

# HELLBOY™

AND THE B.P.R.D. 1952

MIKE MIGNOLA

JOHN ARCUDI

ALEX MALEEV

DAVE STEWART





**HELLBOY  
AND THE**



**1952**

*Created by* **MIKE MIGNOLA**



MIGNOLA  
2014

MIKE MIGNOLA'S

# HELLBOY™

AND THE B.P.R.D. 1952

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This book collects *Hellboy and the B.P.R.D.: 1952* #1–#5.

# CHAPTER ONE





A HOSPITAL IN FRANCE. 1946.



BONJOUR, MONSIEUR, YOU HAVE AN **ADORABLE** GUEST, I'M SURE YOU WILL BE VERY HAPPY TO SEE.

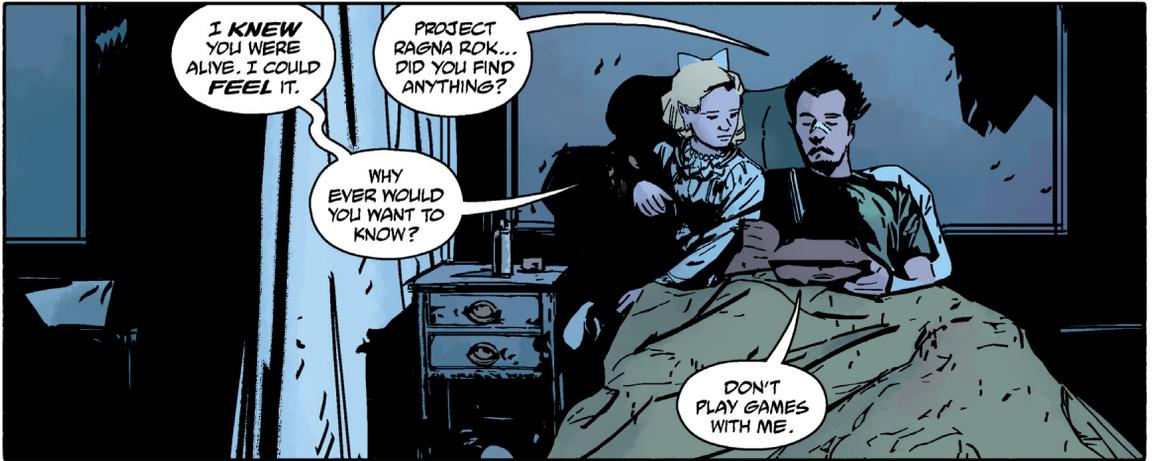


HELLO, PAPA!



I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TWO TO YOUR VISIT.

VARVARA...

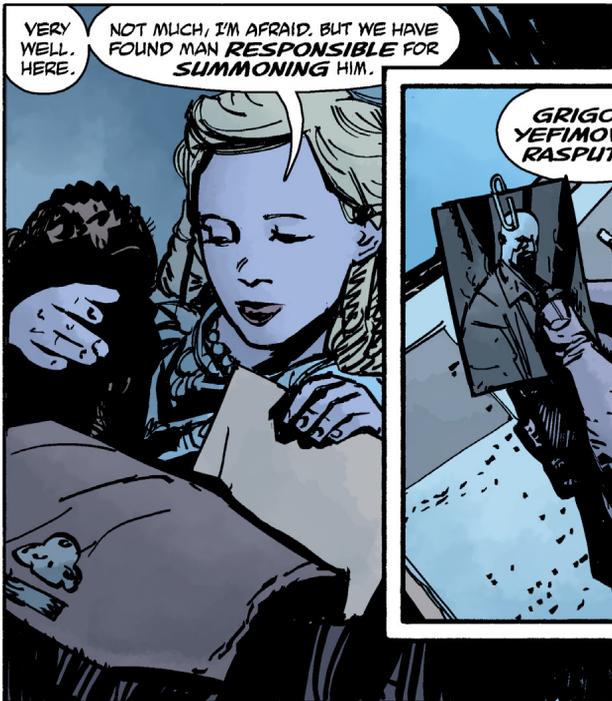


I KNEW YOU WERE ALIVE. I COULD FEEL IT.

PROJECT RAGNA ROK... DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

WHY EVER WOULD YOU WANT TO KNOW?

DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME.



VERY WELL. HERE.

NOT MUCH, I'M AFRAID. BUT WE HAVE FOUND MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR SUMMONING HIM.



GRIGORI YEFIMOVICH RASPUTIN.



ONE OF OUR OWN GOOD RUSSIAN BOYS.

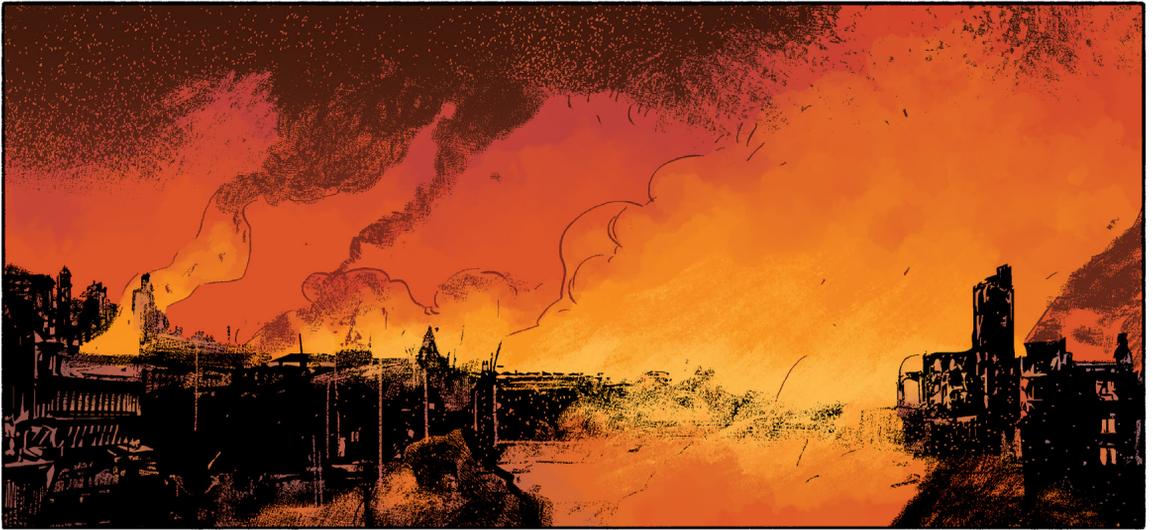
RASPUTIN?

YOU MUST ASK YOURSELF, WHY? WHAT DOES RASPUTIN WANT WITH YOUR BOY?



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT THE CHILD'S NOT DANGEROUS.

NO?







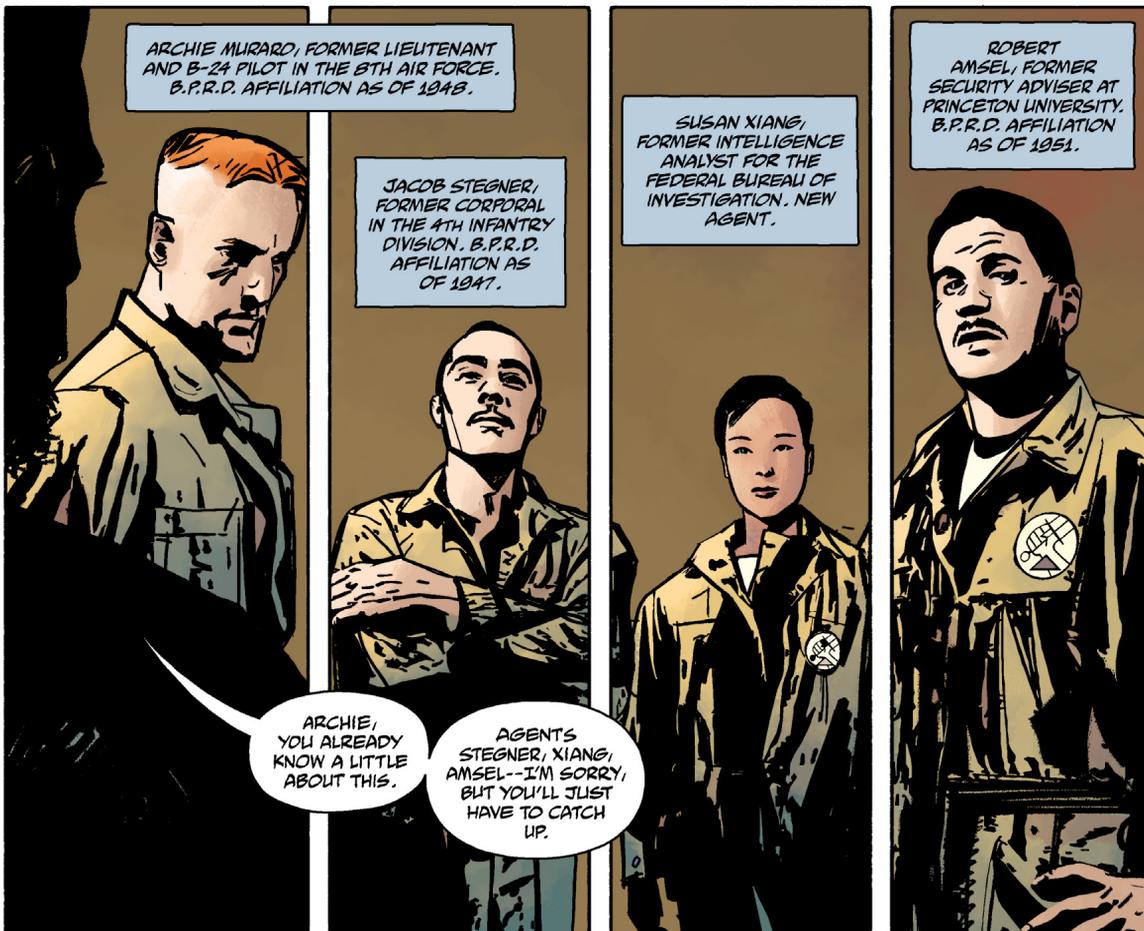
HOLD ON--ARE YOU OKAY? THE AGENTS ARE IN THE HALL, BUT IF YOU NEED ME TO RESCHEDULE--

NO, MARGARET. I'M FINE. ONLY A DREAM. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.



THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS IN FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT-- APRIL 1952.

SHOW THEM IN.



ARCHIE MURARO, FORMER LIEUTENANT AND B-24 PILOT IN THE 8TH AIR FORCE. B.P.R.D. AFFILIATION AS OF 1948.

JACOB STEGNER, FORMER CORPORAL IN THE 4TH INFANTRY DIVISION. B.P.R.D. AFFILIATION AS OF 1947.

SUSAN XIANG, FORMER INTELLIGENCE ANALYST FOR THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. NEW AGENT.

ROBERT AMSEL, FORMER SECURITY ADVISER AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY. B.P.R.D. AFFILIATION AS OF 1951.

ARCHIE, YOU ALREADY KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS.

AGENTS STEGNER, XIANG, AMSEL--I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO CATCH UP.



PROFESSOR  
TREVOR  
BRUTTENHOLM,  
DIRECTOR OF  
THE B.P.R.D.

A VILLAGE  
IN BRAZIL--  
TERROSO.  
THEY'RE HAVING  
TROUBLES...

THIRTY-  
THREE MURDERED--  
MOST EVERYONE  
ELSE SCARED OFF--  
BY SOME APPARENTLY  
**SUPERHUMAN**  
CREATURE. DESCRIPTIONS  
OF THE BEAST VARY, BUT  
ALL THE DEATHS ARE  
CONFIRMED.



ARCHIE,  
THE FLIGHT PLAN  
I PROMISED. YOU  
CAN'T LAND IN  
TERROSO, BUT THIS  
WILL GET YOU  
CLOSE.



Uhh,  
BRAZIL?  
REALLY?



YES,  
AGENT  
STEGNER.  
BRAZIL.

IT'S A U.S.  
PRIORITY NOW.  
SINCE THE SIGNING  
OF THE O.A.S.\*  
CHARTER IN 1948,  
SECURITY MATTERS  
ARE INTER-  
CONTINENTAL.

THAT  
INCLUDES  
PARANORMAL  
INVESTIGATIONS--  
AS I HAVE BEEN  
INFORMED BY  
THE STATE  
DEPARTMENT.



AH,  
SO THE REAL  
"MONSTER" HERE  
IS **POLITICAL**;  
NOT SUPER-  
NATURAL. GOT  
IT.

\*ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES



JACOB, YOUR PERPETUAL CYNICISM HAS BECOME EXHAUSTING.

IT MAY OFFEND YOUR SENSIBILITIES TO LIVE IN THE REAL WORLD, BUT THE MONEY MUST COME FROM *SOMEWHERE*.

OR MAYBE THE PAY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

HEY, IT WAS JUST A JOKE, PROF. I'M SORRY.



THE PROFESSOR COULD USE SOME REST, SO I THINK WE CAN WRAP--

ONE MORE THING.



YOU'RE TAKING HELLBOY WITH YOU.



HUH?

Ummm, OKAY, I'M NOT TRYING TO GET FIRED HERE, BUT ARE YOU *SURE* ABOUT THIS?



YOU KNOW I LIKE THE KID, A LOT. BUT THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN **YOUR** RULE.

RIGHT. SINCE THAT THING I READ ABOUT--HAPPENED BACK IN FORTY-NINE WITH...WITH THAT GUY...



BRECCAN.

BRECCAN. YEAH. "NO NON-AGENTS IN THE FIELD." THAT WAS YOUR FINDING IN THE REPORT.

AND, OKAY, MAYBE THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE TOO BIG A DEAL, BUT IT'S **SOUTH AMERICA**--NOT A DRIVE DOWNTOWN.



ME, I THINK IT'S A GREAT IDEA.

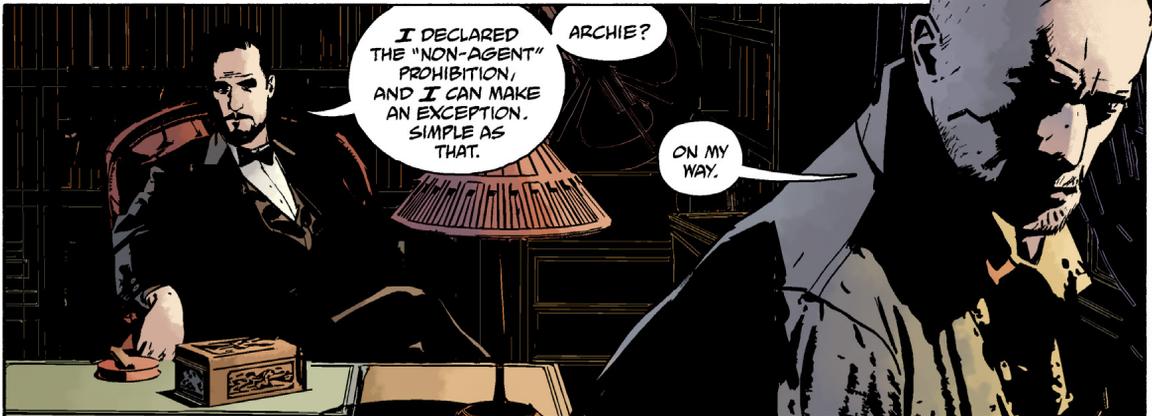
WOULDN'T YOU JUST?



STEGNER, WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? KEEP HIM LOCKED IN HIS ROOM FOREVER?

YOU AND ME WILL LOOK OUT FOR HIM, SHOW HIM THE ROPES. HE'LL LEARN FAST. HE'S A SMART KID--HELL, HARDLY A KID ANYMORE.

Hmm... MAYBE...



I DECLARED THE "NON-AGENT" PROHIBITION, AND I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION. SIMPLE AS THAT.

ARCHIE?

ON MY WAY.



ALL RIGHT, I BELIEVE THAT REALLY **DOES** COVER EVERYTHING.

CATCH YOU ALL OUTSIDE.



"OUTSIDE"? MUST KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T.

HE DOES. CARS ARE WAITING TO TAKE YOU TO ANSONIA AIRPORT.

YOU HAVE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TO GATHER YOUR GEAR.



THAT FAST? THEN I'LL HAVE TO MEET YOU OUT THERE, TOO. NEED TO MAKE A CALL.

BREAKING A DATE?

SOME-THING LIKE THAT.



YOU DIDN'T SOUND HAPPY ABOUT IT, BUT I THINK HAVING HELLBOY ALONG SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

"INTERESTING"? THAT WHAT YOU THINK?

HE MIGHT BE OLD HAT FOR YOU, BUT I'VE NEVER MET HIM, SO YEAH, I THINK "INTERESTING" IS THE RIGHT WORD.

Uh-huh. ON THE OTHER HAND--



"--COULD END UP BEING A LOT MORE LIKE BABYSITTING."

**RAP RAP RAP**

HEY, KID, YOU DECENT?

MORE OR LESS.



OKAY, SMART-ASS. GET SOME STUFF TOGETHER--WHATEVER YOU NEED FOR A TRIP--AND MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS IN TWENTY.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO MISS YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT.



"FIRST ASSIGNMENT" ...?

AND PUT A SHIRT ON!



"MR. FROST, SIR?"



YES, YES, I AM IN THE OFFICES--AND I KNOW YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO MAKE ANY CONTACT FROM HERE, BUT IT'S AN EMERGENCY.



NO, SIR. NOT A BAD EMERGENCY.

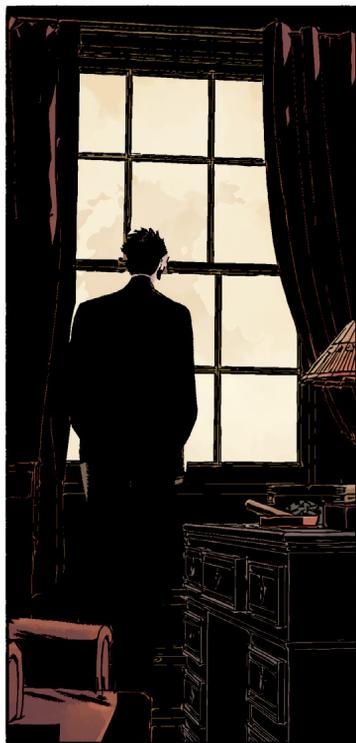


I THINK I'VE GOT HIM.



LOOK AT THE BOY! ALMOST PRESENTABLE.

YOU'RE A RIOT, ARCH.



YOU DIDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIM.

AND HE DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE TO ME.



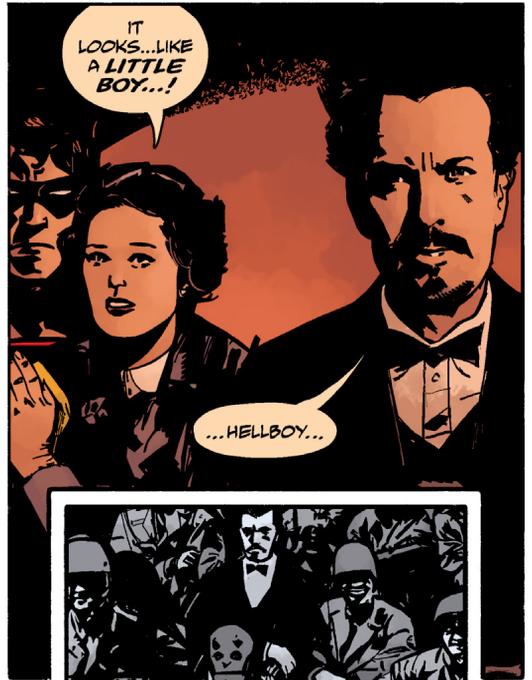
HE HATES IT HERE, MARGARET. WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE IT A HOME FOR HIM, BUT HE HATES IT.

ARCHIE WAS RIGHT. HELLBOY IS SMART, AND HARDLY A CHILD, BUT CAN HE EVER REALLY GROW UP, LOCKED AWAY LIKE THIS? **NO.** OUT **THERE,** MARGARET...



...ONLY OUT THERE CAN HE BECOME A **MAN.**







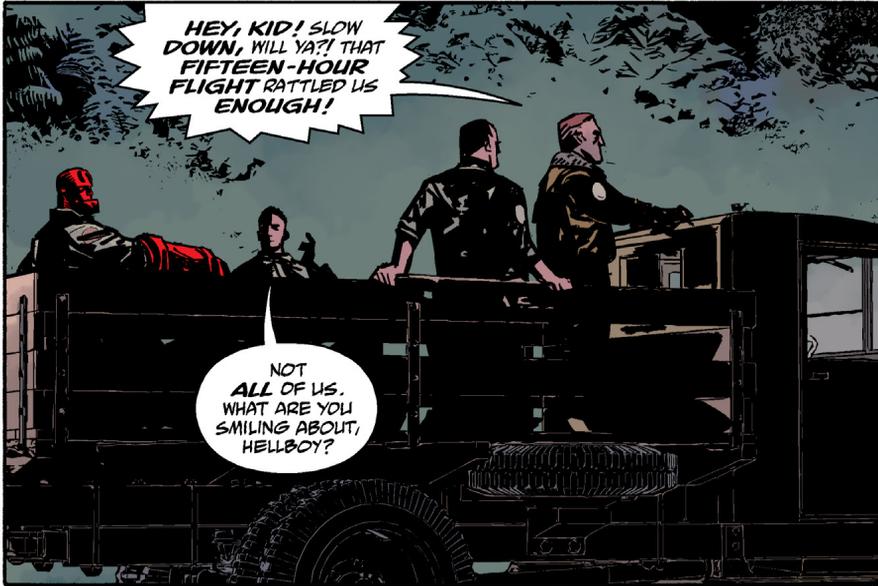
JESUS!  
DON'T THEY HAVE  
SHOCKS IN THIS  
COUNTRY?!

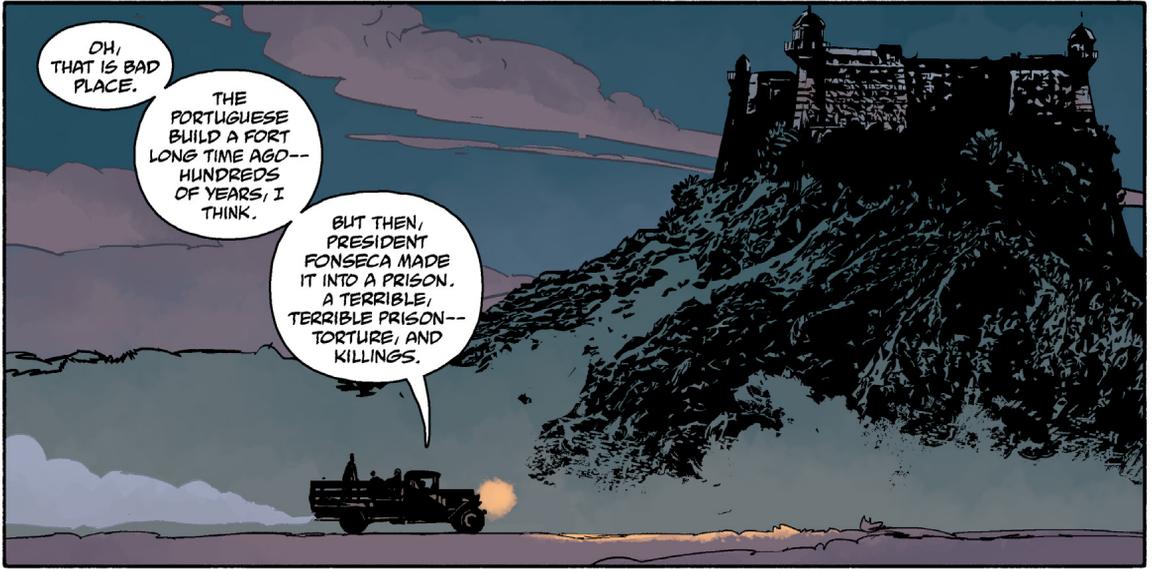


AFTER THAT  
FLIGHT? THIS  
FEELS LIKE WE'RE  
SAILING.

HEY, I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE THAT  
STORM CAME FROM!  
AND AS FOR THE LANDING,  
YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!  
THE AIRPORT'S BEEN  
ABANDONED FOR YEARS,  
THAT AIRSTRIP WAS  
A DISASTER--

PILOTS!  
I NEVER  
MET ONE WHO  
DIDN'T HAVE AN  
AIRTIGHT EXCUSE  
FOR BEING  
LOUSY.





OH, THAT IS BAD PLACE.

THE PORTUGUESE BUILD A FORT LONG TIME AGO-- HUNDREDS OF YEARS, I THINK.

BUT THEN, PRESIDENT FONSECA MADE IT INTO A PRISON. A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE PRISON-- TORTURE, AND KILLINGS.



FATHER AUGUSTO SAY WHEN HE WAS ONLY LITTLE, GOD PUNISH THE PRISONERS, THE GUARDS, ALL OF THEM, WITH SICKNESS.



PEOPLE IN THE TOWN BECOME SICK, TOO, SO THEY SHUT THE PRISON.

FATHER AUGUSTO SAY IT IS A HAUNTED PLACE.





AND IT'S BEEN EMPTY SINCE?

YES-- UNTIL LAST YEAR. NOW SOME PEOPLE THERE WANT TO MAKE THE MOVIES.



A FILM CREW? IN *THAT* PLACE? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM? THEY CAME IN LAST YEAR--IS THAT WHEN THE KILLINGS STARTED?

FATHER AUGUSTO CAN TELL YOU--

**OLAVO!**



(WHAT IS THE **MATTER** WITH YOU, BOY?! IT'S ALREADY **DARK** OUT!!)

(I DROVE AS FAST AS I COULD, MISS ISADORA! BUT THE PLANE ARRIVED LATE.)

(YES, WE WERE LATE. IT'S TRUE.)







WHAT WAS ALL THAT?

SHE'S SURE SCARED OF SOMETHING. SHE WON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT IT WHILE IT'S DARK!

GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK AROUND.



REIN IT IN, SONNY. WE ACTUALLY ARE PRETTY TIRED. THE HUMANS AMONG US, ANYWAY.

HEY, ENOUGH OF THAT CRAP!



"ENOUGH OF..." WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ANYHOW, HE KNOWS I'M KIDDING. HE DON'T MIND.

THEN THAT MAKES HIM A BETTER MAN THAN I AM, STEGNER, BECAUSE I'VE HAD IT UP TO--



ENOUGH!



RIGHT.

WE'RE ALL PRETTY TIRED, IRRITABLE. HOW ABOUT WE JUST SKIP IT AND GET SOME SHUT-EYE?



(YOU BROUGHT THEM HERE, DIDN'T YOU?)



YOU! YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO JUDGE ME!



(ARE THERE NOT ENOUGH TROUBLES? YOU CALL THAT-- THAT GOBLIN HERE TO-- WHAT? TO BRING ANOTHER CURSE UPON--)



(HE IS HERE TO HELP!)

(ALL THE WAY FROM THE STATES, HE AND THE OTHERS HAVE COME TO HELP! WHILE YOU HID IN YOUR CHURCH ONLY JUST ACROSS THE STREET!)

(YES! I CALLED THEM! I FOUND THE RIGHT KINDS OF PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH THESE THINGS, WHO ARE NOT AFRAID, OR TOO DRUNK, TO FACE THE DARKNESS!)



# CHAPTER TWO







IN ILLO  
TEMPORE--  
ERAT JESUS  
EJICIENS DAEMONIUM,  
ET ILLUD ERAT MUTUM.  
ET CUM EJECISSET  
DAEMONIUM, LOCUTUS  
EST MUTUS, ET  
ADMIRATAE SUNT  
TURBAE.



QUIDAM AUTEM  
EX EIS DIXERUNT--IN  
BEELZEBUB PRINCIPE  
DAEMONIORUM EJICIT  
DAEMONIA.

ET ALII  
TENTANTES, SIGNUM  
DE CAELO QUAEEREBANT  
AB EO. IPSE AUTEM UT VIDIT  
COGITATIONES EORUM,  
DIXIT EIS...



OMNE  
REGNUM IN  
SEIPSUM DIVISUM  
DESOLABITUR,  
ET DOMUS  
SUPRA DOMUM  
CADET.

SI  
AUTEM ET  
SATANAS IN  
SEIPSUM DIVISUS  
EST, QUOMODO  
STABIT REGNUM  
EIUS?









NOT HERE EIGHT HOURS AND ANOTHER MURDER. GUESS HE'S THE LOCAL PRIEST.

(MY FAULT, MY FAULT. OH, POOR OLAVO. WHERE ARE YOU?)

BE NICE IF SHE'D STOP JABBERING.

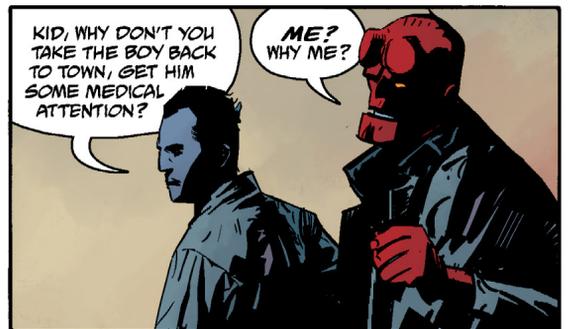
AND THE KID--IS HE STILL HANGING BACK THERE? MAYBE HE'S NOT READY FOR THIS AFTER ALL. THOUGHT HE'D HAVE A STRONGER STOMACH.



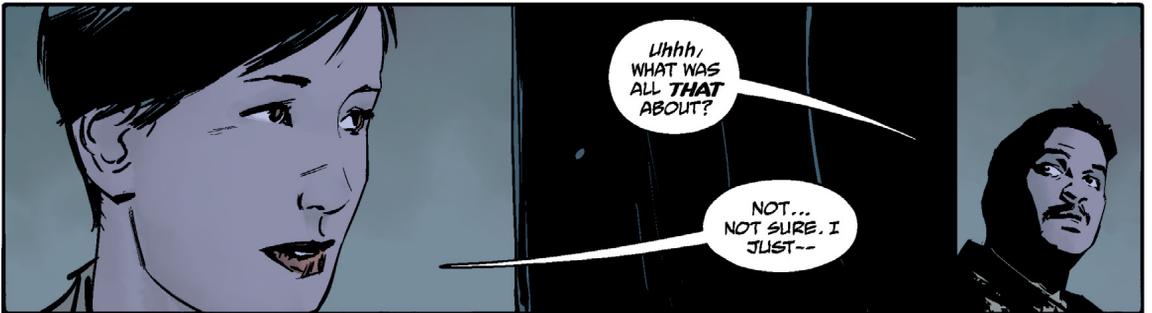
IT'S NOT THAT, I JUST THINK HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO YET.

YOU DON'T SAY? SO WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR? SOMEBODY TO HAND HIM A **MANUAL?**











OH, DEAR. FATHER AUGUSTO. HOW TERRIBLE.

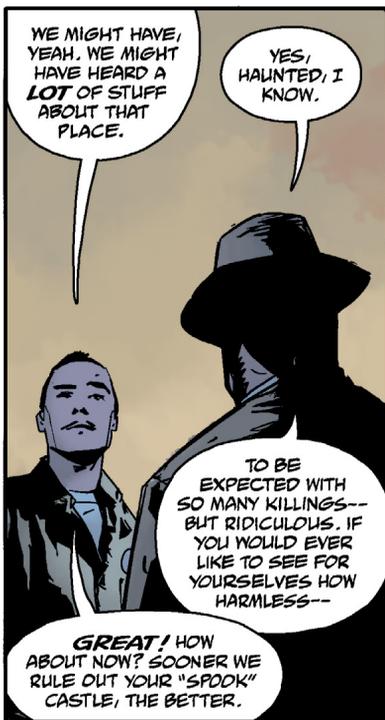
WHO ARE YOU? THE UNDERTAKER?



I'M SORRY, SERGIO VEGA.

YOU ARE HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE MURDERS, YES?

IN ANY CASE, THE OLD FORTRESS UP THE HILL IS MINE. WE SHOOT THE MOTION PICTURES THERE, AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD.



WE MIGHT HAVE, YEAH. WE MIGHT HAVE HEARD A LOT OF STUFF ABOUT THAT PLACE.

YES, HAUNTED, I KNOW.

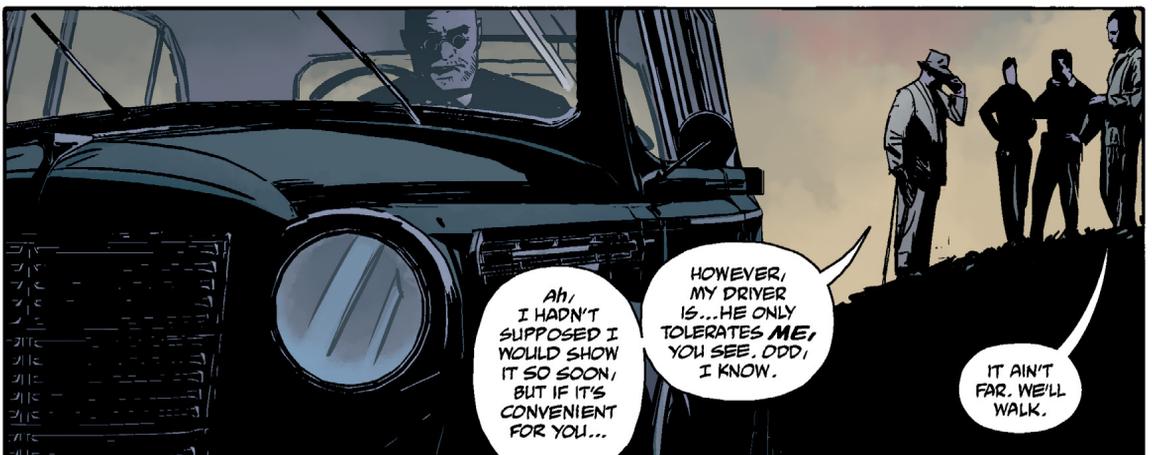
TO BE EXPECTED WITH SO MANY KILLINGS-- BUT RIDICULOUS. IF YOU WOULD EVER LIKE TO SEE FOR YOURSELVES HOW HARMLESS--

GREAT! HOW ABOUT NOW? SOONER WE RULE OUT YOUR "SPOOK" CASTLE, THE BETTER.



BOB, THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG. GET THIS BODY BAGGED AND WAIT HERE.

YOU GOT IT.



AH, I HADN'T SUPPOSED I WOULD SHOW IT SO SOON, BUT IF IT'S CONVENIENT FOR YOU...

HOWEVER, MY DRIVER IS...HE ONLY TOLERATES ME, YOU SEE. ODD, I KNOW.

IT AIN'T FAR. WE'LL WALK.





--AND LAST WEEK WE FINISHED SHOOTING ANOTHER FILM FOR MY MEXICAN AUDIENCE. I HAVE NOT DECIDED ON THE TITLE YET-- **HURRICANE ORTIZ,** POSSIBLY.

THAT'S THE HERO'S LAST NAME.



WHAT AM I SAYING? NONE OF THIS INTERESTS YOU.



IF I MAY BRAG A BIT, HOWEVER, CONVERTING THIS OLD FORTRESS INTO A SOUND STAGE WAS NOT EASY, BUT WE DID IT.

WHEN YOU SEE IT, I KNOW YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED.



ACTUALLY, WE WON'T.

I MEAN, WE'LL HAVE TO COME BACK. BOB REALLY SHOULD HAVE HELP WITH THE CRIME SCENE. **TOMORROW,** PERHAPS?

?



I... WELL, YES. WHENEVER YOU LIKE.

SUE, WHAT'S WITH YOU?

JUST TRUST ME AND KEEP WALKING.



(YOU LET THEM GO...)

(WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?)



THAT WAS QUICK.

YEAH, WELL, AGENT XIANG HAD TO WRITE IN HER DIARY, OR POWDER HER NOSE-- I DON'T KNOW, REALLY, SHE WON'T TELL US.



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE.

NO KIDDING?

I DON'T MEAN THE MURDERS... EXACTLY. THERE'S A LOT MORE GOING ON.



I TELL YOU, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN PRIESTS REFERRED BOXING MATCHES.

MEN OF GOD, YES-- BUT **MEN** ALL THE SAME.



STILL, I DO FEEL BAD ABOUT FATHER AUGUSTO.

THE WAY I SHAMED HIM LAST NIGHT--

WHATEVER YOU SAID, IT SURE GOT HIM MOVING.



THAT'S HOW I SAW IT--AT FIRST--BUT SITTING HERE, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, AND NO. IT WASN'T ME.

IT WAS YOU.

HUH?



SEEING YOU, SEEING SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE YOU, COMING TO HELP-- THAT YOU COULD DO WHAT HE COULDN'T--

THAT'S WHAT DID IT.



AND... WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

Shhhh...











HOLD STILL,  
YOU HAIRY  
BASTARD!

RRRRIPP



(INSIDE THE CHURCH!!  
ANCHUNGA!!)



RRRAAIIIGH

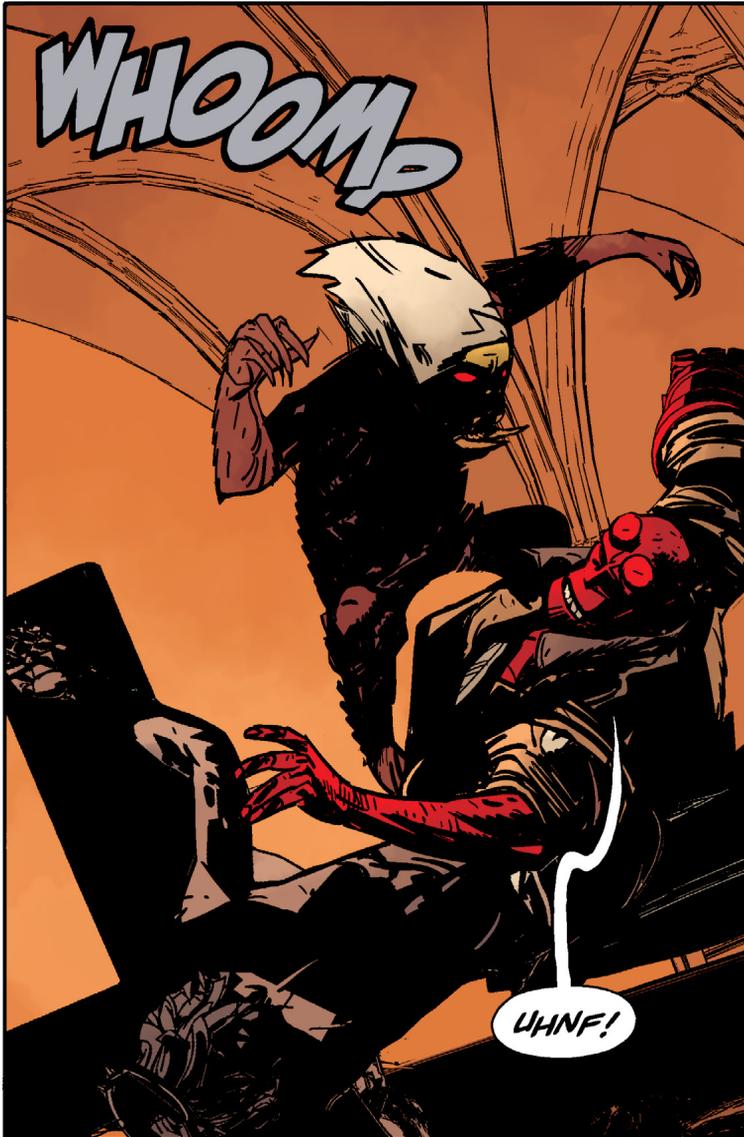
CR-RACK



ANCHUNGA!\*

NO!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
ME!

HEY!



WHOOOMP

UHNF!



HAHAHAHAHA

\*ACCORDING TO THE TAPIRAPÉ PEOPLE OF CENTRAL BRAZIL, A PARTICULARLY EVIL DEMON





DON'T...  
DON'T LET  
HIM...

IT'S OKAY. IT'S  
OKAY, BOY. I'VE  
GOT YOU...I  
GUESS.



KID!  
SLOW DOWN!  
YOU SURE  
YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT?

I'M FINE!  
LET'S JUST  
GET THAT  
FREAK!

YOU  
SEE WHICH  
WAY IT  
WENT?

NO.



BUT ONLY TWO  
DIRECTIONS TO  
GO ON THIS  
STREET, RIGHT?  
SO I'LL TAKE  
THIS WAY.

REST  
OF YOU  
HEAD  
UP THAT  
WAY.



ONE OF  
US'LL GET  
HIM!

IT'S OKAY,  
ARCHIE--  
I HAVE HIS  
BACK.

HELL-  
BOY,  
WAIT  
UP!

HEY!  
HEY,  
KID!!

LET  
HIM GO,  
ARCHIE.





IN *THERE!*  
I THINK I SAW  
IT DODGE INTO  
THAT DOOR-  
WAY!

YOU  
WAIT HERE  
AND I'LL GO  
AROUND THE  
BACK--



SCREW  
THAT! WE'LL  
TAKE IT OUT  
NOW!



THAT  
WORKS  
TOO...



HEY, BOB.  
YOU GOT A  
FLASHLI--



CHOK CHOK



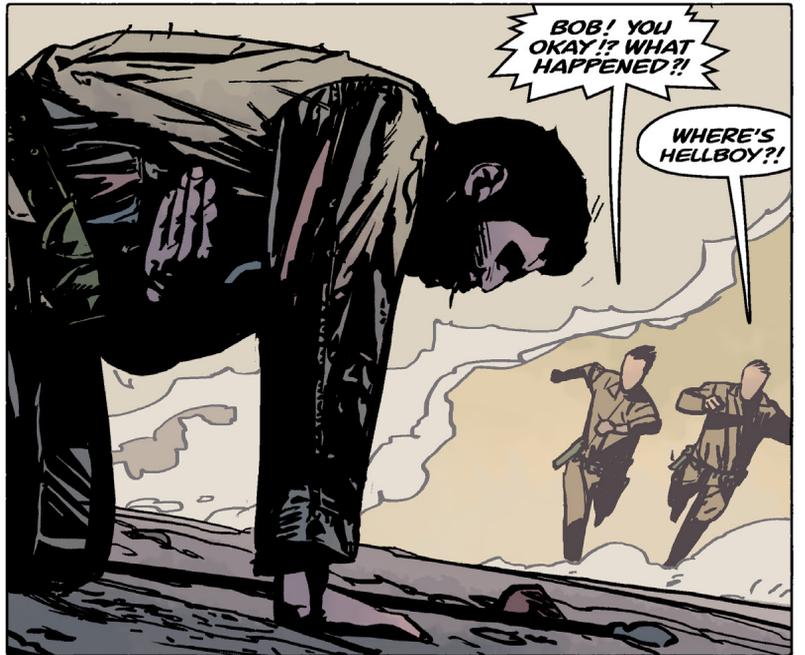
!

# CHAPTER THREE











I'M OKAY... I THINK.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED?

NOT SURE. HELLBOY WENT IN THERE AHEAD OF ME. HE HAD A GRENADE--



"GRENADE"!! WHO THE HELL GAVE HIM THAT?!

I--I DON'T KNOW. I SURE DIDN'T.



WELL, HE CAN EXPLAIN IT TO ME WHEN I FIND HIM!

"FIND HIM"...?

ARCHIE!



ARCHIE! STOP. YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE RIGHT NOW.

BUT HE'S IN THERE!

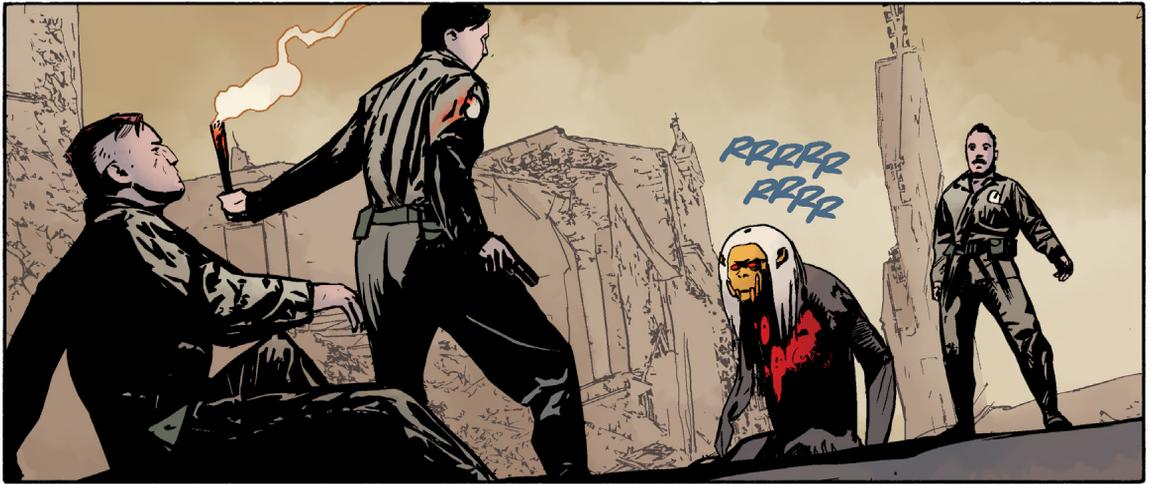
YEAH, I KNOW, AND WE'LL FIND HIM, BUT--

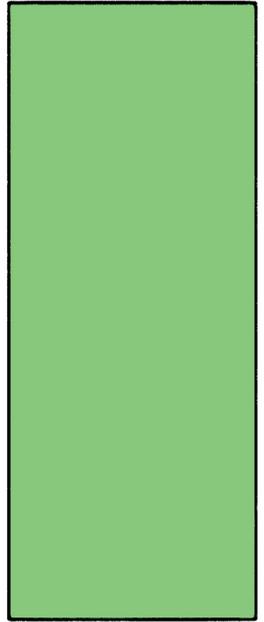


RRRR

RRR











SUE, SUE!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

SOMETHING  
UP THERE...THAT  
FORTRESS...  
TERRIBLE...

**BLAM  
BLAM**

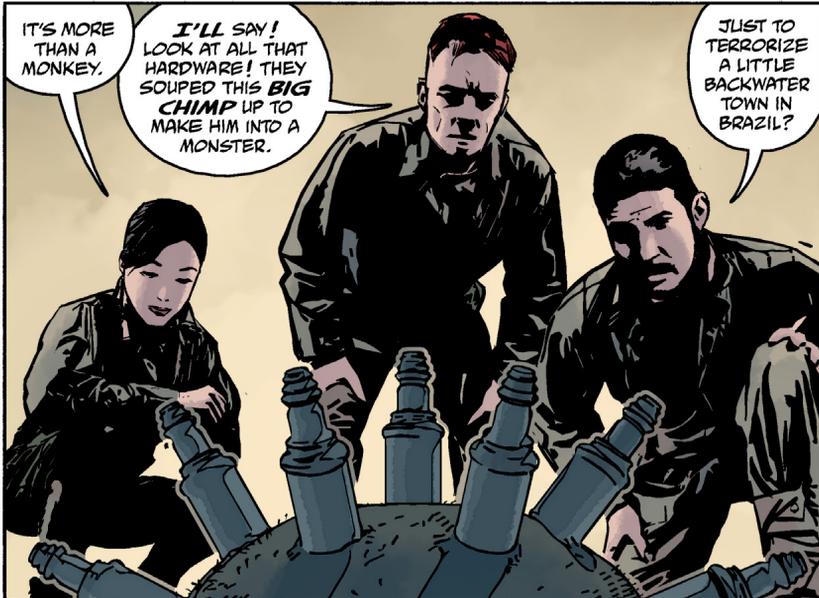


WELL, IT'S  
DEAD NOW.  
DEAD  
AND--

I'LL BE  
DAMNED!



IT'S A  
MONKEY!



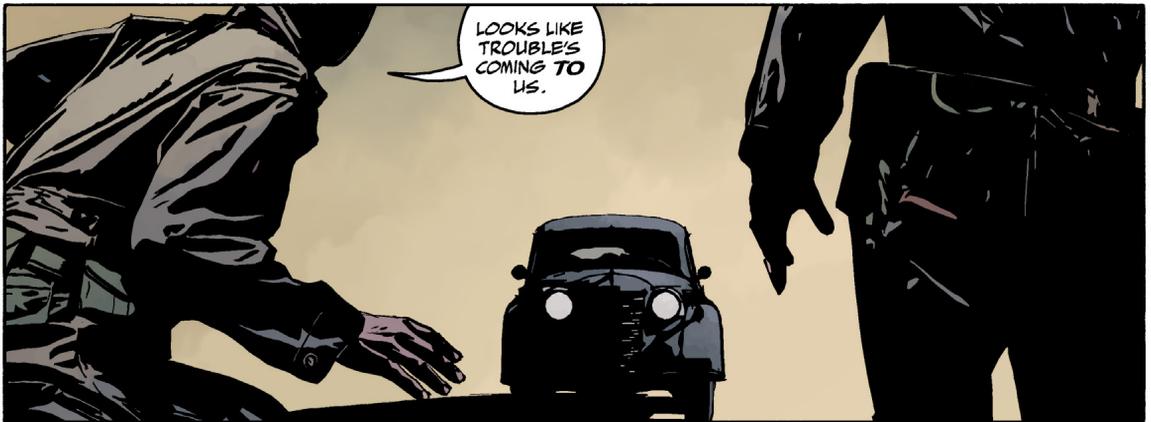
IT'S MORE  
THAN A  
MONKEY.

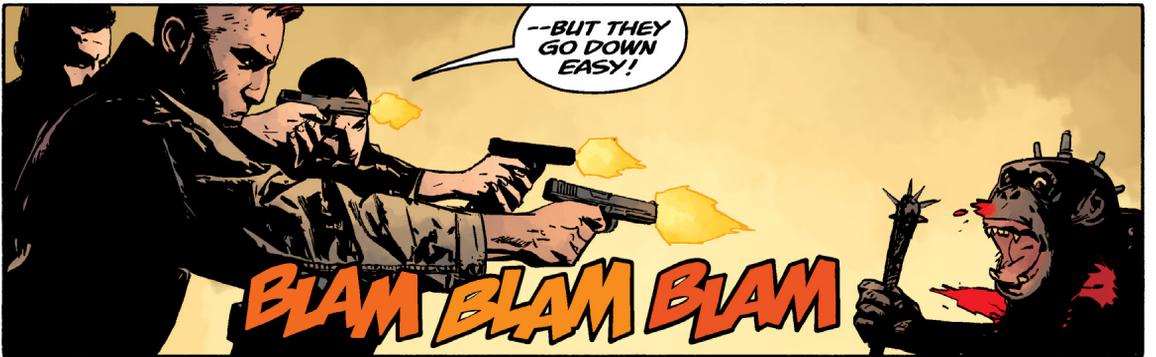
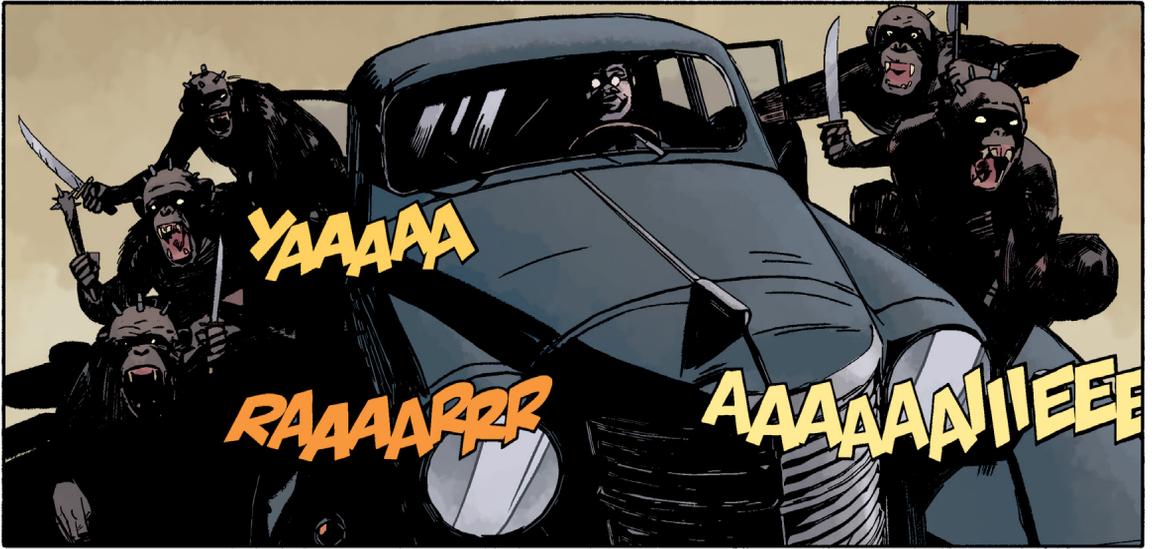
I'LL SAY!  
LOOK AT ALL THAT  
HARDWARE! THEY  
SOUPED THIS **BIG  
CHIMP** UP TO  
MAKE HIM INTO A  
MONSTER.

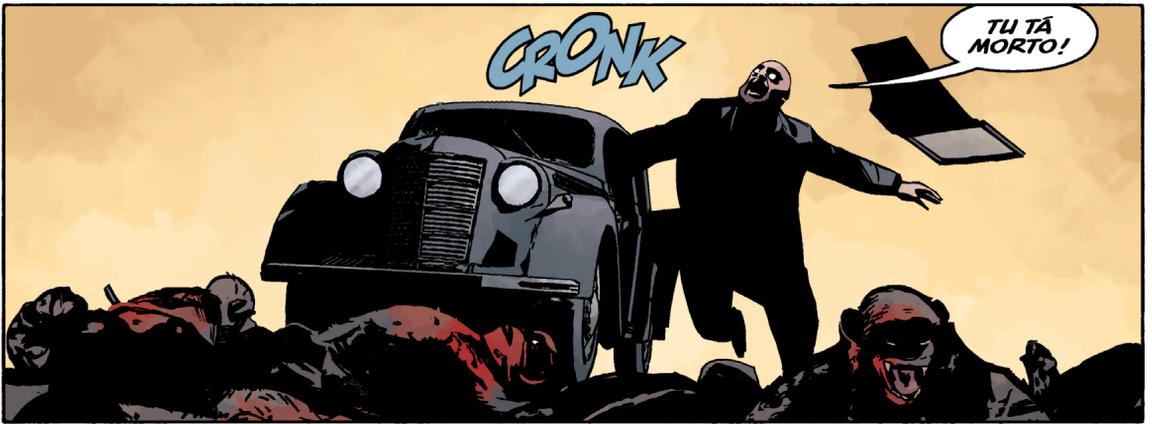
JUST TO  
TERRORIZE  
A LITTLE  
BACKWATER  
TOWN IN  
BRAZIL?

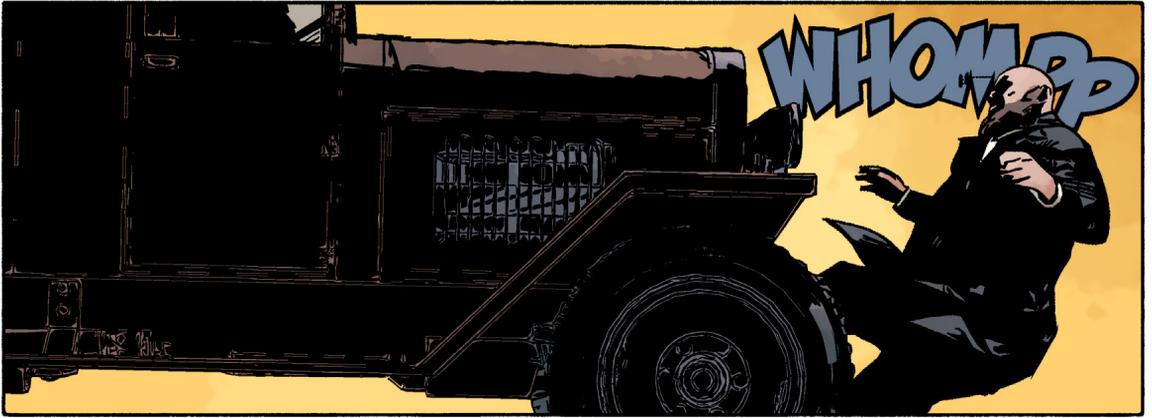


WHY?















HEY,  
ARCHIE,  
I'M  
TELLING  
YOU--

DON'T,  
BOB. DON'T  
TELL HIM ANY-  
THING.



"ARCHIE AND  
THE KID ARE  
TIGHT. HE'S  
GONNA HAVE  
TO SEE IT  
FOR HIMSELF.



"NO  
MATTER  
HOW  
**BAD**  
IT IS."





JAPETEGUARA,  
WHAT IS THAT YOU HAVE  
THERE, AND WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
WITH IT?

I WILL  
EAT PART OF  
IT. THE REST I  
THINK I MIGHT  
BURY IN A HOLE  
WHERE IT CANNOT  
CAUSE ANY  
TROUBLE.

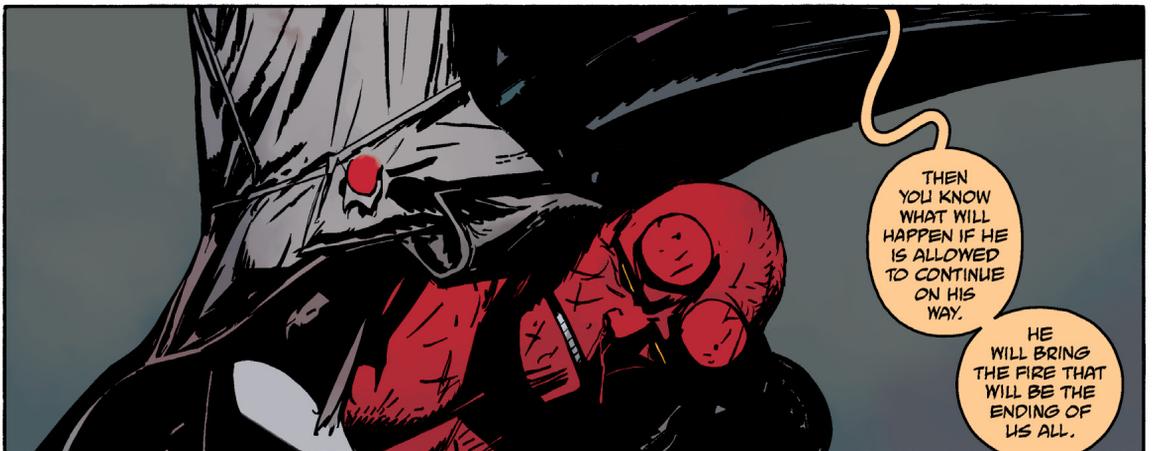


NO, NO,  
I DON'T  
THINK YOU  
SHOULD.



YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT HE  
IS?

I  
DO.



THEN  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN IF HE  
IS ALLOWED  
TO CONTINUE  
ON HIS  
WAY.

HE  
WILL BRING  
THE FIRE THAT  
WILL BE THE  
ENDING OF  
US ALL.



NOT FOR A LONG TIME YET.

BUT THE **END** OF THE WORLD...

IT'S ALREADY DONE. IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE STARS AND IN THE ROOTS OF TREES.



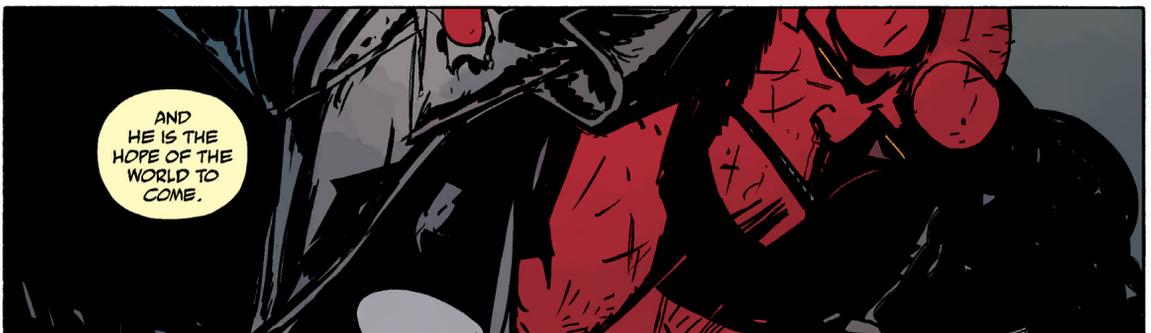
"IT HAS BEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE WORLD SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN."



YOU ARE WISE, OLD MAN, AND YOU SEE FAR.

BUT CAN YOU SEE DOWN ALL THE YEARS? BEYOND THE LAST DAY?

WE ARE DUST.



AND HE IS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD TO COME.





**KID!**  
**YOU'RE ALIVE!**



BUT YOU'RE BLEEDING LIKE A STUCK PIG!

JESUS, WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, RUNNING AROUND WITH A GRENADE?

"GRENADE"? I DIDN'T HAVE...



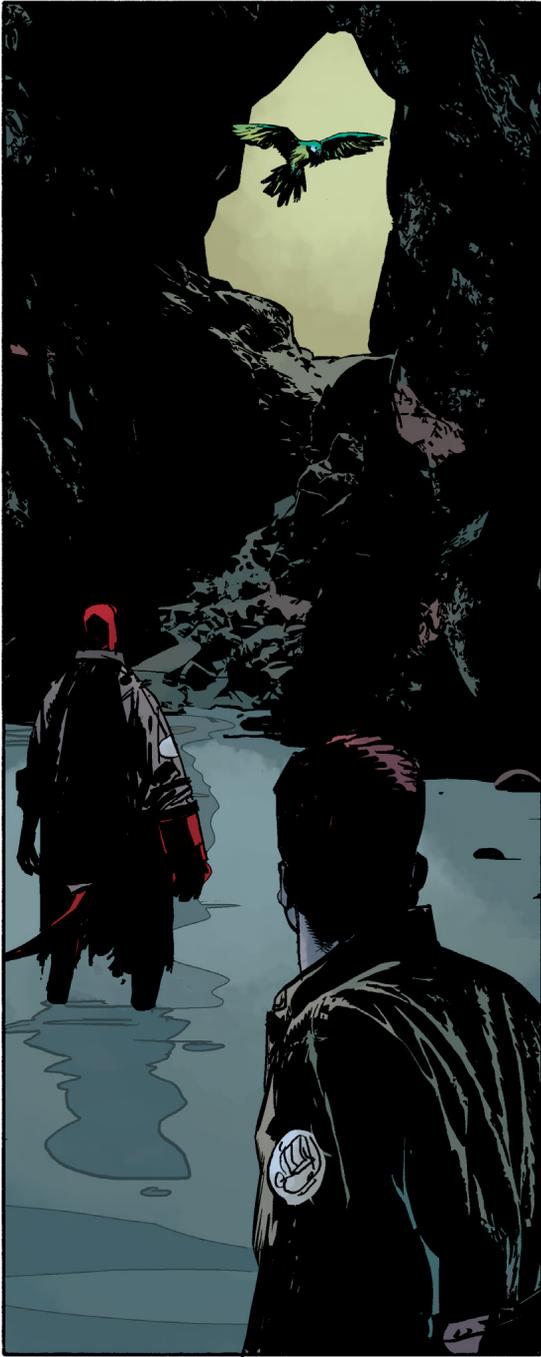
WELL, SOMEBODY **SURE** DID, AND BOB SAID--

BOB?!

WHAT'D BOB SAY?



HEY, LOOK! THERE'S A WAY OUT!





# CHAPTER FOUR











SO LET 'EM GO. A TUSSELE NOW IS GONNA ATTRACT A LOT OF ATTENTION.

AND UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, WE DON'T NEED THAT.



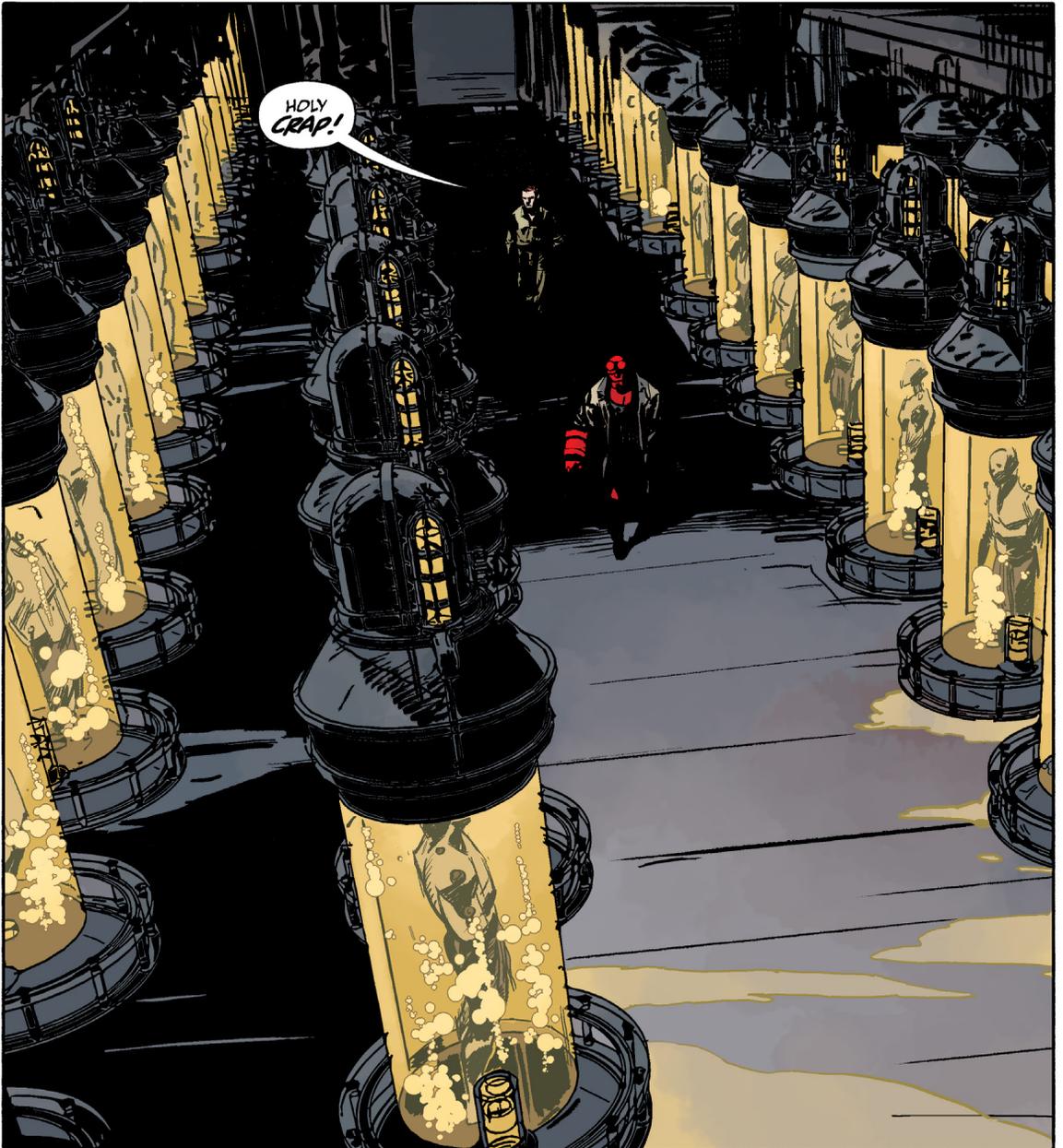
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

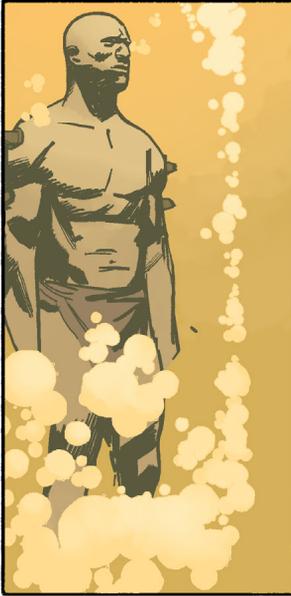
NOT SURE. IT'S LIKE THAT FILM DIRECTOR, THAT **VEGA** GUY? IT'S LIKE HE OPENED A MEDICAL SCHOOL--FOR MONKEYS!



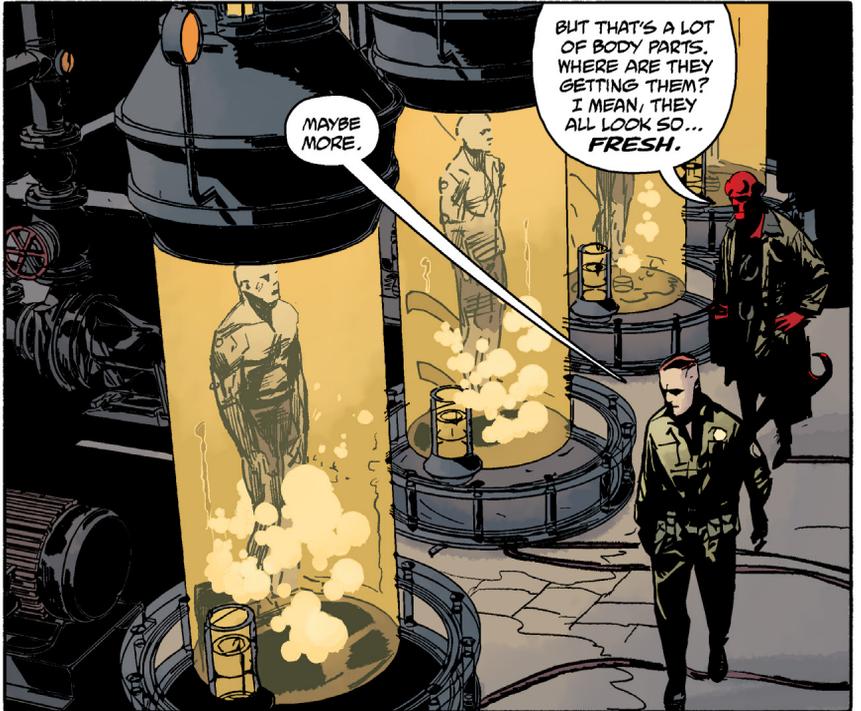
OR MAYBE... MAYBE MORE LIKE "**FRANKENSTEIN** SCHOOL."

Uh-huh.



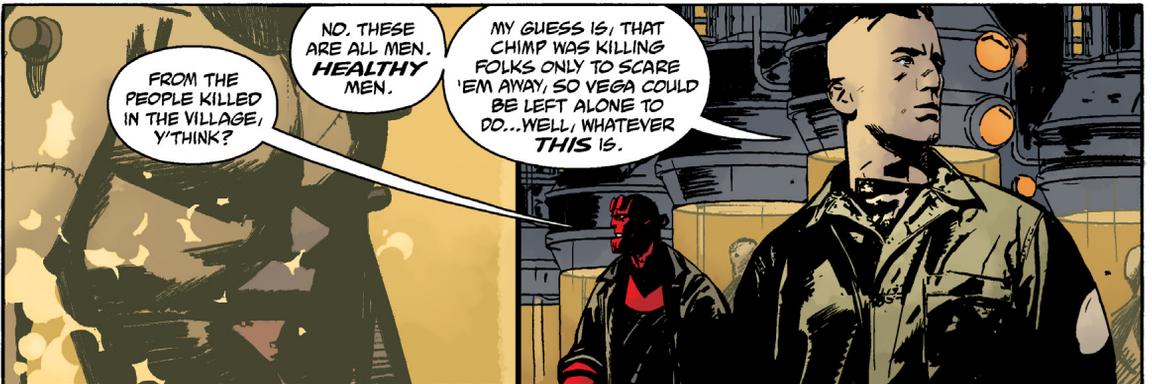


THERE MUST BE A **HUNDRED** OF THEM IN HERE!



MAYBE MORE.

BUT THAT'S A LOT OF BODY PARTS. WHERE ARE THEY GETTING THEM? I MEAN, THEY ALL LOOK SO... **FRESH.**



FROM THE PEOPLE KILLED IN THE VILLAGE, Y' THINK?

NO. THESE ARE ALL MEN. **HEALTHY** MEN.

MY GUESS IS, THAT CHIMP WAS KILLING FOLKS ONLY TO SCARE 'EM AWAY, SO VEGA COULD BE LEFT ALONE TO DO... WELL, WHATEVER **THIS** IS.



WHEN WE FLEW IN LAST NIGHT, THAT BOY **OLAVO** TOLD SUE THAT WHEN THIS PLACE WAS A PRISON, THE GUARDS AND INMATES WERE WIPED OUT BY A PLAGUE.

BUT MAYBE NOT.



AND MAYBE ALL THOSE **GRAVES** OUT THERE ARE EMPTY.



ARCHIE, YOU'VE BEEN DOING THIS A WHILE. IS THIS... NORMAL? I MEAN FOR WHAT YOU GUYS DO.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT-- BUT THE PROFESSOR, HE MENTIONED SOMETHING TO ME ONCE.



"HE SAW IT RIGHT AFTER THE WAR, IN BERLIN. MEN--OR **THINGS**, ANYWAY--IN BIG TUBES."



REALLY?  
I NEVER  
HEARD  
HIM TALK  
ABOUT  
THAT.

NO SURPRISE  
THERE. I THINK  
HE REGRETTED  
TELLING ME.

I THINK  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED TO HIM  
THERE, OR HE  
SAW SOME-  
THING...



I DON'T  
KNOW. WHAT-  
EVER IT IS, HE  
JUST DOESN'T  
LIKE TO TALK--

SSH HK



WHOA...  
THAT'S  
NOT A  
MONKEY.

NO.



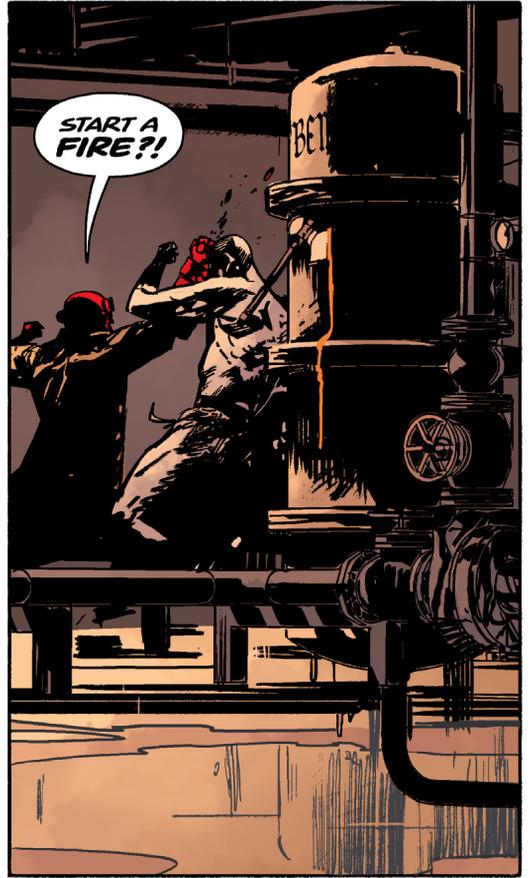
IT  
SURE  
AIN'T.

RRRRRRRRRR







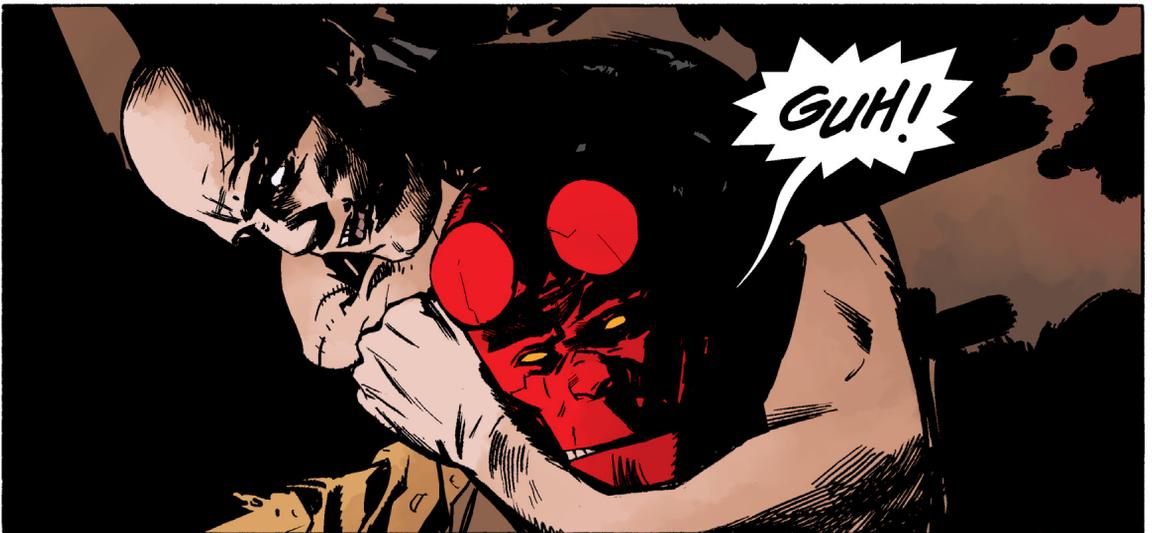




WAIT--  
WHERE...?



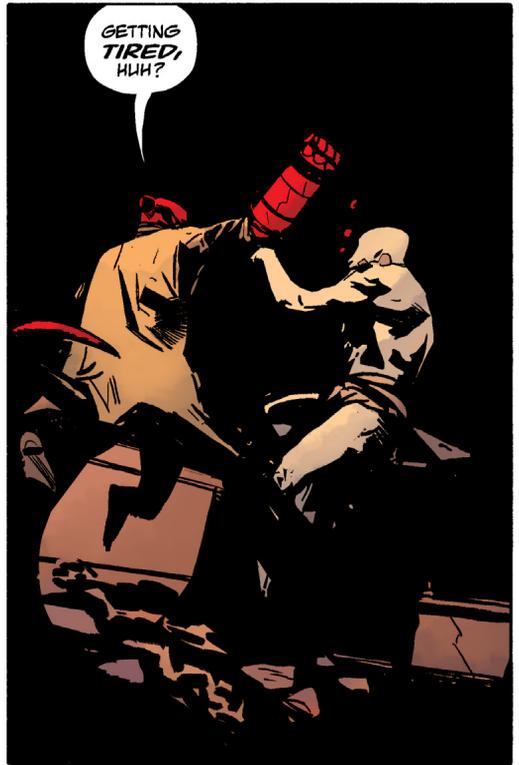
THIS JUST GETS  
WEIRDER AND  
WEIRDER.



**GUH!**



OH, YEAH.  
ALMOST  
**FORGOT**  
ABOUT  
YOU.



GETTING  
**TIRED**,  
HUH?

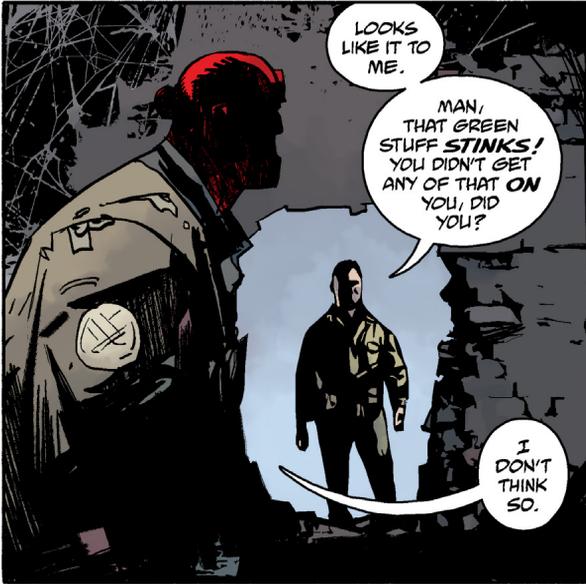


**SMASH**

ME  
TOO!



SO,  
ARE WE  
**DONE**,  
CUE  
BALL?



LOOKS LIKE IT TO ME.

MAN, THAT GREEN STUFF STINKS! YOU DIDN'T GET ANY OF THAT ON YOU, DID YOU?

I DON'T THINK SO.



HEY, WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU OKAY?

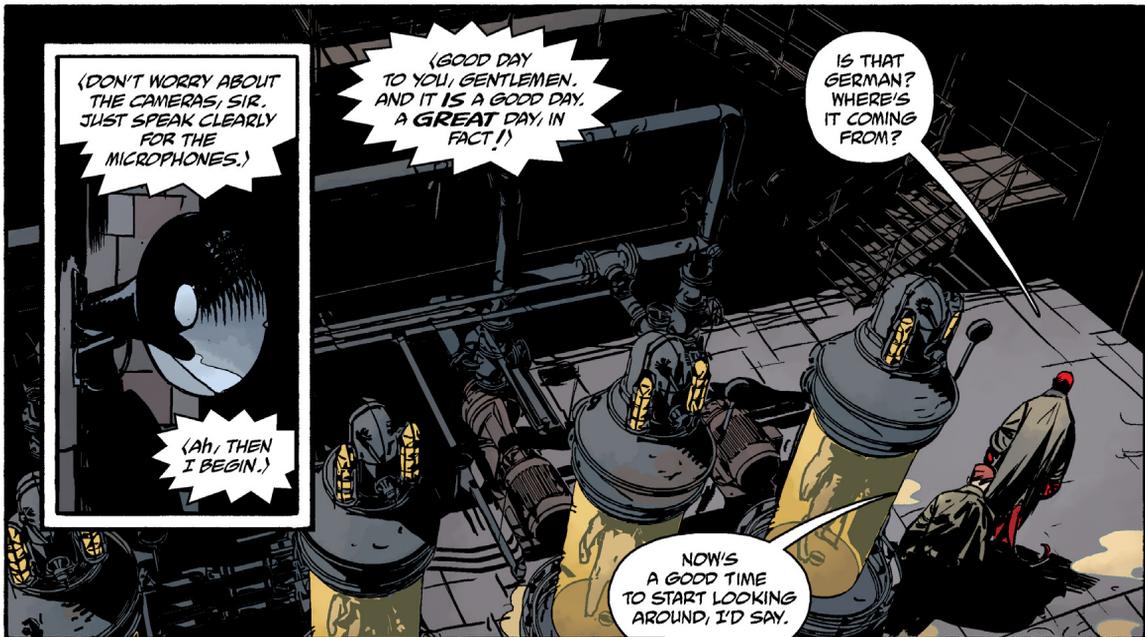
OH, SURE. MY GUY, HE WASN'T AS TOUGH AS YOURS. NOT FULLY "COOKED," I GUESS. DAMN HEAD FELL OFF.

JEEZ...



SO MUCH FOR NOT ATTRACTING ATTENTION, BUT THEN--

<THE CAMERAS, THEY ARE RECORDING?>



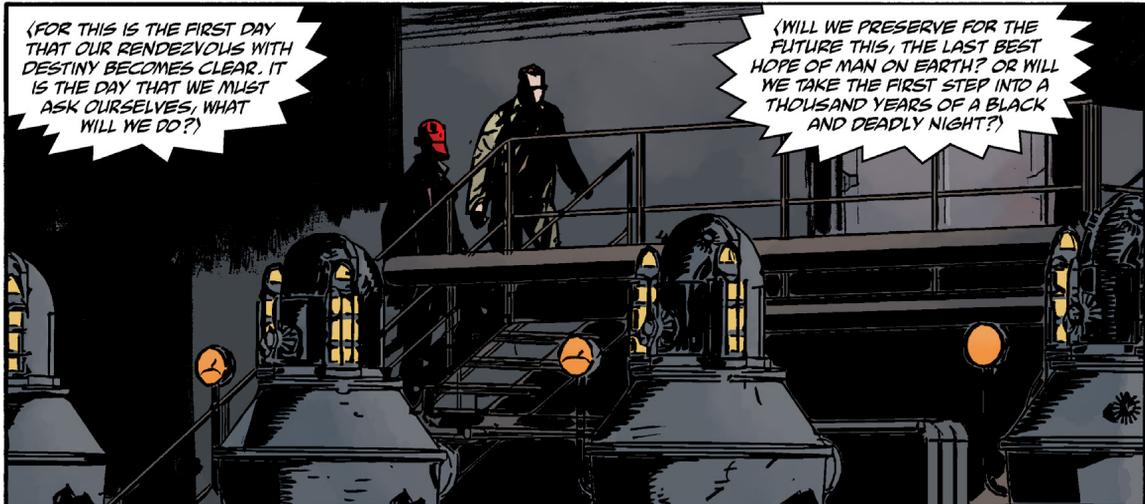
(DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CAMERAS, SIR. JUST SPEAK CLEARLY FOR THE MICROPHONES.)

(GOOD DAY TO YOU, GENTLEMEN. AND IT IS A GOOD DAY. A GREAT DAY, IN FACT!)

IS THAT GERMAN? WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

(AH, THEN I BEGIN.)

NOW'S A GOOD TIME TO START LOOKING AROUND, I'D SAY.



(FOR THIS IS THE FIRST DAY THAT OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY BECOMES CLEAR. IT IS THE DAY THAT WE MUST ASK OURSELVES, WHAT WILL WE DO?)

(WILL WE PRESERVE FOR THE FUTURE THIS, THE LAST BEST HOPE OF MAN ON EARTH? OR WILL WE TAKE THE FIRST STEP INTO A THOUSAND YEARS OF A BLACK AND DEADLY NIGHT?)



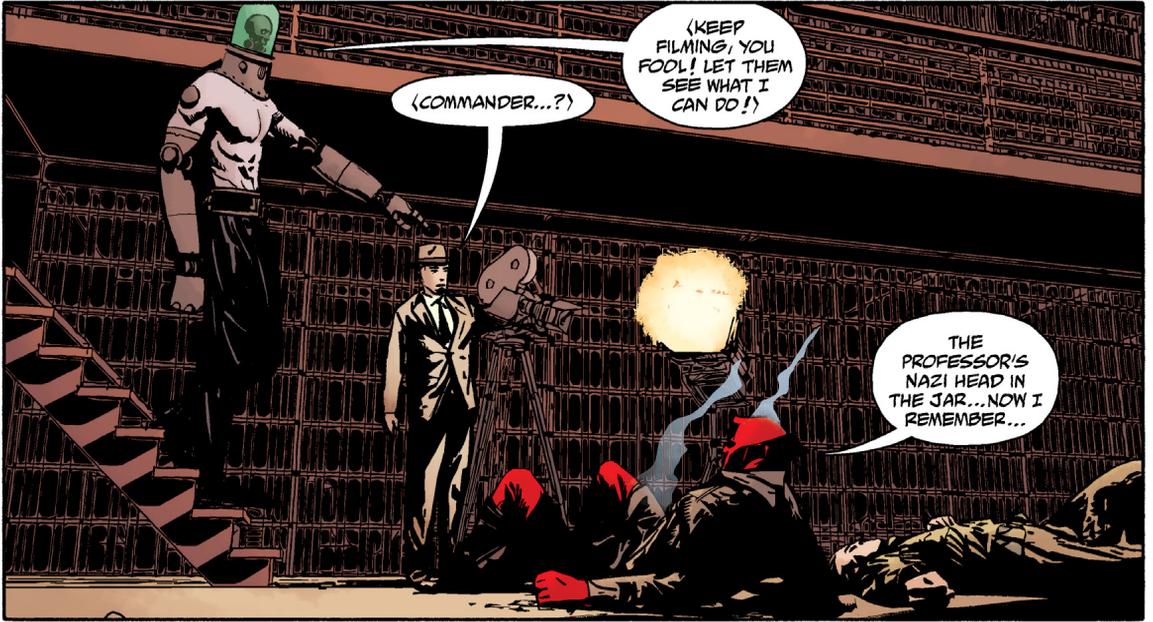
(NO, IT IS NOT OUR INTENTION TO DO AWAY WITH THE WORLD ORDER. RATHER WE SHALL MAKE IT FINALLY WORK!)



(NOT WORK WITH US, BUT WORK FOR US!)

(TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN)



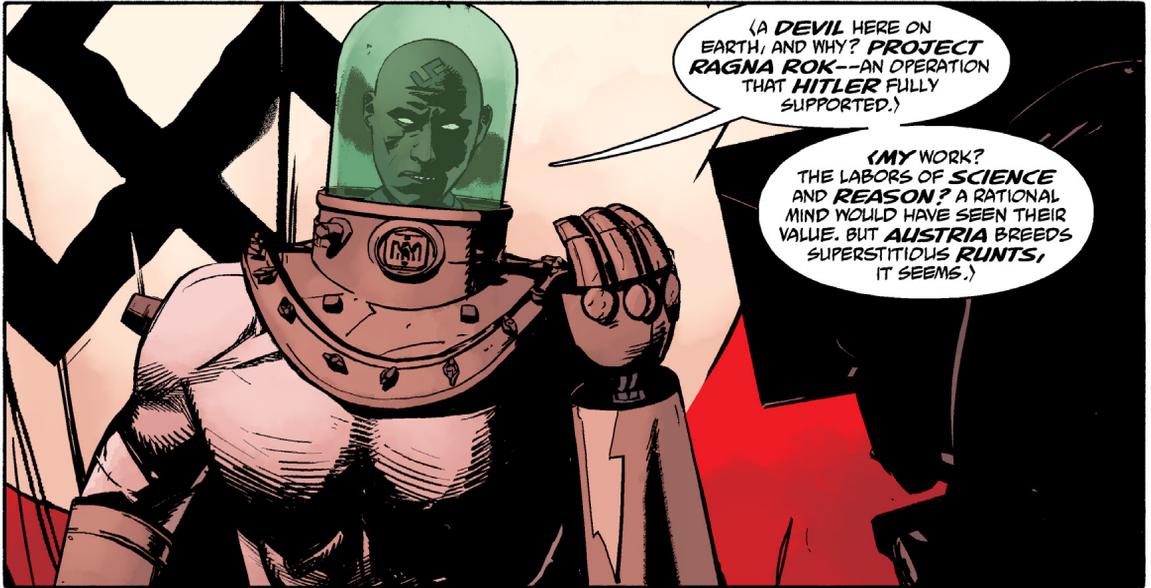




(A DECEIVER!)

(LIKE THE DEGENERATE CHILD OF THE PIT THAT IT IS!)

(A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF WHAT HAS GONE WRONG BEFORE, YOU SEE?)



(A DEVIL HERE ON EARTH, AND WHY? PROJECT RAGNA ROK--AN OPERATION THAT HITLER FULLY SUPPORTED.)

(MY WORK? THE LABORS OF SCIENCE AND REASON? A RATIONAL MIND WOULD HAVE SEEN THEIR VALUE. BUT AUSTRIA BREEDS SUPERSTITIOUS RUNTS, IT SEEMS.)



(SO A CABAL OF HALF-WIT ASTROLOGERS AND FORTUNE-TELLERS CAME TOGETHER FOR THIS PERVERSE MISSION.)

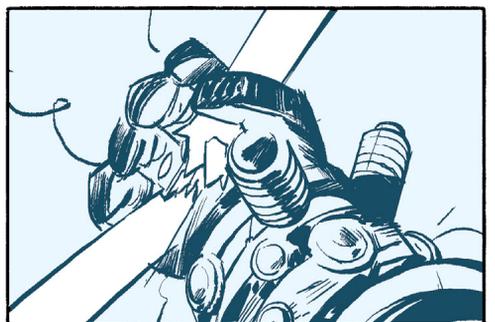


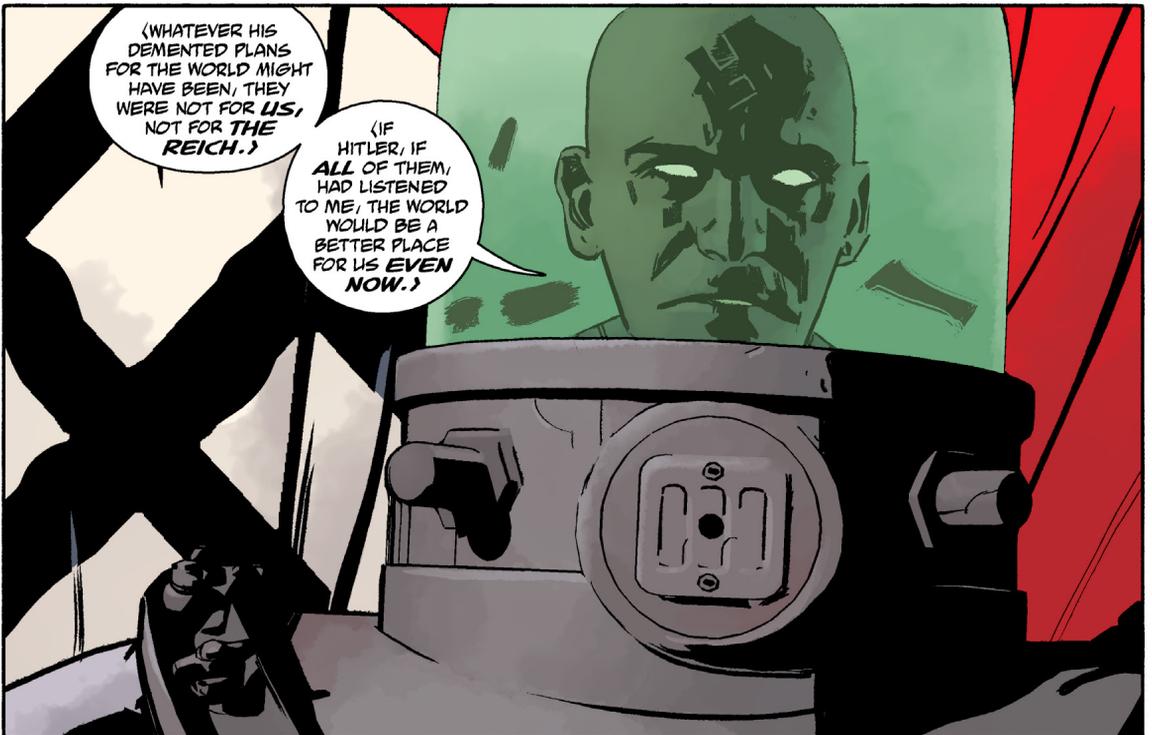
"( ALL LED BY A LUNATIC WHO INSISTED HE WAS THE MURDERED RUSSIAN MONK RASPUTIN! )"

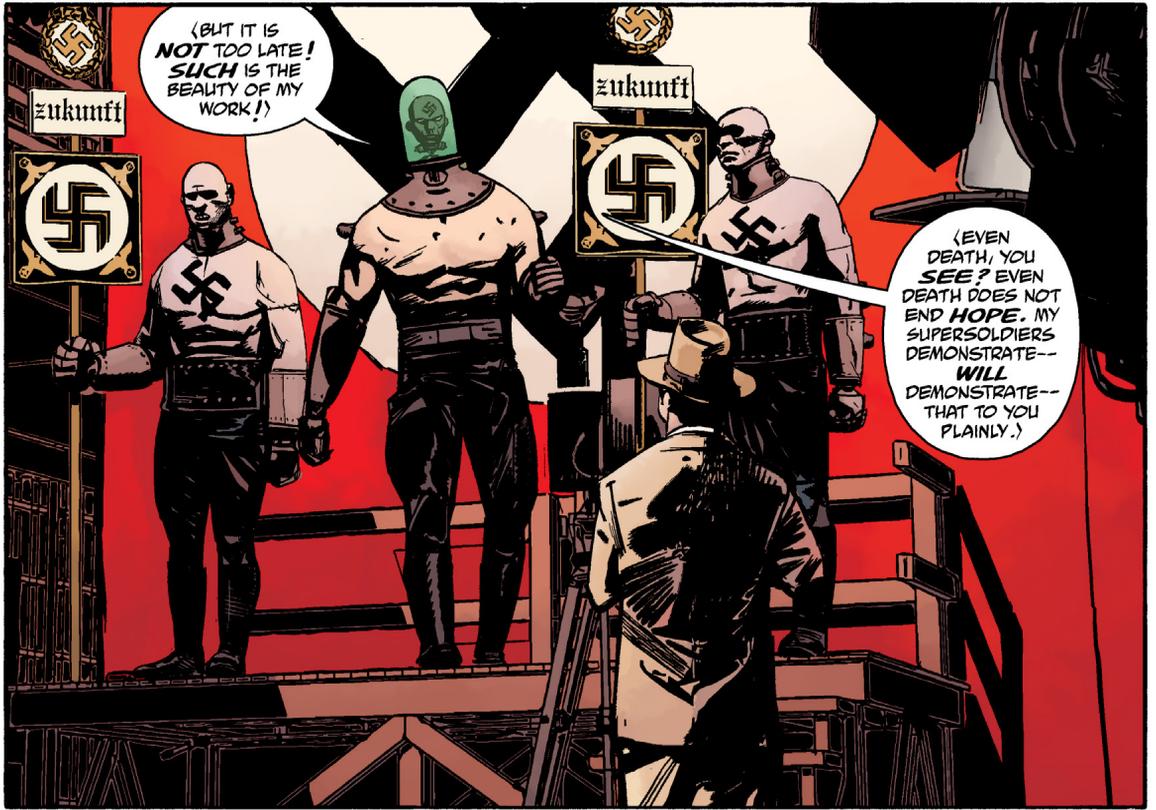
(EVIL WINDS THEY ARE. THE EVIL BREATH THAT HERALDETH THE BANEFUL STORM. THEY ARE THE MIGHTY CHILDREN. HERALDS OF THE PESTILENCE.)



(LET THEM SEVEN NOW RISE FROM THE ABYSS.)





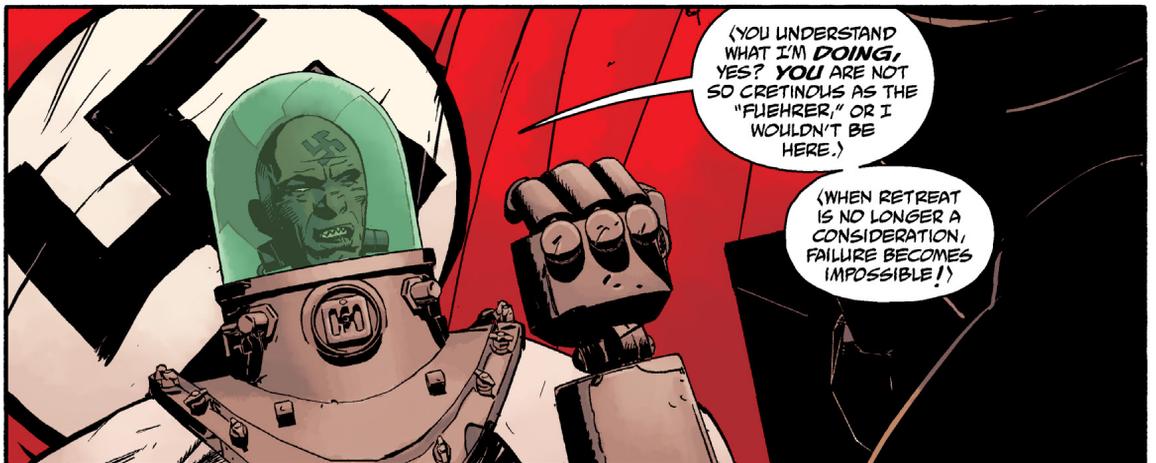


(BUT IT IS NOT TOO LATE! SUCH IS THE BEAUTY OF MY WORK!)

(EVEN DEATH, YOU SEE? EVEN DEATH DOES NOT END HOPE. MY SUPERSOLDIERS DEMONSTRATE-- WILL DEMONSTRATE-- THAT TO YOU PLAINLY.)

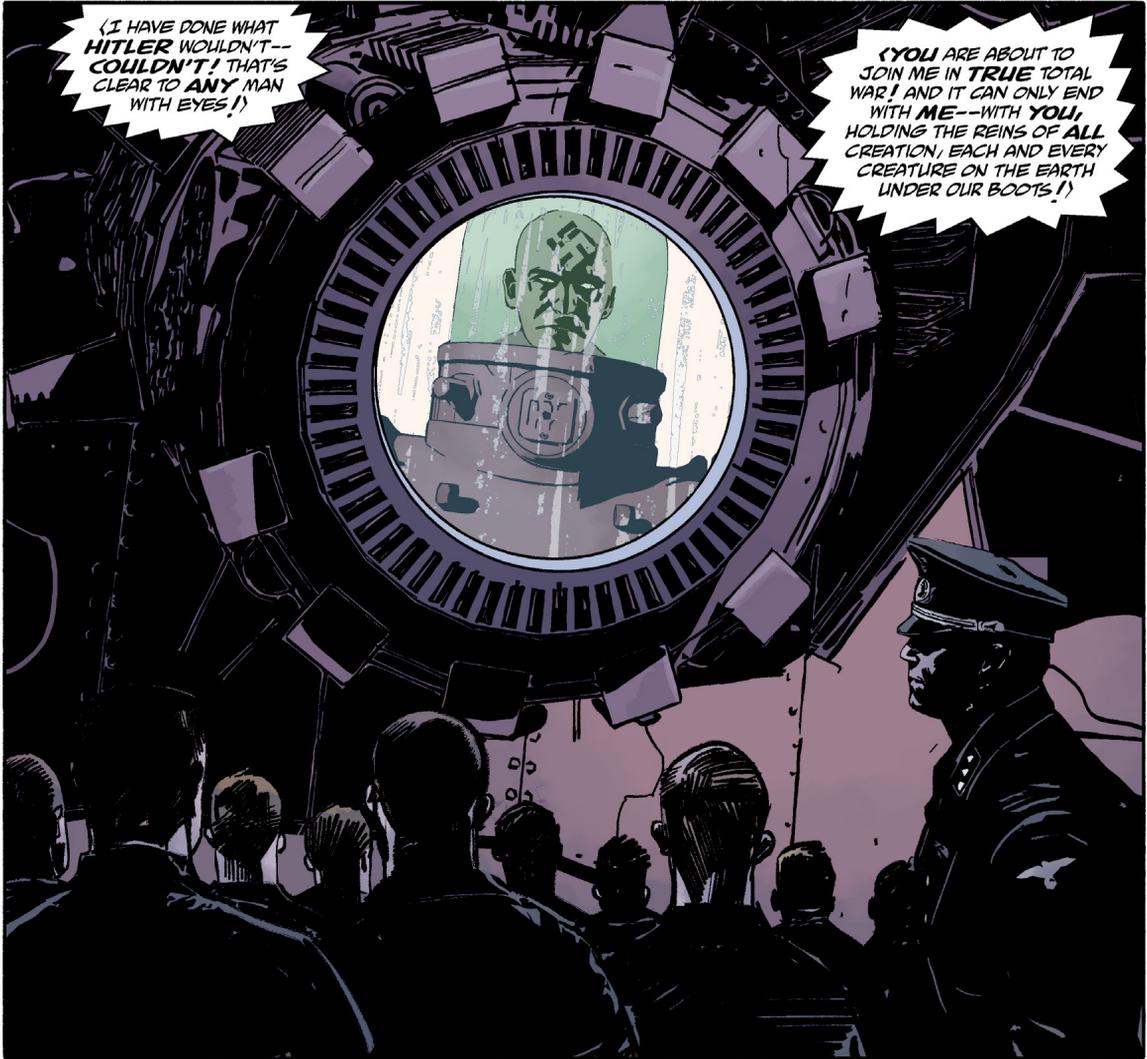


"(AN ARMY THAT NEEDS NO FOOD, NO CLOTHING, NO BANDAGES, NO MORPHINE, NO REST. ALWAYS POTENT, ALWAYS READY, ONLY WAITING TO BE PUT INTO ACTION AT ANY MOMENT!)"



(YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M DOING, YES? YOU ARE NOT SO CRETINUS AS THE "FUHRER," OR I WOULDN'T BE HERE.)

(WHEN RETREAT IS NO LONGER A CONSIDERATION, FAILURE BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE!)



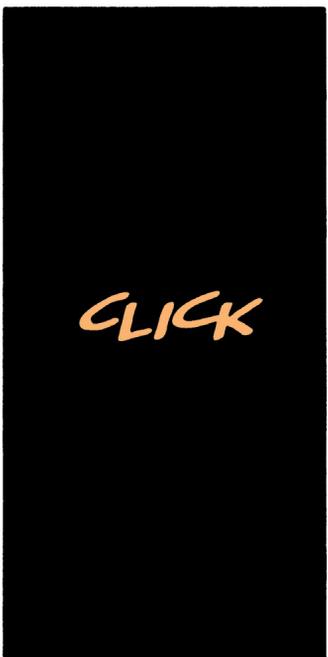
*(I HAVE DONE WHAT HITLER WOULDN'T-- COULDN'T! THAT'S CLEAR TO ANY MAN WITH EYES!)*

*(YOU ARE ABOUT TO JOIN ME IN TRUE TOTAL WAR! AND IT CAN ONLY END WITH ME--WITH YOU, HOLDING THE REINS OF ALL CREATION, EACH AND EVERY CREATURE ON THE EARTH UNDER OUR BOOTS!)*



*(I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH OF THIS LUNATIC.)*

*(TURN IT OFF.)*



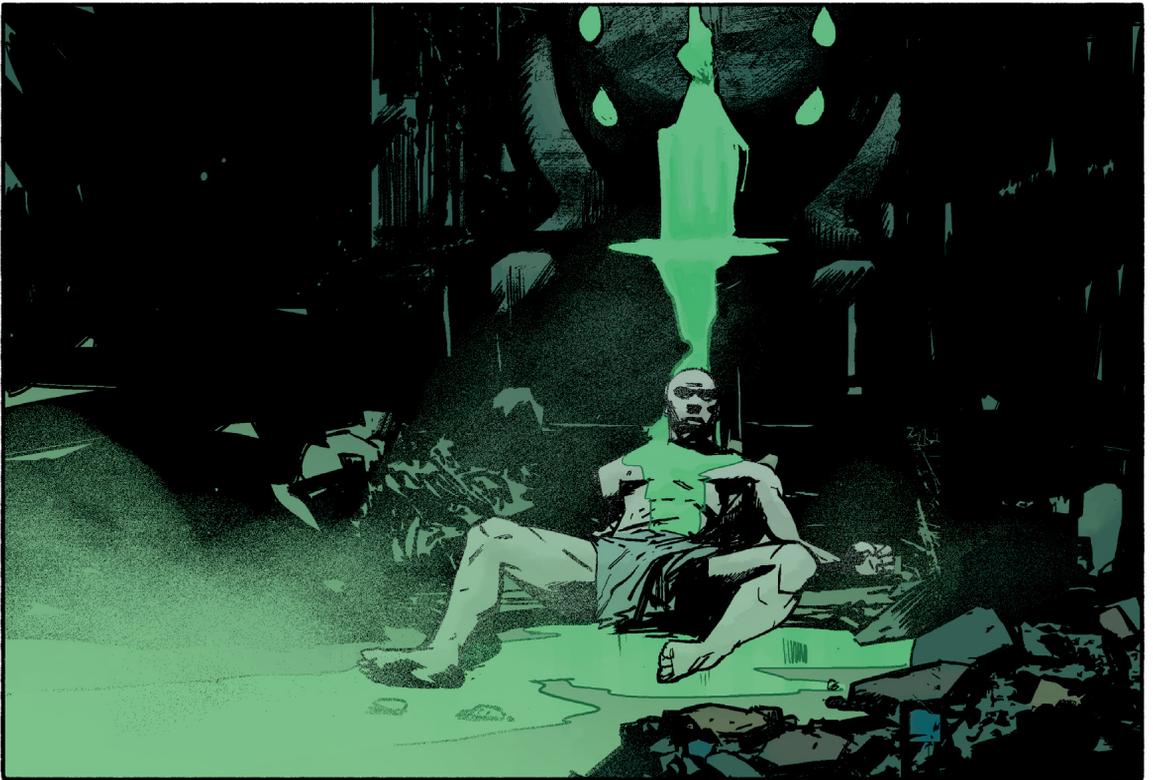
**CLICK**

CHAPTER FIVE



YAM  
SHE  
1/14









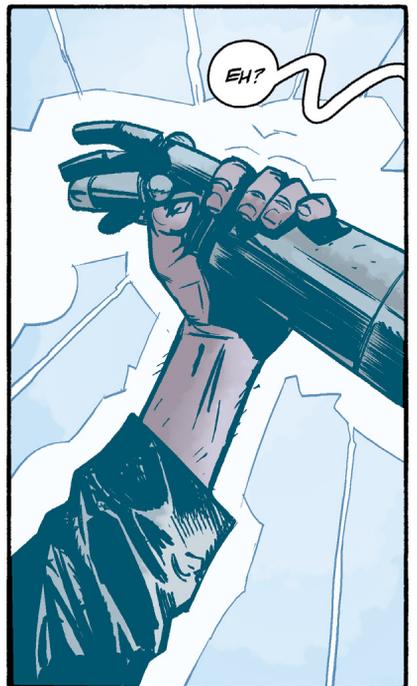
THEY KNOW, ALL RIGHT. AN ARMY OF GOOSE-STEPPIN' ZOMBIES!

YOU'RE TOO CRAZY EVEN FOR SOME CRACKPOT NAZI HOLDOUTS! HOW'S THAT FEEL?!



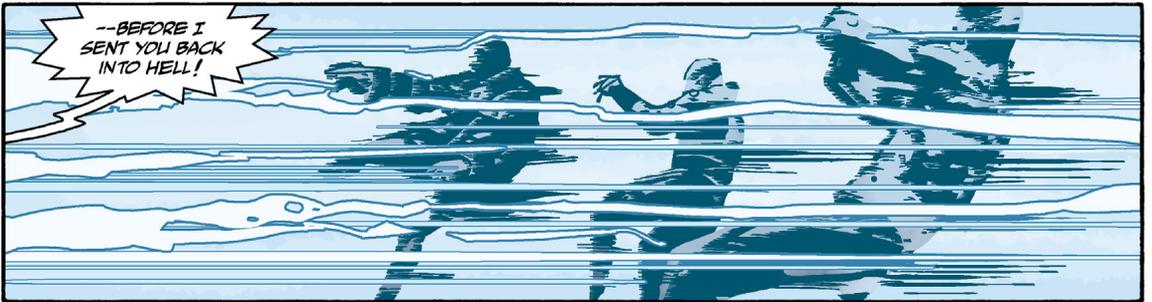
(WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! THE IDIOTS CUT OFF THE SIGNAL BEFORE THEY COULD SEE ME EXECUTE THIS CORRUPT MONSTROSITY!!)

(PERHAPS WE CAN STILL RECORD IT, YES?)

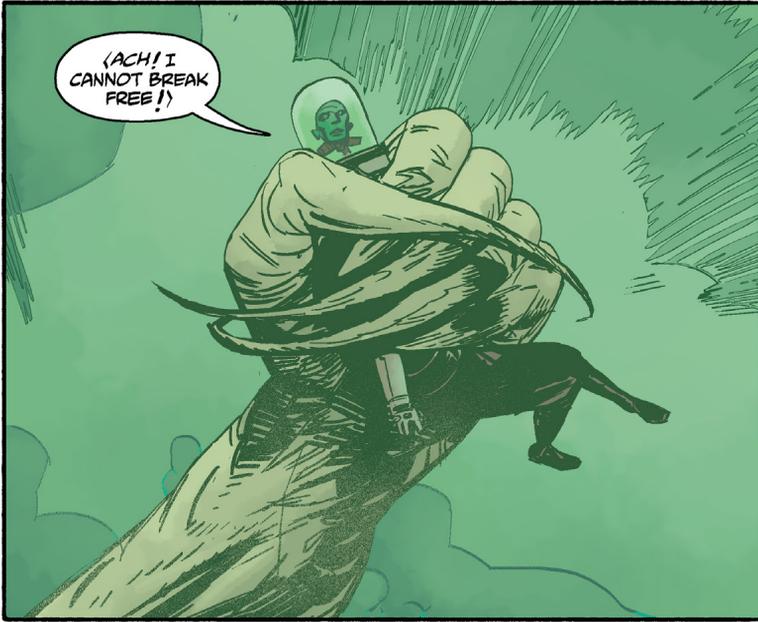


EH?









(ACH! I CANNOT BREAK FREE!)



(VERY WELL--)

**PRANG**



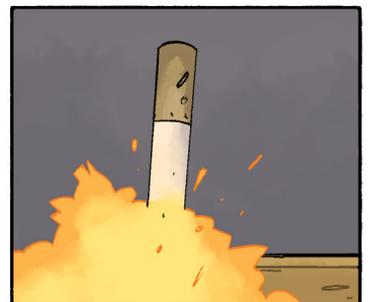
HARD TO TELL WHOSE **SIDE** YOU'RE ON, BIG GUY--

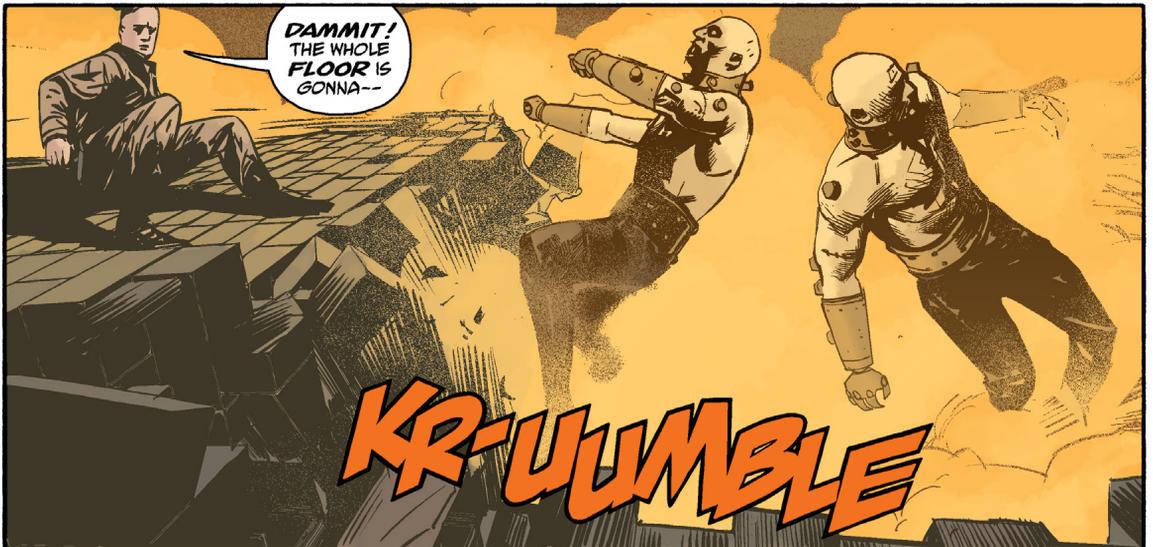
**KID!**  
GET BACK  
HERE!



--BUT IT'S A **CINCH** YOU AIN'T ON OURS!





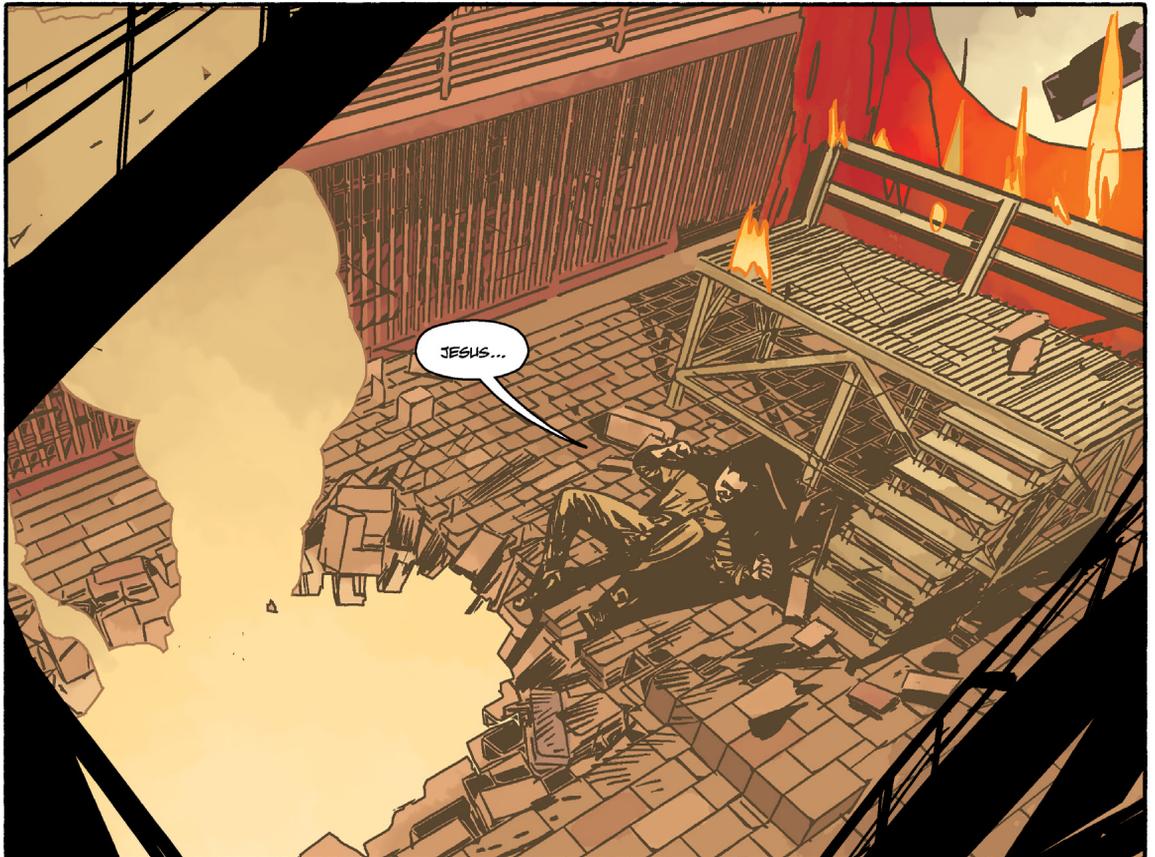




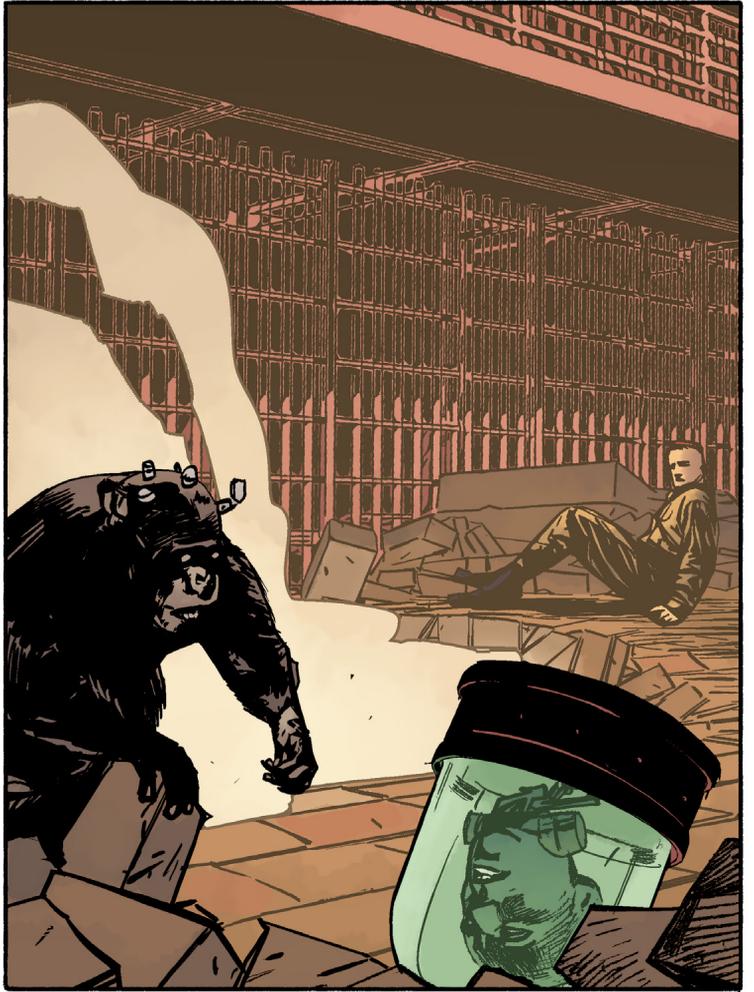
DAMMIT DAMMIT  
DAMMIT!



RRRAAA!



JESUS...







HEY,  
ARCH.

YOU  
OKAY?



I AM  
NOW,  
KID.

CLICK



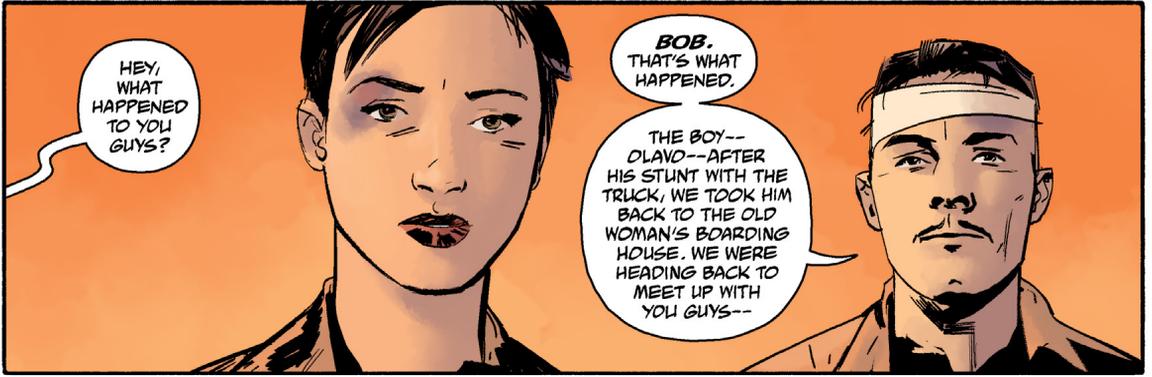
SO *THAT'S* YOUR  
CONTRIBUTION TO  
THIS OPERATION?  
TAKING  
PICTURES?

TOUGHER THAN IT LOOKS,  
PAL. LIGHTING, COMPO-  
SITION--NOT JUST ANY-  
BODY CAN DO IT.

YOU BETTER  
STICK TO PUNCHING  
THE MONSTERS,  
OKAY?







HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS?

**BOB.**  
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.

THE BOY--  
OLAVD--AFTER  
HIS STUNT WITH THE  
TRUCK, WE TOOK HIM  
BACK TO THE OLD  
WOMAN'S BOARDING  
HOUSE. WE WERE  
HEADING BACK TO  
MEET UP WITH  
YOU GUYS--



"--WHEN  
SUDDENLY--"

**KLOK**

**BOB!**  
WHAT THE  
HELL--?!



**WHACK**



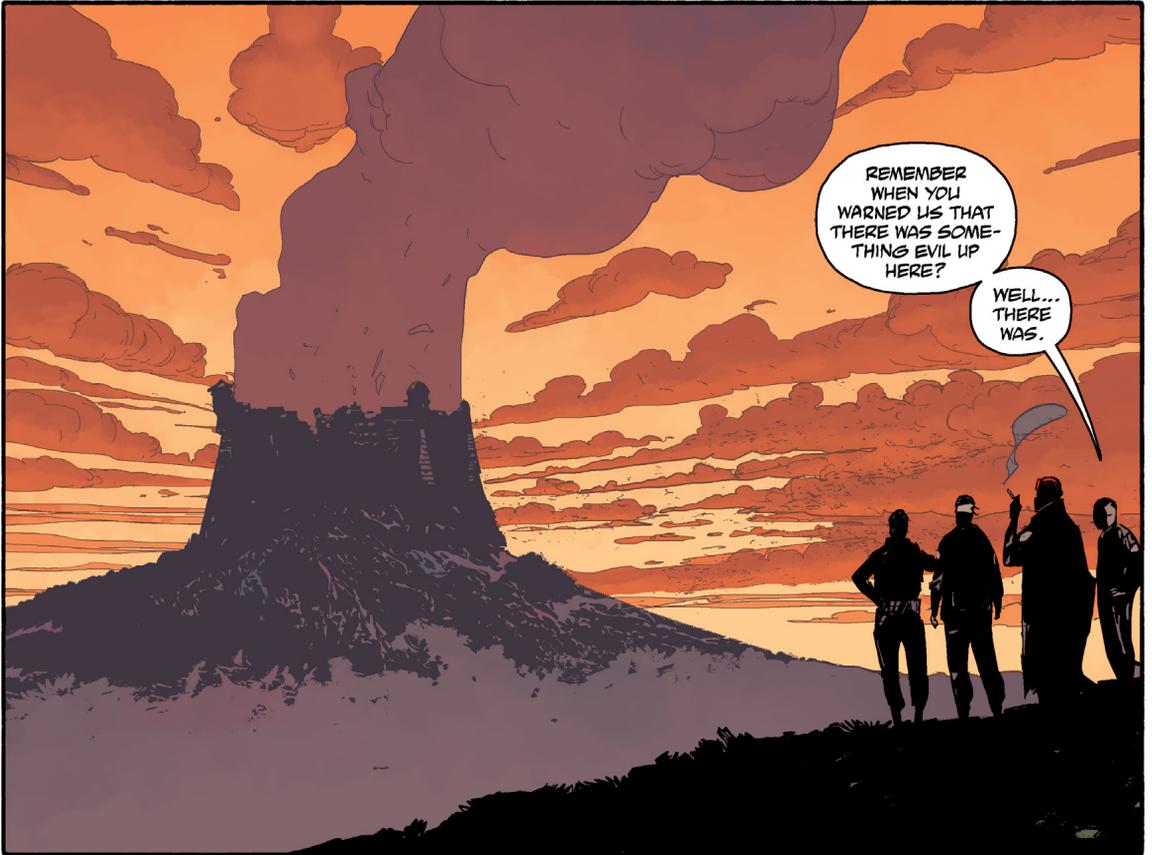
WHEN  
WE WOKE  
UP, WE WERE  
TIED TO A  
TREE.



WELL, AT  
LEAST HE  
DIDN'T TRY  
TO BLOW YOU  
UP WITH A  
GRENADE.

YEAH, I PIECED  
THAT TOGETHER, TOO.  
ANYWAY, HE'S NOT AS  
GOOD WITH KNOTS AS HE  
IS AT COLDCOCKING A  
GUY, OR WE'D STILL  
BE TIED UP.

SO  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
WITH YOU  
TWO?



REMEMBER WHEN YOU WARNED US THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING EVIL UP HERE?

WELL... THERE WAS.



GETTING BACK TO BOB, SHOULDN'T WE--

NOT NOW, KID. IT'S A DOCTOR FOR ME-- STILL SEEING DOUBLE.

WE'LL LET THE BUREAU KNOW WHAT HE DID. THE FEDS, THEY'RE NOT BIG ON TREASON. THEY'LL PUT OUT THE BLOOD-HOUNDS--



"--AND HE'LL TURN UP."

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.





ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. LET'S SET ALL THAT ASIDE.

THE SOONER YOU GET BACK TO THE BUREAU, THE SOONER WE CAN SET THIS RIGHT.



"GET BACK"--? ARE YOU *INSANE*? THEY'LL *ARREST* ME IF I SET FOOT IN THE U.S. AGAIN!

NO. NOT THAT QUICKLY, I DON'T THINK. IF YOU CALL BRITTENHOLM, SAY YOU WANT TO TALK, I THINK YOU CAN GET CLOSE TO HIM.



MAYBE... BUT THEN WHAT?

YOU KILL HIM.

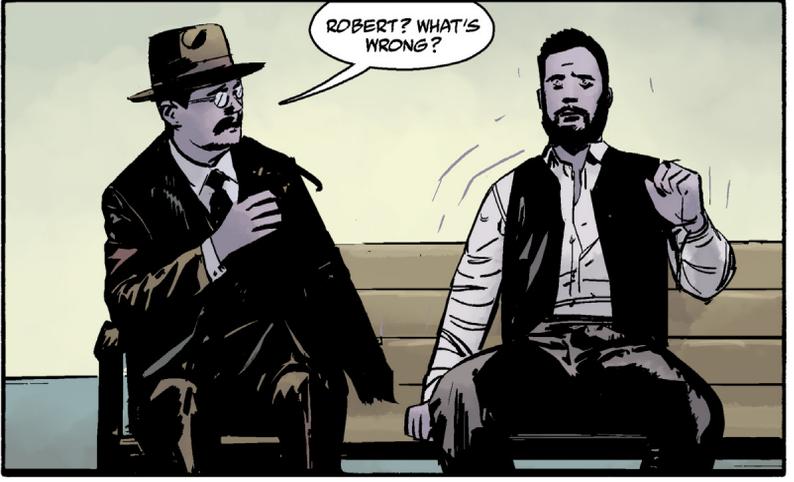
*WHAT!* NO! NO, I WON'T DO THAT!



IT SOUNDS TERRIBLE, BUT I SEE NO OTHER WAY.

FOR YEARS I'VE TRIED TO REASON WITH BRITTENHOLM, TO GET HIM TO SEE "HELLBOY" FOR WHAT HE SO OBVIOUSLY *IS*.

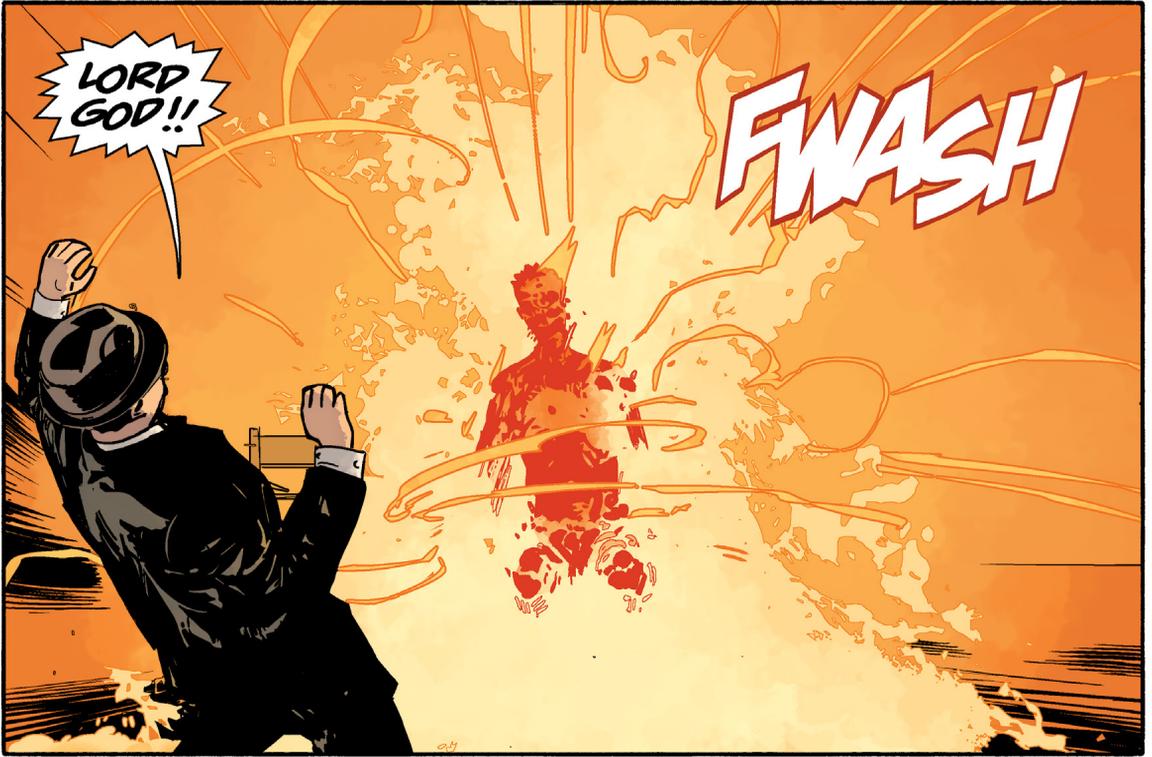
BUT NOW, AFTER HE HAS PROTECTED THE FIEND FOR SO LONG, WE MUST ADMIT THAT BRITTENHOLM IS HIMSELF AN AGENT OF SATAN--



ROBERT? WHAT'S WRONG?



I--



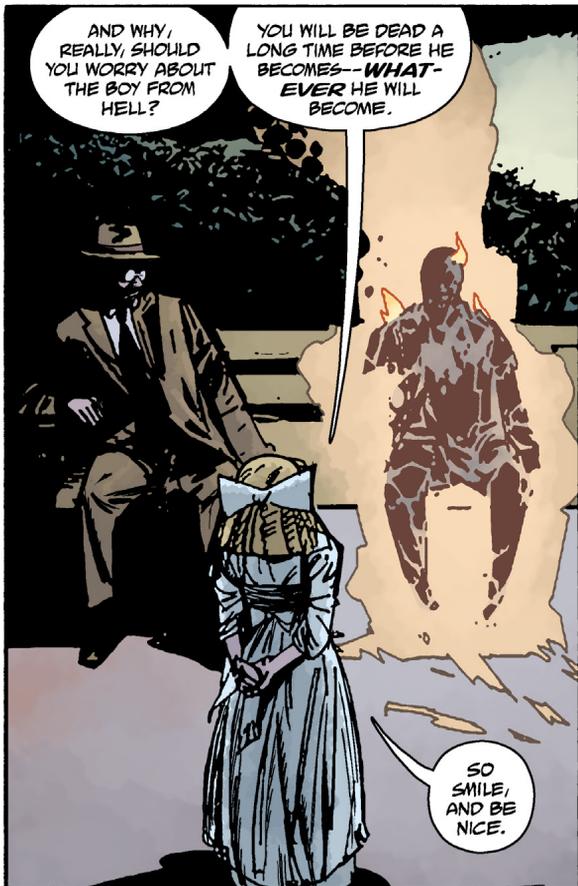


BECAUSE THE PROFESSOR IS BEING MY FAVORITE. MY FAVORITE HUMAN OF ALL.

AND NOW, I THINK, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SHOULD BE NICE TO HIM, YES?



MERCY OF HEAVEN...



AND WHY, REALLY, SHOULD YOU WORRY ABOUT THE BOY FROM HELL?

YOU WILL BE DEAD A LONG TIME BEFORE HE BECOMES--**WHAT-EVER** HE WILL BECOME.

SO SMILE, AND BE NICE.



ALL THE PIOUS ARE ON A SPREE, THEY SEE GOD IS NOT AT HOME--

B.P.R.D.  
HEADQUARTERS,  
FAIRFIELD, CT.

--AND  
THE DENTAL  
RECORDS WE  
GOT YESTERDAY  
CONFIRM  
IT.



THAT BURNED  
BODY IN BUENOS  
AIRES IS ROBERT  
AMSEL. STILL NO  
WORD ON THE  
MAN WHO WAS  
SEEN WITH  
HIM.

I  
SUPPOSE  
THAT'S IT,  
THEN.

ACTUALLY  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ELSE, PROFESSOR.  
A WITNESS TOOK A  
PHOTO AT THE  
SCENE.



A  
RATHER...  
STRANGE  
PHOTO.



THE  
END

# HELLBOY™

AND THE B.P.R.D. 1952

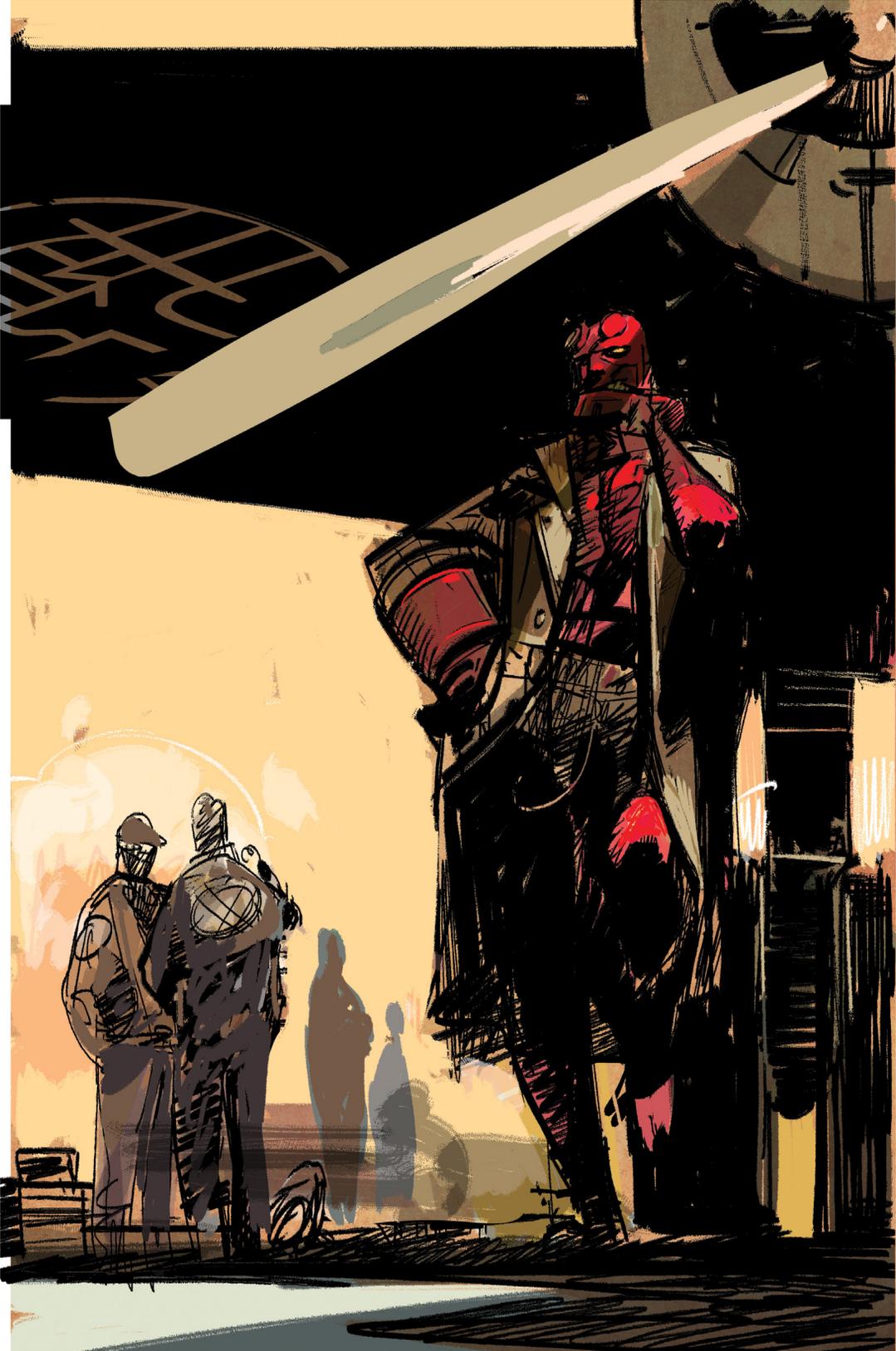
## SKETCHBOOK



*Hellboy by Alex Maleev.*

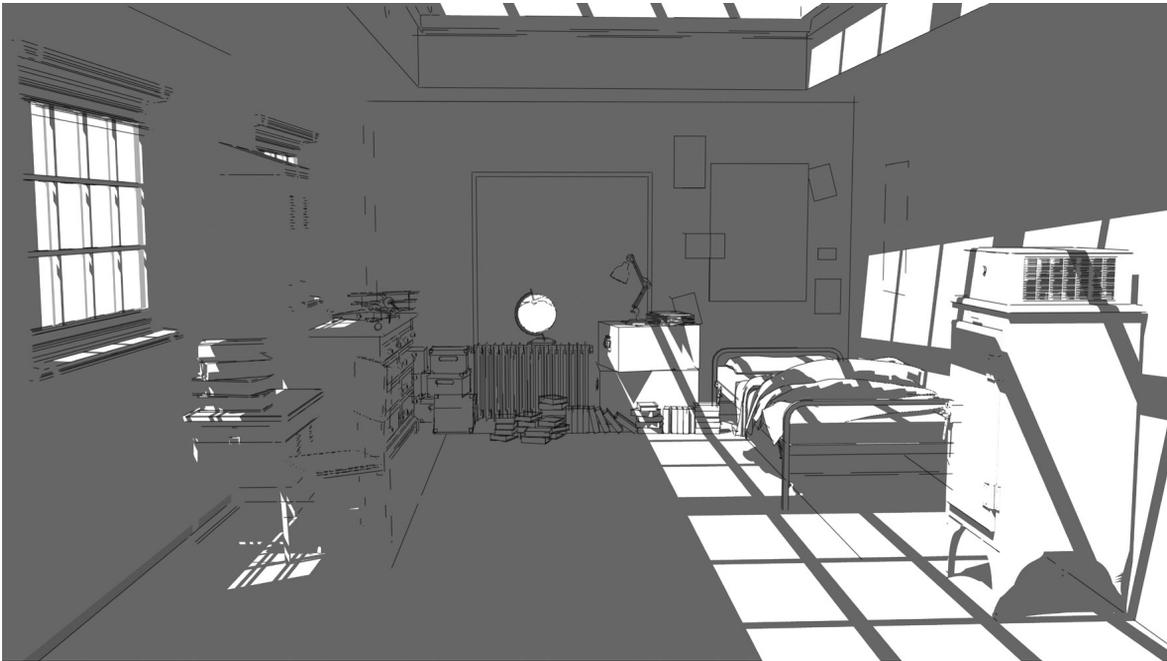
*Following pages: Cover sketches for Hellboy and the B.P.R.D. #1 by Alex.*

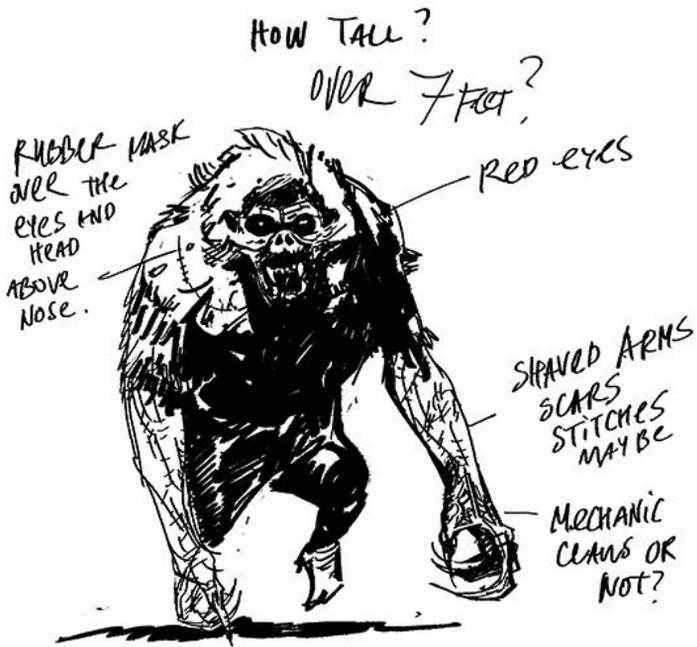






*Studies for BPRD headquarters done by Alex in SketchUp.*





*Alex's initial designs for the monster, based on the script.  
Mignola followed up with the designs on the facing page.*

# VAMPIRE CREATURE - HB-BPRD 1952

pointed ears - part of wig



- Face (mask) and forearms  
pale yellowish or grey

- Hair (wig) white

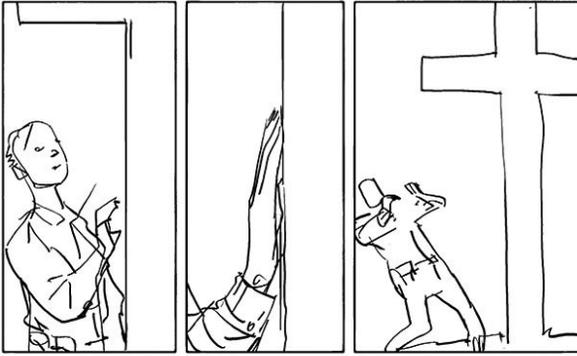
- Eyes Red

Mostly hairless forearms  
and hands

Ears are part

on close examination  
we will find that  
his fingers have been  
extended with metal  
parts and claws.  
But this is not clear  
till after he's killed  
in issue 3.

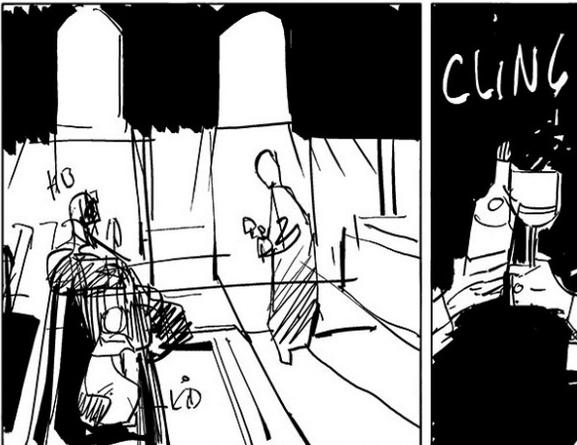
*Mignola:* I pretty much always knew what I wanted this guy to look like—something a little exotic, maybe even slightly Asian, and demonic, rather than obviously created in a laboratory. Plus, I just love the idea of somebody disguising an ape with a rubber mask and a wig.



Alex's layouts based on Mike's script for issue one.



Mignola (facing): A couple notes just to show Alex how to vary the pacing a little bit—and to show what a horrible control freak I can be.

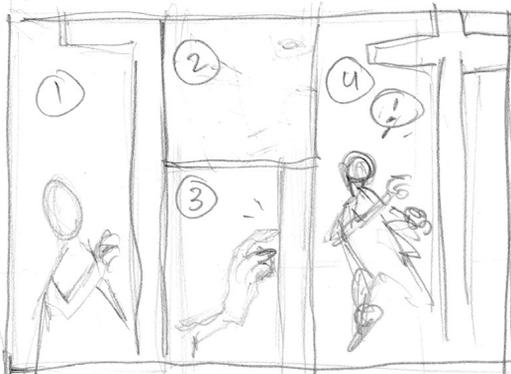


TO ALEX & SCOTT

Page 12

ISSUE 2  
TOP OF PAGE 8

- Last panel on page 7 - make sue do  
make sue look curious - like she senses  
something --



Rest of page is great

Page 8

- ① she reaches out toward cross hesitantly -- curious but just a little afraid.
- ② close on her face -- so we see her concern -- we see she is nervous
- ③ she just barely touches it with one finger --
- ④ and instantly recoils. As if she just touched a hot stove.

TOP OF PAGE 10

Just in a  
zoom in a  
bit closer on  
crucifix



HB-BPRD  
1952  
ISSUE 2

THUMBNAILS  
FOR  
ALEX

PAGE

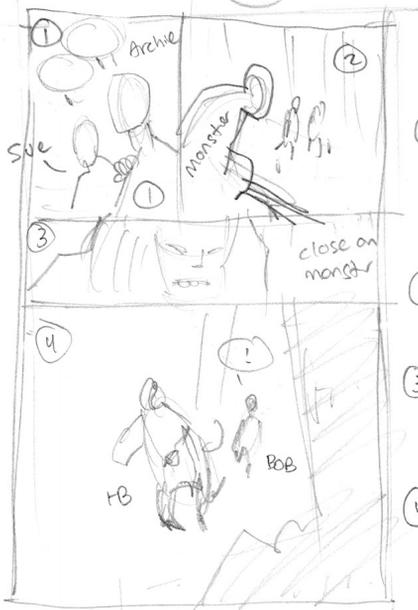
20

we see Bob and Sue through open window -- They are still inside the church.



- ① As written in plot - Stegner and wid and screaming old woman
- ② Archie dropping out of broken window, asking HB if he saw where the monster went. HB, frustrated, says No.
- ③ HB is looking towards us - many towards us. Archie is looking down the street the other way - Away from HB, away from us. - Bob and Sue have come down between HB and Archie. Bob is looking towards HB. HB is already telling the guys to go the other way - He's going to go this way.
- ④ HB is running away from us and Bob is going after him. Archie is turning away from us to see HB taking off - says something like "HEY." Bob calls over his shoulder to Archie, telling him not to worry - He'll look after HB.

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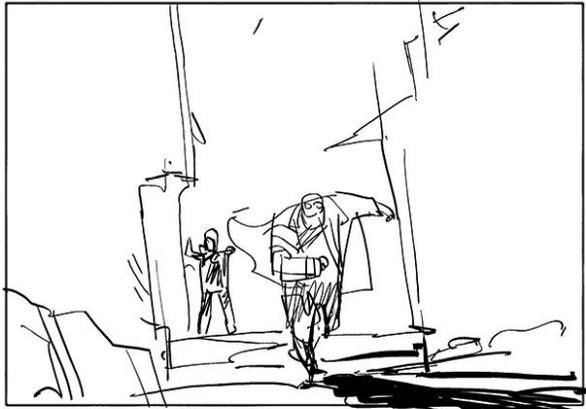
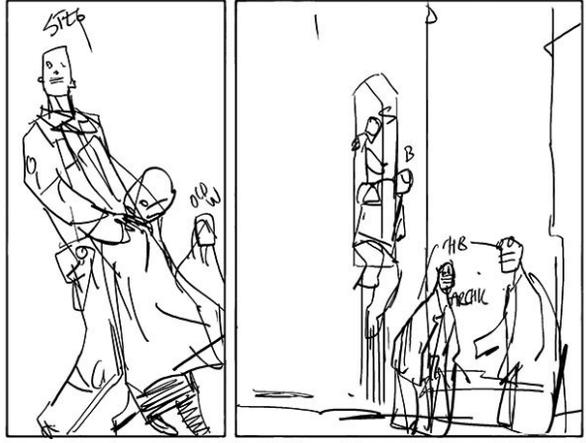


- ① Archie and Sue. Archie is thinking of going after BOB and HB but SUE is telling him to come along - HB's right - best thing to do is split up.
- ② We look down past monster at Archie and Sue running down the street.
- ③ I'm adding this - a close up of the monster looking down at the off panel Archie and Sue.
- ④ As in plot - HB and Bob running down the street - Bob yelling for HB to stop

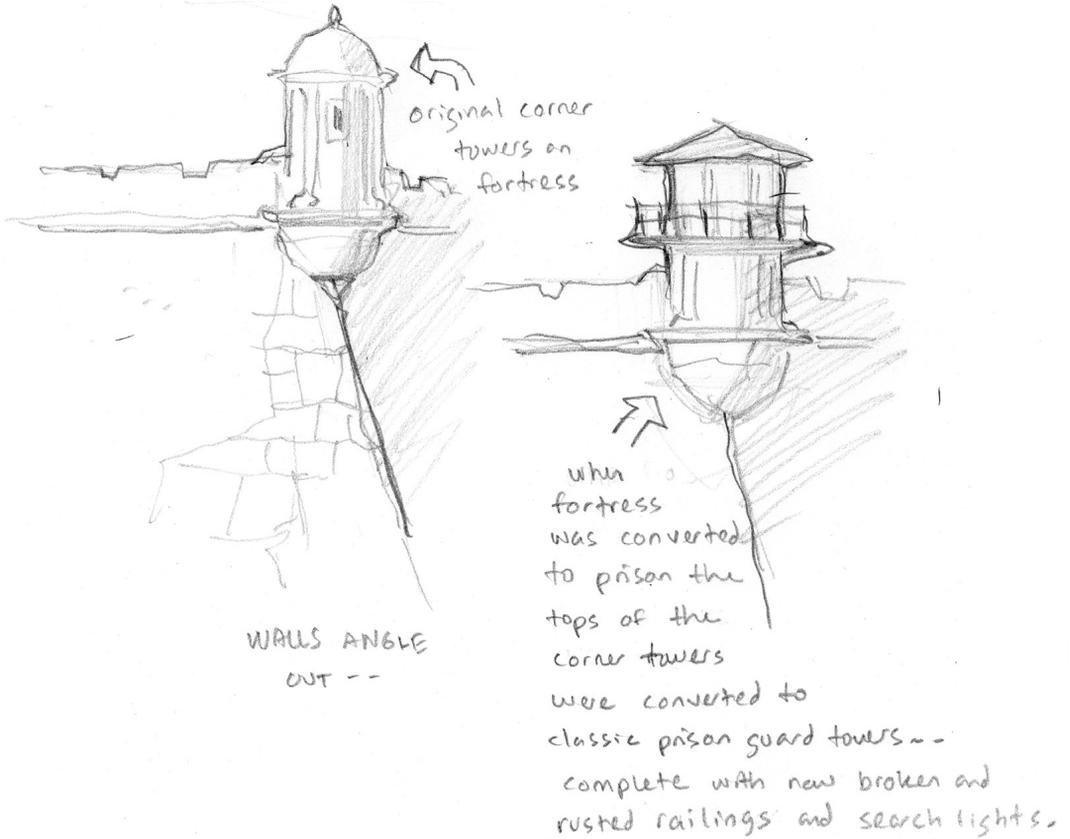
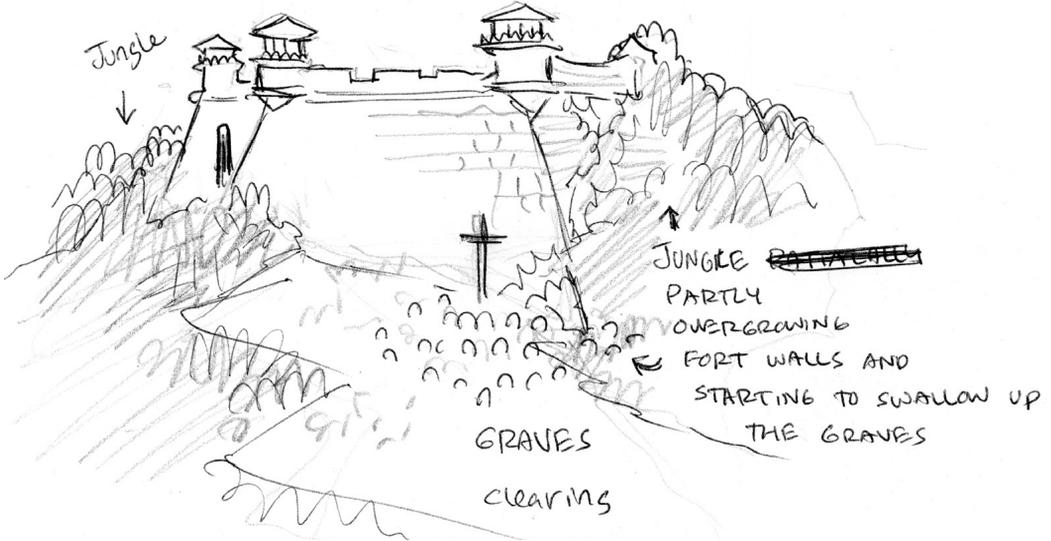
*Facing: Mignola's thumbnails for a scene in issue two.*

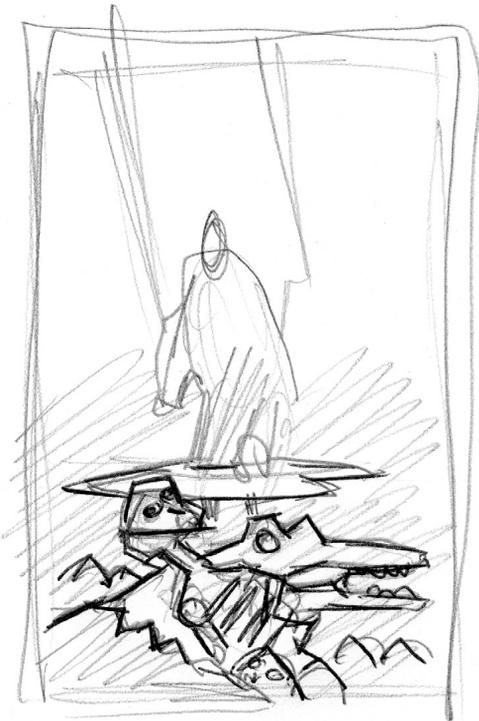
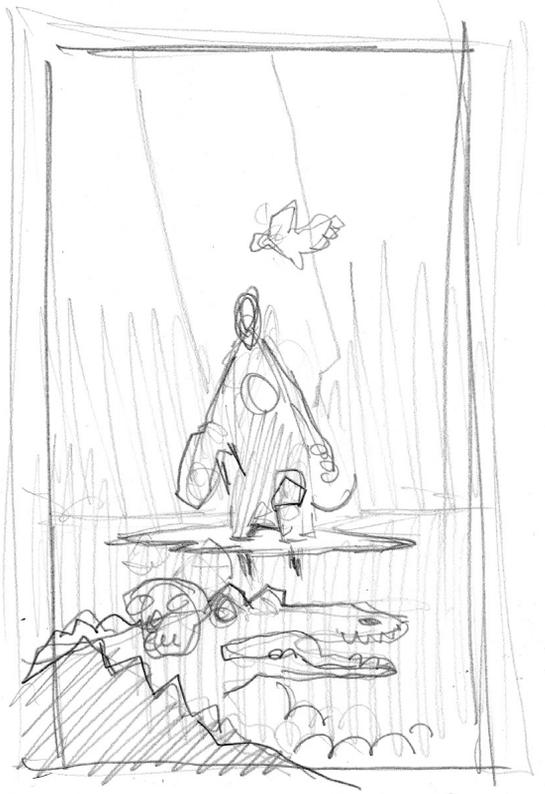
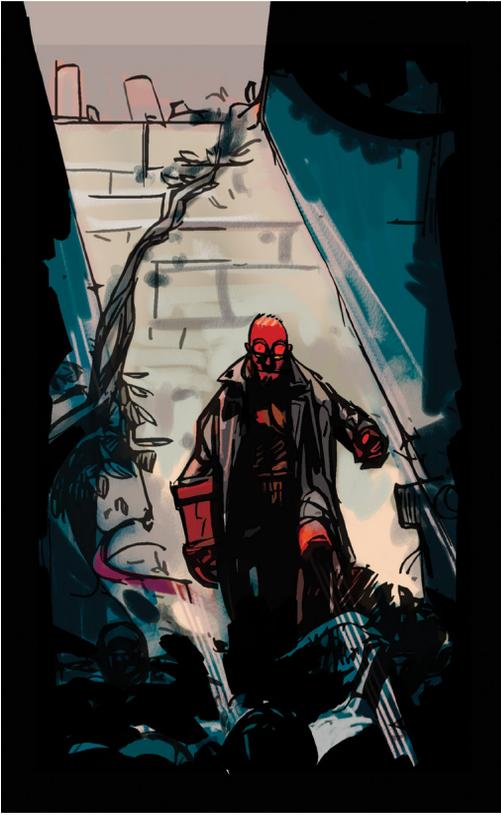
*Mignola: Eventually I realized it was just easier to do crude thumbnails for certain scenes, rather than try to describe the layouts I had in mind.*

*Right: Alex's loose pencils, based on Mike's layouts.*



Prison walls maybe about  
30 feet high





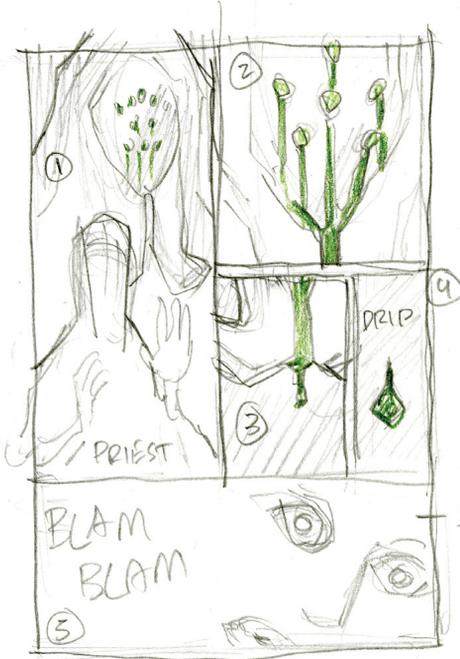
*Mignola (facing)*: Rough idea for the fort turned prison, based on an actual Portuguese fort. Again, much easier to show what I had in mind, rather than try to describe it.

Inspired by Alex's sketch for the issue three cover (*upper left*), I came up with a couple ideas.

HELLBOU & BPRD 1952 #3  
THUMBNAILS ①

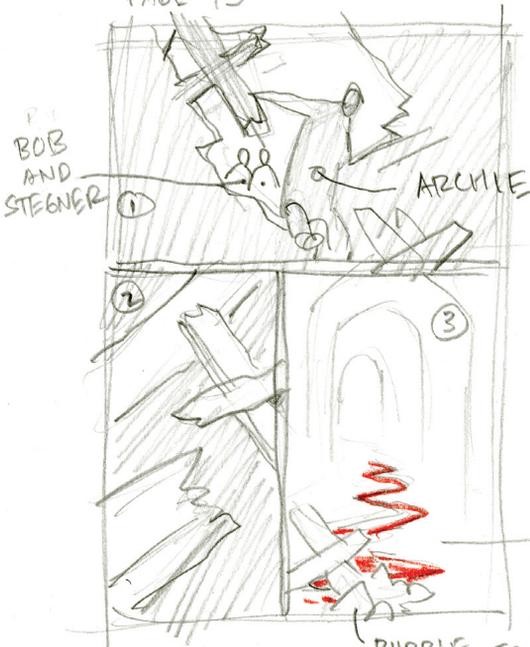
TO ALEX  
&  
SCOTT

PAGE 7



SUE -  
STARTLED OUT  
OF TRANCE  
BY GUNSHOTS

PAGE 15

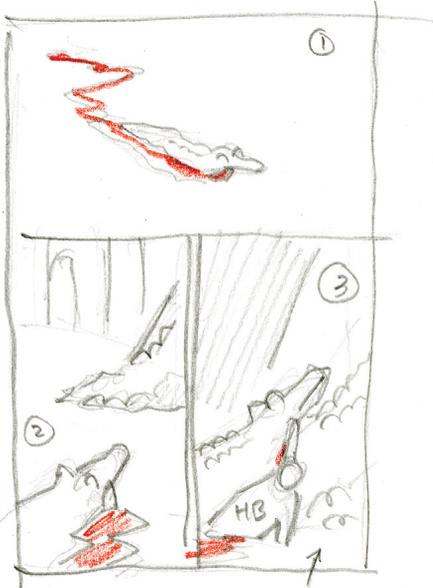


INSIDE THE TUNNEL -  
BLOOD TRAILING OFF INTO THE  
DARK

RUBBLE FROM COLLAPSED TUNNEL ROOF AND HOUSE

HELLBOY & BPRD 1952 #3  
 THUMBNAILS (2)

PAGE 16



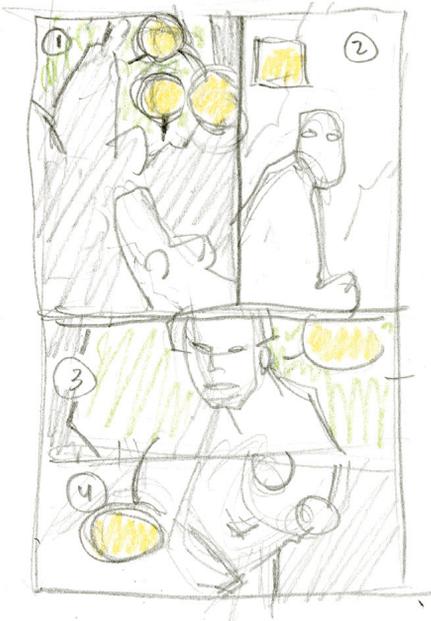
PAGE 17

Green means jungle  
 back there.



PAGE 18

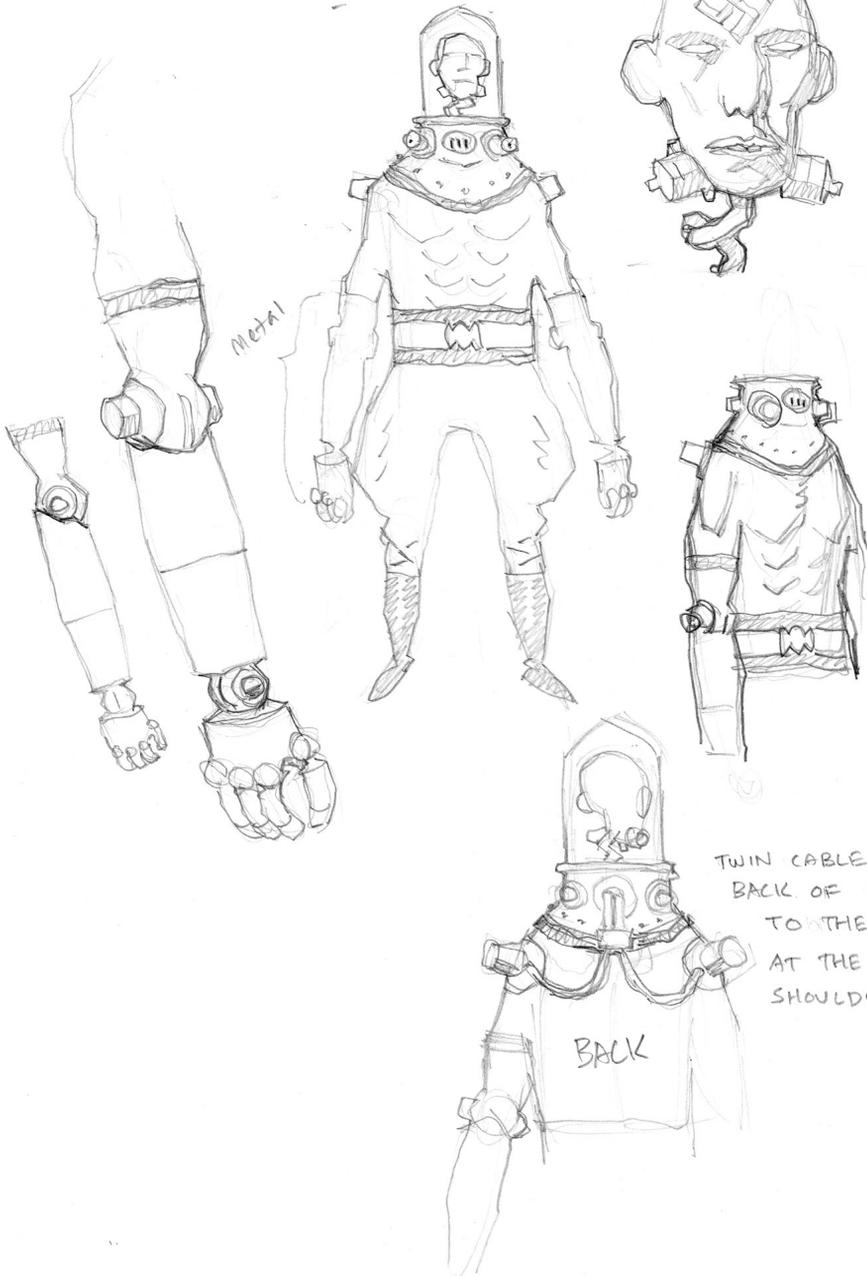
STARTING TO  
 CLIMB UP DIRT -  
 INTO THE LIGHT



Green Means  
 Jungle -

VON KLEMPPT

HB-BPRD  
1952  
#4



Flesh and Blood  
Body with  
metal mounting  
for head jar.  
Metal Arms  
from mid-bicep  
down.

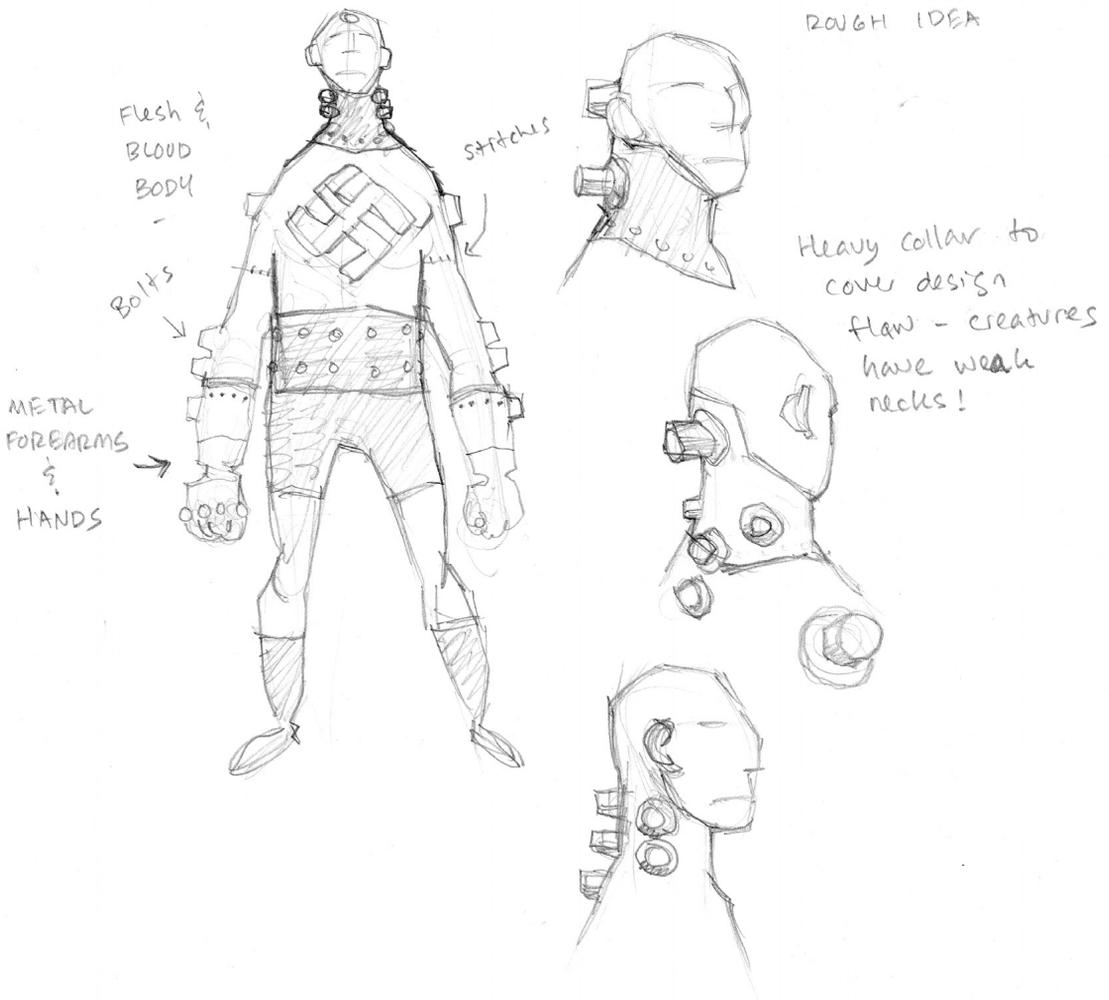
TWIN CABLES RUN FROM  
BACK OF HEAD MOUNTING  
TO THE METAL BOLTS  
AT THE BACKS OF HIS  
SHOULDERS.

Von Klempt. This design was just too much fun. His robot arms are based (as are most robot things I draw) on the classic 11 1/2-inch G.I. Joe, the greatest toy ever.

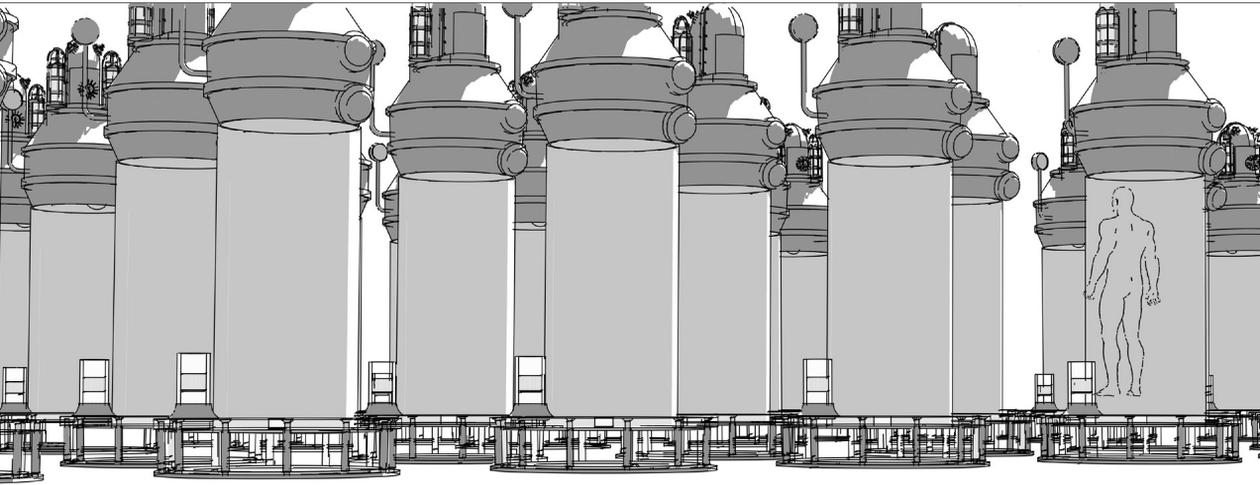
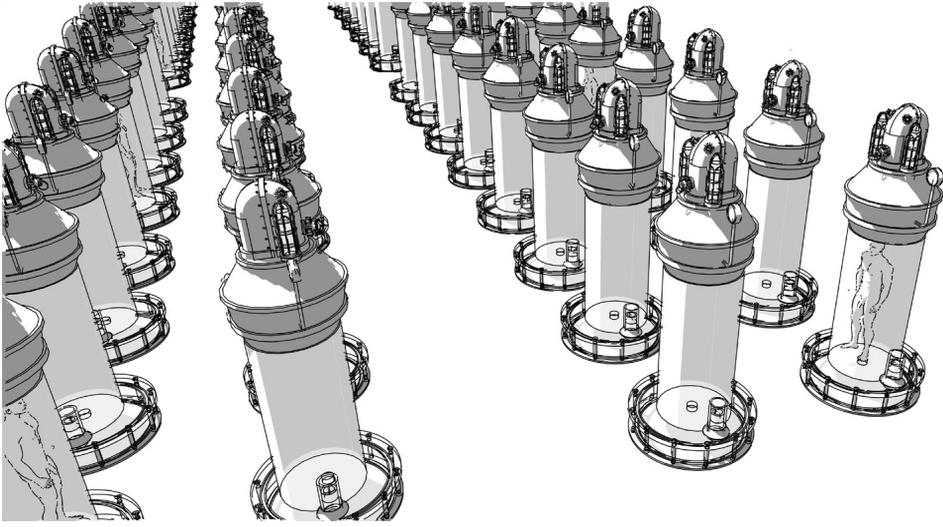
HB-BPRD  
1952  
# 4

FRANKENSTEIN HENCHMEN

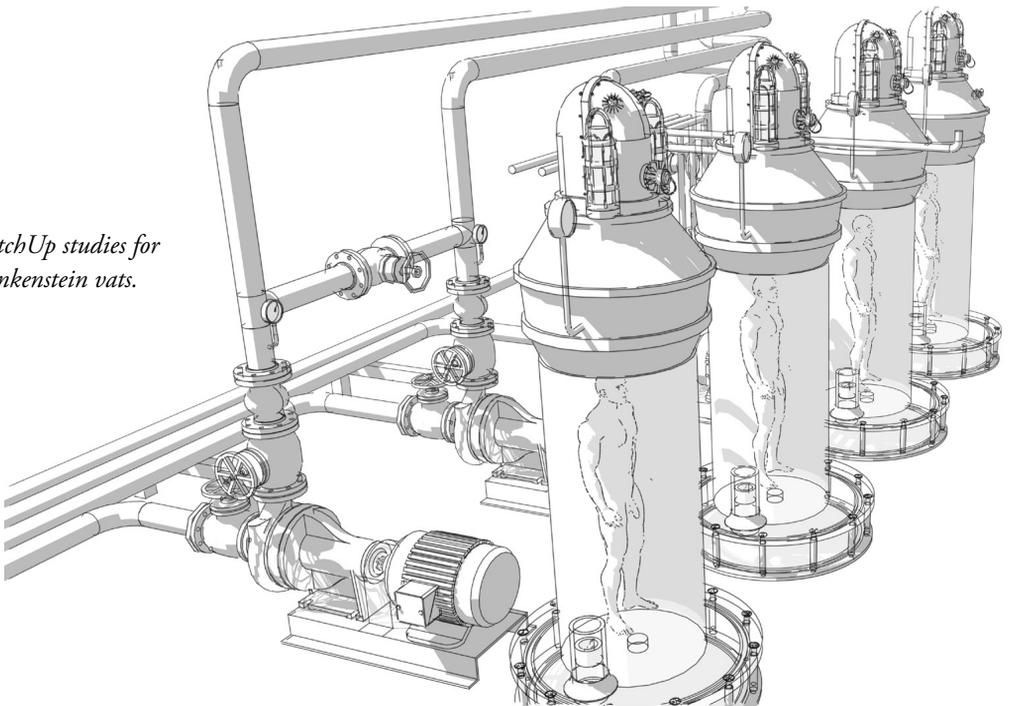
A VERY VERY  
ROUGH IDEA



I didn't have much of a design idea for the henchmen when I started. Then when I was plotting issue four I had to have Archie fight one of the Frankenstein guys, so I came up with the idea that they have weak necks—a pretty major design flaw for Nazi super-soldiers—which led to me giving the couple guys we see at the end these cool neck braces. I also didn't want to be too subtle with the Nazi message on these guys.



*Alex's SketchUp studies for the Frankenstein vats.*





A bizarre series of murders and rumors of something worse lead Professor Bruttonholm to send a young Hellboy to a Brazilian village on his first mission. Hellboy and a small group of agents uncover something terrible in the shadows of a sixteenth-century Portuguese fortress . . .



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