

HELLBOY



THE STORM AND THE FURY

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MIGNOLA

DUNCAN
FEGREDO

HELLBOY

TM

THE STORM AND THE FURY







THE STORM AND THE FURY

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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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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 worshiping 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 V
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."



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



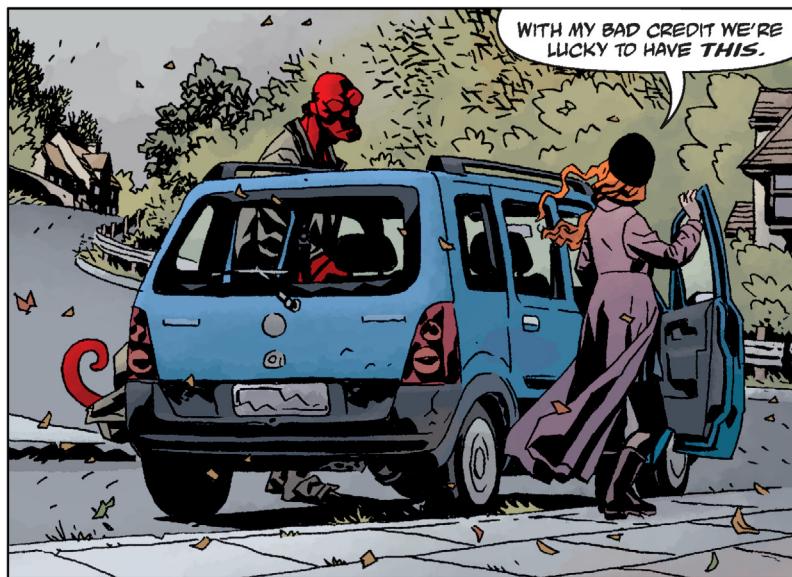
I FLOATED 'ROUND FOR A FEW
YEARS, EVENTUALLY
WASHED UP ON AN
ISLAND SOME-
WHERE...

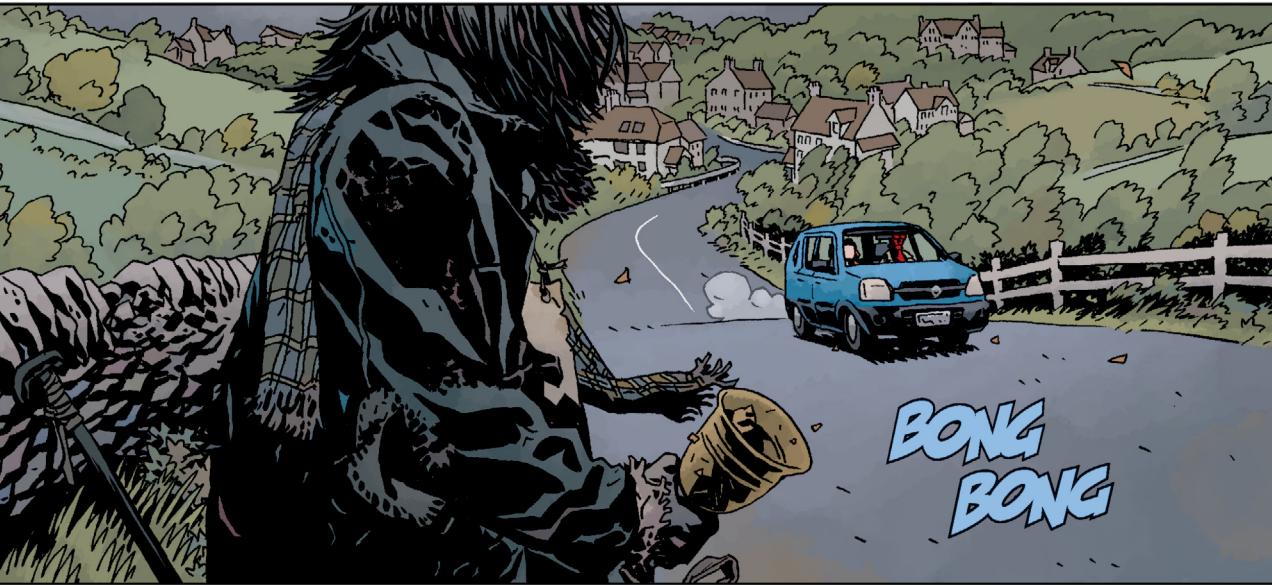
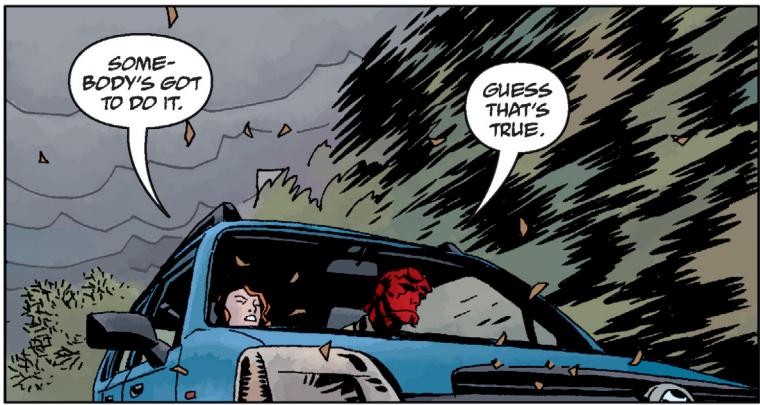
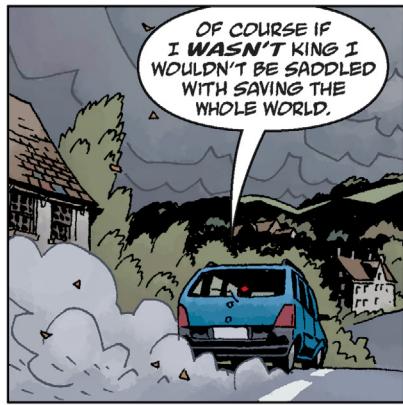


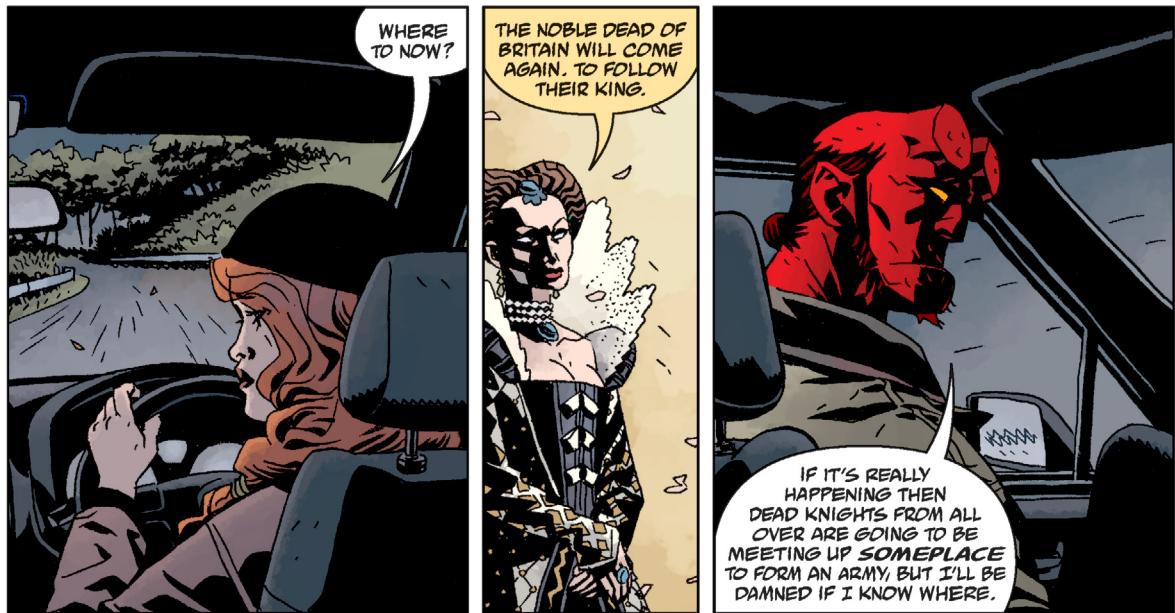


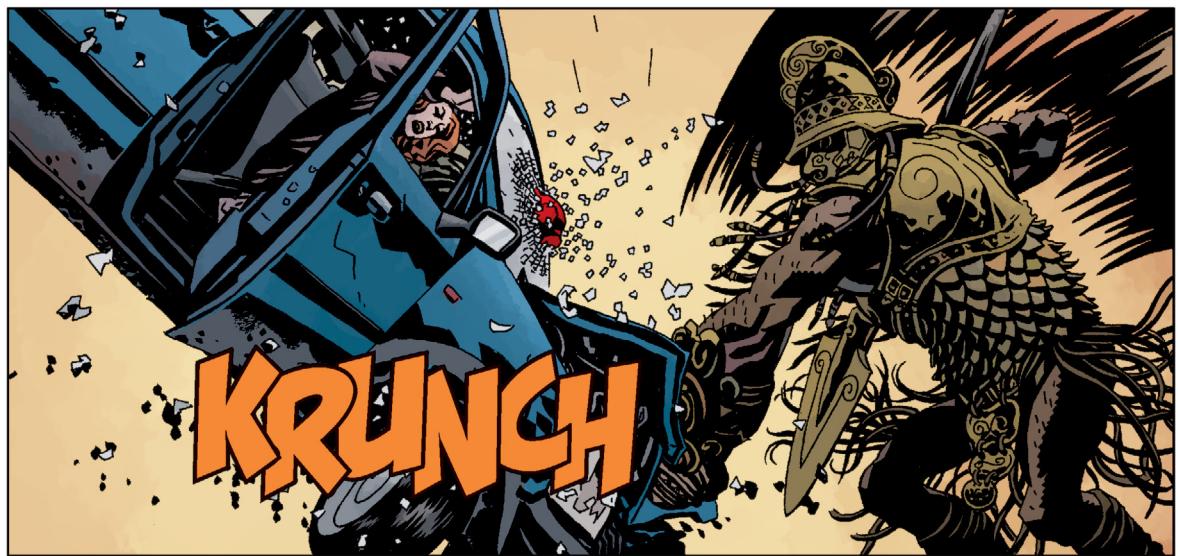


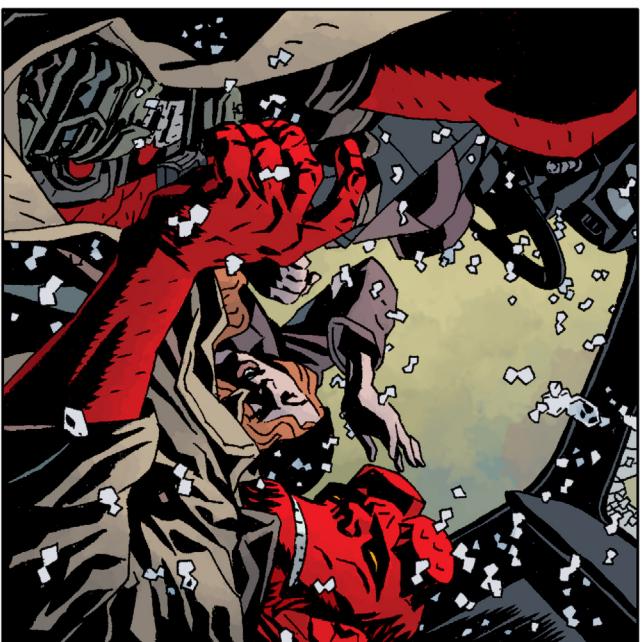






















MAB. LAST QUEEN
OF THE TUATHA DÉ
DANAAN, THE
FAIRIES OF IRELAND.



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



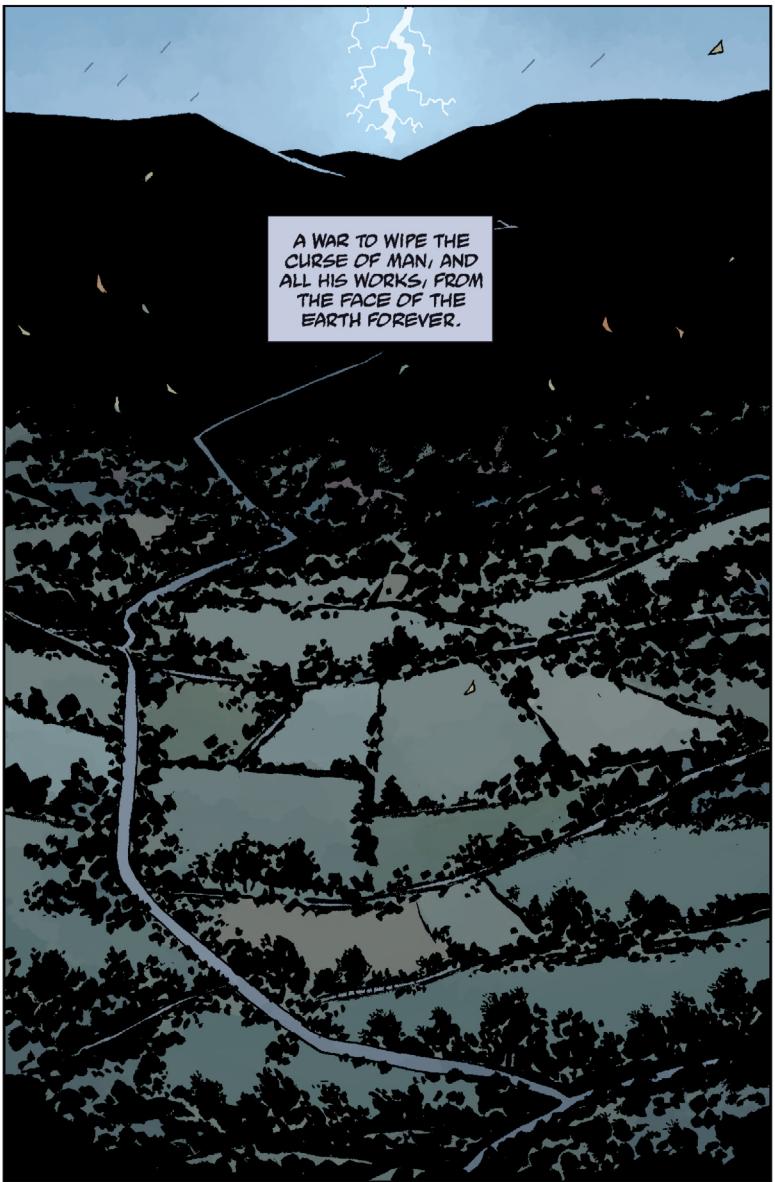
THE OLD
WOMAN IS
DEAD.







WAR.



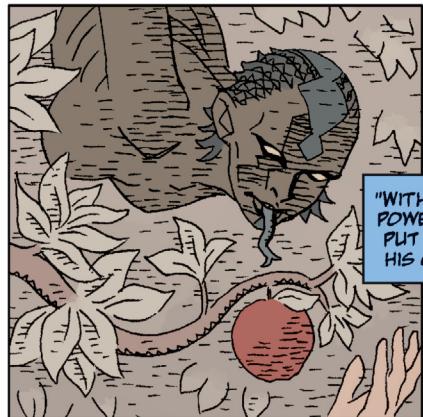
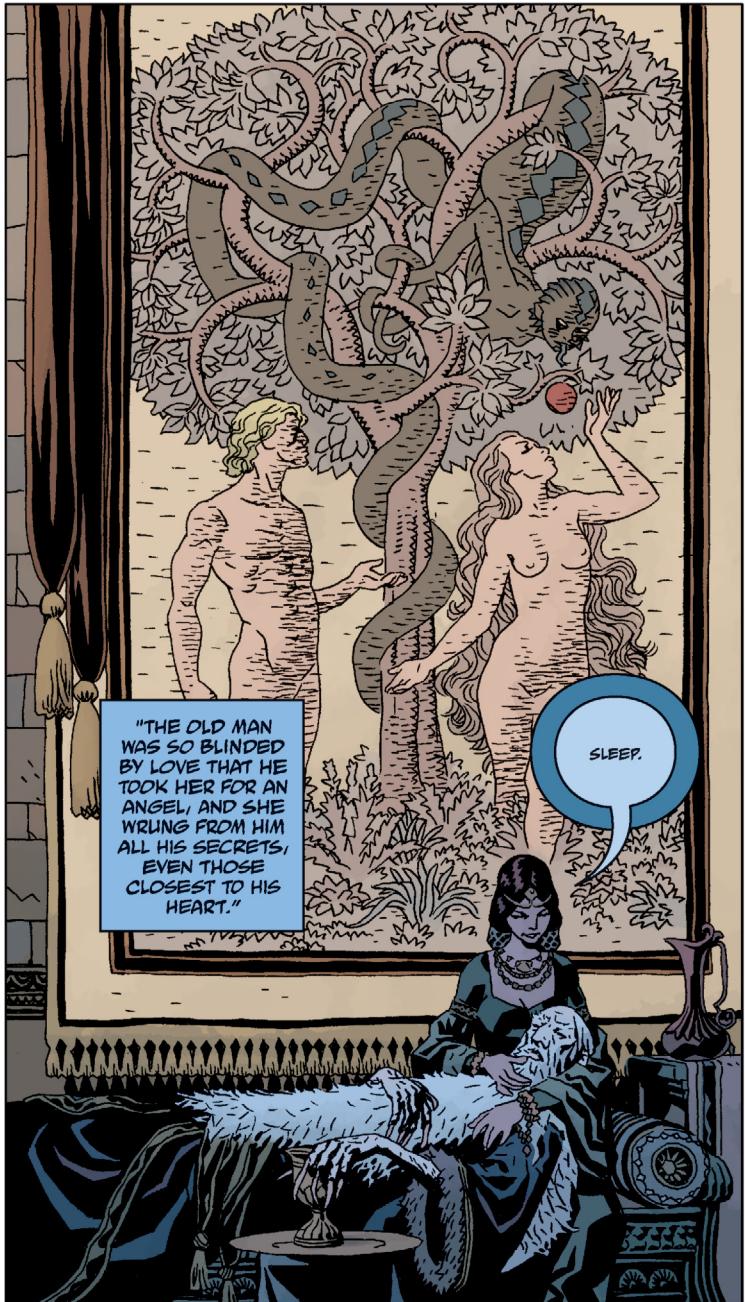




CHAPTER TWO







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



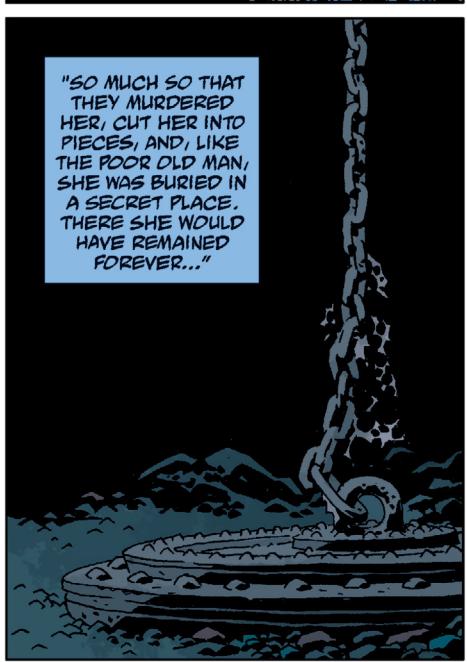
CHAINED IN
HEAVEN ARE THEY,
BUT THEY ARE
THE HOWLING WIND...

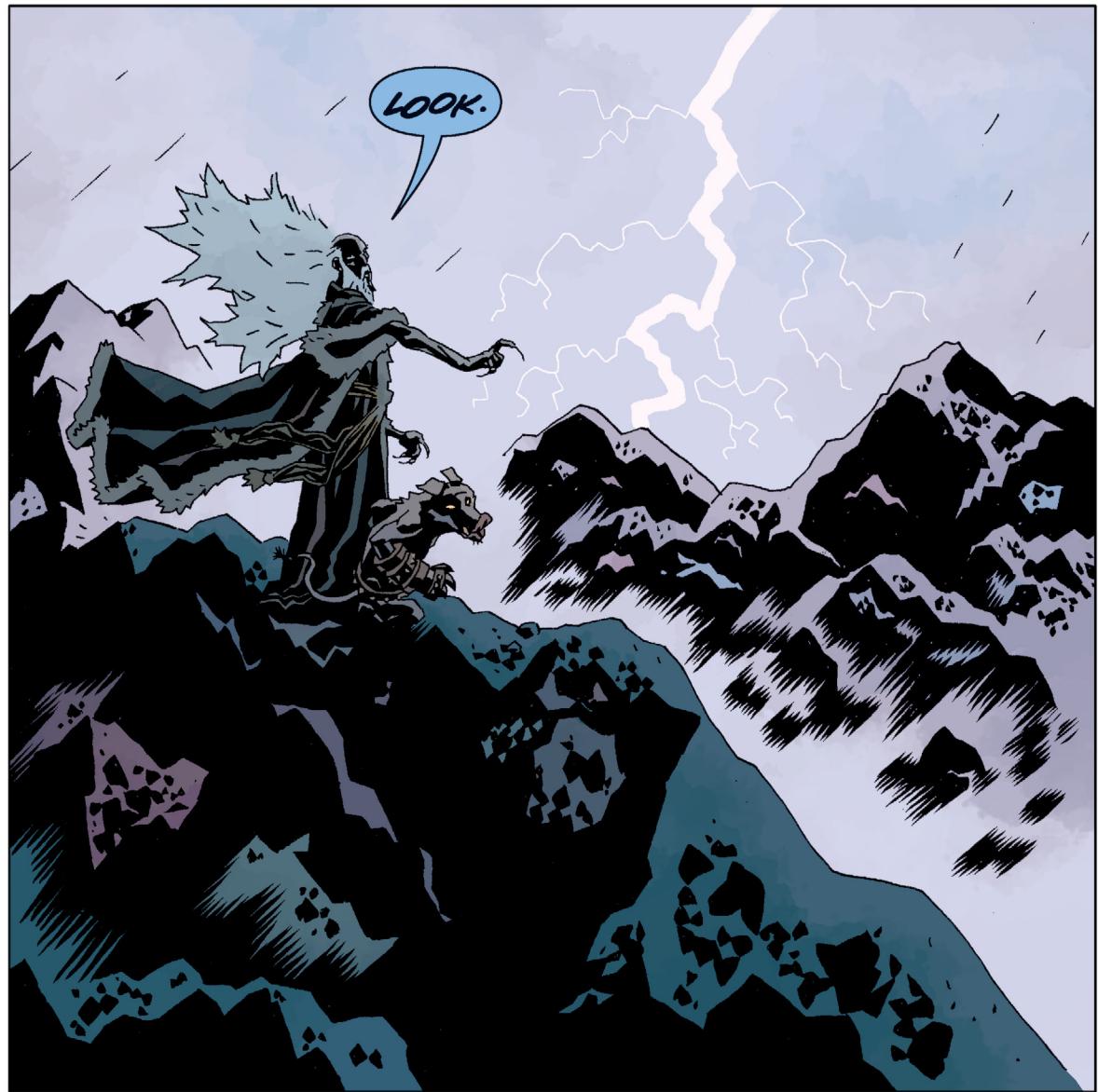


"THE OTHER
WITCHES CAME
TO FEAR HER..."



"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..."

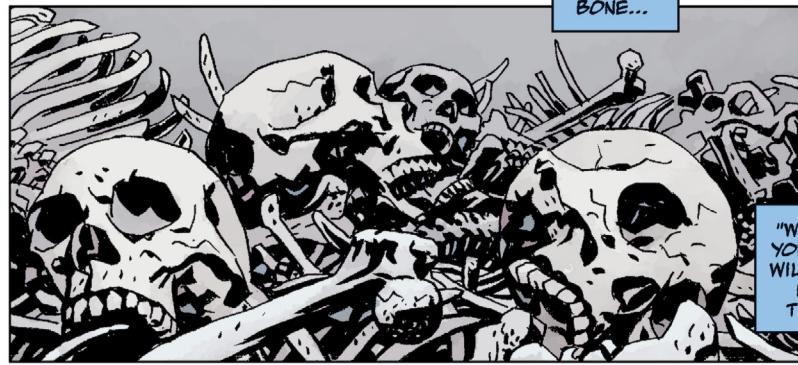


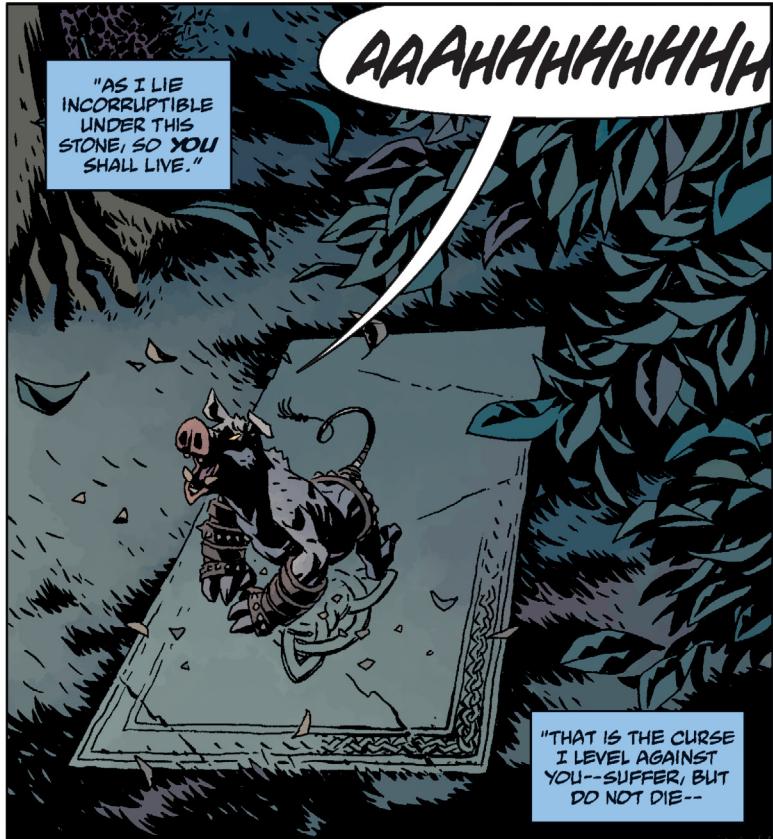






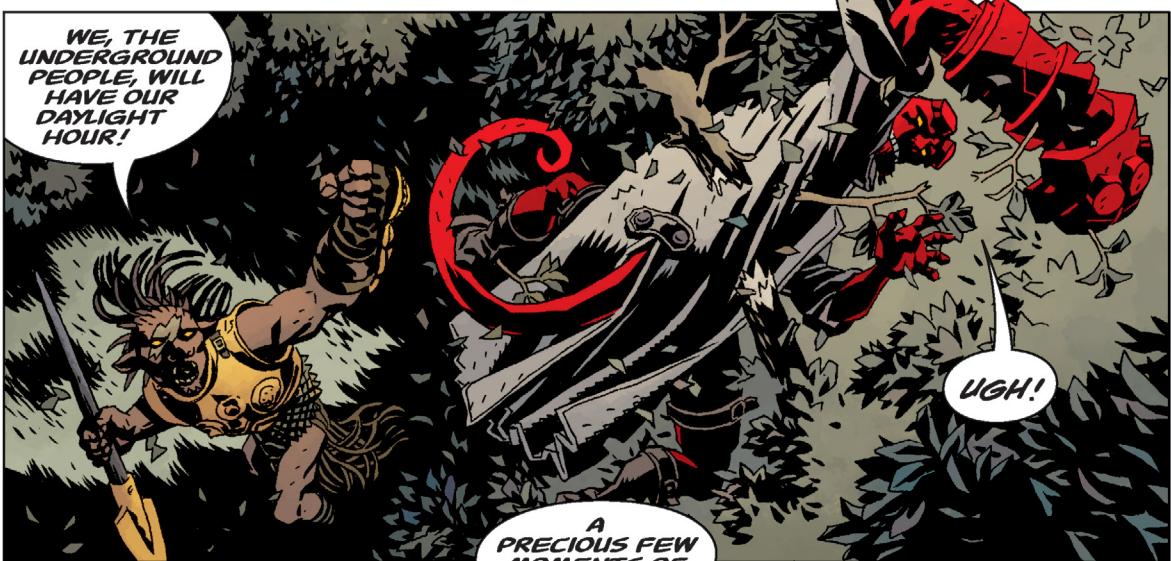






BOOOOM













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

Badhbh - Macha

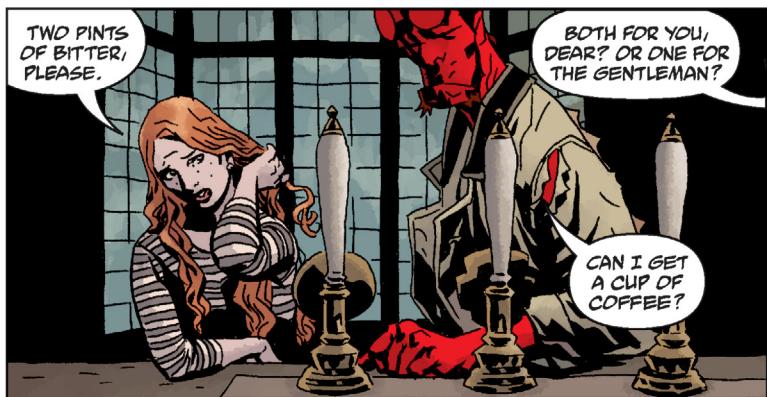
Mor-Rioghain

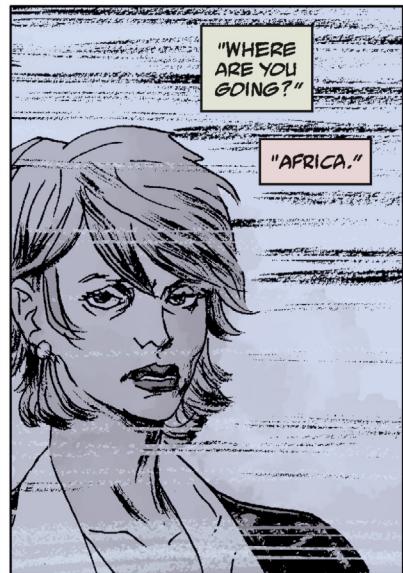
"BUT SHE'S
BECOMING
SOMETHING
ELSE..."

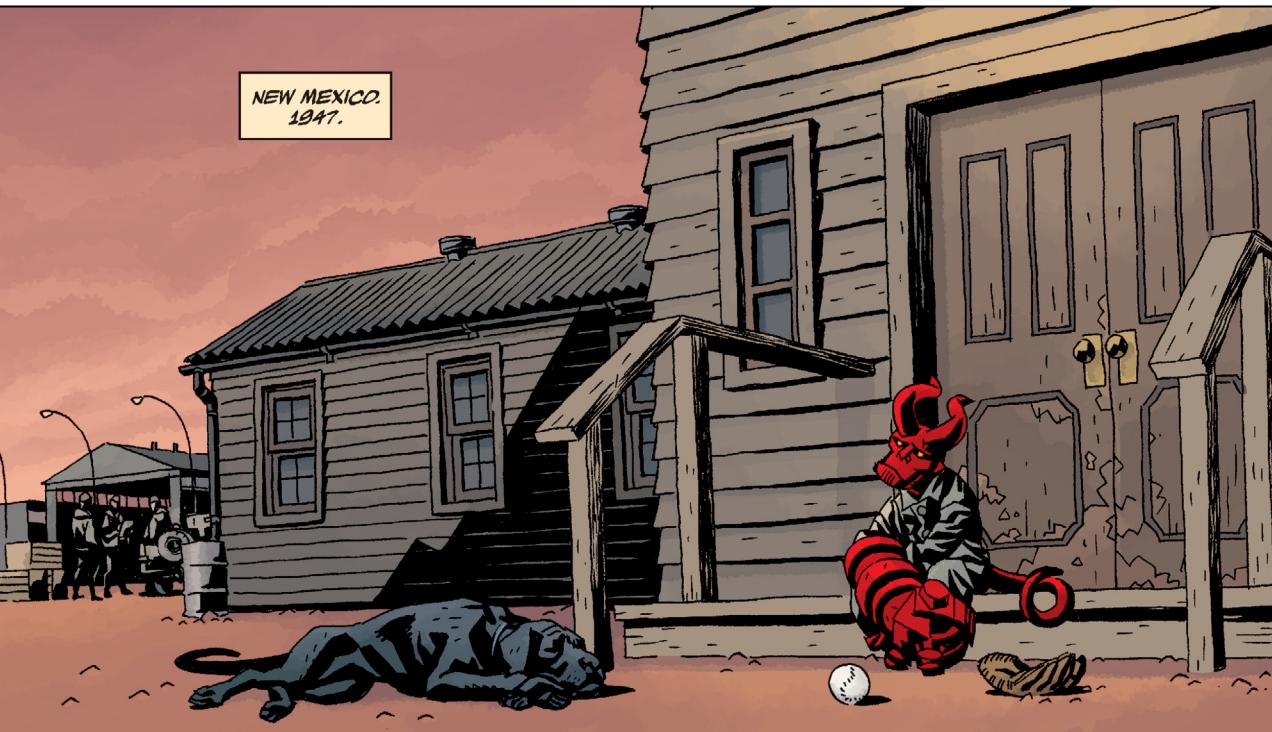
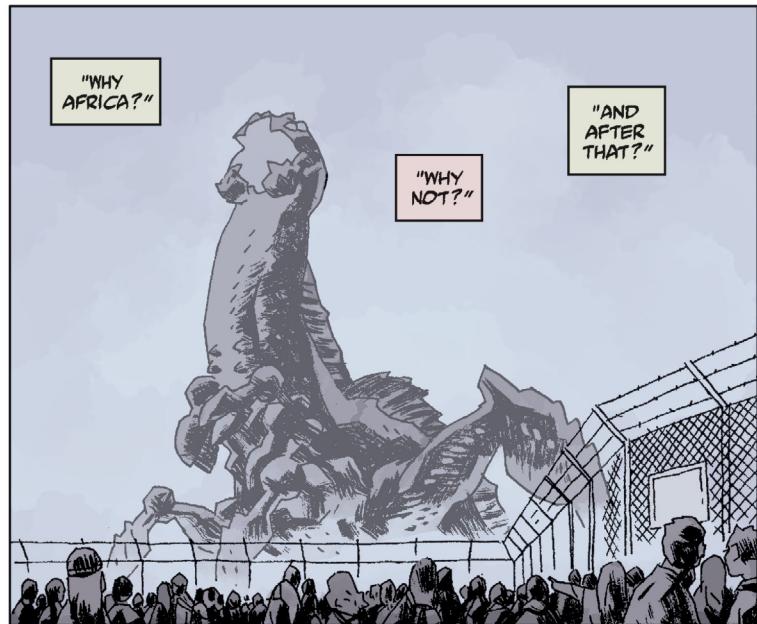




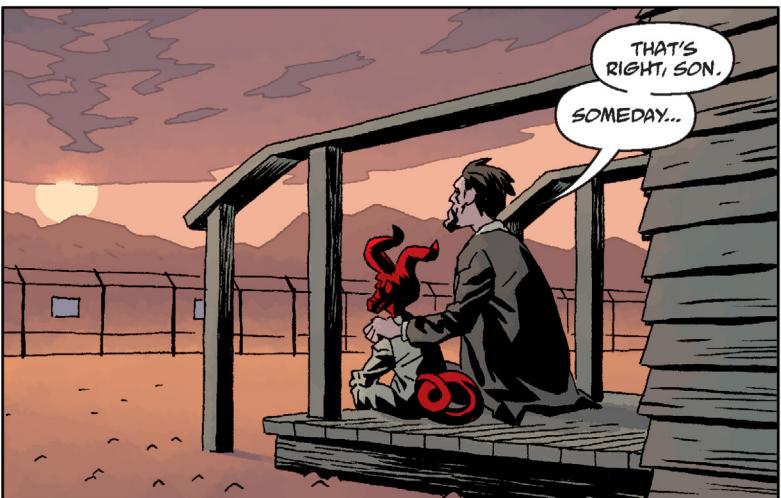
















CHAPTER THREE



















"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..."



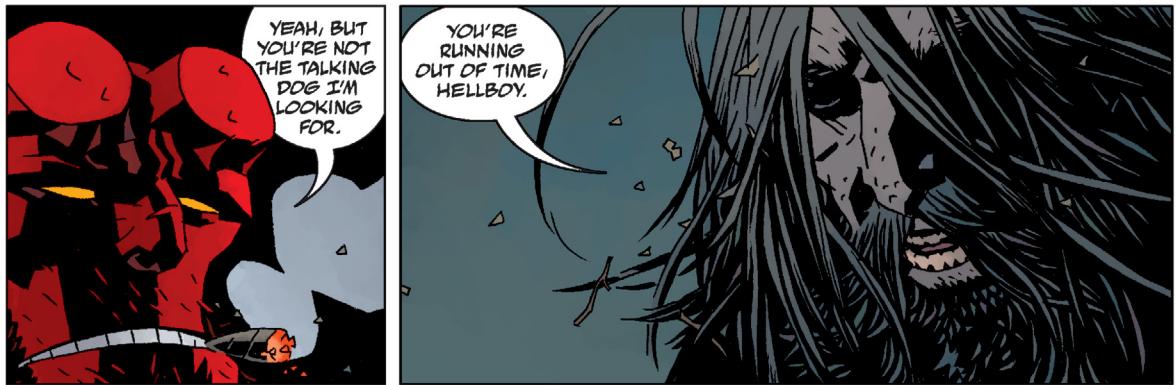
"UNLESS
YOU FAIL."

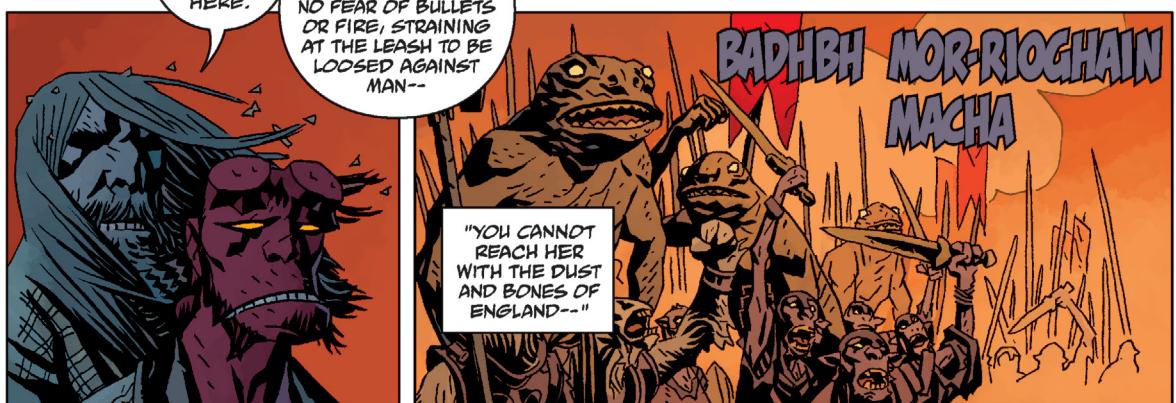


"PLEASE..."





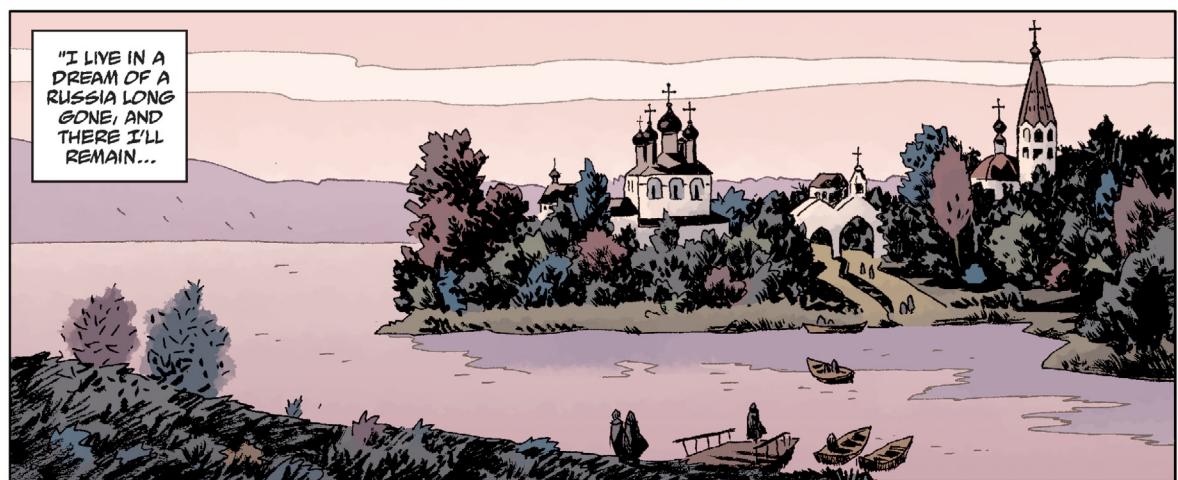


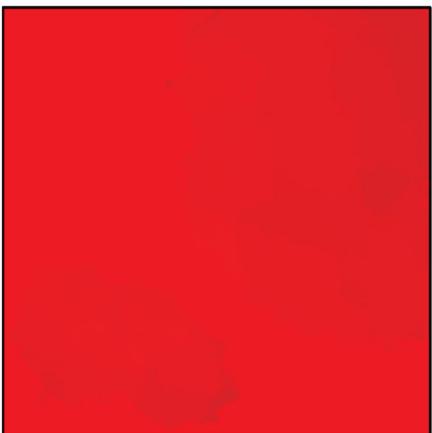














"NOW..."

THEY ARE
THE FURIOUS
BEAST, THE
WINDSTORM...

HERALDS OF
PESTILENCE...

...THRONE
BEARERS OF
ERESHIGAL...

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...











BADHBH

MACHA

MOR-RIOGHAIN



CHAPTER FOUR







BADHBH MACHA MOR-RIOGHAIN

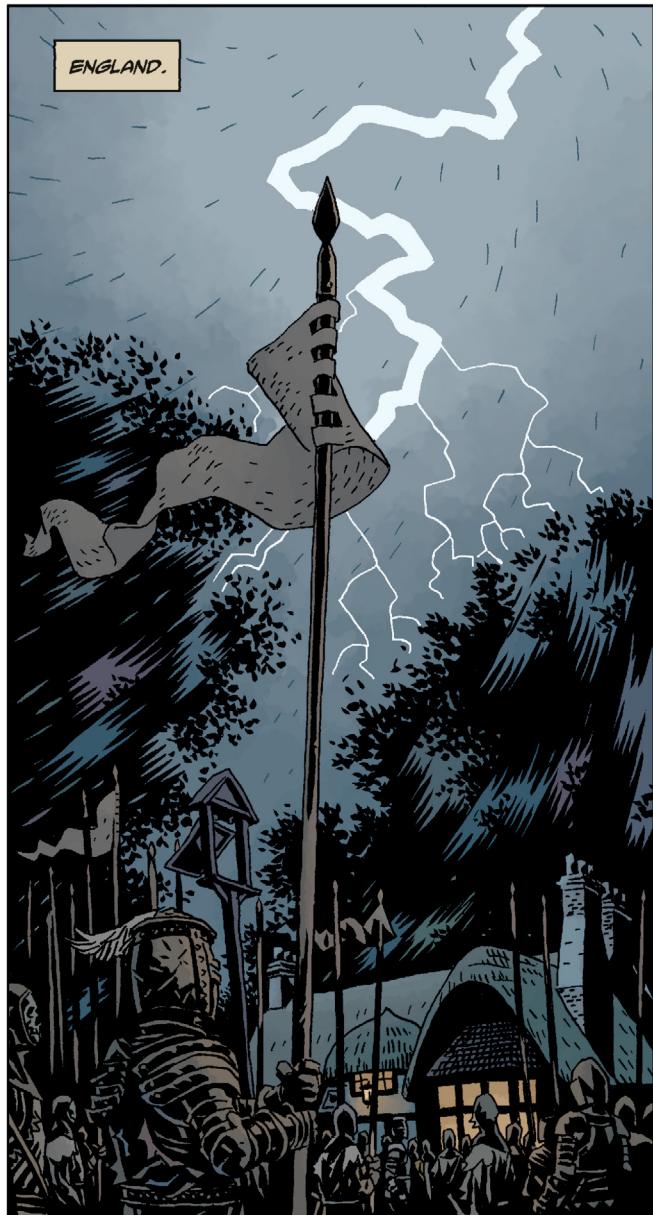


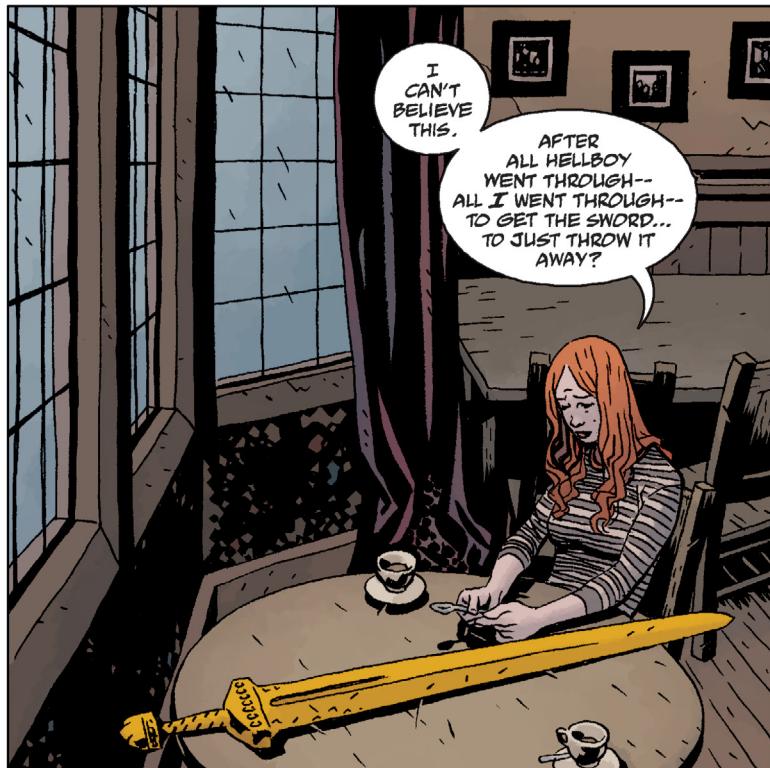


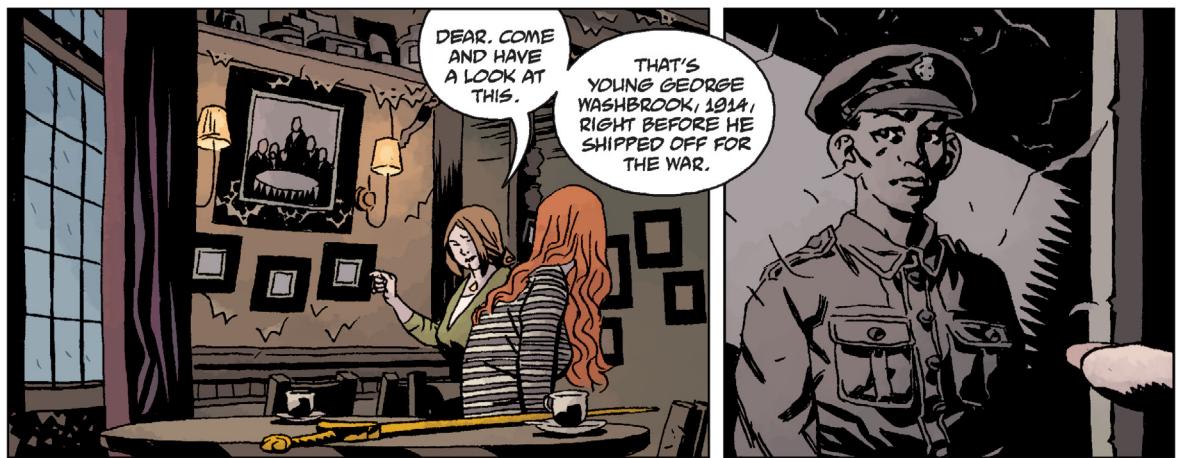






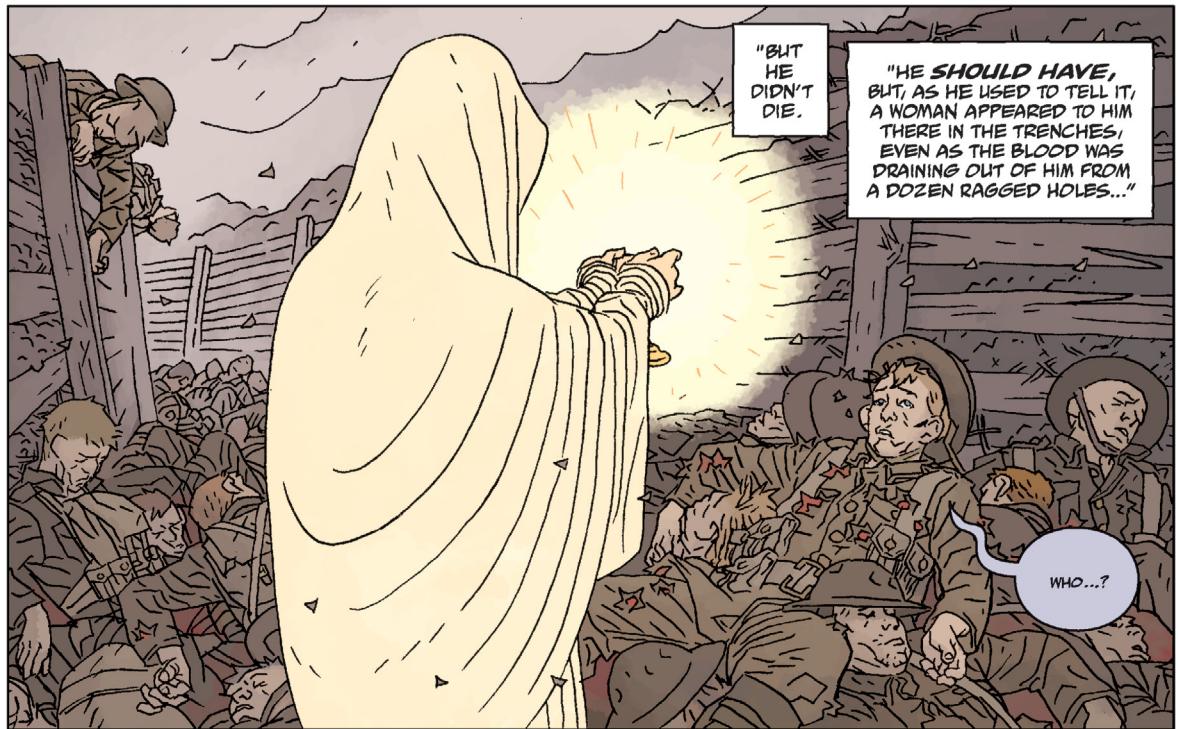








*EDWARD GREY, HER MAJESTY'S AGENT FOR "THE INVESTIGATION OF OCCULT MATTERS," WAS KNIGHTED FOR THE PREVENTION OF THAT ASSASSINATION.







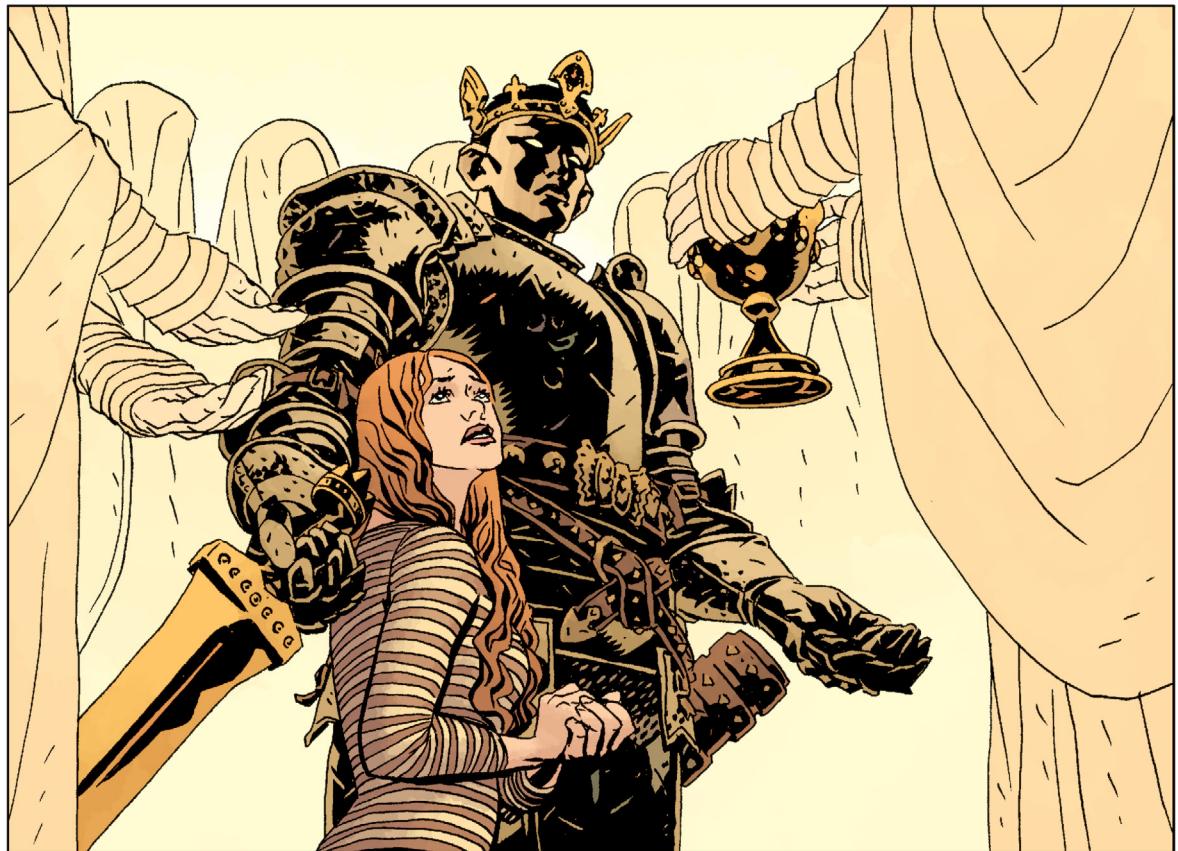
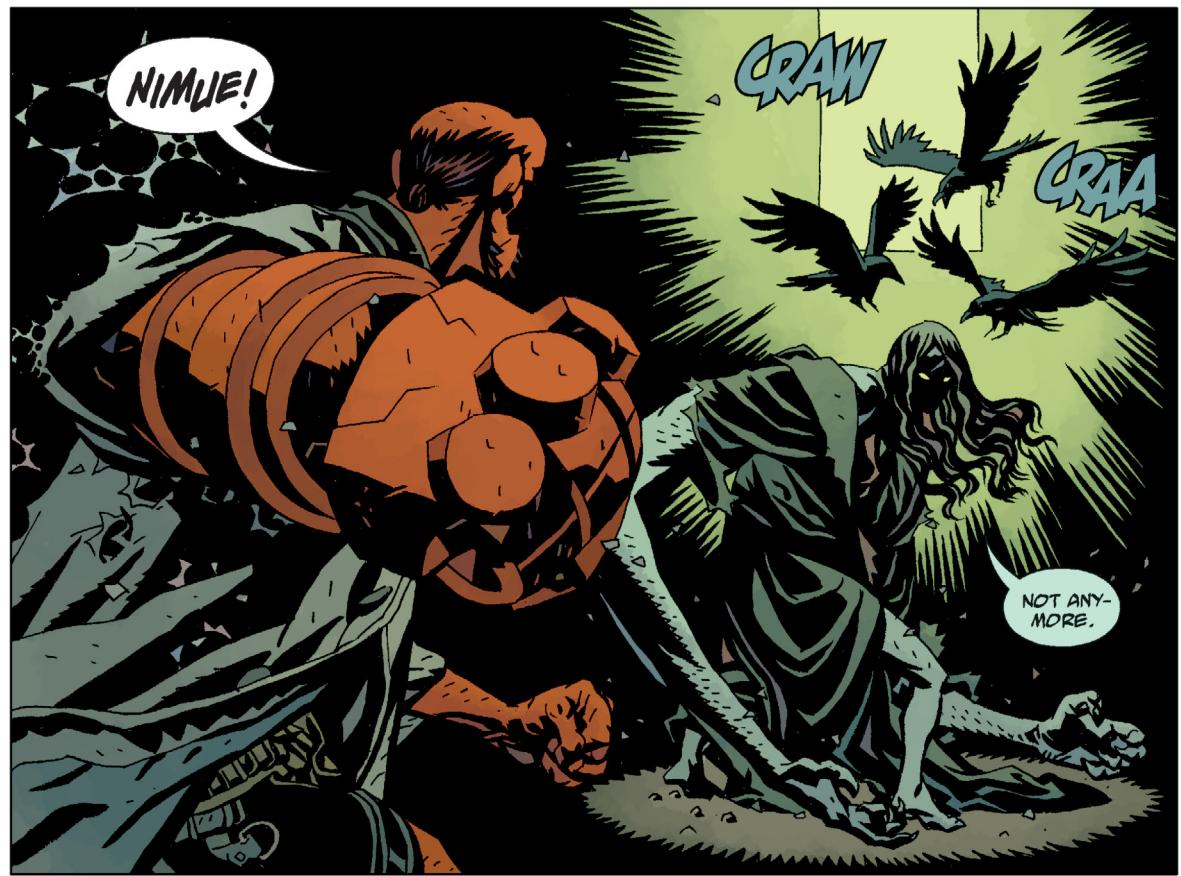














THROUGH
THAT GAP I'VE
STRETCHED
MY LONG ARM
BACK INTO THE
WORLD.

I
CAST MY
SHADOW
OVER
ALL...

CRAAAAW

"NO
LIGHT..."





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

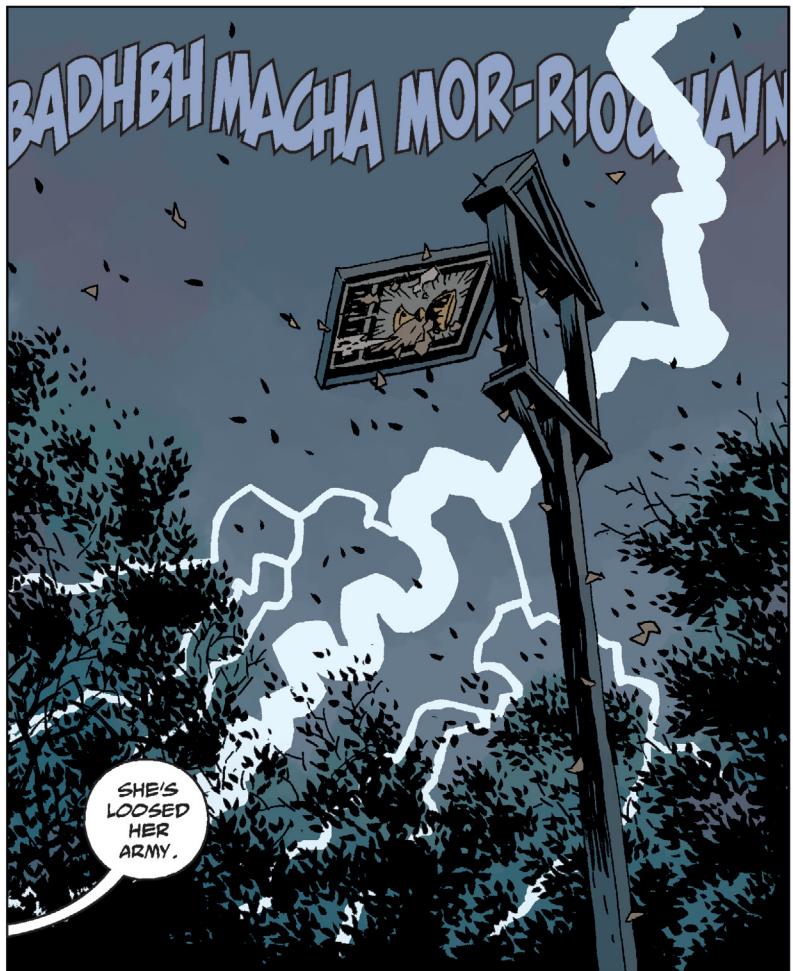




CHAPTER FIVE





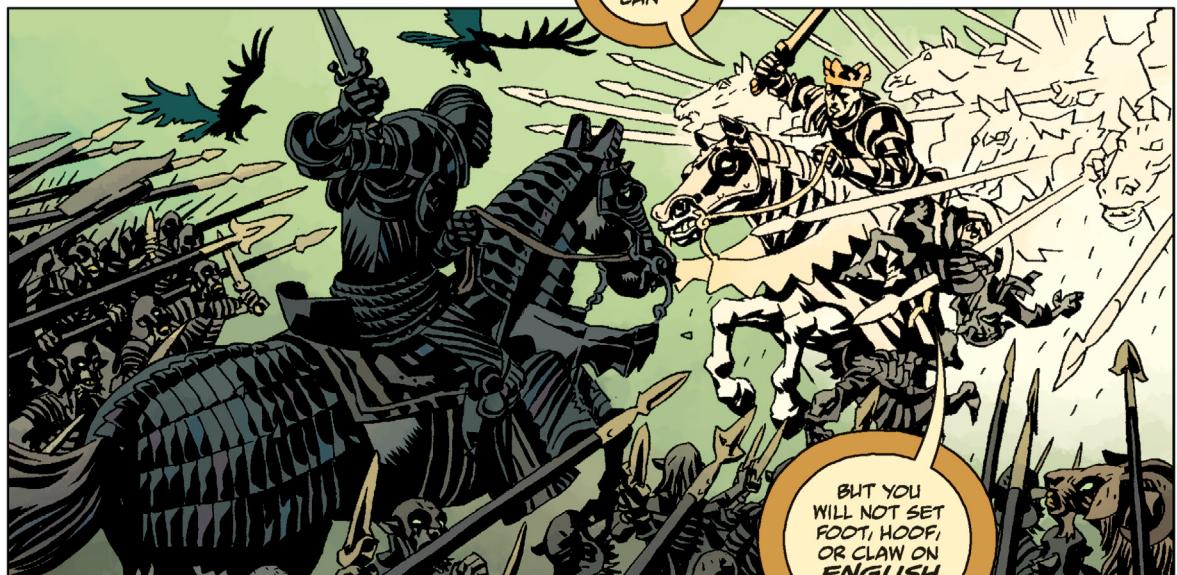






"DEATH."

























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--



IN THE END
YOU ALSO WILL
BE NOTHING.

HERE, NOW, WITH
ME--THIS IS YOUR
ONLY MOMENT.

AGH!

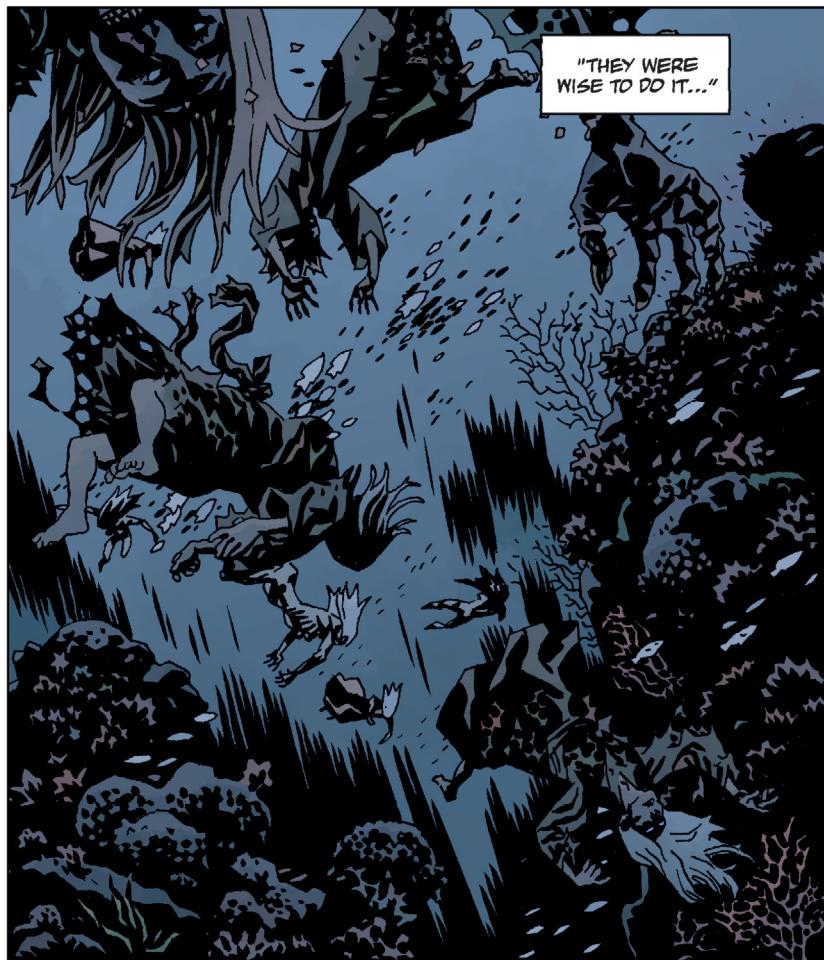
AGH!

YOUR
GLORY.

AHHH!

WHEN THE UNIVERSE
MARKS YOUR PASSING IT
WILL ONLY BE FOR THIS.



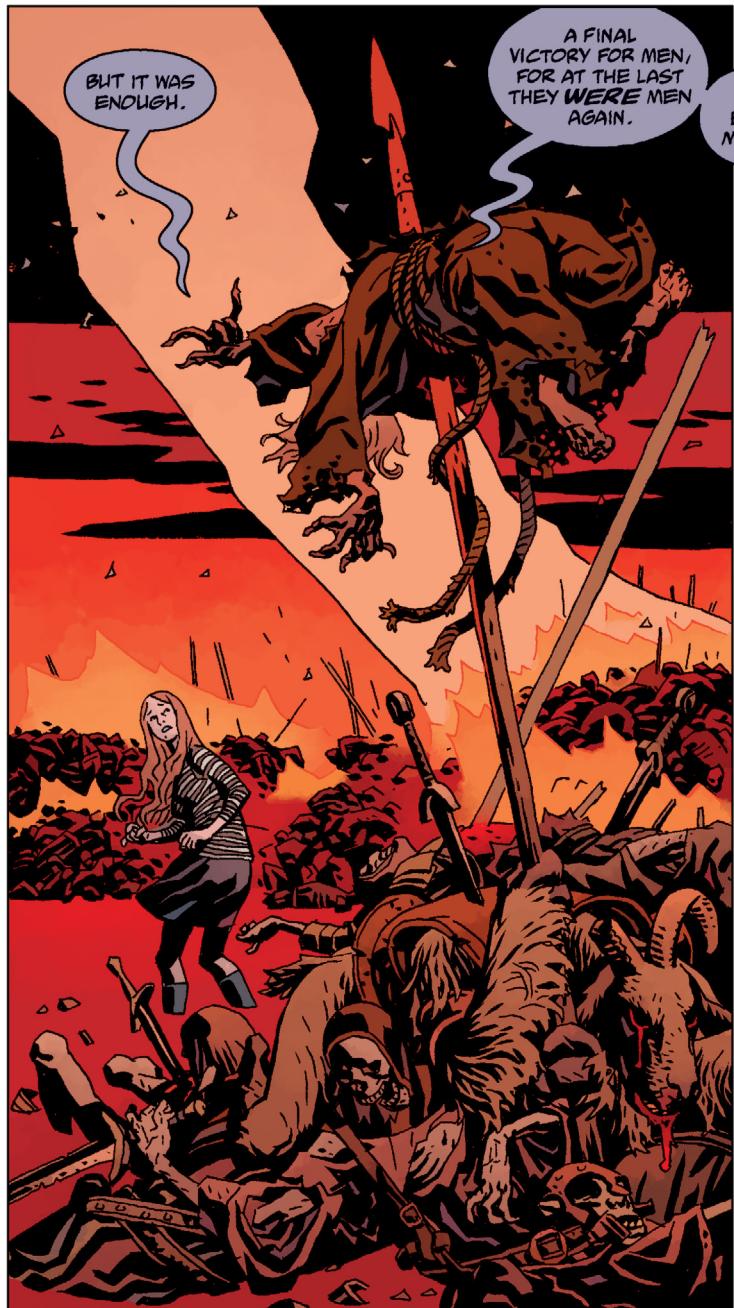




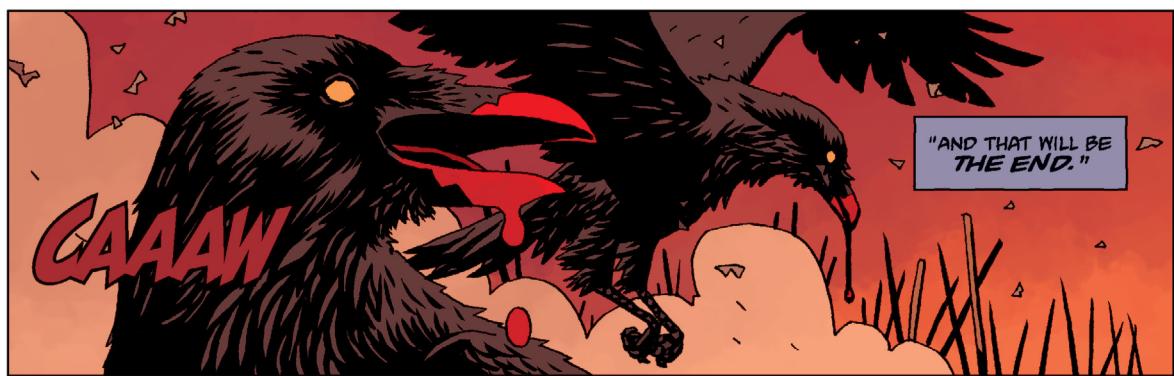












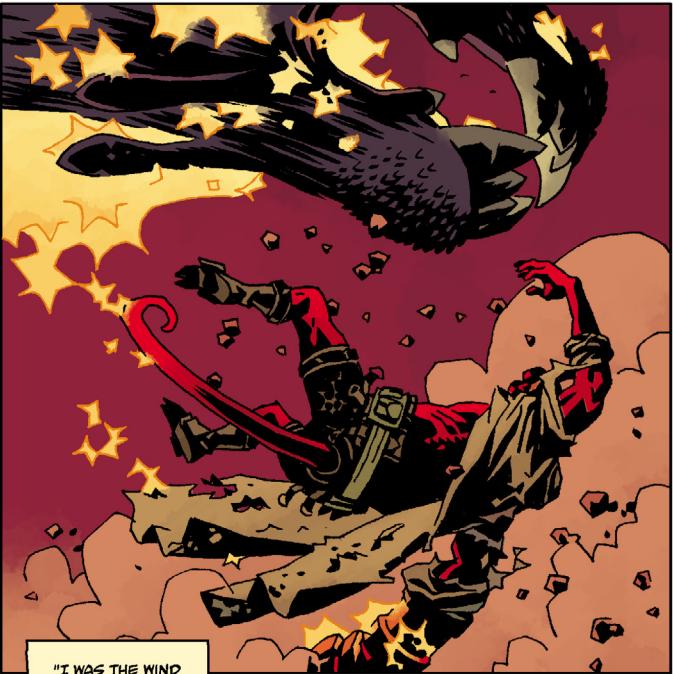
CHAPTER SIX











...AND WHEN
ALL'S DONE..."

WANNA
FINISH
THIS?

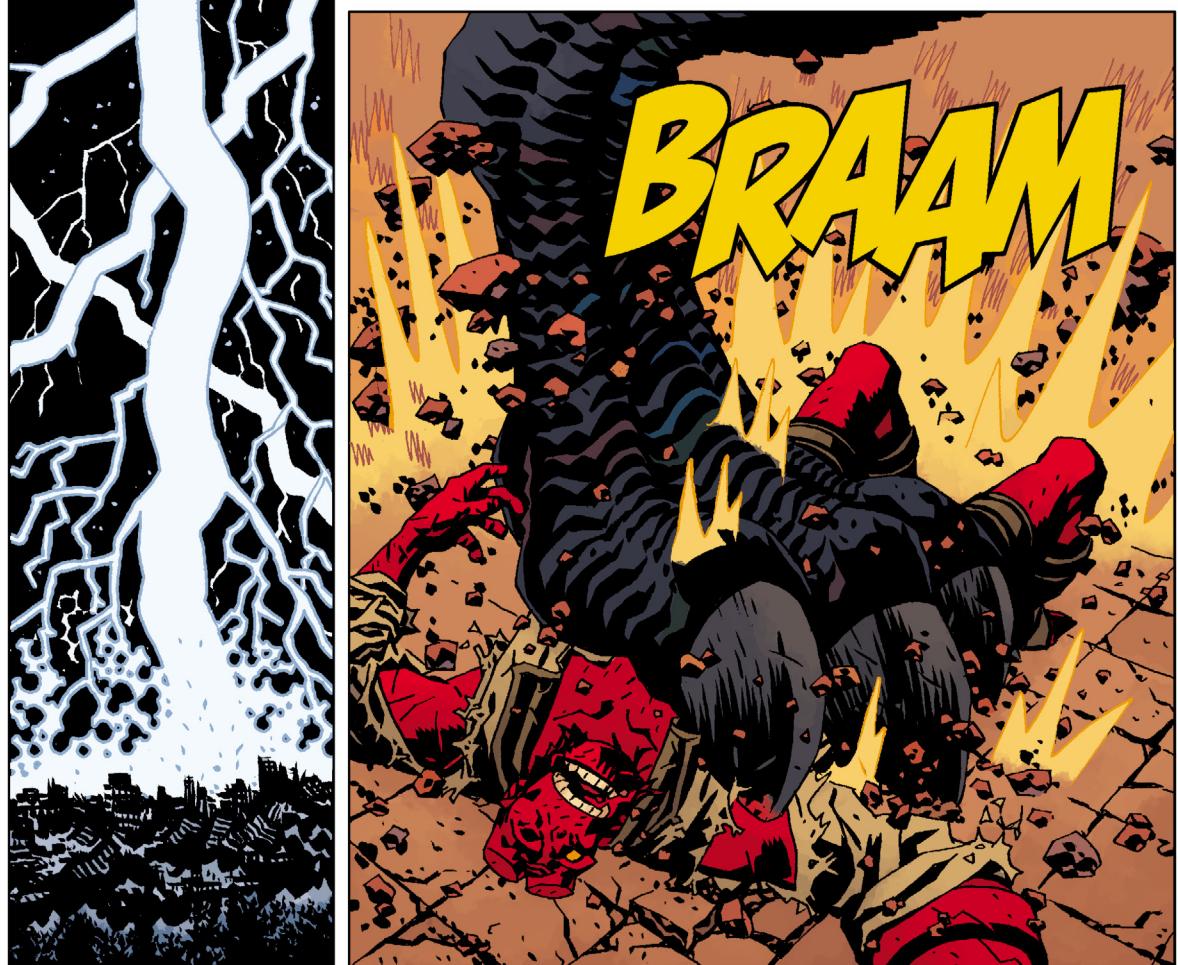
"I WILL BE
WIND AGAIN."

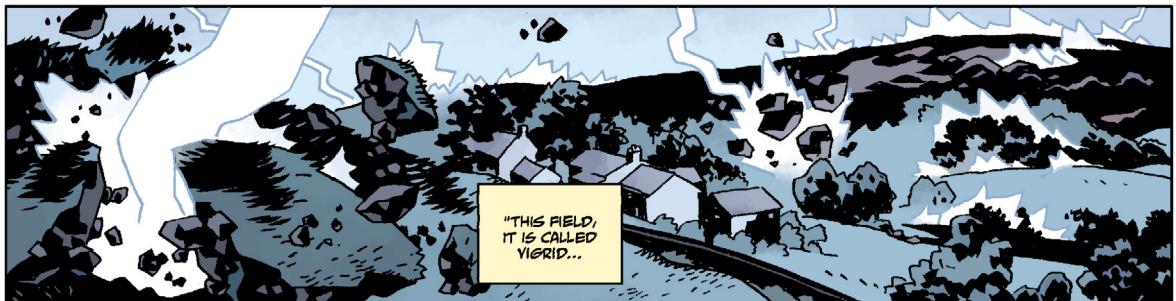
COME ON
THEN--

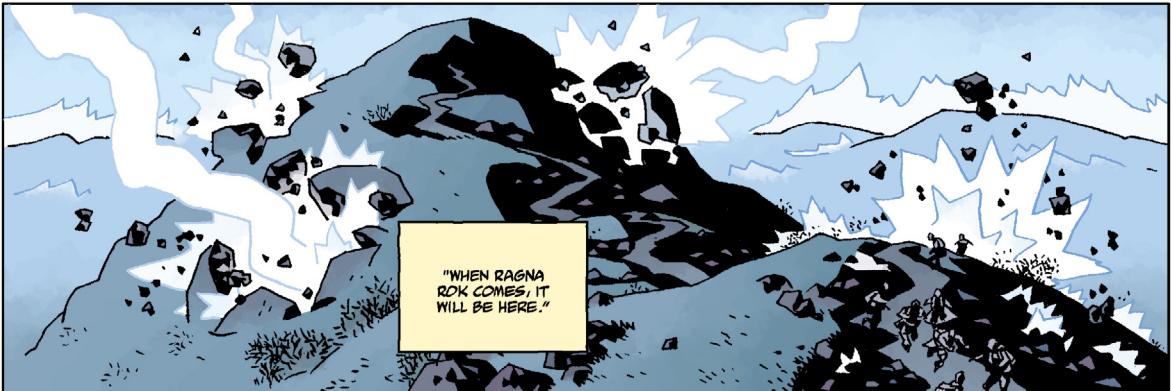
UAAAHH!

LET'S
FINISH--

KRUNCH

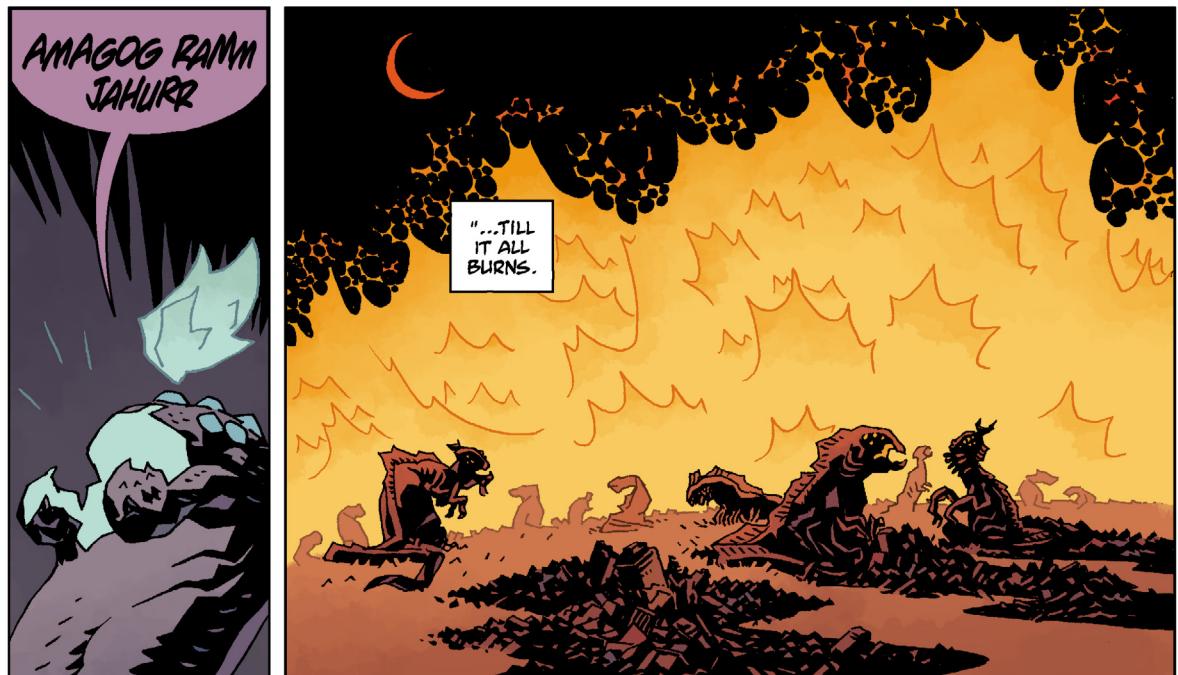


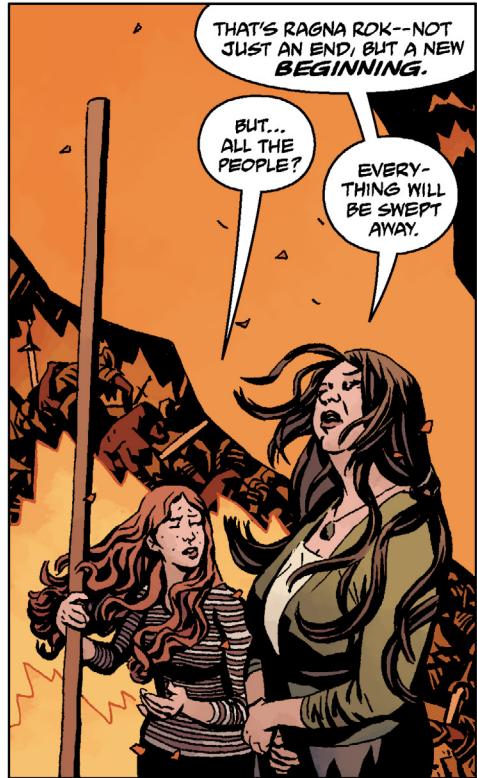


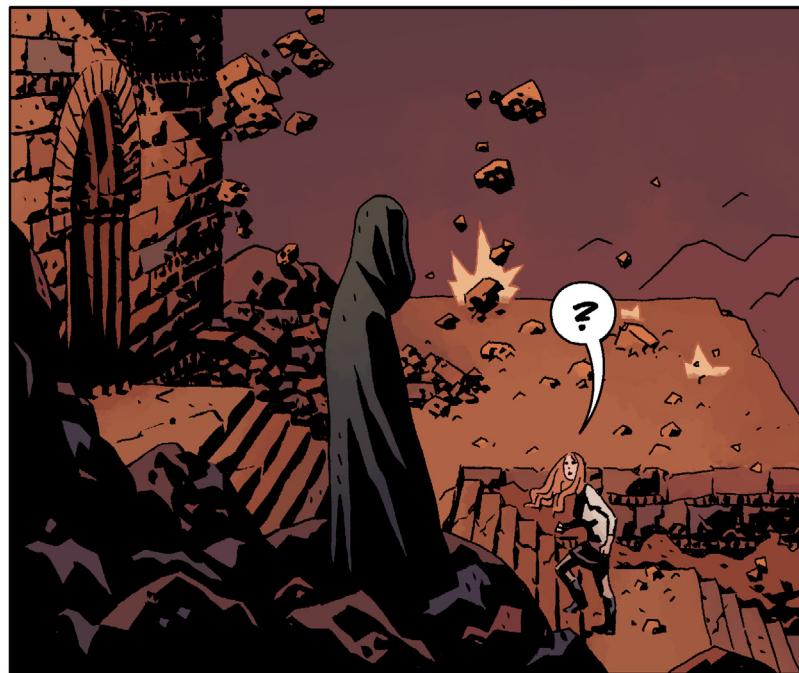


"WHEN RAGNA
ROK COMES, IT
WILL BE HERE."















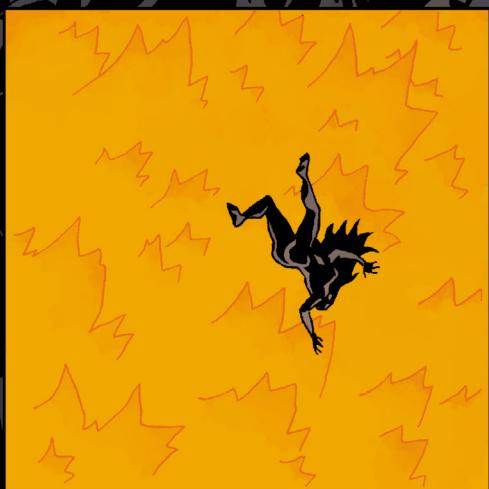
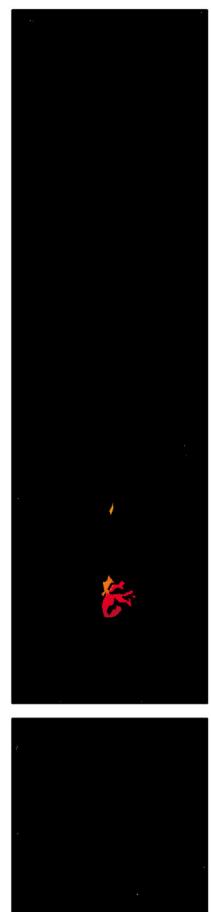
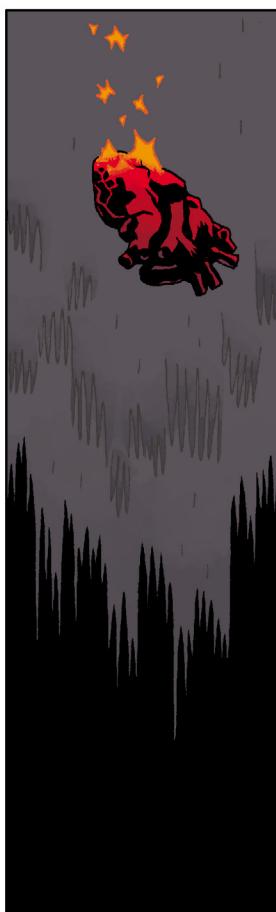


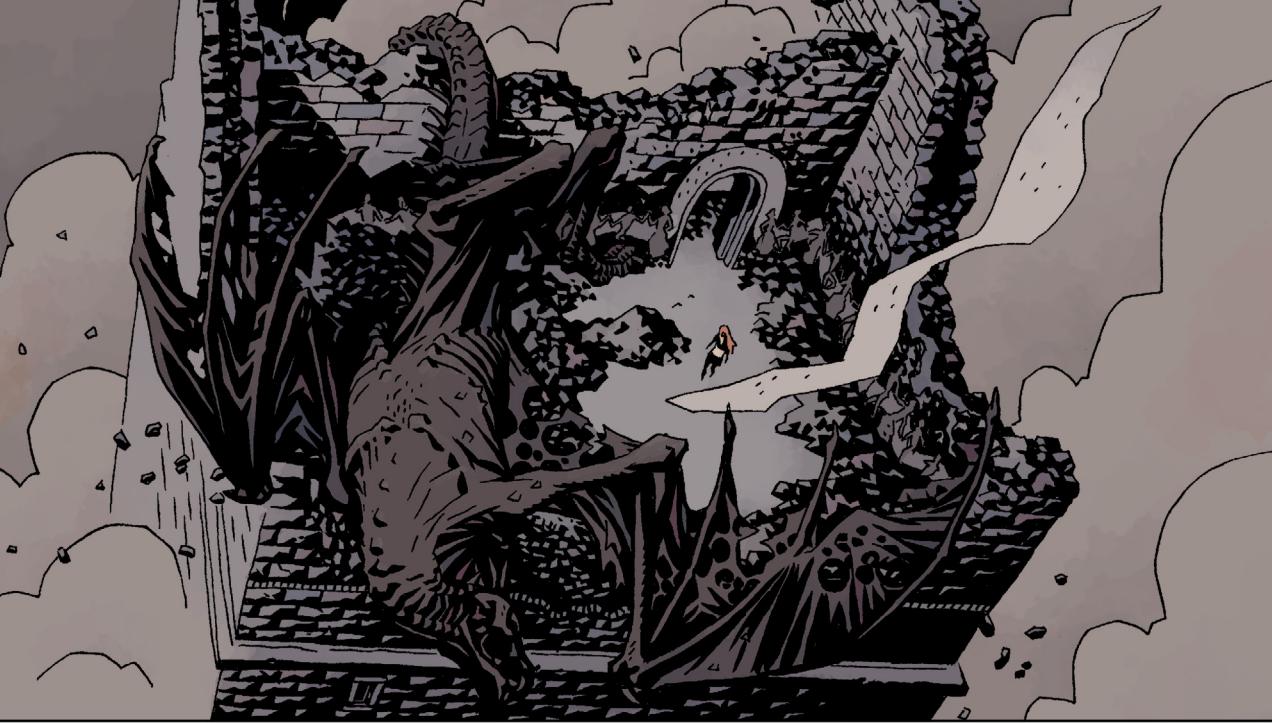








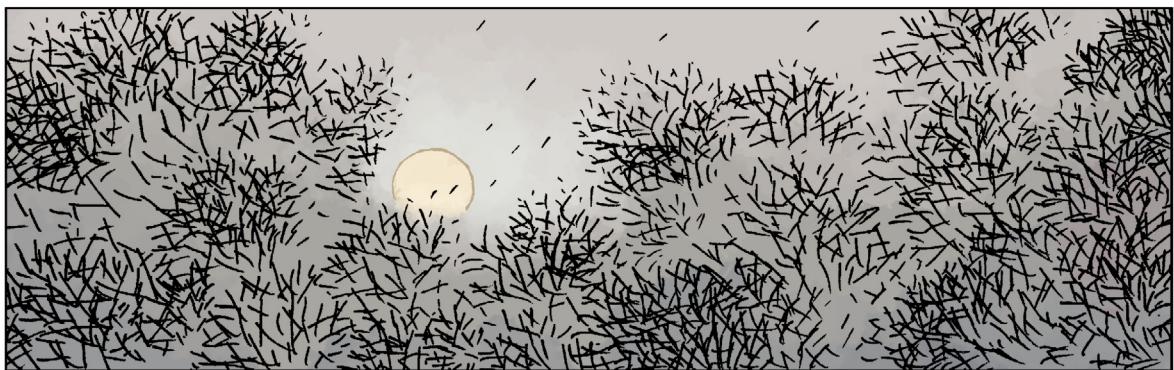










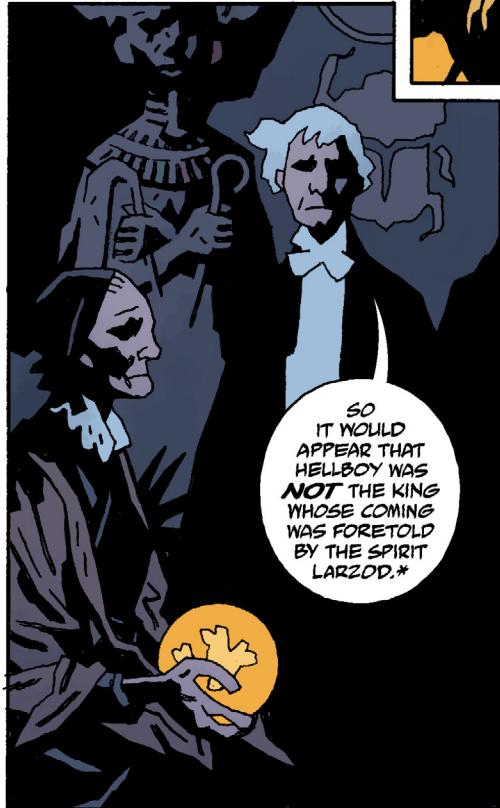






Epilogue

SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE.



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





"IT WAS ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE OGDRU 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.



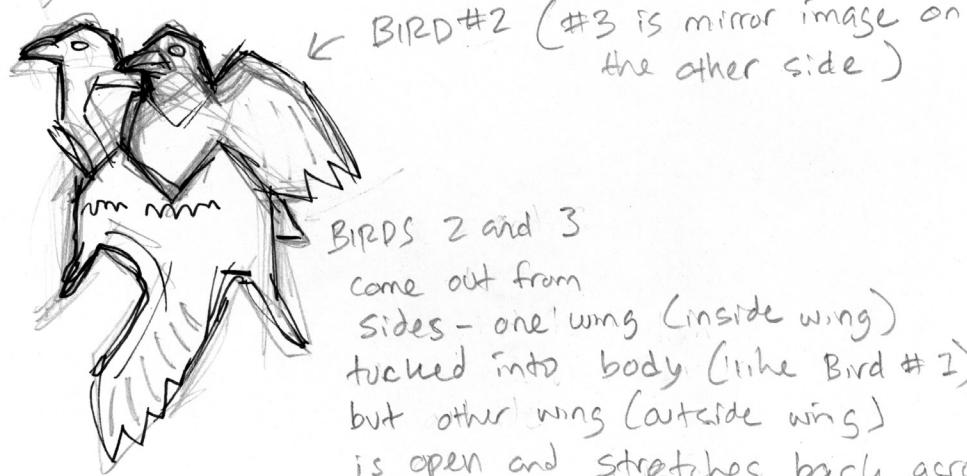
DF: One of my favorite characters from *The Wild Hunt* was the feisty little hedgehog. I'd always seen him as the union-leader characters seen in Ealing comedies. Little did I know what fate awaited him when designing his cute little spiny form! I recall my initial sketches were slightly more human in 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.

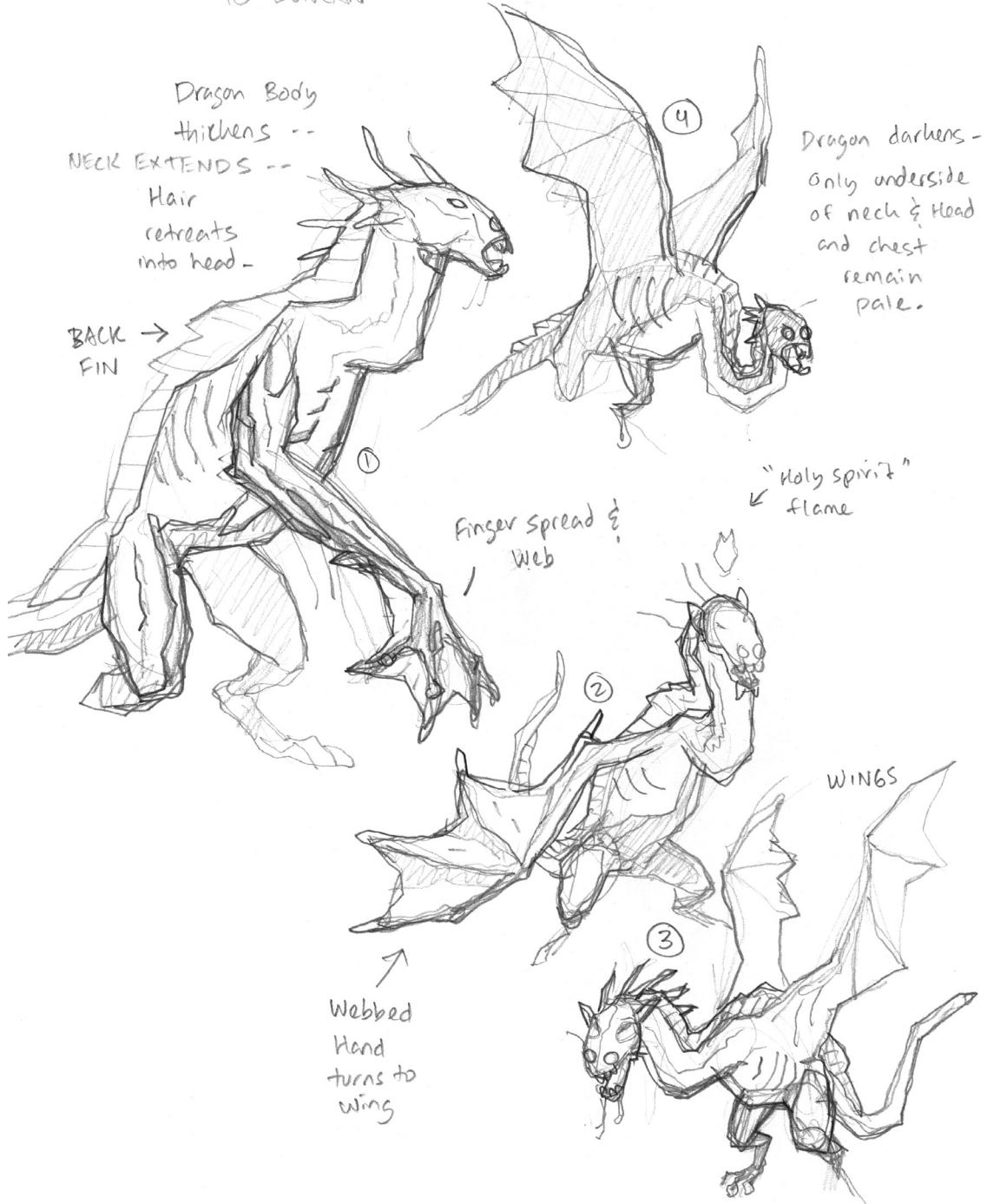
DF: After various failed attempts at Nimue's helmet crown, Mike bailed me out with a simple but elegant design.

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.



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

