

# HELLBOY™



## THE CHAINED COFFIN *and* OTHERS

MIKE MIGNOLA





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## THE CHAINED COFFIN *and* OTHERS









THE CHAINED  
COFFIN  
*and* OTHERS

*by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

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

*Lettered by*  
PAT BROSSAU



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*Collection designed by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

*Published by*  
MIKE RICHARDSON



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

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“*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*.”

*Special thanks to* ROB HUMPHREYS *at Seraphim Films.*



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Published by Dark Horse Books  
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.  
10956 SE Main St.  
Milwaukie, OR 97222  
[www.darkhorse.com](http://www.darkhorse.com)

First Edition: August 1998  
Second Edition: November 2003  
ISBN: 978-1-59307-091-5

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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*.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

PRINTED IN CHINA



# INTRODUCTION

by P. CRAIG RUSSELL

I 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 form "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.



# The Corpse

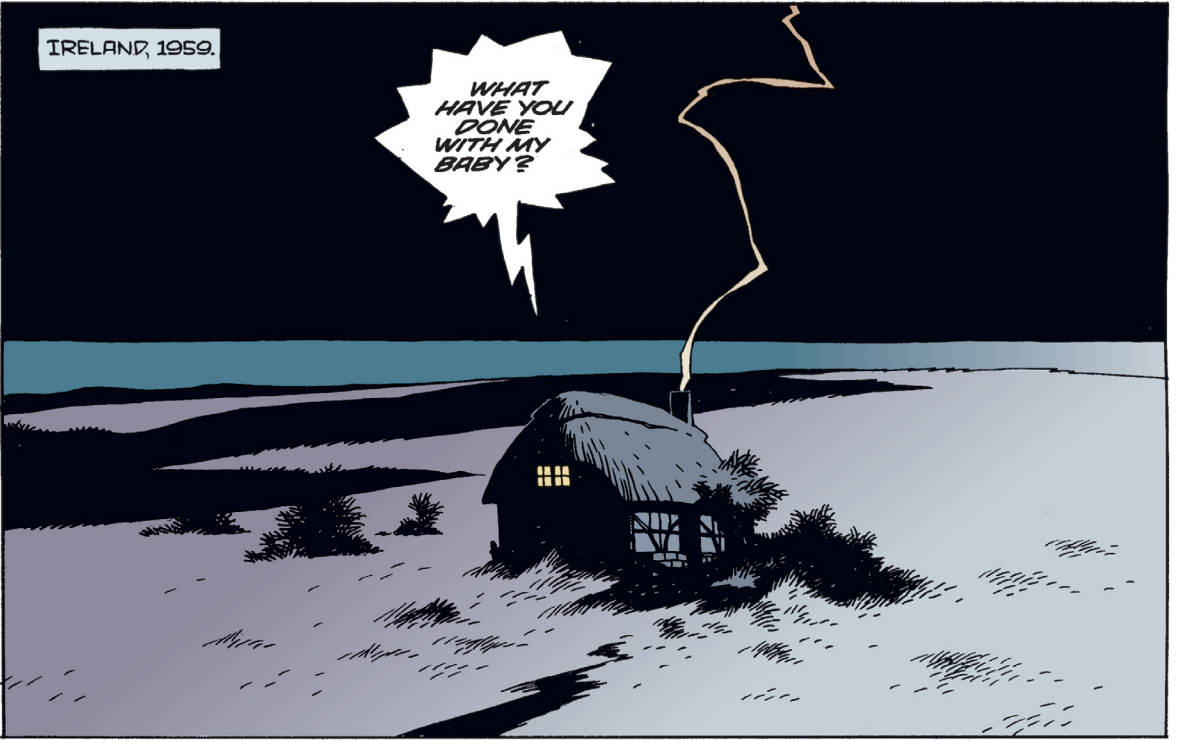


Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushing glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men.

"The Fairies"  
William Allingham

IRELAND, 1959.

WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE  
WITH MY  
BABY?



PLEASE... PLEASE... PLEASE...

DON'T  
HURT  
HER.

JUST  
BRING  
HER BACK  
TO ME.



MARGARET!  
I'VE FOUND  
SOMEONE  
WHO CAN  
HELP US.

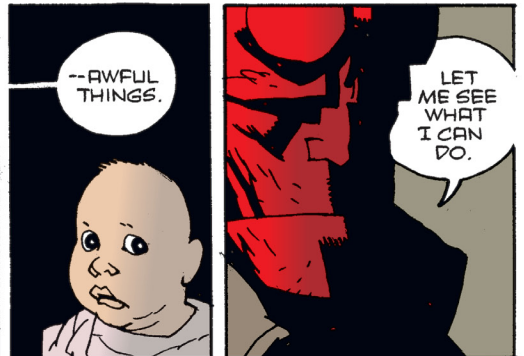
MA'AM...

THEY'VE  
TAKEN  
OUR LITTLE  
ALICE!



THAT THING OVER  
THERE... THAT ISN'T MY  
ALICE. I KNOW IT! *I*  
**KNOW IT!**

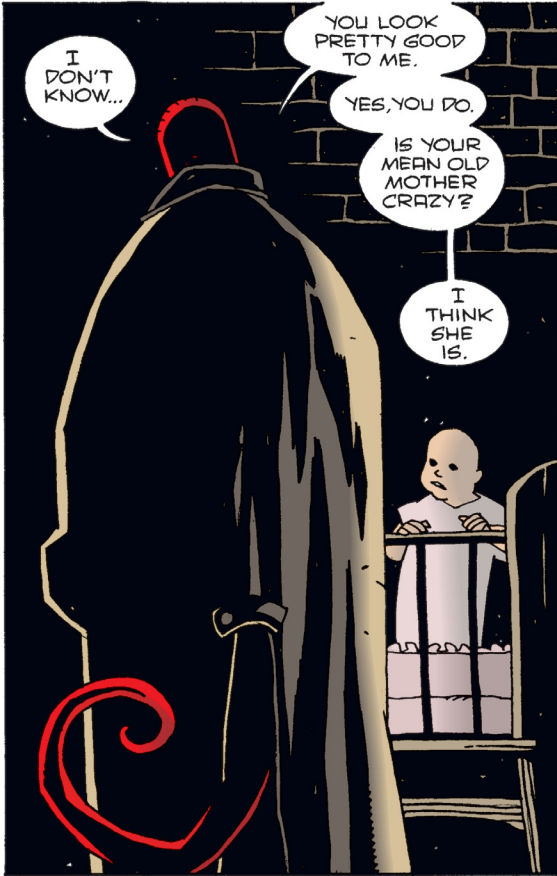
WHEN MY  
HUSBAND'S  
AWAY IT  
LAUGHS AT  
ME AND...  
IT SAYS  
THINGS--



--AWFUL  
THINGS.

LET  
ME SEE  
WHAT  
I CAN  
DO.





I DON'T KNOW...

YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME.

YES, YOU DO.

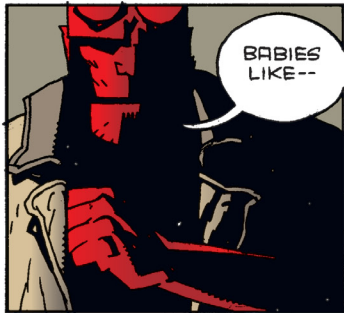
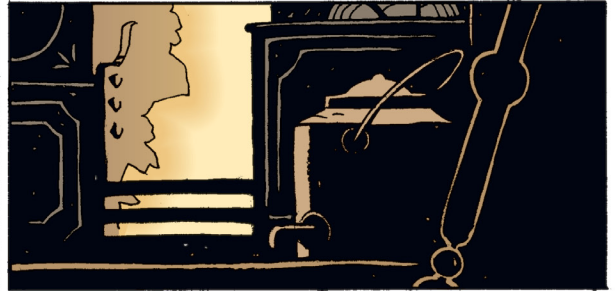
IS YOUR MEAN OLD MOTHER CRAZY?

I THINK SHE IS.



I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.

WHAT DO BABIES LIKE?



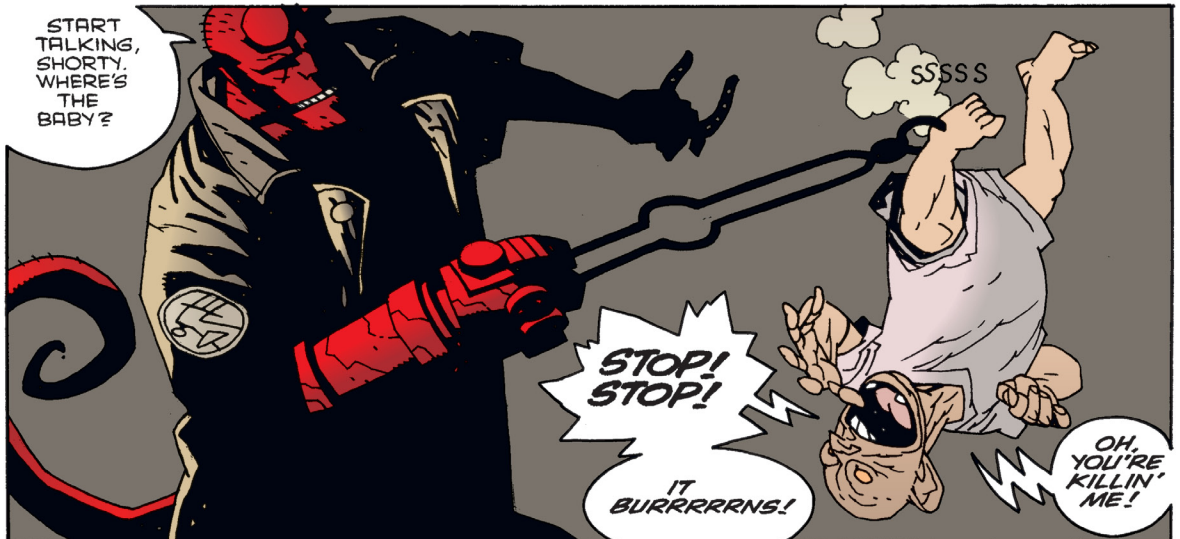
BABIES LIKE--



--IRON.

YIEEEEEEE

I'M FOUND OUT!



START TALKING, SHORTY. WHERE'S THE BABY?

SSSSS

STOP!  
STOP!

IT BURRRRRNS!

OH, YOU'RE KILLIN' ME!



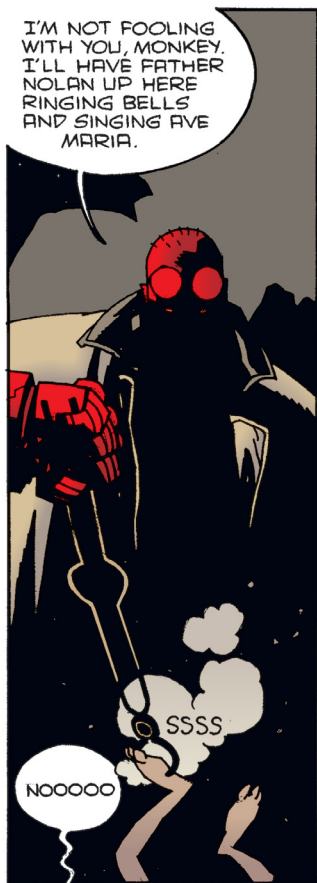
WHERE'S  
THAT  
BABY?

SSSSSS--

OH!  
TAKE  
THAT  
IRON OFF  
ME!

YOU  
TELL ME  
WHERE THE  
BABY IS AND  
I'LL LET YOU  
GO.

SQUEEE!



I'M NOT FOOLING  
WITH YOU, MONKEY.  
I'LL HAVE FATHER  
NOLAN UP HERE  
RINGING BELLS  
AND SINGING AVE  
MARIA.

SSSS

NOOOOO



HAVE  
MERCY  
ON MY POOR  
WITHERED  
FORM.

TALK!

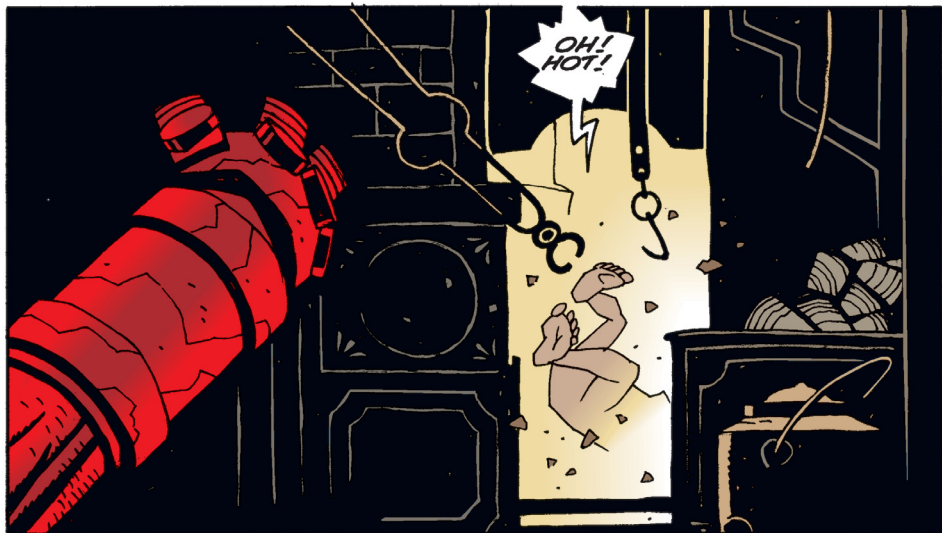
GET  
THEE TO THE  
CROSSROADS BY  
THE STRIKE OF MID-  
DLE-NIGHT, UNDER  
THE CORPSE TREE.

LOOK  
YOU FOR  
THREE ROUGH  
LITTLE MEN,  
AND DO AS  
THEY BID.

I CAN  
SAY NO  
MORE.

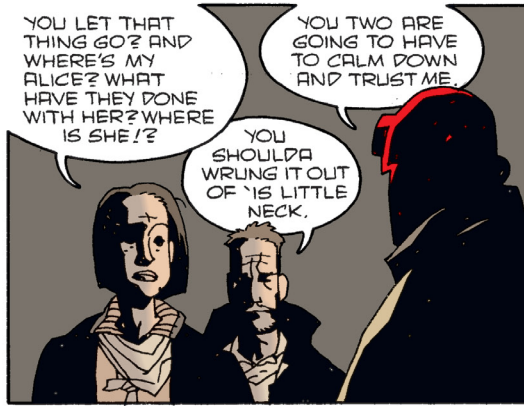
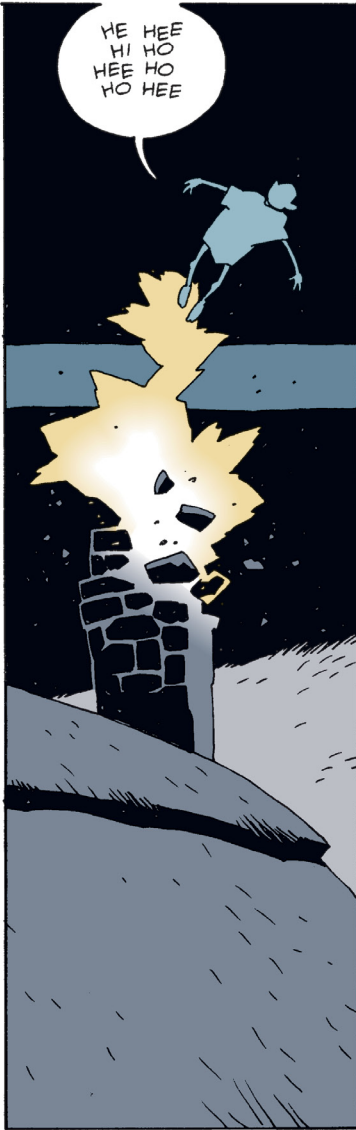


MERCY!

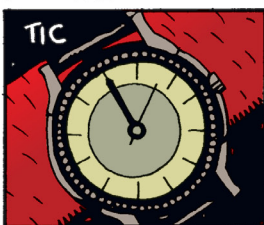


OH!  
HOT!











NOT MUCH GOOD FOR WORK, WAS OUR TAMMIE, BUT 'E WAS A DRINKER AND A CARD PLAYER AND A WILD MAN FOR DANCING WITH PRETTY GIRLS...



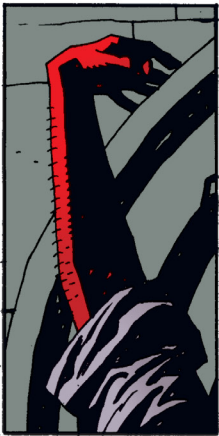


QUICK, NOW, *QUICK!*  
SEE THAT TAM O'CLANNIE  
IS IN 'IS GRAVE BY DAY-  
BREAK. BURY 'IM IN THAT CHURCH  
AT TEAMPOLL-DEMUS. IF NOT  
THERE, THEN CARRICK-AHAD-VIC-  
OLUS. IF NOT THERE, THEN  
IMOLGUE-FADA. AND IF  
NOT THERE, IT *MUST*  
BE KILL-BREEDYA.

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

FAIL  
IN THIS  
AND THE  
CHILD IS  
LOST.





I'LL  
BE--



KLICK

CREEEEEEK

I DON'T  
ORDINARILY  
CARE FOR  
TALKING DEAD  
GUYS--

--BUT YOU  
MIGHT JUST  
BE OKAY...  
EVEN WITH  
THAT SMELL.



HEY.  
THIS LOOKS  
LIKE JUST  
THE PLACE  
FOR YOU.



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

O.K.?

SO WHY  
DON'T YOU  
GO FIND  
ME A  
SHOVEL...



NO

ROOM

OOP

DAMN.



NO ROOM.

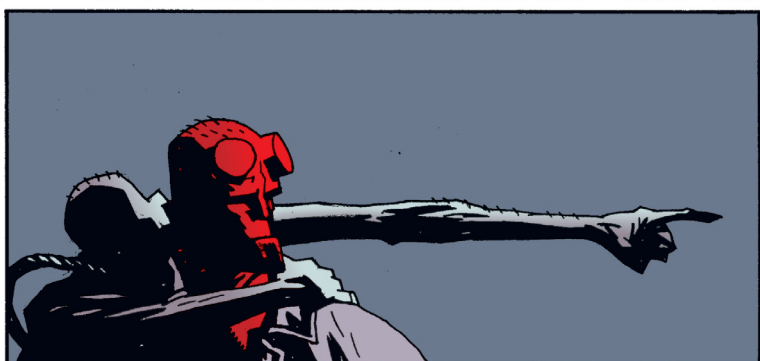
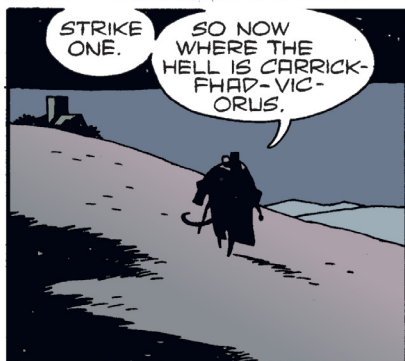
NO ROOM.

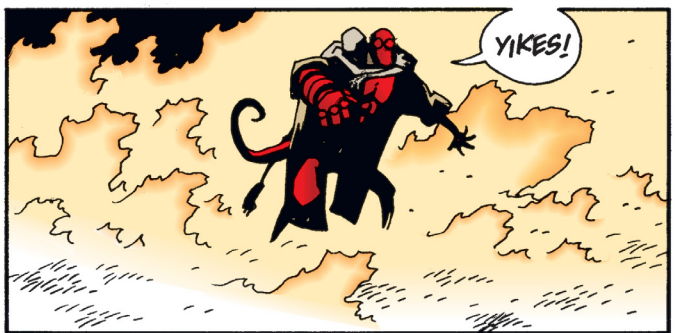
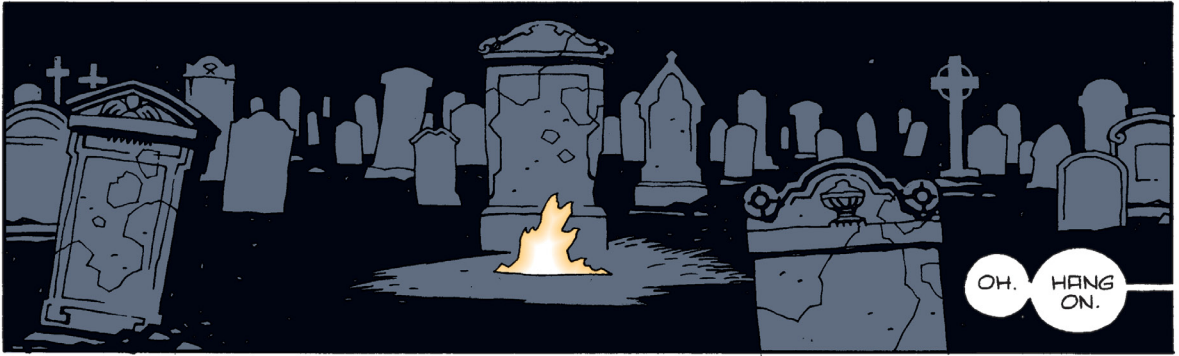
NO ROOM.



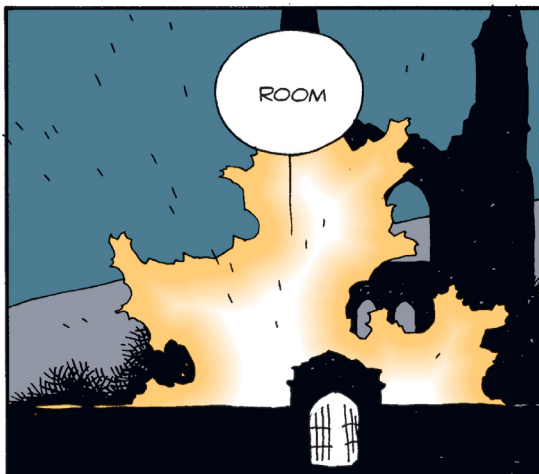
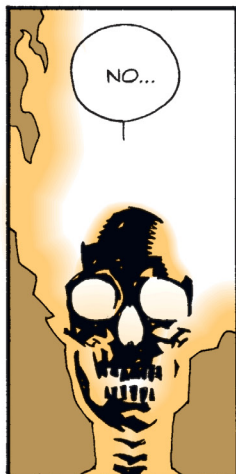
NO  
ROOM!

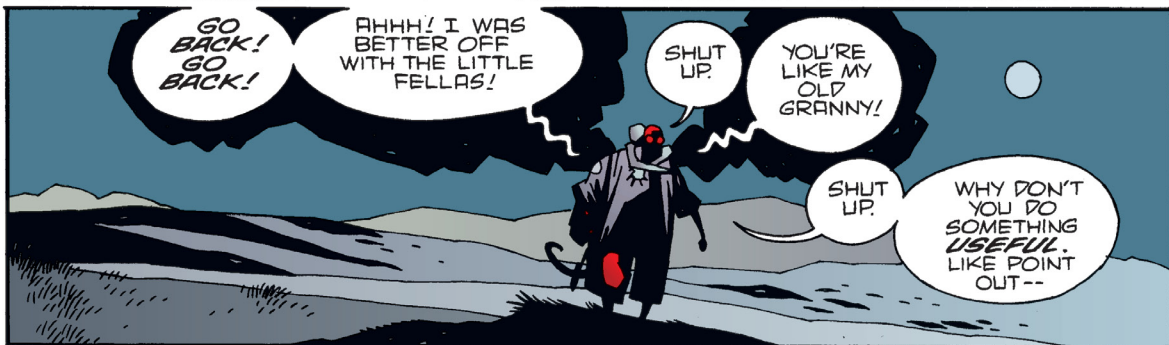
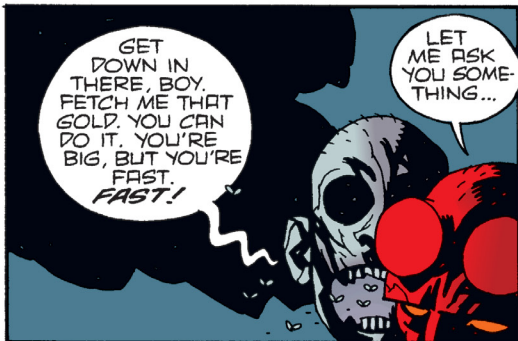
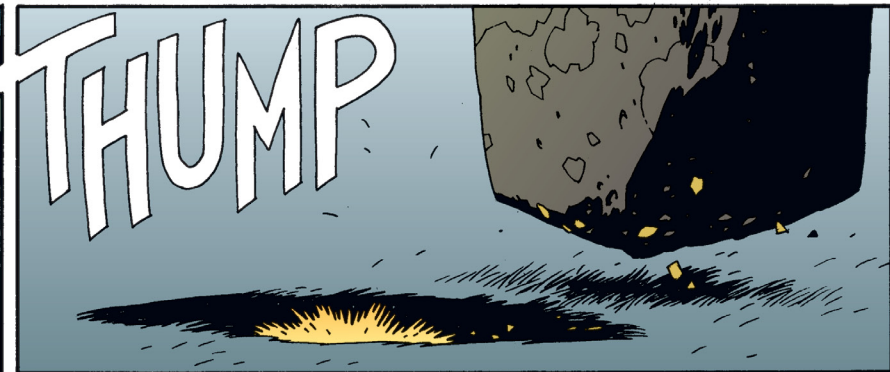






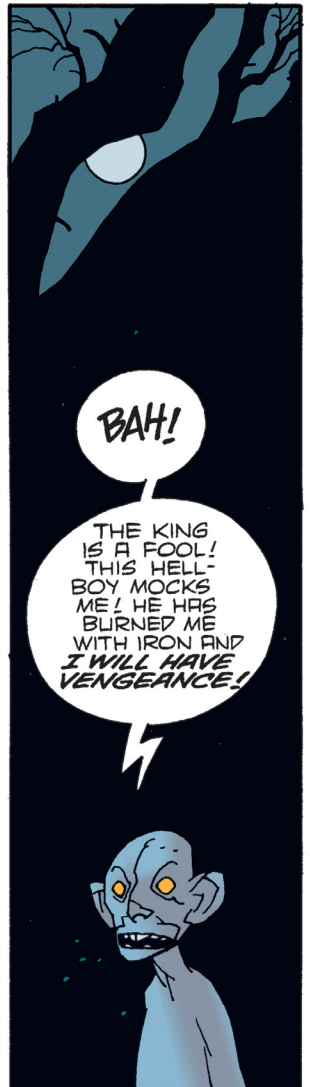
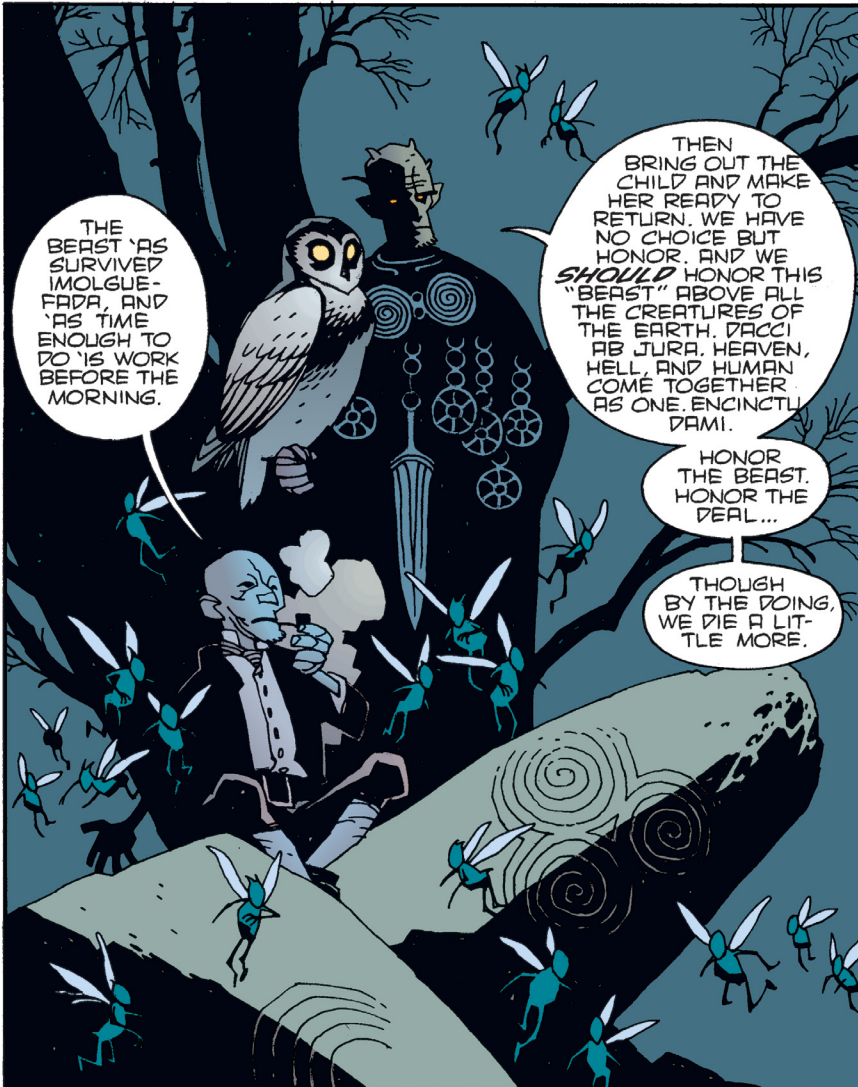
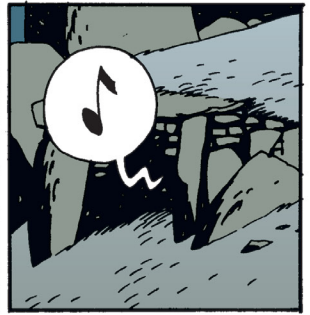
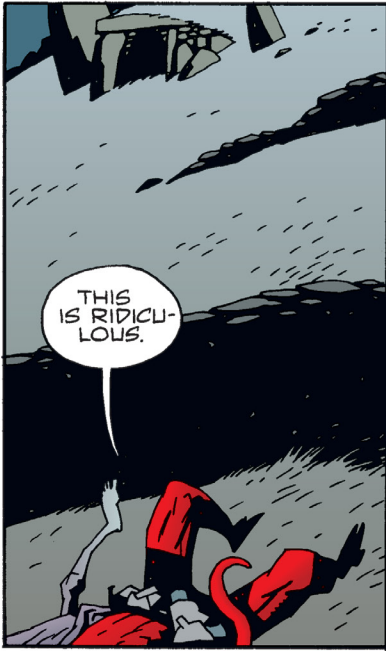














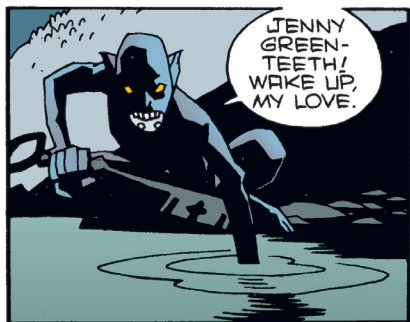


HELLO, GRUAGACH. WHAT'S THAT YOU GOT THERE?

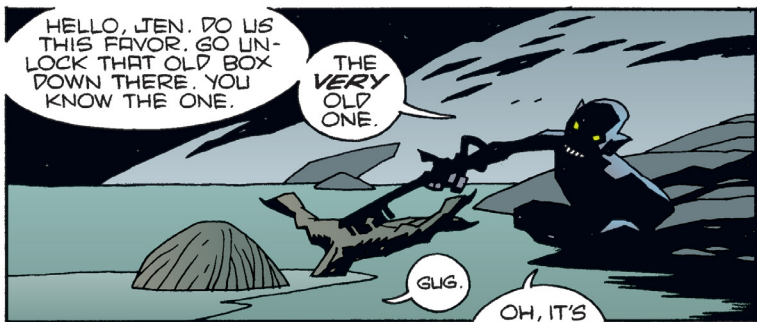
THIS?  
THIS I'VE  
STOLEN FROM  
THAT FAT OLD  
MAN WHOSE  
ONLY JOB IN  
LIFE WAS  
KEEPING IT  
FROM THE LIKES  
OF ME.  
**HA!**



HOO  
HOO



JENNY  
GREEN-  
TEETH!  
WAKE UP,  
MY LOVE.



HELLO, JEN. DO US  
THIS FAVOR. GO UN-  
LOCK THAT OLD BOX  
DOWN THERE. YOU  
KNOW THE ONE.

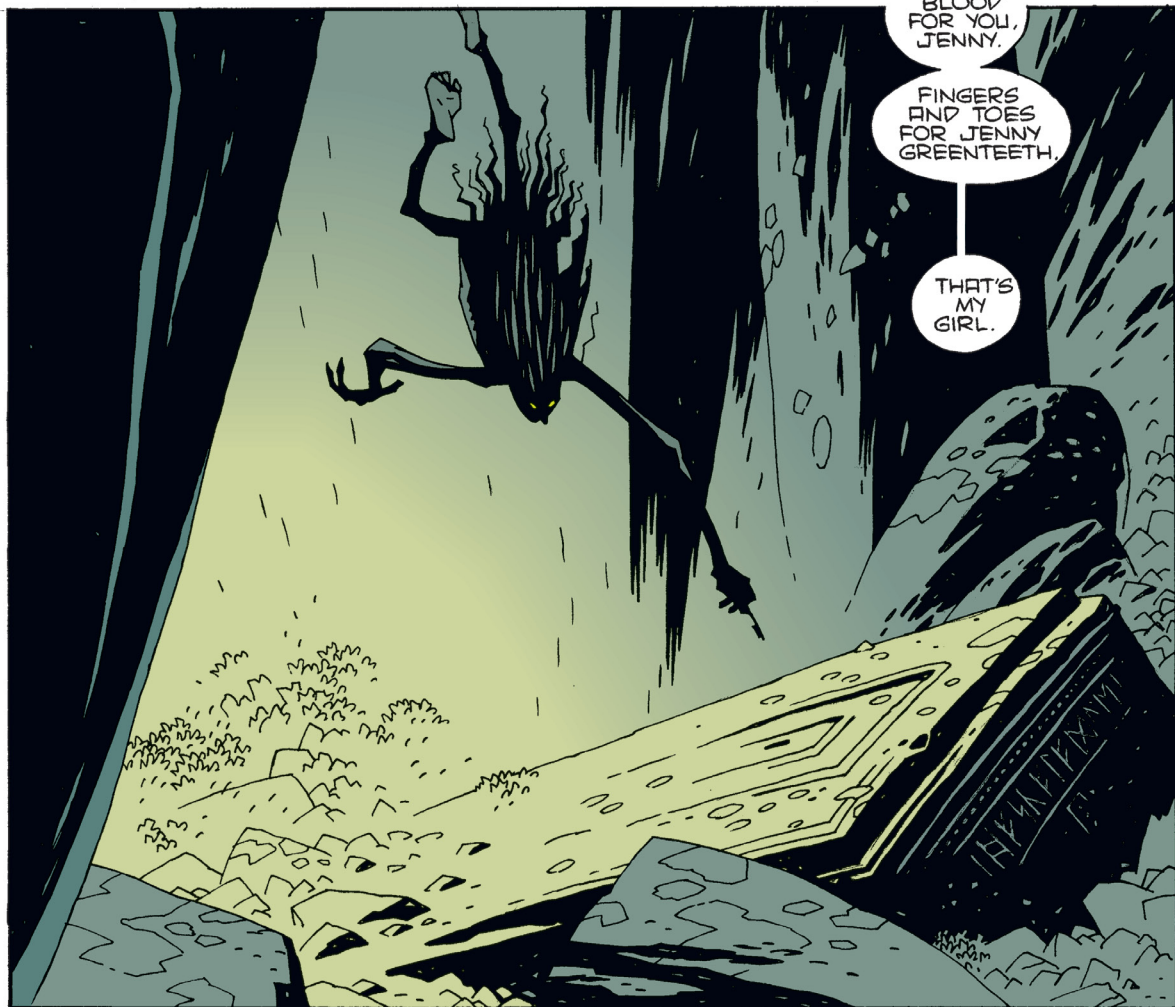
THE  
**VERY**  
OLD  
ONE.

GUG.

OH, IT'S  
BLOOD  
FOR YOU,  
JENNY.

FINGERS  
AND TOES  
FOR JENNY  
GREENTEETH.

THAT'S  
MY  
GIRL.









YAH-HA-HA!

WHERE'S  
YOUR  
IRON NOW,  
HELL-  
BOY?!

URRNK

UNK

UNK

AHH  
JEEZ!



BEHOLD!

FREE  
AT LAST!

GROM, WAR  
MONSTER, CHAMPION  
OF CONNACHT,  
CHAMPION OF  
QUEEN MEDB, WHO  
FOUGHT CU  
CHULAINN IN THE  
VALLEY OF  
THE DEAF!

NOW...



GIK..



CRUNCH





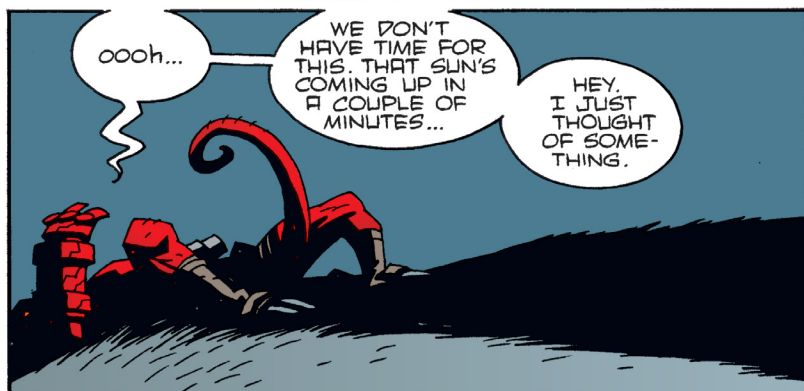
URNK

SO MUCH FOR THAT LITTLE GUY.



GAA!

WAK



ooooh...

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. THAT SUN'S COMING UP IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES...

HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.



WHERE IS IT?

SAW IT THE OTHER DAY...



HERE WE GO. CORNELIUS AGRIPPA'S CHARM AGAINST DEMONIC ANIMALS. SORT OF "ON LOAN" FROM THE VATICAN LIBRARY.



WORKED GREAT ON THE GIANT VAMPIRE CAT OF KYOTO.

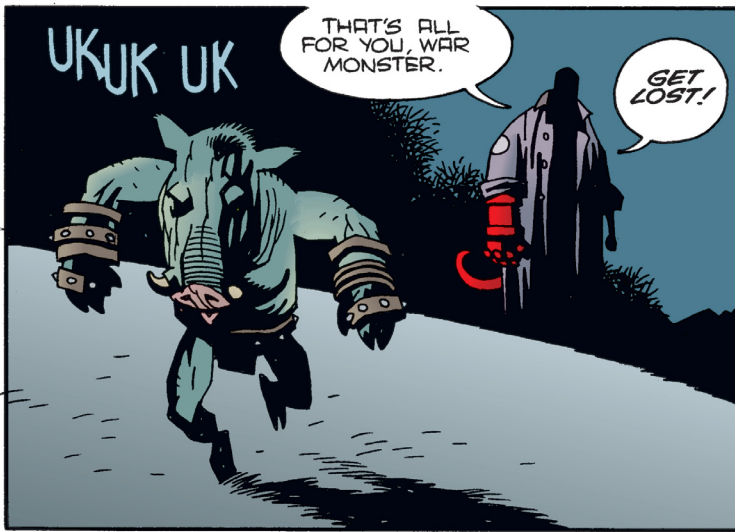
URNK

THING IS...

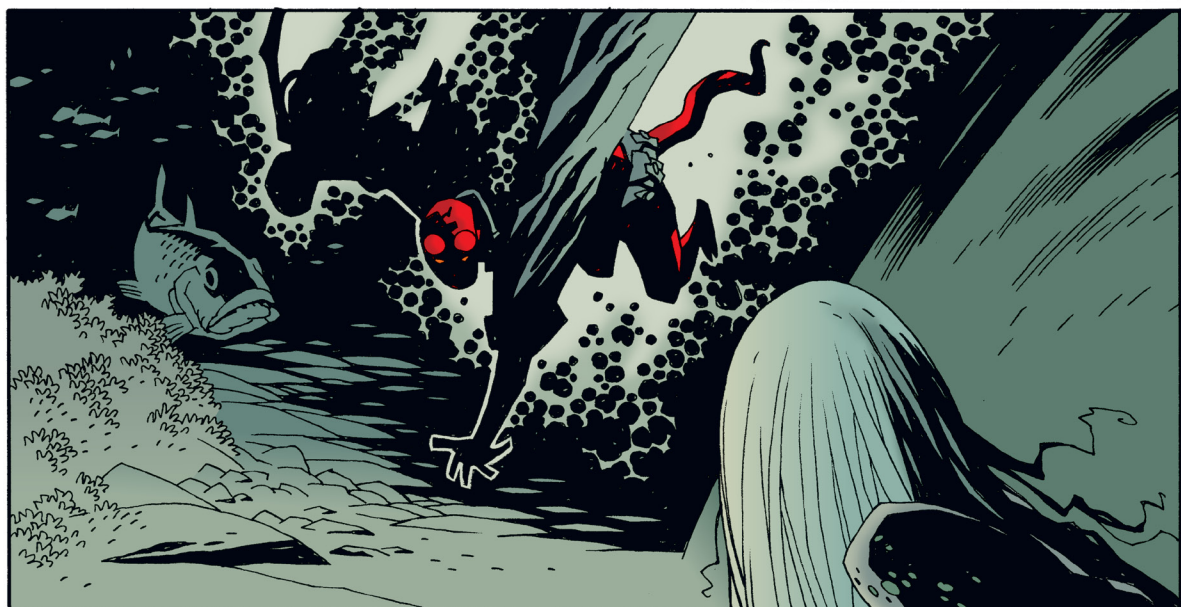
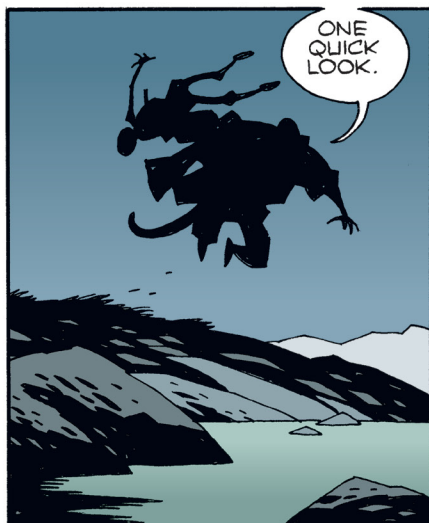
THIS IS A GIANT PIG-MAN SITUATION.

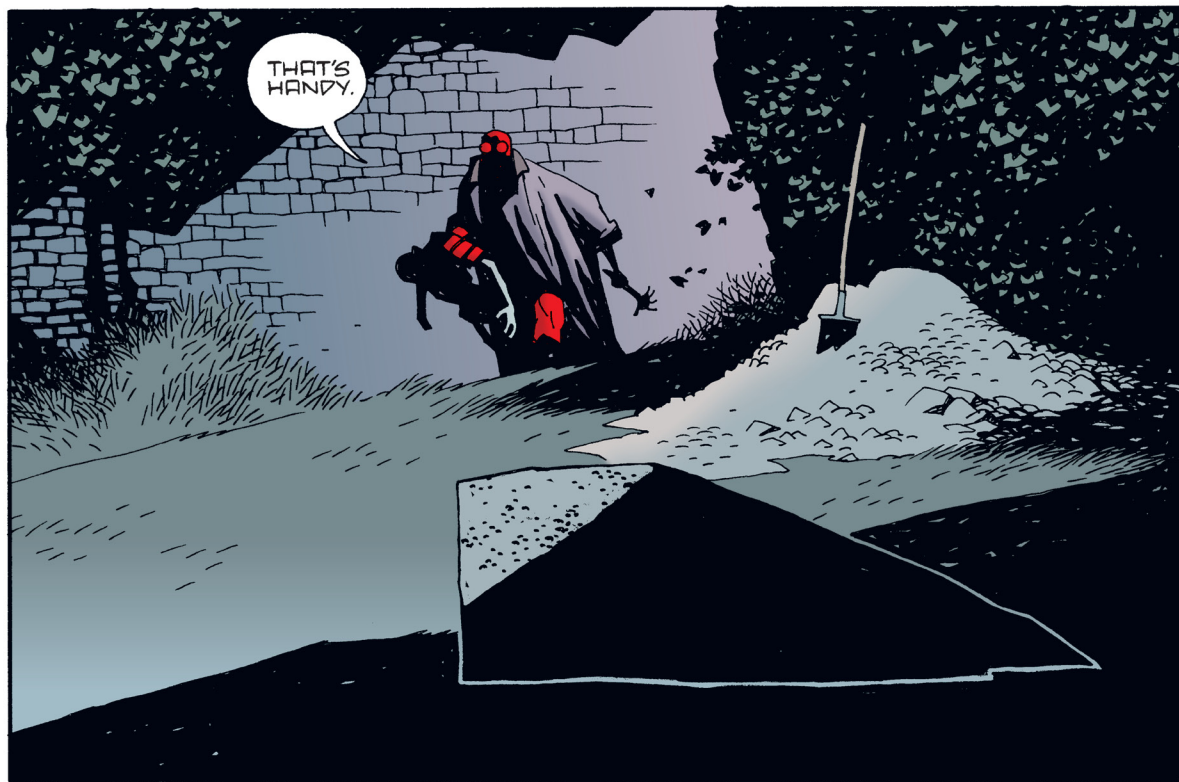




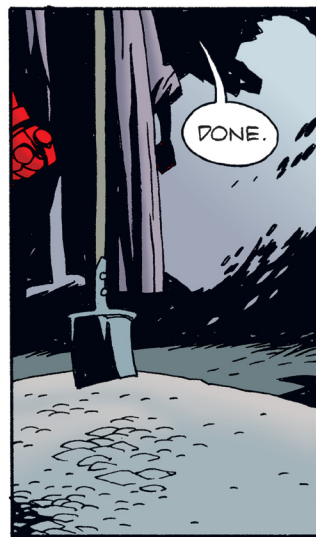
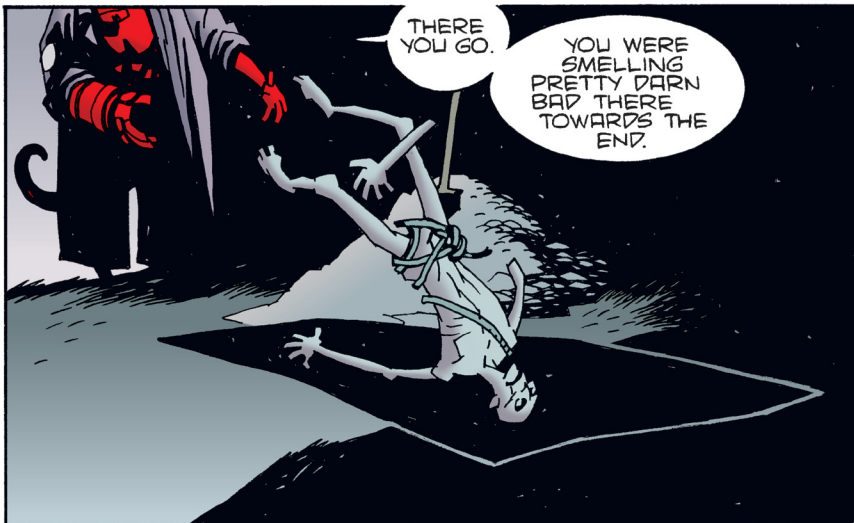
















EDWIN D. WOLF,  
FOLKLORIST,  
DEMONOLOGIST,  
AND PROFESSOR  
OF MEDIEVAL  
LITERATURE AT  
TRINITY COLLEGE.



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...

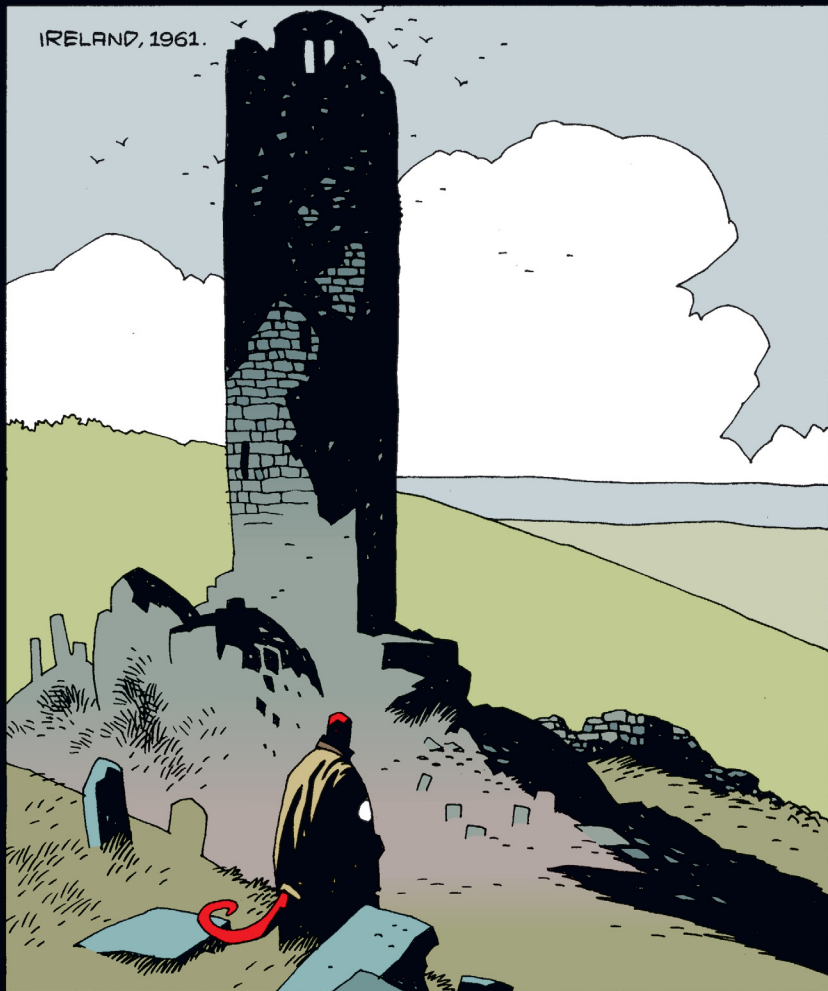
...BLACK-IRON-  
TOM OF THE LAXLEY  
MINES...

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

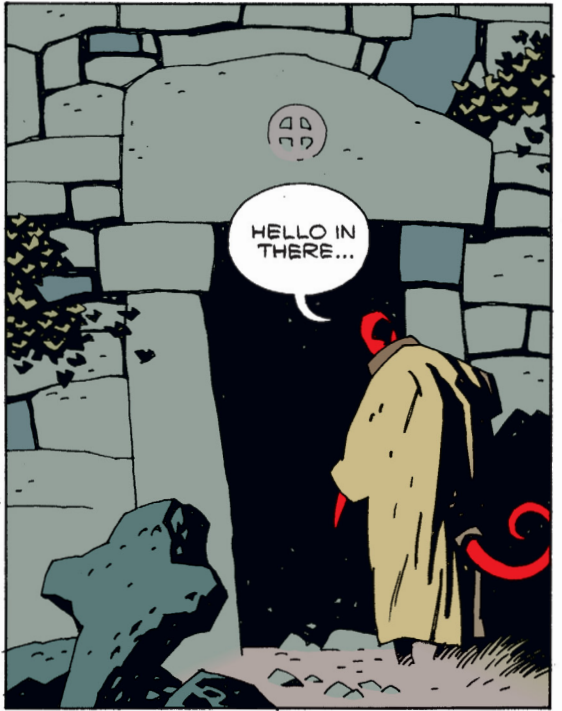
# The Iron Shoes

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.

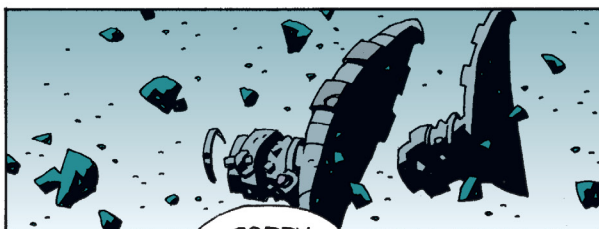
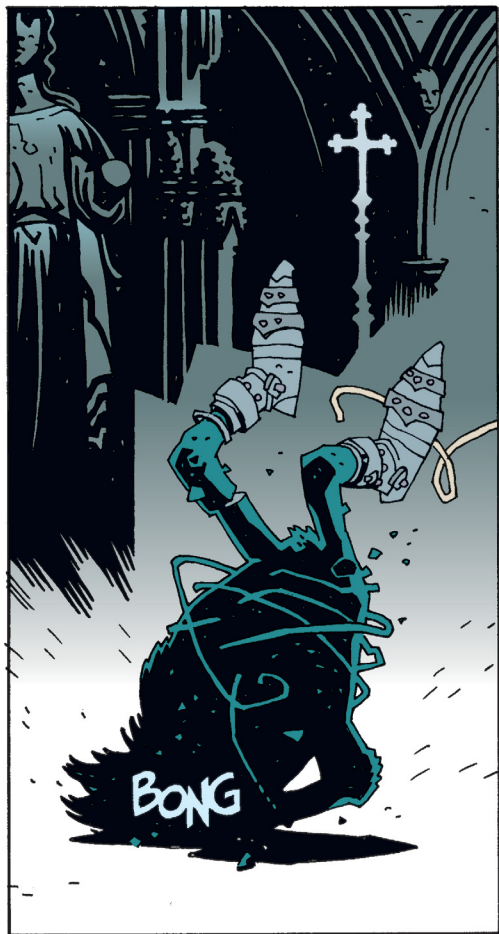












THE END



## The Baba Yaga

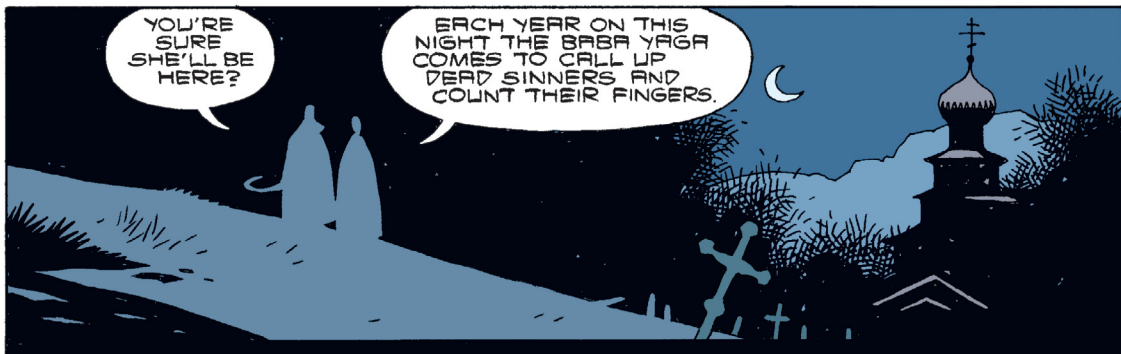
I HAD ORIGINALLY PLANNED to do this story as one of four backup features in Art Adams' *Monkeyman and O'Brien* miniseries. When Art took longer than expected on that series, I went ahead with other projects. Eventually I worked Baba Yaga (the most famous witch in Russian folklore) into *Wake the Devil*, 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.

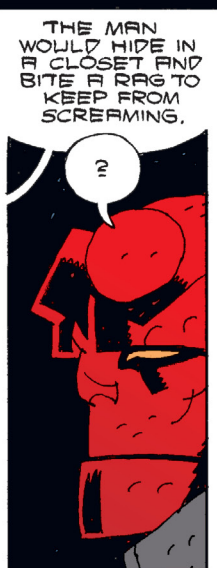
# The Baba Yaga



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 KITCHEN 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 CURIOUS HABITS.

IT'S NOT FOR YOU AND I TO UNDERSTAND.



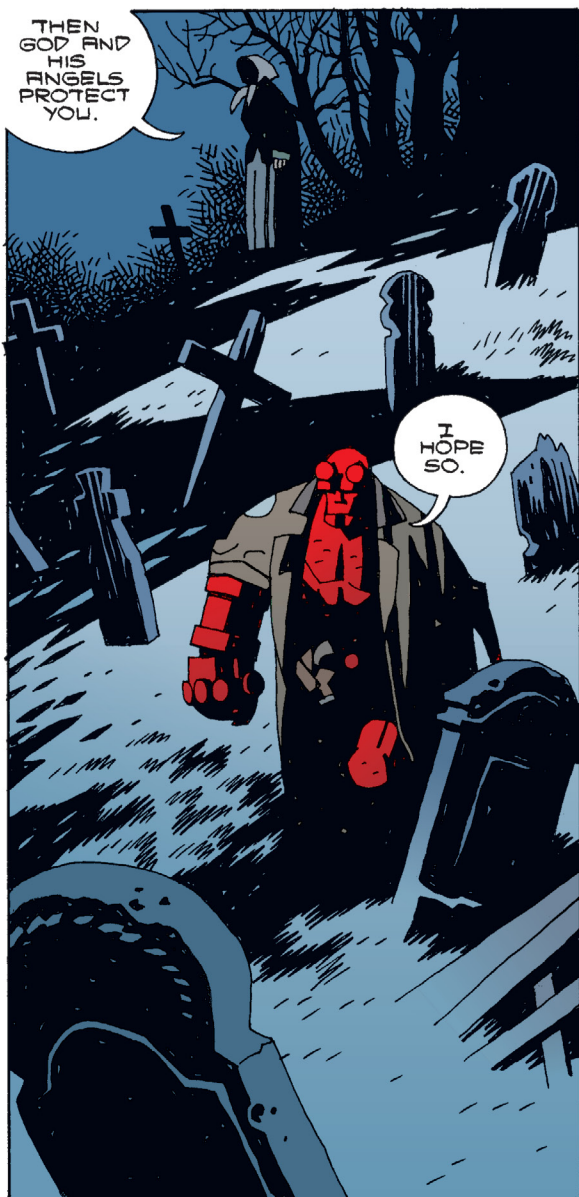
YEAH, WELL... NOT FOR LONG.

COME BACK TO THE VILLAGE WITH ME NOW--

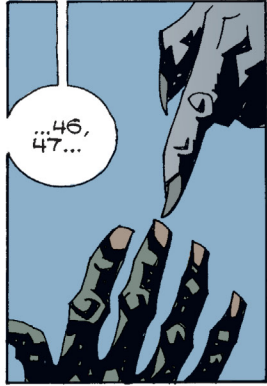
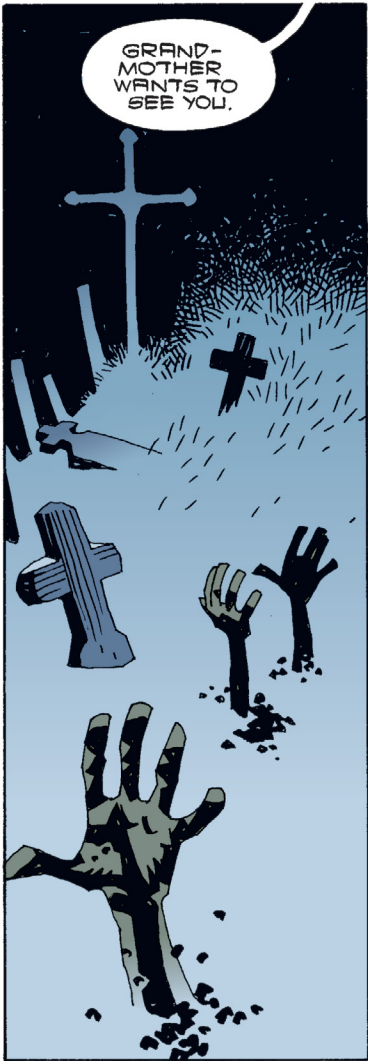
I'VE HEARD TOO MANY STORIES HERE ABOUT STOLEN CHILDREN, AND I'VE SEEN BONES...

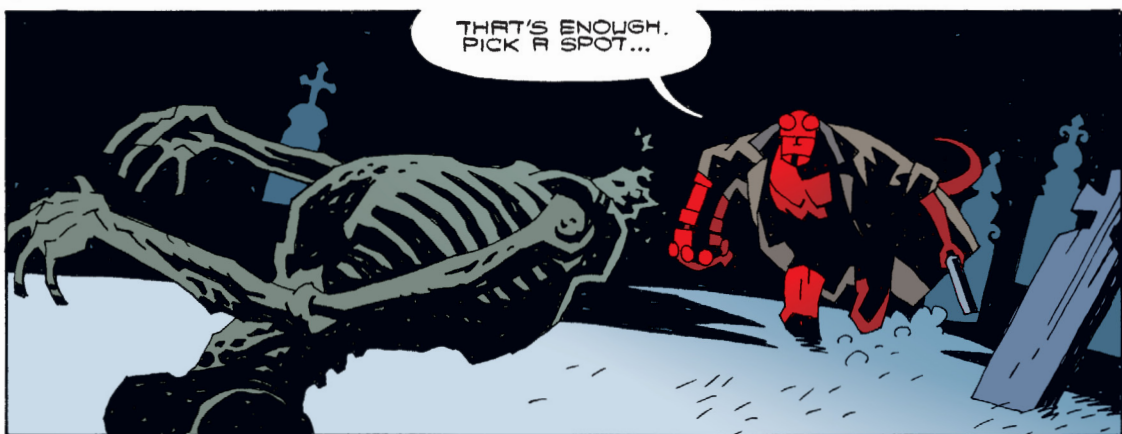
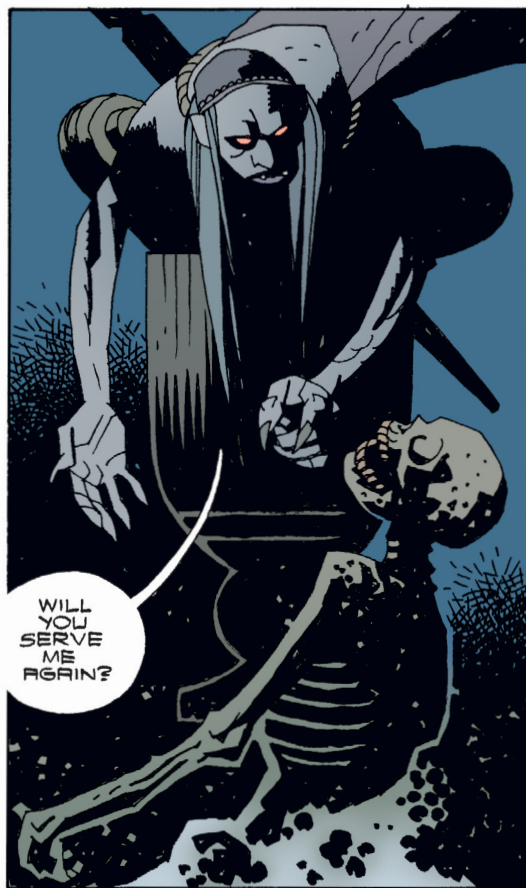


...LITTLE TINY BONES.

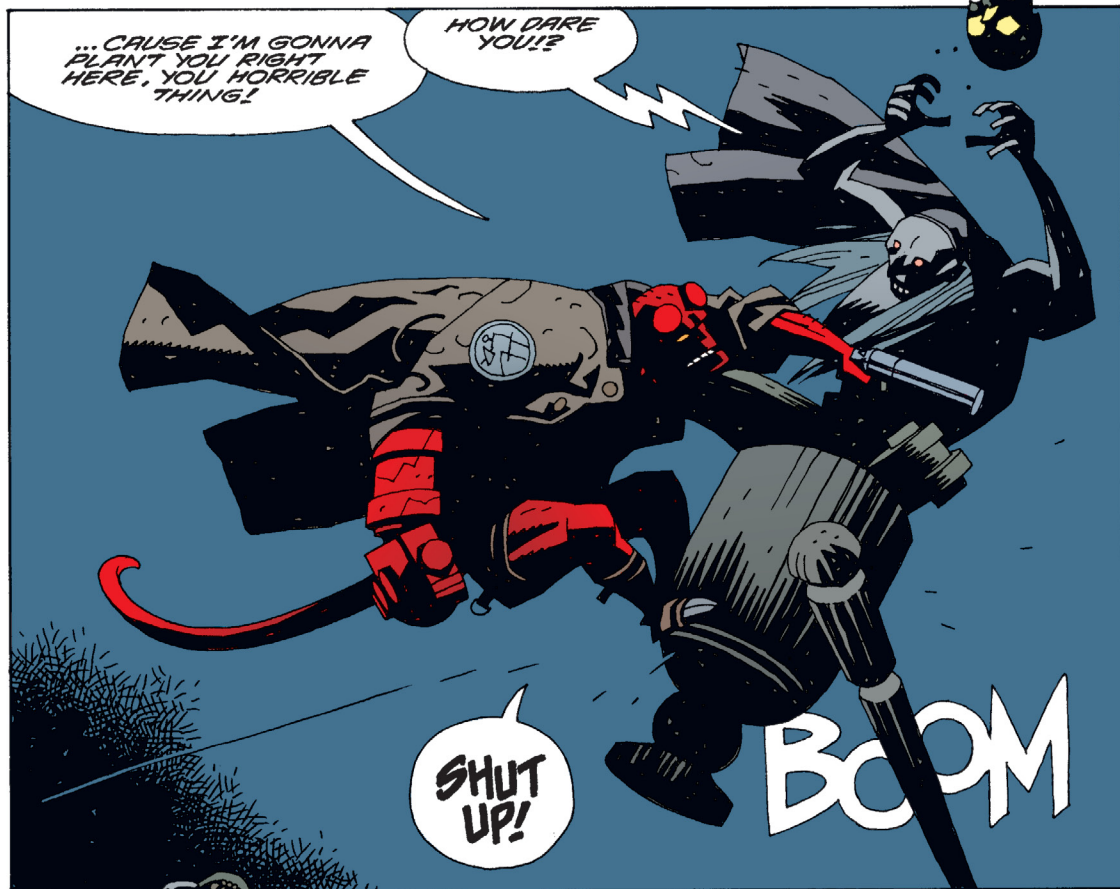




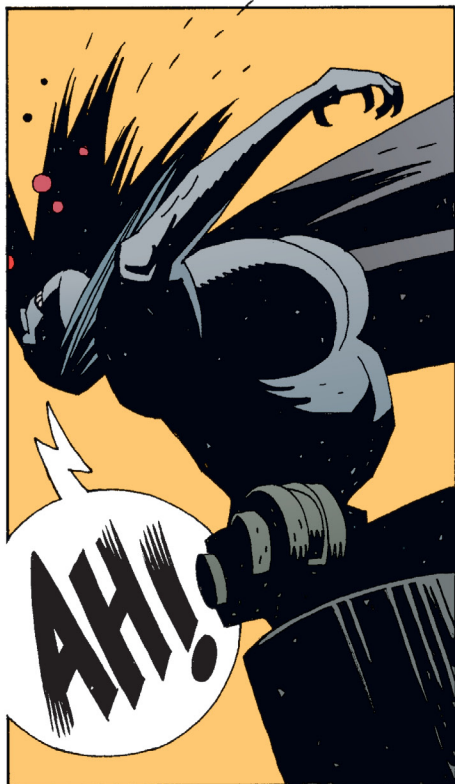






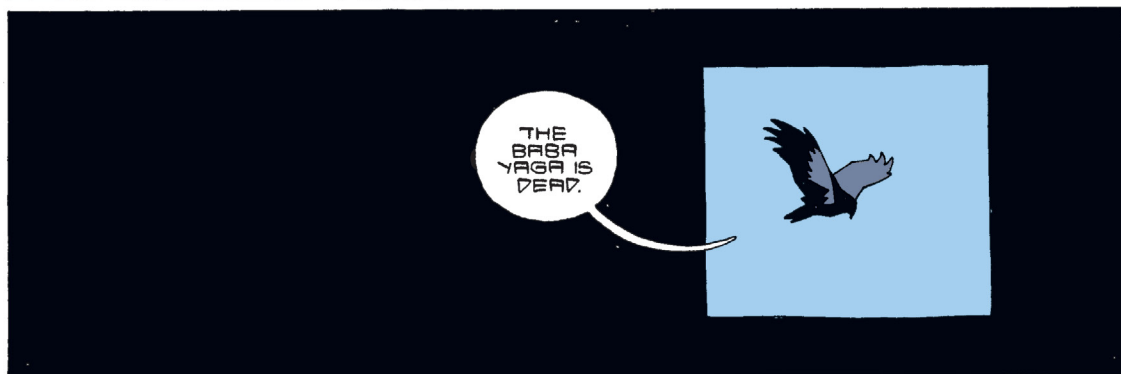
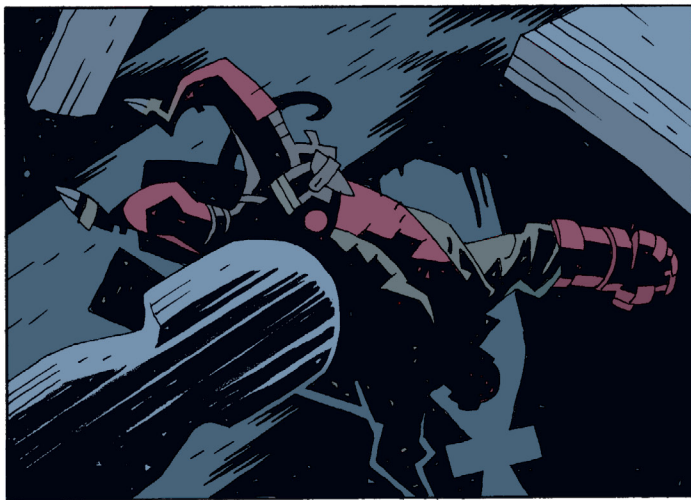




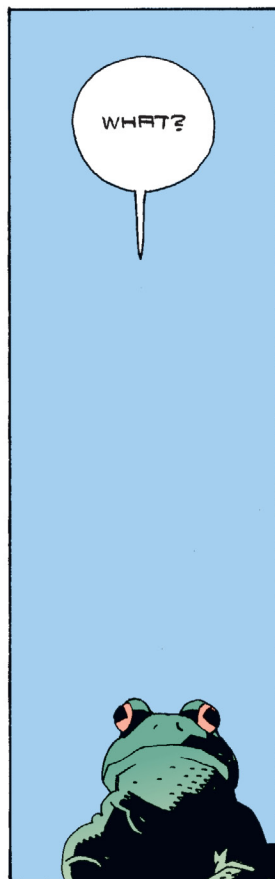




"...DONE?"



THE  
BABA  
YAGA IS  
DEAD.



WHAT?



I FLEW PAST THE  
PLACE WHERE HER  
CHICKEN-LEG HOUSE  
HAS STOOD. TODAY  
IT'S GONE. IN ITS  
PLACE IS LEFT  
ONLY A FENCE OF  
OLD SKULLS...



...AND A POOL OF BLOOD.

BUT  
SHE  
CANNOT  
BE  
DEAD.

SHE  
IS.



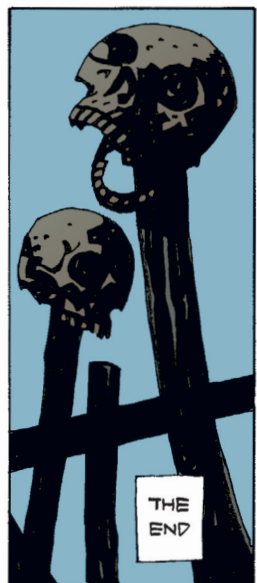
IN THE WOODS TODAY I  
FOUND A WOODEN BOWL  
AND A BROKEN STAFF,  
AND THERE ALSO WAS  
THE STAIN OF HER  
BLOOD.



THAT YEAR SPRING DID NOT COME TO THE VILLAGE OF BEREZNIK, AND FOR ONE YEAR EVERY CHILD BORN THERE WAS BLIND IN ONE EYE.



AND OLD PEOPLE WHO KNOW THINGS WERE HEARD TO SAY...

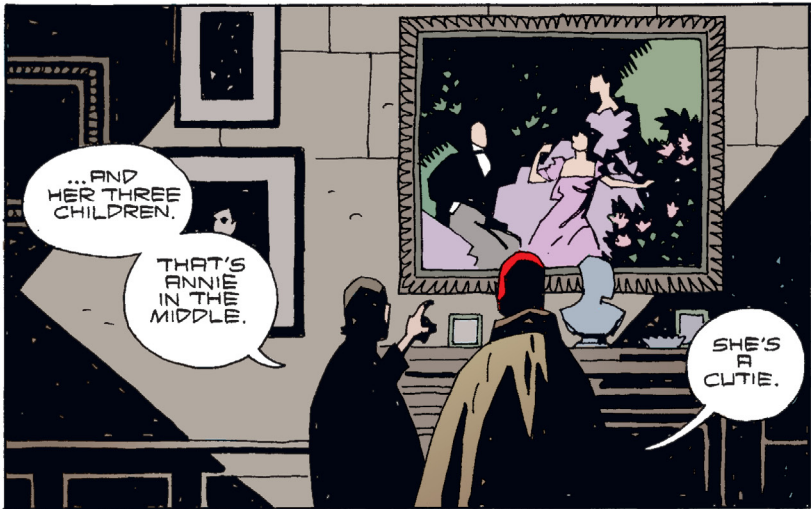


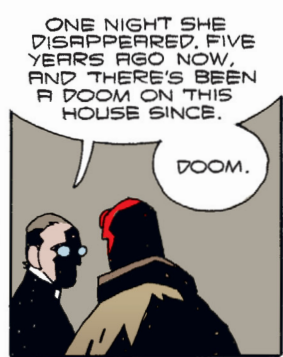
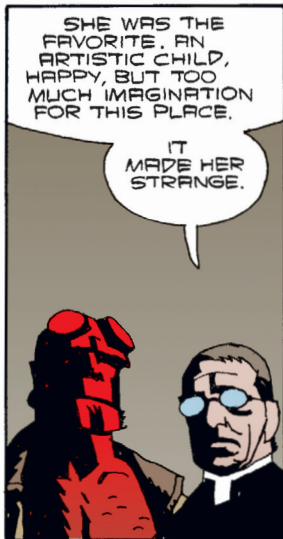




England, 1989.  
CHRISTMAS EVE.

# A Christmas Underground

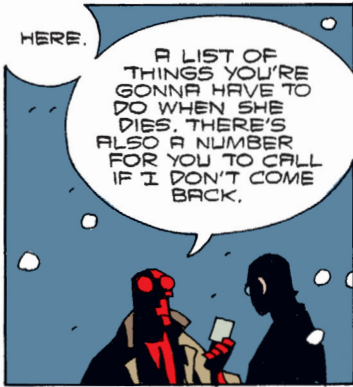


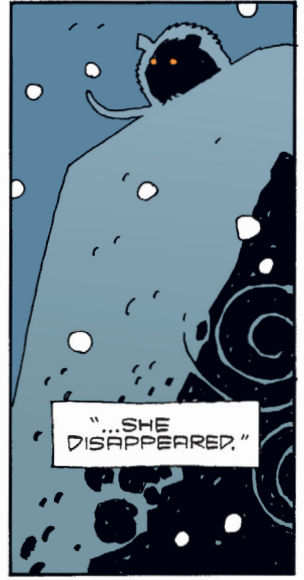
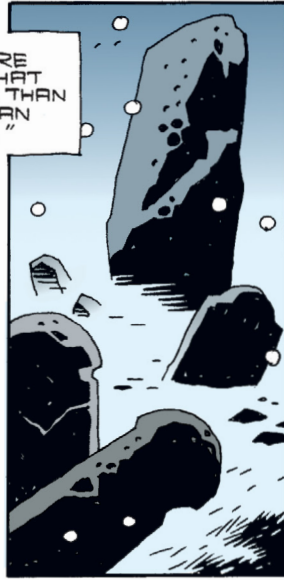


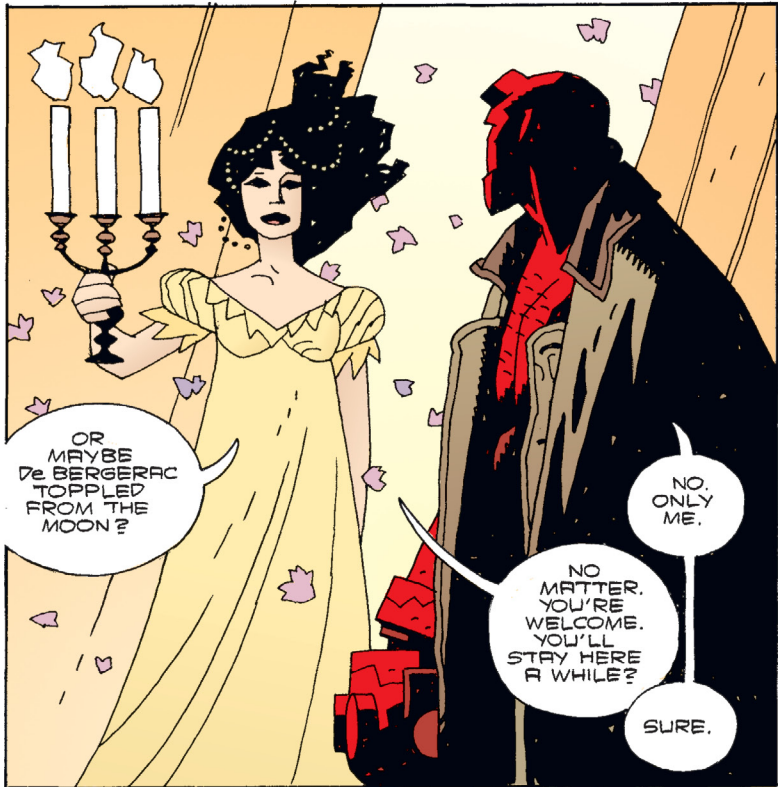
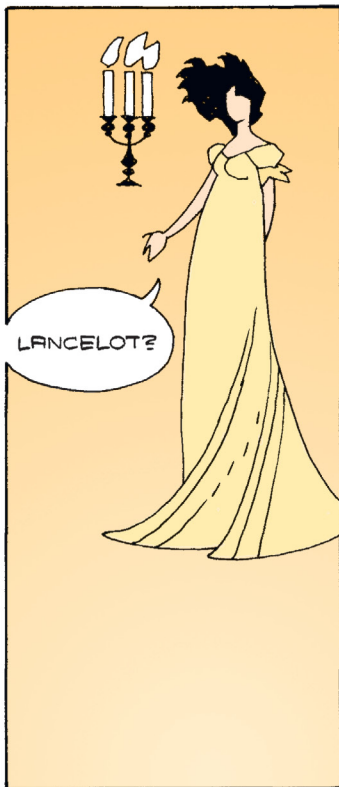
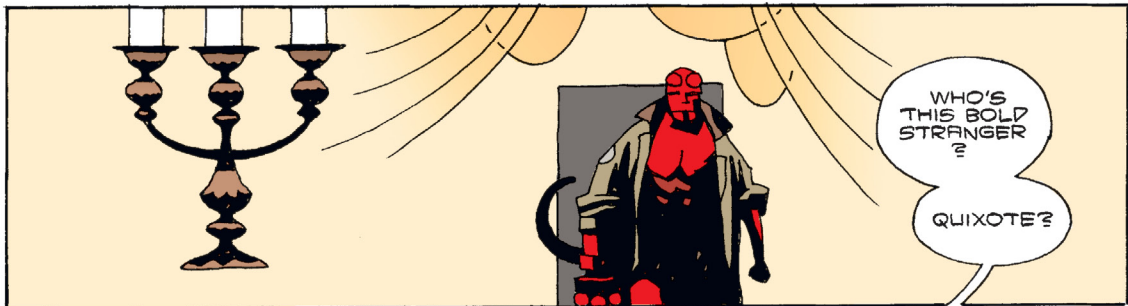
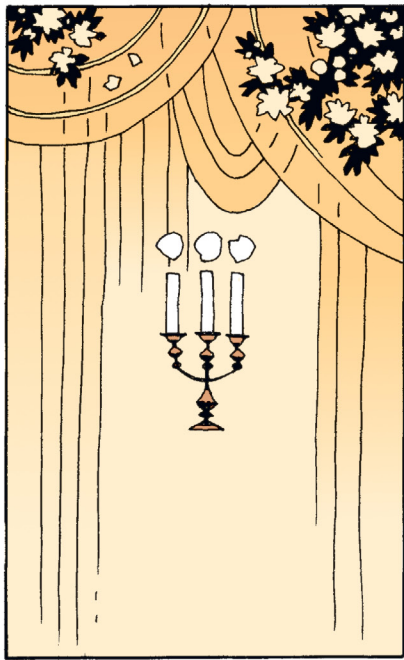
















"THERE WAS A SECRET GARDEN WHERE I USED TO HIDE TO PLAY WITH MY ANIMALS -- POOH AND RABBIT, THE CHESHIRE CAT ... AND A LITTLE MOUSE WITH SILVER EYES..."



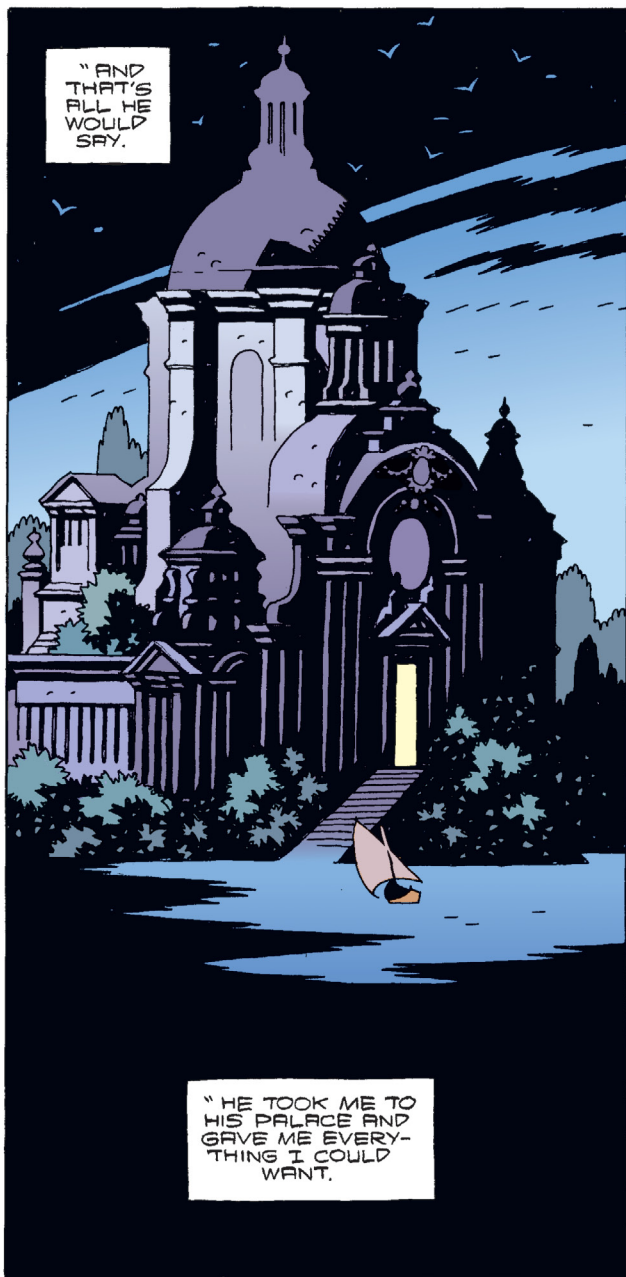
"HE LED ME DOWN  
A HOLE IN THE  
GROUND, AND FOR  
A WHILE I WAS  
LOST. THEN A  
SOOTHING VOICE  
SPOKE TO ME OUT  
OF THE DARK..."

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

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

THE  
SECOND  
SON OF A  
KING.

"AND  
THAT'S  
ALL HE  
WOULD  
SAY."

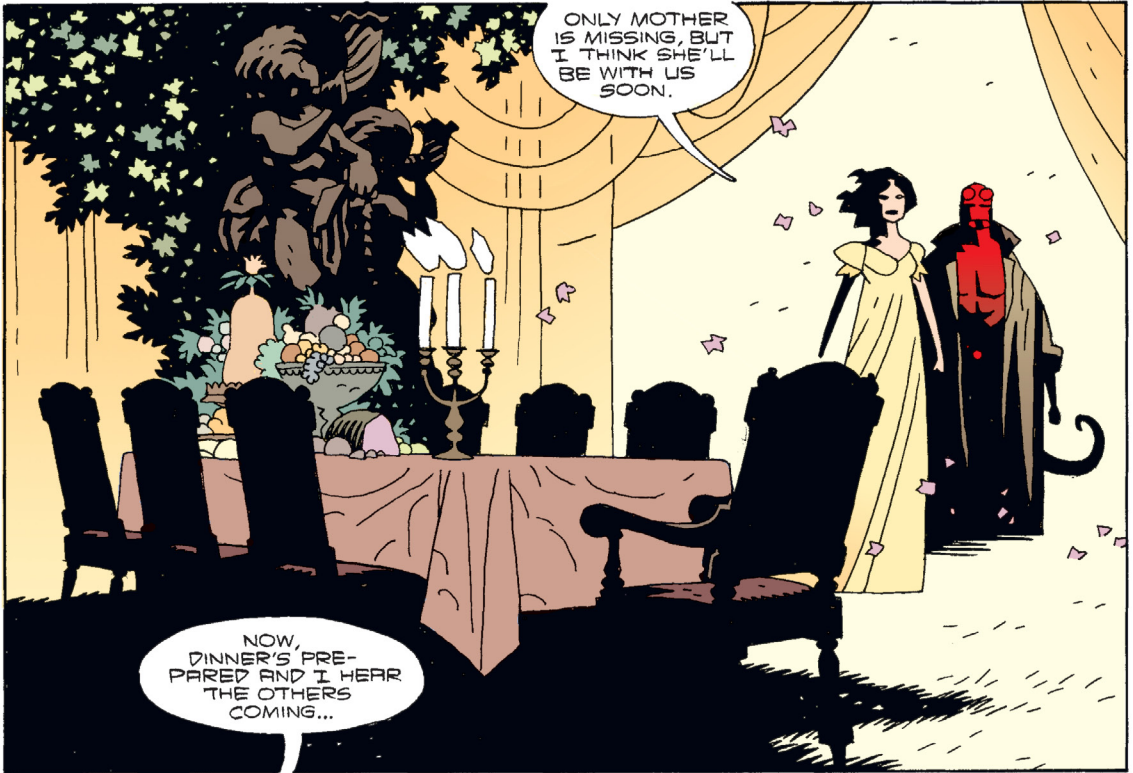


"HE TOOK ME TO  
HIS PALACE AND  
GAVE ME EVERY-  
THING I COULD  
WANT."

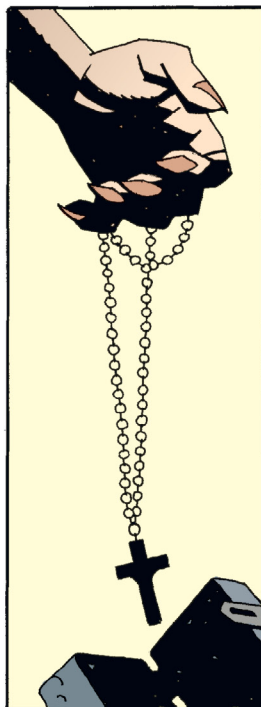
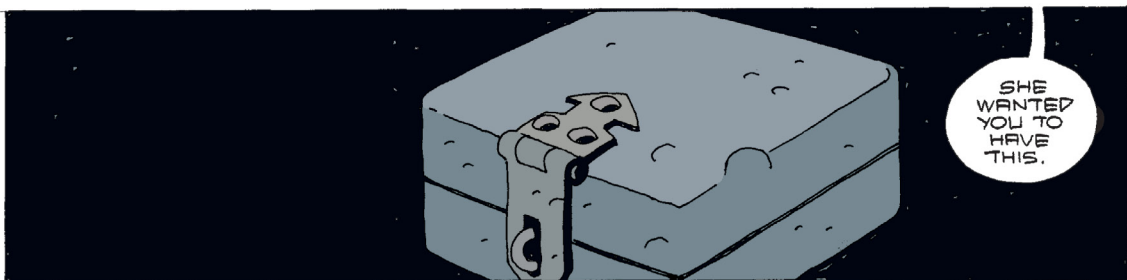


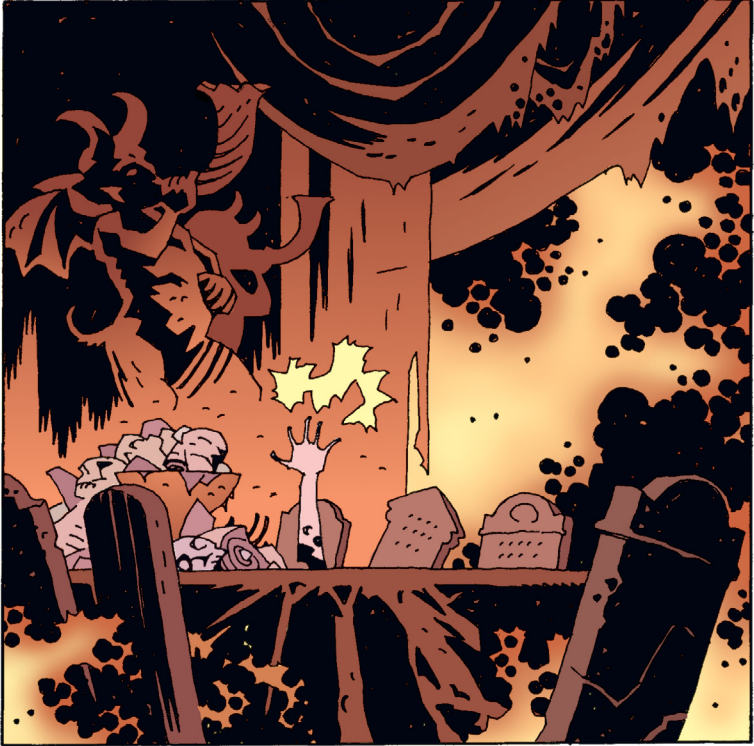
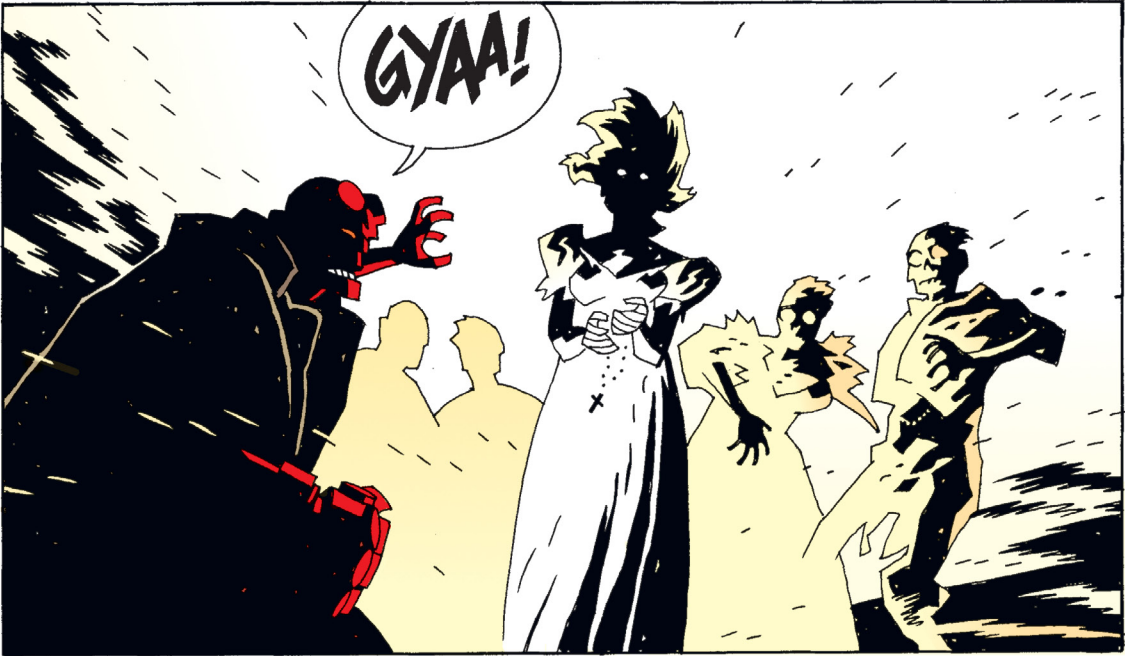
"I BELONG  
TO HIM."

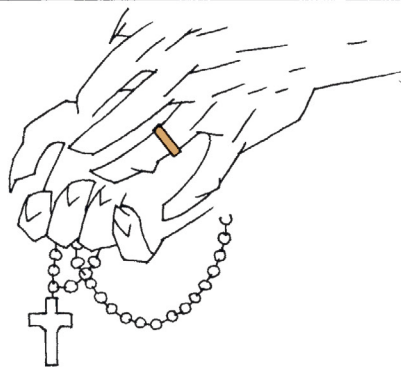




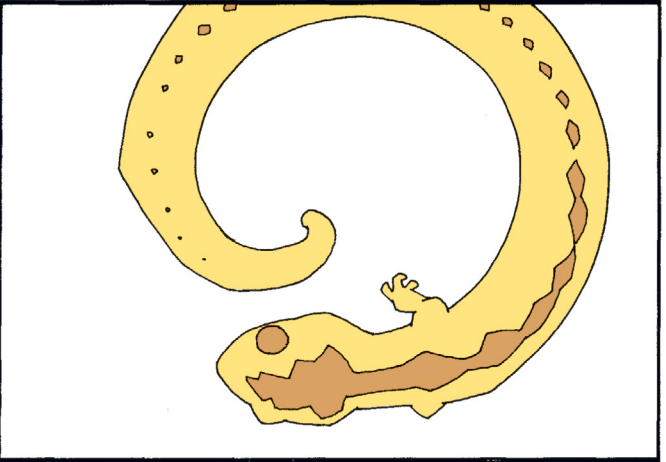
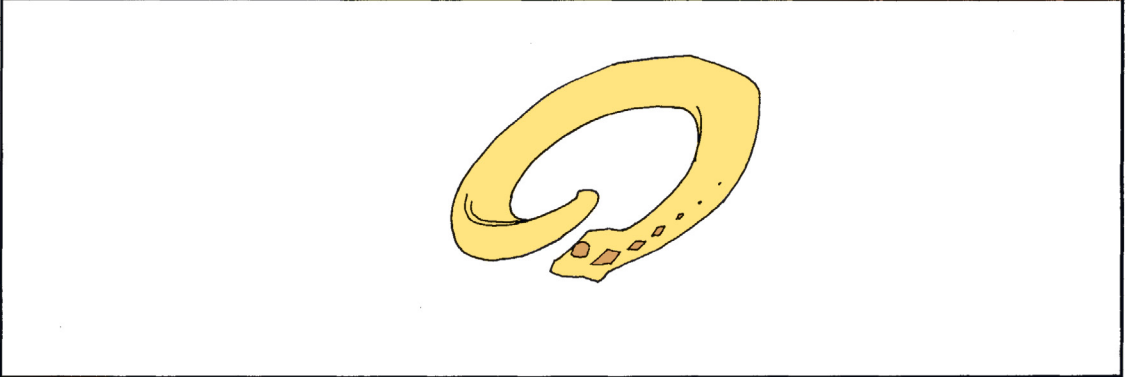
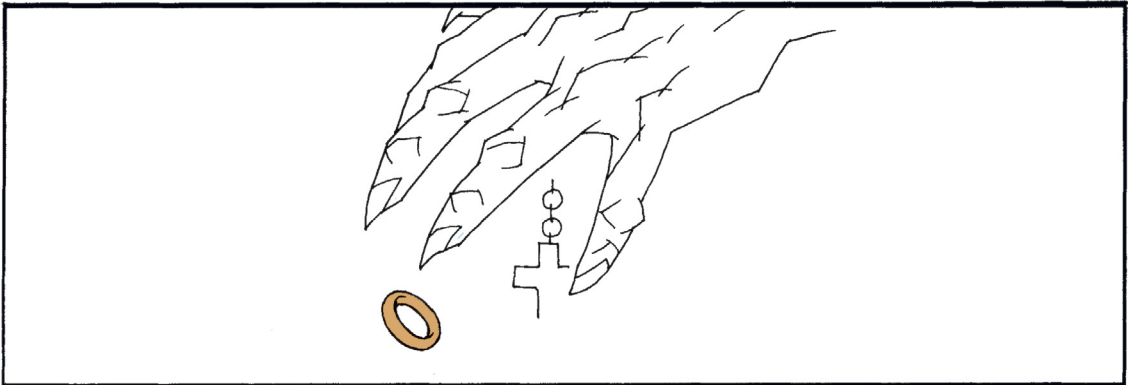




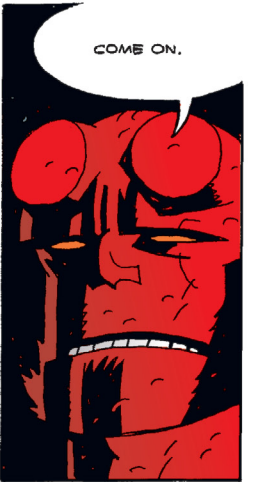
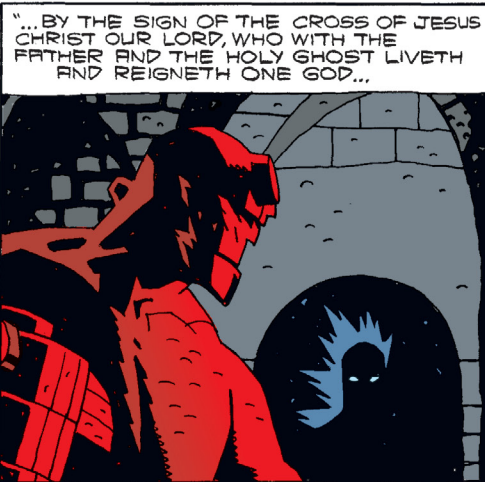
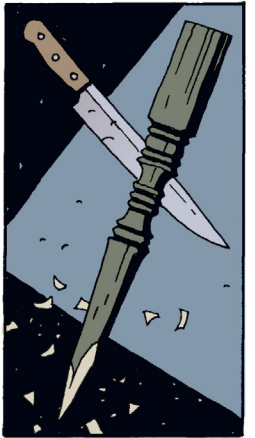
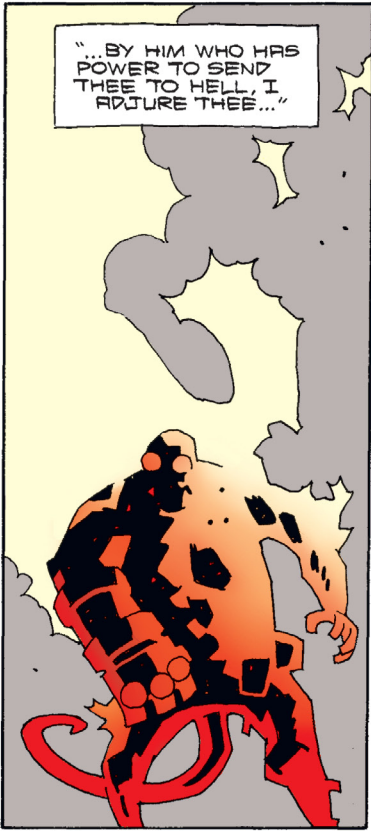




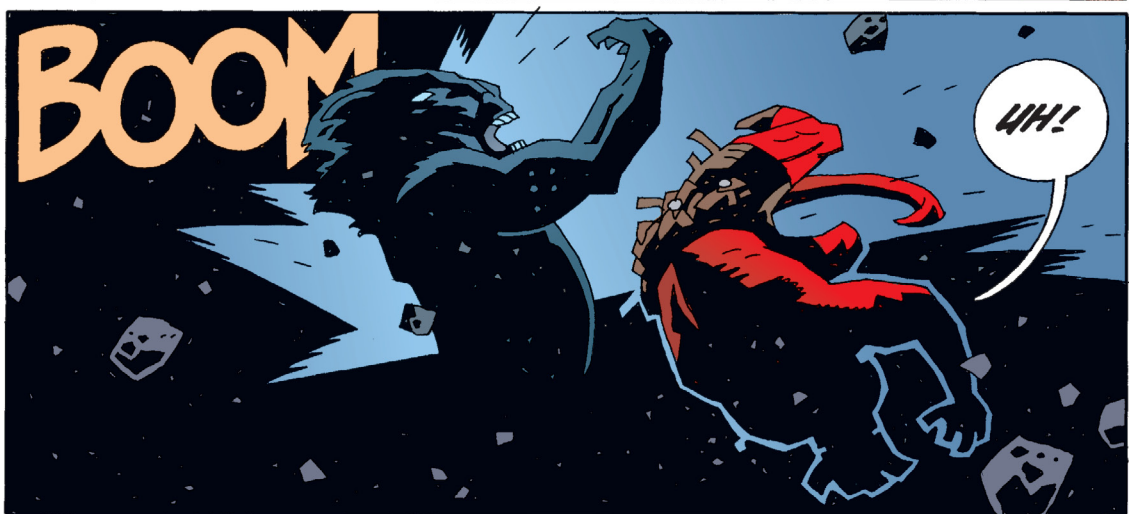


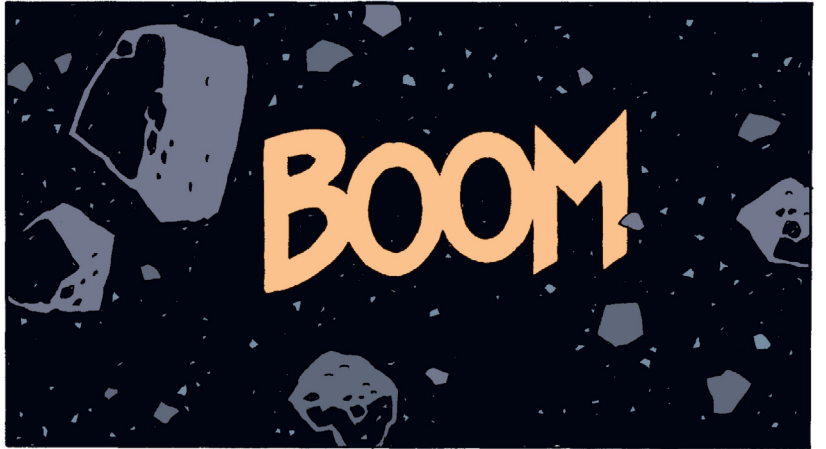
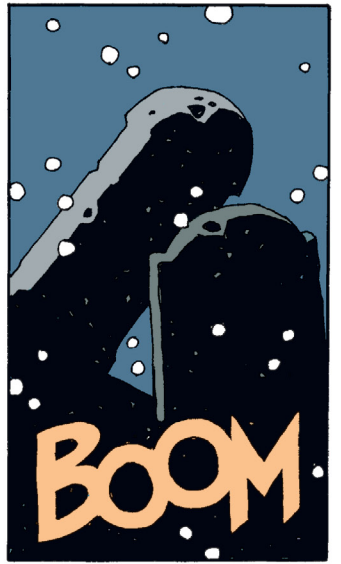


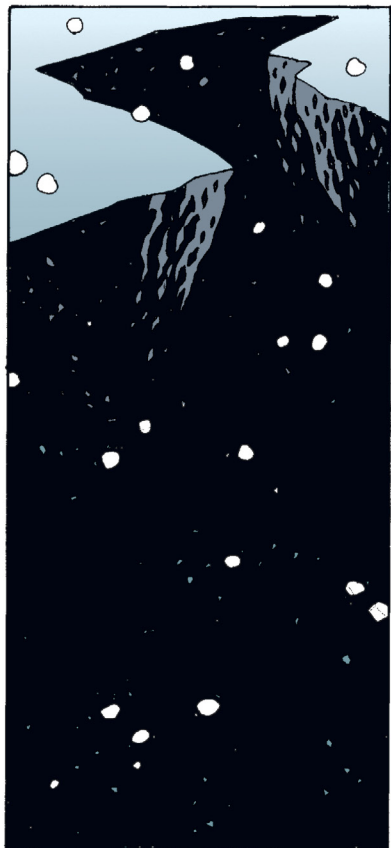
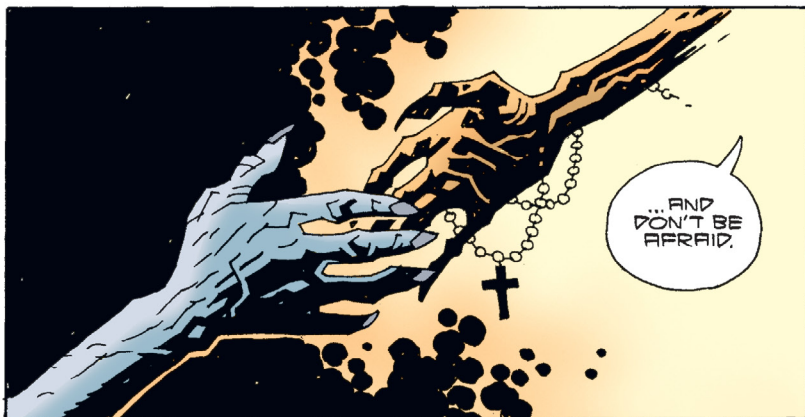






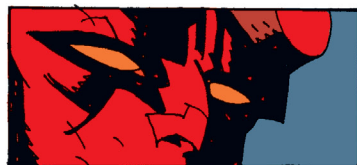














WHAT ABOUT THE FIRE?

I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT.

I WAS WITH HER TILL THE GROUND BEGAN TO SHAKE. I CAME OUT HERE AND NEXT THING I KNEW...



IT'S ALL RIGHT. FIRE'S THE BEST THING FOR HER NOW.

LET IT BURN...

POOR WOMAN.

YEAH, SHE WAS A NICE OLD LADY...



SHE SAVED HER LITTLE GIRL AND SHE THOUGHT I WAS SANTA CLAUS.

SO MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. HATCH...



...WHEREVER YOU ARE.

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.

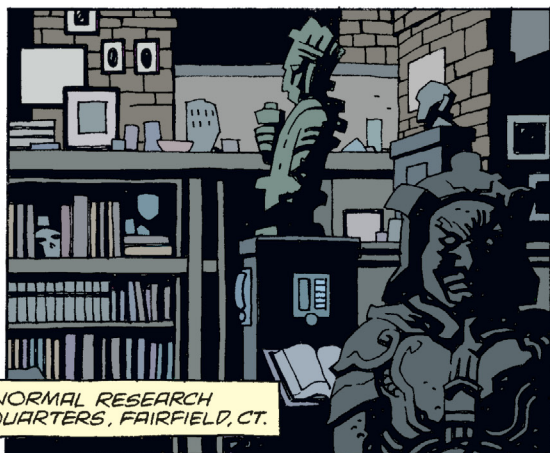
"The Wolves of Saint August" ran as eight-page chapters in *DHP* numbers 88 to 91 in 1994. A year later it was collected into one book with new pages to smooth out some of the rough spots.

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



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



BUREAU  
SPECIAL  
AGENT  
ABRAHAM  
SAPIEN.

**ABRAHAM.**

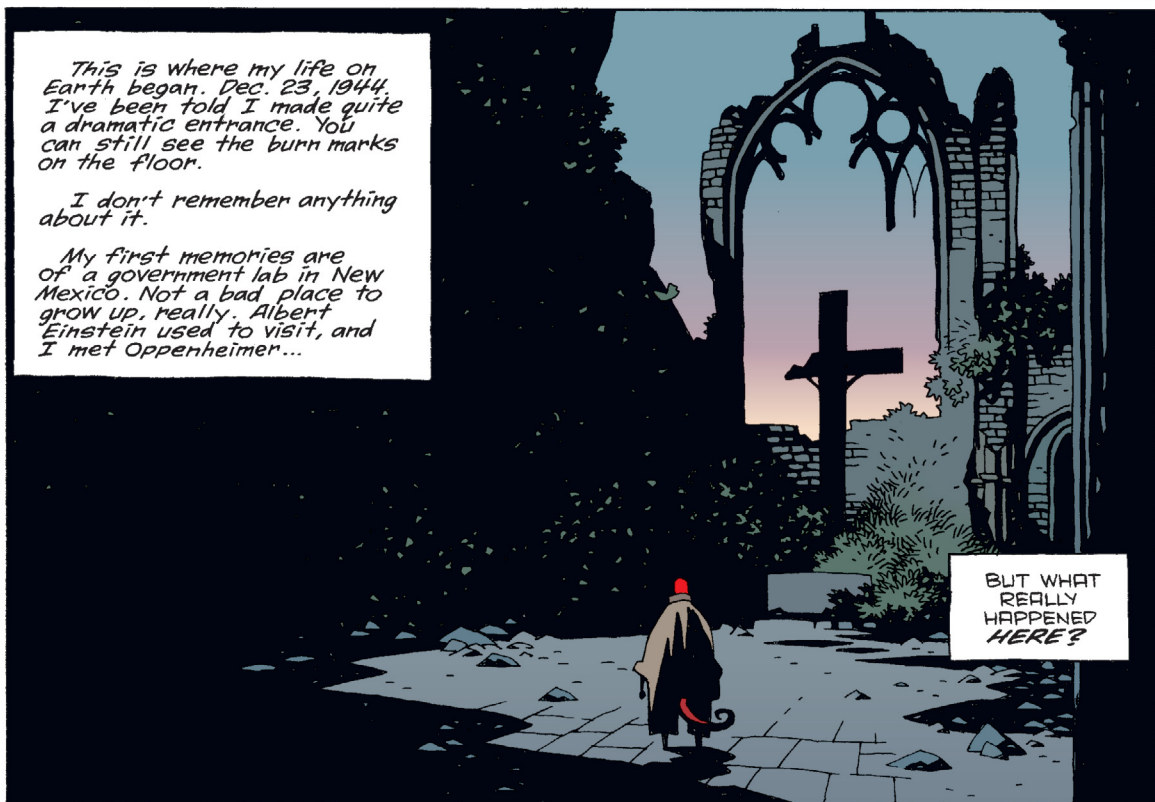
*We've known each other a long time, and I guess you know my habits pretty well, so you won't be all that surprised to hear I'm in England again. I always come here to clear my head after particularly ugly cases.*

*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.*

*This is where my life on Earth began. Dec. 23, 1944. I've been told I made quite a dramatic entrance. You can still see the burn marks on the floor.*

*I don't remember anything about it.*

*My first memories are of a government lab in New Mexico. Not a bad place to grow up, really. Albert Einstein used to visit, and I met Oppenheimer...*



**BUT WHAT  
REALLY  
HAPPENED  
HERE?**

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...



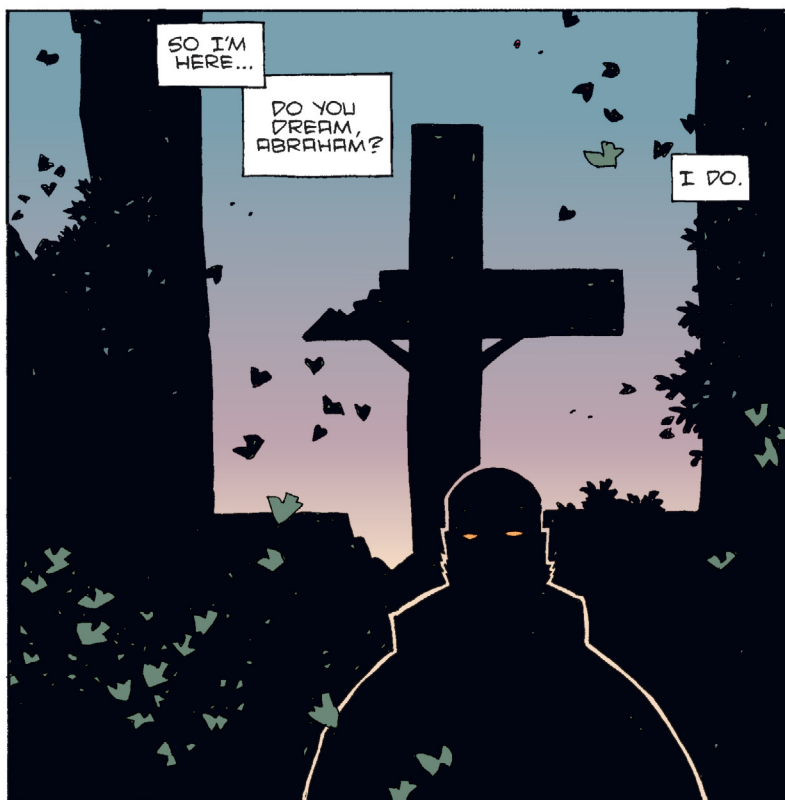
I DIDN'T DO IT.



TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM SPENT NINE YEARS STUDYING THIS CHURCH AND NEVER FOUND ANYTHING. THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I WASN'T EVEN CURIOUS.

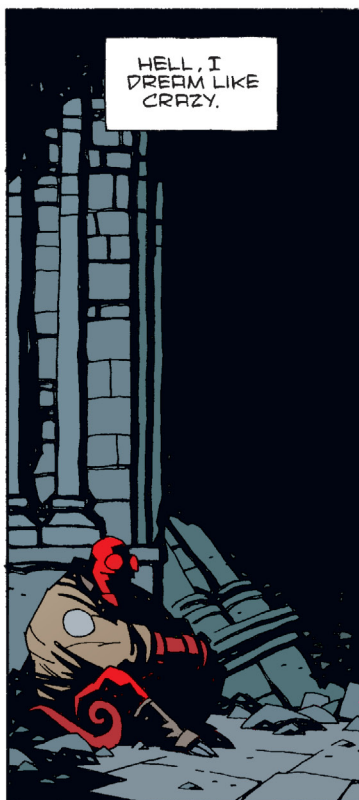
OUR RECENT EXPERIENCE AT CAVENDISH HALL\* MADE ME THINK THAT MAYBE I SHOULD GET CURIOUS.



SO I'M HERE...

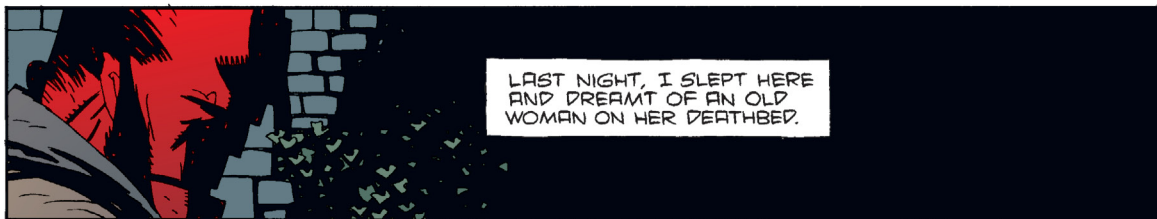
DO YOU DREAM, ABRAHAM?

I DO.



HELL, I DREAM LIKE CRAZY.





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



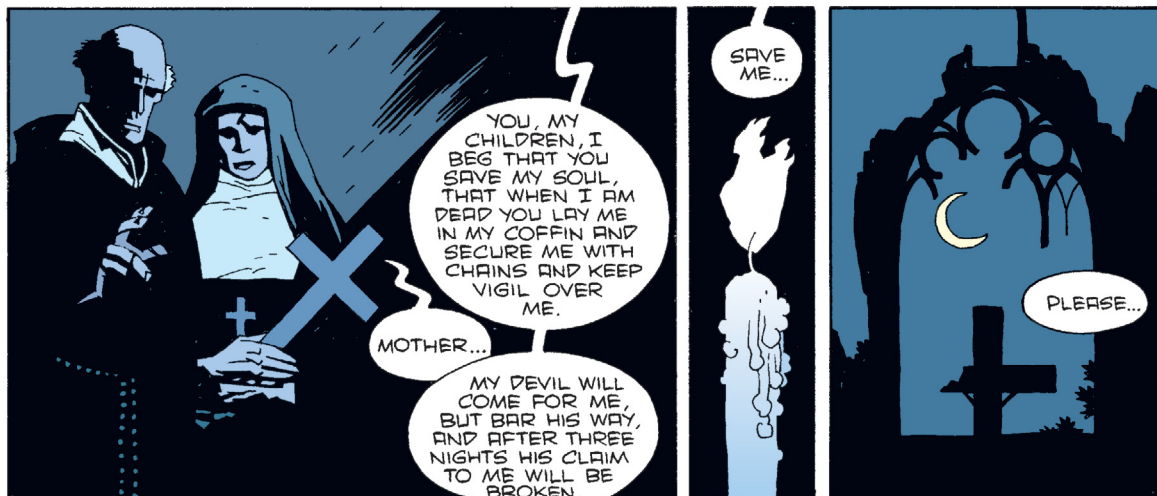
THUS I  
RENOUNCE  
THE DEVIL AND  
ALL HIS WORKS  
AND PRAY GOD  
FORGIVE ME ALL  
THE SINS OF MY  
FORMER LIFE--

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.



YOU, MY  
CHILDREN, I  
BEG THAT YOU  
SAVE MY SOUL,  
THAT WHEN I AM  
DEAD YOU LAY ME  
IN MY COFFIN AND  
SECURE ME WITH  
CHAINS AND KEEP  
VIGIL OVER  
ME.

MOTHER...

MY DEVIL WILL  
COME FOR ME,  
BUT BAR HIS WAY,  
AND AFTER THREE  
NIGHTS HIS CLAIM  
TO ME WILL BE  
BROKEN.

SAVE  
ME...

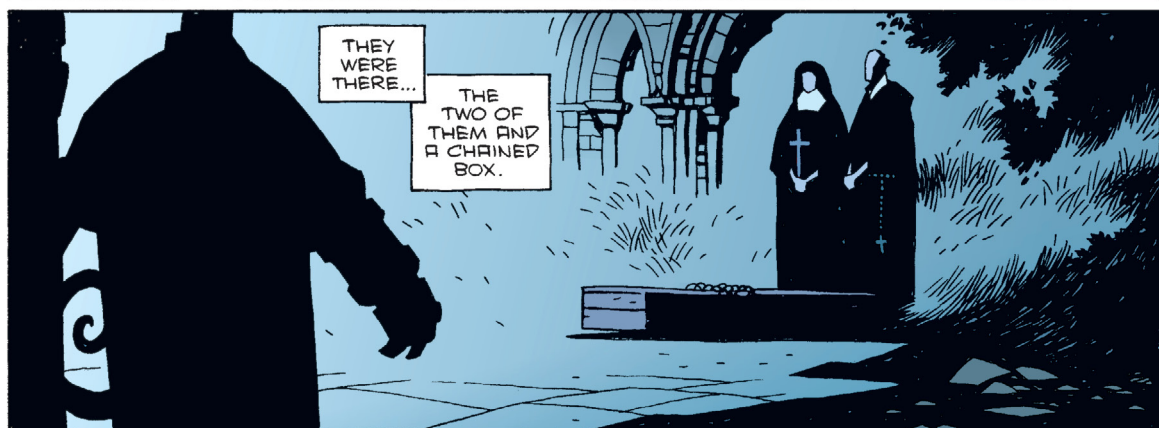
PLEASE...



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.

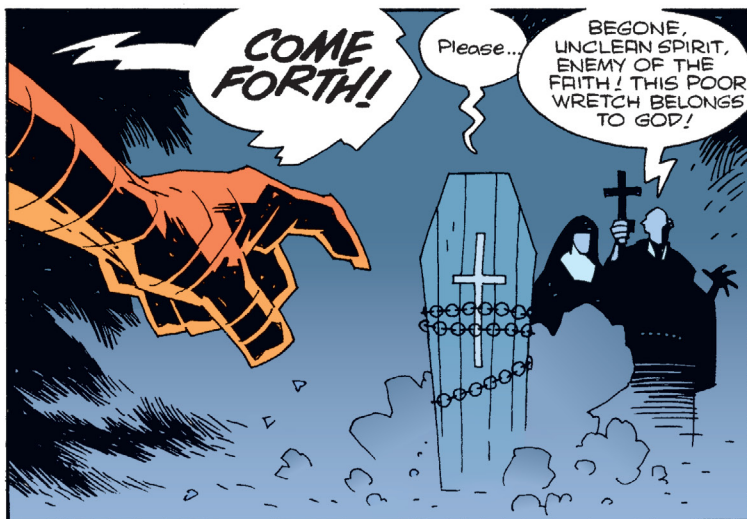


OF COURSE, THERE  
HASN'T BEEN ANY  
GLASS OR WOOD IN  
THIS PLACE IN AT  
LEAST 300 YEARS.



GHOST  
SOUNDS.





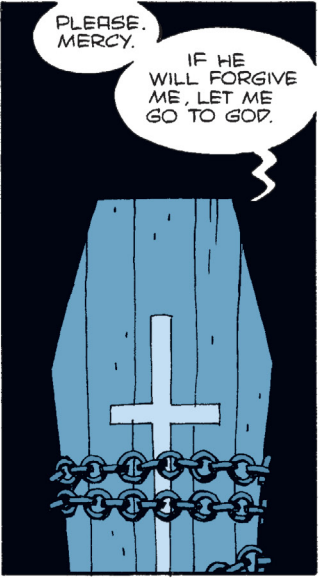




WOMAN,  
YOU ARE MINE.  
**COME FORTH!**

**YOU**  
STRUCK YOUR  
OWN NAME  
OUT OF THE  
BOOK OF  
LIFE.

**YOU**  
TURNED YOUR  
BACK ON THE  
LIGHT OF DAY  
TO WALK IN  
SHADOWS  
WITH **ME**.



PLEASE.  
MERCY.

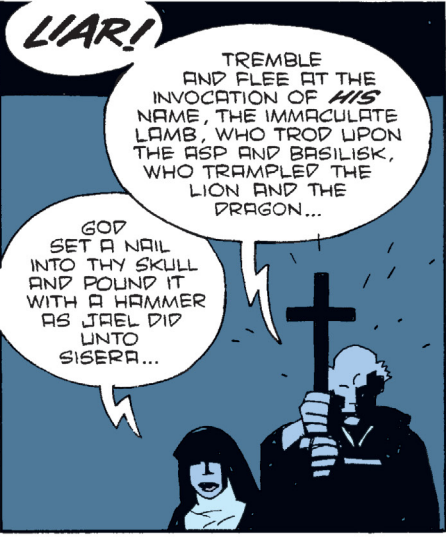
IF HE  
WILL FORGIVE  
ME, LET ME  
GO TO GOD.



**GOD!?**

WAS **I**  
NOT GOD  
IN OLD  
BABYLON?

WAS **I**  
NOT  
GOD TO THE WOMEN  
OF EAST BROMWICH,  
LANCASHIRE, AND  
FAVERSHAM?



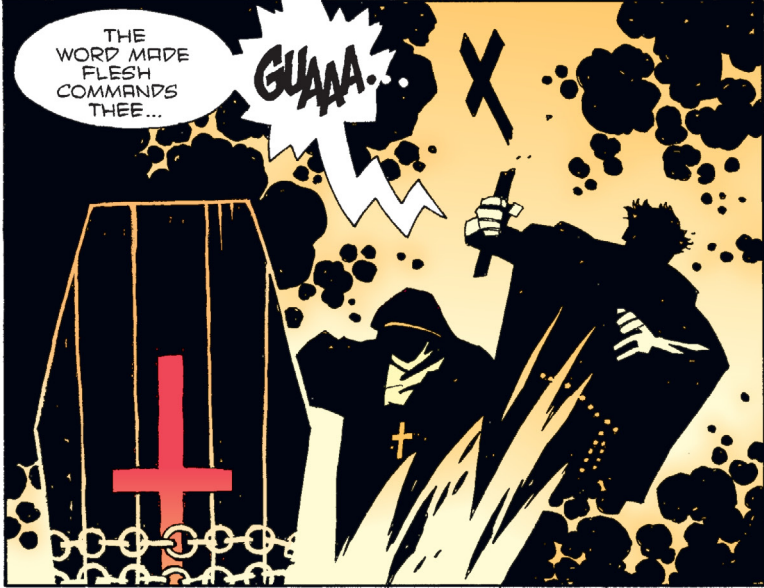
**LIAR!**

TREMBLE  
AND FLEE AT THE  
INVOCATION OF **HIS**  
NAME, THE IMMACULATE  
LAMB, WHO TROD UPON  
THE ASP AND BASILISK,  
WHO TRAMPLED THE  
LION AND THE  
DRAGON...

GOD  
SET A NAIL  
INTO THY SKULL  
AND POUND IT  
WITH A HAMMER  
AS Jael DID  
UNTO  
SISERA...



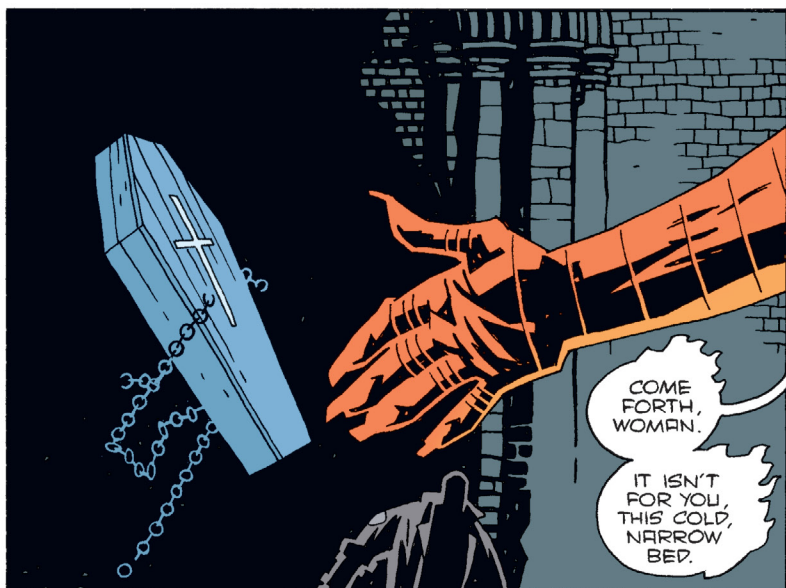
**ENOUGH!**



THE  
WORD MADE  
FLESH  
COMMANDS  
THEE...

**GUAAA...**





COME FORTH,  
WOMAN.

IT ISN'T FOR YOU,  
THIS COLD,  
NARROW  
BED.



I REMEMBER A  
GIRL OF SIXTEEN  
YEARS WHO WAS WILD  
AND ALIVE, WHO  
KISSED ME AND HUNG  
ABOUT MY NECK. I  
CARRIED HER ON MY  
BACK AND WOULD  
HAVE HUNG THE  
STARS IN HER HAIR...



MY  
LORD...



SAY YOU BELIEVE  
IN ME.

CAN  
YOU MAKE  
ME THAT GIRL  
AGAIN?

YOU ARE  
ALWAYS  
THAT GIRL  
TO ME.



THEN I  
BELIEVE  
IN YOU...  
ONLY--

YOU'VE  
SLAUGHTERED  
MY  
CHILDREN...

FORGET  
THEM.

THEY'RE  
NOTHING...

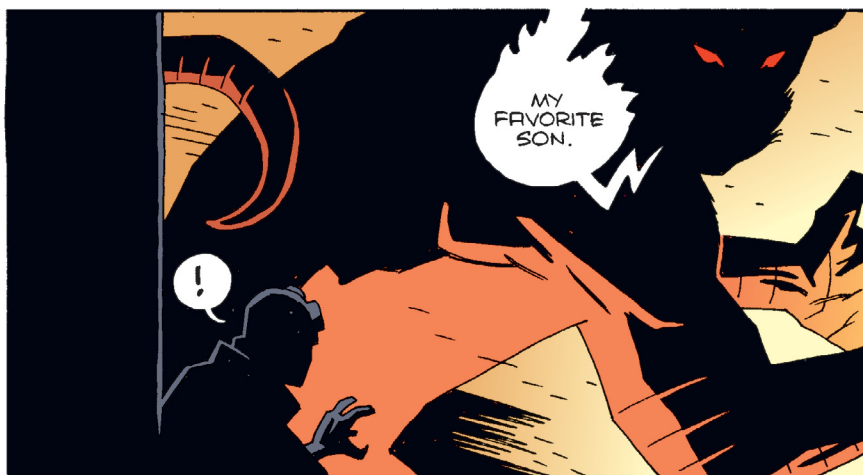
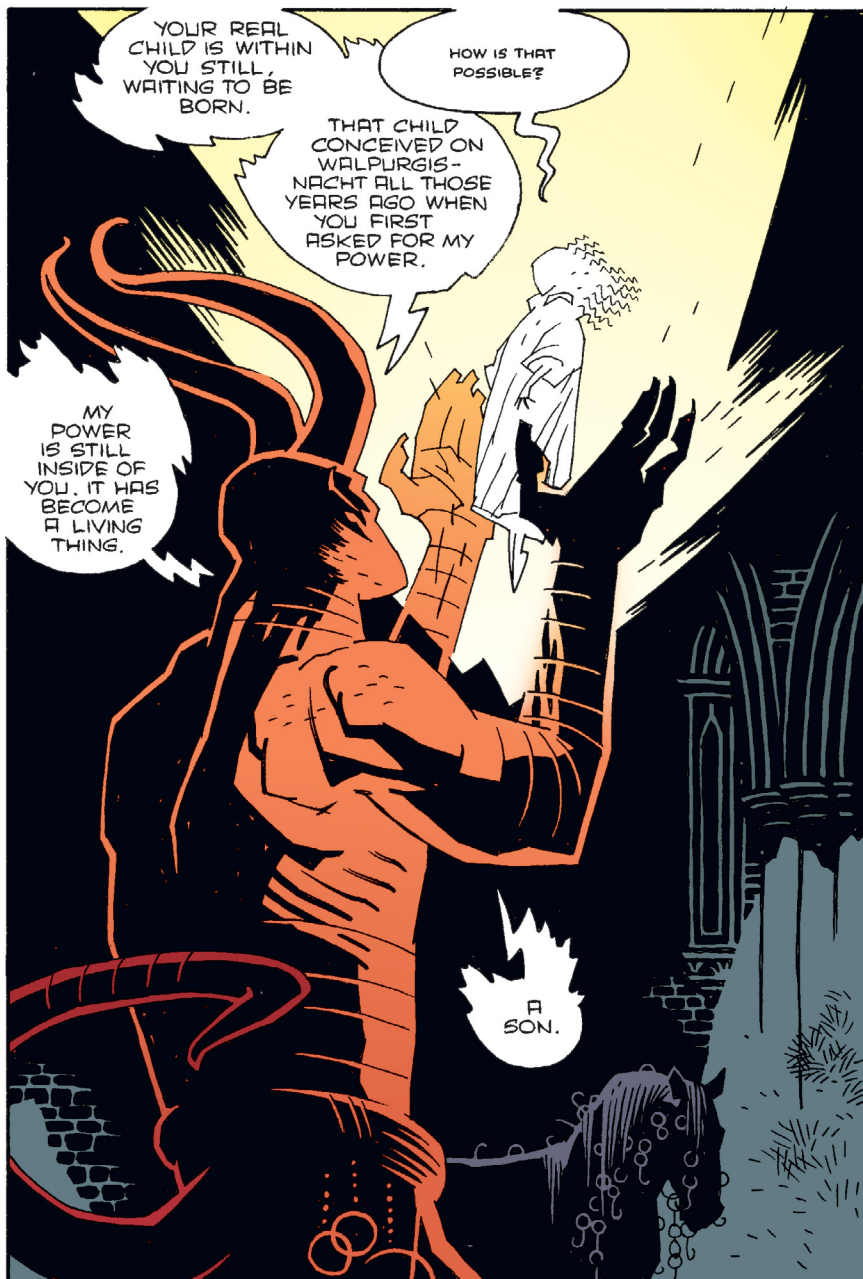


ASHES.

DUST.

WHO  
CARES?







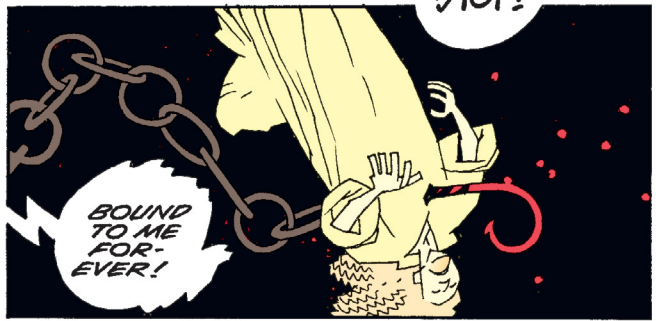


NOW,  
WOMAN,  
YOU ARE  
TRULY  
MINE!



NO!  
NO!

STOP!



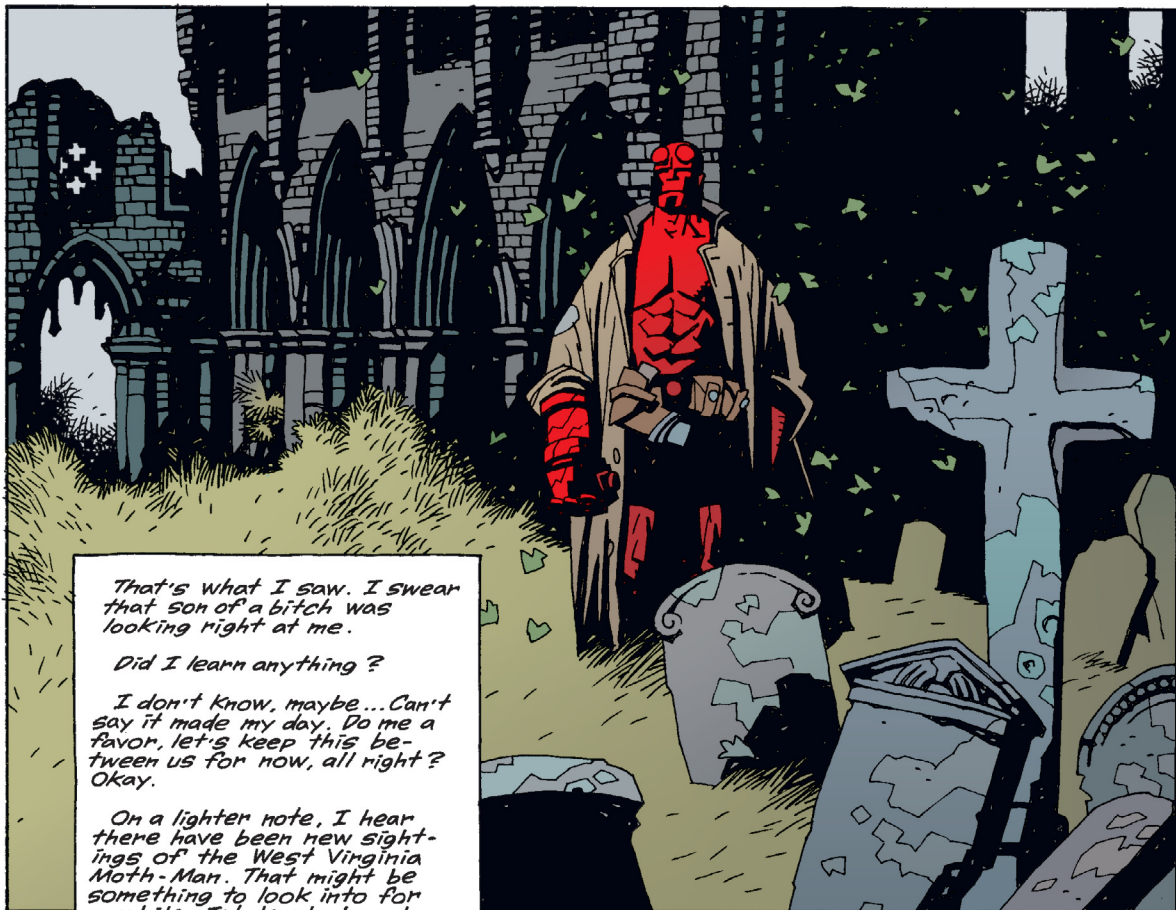
BOUND  
TO ME  
FOR-  
EVER!



STOP!



STOP...



*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...**



ZZZZ



**ABRAHAM SAPIEN DREAMS OF FISH.**

**THE END**





# **The Wolves *of* Saint August**

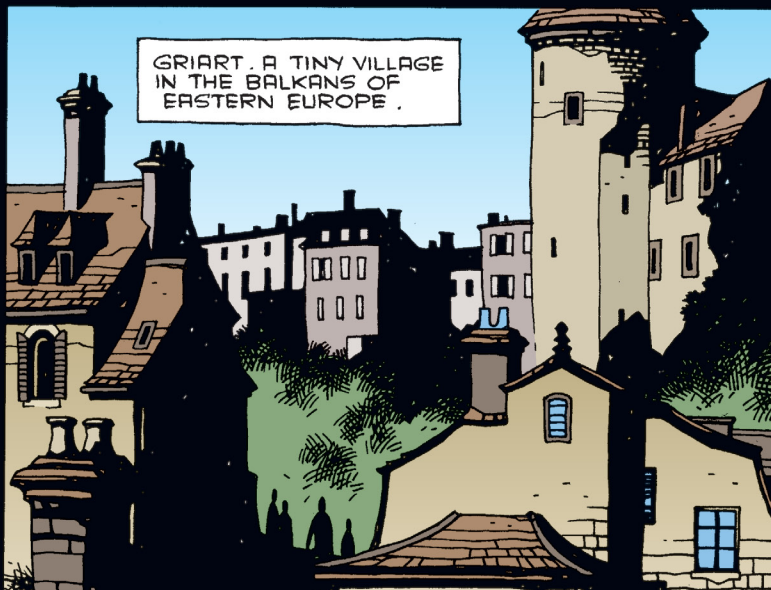




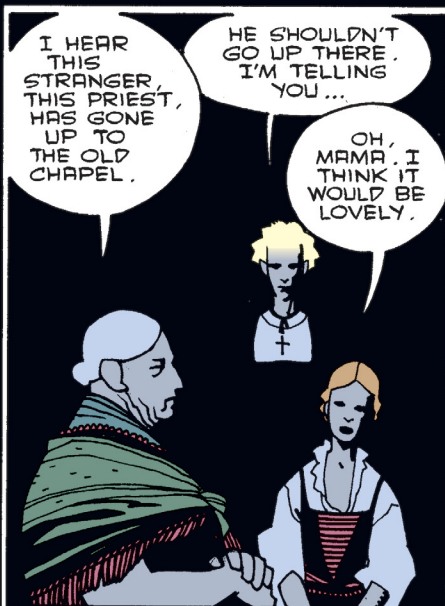
Father Kelly and Hellboy  
Saybrook, Connecticut, 1961



1994.



GRIART. A TINY VILLAGE  
IN THE BALKANS OF  
EASTERN EUROPE.



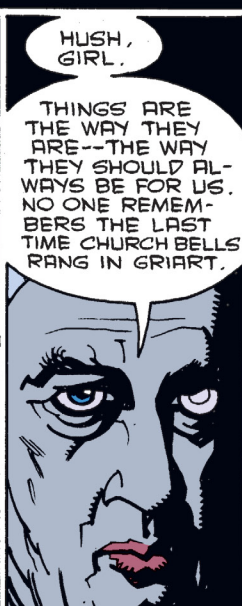
I HEAR  
THIS  
STRANGER,  
THIS PRIEST,  
HAS GONE  
UP TO  
THE OLD  
CHAPEL.

HE SHOULDN'T  
GO UP THERE.  
I'M TELLING  
YOU ...

OH,  
MAMA. I  
THINK IT  
WOULD BE  
LOVELY.



I'M SO  
TIRED OF GO-  
ING DOWN TO  
POITOU. IT IS  
SUCH A LONG  
WALK, AND THE  
ROAD IS SO  
AWFUL --

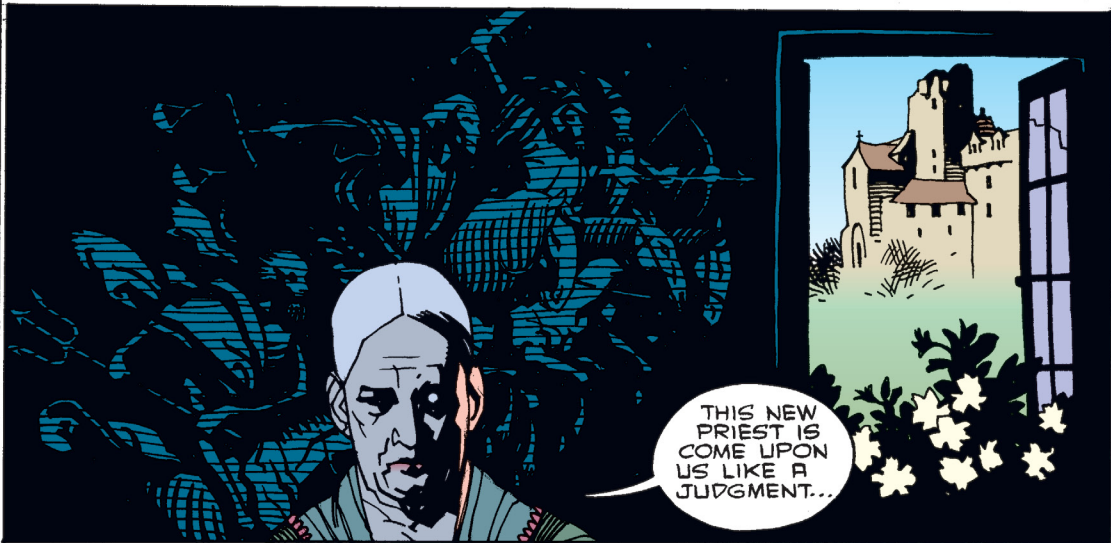


HUSH,  
GIRL.

THINGS ARE  
THE WAY THEY  
ARE--THE WAY  
THEY SHOULD AL-  
WAYS BE FOR US.  
NO ONE REMEM-  
BERS THE LAST  
TIME CHURCH BELLS  
RANG IN GRIART.



NO ONE  
WANTS  
TO REMEM-  
BER.



THIS NEW  
PRIEST IS  
COME UPON  
US LIKE A  
JUDGMENT...







SO IT IS TRUE WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING-- YOU PLAN TO SAY MASS HERE.

IT IS ALMOST EASTER.

IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND I THINK WE CAN GET THIS PLACE IN SOME KIND OF ORDER BY THEN.

YOU WOULDN'T BY CHANCE HAVE A COUPLE OF BROTHERS ...?



GO AWAY, PRIEST.

GO HOME.

GOD IS NOT HERE. HE IS DONE WITH THIS PLACE.



YOU'RE WRONG, FRIEND.

SOMETIMES, MAYBE, HIS VOICE GROWS A LITTLE FAINT. WELL THEN, YOU JUST HAVE TO LISTEN A LITTLE HARDER.

HE NEVER ABANDONS US



♪



SEE ...

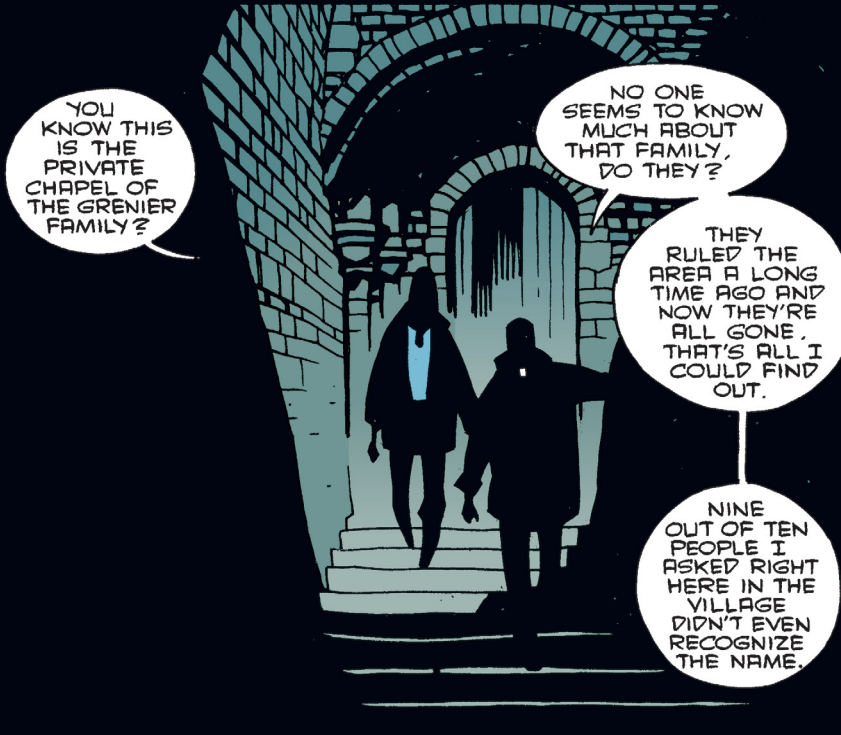
NO ONE COMES HERE. DO YOU KNOW WHY?

NO.



COME WITH ME.

LEARN SOMETHING.



YOU KNOW THIS IS THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF THE GRENIER FAMILY?

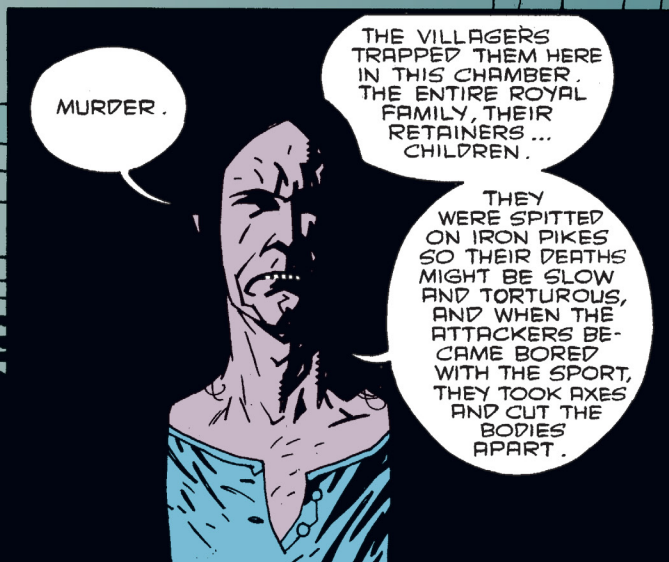
NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW MUCH ABOUT THAT FAMILY, DO THEY?

THEY RULED THE AREA A LONG TIME AGO AND NOW THEY'RE ALL GONE. THAT'S ALL I COULD FIND OUT.

NINE OUT OF TEN PEOPLE I ASKED RIGHT HERE IN THE VILLAGE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE NAME.



WHY DOESN'T ANYONE COME HERE ?



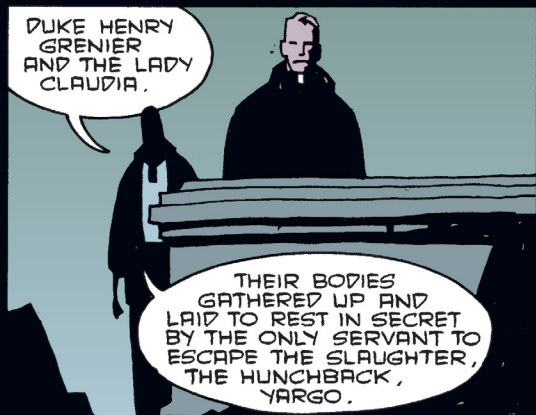
MURDER.

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 BE-  
CAME 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 CONSUM-  
MATION OF HIS  
WRATH!



LORD  
HAVE  
MERCY...

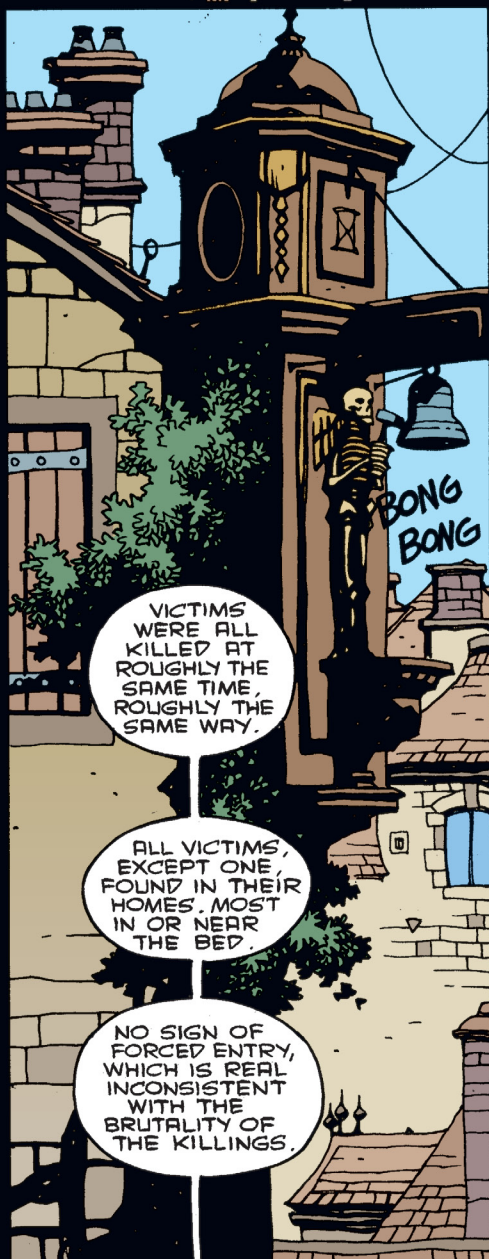
NOT  
MUCH.





GRIART, NINE  
DAYS LATER.

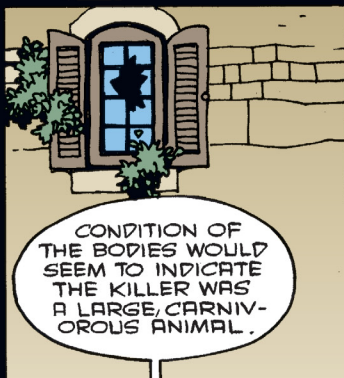
167 DEAD.  
THAT'S EVERY  
MAN, WOMAN,  
AND CHILD IN  
TOWN. ALL  
KILLED IN ONE  
NIGHT.



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.



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



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-RENOUNDED 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? UN-HEARD OF.

RED FLAG # 1.

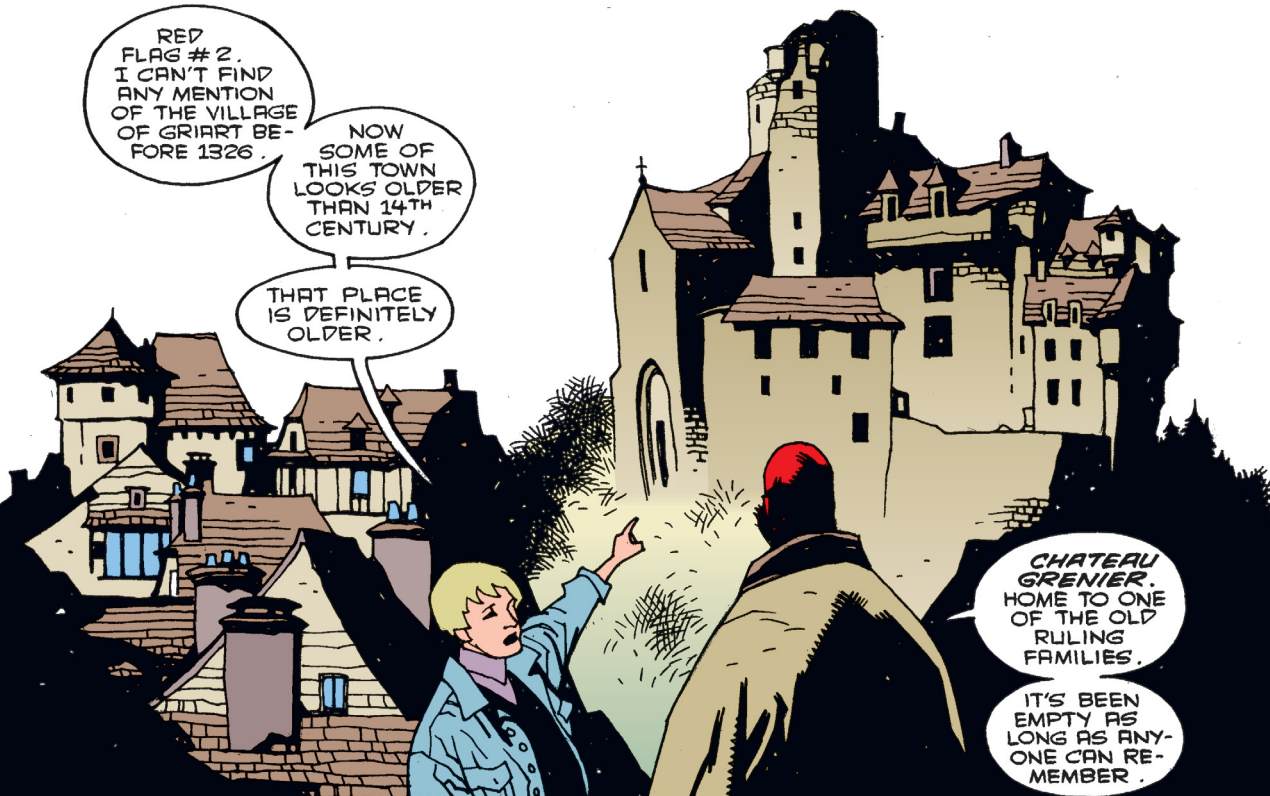


DR. KATE CORRIGAN, PROFESSOR AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, AUTHOR OF 16 BOOKS ON FOLKLORE AND OCCULT HISTORY, INCLUDING "THE CONFESSIONS OF ISOBEL GOWDIE," CONSULTANT TO THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE SINCE 1984.

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

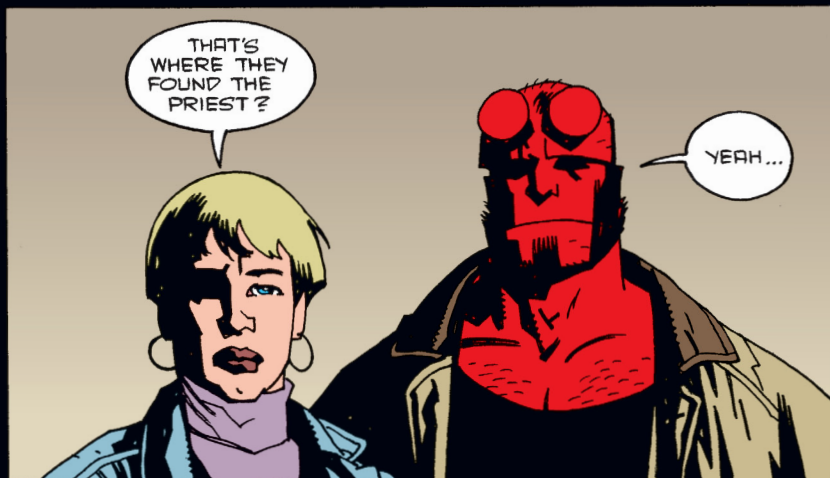
NOW SOME OF THIS TOWN LOOKS OLDER THAN 14TH CENTURY.

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.



THAT'S WHERE THEY FOUND THE PRIEST?

YEAH...



...MOST OF HIM.



ACCORDING TO THE CONSTABLE IN *POITOU* HE WAS SORT OF SPREAD AROUND IN HERE. HORRIBLE.

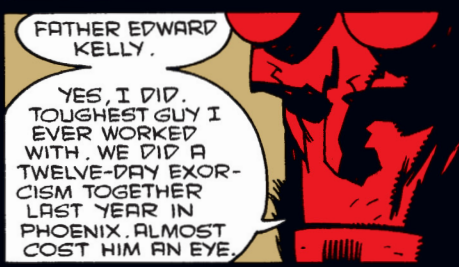
NO ONE TOOK PHOTOS?

NO. THE WHOLE POLICE END OF THIS THING FEELS LIKE A RUSH JOB. CLEAN UP THE MESS AND GET OUT. ALL THE VICTIMS ARE IN THE GROUND AND THERE'S TALK OF BULLDOZING THE WHOLE TOWN.

THE LOCALS JUST WANT THIS TO GO AWAY.



YOU KNEW HIM, DIDN'T YOU?



FATHER EDWARD KELLY.

YES, I DID. TOUGHEST GUY I EVER WORKED WITH. WE DID A TWELVE-DAY EXORCISM TOGETHER LAST YEAR IN PHOENIX. ALMOST COST HIM AN EYE.



THIS TOWN HAS NO CHURCH. YOU KNOW HOW ODD THAT IS FOR THIS AREA OF THE WORLD?

YEP.

AND FATHER KELLY WAS UP HERE... YOU THINK HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLANNING TO HOLD SERVICES HERE?

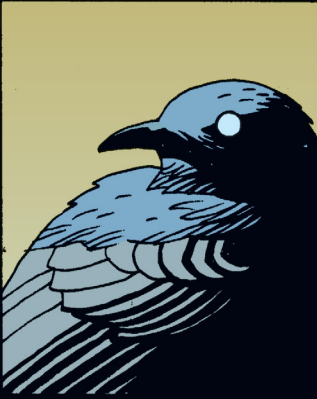
MAYBE. OR MAYBE HE KNEW SOMETHING STUNK AND HE WAS POKING AT IT.

IS THAT WHAT GOT HIM KILLED?









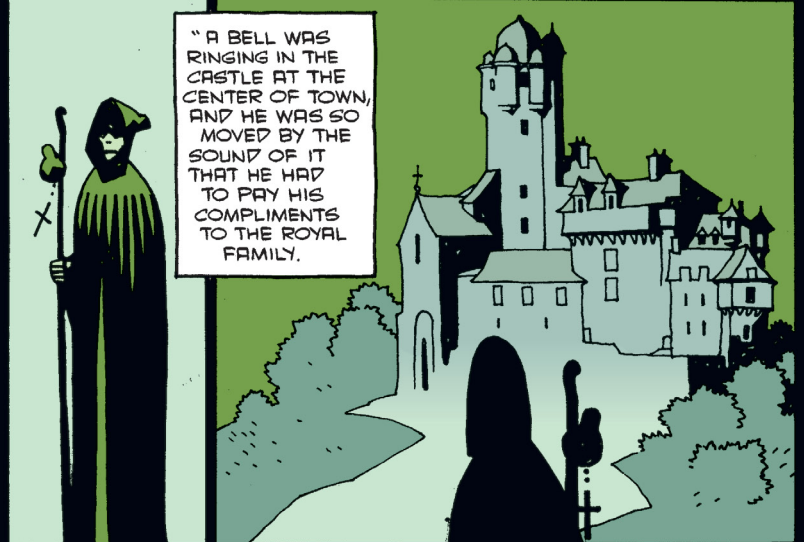
I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
FOR YOU,  
HELLBOY.



IF I'M  
RIGHT, THIS  
TOWN HAS AN  
UGLY LITTLE  
SECRET.

GREAT.  
WE NEED  
SOME-  
THING.

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



"A BELL WAS  
RINGING IN THE  
CASTLE AT THE  
CENTER OF TOWN,  
AND HE WAS SO  
MOVED BY THE  
SOUND OF IT  
THAT HE HAD  
TO PAY HIS  
COMPLIMENTS  
TO THE ROYAL  
FAMILY.

"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.

"HE WRECKS THE PLACE AND CURSES EVERYONE THERE, 'EVEN UNTO THE SMALLEST CHILD.'

"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.

TO DODGE THE INQUISITION.

RIGHT. THE PUBLISHED STORY DIDN'T NAME THE ROYAL FAMILY, ONLY *THE TOWN*.

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...

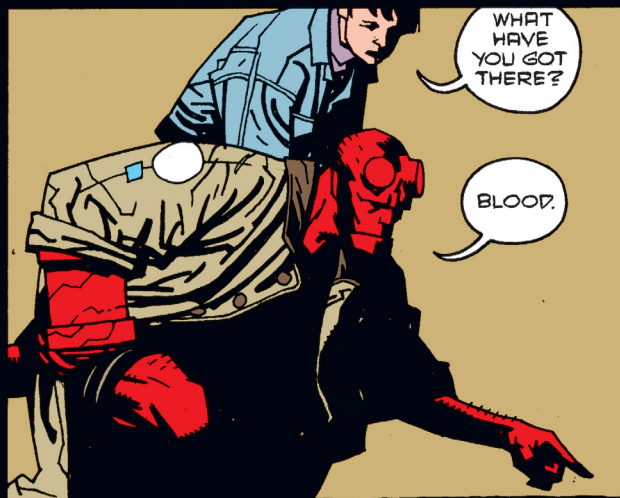
I THINK THE VILLAGERS DESTROYED IT ON PURPOSE BECAUSE IT WAS A DETAIL IN THE STORY.

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

DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

GOOD JOB.



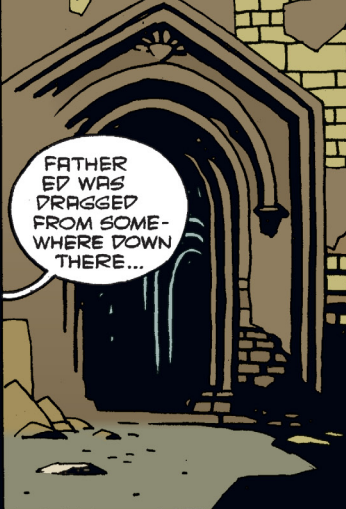


WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

BLOOD.



DRY BUT NOT TOO OLD. NINE DAYS WOULD BE JUST ABOUT RIGHT.



FATHER ED WAS DRAGGED FROM SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE...



...INTO THERE.

THEN HE WAS TORN UP AND TOSSED AROUND. SYMBOLIC GESTURE? MAYBE.

GOOD THING THE LOCALS DID SUCH A LOUSY JOB CLEANING UP.



NOW, I'D BE WASTING MY BREATH IF I ASKED YOU TO WAIT HERE WHILE I LOOK AROUND--

EXCUSE ME? EXCUSE ME?

WHO'S BEEN AFTER ME FOR SIX YEARS TO DO SOME REAL INVESTIGATING?

WHO WAS THAT?

THAT WAS ME.



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IS THAT A GUN?

I'M TRYING TO GET MODERN.



YEAH, BUT CAN YOU HIT ANYTHING?

I'M GETTING BETTER.

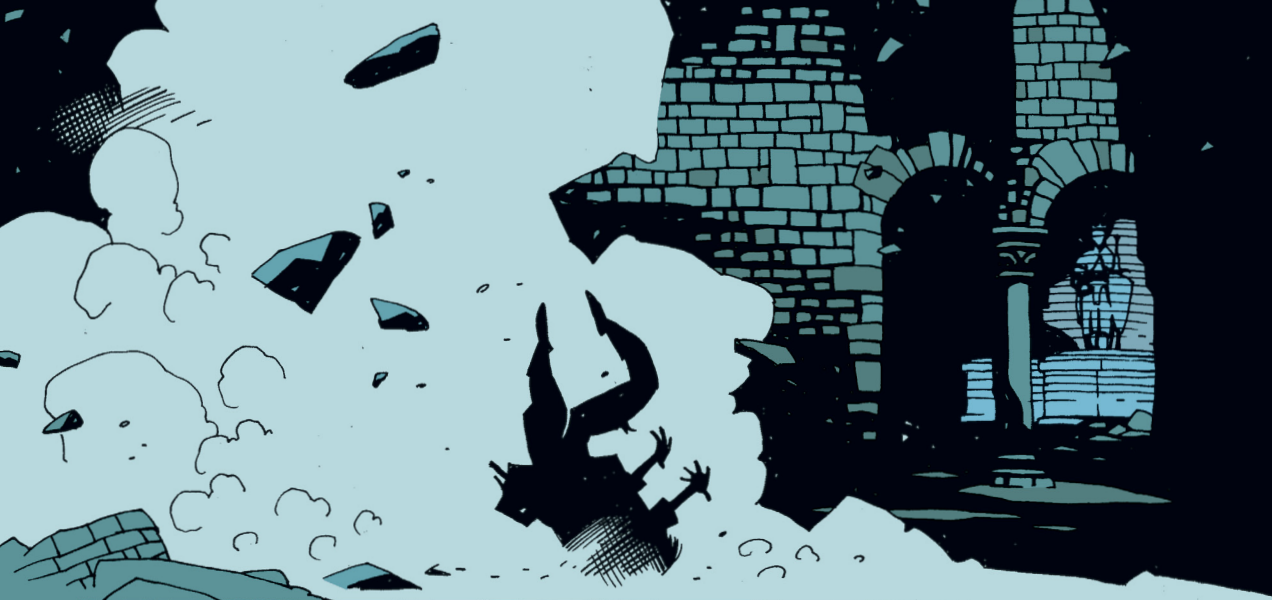












LITTLE GIRL...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?



I AM  
AWAKE.

I  
CANNOT  
SLEEP AND  
I CANNOT  
GO TO  
HEAVEN.



WHY  
DOES GOD  
HATE  
ME?



OH,  
SWEETIE,  
NO, NOBODY  
HATES  
YOU.

HE  
DOES.



HE  
MADE ME  
THIS.



KATE!

YOU OK?



SORRY...  
MY FIRST  
GHOST.

ROUGH  
WAY TO  
START.

YOU  
SURE  
YOU'RE  
OK?



GO AWAY.  
PLEASE. THE  
OTHERS WILL HURT  
YOU WHEN THE SUN  
GOES DOWN.

HE WILL  
*MAKE* THEM  
HURT YOU.



HE?

DO YOU  
HAVE YOUR  
GUN?



DROPPED  
IT. WHERE'S  
YOURS?



UM...



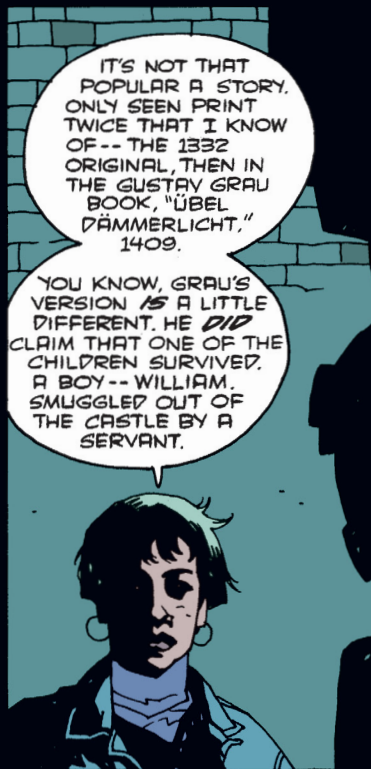
OH,  
WE'RE  
GOOD  
AND  
SCREWED  
NOW.







THINK REAL  
HARD, KATE. IS  
THERE ANY MORE  
TO THAT WOLF  
STORY OF YOURS?  
ANY LITTLE DE-  
TAILS YOU MIGHT  
HAVE LEFT OUT?



IT'S NOT THAT  
POPULAR A STORY.  
ONLY SEEN PRINT  
TWICE THAT I KNOW  
OF -- THE 1332  
ORIGINAL, THEN IN  
THE GUSTAV GRAU  
BOOK, "ÜBEL  
DÄMMERLICHT,"  
1409.

YOU KNOW, GRAU'S  
VERSION *IS* A LITTLE  
DIFFERENT. HE *DID*  
CLAIM THAT ONE OF THE  
CHILDREN SURVIVED.  
A BOY -- WILLIAM.  
SMUGGLED OUT OF  
THE CASTLE BY A  
SERVANT.



THAT  
HELPS.



WELL, I'M  
GETTING YOU  
THE HELL OUT  
OF HERE.

NOW.



DON'T  
ARGUE  
WITH ME.

MOVE.













WILLIAM GRENIER.

YOU WIPED OUT THIS WHOLE TOWN. KILLED A PRIEST. YOU'VE SETTLED YOUR OLD SCORE AND I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU.

BUT FIRST, YOU'RE HOLDING SPIRITS PRISONER HERE. YOU'RE DONE WITH THEM. LET THEM GO.

I AM MUCH SINNED AGAINST.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU ARE. THIS IS YOUR OWN *FAMILY*.

LET 'EM GO.

DO IT!

I HAVE ENDURED THE CHANGE ONCE IN EVERY SEVEN YEARS DOWN THE LONG CENTURIES. CAN YOU IMAGINE THE PAIN? BETTER THE IRON SPIKE. THE WHEEL. THE HOOK AND SWORD. BETTER DEATH THAN THIS.

EACH TIME MORE OF THE CREATURE REMAINS, UNTIL ALL THAT IS MAN IS THIS THIN SKIN.

I SAY NOW, FINALLY, THAT THIS IS THE PLACE AND THE HOUR OF THE BEAST...



...AND THE  
BEAST  
IS ME.



BIG.

WAY,  
WAY  
TOO  
BIG.

YOU  
WAIT RIGHT  
HERE.

I'LL  
BE BACK  
IN A  
MINUTE.









ONLY  
BEAST!



# BEAST!



I DON'T  
CARE IF  
YOU'RE A  
GOD DAMN  
FISH!

YOU'RE  
GOING  
DOWN!








MOTHER...



HELLBOY?

KATE!

GET  
THE HELL  
OUT OF  
HERE!



MOTHER...  
WHAT WILL  
BECOME  
OF US?

HUSH,  
BABY.

CLOSE  
YOUR  
EYES...



"LISTEN..."

"ONCE A MAN KEPT  
A WOLF IN HIS  
STOMACH AND THE  
WOLF SLOWLY ATE  
HIM FROM THE IN-  
SIDE OUT. AND THE  
WOLF GREW. FINALLY,  
THE SHELL OF THE  
MAN COULD NO  
LONGER CONTAIN  
THE WOLF..."

COME  
ON, YOU  
SON OF  
A--



CAREFUL.



GAA!

ARRRR

OW OW OW



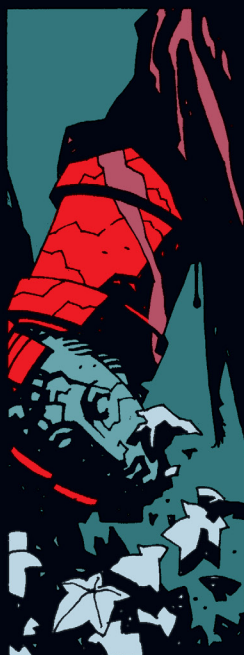






AW,  
YOU CAN  
DO A LOT  
BETTER  
THAN  
THAT...

GET  
ME!





WHY EVEN CARRY  
A GUN WITH A  
PITCHING  
ARM LIKE  
THAT?



WHAT  
KIND OF A  
SICK  
BASTARD  
ARE  
YOU?



*YOU*  
DIDN'T KILL  
THOSE PEOPLE  
IN TOWN. YOU  
GOT YOUR  
FAMILY ALL  
STIRRED UP  
AND MADE  
*THEM* DO  
IT.

*DIDN'T*  
YOU?!

SO WHAT  
KIND OF NERVE  
DID THAT PRIEST  
STEP ON, 'CAUSE  
YOU SURE AS HELL  
KILLED HIM.



*MISTAKE!*

HE--  
WAS--  
A--  
FRIEND  
OF MINE!

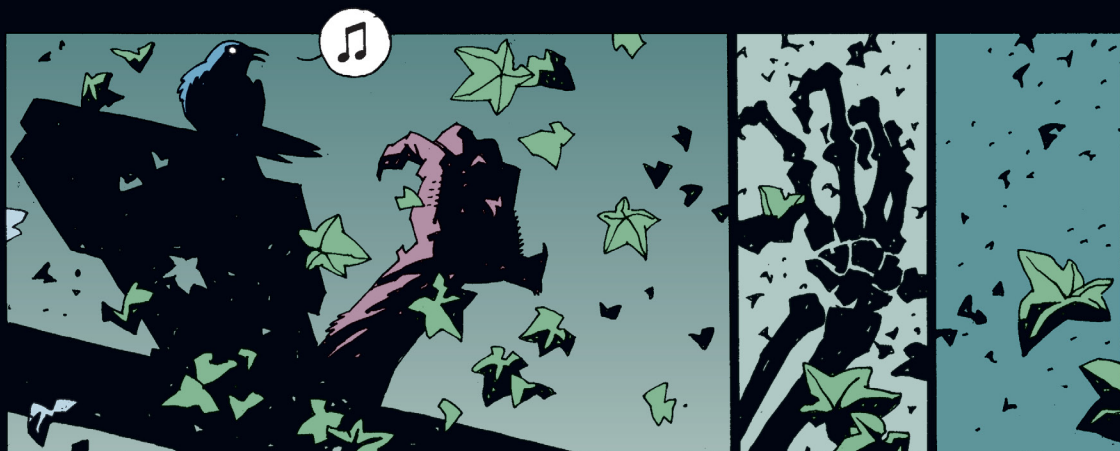












In a follow-up investigation, a bureau team of physical and trance mediums failed to detect any trace of Father Edward Kelly or the assorted Greniers in or near the chateau Grenier. On May 29, 1994, Dr. Izar Hoffman officially declared the site clear.

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

THE VILLAGE OF  
GRIART/ST. AUGUST  
REMAINS  
UNINHABITED.



THE  
END



## 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 stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "MIKE MIGNOLA". The signature is written in all caps with a bold, slightly irregular font. A long, horizontal, slightly curved line extends from the end of the signature to the right.

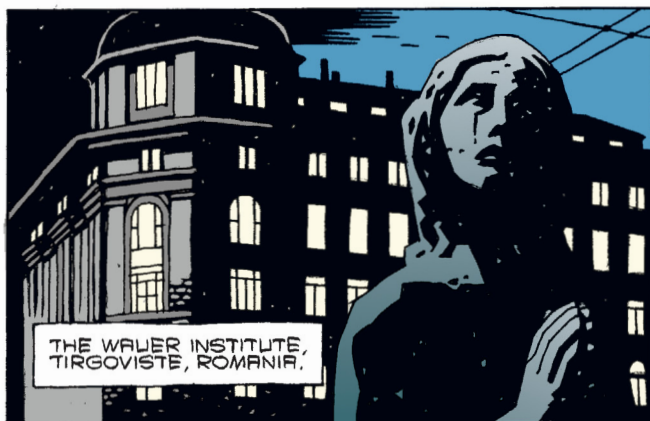
Mike Mignola  
Portland, Oregon



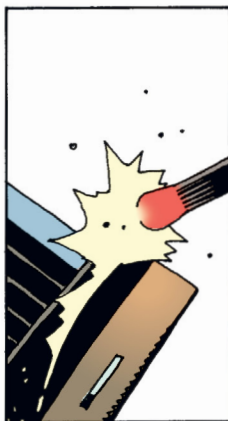
**Almost  
Colossus**

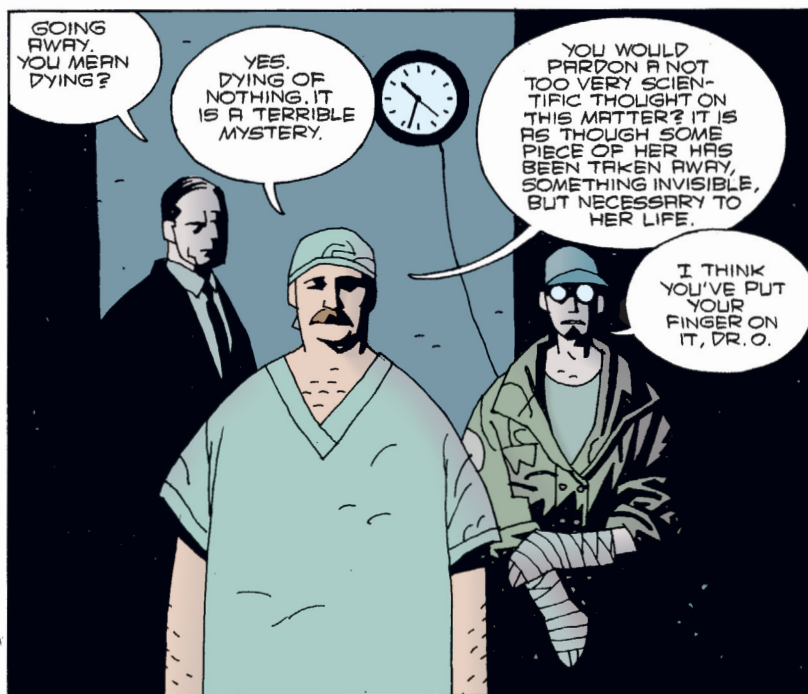






THE WAUER INSTITUTE,  
TIRGOVISTE, ROMANIA.



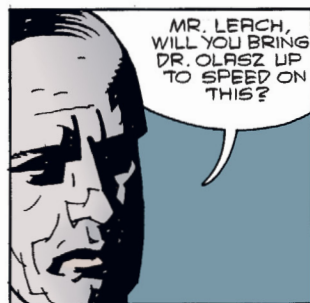


GOING AWAY. YOU MEAN DYING?

YES. DYING OF NOTHING. IT IS A TERRIBLE MYSTERY.

YOU WOULD PARDON A NOT TOO VERY SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT ON THIS MATTER? IT IS AS THOUGH SOME PIECE OF HER HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY, SOMETHING INVISIBLE, BUT NECESSARY TO HER LIFE.

I THINK YOU'VE PUT YOUR FINGER ON IT, DR. O.

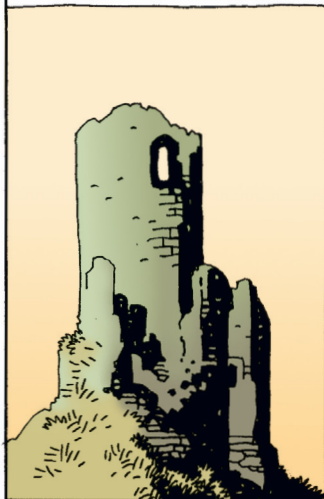


MR. LEACH, WILL YOU BRING DR. OLASZ UP TO SPEED ON THIS?

MISS SHERMAN WAS PART OF THE TEAM SEARCHING FOR THE BODY OF THE ROMANIAN VAMPIRE, VLADIMIR GIURESCU, RECENTLY STOLEN FROM A NEW YORK WAX MUSEUM BY NAZIS.\*



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



"...BUT WE FOUND SOMETHING AGENT WALLER CALLED A HOMUNCULUS. IT WAS OLD AND DEFINITELY **NOT** ALIVE."



"WHEN NO ONE WAS PAYING ATTENTION, MISS SHERMAN STUCK HER FINGER IN A HOLE IN THE THING'S CHEST..."



"...AND ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE."



"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."



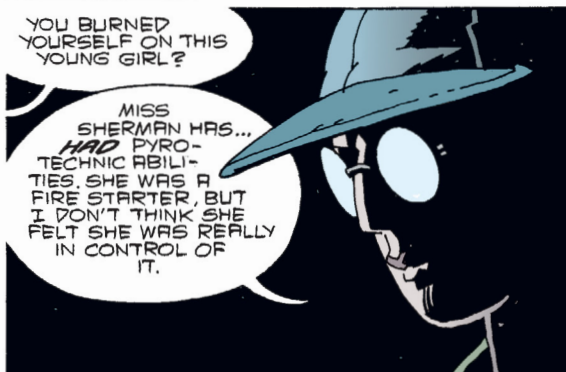
"IT WAS WALLER WHO SHOT LIZ, TO BREAK HER CONNECTION WITH THE THING."



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

YOU BURNED YOURSELF ON THIS YOUNG GIRL?

MISS SHERMAN HAS... *HAD* PYRO-TECHNIC ABILITIES. SHE WAS A FIRE STARTER, BUT I DON'T THINK SHE FELT SHE WAS REALLY IN CONTROL OF IT.



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...



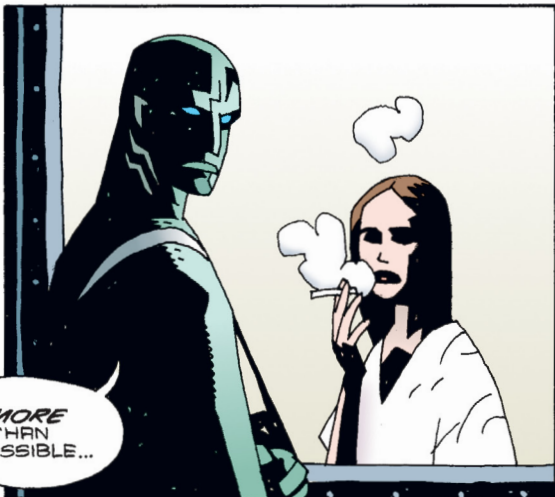
LIKE YOU SAID, DOCTOR, SHE LOST SOMETHING SHE NEEDED.

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.

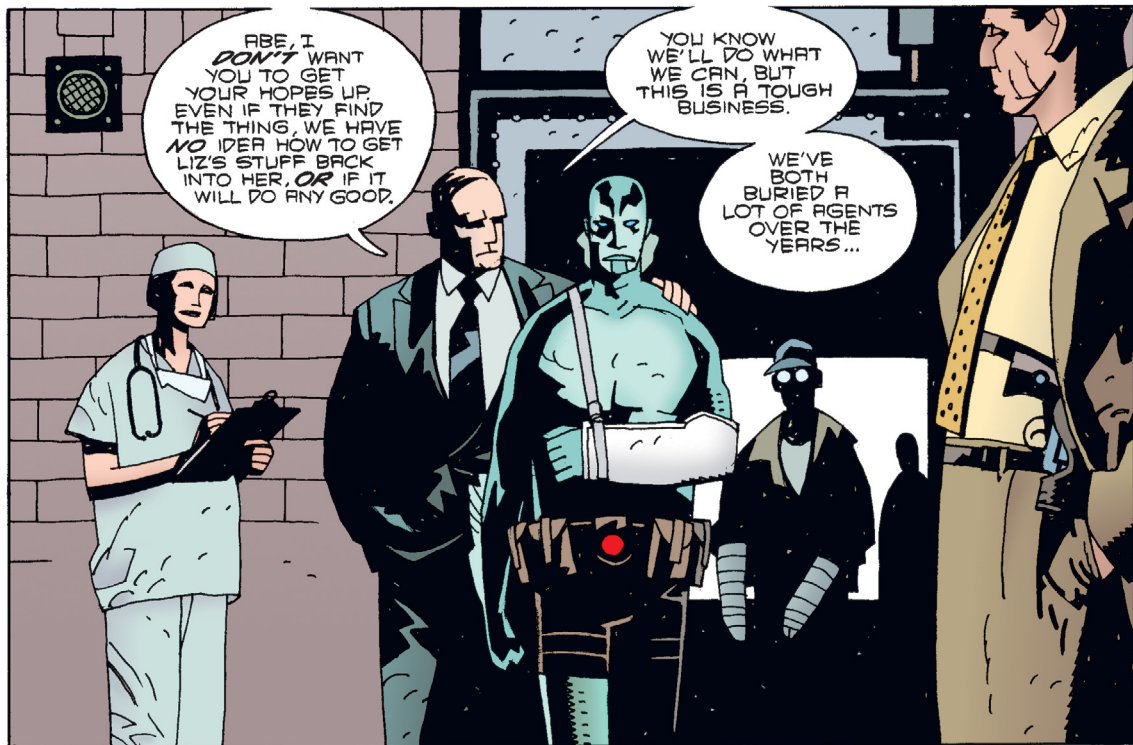
WE THINK IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO REVERSE--

*MORE* THAN POSSIBLE...





"...SHE'S  
GOING TO  
BE FINE."



ABE, I  
*DON'T* WANT  
YOU TO GET  
YOUR HOPES UP.  
EVEN IF THEY FIND  
THE THING, WE HAVE  
*NO* IDEA HOW TO GET  
LIZ'S STUFF BACK  
INTO HER, *OR* IF IT  
WILL DO ANY GOOD.

YOU KNOW  
WE'LL DO WHAT  
WE CAN, BUT  
THIS IS A TOUGH  
BUSINESS.

WE'VE  
BOTH  
BURIED A  
LOT OF AGENTS  
OVER THE  
YEARS...



"IT'S  
A SAD  
TRUTH..."



"...PEOPLE  
DIE."



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  
AGSTELEK 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.

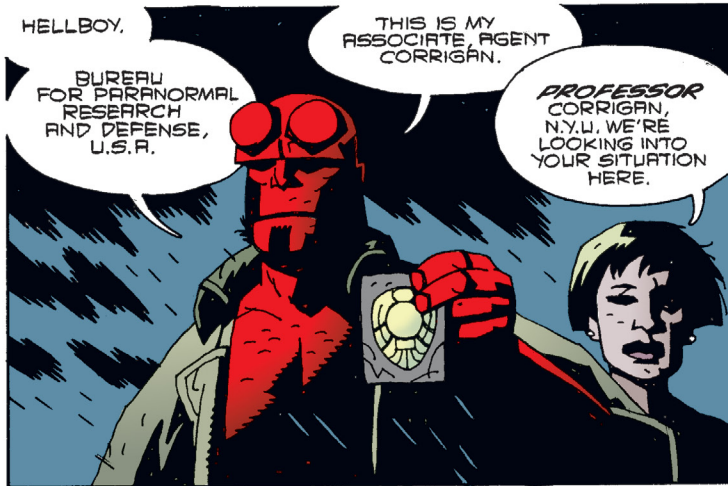
YOU'RE  
KIDDING,  
RIGHT?

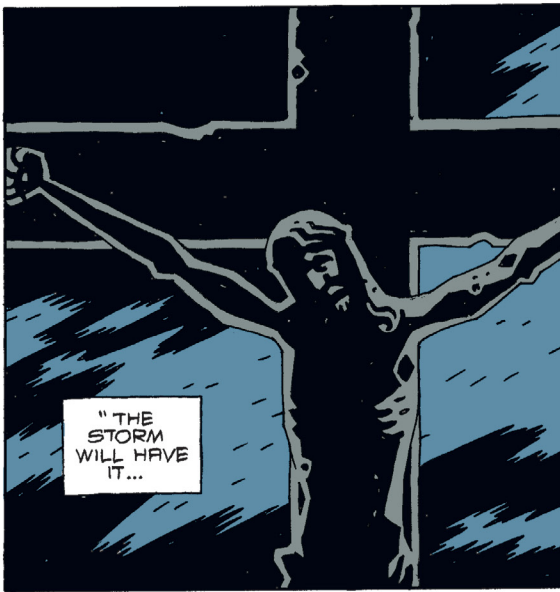
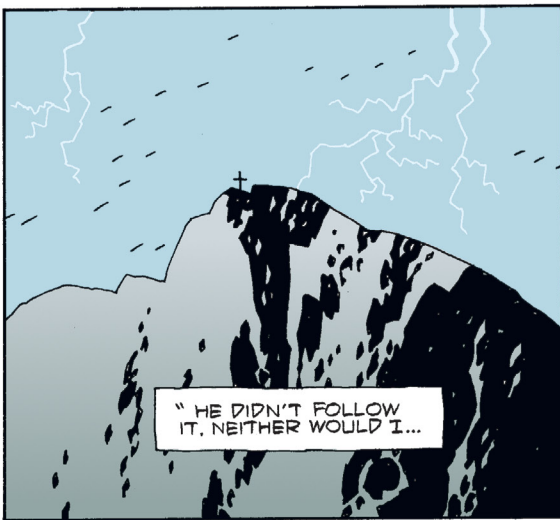
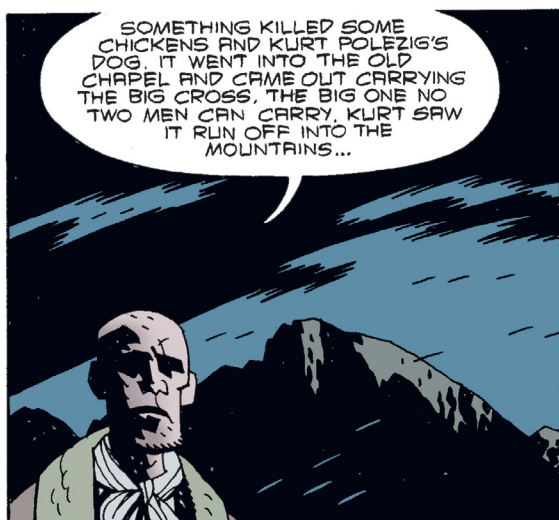
RIGHT?

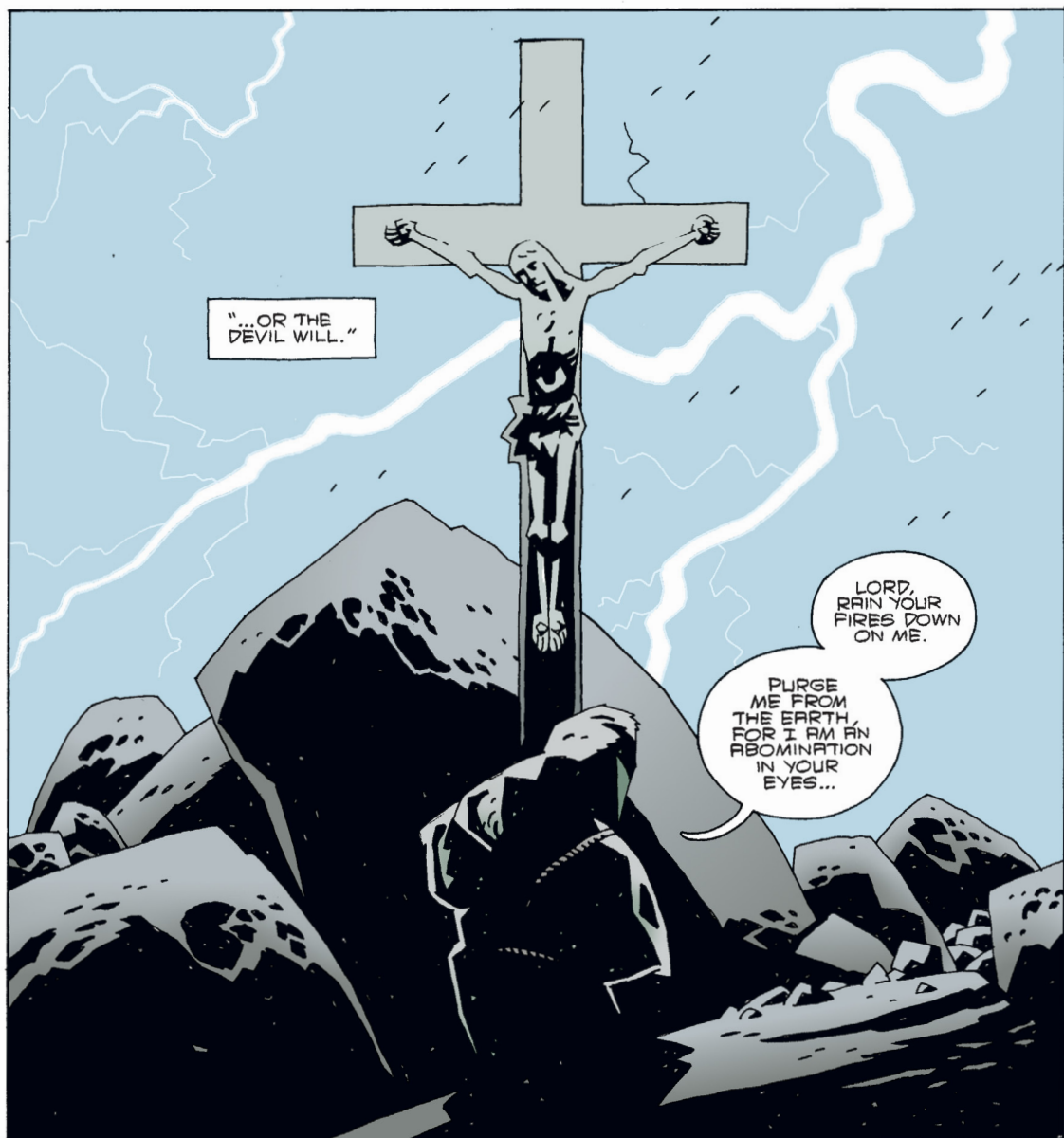
I'VE SEEN SOME  
FUNNY STUFF.

OH,  
GROSS!





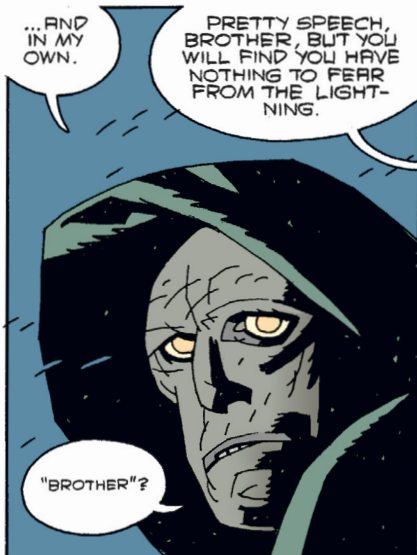




"...OR THE  
DEVIL WILL."

LORD,  
RAIN YOUR  
FIRES DOWN  
ON ME.

PURGE  
ME FROM  
THE EARTH,  
FOR I AM AN  
ABOMINATION  
IN YOUR  
EYES...



...AND  
IN MY  
OWN.

PRETTY SPEECH,  
BROTHER, BUT YOU  
WILL FIND YOU HAVE  
NOTHING TO FEAR  
FROM THE LIGHT-  
NING.

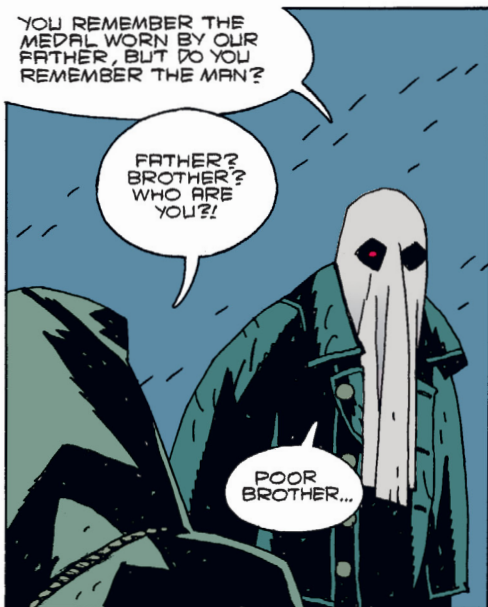
"BROTHER"?

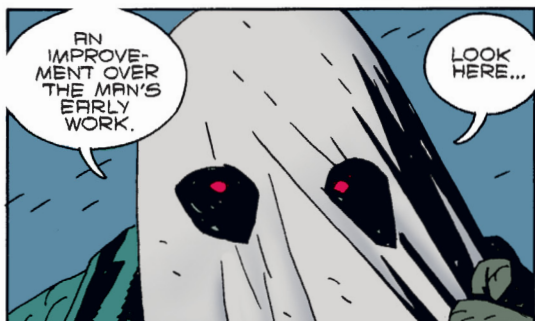
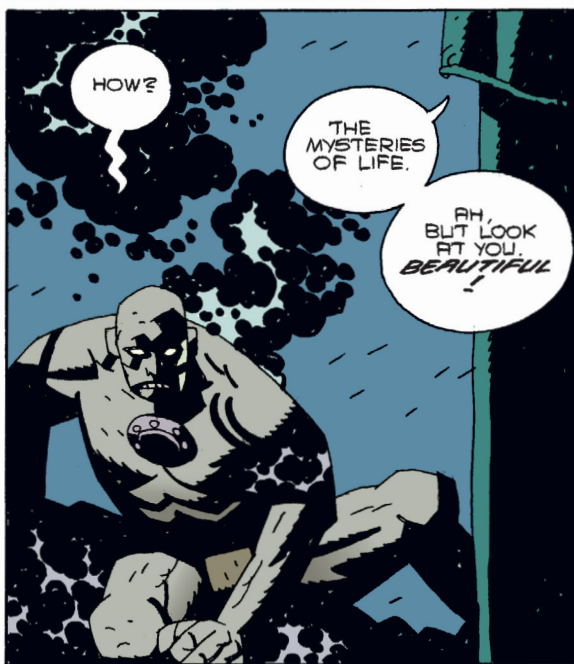


CRUEL WORD. WHAT  
LIVING THING COULD  
CALL ME *THAT?* I  
AM ALONE IN MY  
GENERATION.

NOT SO,  
BROTHER.  
YOU SEE  
THIS?











I  
FEEL YOUR  
EYES ON  
ME.

I AM  
**HORRIBLE.**

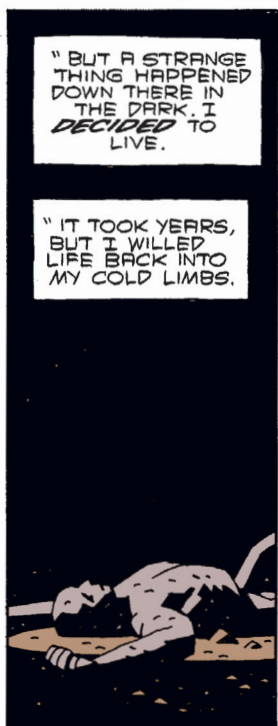
I WAS  
A PRODUCT  
OF HIS STUDENT  
DAYS IN WITTEN-  
BERG, ALMOST  
FIVE HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.



"A SECRET PROJECT,  
A HALF-SUCCESSFUL  
EXPERIMENT. HE  
LEARNED WHAT HE  
COULD FROM ME THEN  
FED ME POISON..."



"...AND HID  
MY BODY FROM  
THE WORLD.

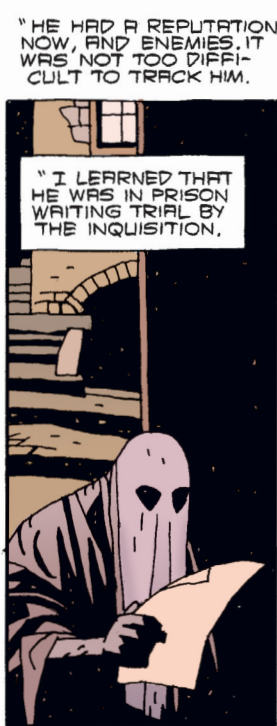


"BUT A STRANGE  
THING HAPPENED  
DOWN THERE IN  
THE DARK. I  
**DECIDED** TO  
LIVE.

"IT TOOK YEARS,  
BUT I WILLED  
LIFE BACK INTO  
MY COLD LIMBS.



"I ESCAPED MY  
PRISON AND  
WENT LOOKING  
FOR MY MAKER.



"HE HAD A REPUTATION  
NOW, AND ENEMIES. IT  
WAS NOT TOO DIFFI-  
CULT TO TRACK HIM.

"I LEARNED THAT  
HE WAS IN PRISON  
WAITING TRIAL BY  
THE INQUISITION.



"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."

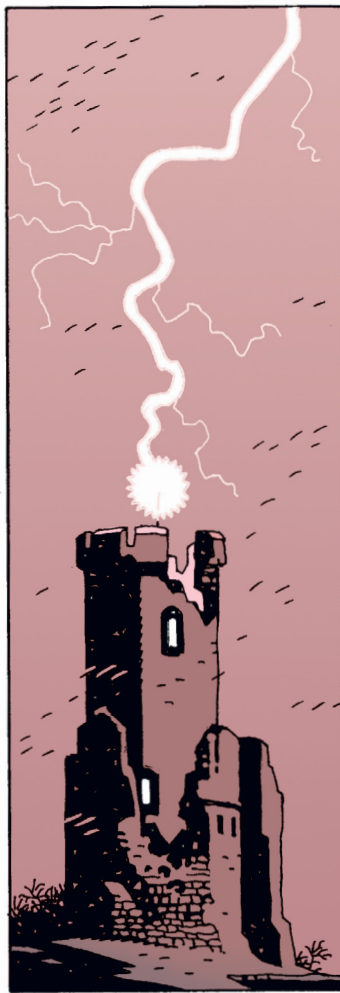


YOU KILLED YOUR  
CREATOR?

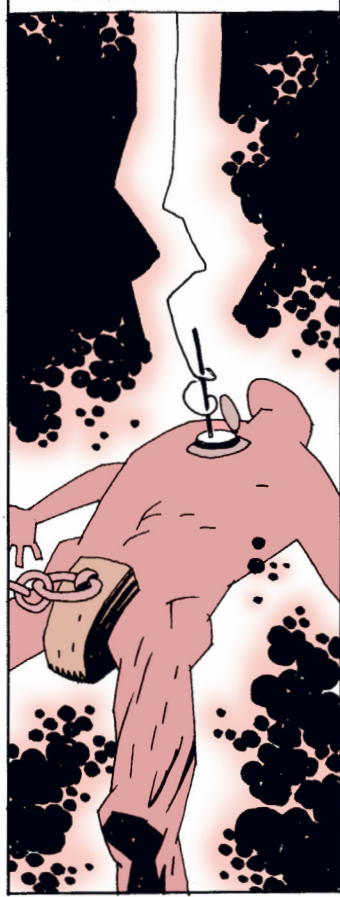
OUR  
CREATOR.  
YES.

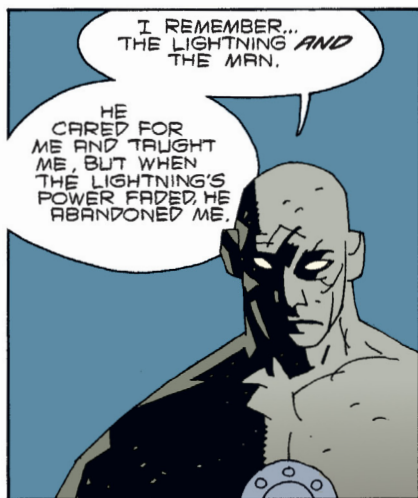
SHOULD  
I HAVE  
LEFT HIM TO THE  
TORTURERS?

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."





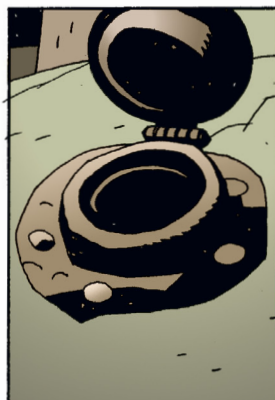
I REMEMBER...  
THE LIGHTNING *AND*  
THE MAN.

HE  
CARED FOR  
ME AND TAUGHT  
ME, BUT WHEN  
THE LIGHTNING'S  
POWER FADED, HE  
ABANDONED ME.



"I HAD NO STRENGTH  
TO SPEAK OR MOVE,  
BUT I WAS AWARE OF  
THE SLOW PASSAGE OF  
TIME... LIKE DREAMING...

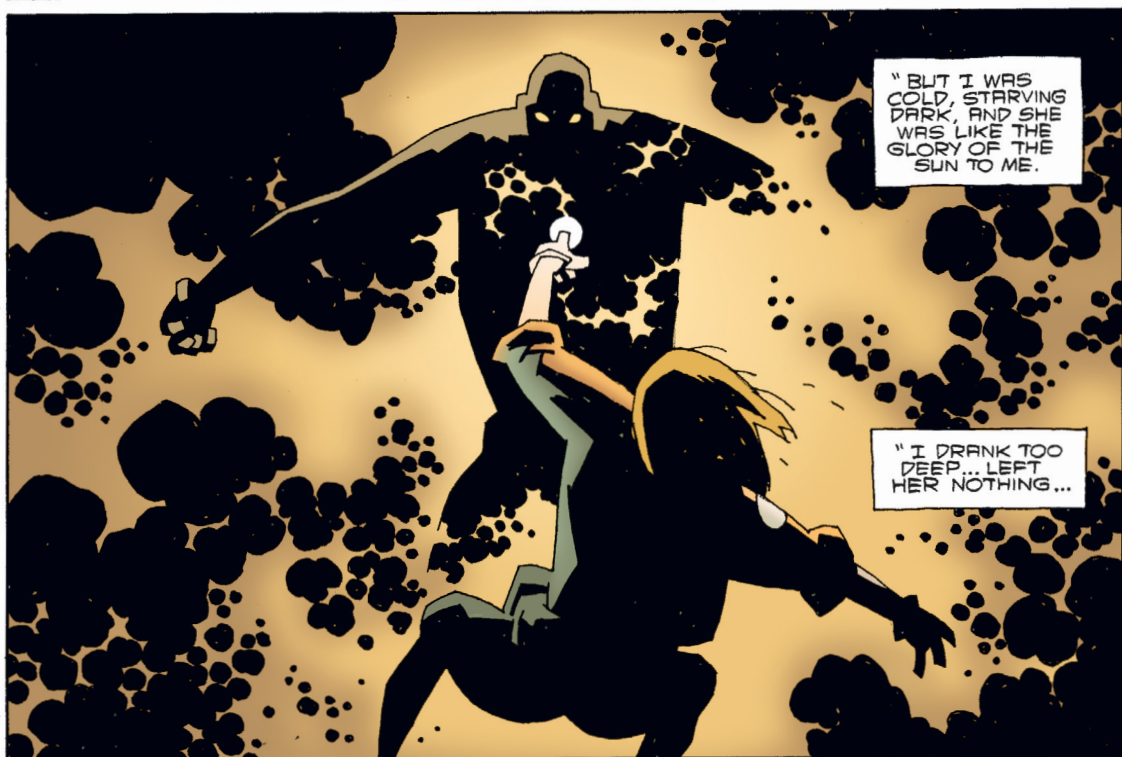
"FINALLY I FELT A POWER  
NEAR ME, GREATER THAN  
THE STORM. IT WAS IN A  
GIRL, AND SHE WANTED  
TO BE RID OF IT.



"I REACHED OUT  
MY MIND TO HER. HER  
CURSE WOULD BE MY  
SALVATION...



"TOO LATE I REALIZED WHAT SHE DID  
NOT-- THAT THE POWER WAS A LIVING PART  
OF HER...



"BUT I WAS  
COLD, STARVING  
DARK, AND SHE  
WAS LIKE THE  
GLORY OF THE  
SUN TO ME.

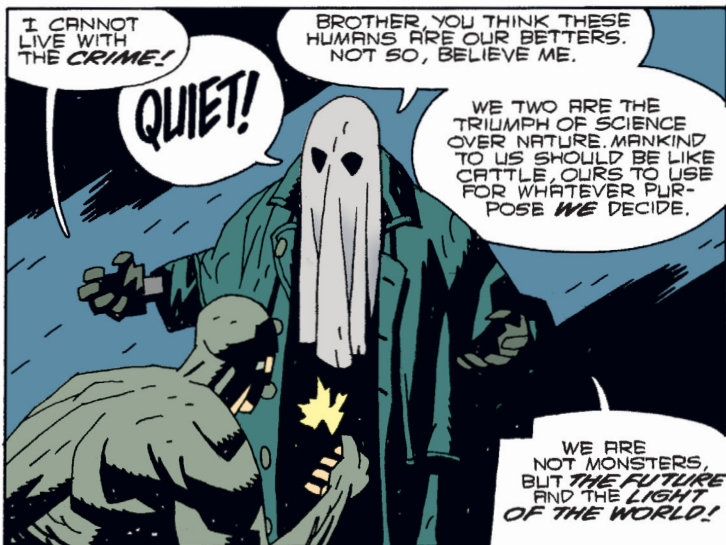
"I DRANK TOO  
DEEP... LEFT  
HER NOTHING...





"I DESTROYED HER!"

NO



I CANNOT LIVE WITH THE *CRIME!*

QUIET!

BROTHER, YOU THINK THESE HUMANS ARE OUR BETTERS. NOT SO, BELIEVE ME.

WE TWO ARE THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE OVER NATURE. MANKIND TO US SHOULD BE LIKE CATTLE, OURS TO USE FOR WHATEVER PURPOSE *WE* DECIDE.

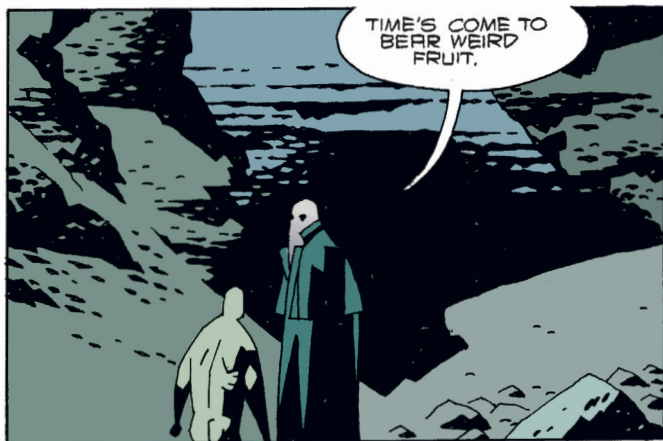
WE ARE NOT MONSTERS, BUT *THE FUTURE* AND THE *LIGHT* OF THE WORLD!

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?

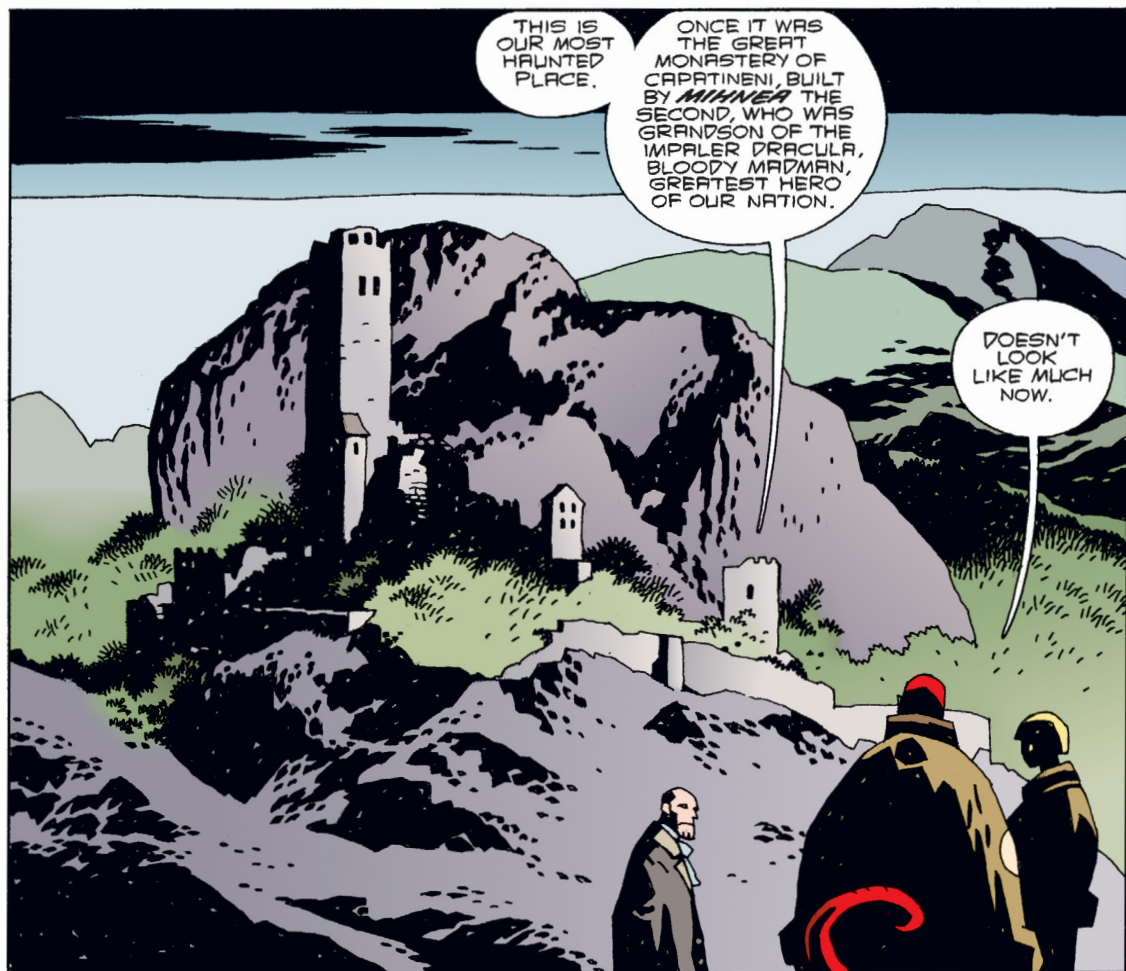


TIME'S COME TO BEAR WEIRD FRUIT.

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

...WILL NEVER BE PARTED AGAIN.

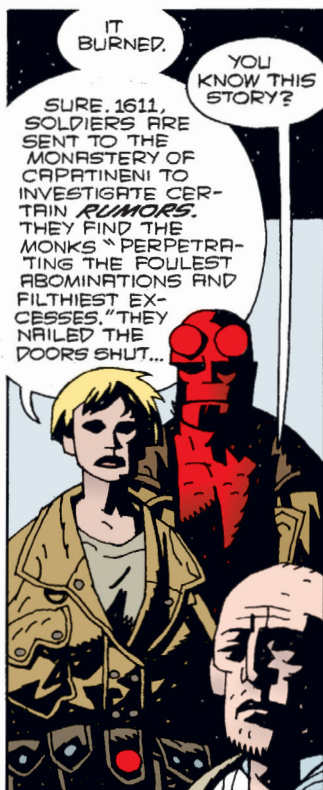




THIS IS  
OUR MOST  
HAUNTED  
PLACE.

ONCE IT WAS  
THE GREAT  
MONASTERY OF  
CAPATINENI, BUILT  
BY *MIHNEA* THE  
SECOND, WHO WAS  
GRANDSON OF THE  
IMPALER DRACULA,  
BLOODY MADMAN,  
GREATEST HERO OF  
OUR NATION.

DOESN'T  
LOOK  
LIKE MUCH  
NOW.



IT  
BURNED.

YOU  
KNOW THIS  
STORY?

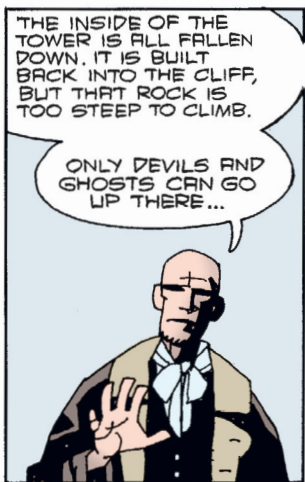
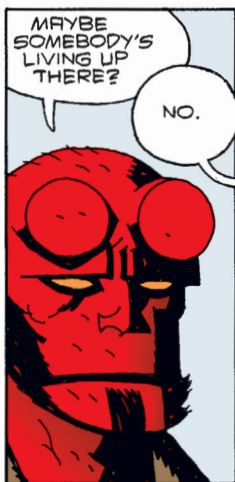
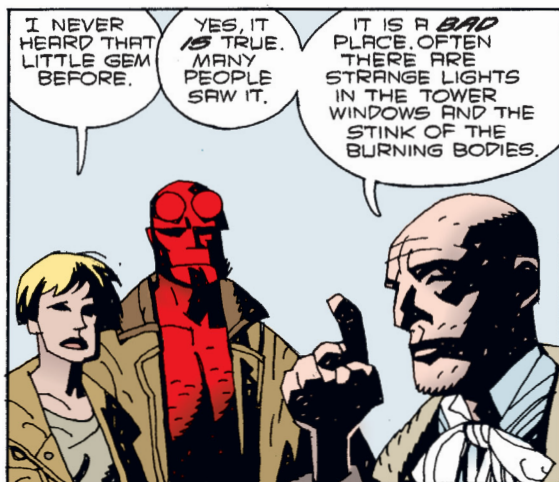
SURE. 1611,  
SOLDIERS ARE  
SENT TO THE  
MONASTERY OF  
CAPATINENI TO  
INVESTIGATE CER-  
TAIN *RUMORS*.  
THEY FIND THE  
MONKS "PERPETRA-  
TING THE FOULEST  
ABOMINATIONS AND  
FILTHIEST EX-  
CESSSES." THEY  
NAILED THE  
DOORS SHUT...



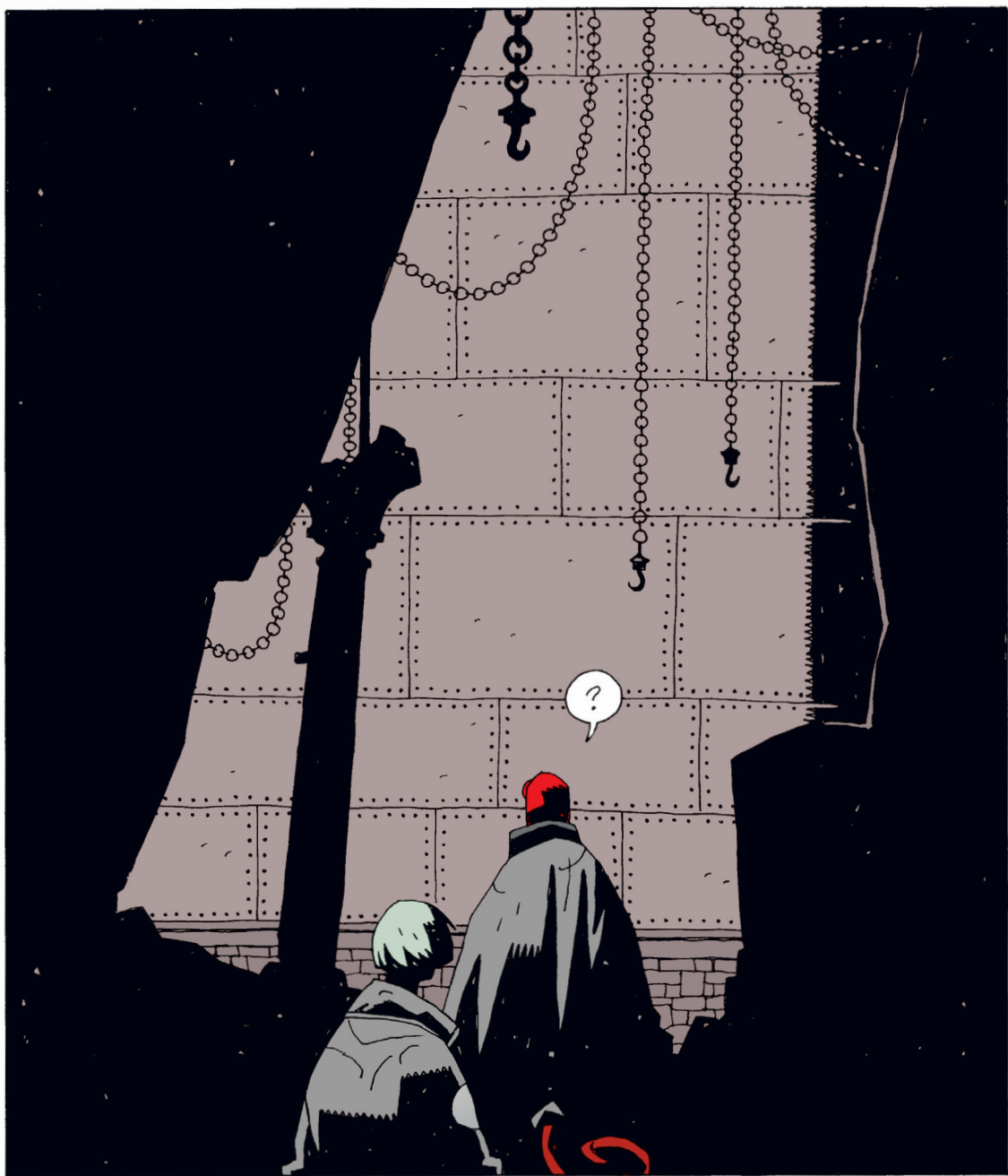
"...AND BURNED THE  
PLACE WITH THE  
MONKS TRAPPED  
INSIDE."



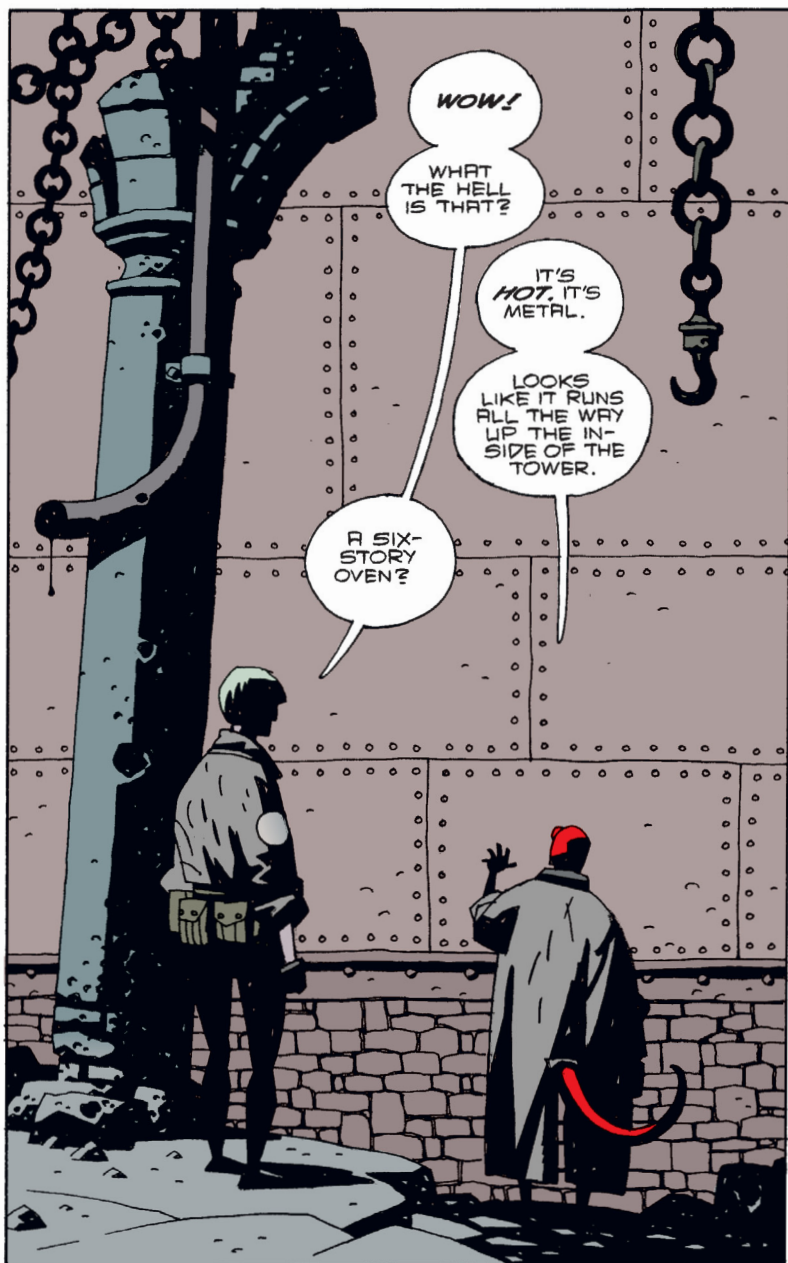
YES, AND  
ONE OF THE  
MONKS THREW HIM-  
SELF OFF THE TOP  
OF THE TOWER  
CRYING, "GOD, FORGIVE  
ME." BUT THE DEVIL  
CAME OUT OF THE  
SMOKE AND CAUGHT  
HIM, AND CARRIED  
HIM BACK INTO  
THE FIRE.











WOW!

WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS THAT?

IT'S  
*HOT*. IT'S  
METAL.

LOOKS  
LIKE IT RUNS  
ALL THE WAY  
UP THE IN-  
SIDE OF THE  
TOWER.

A SIX-  
STORY  
OVEN?



WELL,  
NO WAY OUR  
GUY COULD  
HAVE DONE  
*THIS* IN THE  
LAST EIGHT  
DAYS...

RIGHT?



HEY!

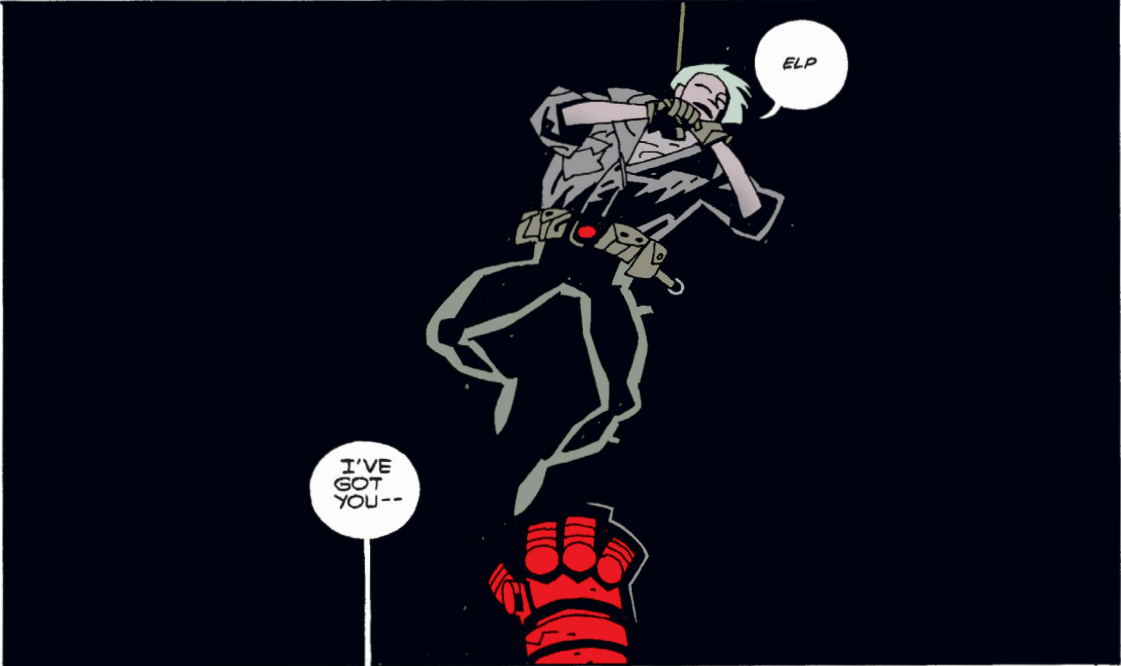


GUK!

UCH

JEEZ!

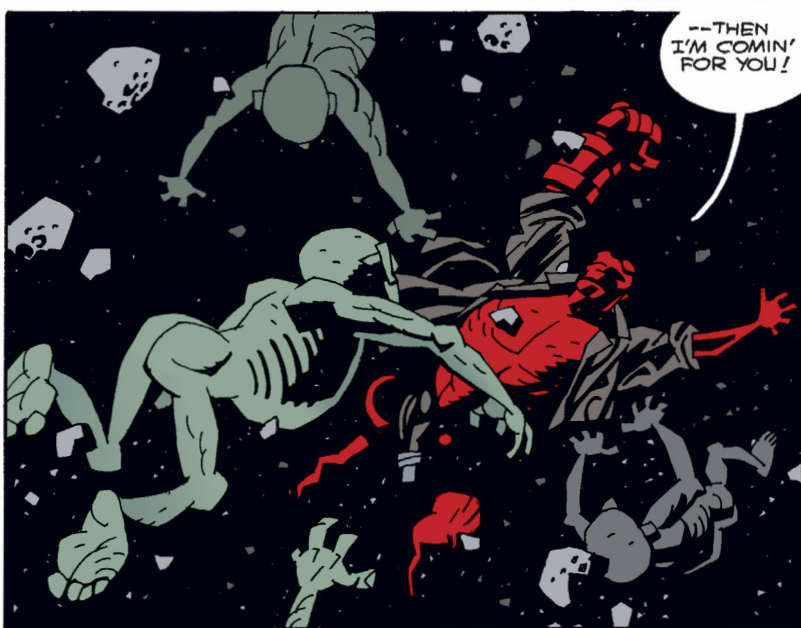
HOLD ON!



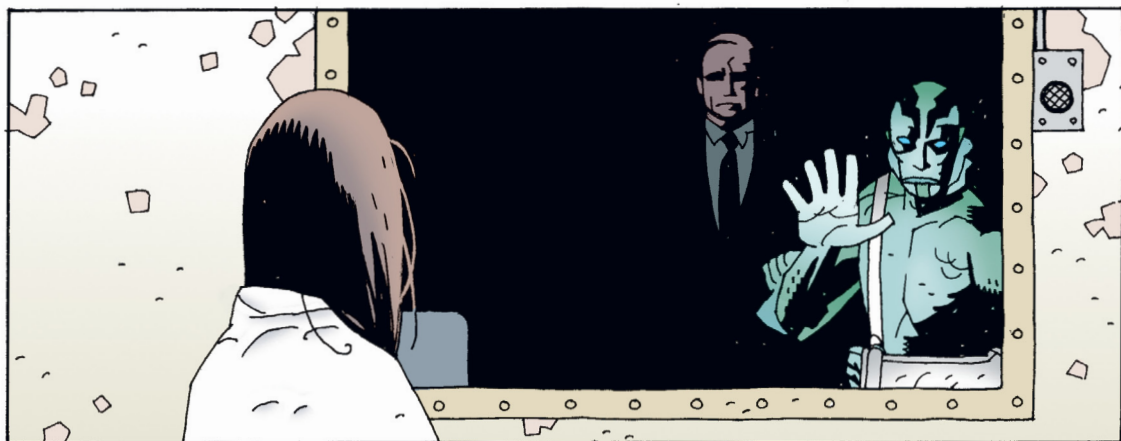






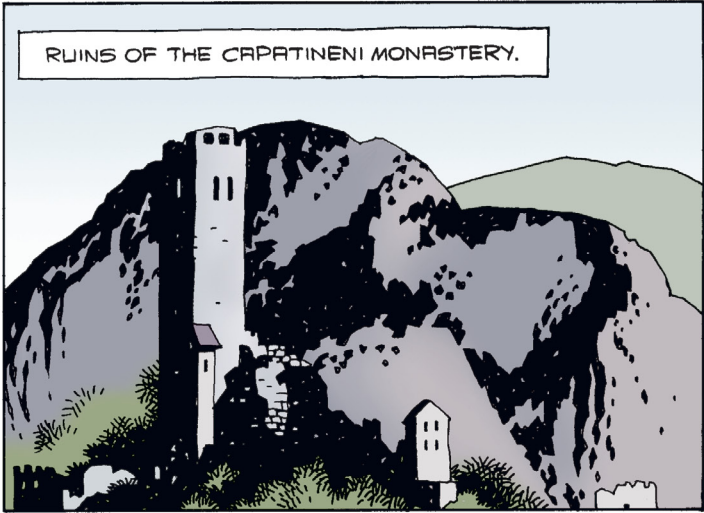


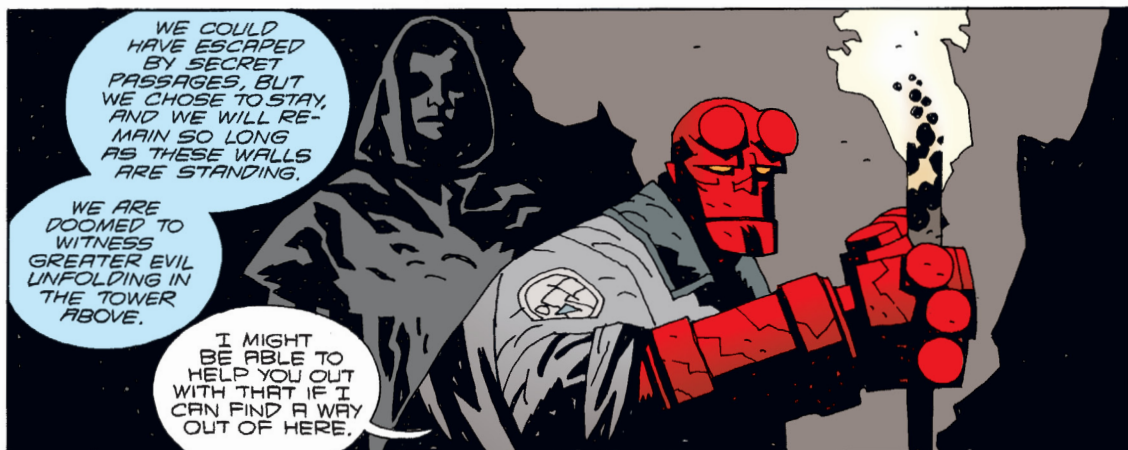
THE WALKER INSTITUTE,  
TIRGOVISTE.



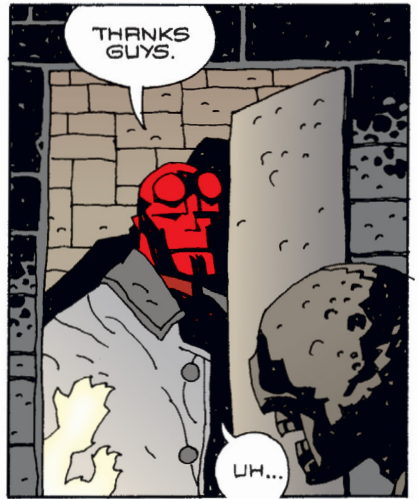


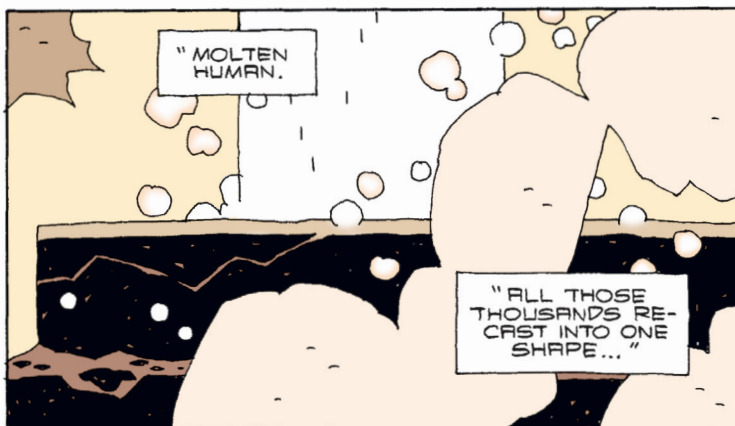
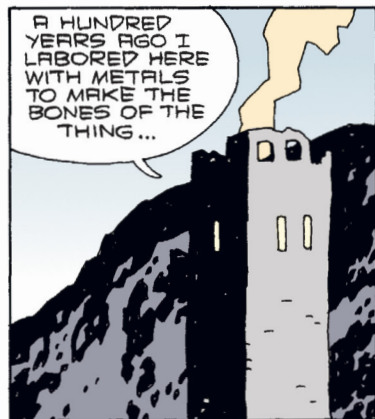




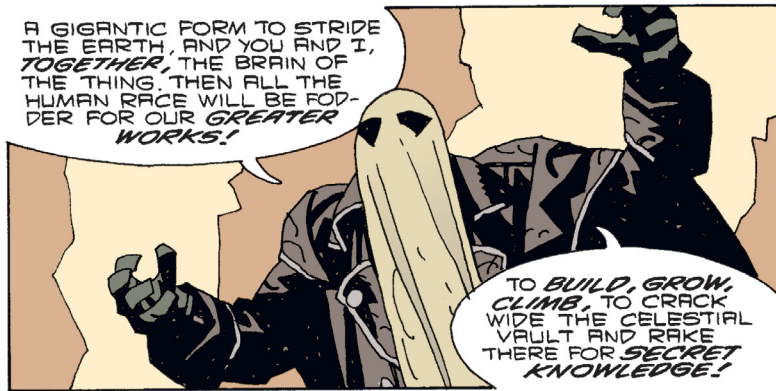
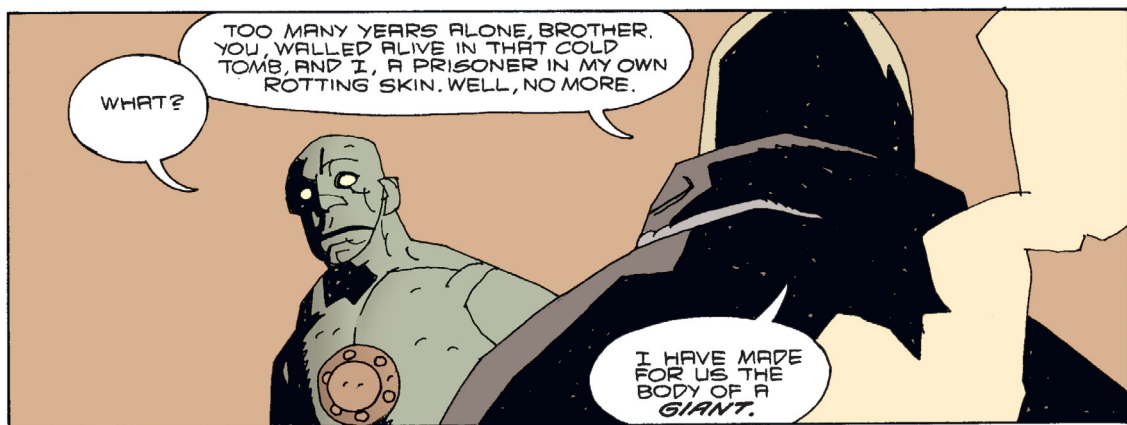




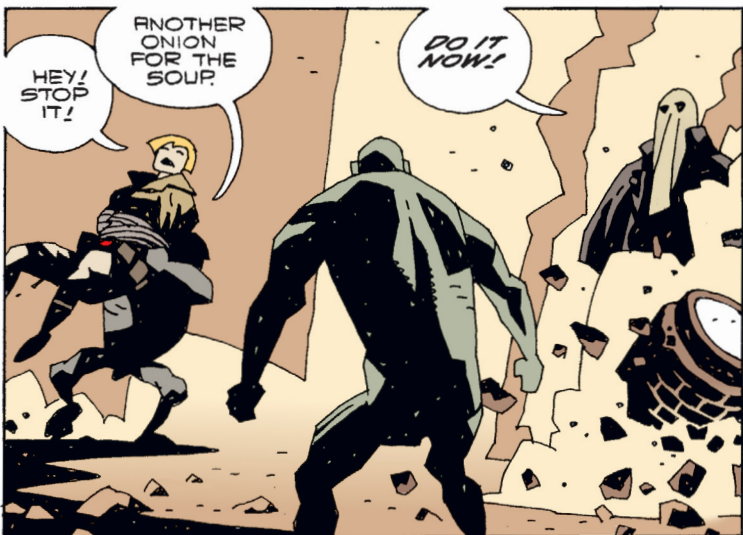


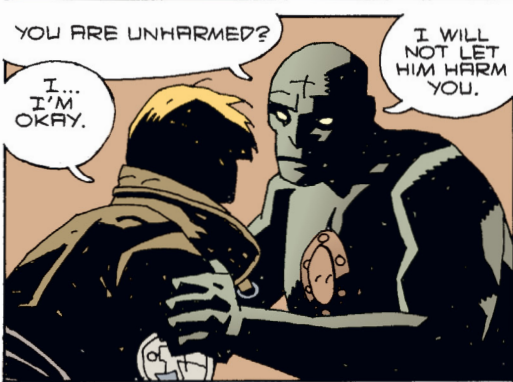




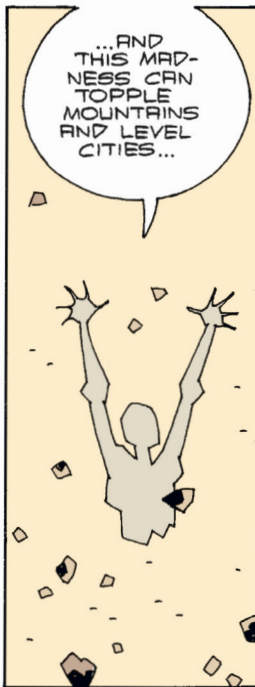
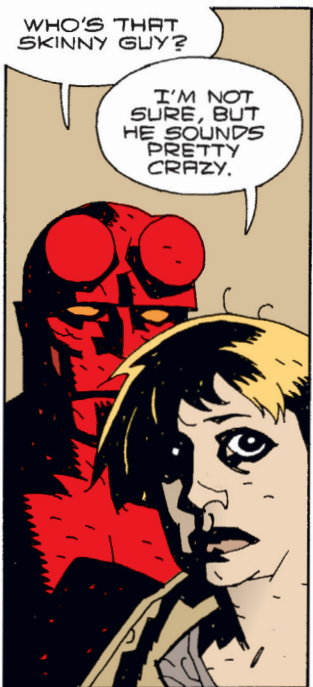




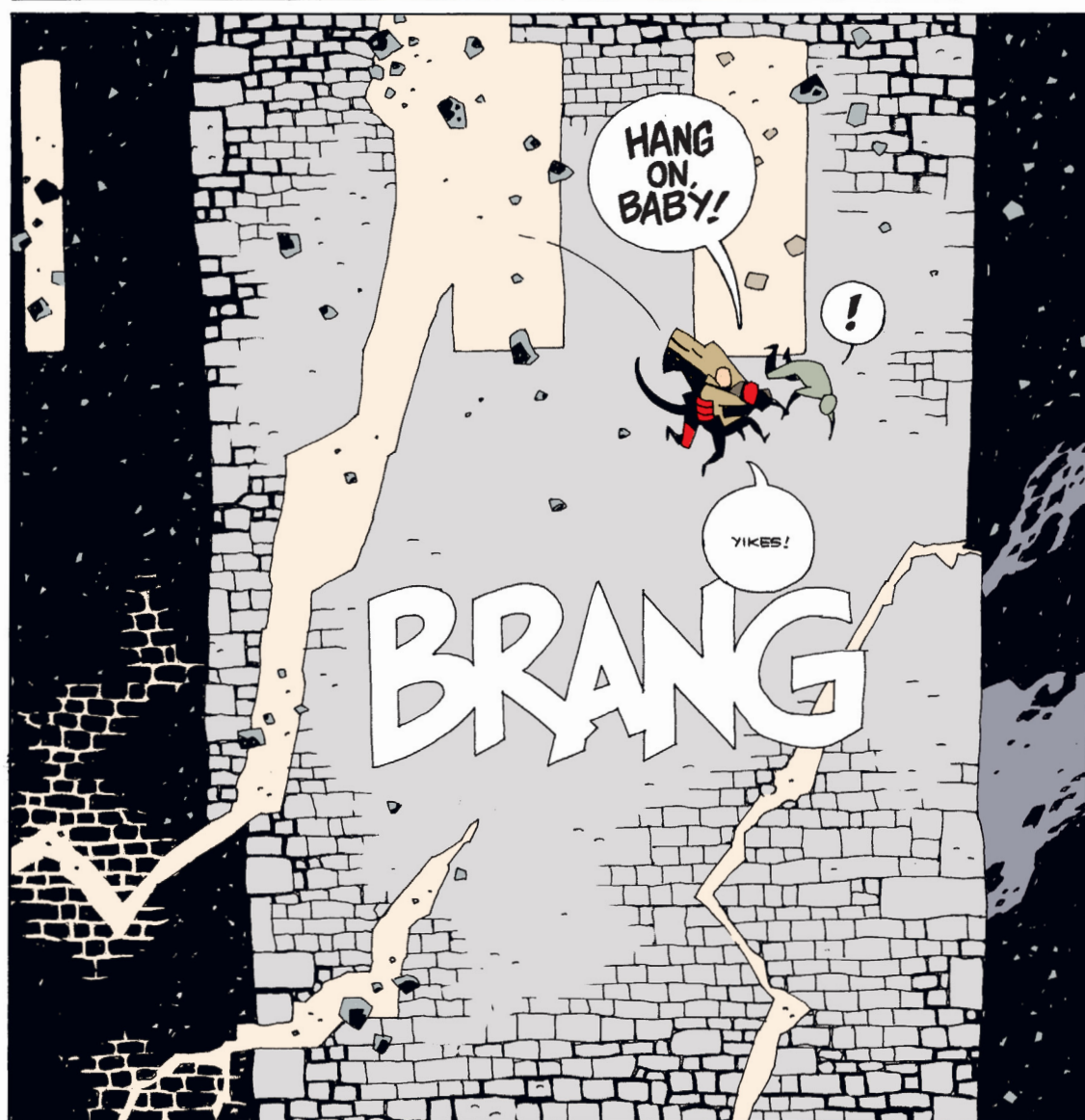
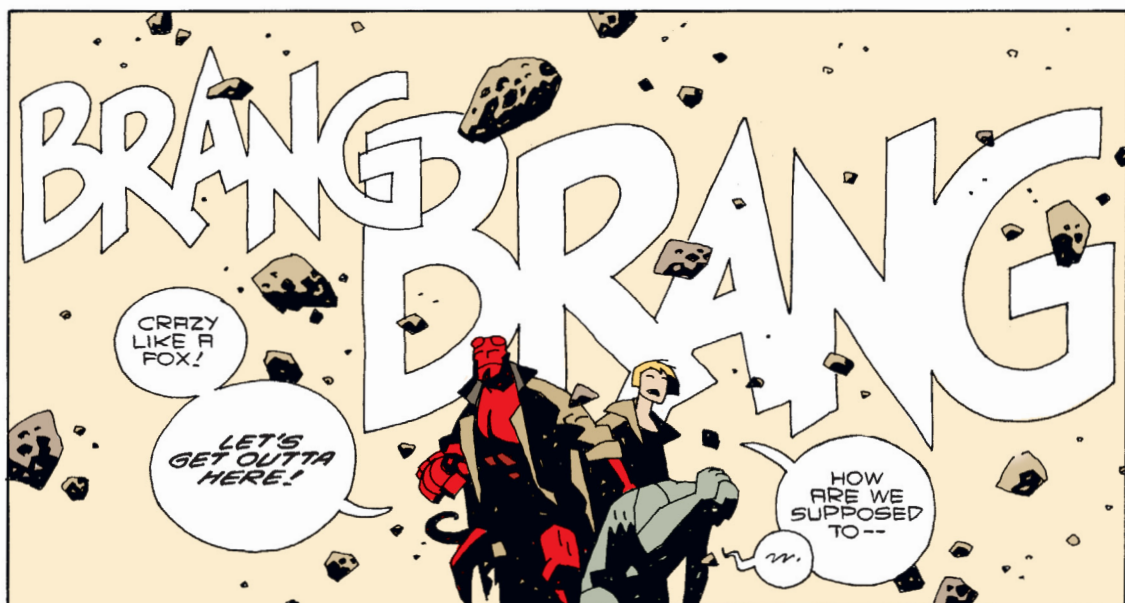










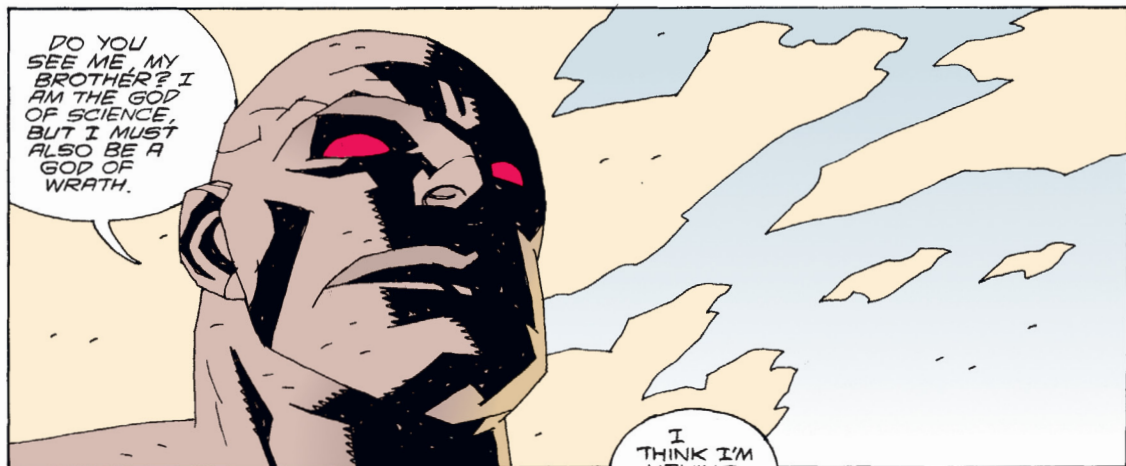




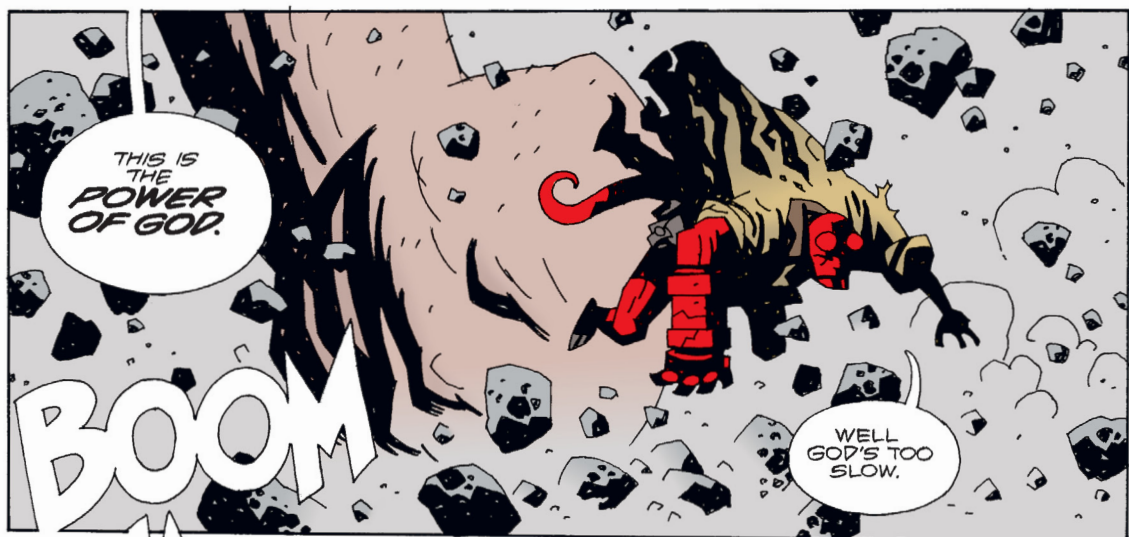
**BEHOLD THE  
COLOSSUS  
IN FLESH...**

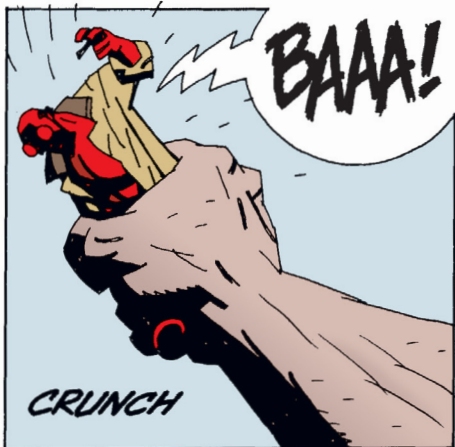
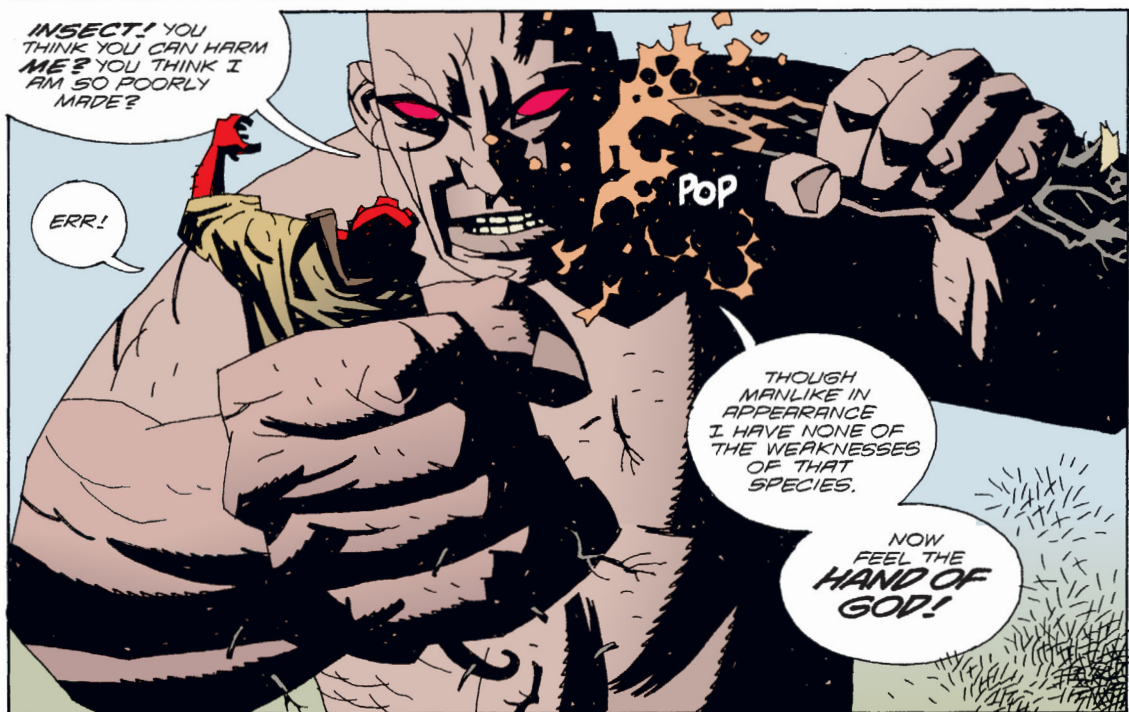
**...AND  
POWER  
ENOUGH TO  
UNMAKE THE  
WORLD!**



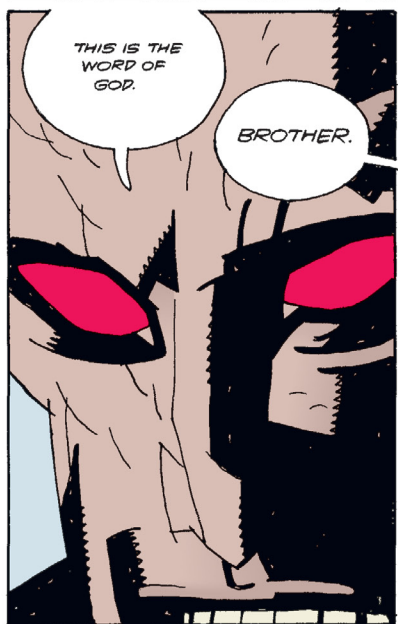
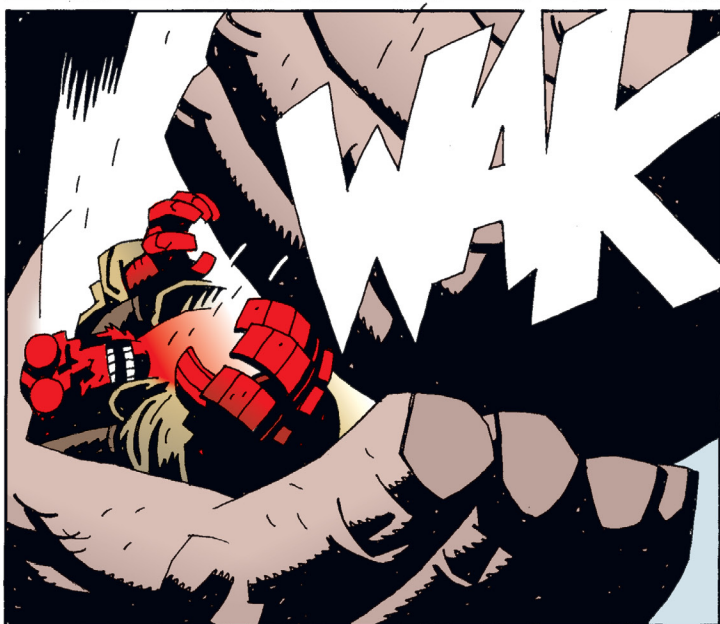
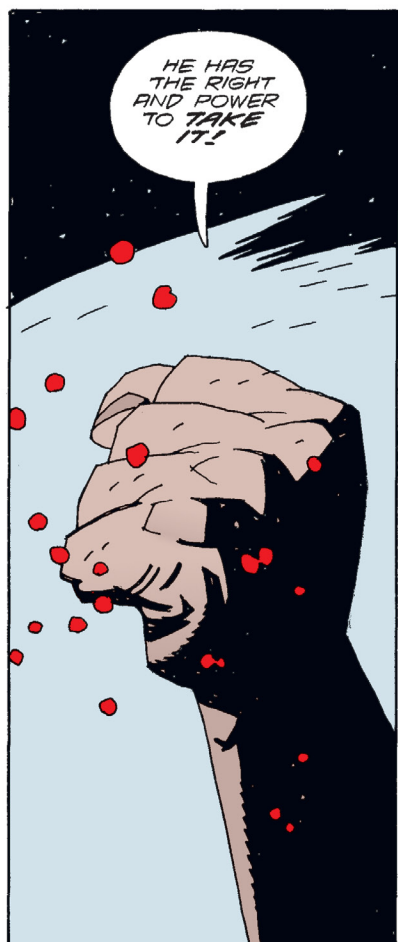




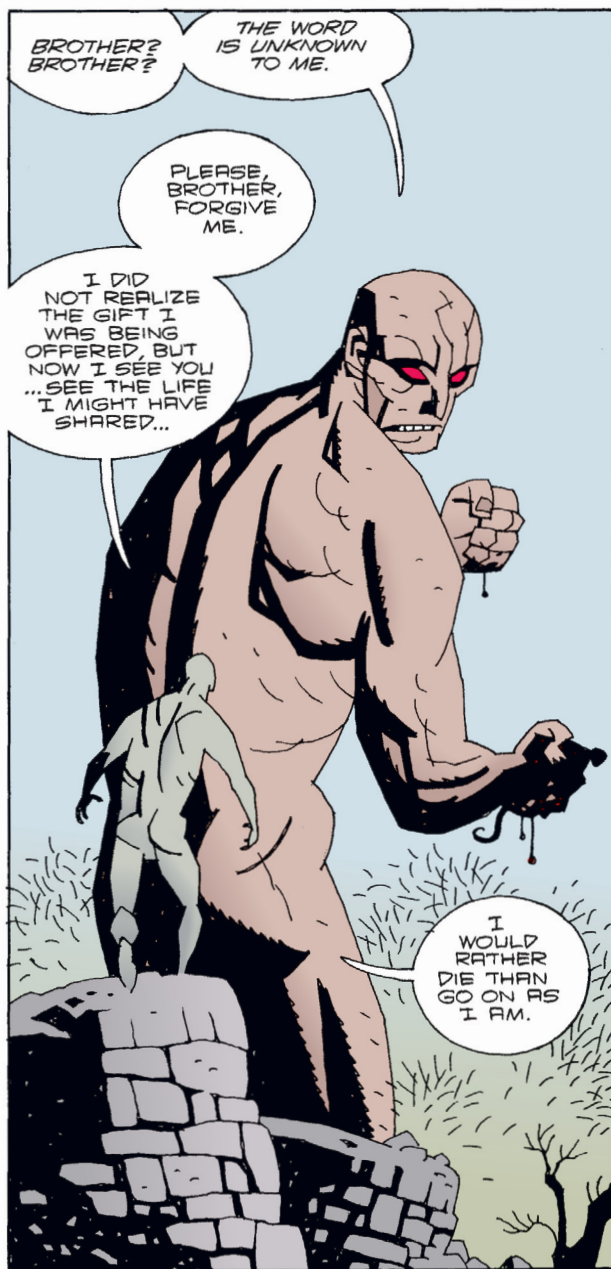


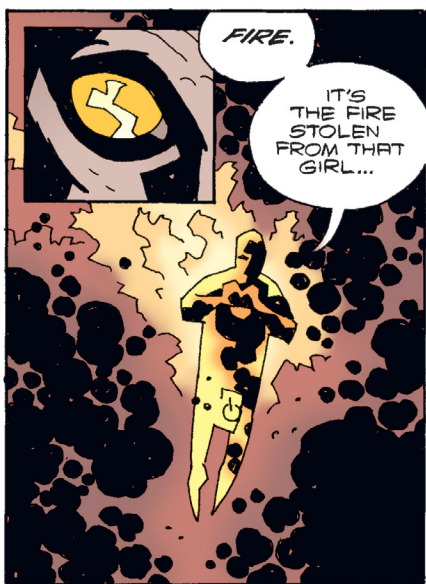
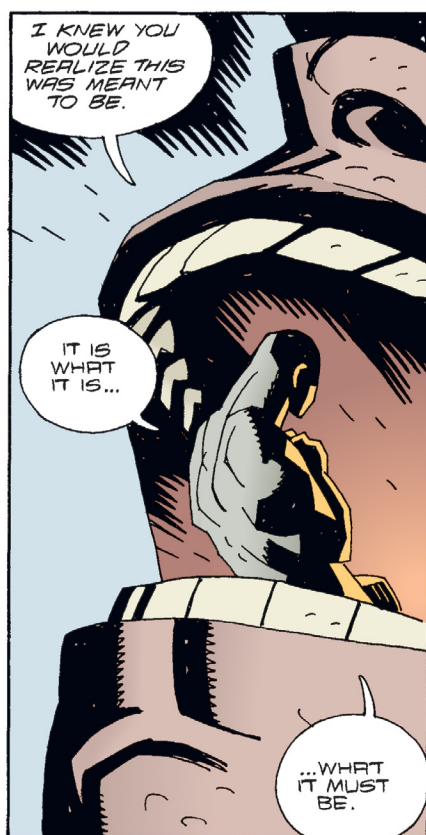
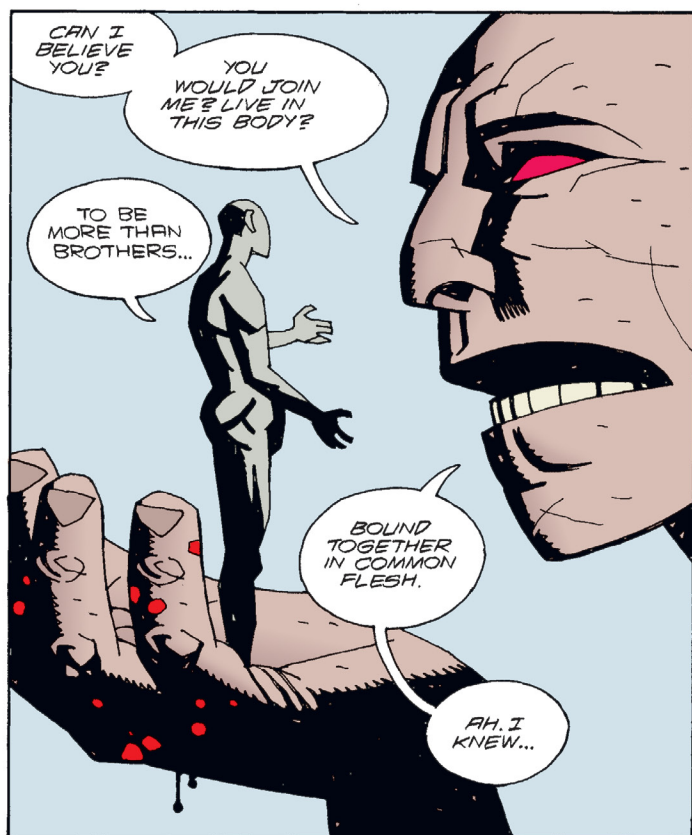




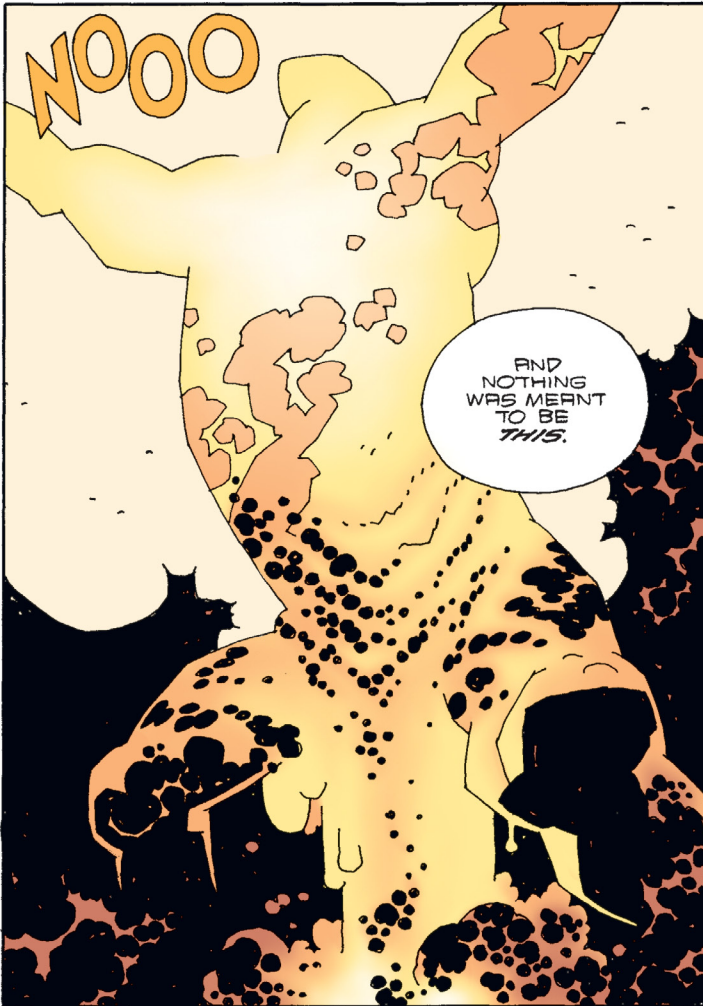
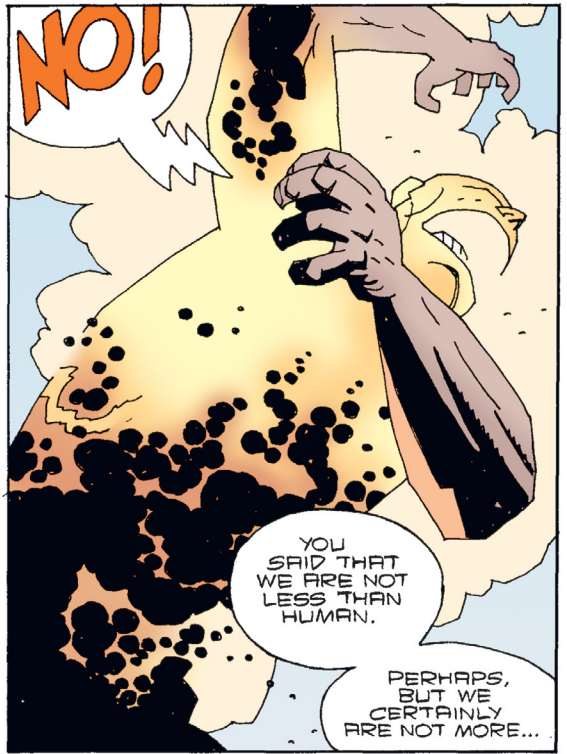






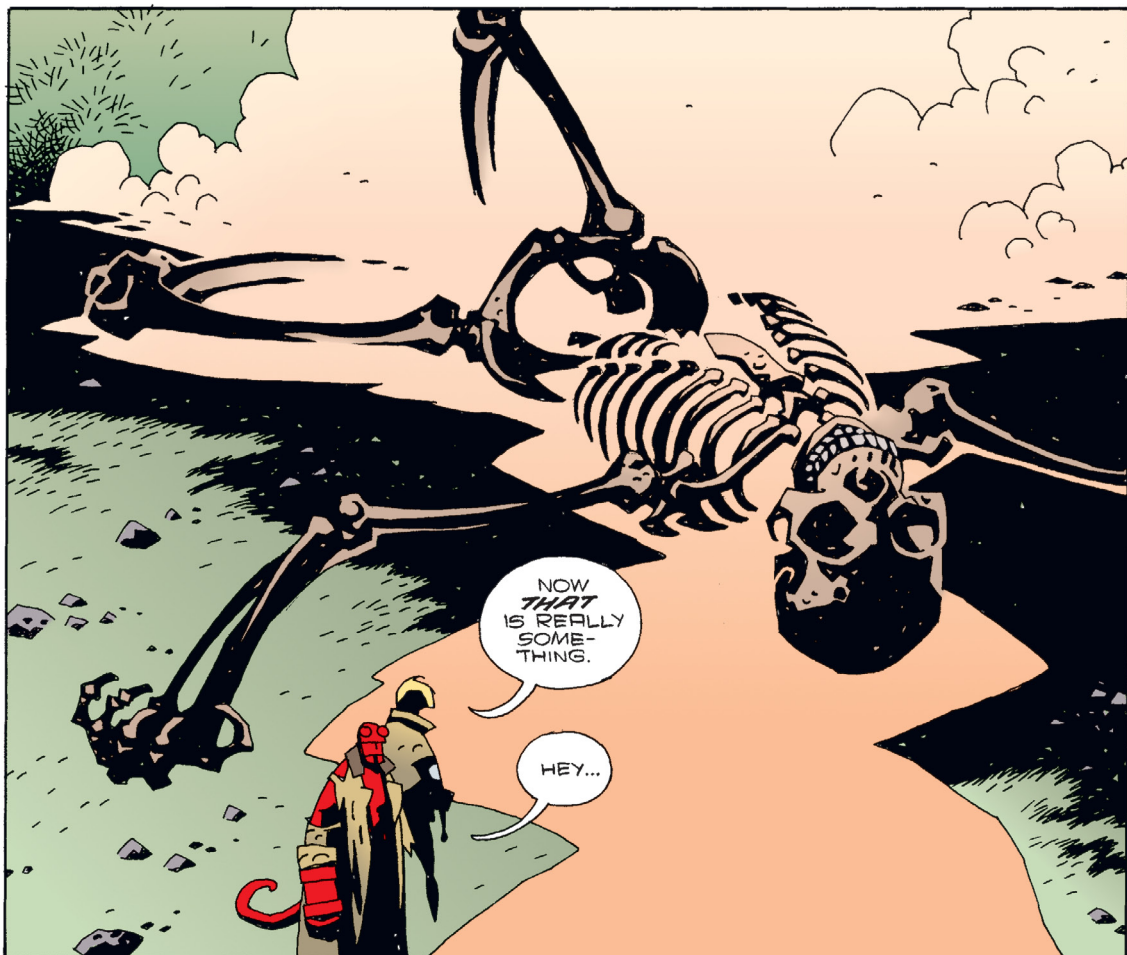






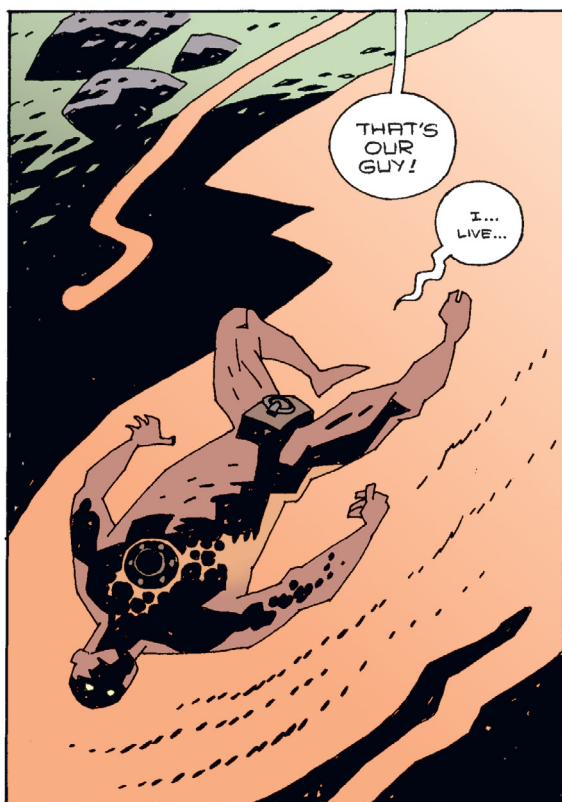






NOW  
*THAT*  
IS REALLY  
SOME-  
THING.

HEY...



THAT'S  
OUR  
GUY!

I...  
LIVE...



ENJOY IT  
WHILE IT  
LASTS, PAL.  
YOU'RE COMIN'  
WITH US.

LEAVE ME BE... I WILL  
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH  
MAN.

TOUGH!

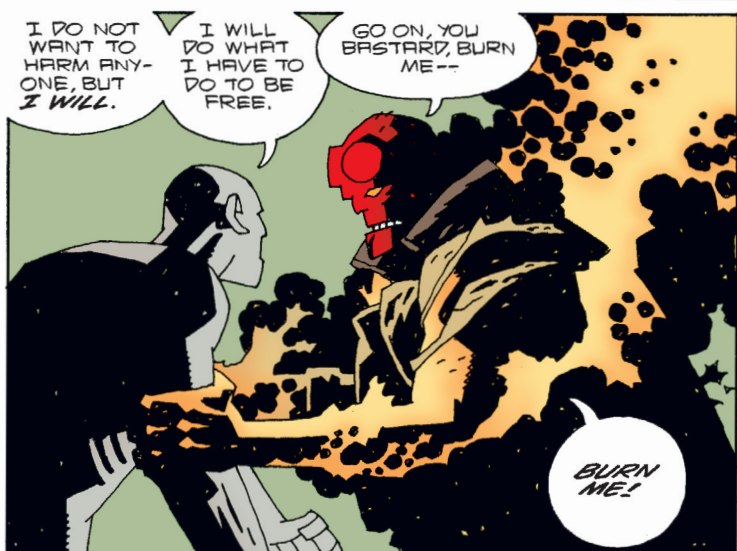
WHAT  
KIND OF  
WORLD IS  
THIS?



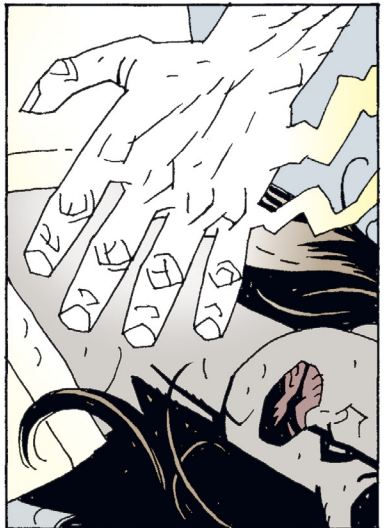
I SAVED YOUR LIFE, AND  
HOW MANY OTHERS? AND  
TO DO THAT, I *KILLED*  
MY OWN BROTHER.

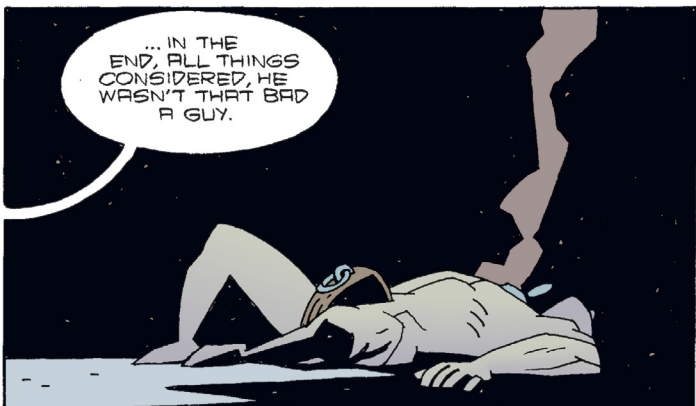
I WILL  
BE ALONE  
FOREVER...

NOW  
LEAVE  
ME!









THE END?

# HELLBOY™

## GALLERY



### 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*

