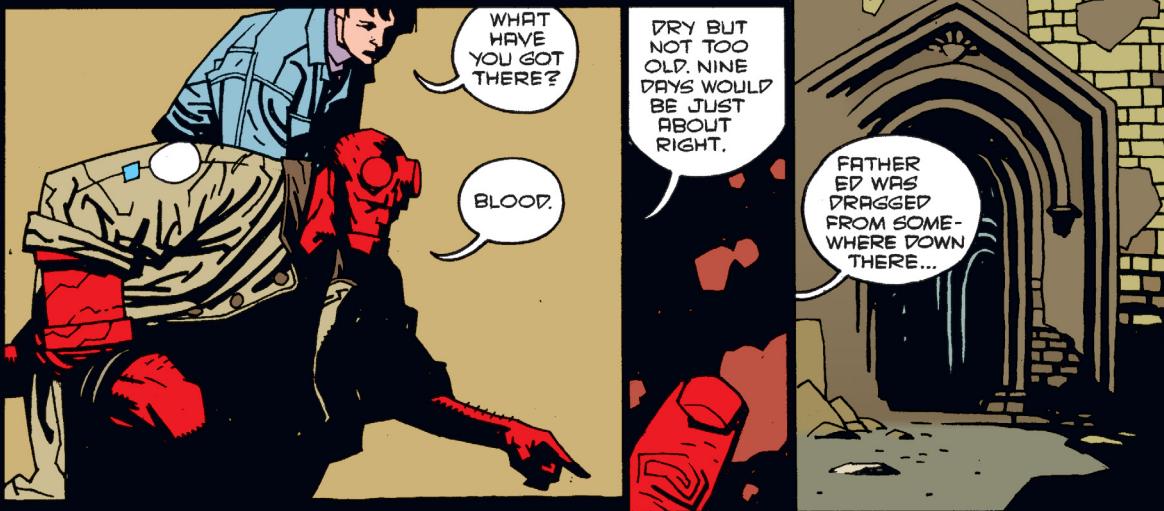


WHILE THEY WERE AT IT, THEY SHOULD HAVE COVERED UP THE CARVING OF ST. AUGUST IN THE OTHER ROOM.

DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

GOOD JOB.



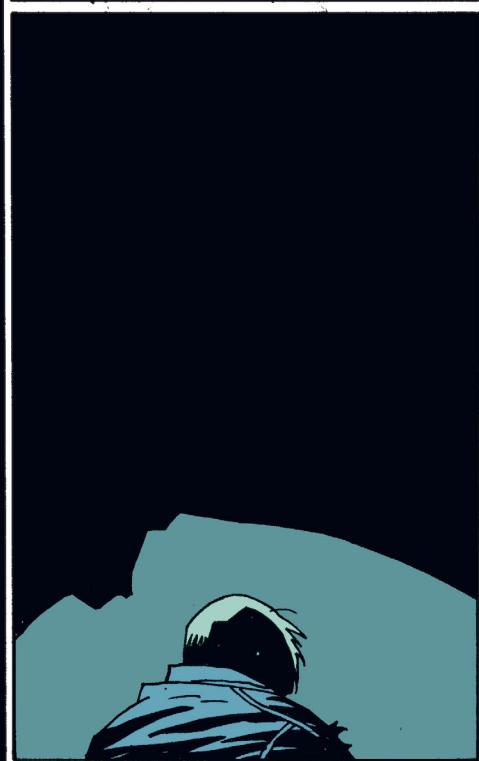




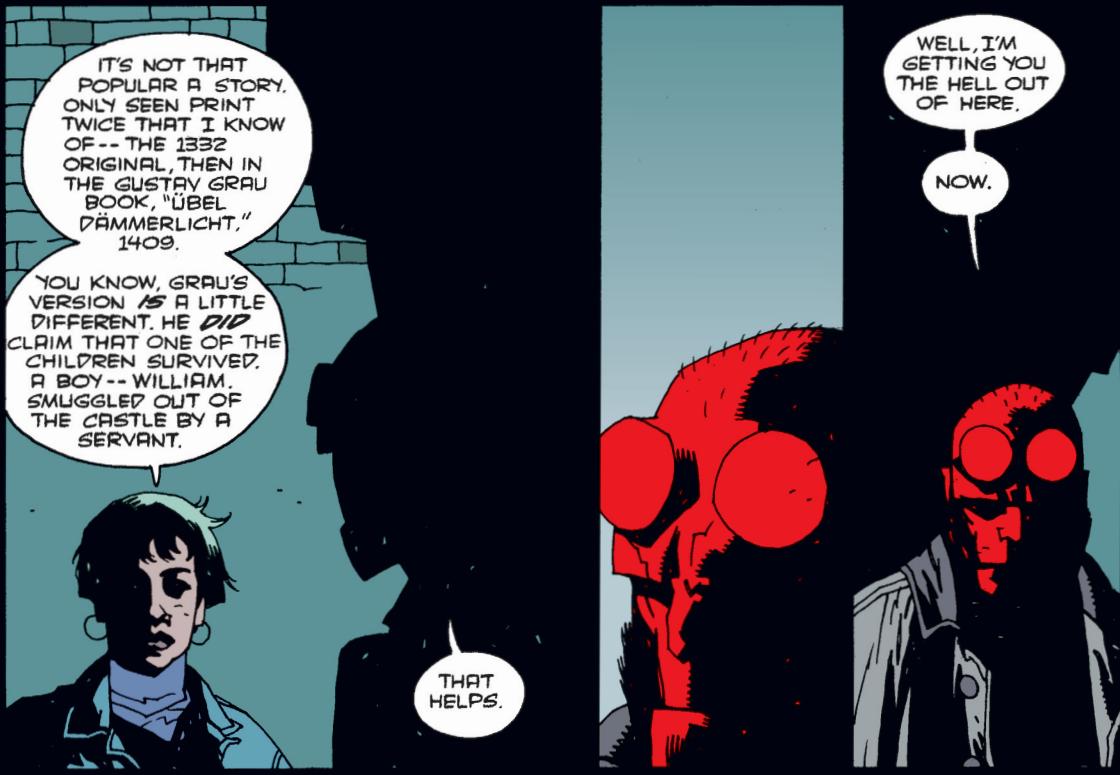




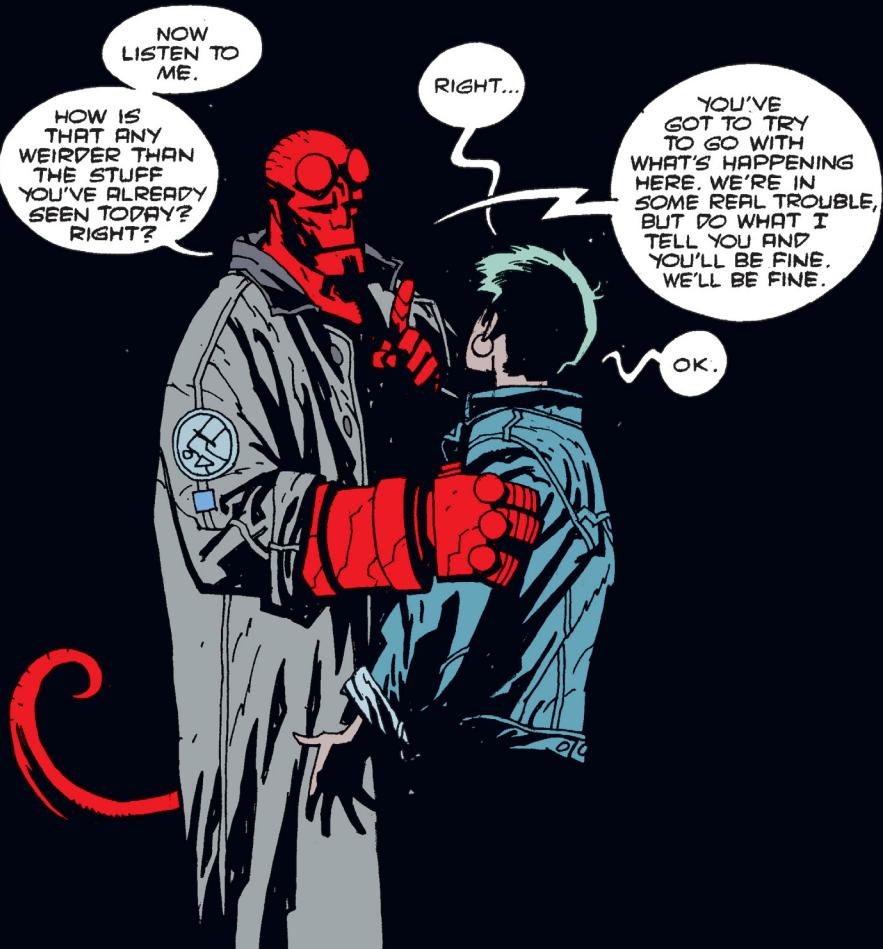




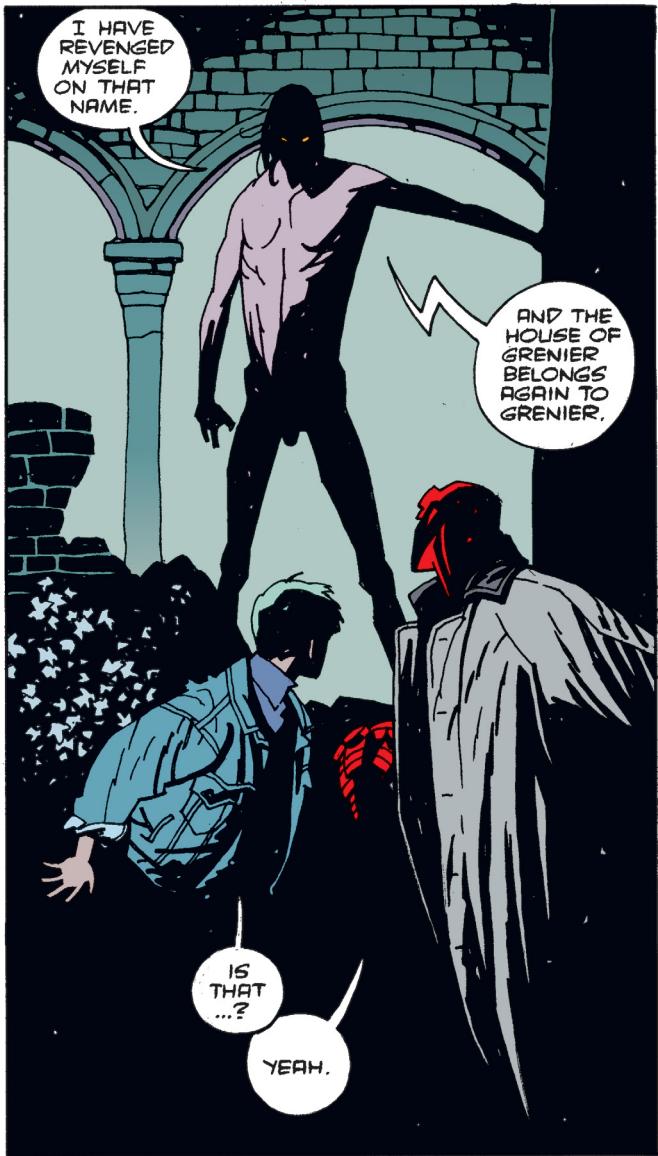
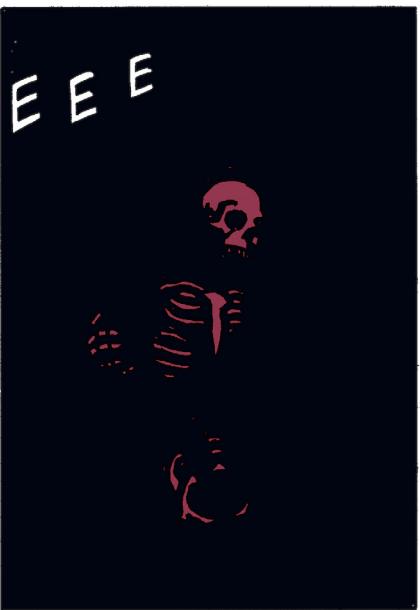


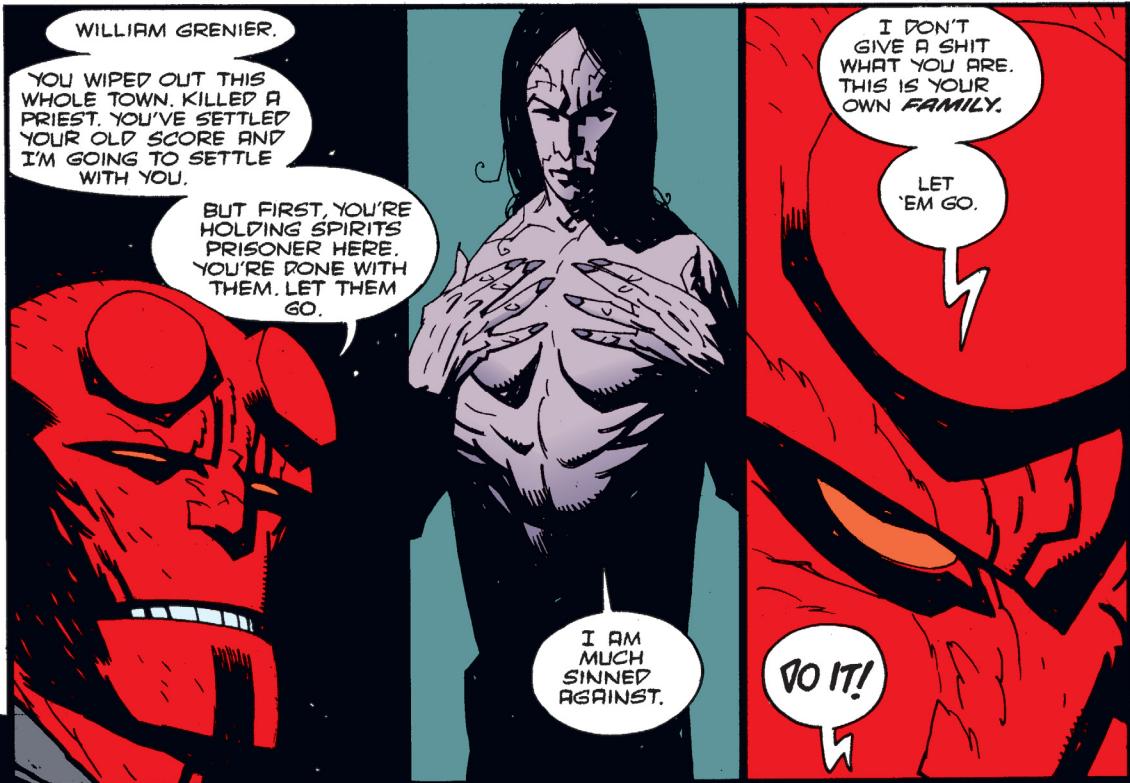














...AND THE  
BEAST  
IS ME.

BIG.

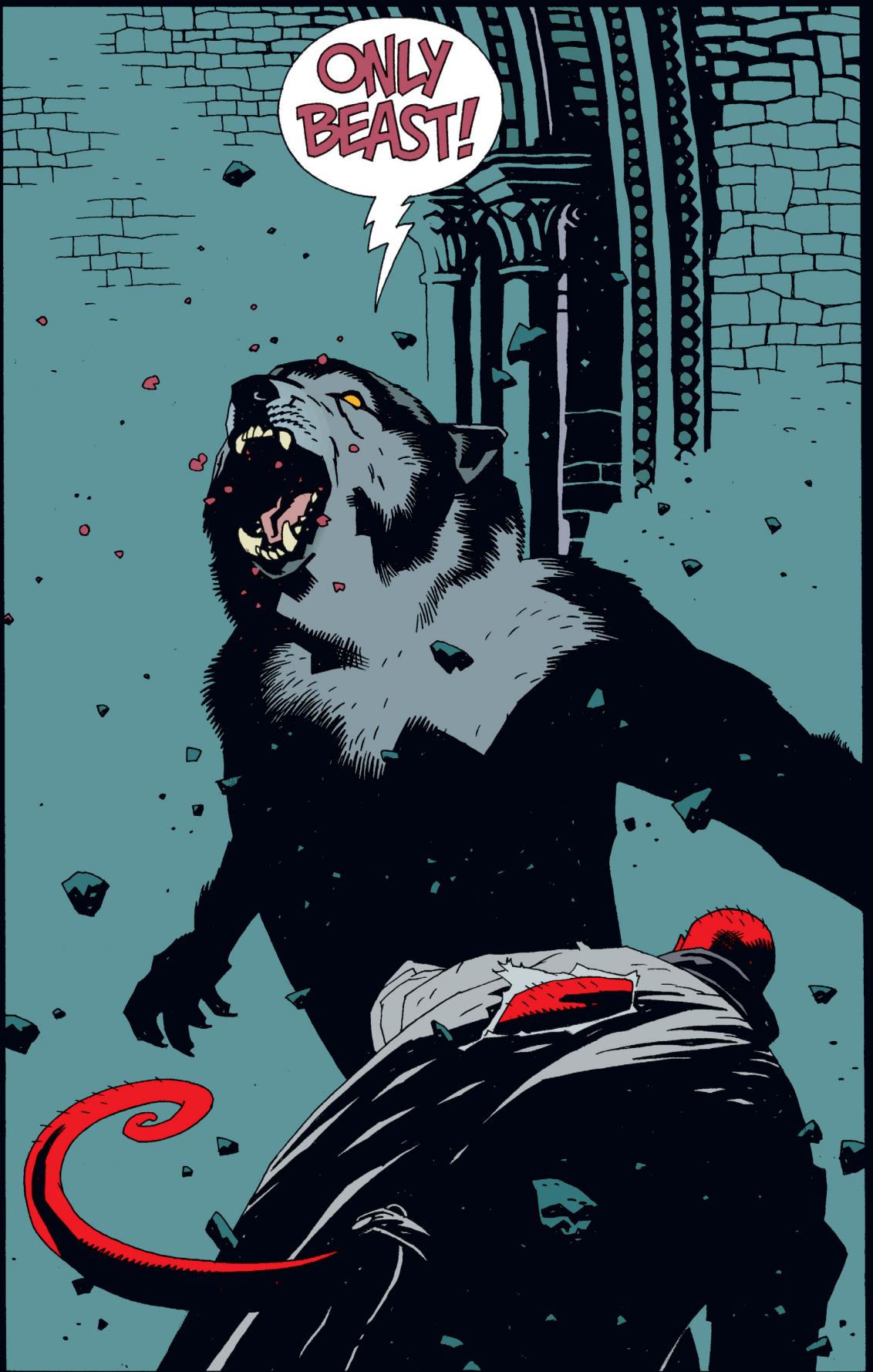
WAY,  
WAY  
TOO  
BIG.

YOU  
WAIT  
RIGHT  
HERE.

I'LL  
BE BACK  
IN A  
MINUTE.







ONLY  
BEAST!

# BEAST!







MOTHER...



HELLBOY?

KATE!

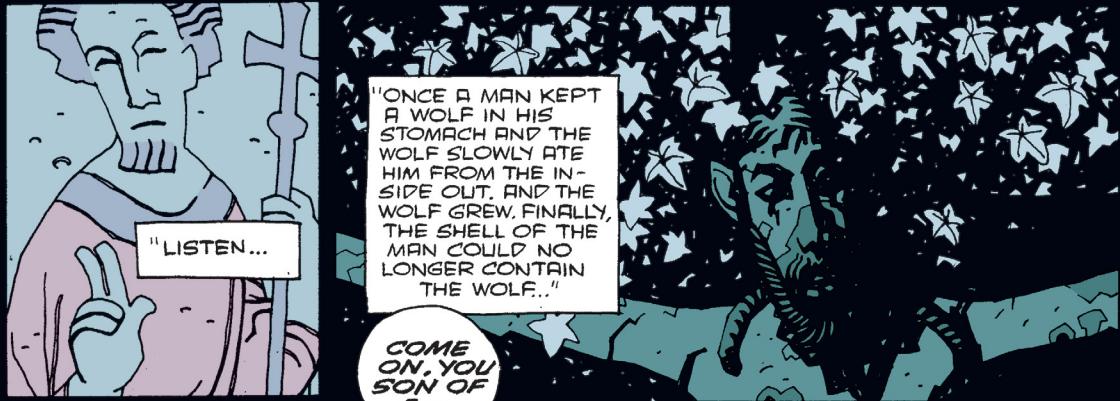


MOTHER...  
WHAT WILL  
BECOME  
OF US?

GET  
THE HELL  
OUT OF  
HERE!

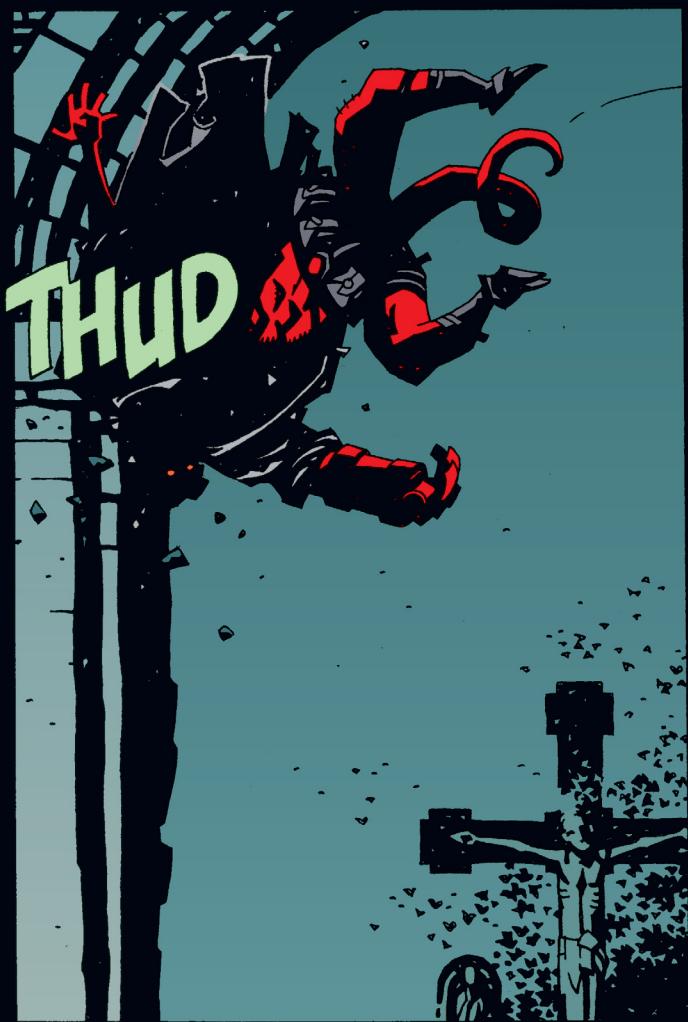
HUSH,  
BABY.

CLOSE  
YOUR  
EYES...





THUD

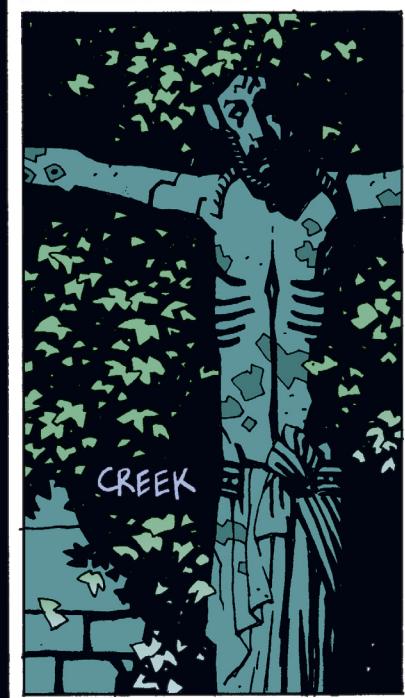














In a follow-up investigation, a bureau team of physical and trance mediums failed to detect any trace of Father Edward Kelly or the assorted Greniers in or near the chateau Grenier. On May 29, 1994, Dr. Izar Hoffman officially declared the site clear.

**B.P.**  **R.D.**

THE VILLAGE OF  
GRIART/ST. AUGUST  
REMAINS  
UNINHABITED.



## Almost Colossus

IN 1996 I INTRODUCED my homunculus character in the *Wake the Devil* miniseries. "Almost Colossus" is sort of a sequel in that it ties up loose ends from that series, but I did everything I could to make it stand on its own. I think it holds up fine by itself. It was inspired by a wonderful story called "The Colossus of Ylourgne," by Clark Ashton Smith, one of my favorite writers from the old *Weird Tales* pulp magazine. The scene in the mountains with the cross and the lightning is my obvious tribute to those wonderful old James Whale *Frankenstein* movies.

Originally Liz Sherman was not going to survive the story. I've never had any real idea what to do with her, so I thought I'd get rid of her. Lazy me. It was Glen Murakami, super-genius art director of the current animated *Superman* show, who saved her. He was so horrified when I mentioned that I was going to kill her off that I was shamed into saving her. It worked out well. It made the story better and now Glen's obligated to draw a solo Liz Sherman story. Cool!

"Almost Colossus" was published as a two-issue miniseries in 1997. For this collection I've added three new story pages to slow down the pacing in a few places.

Well, that's it.

Good night.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "MIKE MIGNOLA" in a stylized, blocky font. A long, thin, curved line extends from the end of the "A" in "MIGNOLA" to the right, creating a flourish.

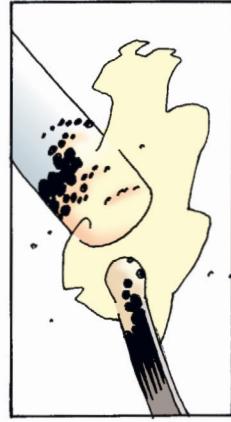
Mike Mignola  
Portland, Oregon

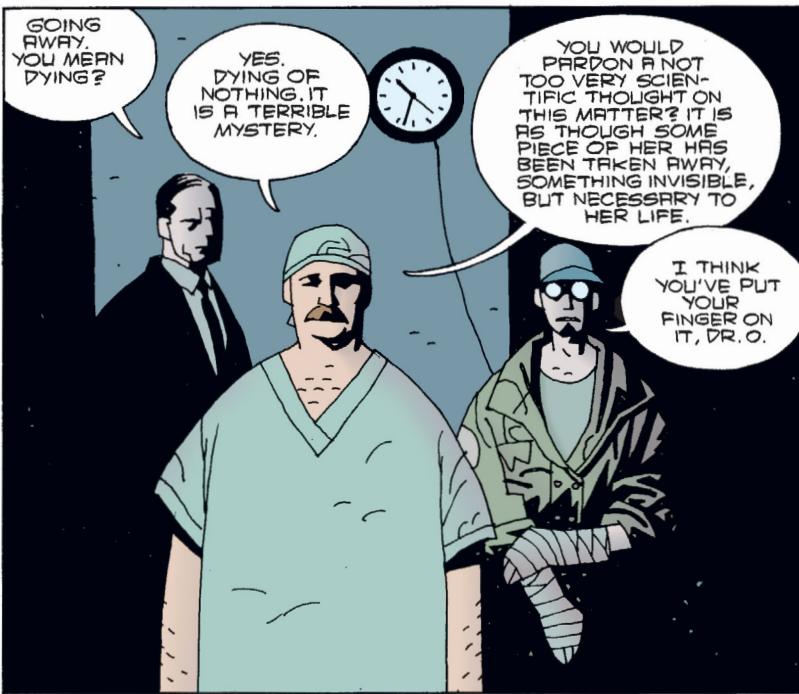


# Almost Colossus

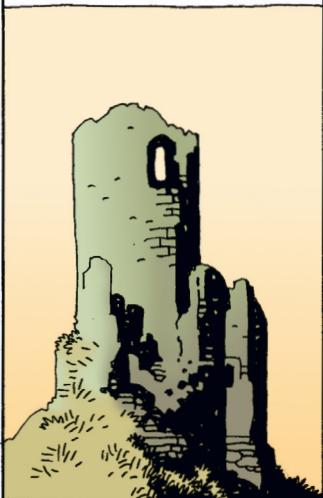


MIGNOLA  
76



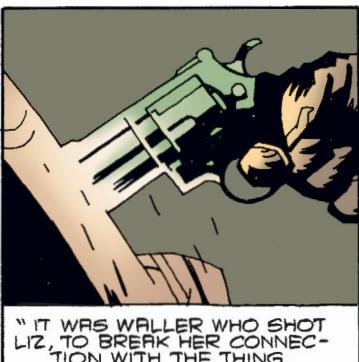


" EIGHT DAYS AGO SHE AND I, WITH AGENT WALLER, WERE CHECKING THE RUINS OF CZEZEE CASTLE, A COUPLE MILES OUTSIDE OF FALTECENI. WE DIDN'T FIND GIURESCU...



"I TRIED TO YANK MISS SHERMAN AWAY. THAT'S HOW I BURNED MY HANDS."

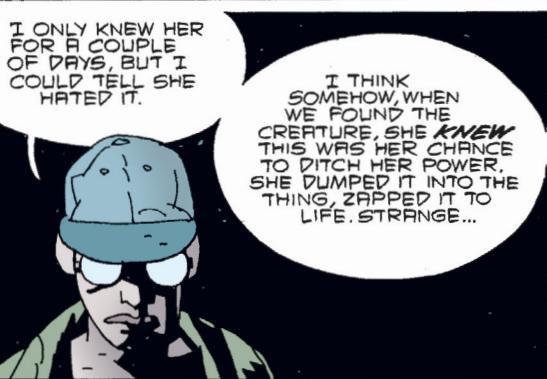
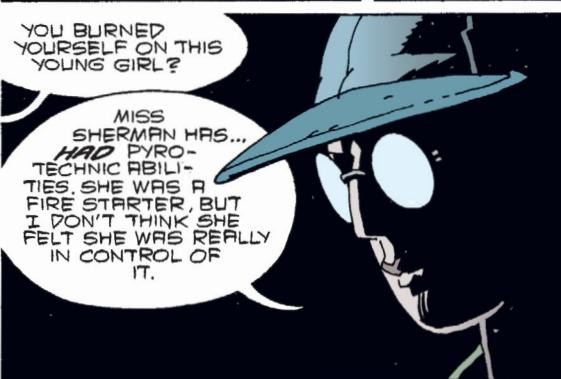
"LIZ WAS GLUED TO THE THING AND IT WAS CLEAR SOMETHING WAS GOING ON BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM."



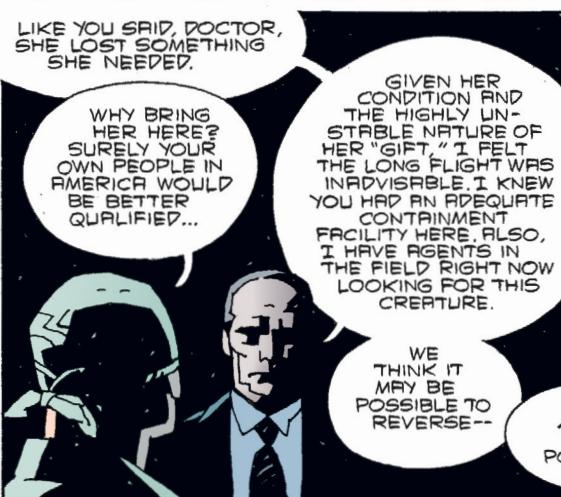
"IT WAS WALLER WHO SHOT LIZ, TO BREAK HER CONNECTION WITH THE THING."



"IT KILLED WALLER AND JUMPED OUT THROUGH THE WALL, AND RAN AWAY."



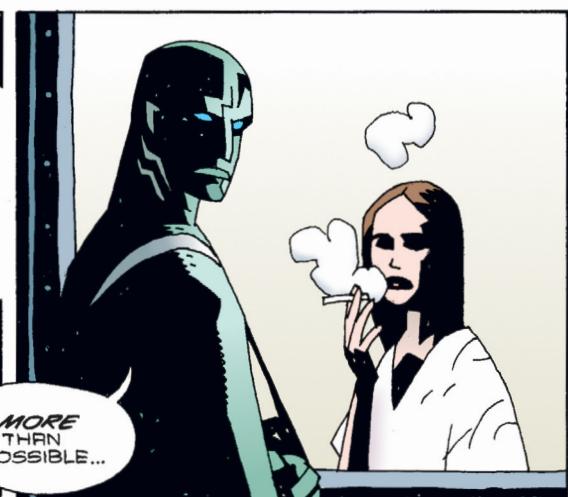
"I ONLY KNEW HER FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, BUT I COULD TELL SHE HATED IT.  
I THINK SOMEHOW WHEN WE FOUND THE CREATURE, SHE KNEW THIS WAS HER CHANCE TO DITCH HER POWER. SHE DUMPED IT INTO THE THING, ZAPPED IT TO LIFE. STRANGE..."

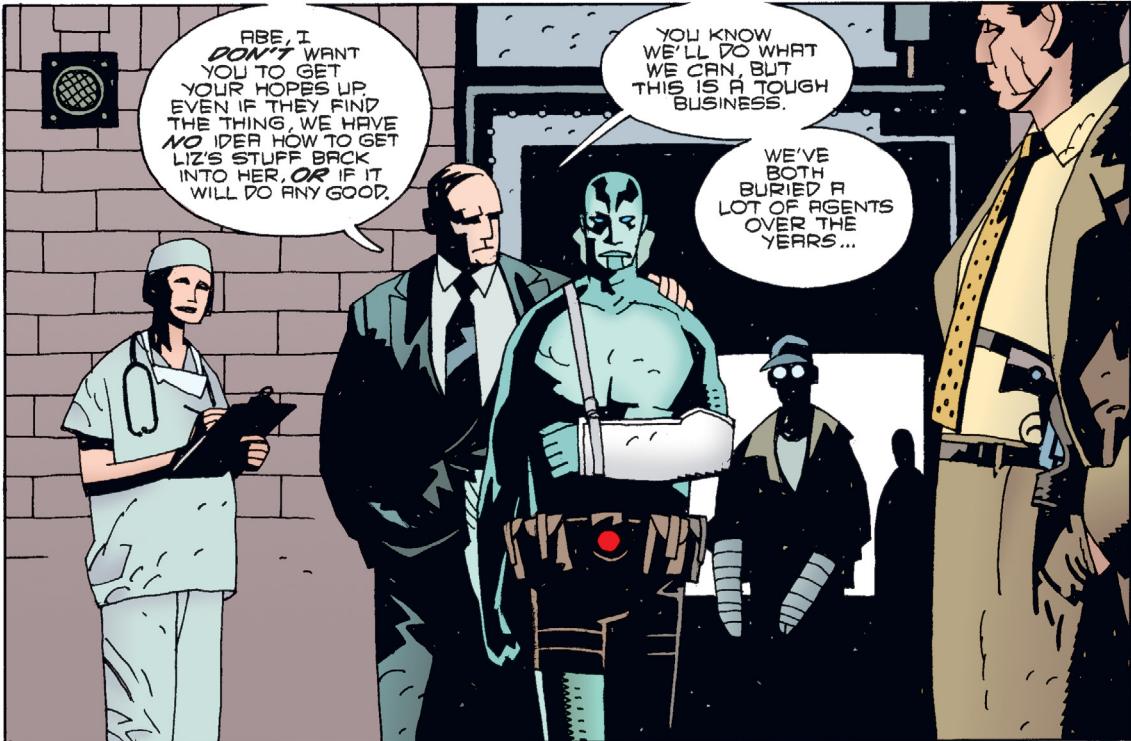


"WHY BRING HER HERE? SURELY YOUR OWN PEOPLE IN AMERICA WOULD BE BETTER QUALIFIED..."  
GIVEN HER CONDITION AND THE HIGHLY UNSTABLE NATURE OF HER "GIFT," I FELT THE LONG FLIGHT WAS INADVISABLE. I KNEW YOU HAD AN ADEQUATE CONTAINMENT FACILITY HERE, ALSO, I HAVE AGENTS IN THE FIELD RIGHT NOW LOOKING FOR THIS CREATURE."

"WE THINK IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO REVERSE--"

"MORE THAN POSSIBLE..."





MAGYARNÁNDOR CEMETERY, ROMANIA.



SIXTY-EIGHT BODIES DISAPPEARED OUT OF HERE LAST NIGHT, FIFTY-NINE DOWN THE ROAD AT BEKES NIGHT BEFORE THAT.

I CALLED A GUY IN AGGTELEK AND HE SAYS THE SAME THING'S HAPPENED THERE, AND IN BISTRITA AND MORESTI...

... AND IN EVERY CASE IT'S JUST BODIES THAT HAVE BEEN IN THE GROUND LESS THAN A YEAR.

YOU THINK IT COULD BE OUR GUY DOING ALL THIS?

COULD BE...

CRAZY. IF IT'S HIM...

WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOING WITH ALL THE BODIES?

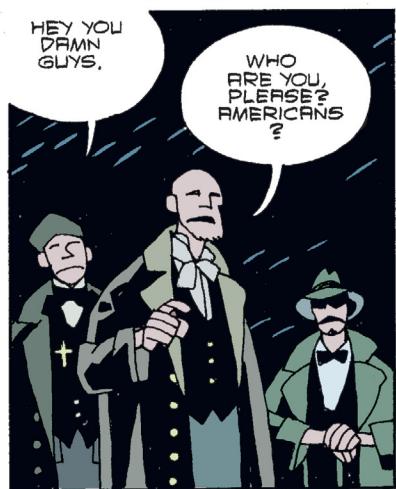
COULD BE HUNGRY... OR LONELY.

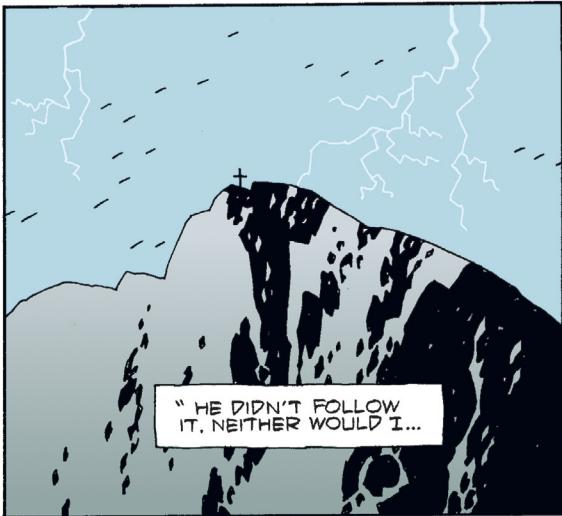
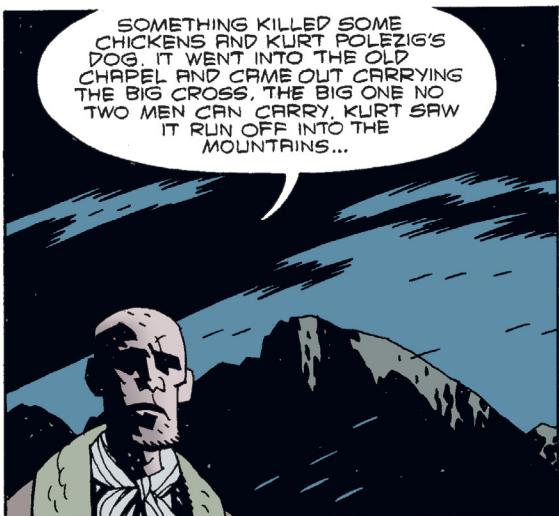
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

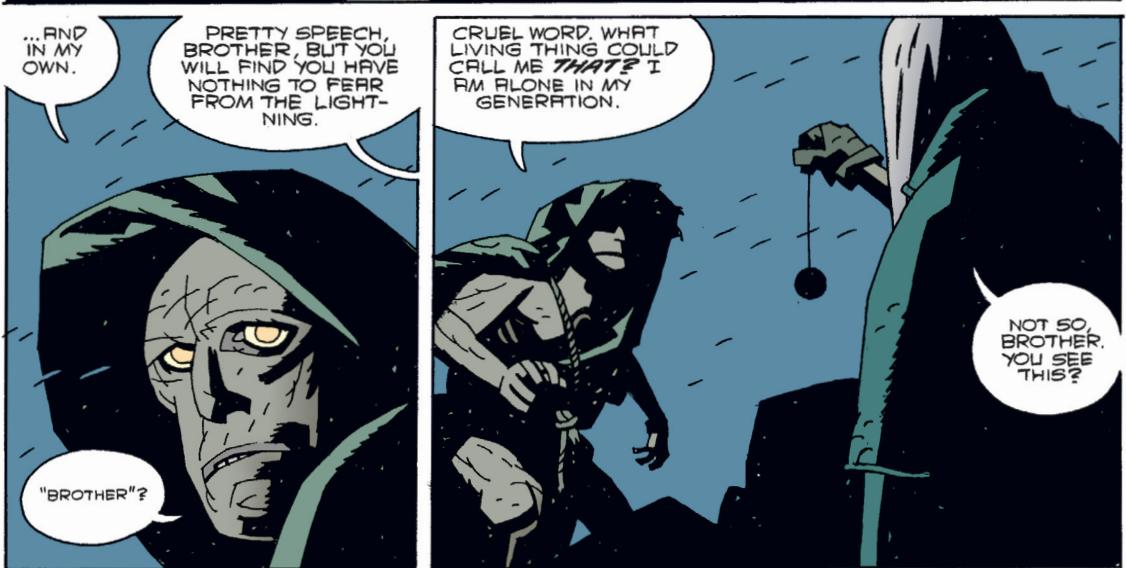
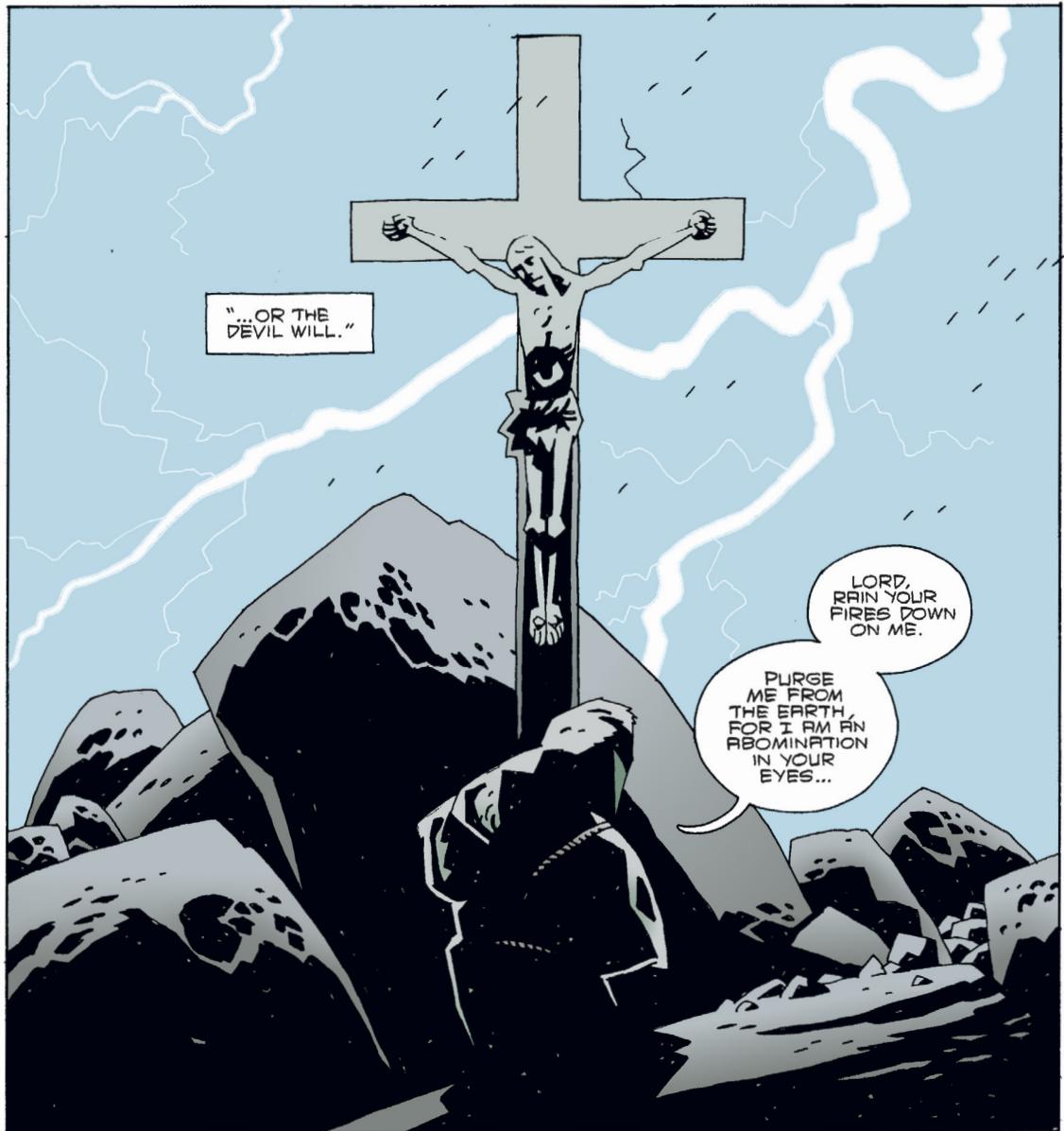
RIGHT?

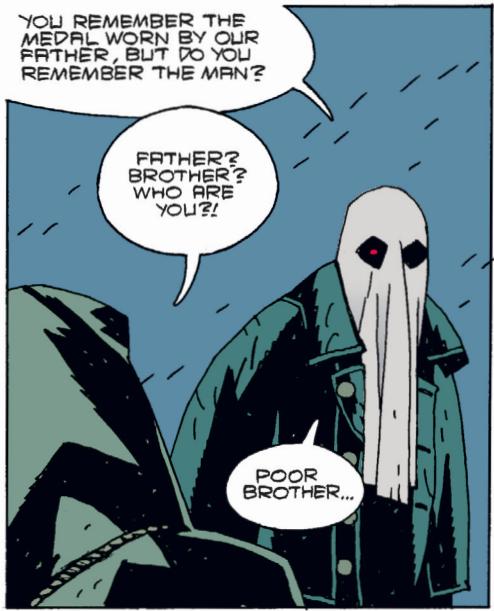
I'VE SEEN SOME FUNNY STUFF.

OH, GROSS!

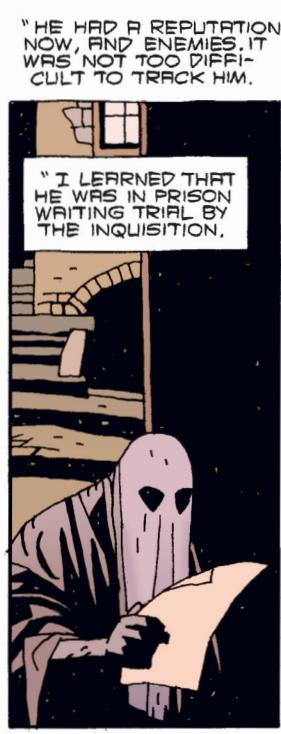
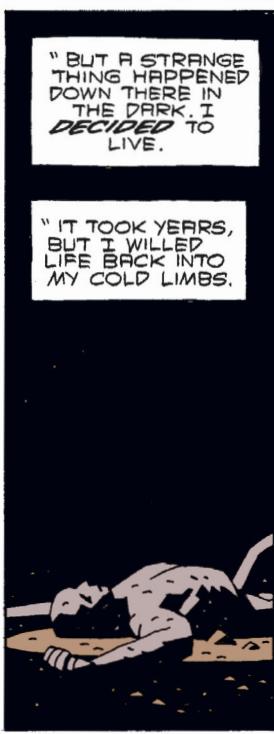












"THAT NIGHT, I BROKE INTO HIS CELL. HE HAD BECOME AN OLD MAN, BUT HE KNEW ME."

"HE BEGGED FOR MY FORGIVENESS... AND FOR HIS LIFE..."



"I COULD ALLOW HIM NEITHER."



"I TOOK THE CHAIN FROM HIS NECK, AND FROM OUT OF HIS BELLY, THE KEY TO A LOCKED BOX IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ALBI."



YOU KILLED YOUR CREATOR?

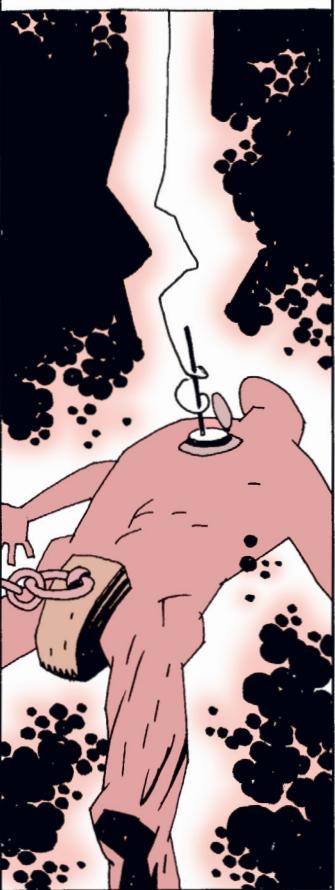
OUR CREATOR. YES.

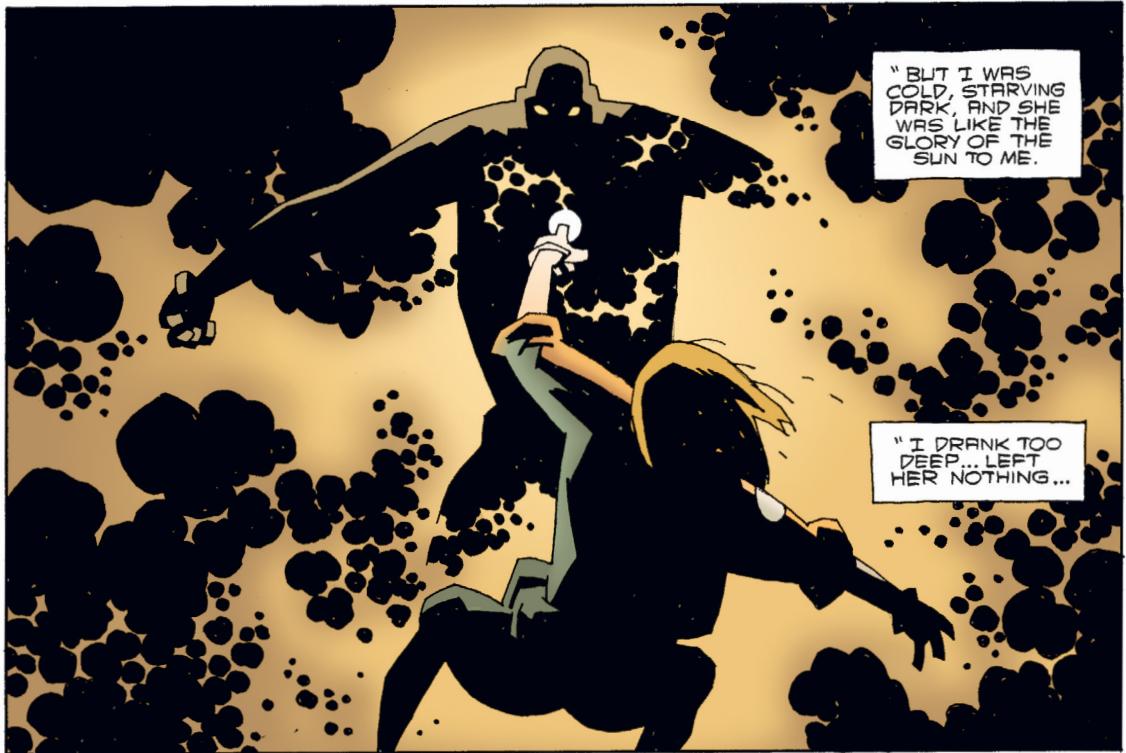
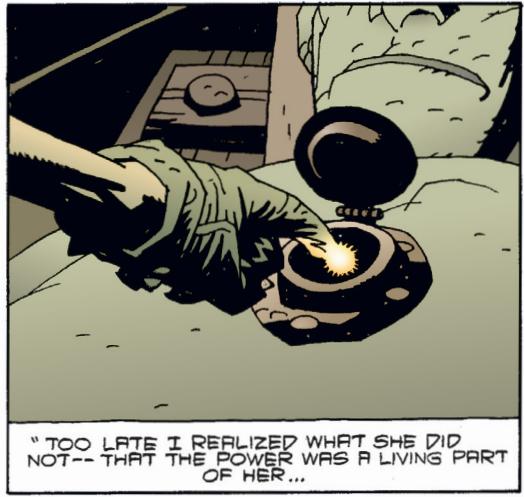
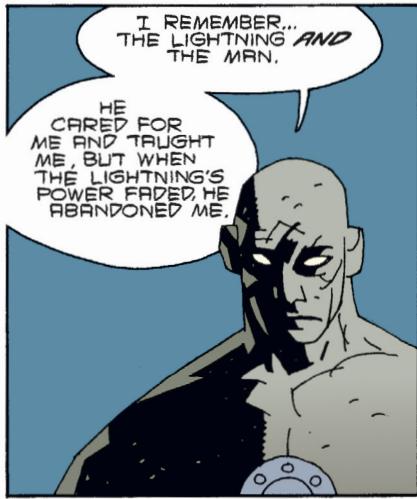
SHOULD I HAVE LEFT HIM TO THE TORTURERS?

THAT LOCKED BOX CONTAINED HIS PAPERS, FORMULAS, THE LOCATION OF ALL HIS SECRET WORKPLACES, AND THE DETAILS OF YOUR BIRTH...



"...HOW HE GREW YOUR BODY FROM ROOTS AND FLUIDS, BUT IT TOOK A BOLT OF LIGHTNING TO GIVE YOU LIFE."







I HAVE SPENT YEARS IN PREPARATION  
AND STUDY. I HAVE CREATED LIFE  
CRUDE HOMUNCULI, HARVESTERS OF  
THE RAW MATERIALS NECESSARY  
TO THE WORK!

THEY  
ARE NOT  
BEAUTIFUL  
LIKE YOU,  
BROTHER.  
SINCE I LEARNED  
OF YOU, YOU  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
MY INSPIRATION.

WHEN I LEARNED OF YOUR  
RESURRECTION, I ABANDONED  
CAUTION AND RUSHED TO  
COMPLETE THE THING. A WEEK  
OF FURIOUS LABOR, BUT THE  
WORK IS NEAR DONE AT  
LAST.

DO YOU  
FEEL IT?

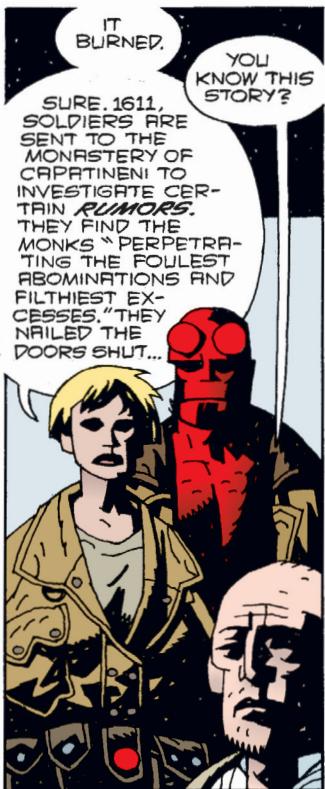
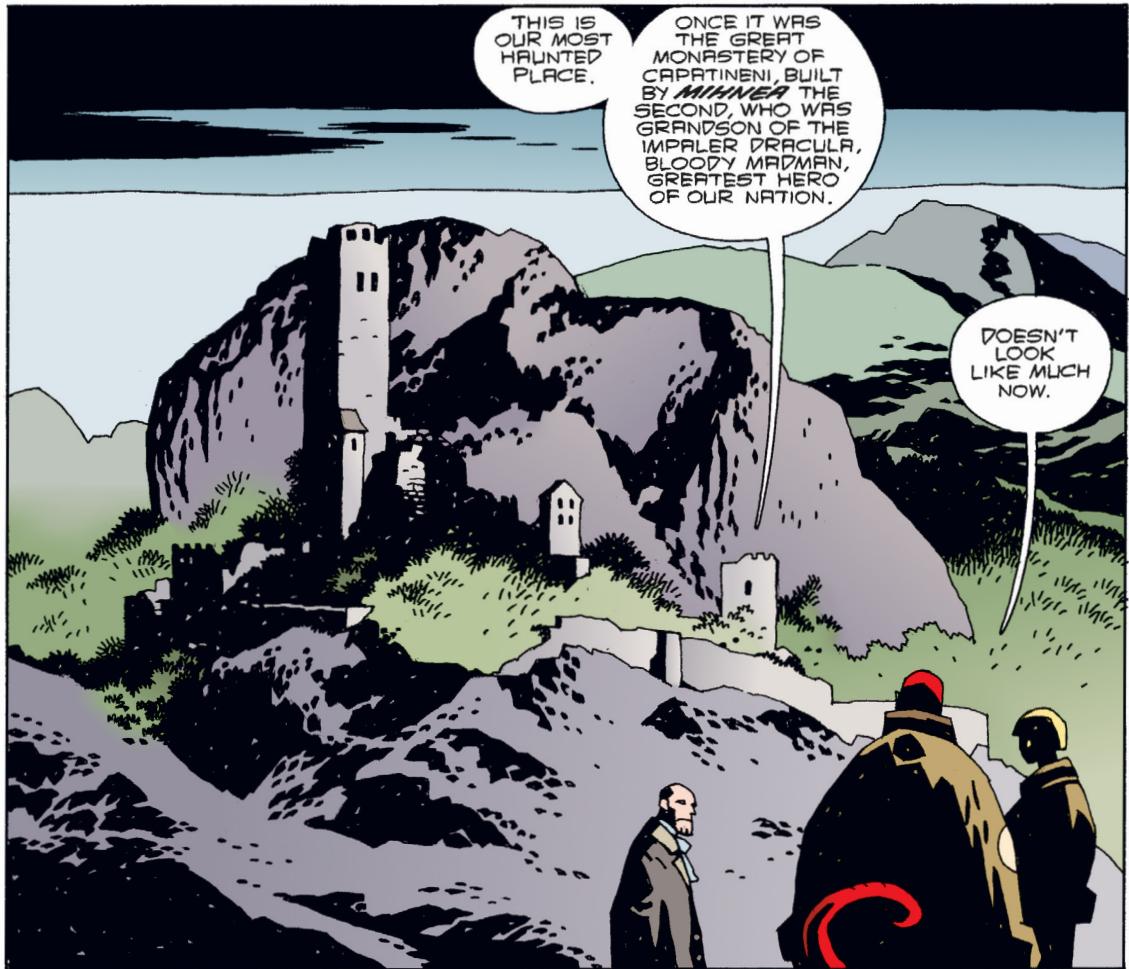
TIME'S COME TO  
BEAR WEIRD  
FRUIT.

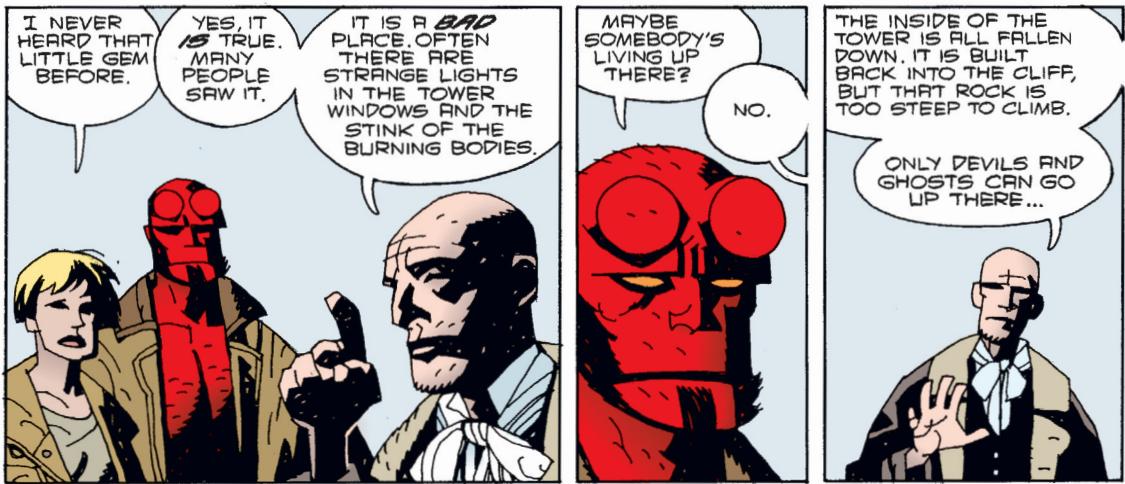


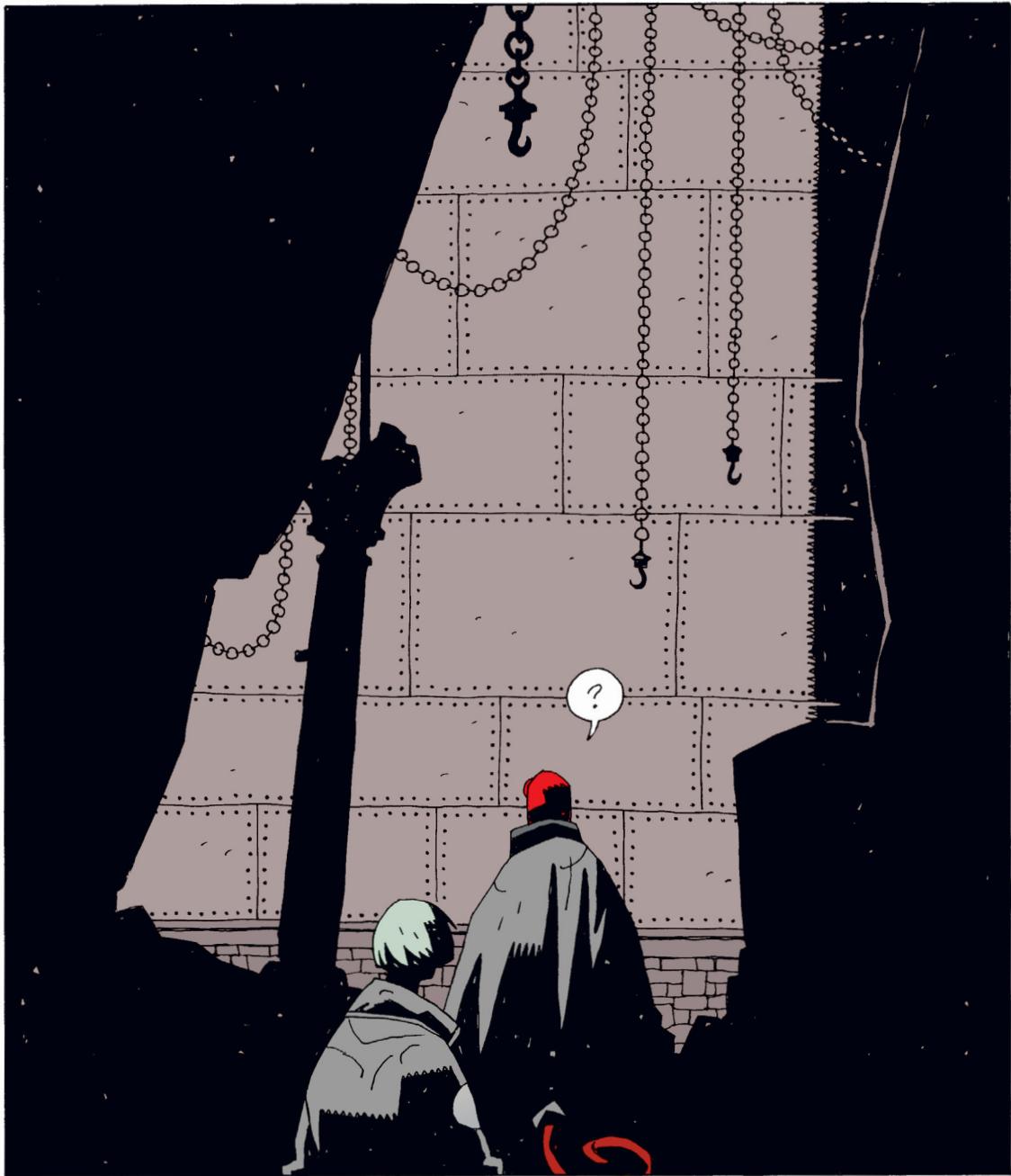
AND WE WHO  
HAVE SUFFERED  
SO MUCH FOR SO  
LONG, ALONE...

...WILL  
NEVER  
BE PARTED  
AGAIN.

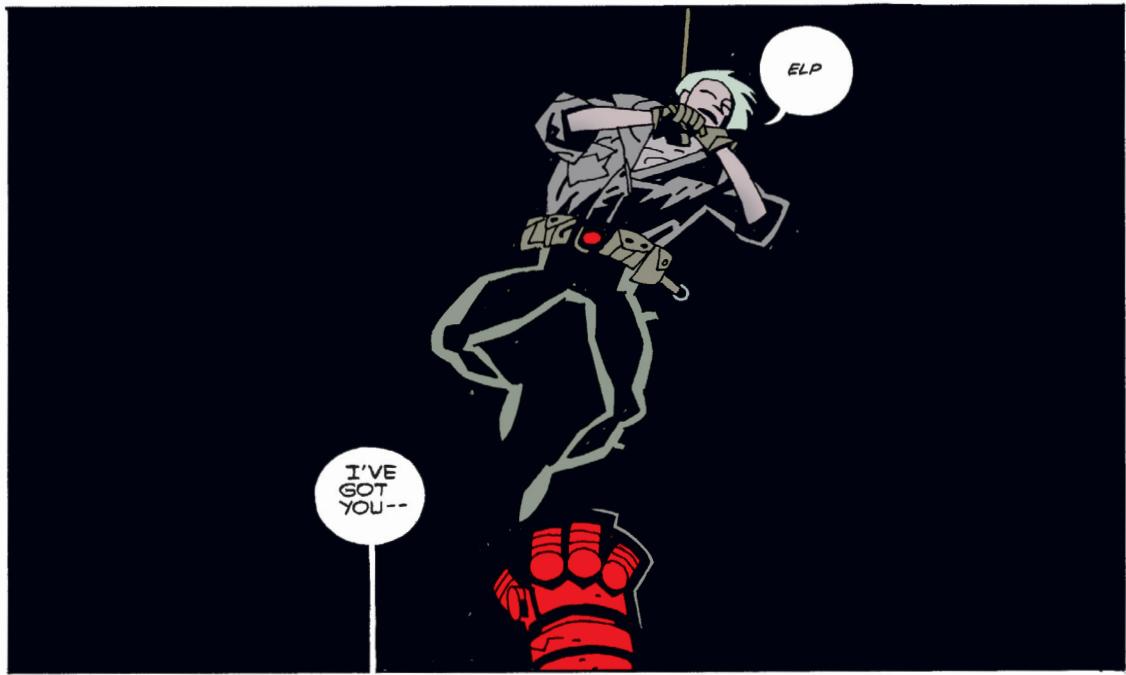






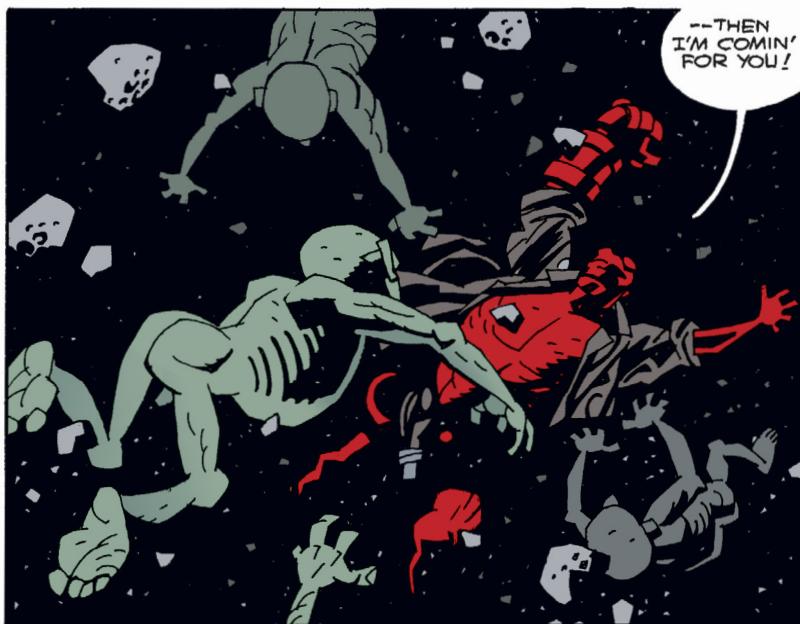




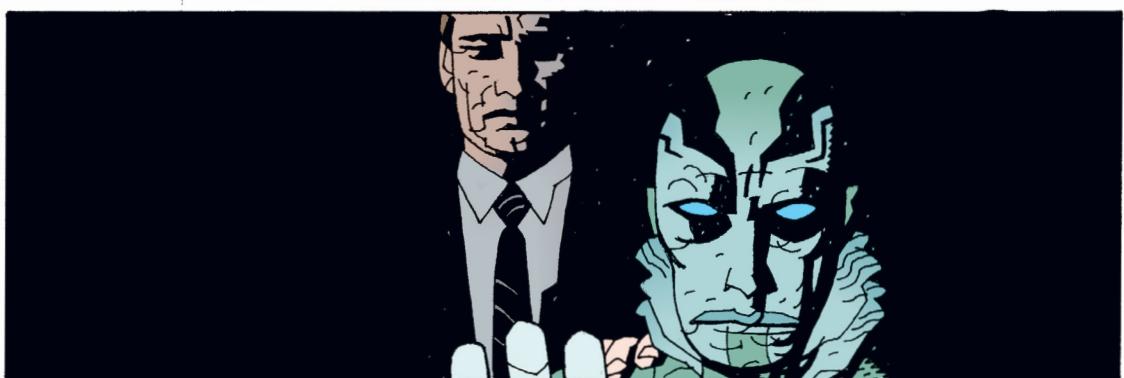








THE WALTER INSTITUTE,  
TIRGOVISTE.





RUINS OF THE CAPATINENI MONASTERY.



SOMEWHERE  
UNDERGROUND.

HANG  
ON, KATE,  
WHEREVER  
YOU ARE.

I'M  
COMIN'!



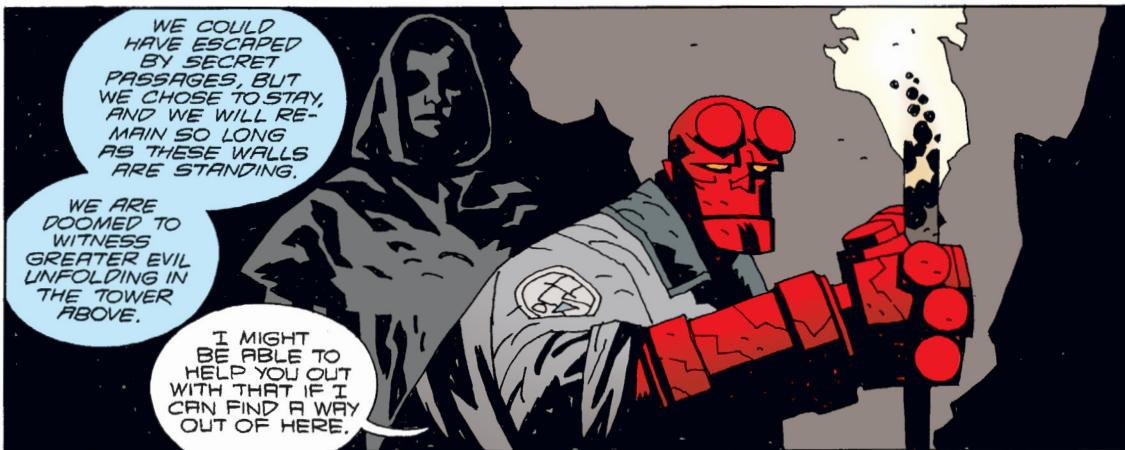
DAMN, THOSE LITTLE  
GUYS GOT ME GOOD  
AND LOST. WHERE  
THE--

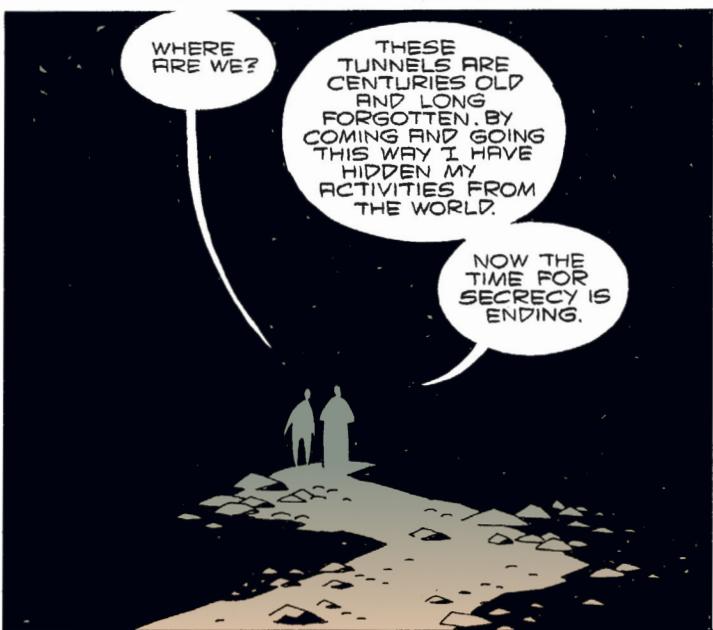


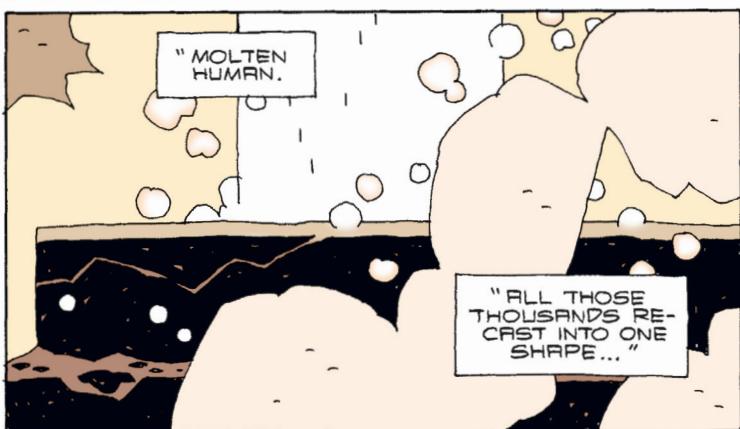
OH...

...THE  
MONKS.



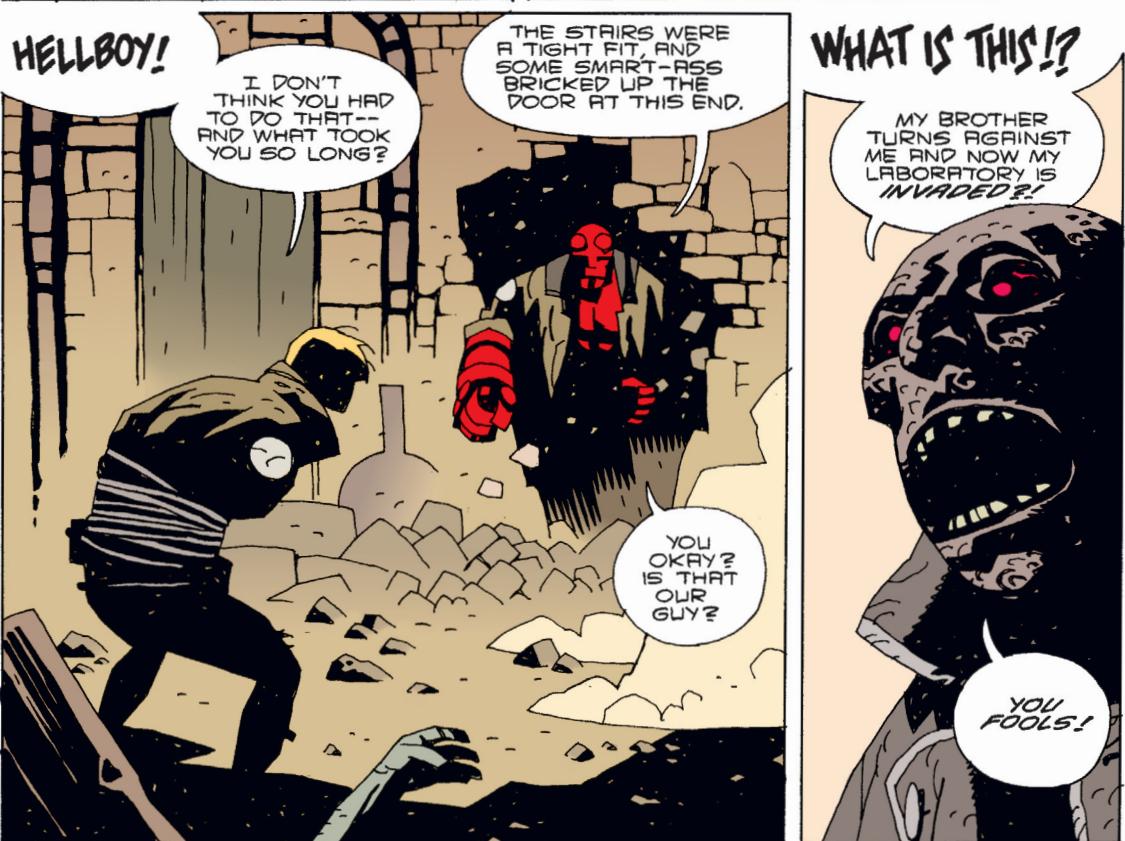




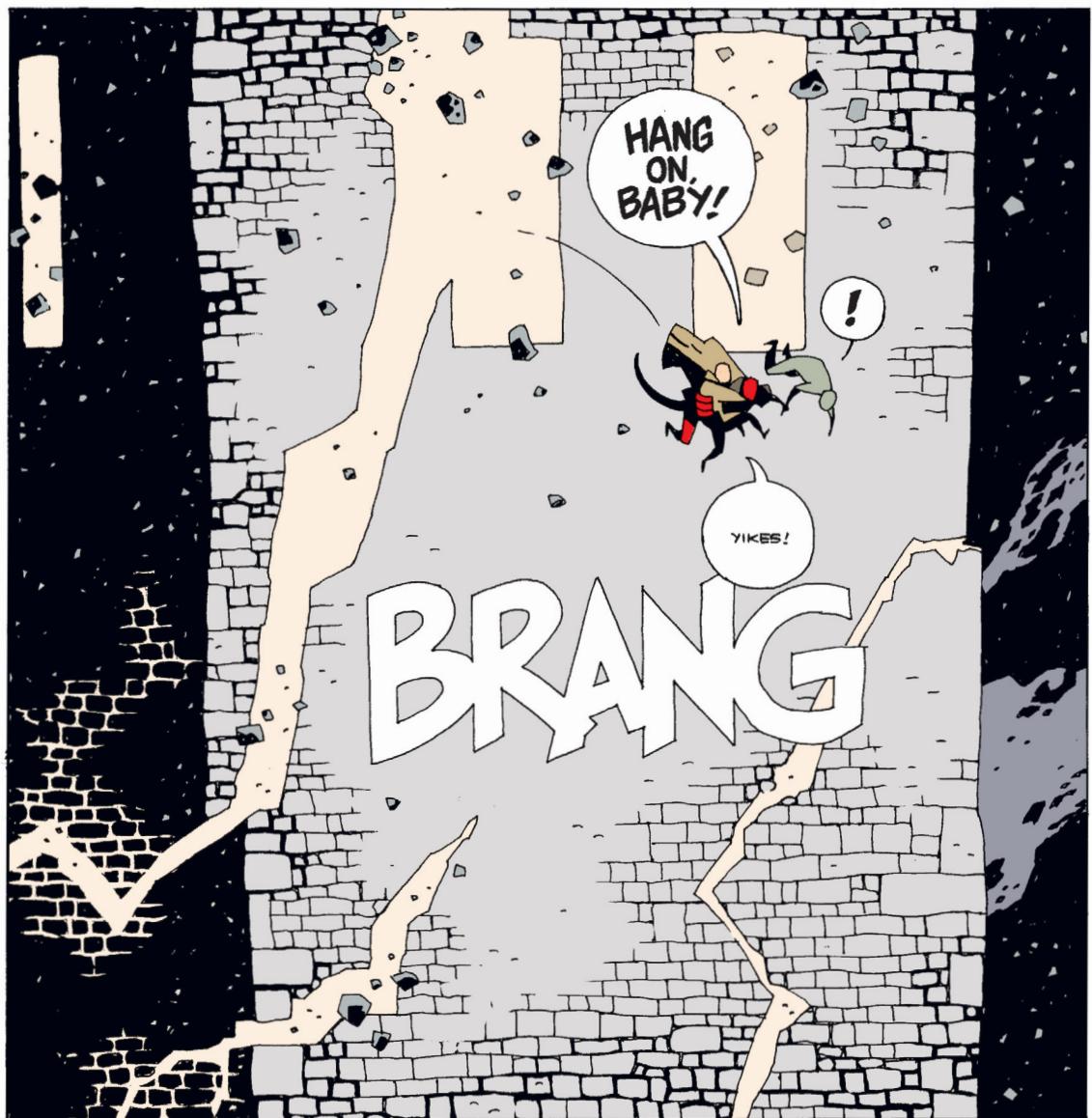
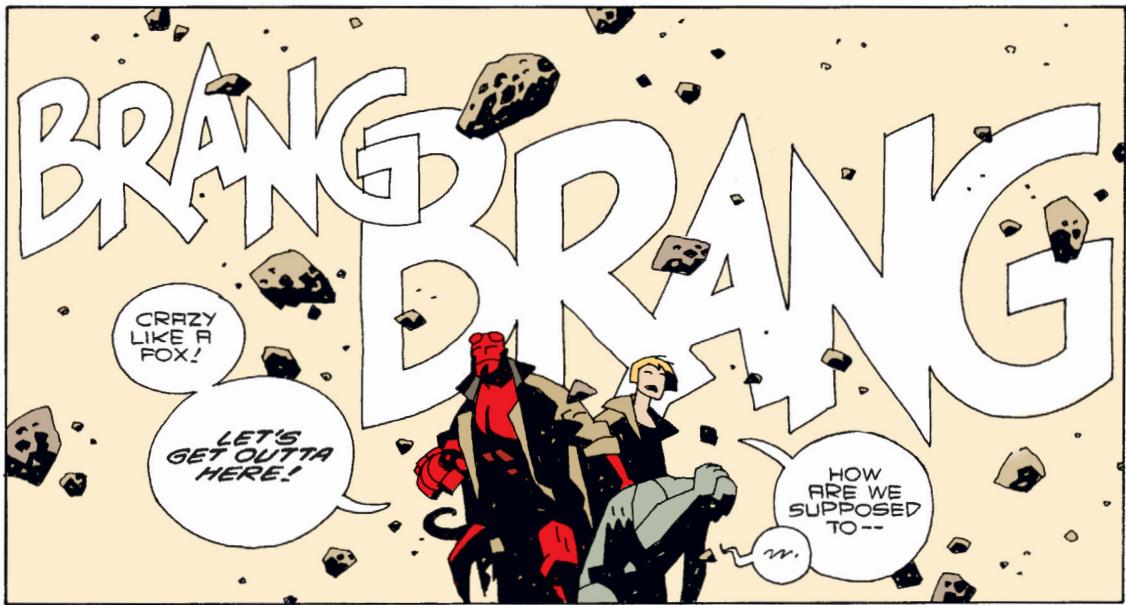






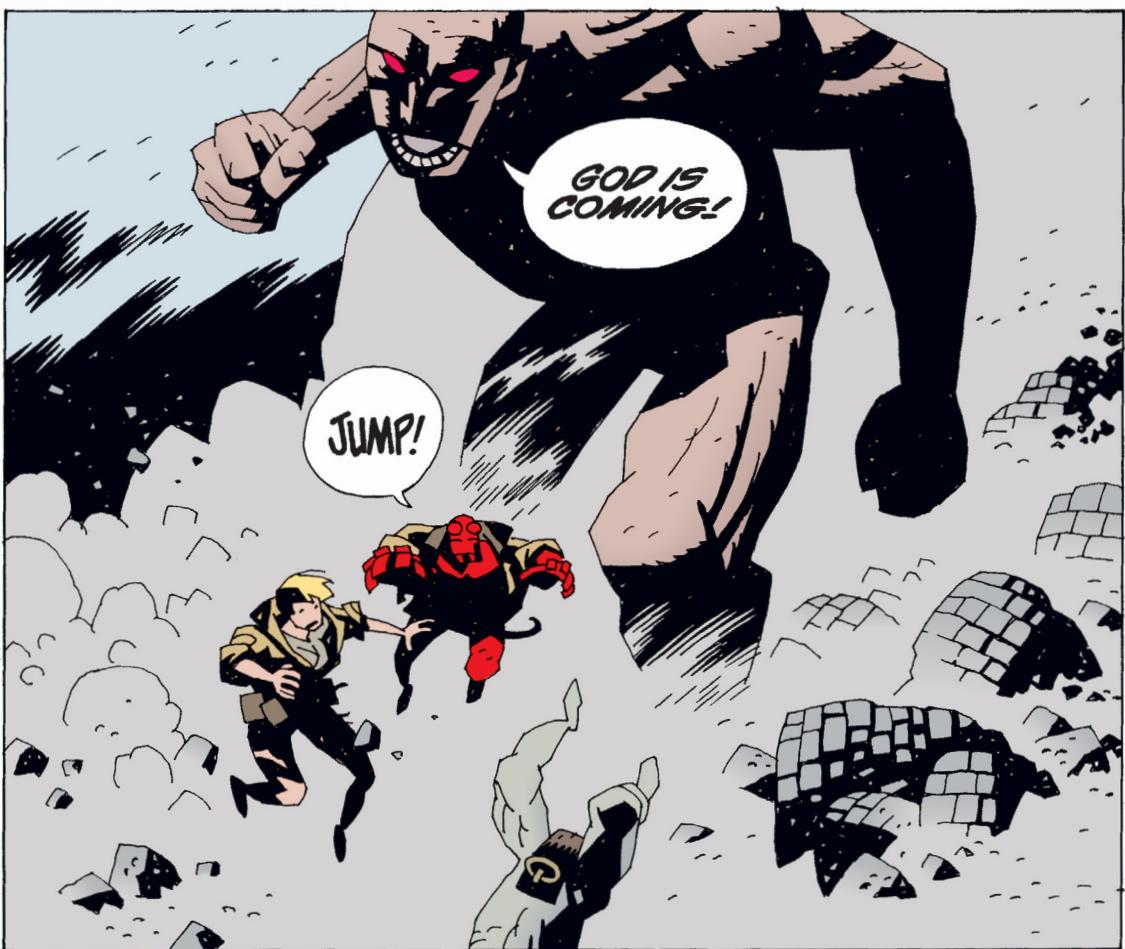


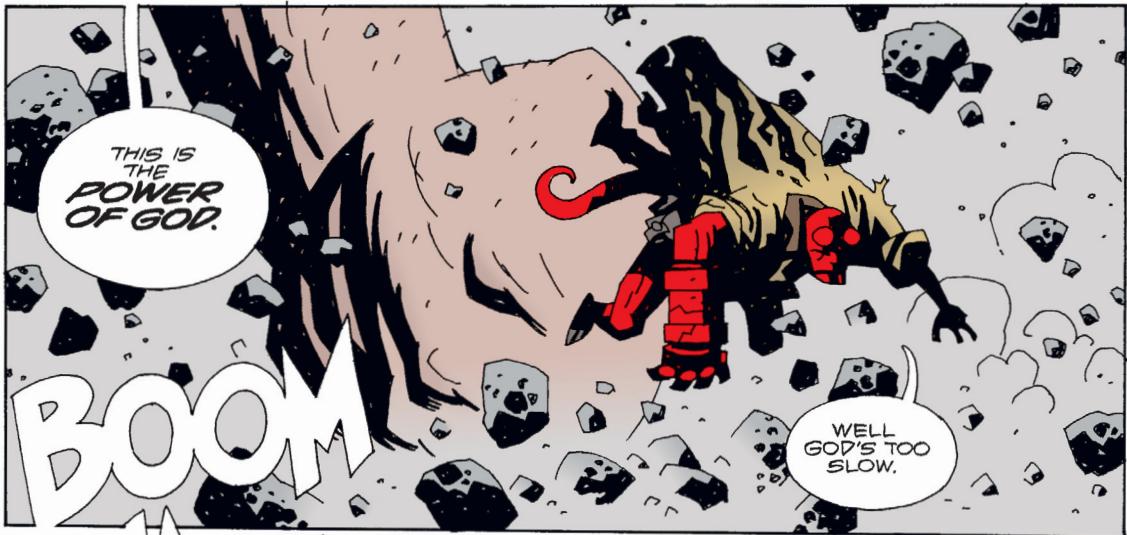


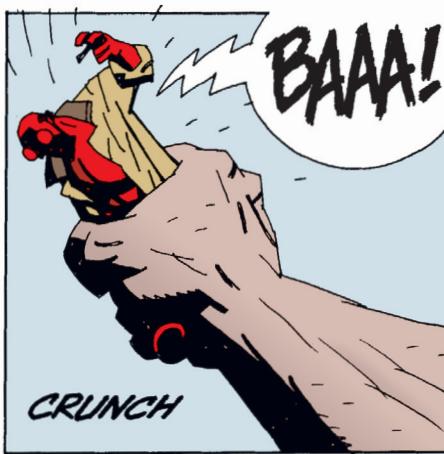
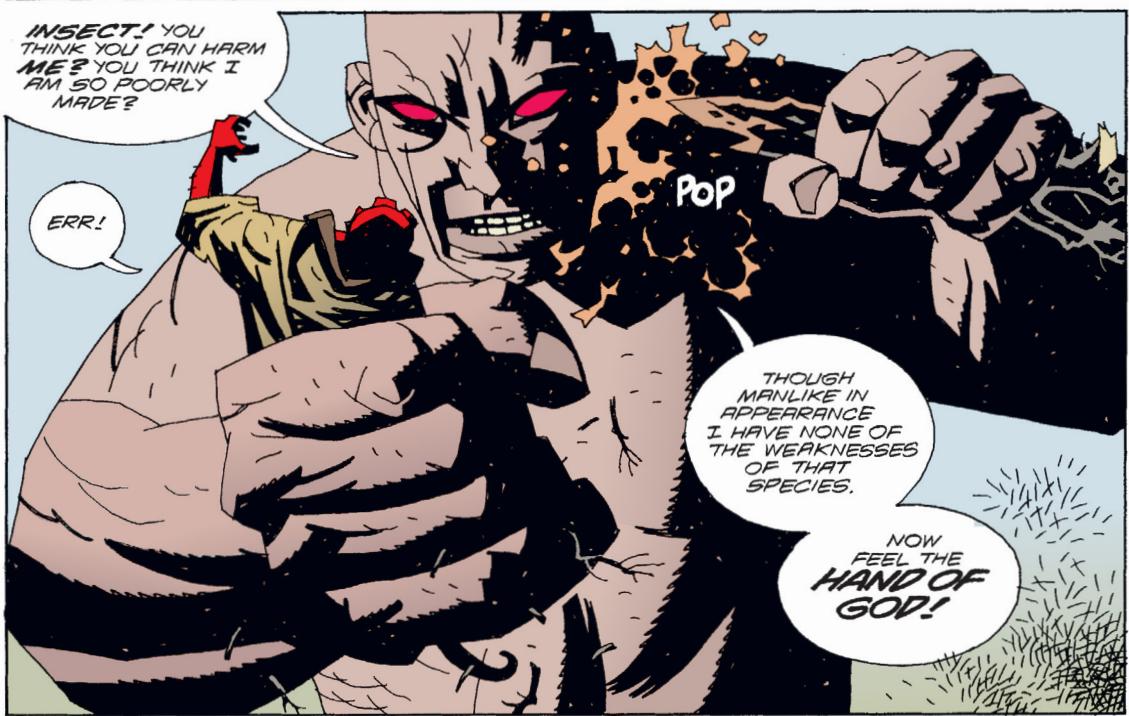


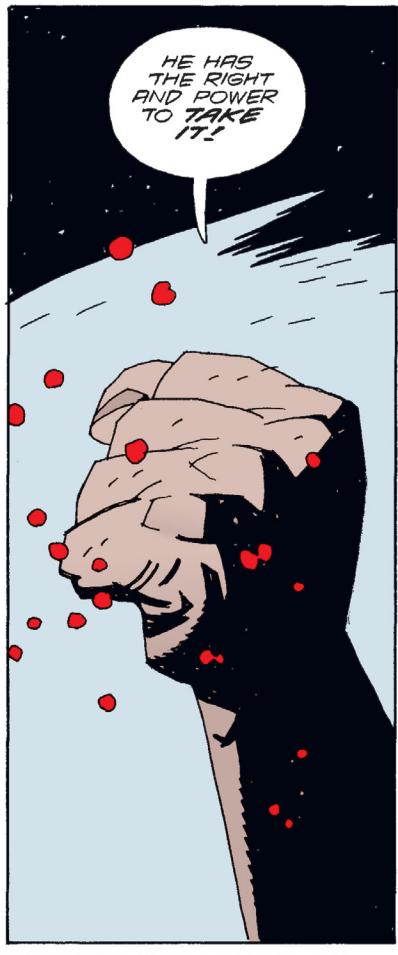
BEHOLD THE  
COLOSSUS  
IN FLESH...

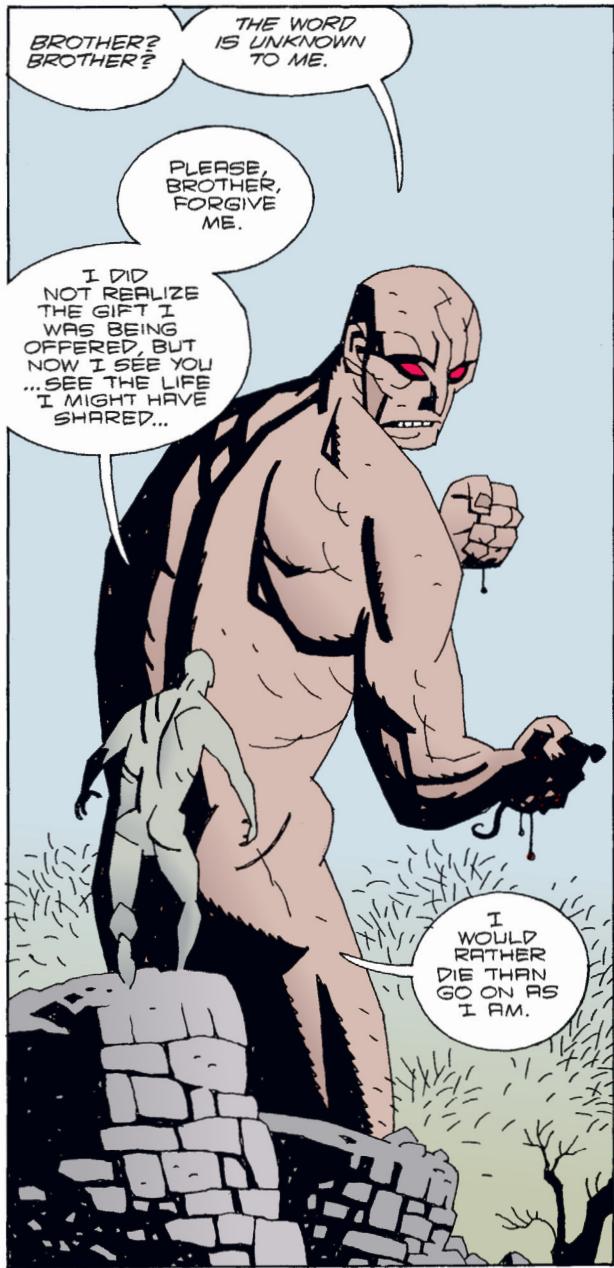
...AND  
POWER  
ENOUGH TO  
UNMAKE THE  
WORLD!

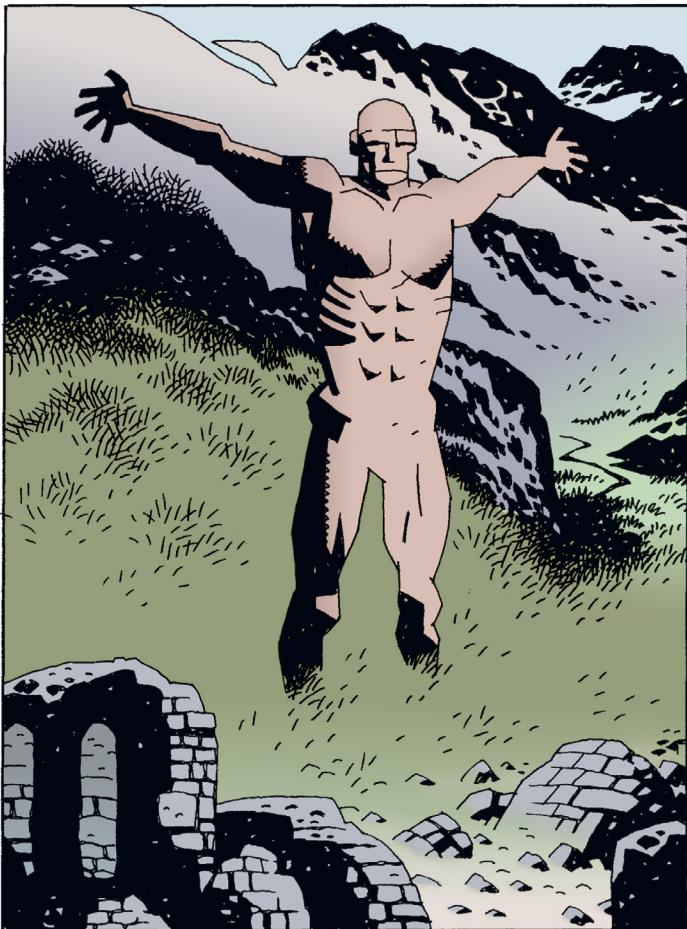


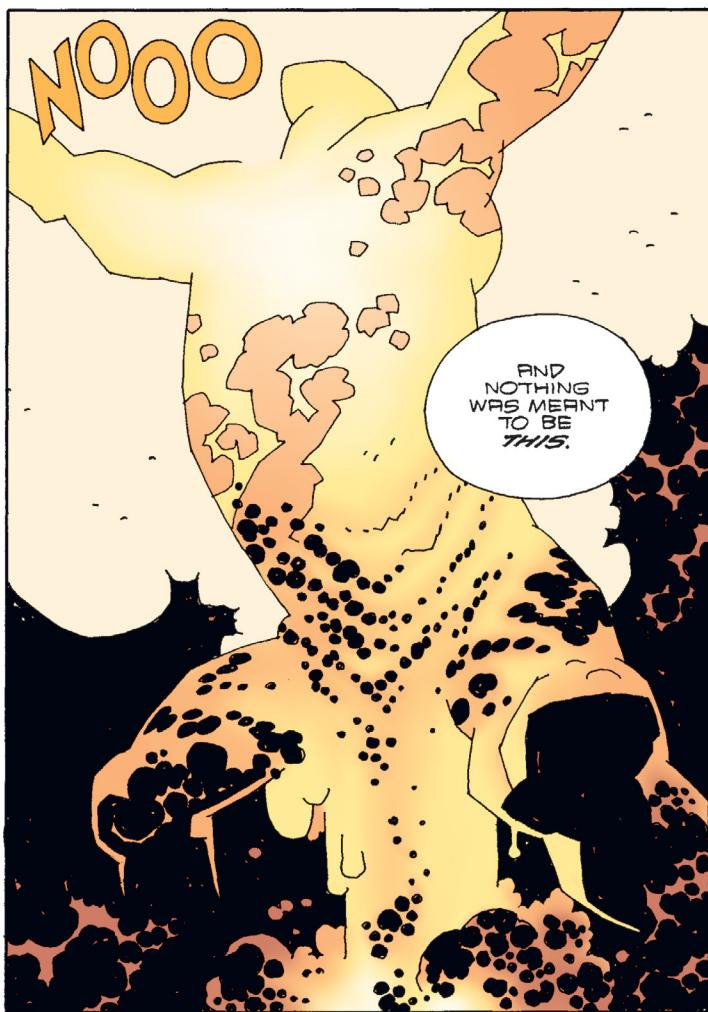
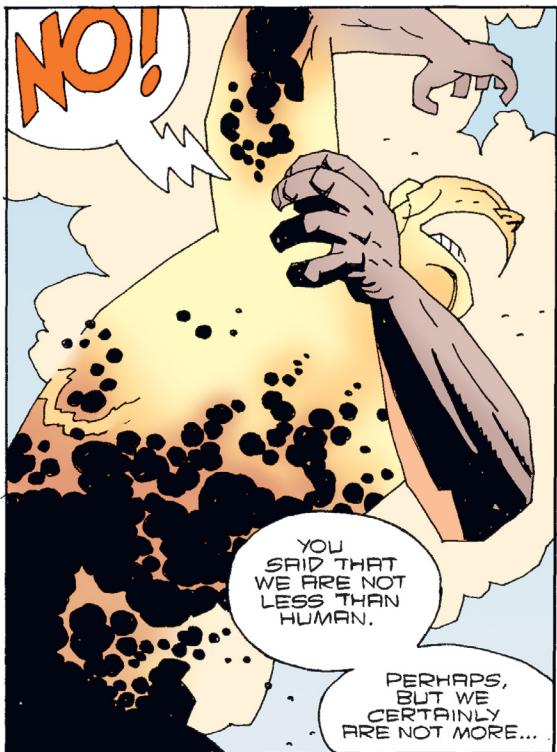


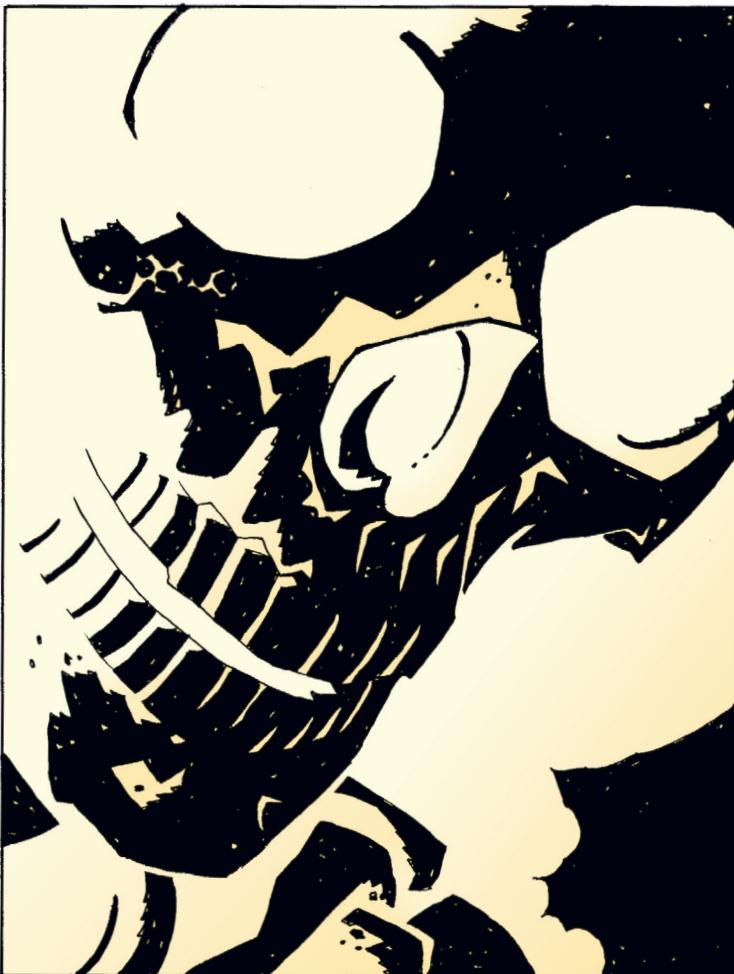


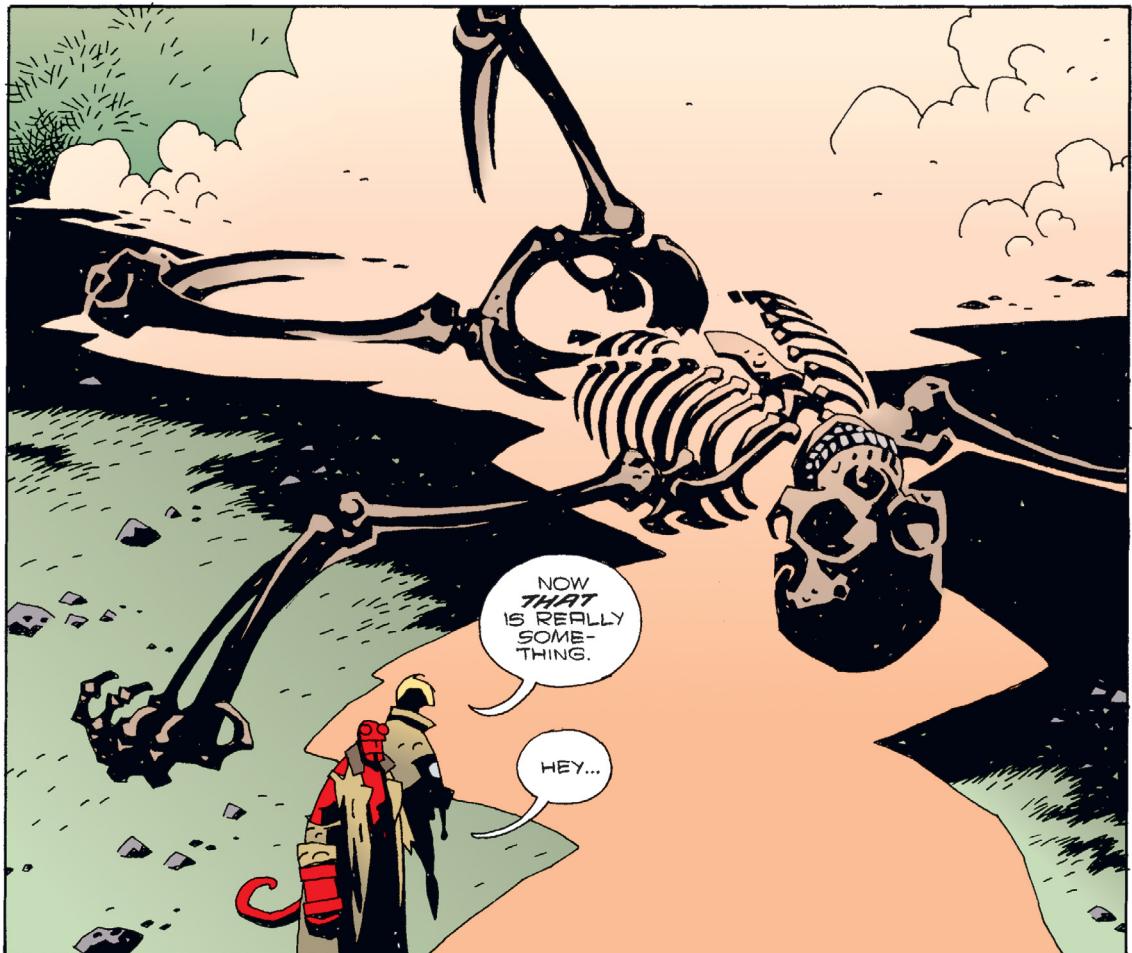


















THE END?

# HELLBOY

TM

## G A L L E R Y



**featuring**

**KEVIN NOWLAN**

**MATT SMITH**

**DUNCAN FEGREDO**

**DAVE JOHNSON**

**THIERRY ROBIN**

**and**

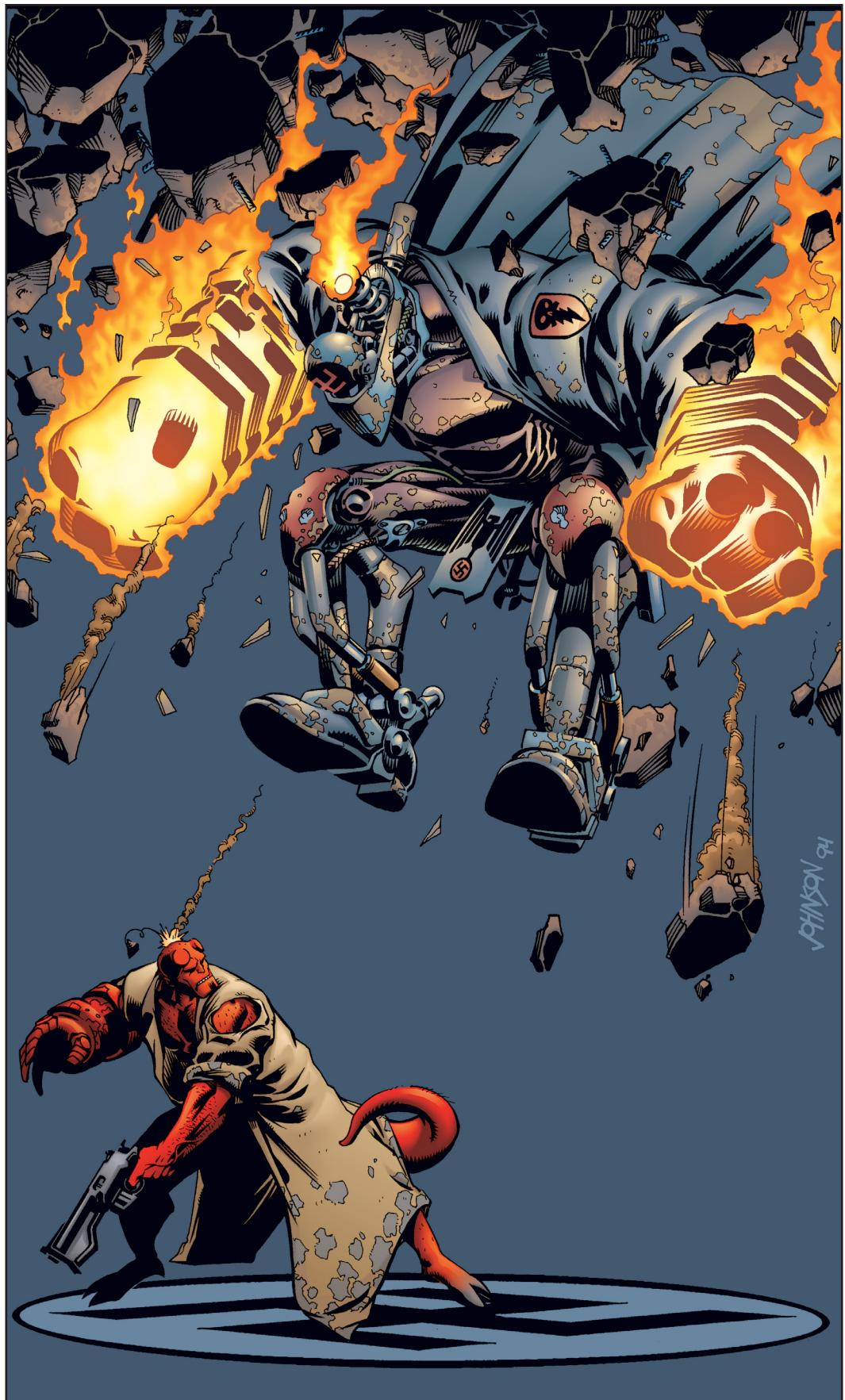
**B.C. BOYER**





m d s m i t h











“*Hellboy* is a comic-book masterpiece. With style, imagination, and a haunting simplicity, it creates a parallel universe of mystery and horror, which is unique in the medium. I have nothing but admiration for Mike Mignola and his cohorts. *Hellboy* restores my faith in the joy of comic books.”

*Clive Barker*

