HELLBOY™ AND THE B.P.R.D.



THE SECRET OF CHESBRO HOUSE & OTHERS

MIKE MIGNOLA
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
OLIVIER VATINE
SHAWN McMANUS
MÁRK LÁSZLÓ
GABRIEL HERNÁNDEZ WALTA
DAVE STEWART

HELLBOY
AND THE



THE SECRET OF CHESBRO HOUSE
AND OTHERS

Created by MIKE MIGNOLA



MIKE MIGNOLA'S

HELLBOY™ AND THE B.P.R.D.

THE SECRET OF CHESBRO HOUSE AND OTHERS

NIGHT *of the* CYCLOPS
Story by MIKE MIGNOLA *and* OLIVIER VATINE
Art by OLIVIER VATINE

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THE SECRET *of* CHESBRO HOUSE
Story by MIKE MIGNOLA *and* CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Art by SHAWN MCMANUS • *Colors by* DAVE STEWART

✠

OLD MAN WHITTIER
Story by MIKE MIGNOLA
Art by GABRIEL HERNÁNDEZ WALTA • *Colors by* DAVE STEWART

✠

THE MISER'S GIFT
Story by MIKE MIGNOLA
Art by MÁRK LÁSZLÓ • *Colors by* DAVE STEWART

✠

TIME *is a* RIVER
Story by MIKE MIGNOLA
Art by MÁRK LÁSZLÓ • *Colors by* DAVE STEWART

✠

Letters by CLEM ROBINS
Cover art by MIKE MIGNOLA *with* DAVE STEWART
Chapter break art by OLIVIER VATINE, SHAWN MCMANUS *with* DAVE STEWART, GABRIEL HERNÁNDEZ WALTA, MIKE MIGNOLA *with* DAVE STEWART, *and* MÁRK LÁSZLÓ *with* DAVE STEWART

Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON ✠ *Editor* KATII O'BRIEN
Associate Editor JENNY BLENK ✠ *Assistant Editors* ANASTACIA FERRY AND MISHA GEHR
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This book collects *The Secret of Chesbro House* #1-#2, *Night of the Cyclops* one-shot, *Old Man Whittier* one-shot, *The Miser's Gift* short from the 2019 *Hellboy Winter Special*, and *Time is a River* one-shot, all previously published by Dark Horse Comics.

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SKETCHBOOK 133

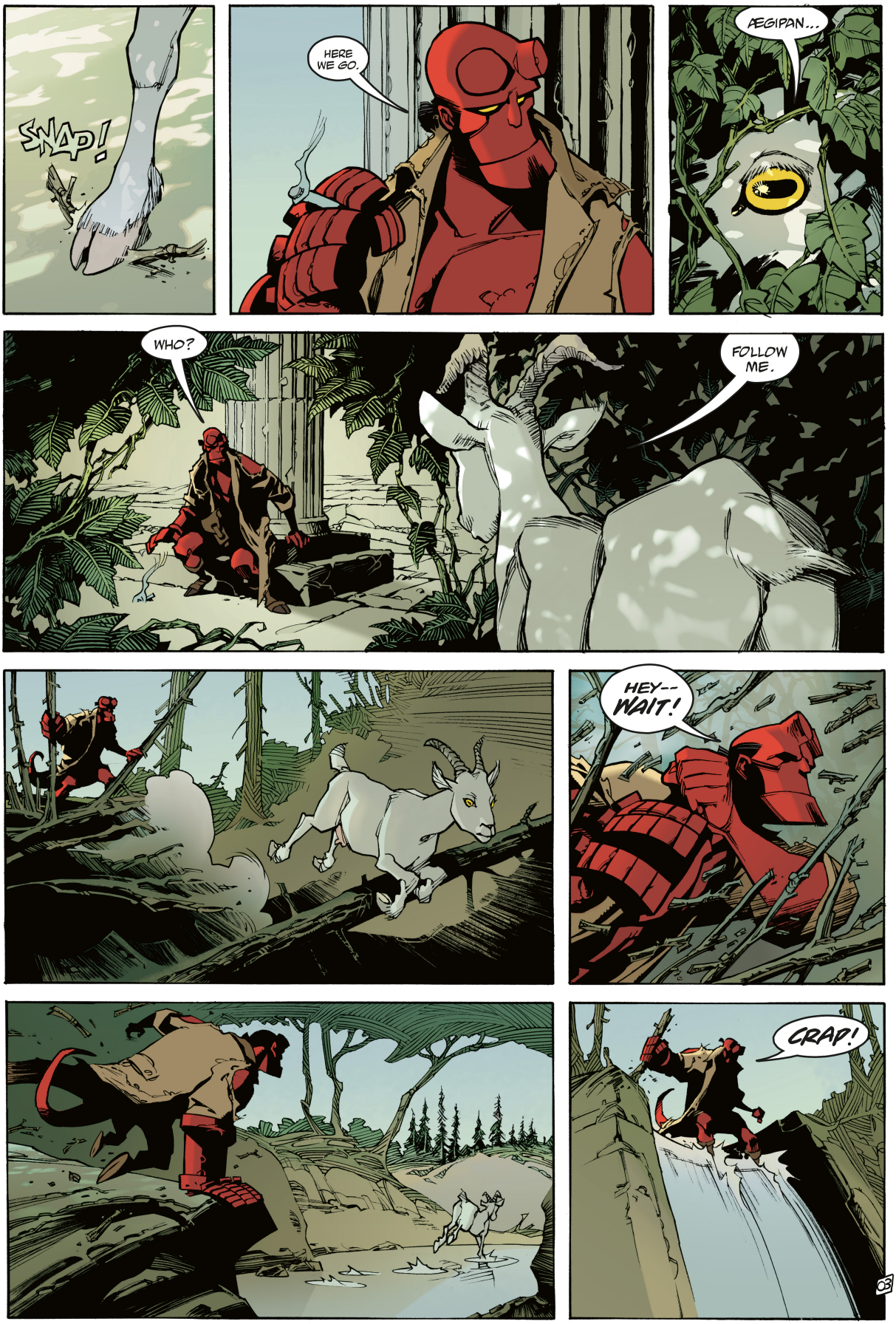


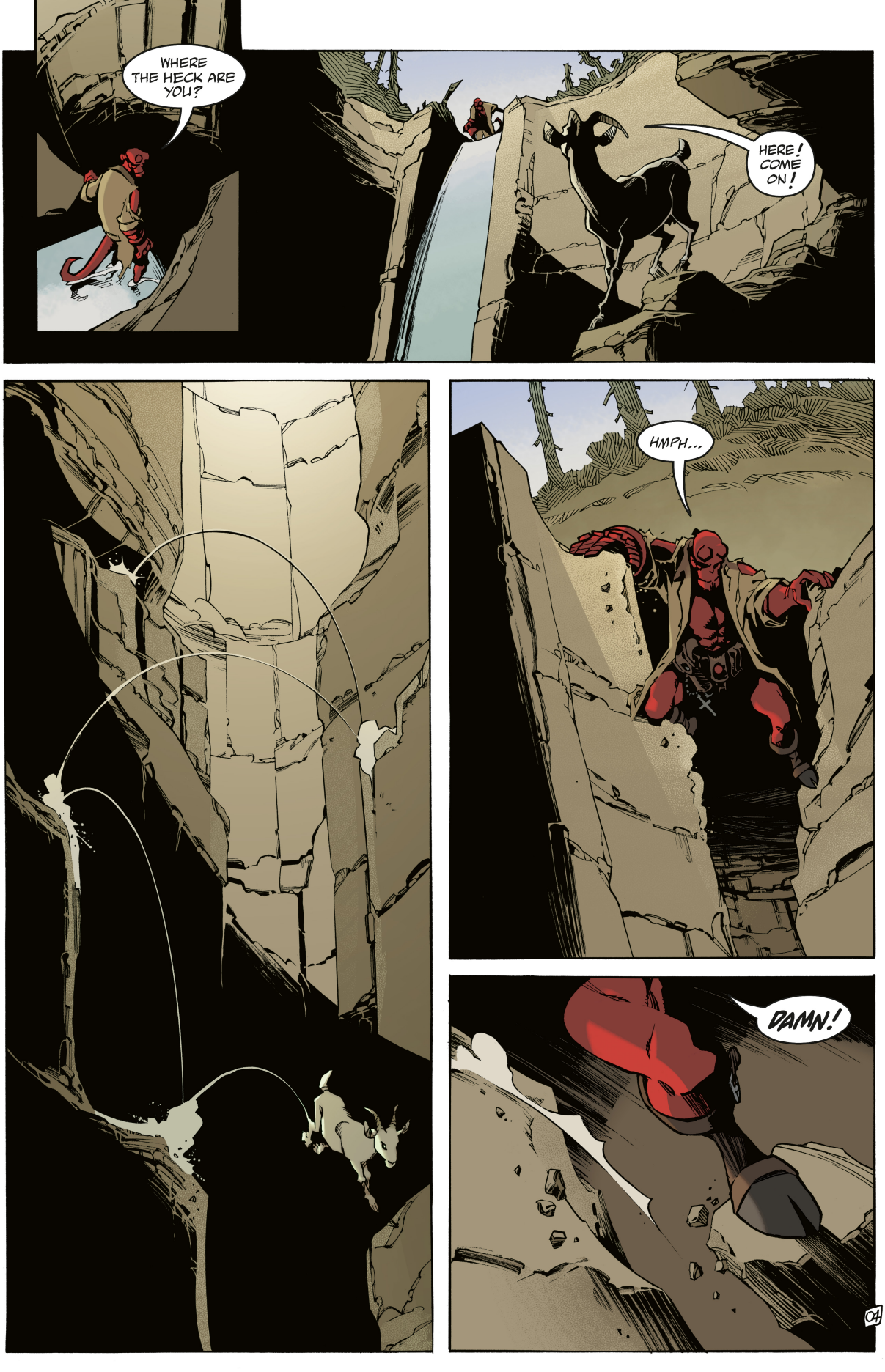

NIGHT OF THE CYCLOPS

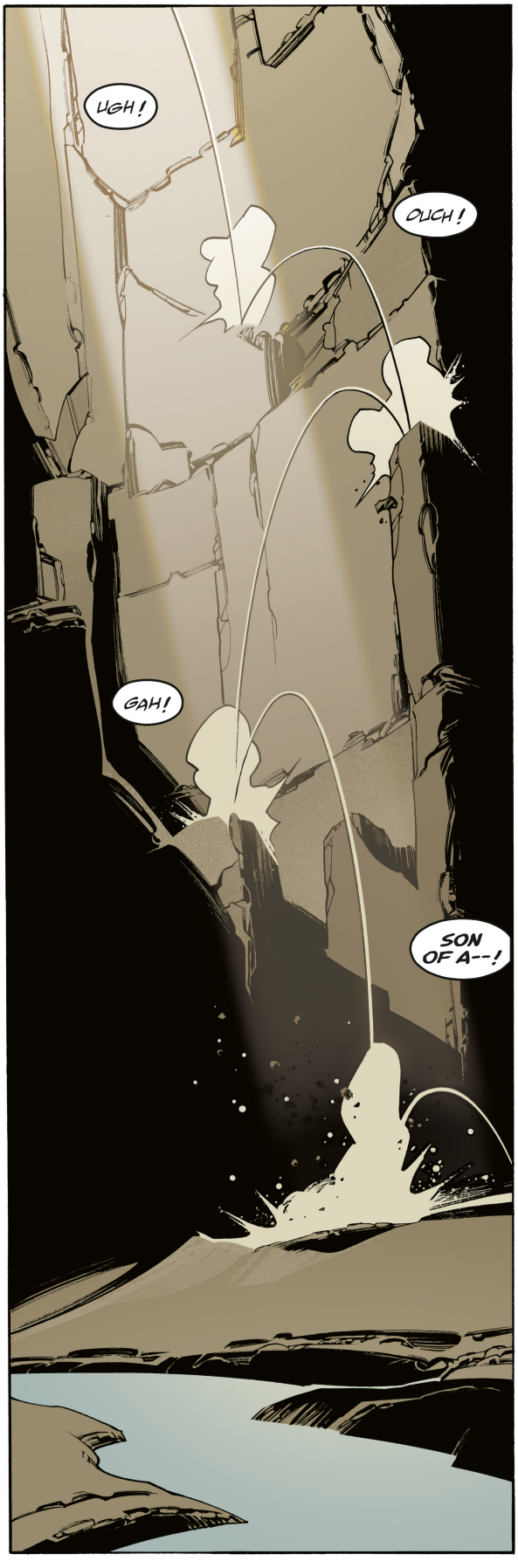



HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!
THESSALY, GREECE. APRIL 1962.
YOU BROKE MY HORNS!
YOU RUINED MY COAT. I GUESS WE'RE EVEN.
CLAP!
WE ARE READY TO FLY BACK TO ATHENS, SIR.
01


I'M GOING TO STICK AROUND AWHILE. I'VE GOT A FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE--LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON HERE.
BUT--SIR, THE BUREAU SAID--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, AGENT DRYADES. I'LL CATCH UP IN A COUPLE DAYS.
SHOULD I WAIT...?
NO, YOU GO AHEAD. AND--
IF OUR FRIEND IN THERE BEHAVES HIMSELF, YOU CAN GIVE THESE BACK TO HIM.
07

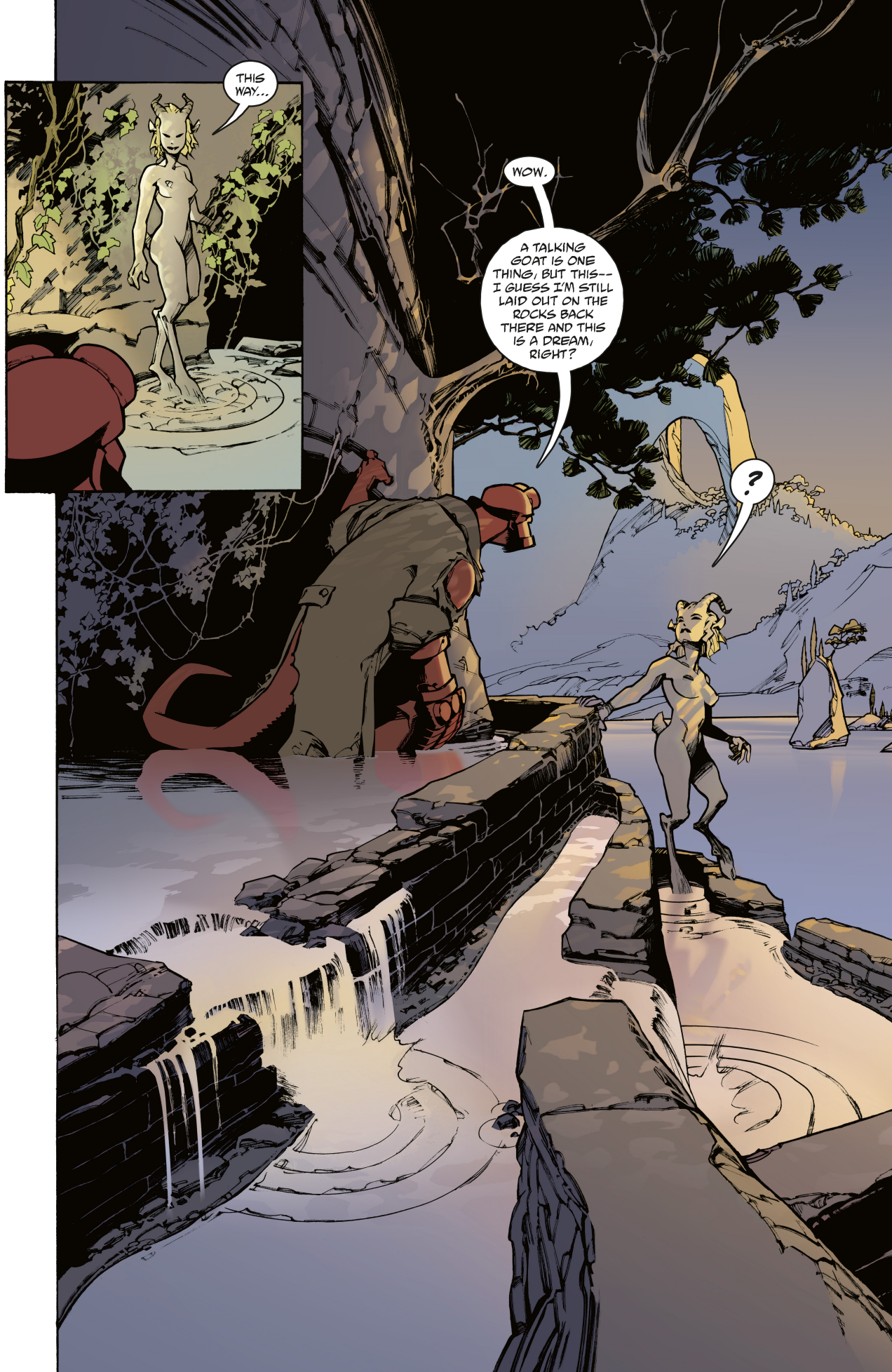

SNAP!
HERE WE GO.
ÆGIPAN...
WHO?
FOLLOW ME.
HEY-- WAIT!
CRAP!

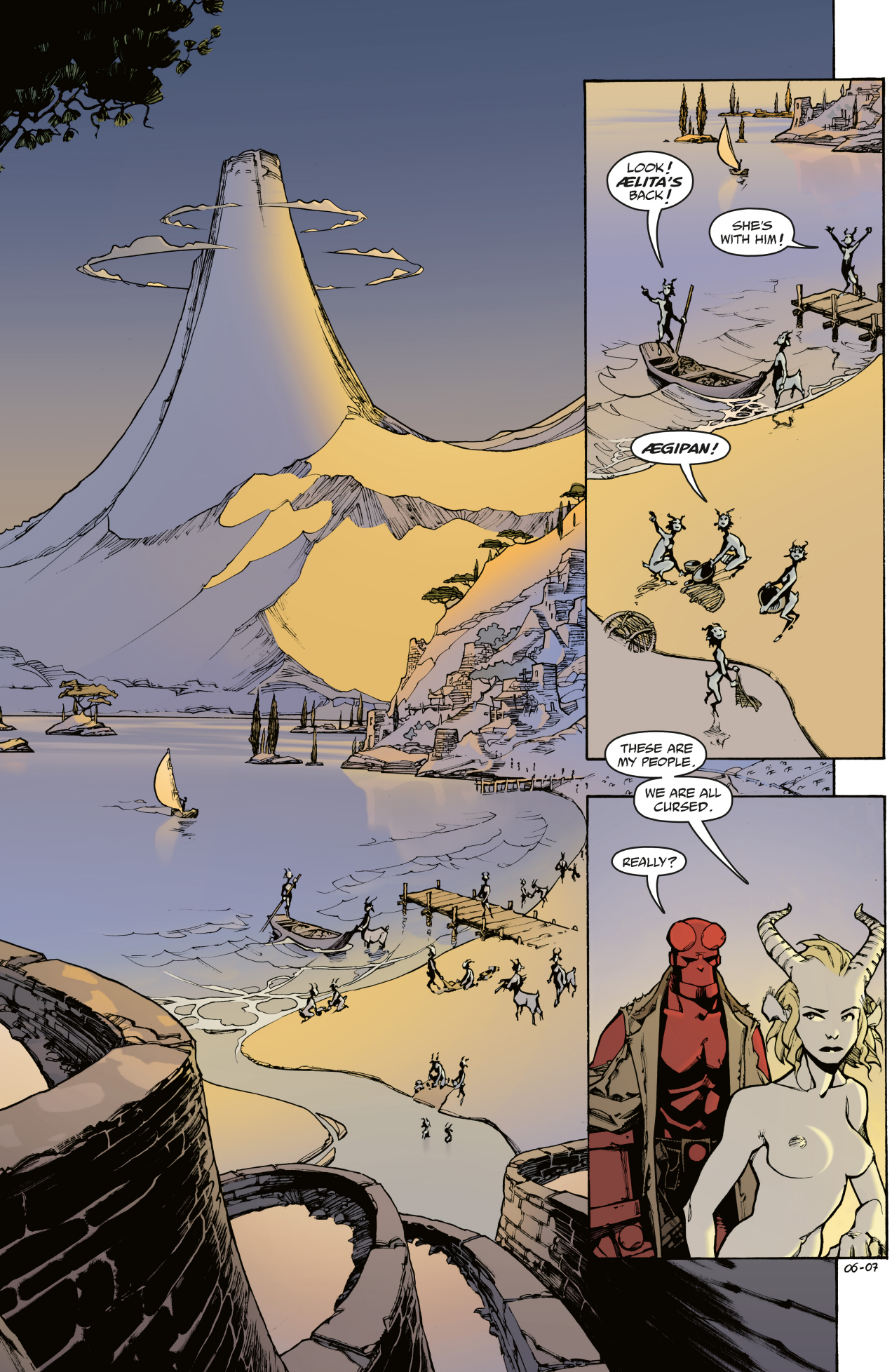

WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU?
HERE! COME ON!
HMPH...
DAMN!
04


UGH!
OUCH!
GAH!
SON OF A--!

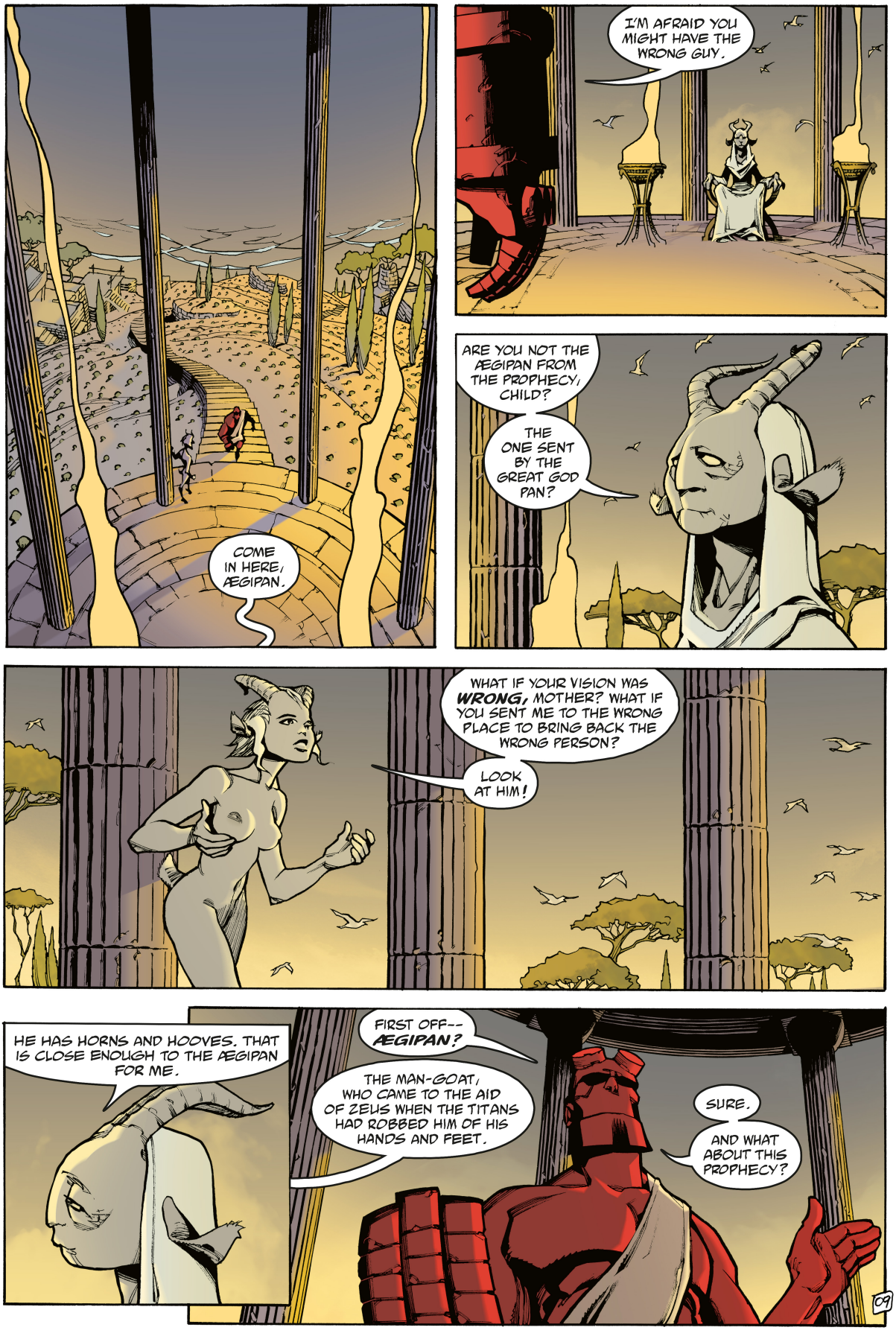

SORRY.
YOU MAY HAVE GOAT FEET, BUT YOU ARE NOT NEARLY AS AGILE.

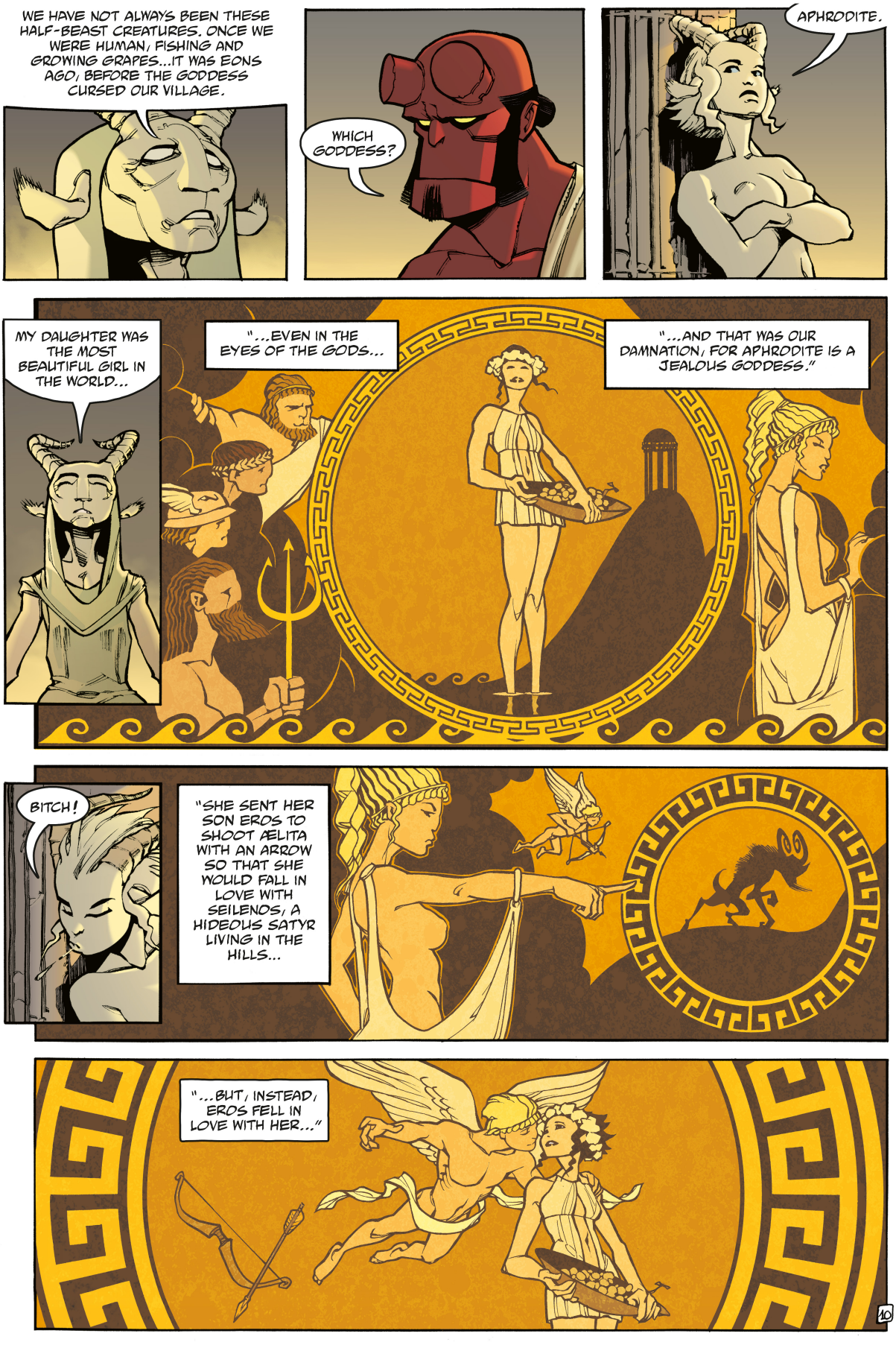

HUH?!
05


THIS WAY...
WOW.
A TALKING GOAT IS ONE THING, BUT THIS-- I GUESS I'M STILL LAID OUT ON THE ROCKS BACK THERE AND THIS IS A DREAM, RIGHT?
?


LOOK! ÆLITA'S BACK!
SHE'S WITH HIM!
ÆGIPAN!
THESE ARE MY PEOPLE.
WE ARE ALL CURSED.
REALLY?


YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS.
FOLLOW ME TO THE SHRINE. MY MOTHER THE SYBIL WANTS TO MEET YOU.
YEAH, OKAY.
AEGIPAN...
...YOU HAVE TO PUT ON A TOGA TO ENTER THE SANCTUARY.
WHY NOT.
THIS TOO?
NOT OBLIGATORY.
GOOD.
08

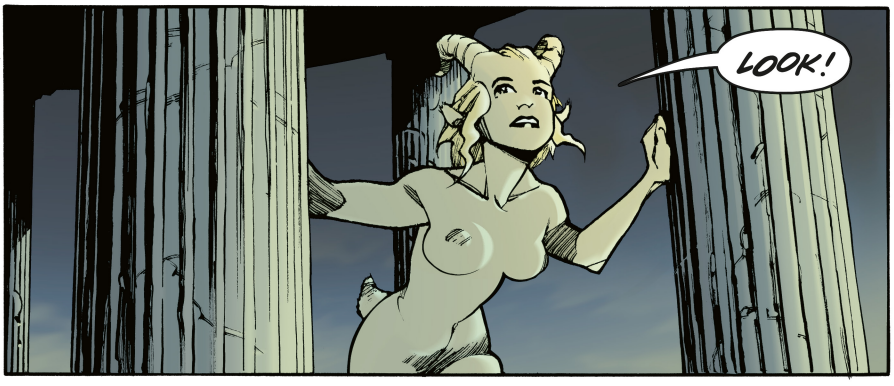

COME IN HERE, ÆGIPAN.
I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE THE WRONG GUY.
ARE YOU NOT THE ÆGIPAN FROM THE PROPHECY, CHILD?
THE ONE SENT BY THE GREAT GOD PAN?
WHAT IF YOUR VISION WAS WRONG, MOTHER? WHAT IF YOU SENT ME TO THE WRONG PLACE TO BRING BACK THE WRONG PERSON?
LOOK AT HIM!
HE HAS HORNS AND HOOVES. THAT IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ÆGIPAN FOR ME.
FIRST OFF-- ÆGIPAN?
THE MAN-GOAT, WHO CAME TO THE AID OF ZEUS WHEN THE TITANS HAD ROBBED HIM OF HIS HANDS AND FEET.
SURE.
AND WHAT ABOUT THIS PROPHECY?
09

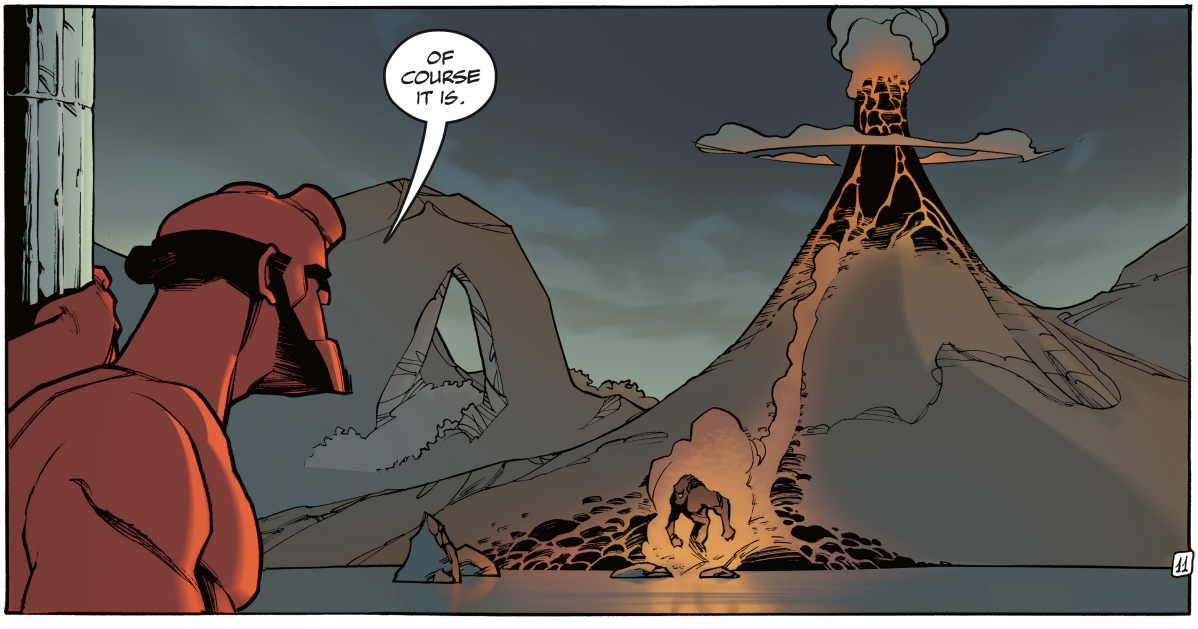

WE HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN THESE HALF-BEAST CREATURES. ONCE WE WERE HUMAN, FISHING AND GROWING GRAPES...IT WAS EONS AGO, BEFORE THE GODDESS CURSED OUR VILLAGE.
WHICH GODDESS?
APHRODITE.
MY DAUGHTER WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD...
"...EVEN IN THE EYES OF THE GODS...
"...AND THAT WAS OUR DAMNATION, FOR APHRODITE IS A JEALOUS GODDESS."
BITCH!
"SHE SENT HER SON EROS TO SHOOT ÆLITA WITH AN ARROW SO THAT SHE WOULD FALL IN LOVE WITH SEILENOS, A HIDEOUS SATYR LIVING IN THE HILLS...
"...BUT, INSTEAD, EROS FELL IN LOVE WITH HER..."
10

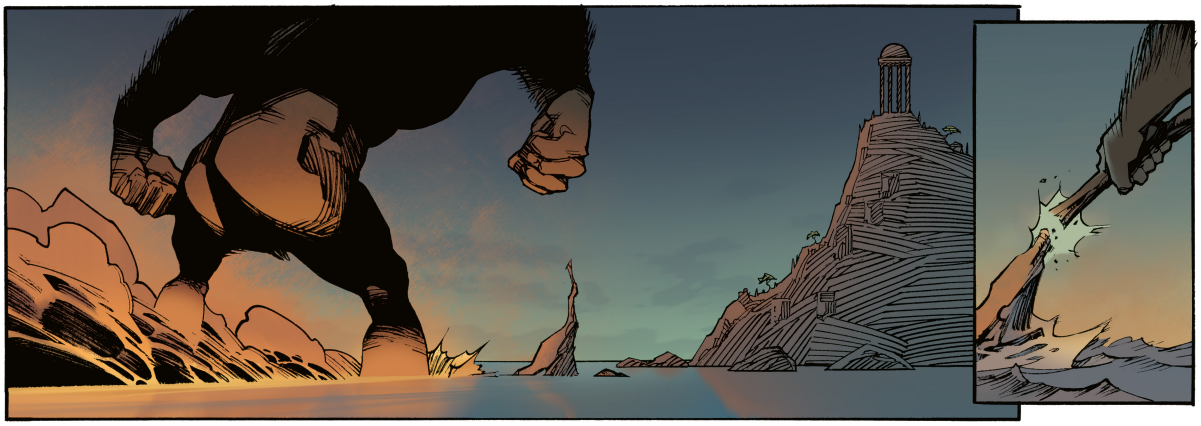

"INFURIATED BY THE DISOBEDIENCE OF HER SON, APHRODITE CHANGED US INTO HALF-GOAT CREATURES LIKE SEILENOS...


"...AND IN ADDITION, CURSED US. EACH YEAR, AT THE HARVEST PERIOD, A CYCLOPS WILL RISE FROM OTHRYS MOUNT AND DESTROY THE FRUITS OF OUR LABOR."


AND LET ME GUESS-- THAT'S TONIGHT.


LOOK!


OF COURSE IT IS.
11

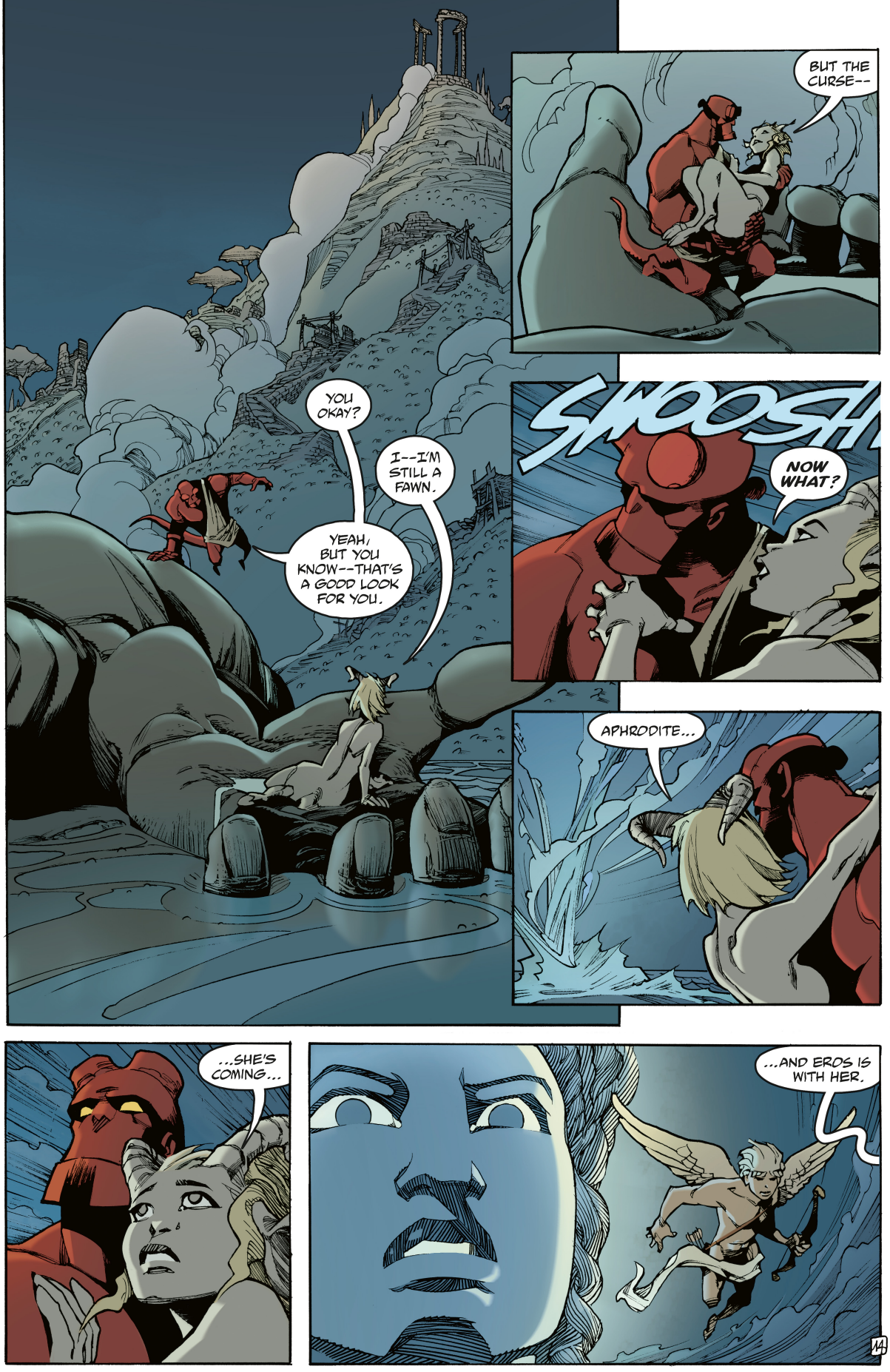


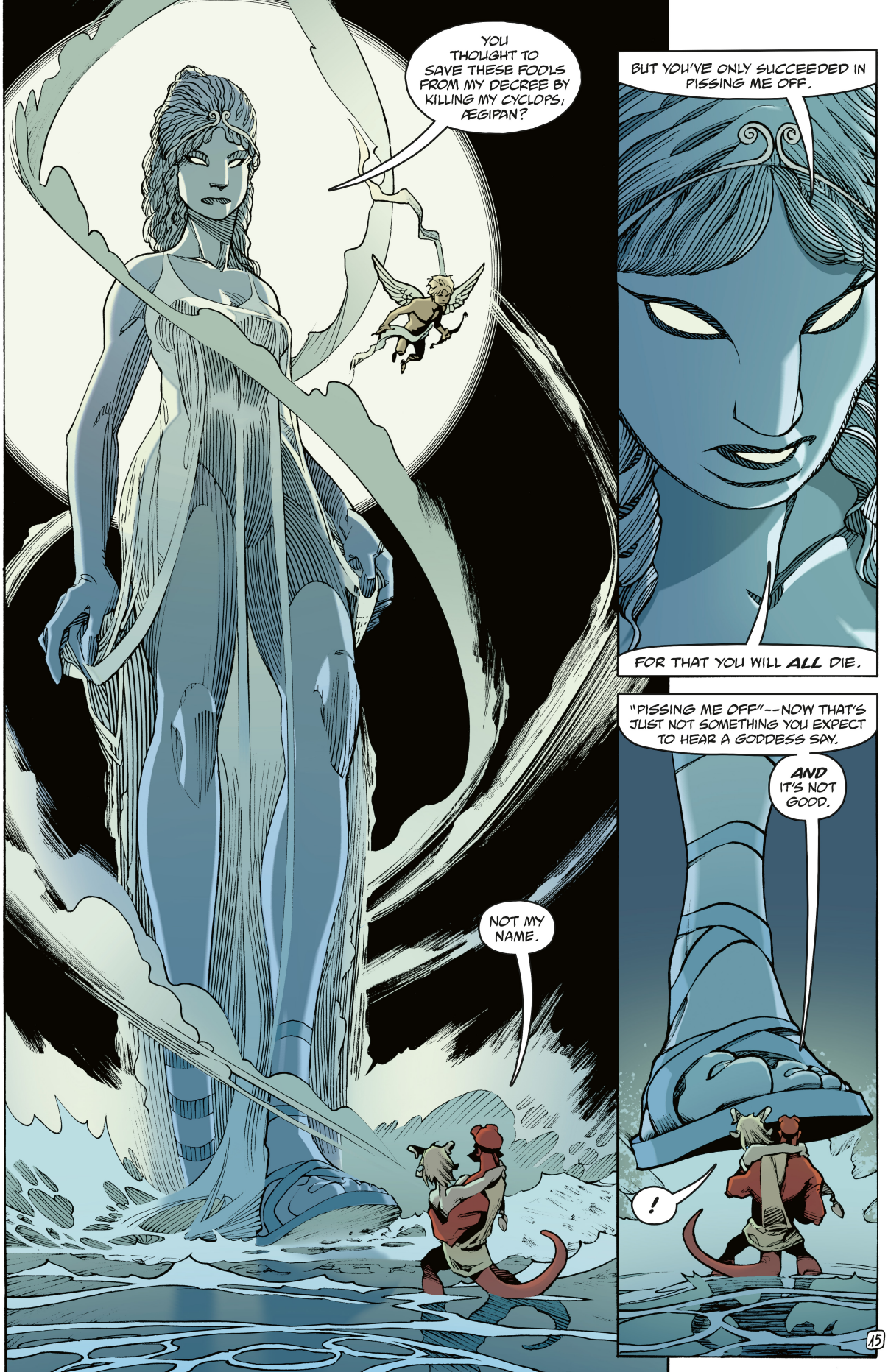


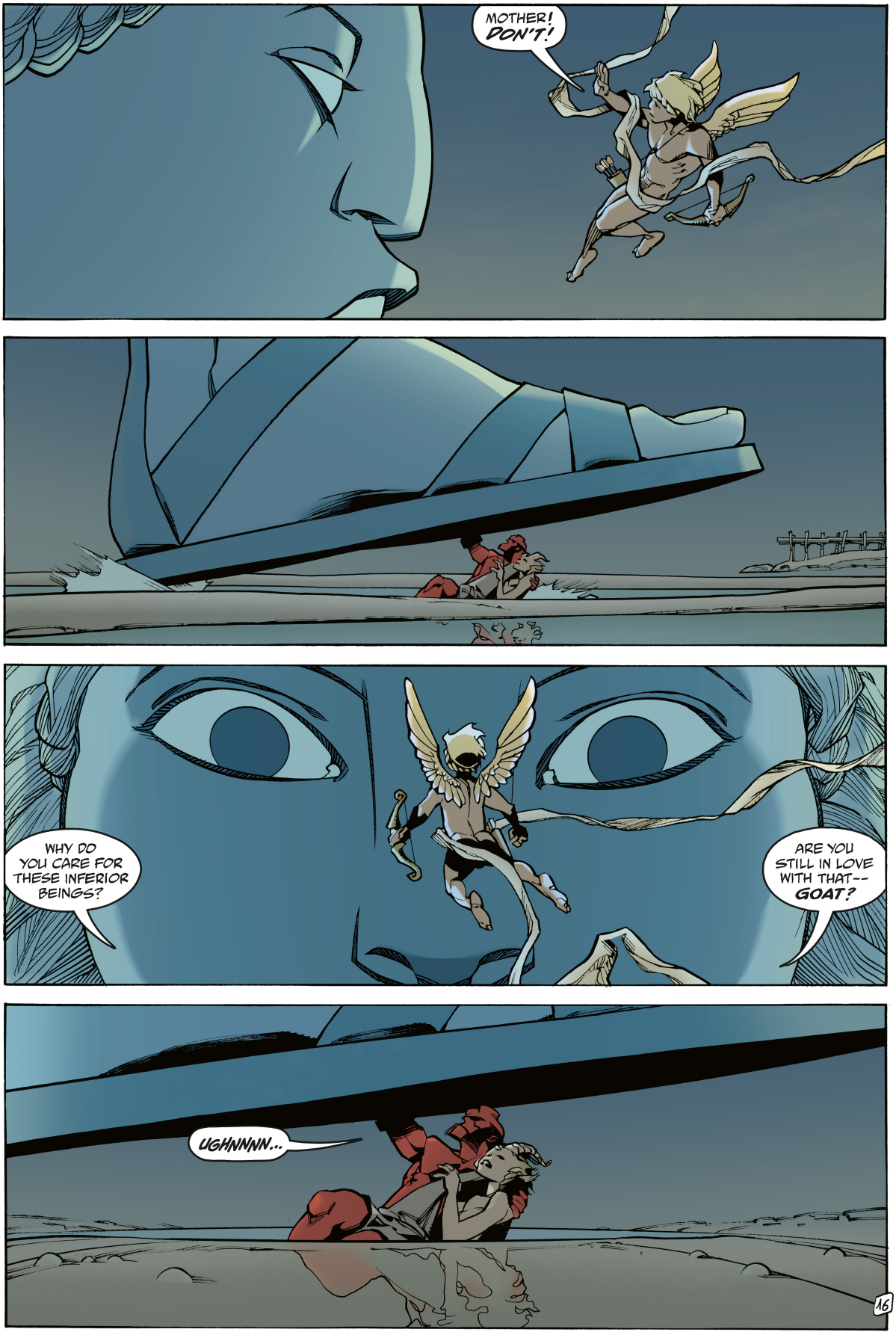

HEY, TOUGH GUY...

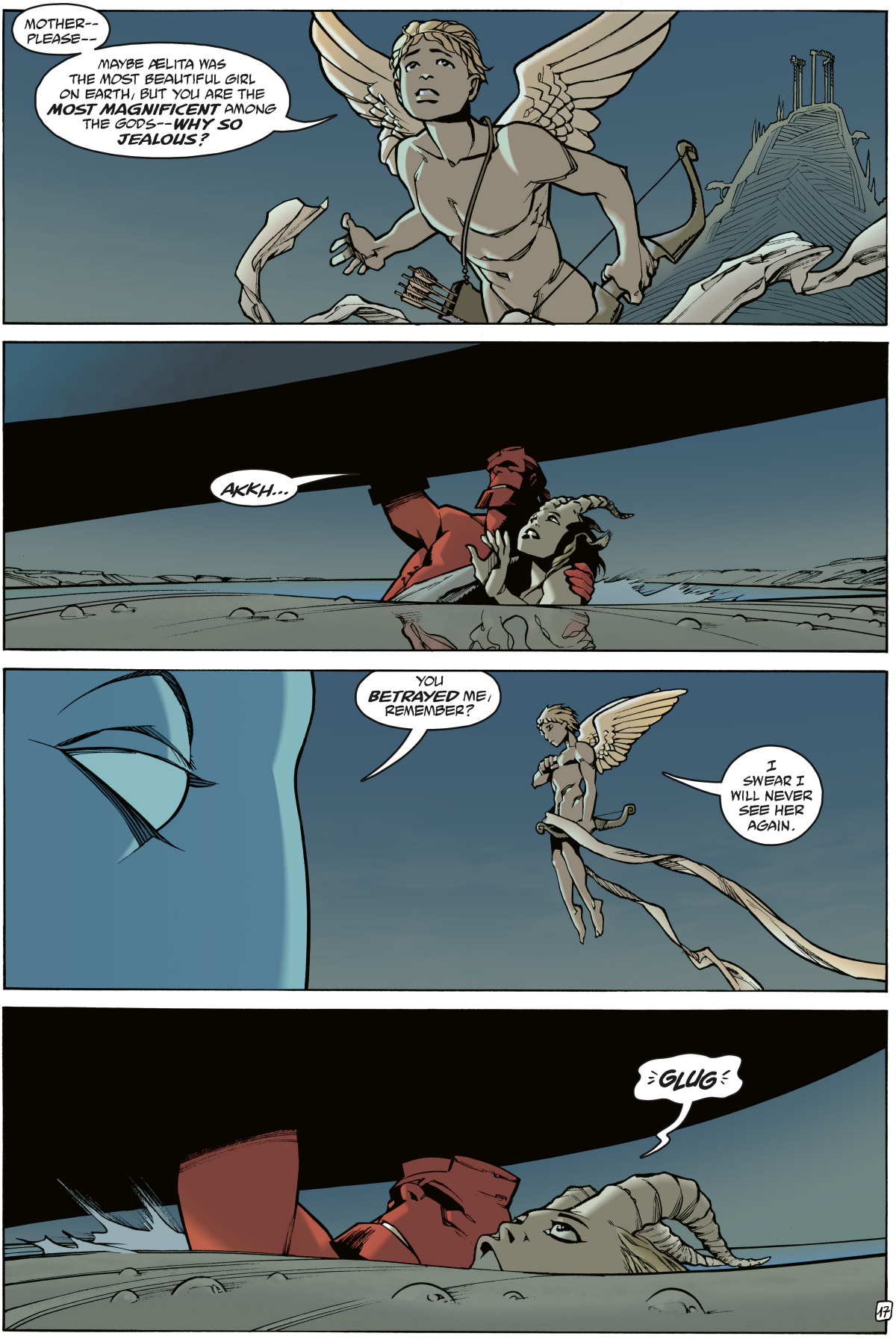

THE LITTLE GOAT PEOPLE SEEM NICE, SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST--

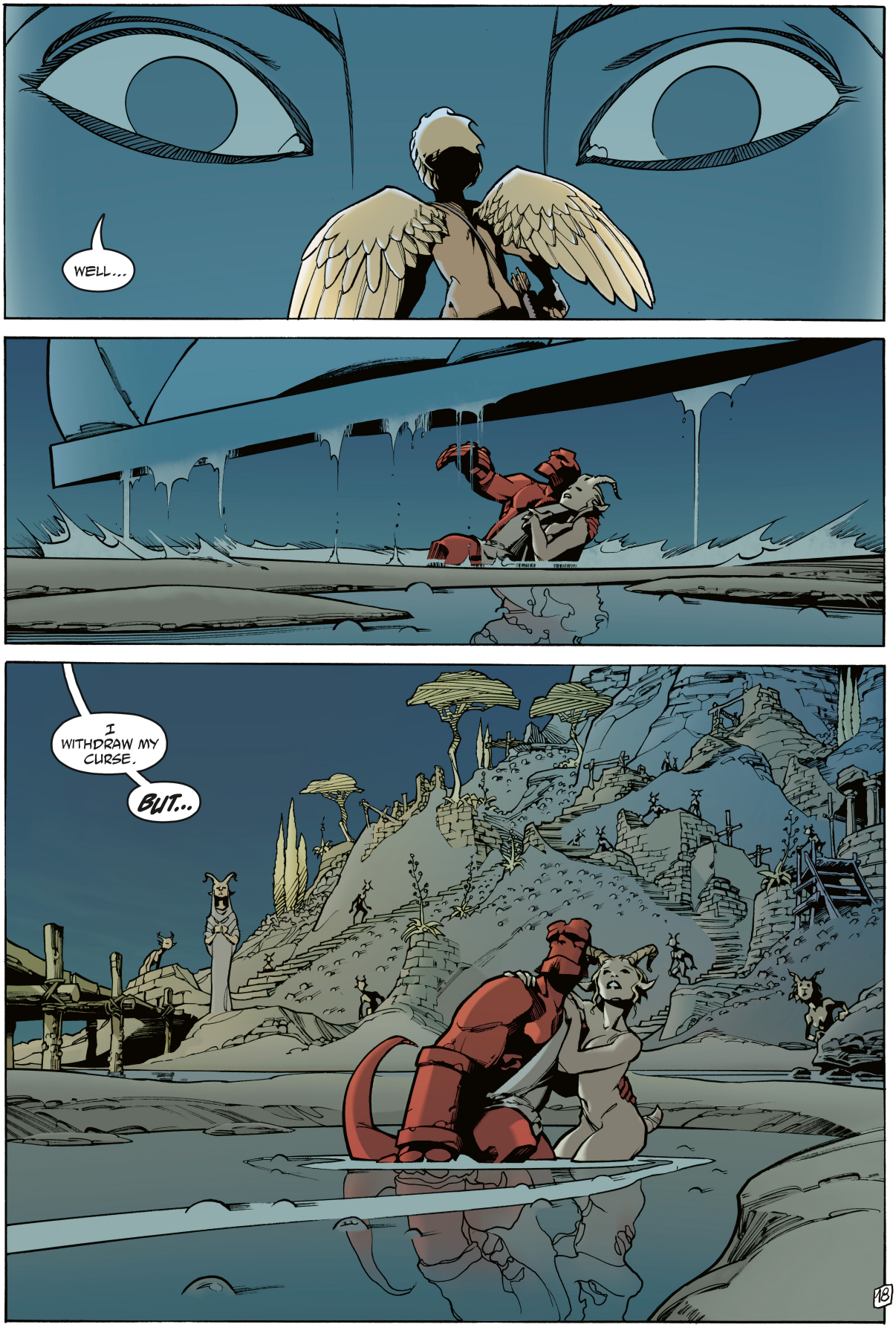

SORRY ABOUT YOUR SHRINE, MA'AM!
YEEEE!
HANG ON!
GOTCHA!

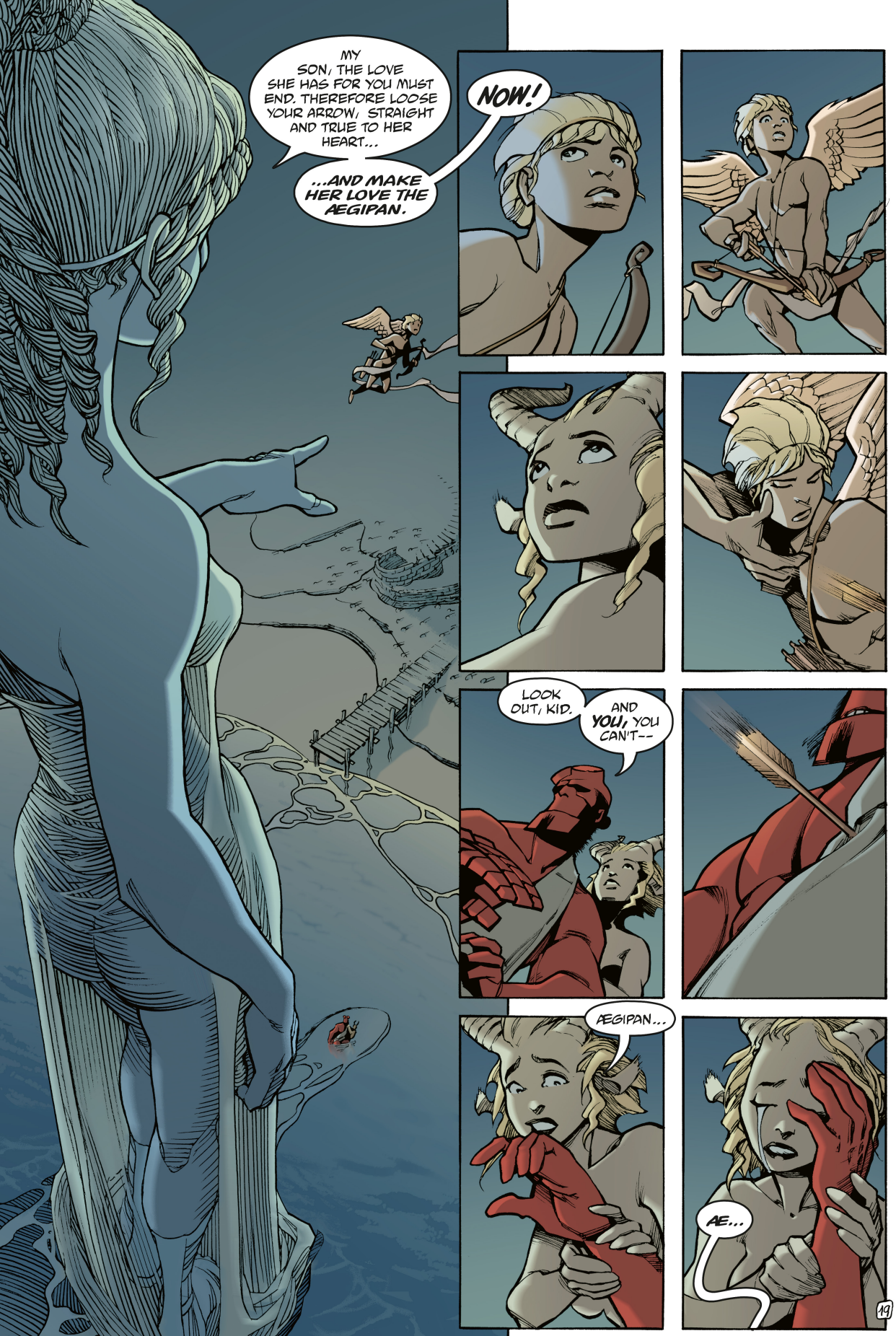

BUT THE CURSE--
YOU OKAY?
I--I'M STILL A FAWN.
YEAH, BUT YOU KNOW--THAT'S A GOOD LOOK FOR YOU.
SWOOSH
NOW WHAT?
APHRODITE...
...SHE'S COMING...
...AND EROS IS WITH HER.
14

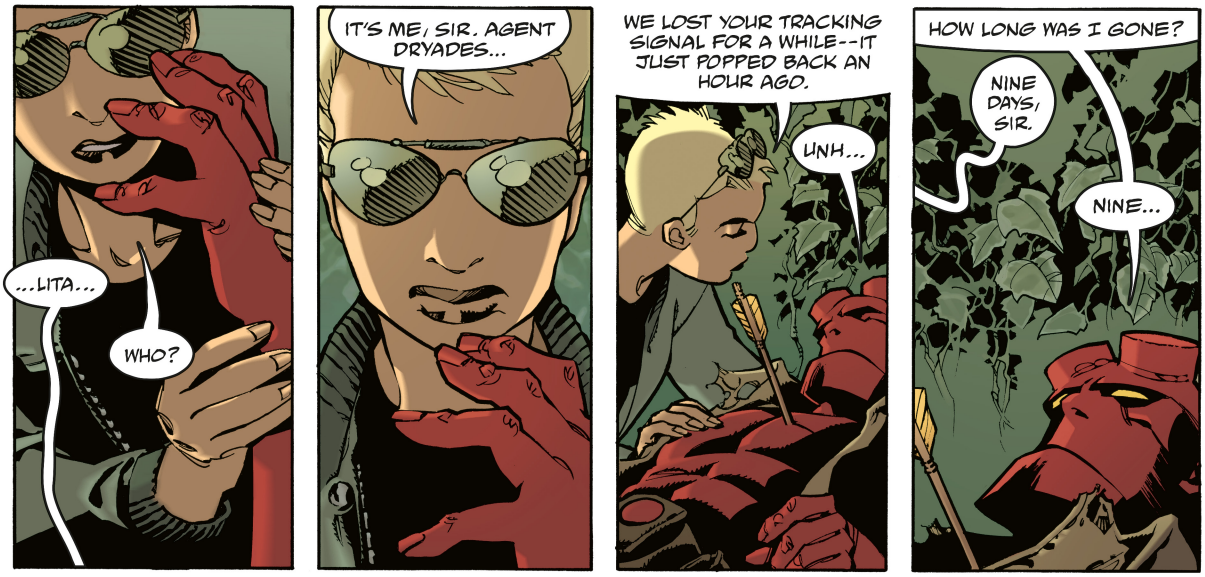

YOU THOUGHT TO SAVE THESE FOOLS FROM MY DECREE BY KILLING MY CYCLOPS, AEGIPAN?
NOT MY NAME.
BUT YOU'VE ONLY SUCCEEDED IN PISSING ME OFF.
FOR THAT YOU WILL ALL DIE.
"PISSING ME OFF"--NOW THAT'S JUST NOT SOMETHING YOU EXPECT TO HEAR A GODDESS SAY.
AND IT'S NOT GOOD.
!


MOTHER! DON'T!
WHY DO YOU CARE FOR THESE INFERIOR BEINGS?
ARE YOU STILL IN LOVE WITH THAT-- GOAT?
UGHNNNN...
16

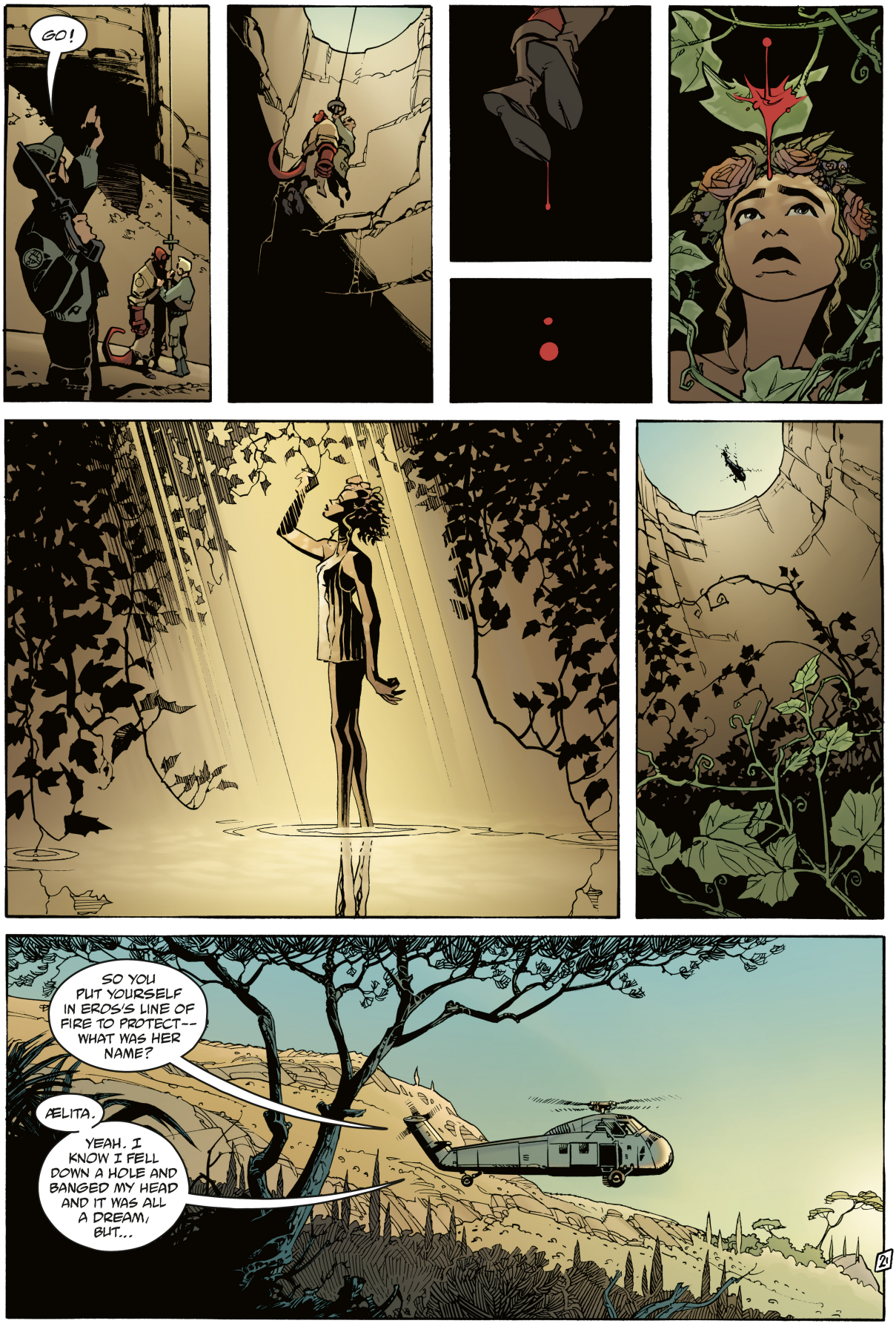

MOTHER-- PLEASE--
MAYBE ÆLITA WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON EARTH, BUT YOU ARE THE MOST MAGNIFICENT AMONG THE GODS--WHY SO JEALOUS?
AKKH...
YOU BETRAYED ME, REMEMBER?
I SWEAR I WILL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.
GLUG
47


WELL...
I WITHDRAW MY CURSE.
BUT...
18


MY SON, THE LOVE SHE HAS FOR YOU MUST END. THEREFORE LOOSE YOUR ARROW, STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO HER HEART...
...AND MAKE HER LOVE THE AEGIPAN.
NOW!
LOOK OUT, KID.
AND YOU, YOU CAN'T--
AEGIPAN...
AE...


...LITA...
WHO?
IT'S ME, SIR. AGENT DRYADES...
WE LOST YOUR TRACKING SIGNAL FOR A WHILE--IT JUST POPPED BACK AN HOUR AGO.
UNH...
HOW LONG WAS I GONE?
NINE DAYS, SIR.
NINE...


JEEZ.
STAY STILL. I HAVE TO REMOVE THIS ARROW BEFORE WE CINCH YOU UP.
ARROW?
YES, SIR.
YOU'RE BLEEDING PRETTY BAD.
I'LL BE OKAY.


GO!
SO YOU PUT YOURSELF IN EROS'S LINE OF FIRE TO PROTECT-- WHAT WAS HER NAME?
ÆLITA.
YEAH. I KNOW I FELL DOWN A HOLE AND BANGED MY HEAD AND IT WAS ALL A DREAM, BUT...
21


THERE IS THIS.
I THINK THE DAMN THING'S PURE GOLD.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW...
NOW STOP MOVING, I'M ALMOST DONE...
AND STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT. THAT'S JUST WEIRD.
SORRY.
THE END

THE SECRET OF CHESBRO HOUSE






NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK.
OCTOBER 13TH, 1983.
KEEP THE CHANGE, PAL.
NICE...


YOU FEEL IT, DON'T YOU?
JEEZ, LADY...

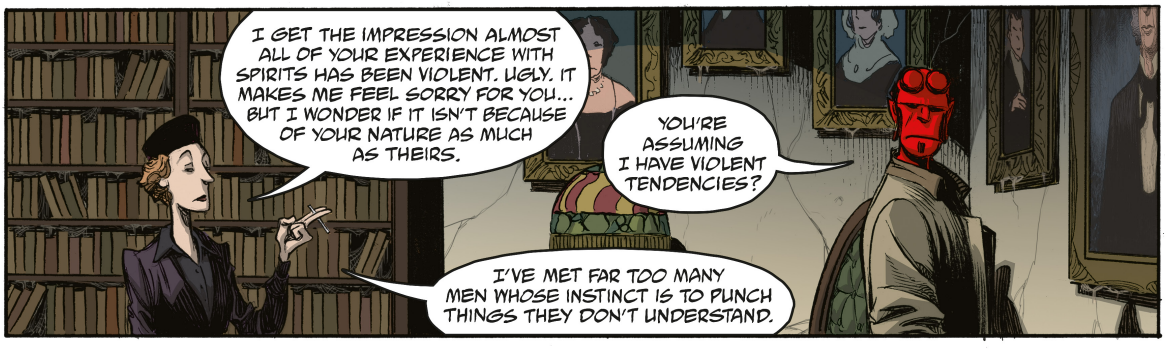

DON'T SPOOK ME LIKE THAT!
MY LATE HUSBAND ALWAYS SAID I HAD A FLAIR FOR THE DRAMATIC.
YOU PROBABLY GAVE HIM A HEART ATTACK.
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION. YOU FEEL THE EVIL IN THIS HOUSE, DO YOU NOT?
YOU'RE THE PSYCHIC, LADY. I'M JUST THE MUSCLE.
YOU SENSE MORE THAN YOU LET ON, HELLBOY. BUT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT FOND OF THOSE IN MY PROFESSION.
NOTHING PERSONAL. I JUST THINK YOUR KIND OF THING TENDS TO STIR UP STUFF THAT'S BETTER LEFT UNSTIRRED.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER WONDERED IF IT MIGHT BE YOUR... UNIQUE NATURE THAT DOES THE STIRRING?

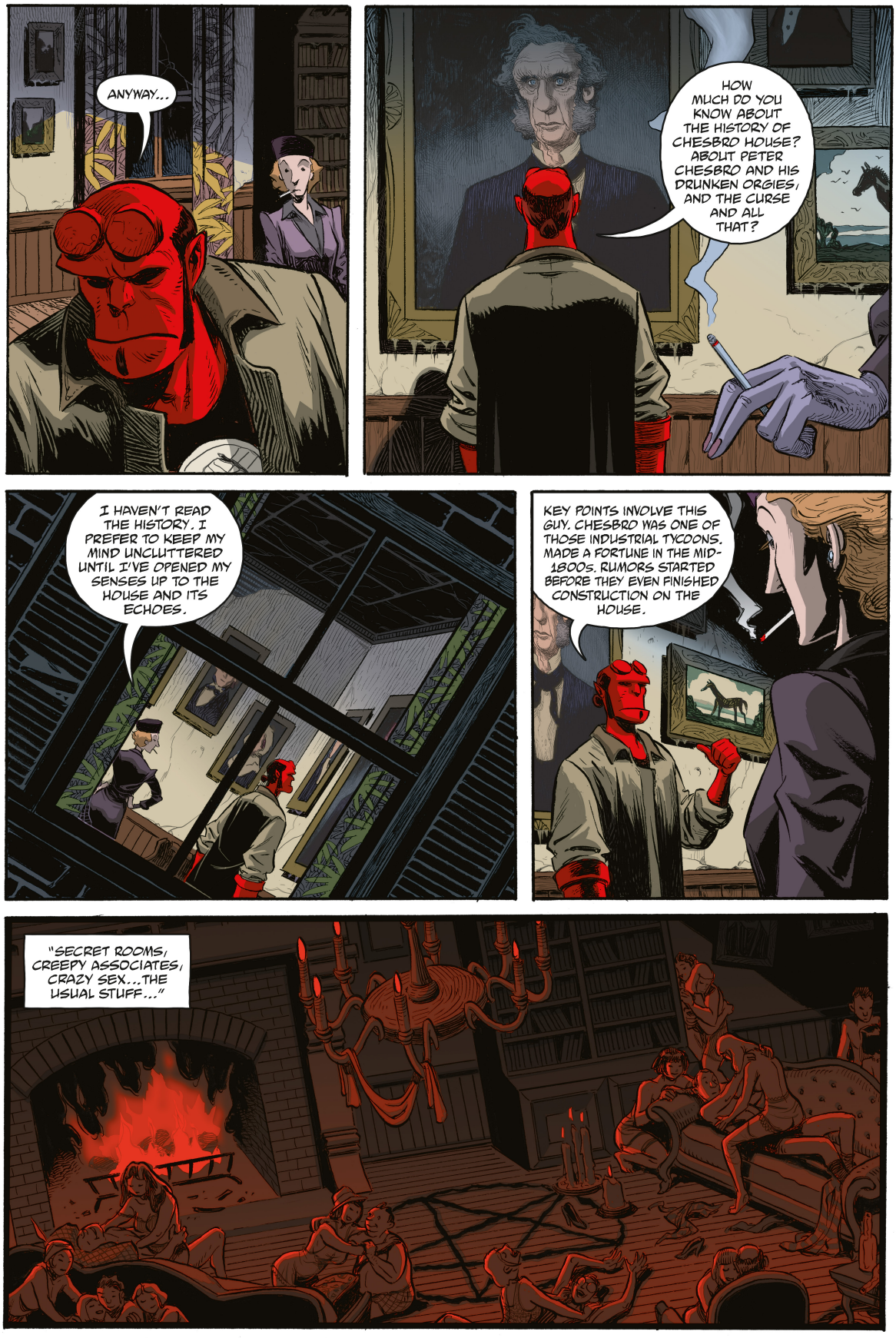

IT'S BEEN SUGGESTED ONCE OR TWICE.
I THINK WE WOULD MAKE AN INTERESTING PAIR. YOU STIRRING UP THE SPIRITS AND ME GUIDING THEM INTO THE LIGHT.


SORRY, MADAME ZEMPERELLI. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN A CARNIVAL SIDESHOW ACT. LET'S JUST GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.


WHAT'S YOUR APPROACH TO A PLACE LIKE THIS? A TRUE HAUNTING?


A WRECKING BALL OR A REALLY GOOD FIRE.


I GET THE IMPRESSION ALMOST ALL OF YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITS HAS BEEN VIOLENT. UGLY. IT MAKES ME FEEL SORRY FOR YOU... BUT I WONDER IF IT ISN'T BECAUSE OF YOUR NATURE AS MUCH AS THEIRS.
YOU'RE ASSUMING I HAVE VIOLENT TENDENCIES?
I'VE MET FAR TOO MANY MEN WHOSE INSTINCT IS TO PUNCH THINGS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.

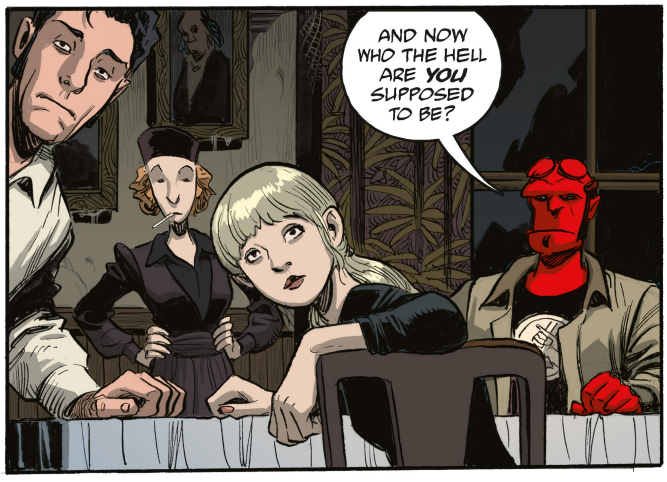

ANYWAY...
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HISTORY OF CHESBRO HOUSE? ABOUT PETER CHESBRO AND HIS DRUNKEN ORGIES, AND THE CURSE AND ALL THAT?
I HAVEN'T READ THE HISTORY. I PREFER TO KEEP MY MIND UNCLUTTERED UNTIL I'VE OPENED MY SENSES UP TO THE HOUSE AND ITS ECHOES.
KEY POINTS INVOLVE THIS GUY. CHESBRO WAS ONE OF THOSE INDUSTRIAL TYCOONS. MADE A FORTUNE IN THE MID-1800S. RUMORS STARTED BEFORE THEY EVEN FINISHED CONSTRUCTION ON THE HOUSE.
"SECRET ROOMS, CREEPY ASSOCIATES, CRAZY SEX...THE USUAL STUFF..."


ONE OF HIS KIDS-- SARAH--VANISHED IN 1881 AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN. LOCAL RUMOR SAID CHESBRO HAD HIDDEN HER AWAY SOMEWHERE AS PUNISHMENT FOR SOMETHING--
SECRET ROOM? IN MY EXPERIENCE, WHEN A FAMILY MEMBER DISAPPEARS LIKE THAT, IT'S USUALLY MURDER.
OH, THEY SUSPECTED MURDER ALL RIGHT.
JEEZ!
BUT NOBODY COULD EVER PROVE ANYTHING. THAT WAS A CENTURY AGO. IT'S WHERE THIS HOUSE GOT ITS EVIL REPUTATION.
PEOPLE THINK THIS PLACE IS CURSED BECAUSE PETER CHESBRO MURDERED HIS DAUGHTER, BUT THE ONLY THING HAUNTING THIS HOUSE IS NASTY RUMORS.
BUT TRY TELLING MY MOTHER THAT.
HELLBOY, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE CARTER STROUD, THE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF PETER CHESBRO, AND HIS FIANCÉE, SERENA WILKINS.
IT'S ABOUT TIME. LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.


IT'S ONLY FAIR FOR US TO TELL YOU WE DON'T BELIEVE IN ANY OF THIS NONSENSE.
MY MOTHER'S DYING. THIS DUMP IS MY INHERITANCE. MOM'S WILL STIPULATES THAT IT CAN'T BE SOLD UNTIL THE SO-CALLED "CURSE" IS BROKEN. SO HERE WE ARE.
APPARENTLY, I'M HERE BECAUSE PROFESSOR BRUTTENHOLM DANCED WITH YOUR MOTHER ONCE DURING THE WAR.
SHE ASKED HIM TO SEND SOMEONE "WHO CAN HANDLE TROUBLE."
YOU SOUND AS THRILLED AS I AM.
IF I STOOD TO INHERIT A PLACE WITH A PRICE TAG LIKE THIS ONE, I'D BE MORE THRILLED.
I'M THE SOLE HEIR, TOO. GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAD PETER CHESBRO HAD TWO KIDS. SARAH--THE ONE HE "MISPLACED"--AND GREAT-GRANDAD CHARLES, WHO ONLY HAD MY GRANDPA GEORGE.
I GUESS YOU SHOULD KNOW THIS ISN'T THE FIRST SÉANCE THAT'S BEEN HELD IN THIS ROOM TO CONTACT THE GHOSTS HAUNTING US. IT'S QUITE A STORY...
"THIS WAS IN THE 1920s. ONE NIGHT, GRANDPA GEORGE AND HIS GUESTS GOT VERY DRUNK AND TRIED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD.

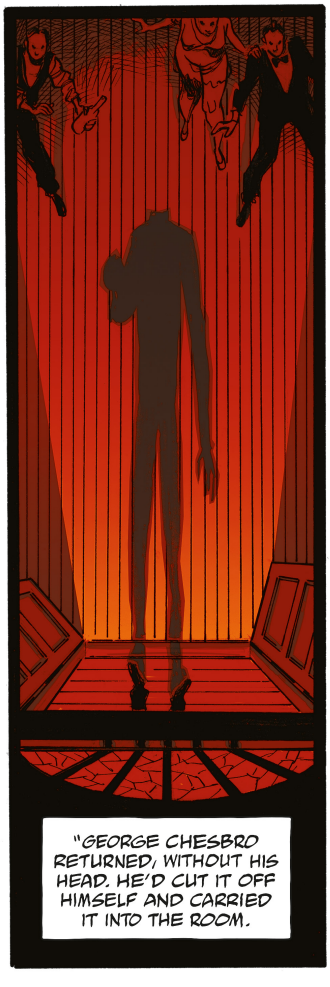

"MY MOTHER--SHE WAS LAVINIA CHESBRO THEN, ONLY FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD--LIKED TO SPY ON THE PARTIES IN THE HOUSE. THAT NIGHT, SHE WAS WATCHING.
"THE WAY MY MOTHER TELLS IT, THEY MADE CONTACT WITH THE GHOST OF SARAH CHESBRO, AND SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER FATHER.
"GRANDPA GEORGE RUSHED FROM THE ROOM, OFF INTO THE TWISTS AND TURNS OF THE HOUSE.
IT'S CRAP, OF COURSE. SUPERSTITION STIRRED UP TO COVER FOR MY FAMILY'S UNSAVORY BEHAVIOR.
I'M GOING TO GUESS GRANDPA GEORGE SMOKED A TON OF OPIUM AND FELL DOWN THE STAIRS.
THEY DIDN'T CALL IT THE ROARING TWENTIES FOR NOTHING.
"THEY FOUND HIM DEAD LATER THAT NIGHT. RUMORS RAN WILD, SAID THE GHOSTS OF CHESBRO HOUSE HAD LURED HIM INTO ONE OF ITS SECRET ROOMS."


YOUR MOTHER SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THE WHOLE STORY.


AND NOW WHO THE HELL ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?


I'M NIGEL, THE CARETAKER.
I'M THE FELLOW WHO'S ABOUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

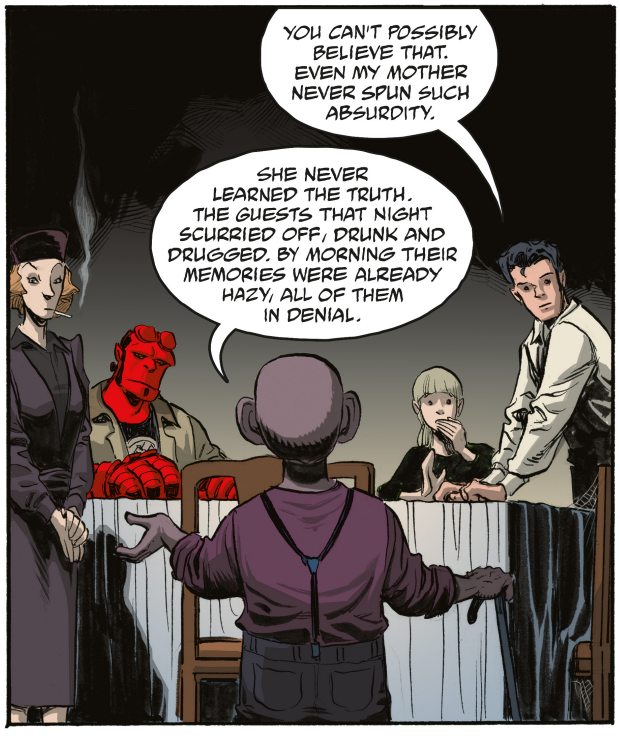

"LITTLE LAVINIA HAD BEEN SHUFFLED OFF TO BED BY HER GOVERNESS. HER FATHER HADN'T RETURNED, BUT AROUND MIDNIGHT THE GUESTS HEARD A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM."
AAAIIIIEEEEEEEE


"GEORGE CHESBRO RETURNED, WITHOUT HIS HEAD. HE'D CUT IT OFF HIMSELF AND CARRIED IT INTO THE ROOM.

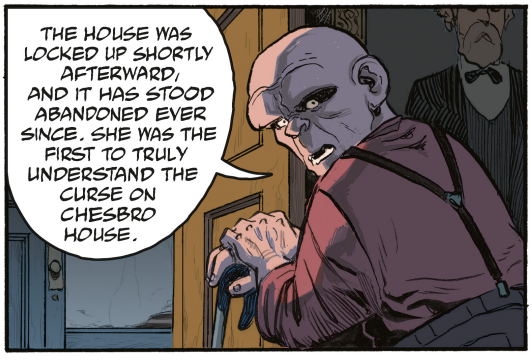

"HIS GUESTS WATCHED AS HE TOSSED HIS OWN HEAD INTO THE FIREPLACE, THEN CRAWLED IN AFTER IT."


IT HAPPENED IN THIS ROOM.


SOUNDS LIKE A HELL OF A PARTY.


YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE THAT. EVEN MY MOTHER NEVER SPUN SUCH ABSURDITY.
SHE NEVER LEARNED THE TRUTH. THE GUESTS THAT NIGHT SCURRIED OFF, DRUNK AND DRUGGED. BY MORNING THEIR MEMORIES WERE ALREADY HAZY, ALL OF THEM IN DENIAL.


"ALL EXCEPT YOUR GRAND-MOTHER, LITTLE LAVINIA'S MOTHER, WHO SPENT THE REST OF HER LIFE IN AN ASYLUM."

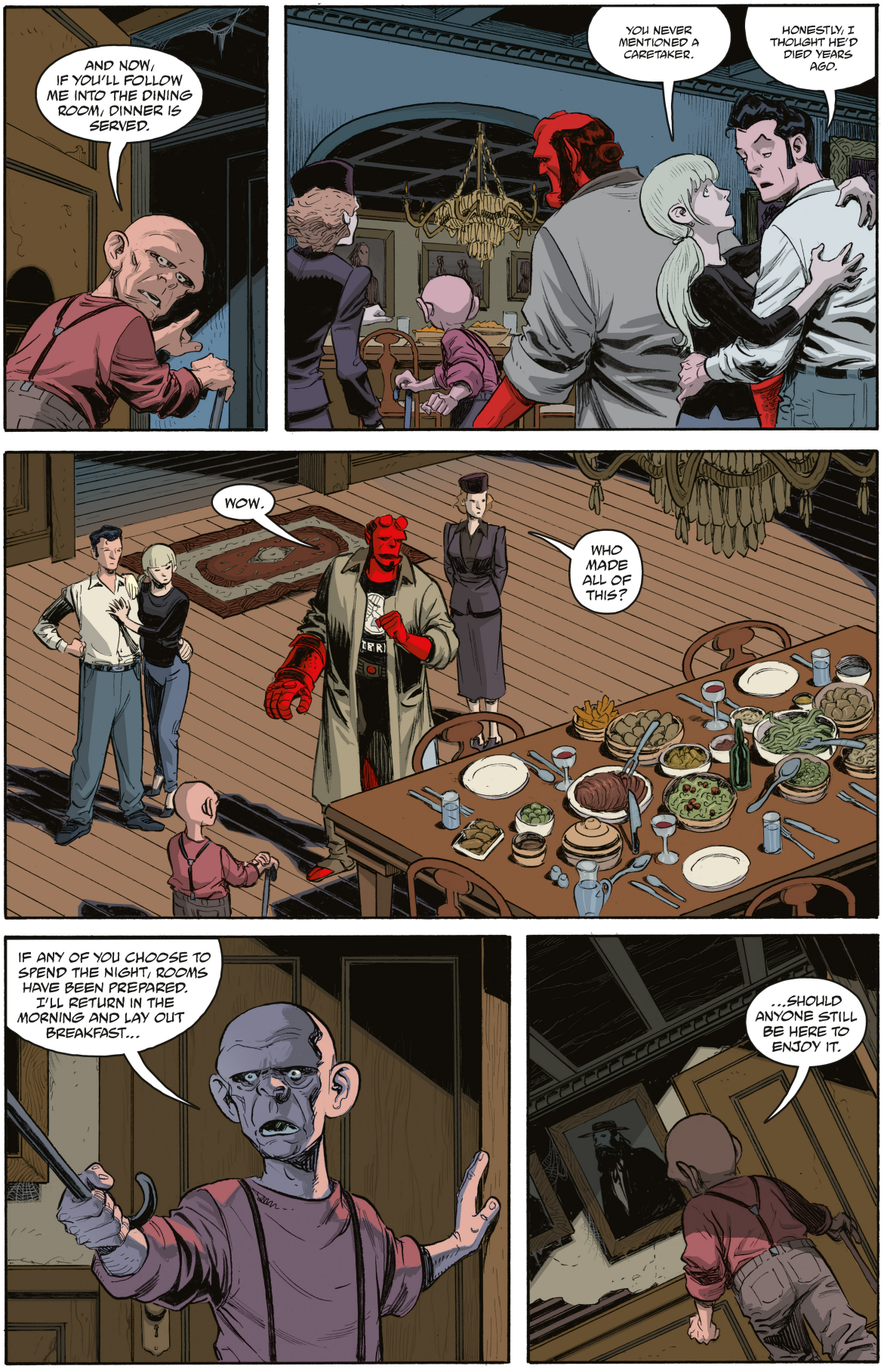

THE HOUSE WAS LOCKED UP SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AND IT HAS STOOD ABANDONED EVER SINCE. SHE WAS THE FIRST TO TRULY UNDERSTAND THE CURSE ON CHESBRO HOUSE.


AND HOW DID SHE COME BY THIS "UNDER-STANDING?"
SHE SAID THE GHOST OF PETER CHESBRO'S DAUGHTER, SARAH, HAD WHISPERED TO HER...


"...THAT THERE REALLY IS A SECRET ROOM IN THE HOUSE...


"...AND THAT WHOEVER FOUND THAT ROOM AND OPENED THE DOOR WOULD BRING THE CURSE TO AN END..."


...BY BRINGING AN END TO BOTH THE HOUSE AND THE CHESBRO FAMILY ITSELF.


AND NOW, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME INTO THE DINING ROOM, DINNER IS SERVED.
YOU NEVER MENTIONED A CARETAKER.
HONESTLY, I THOUGHT HE'D DIED YEARS AGO.
WOW.
WHO MADE ALL OF THIS?
IF ANY OF YOU CHOOSE TO SPEND THE NIGHT, ROOMS HAVE BEEN PREPARED. I'LL RETURN IN THE MORNING AND LAY OUT BREAKFAST...
...SHOULD ANYONE STILL BE HERE TO ENJOY IT.


CREEPY, ISN'T HE?
SHOULD WE BE EATING THIS? AFTER THAT NONSENSE ABOUT THE FAMILY ENDING IF THE CURSE IS BROKEN, WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT BE IN THE FOOD? POISON? HALLUCINOGENS TO MAKE US SEE GHOSTS?
DARLING, PLEASE EAT SOMETHING.
I'D RATHER HIT THE WINE CELLAR. LET'S JUST HAVE A PARTY AND TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL TELL THE OLD WOMAN WE DROVE OUT THE GHOSTS, BROKE THE CURSE...WHATEVER SHE WANTS TO HEAR.
CARTER, YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IN THE ETHEREAL PLANE, BUT YOUR MOTHER CERTAINLY DOES. BREAKING THIS CURSE IS EVERYTHING TO HER. IT MAY BE HER FINAL WISH, IN FACT.
AND... DON'T BE ANGRY, DARLING, BUT WHAT IF IT'S TRUE? WHAT IF THERE IS A CURSE? GHOSTS AND ALL? WHAT IF--
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE! NOT YOU, TOO!
Y'KNOW WHAT?

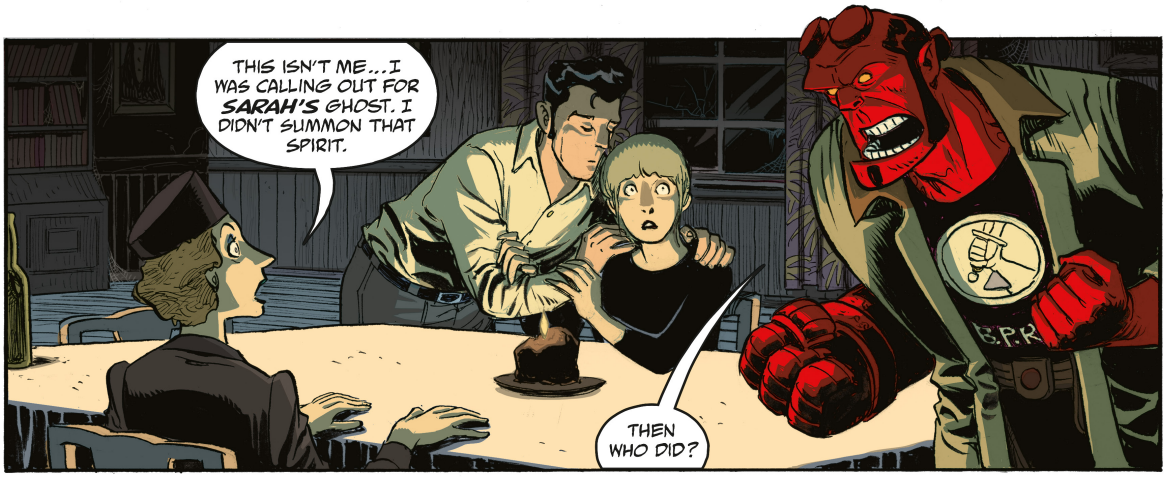

"DINNER CAN WAIT."
I SENSE A POWERFUL PRESENCE IN THIS HOUSE, BUT ALSO A DREADFUL WEIGHT UPON IT. I HAVE NEVER FELT SUCH MALICE BEFORE. NOT EVER. AS IF THE SPIRITS HERE ARE BOUND IN TORMENT.
AND SARAH CHESBRO? IS HER SPIRIT--
YES! THERE SHE IS.
I CALL TO YOU, SARAH ELEANOR CHESBRO. SPEAK TO ME. SPEAK THROUGH ME.
WHY DO YOU NOT REST? WHAT CAN WE DO TO EASE YOUR SUFFERING, SARAH, AND LET YOU GO ON AT LAST?
DOES ANYONE ELSE SMELL THAT? LIKE...SMOKE...?
NOT JUST SMOKE.


MY GOD!
CRAP.
NO! DON'T BREAK THE CIRCUIT!
AW, COME ON. THINGS ARE JUST GETTING INTERESTING.
AAIIIEE!


FFF
FWOOSH
AAIIEEE!
AAAIIEEE!
SIT DOWN, YOU FOOL. WE MUST CONTINUE!
FFWWOOSSH
I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO NOW, CARTER.
I DON'T THINK WE CAN, BABE. THE MONEY...
KKRREEKK
THUNK


THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
I CAN'T.
IF YOU WANT THAT DREAM WEDDING IN FIJI, YOU DAMN WELL WILL.
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
PLEASE, HELLBOY... MAKE IT STOP.
IT'S FURNITURE, KID. NOT MUCH TO DO BUT SMASH IT.
THEN SMASH IT! FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO--
BANG

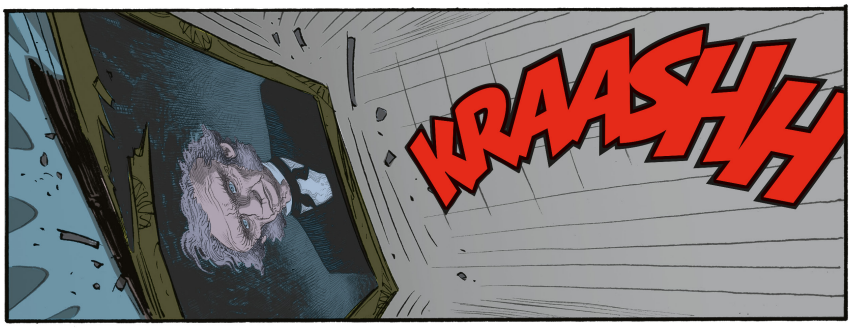

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
RRGGHH!
RRAAGGH!
PLOP
OHMYGOD IS THAT YOUR GRANDFATHER'S HEAD?
GGRRRR!
KRUNCHH
GGRRRR--
YOU BETTER GET IT TOGETHER, LADY!


THIS ISN'T ME...I WAS CALLING OUT FOR SARAH'S GHOST. I DIDN'T SUMMON THAT SPIRIT.
THEN WHO DID?
B.P.R.


IT'S THE HOUSE, DON'T YOU SEE?
THE EVIL THAT PETER CHESBRO PERFORMED HERE...IT REMAINS. I CAN FEEL IT IN THE WALLS AND THE FLOOR, I CAN TASTE IT IN THE AIR. CHESBRO--


THUMP
THUMP
THUMP


SWWIIISH
AAAAAHH!

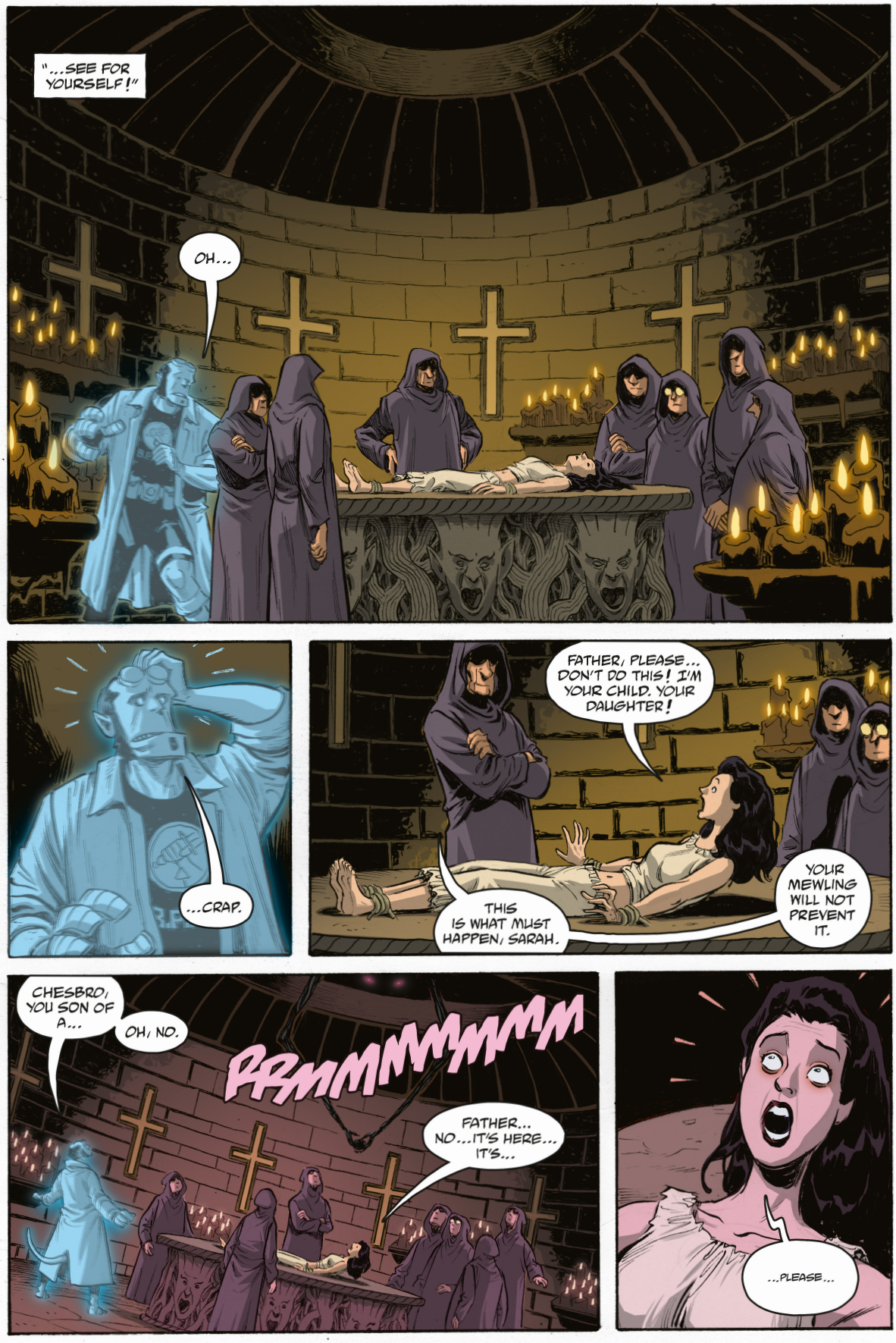

KRAASHH

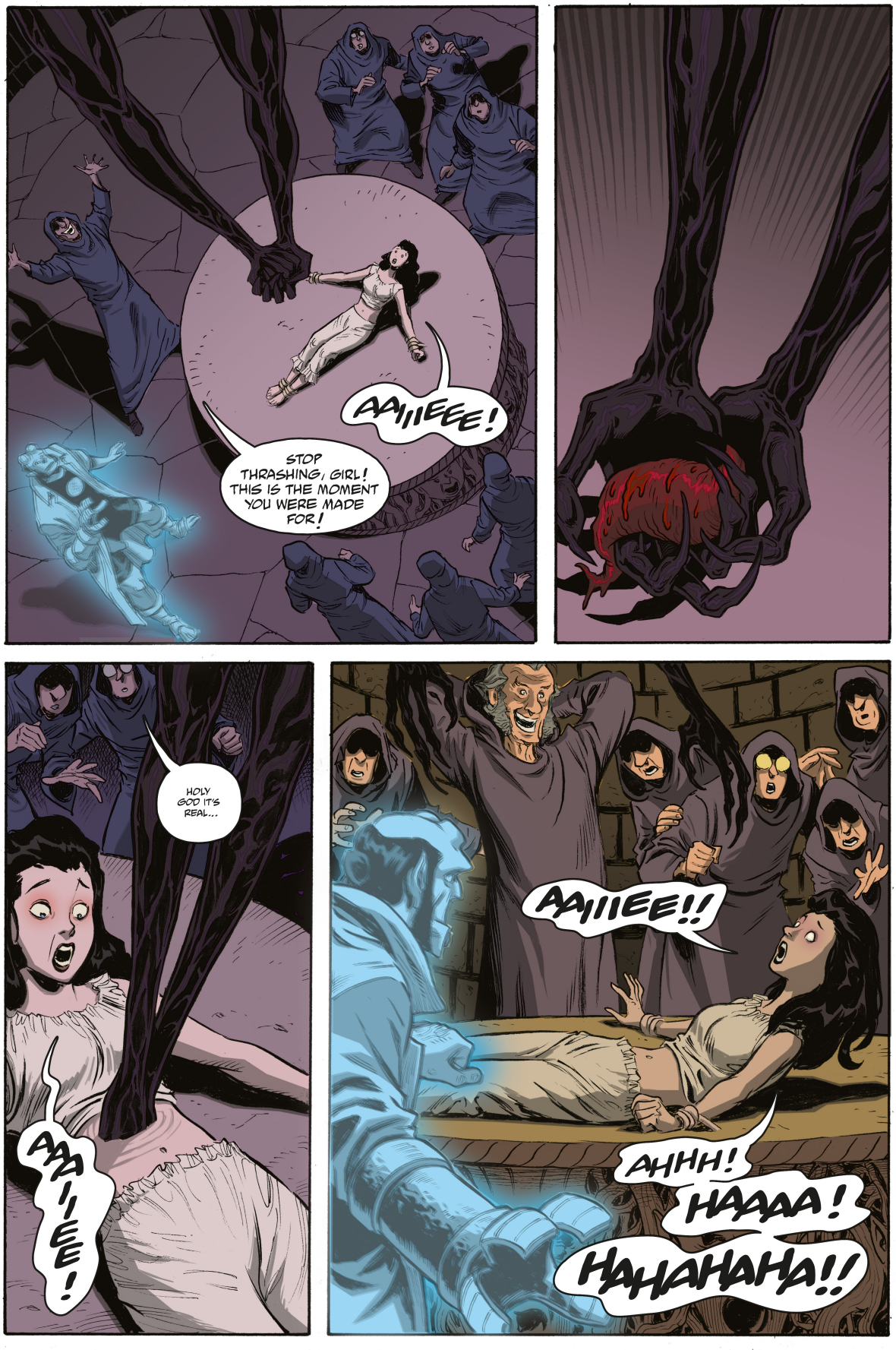

THAT'S IT! THAT'S ENOUGH! NO AMOUNT OF MONEY IS WORTH THIS!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
RRAAWWR!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
FATHER...
...STOP THAT.


WWWOOOOSHHH
HEY! HOW DID YOU--?
OH, HERE WE GO.
WAIT... DID IT ACTUALLY WORK?
SARAH CHESBRO... HEAR ME, GIRL. WE ONLY WANT TO HELP YOU.
OUR SOLE DESIRE IS TO BREAK THE CURSE ON THIS HOUSE, THE CURSE THAT HOLDS YOU HERE.
HEAR ME, SARAH CHESBRO. WHAT CAN WE DO SO THAT YOUR SPIRIT MIGHT REST AT LAST?
CAN'T BE THIS EASY.


...PLEASE... HE WON'T LET ME...CAN YOU REALLY SEE ME?
PLEASE... HELP...
WE SEE YOU, KID. WE'LL HELP ANY WAY WE CAN.
THAT'S ADORABLE, REALLY...
...BUT WHO IS GOING TO HELP YOU?
AW, CRAP.

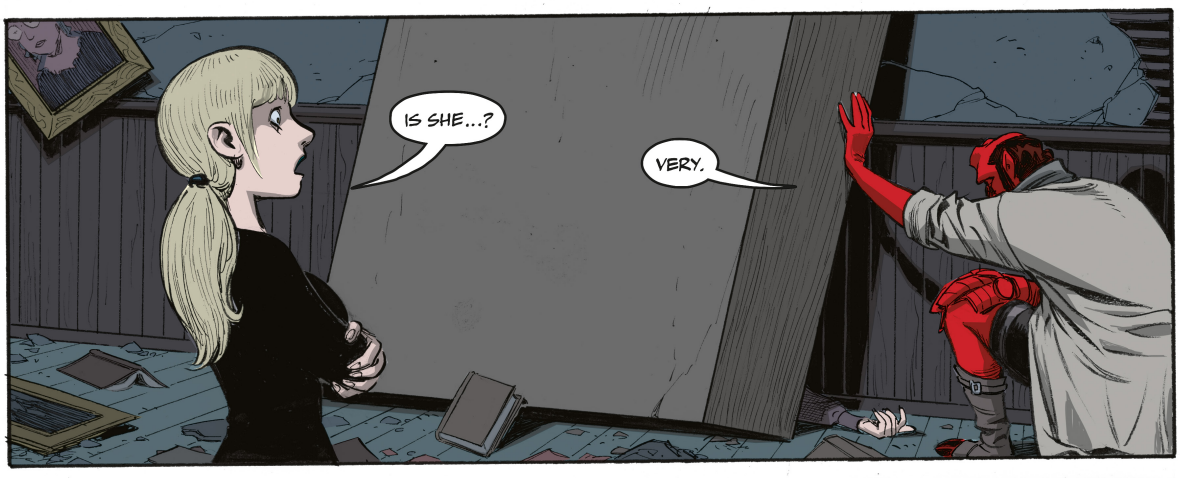

KRASHH
SSSHWOOC
OH GOD...CARTER, WHAT HAPPENED? IT WAS THE GHOST OF SARAH CHESBRO AND THEN...
I DON'T THINK IT WAS. I THINK IT WAS JUST... WHATEVER THIS IS!
HELEN! YOU MADE A CONNECTION TO THIS THING. YOU'VE GOTTA STOP IT!
...TRICKED ME...IT TRICKED ME...I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD...
...THE DEMON... IT'S BEEN IN THE HOUSE SO LONG IT...IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A MIND ANYMORE...JUST CHURNING...THOUGHTLESS...EVIL...
...HELLBOY...
...YOU MUST...


"...SEE FOR YOURSELF!"
OH...
...CRAP.
FATHER, PLEASE... DON'T DO THIS! I'M YOUR CHILD. YOUR DAUGHTER!
THIS IS WHAT MUST HAPPEN, SARAH.
YOUR MEWLING WILL NOT PREVENT IT.
CHESBRO, YOU SON OF A...
OH, NO.
RRMMMMMMMM
FATHER... NO...IT'S HERE... IT'S...
...PLEASE...

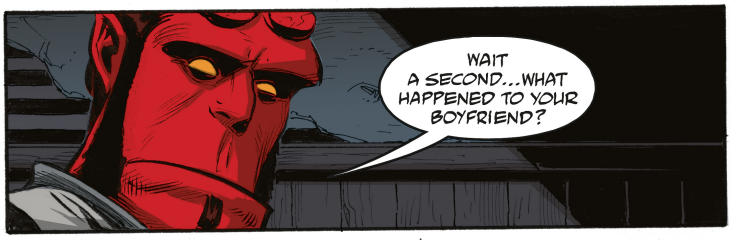

AAIIIEEE!
STOP THRASHING, GIRL! THIS IS THE MOMENT YOU WERE MADE FOR!
HOLY GOD IT'S REAL...
AAAIIEE!
AAIIIEE!!
AHHH!
HAAAA!
HAHAHAHA!!

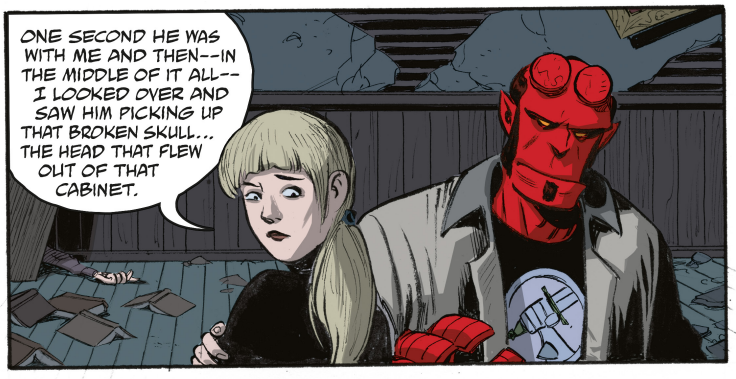

KLUNKK
GAAAHH!
MAKE IT STOP!
WE'VE GOTTA RUN FOR IT, SERENA!
FWOOOOM
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT!
YOU SAW HER.
THAT WAS A LOT OF SCREAMING.


SHE ISN'T SCREAMING. SHE'S LAUGHING.
FWOOSHH
HELEN!
KRNNCHH
AAIIEEEE!
THUMMP THUDD
TOMMPP
KRASH


IS SHE...?
VERY.


WHAT DID MADAME ZEMPERELLI MEAN? "SHE'S LAUGHING." WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
YOU GOT ME. BUT WHATEVER DID THIS, IT WASN'T THE GHOST OF SOME SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD KID.

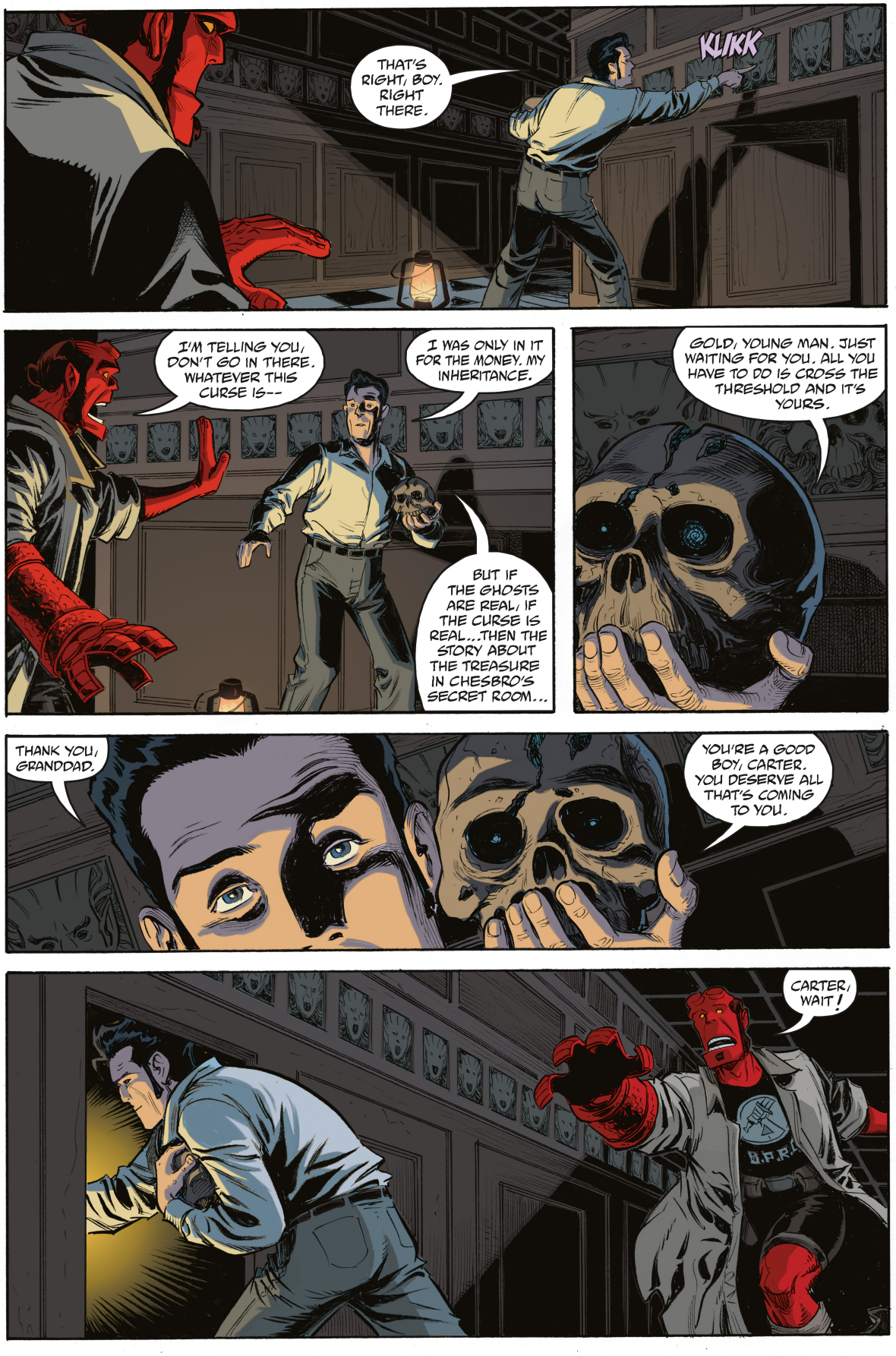

WAIT A SECOND...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BOYFRIEND?


ONE SECOND HE WAS WITH ME AND THEN--IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL-- I LOOKED OVER AND SAW HIM PICKING UP THAT BROKEN SKULL... THE HEAD THAT FLEW OUT OF THAT CABINET.


"THE WAY HE HELD IT UP...ALMOST LIKE IT SPOKE TO HIM. AND HE WAS LISTENING.
"HE LOOKED SO CRAZY..."


CARTER WENT THAT WAY, BUT I WAS TOO SCARED TO FOLLOW HIM. HE...HE TOOK THE SKULL WITH HIM.
OF COURSE HE DID. WAIT HERE FOR ME. IF I'M NOT BACK IN TEN MINUTES...


"...RUN LIKE HELL."
...WHERE DID YOU SAY? I DON'T...NO, I DON'T SEE THE DOOR.
...WAIT, IS THIS IT? THERE'S A GAP IN THE PANELS.
YES... THAT'S PERFECT. YOU'VE FOUND IT.
CARTER... BUDDY.....YOU WANNA THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU GO IN THERE.


THAT'S RIGHT, BOY. RIGHT THERE.
KLIKK
I'M TELLING YOU, DON'T GO IN THERE. WHATEVER THIS CURSE IS--
I WAS ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY. MY INHERITANCE.
BUT IF THE GHOSTS ARE REAL, IF THE CURSE IS REAL...THEN THE STORY ABOUT THE TREASURE IN CHESBRO'S SECRET ROOM...
GOLD, YOUNG MAN. JUST WAITING FOR YOU. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CROSS THE THRESHOLD AND IT'S YOURS.
THANK YOU, GRANDDAD.
YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, CARTER. YOU DESERVE ALL THAT'S COMING TO YOU.
CARTER, WAIT!


MY GOD...
IT'S BEAUTIFUL. EACH OF THESE THINGS MUST WEIGH A TON. IT'S GOTTA BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, KID, YOU'RE TAKING LIFE ADVICE FROM A SKULL.
CRAP. I KNOW THIS ROOM.
CARTER, SHINE THAT LIGHT OVER HERE.


IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?
HEY!
GIVE ME THAT.
YOUR GREAT-GREAT AUNT, SARAH CHESBRO. THE THINGS THEY DID TO HER IN HERE... YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
IS THAT SOME KIND OF EGG?


SPLUTCHH
KRAKK
JEEZ.
HER OWN FATHER DID THIS TO HER. CALLED UP A DEMON AND HAD THIS THING PLANTED INSIDE HER. MADAME ZEMPERELLI SAID SHE WAS LAUGHING INSTEAD OF SCREAMING...
I GET IT NOW.
SHE WAS LAUGHING CUZ SHE LOST HER DAMN MIND.
DO SOMETHING, HELLBOY! ISN'T THIS THE WHOLE REASON YOU'RE HERE?

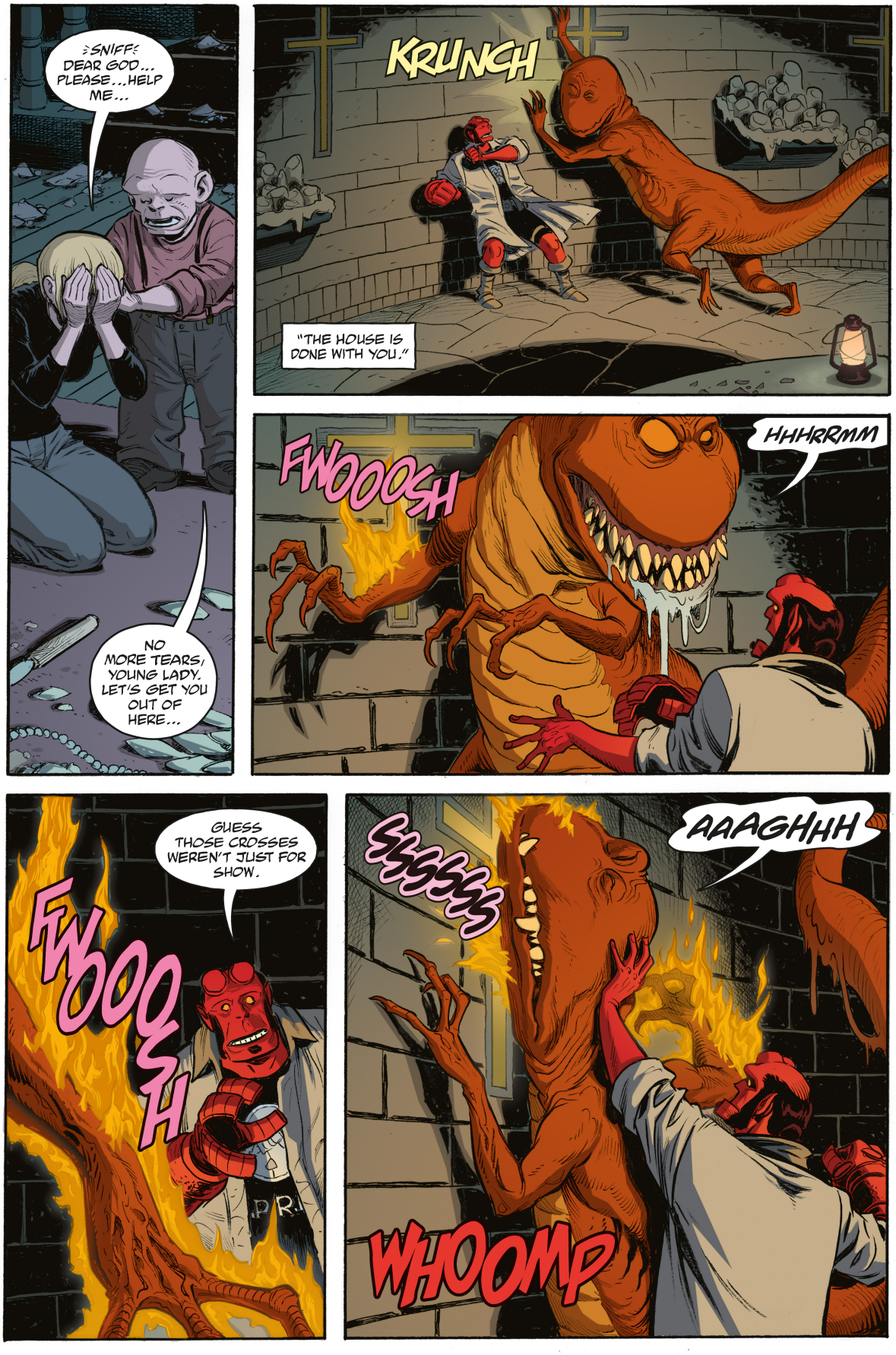

YOU MEAN TO SAVE YOUR BUTT WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING STUPID? STORY OF MY LIFE, PAL.
HOLD THIS.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU. THE EVIL IS UNLEASHED AT LAST.
SHUT IT.
B.P.R.D.
SMASHH
IT WAS... NEVER ME...ALWAYS THE UNBORN THING REACHING OUT, TRYING TO LURE SOMEONE TO OPEN THE DOOR. SOMEONE TO BREAK THE SEAL...LET IT BE BORN. DON'T LET IT OUT...
IT'S OKAY, SARAH. THIS THING ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.


PLEASE! DON'T LET IT GET ME! ALL I WANTED WAS THE TREASURE... THE GOLD!
YOU'RE AN IDIOT, CARTER. THE TREASURE WAS NEVER GOLD. PETER CHESBRO'S TREASURE WAS THIS!
EEEEEEE!!
SON OF A--
UNNGHHH! GET OFF!
I'M SORRY! I'M SO SORRY!

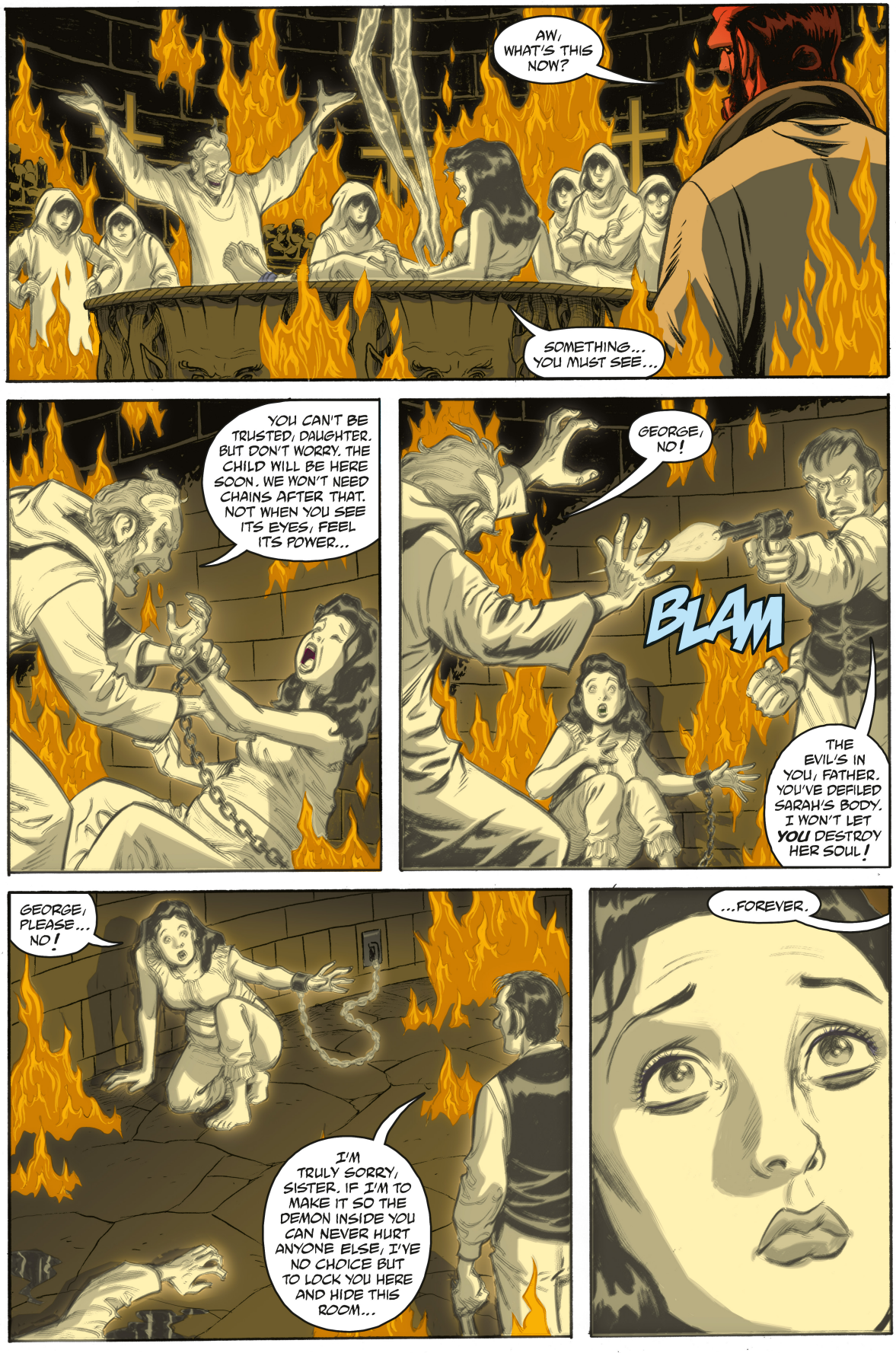

LET'S NOT DO THAT AGAIN.
KRASHH
SWAKK SWAKK SWAKK SPLUTCH
SPLUTCH
SPLUTCH
SPLUTCH


SLAMMM
WHA--?
CARTER, YOU LITTLE BASTARD.
I SWEAR, WHEN I CATCH UP WITH YOU...
B.P.R.D.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIKE WHAT YOU SEE.


RRRR


:SNIFF: DEAR GOD... PLEASE...HELP ME...
NO MORE TEARS, YOUNG LADY. LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE...
KRUNCH
"THE HOUSE IS DONE WITH YOU."
FWOOOSH
HHHRRMM
GUESS THOSE CROSSES WEREN'T JUST FOR SHOW.
FWOOOSH
SSSSSS
AAAGHHH
WHOOMP

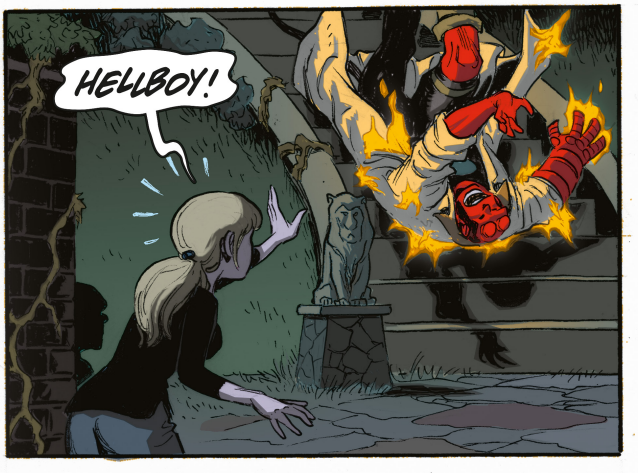

RREEAAGGHH
NOT GOOD.
REST IN PEACE, KID...
YOU EARNED IT.
EEEEEEEEEE


AW, WHAT'S THIS NOW?
SOMETHING... YOU MUST SEE...
YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED, DAUGHTER. BUT DON'T WORRY. THE CHILD WILL BE HERE SOON. WE WON'T NEED CHAINS AFTER THAT. NOT WHEN YOU SEE ITS EYES, FEEL ITS POWER...
GEORGE, NO!
BLAM
THE EVIL'S IN YOU, FATHER. YOU'VE DEFILED SARAH'S BODY. I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY HER SOUL!
GEORGE, PLEASE... NO!
I'M TRULY SORRY, SISTER. IF I'M TO MAKE IT SO THE DEMON INSIDE YOU CAN NEVER HURT ANYONE ELSE, I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO LOCK YOU HERE AND HIDE THIS ROOM...
...FOREVER.


FWOOOM
KRUNCH
SSSSSSS
B.P.R.D.
KRASSHHH
BPRD

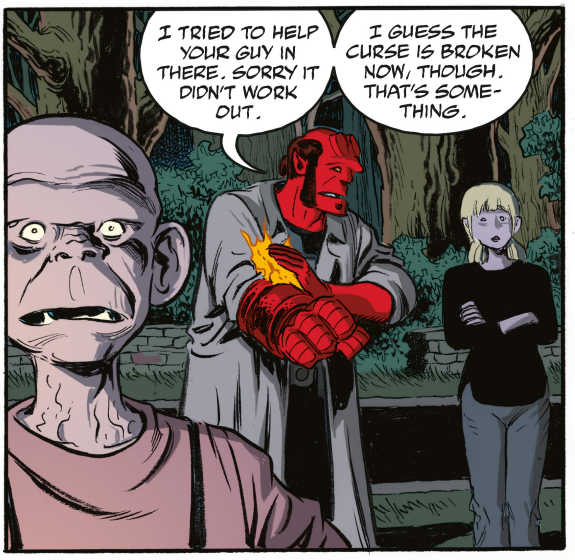

THIS IS THE WAY THEY SAID THE STORY WOULD END, ISN'T IT?
THE CURSE WOULD BE BROKEN, BUT THE HOUSE AND THE FAMILY WOULD BE DESTROYED WITH IT.


JEEZ.
B.P.R.D.

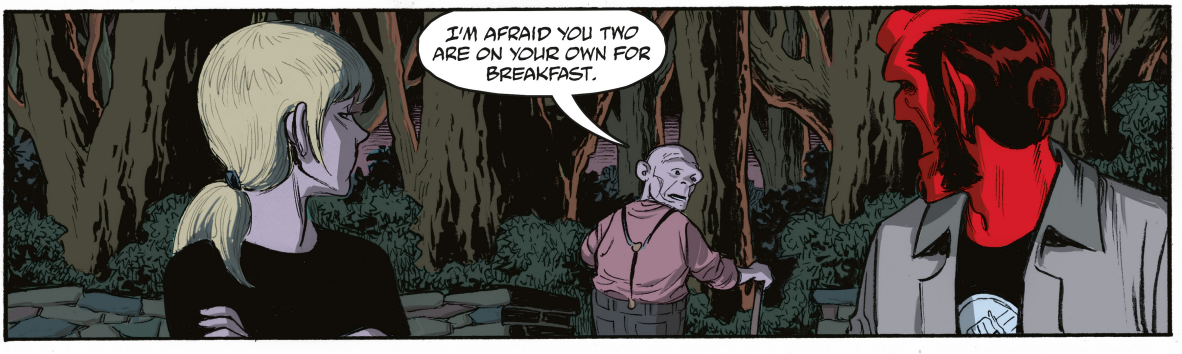

HELLBOY!


PATT PATT PATT
IT'S OKAY. I'VE GOT IT. JUST A LITTLE SCORCHED.


THUS FALLS THE HOUSE OF CHESBRO.


I TRIED TO HELP YOUR GUY IN THERE. SORRY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.
I GUESS THE CURSE IS BROKEN NOW, THOUGH. THAT'S SOMETHING.



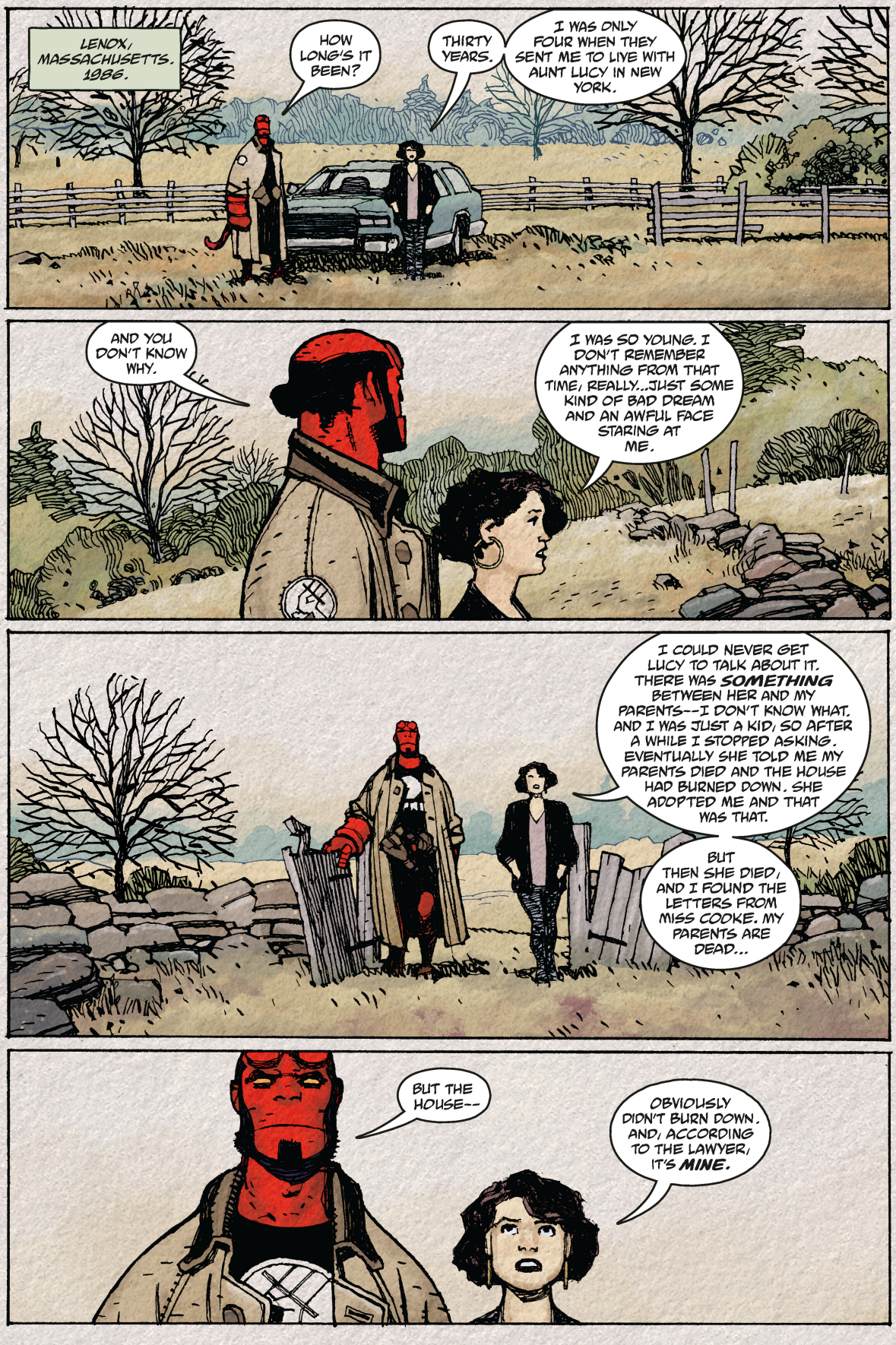

I'M AFRAID YOU TWO ARE ON YOUR OWN FOR BREAKFAST.

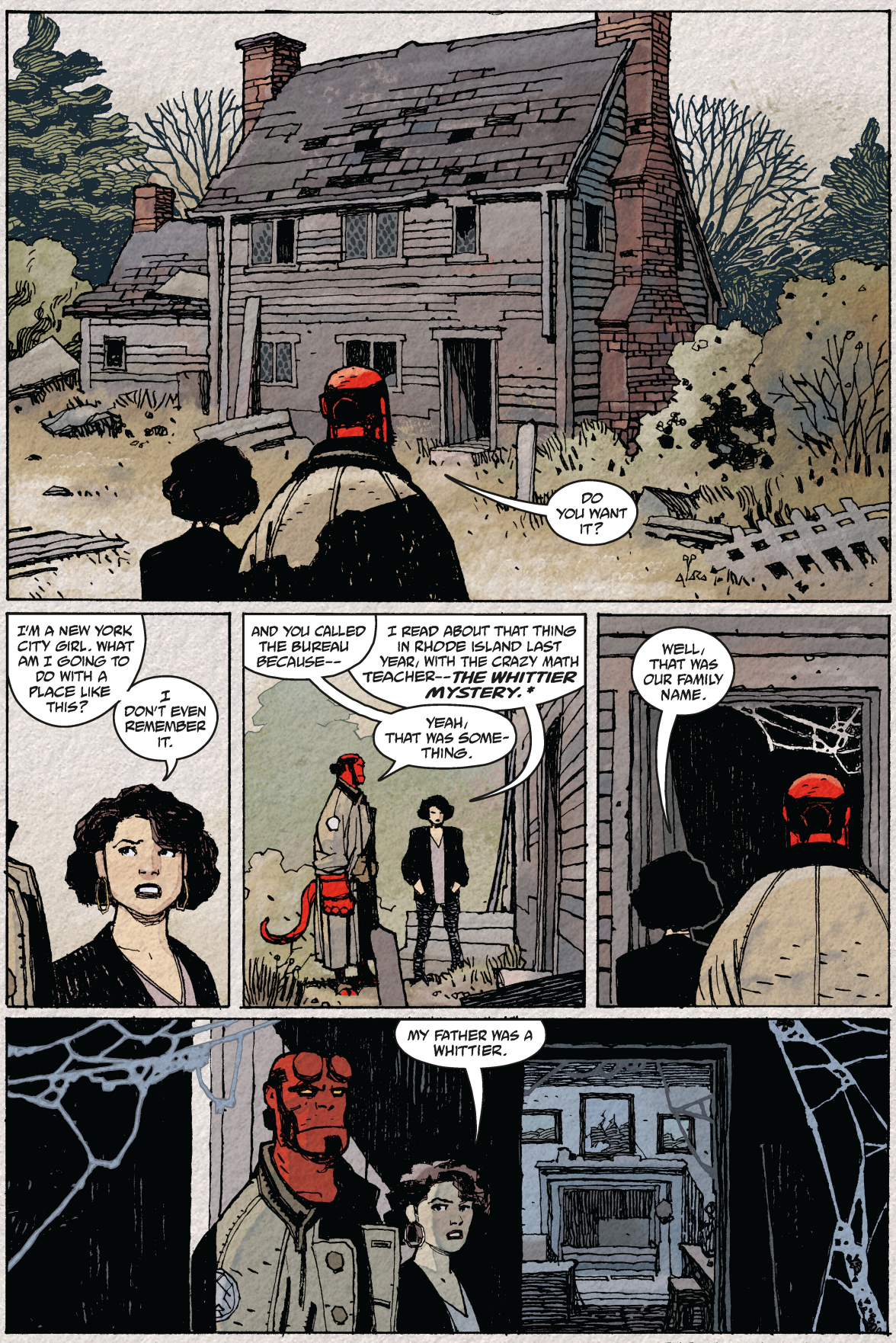

THE END

OLD MAN WHITTIER






LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. 1986.
HOW LONG'S IT BEEN?
THIRTY YEARS.
I WAS ONLY FOUR WHEN THEY SENT ME TO LIVE WITH AUNT LUCY IN NEW YORK.
AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHY.
I WAS SO YOUNG. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING FROM THAT TIME, REALLY...JUST SOME KIND OF BAD DREAM AND AN AWFUL FACE STARING AT ME.
I COULD NEVER GET LUCY TO TALK ABOUT IT. THERE WAS SOMETHING BETWEEN HER AND MY PARENTS--I DON'T KNOW WHAT. AND I WAS JUST A KID, SO AFTER A WHILE I STOPPED ASKING. EVENTUALLY SHE TOLD ME MY PARENTS DIED AND THE HOUSE HAD BURNED DOWN. SHE ADOPTED ME AND THAT WAS THAT.
BUT THEN SHE DIED, AND I FOUND THE LETTERS FROM MISS COOKE. MY PARENTS ARE DEAD...
BUT THE HOUSE--
OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T BURN DOWN. AND, ACCORDING TO THE LAWYER, IT'S MINE.

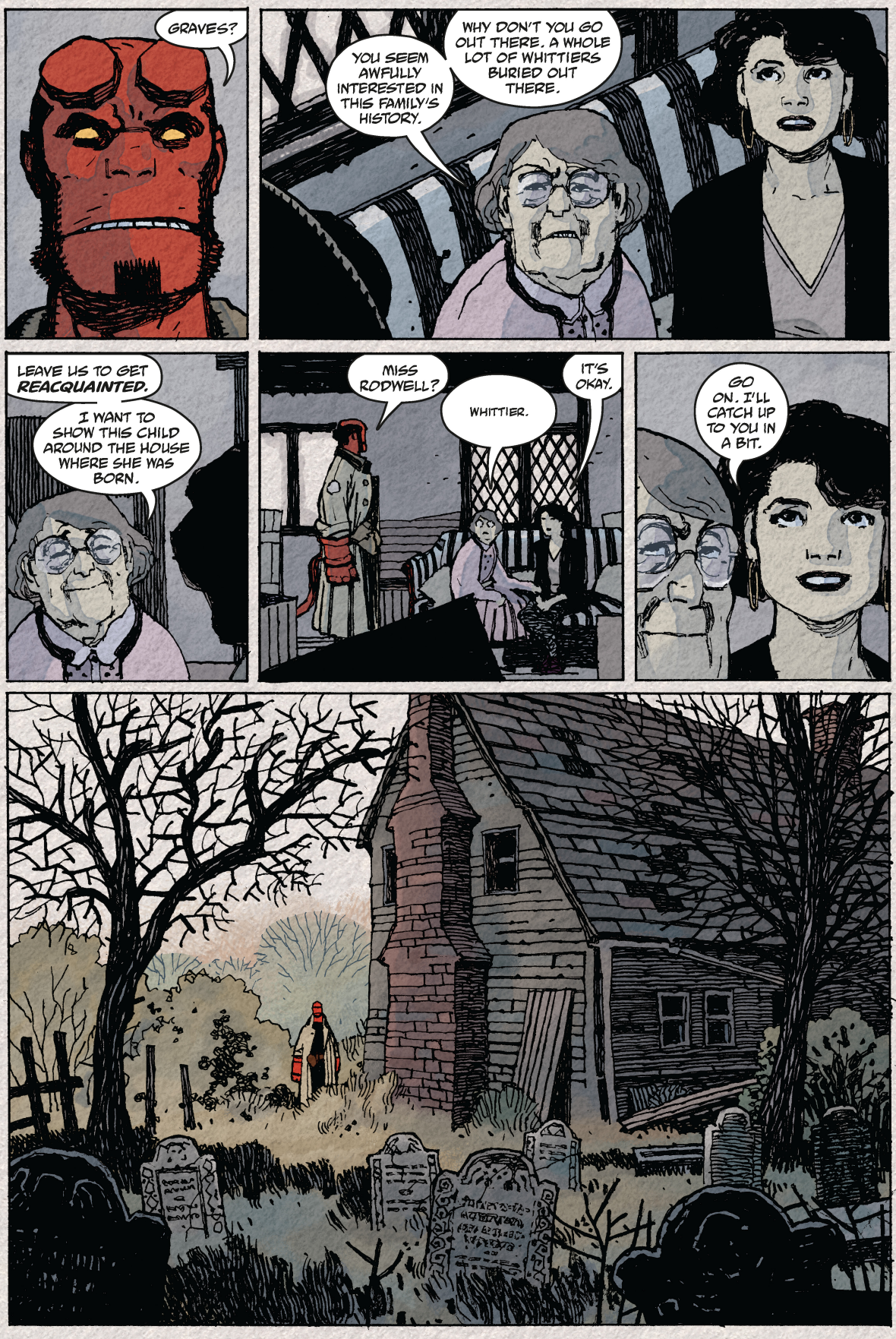


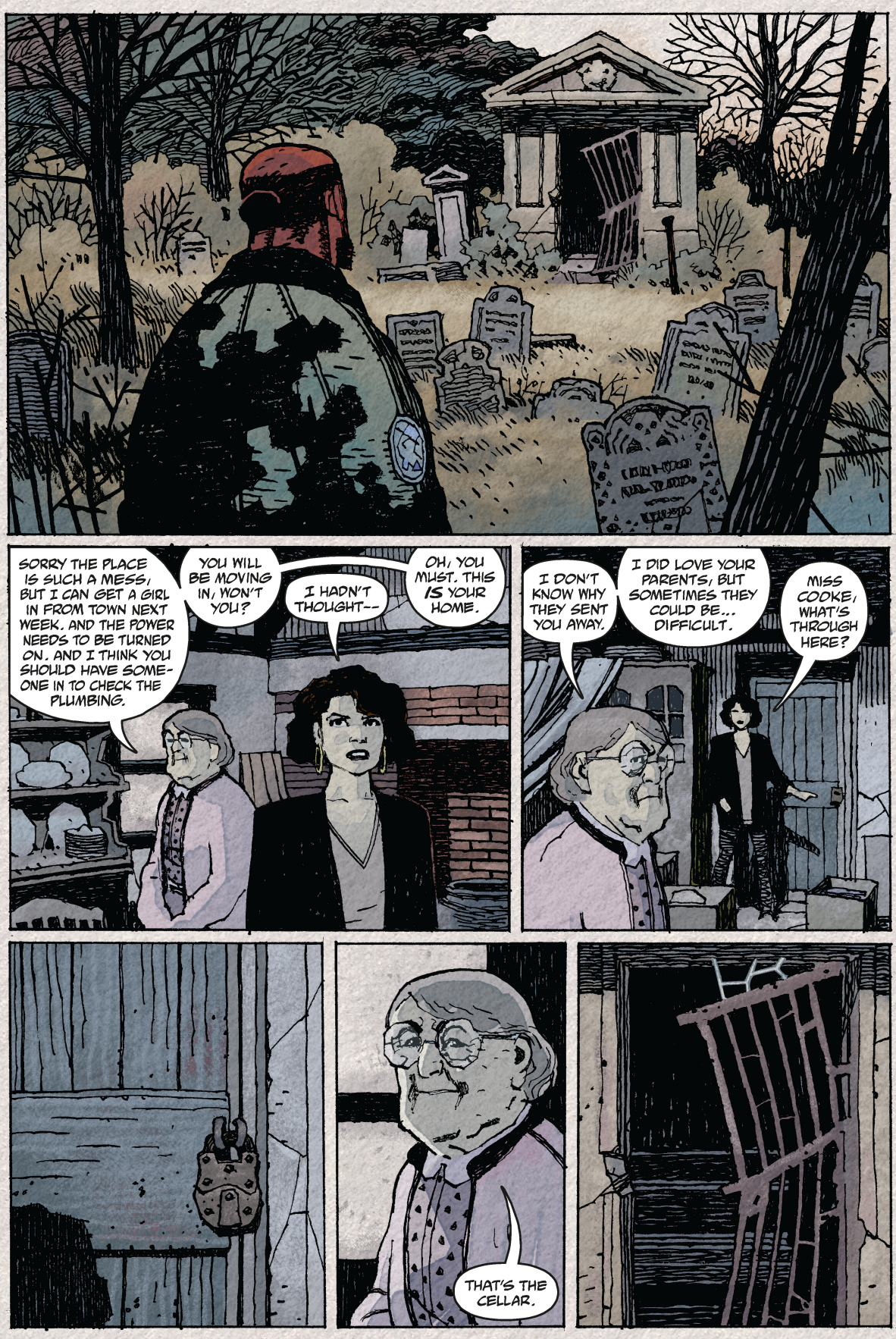
*HELLBOY: THE WHITTIER LEGACY

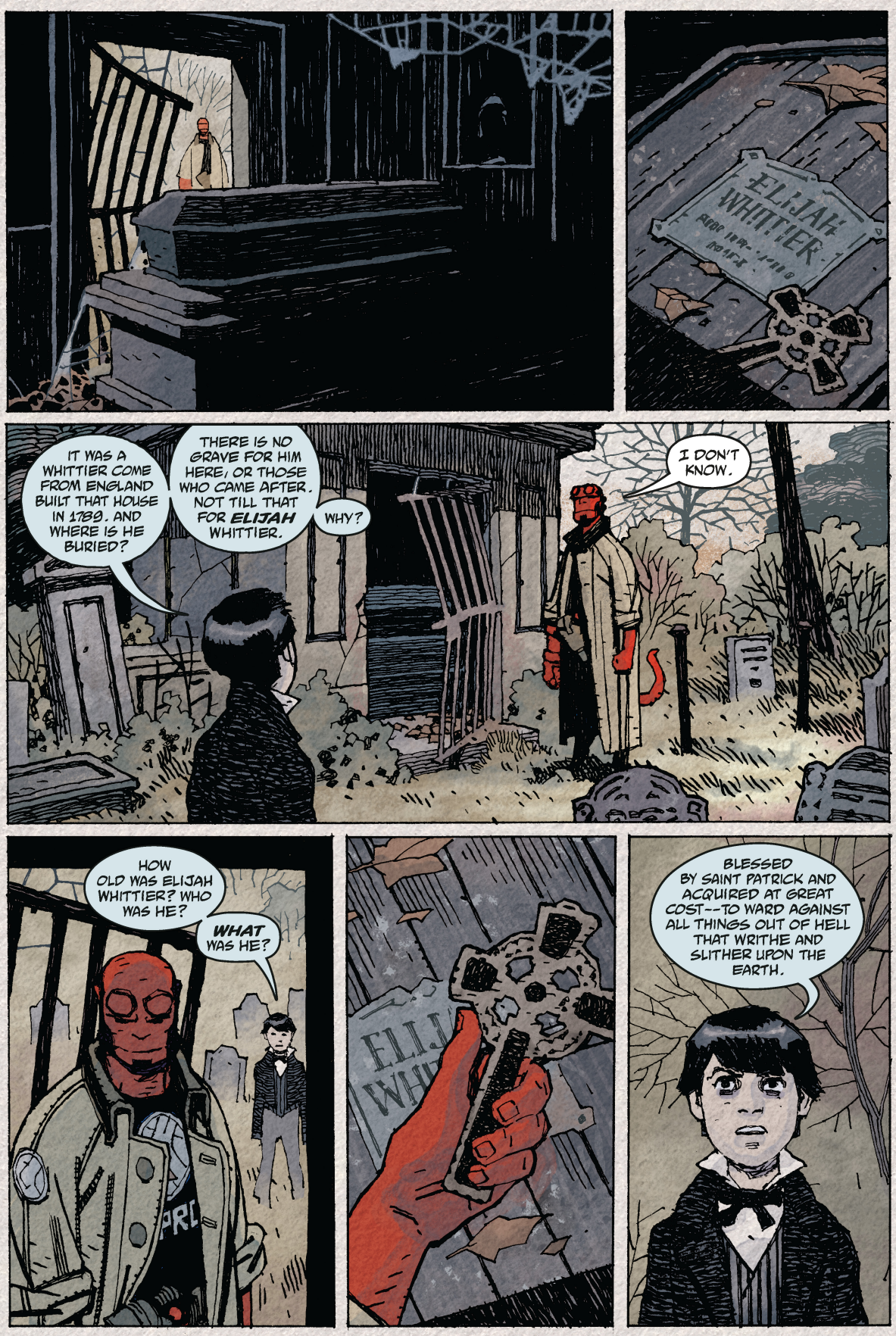

I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN...
YOU WERE ONLY FOUR.
YEAH...NO, THE HOUSE. NOTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE IS FAMILIAR, EXCEPT...
OH MY GOD.
THAT'S THE FACE.
ELIJAH WHI
THE RHODE ISLAND WHITTIERS, THE ONES I MET--ANNORA AND HER SONS, ETHAN AND SAMUEL...
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. 1985.


ANNORA WAS MARRIED TO AN ELIJAH WHITTIER. THAT'S GOT TO BE THIS GUY.
I LOOKED ALL THIS UP LAST YEAR.
THEY WERE BOTH FROM MASSACHUSETTS, SO THAT MAKES SENSE. SHE ONLY MOVED DOWN TO PROVIDENCE WITH HER TWO SONS AFTER HE DIED. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN AROUND 1880.
BUT THERE WAS A THIRD SON, JACOB WHITTIER. HE WASN'T BURIED IN PROVIDENCE WITH HIS MOTHER AND BROTHERS. MAYBE HE CAME BACK HERE. HE COULD HAVE BEEN YOUR... GREAT-GRANDFATHER?
MAYBE. BUT THIS GUY, ELIJAH...
THAT'S THE FACE, FROM WHEN I WAS A KID...
IS THAT IT, THEN?
I WAS JUST HAVING NIGHTMARES ABOUT AN OLD PAINTING?
THAT'S RIGHT. AND OH, HOW YOU USED TO CRY AND CARRY ON.
AND LOOK AT YOU NOW, LITTLE CAT WHITTIER ALL GROWN UP.
MISS COOKE?
HELLO. AND PLEASE, I GO BY CATHERINE THESE DAYS. AND IT'S RODWELL, NOT WHITTIER.

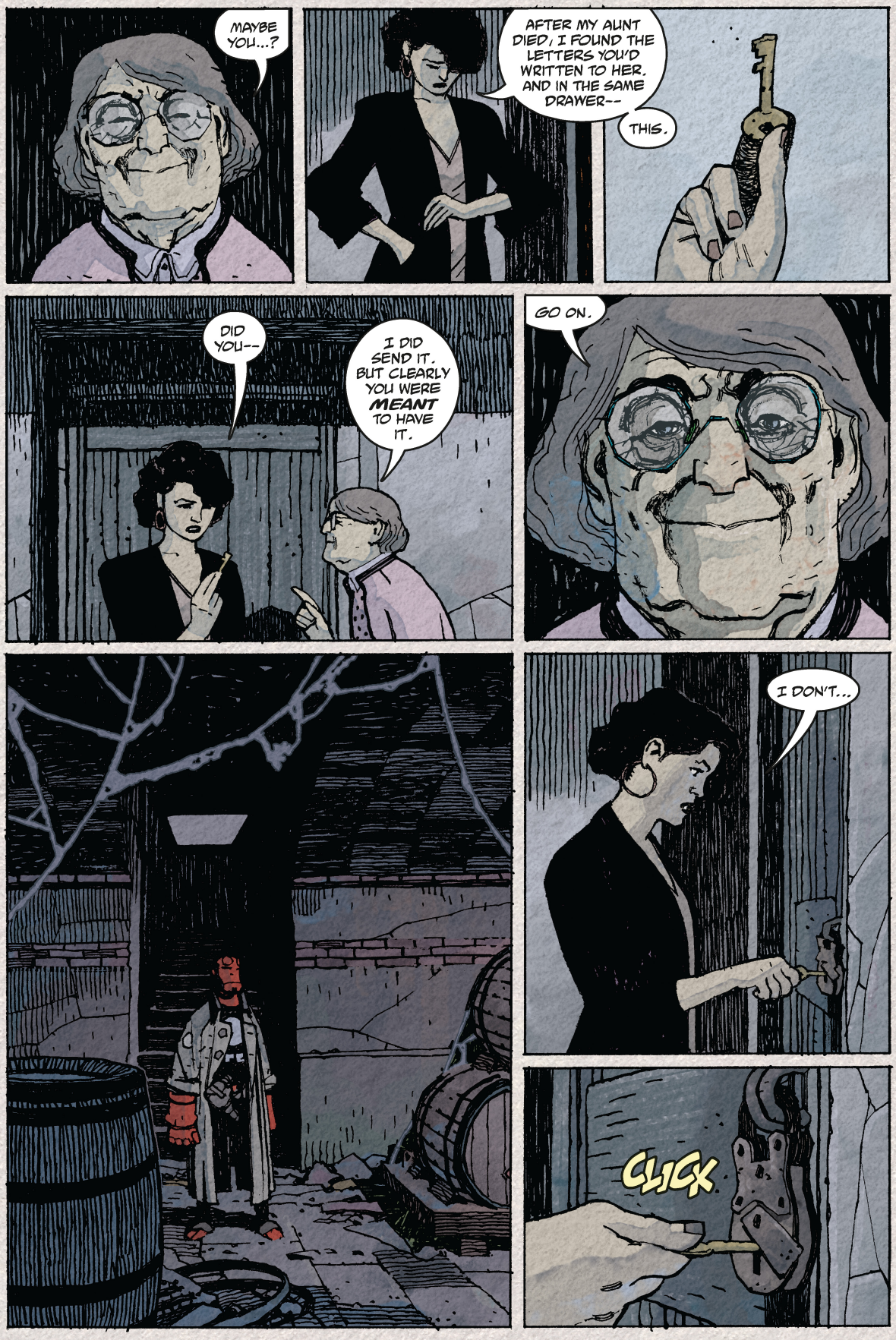

OH, OF COURSE. YOU TOOK YOUR AUNT'S NAME. ISN'T THAT NICE.
BUT TRUST ME, CHILD, YOU ARE A WHITTIER.
HI. HOW YA DOIN'?
AND MY NAME IS HENNY, BUT YOU USED TO CALL ME HEN, AND I USED TO CALL YOU CAT. BUT YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT.
I'M SORRY, NO.
WELL, OF COURSE NOT. YOU WERE JUST LITTLE. BUT I WAS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF YOUR PARENTS.
THEY WERE SUCH LOVELY PEOPLE. I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER THEM, EITHER. POOR DEAR.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? MY AUNT SAID THERE WAS A FIRE, BUT--
CHILD, I HAVE NO IDEA WHY THAT WOMAN TOLD YOU WHAT SHE DID. BUT NO, IT WASN'T FIRE. IT WAS SNAKES.
WHAT?
SNAKES?
YES, DEAR. SNAKEBITES.
YOUR FATHER RIGHT OVER THERE NEAR THE FRONT DOOR, SHORTLY AFTER HE SENT YOU AWAY. AND YOUR POOR MAMA A COUPLE YEARS LATER WHILE SHE WAS OUT BACK TENDING THE GRAVES.


GRAVES?
YOU SEEM AWFULLY INTERESTED IN THIS FAMILY'S HISTORY.
WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT THERE. A WHOLE LOT OF WHITTIERS BURIED OUT THERE.
LEAVE US TO GET REACQUAINTED.
I WANT TO SHOW THIS CHILD AROUND THE HOUSE WHERE SHE WAS BORN.
MISS RODWELL?
WHITTIER.
IT'S OKAY.
GO ON. I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU IN A BIT.


SORRY THE PLACE IS SUCH A MESS, BUT I CAN GET A GIRL IN FROM TOWN NEXT WEEK. AND THE POWER NEEDS TO BE TURNED ON. AND I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE SOMEONE IN TO CHECK THE PLUMBING.
YOU WILL BE MOVING IN, WON'T YOU?
I HADN'T THOUGHT--
OH, YOU MUST. THIS IS YOUR HOME.
I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SENT YOU AWAY.
I DID LOVE YOUR PARENTS, BUT SOMETIMES THEY COULD BE... DIFFICULT.
MISS COOKE, WHAT'S THROUGH HERE?
THAT'S THE CELLAR.


ELIJAH WHITTIER
IT WAS A WHITTIER COME FROM ENGLAND BUILT THAT HOUSE IN 1789. AND WHERE IS HE BURIED?
THERE IS NO GRAVE FOR HIM HERE, OR THOSE WHO CAME AFTER. NOT TILL THAT FOR ELIJAH WHITTIER.
WHY?
I DON'T KNOW.
HOW OLD WAS ELIJAH WHITTIER? WHO WAS HE?
WHAT WAS HE?
BLESSED BY SAINT PATRICK AND ACQUIRED AT GREAT COST--TO WARD AGAINST ALL THINGS OUT OF HELL THAT WRITHE AND SLITHER UPON THE EARTH.


?
KONK
KONK
CRAP.
WHAT'S DOWN THERE?
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S THE ONE LOCK I DON'T HAVE A KEY FOR.


MAYBE YOU...?
AFTER MY AUNT DIED, I FOUND THE LETTERS YOU'D WRITTEN TO HER. AND IN THE SAME DRAWER--
THIS.
DID YOU--
I DID SEND IT. BUT CLEARLY YOU WERE MEANT TO HAVE IT.
GO ON.
I DON'T...
CLICK


CREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
AT LAST.
DRIP


DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
OH MY GOD.
MY OWN SONS WERE WEAK, AND EVERY GENERATION SINCE THEN--WEAK--USELESS--
BUT YOU--
I KNEW FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE JUST A CHILD--I KNEW--FINALLY, A TRUE WHITTIER.
YOUR FATHER WAS A TRAITOR TO HIS NAME--SENT YOU AWAY, LOCKED THAT DOOR AND BARRED THE CRYPT!
NO.
TRAPPED--BUT I KNEW YOU'D COME. BLOOD CALLS TO BLOOD.


NO!
KRUNCH
YES, GIRL. BLOOD--
HISSSSS
--AND THIS TOO-BRITTLE FLESH.
DRIP
UCK!


SON OF A--
ANUK UNG RASSA USS YABBAT
USS TU YARRA
USSS ANAAM
JEEZ!
"AND GRANT I SHALL LIVE FOREVER, EVEN UNTO THE ENDING OF THE WORLD."

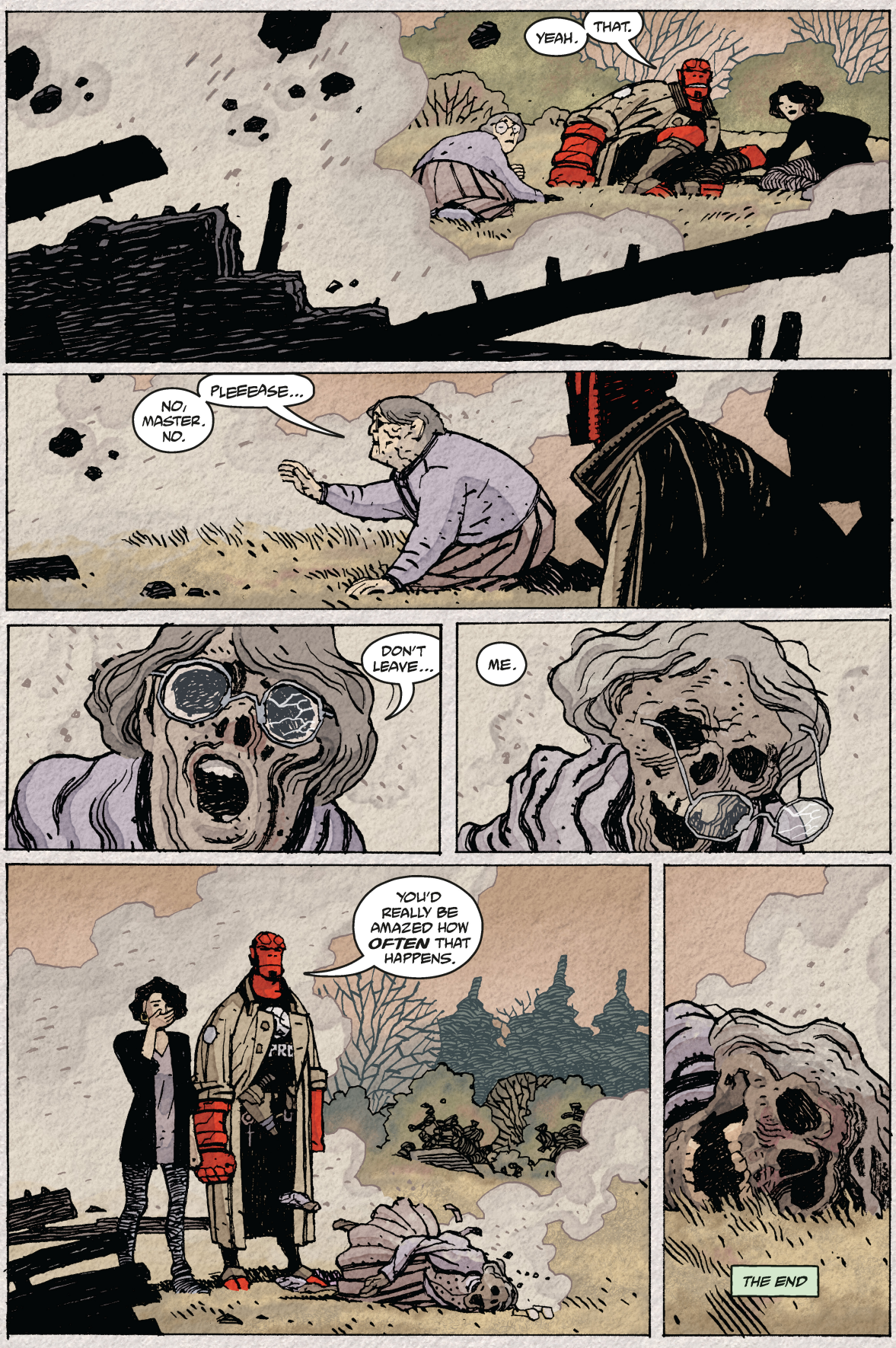

SSSSSSSSS
NO! NO!
EVEN TO THE ENDING OF THE WORLD!
HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YEARS IN THIS BODY, THIS DRY HUSK OF A MAN. AND NOW, FINALLY, TO LIVE AGAIN IN YOU--
CATHERINE WHITTIER!
"AND THROUGH YOU WE WILL BIRTH A LINE OF WHITTIERS WORTHY OF THE NAME."
SNIF
UGH.
NOOOO
ERR!
STOP STRUGGLING.
THE RITUAL IS A SIMPLE ONE. PAINFUL, TRUE, BUT THAT WILL ONLY LAST--
HEY!
LET HER GO!
LOOK OUT! HE'S FULL OF SNAKES!


WOW. HE IS LITERALLY FULL OF SNAKES.
AHHHHHHH
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?
KRAK
IDIOT!
UNNUM ESS TU YAD ESS YASSSSAA!
OH YEAH?


SPLASH
NO, DAUGHTER--
GRAB THAT CANDLE!
DON'T--
THERE YOU GO!
EEEEYUAUAA

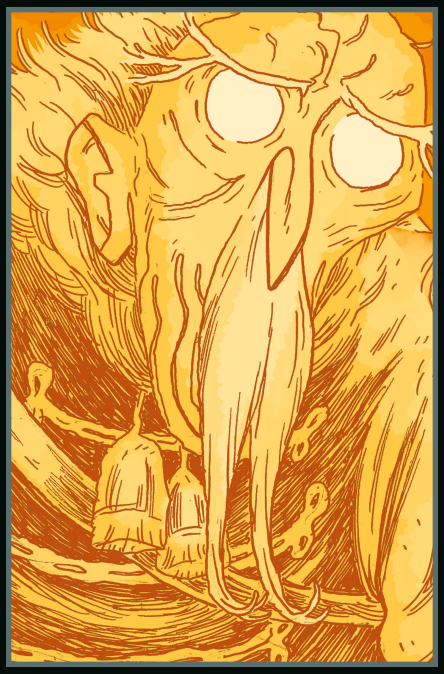

HE SAID "DAUGHTER." HE COULDN'T HAVE--?
NO.
HE WAS A MUMMY FULL OF SNAKES.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE WAS DRINKING.
I'VE HAD SOME TERRIBLE STUFF...
THERE WAS THIS OLD GUY IN MEXICO WITH ONE LEG, USED TO CARRY A BOTTLE AROUND IN HIS EXTRA SHOE--THAT STUFF WAS BAD, BUT NOTHING COMPARED TO--
AA A AA
JEEZ!


I FORGOT ABOUT YOU.
HURRY!
THERE'S ABOUT A ZILLION GALLONS OF THAT CRAP DOWN THERE. THIS WHOLE PLACE IS GONNA--

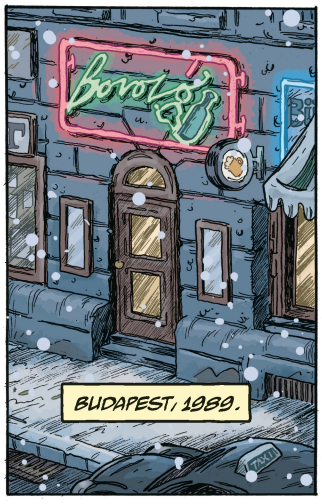

YEAH.
THAT.
NO, MASTER. NO.
PLEEEASE...
DON'T LEAVE...
ME.
YOU'D REALLY BE AMAZED HOW *OFTEN* THAT HAPPENS.
THE END

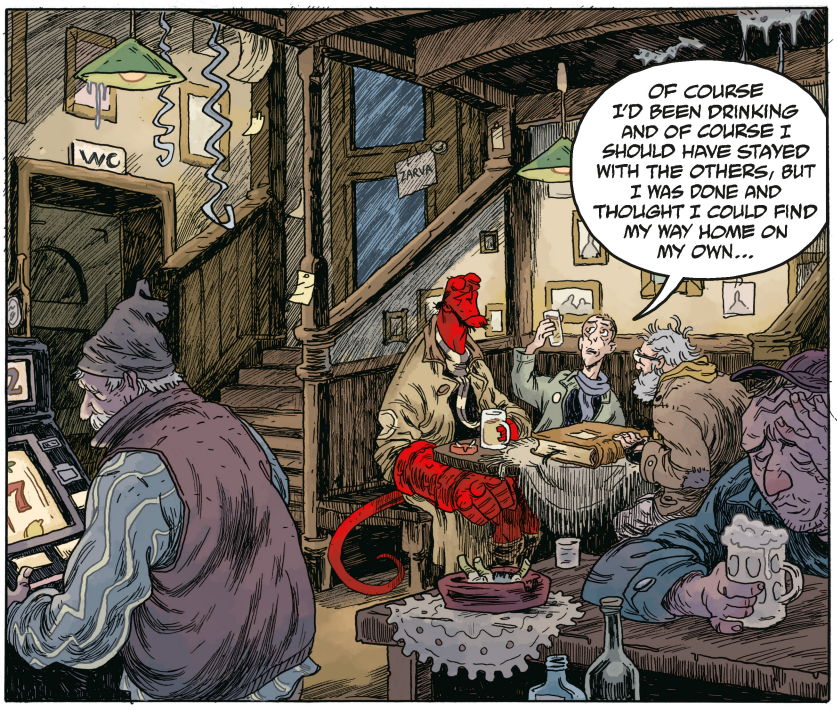
THE MISER'S GIFT

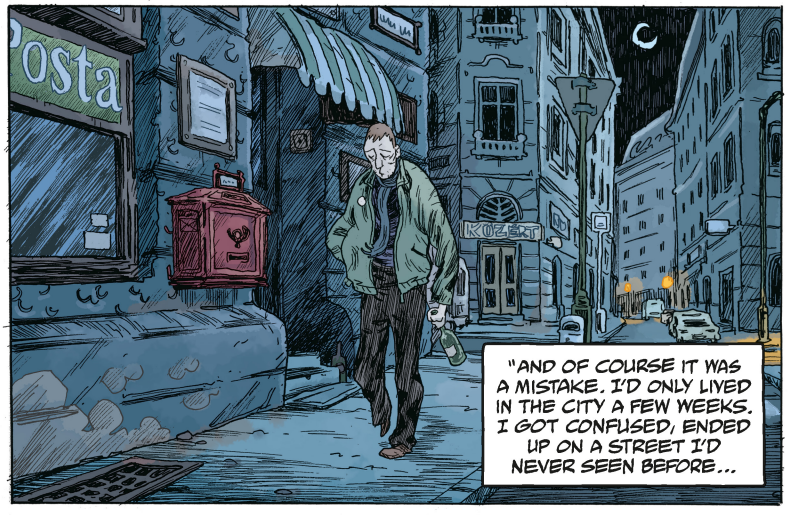




The Miser's Gift







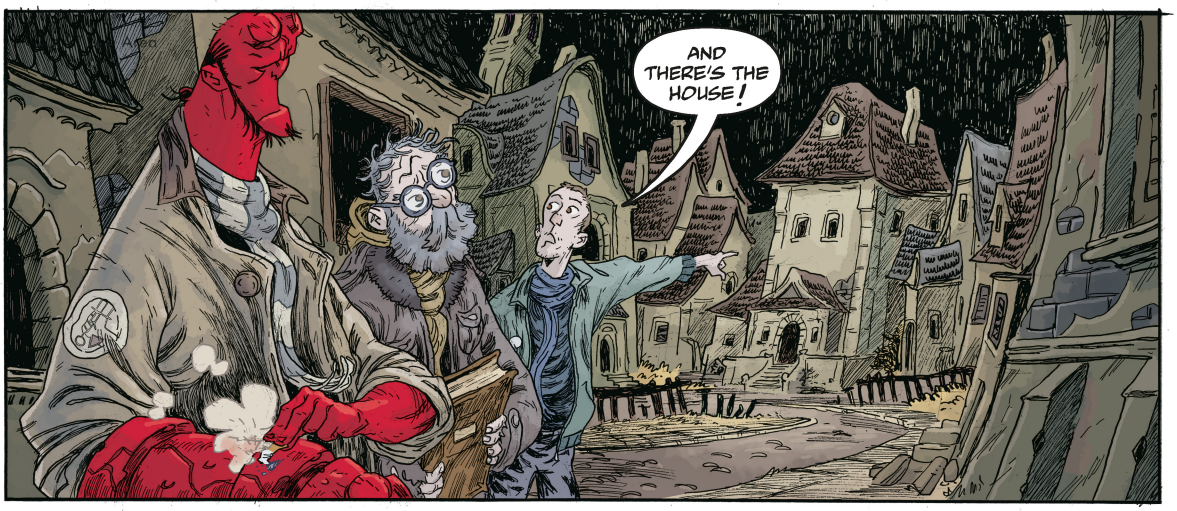




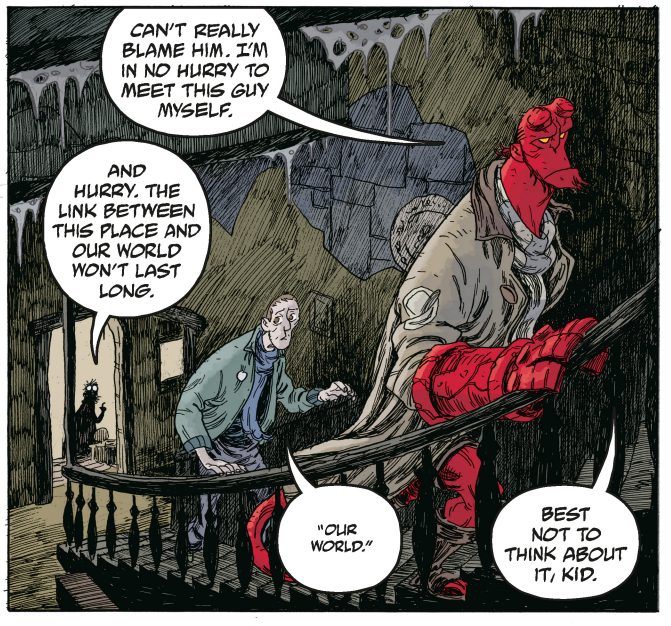

HUFF
ERRR
GUUH
CLINK
THAT WAS THE GHOST OF OLD TOBOK THE MISER.
HE DIED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, TRYING TO SAVE HIS HOARD OF COINS AS HIS HOUSE BURNED DOWN.
BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A GHOST?
ME? NO.
HE WAS DRESSED FUNNY, BUT AT THE TIME I DIDN'T GIVE THAT MUCH THOUGHT. HE JUST LOOKED LIKE AN OLD MAN WHO COULD USE SOME HELP...
"I CARRIED HIS BAG BACK TO HIS PLACE..."
MISTER?
WELL THERE YOU GO, MISTER.
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? I'M GOING TO--
HERE
OH NO, IT'S OKAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO--


TAKE IT!
YIKES.
SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME. I TOOK THE COIN AND RAN, SOMEHOW FOUND MY WAY BACK TO MY OWN NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT COULDN'T TELL YOU HOW.
AND THE COIN...?
I NEVER WANTED IT AND HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP SINCE I GOT IT. TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE--SMOKE AND FIRE, PEOPLE SCREAMING...
I THREW THE DAMN THING IN THE RIVER BUT FOUND IT BACK IN MY OWN POCKET. I TRIED TO FIND THE OLD MAN TO GIVE IT BACK TO HIM, BUT COULDN'T FIND HIS STREET.
I WOULD BE SURPRISED IF YOU HAD, YOUNG MAN. IT'S A RARE THING THAT YOU STUMBLED ACROSS IT THE FIRST TIME, FOR THAT STREET ITSELF IS A GHOST.
WHAT?
YOU SEE? FOR YEARS I'VE CHARTED ITS COMINGS AND GOINGS.
THE FABRIC OF TIME, GENTLEMEN--THE FABRIC THAT SEPARATES THE CITY OF NOW FROM THE CITY OF THEN--SOMETIMES IT STRETCHES THIN AND OTHER TIMES, VERY BRIEFLY, IT DISAPPEARS ENTIRELY AND THAT BIT OF THE OLD CITY, THOUGH IT IS LONG GONE, LIVES AGAIN.
?
THOSE FOOLS AT THE UNIVERSITY THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY.


BUT IT'S ALL HERE, MY LIFE'S WORK--HOW IT COMES AND GOES, WHEN AND WHERE ACCORDING TO THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR, FOR THAT STREET IS A WANDERER.
PEST-BUDA
IT WANDERS?
TIME IS NOT BUILT UPON A ROCK. TIME IS A RIVER.
THIS WAY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW...
HURRY NOW.
THAT'S IT.
WE SHOULD BE CLOSE. WE SHOULD BE--
TIC TIC TIC
AH.
KID?
THIS IS THE PLACE.


AND THERE'S THE HOUSE!


PROFESSOR?
I'LL WAIT HERE IF YOU DON'T MIND.


CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM. I'M IN NO HURRY TO MEET THIS GUY MYSELF.
AND HURRY. THE LINK BETWEEN THIS PLACE AND OUR WORLD WON'T LAST LONG.
"OUR WORLD."
BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, KID.


THAT'S THE ROOM.


THAT'S HIS BAG.
HELLO?
ANYBODY HOME?


THIEVES!
JEEZ!
AHH!
HOLD THE PHONE, MISTER! WE AREN'T HERE TO--
LIAR!
UGH!
HEY!
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO--
LIAR!

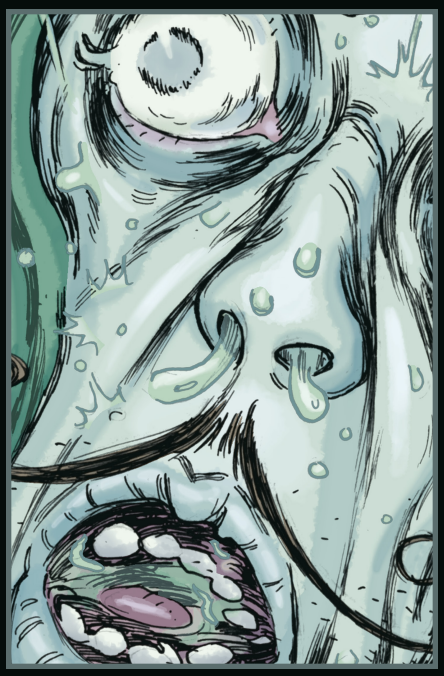

BRAAM
GAA!
ALL RIGHT, PAL. THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH OF--
SCREEEEEEE
SON OF A--
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT--I SWEAR!
UNGRATEFUL WRETCH! YOU WERE FAIRLY PAID FOR YOUR LABOR AND NOW YOU COME BACK TO STEAL FROM ME!
AND YOU!

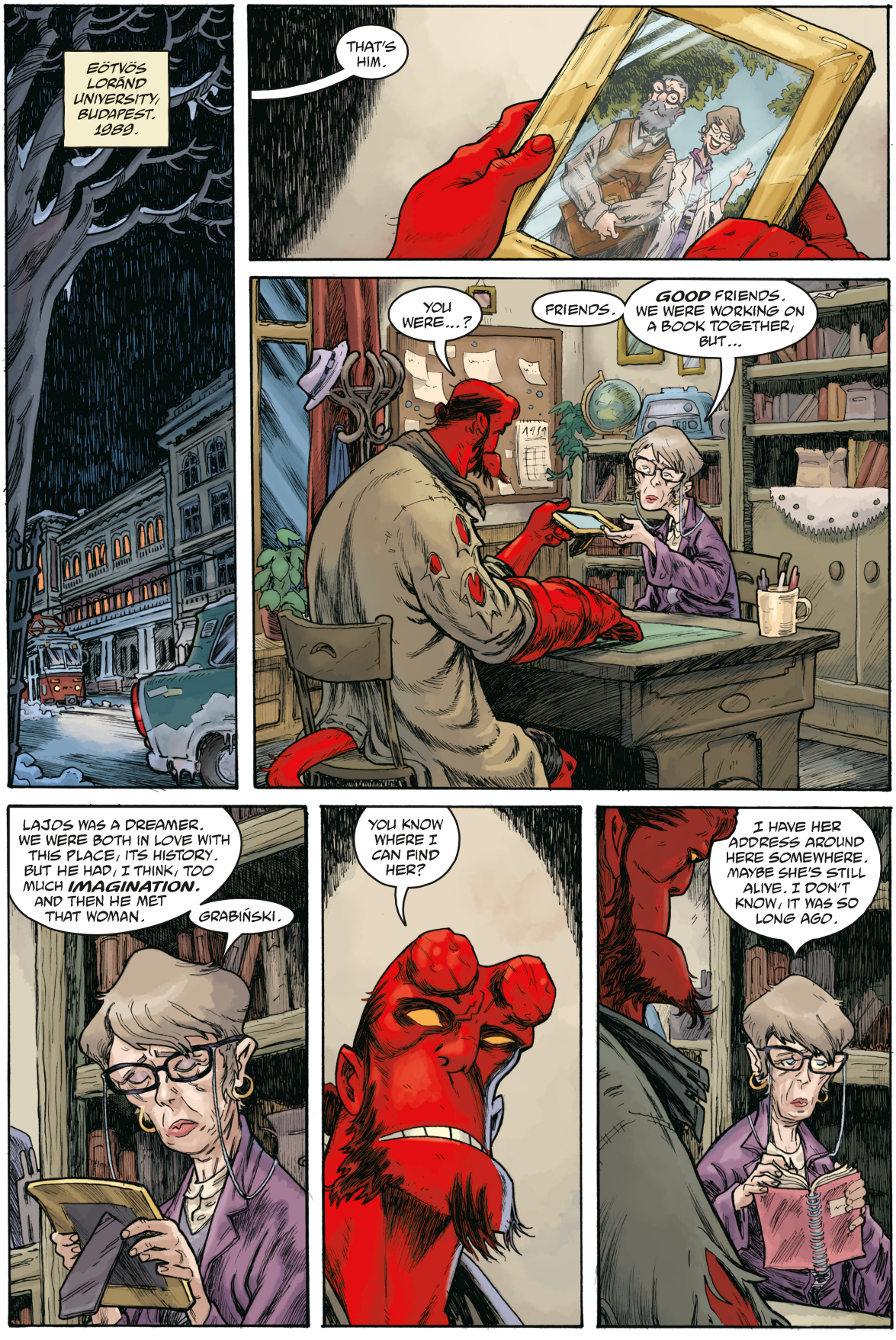

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PAY ME. I WAS DOING YOU A FAVOR.
I WANT TO GIVE THIS BACK.
GIVE BACK?
FAVOR?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!
DON'T BE A JERK ABOUT IT. THE KID WAS JUST TRYING TO BE NICE.
NICE?
POOOF
THAT'S RIGHT.
YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT BAG OF YOURS. I WASN'T LOOKING FOR YOU TO PAY ME--I JUST WANTED TO HELP.

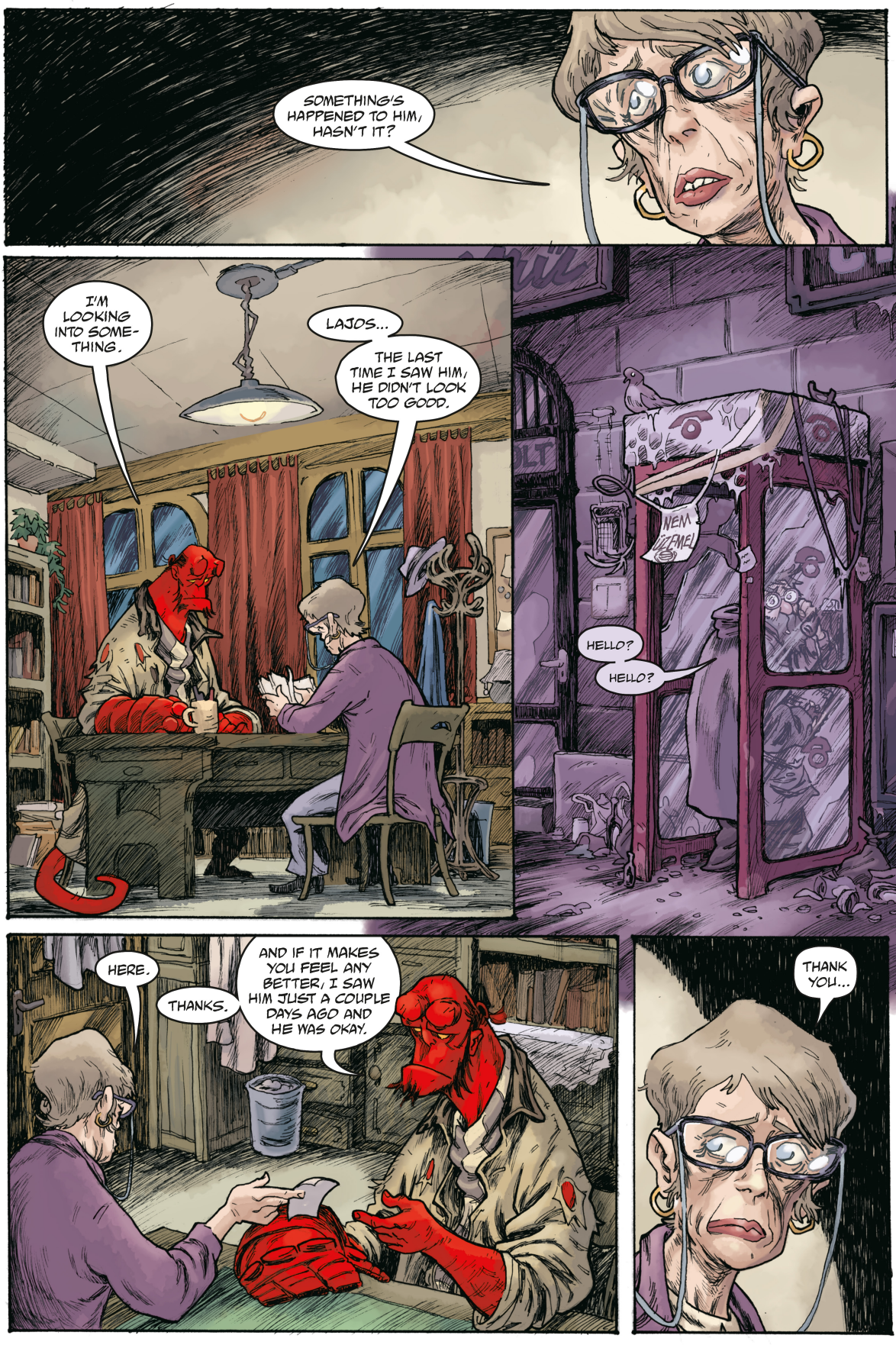

HERE.
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
CAN WE JUST--?


GO?
OKAY. THAT WAS SOME-THING.
WAS IT REAL... OR WAS IT A DREAM?
FELT PRETTY REAL TO ME.
YOU STILL GOT THAT COIN?
I...
NO. IT'S GONE.
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED THEN.
YEAH. IT'S GREAT, BUT...
...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PROFESSOR?
HELLO?
THE END


TIME IS A RIVER




EÖTVÖS LORÁND UNIVERSITY, BUDAPEST. 1989.
THAT'S HIM.
YOU WERE...?
FRIENDS.
GOOD FRIENDS. WE WERE WORKING ON A BOOK TOGETHER, BUT...
LAJOS WAS A DREAMER. WE WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THIS PLACE, ITS HISTORY. BUT HE HAD, I THINK, TOO MUCH IMAGINATION. AND THEN HE MET THAT WOMAN.
GRABIŃSKI.
YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HER?
I HAVE HER ADDRESS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. MAYBE SHE'S STILL ALIVE. I DON'T KNOW, IT WAS SO LONG AGO.


SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM, HASN'T IT?
I'M LOOKING INTO SOME-THING.
LAJOS...
THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE DIDN'T LOOK TOO GOOD.
NEM ÍZLEL
HELLO?
HELLO?
HERE.
THANKS.
AND IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I SAW HIM JUST A COUPLE DAYS AGO AND HE WAS OKAY.
THANK YOU...

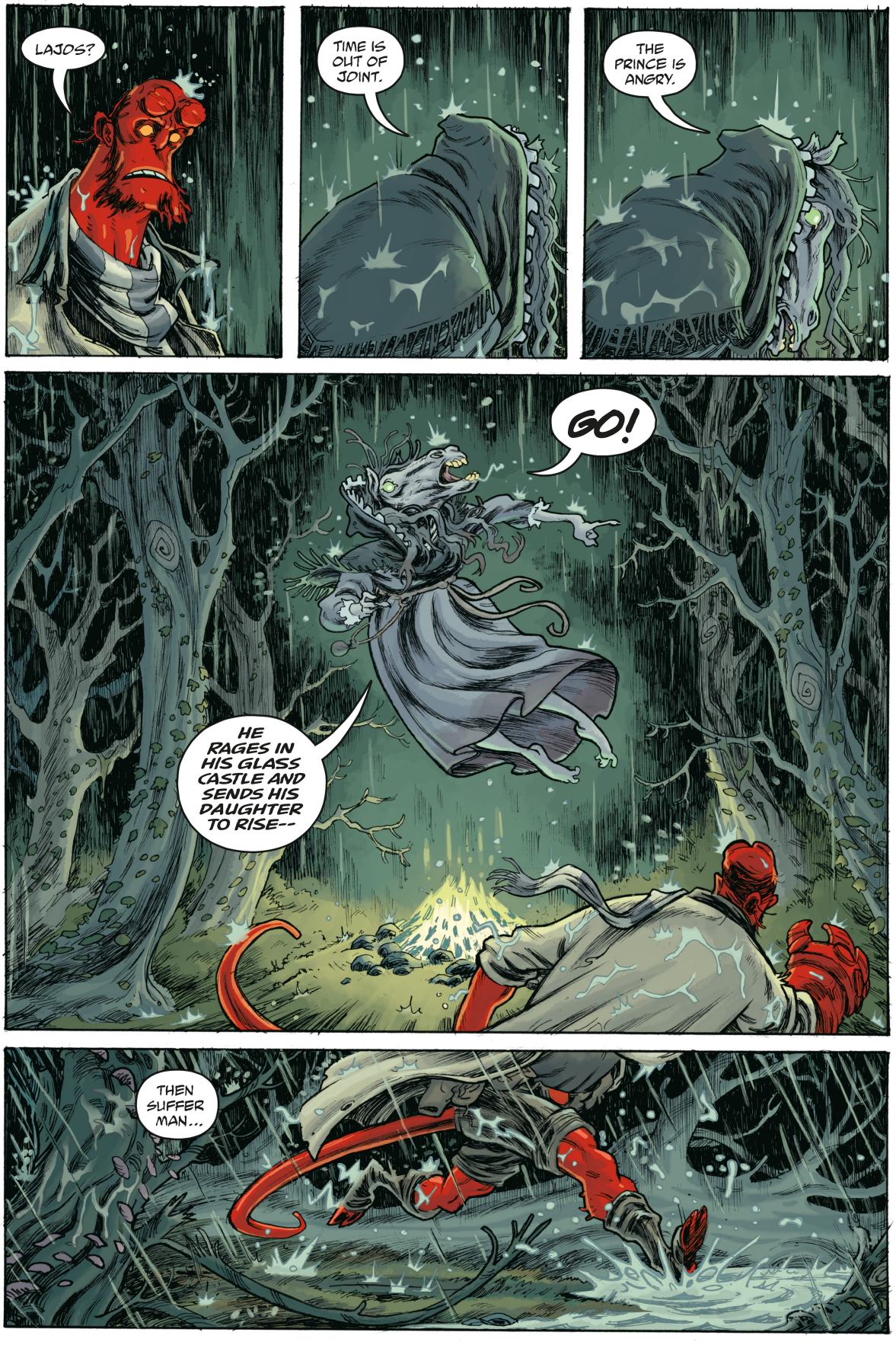

"...AND GOOD LUCK."
OF COURSE I REMEMBER LAJOS...
MOST PEOPLE THINK THE PAST IS DEAD AND GONE. BUT NOT US, YOU AND ME. AND NOT LAJOS.
THE PAST IS ALIVE.
WE KNOW. WE FEEL IT, SOMETIMES WE CAN EVEN HEAR IT.
I GUESS.
BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR LAJOS, WAS IT? NO, HE NEEDED TO SEE IT.
WHAT DID HE DO?
A WHILE BACK THERE WAS THIS KID...

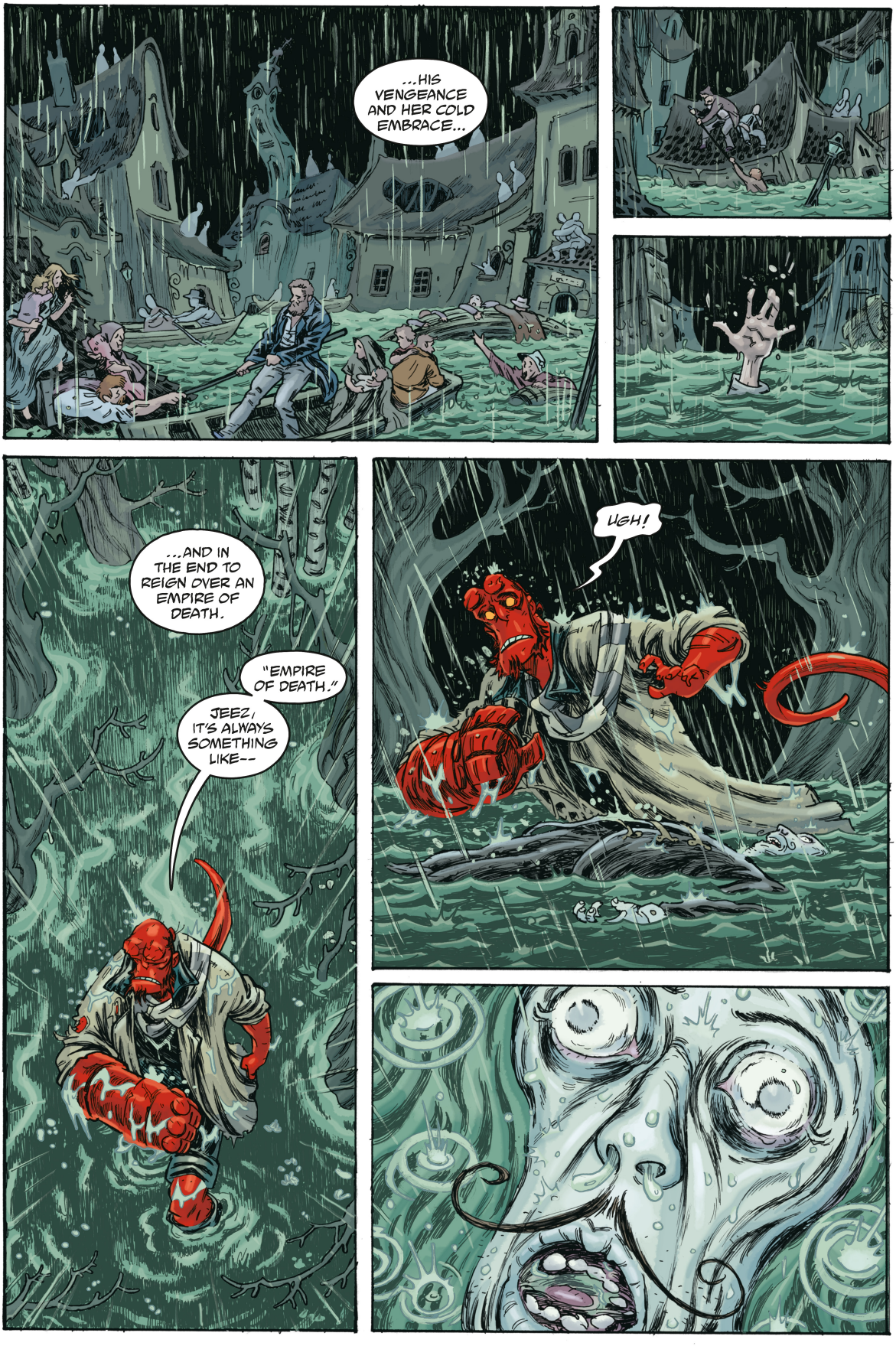

"APPARENTLY ONE NIGHT HE SOMEHOW WANDERED INTO OLD BUDAPEST--I MEAN REALLY OLD BUDAPEST..."
HEY, MISTER...
HE RAN INTO AN OLD GUY, TRIED TO HELP HIM OUT, AND THAT TURNED INTO A WHOLE THING.
TAKE IT!
"SOMEHOW THE KID GOT BACK, BUT WITH THIS MAGIC COIN THAT WAS GIVING HIM FITS.
"I HAPPENED TO BE IN TOWN, HEARD ABOUT IT, AND WHEN I FOUND THE KID HE'D ALREADY HOOKED UP WITH YOUR PAL LAJOS."
THAT WAS THE GHOST OF OLD TOBOK THE MISER.
"HE SAID HE COULD GET US BACK TO GHOST BUDAPEST."
THOSE FOOLS AT THE UNIVERSITY THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY, BUT IT'S ALL HERE, MY LIFE'S WORK--HOW IT COMES AND GOES, WHEN AND WHERE, ACCORDING TO THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR...


"AND I GUESS HE WAS RIGHT..."
WE SHOULD BE CLOSE. WE SHOULD BE--
TIC TIC TIC
"...BECAUSE HE DID."
AH.
WE FOUND THE OLD GUY WITH THE COINS, SORTED THINGS OUT WITH HIM, THEN SUDDENLY THE KID AND I WERE BACK. BUT...
YOU LEFT HIM THERE.
NOT ON PURPOSE.
WHAT DOES HE WANT FROM US?
I DON'T KNOW.
PUT IT RIGHT. SOMEBODY MUST. WE COULD HAVE, ONCE... MAYBE.
BUT NOT NOW.
TOO OLD.

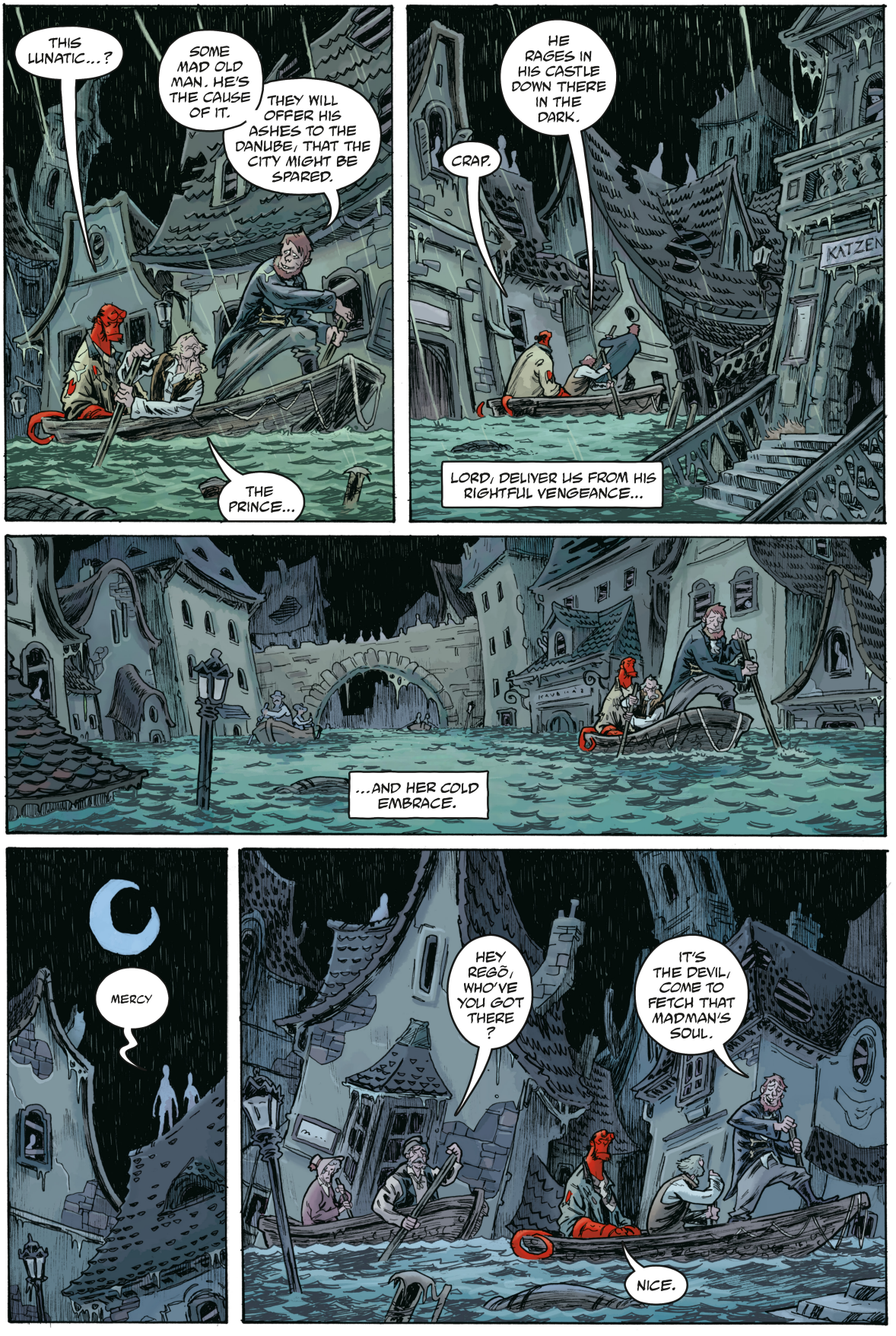

HEY, I'M SORRY. I WASN'T--
SHHH!
TIME IS OUT OF JOINT...
YOU DID THIS!
YOU FIX IT!
WHOA, LADY. I DIDN'T--
LADY?


DOINK
SON OF A--
TIME IS NOT BUILT UPON A ROCK.
TIME IS A RIVER.
AND TONIGHT THAT RIVER RUNS WILD.
YOU WOULD SAVE OUR FRIEND, YOU HAD BEST HURRY.


LAJOS?
TIME IS OUT OF JOINT.
THE PRINCE IS ANGRY.
GO!
HE RAGES IN HIS GLASS CASTLE AND SENDS HIS DAUGHTER TO RISE--
THEN SUFFER MAN...


...HIS VENGEANCE AND HER COLD EMBRACE...
...AND IN THE END TO REIGN OVER AN EMPIRE OF DEATH.
"EMPIRE OF DEATH."
JEEZ, IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING LIKE--
UGH!


NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR THEM.
COME ON.
THANKS.
THANKS? FOR WHAT?
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.
DON'T MIND HIM. HE'S GLOOMY.
WHERE YOU GUYS HEADED?
HELL.
HUSH, FATHER.
WE ARE GOING TO WATCH THEM BURN A LUNATIC.
OH.

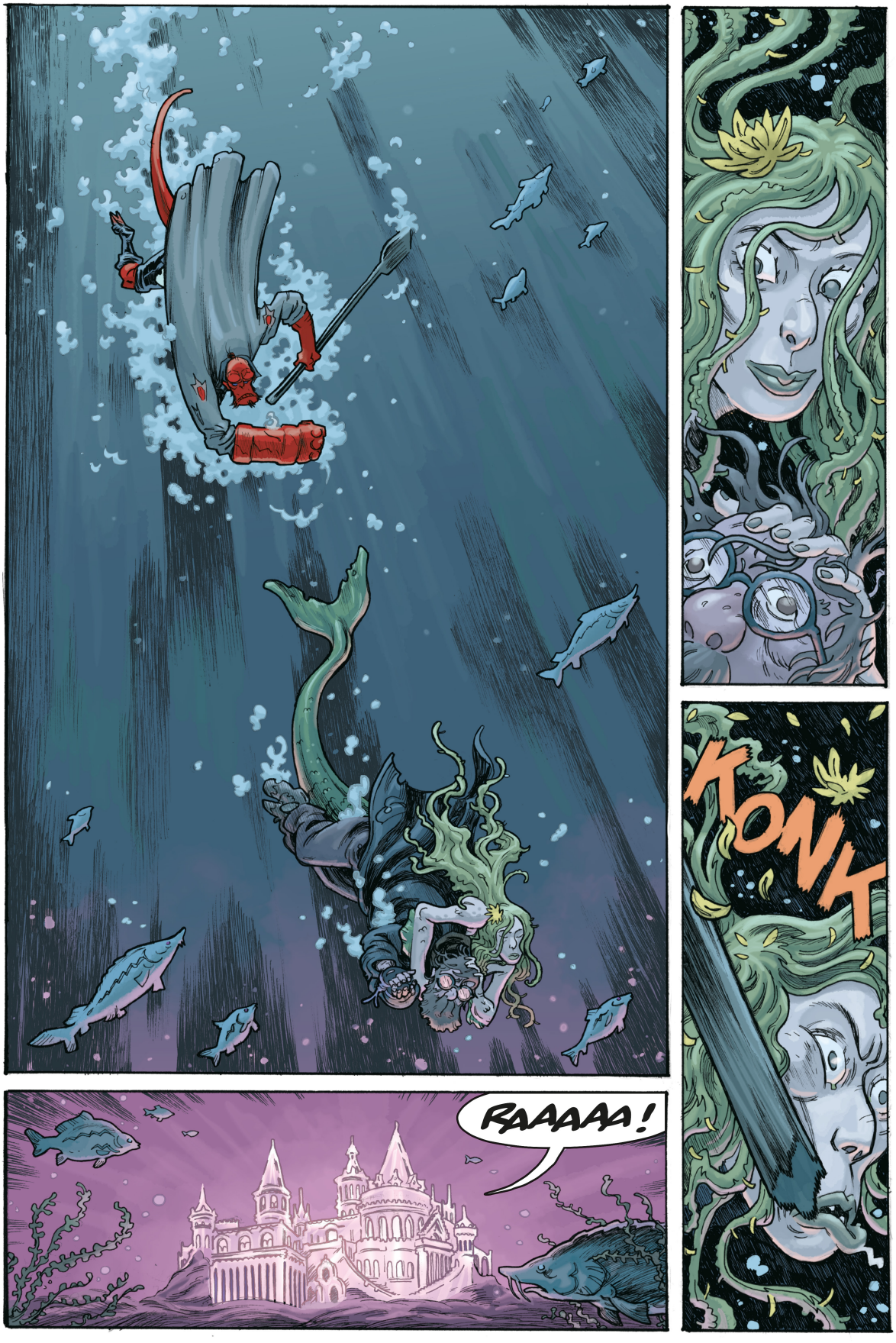

THIS LUNATIC...?
SOME MAD OLD MAN. HE'S THE CAUSE OF IT.
THEY WILL OFFER HIS ASHES TO THE DANUBE, THAT THE CITY MIGHT BE SPARED.
THE PRINCE...
HE RAGES IN HIS CASTLE DOWN THERE IN THE DARK.
CRAP.
KATZEN
LORD, DELIVER US FROM HIS RIGHTFUL VENGEANCE...
...AND HER COLD EMBRACE.
MERCY
HEY REGÖ, WHO'VE YOU GOT THERE?
IT'S THE DEVIL, COME TO FETCH THAT MADMAN'S SOUL.
NICE.

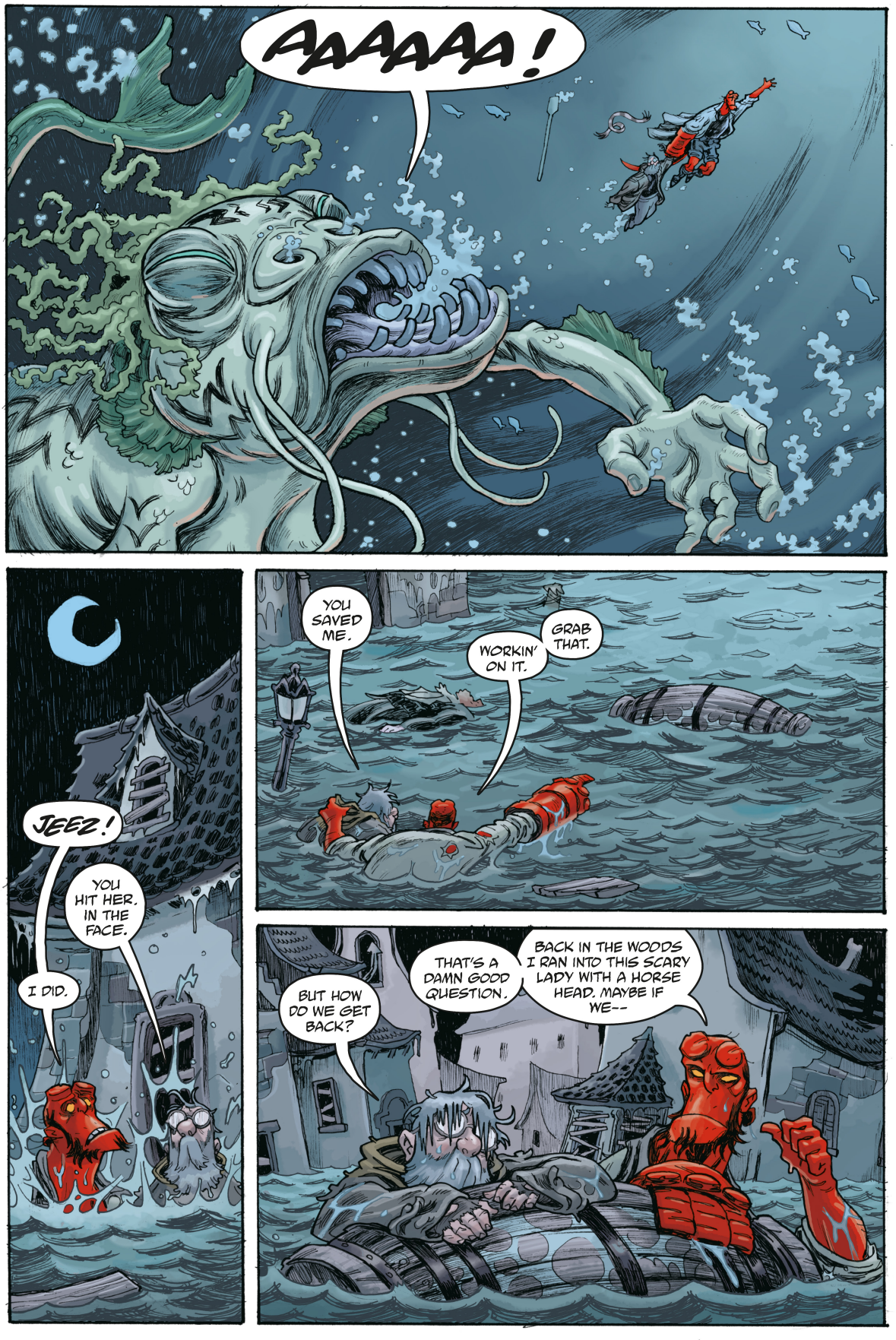

HE WILL HAVE TO WRESTLE THE PRINCE FOR IT. BUT WHAT A SHOW, eh?
MAYBE HE WILL LET THE PRINCE WIN.
FOR THE SAKE OF OUR CITY--
BURN!
BURN!
BURN!


...
WE HUMBLY PRAY YOU ACCEPT THIS SACRIFICE OF FLESH...
BURN!
BURN!
HANG ON!
QUIET, YOU!
STOP!
HOW MANY YEARS SINCE THE MAIDEN WAS WED TO A LIVING MAN?
THAT IS A GOOD IDEA.
WED?
AND I WOULD THINK IT MUCH QUICKER AND LESS PAINFUL FOR YOU.
DROWN!
DROWN!
DROWN!

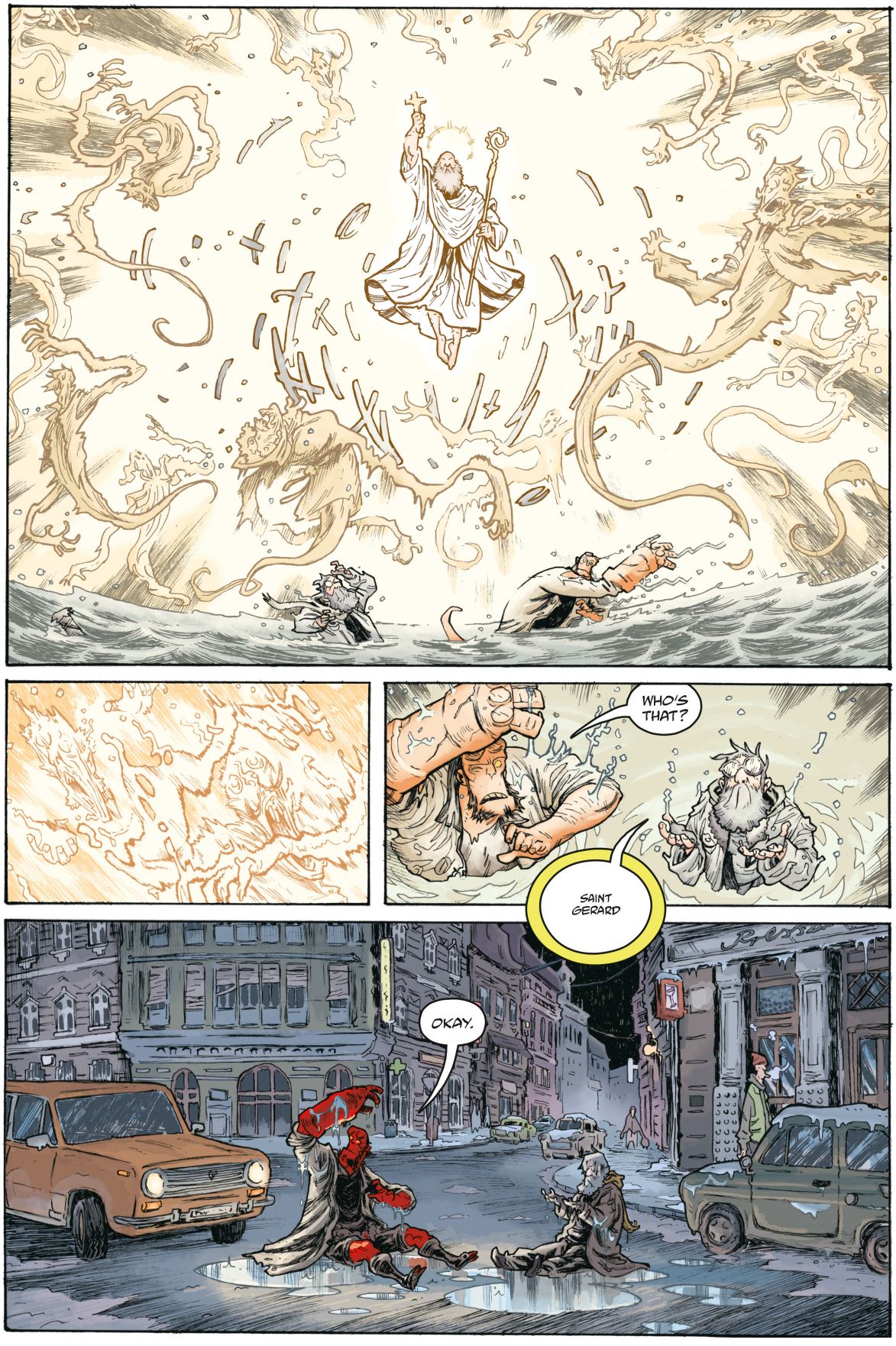

SPLOOSH
!
GIMME THAT!
GASP!
HA!


GOTCHA!
HELLBOY?
YOU OKAY?
DID YOU SEE HER?
WHO?
THE MAIDEN OF THE DANUBE.
SO BEAUTIFUL... SHE WANTS TO--
HEY!
SON OF A--


RAAAAA!
KONK


AAAAAA!
JEEZ!
YOU HIT HER. IN THE FACE.
I DID.
YOU SAVED ME.
WORKIN' ON IT.
GRAB THAT.
BUT HOW DO WE GET BACK?
THAT'S A DAMN GOOD QUESTION.
BACK IN THE WOODS I RAN INTO THIS SCARY LADY WITH A HORSE HEAD. MAYBE IF WE--


AHHHH!
AHH!
!
HELLBOY?


WHO'S THAT?
SAINT GERARD
OKAY.


LATER...
GERARD, BISHOP OF CSANÁD. MARTYRED SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1046.
ACCOUNTS VARY, BUT IN ONE VERSION HE WAS SEALED IN A BARREL, THROWN OFF THIS VERY HILL, AND DROWNED IN THE DANUBE.
I HAVEN'T GIVEN RELIGION ANY THOUGHT SINCE I WAS BOY, BUT WHEN I FOUND MYSELF ALONE IN THAT PLACE...ALL MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES CAME BACK TO ME.
DO YOU THINK HE SENT YOU-- GERARD? OR WAS IT GRABIŃSKI?
OR MAYBE THE WOMAN WITH THE HORSE HEAD!
IT'S A MYSTERY, PAL. IT'S A MYSTERY.
THE END

HELLBOY AND THE B.P.R.D.

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by the editor

NIGHT OF THE CYCLOPS



Olivier Vatine has had a prolific career in comics, particularly in French bandes dessinées, and having him come onboard for a Hellboy story was a dream. He and Mike wrote the story together, and his beautiful character design, settings, and colors made for a uniquely gorgeous one-shot.



AELITA & HB



MAYBE A DOUBLE PG?



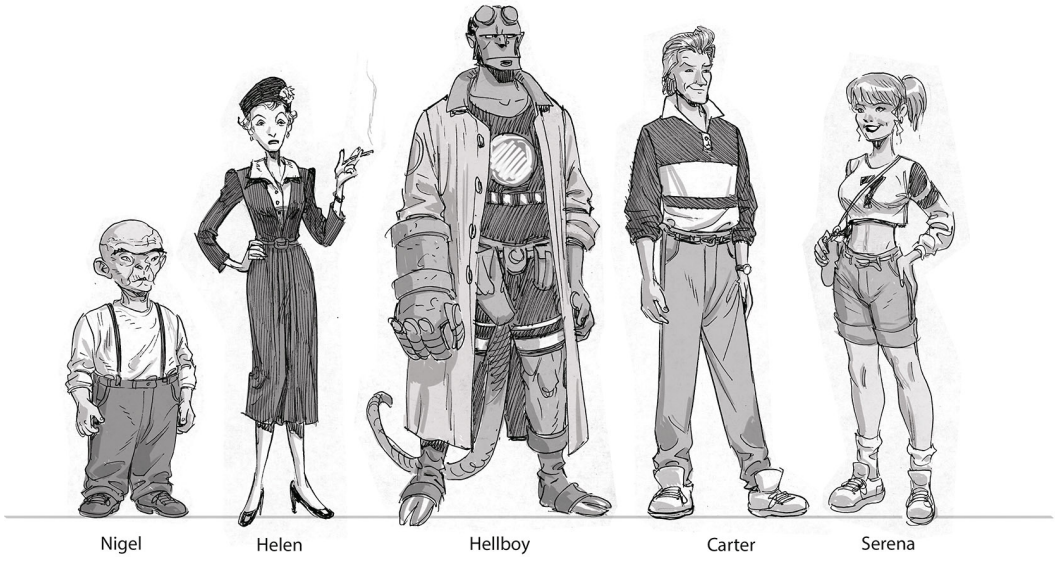


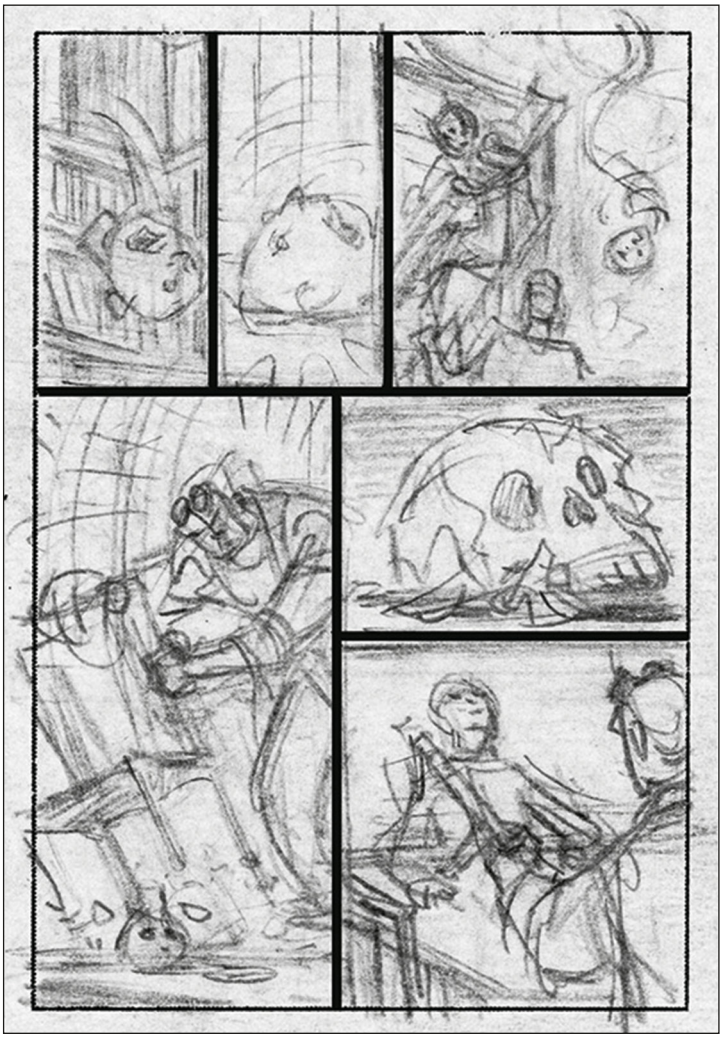
A VILLAGE GIRL -

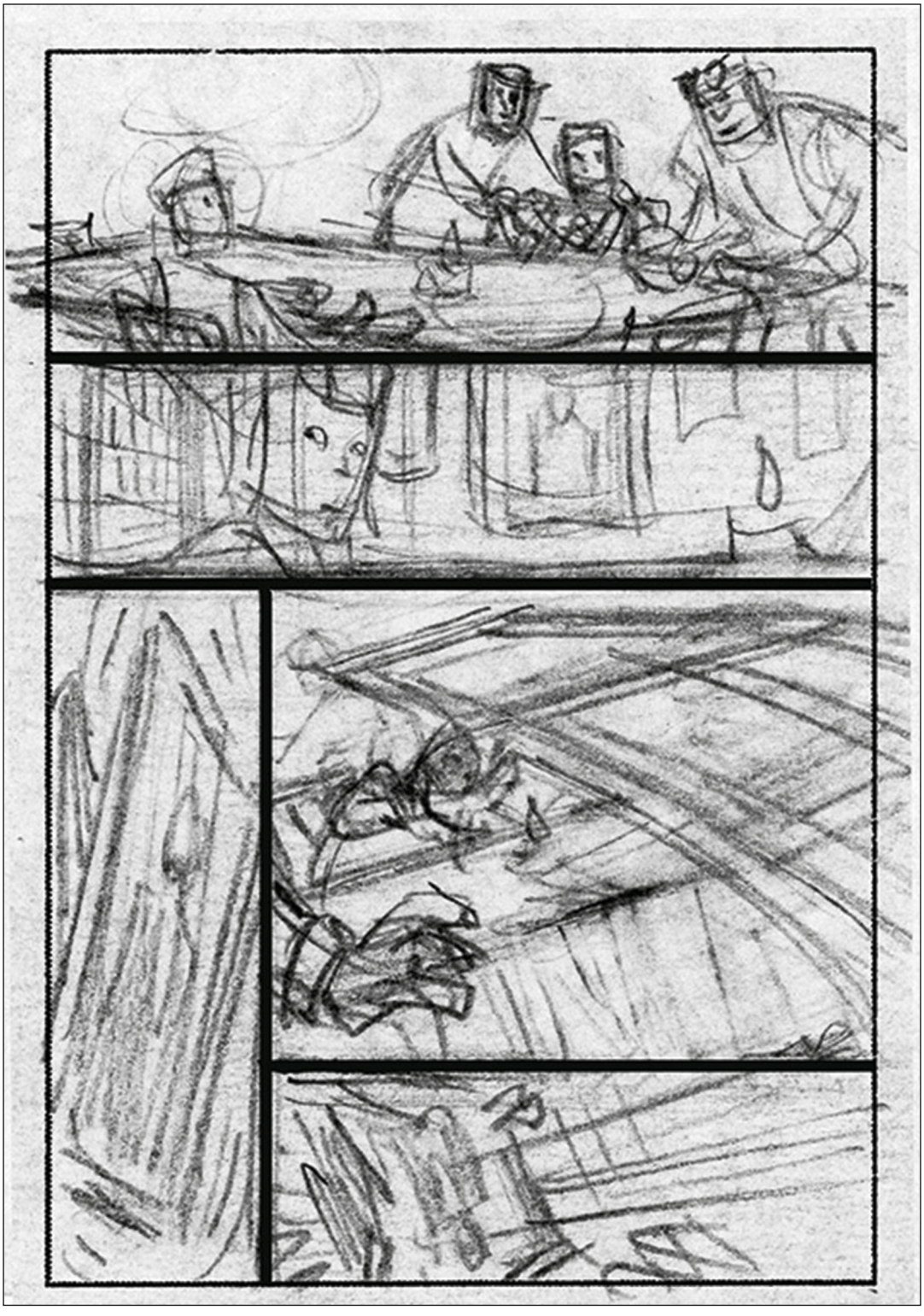

HEY RED! I'M TALKING TO YOU MAN!
1
...YOU'VE BROKEN MY HORNS!
2
YOU'VE RUINED MY COAT. WE'RE EVEN!
3
WE ARE READY TO FLY BACK TO ATHEN SIR
4
I'M STICKING AROUND A BIT. I HAVE THE FEELING I'M NOT DONE HERE YET.
5
BUT - SIR THE BUREAU ASKED...
NO WORRIES AGENT DRYADES, I'LL CHECK IN A DAY OR TWO.
6


1
2
3
4

THE SECRET OF CHESBRO HOUSE

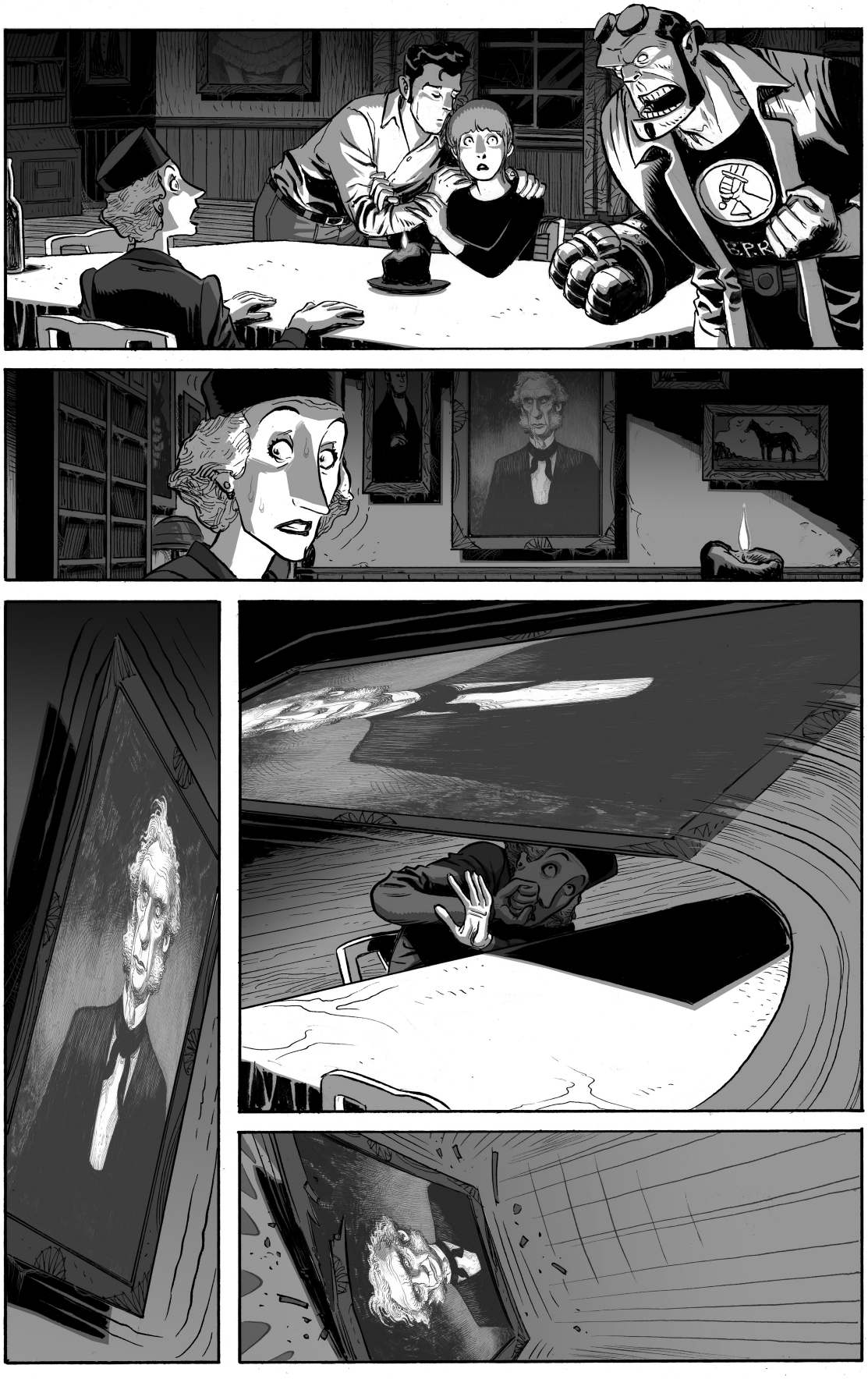




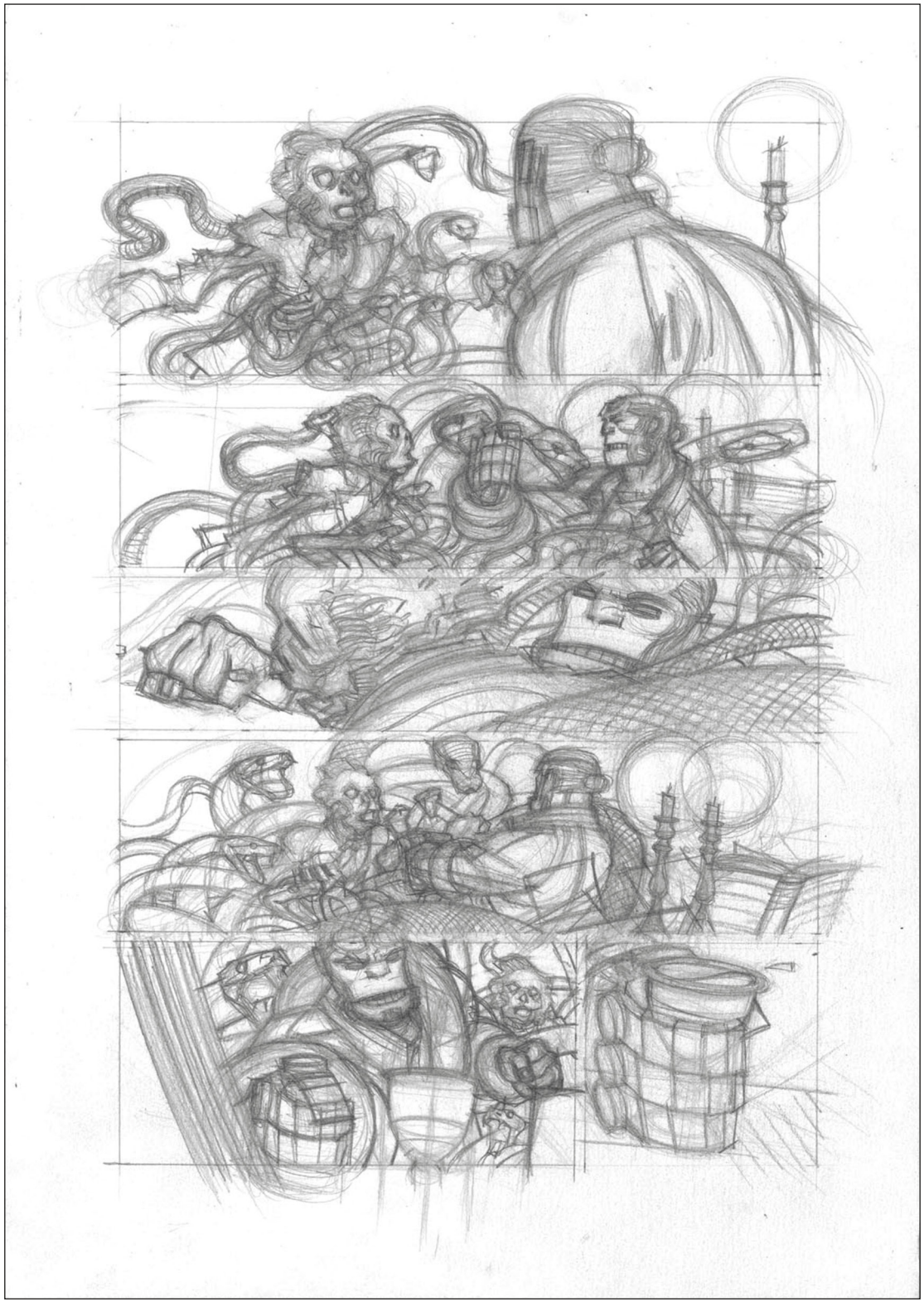


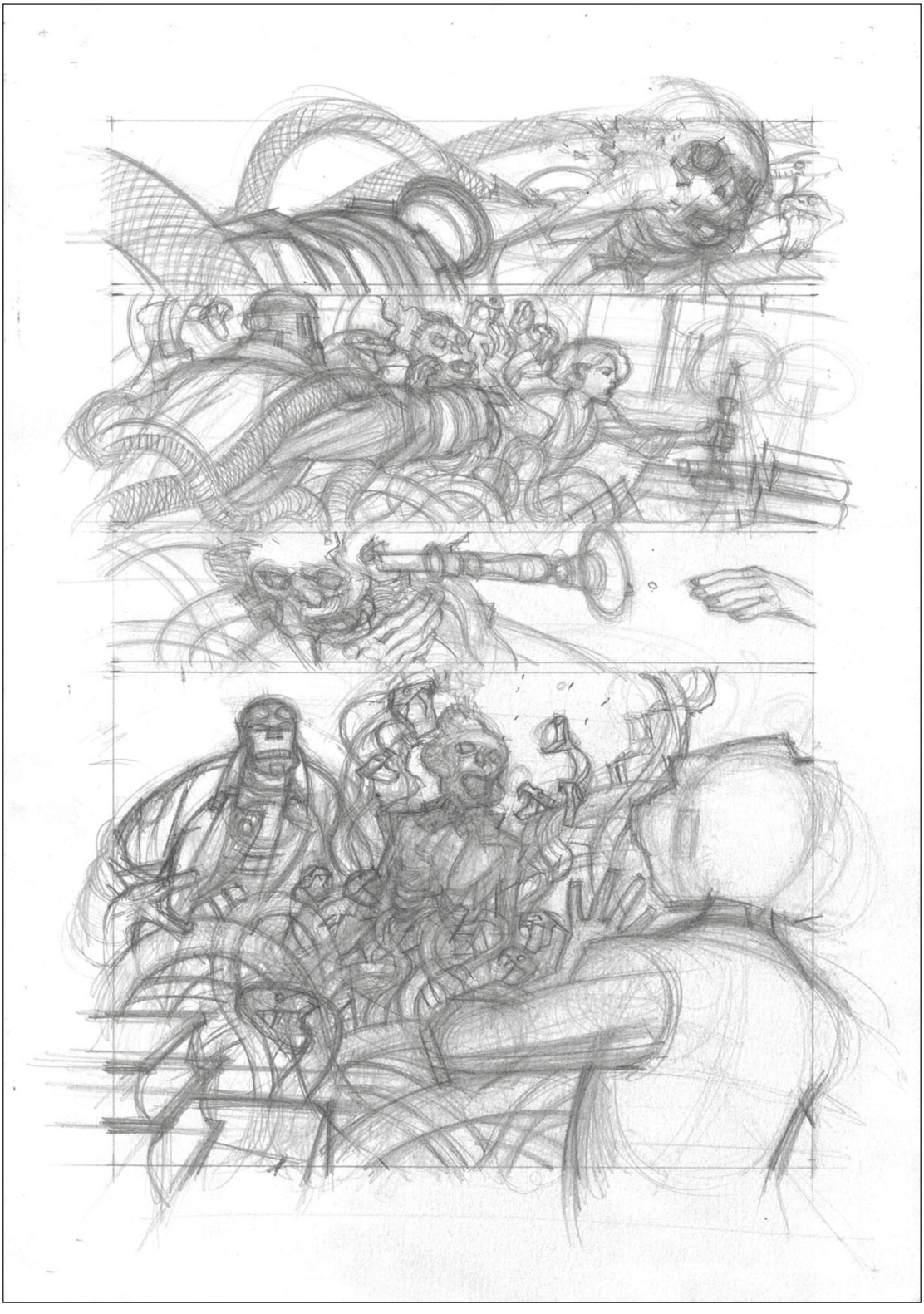
Shawn MacManus came on to draw this two-part story, and he knocked it out of the park with his command of action. A head rolling across the floor or a painting flying off the wall could look goofy or clunky when drawn by some, but Shawn nailed the movement here so that the moments feel surprising and fun at the same time—exactly what we want for a classic haunted-old-mansion story.





OLD MAN WHITTER





Mike and Gabriel Hernández Walta had talked about doing a *Hellboy* story together for a little while before we were able to make it happen. Mike had been kicking around a sequel idea for the older short "The Whittier Legacy," and it would take an artist with a specific style to pull off the man-ghoul who turns out to be full of snakes, but Gabriel was just the artist for it.





TIME IS A RIVER



"The Miser's Gift" from the 2019 *Hellboy Winter Special* was originally meant to be a one-and-done short story, but we felt a bit bad about leaving our professor character in Ghost Budapest so Mike plotted a sequel for Hellboy to get him out. Márk Laszlo lives in Budapest himself, so he was able to give a very authentic look to the city (both normal and Ghost form). His art is illustrative and dream-like, perfect for this story.





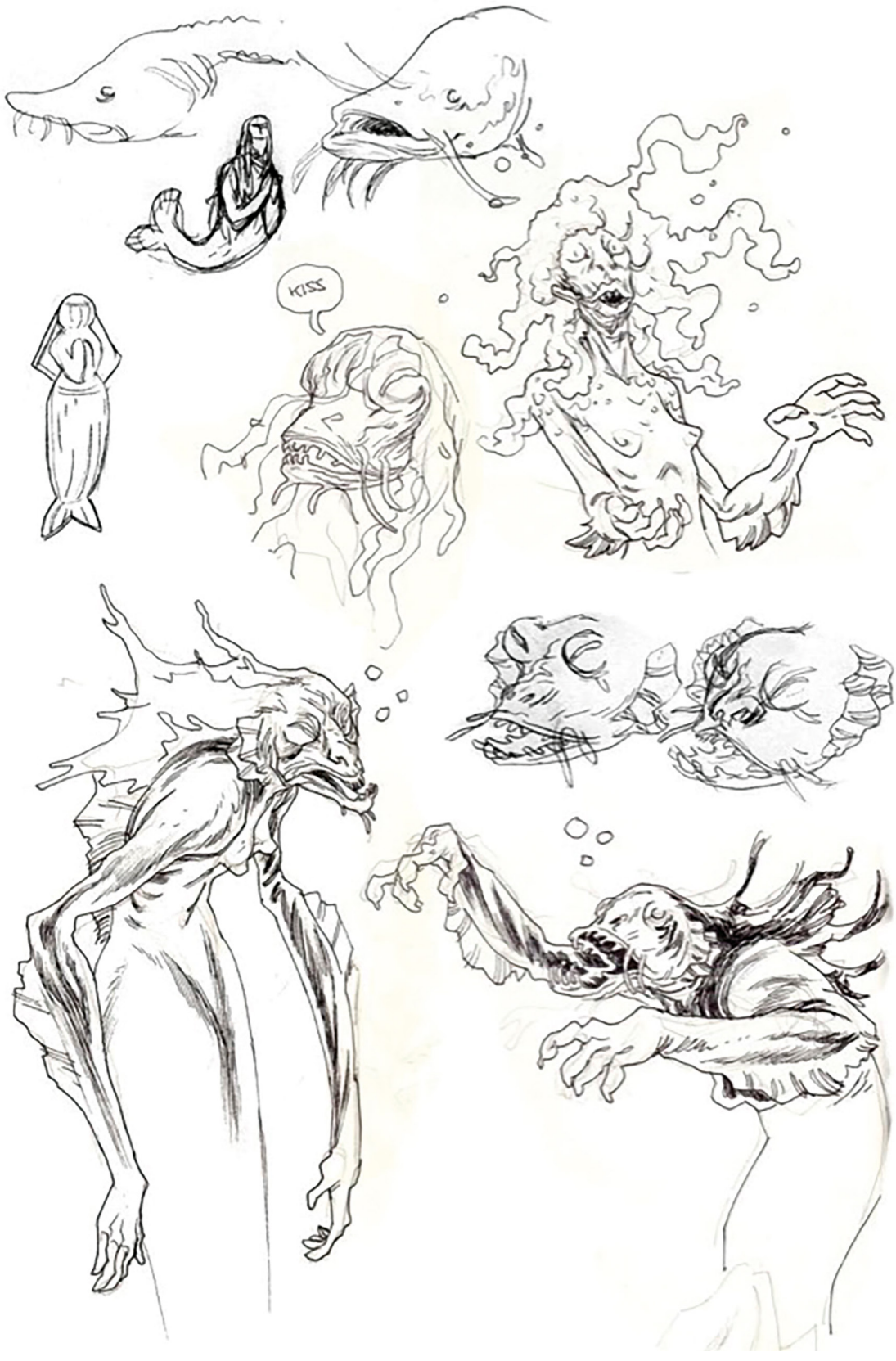
The younger version of the Prof, and Magdolna Papp










KISS



Following pages: Mike's line art for this collection, followed by art for *The Secret of Chesbro House* #1 variant by Ben Stenbeck, #2 main cover by Shawn with Dave Stewart, #2 variant by Matt Smith, *Night of the Cyclops* variant by Mike Mignola with Dave Stewart, *Old Man Whitter* variant by Mike with Dave Stewart, and *Time is a River* variant by Mike with Dave Stewart.




U.S.

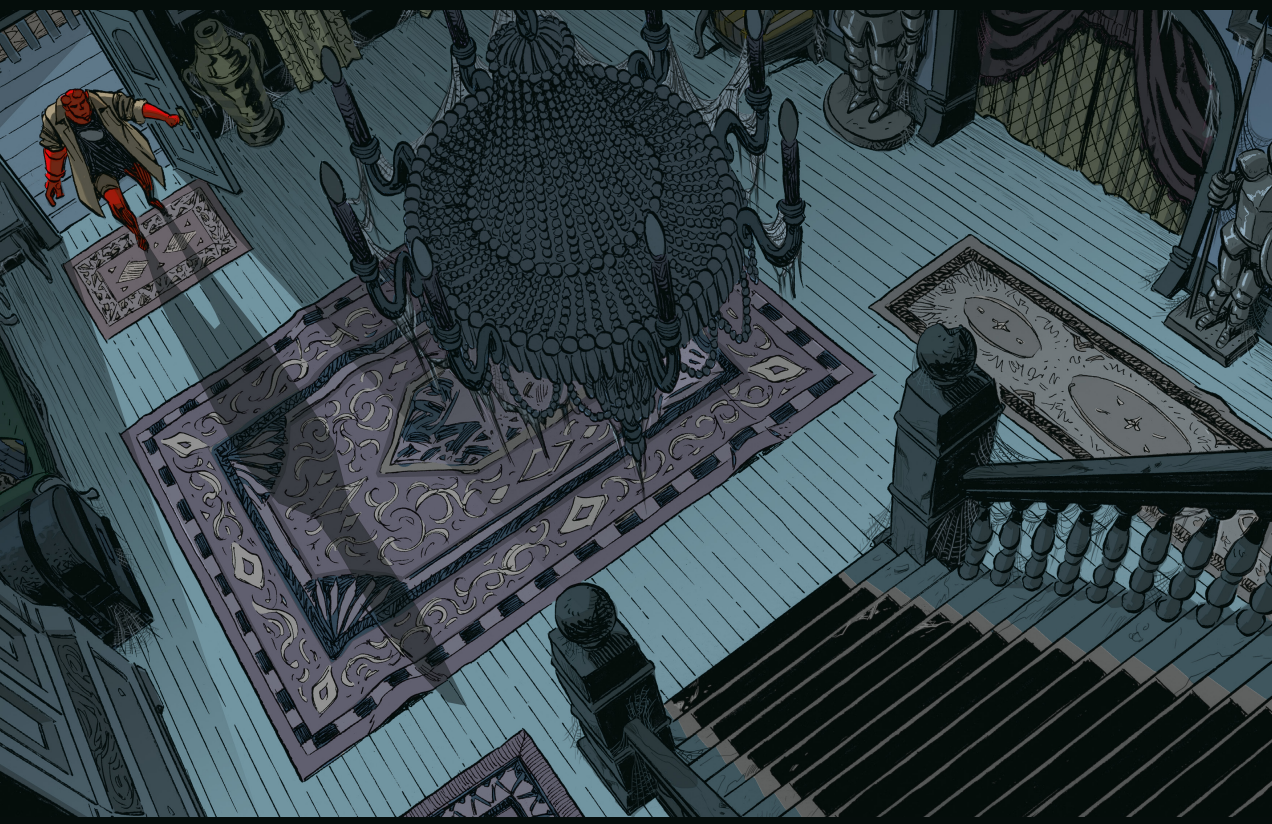

B.P.R.D.



2021


WHITTIER

2021



Follow Hellboy through haunted houses, to ghostly Budapest, and even into ancient Greece as he battles ghosts, settles supernatural family feuds, and comes face to face with the goddess Aphrodite! Rediscover some of the most beloved *Hellboy and the B.P.R.D.* stories, including *The Secret of Chesbro House*, *Night of the Cyclops*, *Old Man Whittier*, *Time is a River,* and the connected short story "The Miser's Gift."

Hellboy creator Mike Mignola is joined by writer Christopher Golden; writer-artist Olivier Vatine; artists Shawn McManus, Márk László, and Gabriel Hernández Walta; and colorist Dave Stewart for this haunting collection of tales!

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