

HELLBOY™



THE STORM AND THE FURY

MIKE
MIGNOLA

DUNCAN
FEGREDO

HELLBOY™

THE STORM AND THE FURY





HELLBOY™

THE STORM AND THE FURY

Story by

MIKE MIGNOLA

Art by

DUNCAN FEGREDO

Colored by

DAVE STEWART

Lettered by

CLEM ROBINS



Cover art by

MIKE MIGNOLA & DAVE STEWART

Introduction by

GLEN DAVID GOLD

Edited by

SCOTT ALLIE

Assistant Editor

DANIEL CHABON

Hellboy logo designed by

KEVIN NOWLAN

Collection designed by

MIKE MIGNOLA & CARY GRAZZINI

Publisher

MIKE RICHARDSON



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

NEIL HANKERSON ✕ *Executive Vice President*
TOM WEDDLE ✕ *Chief Financial Officer*
RANDY STRADLEY ✕ *Vice President of Publishing*
MICHAEL MARTENS ✕ *Vice President of Book Trade Sales*
ANITA NELSON ✕ *Vice President of Business Affairs*
MICHA HERSHMAN ✕ *Vice President of Marketing*
DAVID SCROGGY ✕ *Vice President of Product Development*
DALE LAFOUNTAIN ✕ *Vice President of Information Technology*
DARLENE VOGEL ✕ *Senior Director of Print, Design, and Production*
KEN LIZZI ✕ *General Counsel*
DAVEY ESTRADA ✕ *Editorial Director*
SCOTT ALLIE ✕ *Senior Managing Editor*
CHRIS WARNER ✕ *Senior Books Editor*
DIANA SCHUTZ ✕ *Executive Editor*
CARY GRAZZINI ✕ *Director of Print and Development*
LIA RIBACCHI ✕ *Art Director*
CARA NIECE ✕ *Director of Scheduling*

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

First edition
March 2012
ISBN 978-1-59582-827-9

HELLBOY™; THE STORM AND THE FURY trademark and copyright
© 2010, 2011 Mike Mignola. Hellboy™ and all other prominently featured characters are
trademarks of Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks
of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. 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 volume collects *Hellboy: The Storm* #1–#3 and
Hellboy: The Fury #1–#3, all originally published by Dark Horse Comics.

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed by Midas Printing International, Ltd., Huizhou, China.

INTRODUCTION

by GLEN DAVID GOLD



If you're reading this, you've read the stories building up to this volume, the climax of Hellboy's adventures. Every villain, every prophecy, every foreshadowing intertwines and explodes. Hecate, the Osiris Club, Nimue, Gruagach, a hundred guns on the wall: they all go off here. You might be wondering if, in fact, the ending is as dramatic as promised. Screw the spoiler alerts, chums—I'm ruining it for you.

The answer is yes. This *is* the volume in which Hellboy stops drinking.

Also: someone important has his or her heart ripped out, and the apocalypse happens, but never mind that for now.

I went to boarding school in the Ojai Valley, which allegedly has more ghosts per square mile than anywhere else in America. Late at night, you could hear Satan worshipers having black masses just off campus. Krotona, the largest occult library outside the Vatican, was on a hilltop in the middle distance from our dormitories. I used to stand in line at the supermarket behind Krishnamurti, who had relocated to Ojai after giving up his position as the messiah for the Theosophists.

In other words, the world Hellboy lives in is familiar to me. The creatures he punches (and I love that he makes his own BOOM! sound effects when he does so) are from my hometown. When Mignola riffs on Lafcadio Hearn or Peter Opie or the wild saints of northern Russia, he's preaching to the choir here. Folklore's basis is its universality, and even the weird stuff—especially the weird stuff—moves us because there is some moonlit part of our DNA that responds to tiny, comb-bearing Russian girls shot to death with arrows with not just "WTF" but also "That makes sense."

Which brings us to Satan. If you've ever gone to the trouble of worshipping Satan (I haven't, but in Ojai knowing about such things was more crucial than, say, learning Spanish), you know that he was a fallen angel not just because he was a jerk, but because of the sin of self-determination. Anton LaVey, Satanist and carnival barker, tells us in *The Satanic Bible* that when you're looking at the fires of hell, the illumination is that of your own wisdom. In other words, you're challenging heaven by declaring yourself master of your own fate. And what could possibly go wrong when you do that, huh?

My favorite Hellboy story is the two-page "Pancakes." On one level, it's just about pancakes, God

dammit, but substitute "apple" for "pancake" and you have a hilarious inversion of the fall of man. Hellboy is excluded from hell because he tastes the forbidden knowledge of Bisquick goodness.

I'm not joking: *Hellboy* is, above all, about risking that bite. Deep into *Box Full of Evil*, Hellboy says, "You know how I live? I never deal with what I am . . . I live with my head buried in a hole . . . But what if I don't? What if I keep looking at that big picture?"

The big picture is, as you know, that Hellboy is screwed. Anung Un Rama, big clobbering hand of whatnot, armies of dead guys, blah blah blah. Over the last few arcs we have heard less from Hellboy himself as the chorus proclaiming his doom has drowned out his inner monologue. Finally, deep into "The Wild Hunt," Vasilisa says, "You are *so* ready to believe all the bad things said about you . . . Why can't you believe what *she* [meaning Alice] believed? . . . She believed you were *worth* saving."

Why is she yelling? Because Hellboy has stopped moving forward. It's an artistic choice that crops up from Hamlet to the fifth season of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*: character paralysis. Do you fulfill your destiny or do you pause? There's another name for this: Fear of success. All the best people fear success, Hellboy among them. In his case, the excuse is that to succeed means bringing on the apocalypse, but you know what? It's still just friggin' fear of success.

And then, intriguingly, Hellboy stops drinking. All the eschatology in the world weighs less than that one decision. It's fascinating in that it takes up four or five pages that could have been spent hitting enormous things with his fists. But instead, he declares himself—not for the first time—in charge of his own destiny. But also, for the first time in ages, he lets us know what he's thinking about. Living—no matter how briefly—in his own skin. Sitting in a pub, drinking coffee while Alice pounds two pints, Hellboy flashes back to being told he's not a monster, but potentially "just a guy." That can only open doors we haven't even seen yet.

In typical Mignola fashion, what's his reward for following his desires? Oh, just that the worst things in the world happen.

Didn't see that coming, did you?

Yeah, you did. Because we recognize that with choice comes responsibility. We are all doomed, we have all sinned, we have all eaten of that pancake. But, if we're lucky, our sufferings will leave lilies in our wakes. Boom.

For Duncan Fegredo and Dave Stewart,
who delivered the goods far beyond anything
I could have possibly imagined.
And for long-suffering editor Scott Allie,
who tolerated, handheld, and steered us
(especially me) through the whole thing.

Thanks, guys.

M. M.

CHAPTER ONE





ENGLAND.



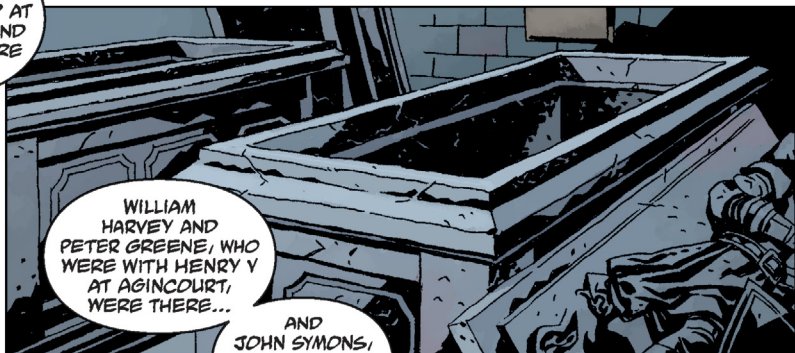
OFFICER,
I'M AN OLD MAN.
I BARELY SLEEP AT
ALL ANYMORE AND
AM ALWAYS HERE
LATE.

LAST NIGHT
I STEPPED OUT
FOR A LITTLE BIT, FOR
A SMOKE AND A PINT,
AND WHEN I CAME
BACK....WELL, IT WAS
LIKE *THIS*.



WILLIAM
HARVEY AND
PETER GREENE, WHO
WERE WITH HENRY Y
AT AGINCOURT,
WERE THERE...

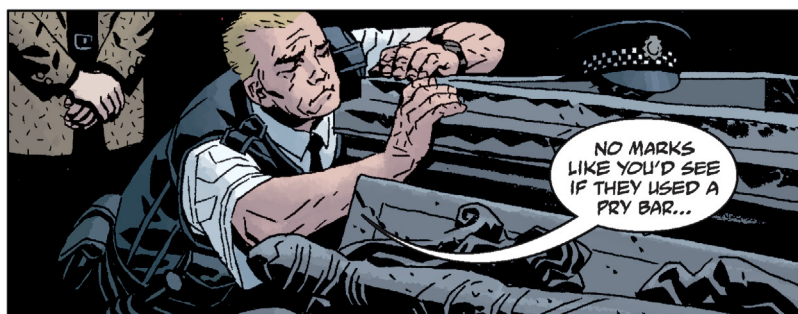
AND
JOHN SYMONS,
FIRST EARL OF
BIDEFORD, WAS
IN THERE.

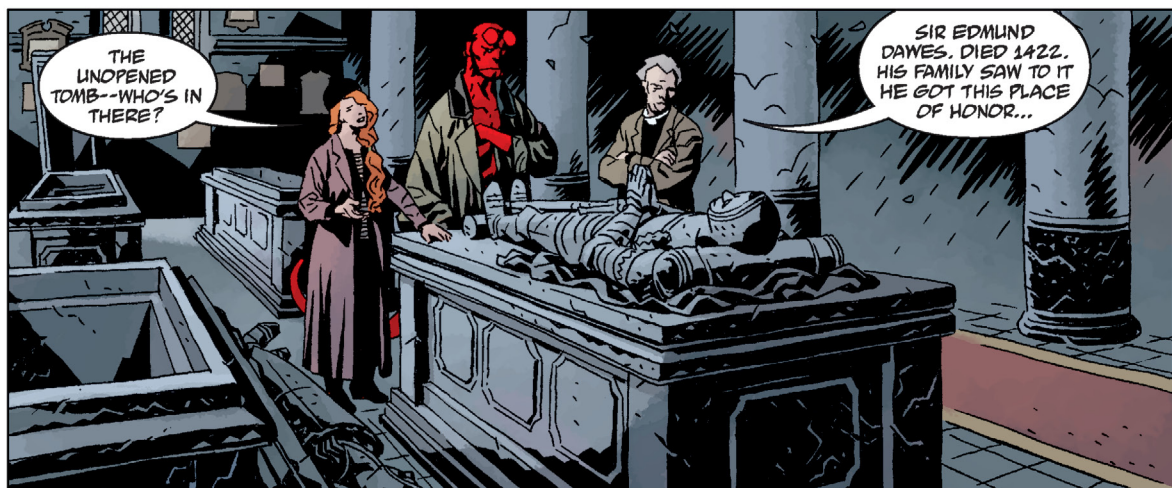


AND
YOU'RE SURE
YOU WERE ONLY
GONE A FEW
MINUTES?

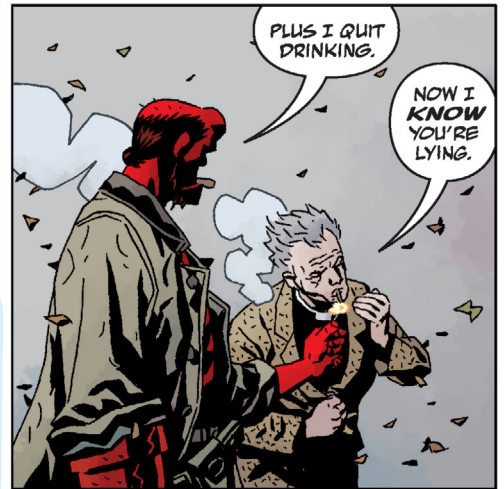
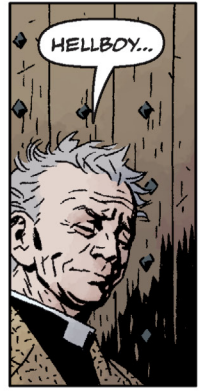
QUITE.

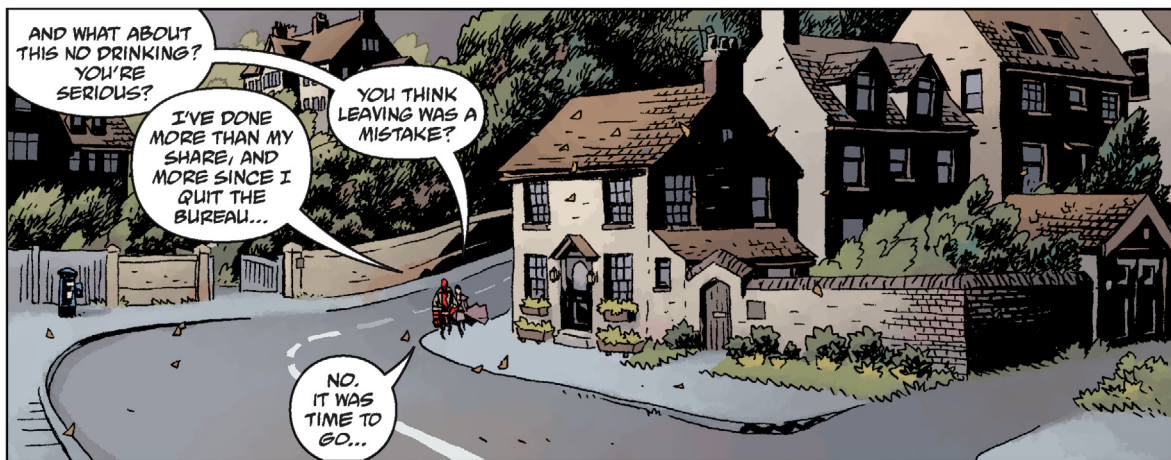
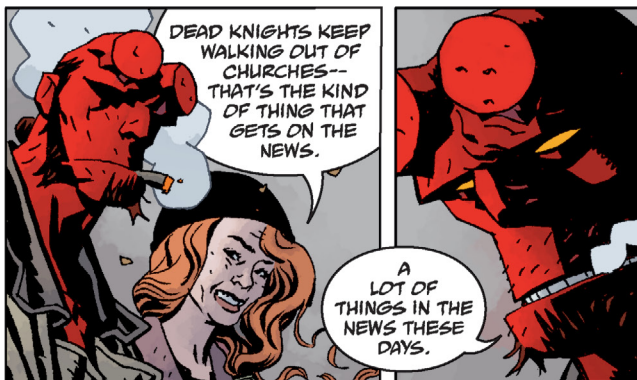














"AND I HAD A
PRETTY GOOD
TIME IN AFRICA..."



"I SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED
CLEAR OF THE OCEAN."

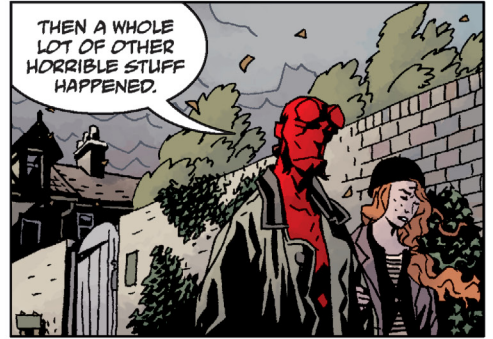
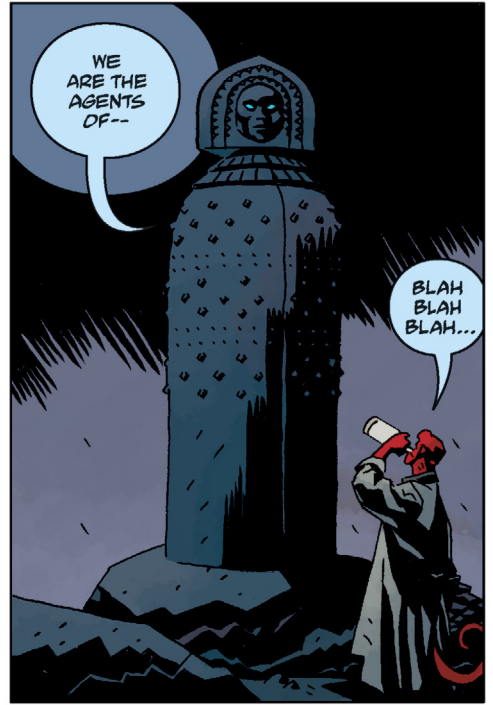
HELLBOY...



"IT ALL WENT
TO CRAP
PRETTY FAST
AFTER THAT."



I FLOATED
'ROUND FOR A FEW
YEARS, EVENTUALLY
WASHED UP ON AN
ISLAND SOME-
WHERE...





"COUPLE YEARS LATER I
MAKE IT BACK TO ENGLAND/
MOVE IN WITH HARRY, AND
CLIMB BACK INTO THE
BOTTLE. THEN ONE DAY I
SOBER UP ENOUGH TO GO
OUT FOR A WALK..."



JEEZ!



BOOM.

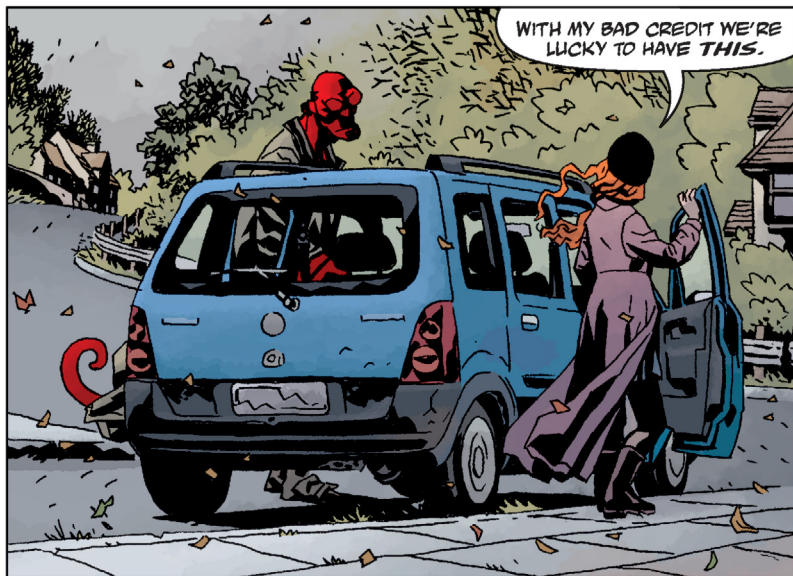
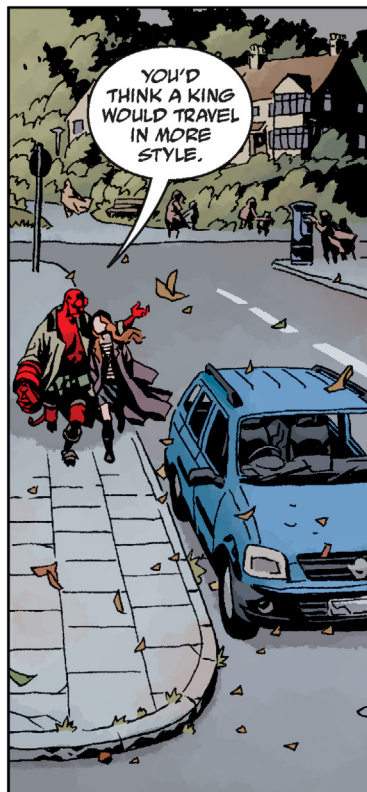
WITCHES.

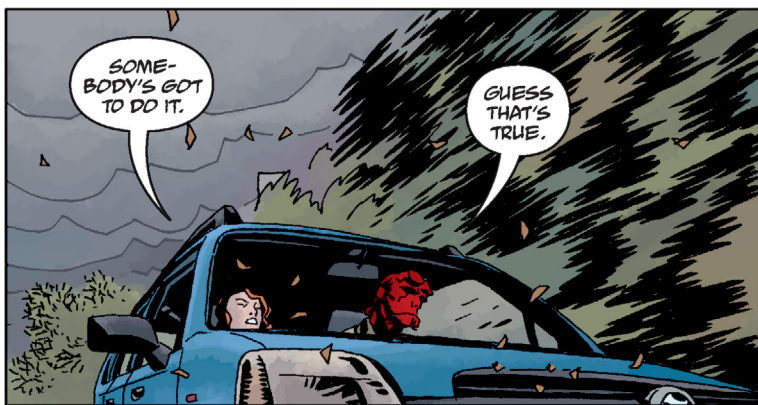
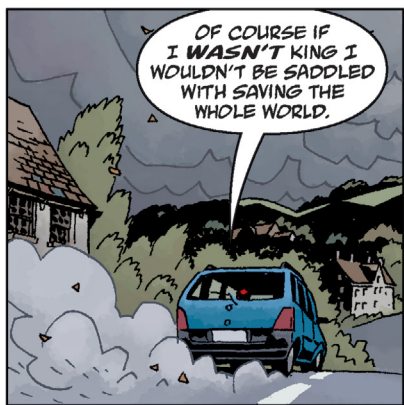
"THEN THAT THING
WITH RUSSIA AND IT'S
COLD AND THERE'S
SKELETONS...AND
WHEN I GET BACK I
HAVE TO RUN TO ITALY
TO TAKE CARE OF
THAT OTHER THING..."

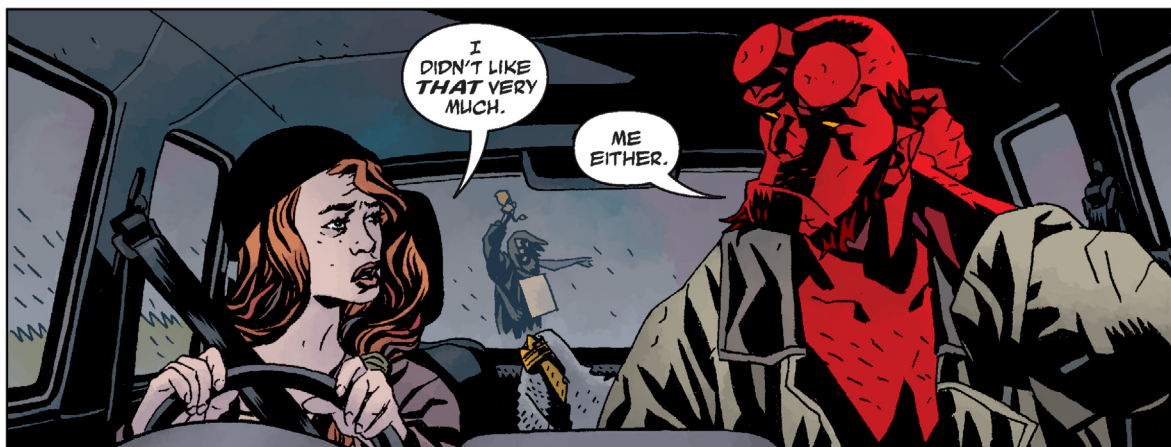


"THEN I MOVE IN
WITH A COUPLE
MORE GHOSTS AND
START WORKING MY
WAY THROUGH THEIR
WINE CELLAR."









I DIDN'T LIKE **THAT** VERY MUCH.

ME EITHER.



WHERE TO NOW?



THE NOBLE DEAD OF BRITAIN WILL COME AGAIN. TO FOLLOW THEIR KING.



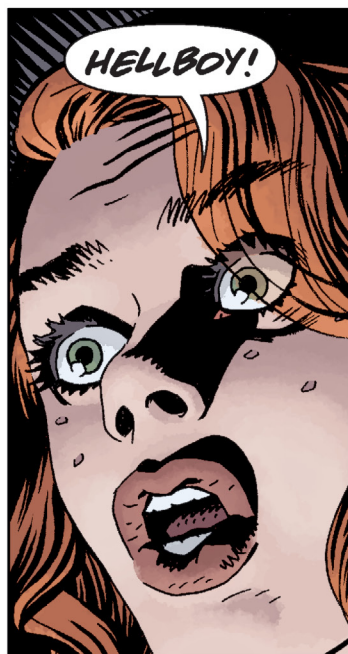
IF IT'S REALLY HAPPENING THEN DEAD KNIGHTS FROM ALL OVER ARE GOING TO BE MEETING UP **SOMEPLACE** TO FORM AN ARMY, BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I KNOW WHERE.



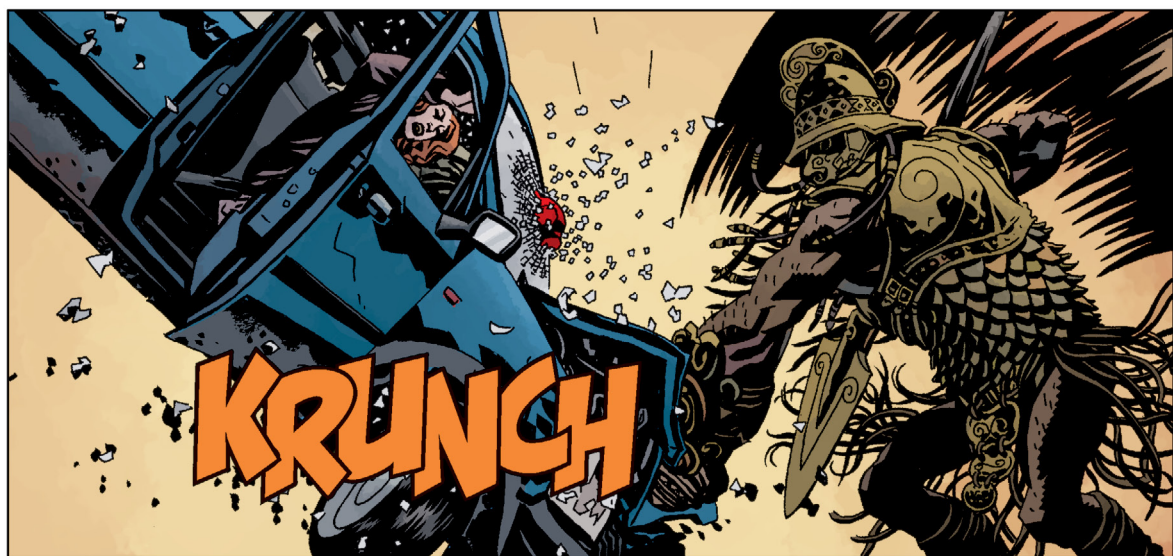
SHOULDN'T A UNICORN OR A TALKING DOG SHOW UP ABOUT NOW AND TELL YOU WHAT TO DO?

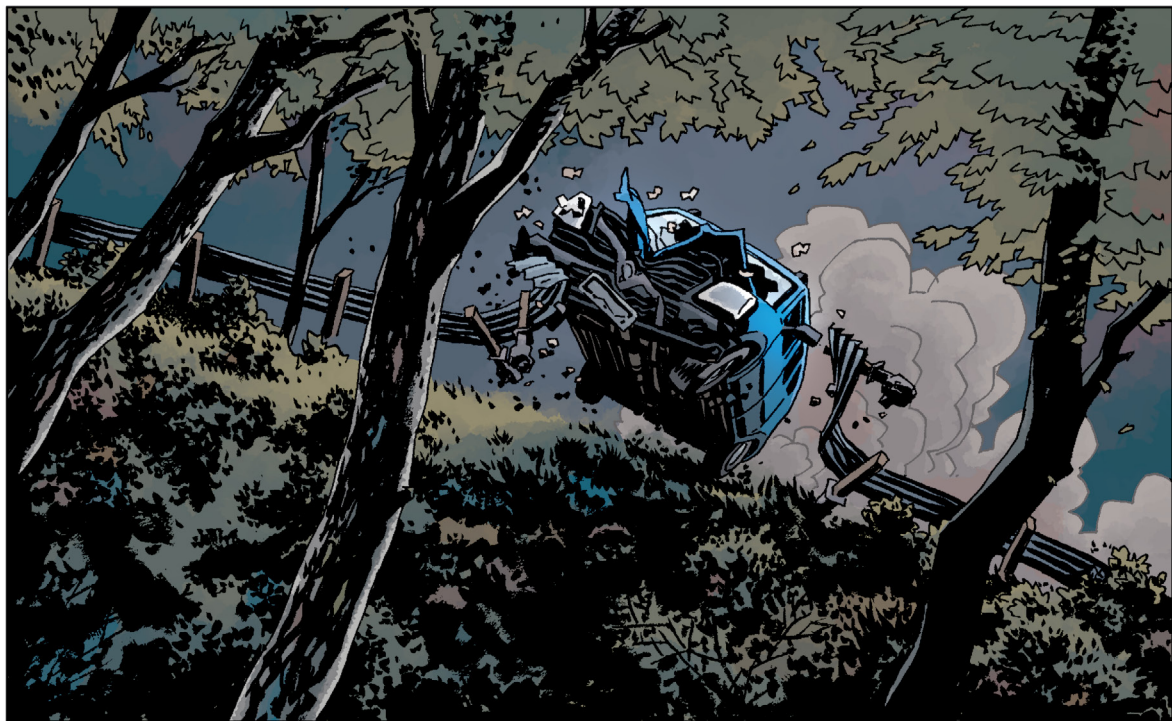
YEAH. YOU'D THINK.

WHAT ABOUT--

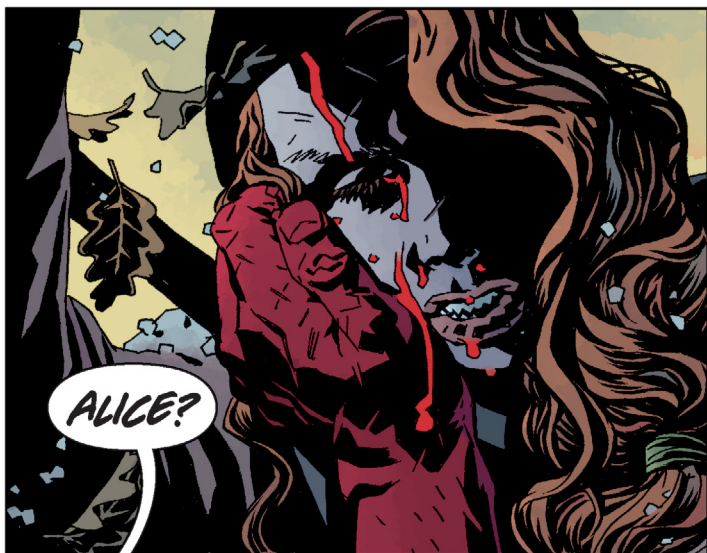
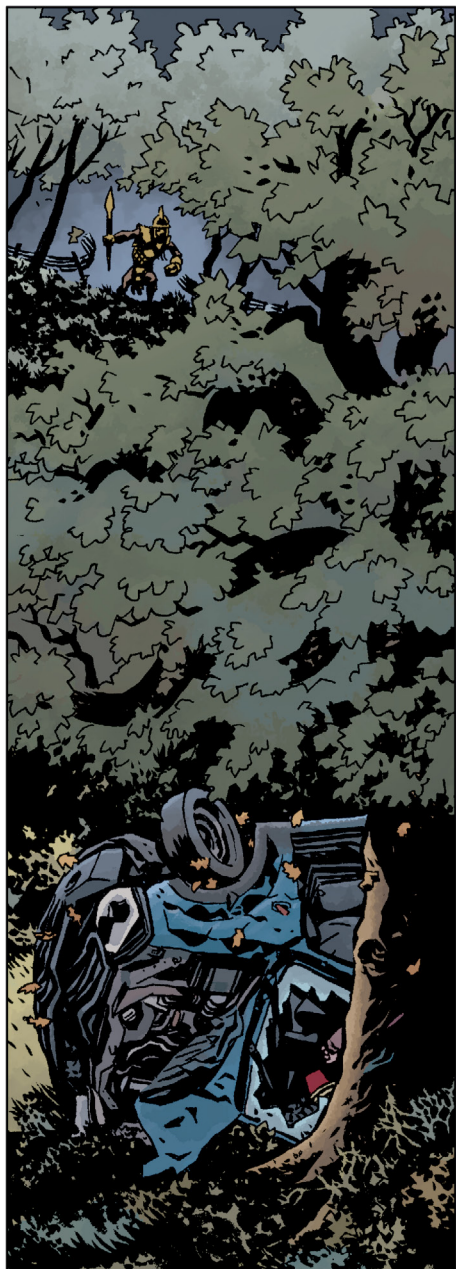


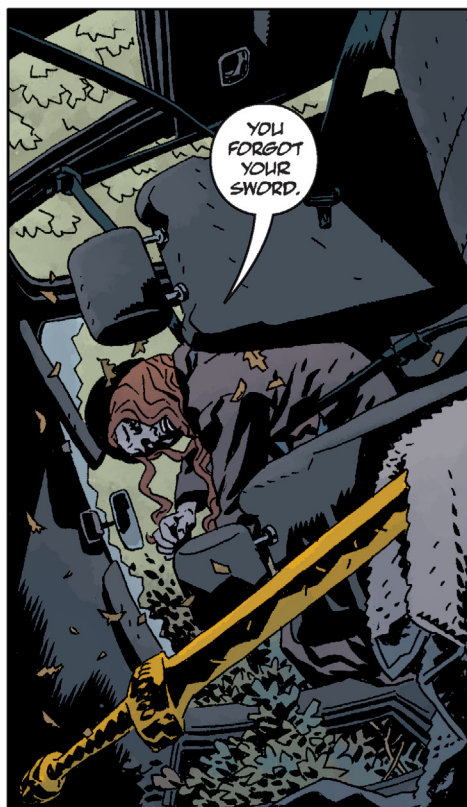
HELLBOY!

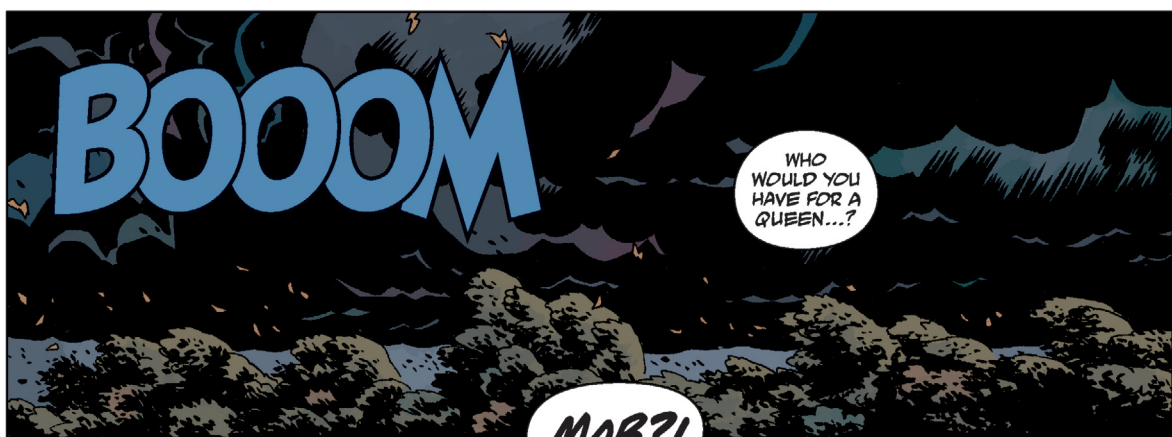












MAB, LAST QUEEN
OF THE TUATHA DÉ
DANAAN, THE
FAIRIES OF IRELAND.



A KING IS
WANTED TO CALL
AND COMMAND AN
ARMY TO OPPOSE
THIS QUEEN OF
BLOOD.



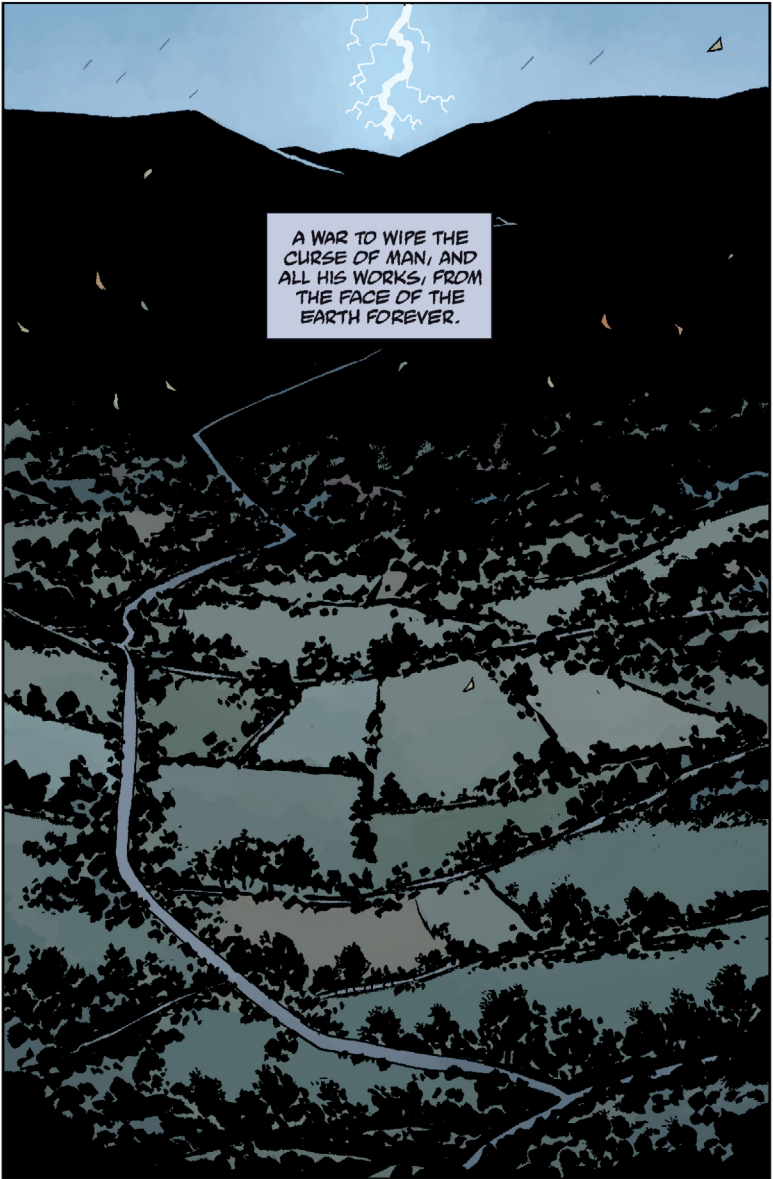
THE OLD
WOMAN IS
DEAD.



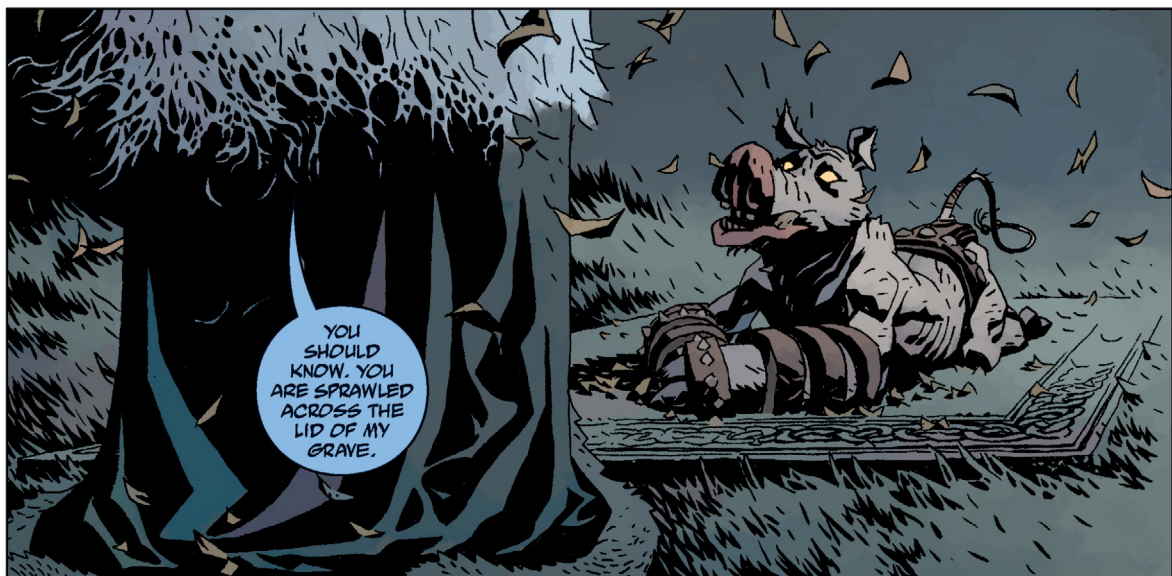




WAR.



A WAR TO WIPE THE
CURSE OF MAN, AND
ALL HIS WORKS, FROM
THE FACE OF THE
EARTH FOREVER.



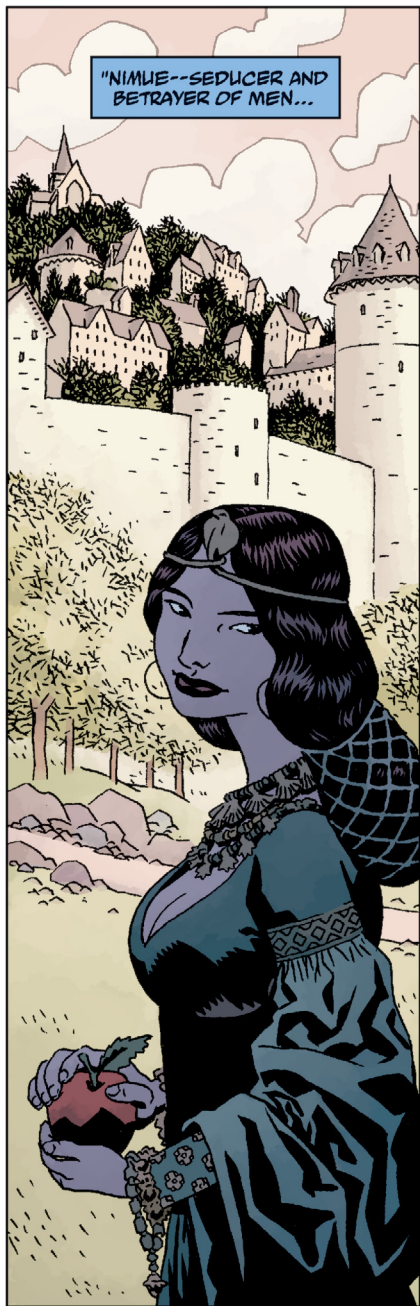


CHAPTER TWO



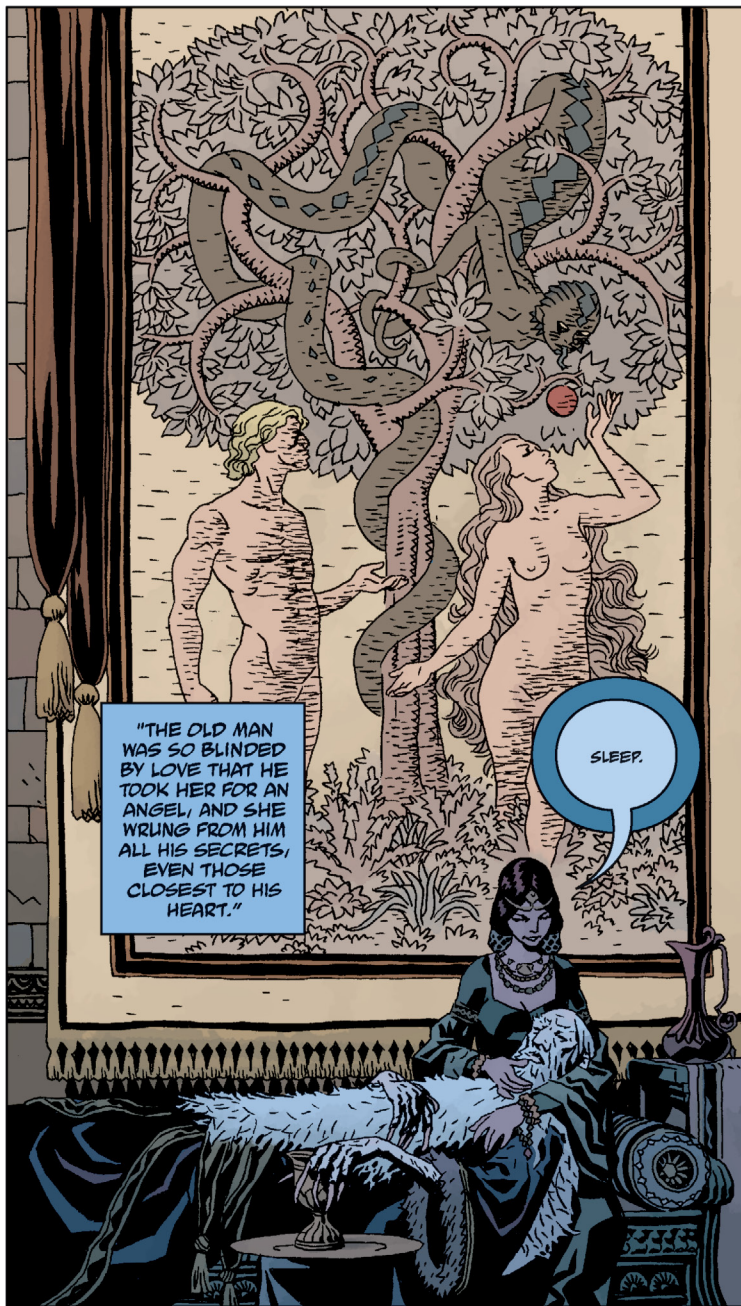


"NIMUE--SEDUCER AND
BETRAYER OF MEN..."

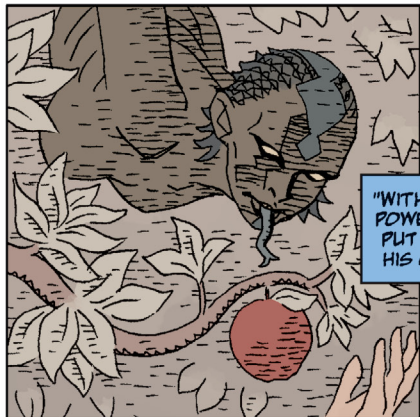


"THE OLD MAN
WAS SO BLINDED
BY LOVE THAT HE
TOOK HER FOR AN
ANGEL, AND SHE
WRUNG FROM HIM
ALL HIS SECRETS,
EVEN THOSE
CLOSEST TO HIS
HEART."

SLEEP.



"WITH HIS OWN
POWERS, SHE
PUT HIM INTO
HIS GRAVE..."



"BURIED
ALIVE..."



"AND, WITHOUT THE OLD MAN TO GUIDE HER, THOSE POWERS DROVE HER MAD."



CHAINED IN HEAVEN ARE THEY, BUT THEY ARE THE HOWLING WIND...

THE SEVEN WHO ARE AND WILL BE--

ONE.

THE DRAGON.

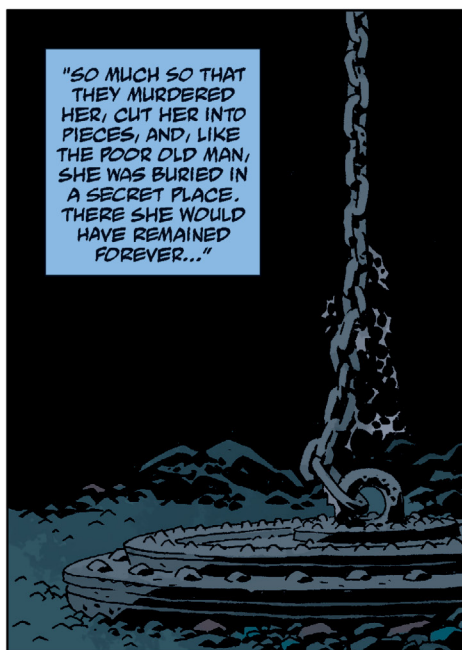


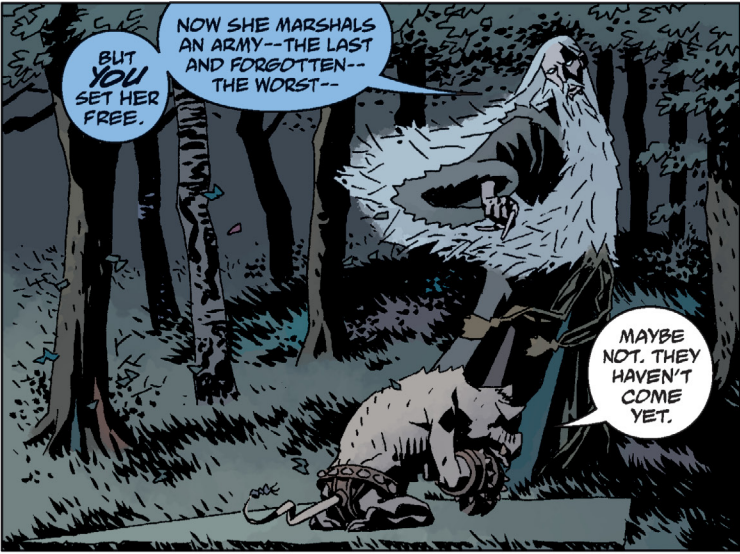
ACK!

"THE OTHER WITCHES CAME TO FEAR HER..."



"SO MUCH SO THAT THEY MURDERED HER, CUT HER INTO PIECES, AND, LIKE THE POOR OLD MAN, SHE WAS BURIED IN A SECRET PLACE. THERE SHE WOULD HAVE REMAINED FOREVER..."





BUT
YOU
SET HER
FREE.

NOW SHE MARSHALS
AN ARMY--THE LAST
AND FORGOTTEN--
THE WORST--

MAYBE
NOT. THEY
HAVEN'T
COME
YET.



THEY **ARE**
COMING.



LOOK.



POISON
WEEDS SPRUNG
UP FROM HER
MADNESS--



NO!

WATERED
BY **YOUR** LUST
FOR REVENGE--FOR
THAT LITTLE WRONG
DONE TO YOU ALL
THOSE YEARS
AGO.



MAGGOTS
DESERTING A
CORPSE TURNED
TO STONE...



LIKELIKE I
AM STONE.

PLEASE.

HELLBOY
BURNED ME
WITH IRON, BUT IT
WASN'T ONLY
THAT--

YOU
THOUGHT TO
SEE YOUR RACE
COME AGAIN.
BUT HOW--



"--WHEN YOU CUT OUT ITS HEART?"



DAGDA?

I DIDN'T!
IT WASN'T ME!

AND MAB--?



No!
SHE STILL LIVES!



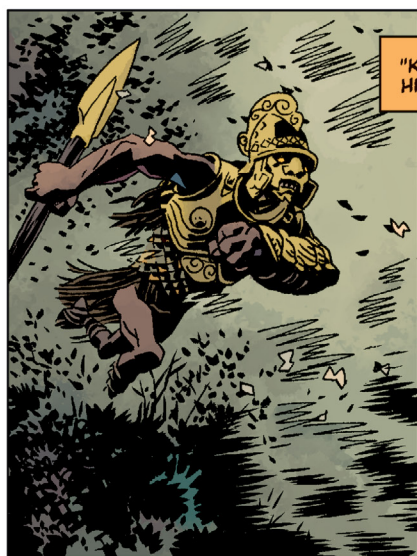
"MURDERED..."

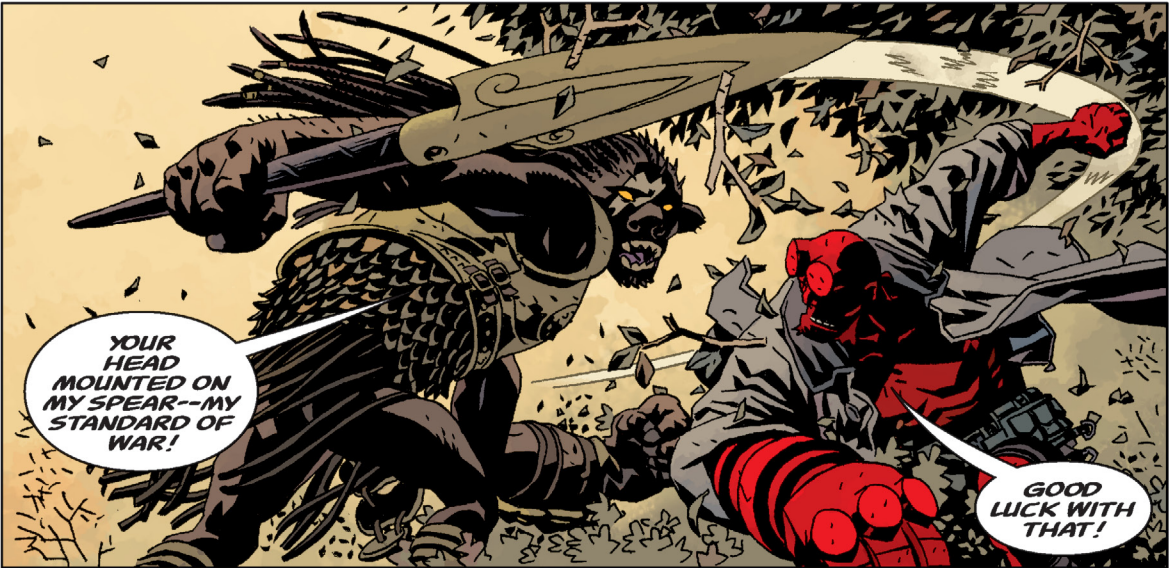


HER BLOOD, THE LAST PURE BLOOD OF YOUR RACE, PAINTED ONTO A BEAST--



"TO MAKE HER CHAMPION."





YOUR
HEAD
MOUNTED ON
MY SPEAR--MY
STANDARD OF
WAR!

GOOD
LUCK WITH
THAT!



YOU THINK YOUR
FORESTS AND
GREEN FIELDS
OF OLD WILL
COME
AGAIN?



"I SEE
RIVERS
RUN WITH
BLOOD..."

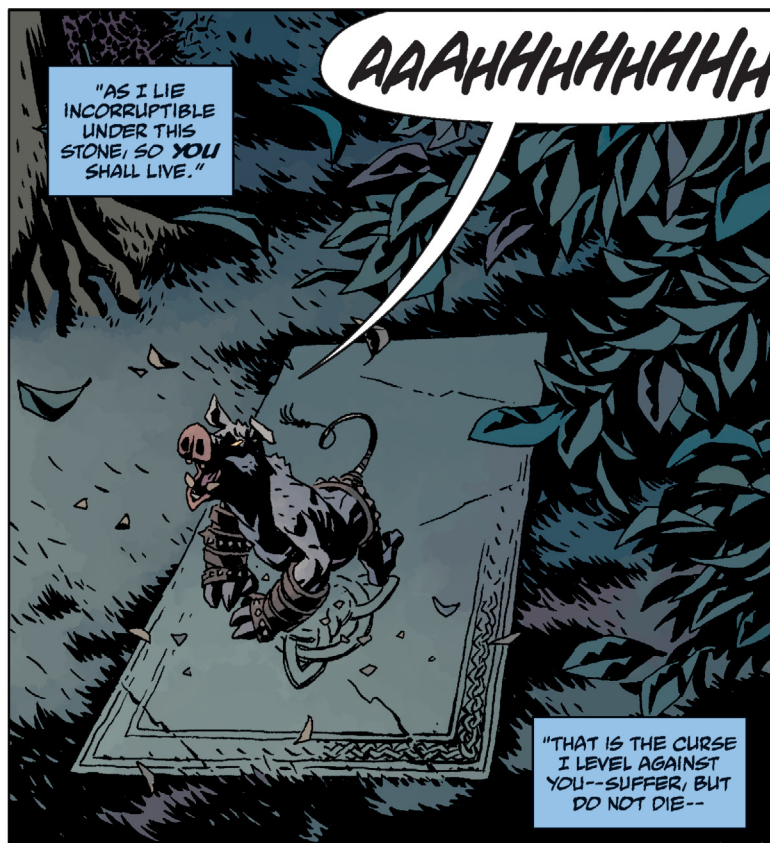
"AND DRY
WHITE
FIELDS OF
BONE..."



"WHAT DO
YOU THINK
WILL GROW
FROM
THAT?"



"YOU WILL
LIVE TO
SEE IT..."



"AS I LIE
INCORRUPTIBLE
UNDER THIS
STONE, SO YOU
SHALL LIVE."

AAAAAAAAAAAA

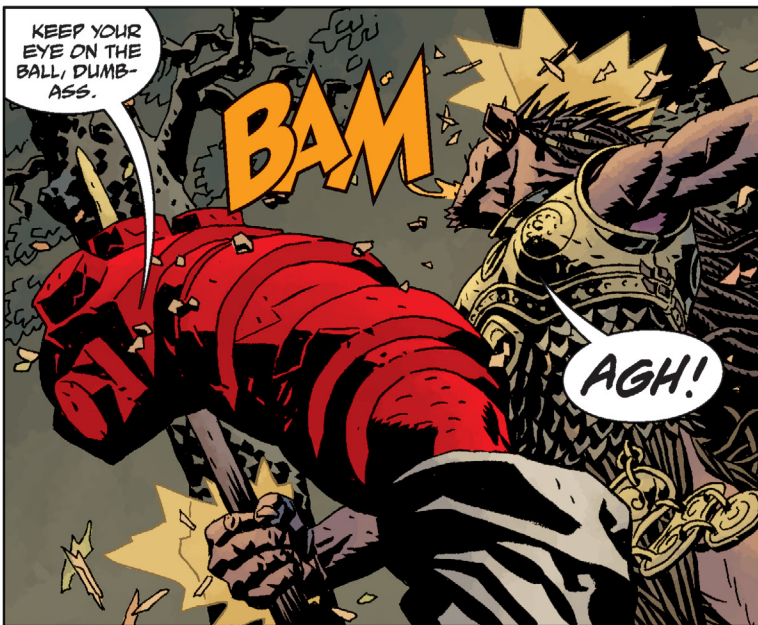
"THAT IS THE CURSE
I LEVEL AGAINST
YOU--SUFFER, BUT
DO NOT DIE--



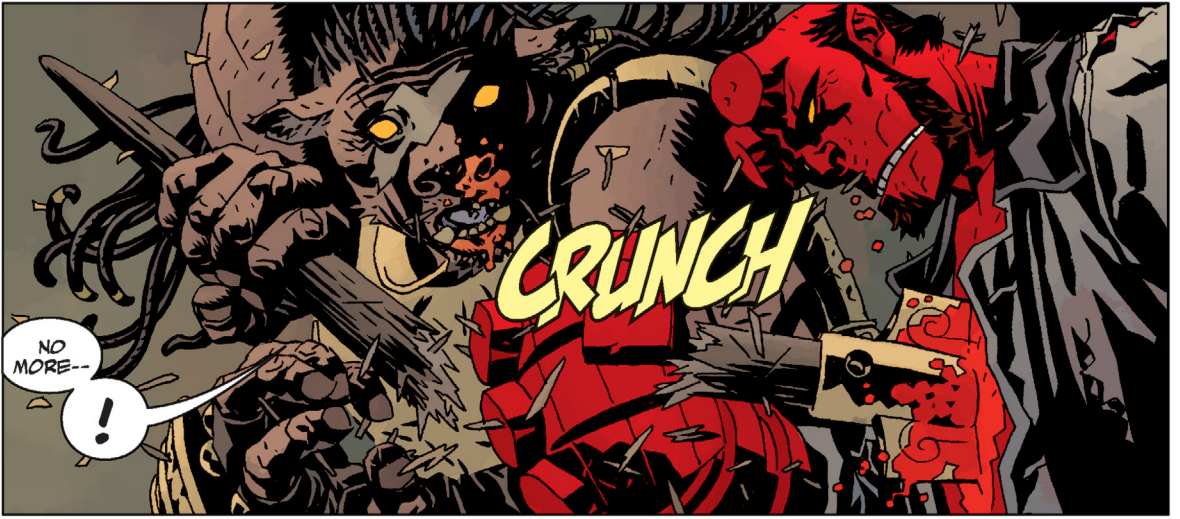
"--TILL
THE WORLD
CEASES TO
TURN."













YOU WERE ONE TOUGH MONKEY. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.



HELLBOY? ARE YOU--?

I'M ALL RIGHT.

HOW? I SAW THE SPEAR AND THE--OH GOD.

IT'S OKAY. REALLY.



YOU THINK SO?

YOU THINK YOU'VE WON?

JEEZ!



YOU HAVEN'T.

YOU CAN'T.

EVEN IF YOUR ARMY WAS TEN THOUSAND TIMES HERS, IT WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE...

"NIMUE, WHO WAS
QUEEN OF BLOOD...
SHE'S MADE HERSELF
GODDESS OF WAR..."

Badhbh - Macha

Mor-Rioghain

"BUT SHE'S
BECOMING
SOMETHING
ELSE..."





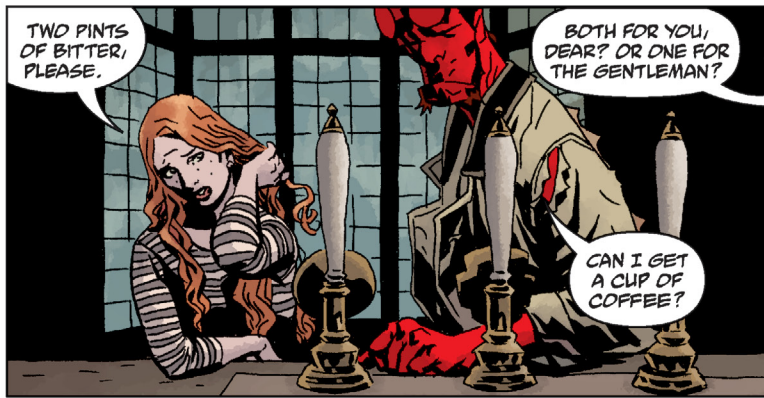




NO
PHONE?
THAT'S A
LITTLE
ODD.

HENRY,
YOU RUN AND
FETCH SOME
DRY TOWELS FOR
THESE PEOPLE,
RIGHT?

RIGHT.



TWO PINTS
OF BITTER,
PLEASE.

BOTH FOR YOU,
DEAR? OR ONE FOR
THE GENTLEMAN?

CAN I GET
A CUP OF
COFFEE?



NO COFFEE,
BUT I CAN MAKE
YOU A NICE
CUP OF
TEA.



THAT'LL BE
FINE.

IF YOU DON'T
MIND MY SAYING,
YOU LOOK A LITTLE
FAMILIAR, SIR.
DO I KNOW
YOU?

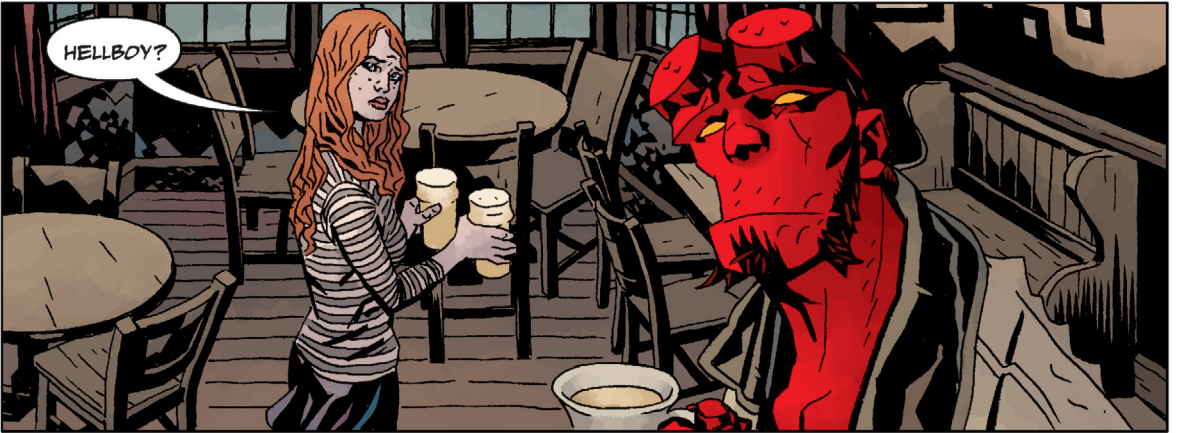
I
DON'T
THINK
SO.

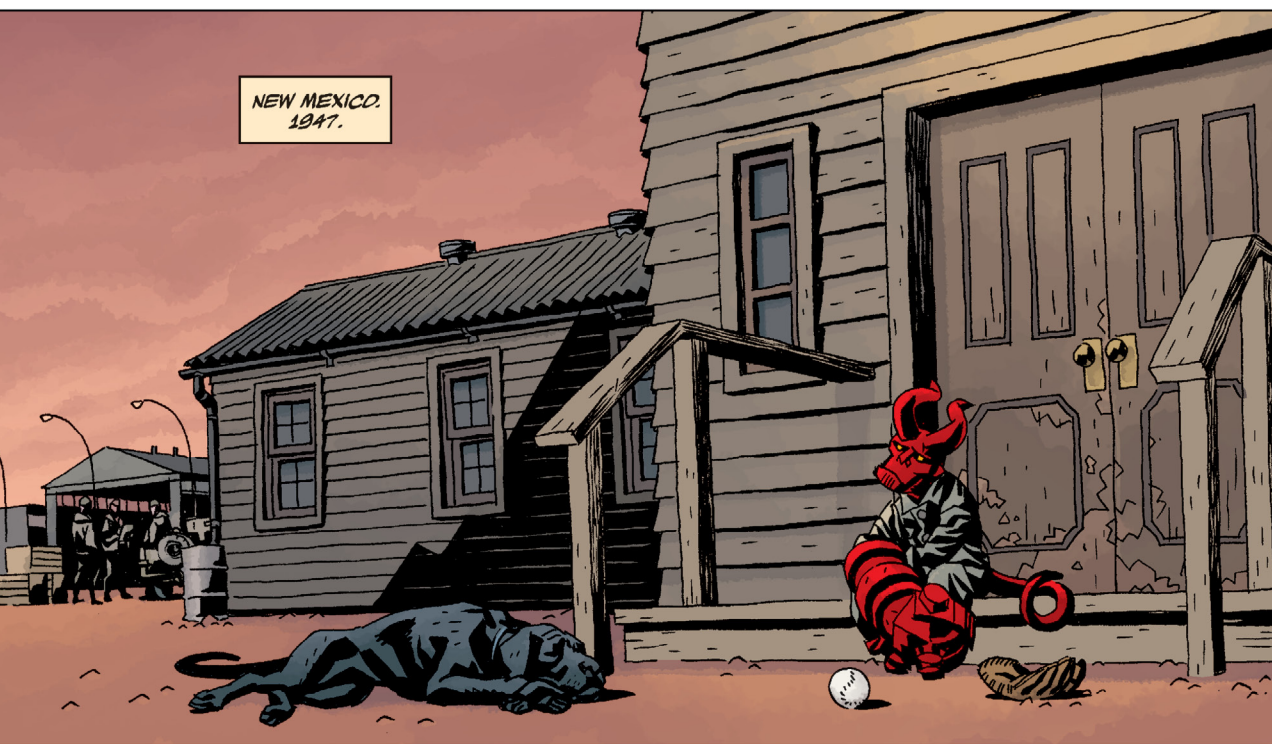
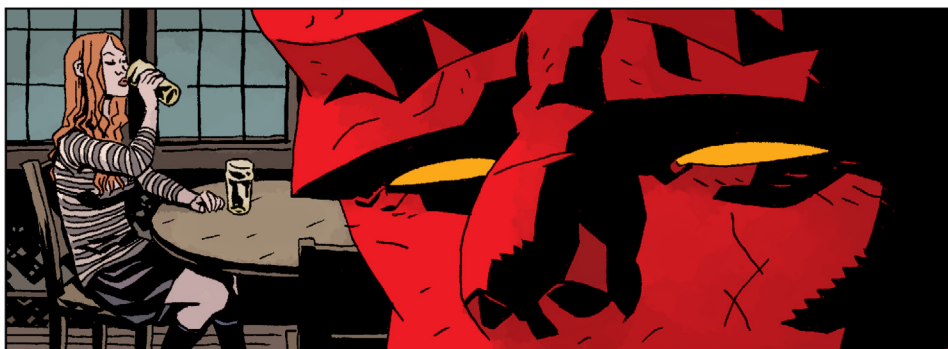
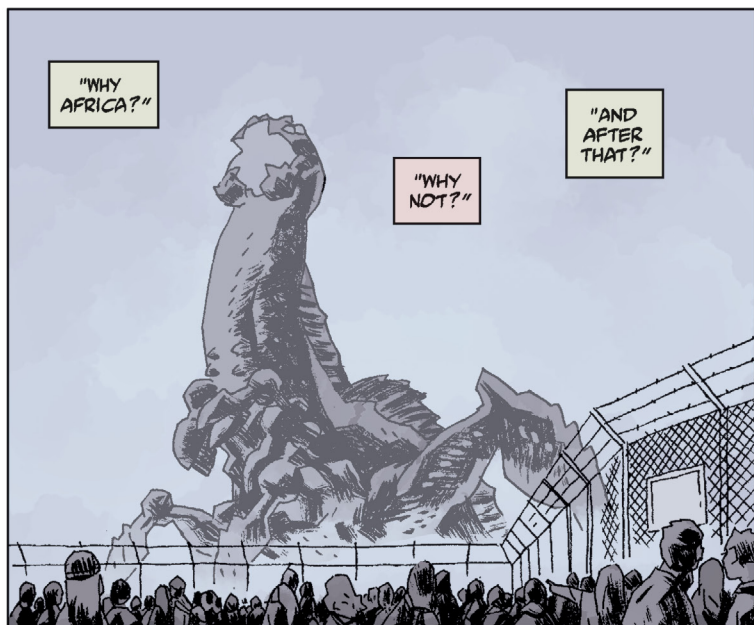


RIGHT.
HERE
YOU ARE,
DEAR.

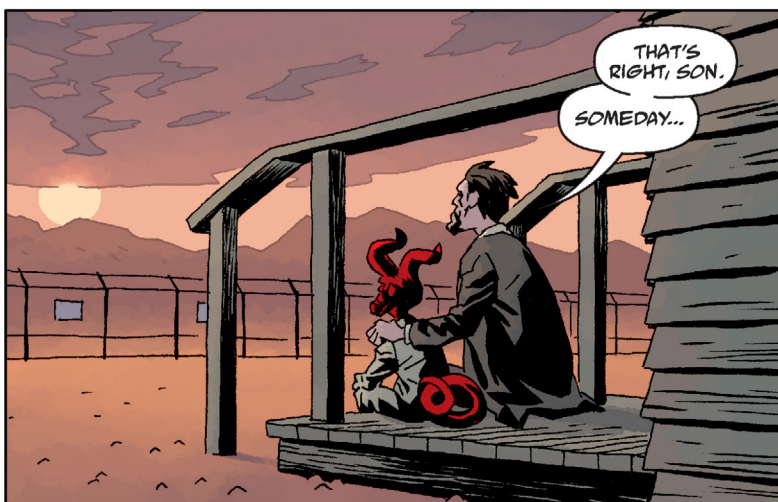
CAR
TROUBLE?

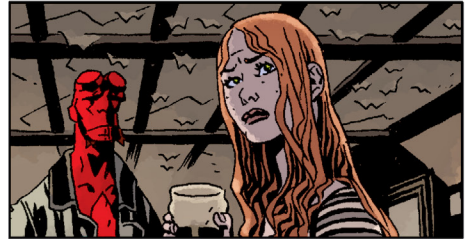
YEAH.
A BIT.













CHAPTER THREE







"YOU FEEL IT?
DRAW OUT THAT
SWORD AND
YOUR ARMY
WILL COME."



"WHAT
ARMY?"



"THE NOBLE
DEAD OF
BRITAIN
WILL COME
AGAIN..."



"TO FOLLOW
THEIR KING."

A close-up of Hellboy looking down at a coffee cup on the table. A speech bubble from him says "CAN'T DO IT." A sound effect "CLINK" is written at the bottom right of the panel.

CAN'T DO IT.

CLINK

A close-up of the woman's face, looking surprised or concerned with her hand near her ear. A speech bubble contains three dots "...".

...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

A medium shot of Hellboy and the woman talking. Hellboy is on the left, and the woman is on the right, gesturing with her hand. Three speech bubbles contain their dialogue.

ME LEAD AN ARMY-- ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE *THAT*?

JEEZ. WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING?

BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT STUFF THE HEDGEHOG SAID, ABOUT THE QUEEN-- NIMUE--AND HER ARMY? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THAT?

A close-up of Hellboy and the woman in profile, facing each other. Two speech bubbles contain their dialogue.

I BELIEVE IT. I WISH I DIDN'T, BUT MY GUT'S TELLING ME I'VE GOT TO DO THIS ON MY OWN.

AND HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?

I DON'T KNOW.

A close-up of Hellboy's face, looking down. A speech bubble contains his dialogue.

BUT I'VE GOT TO TRUST MY GUT AND IT'S TELLING ME THIS WHOLE THING IS GOING THE WRONG WAY.



WHAT ABOUT
WHAT MAB
SAID? AND
MORGAN--



FIRST--
EVEN THOUGH I
BELIEVE MOST OF
WHAT SHE TOLD ME,
I'M NOT GOING TO
TRUST MORGAN
LE FAY.

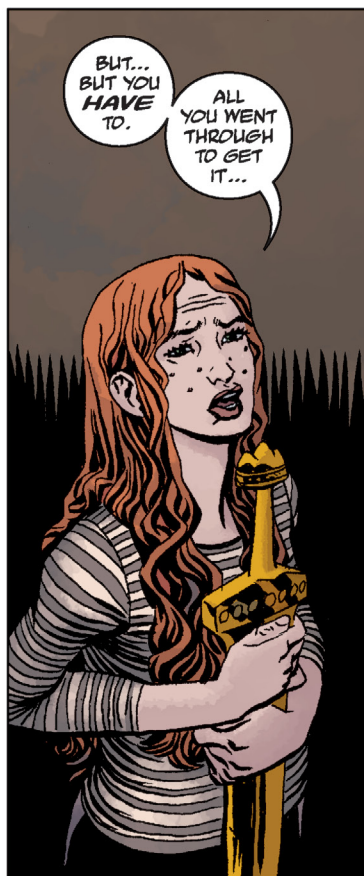


THERE'S GOT TO
BE SOMETHING FOR
HER IN THIS WHOLE
MESS. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THAT
IS, BUT I'M
PRETTY SURE
IT'S NOTHING
GOOD.



AND
MAB?



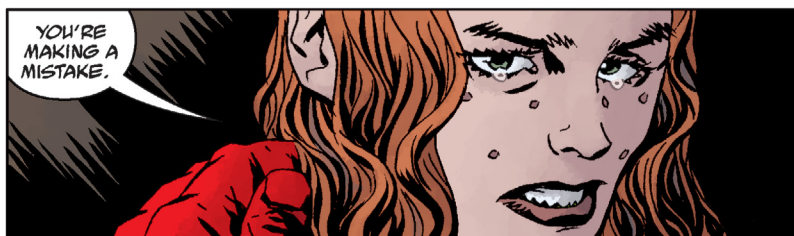


BUT...
BUT YOU
HAVE
TO.

ALL
YOU WENT
THROUGH
TO GET
IT...



I HAD TO GO THROUGH
THAT, AND I GUESS MAYBE
I DID NEED THE SWORD
FOR A WHILE--BUT NOW
IT'S PART OF WHAT
FEELS WRONG ABOUT
WHERE THIS IS ALL
GOING.



YOU'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE.



I
DON'T
THINK
SO.

I
WANT YOU TO
TAKE THAT THING
AND GET RID OF
IT--THROW IT IN A
NICE-LOOKING POND
OR A RIVER, SOME-
THING LIKE THAT.
THAT SEEMS LIKE
THE THING TO
DO.




I CAN'T.

SURE
YOU CAN.





A full-page illustration of Hellboy running through a dense forest. He is wearing his signature red suit and a grey trench coat. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. The forest is filled with tall, thin trees and a thick layer of fallen leaves and branches on the ground. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights.

"THE ELVES WHO
ONCE WOULD
HAVE FOUGHT THIS
WAR ARE GONE
NOW, OR TURNED
TO HER SIDE."

"WAR..."

"IT WILL BE
SETTLED ON
DISTANT FIELDS
AND MEN WILL
NEVER KNOW
OF IT..."



"UNLESS
YOU FAIL."



"PLEASE..."







POOR
PIG.

OH,
IT'S YOU.
WHAT THE
HELL DO YOU
WANT?

YOU
KNOW
ME?



YEAH, BUT
YOU'RE NOT
THE TALKING
DOG I'M
LOOKING
FOR.



YOU'RE
RUNNING
OUT OF TIME,
HELLBOY.



LOOK.

EVEN *WITH*
MORGAN'S ARMY, A
FEW HUNDRED DEAD
MEN, WHAT COULD YOU
HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH
AGAINST *THAT*?

JEEZ.



I CAN
SHOW YOU
THIS, BUT I
HAVE NO
POWER
HERE.

A
HUNDRED
THOUSAND
CREATURES WITH
NO FEAR OF BULLETS
OR FIRE, STRAINING
AT THE LEASH TO BE
LOOSED AGAINST
MAN--



**BADHBH MOR-RIOGHAIN
MACHA**

"YOU CANNOT
REACH HER
WITH THE DUST
AND BONES OF
ENGLAND--"







THE
ONE YOU THINK
OF AS YOUR
FATHER--HE LIED
TO YOU. NO MATTER
WHAT YOU DO, YOU
WILL NEVER BE
A MAN.

SCREW
YOU.



SON
OF A--

SCRITCH

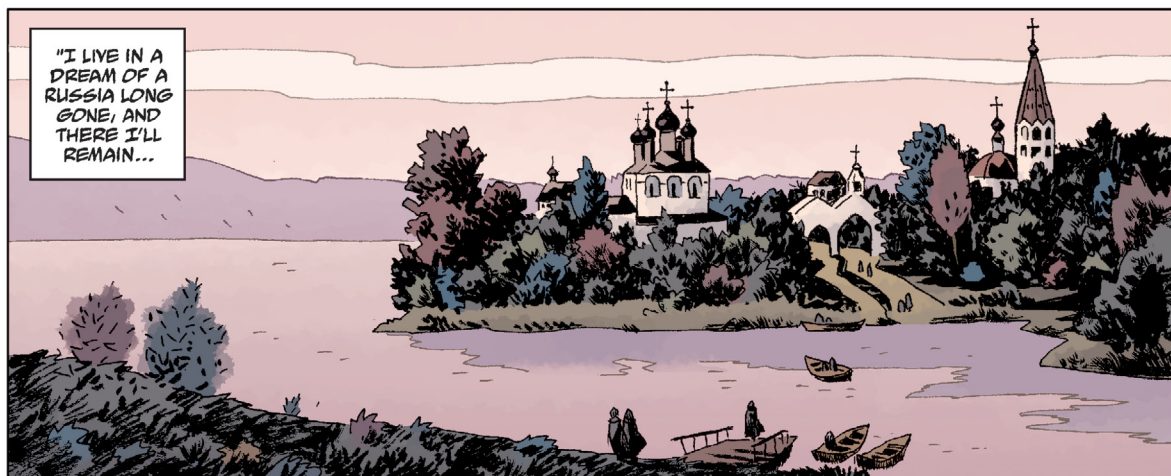


?



WELL,
THAT LAST
PART AT
LEAST IS
TRUE.

BUT YOU
KNEW THAT
ALREADY.









"NOW..."

THEY ARE
THE FURIOUS
BEAST, THE
WINDSTORM...



HERALDS OF
PESTILENCE...



...THRONE
BEARERS OF
ERESHGAL...



THE
SERPENT.

THEY ARE
THE FLOOD WHICH
RUSHETH THROUGH THE
LAND. SEVEN GODS OF
MIGHT, SEVEN DEMONS OF
OPPRESSION. SEVEN IN
HEAVEN AND SEVEN
IN THE EARTH...





THEY SET
YOU ABOVE ALL
THE OTHERS WHO
HAVE SERVED
THEM.

YOU ARE
BLESSED.

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?



THEY
HAVE MADE
YOU THEIR
VESSEL...



OUT
OF YOU THEY
WILL BE BORN
AGAIN.

WHAT?







BADHBH

MACHA

MOR-RIOGHAIN



CHAPTER FOUR







SOMEWHERE.



IS THIS OUR DOING?

BADHBH MACHA MOR-RIOGHAIN



WE SET IT IN
MOTION.



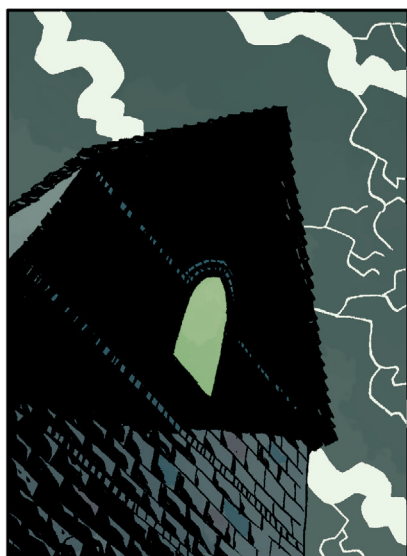
IT WAS THE
PIG--*HIS*
DOING, NOT
OURS.



BUT WE
COULD HAVE
STOPPED
IT.









GANEIDA
IS WITH
HER.



I
DON'T
WANT
THIS.



WANT?

YOU
PRAYED
FOR THIS.

NO!



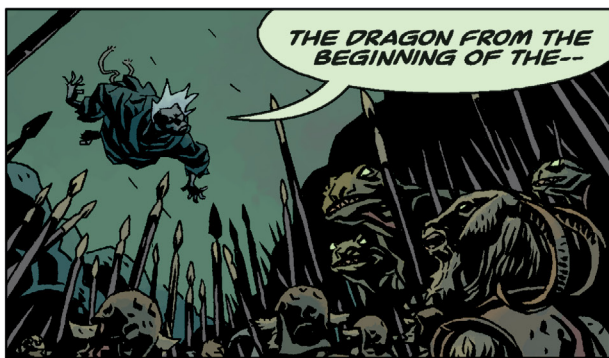
YOU CALLED AND *THEY*
ANSWERED--

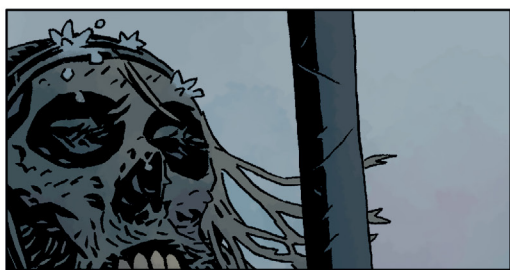
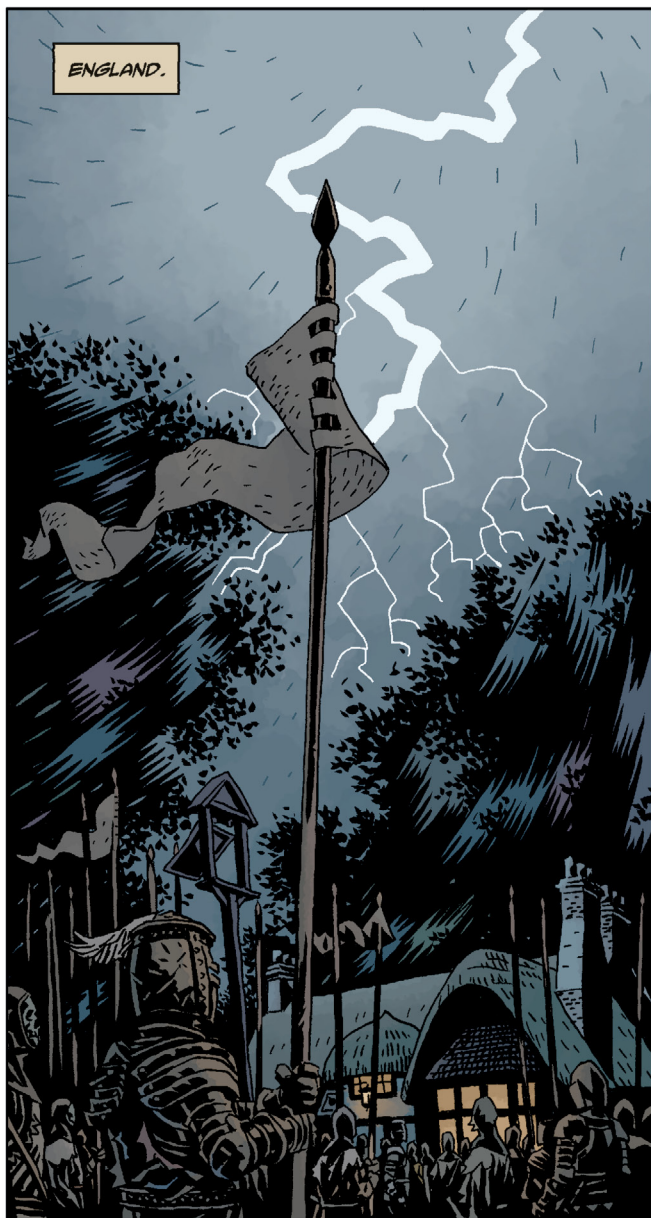
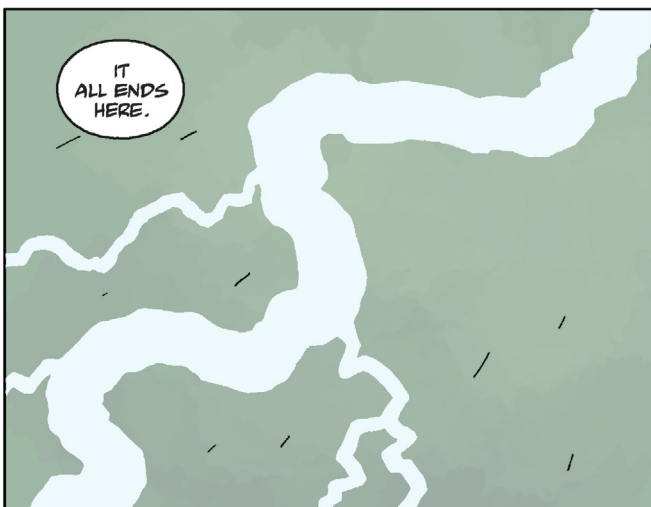


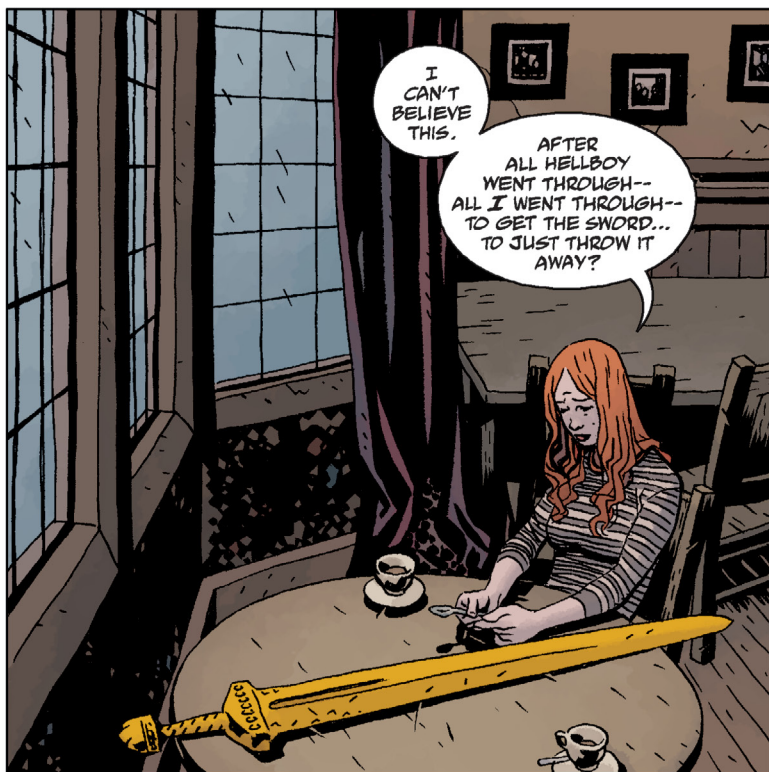
HA! THE
WORLD TURNS
ONE WAY--EVEN
GREAT NIMUE
CANNOT TURN
BACK THE
WORLD!

NO!

NOT
LIKE
THIS!







I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.

AFTER ALL HELLBOY WENT THROUGH-- ALL I WENT THROUGH-- TO GET THE SWORD... TO JUST THROW IT AWAY?



WHAT DID HE SAY?

HE? HELLBOY? YOU HEARD HIM--

NO...



"WHAT DID ARTHUR SAY?"

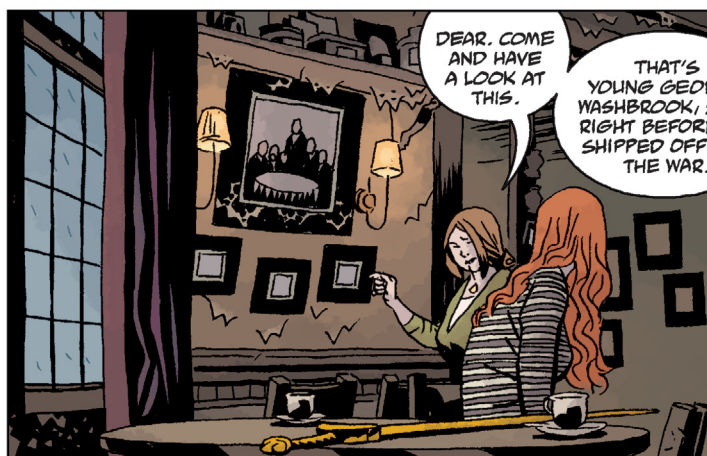
ALICE MONAGHAN...

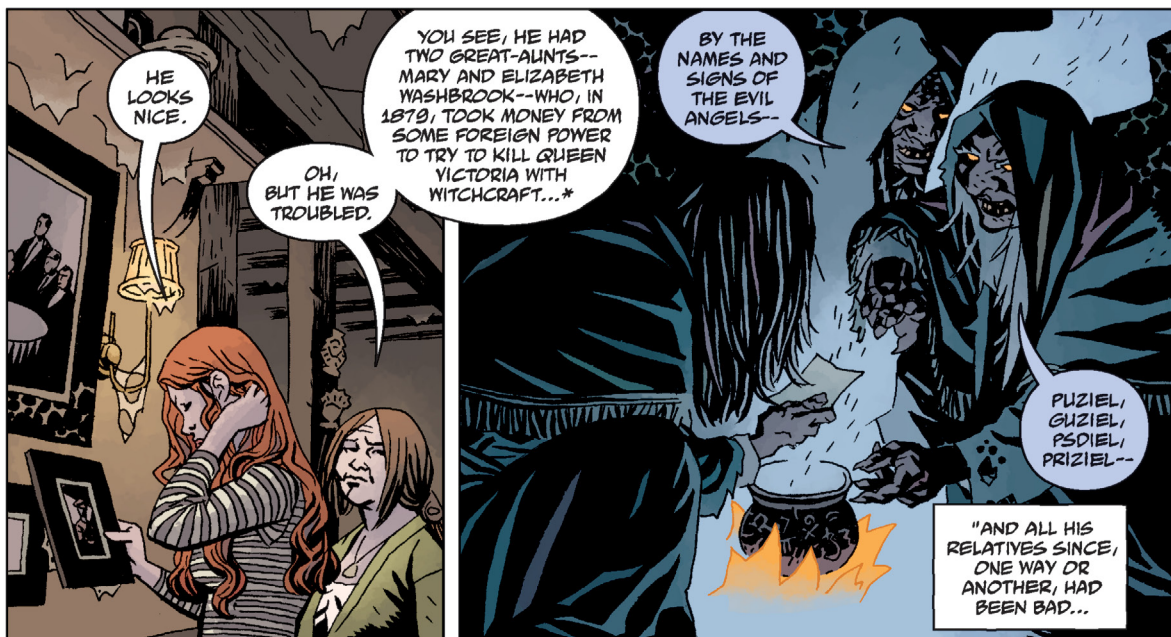
WHAT...?



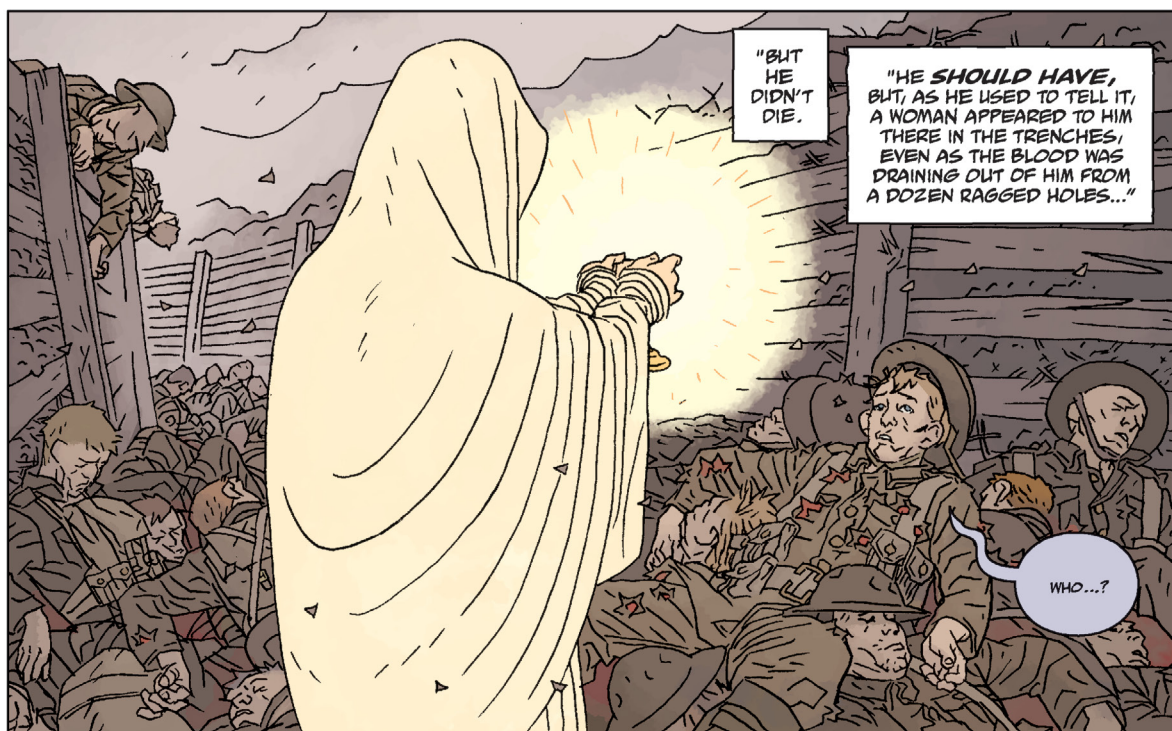
ARTHUR?

THAT WAS JUST A DREAM, BUT...





*EDWARD GREY, HER MAJESTY'S AGENT FOR "THE INVESTIGATION OF OCCULT MATTERS," WAS KNIGHTED FOR THE PREVENTION OF THAT ASSASSINATION.



"BUT
HE
DIDN'T
DIE."

"HE **SHOULD HAVE**,
BUT, AS HE USED TO TELL IT,
A WOMAN APPEARED TO HIM
THERE IN THE TRENCHES,
EVEN AS THE BLOOD WAS
DRAINING OUT OF HIM FROM
A DOZEN RAGGED HOLES..."

WHO...?



SHHHH

"HE
DRANK FROM
THAT CUP..."



"AND, THOUGH
IT SHOULD HAVE
BEEN IMPOSSIBLE,
HE GOT WELL AND
HE CAME HOME."



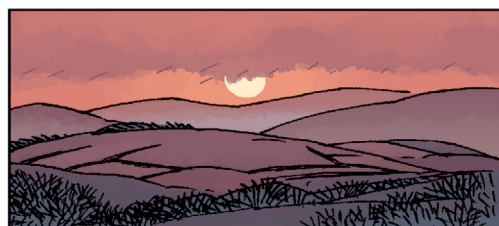
"THEN
FOR A YEAR OR
MORE HE SIMPLY
WANDERED--
FROM PLYMOUTH
TO THE WESTERN
HIGHLANDS...



"BLACKPOOL TO
SOUTHWOLD..."



"ONE END OF BRITAIN
TO THE OTHER AND
BACK AGAIN..."



"AND HE USED TO SAY
IT WAS AS THOUGH HE
WAS SEEING ALL FOR
THE FIRST TIME; AND
A GREAT WEIGHT WAS
LIFTED OFF HIM."



"ONE DAY HE FOUND THIS OLD PLACE AND BOUGHT IT, AND WAS CONTENT A LONG TIME TO DRAW PINTS AND TELL HIS TALES..."



A LADY IN WHITE WITH A GOLD CUP--

GAH! PULL THE OTHER ONE.



"HE GREW OLD. HE OUTLIVED A WIFE, CHILDREN, ALL HIS FRIENDS... AND AS THE YEARS PILED ON HIM..."



...HE GOT A SENSE THAT HE WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING.

?

THUMP



WAITING FOR WHAT?

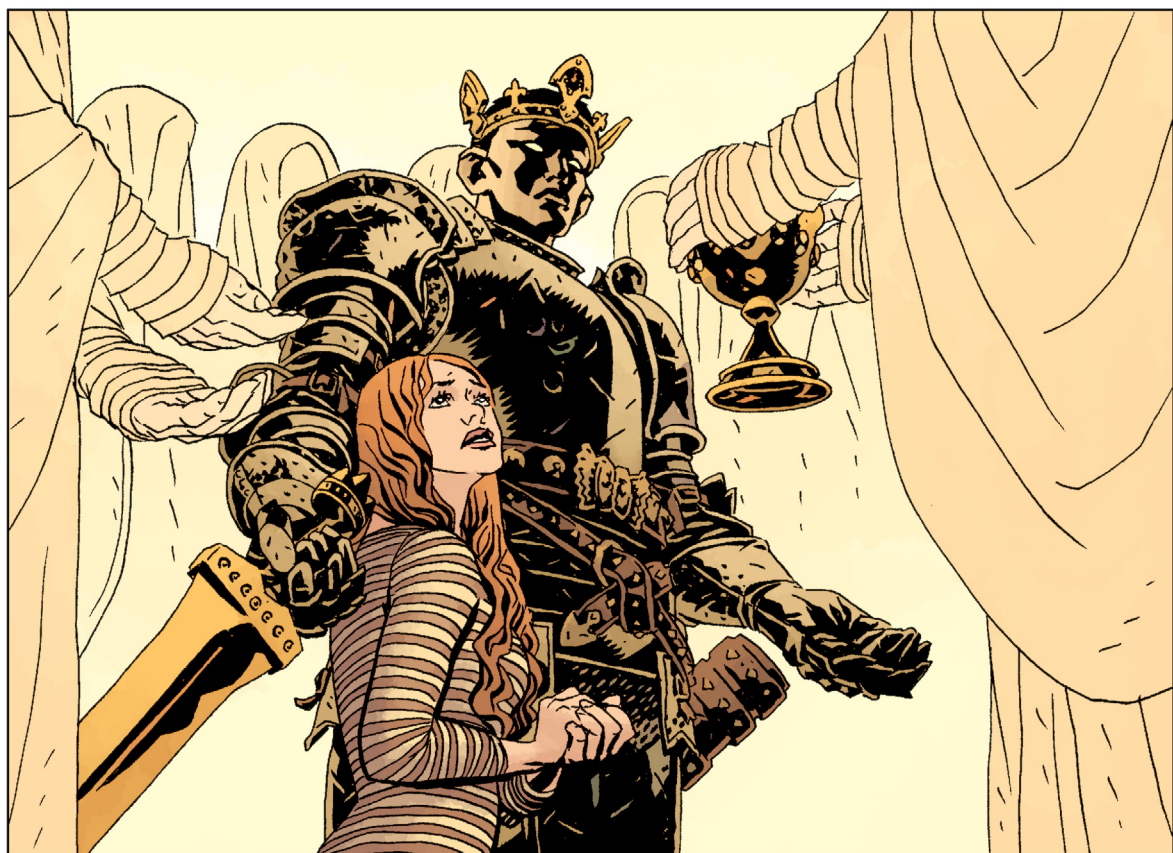
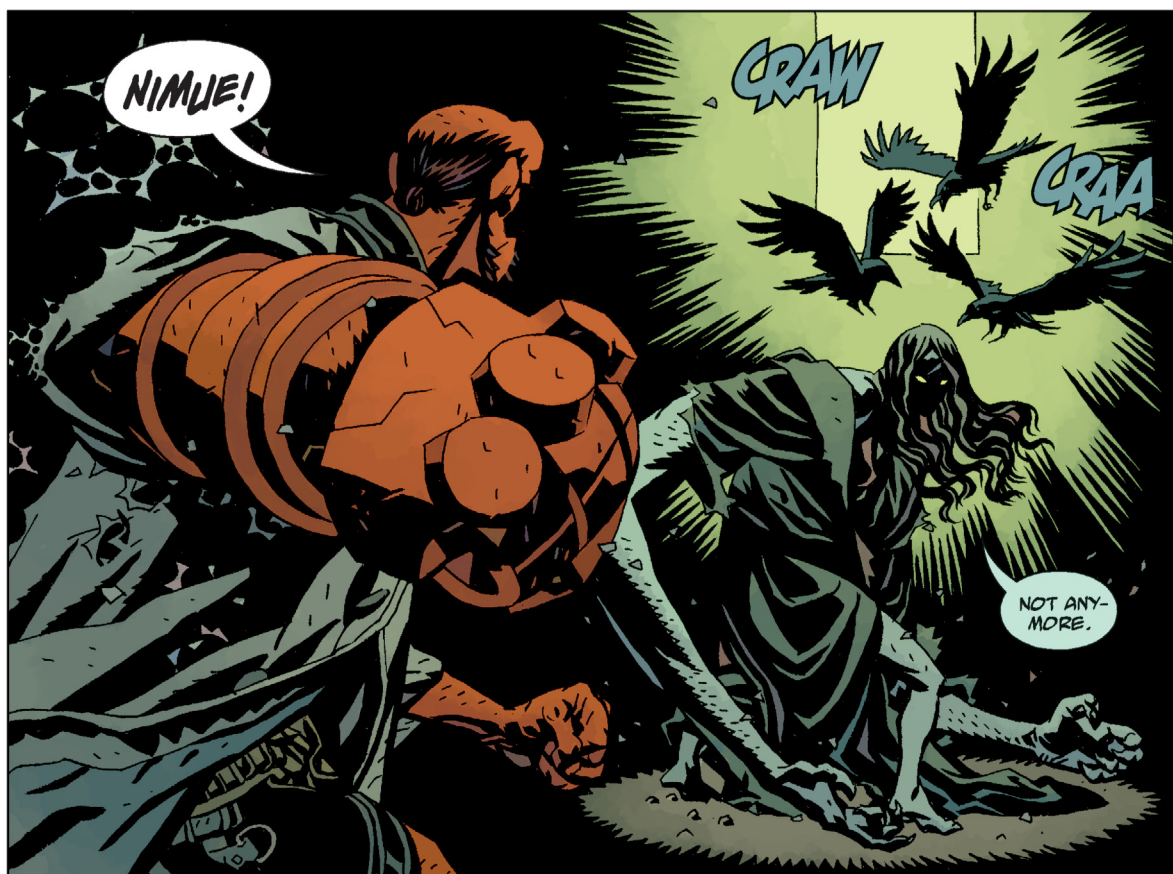






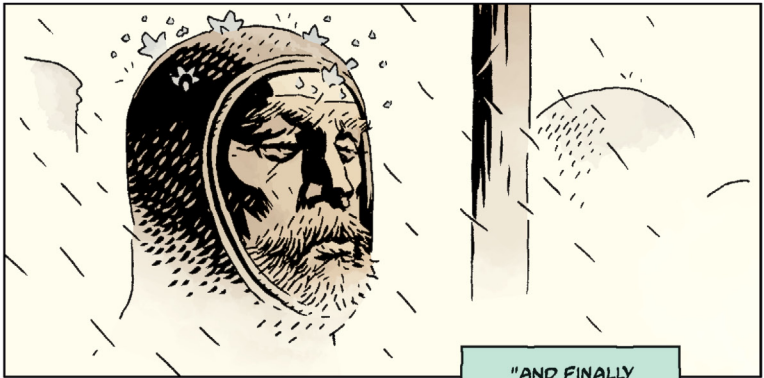






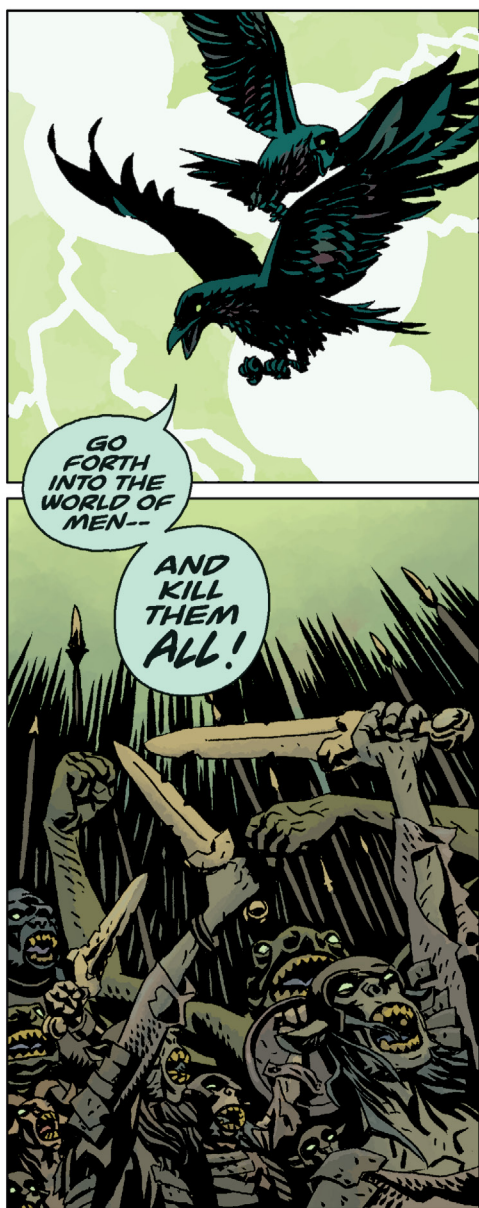






"AND FINALLY
NIMUE'S MADNESS
AND LUST FOR
POWER DREW ME
OUT LIKE A SERPENT
TO NEST IN HER
BLACK HEART..."



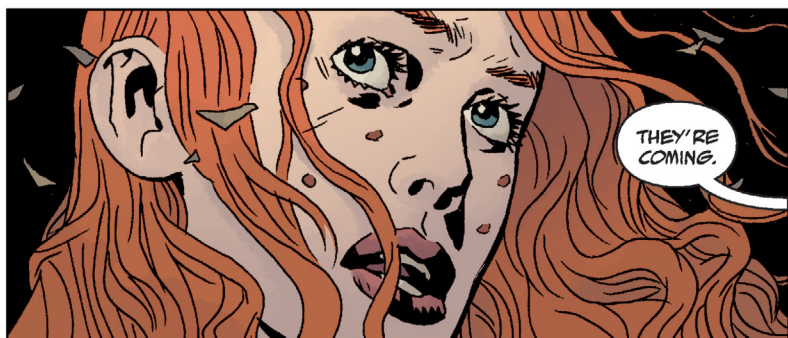
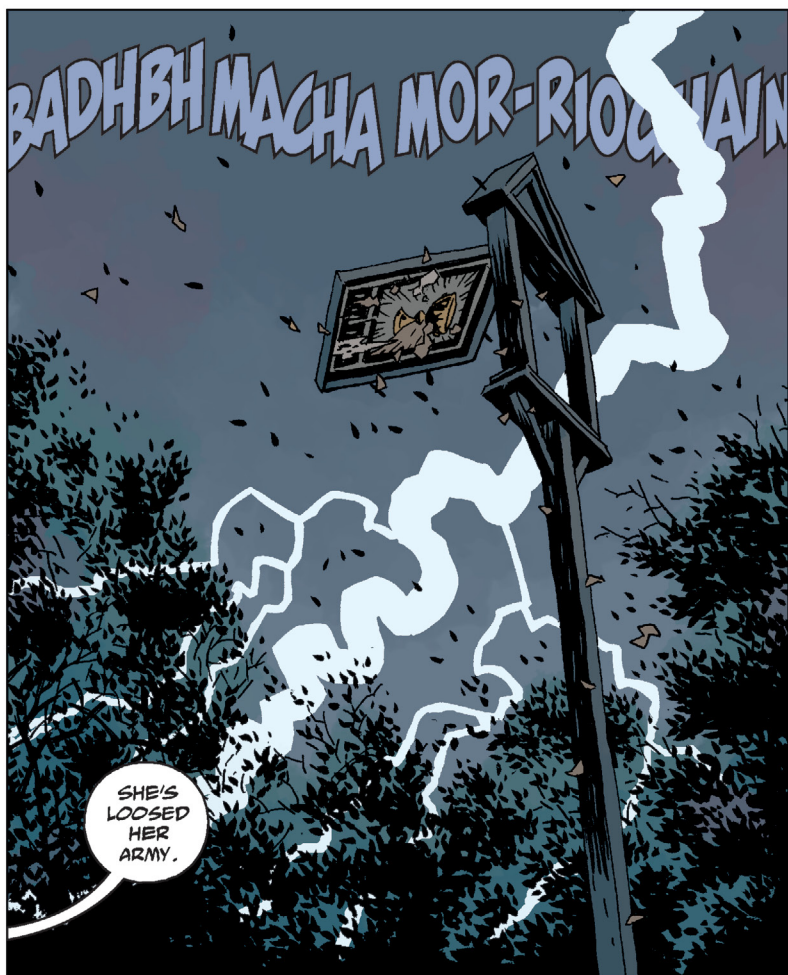


CHAPTER FIVE





M
2011



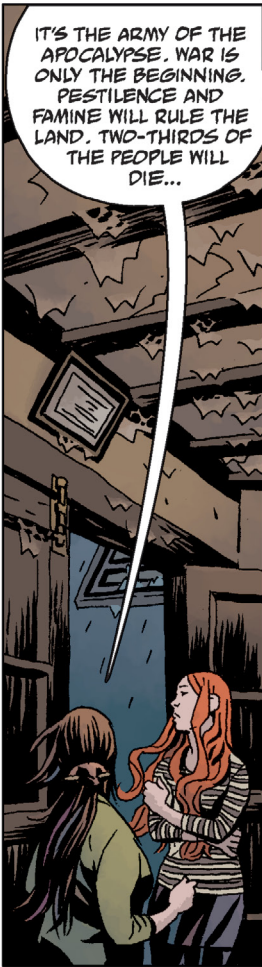


"BUT JUST BEHIND IT
FOLLOW PESTILENCE
AND FAMINE. AND
CLOSE BEHIND THEM..."





"DEATH."



IT'S THE ARMY OF THE APOCALYPSE. WAR IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. PESTILENCE AND FAMINE WILL RULE THE LAND. TWO-THIRDS OF THE PEOPLE WILL DIE...

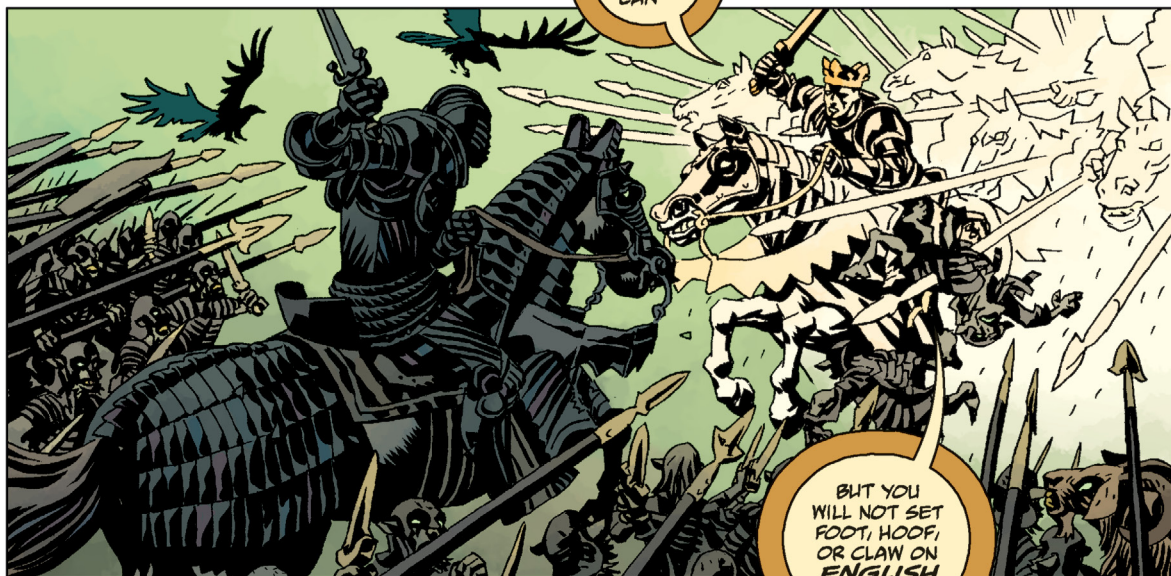


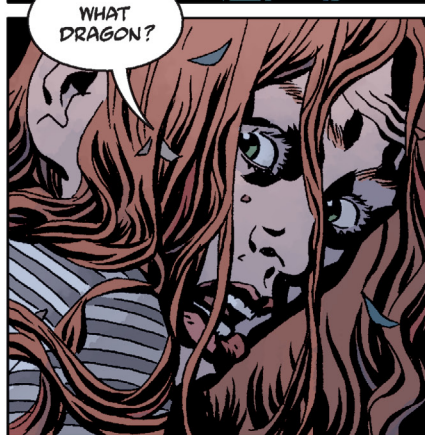
"THE THIRD THAT REMAIN WILL BE FOOD FOR THE CREATURES THAT COME AFTER."



HELLBOY'S ARMY--THE KNIGHTS--!

LISTEN.

















THE WORLD
COME FULL
CIRCLE.



SLAP



AAAAHHH!

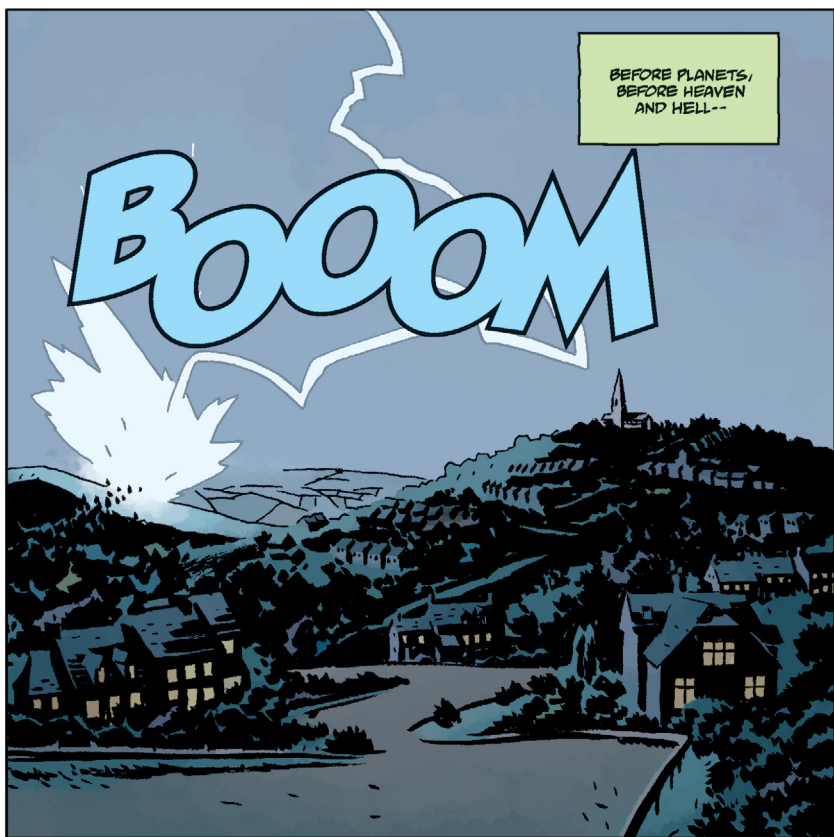


YOU THINK
YOU CAN
FIGHT ME,
KILL ME, AS
YOU WOULD
A BEAST?

UGH!

I AM
NOT THE
WHEEL--







TO ME THE COMING
AND GOING OF MAN
IS AS NOTHING.



UGH!
UGH!
UGH!

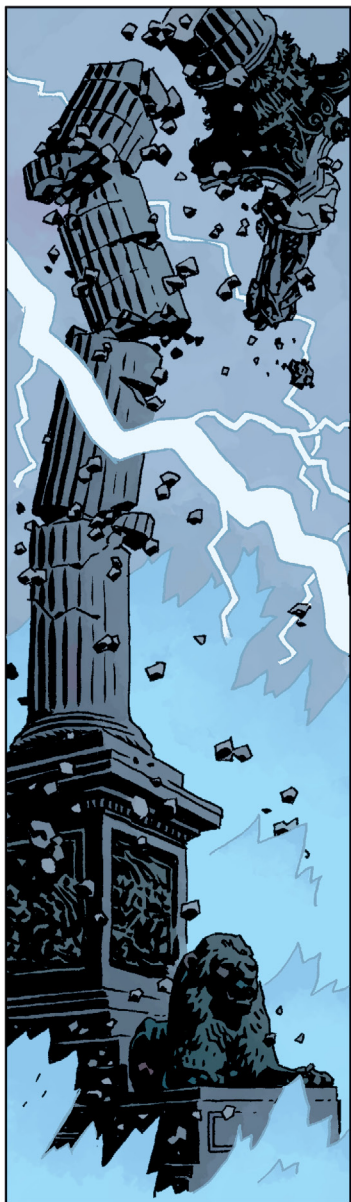
AND YOU,
BECAUSE YOU
MADE THIS
CHOICE TO LIVE
LIKE A MAN--

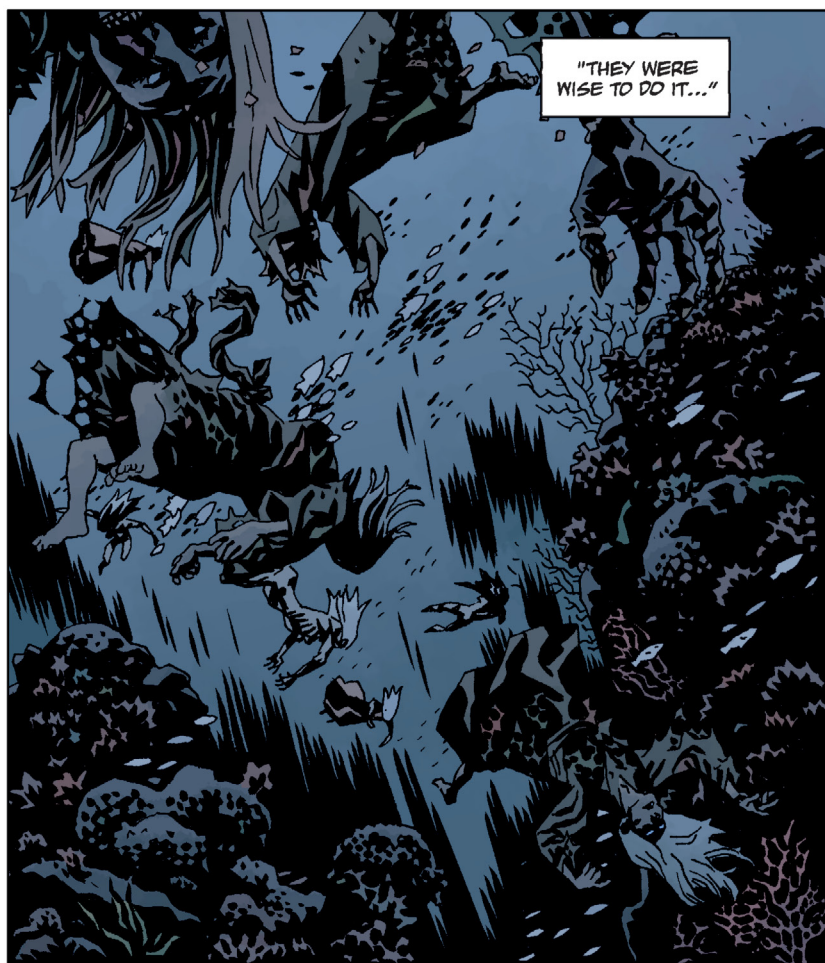


UWWAAAA

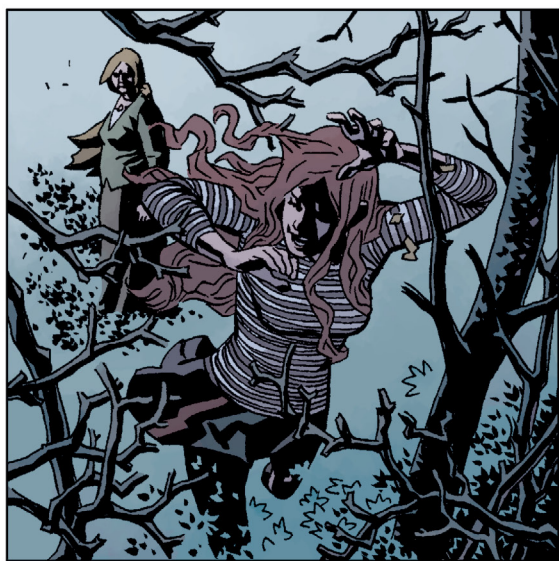
IN THE END
YOU ALSO WILL
BE NOTHING.















KING
FOR A
DAY.

THAT'S
ALL HE WAS...
ALL HE WAS
EVER GOING
TO BE...



BUT IT WAS ENOUGH.

A FINAL VICTORY FOR MEN, FOR AT THE LAST THEY **WERE** MEN AGAIN.

THE BEST MEN...



NOW GONE TO THEIR REWARD.



AND TOMORROW ALL LESSER MEN TO FOLLOW.



NO. IT'S OVER.

IT **HAS** TO BE.

OLD QUEEN MAB...SHE DIDN'T TELL YOU...

MAB?

THIS FIELD...



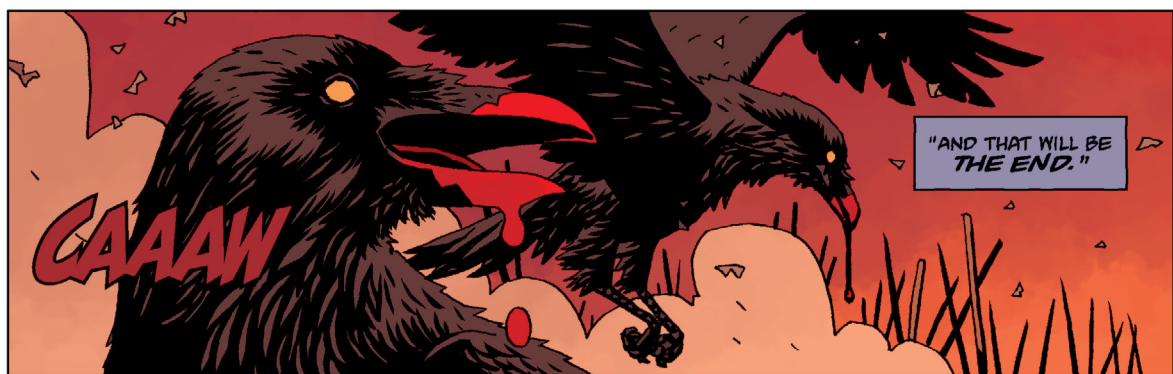
"...IT IS CALLED
VIGRID..."



"AND IT'S
WRITTEN IN
THE STARS
AND THE
ROOTS OF
TREES..."



"WHEN **RAGNA
ROK** COMES IT
WILL BE HERE..."



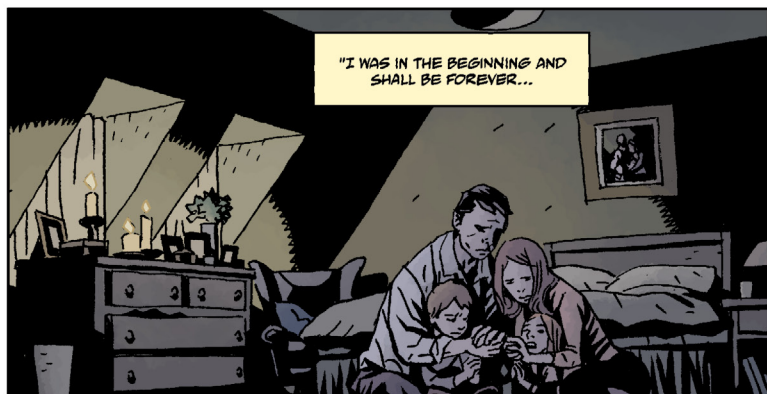
CHAPTER SIX







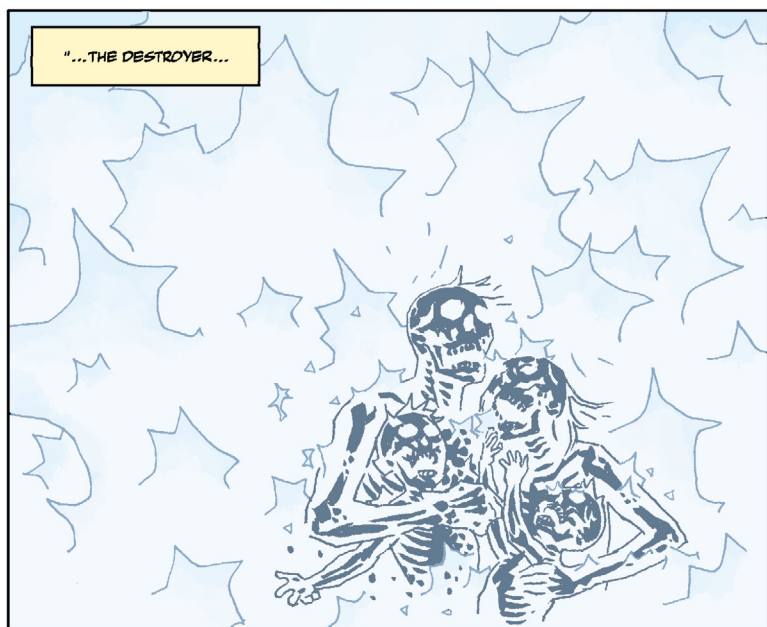
"IT'S
AS IT
SHOULD
BE..."



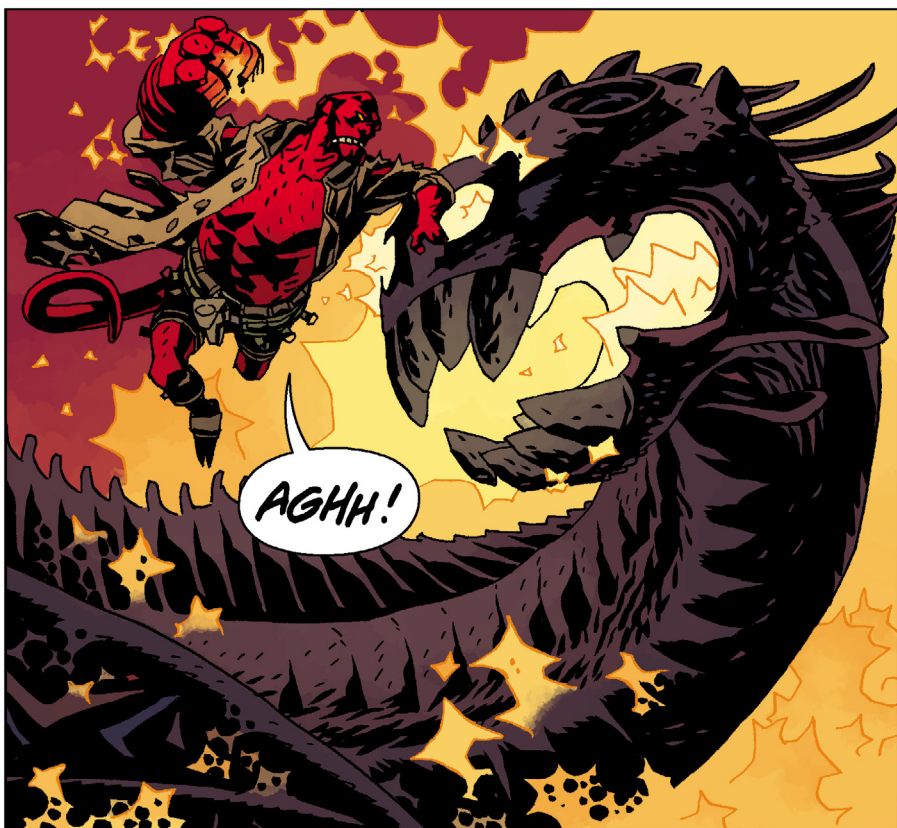
"I WAS IN THE BEGINNING AND
SHALL BE FOREVER..."



"TIME..."

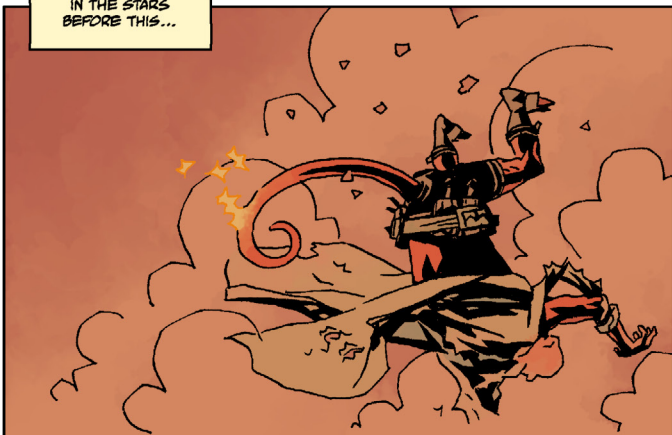


"...THE DESTROYER..."





"I WAS THE WIND
IN THE STARS
BEFORE THIS..."

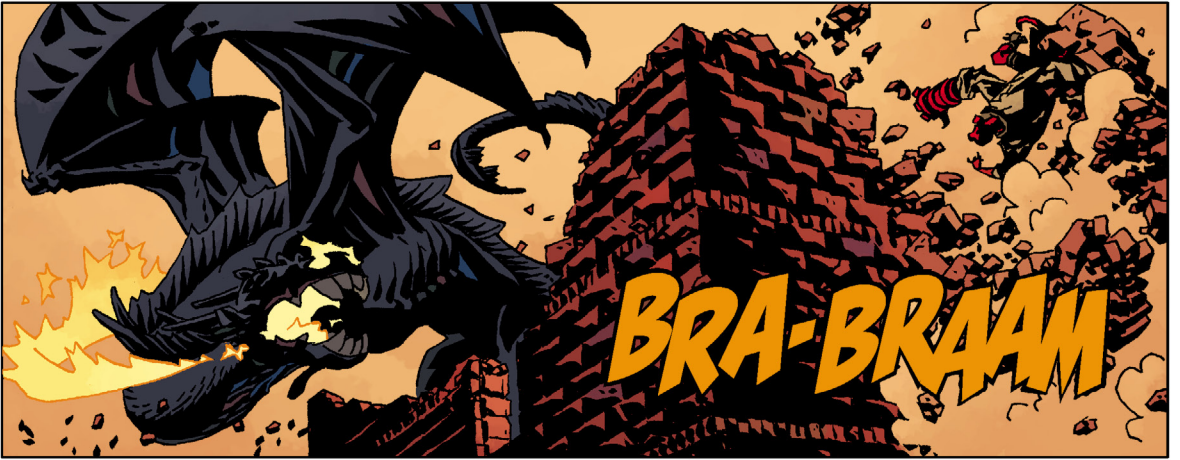


"BEFORE
PLANETS..."



"BEFORE HEAVEN
AND HELL..."

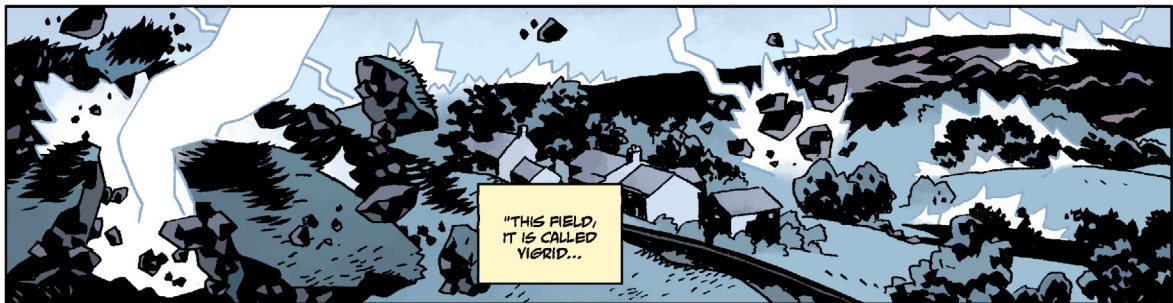






"OLD
QUEEN
MAB...SHE
DIDN'T TELL
YOU..."

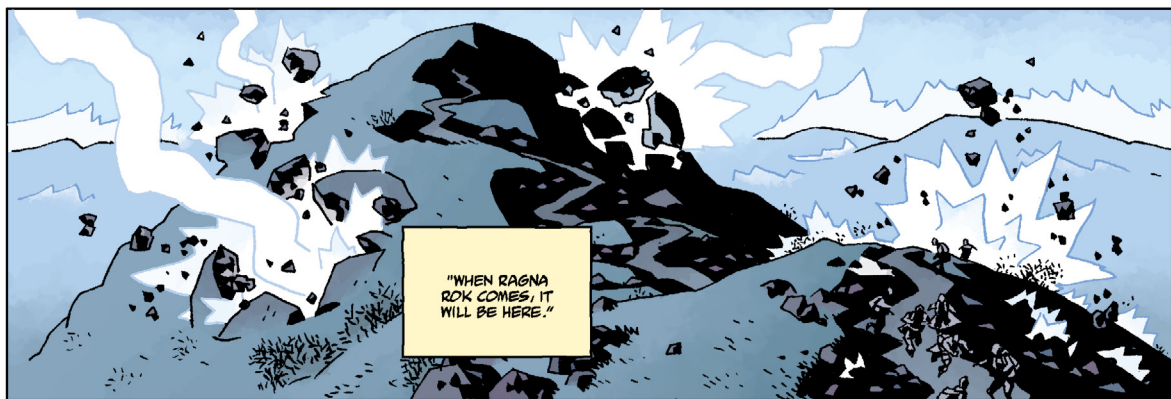
"MAB?"



"THIS FIELD,
IT IS CALLED
VIRID..."



"...AND IT'S
WRITTEN IN
THE STARS
AND THE
ROOTS OF
TREES--"



"WHEN RAGNA
ROK COMES, IT
WILL BE HERE."



YOU'RE
QUEEN MAB.
WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL
ME?

WE
HEARD
YOU WERE
DEAD.

I AM
DEAD, GIRL.
DEAD AND
GONE.



AND
RAGNA
ROK--?

THE LAST BATTLE,
WHEN THE CHAMPION
OF MAN--

FIGHTS
A DRAGON.
YEAH, I HEARD
THAT PART. BUT
THAT WOMAN MADE
IT SOUND LIKE...
LIKE IT WAS THE
END OF THE
WORLD.

NIMUE
IS THE
DRAGON.

I
THOUGHT...I
HOPED THAT
HELLBOY WOULD
BE ABLE TO STOP
HER BEFORE
THIS.





HE
TRIED,
BUT--

BUT
THE STORM'S
COME.

NOW IT'S
LAYING WASTE
TO ALL BRITAIN,
AND SOON IT WILL
SPREAD OVER
THE WHOLE
WORLD...



"MONSTERS LONG
BURIED WILL ALL
RISE AGAIN AND FOR
A WHILE IT WILL BE
THEIR WORLD..."



AMAGOG RANM
JAHURR



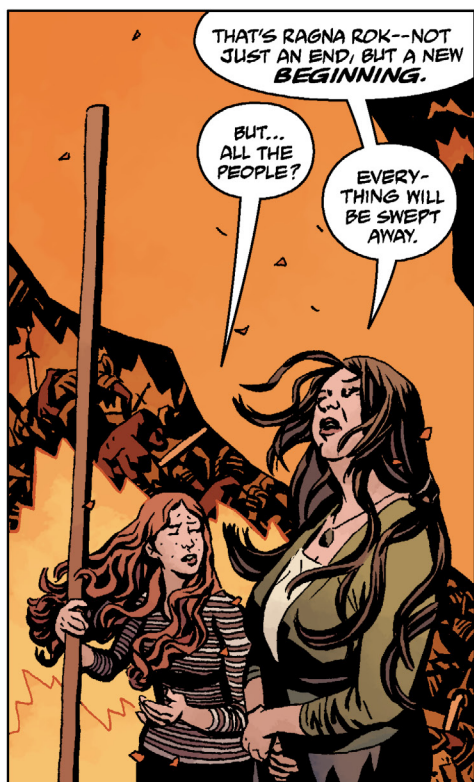
"...TILL
IT ALL
BURNS.



"THEN, OUT
OF THE
ASHES..."



...A NEW WORLD
WILL RISE.



THAT'S RAGNA ROK--NOT JUST AN END, BUT A NEW **BEGINNING.**

BUT... ALL THE PEOPLE?

EVERY-THING WILL BE SWEEPED AWAY.



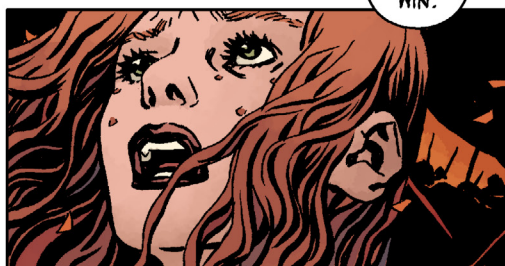
HELLBOY?



NO ONE COULD HAVE DONE MORE.

BUT IF HE **WINS--?**

HE CANNOT WIN.



NO!

THIS WORLD'S RUN ITS COURSE, BUT IT'S NOT **THAT** IT GOES-- IT'S **HOW** IT GOES.

THE DRAGON, THE OGDRI JAHAD, IT ESCAPED ITS PRISON TOO SOON...



HELLBOY FIGHTS TO BUY THIS WORLD A LITTLE MORE TIME...









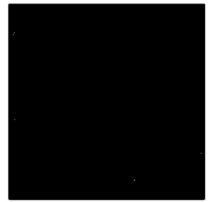
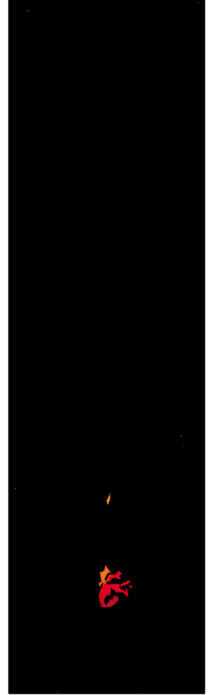
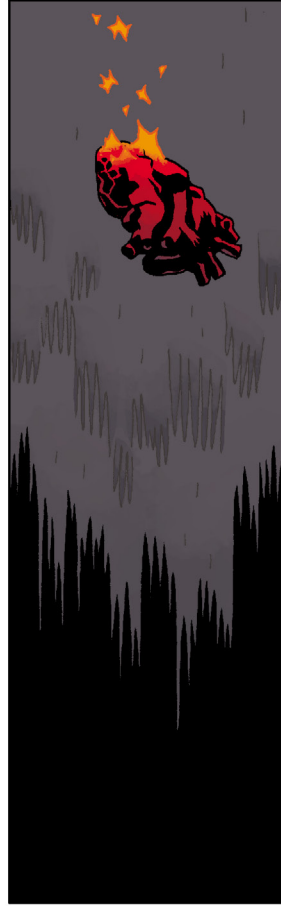
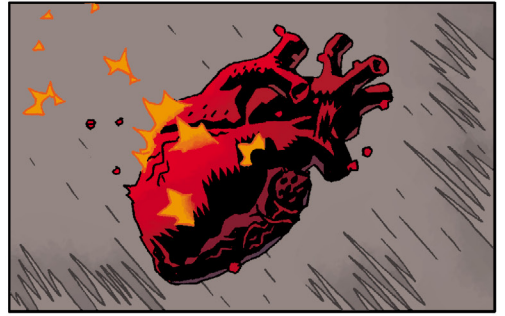


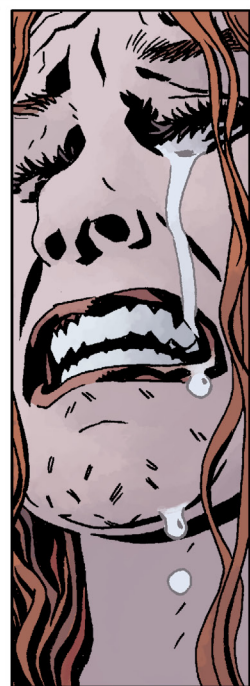
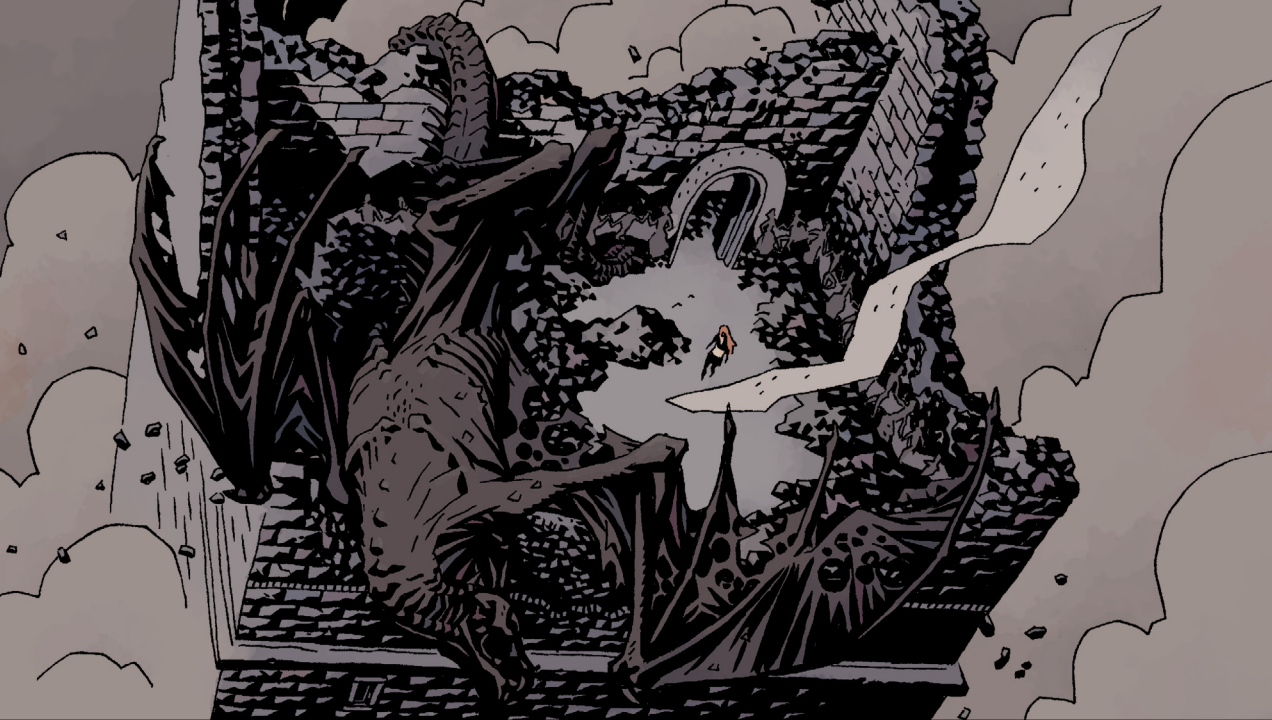








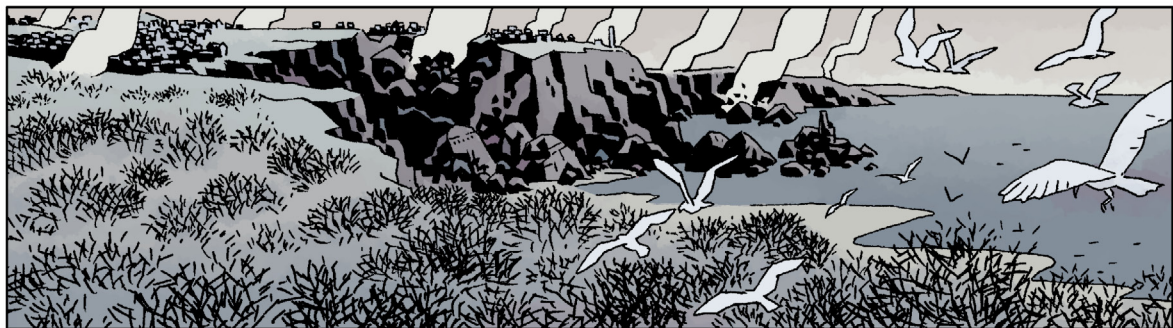
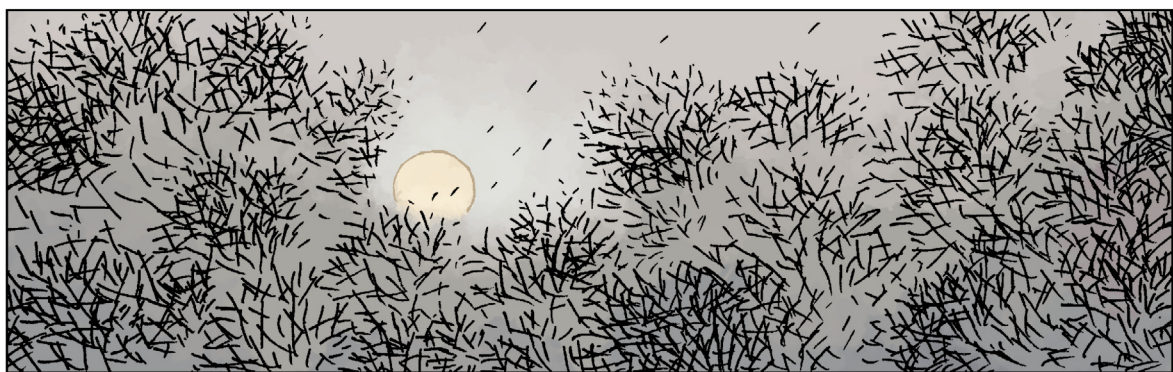


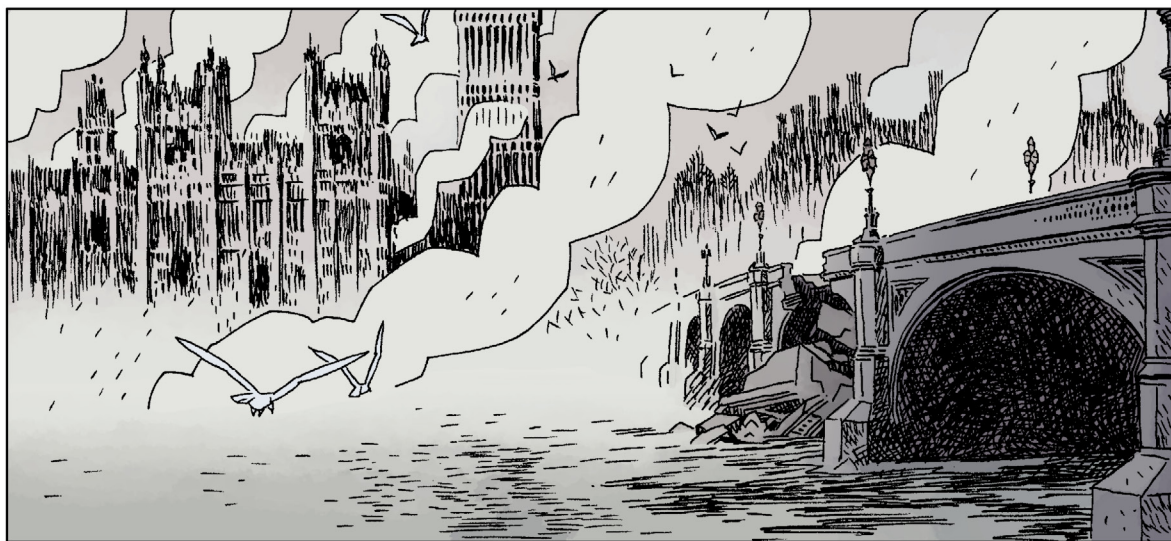














Epilogue

SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE.



IMPOSSIBLE.

WE WERE SO
SURE.



THE HAND,
AND ALL
THE OTHER
SIGNS...



WELL, I
NEVER
BELIEVED
HE WAS THE
ONE.



LIAR. YOU
DID.



*AT A SÉANCE AT THE HOME OF LORD CHARLES BURLY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1866.





"IT WAS ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE D&DRU JAHAD THAT ENTERED INTO NIMUE, CHANGING HER INTO THAT CREATURE."

"A SMALL PART OF IT DIED WHEN SHE DIED..."



THE THING ITSELF IS WOUNDED, BUT IT LIVES.



SO THE FUTURE...?

THE FUTURE OF **ENGLAND** IS DECIDED-- TRANSFORMED, LIKE THAT DAGGER, BY HELLBOY'S SACRIFICE AND BLOOD...



"ALL ELSE IS A MYSTERY."

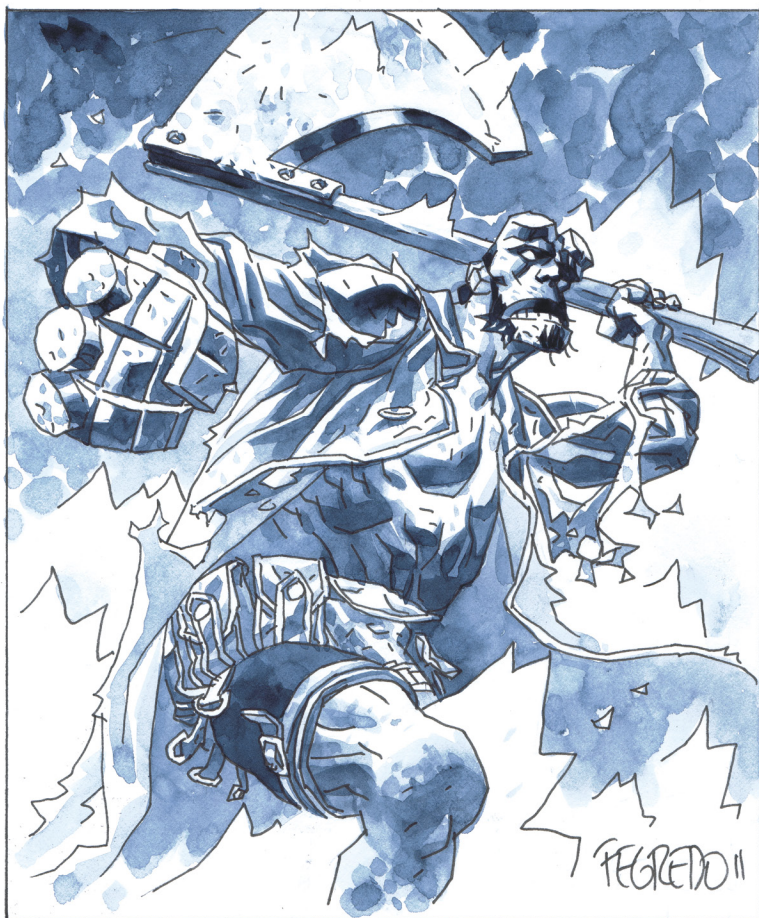
The End



HELLBOY™

SKETCHBOOK

With notes from the artists



DUNCAN FEGREDO: After *The Fury* I had a taste for drawing Hellboy wielding an ax; it just feels right. Hellboy looks cool with a sword, but I suspect an ax would feel a more natural accompaniment to the Right Hand of Doom. This one was drawn to support the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.

Facing: DF: Along with the rest of the western world I was shocked to see video footage of a tsunami wreaking true hell on earth in Japan. This illustration, now adorned with wonderful color courtesy of Dave Stewart, was my response, drawn for auction to raise funds for relief aid.



DF: One of my favorite characters from *The Wild Hunt* was the feisty little hedgehog. I'd always seen him as the union-leader characters seen in Ealing comedies. Little did I know what fate awaited him when designing his cute little spiny form! I recall my initial sketches were slightly more human in form but retained a mane of spines running down his back. These ones probably owe a little more to Peter Jackson's *Lord of the Rings*, the orcs in particular.



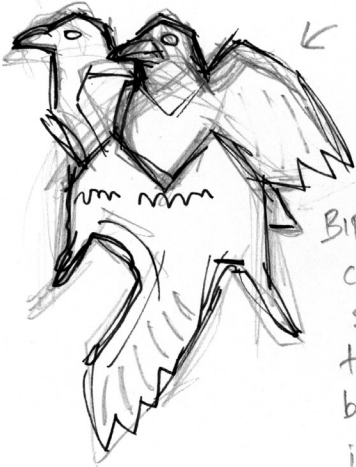
DF: The final form of the transformed hedgehog. A sketch from Mike led to the inclusion of Celtic-influenced armor over that leather plate mail vest. And yes, as indicated by the smaller sketch, he did indeed go commando under that leather-studded apron. Nice.

DF: After various failed attempts at Nimue's helmet crown, Mike bailed me out with a simple but elegant design.

MIKE MIGNOLA: Ugh. The helmet. I'm pretty sure this one design gave Duncan and me more trouble than anything else in all our years working together. It gave us so much trouble that as soon as Nimue got that thing I was trying to figure out a way to get rid of it—which led to the idea of it turning into birds and flying away. I don't think either of us were sorry to see it go.

WILD HUNT

Bird #1 - facing forward - both wings at its sides.

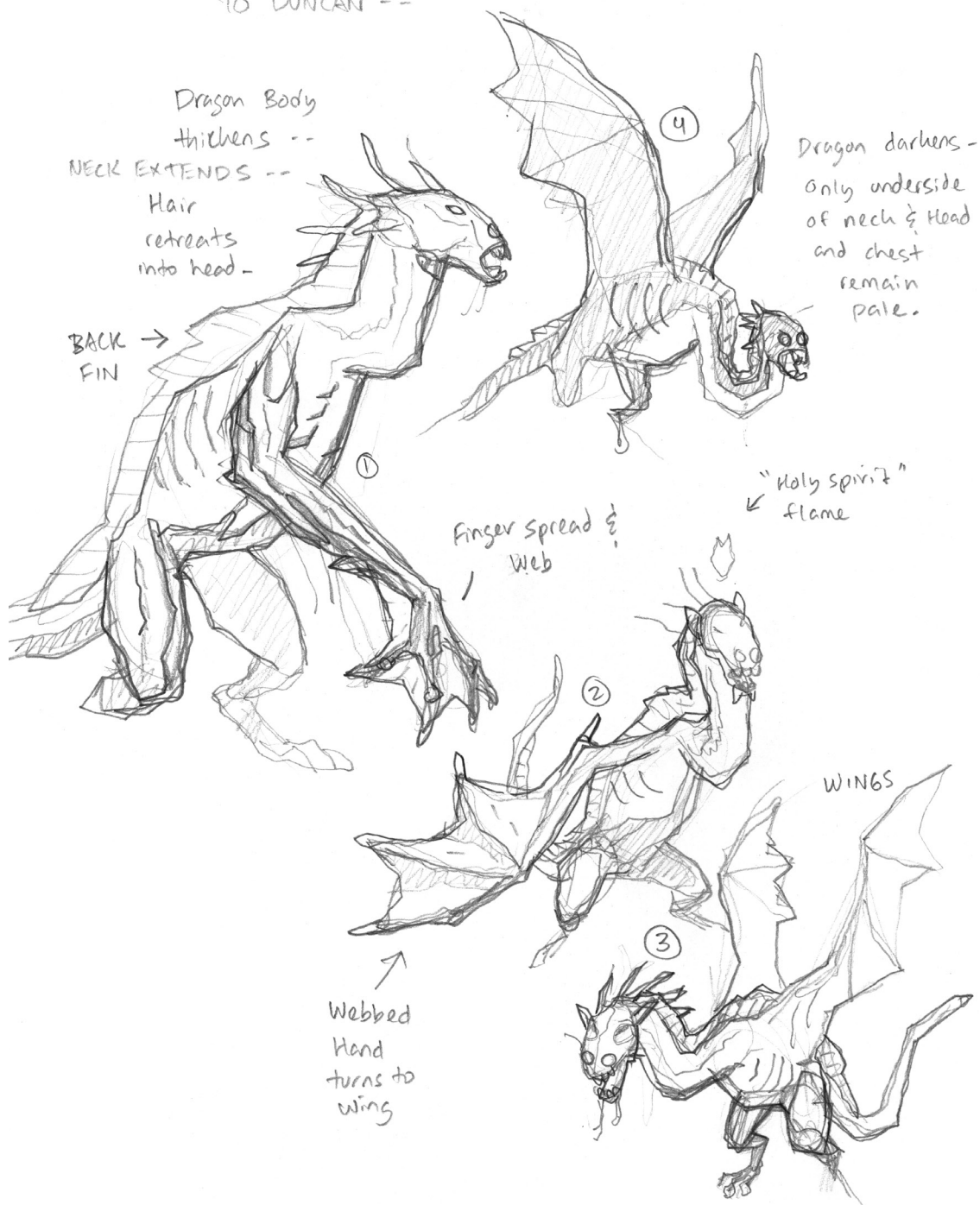


← BIRD #2 (#3 is mirror image on the other side)

BIRDS 2 and 3
come out from
sides - one wing (inside wing)
tucked into body (like Bird #1)
but other wing (outside wing)
is open and stretches back across
back of helmet.

Birds 2 and 3 face out to side or
maybe slightly forward. Might be fun to
play with moving bird heads in next
series --

TO DUNCAN --



MM: I love drawing things transforming. It's just fun to work out all the in-between stages so, really, I did the dragon design because I didn't want Duncan to have *all* the fun. I did want the Dragon's final form to be a more or less traditional dragon because the final battle was meant to be very iconic—like Thor and the Midgard serpent. The middle stage of the Dragon owes a lot to Jack Kirby's Fin Fang Foom because you just can't beat those old Kirby monsters.

DF: In retrospect I wish I'd used less texture on the dragon, and kept closer to Mike's sleeker design. Oh well.



DF: Another piece for auction, this time the Hero Initiative. Ax not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for . . . well, in this case it tolled for both Hellboy and me. I still can't believe I was the one to show Hellboy's demise, at least on this plane of existence. Hellboy's passing, of course, also marks the end of my tenure on this middle chapter of his life. I'd be sad, but it means Mike is returning to where he should be: at the drawing board. I've seen a few pages of *Hellboy in Hell*, and they are as magnificent as I had expected. Exciting times are ahead!



“If you’re reading this, you’ve read the stories building up to this volume, the climax of Hellboy’s adventures. Every villain, every prophecy, every foreshadowing intertwines and explodes. Hecate, the Osiris Club, Nimue, Gruagach, a hundred guns on the wall: they all go off here.”

from the introduction by Glen David Gold

