

# HELLBOY™



STRANGE PLACES

MIKE MIGNOLA





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## STRANGE PLACES

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*Published by*  
**MIKE RICHARDSON**



**DARK HORSE BOOKS™**

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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

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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.

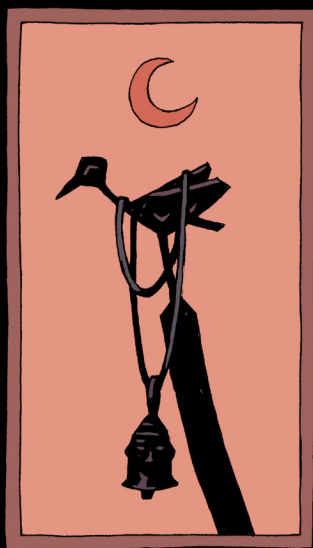
Poetry, myth, and folklore are other interests which surface in his stories, but the high regard for classic foundations are mingled in a refreshing manner with pulp material from the '30s and '40s, as well as horror films and other comics. The pulp material in particular is a favorite area of exploration 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...

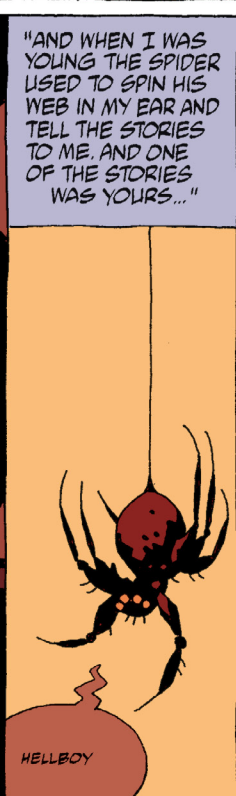
HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS COMING?



KYAKU ANANSE THE SPIDER...



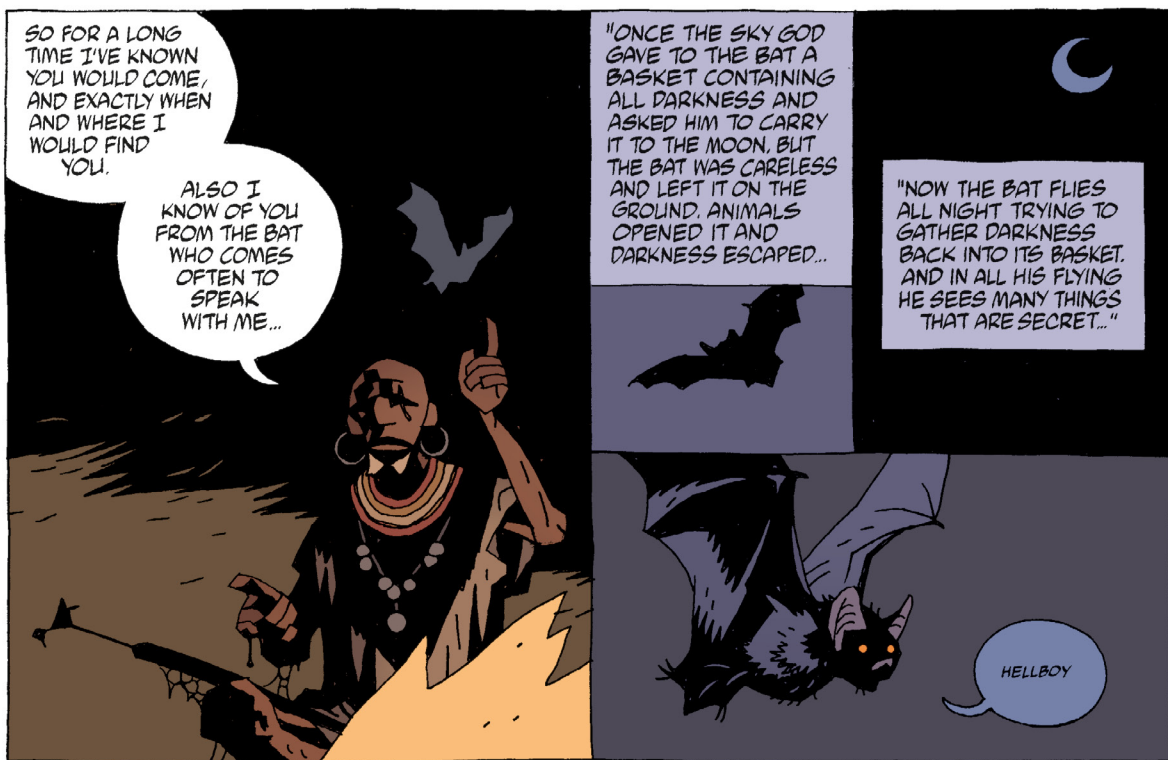
"ONCE HE TRAPPED A PYTHON, A FAIRY, A LEOPARD, AND A HORNET, AND TRADED THEM TO THE SKY GOD FOR ALL HIS STORIES..."



"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...

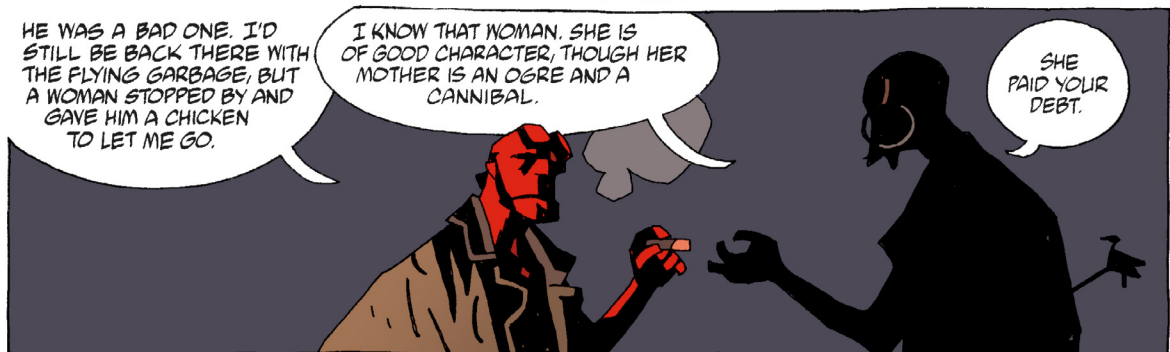


AH!

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.



ZZZZZZ

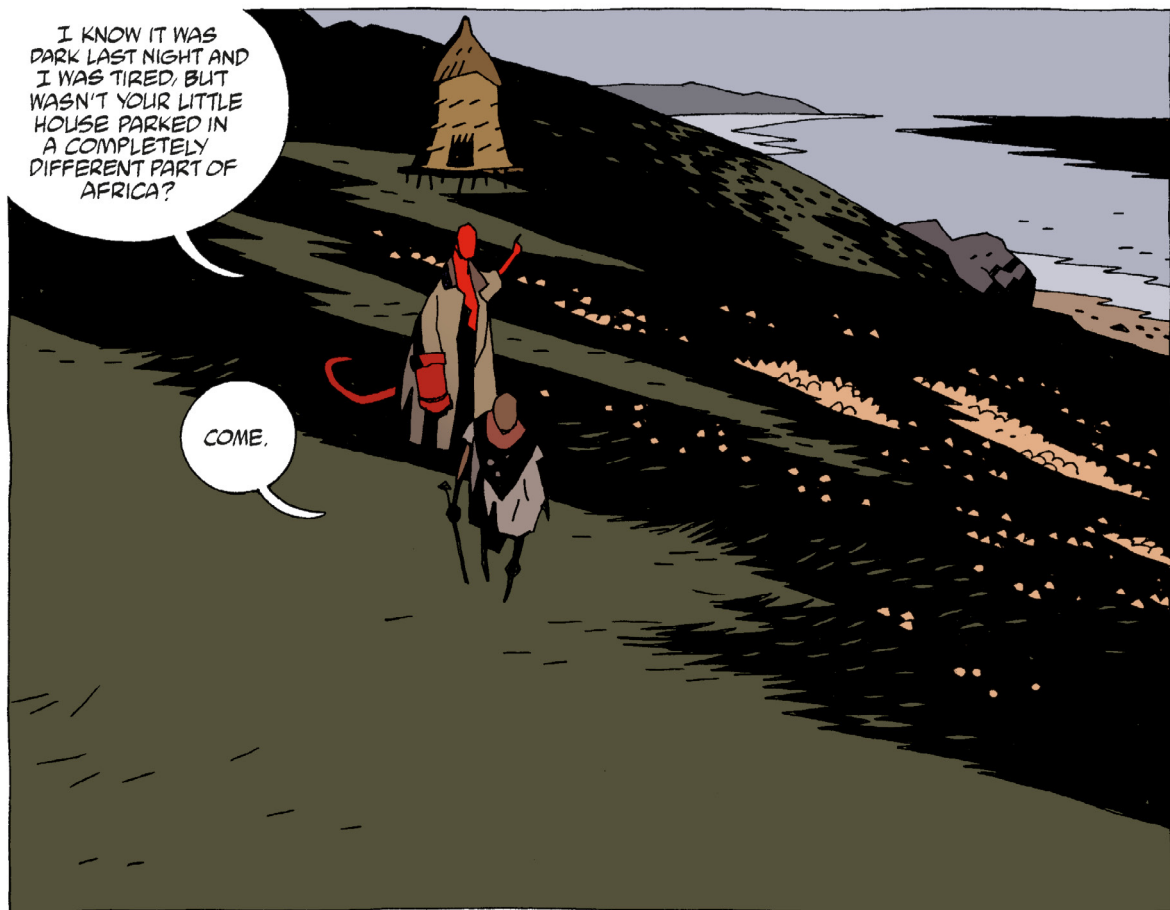


DING  
DING













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.

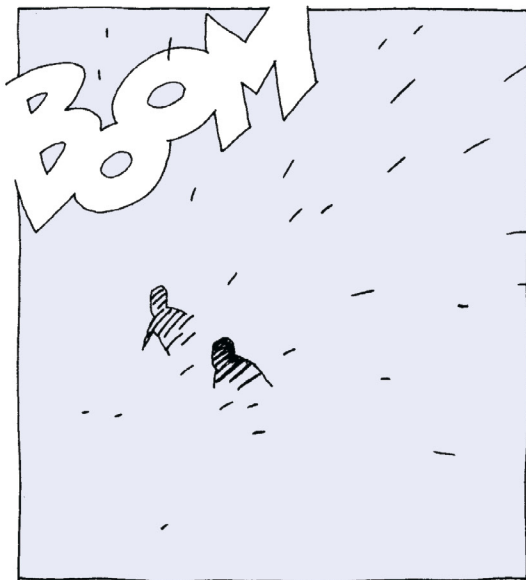
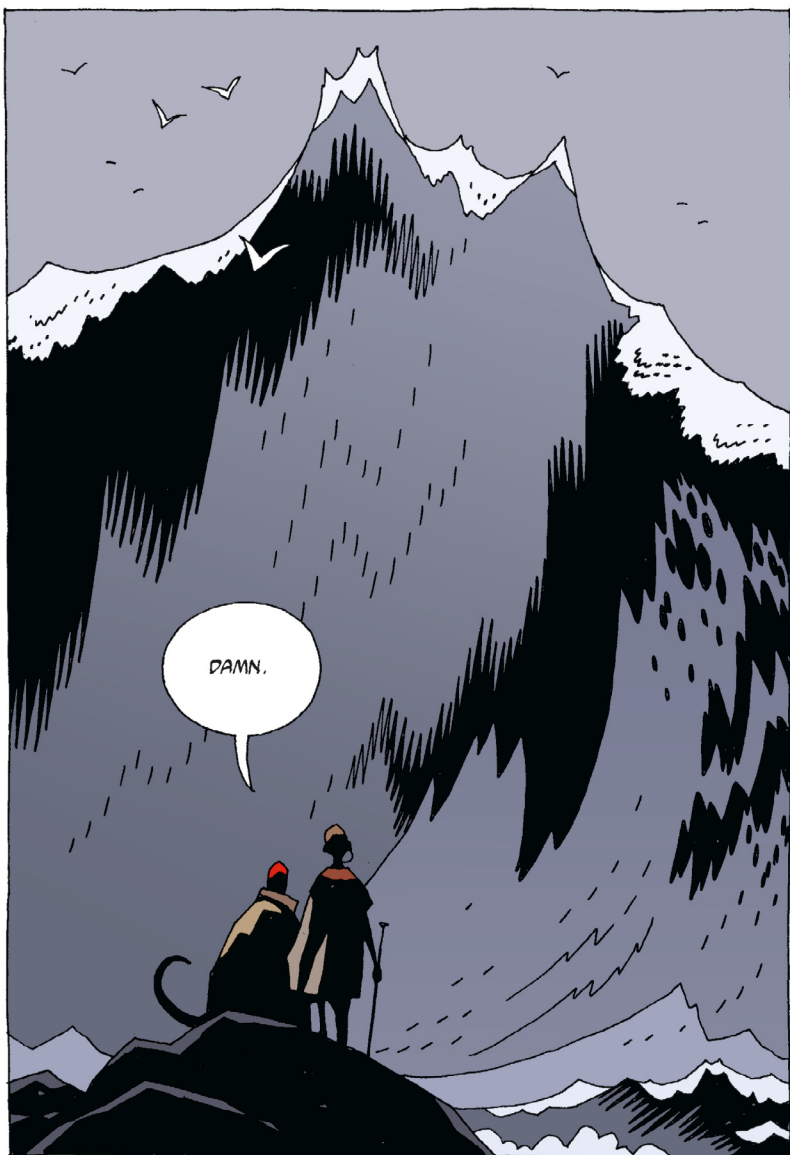


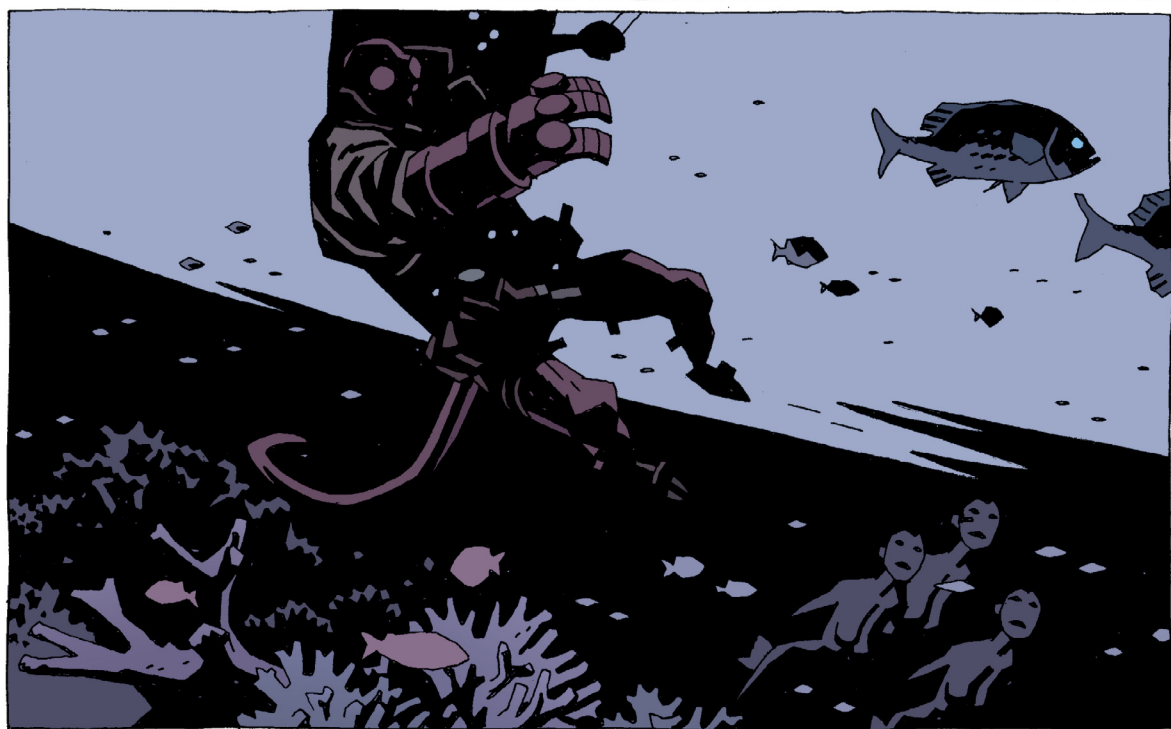
DING  
DING



I'LL BE  
DAMNED.

HELLBOY



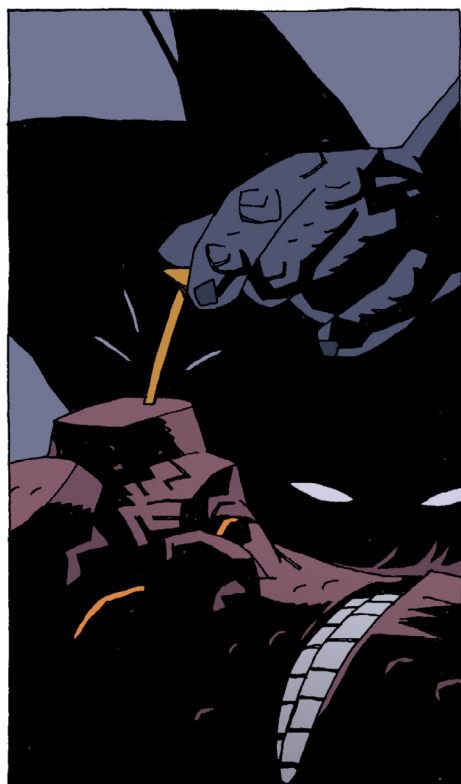


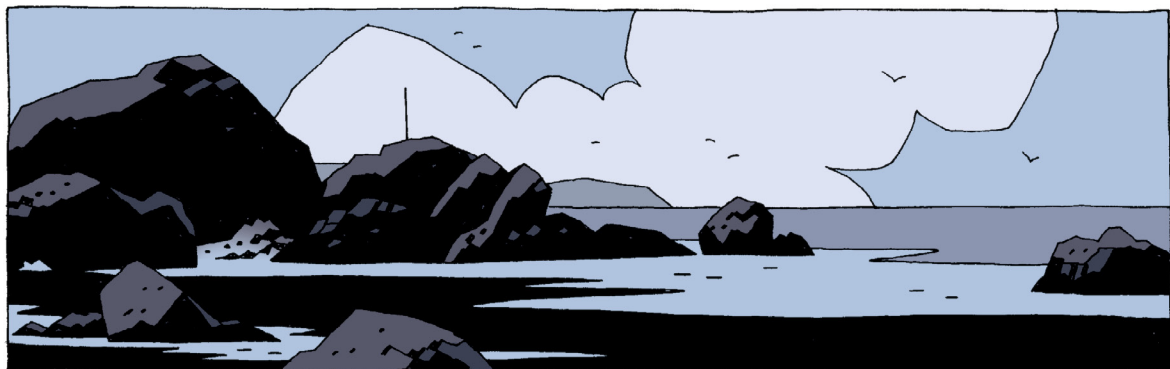












UHHH,  
WHAT THE...?



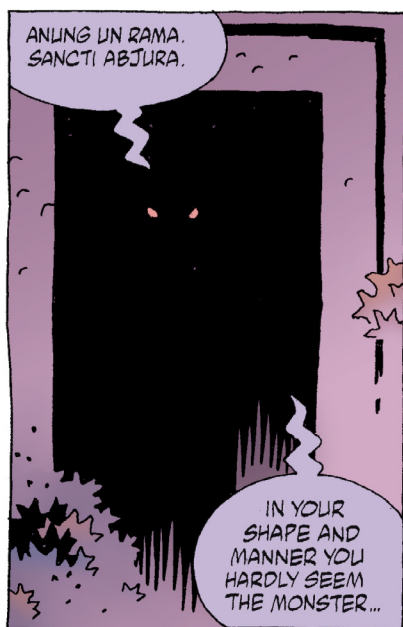
...



WOW.

I BET  
*THIS* IS  
BAD.







GO?

WHERE?

WHAT?

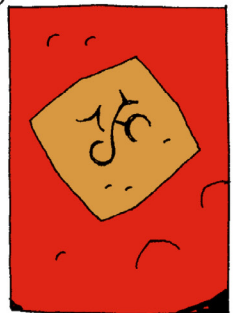
I'M  
WARNING  
YOU.



WHAT WILL  
YOU DO?

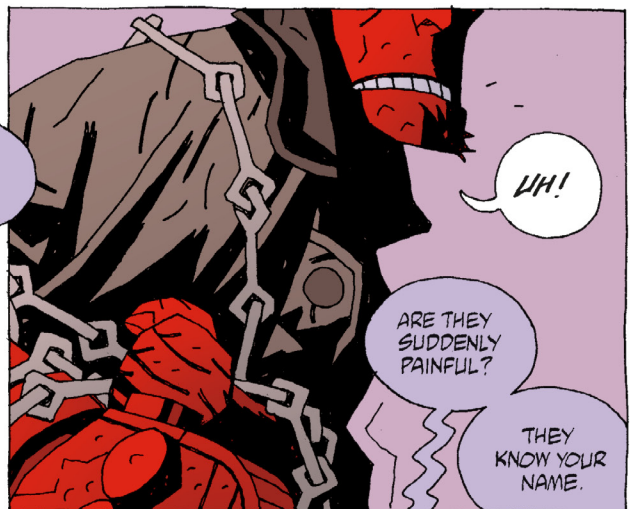
LADY,  
DON'T GET ME  
STARTED.

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...

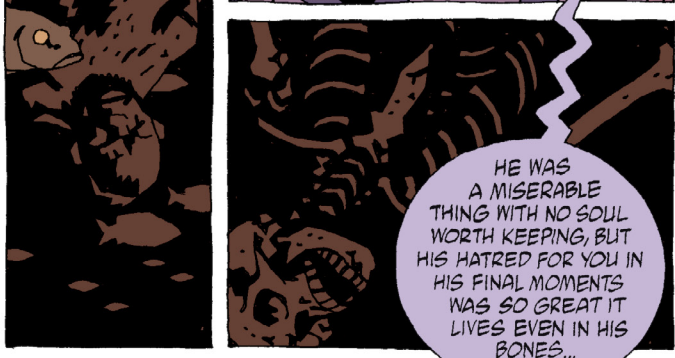
HELLBOY.



UH!

ARE THEY  
SUDDENLY  
PAINFUL?

THEY  
KNOW YOUR  
NAME.







HELLBOY

UH!

ERRR...



YOU  
WILL  
NEVER  
BREAK  
THEM.

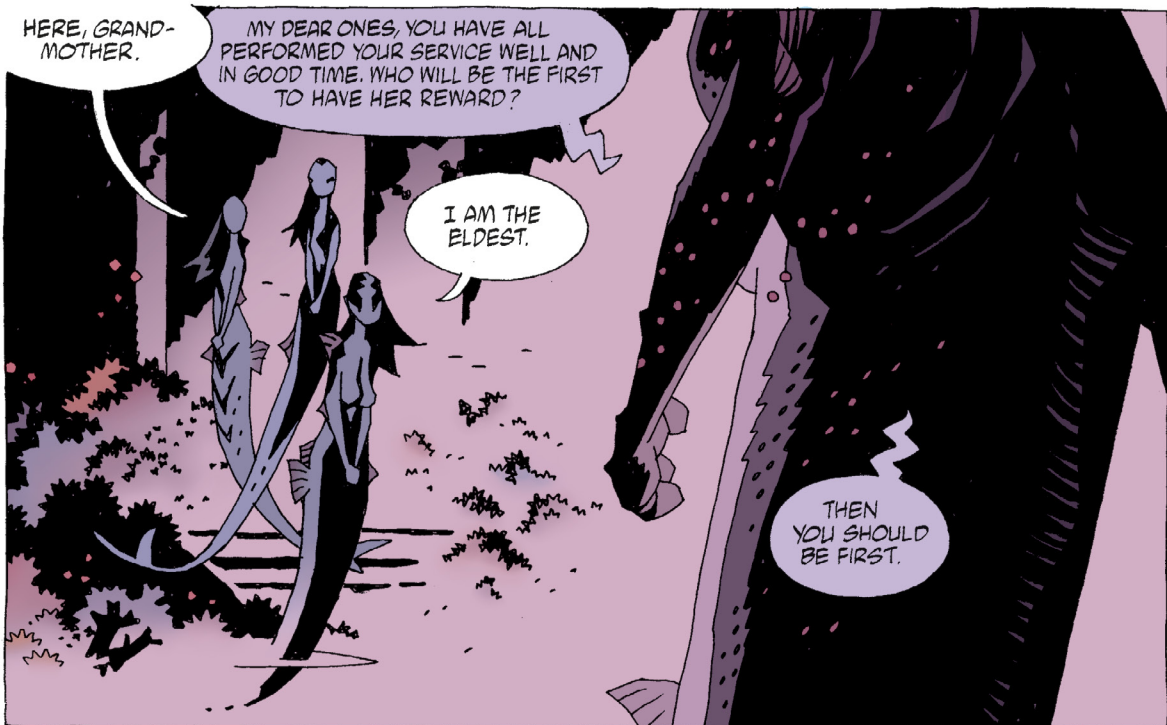
SUCH IS THE  
POWER OF ONE  
DEAD MADMAN  
OVER HIS  
MURDERER.

SHUT  
UP!



SOON  
ENOUGH I'LL  
DEAL WITH  
YOU.

BUT  
FIRST, WHERE  
ARE MY  
ANGELS?



HERE, GRAND-  
MOTHER.

MY DEAR ONES, YOU HAVE ALL  
PERFORMED YOUR SERVICE WELL AND  
IN GOOD TIME. WHO WILL BE THE FIRST  
TO HAVE HER REWARD?

I AM THE  
ELDEST.

THEN  
YOU SHOULD  
BE FIRST.

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."







YOU HAVE  
LEGS AND  
YOU BREATHE  
AIR.

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

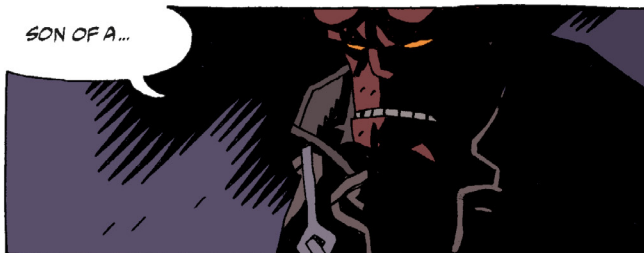


HOW IS IT I'M  
BREATHING AIR?

THE  
NAIL...



NEXT?



SON OF A...



NOW, CHILD, WHAT IS  
IT YOU DESIRE?

...

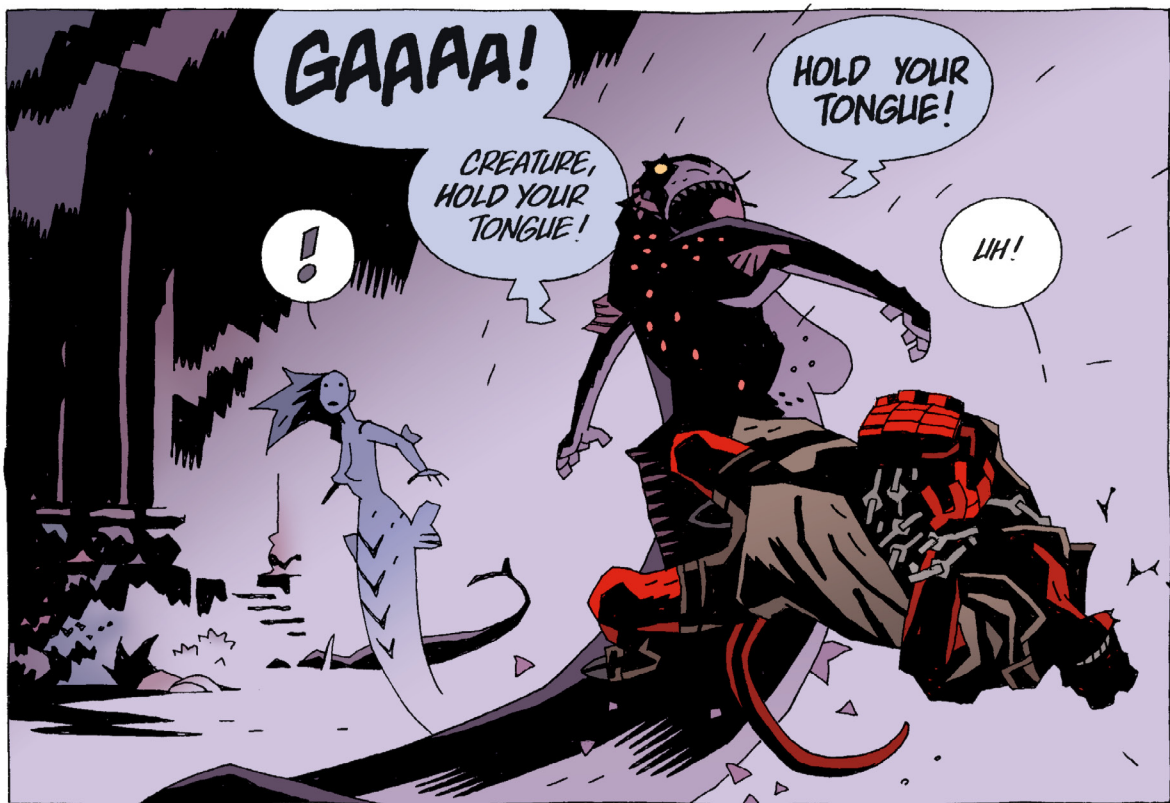
COME, COME,  
YOU CANNOT  
BE AFRAID  
OF ME.

I...

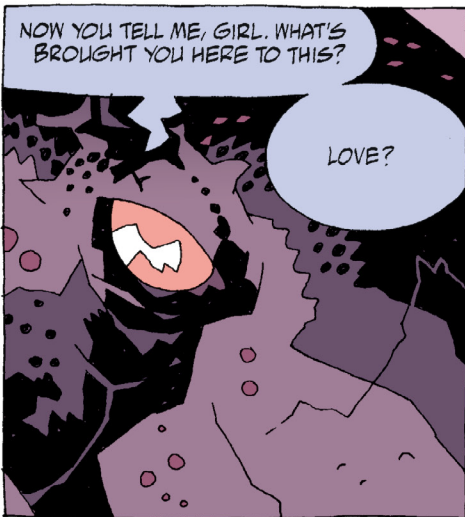
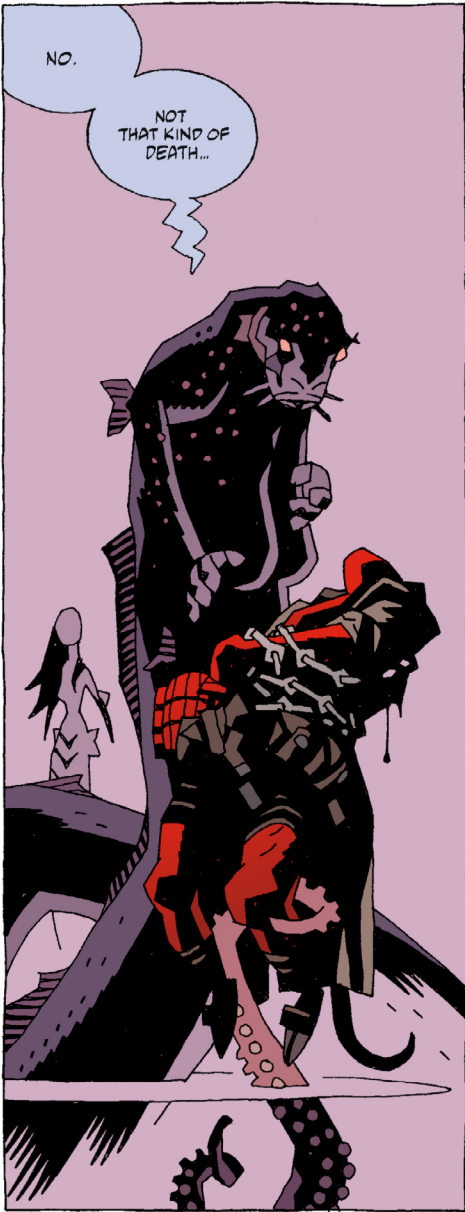
TELL  
ME.



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.

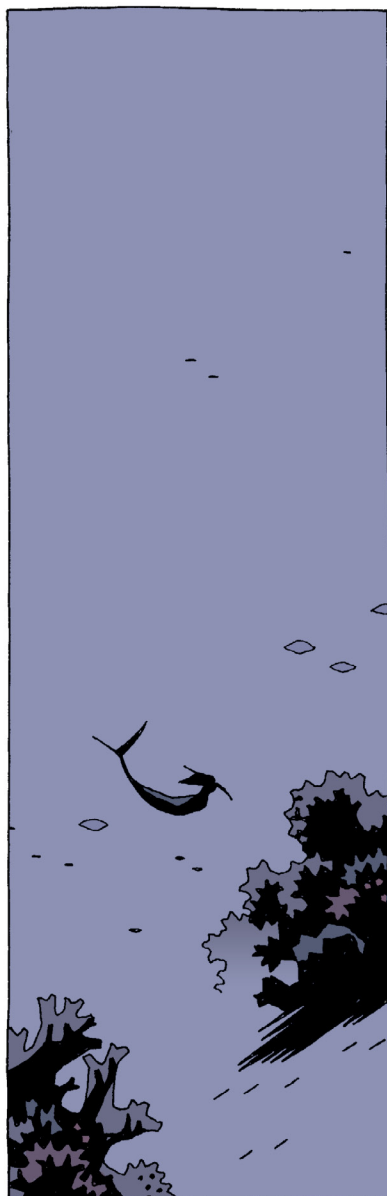
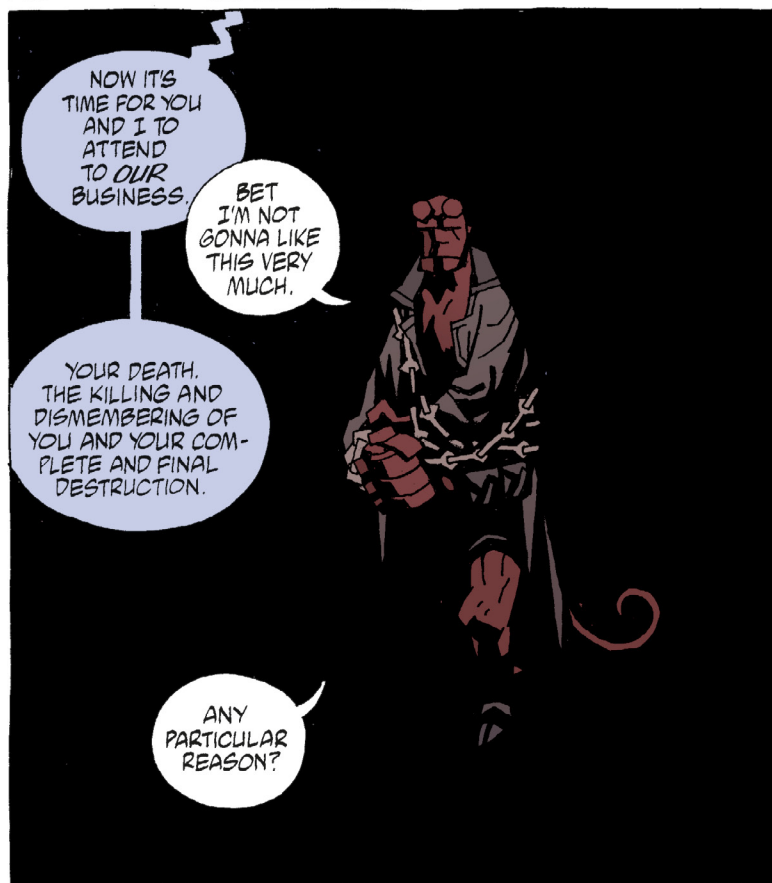
I ONLY WANT TO RETURN IT TO HIS GRAVE WHERE IT BELONGS.

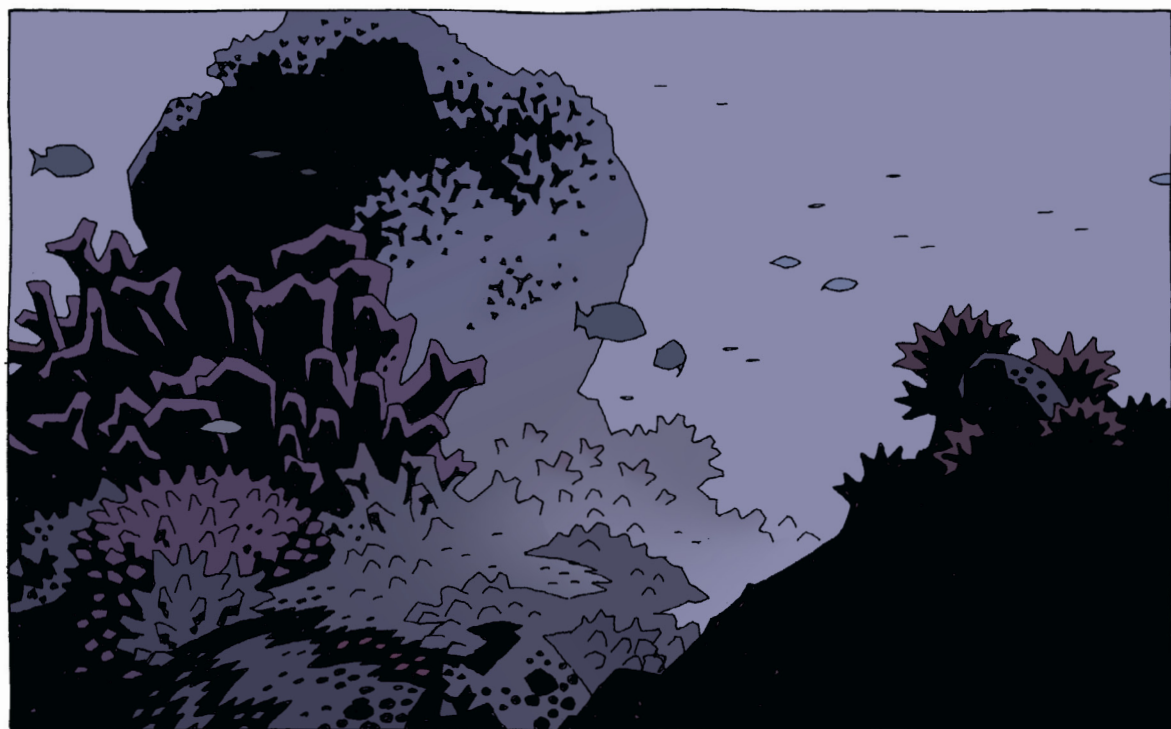
THEN LOOK...





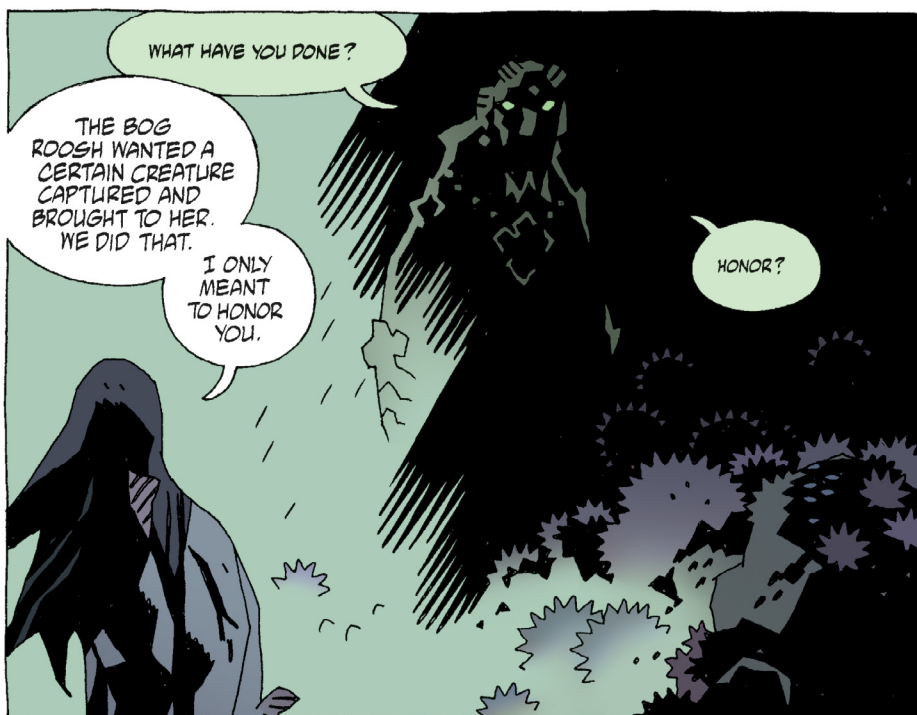














OH, YOU GODS AND MINISTERS  
OF FATE, IT'S DOOM.

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.

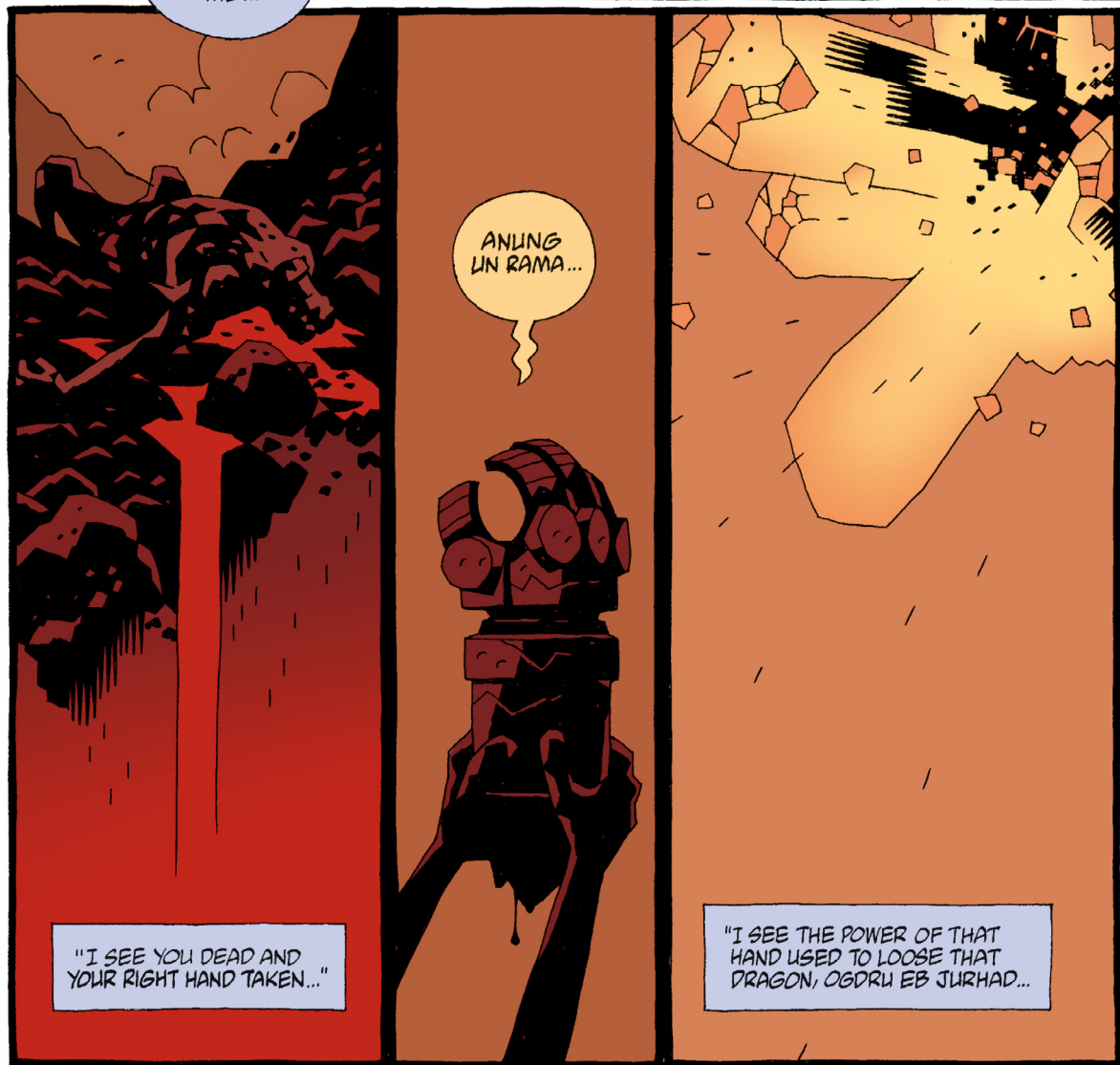
MAYBE I'M  
NOT EXACTLY HUMAN,  
BUT FOR FIFTY YEARS I'VE  
BEEN OUT THERE SAVING  
LIVES, BEATING THE CRAP  
OUT OF THINGS LIKE YOU.  
THAT MAKES ME THE  
GOOD GUY.

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...



ANUNG  
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?

YOU'RE  
A GENIUS.



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



"...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.



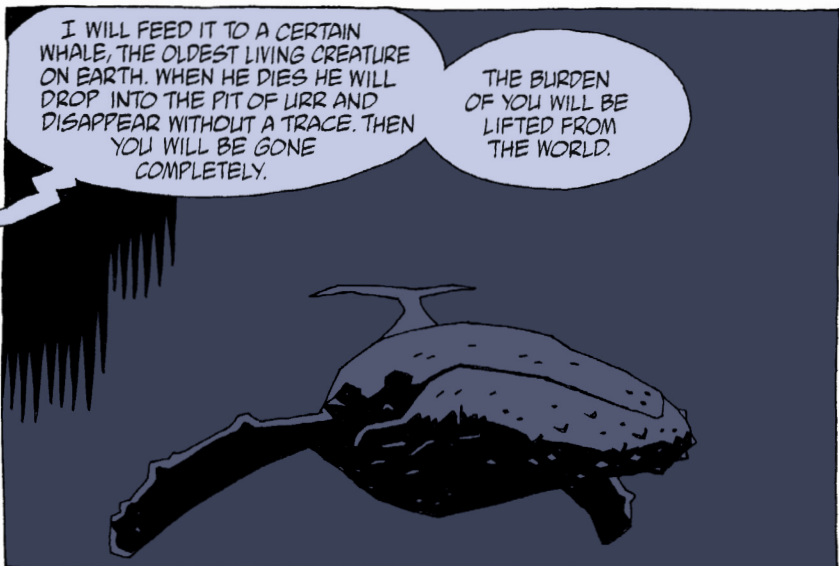
WHAT ABOUT  
THE HAND?

NICE.

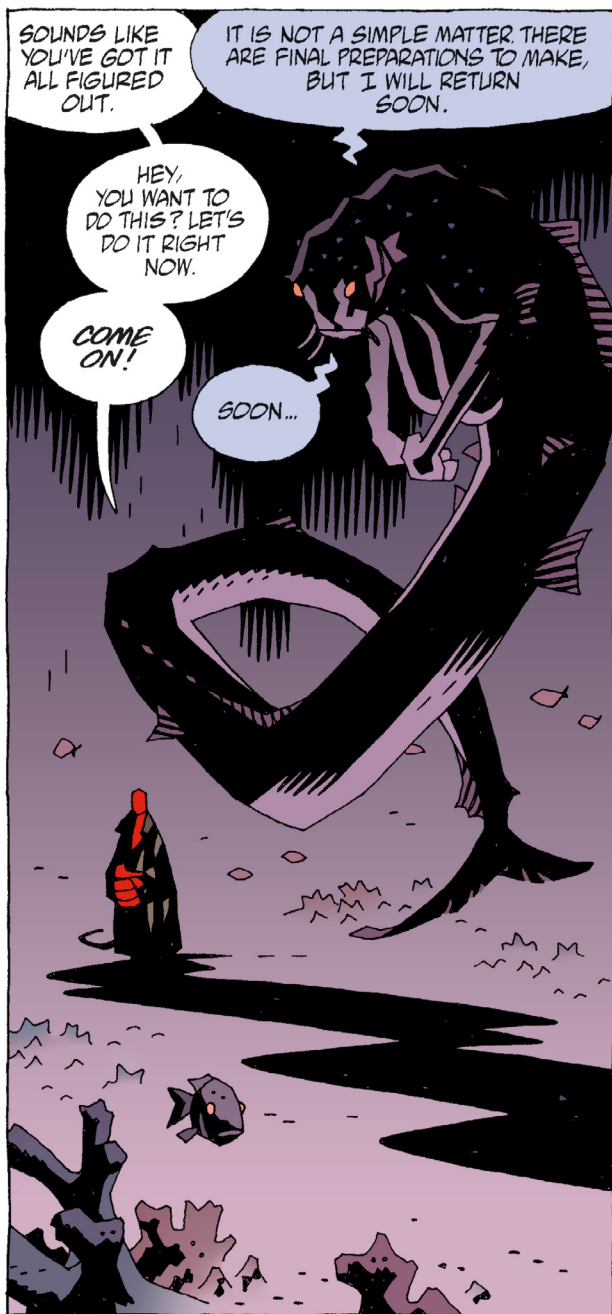


I WILL FEED IT TO A CERTAIN  
WHALE, THE OLDEST LIVING CREATURE  
ON EARTH. WHEN HE DIES HE WILL  
DROP INTO THE PIT OF URR AND  
DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE. THEN  
YOU WILL BE GONE  
COMPLETELY.

THE BURDEN  
OF YOU WILL BE  
LIFTED FROM  
THE WORLD.







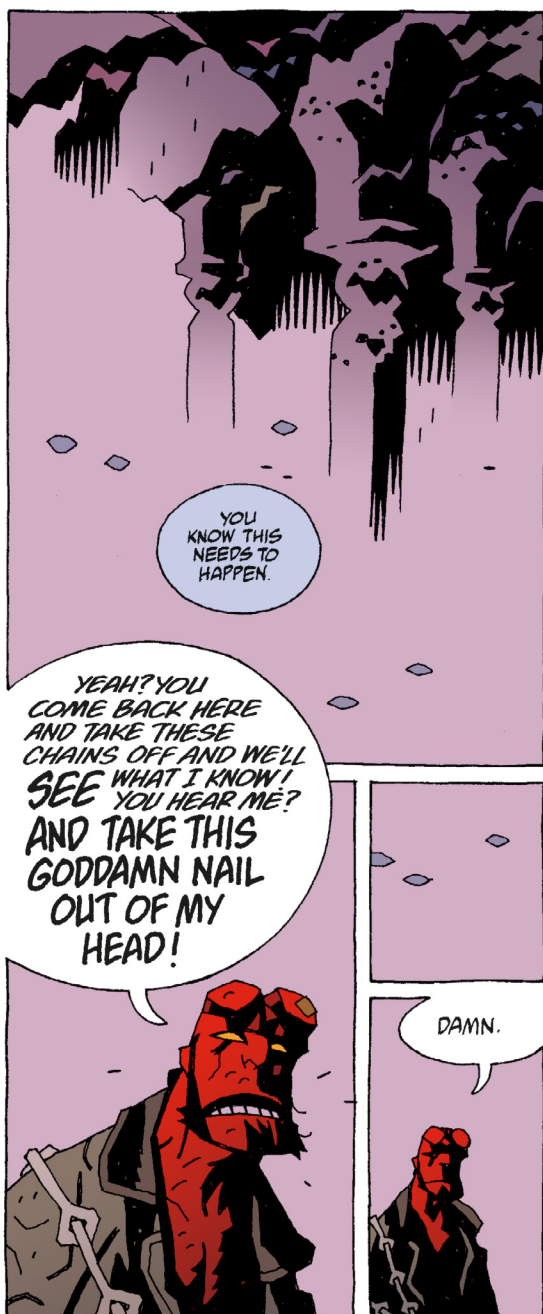
SOUNDS LIKE  
YOU'VE GOT IT  
ALL FIGURED  
OUT.

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!  
AND TAKE THIS  
GODDAMN NAIL  
OUT OF MY  
HEAD!

DAMN.



DING  
DING





ELSEWHERE...



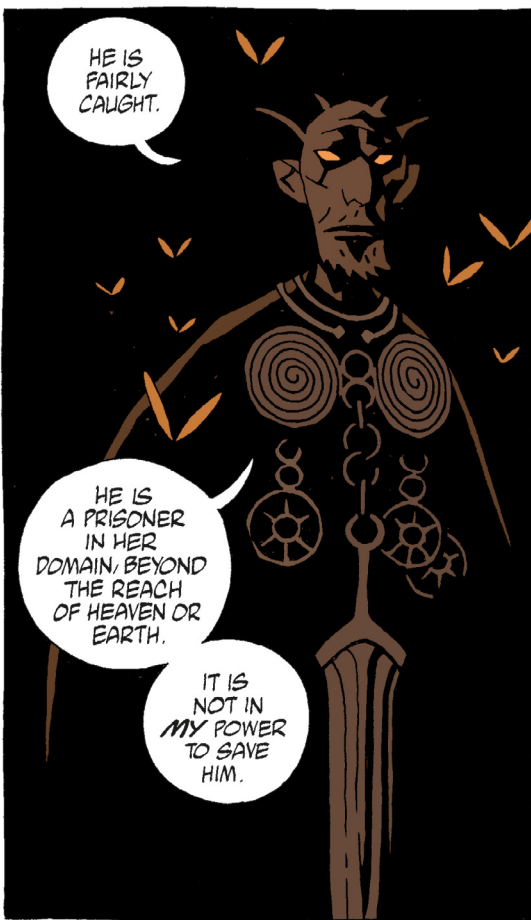
IS IT  
POSSIBLE?



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? DAAAGDA? 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.



GUAA!

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.

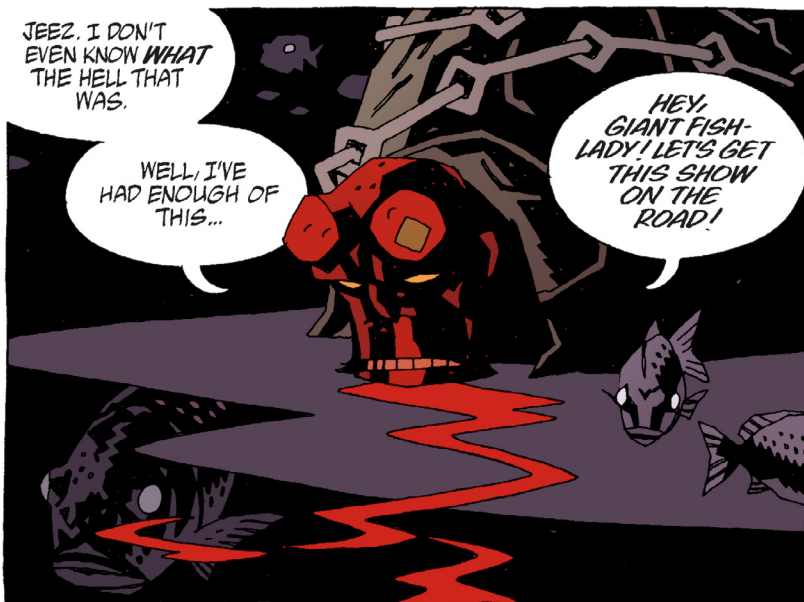
BAH!

HE MOCKS ME STILL!



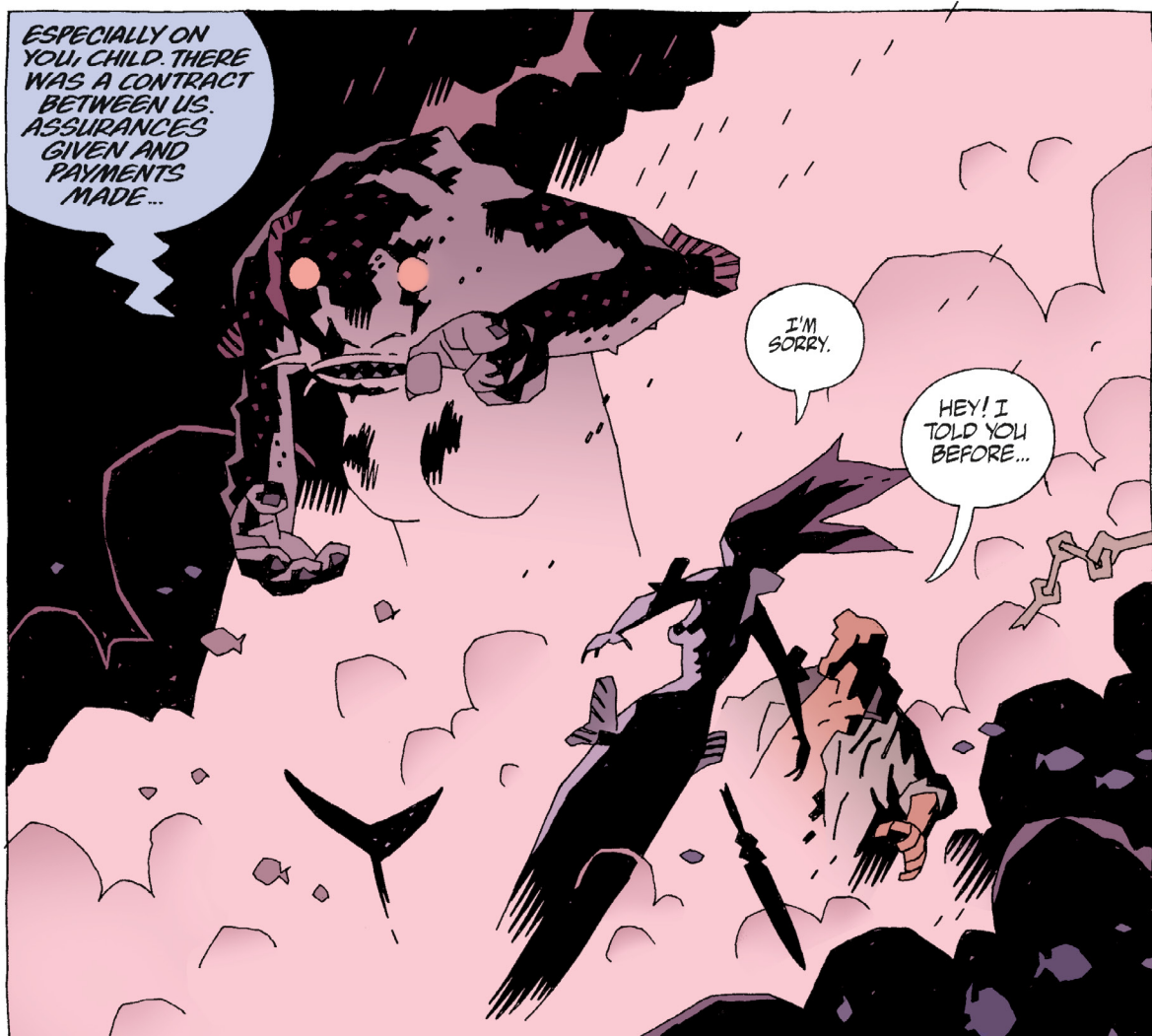
ONCE HE BURNED ME WITH IRON, AND BECAUSE OF HIM I AM TRAPPED IN THIS PIG-BODY...\*

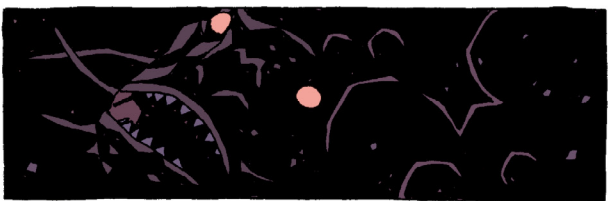
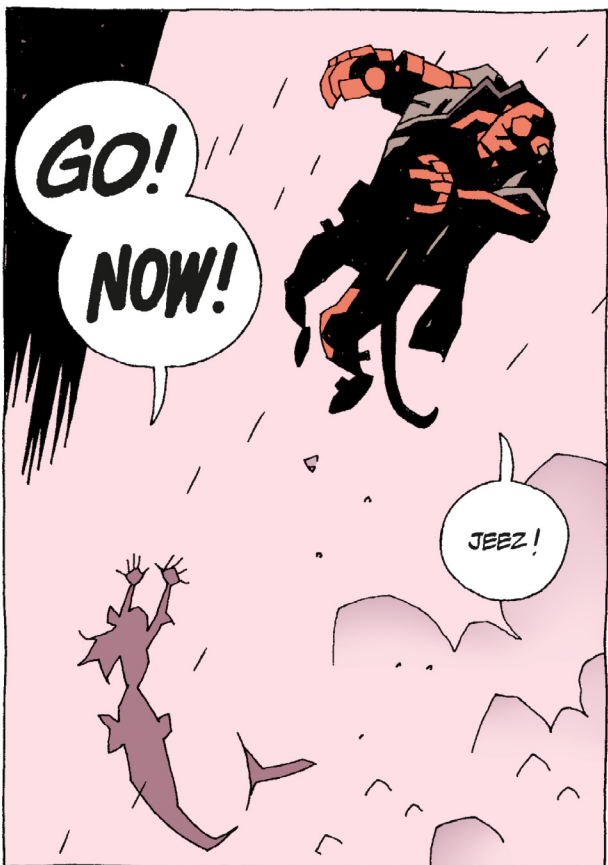
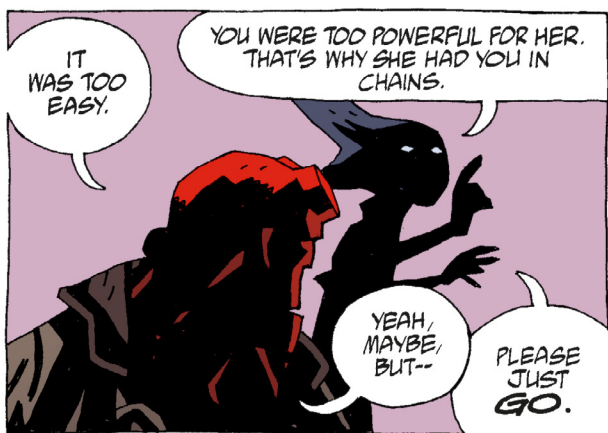










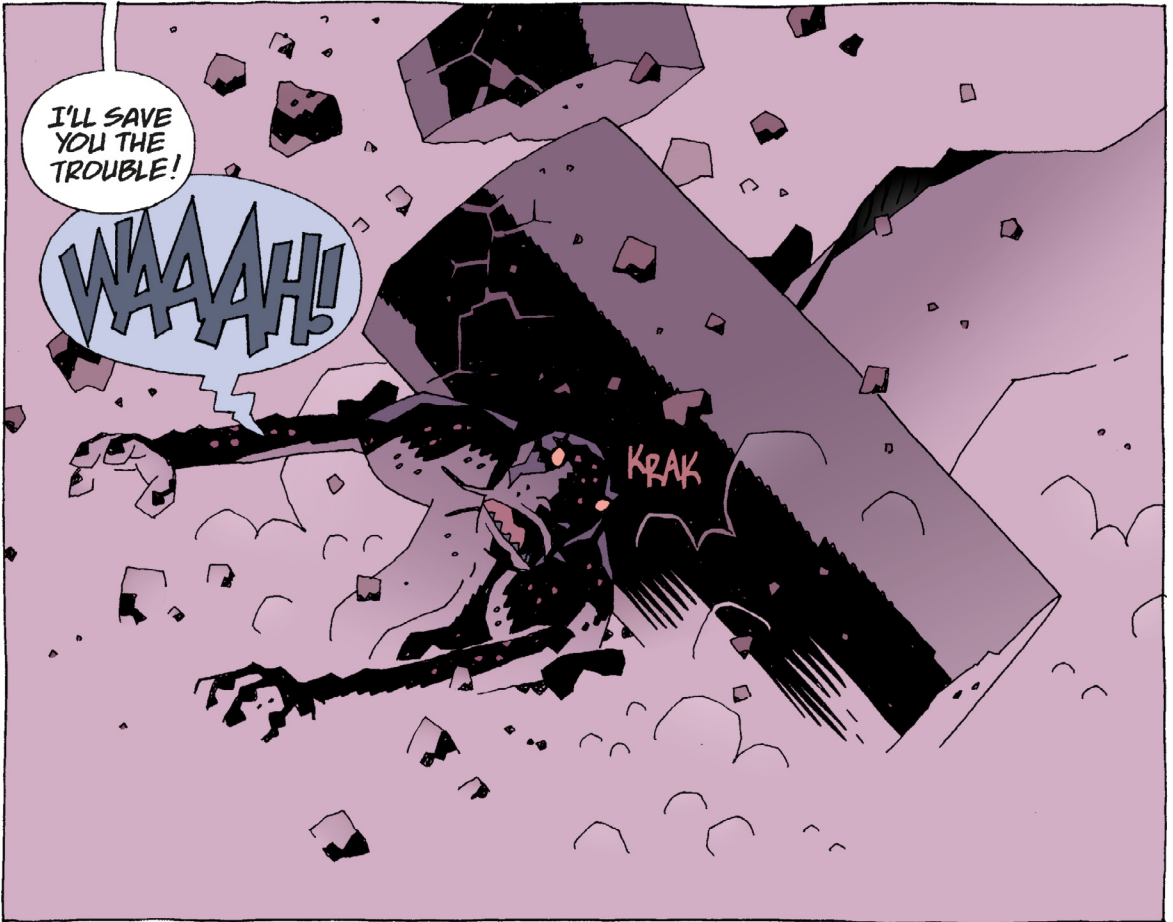


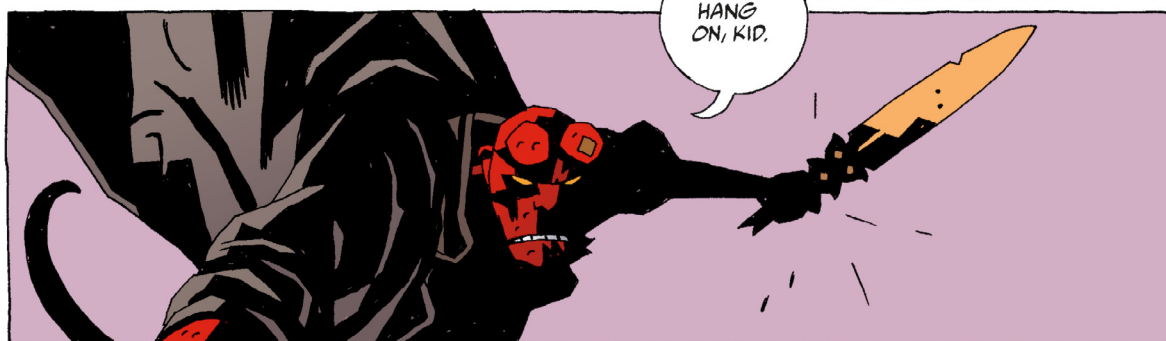




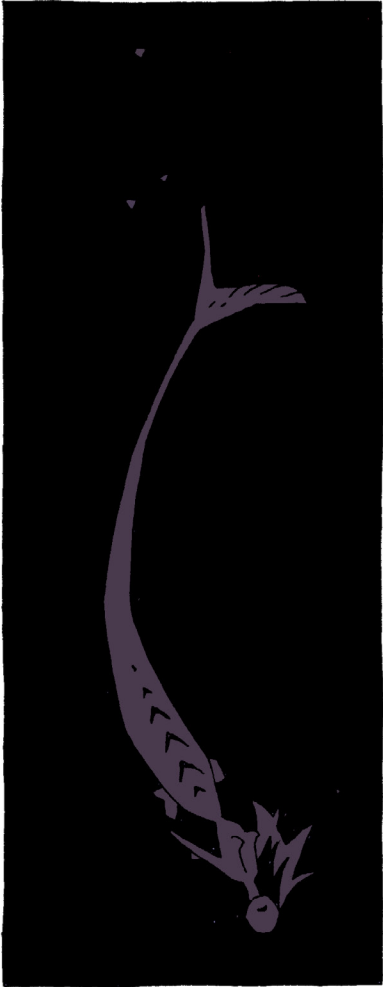
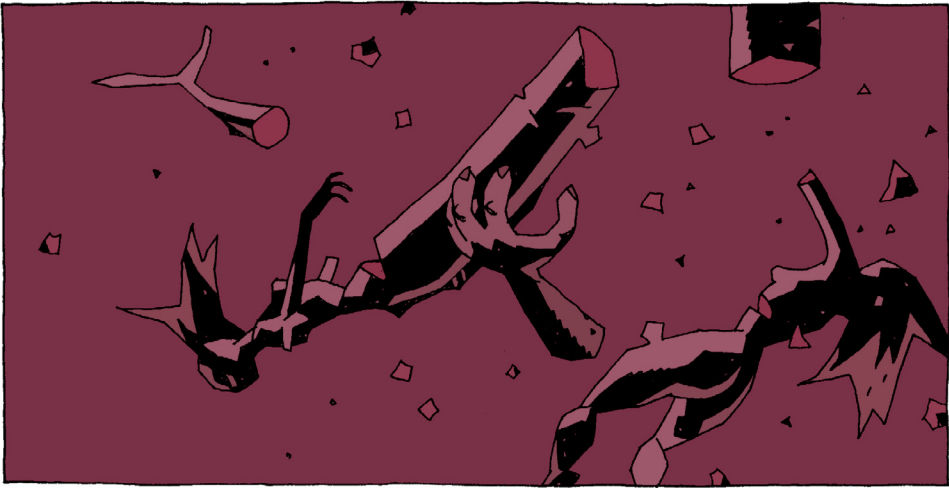




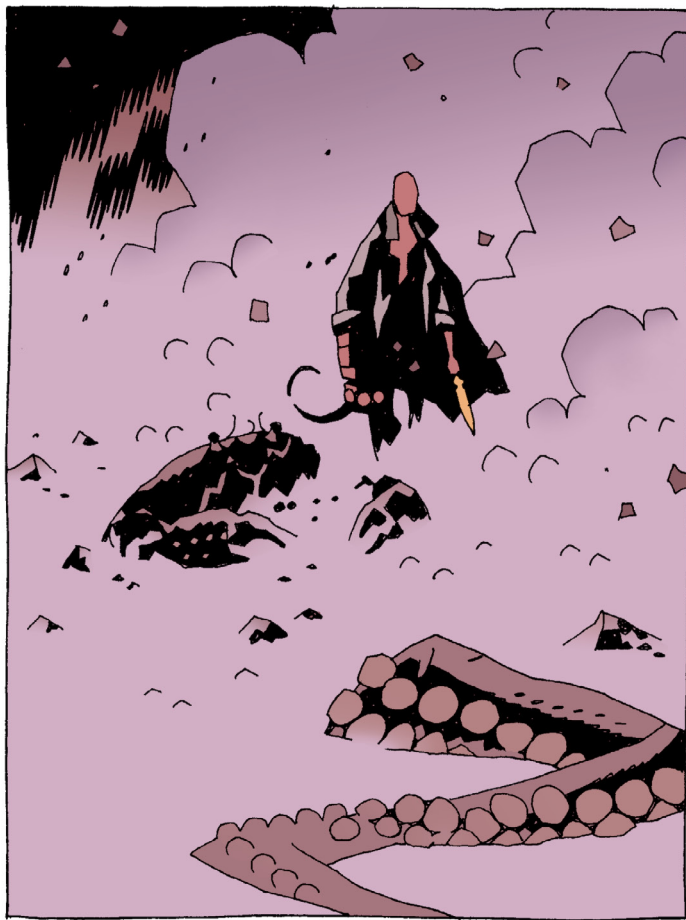


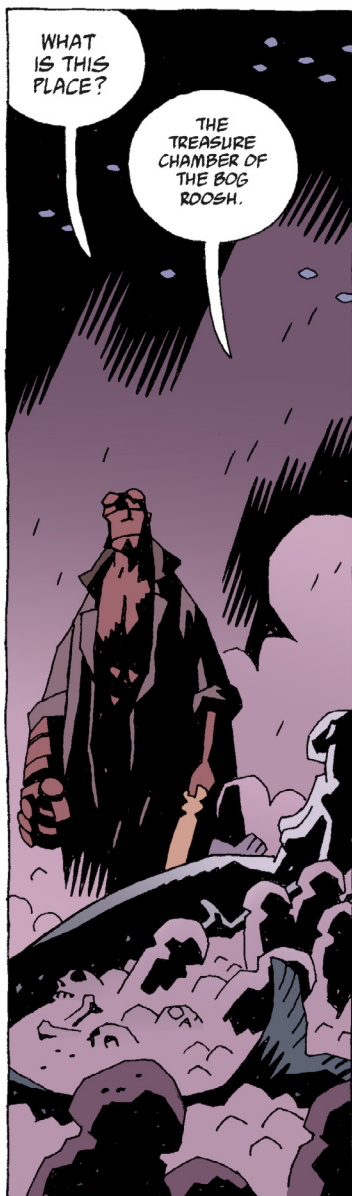


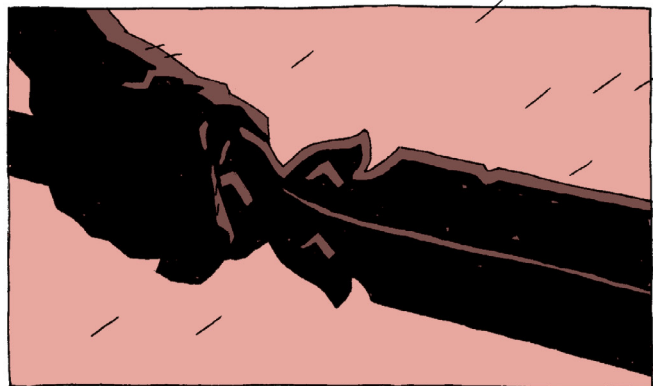
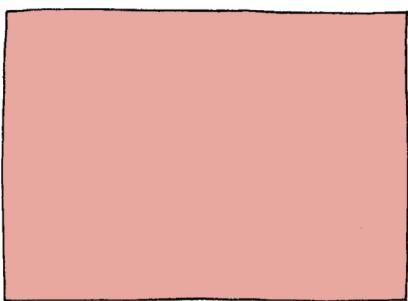
















I DIDN'T  
DO THAT.

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.

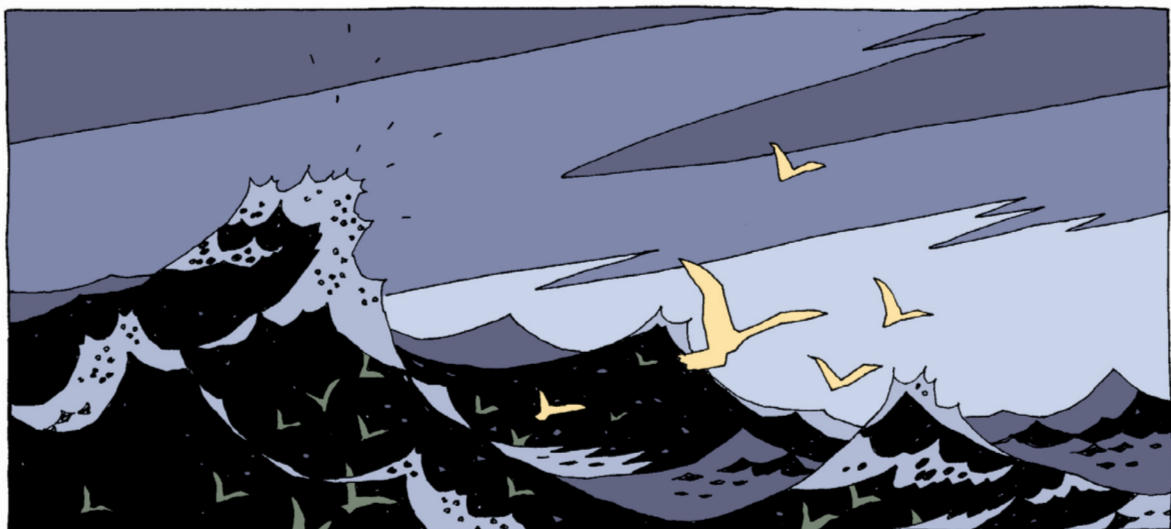
WOW.

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.

SQUEE

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.

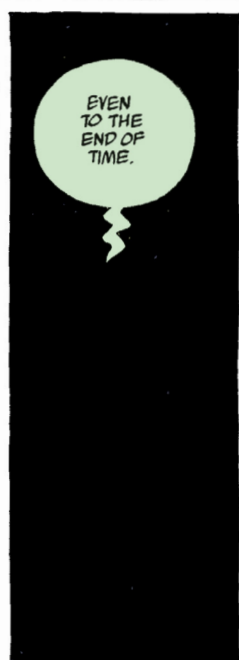
UNTIL THEN  
I WILL WAIT HERE  
QUIETLY, ALONE  
IN THE DARK.

NOT  
ALONE.

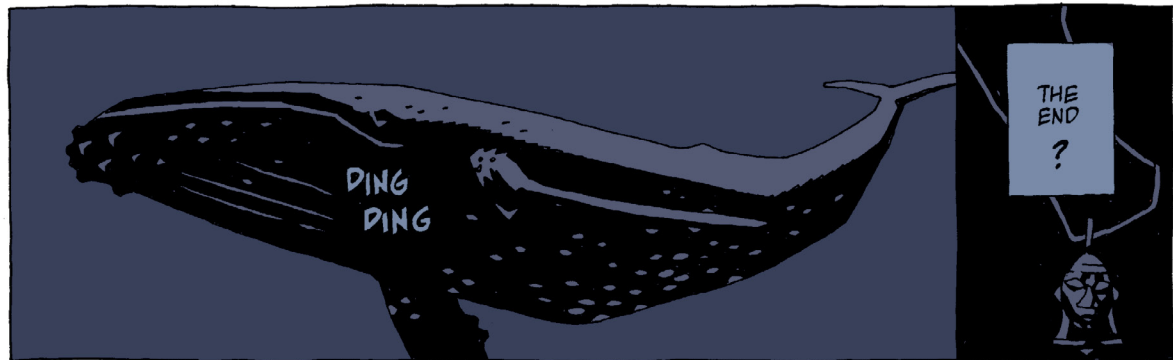
FATHER,  
WILL YOU STAY  
WITH ME?



ALWAYS.

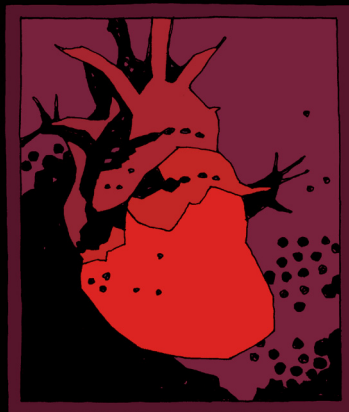


EVEN  
TO THE  
END OF  
TIME.





# THE ISLAND



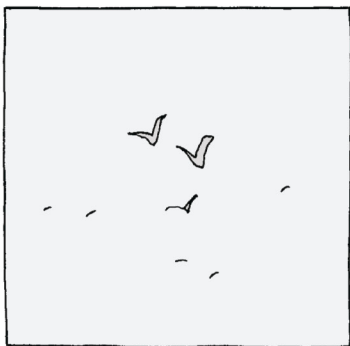
### THIS WAS A ROUGH ONE.

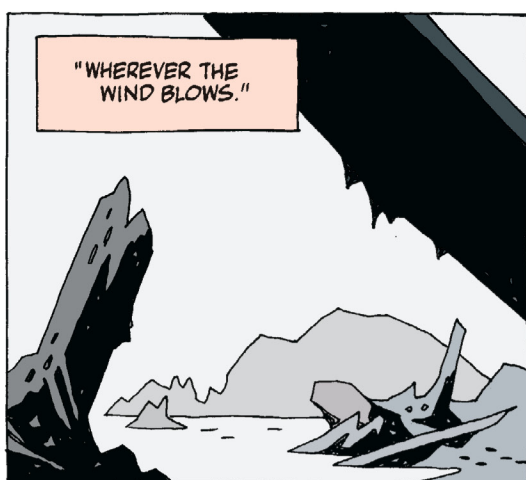
My original idea was a story inspired by the Sargasso Sea stories of William Hope Hodgson (1877-1917) and his novel, *The Boats of the Glen Carrig*—a graveyard of ships and a strange island overrun with weird fungus and monsters. Simple enough. Fun. I plotted a two-issue miniseries and drew the first 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.

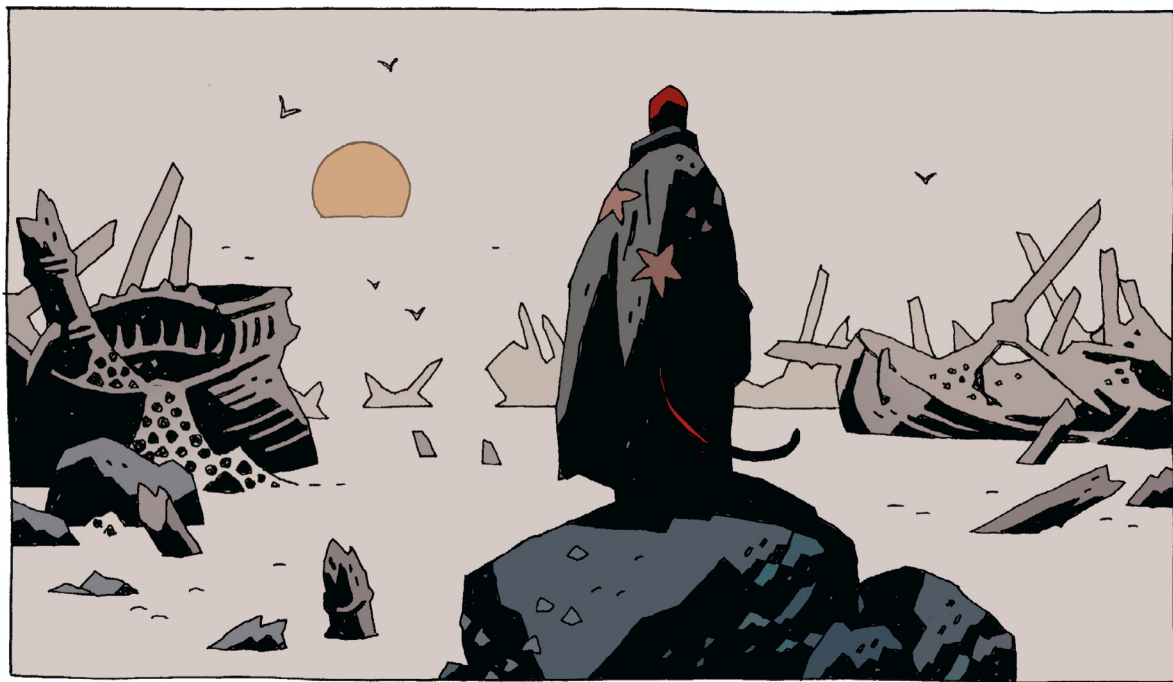
I created Hellboy way back in 1993. Since then I've figured a lot of stuff out about his world, its history, and how it all works. The question has always been how much do you tell people and when do you tell them? I've been keeping a lot of secrets. Then along comes this Hellboy movie, and suddenly we have the Ogdru Jahad popping out of their prisons and waggling 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.

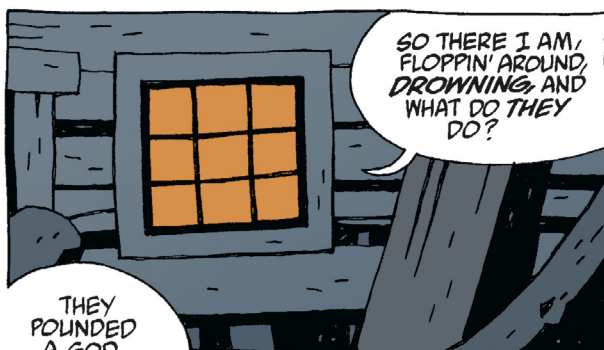
*The Island* was published as a two-issue miniseries in 2005, and is the end of the first chapter of Hellboy's life. The Epilogue, published here for the first time, gives us a first look at where things are going—stranger places.











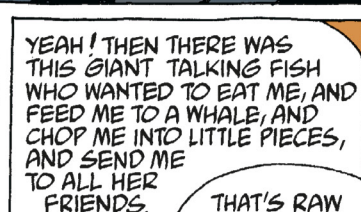
SO THERE I AM,  
FLOPPIN' AROUND,  
DROWNING, AND  
WHAT DO THEY  
DO?



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.

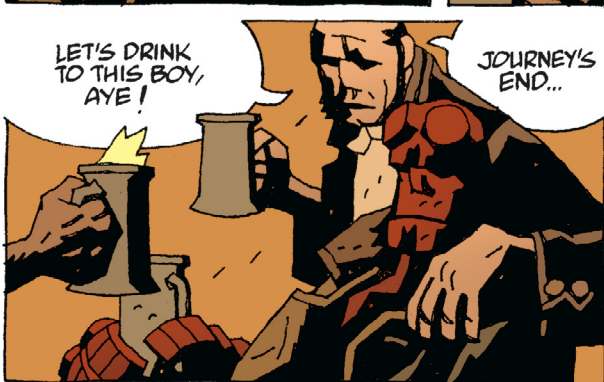
AND GOOD  
COMPANY.



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.



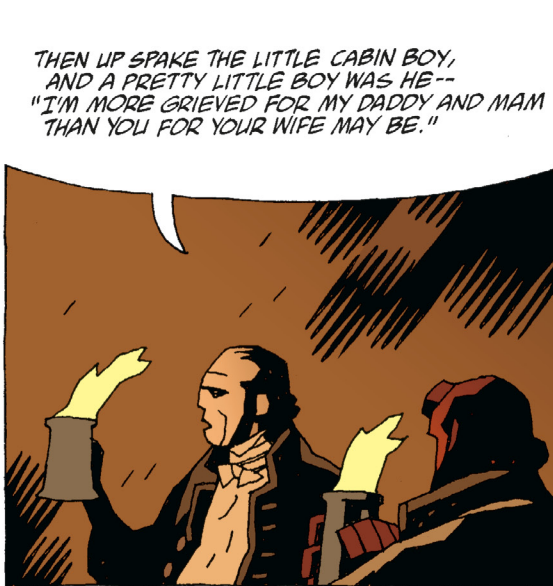
ON FRIDAY MORN  
WHEN WE SET SAIL,  
AND OUR SHIP  
NOT FAR FROM LAND,  
WE DID THERE SPY A  
PRETTY, FAIR MAID  
WITH COMB AND  
GLASS IN HAND.



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--

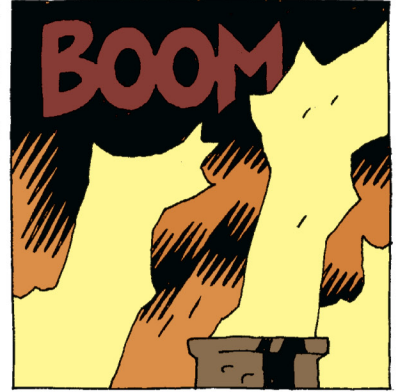
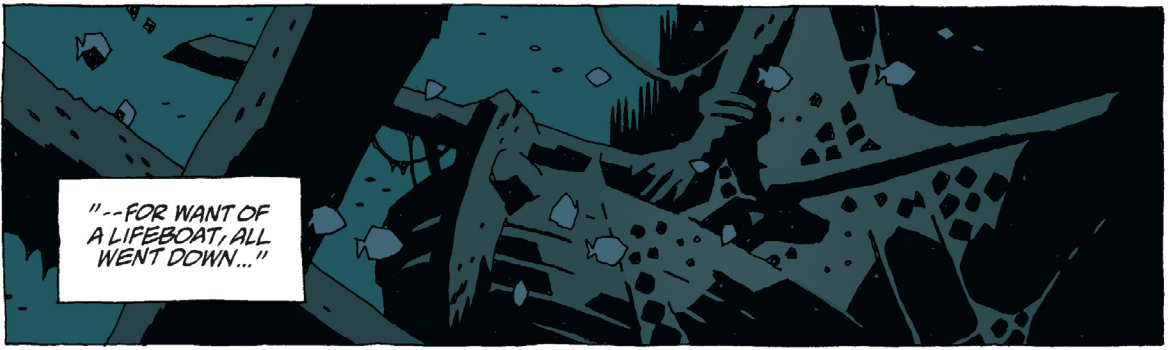


THEN UP SPAKE THE LITTLE CABIN BOY,  
AND A PRETTY LITTLE BOY WAS HE--  
"I'M MORE GRIEVED FOR MY DADDY AND MAM  
THAN YOU FOR YOUR WIFE MAY BE."



AND THE RAGING  
SEA DID  
ROAR  
AND--

THREE  
TIMES 'ROUND  
OUR GALLANT SHIP--  
AND THREE TIMES  
'ROUND WENT  
SHE--



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



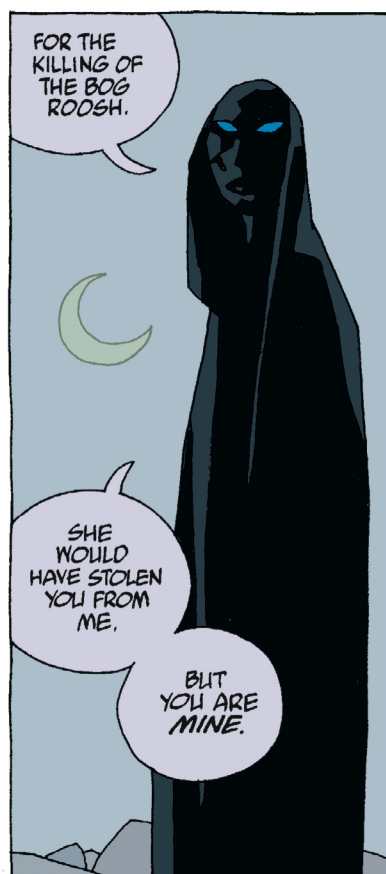




WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?

ONLY  
TO THANK  
YOU.

YEAH?



FOR THE  
KILLING OF  
THE BOG  
ROOSH.

SHE  
WOULD  
HAVE STOLEN  
YOU FROM  
ME.

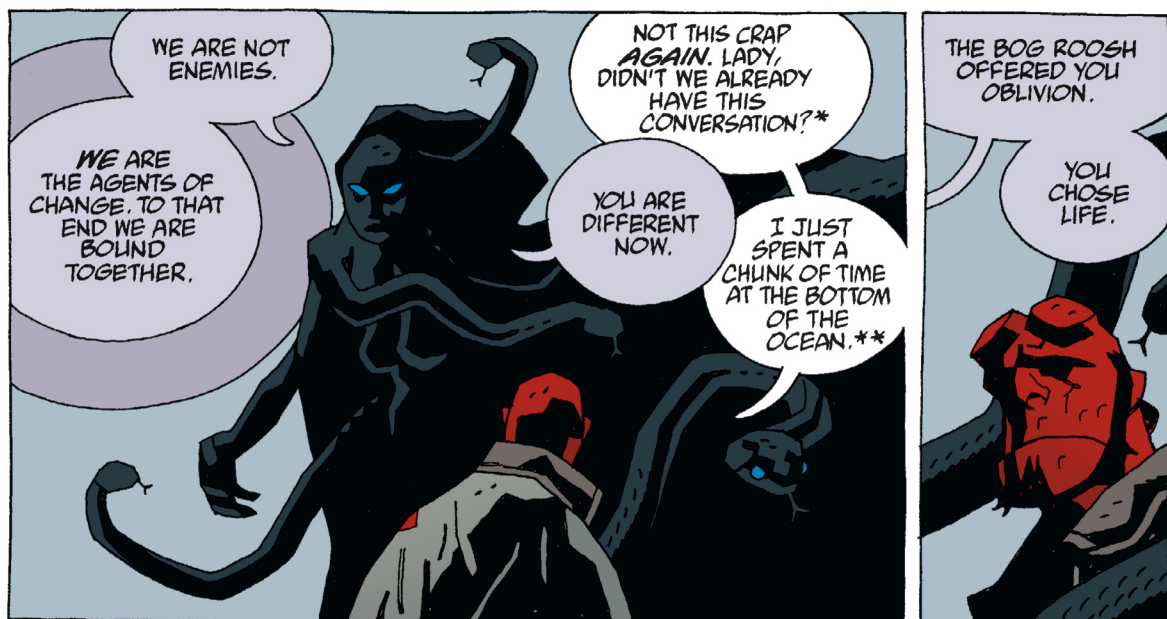
BUT  
YOU ARE  
*MINE.*



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



PEACE,  
HELLBOY.







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?

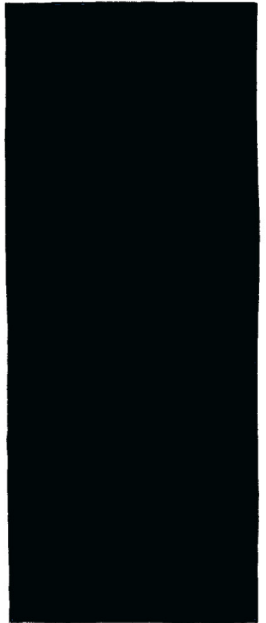


YOU ARE A  
MYSTERY  
TO ME.

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

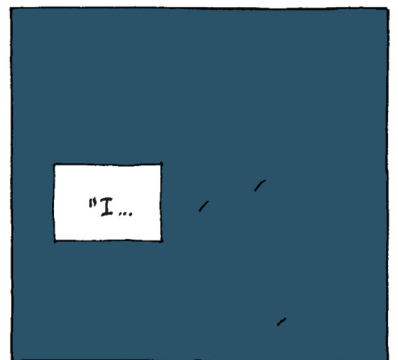


IT'S A TOUGH ONE. DO  
I OR DO I NOT TAKE  
ADVICE FROM A  
BIG TALKING  
CAN?









"SHOULD..."

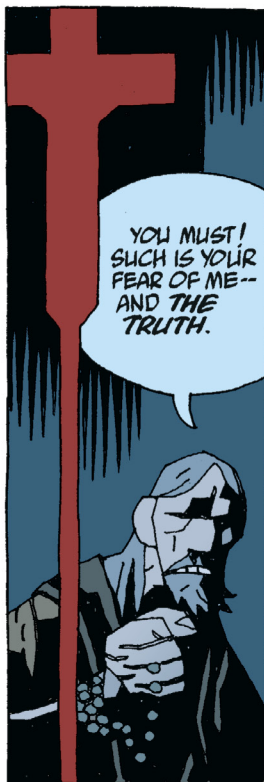
GOD, CREATOR AND  
DEFENDER OF THE HUMAN  
RACE, WHO MADE MEN IN  
YOUR OWN IMAGE, LOOK DOWN  
IN PITY ON THIS, YOUR SERVANT,  
NOW IN THE TOILS OF THE UNCLEAN  
SPIRIT, ANCIENT ENEMY, SWORN  
FOE OF OUR RACE, THE SERPENT  
WHO WOULD LEAD US INTO  
DESOLATION!

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

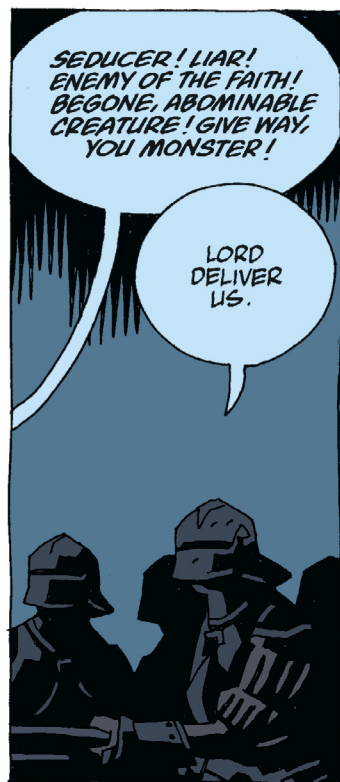
ENOUGH!  
ENOUGH!  
DO IT...



"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 HEAVEN...



"THERE HE SITS AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY. FROM THERE HE SHALL JUDGE BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD..."



"AND THOSE WHO HAVE DONE GOOD SHALL ENTER INTO EVERLASTING LIFE..."



AND THOSE WHO DO EVIL...



"...INTO FIRE."



AMEN.



FOOLS. I PITY YOU.

MY GOD IS HERE...







"...IN ME."

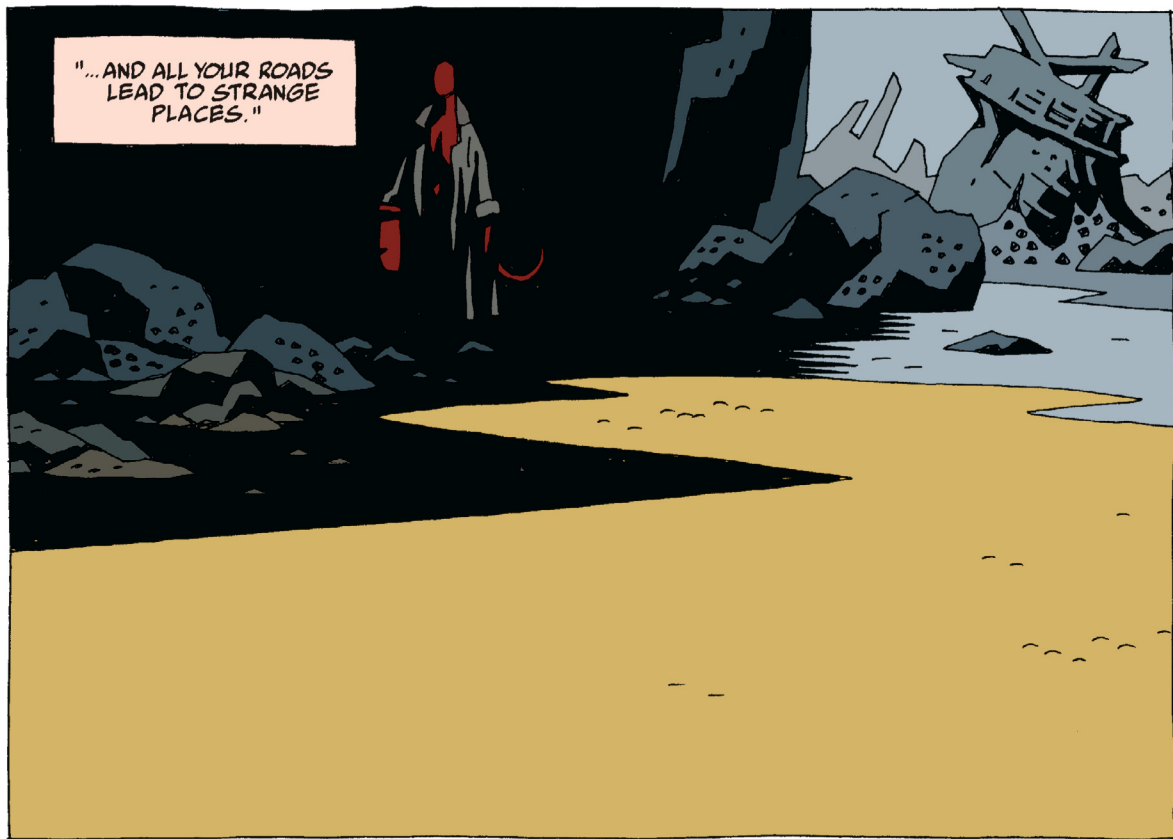


"HELLBOY..."



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

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



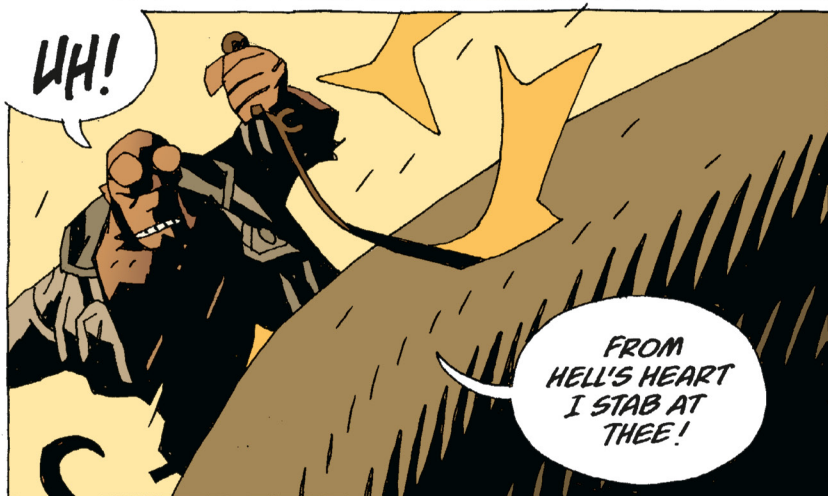
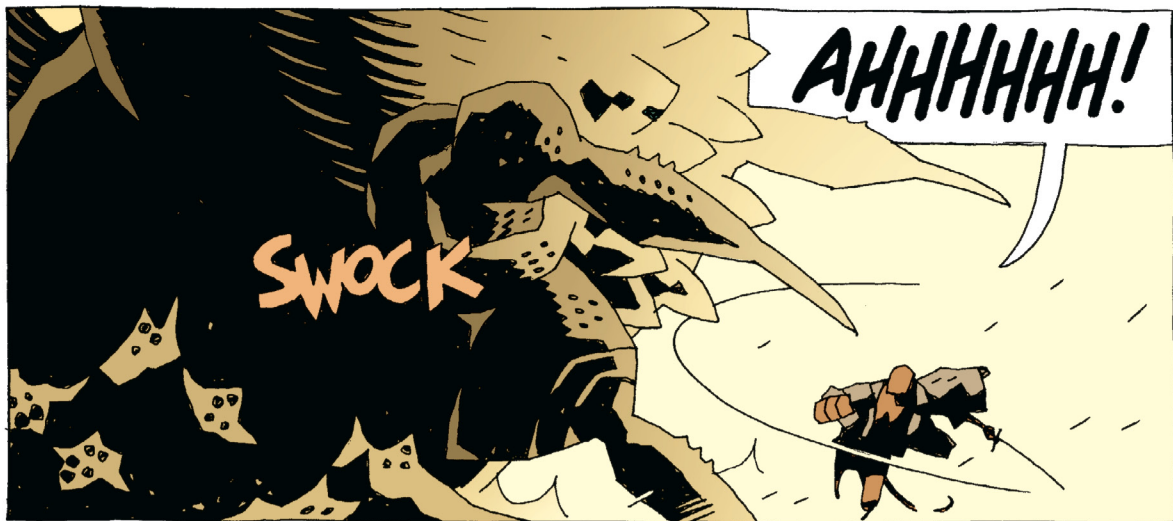
AH, SCREW IT.











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









YOU WERE  
WARNED...



OH.

SON  
OF A...



THERE IS  
NO WAY  
BACK FOR  
YOU NOW.



"WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?"

"AFRICA."







"HERE IS  
MY TRIUMPH  
OVER DEATH."



UNCLEAN  
SPIRIT...

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



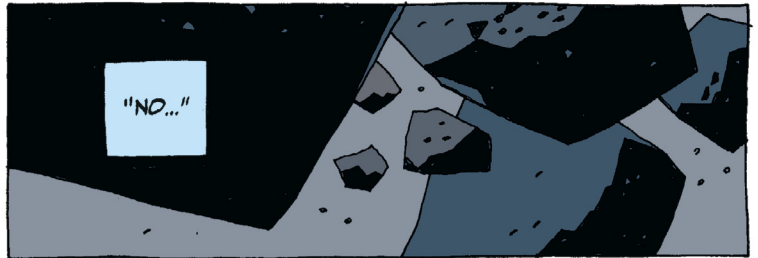
...BUT YOU SET  
IT FREE. IT  
SPILLS OUT OF  
MY WOUNDS.

I CAST  
YOU OUT...



BEGONE!

THERE.  
YOUR  
ABOMINATION  
IS MADE TO  
FLEE.



"NO..."



NOT  
FLEE...



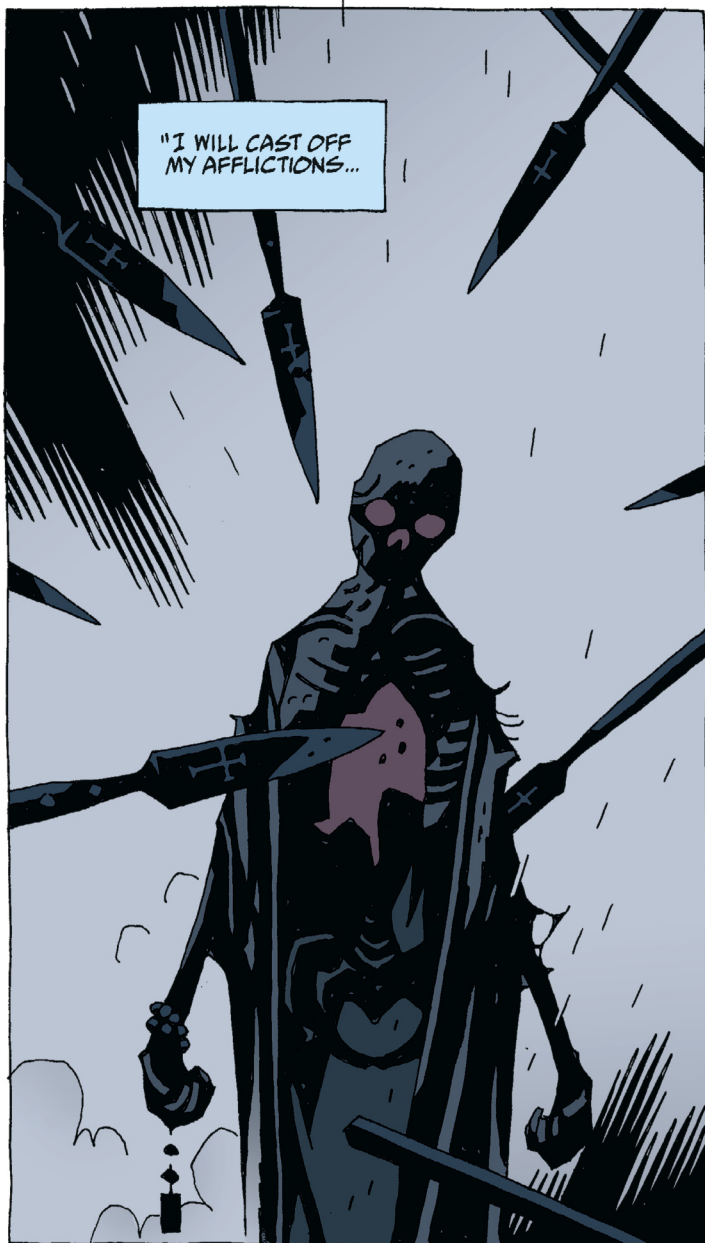




"THIS HUMAN  
BODY IS TOO  
WEAK..."



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



"I WILL CAST OFF  
MY AFFLICTIONS..."



"I WILL PUT  
ON NEW  
FLESH..."

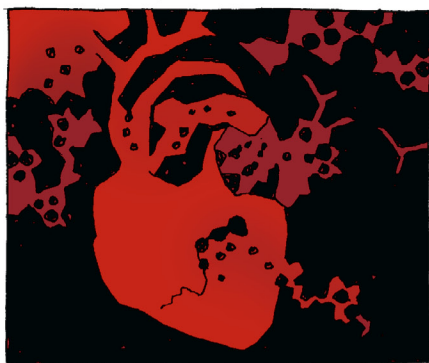


"I WILL LIVE AGAIN  
TO FINISH WHAT I  
HAVE BEGUN..."





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

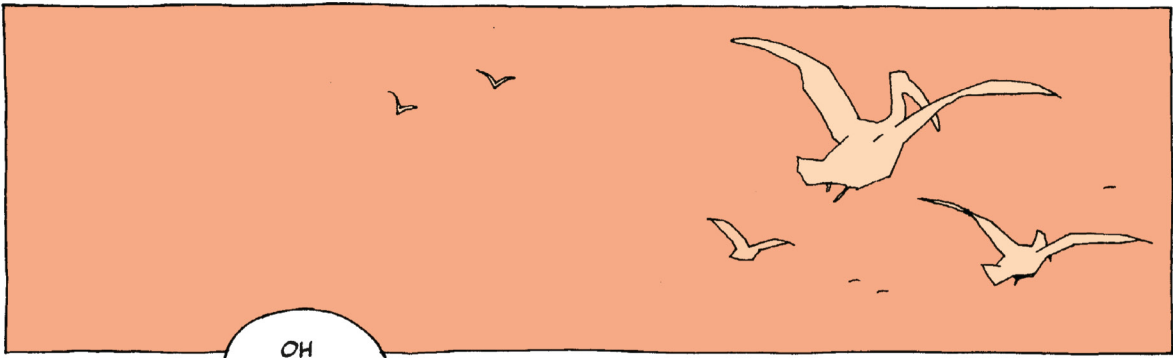


"...TO REVEAL  
TO MAN THE  
TRUE ORDER  
OF THINGS..."



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

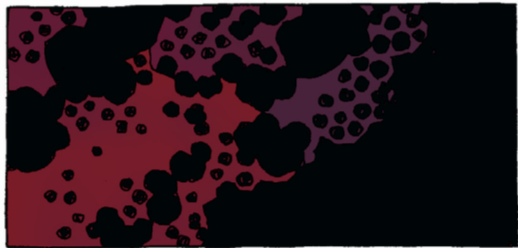








DING





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  
TENOCHTITLAN.\*



"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.

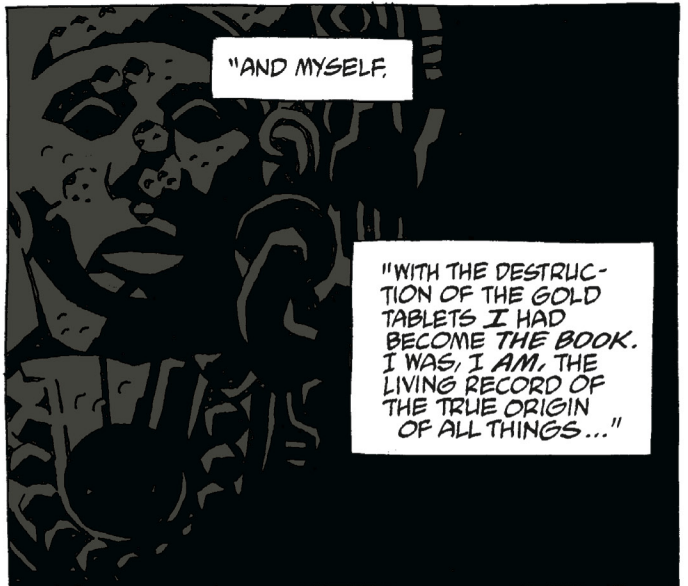
"BITS OF ATLANTIS,  
LEMURIA, AND URR.



"SCRAPS OF  
BABYLON.



"AND MYSELF.



"WITH THE DESTRUC-  
TION 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..."

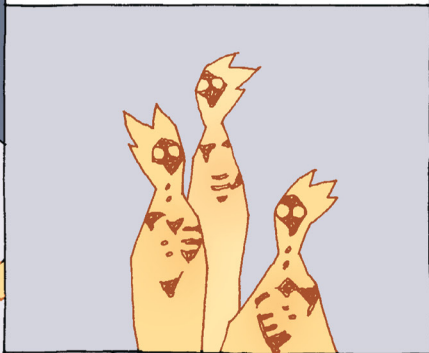


"...AND THE  
BIRTHING OF  
SPIRITS.

"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--

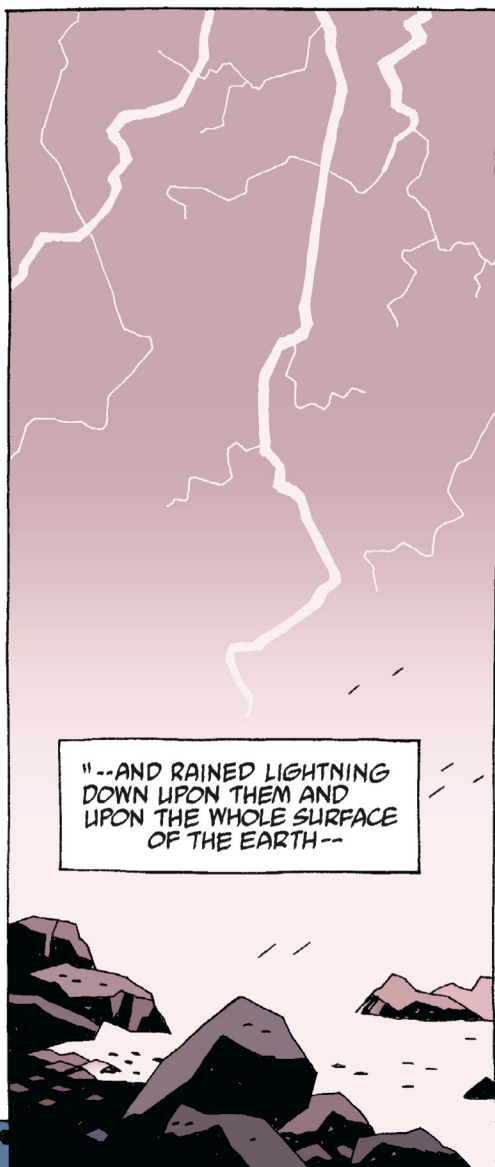


"THE THREE HUNDRED AND  
SIXTY-NINE OGDRI HEM.



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

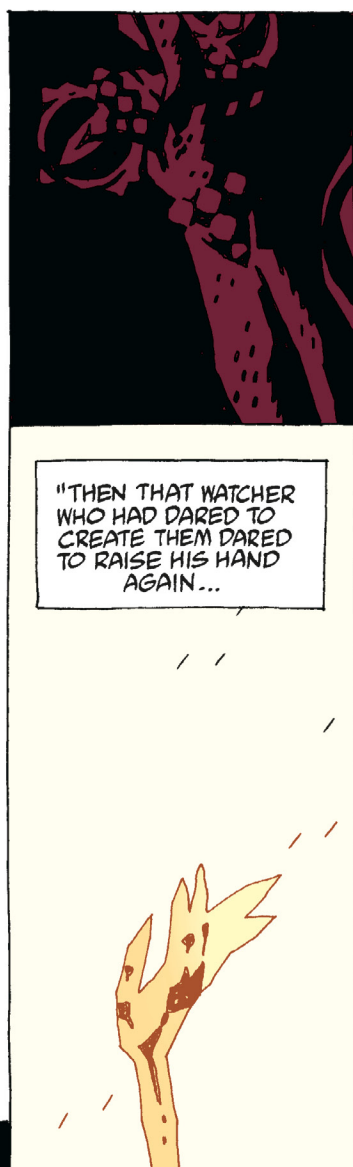




"--AND RAINED LIGHTNING  
DOWN UPON THEM AND  
UPON THE WHOLE SURFACE  
OF THE EARTH--



"--UNTIL ONLY  
THE OGDRI JAHAD  
REMAINED.



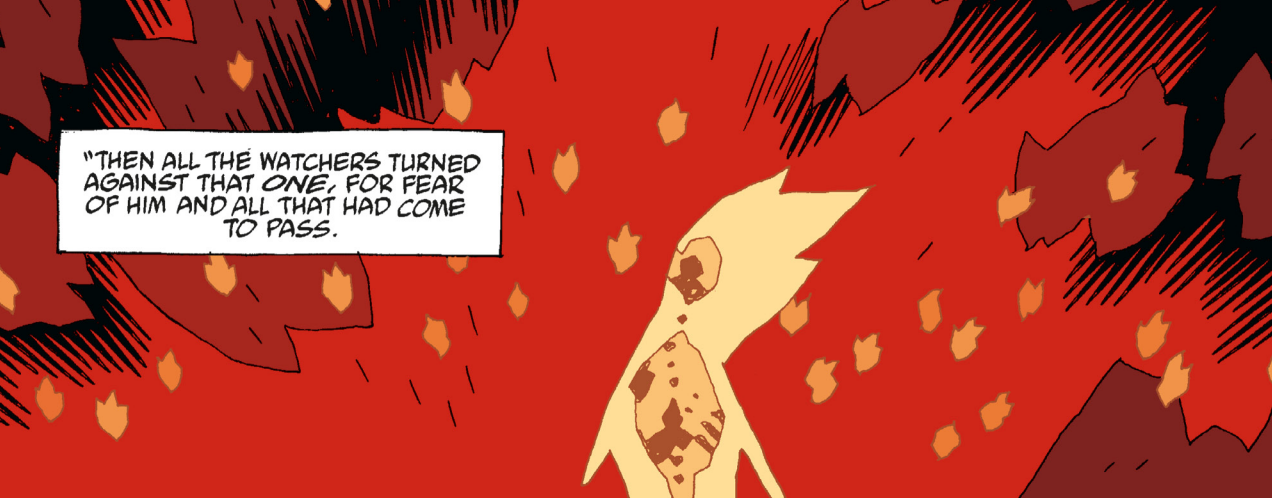
"THEN THAT WATCHER  
WHO HAD DARED TO  
CREATE THEM DARED  
TO RAISE HIS HAND  
AGAIN...



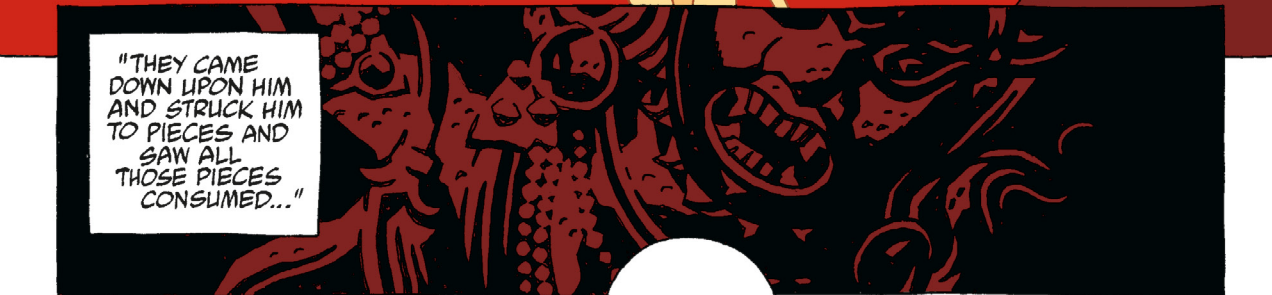
"...TO IMPRISON  
THEM...

"...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.

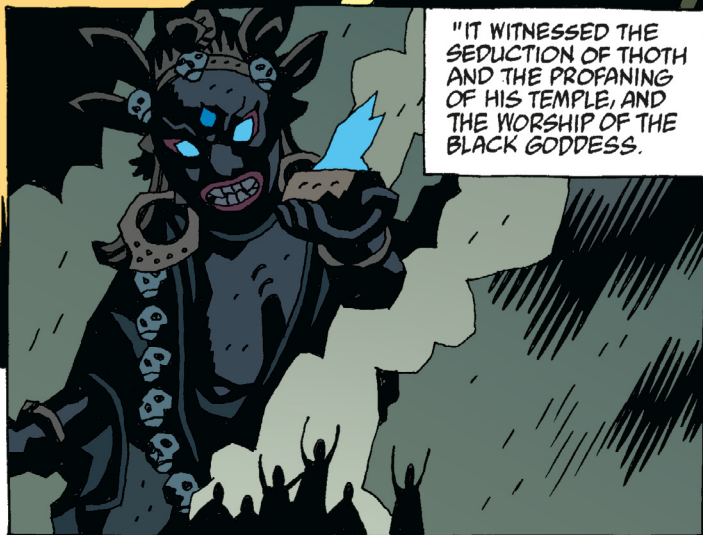




"BUT ALL THINGS END."

"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  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT.



"YOU DO."

SHUT UP.





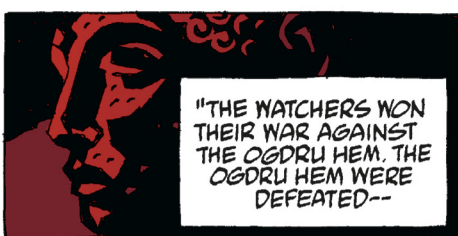
NOW, CREATURE, REST HERE  
IN PLACE OF MY BONES, TILL  
DOOMSDAY, WHEN THAT HAND  
WILL BE RAISED AGAIN.

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.

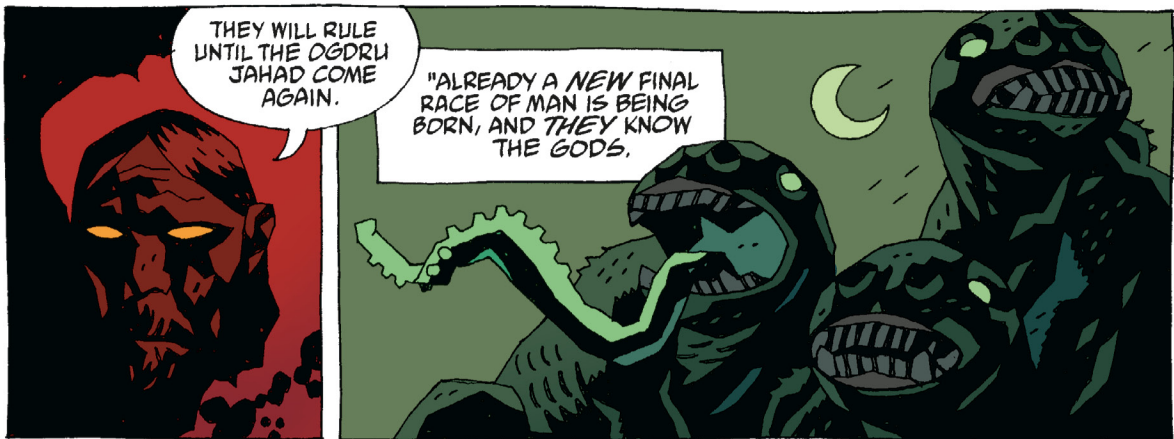


MANKIND  
MUST BE MADE  
TO SEE THE  
SIGNS OF  
THE TIMES.

THEY ARE  
STIRRING.

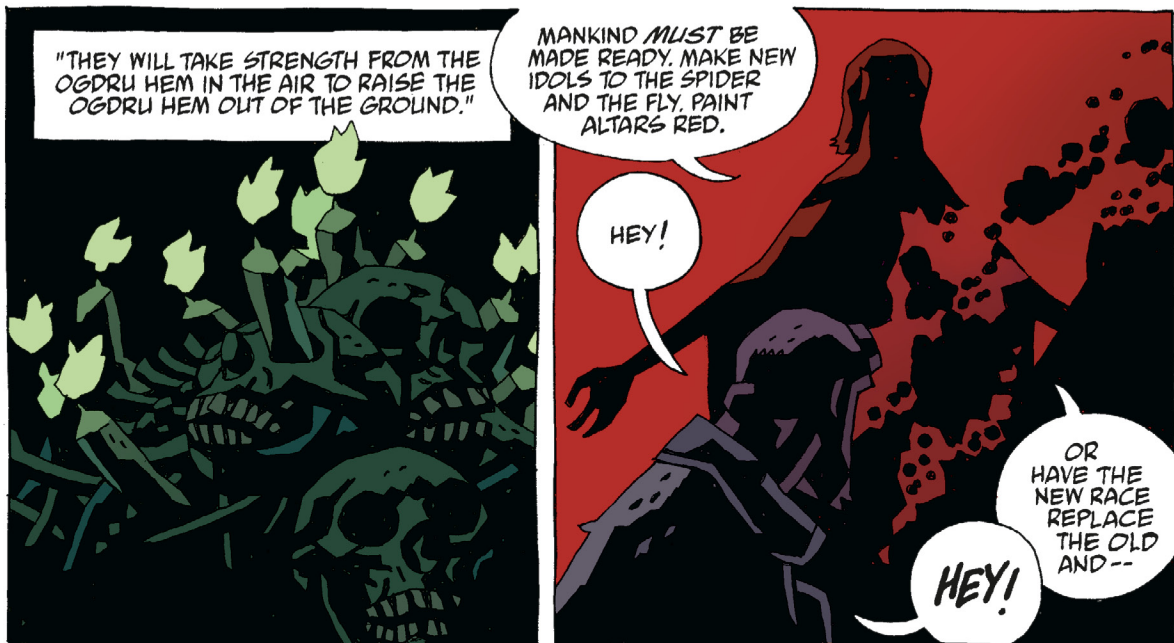
THE OGDRI HEM  
WILL WAKE AND  
RECLAIM THE EARTH.





THEY WILL RULE  
UNTIL THE OGDRI  
JAHAD COME  
AGAIN.

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



"THEY WILL TAKE STRENGTH FROM THE  
OGDRI HEM IN THE AIR TO RAISE THE  
OGDRI 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.

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

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

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?

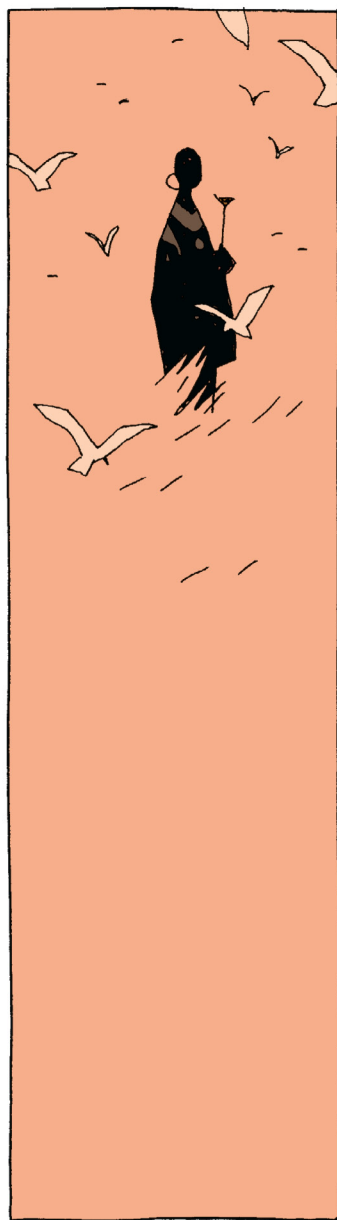
**No!**

TO  
BOW  
AND--



**BOOM**





IMPOSSIBLE.

THAT'S BETTER.

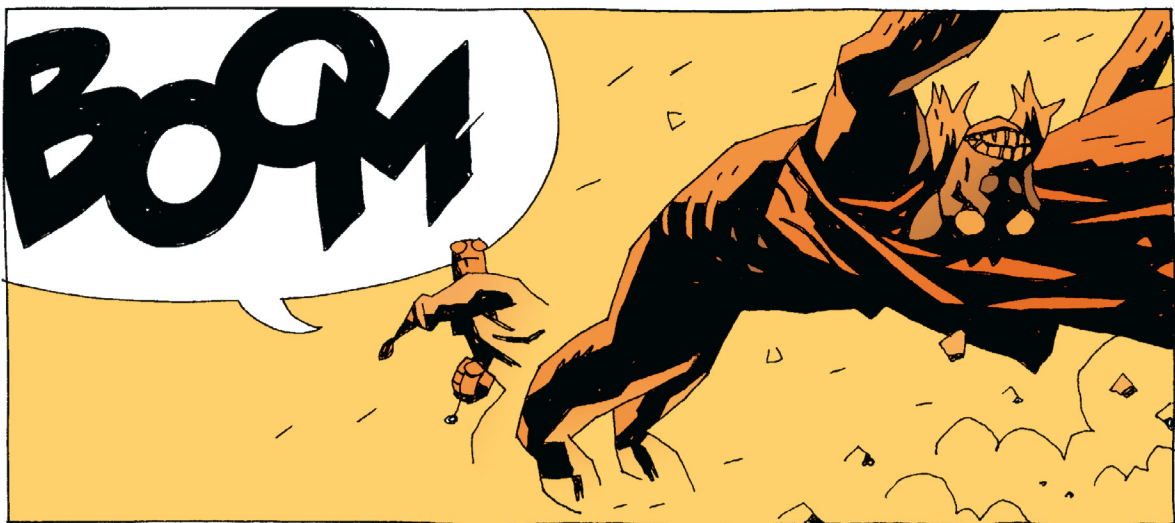
SOME  
OTHER POWER  
IS AT WORK  
HERE. WHAT  
IS IT?



WHAT IS  
IT?!

DING  
DING







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.

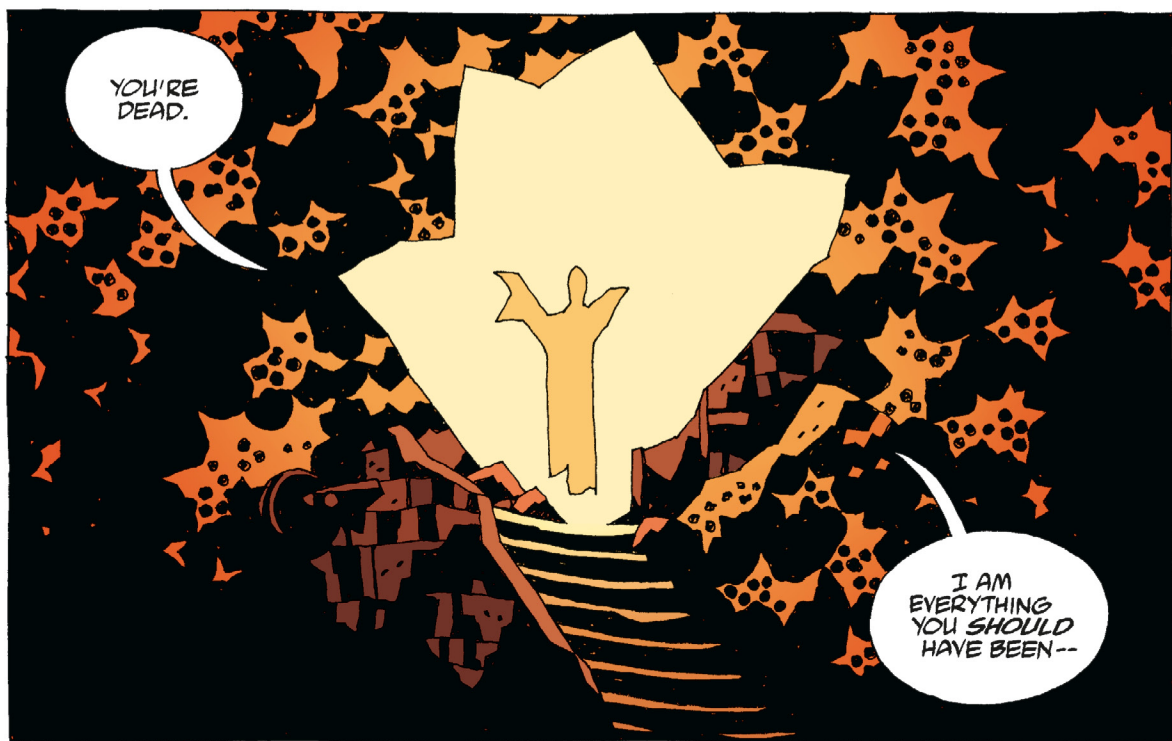


"YOUR PHANTOM ALLIES HAVE FAILED YOU.

"YOU'RE ALONE."









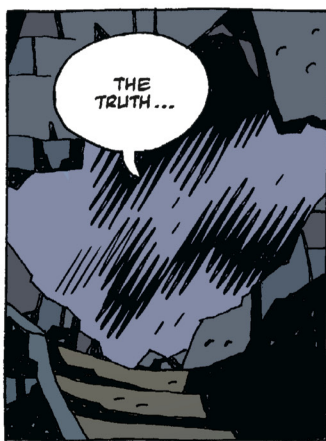


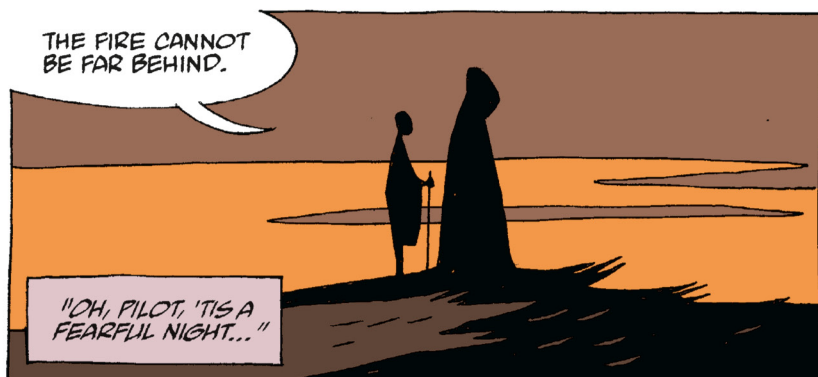
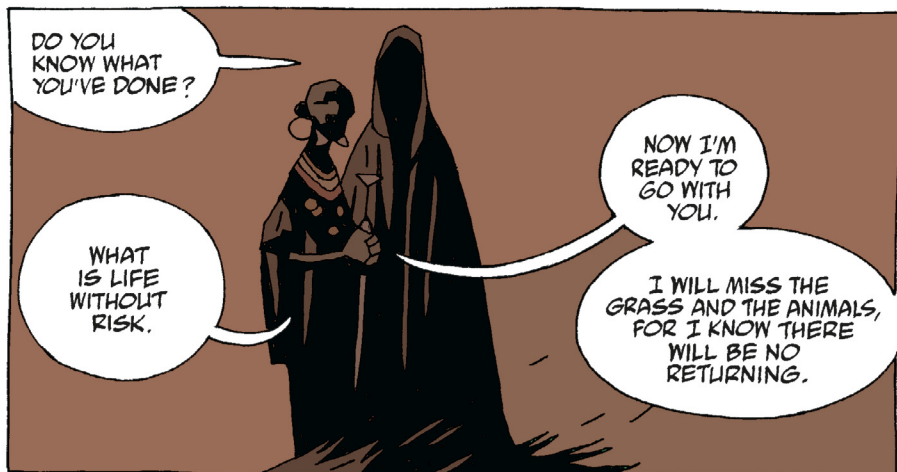
AAAAHH



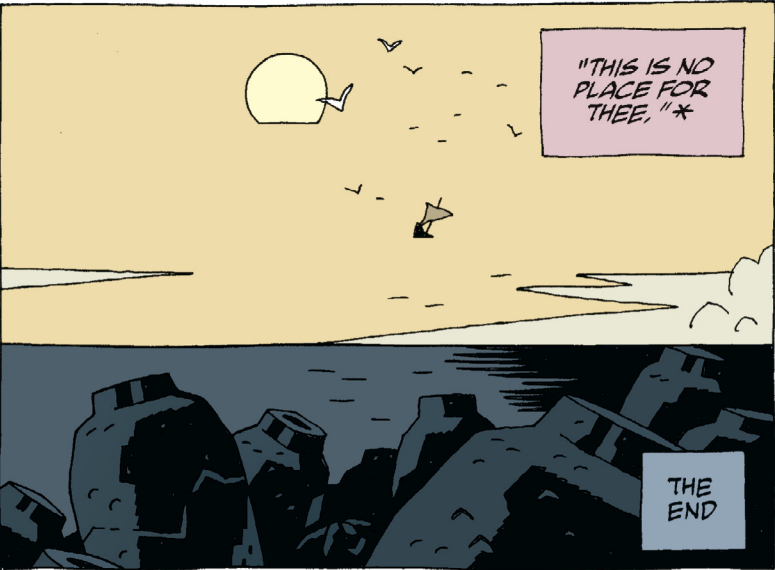
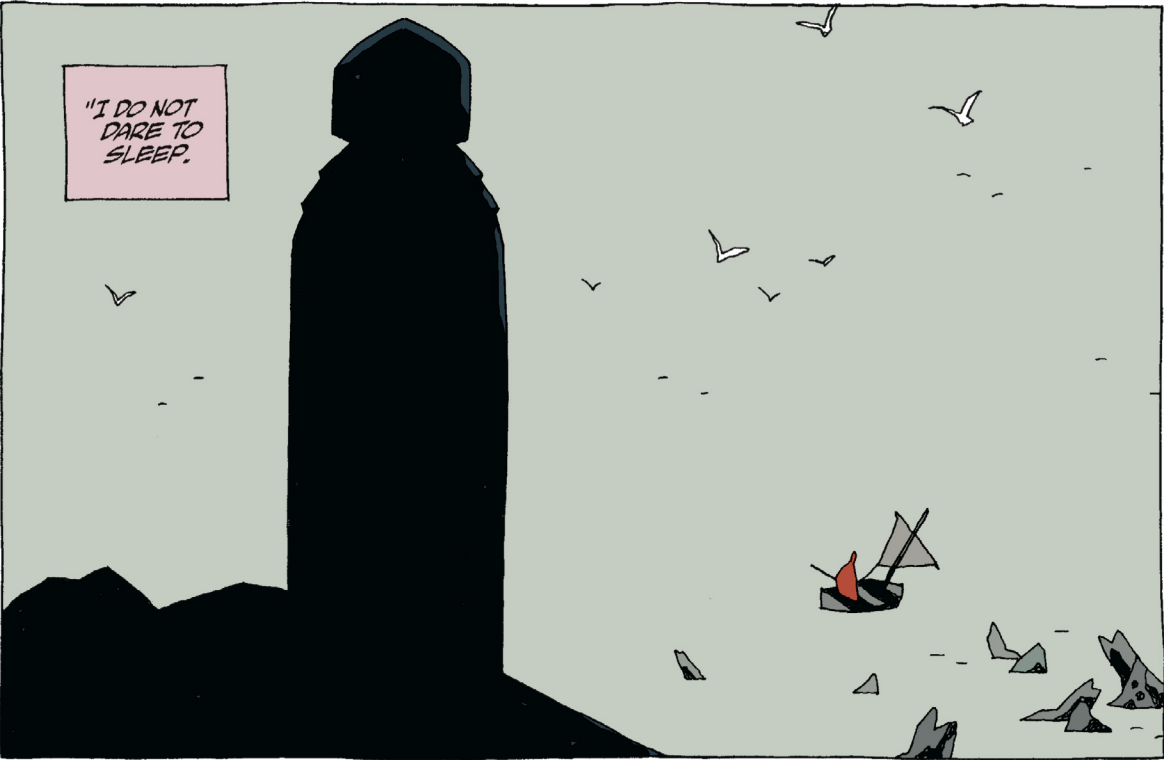












\*FROM "THE PILOT" BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.



## Epilogue



HELLBOY...



TELL ME  
HE'S  
DROWNED.

OR AT  
LEAST  
PRISONER  
IN SOME  
FISH'S  
BELLY.

HE  
LIVES...



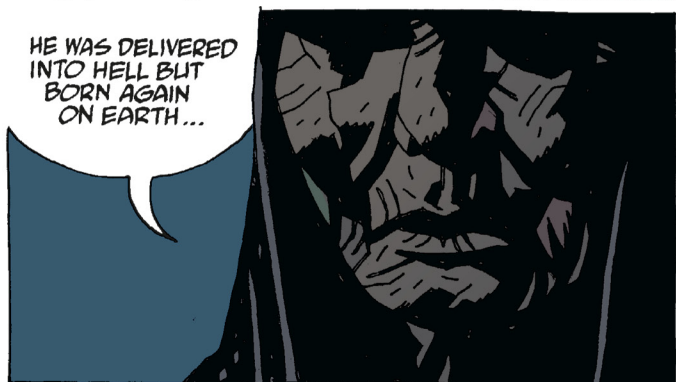
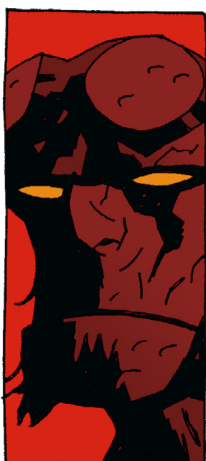
"EVEN NOW HE  
IS BOUND FOR  
ENGLAND."

HE  
IS COMING  
HOME.





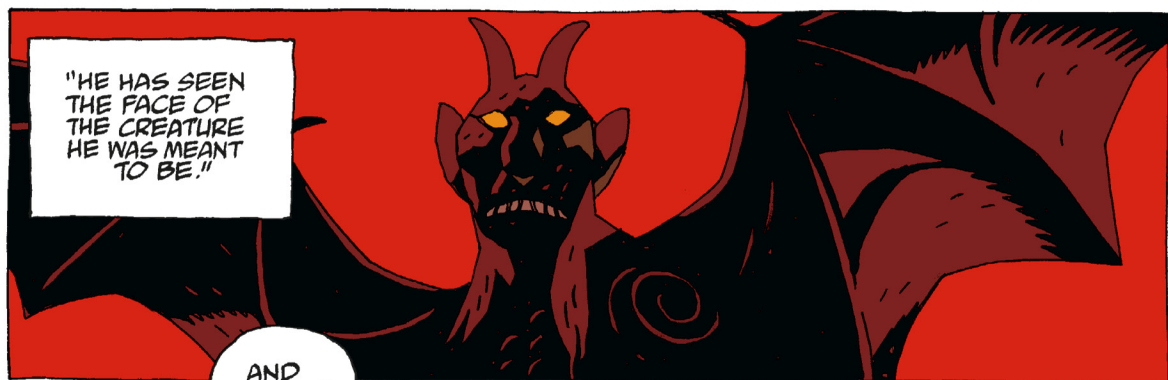






"HE FEELS THE  
WEIGHT OF HIS  
BURDEN..."

"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.



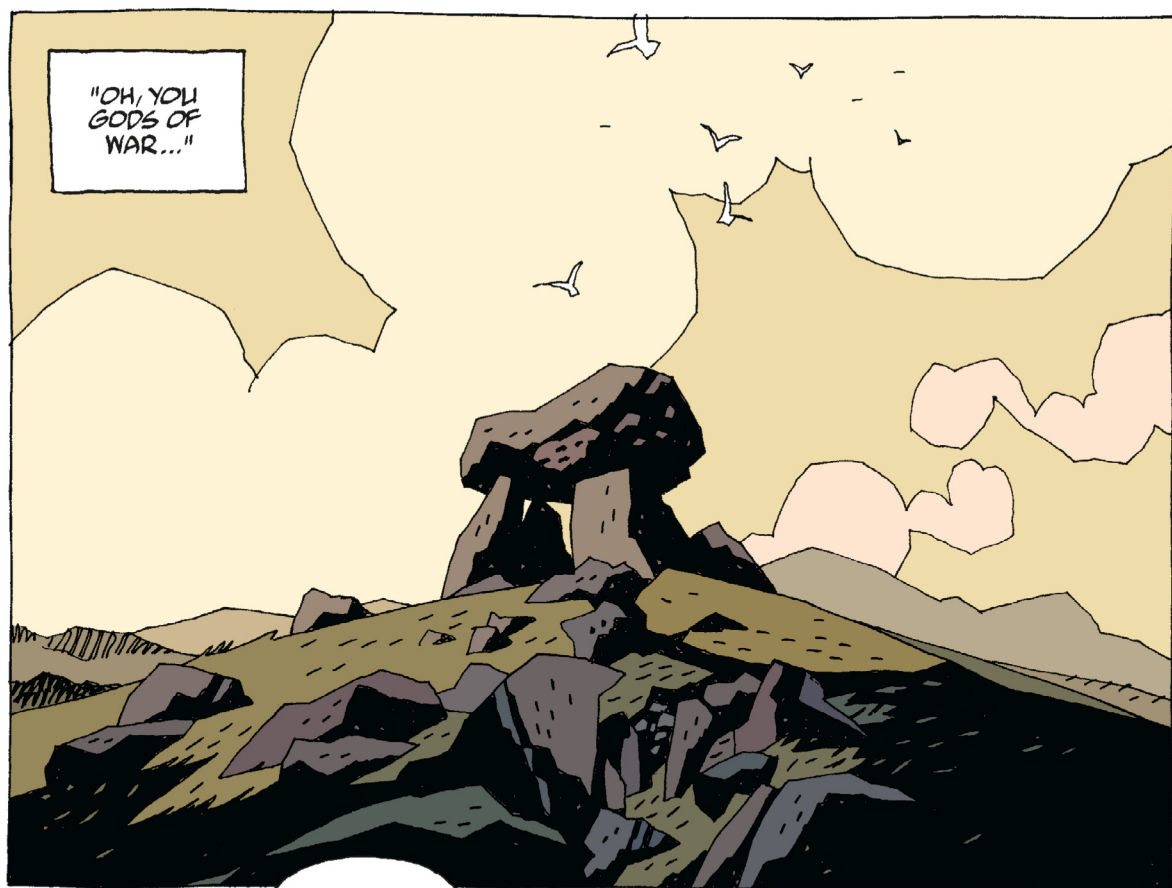
BUT IF THERE  
*MUST* BE AN END, LET IT BE  
*LOUD*. LET IT BE *BLOODY*.  
BETTER TO BURN THAN TO  
WITHER AWAY IN THE DARK.

"NOT TO GO  
QUIET..."



"NOT TO GO  
UNNOTICED..."





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.

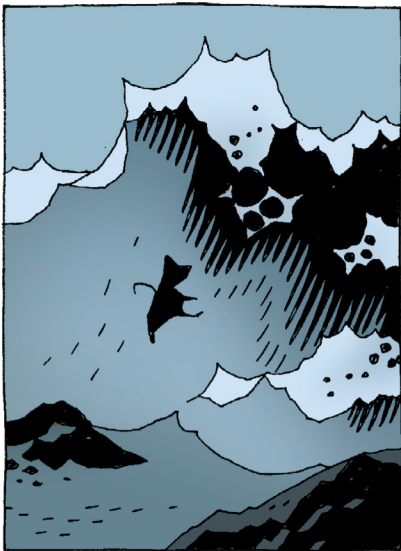
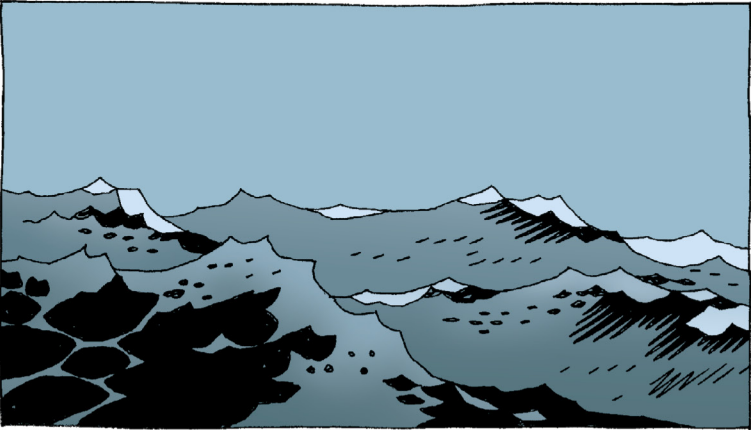
That's it.

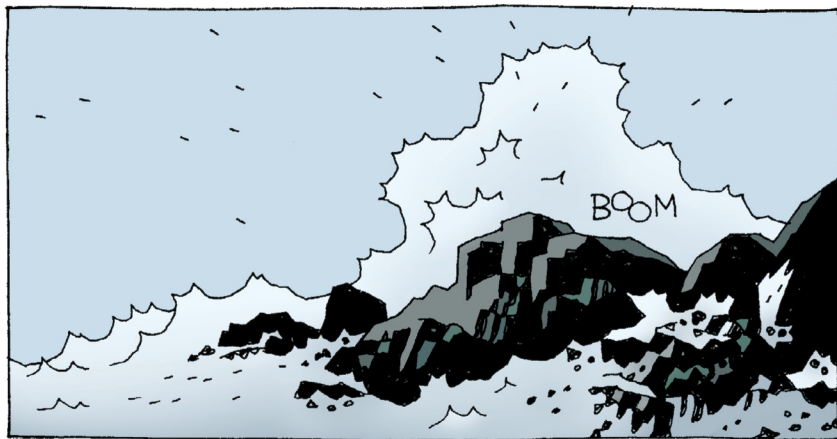
A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "MIKE MIGNOLA" followed by a long, sweeping horizontal line that ends in a small hook.

Somewhere in Southern California



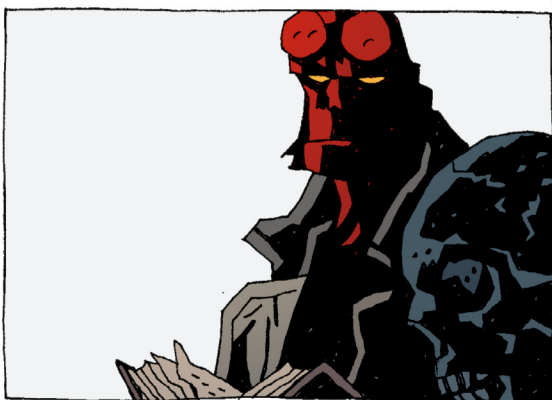
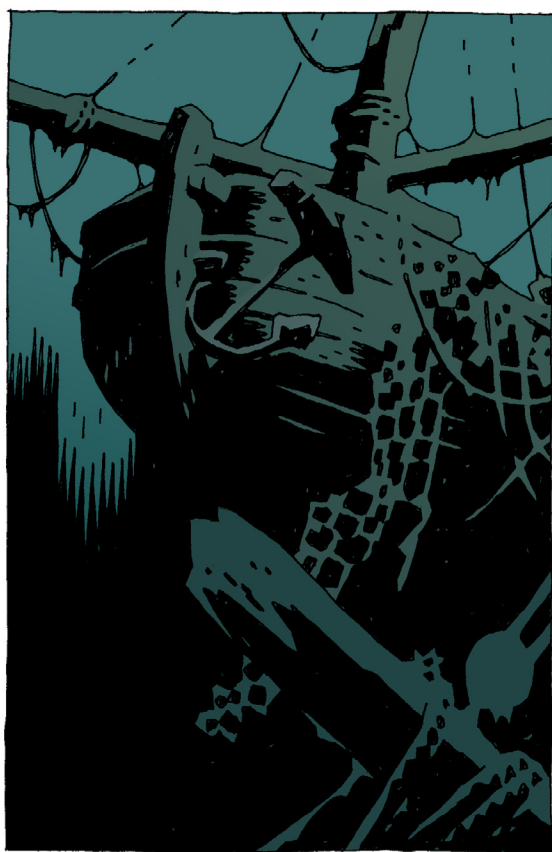
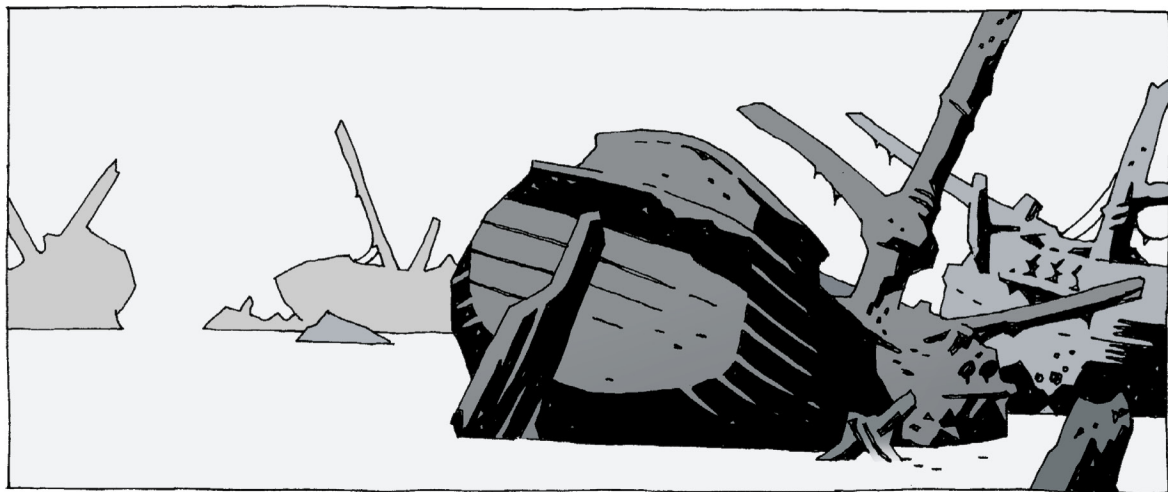


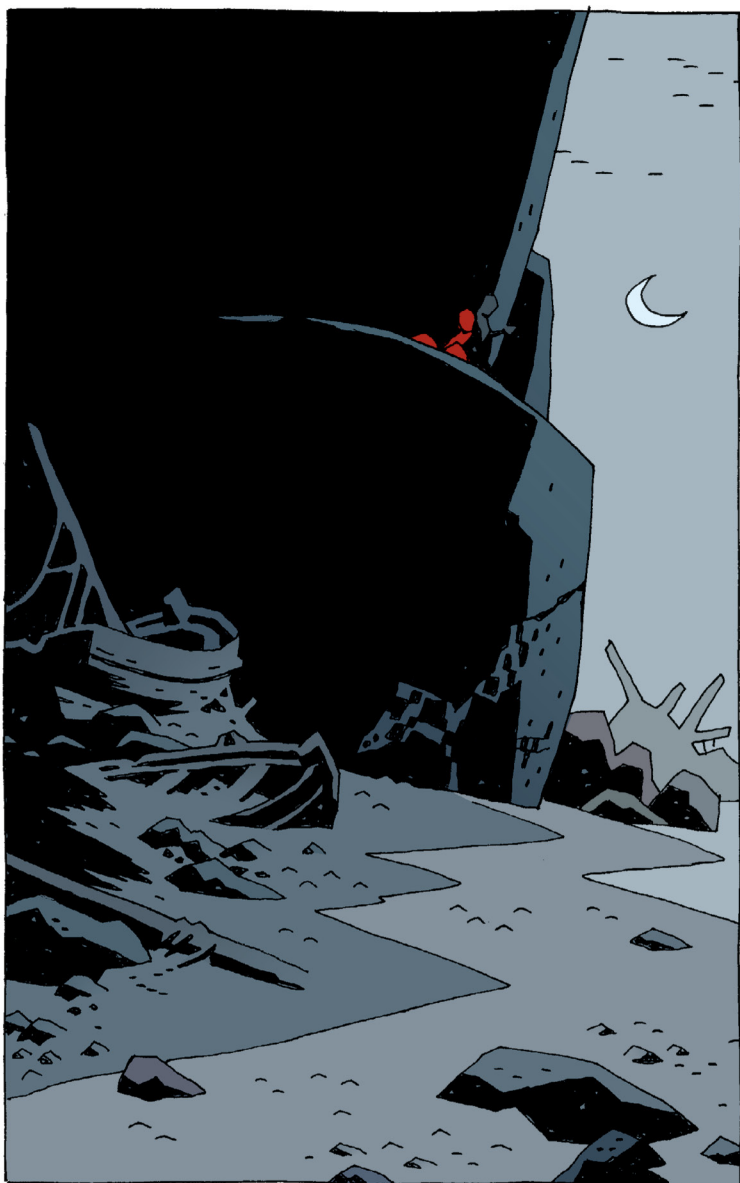












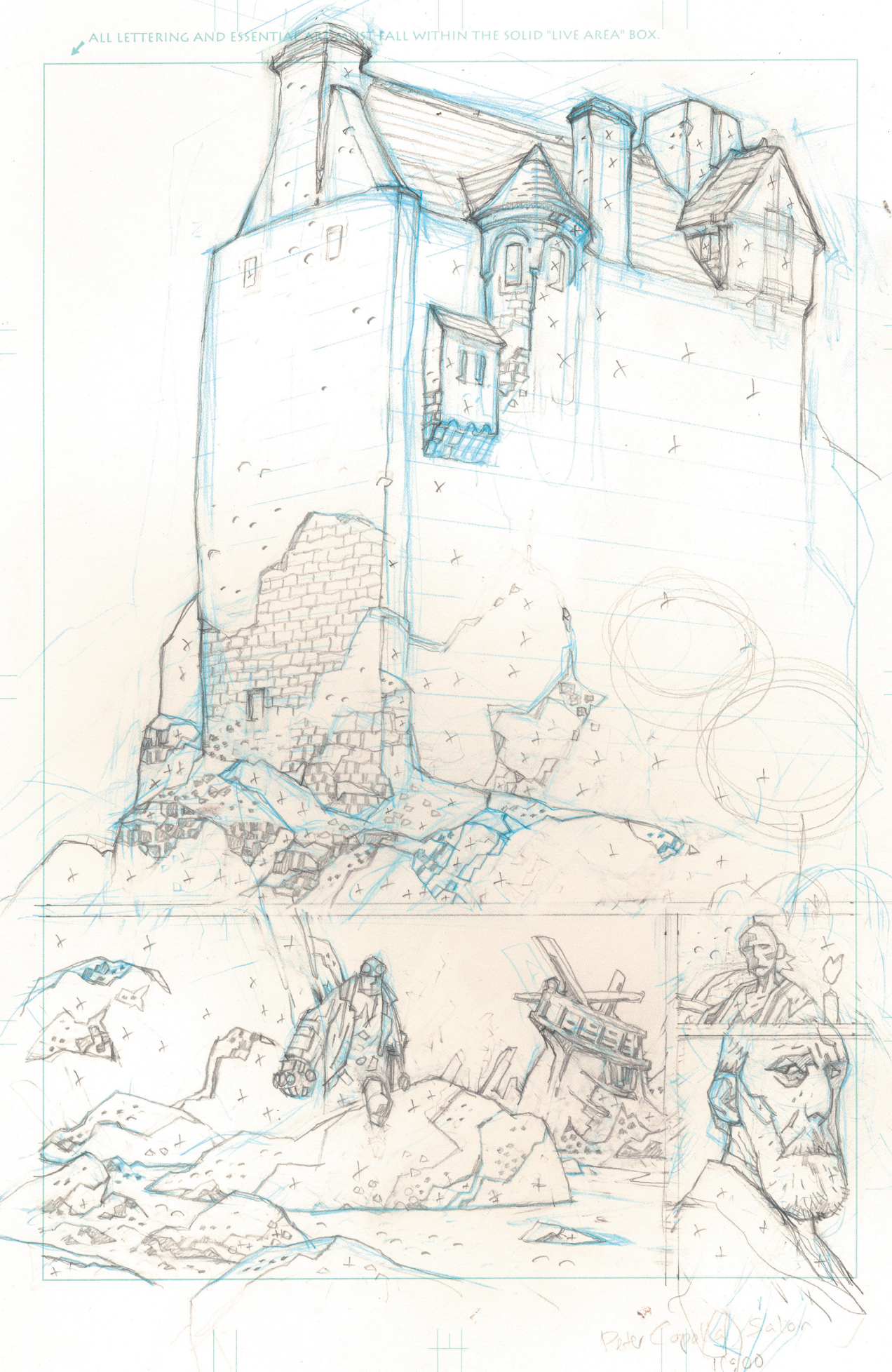








ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.

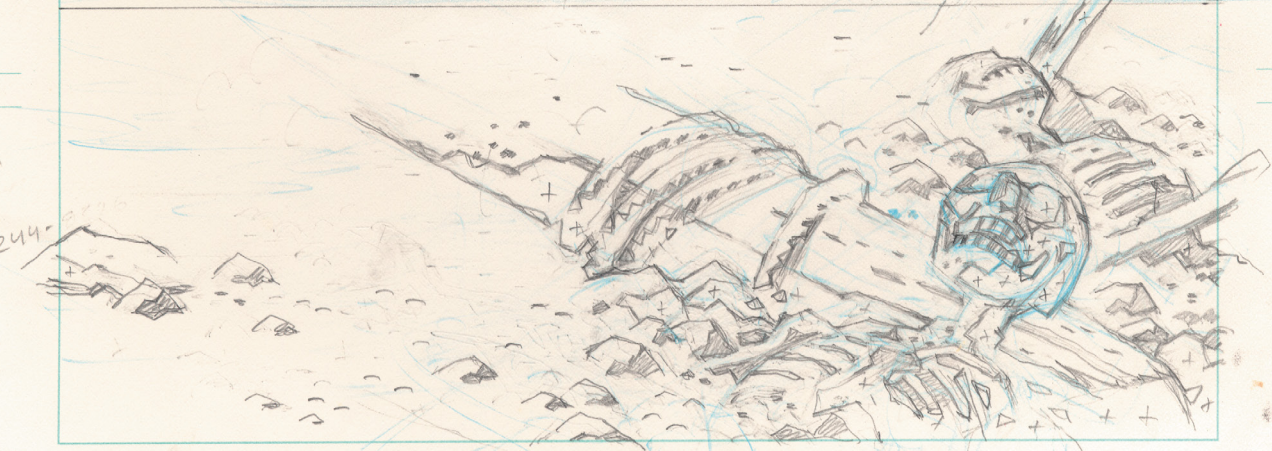
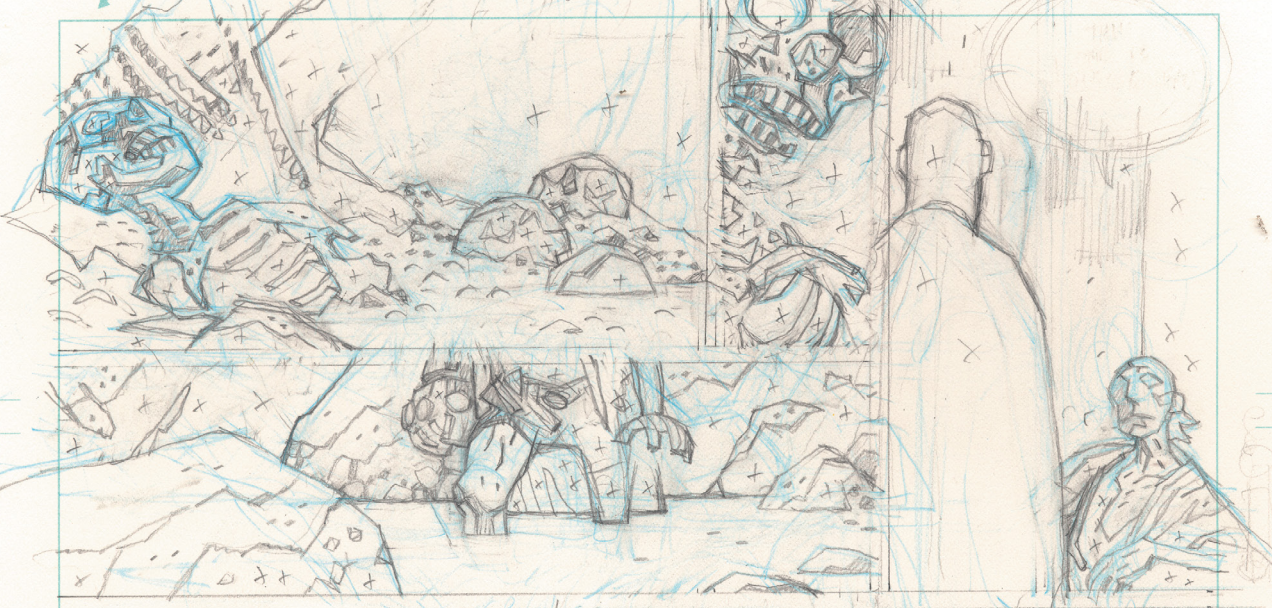


Peter Capaldi Salon  
11:00



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

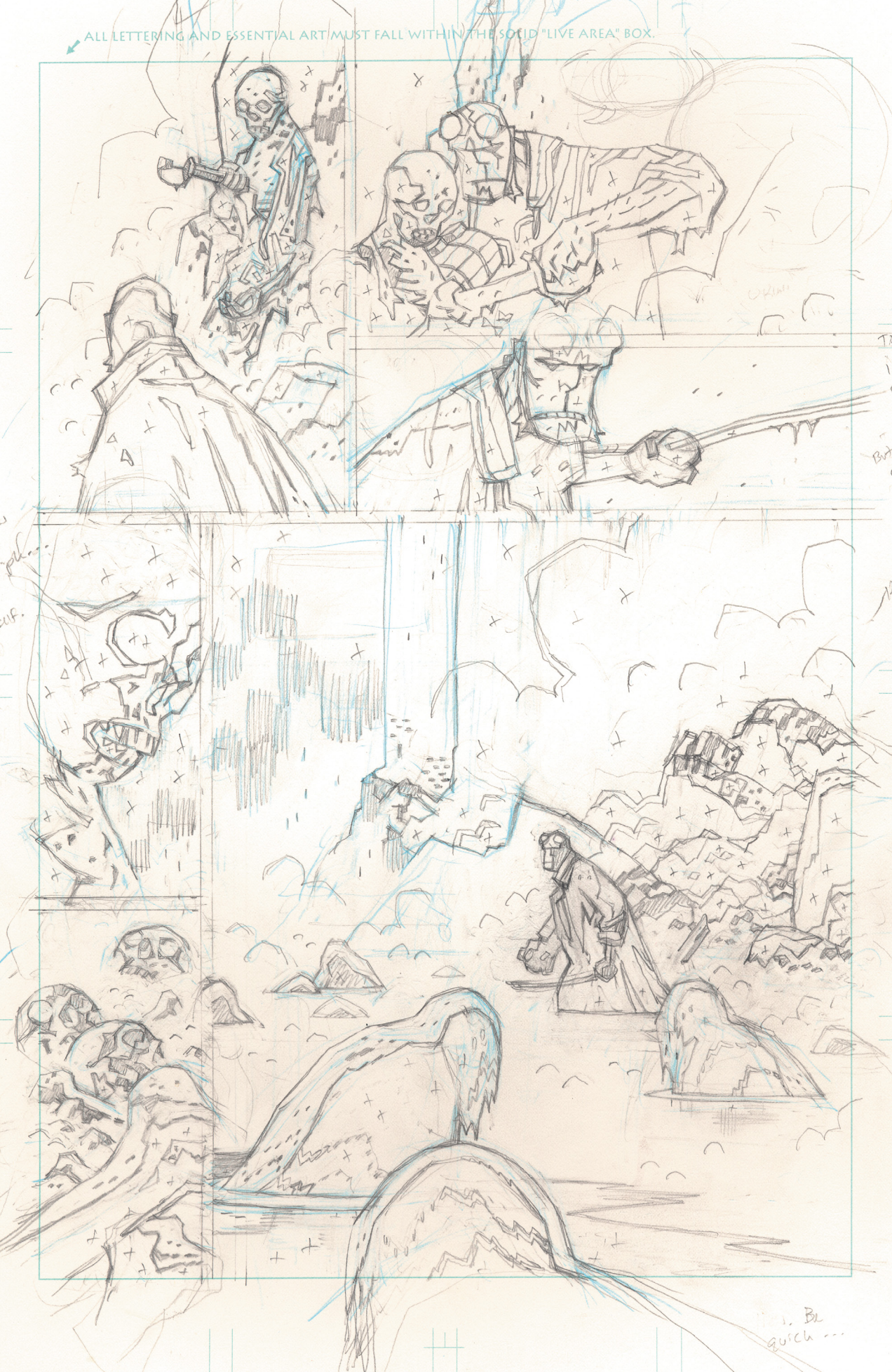
144



Nancy

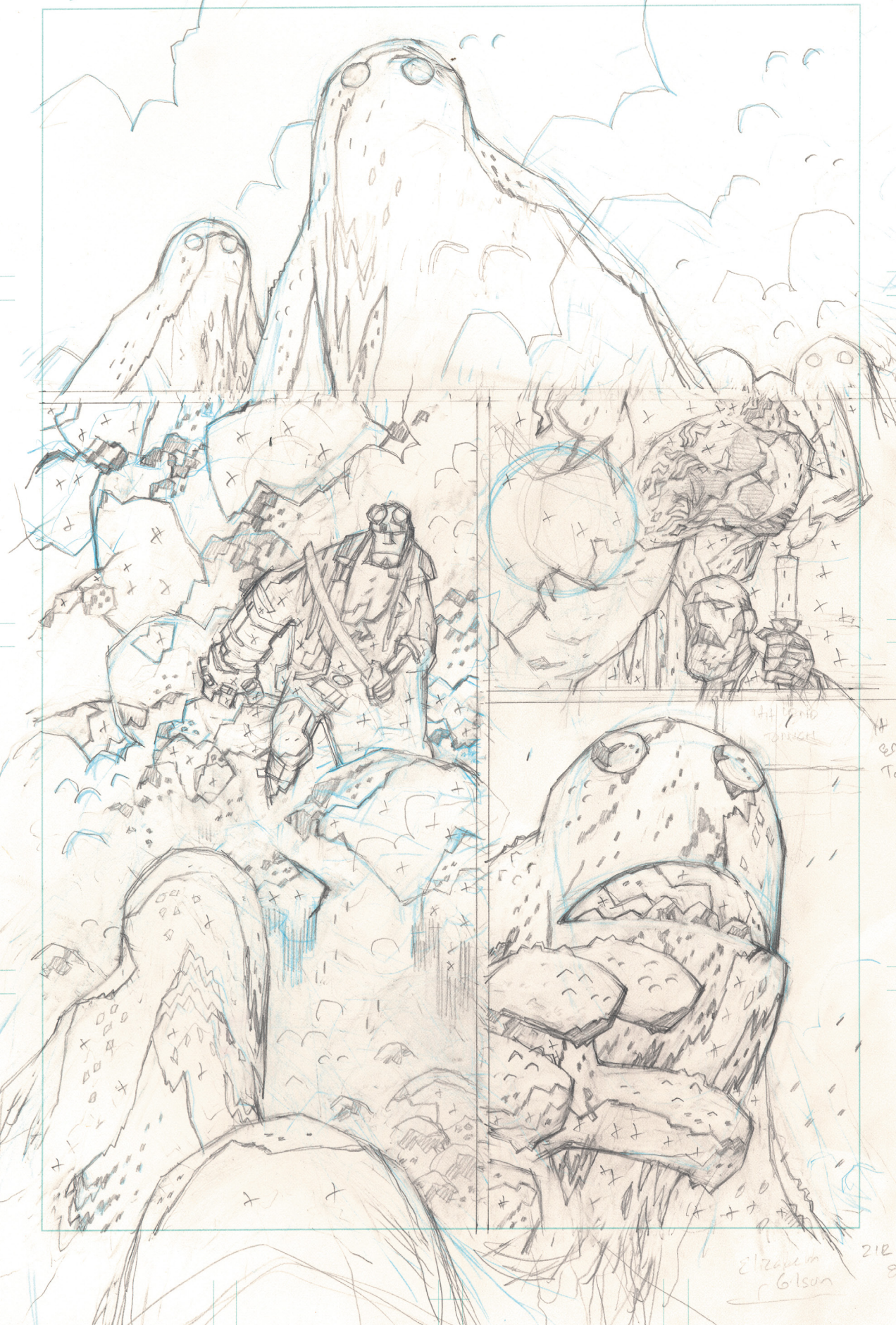


ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



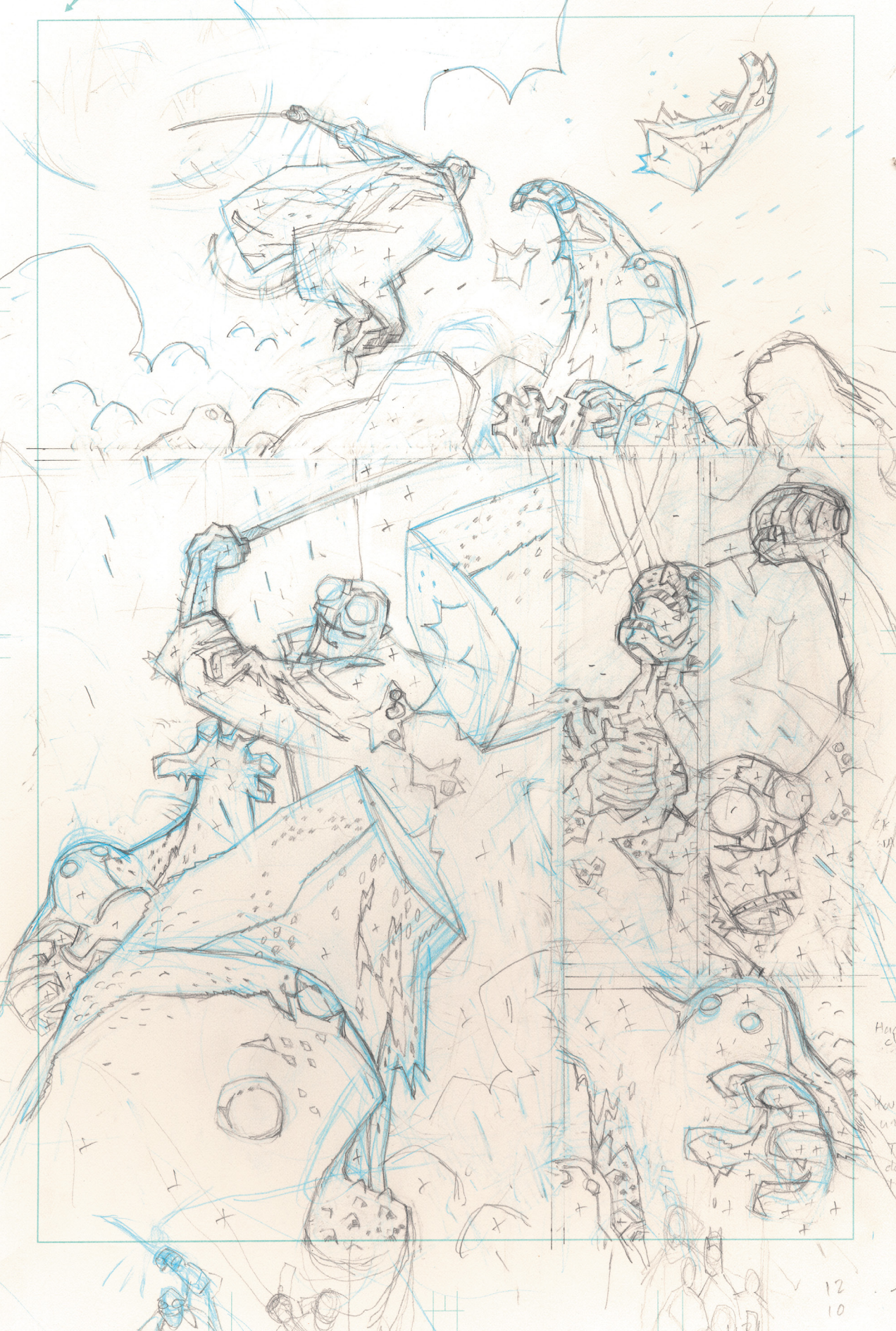


ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



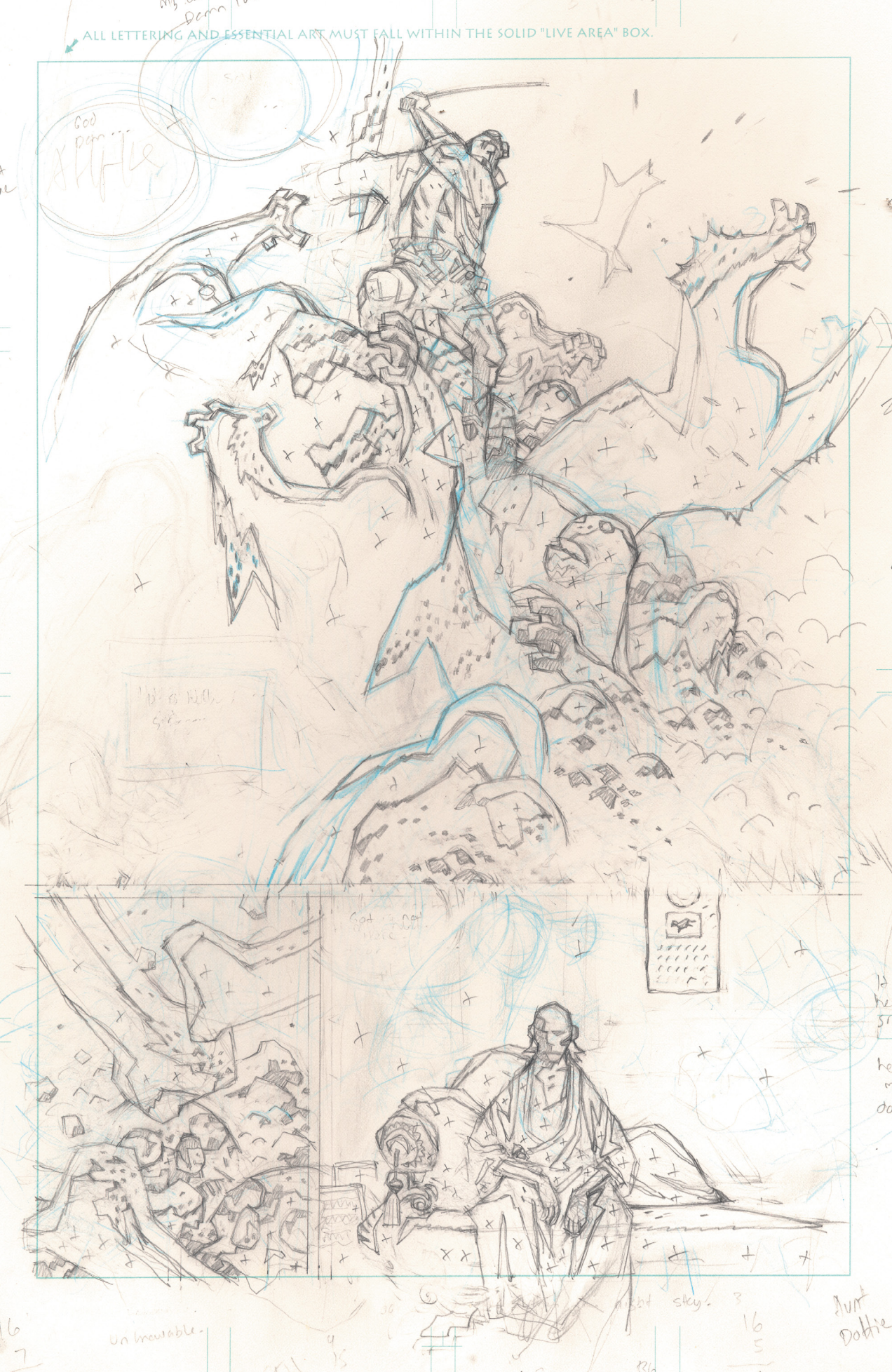


ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.





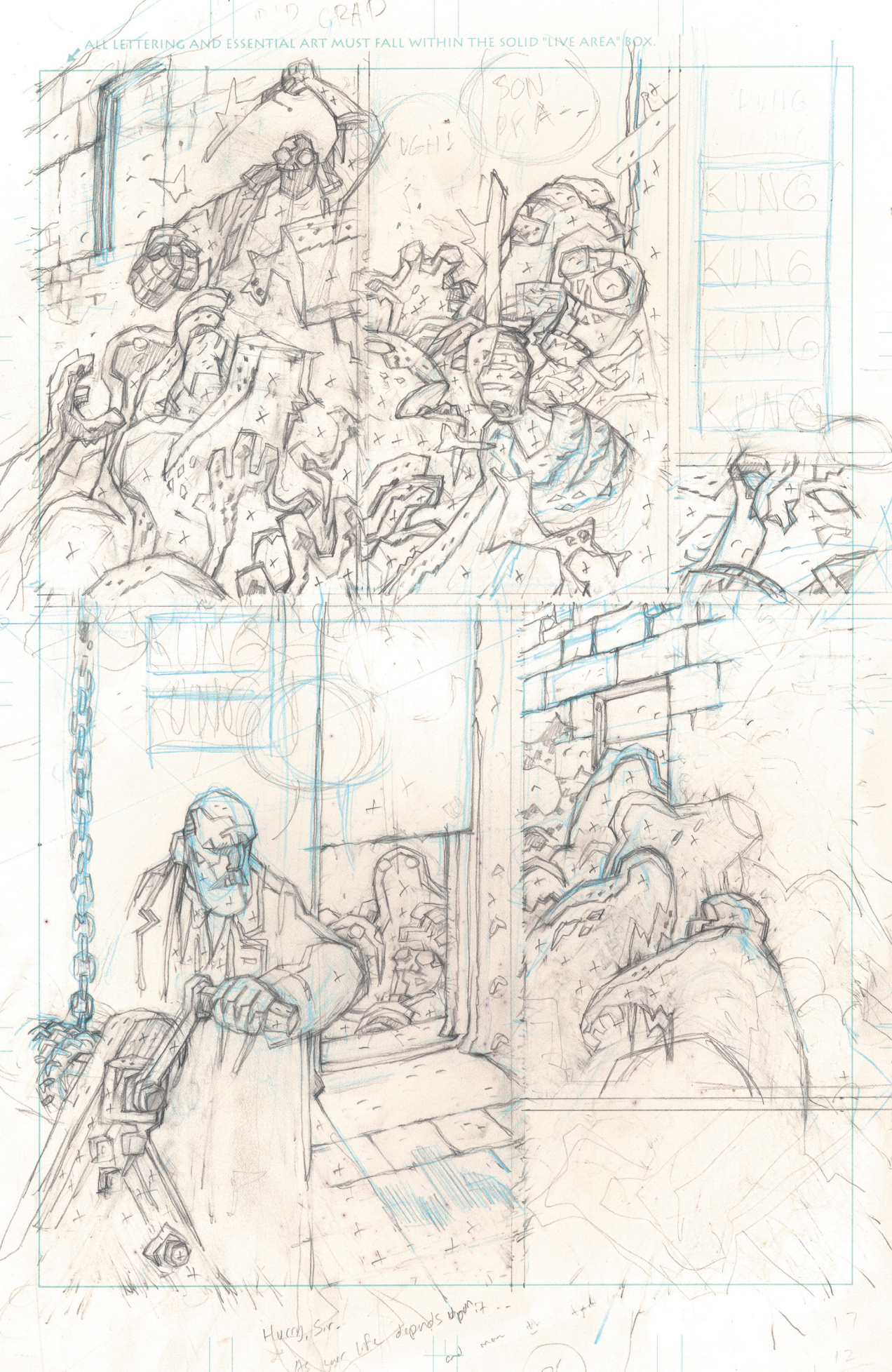
ALL LETTERING AND ESSENTIAL ART MUST FALL WITHIN THE SOLID "LIVE AREA" BOX.



unwieldy. 16  
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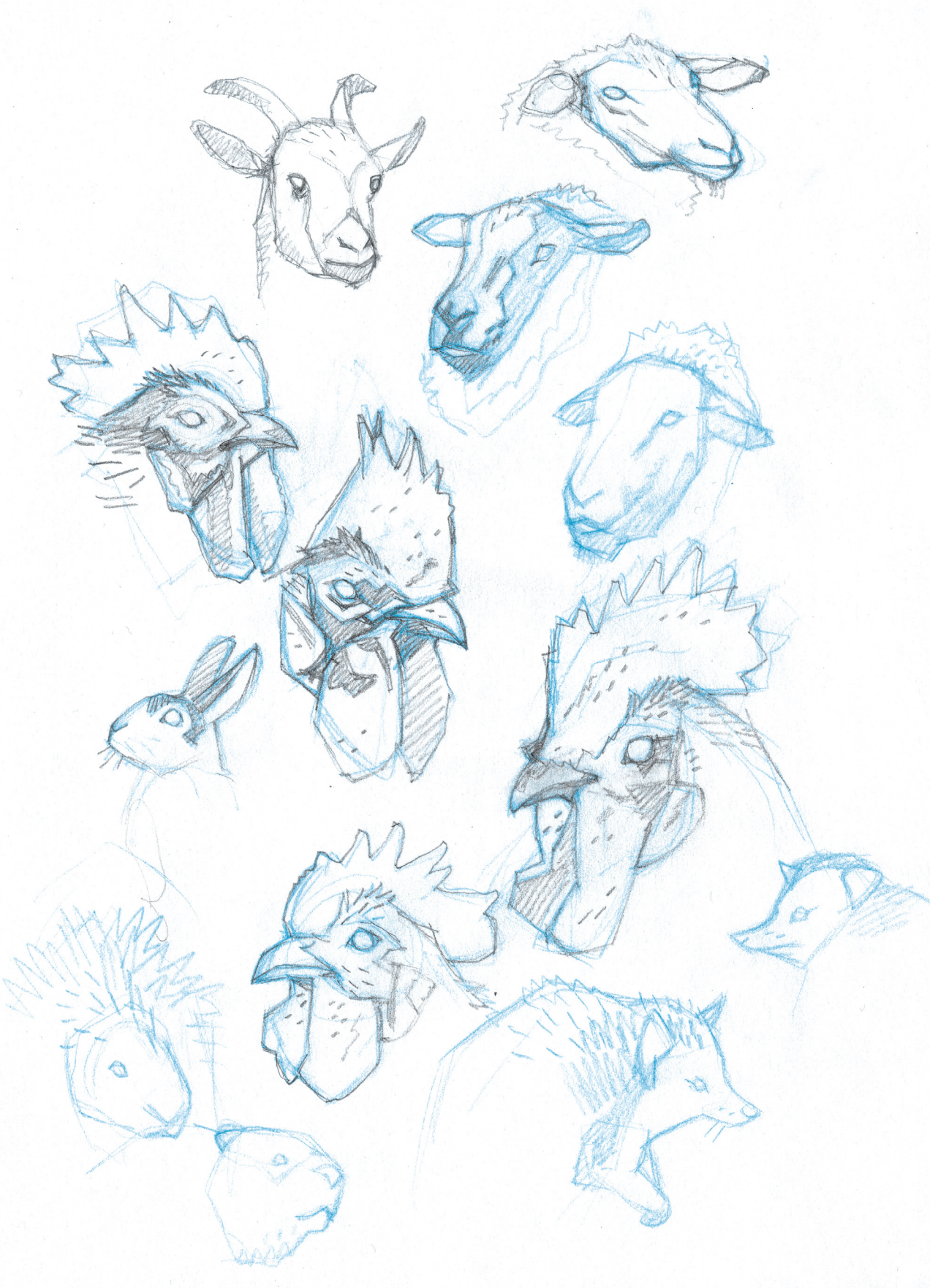


Huach, Sir.

As your life depends upon it --

and man the





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





The Ogdru Jahad.



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*

