

HELLBOY™



STRANGE PLACES

MIKE MIGNOLA

HELLBOY™

STRANGE PLACES





M
4

HELLBOY™

STRANGE PLACES

by
MIKE MIGNOLA

Colored by
DAVE STEWART

Lettered by
CLEM ROBINS



Introduction by
GARY GIANNI

Edited by
SCOTT ALLIE

Hellboy logo designed by
KEVIN NOWLAN

Collection designed by
MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

Published by
MIKE RICHARDSON



DARK HORSE BOOKS™

NEIL HANKERSON ✕ *executive vice president*
TOM WEDDLE ✕ *chief financial officer*
RANDY STRADLEY ✕ *vice president of publishing*
CHRIS WARNER ✕ *senior books editor, Dark Horse Books*
ROB SIMPSON ✕ *senior books editor, M Press/DH Press*
MICHAEL MARTENS ✕ *vice president of business development*
ANITA NELSON ✕ *vice president of marketing, sales, & licensing*
DAVID SCROGGY ✕ *vice president of product development*
DALE LAFOUNTAIN ✕ *vice president of information technology*
DARLENE VOGEL ✕ *director of purchasing*
KEN LIZZI ✕ *general counsel*
LIA RIBACCHI ✕ *art director*

Published by
Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main St.
Milwaukie, OR 97222

First Edition
April 2006
ISBN: 1-59307-475-1

HELLBOY™ STRANGE PLACES trademark and copyright © 2006, 2005, and 2002 Mike Mignola.
Introduction © 2006 Gary Gianni. Hellboy™ and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Books is a trademark of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Dark Horse Comics™ and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This book collects *Hellboy: The Third Wish* #1-2 and *Hellboy: The Island* #1-2, published by Dark Horse Comics.

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

PRINTED IN CHINA



INTRODUCTION

by GARY GIANNI

A few years ago I asked Mike Mignola to write an introduction for my comic-book adaptation of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. What sort of insight could the creator of *Hellboy* provide for the marvelous nineteenth-century adventure story? By nature, Mignola has an utterly unique, often zany viewpoint on every topic from abomination to Zarathustra, and, given his reverence for Victorian literature, I thought he'd find the offer worthy of his mettle.

Unfortunately, he declined.

His excuse? Well, that would have made an introduction in and of itself. The bizarre angle I had hoped he'd commit to paper was rendered verbally in the form of an inspired soliloquy which he delivered off the top of his head. It was a snapshot of a true storyteller—a portrait of the artist as a gifted madman.

"You want me to write an introduction?" Mignola's voice echoed incredulously over the phone. He paused a moment, considering the possibilities, and proceeded to launch into an imagined scenario which Charles Dickens, who thrilled audiences with his storytelling skills at public readings, would have greatly appreciated.

"Yeah, I can just picture it," Mignola mused. "The long-deceased Jules Verne smashing his way out of a tomb somewhere in France after he hears I'm writing an introduction for his *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. He'll look like he's grinning, but he's not, because he doesn't have any lips—he'll just be mad."

I could easily see the black-and-white shapes Mignola would use in rendering an illustration for his whimsical nightmare. One of his chief attributes as an artist is the ability to create poetic imagery from material which, in the hands of others, would be vulgar and tasteless.

The artist continued: "Verne is yelling, 'That bastard, Mignola, I'll find him and tear his heart out.' Verne will *try* to say this, but by now his jaw unhinges and falls down around his collar bones. He shambles half-way 'round the world, and winds up at my front door. *Boom! Boom! Boom!* 'C'mon down here, Mignola! Open Up! Ya hear me? 'C'mon down here and I'll beat the crap out of ya!'"

I cracked up laughing, but when I realized this comic narrative was Mignola's polite way of

bowing out of my request, I knew there was no hope of arguing. On the contrary, I began to wonder if adapting *20,000 Leagues* into a comic book had any merit at all.

I describe the phone call, albeit in a paraphrased manner, because I think it illustrates—in a small way—Mike Mignola's *modus operandi*. He takes his work seriously, and yet he is acutely aware of the absurdity of the proceedings. (See *Screw-on Head* for further testimony.) The literary references which are often sprinkled throughout his stories allow Mignola to acknowledge his influences without being pedantic or ostentatious.

As entertaining as the *Hellboy* series is, I find an underlying sense of melancholy and pathos at the heart of it all. Mignola once admitted to me he regretted not having the skill as a writer to be able to move readers to tears—a difficult task for even the best among the Victorian writers to achieve.

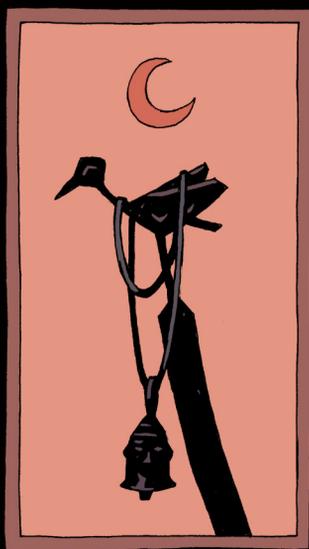
Poetry, myth, and folklore are other interests which surface in his stories, but the high regard for classic foundations are mingled in a refreshing manner with pulp material from the '30s and '40s, as well as horror films and other comics. The pulp material in particular is a favorite area of exploration for Mignola. He has examined some of the lamest, hare-brained concepts anyone has ever laid eyes upon, and managed to develop even more grist worthy of his creative mill. I would go as far as to say Mignola never met a pulp idea he didn't like. Except perhaps for the dream detective—a paranormal investigator who has the ability to solve supernatural cases while he sleeps. "How many times can you hit the snooze alarm on that idea?" Mignola observed, to his credit. Over all, Jules Verne, Dickens, and even the pulp writers of their day entertained the reading public, and much of their work, enduring over time, is now recognized by modern critics as classic literature.

It's just possible, one hundred years from now, a scholar of twenty-first-century pop culture will compose a new introduction for this very book, and Mignola's *Hellboy* will be re-issued and appreciated by an as-of-yet unborn audience. Somewhere, dear reader, you and I will be grinning.

Gary Gianni
Goldstadt Medical University
2005

For Hans Christian Andersen,
King of Mermaids,
and
William Hope Hodgson,
Master of the Sargasso Sea.

THE THIRD WISH



THIS ONE STARTED OUT as a Sub-Mariner story.

Back in 1983, I'd just drawn my first story for Marvel Comics, a short Sub-Mariner story (written by Bill Mantlo) about a drowning horse. It was a nightmare. I didn't know how to draw boats or horses, or pretty much anything in the real world. I just wanted to draw rocks and monsters. So, as a possible follow-up to the horse story, I plotted something that would take place *entirely* underwater, with the Sub-Mariner captured by mermaid sisters and turned over to a demonic sea hag. Then I think I just filed it away in my head. I don't remember sending it to my editor (at that time, the great Al Milgrom). I don't remember it being rejected (seems like I'd remember that). I do remember that I liked the story. Ten years later, when I created Hellboy, I slid it over into the corner of my brain where I keep all my Hellboy stuff. It would need a better ending and some brilliant way to keep Hellboy breathing underwater, but I'd worry about that when the time came.

Cut to September 11, 2001.

I had just moved back to New York City and was about to start a new project, a non-Hellboy graphic novel set in a partially ruined New York City. How's that for timing? By the end of that day—I remember the air smelling like burnt wire—I'd shelved my "New York thing." Suddenly it seemed like a good time to do a cute little fairy tale about mermaids.

I had originally intended to follow *Conqueror Worm* with a story about Hellboy in Africa, so I had started doing some research: Mohlomi was a real person, and the haunted banana tree, the bat with the basket, and Ananse trading for stories are all taken from actual African folktales. The first half of the mermaid story is almost exactly the story I made up in 1983, inspired by Hans Christian Andersen's *The Little Mermaid*.

The overall tone of the story ended up much darker than I originally intended. Maybe it was 9/11 (the ghost father and souls in jars were all post 9/11 inventions), or maybe it's just that Beast of the Apocalypse thing catching up to Hellboy. Not sure. Probably a little bit of both. I had trouble drawing this one. I did four different covers for issue 2, and, for the first time, I drew and discarded whole pages. It was nothing compared to the trouble I would have with *The Island*, but we'll get to that later.

The Third Wish was published as a two-issue miniseries in 2002.

SOMEWHERE...

WHO CALLS?

THREE SISTERS.

COME TO ASK THREE FAVORS OF THE BOG ROOSH.

AND WHAT PRICE WILL YOU PAY?

TELL US, GRAND-MOTHER.

HERE IS A NAIL.

DRIVE IT INTO THE HEAD OF MY ENEMY.

AFRICA.

THE DEAL'S DONE.

NOW WE'LL SEE.

AH.

AND THERE YOU ARE, FINALLY. THREE DAYS LATE...

COME. WARM YOURSELF AT MY FIRE.

I HEARD YOU'D BEEN ASKING ABOUT ME.

ARE YOU MOHLOMI?

YOU KNOW MY NAME?



AM I FAMOUS?

MAYBE.

IN THE VILLAGES AROUND HERE EVERYBODY SEEMS TO KNOW YOU. THEY TELL STORIES ABOUT YOU...

YES.



THING IS, THEY ALSO SAY THAT THE GREAT WITCH-DOCTOR MOHLOMI DIED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



SO LONG?



WHAT AM I BUT AN OLD, OLD MAN. I NO LONGER REMEMBER ALL THE EVENTS OF MY LIFE, BUT I SAW A CLOUD OF RED DUST SWALLOW MY TRIBE, AND I'VE SEEN FATHERS EAT THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

YEAH...

HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS COMING?

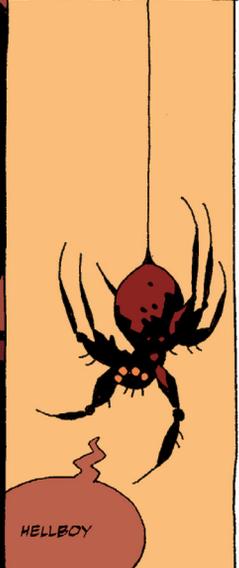


KYAKU ANANSE THE SPIDER...



"ONCE HE TRAPPED A PYTHON, A FAIRY, A LEOPARD, AND A HORNET, AND TRADED THEM TO THE SKY GOD FOR ALL HIS STORIES..."

"AND WHEN I WAS YOUNG THE SPIDER USED TO SPIN HIS WEB IN MY EAR AND TELL THE STORIES TO ME. AND ONE OF THE STORIES WAS YOURS..."



HELLBOY



SO FOR A LONG TIME I'VE KNOWN YOU WOULD COME, AND EXACTLY WHEN AND WHERE I WOULD FIND YOU.

ALSO I KNOW OF YOU FROM THE BAT WHO COMES OFTEN TO SPEAK WITH ME...

"ONCE THE SKY GOD GAVE TO THE BAT A BASKET CONTAINING ALL DARKNESS AND ASKED HIM TO CARRY IT TO THE MOON, BUT THE BAT WAS CARELESS AND LEFT IT ON THE GROUND. ANIMALS OPENED IT AND DARKNESS ESCAPED..."

"NOW THE BAT FLIES ALL NIGHT TRYING TO GATHER DARKNESS BACK INTO ITS BASKET. AND IN ALL HIS FLYING HE SEES MANY THINGS THAT ARE SECRET..."

HELLBOY



BUT IF HE KNOWS WHY YOU'RE THREE DAYS LATE COMING HERE...WELL, HE HAS NOT SHARED THAT WITH ME.

IT'S ACTUALLY A LITTLE EMBARRASSING...



A WHILE BACK I ATE A BANANA FROM A HAUNTED BANANA TREE...



AND FOR ABOUT THREE DAYS A GHOST DROPPED ROCKS AND GARBAGE ON ME.

SON OF A...



AH!

I KNOW THIS GHOST...

KINYAMKELA.

WHO DARES STEAL FROM ME?



HE WAS A BAD ONE. I'D STILL BE BACK THERE WITH THE FLYING GARBAGE, BUT A WOMAN STOPPED BY AND GAVE HIM A CHICKEN TO LET ME GO.

I KNOW THAT WOMAN. SHE IS OF GOOD CHARACTER, THOUGH HER MOTHER IS AN OGRE AND A CANNIBAL.

SHE PAID YOUR DEBT.



GUESS I GOT LUCKY.

NO.

BUT YOU'RE TIRED NOW. REST, YOU HAVE A LONG WAY YET TO TRAVEL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I AM TIRED, BUT--

JUST SLEEP.



I WILL LEAVE MY MEDICINE TO KEEP YOU SAFE.



ZZZZZ



DING DING





THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT YOU WILL EVER SLEEP UNDER THE SKIES OF AFRICA.

NEVER DARE TO SET FOOT OR HOOF HERE AGAIN.

WE WILL NOT BEAR IT. AND NOW WE'LL GIVE YOU SCARS SO YOU REMEMBER--



NOW WHAT?

DING DING DING DING
DING DING



DING DING

WHOS THERE?



DING DING

MOHLOMI?





YOU REALLY
THINK I SHOULD
GO OUT THERE
?

NOW
YOU ARE
STANDING
AT THE VERY
CROSSROADS
OF YOUR
LIFE.

AND
ALL YOUR
ROADS LEAD
TO STRANGE
PLACES.



ANY
ADVICE?

TAKE
THIS.

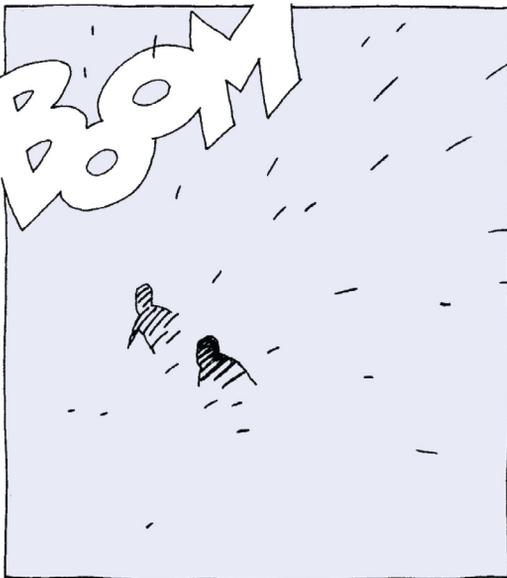
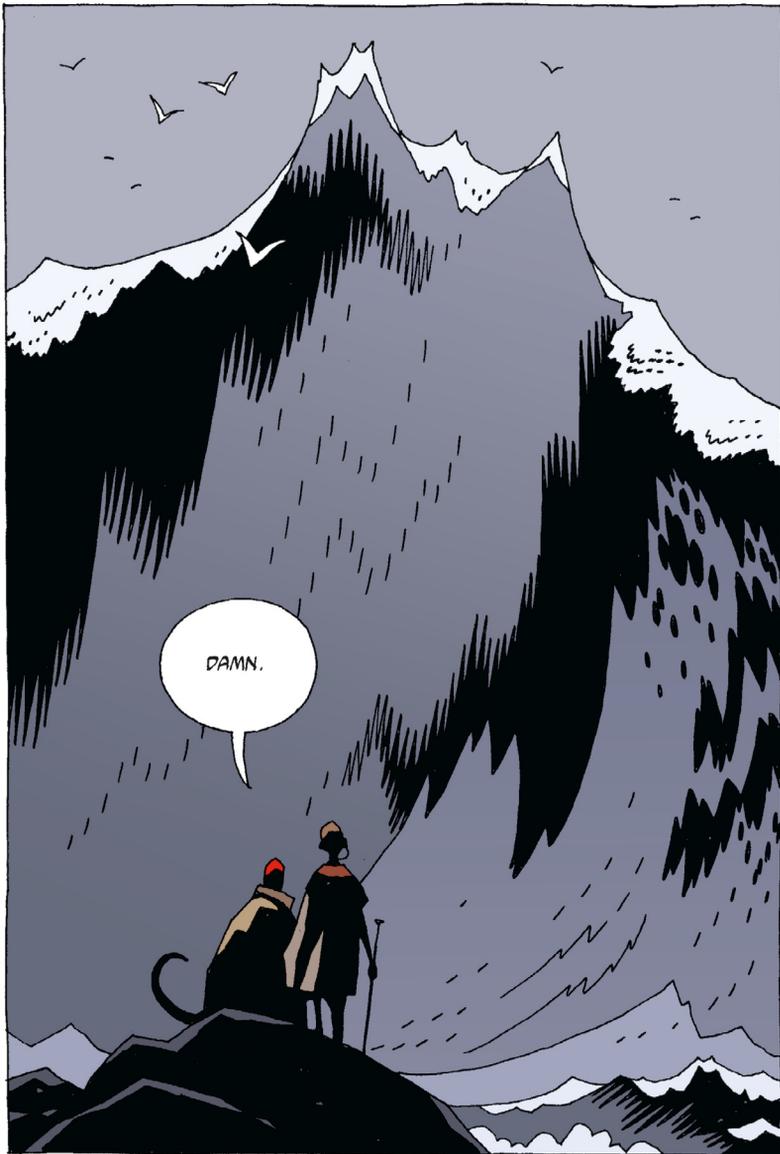


DING
DING



I'LL BE
DAMNED.

HELLBOY

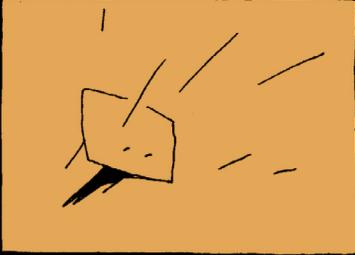






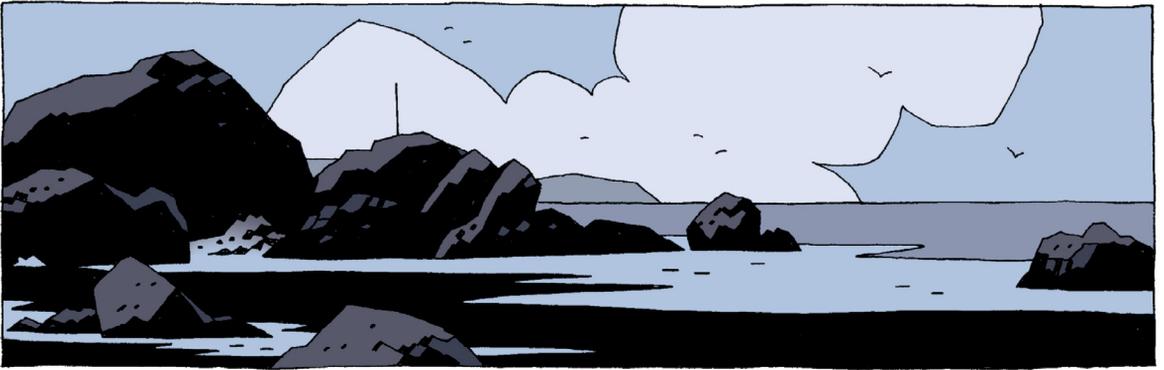






BRAT





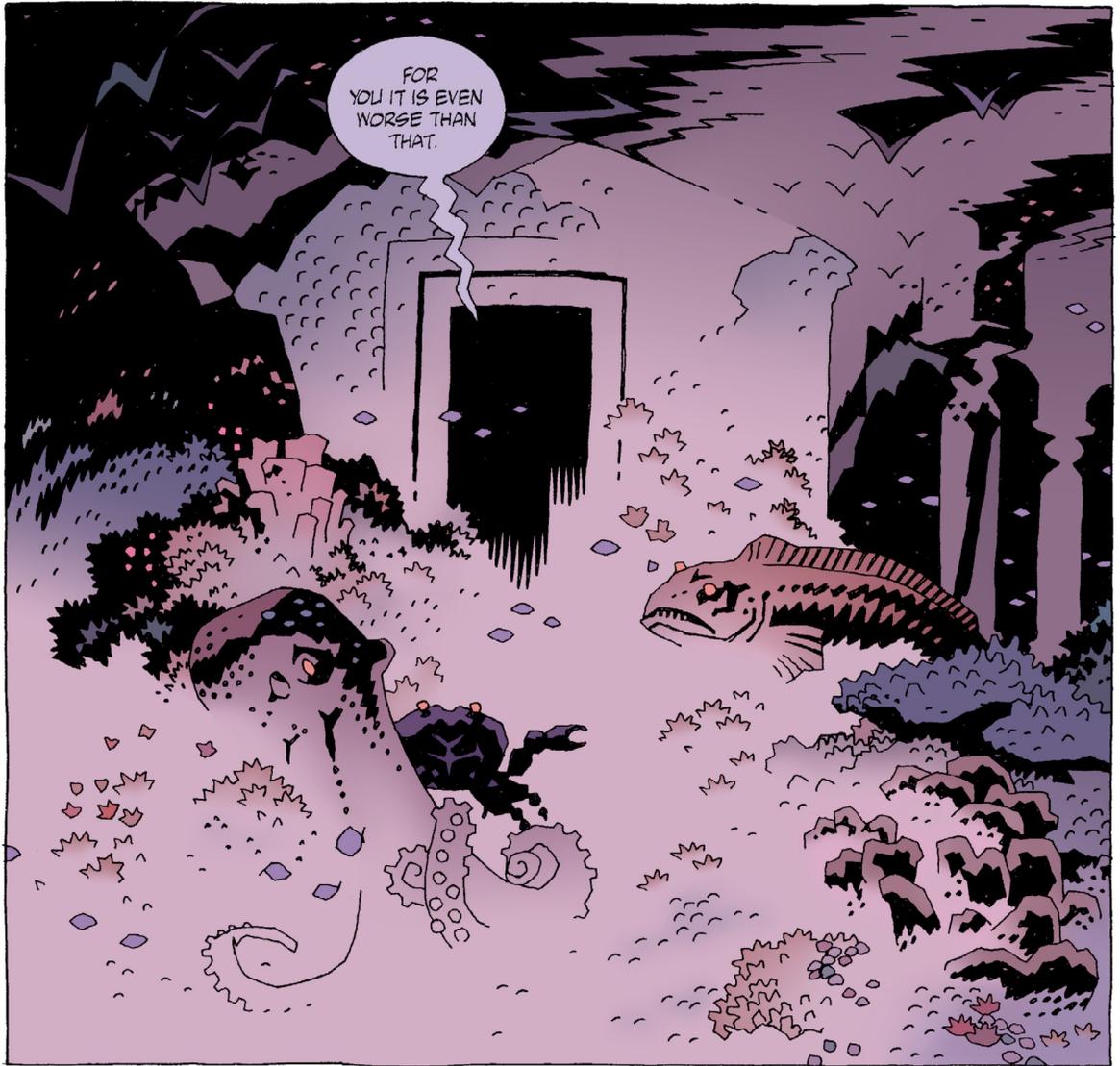
UHH,
WHAT THE...?



...



WOW.
I BET
THIS IS
BAD.



FOR YOU IT IS EVEN WORSE THAN THAT.



ANUNG UN RAMA. SANCTI ABJURA.

IN YOUR SHAPE AND MANNER YOU HARDLY SEEM THE MONSTER...



BUT WE KNOW DIFFERENT, YOU AND I.



HEY, GIANT TALKING FISH, FUN'S FUN, BUT I'VE GOTTA GO.

YOU HEAR ME?



GO?

WHERE?

WHAT?

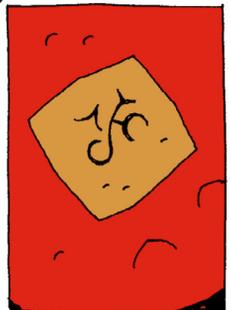
I'M WARNING YOU.



WHAT WILL YOU DO?

LADY, DON'T GET ME STARTED.

NO YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE HERE. NOT SO LONG AS YOU WEAR MY NAIL IN YOUR SKULL...



NOT SO LONG AS YOU ARE BOUND IN THOSE CHAINS...

HELLBOY.

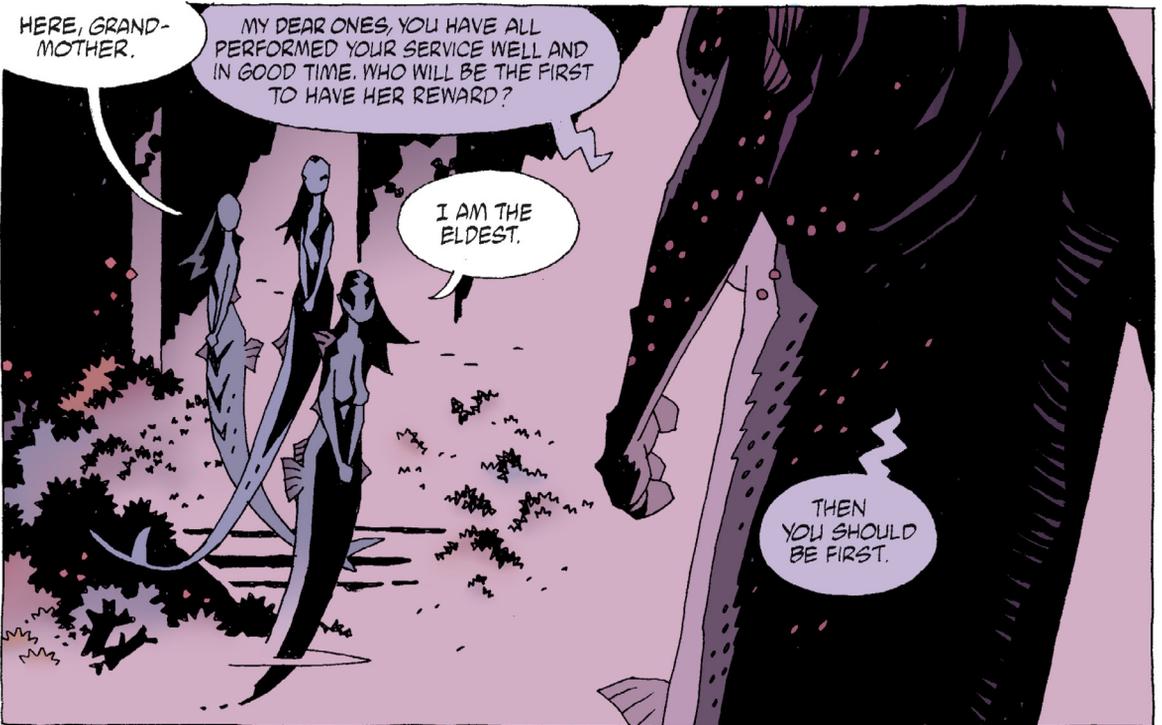
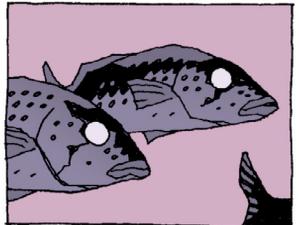


UH!

ARE THEY SUDDENLY PAINFUL?

THEY KNOW YOUR NAME.





I WOULD HAVE MY LOVER
RETURNED TO ME. HE IS
A GREAT HUNTER, BUT
HIS PURSUIT OF ONE
CERTAIN BEAST HAS
KEPT US APART FOR
TOO LONG...



"...TOO MANY YEARS..."



I WANT HIM
BACK.



IT'S
A FAIR
WISH.

AND
LOOK...

NO.



HE
COMES.

HE WAS
GREAT, BUT IN
THE END THAT
BEAST WAS
GREATER.

I CANNOT
RESTORE HEART
AND MIND
TO AN EMPTY
AND ROTTED
SHELL.



"...BUT YOU
SHALL
HAVE HIM."



"AND BE LIMITED IN DEATH."



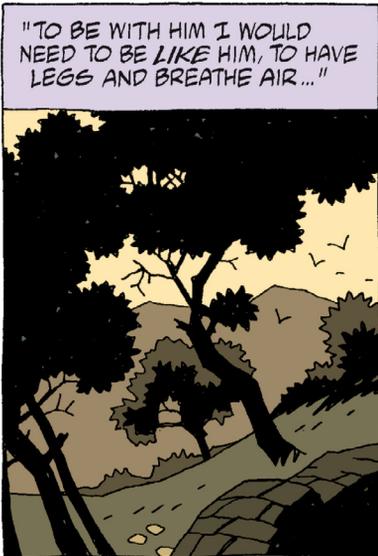
NEXT?



SISTER...

I AM SECOND ELDEST AND NOT SUCH A FOOL.

I KNOW MY LOVER LIVES. I SEE HIM OFTEN AND WOULD STAY WITH HIM, BUT HE LIVES IN THE WORLD ABOVE...



"TO BE WITH HIM I WOULD NEED TO BE LIKE HIM, TO HAVE LEGS AND BREATHE AIR..."



THAT IS WHAT I WANT.

IT'S A FAIR WISH,

AND LOOK...



YOU HAVE LEGS AND YOU BREATHE AIR.

BUT THE LATTER, HERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, IS YOUR DEATH.



HOW IS IT I'M BREATHING AIR?

THE NAIL...



NEXT?



SON OF A...



NOW, CHILD, WHAT IS IT YOU DESIRE?

...

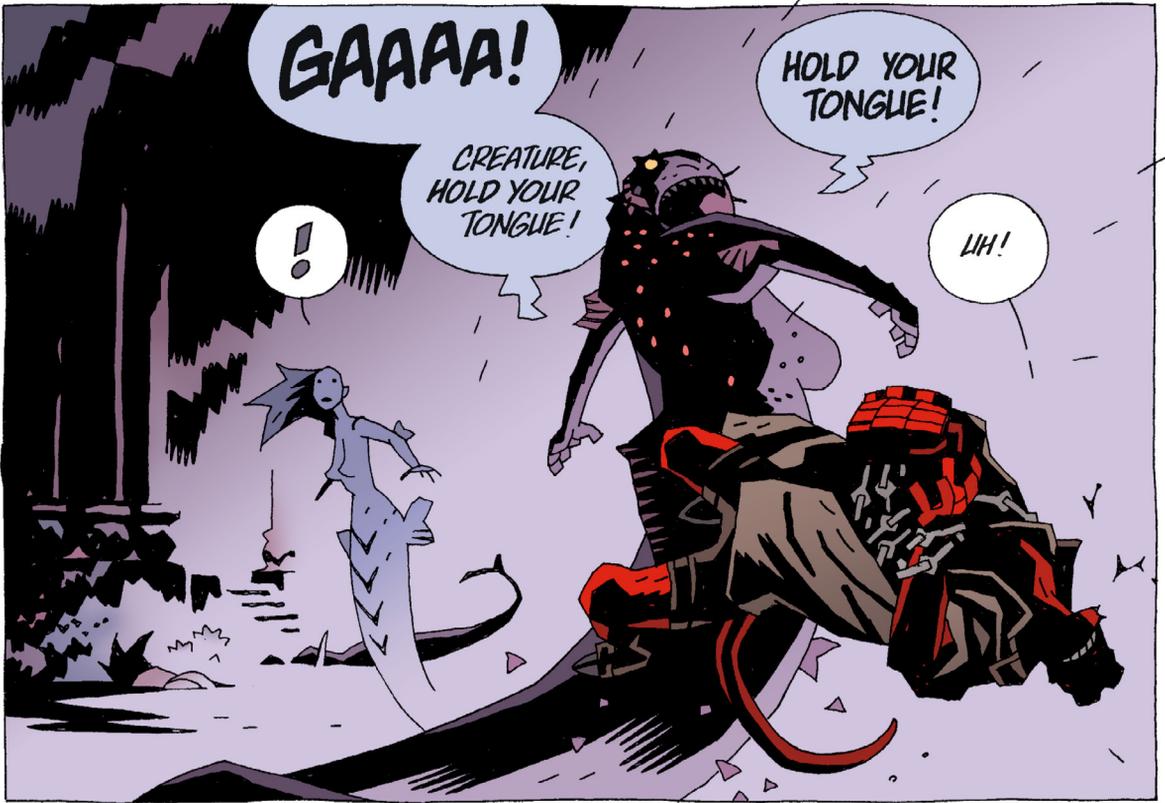
COME, COME, YOU CANNOT BE AFRAID OF ME.

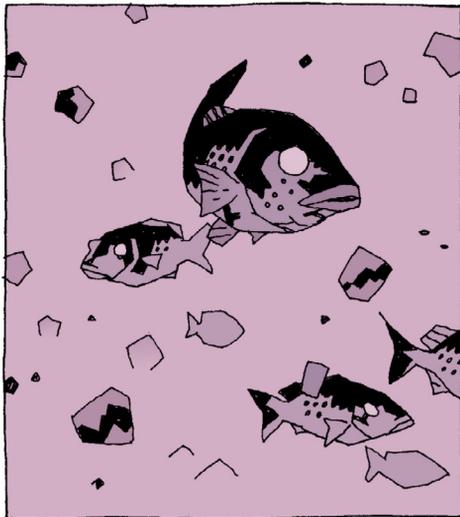
I...

TELL ME.



LEAVE HER ALONE!





YOU KNOW WHO MY FATHER WAS. A GREAT WARRIOR IN HIS TIME, AND LATER A GREAT KING.

YOU KNOW THE SHRINE THAT WAS MADE TO HOLD HIS BONES AND HIS BROKEN SPEAR...



"FOR YEARS THAT SPEAR HAS BEEN MISSING..."

I WISH TO HAVE IT BACK.

IT'S A FAIR WISH.

I ONLY WANT TO RETURN IT TO HIS GRAVE WHERE IT BELONGS.

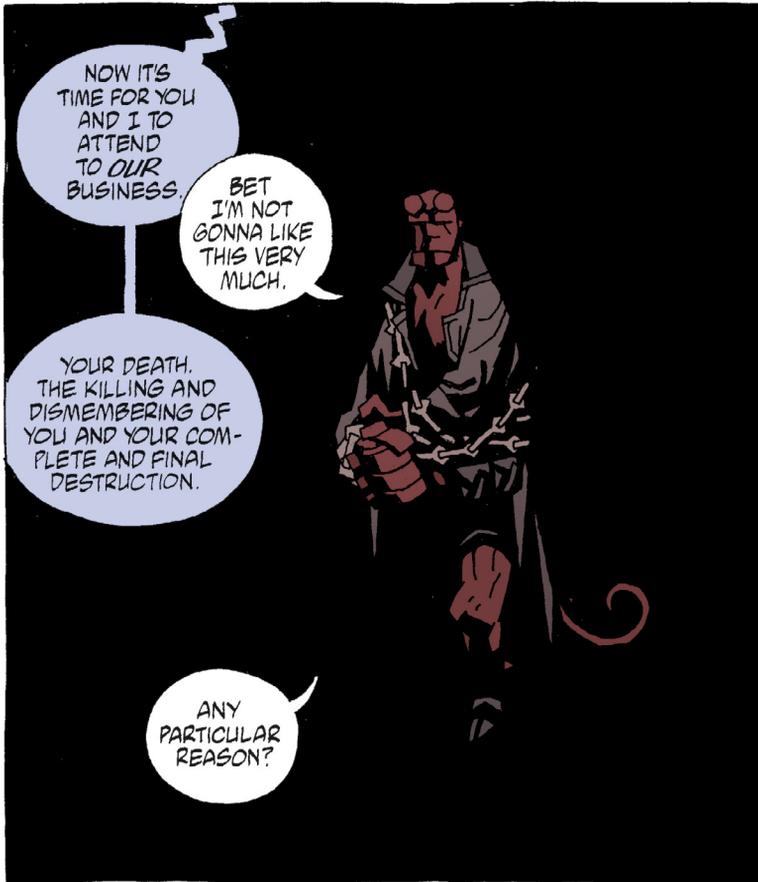
THEN LOOK...







NOW THAT'S DONE...

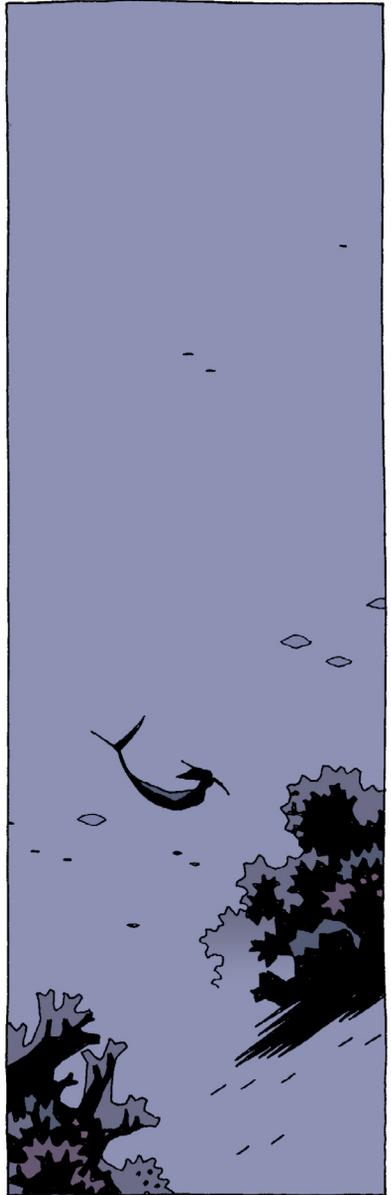


NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU AND I TO ATTEND TO OUR BUSINESS.

BET I'M NOT GONNA LIKE THIS VERY MUCH.

YOUR DEATH. THE KILLING AND DISMEMBERING OF YOU AND YOUR COMPLETE AND FINAL DESTRUCTION.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON?



NOTHING LESS THAN THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD.



SHUT UP.





FATHER, FORGIVE ME, BUT I HAVE NEWS THAT WILL BE HARD FOR YOU TO HEAR...



YOUR OTHER DAUGHTERS, MY SISTERS, ARE DEAD. NOT MURDERED, BUT KILLED BY THEIR OWN DESIRES. I'M SORRY.

BUT LOOK, I'VE BROUGHT THE BLADE OF YOUR SPEAR.



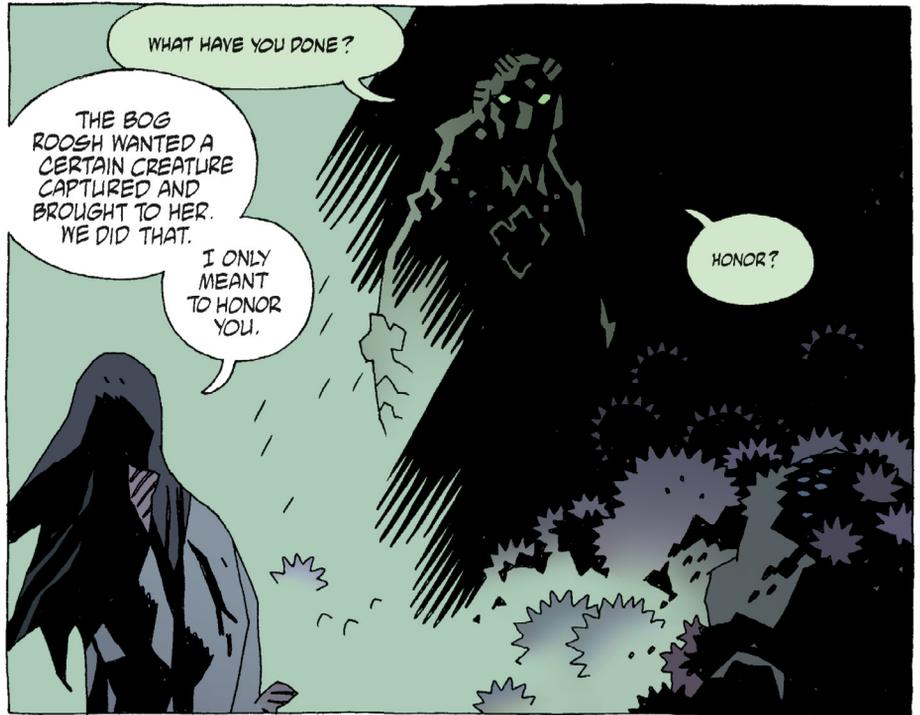
LONG LOST...



NOW RETURNED.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?





OH, YOU GODS AND MINISTERS OF FATE, IT'S DOOM.

YOU HAVE CONSIGNED ME TO HELL...

FATHER!

HAVE MERCY ON ME!



TO BURN.



AND IN THE CAVE OF THE BOG ROOSH...

FOR THE WORLD TO GO ON LIVING YOU HAVE TO DIE. THAT IS THE SIMPLE TRUTH OF IT. NOTHING LESS YOU ARE THE SENTENCE OF RUIN PASSED ON FROM THE BEGINNING--ANUNG LIN RAMA.

BY SETTING MYSELF AGAINST YOU I DARE TO DEFY THE SECRET WORKINGS OF THE UNIVERSE--

THAT'S GREAT!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT YOU'RE LITERALLY BORING ME TO DEATH.

YOU ARE A SAD THING.

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'!



LISTEN, I'VE HEARD ALL THIS BEFORE.

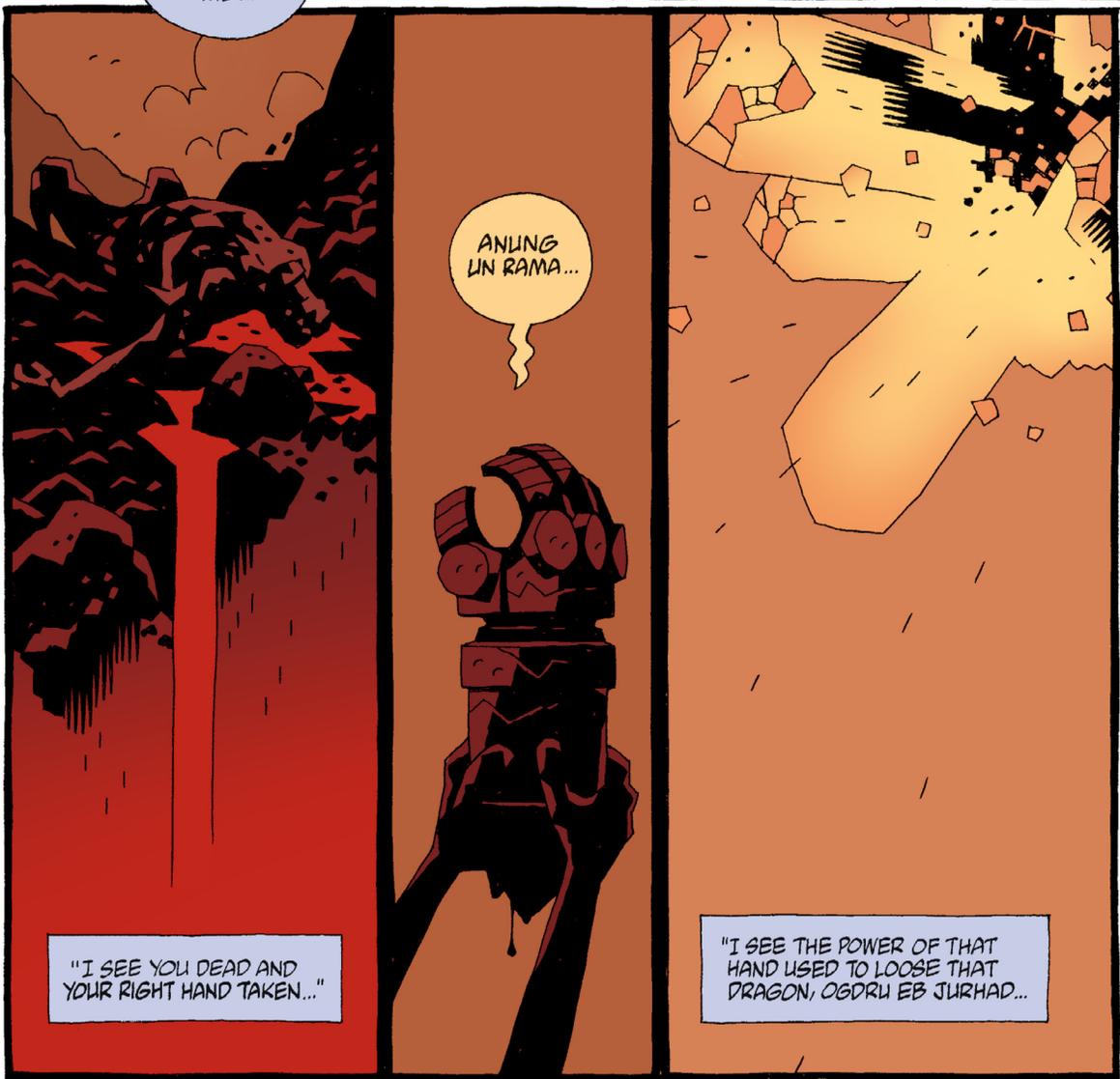
MAYBE I'M NOT EXACTLY HUMAN, BUT FOR FIFTY YEARS I'VE BEEN OUT THERE SAVING LIVES, BEATING THE CRAP OUT OF THINGS LIKE YOU. THAT MAKES ME THE GOOD GUY.

YOU'RE THE MONSTER.



OF ALL THE WITCHES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES UNDER THE WAVES, NONE SEE FURTHER THAN I, AND NONE SO CLEAR.

THERE IS A VISION THAT HAUNTS ME...



ANLING UN RAMA...

"I SEE YOU DEAD AND YOUR RIGHT HAND TAKEN..."

"I SEE THE POWER OF THAT HAND USED TO LOOSE THAT DRAGON, OGDRI EB JURHAD..."

"...AND THE WHOLE
WORLD LAID WASTE."



SO YOU'VE HAD A
DREAM THAT WHEN
I DIE THE WHOLE
WORLD GETS
DESTROYED AND
YOU'RE GOING TO
PREVENT THAT--
BY KILLING ME?

MORE THAN KILL. YOU
MUST BE COMPLETELY
UNMADE, CUT INTO
PIECES AND SENT TO
THE FOUR CORNERS OF
THE GLOBE...



YOU'RE
A GENIUS.



"...TO ALL THE
WITCHES OF THE
EARTH YOU HAVE
CAUSED TO SUFFER..."



"TO THE BABA YAGA I
WILL SEND YOUR LEFT
EYE, TO PAY THAT
DEBT YOU OWE..."



"TO THE IRON BITCH, HECATE, SO-CALLED
QUEEN OF WITCHES, I WILL SEND YOUR
EMPTY SKIN."



WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT
DO YOU GET?



I WILL EAT YOUR
HEART AND
DRINK YOUR
BLOOD.



NICE.
WHAT ABOUT
THE HAND?



I WILL FEED IT TO A CERTAIN
WHALE, THE OLDEST LIVING CREATURE
ON EARTH. WHEN HE DIES HE WILL
DROP INTO THE PIT OF LIRR AND
DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE. THEN
YOU WILL BE GONE
COMPLETELY.



THE BURDEN
OF YOU WILL BE
LIFTED FROM
THE WORLD.





SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT.

IT IS NOT A SIMPLE MATTER THERE ARE FINAL PREPARATIONS TO MAKE, BUT I WILL RETURN SOON.

HEY, YOU WANT TO DO THIS? LET'S DO IT RIGHT NOW.

COME ON!

SOON...



YOU KNOW THIS NEEDS TO HAPPEN.

YEAH? YOU COME BACK HERE AND TAKE THESE CHAINS OFF AND WE'LL SEE WHAT I KNOW! YOU HEAR ME? AND TAKE THIS GODDAMN NAIL OUT OF MY HEAD!



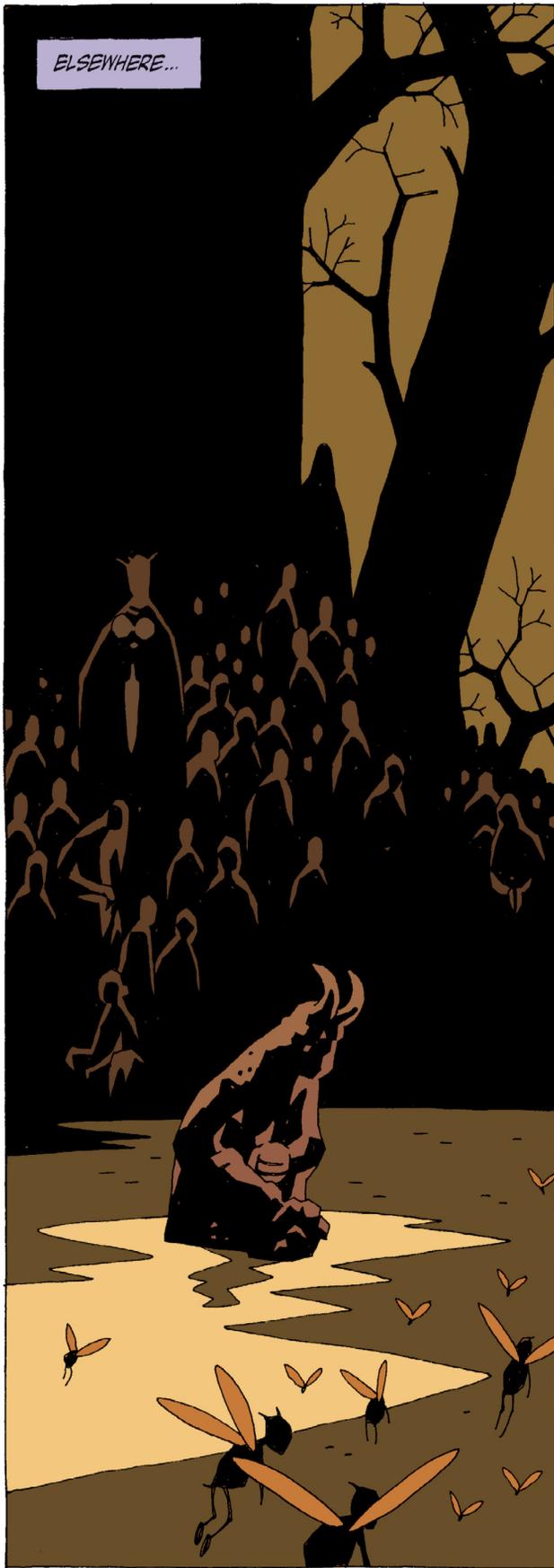
DAMN.



DING DING



ELSEWHERE...



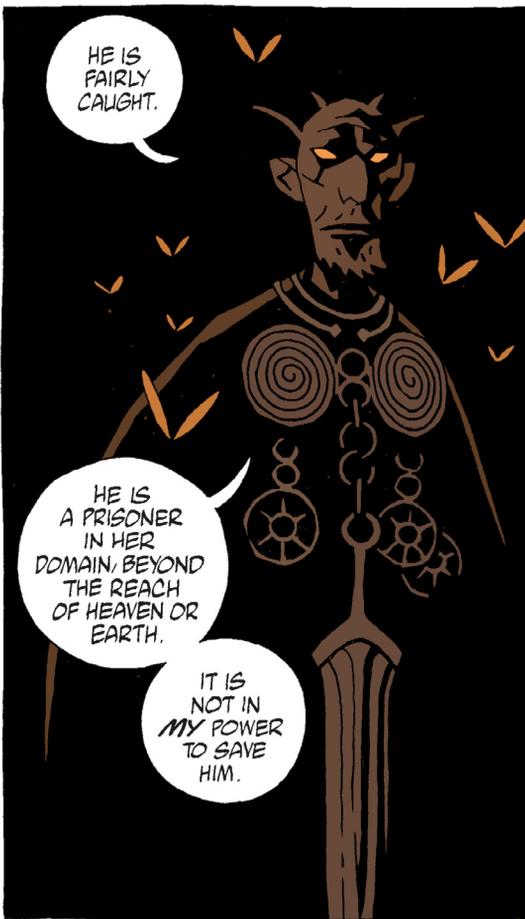
IS IT
POSSIBLE?



HE IS
FAIRLY
CAUGHT.

HE IS
A PRISONER
IN HER
DOMAIN, BEYOND
THE REACH
OF HEAVEN OR
EARTH.

IT IS
NOT IN
MY POWER
TO SAVE
HIM.





SAVE?

WOULD YOU SAVE HIM IF YOU COULD, OLD MAN? DAAAAGDA? ARE YOU SUCH A FOOL AS THAT?

QUIET, YOU.



IT IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS AND IN THE ROOTS OF TREES. WHEN THIS WORLD ENDS ANOTHER WILL RISE OUT OF THE ASHES.



BY HIS POWER.

THE HAND.

SAVE THE HAND.



SAVE THE HAND.



GUA!

HAVE YOU ALL GONE MAD? ARE YOU BLIND, STUPID, OR WORSE?

SAVE THE HAND. SAVE THE HAND...

NEW WORLD FOR WHO?



...



NOT FOR US.

WHEN *THIS* WORLD ENDS, *WE* END. BAD ENOUGH WE HAVE BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF THE LIGHT OF DAY. ARE WE SO EAGER TO BE EVEN LESS? TO BE NOTHING AT ALL?

HELLBOY...



I SAY LET THE SEA-COW HAVE HIM! LET THE WHALE EAT THE HAND AND CHOKE ON IT, SO LONG AS HE FALLS INTO THAT HOLE!

WHO SAYS OUR TIME IS DONE?

WITH HELLBOY GONE LET US MAKE THE EARTH OURS AGAIN!

TOO LATE...



WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR EDWARD?

REGARDING HELLBOY I SAY WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS SAID.

HIS STORY IS NOT YET WRITTEN.

IT IS!

THEN HE IS REWRITING IT.



WHATEVER PATH WAS CHOSEN FOR HIM, HE LEFT IT YEARS AGO.

NOW HE IS TRYING TO FIND HIS OWN WAY, AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL.



AND YOU, GRUAGACH...YOU HAVE YOUR OWN GRUDGE AGAINST HELLBOY.

THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THAT HERE.

BAH!

HE MOCKS ME STILL!



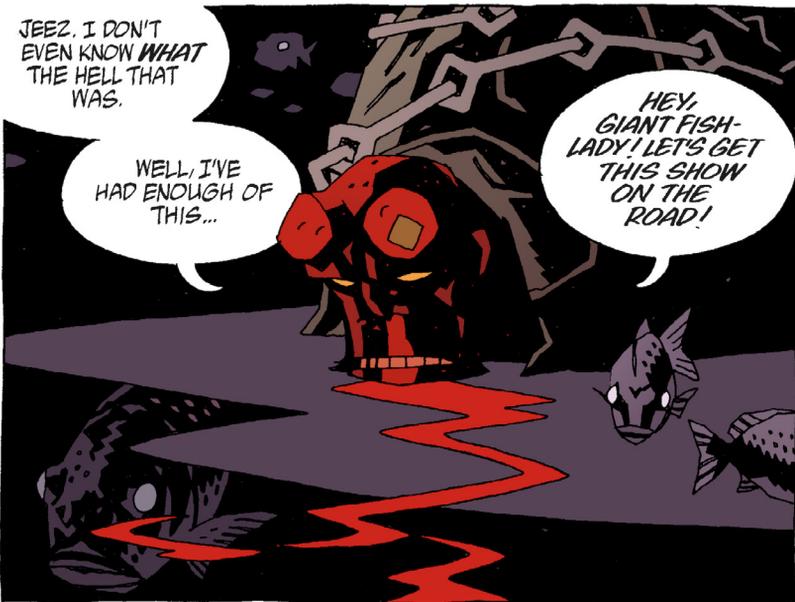
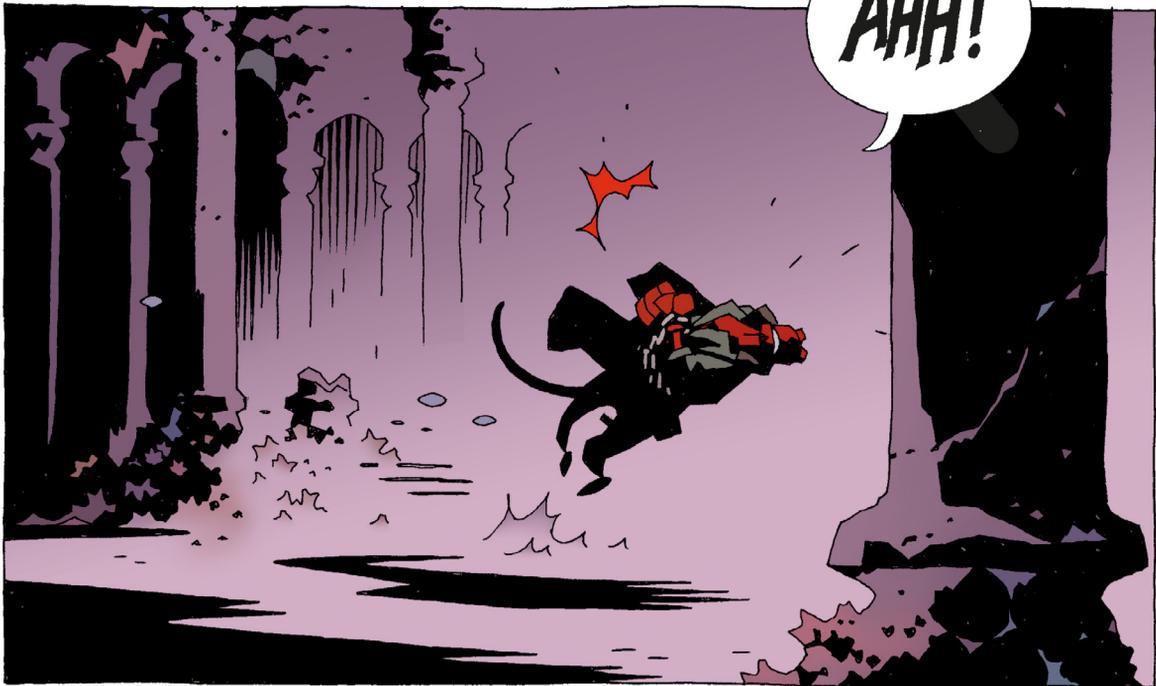
ONCE HE BURNED ME WITH IRON, AND BECAUSE OF HIM I AM TRAPPED IN THIS PIG-BODY...*

*HELLBOY: THE CORPSE



AND I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!

AHH!



JEEZ. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS.

WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...

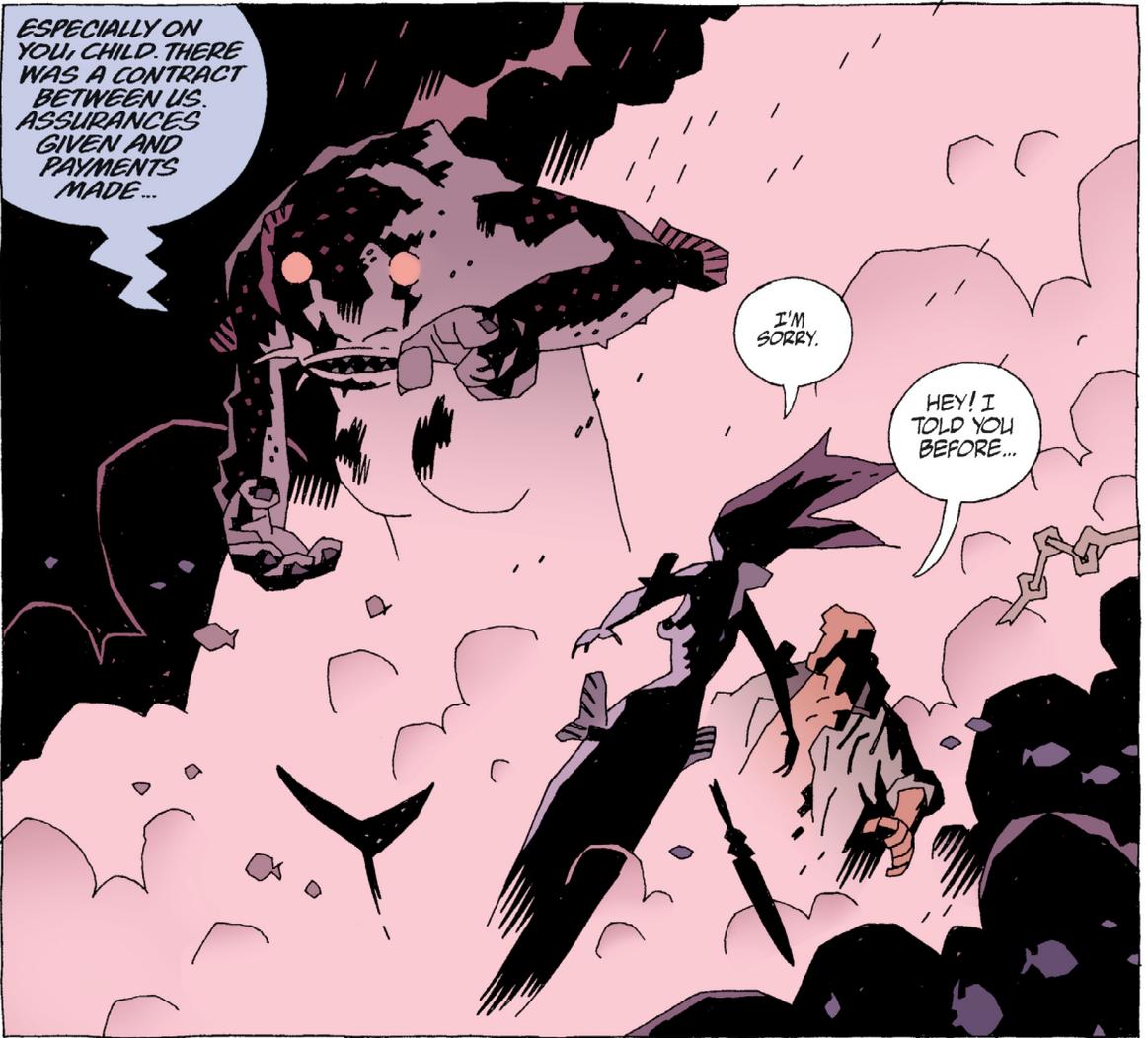
HEY, GIANT FISH-LADY! LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!



COME AND--

SHHH

?





THAT'S IT?

NOW YOU HAVE TO GO.



IT WAS TOO EASY.

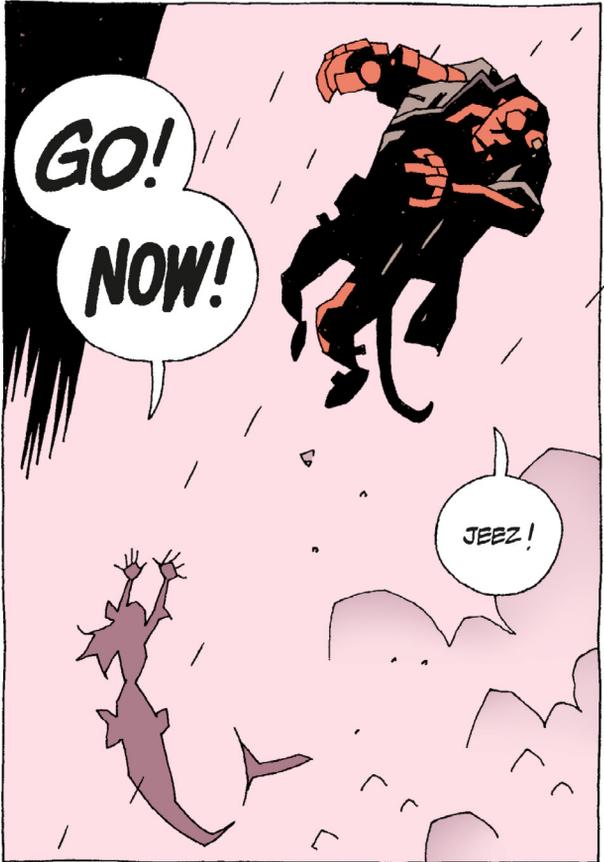
YOU WERE TOO POWERFUL FOR HER. THAT'S WHY SHE HAD YOU IN CHAINS.

YEAH, MAYBE, BUT--

PLEASE JUST GO.



I THINK I SHOULD JUST STICK AROUND FOR A SECOND TO MAKE SURE--



GO!
NOW!

JEEZ!





UH!

BOOM



JEEZ...
DIDN'T SEE THAT COMIN'.



THIS WAY.

?

WHAT ABOUT--?

DO NOT LOOK BACK...



JUST GO.

LITTLE FISH,
LITTLE FISH...



PRETTY THING THAT YOU ARE...

OH, BUT I WILL MAKE OF YOU SUCH A HORROR.

PLEASE...



NOT LIKE THIS.



HERE ARE MY INSTRUMENTS...

NOT LIKE THIS!

TORTURE AND DEATH.

AND HELLBOY ...



SO LONG AS HE WEARS MY NAIL IN HIS SKULL HE IS MINE. MY HAND FORGED IT. ONLY MY HAND CAN SET HIM FREE.

LET HIM RUN AND HIDE. HE CANNOT LEAVE THIS PLACE. I WILL HUNT HIM AT MY LEISURE.



SSSSSSSTER...



IT IS A LIE. YOU ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN SHE IS. TAKE OUT THE NAIL YOURSELF.

AND THE KID?



"THIS IS HER JUST PUNISHMENT."

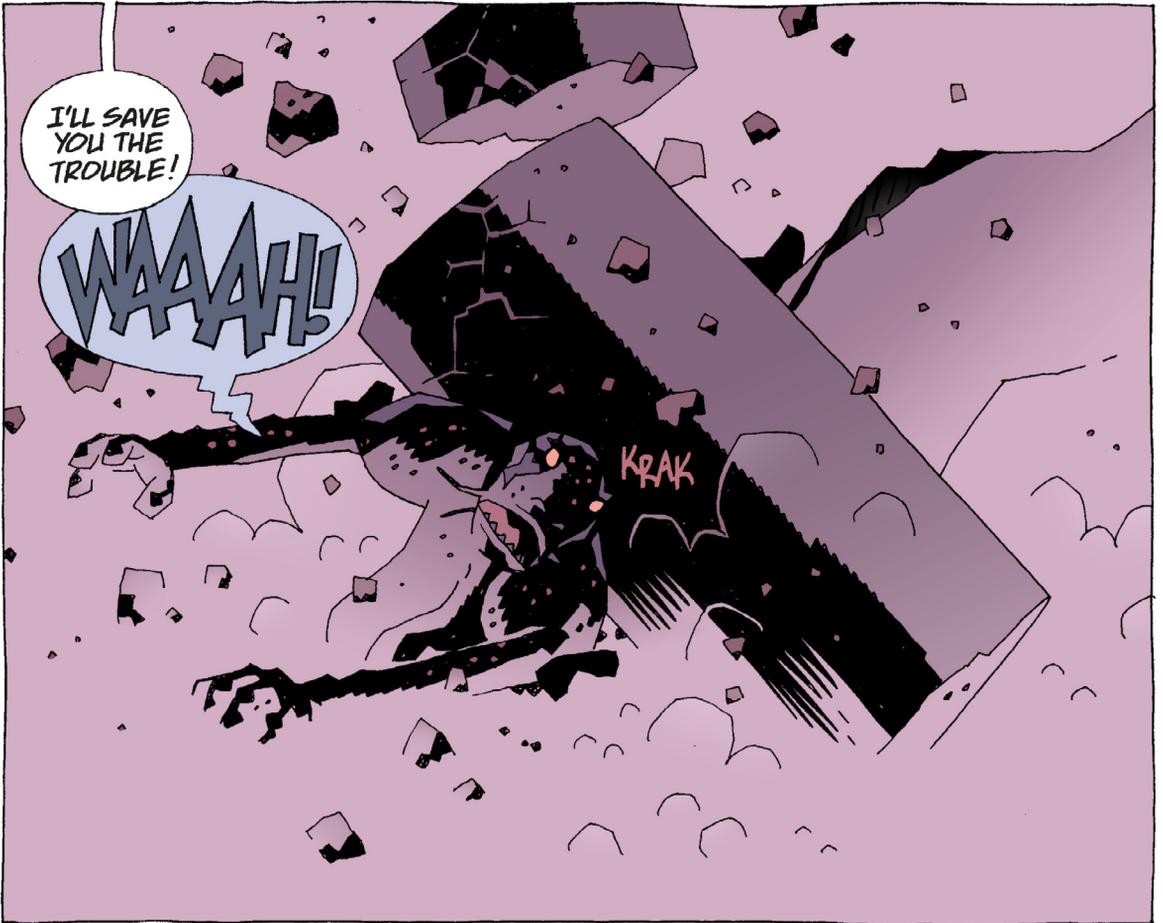


SCREW THAT.



YOU WERE GONNA HUNT ME!?

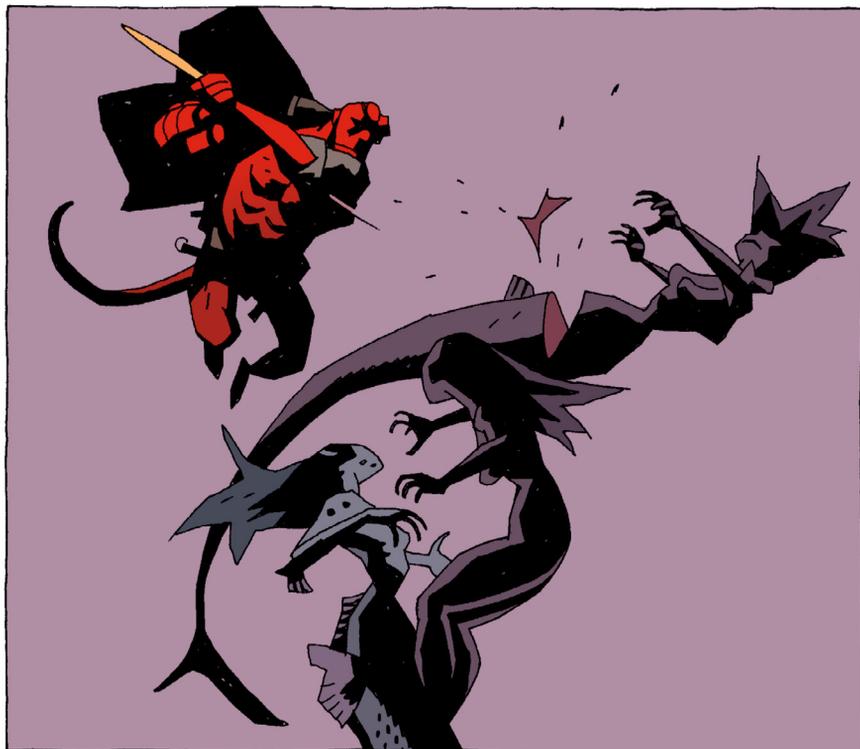
BOOM

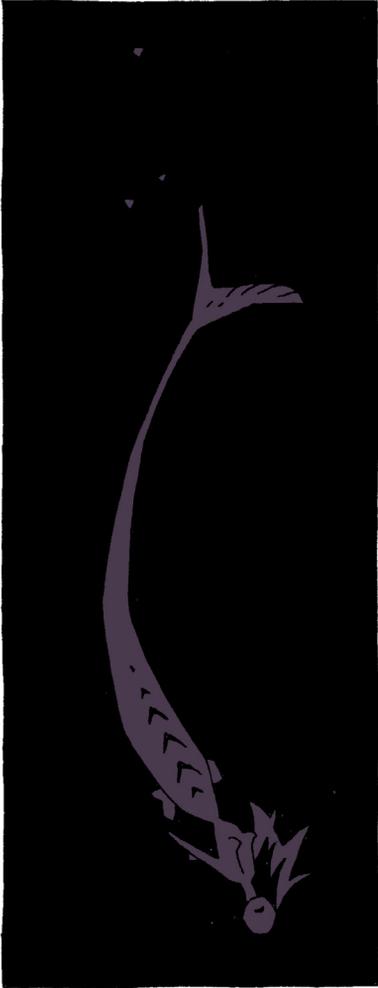


I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE!

WAAAH!

KRAK









WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THE TREASURE CHAMBER OF THE BOG ROOSH.



AND WHAT'S IN THE JARS, OR DO I EVEN WANT TO KNOW?

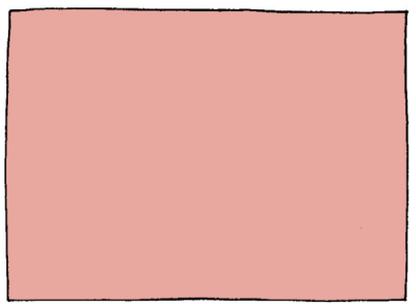
THE SOULS OF DROWNED SAILORS.



THIS IS WHERE HER POWER COMES FROM.



DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.





I DIDN'T DO THAT.

MAYBE IT WAS A HAPPY ACCIDENT... BUT IT WAS MORE LIKE SHE ACTUALLY *THREW* HERSELF ONTO THE BLADE.

SHE FINALLY REALIZED SHE COULD NEVER BEAT YOU, AND THEREFORE *SHE* COULD NOT ALTER HER VISION OF THE FUTURE. SHE DID NOT WANT TO LIVE.

SHE WAS TOO AFRAID.

OF ME.





BEAUTIFUL.

WOW.

WHEN I
DIE, IF I EVER
DIE, ALL I WILL
BE IS FOAM ON
A WAVE.



NO.

EVEN
LESS THAN
THAT
NOW.



WELL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

I CAN'T.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A BOG ROOSH.

WHEN SHE DIED SHE PASSED IT ON TO ME. HER IMMORTALITY. HER REVENGE. MY PUNISHMENT.

HER PLACE IS IN THIS CAVE. I CAN NEVER LEAVE IT NOW.

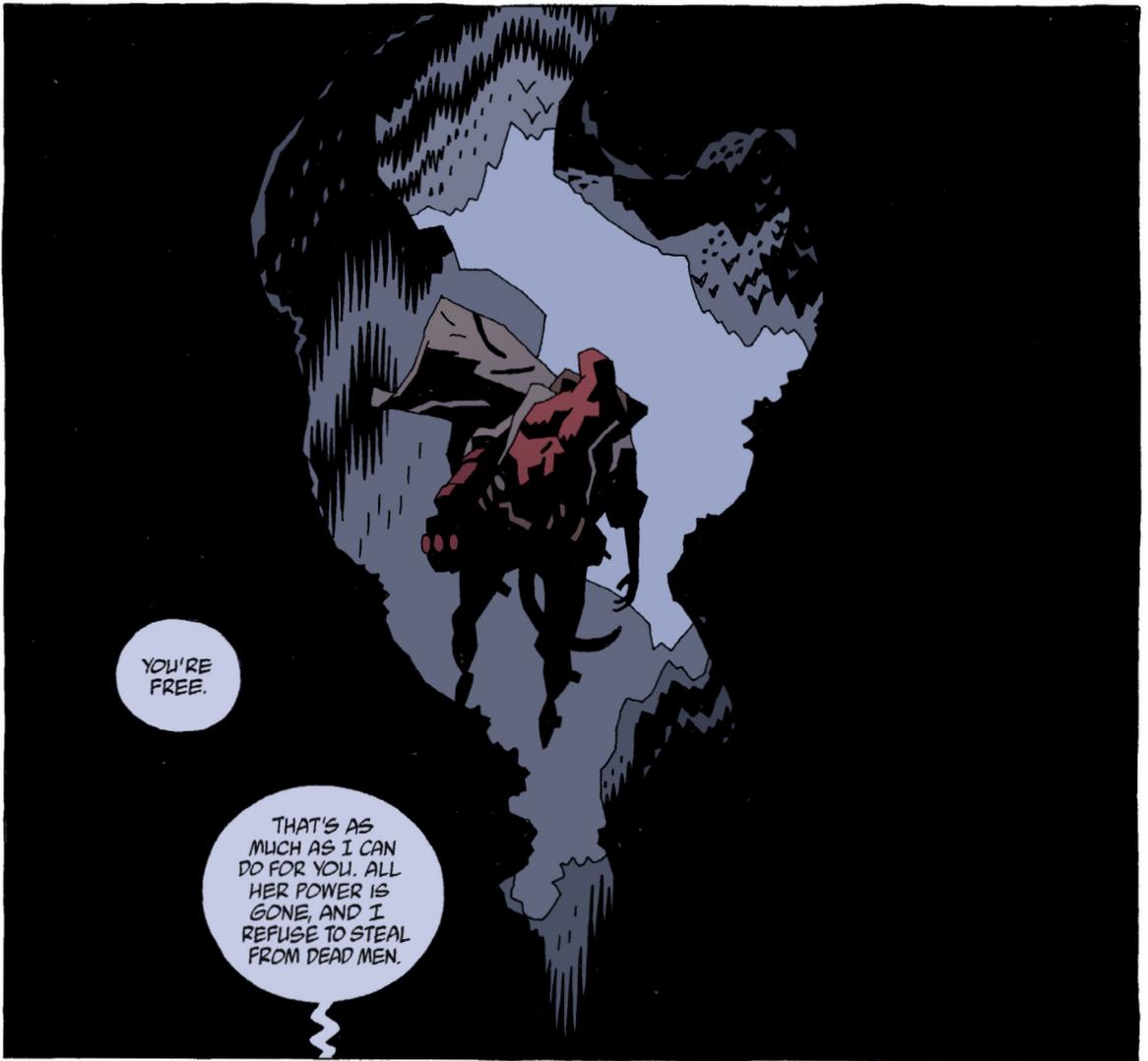
YOU CAN'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE. WHY DON'T WE--

SHHHHH.

YOU GO.



BY THE HAND OF THE BOG ROOSH...



YOU'RE FREE.

THAT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN DO FOR YOU. ALL HER POWER IS GONE, AND I REFUSE TO STEAL FROM DEAD MEN.



SHE DREADED THE FIRE OF THE OGDRI JURHAD, BUT I WILL WELCOME IT WHEN IT COMES. THEN I TOO WILL BE FREE.

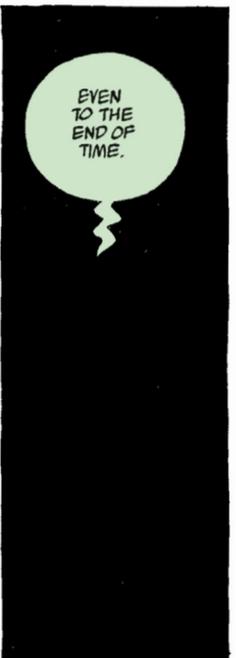
UNTIL THEN I WILL WAIT HERE QUIETLY, ALONE IN THE DARK.

NOT ALONE.

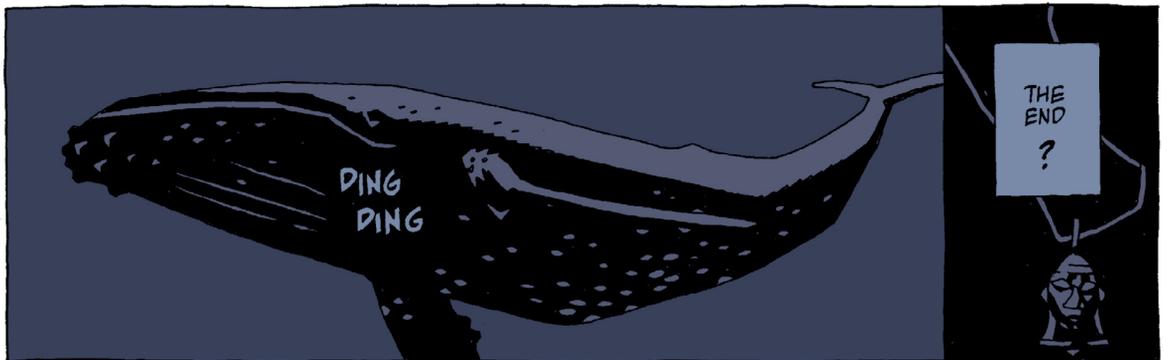
FATHER, WILL YOU STAY WITH ME?



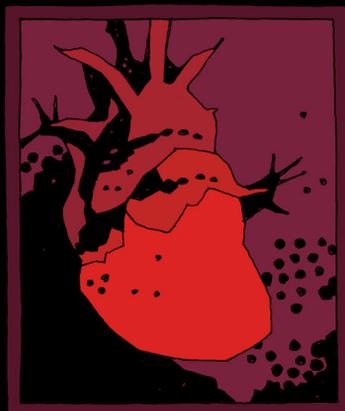
ALWAYS.



EVEN TO THE END OF TIME.



THE ISLAND



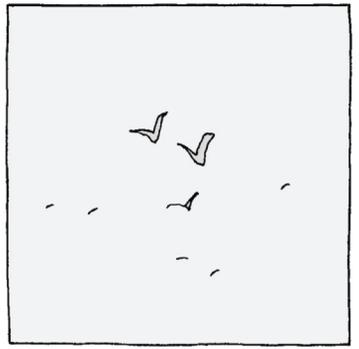
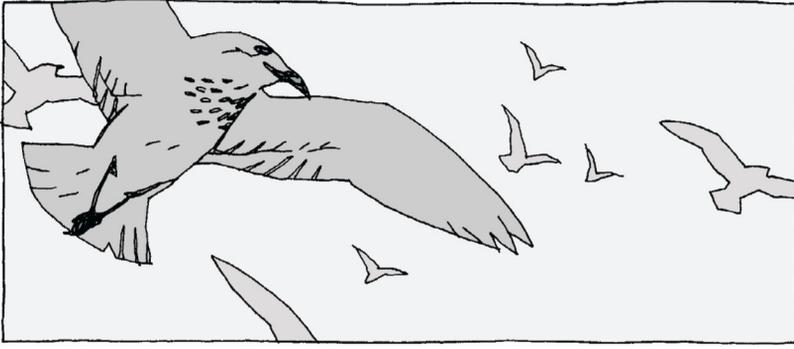
THIS WAS A ROUGH ONE.

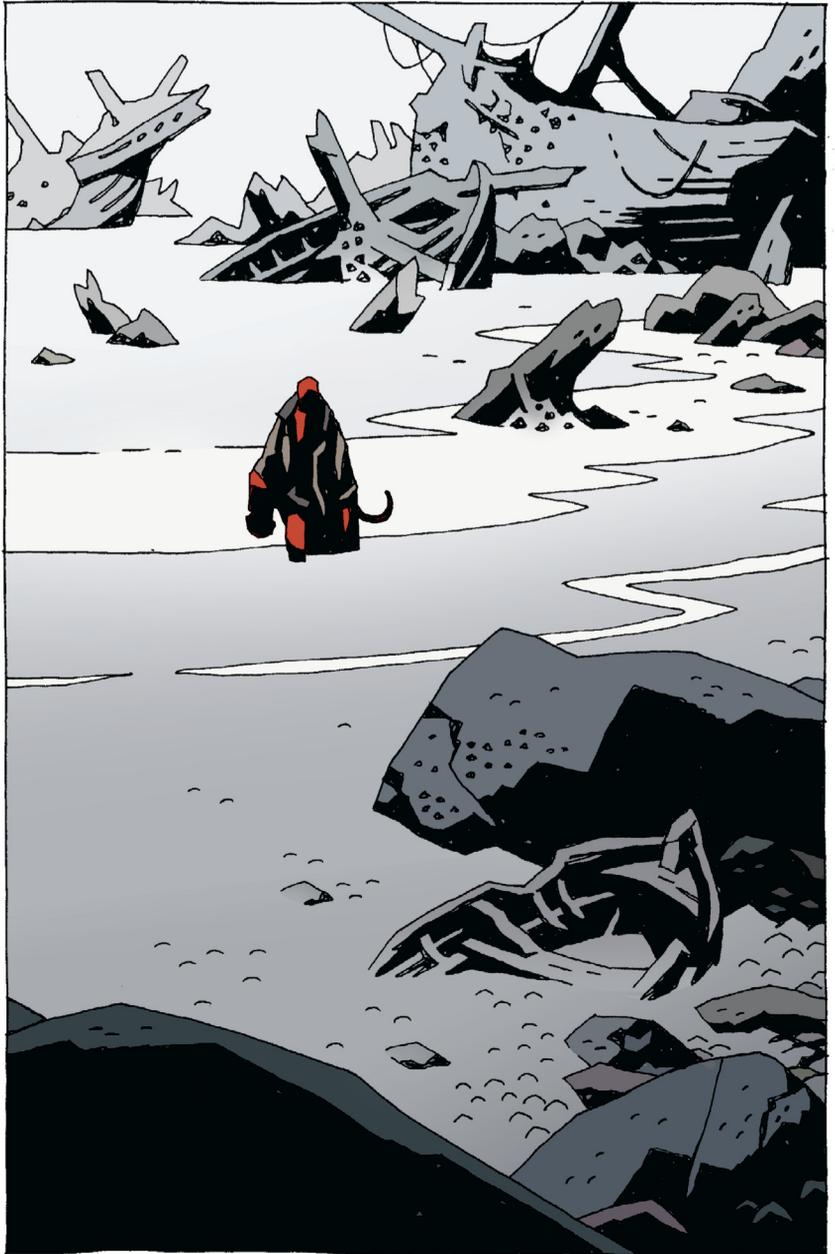
My original idea was a story inspired by the Sargasso Sea stories of William Hope Hodgson (1877-1917) and his novel, *The Boats of the Glen Carrig*—a graveyard of ships and a strange island overrun with weird fungus and monsters. Simple enough. Fun. I plotted a two-issue miniseries and drew the first eight pages. No problem. Then I had to stop work for a while, go to Prague, and watch final filming of the *Hellboy* movie. Cool. Except that I got hit with a nasty Eastern European flu and was ordered to stay in my hotel room for a week. Solitary confinement in a foreign country. With nothing to do but sit and think, I became convinced that my story was crap and I would need to start over.

When I got back to New York I replotted *The Island*. Now it was a three-issue miniseries. It still had the ships and the fungus, but now there was also this strange mansion with an old man and his servant. This time I drew nineteen pages and then sort of . . . ran out of gas. Not sure what happened. I really like that story, and plan to do it one of these days, but right then it just wasn't working. I scrapped the idea of the fungus people (though I dearly love fungus people), tried replotting it as one issue, bumped it back up to two issues, and, finally, that's the story you have here.

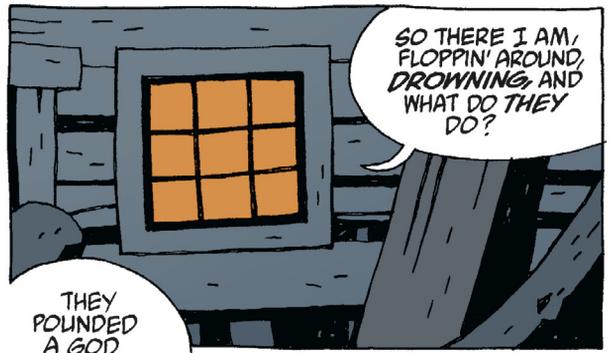
I created Hellboy way back in 1993. Since then I've figured a lot of stuff out about his world, its history, and how it all works. The question has always been how much do you tell people and when do you tell them? I've been keeping a lot of secrets. Then along comes this Hellboy movie, and suddenly we have the Ogdru Jahad popping out of their prisons and wagging their tentacles at the cameras. Hell, if you were going to see them, I figured I should show the *real* version of them in the comic first. And I'll do one better. I'll give their origin. And, while I'm at it, I might as well throw in the creation of the world, the rise and fall of angels, and the origin of mankind. After all, the audience has, by now, been waiting a long time for a new Hellboy comic. I better give them something big.

The Island was published as a two-issue miniseries in 2005, and is the end of the first chapter of Hellboy's life. The Epilogue, published here for the first time, gives us a first look at where things are going—stranger places.









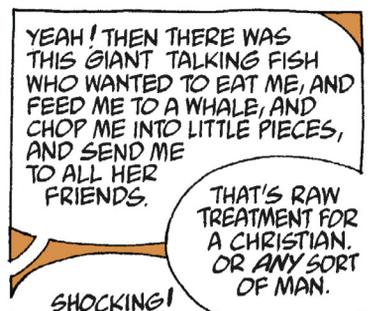
SO THERE I AM,
FLOPPIN' AROUND,
DROWNING, AND
WHAT DO THEY
DO?



THEY
POUNDED
A GOD
DAMN NAIL
INTO MY
HEAD!

RIGHT
HERE!

NO!



YEAH! THEN THERE WAS
THIS GIANT TALKING FISH
WHO WANTED TO EAT ME, AND
FEED ME TO A WHALE, AND
CHOP ME INTO LITTLE PIECES,
AND SEND ME
TO ALL HER
FRIENDS.

THAT'S RAW
TREATMENT FOR
A CHRISTIAN.
OR ANY SORT
OF MAN.

SHOCKING!

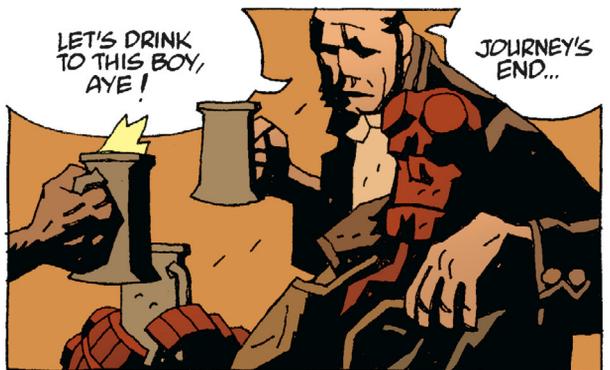


BUT NOW, CHIN UP!
CANNONS ROAR
LOUD, BUT
HERE'S SAFE
HARBOR.

AND GOOD
COMPANY.

AND DRINK,
SIR!

FOR THAT'S
THE ONLY
CURE FOR A
WORLD SO
STRANGE.



LET'S DRINK
TO THIS BOY,
AYE!

JOURNEY'S
END...



"...AND SAFELY HOME."



AND THE RAGING SEA DID ROAR,
AND THE STORMY WINDS DID BLOW,
WHILE WE SAILOR BOYS WERE UP ALOFT
AND THE LANDSMEN DOWN BELOW.



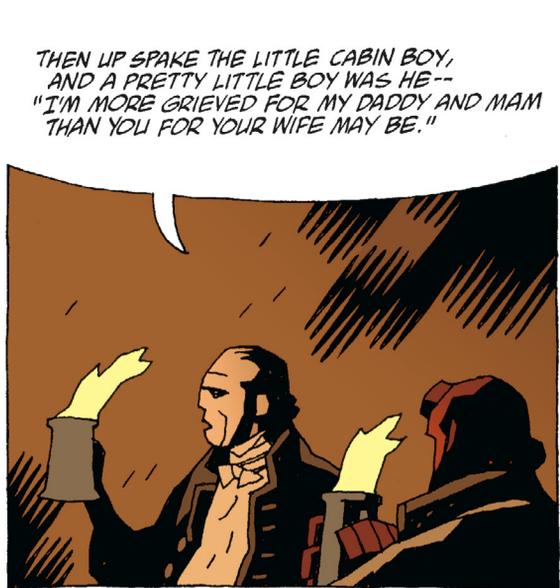
ON FRIDAY MORN
WHEN WE SET SAIL,
AND OUR SHIP
NOT FAR FROM LAND,
WE DID THERE SPY A
PRETTY, FAIR MAID
WITH COMB AND
GLASS IN HAND.



THEN UP SPOKE THE CAPTAIN
OF OUR GALLANT SHIP,
AND A BRAVE YOUNG MAN WAS HE --
"I'VE A WIFE AND A CHILD
IN BRISTOL TOWN,
AND A WIDOW I FEAR SHE'LL BE."



AND THE RAGING
SEA DID ROAR,
AND THE STORMY
WIND DID BLOW--



THEN UP SPAKE THE LITTLE CABIN BOY,
AND A PRETTY LITTLE BOY WAS HE --
"I'M MORE GRIEVED FOR MY DADDY AND MAM
THAN YOU FOR YOUR WIFE MAY BE."



AND THE RAGING
SEA DID
ROAR
AND--
THREE
TIMES 'ROUND
OUR GALLANT SHIP--
AND THREE TIMES
'ROUND WENT
SHE --



"--FOR WANT OF A LIFEBOAT, ALL WENT DOWN..."



...TO COLD RUIN AND WATERY DEATH, TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.*



BOOM

!

THERE'S A DREAD SOUND. WHO KNOCKS?

THE DEVIL.



HANG ON.

LET ME TAKE A LOOK.



I THINK YOU GUYS CAN RELAX.



GUYS?

*"THE MERMAID," AN OLD SAILORS' SONG.

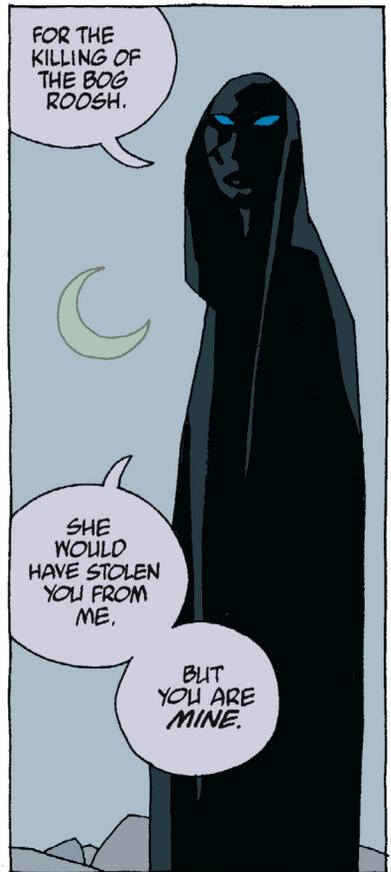




WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ONLY TO THANK YOU.

YEAH?



FOR THE KILLING OF THE BOG ROOSH.

SHE WOULD HAVE STOLEN YOU FROM ME.

BUT YOU ARE MINE.



DON'T MESS WITH ME, LADY. I'VE BEEN DRINKING WITH SKELETONS.



PEACE, HELLBOY.



WE ARE NOT ENEMIES.

WE ARE THE AGENTS OF CHANGE. TO THAT END WE ARE BOUND TOGETHER.

NOT THIS CRAP AGAIN. LADY, DIDN'T WE ALREADY HAVE THIS CONVERSATION?*

YOU ARE DIFFERENT NOW.

I JUST SPENT A CHUNK OF TIME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.**



THE BOG ROOSH OFFERED YOU OBLIVION.

YOU CHOSE LIFE.



WHY?



WHY?

IF NOT FOR THIS?



COME TO ME.



COME TO ME NOW.

CREEEEE--



I THINK NOT.

CLANG

*HELLBOY: WAKE THE DEVIL

**OVER TWO YEARS



WHAT THEN?
YOU CANNOT
GO BACK TO
YOUR FORMER
LIFE.

AND IF YOU
COULD...?

THE STORM IS
UPON US. IN THE SHADOWS,
SPEARS SHARPEN FOR WAR.
AND ALL THE PEOPLE YOU
HAVE CARED FOR. SLOW
TORTURE. AGONIZING
DEATH. A BILLION VOICES
BEGGING FOR AN END,
BUT IT WILL GO ON AND
ON AND ON...

...UNTIL
YOU SAY
ENOUGH.



IT CAN ALL END HERE
AND NOW. IN AN INSTANT.
THE END IS INEVITABLE,
SO WHY SO MUCH
PAIN? WHY THE
SUFFERING?

YOU ONLY
HAVE TO SAY THE
WORD. A WHISPER,
AND THE DARK.
AND THEN...



YOU STILL
TALKING?



YOU ARE A
MYSTERY
TO ME.

GO. NOW.
BETTER YOU
SHOULD THROW YOUR-
SELF BACK INTO THE
SEA THAN REMAIN AN
HOUR LONGER IN THIS
PLACE.



IT'S A TOUGH ONE. DO
I OR DO I NOT TAKE
ADVICE FROM A
BIG TALKING
CAN?





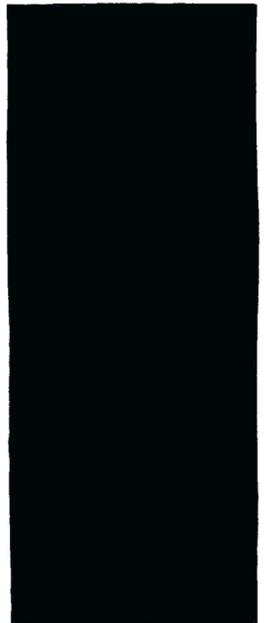
HECATE THE DAMNED.

AND YOU AND I WILL BE TOGETHER. ON THE LAST DAY...



AT THE ENDING OF THE WORLD.

GREAT. TILL THEN, STAY THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY.







I KNOW
WHAT I
SHOULD
DO.

I SHOULD
GO BACK AND
SEE IF THOSE GUYS
HAVE ANOTHER
BOTTLE SQUIRRELED
AWAY SOME-
WHERE.



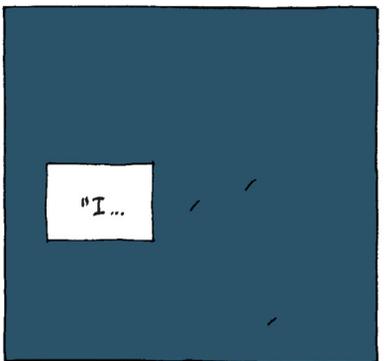
YEAH, THAT'S
WHAT I
SHOULD
DO.



"THAT'S..."



"WHAT..."



"I..."

"SHOULD..."

GOD, CREATOR AND DEFENDER OF THE HUMAN RACE, WHO MADE MEN IN YOUR OWN IMAGE, LOOK DOWN IN PITY ON THIS, YOUR SERVANT, NOW IN THE TOILS OF THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT, ANCIENT ENEMY, SWORN FOE OF OUR RACE, THE SERPENT WHO WOULD LEAD US INTO DESOLATION!

REPEL, O LORD, THE DEVIL'S POWER! BREAK ASUNDER HIS TRAPS--PUT THE UNHOLY TEMPTER TO FLIGHT! BY YOUR CROSS AND--

ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!
DO IT...



"KILL ME..."



YOU MUST!
SUCH IS YOUR
FEAR OF ME--
AND THE
TRUTH.



SEDUCER! LIAR!
ENEMY OF THE FAITH!
BEGONE, ABOMINABLE
CREATURE! GIVE WAY,
YOU MONSTER!

LORD
DELIVER
US.



FROM THE SNARES
OF THE DEVIL!

YOUR
LORD...

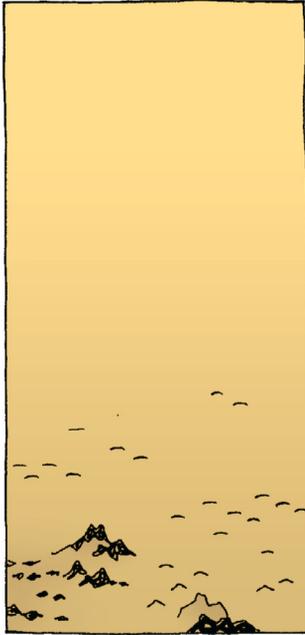


...WHERE IS
HE, PRIEST?





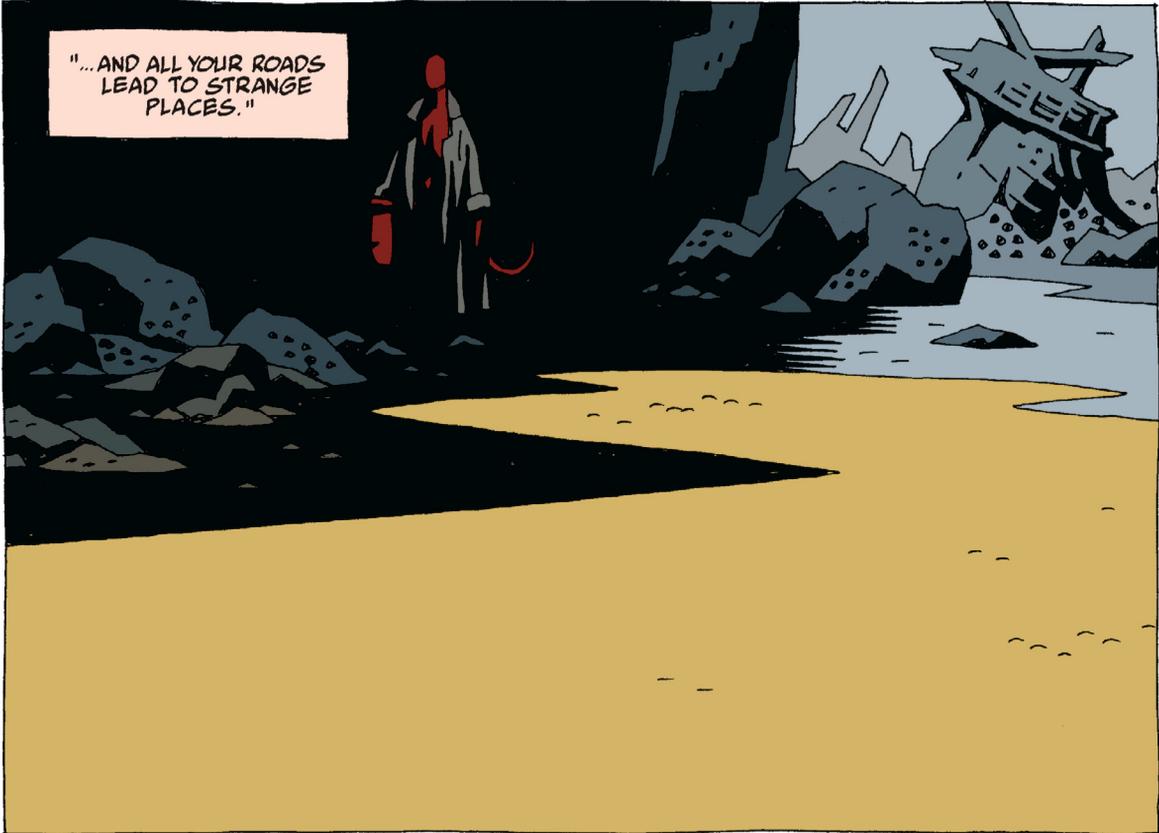
"...IN ME."



"HELLBOY..."



"NOW YOU ARE
AT THE VERY
CROSSROADS
OF YOUR LIFE..."



"...AND ALL YOUR ROADS
LEAD TO STRANGE
PLACES."



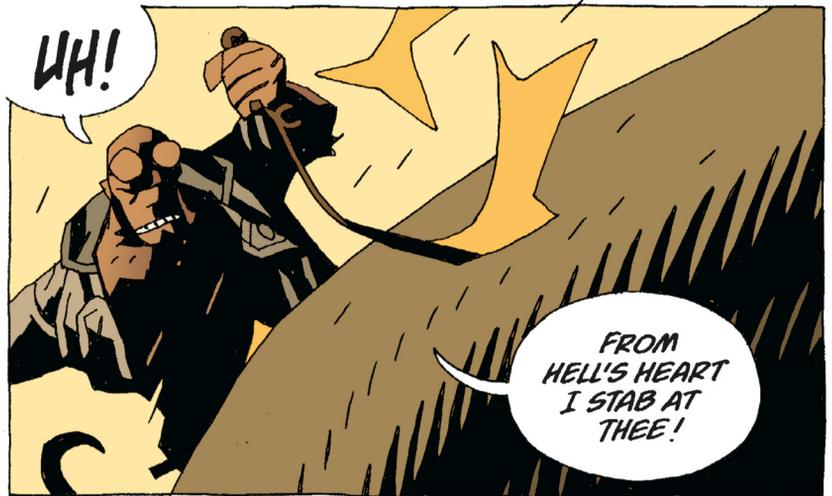
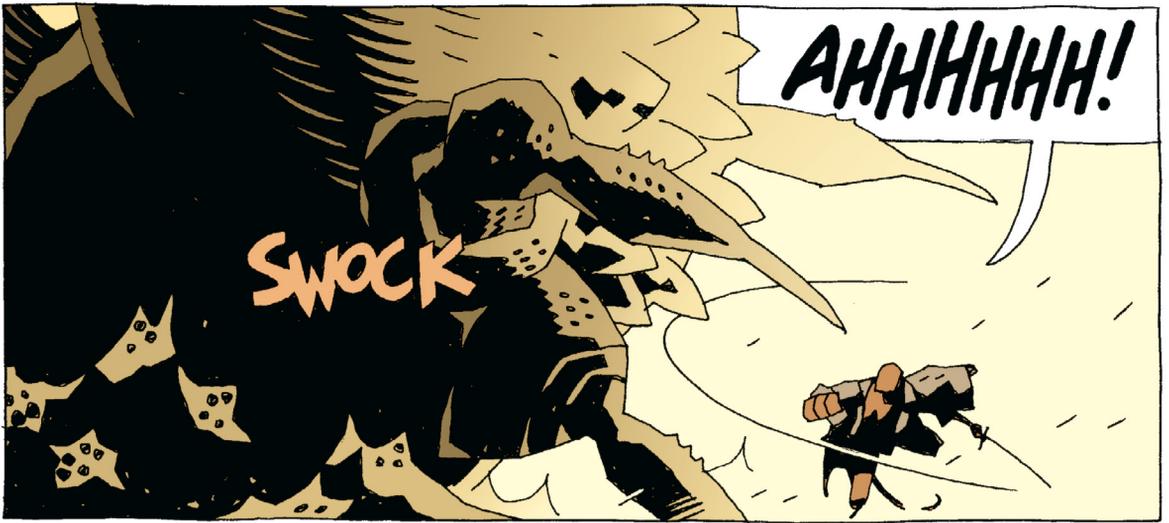
AH, SCREW IT.



SPLOOP







*"--WHALE." HELLBOY IS QUOTING GREGORY PECK AS CAPTAIN AHAAB IN THE 1956 FILM VERSION OF MOBY DICK.







"AND AFTER THAT?"



"HERE..."



"HERE IS MY TRIUMPH OVER DEATH."



UNCLEAN SPIRIT...

TRUTH IS TRUTH, PRIEST. YOU WOULD DESTROY IT...



...BUT YOU SET IT FREE. IT SPILLS OUT OF MY WOUNDS.

I CAST YOU OUT...



BEGONE!

THERE. YOUR ABOMINATION IS MADE TO FLEE.



"NO..."



NOT FLEE...





"THIS HUMAN
BODY IS TOO
WEAK..."



"IN DEATH A GREATER
STRENGTH WILL BE
GRANTED TO ME..."



"I WILL CAST OFF
MY AFFLICTIONS..."



"I WILL PUT
ON NEW
FLESH..."



"I WILL LIVE AGAIN
TO FINISH WHAT I
HAVE BEGUN..."



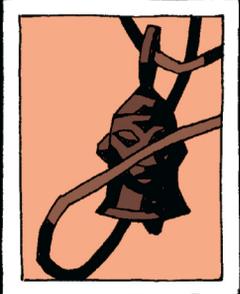
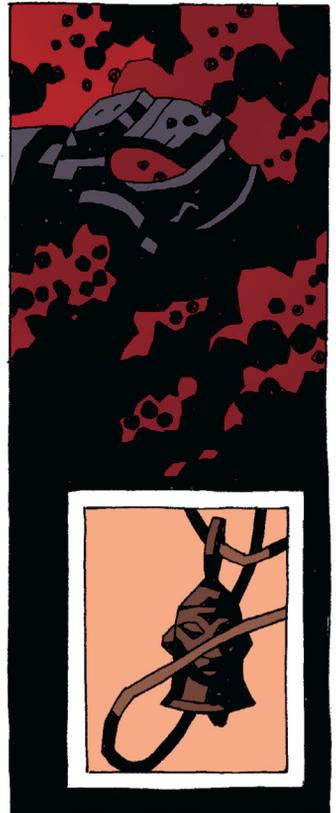
"I AM COME TO
GIVE SIGHT TO
THE BLIND..."

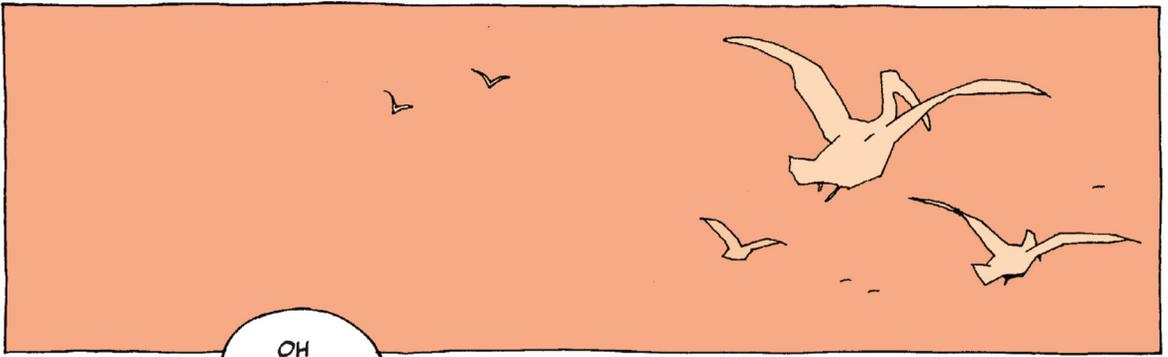


"...TO REVEAL
TO MAN THE
TRUE ORDER
OF THINGS..."



"...AND THE
SECRET
HISTORY
OF THE
WORLD."





OH
CRAP. AM I
DEAD?

DO
YOU THINK
THAT YOU
ARE?

I DON'T
KNOW...



WUK--



BOOM

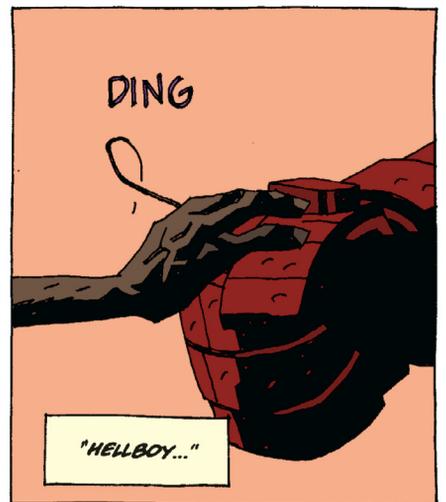


MAYBE.



ARE YOU READY FOR
IT TO BE OVER?





DING





DAMN.



WHAT ARE YOU?



WHAT WERE YOU?

AND THEREFORE, WHAT AM I?

YOU SEE THIS SKIN, THIS BODY...



"IT IS WOVEN FROM YOUR BLOOD-- ALL YOUR BLOOD. I AM RE-CREATED FROM YOU. I AM ALL THAT YOU WERE..."



BUT AM I NOT ALSO... MYSELF?

AND IF I HAVE TAKEN YOUR LIFE, AS I KNOW I HAVE, THEN WHAT IS IN THAT BODY THAT MOVES AND SPEAKS?

JESUS, PAL, YOU'RE MAKING ME DIZZY.





LOOK.

THERE
IN THAT
CORNER,
THAT
HEAP...



THAT
BUNDLE OF
RAGS,
THOSE DRY
STICKS...



THAT WAS MY
ENEMY.

"BUT I WAS SUCH
A MAN ONCE,
YEARS AGO..."

"...AT THE
BURNING OF
TENOCHTITLÁN.*



"BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER
THAT LIFE.



"I WAS BORN
AGAIN IN THE
VAULTS UNDER
THAT CITY.



*THE AZTEC CITY CONQUERED BY HERNÁN CORTÉS ON AUGUST 13, 1521.



"THERE I DISCOVERED THE TRUTH--"



"THE ENTIRE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WORLD INSCRIBED ON THREE GOLD TABLETS,"

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LANGUAGE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE.



"AN OLD MAN TAUGHT ME TO READ THEM, AND A LONG TIME WE WERE DOWN THERE TOGETHER..."



ETH EMM-ESH GALL ATHOTH ES ...



"...BEFORE SOLDIERS FOUND US AND CUT HIS THROAT."

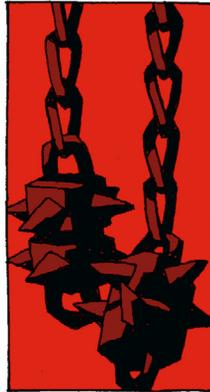
"THE TABLETS WERE
BROKEN AND MELTED
DOWN, BUT I HAD
COMMITTED THEIR
STORY TO MEMORY."

EN-LING
ESH BUTH
RUMM
ISH-EMMEN
NING ADV
ESH...



"I WAS RETURNED
TO SPAIN AND GIVEN
OVER TO THE
INQUISITION."

"WHAT WAS
DONE TO ME
THERE--"



--I DO NOT
REMEMBER.



EVENTUALLY
I WAS RESCUED
BY MEMBERS OF A SECRET
ORDER. SCHOLARS. MEN DEDI-
CATED TO THE PRESERVATION
OF ANCIENT WISDOM.*

*PROBABLY THE ROSICRUCIANS, FOUNDED BY CHRISTIAN ROSENKREITZ (1378-1484?).



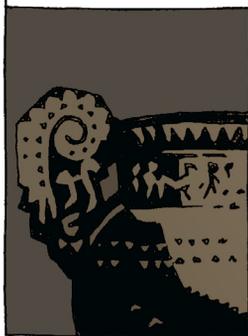
THEY BROUGHT ME TO THIS, THEIR MOST SECRET PLACE.

TO HIDE ME.



"HERE THEY HAD GATHERED ALL THEIR TREASURES FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE-- CARVED STONE AND CLAY POTS, BRONZE AND PARCHMENT.

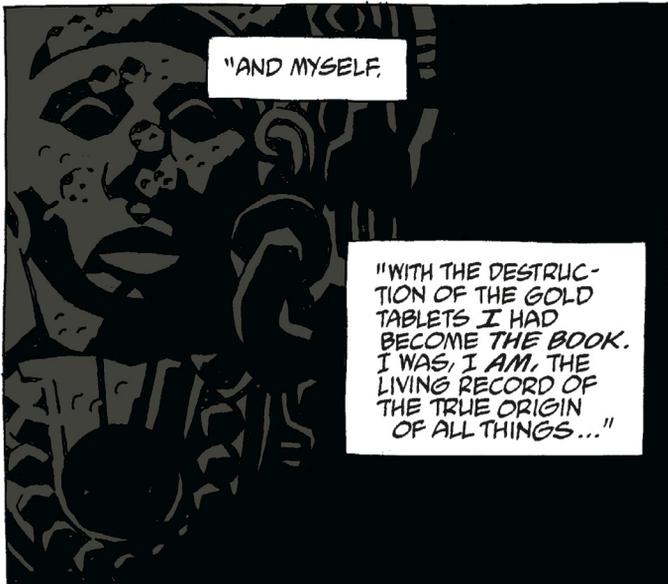
"BITS OF ATLANTIS, LEMURIA, AND LIRR.



"SCRAPS OF BABYLON.



"AND MYSELF.



"WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GOLD TABLETS I HAD BECOME THE BOOK. I WAS, I AM, THE LIVING RECORD OF THE TRUE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS..."



...EVEN TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME.



... EVEN TO THE DEPTH AND BREADTH OF THE ABYSS...

"...OF THE SELF-CREATION OF THE POWER CALLED GOD..."

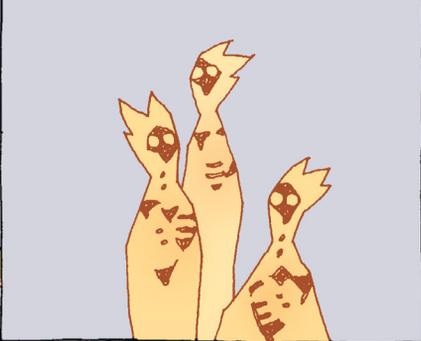


"... AND THE BIRTHING OF SPIRITS.

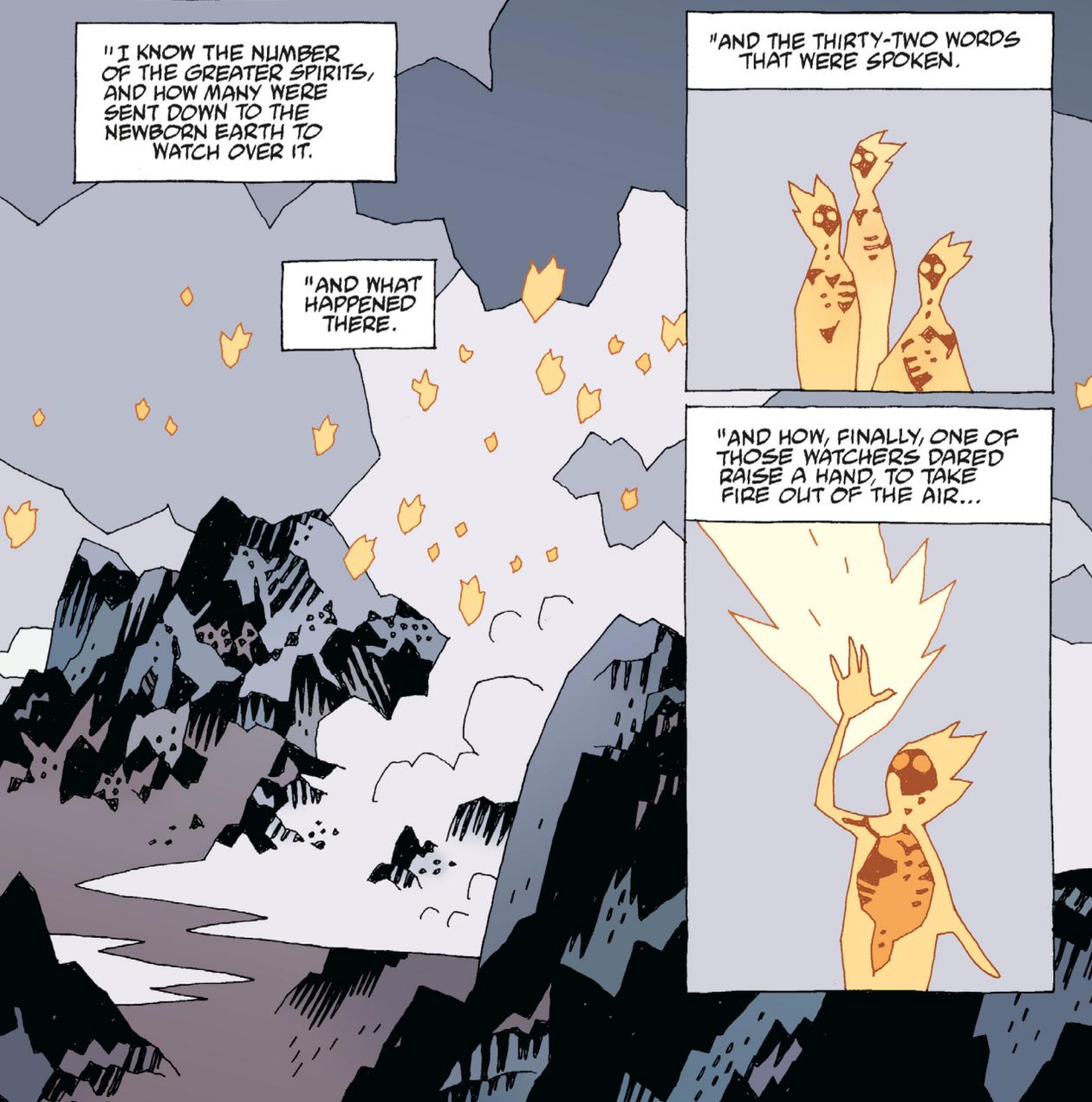
"I KNOW THE NUMBER OF THE GREATER SPIRITS, AND HOW MANY WERE SENT DOWN TO THE NEWBORN EARTH TO WATCH OVER IT.

"AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

"AND THE THIRTY-TWO WORDS THAT WERE SPOKEN.



"AND HOW, FINALLY, ONE OF THOSE WATCHERS DARED RAISE A HAND, TO TAKE FIRE OUT OF THE AIR..."





"... AND WITH IT
FASHIONED, OUT
OF MUD, THE
DRAGON, OGDRI
JAHAD.

"THE WATCHERS
GATHERED 'ROUND
THE BEAST AND
SET THEIR SEALS
UPON IT.

"THE STOLEN
FIRE WAS PUT
INTO IT...



"... STILL, IT WAS
WITHOUT LIFE.



"UNTIL--



"NIGHT.



"AND THE DARKNESS
ENTERED INTO IT AND
GAVE TO IT, AND TO
ALL ITS PARTS, FUNCTION
AND PURPOSE...

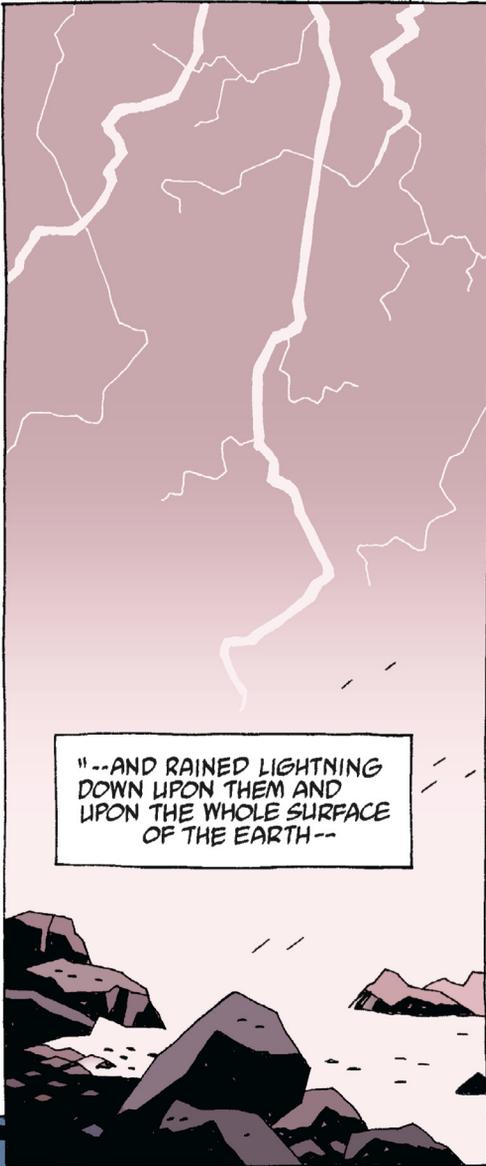
"...AND CAUSED
IT TO DELIVER
OUT OF ITSELF
THE FIRST LIVING
CREATURES
ON EARTH--



"THE THREE HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-NINE OGDURU HEM.



"AND THE WATCHERS
WERE SO FILLED WITH
HORROR AT THE SIGHT
OF THE OGDURU HEM
THAT THEY WENT TO
WAR AGAINST THEM--



"--AND RAINED LIGHTNING
DOWN UPON THEM AND
UPON THE WHOLE SURFACE
OF THE EARTH--



"--UNTIL ONLY
THE OGDRI JAHAD
REMAINED.



"THEN THAT WATCHER
WHO HAD DARED TO
CREATE THEM DARED
TO RAISE HIS HAND
AGAIN...



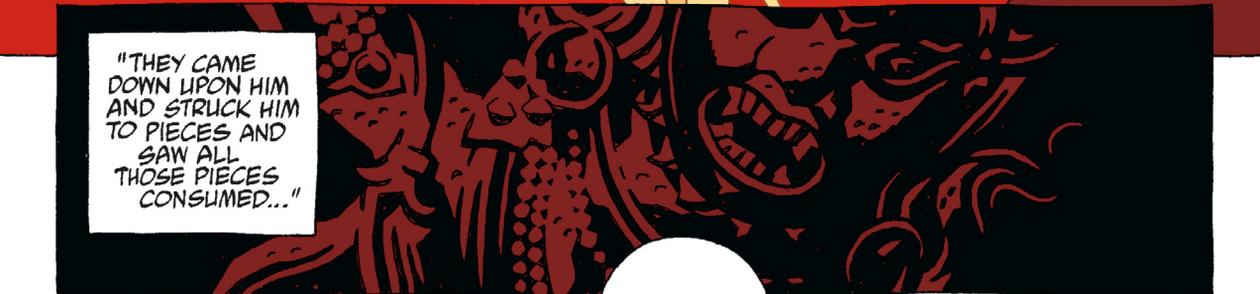
"...TO IMPRISON
THEM...

"...AND HURL
THEM INTO THE
ABYSS.





"THEN ALL THE WATCHERS TURNED AGAINST THAT ONE, FOR FEAR OF HIM AND ALL THAT HAD COME TO PASS."



"THEY CAME DOWN UPON HIM AND STRUCK HIM TO PIECES AND SAW ALL THOSE PIECES CONSUMED..."



EXCEPT ONE.

SHUT UP!



HIS RIGHT HAND.

HEY, SCREW YOU, PAL!



THEN THE WRATH AND FURY OF THEIR MASTER WAS COME DOWN UPON THEM.



AND THEY WERE TAKEN UP IN A WHIRLWIND AND CAST DOWN, SOME INTO THE PIT, OTHERS UPON THE EARTH TO BREED MONSTERS.

GAAA!



"THEN THE STORM PASSED AND THE LESSER SPIRITS WERE ALLOWED TO ASSUME SHAPES...



"...AND BECAME THE FIRST MEN.



"THE GOLDEN PEOPLE.

"THEY BUILT THEIR CITIES IN HYPERBOREA,* AND THEIR SACRED OBJECT WAS THAT WATCHER'S HAND--



"--PRESERVED IN AMBER AND CLOSED IN A GOLDEN BOWL.

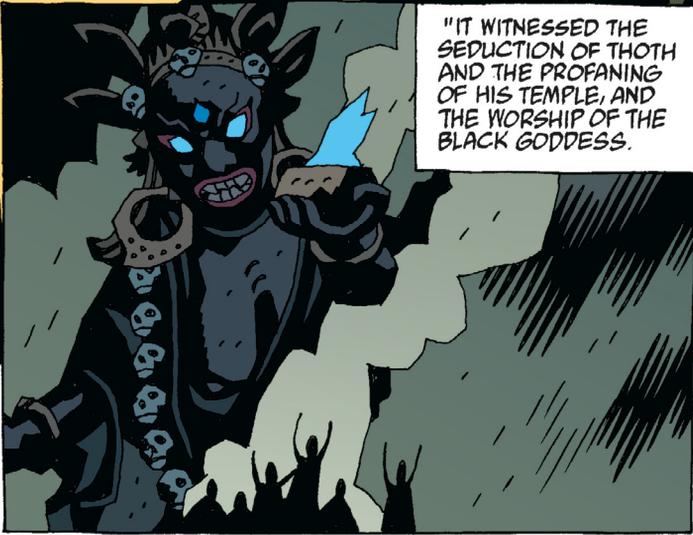
*ACCORDING TO H.P. BLAVATSKY (1831-1891), THE "IMPERISHABLE SACRED LAND," WHICH COVERED THE ENTIRE NORTH POLE AND IS NOW BURIED UNDER "POLARIAN" ICE.



"BUT ALL THINGS END."

"IT WAS FIRST TO FEEL THE CHILL COME INTO THE LAND."

"THEN, WHEN THOTH* BECAME KING, HE HAD A STATUE MADE, AND THAT HAND PUT INTO IT, AND IT STOOD TEN THOUSAND YEARS IN HIS GARDEN, ALL THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE."



"IT WITNESSED THE SEDUCTION OF THOTH AND THE PROFANING OF HIS TEMPLE, AND THE WORSHIP OF THE BLACK GODDESS."



"IT WEPT TO SEE ALL GOOD THINGS PASS AWAY."



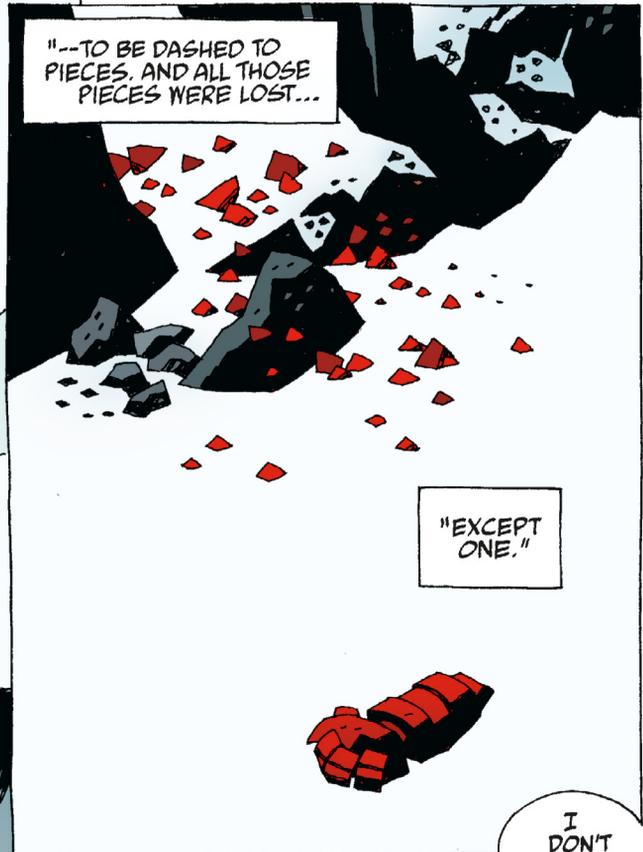
*THE LAST GREAT KING OF HYPERBOREA, OFTEN CREDITED WITH INVENTING THE WRITTEN WORD.

"THEN IT CAME
DOWN FROM ITS
PEDESTAL--



"--AND VENT ITS RAGE AGAINST THE
PEOPLE TILL IT WAS COVERED IN THEIR
BLOOD. THEN IT THREW ITSELF FROM
THE WALLS OF THE CITY--

"--TO BE DASHED TO
PIECES. AND ALL THOSE
PIECES WERE LOST...



"EXCEPT
ONE."



I
DONT
BELIEVE
IT.



"YOU DO."

SHUT UP.



NOW, CREATURE, REST HERE IN PLACE OF MY BONES, TILL DOOMSDAY, WHEN THAT HAND WILL BE RAISED AGAIN.

TILL THEN, WE ARE DONE WITH YOU.

NOW TO FULFILL MY PURPOSE.

I WAS HIDDEN HERE TO WAIT THE DAY WHEN MANKIND WOULD BE READY TO HEAR MY MESSAGE.

NOW'S THAT DAY.



"THE WATCHERS WON THEIR WAR AGAINST THE OGDRI HEM. THE OGDRI HEM WERE DEFEATED--



"--SOME TORN FROM THEIR BODIES AND CAST OUT ON THE WIND--

"--SOME ENTOMBED IN THE EARTH--



"--BUT THEY ALL STILL LIVE."



JEEZ, PAL. I'VE KNOWN SOME GUYS WHO COULD TALK, BUT YOU' WIN.



MANKIND MUST BE MADE TO SEE THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THEY ARE STIRRING.

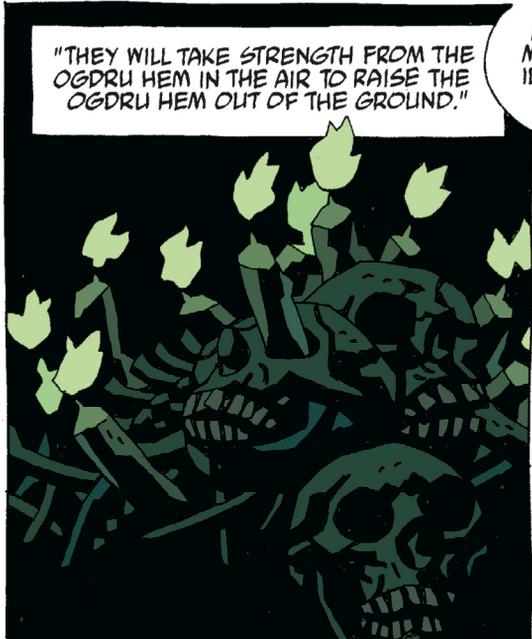
THE OGDRI HEM WILL WAKE AND RECLAIM THE EARTH.



THEY WILL RULE UNTIL THE OGDRU JAHAD COME AGAIN.



"ALREADY A NEW FINAL RACE OF MAN IS BEING BORN, AND THEY KNOW THE GODS."



"THEY WILL TAKE STRENGTH FROM THE OGDRU HEM IN THE AIR TO RAISE THE OGDRU HEM OUT OF THE GROUND."



MANKIND *MUST* BE MADE READY. MAKE NEW IDOLS TO THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. PAINT ALTARS RED.

HEY!

OR HAVE THE NEW RACE REPLACE THE OLD AND --

HEY!



?

YOU'RE FOOLING YOURSELF IF YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE JUST GONNA ROLL OVER AND START PRAYING TO MONSTERS.

EVERY-THING I HAVE SAID *WILL* COME TO PASS. IT IS THE TRUTH...



...AS PROVEN BY THE MIRACLE OF MY BLOOD.



THE WHAT?



MY ENEMIES HUNTED ME TO THIS PLACE AND MURDERED ME.



"BUT AS SADU-HEM WAS REBORN OUT OF THE BLOOD AT GORINILIM, SO URGO-HEM WAS REBORN HERE, OUT OF MY BLOOD.



"TESTAMENT TO THE POWER OF MY FAITH."



PROOF SO THAT ALL WILL BELIEVE.

IF THEY WILL NOT SEE...?

OR ELSE?



I WILL CUT OUT THEIR EYES AND MAKE THEM SEE.

I LOVE THE HUMAN RACE, AND WOULD BE ITS SAVIOR. LET THE PEOPLE COME UNTO ME, AND AT LEAST SOME OF THEM WILL LIVE.



HERE WE GO.



BUT I
WOULD RATHER
DESTROY MY PEOPLE
THAN SEE
THEM SUFFER UNDER
A PLAGUE OF
FROGS!

I
KNEW
IT.

I
KNEW
IT!



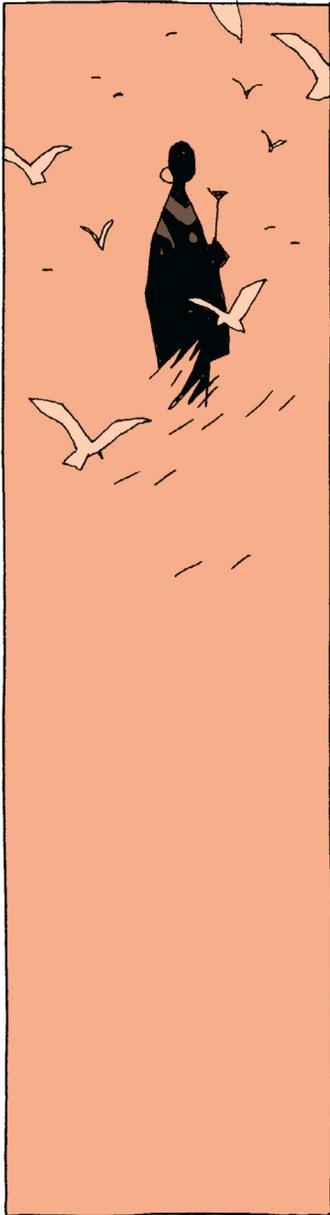
TO BE
SUBJECT
TO THE
REPTILE?

No!

TO
BOW
AND--



BOOM





NOW STAY DOWN.



YOU KNOW, PAL, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A BAD GUY.

I THINK YOU MEANT WELL.

BUT LOOK AT YOU.



IT'S THE BLOOD.



POOR BASTARD.

YOU'RE WEARING THE WRONG GUY'S--

SHUNK--

BLOOD



FOOL.

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. IT'S YOUR BLOOD. CUT ME AND WHO BLEEDS FOR IT?

OH.

CRAP.



AND WHAT IS THIS?

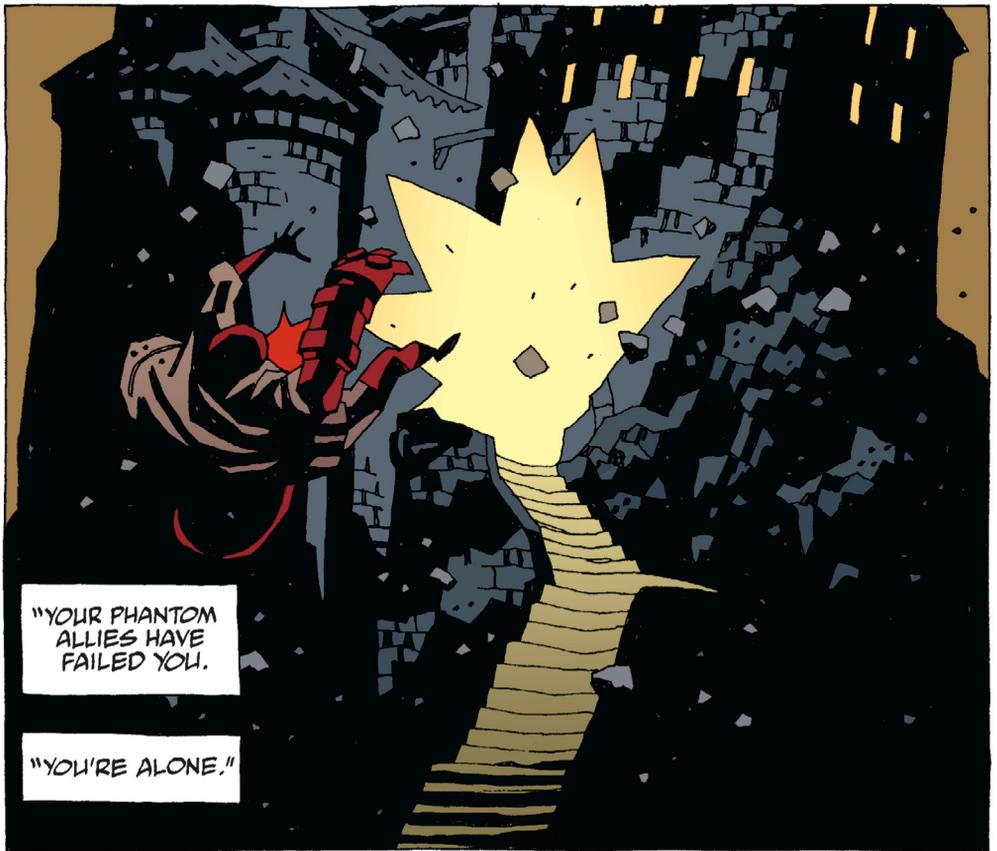
A WOODEN SPEAR BECOMES AN IRON STAFF.

WITH A BIRD.



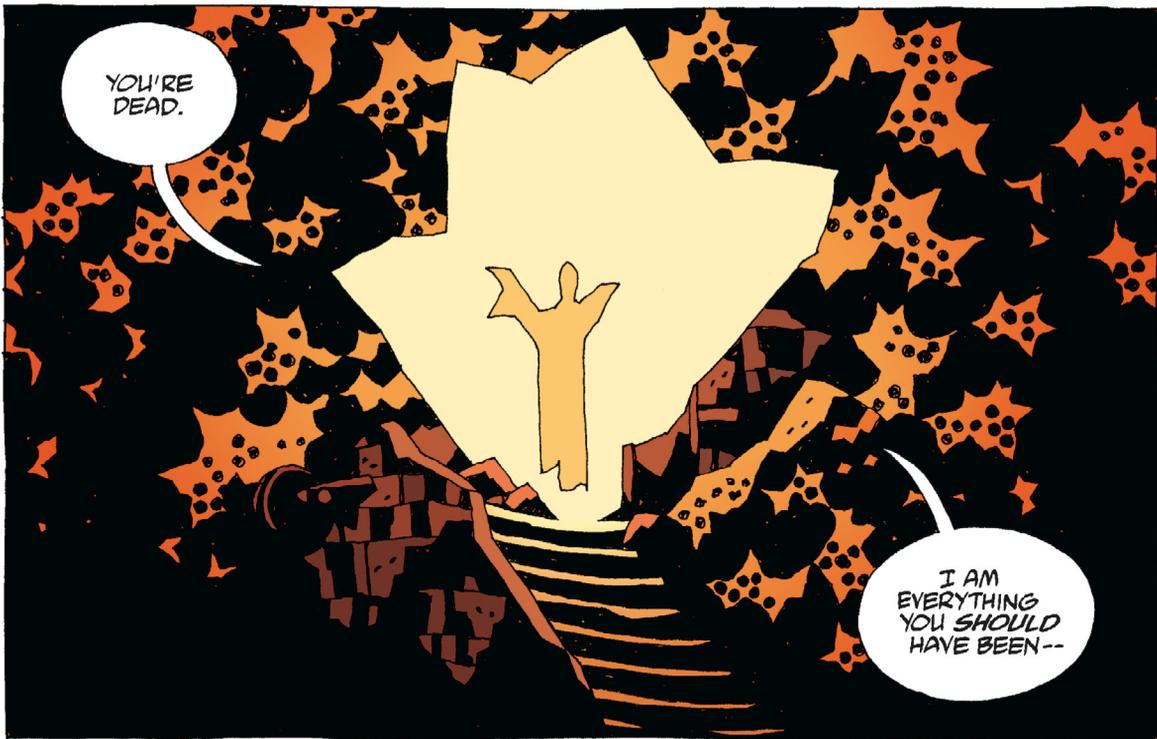
CRAP.

PATHETIC.



"YOUR PHANTOM ALLIES HAVE FAILED YOU."

"YOU'RE ALONE."



YOU'RE DEAD.

I AM EVERYTHING YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN--



SPLOOSH

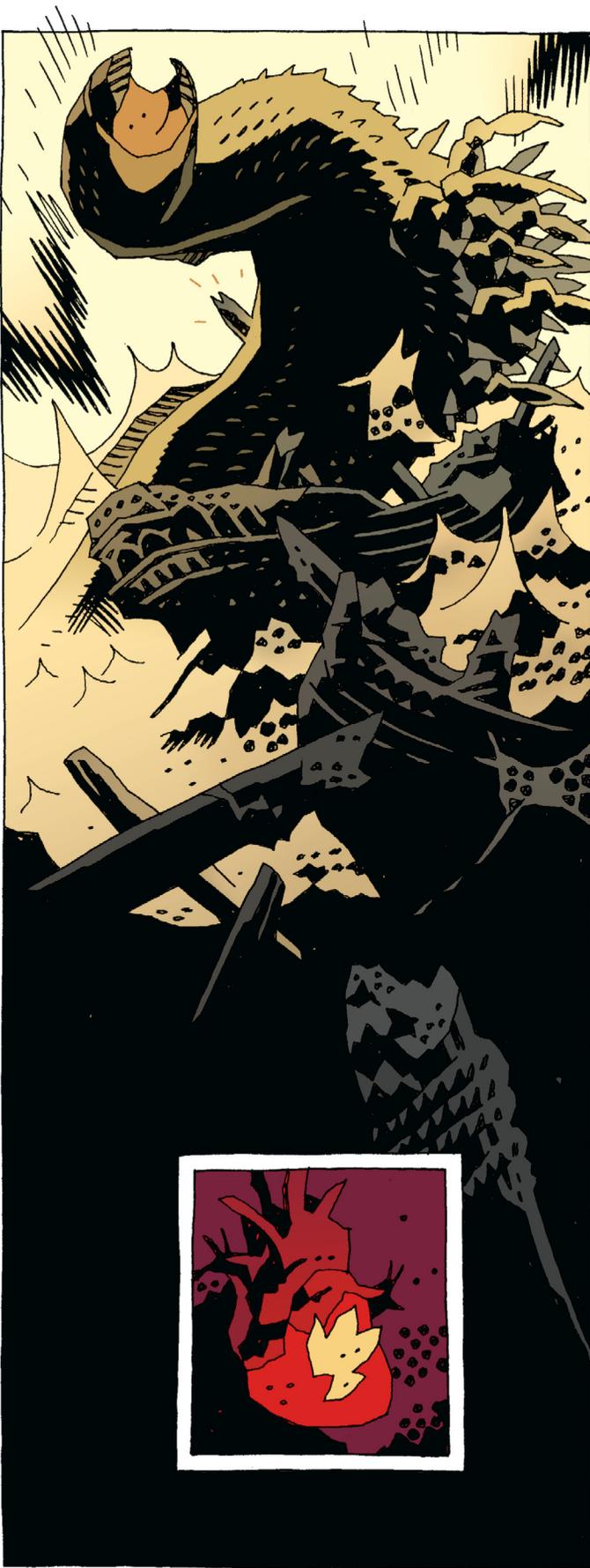


--EVERYTHING YOU WERE EVER MEANT TO BE.



"HELLBOY..."





AAAAHH





NO.



MERCY,
BROTHER.

IT
WAS THE
TRUTH. IT
WAS--

TRUTH?

WHO
ARE YOU TO
SPEAK FOR
THE SPIRIT OF
MAN?

I--



TEND TO YOUR
OWN SOUL/
BROTHER.

NO!

HE HAS
LAID WASTE
YOUR KINGDOM,
BOUND YOU
PRISONER...



"...PLUNDERED
YOUR WEAPONS..."

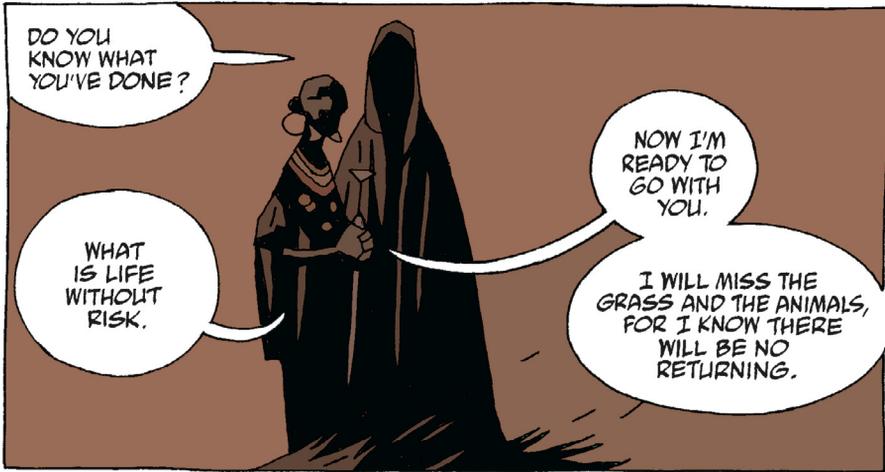


HE HAS CAST YOU FORTH
INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS,
WHERE EVERLASTING RUIN
AWAITS YOU AND ALL YOUR
ABETTERS!

NO!

BEGONE!





DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT RISK.

NOW I'M READY TO GO WITH YOU.

I WILL MISS THE GRASS AND THE ANIMALS, FOR I KNOW THERE WILL BE NO RETURNING.

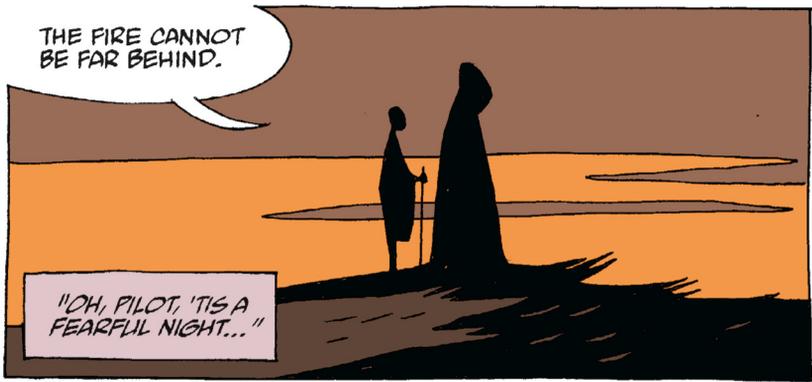


THINGS WILL BE WORSE NOW.

YOU FEEL IT?



I SMELL THE SMOKE...



THE FIRE CANNOT BE FAR BEHIND.

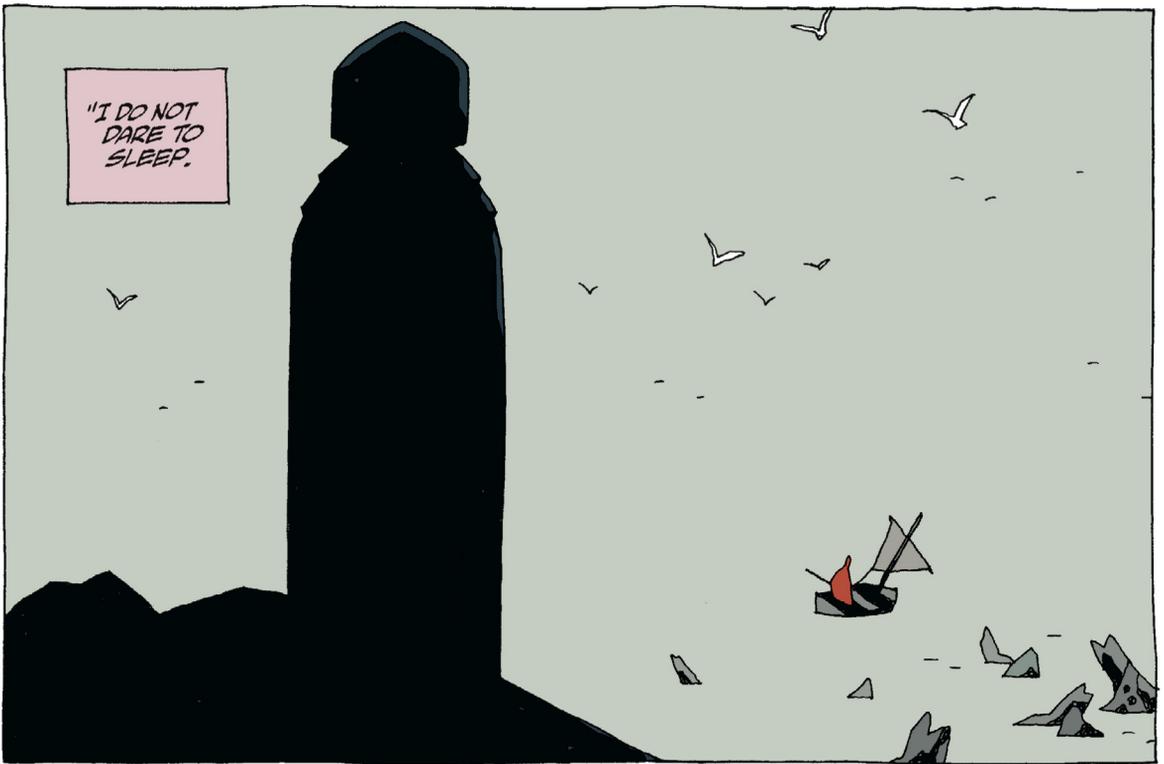
"OH, PILOT, 'TIS A FEARFUL NIGHT..."



THERE'S DANGER ON THE DEEP--



"I'LL COME AND PACE THE DECK WITH THEE--

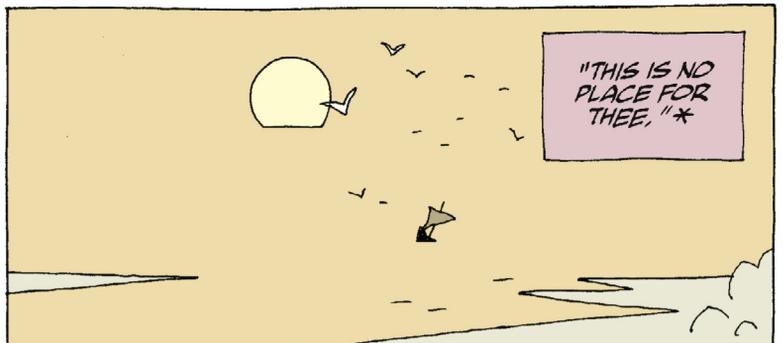


"I DO NOT DARE TO SLEEP."



"GO DOWN, THE SAILOR CRIED--"

"GO DOWN--"



"THIS IS NO PLACE FOR THEE,"*



THE END



Epilogue



HELLBOY...



TELL ME HE'S DROWNED.

OR AT LEAST PRISONER IN SOME FISH'S BELLY.

HE LIVES...



"EVEN NOW HE IS BOUND FOR ENGLAND."

HE IS COMING HOME.





HE MUST BE STOPPED.

SOMEONE MUST--

WHO?

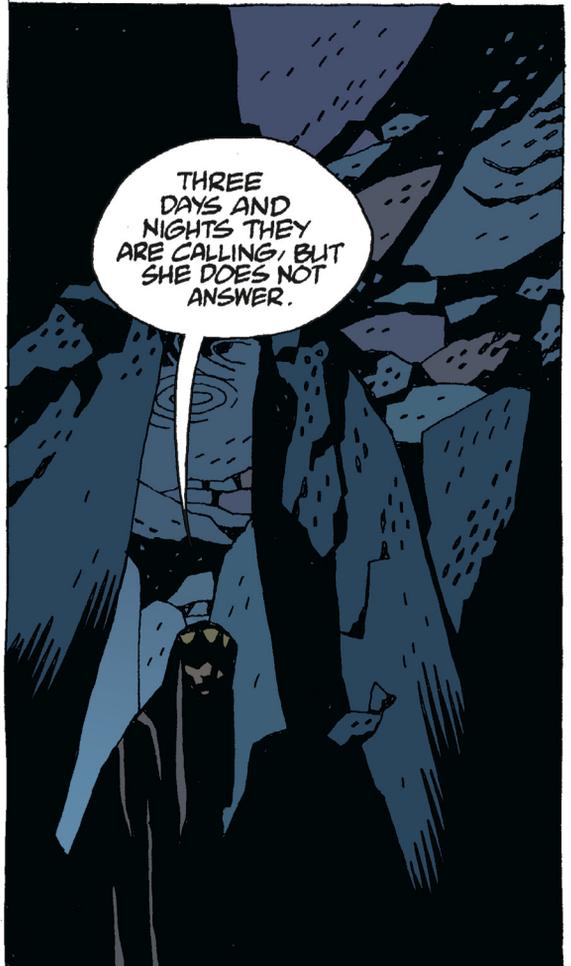


WHERE ARE THE WITCHES OF THE EARTH?

THEY ARE WAITING. THEY NEED WORD FROM THEIR QUEEN.



HECATE.



THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS THEY ARE CALLING, BUT SHE DOES NOT ANSWER.







"HE FEELS THE WEIGHT OF HIS BURDEN..."

"AND ALL THESE YEARS HE HAS TRIED TO LIVE A MAN'S LIFE. BUT HE IS NOT A MAN. AND NOW, WITH HIS DEATH, HE FINALLY KNOWS IT."



"HE HAS SEEN THE FACE OF THE CREATURE HE WAS MEANT TO BE."

AND NOW...?



WHATEVER HE IS NOW, GRUAGACH, YOU CANNOT BEAT HIM.

I CAN.



WHY?



HE MOCKED ME! HE BURNED ME! BECAUSE OF HIM I WEAR THIS PIG-BODY AND--



REVENGE.

AND MORE THAN REVENGE.



BEWARE, GRUAGACH.

CAREFUL WHAT YOU BEGIN. THIS THING WILL ECHO DOWN THE YEARS, TO THE ENDING OF US ALL.



THAT MAY BE.

BUT IF THERE *MUST* BE AN END, LET IT BE LOUD. LET IT BE BLOODY. BETTER TO BURN THAN TO WITHER AWAY IN THE DARK.

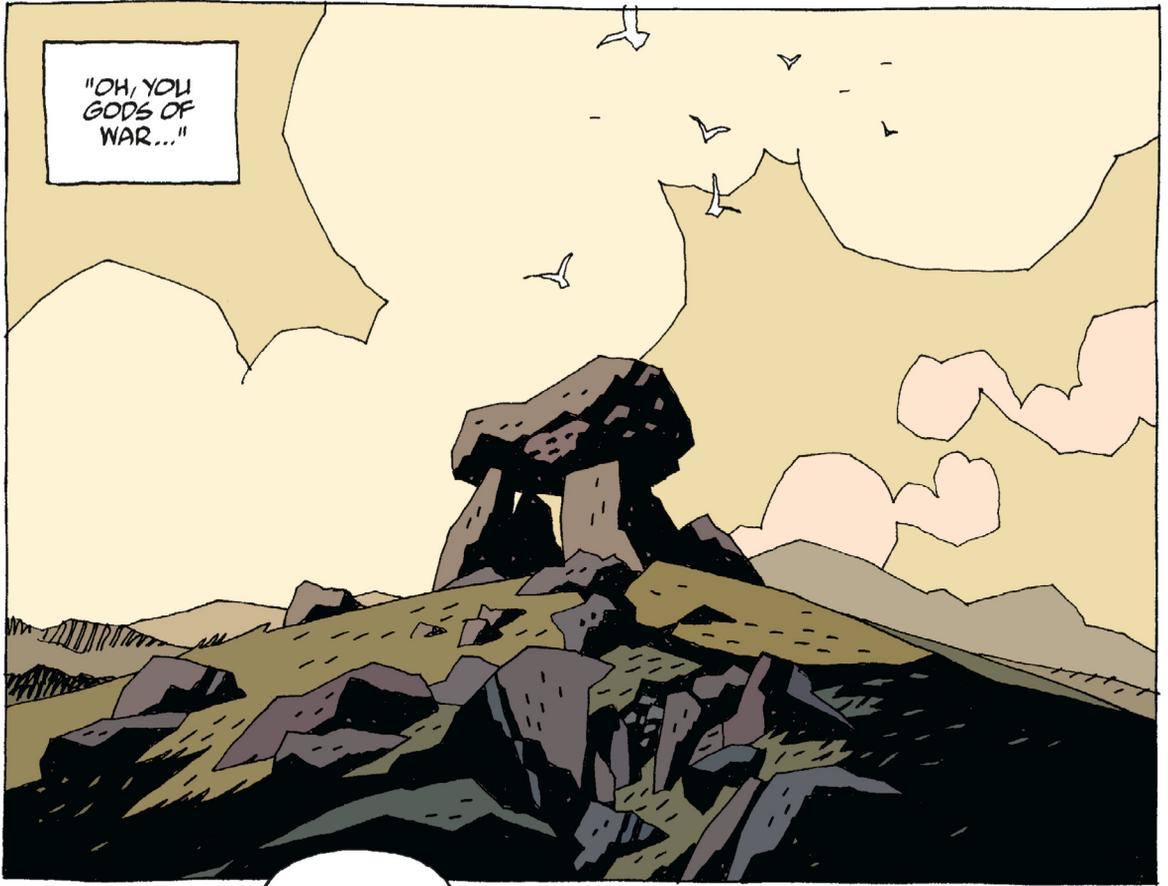


"NOT TO GO QUIET..."



"NOT TO GO UNNOTICED..."

"OH, YOU
GODS OF
WAR..."



LET IT BE
WAR.



The End



THE FIRST EIGHT PAGES to follow (inked and colored specifically for this book) are the beginning of the first version of *The Island*. This version was closest in spirit to the old William Hope Hodgson stories. Hellboy is called up out of the sea by witches and finds himself on a spooky island surrounded by fog and wrecked ships. He finds the remains of a sailor who's killed himself to avoid the fate of his shipmates. His diary tells the tale—despair, madness, and men turned to fungus. And, of course, that night the fungus men attack. The bit with the witches and the little carved Hellboy is being used to better effect in the next Hellboy miniseries, *Darkness Calls*. Strangely enough, Hellboy's last line on page eight was going to be, "This isn't going to work." As is so often the case, he was right.

The next pages (in pencil) are part of my second attempt. With a little redrawing, I was able to use the first twelve pages of this version as the beginning of the published story. These pages (which would have been thirteen through nineteen) show the original design of the big weird house, the old man and his servant, and a longer sequence with the fungus men. You can also clearly see the panel where I ran out of gas. I don't want to say too much about what was going to happen in this version of the story. It's a good one, and I do plan to do it right one of these days.

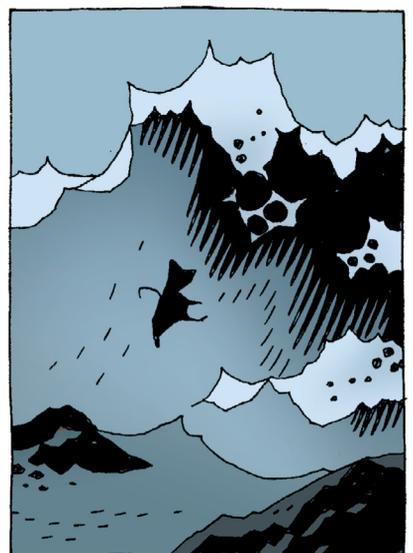
Following the unused pages are a few pages from my sketchbook, and there you go.

That's it.

MIKE MIGNOLA →

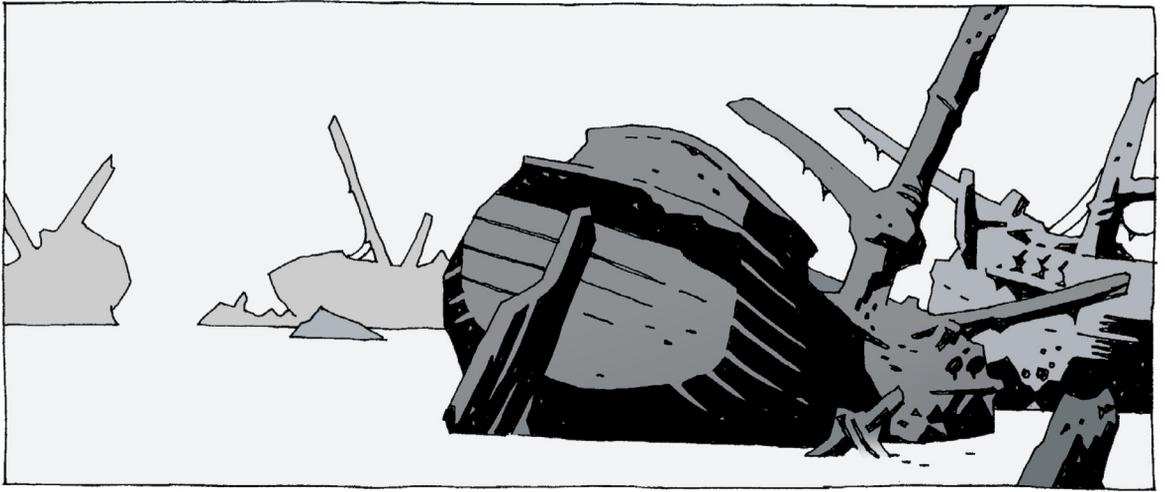
Somewhere in Southern California

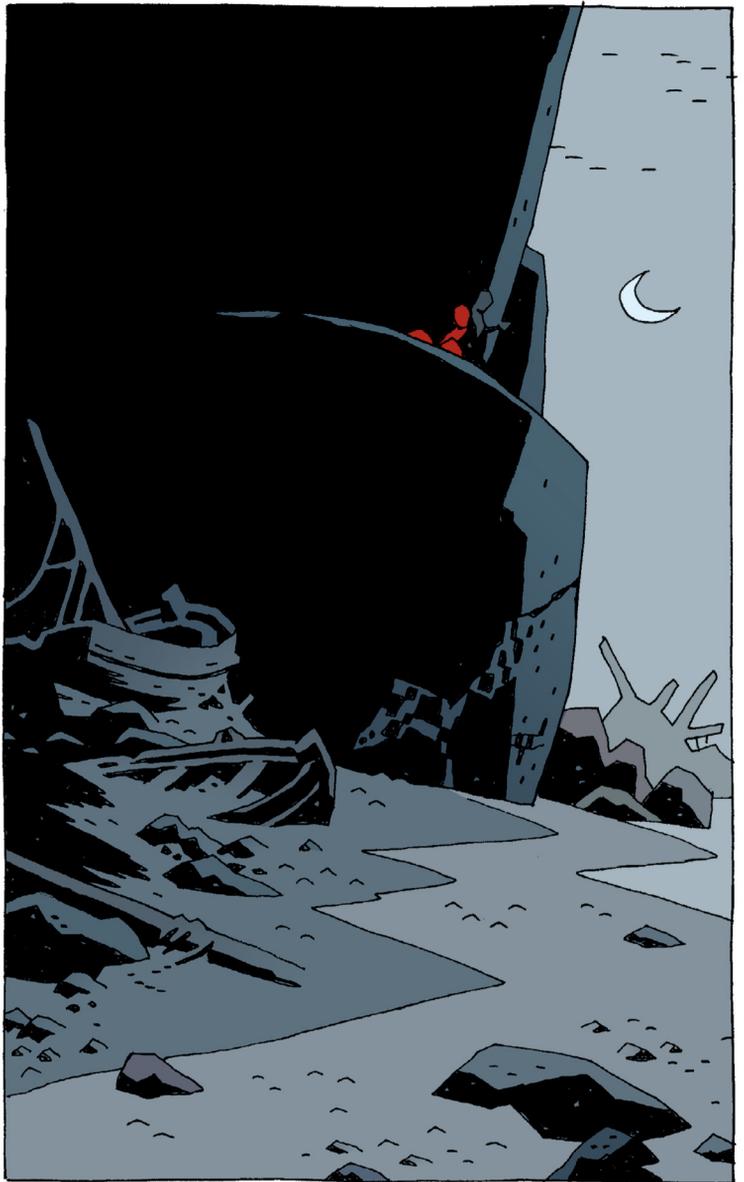








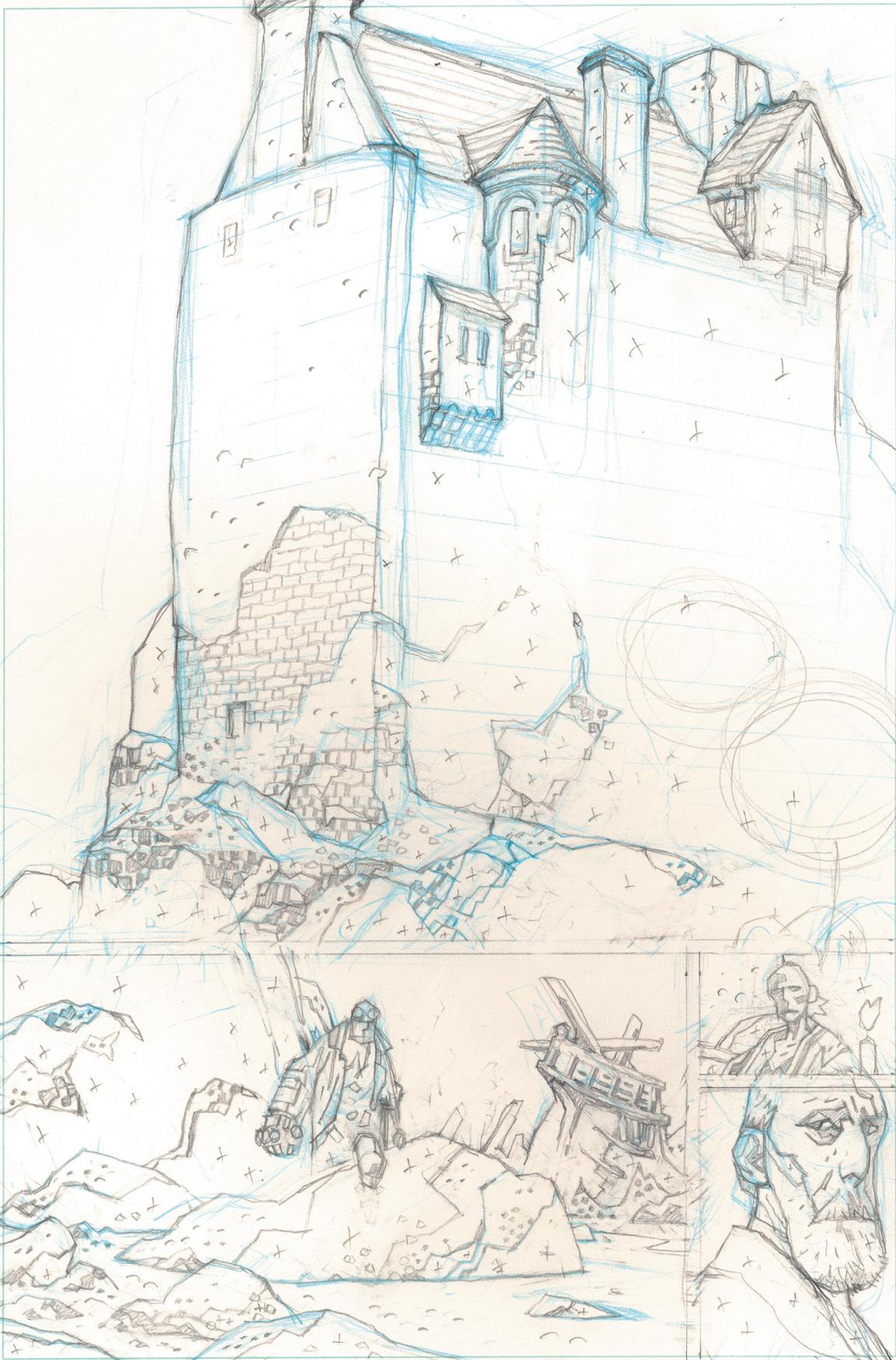








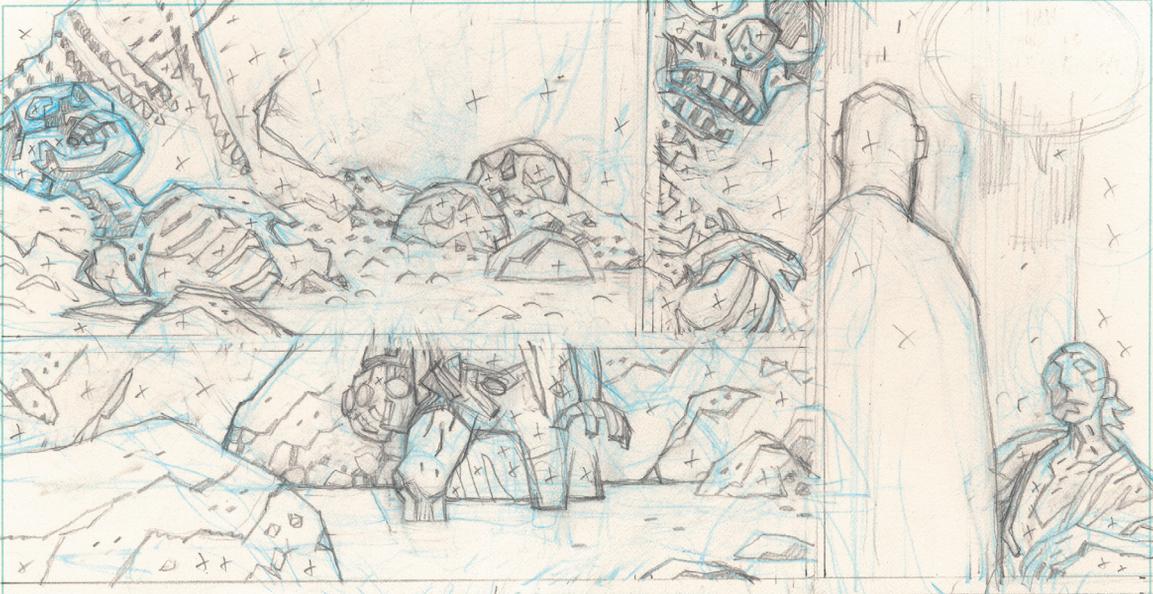
ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



Peter Copaka Salon
11:00

ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID BLUE AREA BOX.

144

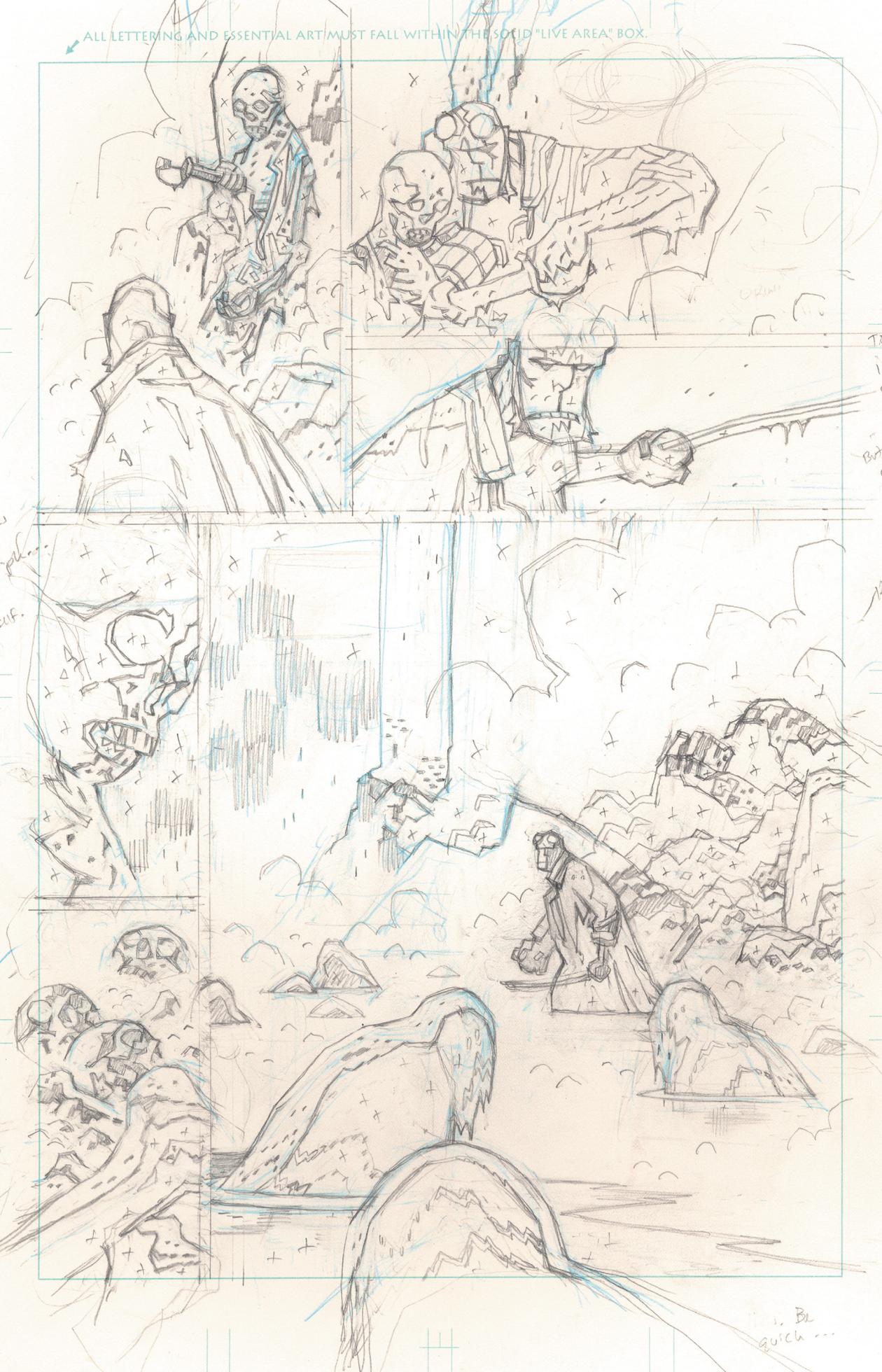


Doesn't
...
...
me-

244

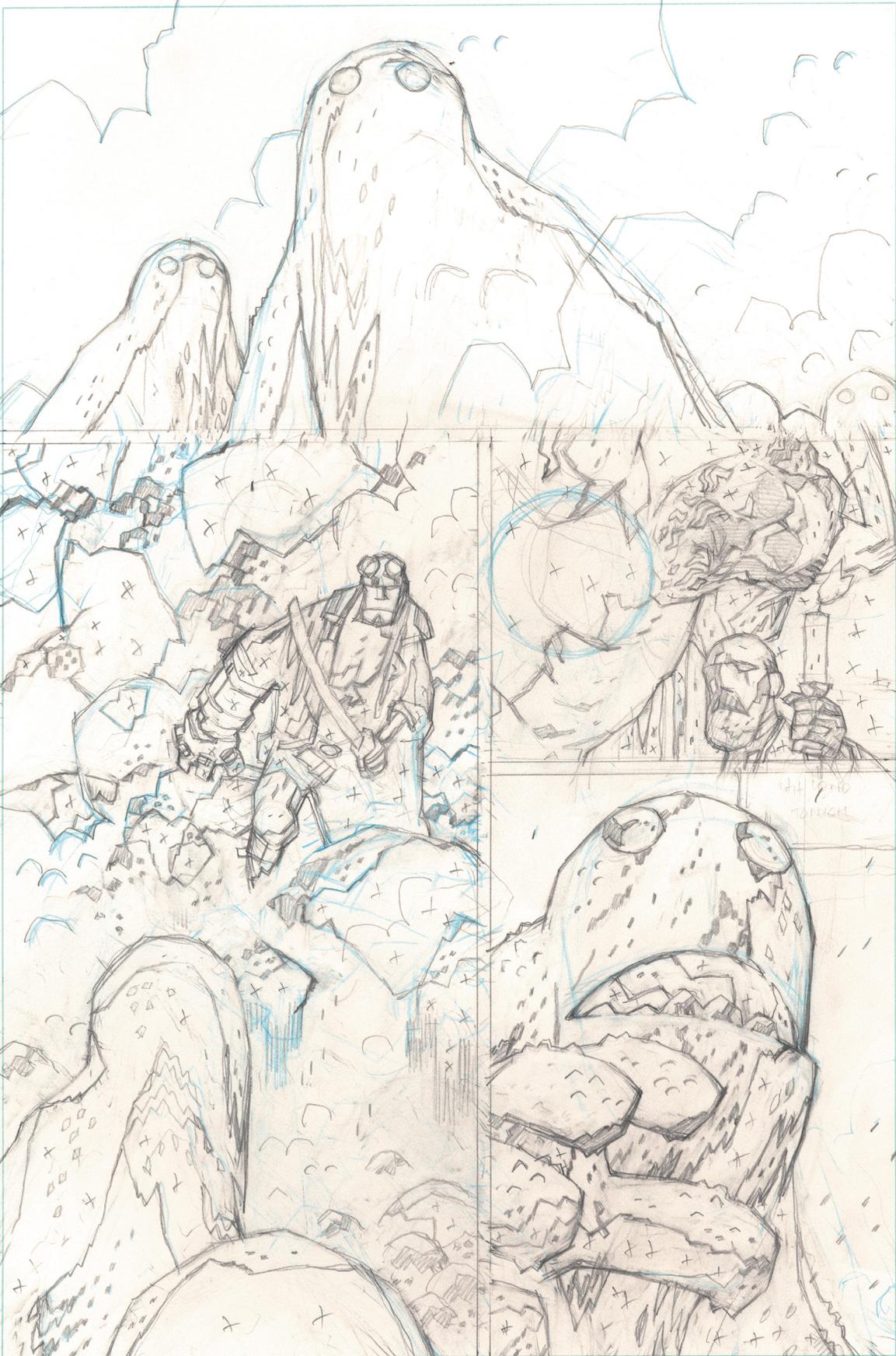
Nancy

ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



1. Be quick...

ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



Elroy
r. Gison 212

ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



God
Dem...
Hille

W. B. Hill
G. Hill

Got 1/2 Oct.
1933



unimable.

at sky. 3

Art
Dottie

6
7

16
5

4

15

216

ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.

AND GRAID

SON
PRA--

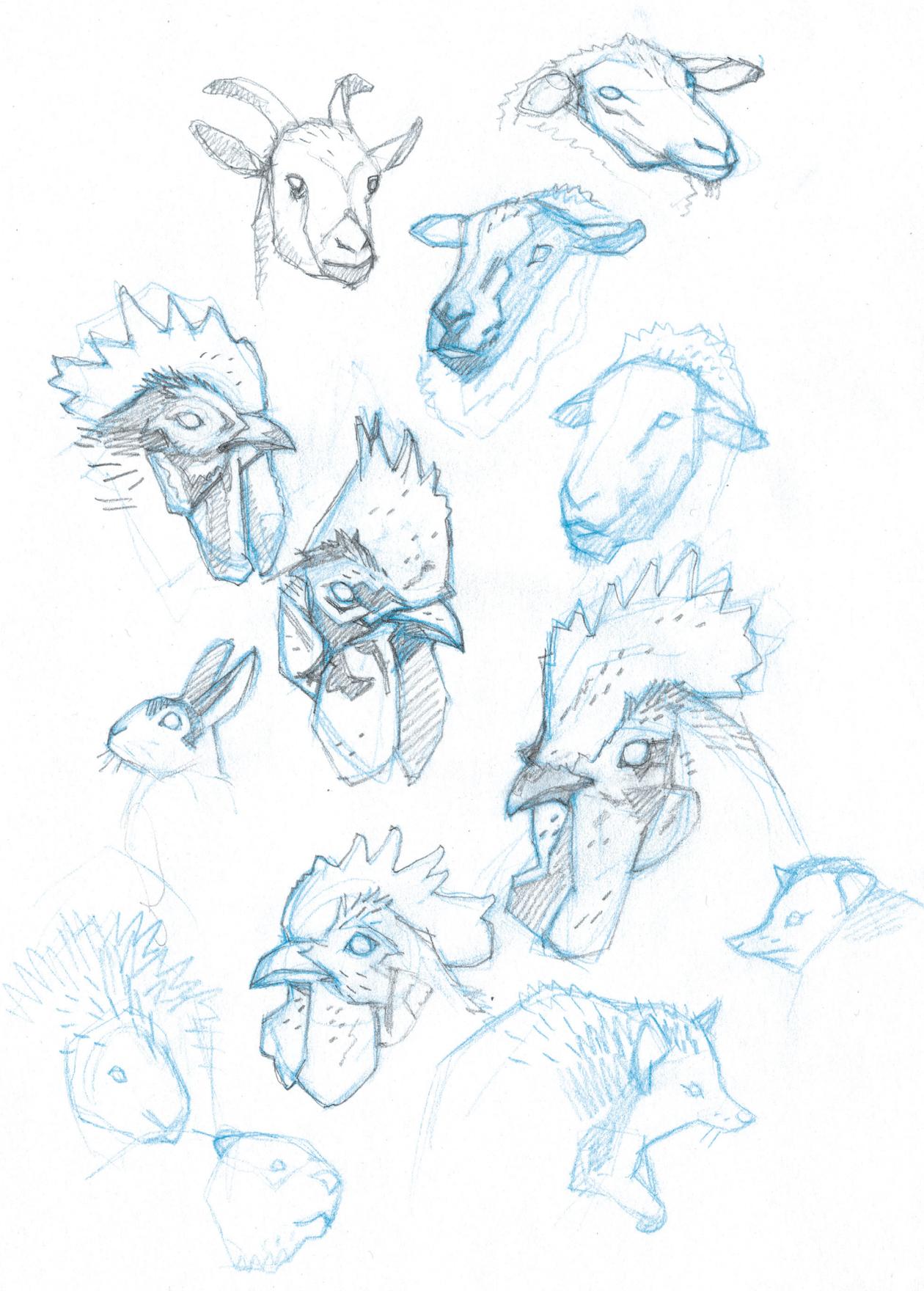
KUNG
KUNG
KUNG
KUNG

KUNG
KUNG

Huaco, Sir.
My love life depends upon it --
and man the

17
12





Animal studies for the "fairy sequence" in *The Third Wish*.



The Ogdru Jihad.



The priest and the Inquisition soldiers.



The beginnings
of cover sketches for
The Island #2 cover
(page 2 in this volume).



“In the ruins of the American empire, what more appropriate figure of salvation/damnation than Mike Mignola’s Hellboy?”

Joyce Carol Oates

