

MIKE MIGNOLA'S

B.P.R.D.TM

Hollow Earth & Other Stories



WITHDRAWN

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HOLLOW EARTH



ADAM

HOLLOW EARTH



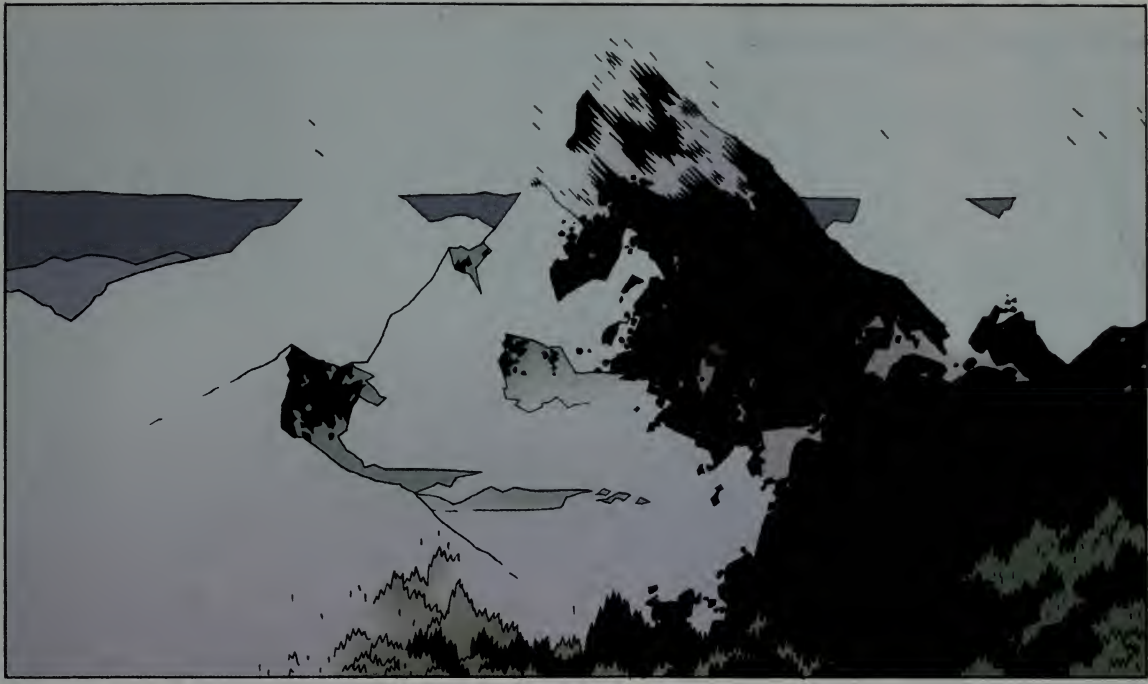
Story by
MIKE MIGNOLA, CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN & TOM SNIEGOSKI

Pencils by
RYAN SOOK

Inks by
RYAN SOOK & CURTIS ARNOLD

Colors by
DAVE STEWART

Letters by
CLEM ROBINS



THE LIRAL
MOUNTAINS,
ABOVE THE
ARCTIC
CIRCLE.







THAT DREAM LIVES HERE.



I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH GOOD AT ASKING FOR HELP...

I HAVE A FIRE BURNING INSIDE ME, AND IT'S OUT OF CONTROL.



YOU HAVE SOUGHT TO ENSLAVE THIS THING, TO TAME IT BY FORCE OF WILL. THAT IS ARROGANT.

YOU HAVE TO MAKE PEACE WITH IT. YOU HAVE TO MAKE PEACE WITH YOURSELF.



ELIZABETH SHERMAN, YOU DID WELL TO COME HERE.



TWO YEARS AGO.

NOW.

THE OFFICES OF
THE BUREAU FOR
PARANORMAL RESEARCH
AND DEFENSE. FAIRFIELD,
CONNECTICUT.

ESTABLISHED IN 1944 BY
THE LATE PROFESSOR
TREVOR BRITTENHOLM
AND AN INTERNATIONAL
COLLECTIVE IN RESPONSE
TO NAZI--AND LATER
SOVIET--OCCULT EXPERI-
MENTS. ITS FUNCTION
IN THE PRESENT IS TO
MONITOR, INVESTIGATE,
AND CONTAIN SUPER-
NATURAL EVENTS
WORLDWIDE.

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER
CEMETERY DESECRATION
IN HAVERHILL,
MASSACHUSETTS.
EVIDENCE OF
RITUAL... BODIES
MOVED, PIECES
MISSING...

YEAH,
YOU BETTER
GET SOMEONE ON
THAT RIGHT
AWAY.

WHAT
ELSE?

JUST THE
USUAL.

WHAT
ABOUT THE NEW
MEXICO THING
WITH THE
CHICKENS?

NOTHING NEW.
MAYBE IT WAS
ONE OF THOSE
FREAK, ONE-TIME-
ONLY THINGS.

I
HOPE
SO.

NO
KIDDING.

KATE,
THE NEW
GUY IS
HERE.



MR. KRAUS?
SORRY TO KEEP
YOU WAITING.
I'M KATE
CORRIGAN.



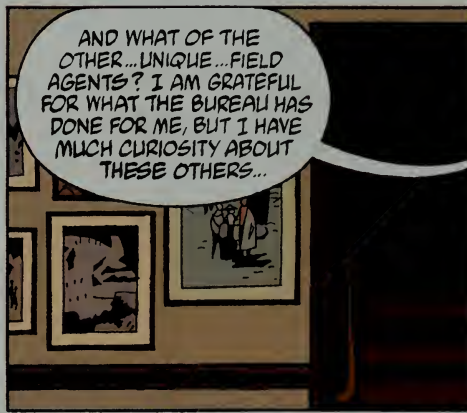
THERE IS NO
PROBLEM, MISS
CORRIGAN.

AND PLEASE TO
CALL ME JOHANN. IF WE
ARE TO BE COLLEAGUES,
THE FORMALITY IS NOT
NECESSARY.



...YOU'LL FIND
LIVING ON THE
PREMISES HAS A
LOT OF ADVANTAGES,
EVEN BEYOND NOT
HAVING TO
GO OUT IN
PUBLIC.

HEALTH
FACILITIES,
SWIMMING POOL,
EXTENSIVE LIBRARY,
AND THERE ARE
HIKING TRAILS ON
THE GROUNDS THAT
ARE BEAUTIFUL
YEAR ROUND. I
THINK YOU'LL
BE PLEASED
WITH YOUR
QUARTERS.



AND WHAT OF THE
OTHER...UNIQUE...FIELD
AGENTS? I AM GRATEFUL
FOR WHAT THE BUREAU HAS
DONE FOR ME, BUT I HAVE
MUCH CURIOSITY ABOUT
THESE OTHERS...





...THIS HELLBOY,
FOR INSTANCE. WHEN
AM I TO MEET HIM?



I WISH
I KNEW.
HELLBOY
HAS... HE'S
ACTUALLY,
WELL...



I QUIT.



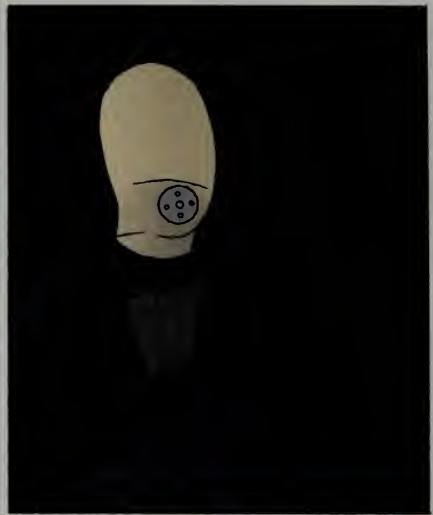
YOU'RE
REALLY GONNA
TAKE OFF?

YEP.





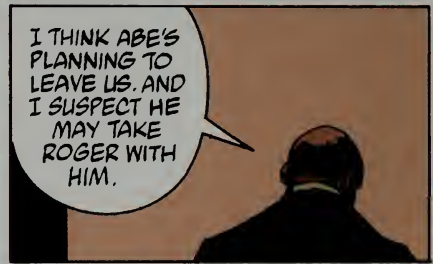
GO ON AHEAD, JOHANN. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN THE LIBRARY.



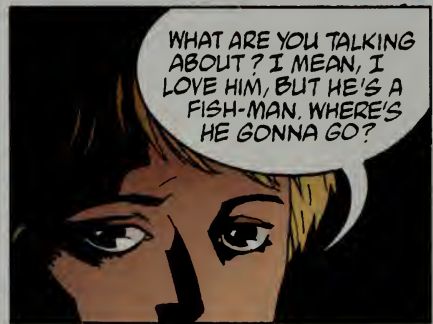
WHAT'S GOING ON, TOM? YOU LOOK TENSE.



WITH REASON. WITH GOOD REASON.



I THINK ABE'S PLANNING TO LEAVE US. AND I SUSPECT HE MAY TAKE ROGER WITH HIM.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I MEAN, I LOVE HIM, BUT HE'S A FISH-MAN. WHERE'S HE GONNA GO?



WITH HELLBOY GONE AND THE WHOLE THING WITH ROGER, THEY DON'T TRUST THE BUREAU ANYMORE.

I CARE. THIS IS THE ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE THEY ACTUALLY FIT IN. BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. HAVING THEM ON OUR TEAM--

CAN YOU BLAME THEM?



I KNOW. THEY'RE STATUS SYMBOLS. HAVING THEM ON THE PAYROLL MAKES US LOOK GOOD AGAINST THE COMPETITION, AND HELPS SCARE THE FEDS AND THE BRITS INTO COUGHING UP MORE FUNDING.

I KNOW YOU REALLY DO CARE, TOM. BUT IF YOU WANT THEM TO STICK AROUND, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SHUT UP ABOUT THE OTHER STUFF.

TREAT THEM LIKE PEOPLE.

"...NOT
PETS."





HECA
EMEM-RA.
BLACK GODDESS.
NEB-OGEROH. SUCH
WAS HER PROFANING
OF THE TEMPLE
THAT IT BROUGHT
FORTH AN EVIL
WIND...

...AND THOTH ON HIS THRONE WAS BROUGHT LOW BY IT, EVEN UNTO DEATH. AND HIS FORTY-TWO GREAT BOOKS WERE PASSED DOWN TO LESSER KINGS WHO USED THEM BADLY, FASHIONING A NEW RACE TO TOIL IN THE EARTH.

HERE IS THE CRIME. TO REPEAT THE SIN OF THE WATCHERS.

FOR WASN'T IT THEY WHO BROUGHT OUT OF THE SLIME, THE REBEL SERPENT OGDORU JAHAD, WHICH SPAWNED THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE ABOMINATIONS IN THE SEA?

AND SO THAT NEW-MADE RACE WOULD ONE DAY RISE UP AGAINST ITS MASTERS.

WOE TO THEM, FOR OUT OF THAT STUNTED TRIBE WILL COME A NEW KING OF FEAR, HASTENING THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF TIME.

MASTER GHEGHEN. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED. SOME KIND OF TREMOR OR--

I AM AWARE OF IT.

CALM YOURSELF, ELIZABETH. IT IS NOTHING TO CONCERN YOU.

BUT IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A NORMAL GEOLOGICAL--

THERE ARE OTHER SCIENCES THAN GEOLOGY, CHILD.

THE MATTER WILL BE DEALT WITH.



WE'RE FRIENDS, KATE. I'M GOING TO MISS YOU. BUT WE'RE NOT SO CLOSE THAT YOU MAKE IT A HABIT OF DROPPING BY MY QUARTERS UNLESS IT'S BUSINESS.



I SAW THE NEW GUY IN THE HALL- EARLIER. WHAT'S HIS STORY?

JOHANN. NICE GUY, ACTUALLY. SAD SON OF A BITCH.



"HE WAS A PHYSICAL MEDIUM.




"NOT A CRANK, EITHER THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

"HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEANCE WHEN THE CHENGDOU DISASTER STRUCK.




"BANGKOK TO DUBLIN. CHRIST, WHAT A MESS THAT WAS.


"KRAUS WAS OUT OF BODY WHEN IT HIT. HIS ECTOPLASMIC PROJECTION HAD NOTHING TO COME BACK TO. BUT IN A TWISTED WAY, HE WAS LUCKY.



"SOMEHOW HE
MANAGED TO HOLD
HIMSELF TOGETHER
UNTIL THE B.P.R.D.
TECHS COULD DESIGN
A CONTAINMENT
SUIT FOR HIM.



"HE'S NOT
DEAD. HE
JUST DOESN'T
HAVE A BODY
ANYMORE."



HIS OLD LIFE IS GONE,
BUT HE'S STILL A GREAT
MEDIUM, AND HE'S GOT
A GOOD GENERAL
KNOWLEDGE OF THE
PARANORMAL. I THINK
HE'LL MAKE A GOOD
HOME HERE.

DON'T
LEAVE,
ABE.



THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME HERE ANYMORE, KATE. I MISS LIZ. AFTER SHE LEFT, IT STARTED TO FEEL TOO MUCH LIKE A CORPORATION AROUND HERE.

AND NOW WITH HELLBOY GONE...NO OFFENSE, BUT ROGER AND I, WE FEEL ALONE.

I USED TO BE AFRAID TO GO OUT INTO THE WORLD ON MY OWN, KATE. NOW I'M AFRAID TO STAY HERE.

ABE--

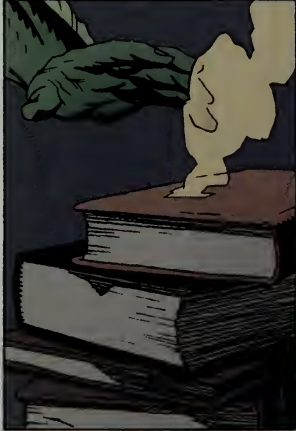
THEY PUT A BOMB *INSIDE* ROGER.

ABE, HE'S A 500-YEAR-OLD HOMUNCULUS. TWO MINUTES AFTER WE FOUND HIM HE KILLED BUD WALLER AND DID THAT THING TO LIZ.

I KNOW IT WASN'T HIS FAULT, AND NOW WE ALL KNOW HE'S A GOOD GUY, BUT HE MADE THE HIGHER-UPS NERVOUS AND THEY DID A STUPID THING. BUT THAT'S *OVER*. THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN. BELIEVE ME.

THEY JUST LOST HELLBOY. THEY SURE AS HELL DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU GUYS.

JUST THINK ABOUT IT, OKAY?





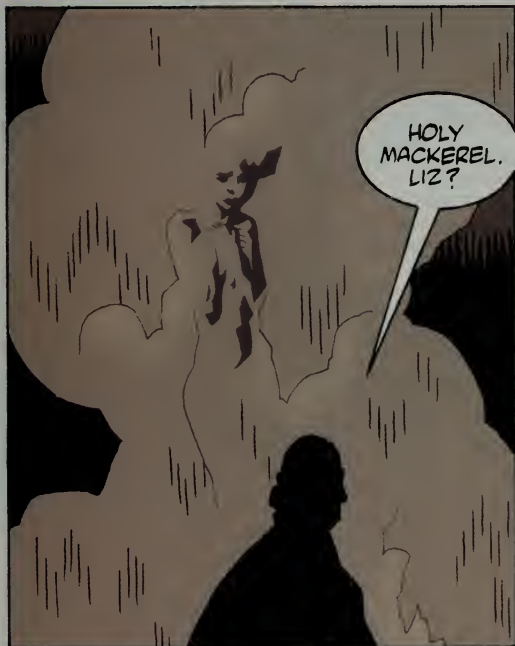
IT'S SO DARK
DOWN HERE, ABE...
DARK AND I'M SO... SO
COLD. YOU HAVE TO
COME... COME
AND GET ME...



LIZ?



HSSSSSSS



HOLY
MACKEREL.
LIZ?



WHAM



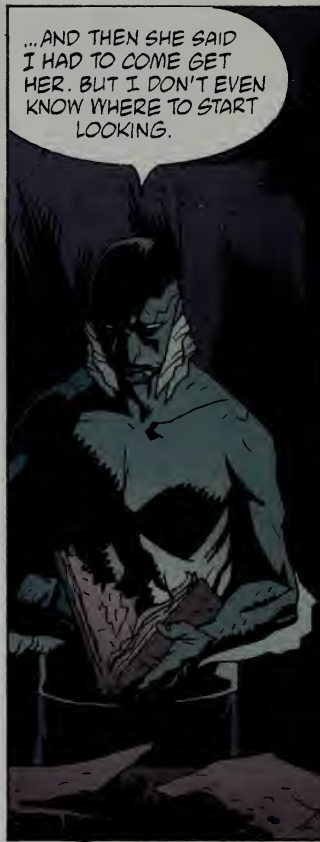
MR. SAPIEN?
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



JUST A
LITTLE
WET.



WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON IN HERE, ABE?

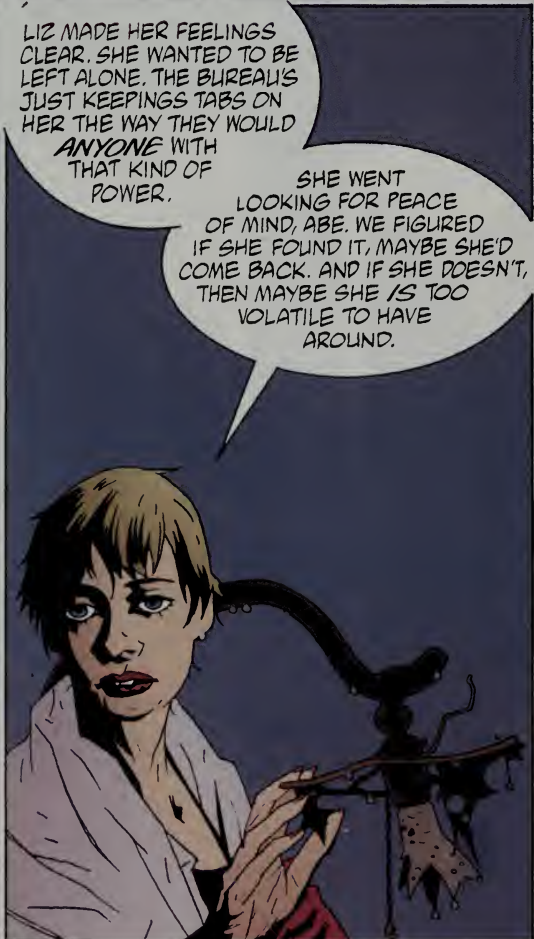


...AND THEN SHE SAID I HAD TO COME GET HER. BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING.

ACTUALLY, I MIGHT.
WE'VE KEPT TABS ON LIZ'S WHEREABOUTS EVER SINCE SHE LEFT.



AND NOBODY EVER THOUGHT TO MENTION THAT TO THE REST OF US?



LIZ MADE HER FEELINGS CLEAR. SHE WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE. THE BUREAU'S JUST KEEPINGS TABS ON HER THE WAY THEY WOULD ANYONE WITH THAT KIND OF POWER.

SHE WENT LOOKING FOR PEACE OF MIND, ABE. WE FIGURED IF SHE FOUND IT, MAYBE SHE'D COME BACK. AND IF SHE DOESN'T, THEN MAYBE SHE IS TOO VOLATILE TO HAVE AROUND.

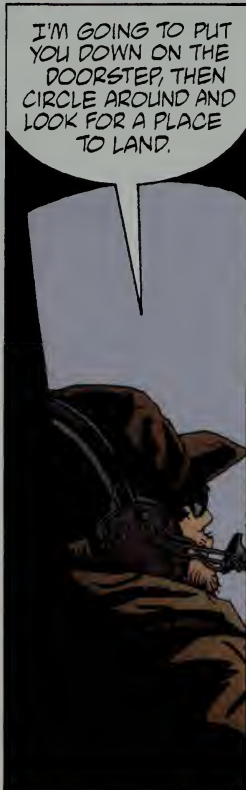
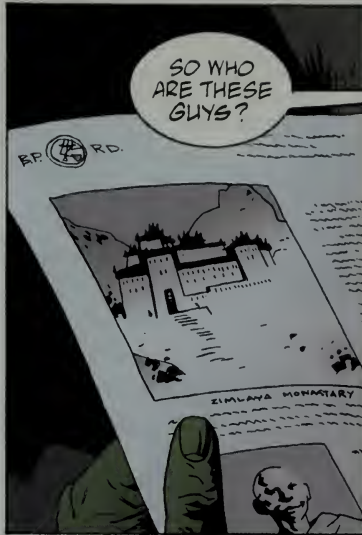


YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I WANT OUT? THAT'S IT RIGHT THERE. I DON'T NEED ANYONE TELLING ME MY FRIENDS ARE TOO VOLATILE TO HAVE AROUND.

FAIR ENOUGH. MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT ON THE WAY. FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, WE OUGHTTA HURRY.



FINE BY ME. BUT DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE MY MIND.



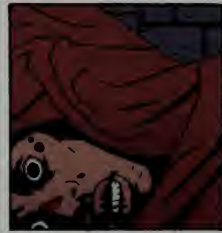


STAY ALERT, NOW. DESPITE ABE'S COMMUNICATION FROM LIZ, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENED...



...HERE.

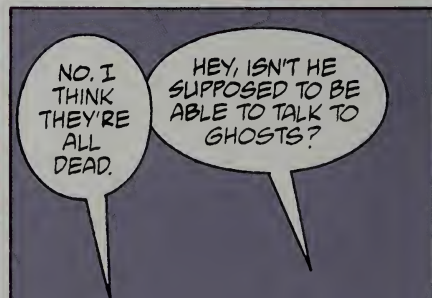
OH NO.



DEAD.



YOU GETTING ANYTHING?



NO. I THINK THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

HEY, ISN'T HE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TALK TO GHOSTS?









HER SKIN IS ...HOT. NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE TO ME, KATE.

SO THAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE. MAKING SENSE OF IT.



IF JOHANN IS RIGHT, SOMEONE'S HOLLOWED LIZ OUT. HER LIFE FORCE, WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT, THEY STOLE IT. WE HAVE TO GET IT BACK.



WE WILL. I'M JUST WORRIED HER BODY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SUSTAIN ITSELF LIKE THIS.

ZIP



THE CLOCK MIGHT BE TICKING, AND WE WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW IT.



THEN WE MUST BEHAVE AS IF THE TICKING HAS BEGUN.



THAT LITTLE DEAD MAN DID NOT COME HERE ALONE, I AM SURE. SO WE MUST DISCOVER HOW HE AND HIS COMRADES ARRIVED, AND HOW THEY DEPARTED.

MAYBE THEY CAME FROM DOWN THERE.



I HADN'T PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THESE OTHER FISSURES. BUT IT DOES LOOK LIKE THE FLOOR WAS SPLIT OPEN, THEN SEALED BACK UP AGAIN.



EXCEPT THIS ONE.



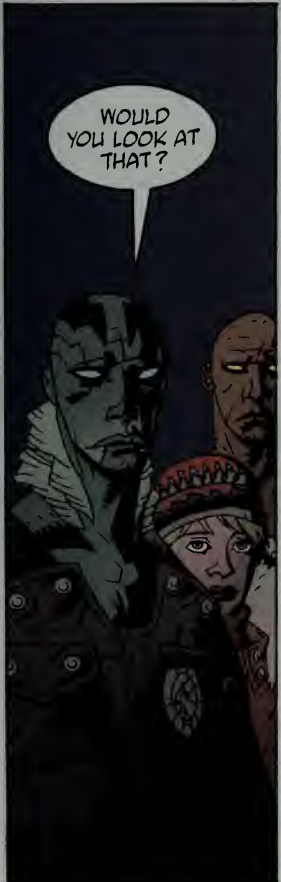
WE NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT WENT ON HERE. WE CAN'T JUST JUMP IN WITH NO CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE FACING AND IF IT'S GOING TO HELP LIZ.

I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP.



THIS CREATURE, HE HAS BEEN DEAD NO MORE THAN A DAY. HIS SPIRIT IS STILL HERE, STILL BOUND TO THE DEAD FLESH.

IT IS POSSIBLE, I THINK, THAT HE MAY STILL TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.



WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?



THAT IS MY GIFT AS A MEDIUM. TO PROVIDE A TEMPORARY PHYSICAL FORM....

...THAT THE DEAD MAY APPEAR TO THE LIVING.



NOW PLEASE, SPEAK TO US. TELL US WHAT YOU ARE ... HOW YOU CAME TO DIE HERE ... AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ELIZABETH SHERMAN.



WE ARE CREATURES OF THE LEFT HAND, NOT CHILDREN, BUT *THINGS*. NOT MEN...



THE RIGHT HAND, THE KEEPERS OF SECRETS, THEY ABANDONED US IN THE EARTH. THEY LEFT US TO THE LEFT HAND AND *THAT HAND* IS A CRUEL AND EVIL MASTER...

SO WHEN HE CAME, HE LED US TO THROW DOWN THAT HAND.



NOW, FINALLY, HE HAS FOUND THE SPARK AND HE WILL MAKE OF IT A BURNING TORCH TO SCORCH THIS WORLD...



I GUESS THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.

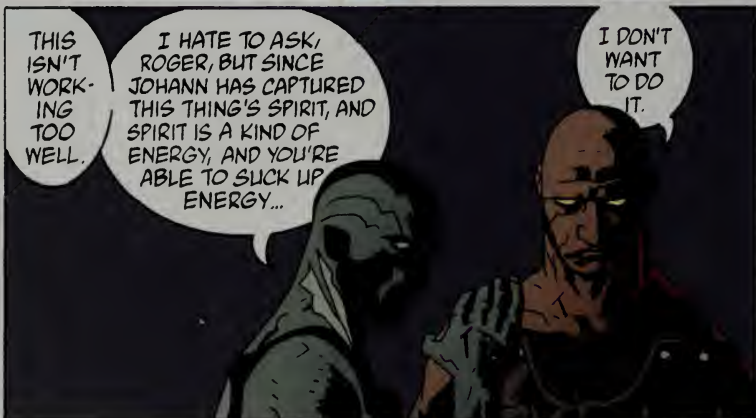
YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT?

NO. I WAS BEING SARCASTIC.

OH.



THE SPARK. THAT COULD BE LIZ.



THIS ISN'T WORKING TOO WELL.

I HATE TO ASK, ROGER, BUT SINCE JOHANN HAS CAPTURED THIS THING'S SPIRIT, AND SPIRIT IS A KIND OF ENERGY, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO SUCK UP ENERGY...

I DON'T WANT TO DO IT.



BUT IF THERE IS A CHANCE TO LEARN SOMETHING MORE...



UHHH... HORRIBLE.



THE CREATURE'S MIND IS ALL BLACK AND ANGRY... AND OLD...

...THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT LIZ SHERMAN IS, BUT THEY'VE TAKEN HER TO HIM.



HIM?

THE LITTLE GUY KEPT SAYING "HE."

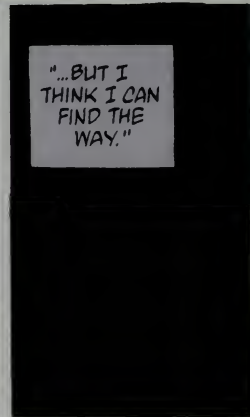
YES. THE KING OF FEAR. THEY'VE TAKEN HER TO HIM.



THEY CAME UP THROUGH HERE, JUST LIKE WE THOUGHT.



IT'S FAR...



"...BUT I THINK I CAN FIND THE WAY."



IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT, STAYING BEHIND. I'M DIRECTOR OF FIELD OPERATIONS. THAT'S NOT JUST A TITLE, ABE.

NO, IT'S NOT. BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO WATCH-DOG ALL OF THIS, MAKE SURE WE COME BACK, AND BE THERE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT IF WE DON'T. FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THAT'S WHAT YOUR TITLE MEANS, KATE.

WE SHOULD WAIT, THEN. WE COULD HAVE TWO FULL UNITS HERE IN LESS THAN A DAY. AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CARRY LIZ'S BODY DOWN THERE?



"WE'LL MANAGE."




"BESIDES, LIKE YOU SAID, THE CLOCK IS TICKING."



BE SAFE. RADIO BACK OR RETREAT IF YOU NEED BACKUP. DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.


TOO LATE.



SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR SECOND DAY ON THE JOB, JOHANN? IS IT EVERYTHING YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE?

I CONFESS, MY FRIEND, THAT MY WORK AS A MEDIUM DID NOT PREPARE ME FOR THIS. BUT I HAVE ALREADY DIED ONCE, IN A WAY. THERE IS LITTLE FOR ME TO FEAR SAVE OBLIVION.

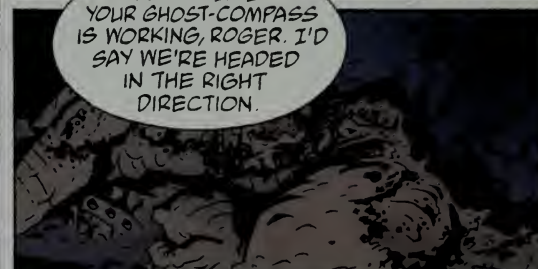
IT'S NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS. SOMETIMES WE PLAY CARDS.




IT ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT HELLBOY, THOUGH.

YES, I HAD HOPED TO MEET HIM. DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT, ROGER, HAVING HIM GONE?

IT ISN'T EASY.



LOOKS LIKE YOUR GHOST-COMPASS IS WORKING, ROGER. I'D SAY WE'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.



WHAT OF YOU, ABRAHAM? HAS IT BEEN DIFFICULT WITH YOUR FRIEND DEPARTED?



DIFFICULT? I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT DOES FEEL LIKE THE END OF SOMETHING.



HE WAS THE REASON WE ALL STAYED.



HE WAS RAISED THERE. IT WAS HOME TO HIM, AND AS LONG AS IT WAS, HE MADE IT FEEL LIKE HOME FOR US.



"THE FIRST MEMORIES I HAVE OF THE BUREAU ARE TERRIFYING."



"I STILL HAVE NIGHTMARES."



THIS ISN'T RIGHT.



"WEIRD THAT A GUY WHO LOOKED LIKE THAT WOULD BE THE ONE THING THAT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN ME."

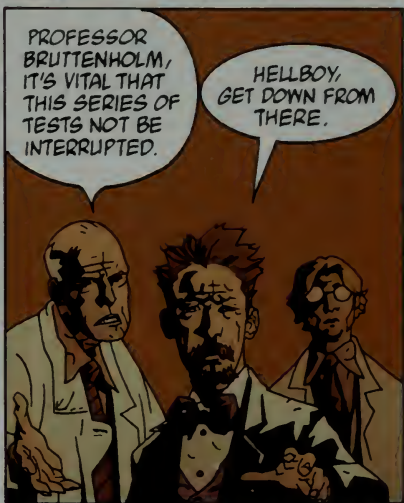


COME AWAY, MY BOY. LEAVE THEM TO THEIR WORK. THESE TESTS MUST BE PERFORMED IF WE ARE TO FULLY UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF THIS CREATURE.

YEAH, BUT HE'S BEEN IN THERE FOR DAYS.



CUT THE POOR GUY SOME SLACK.



PROFESSOR BRUTTENHOLM, IT'S VITAL THAT THIS SERIES OF TESTS NOT BE INTERRUPTED.

HELLBOY, GET DOWN FROM THERE.



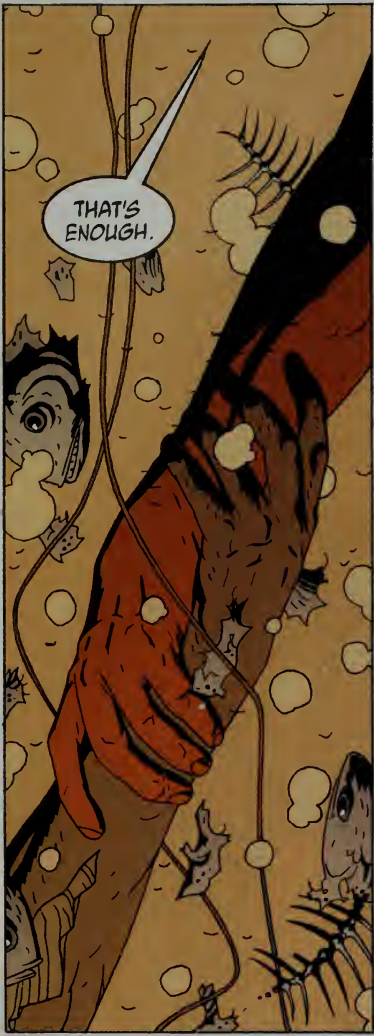
I DON'T THINK SO. I GREW UP WITH THE BUREAU'S "TESTS," REMEMBER?



YOU GUYS'LL JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL SOMEONE SAYS, "THAT'S ENOUGH."

WELL GUESS WHAT?





THAT'S ENOUGH.



COME ON, PAL.
I'M GONNA GET YOU
A HAM SANDWICH.
THEN YOU'LL BE
JUST FINE.



"IT SOUNDS AS
THOUGH HE WAS
A GOOD FRIEND
AS WELL AS A
GOOD LEADER."



AND NOW THAT HE IS GONE, YOU ARE THE LEADER OF THE UNIT.

I AM? WHERE'D YOU GET THAT IDEA?



WELL, IT ISN'T ME.

IT ISN'T ME. THEY WERE GOING TO BLOW ME UP.



HAVE A REST, ROGER. WE'LL TAKE A TURN WITH HER NOW.

SEE, LEADER.



TIC
TIC

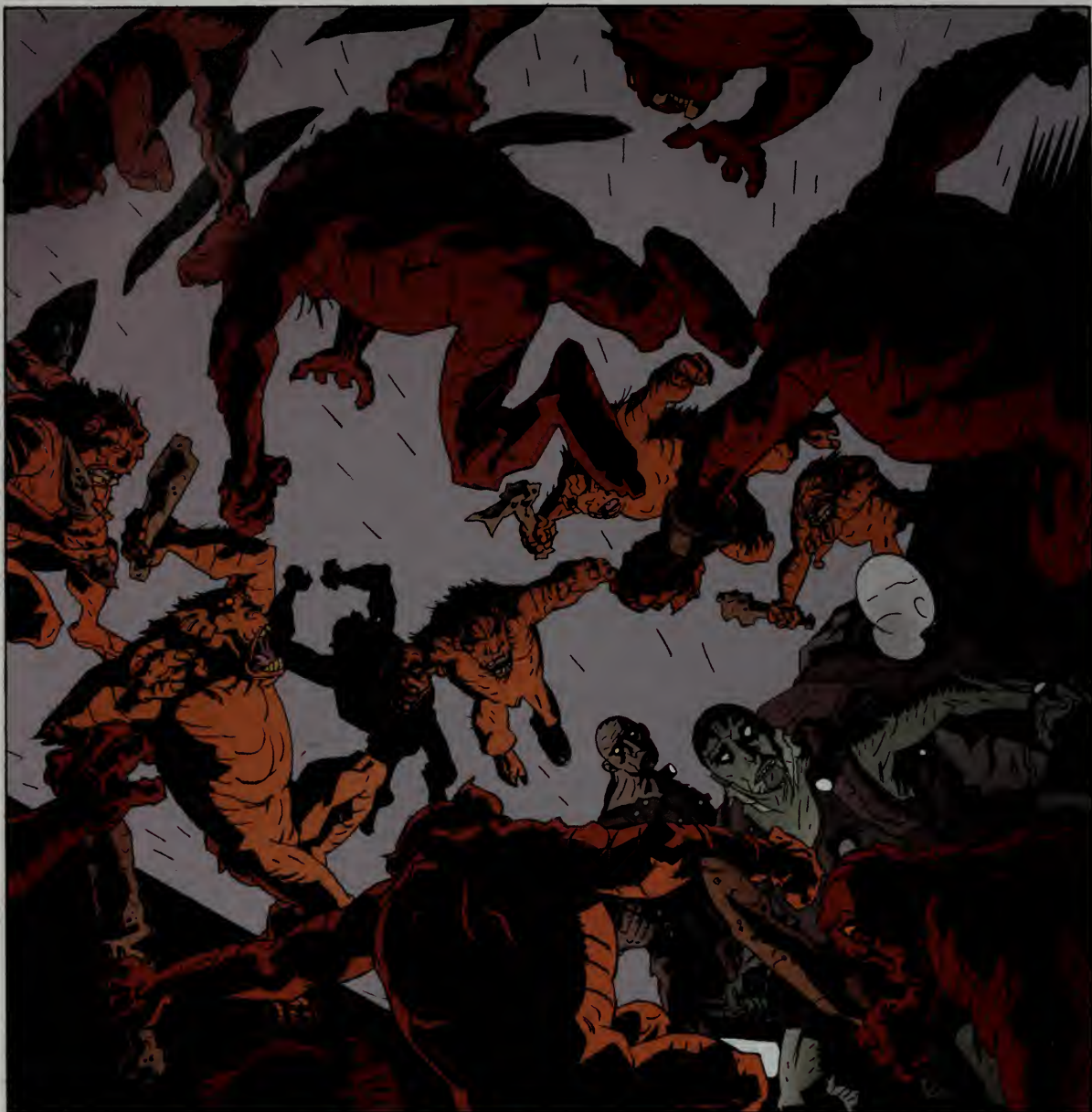


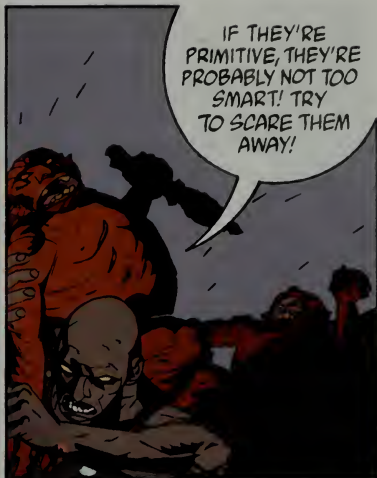
OW!

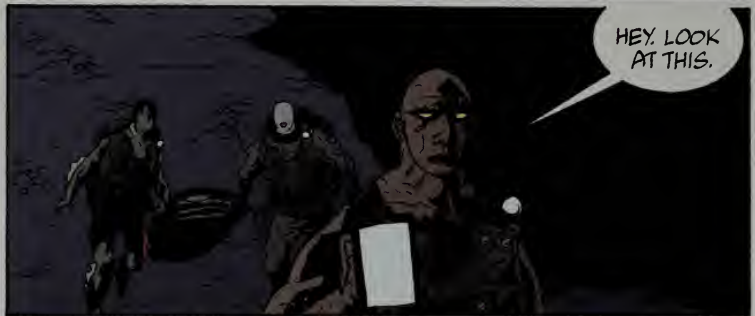


HUH?







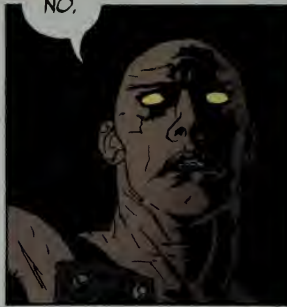




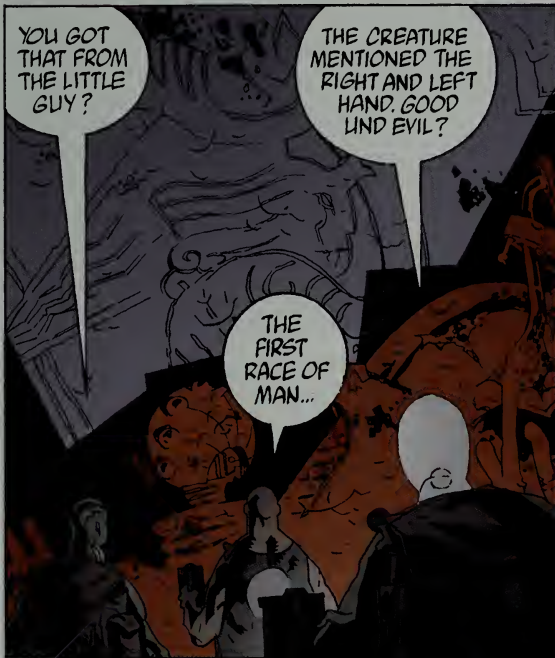
COULD THESE HAVE BEEN BUILT BY THOSE CREATURES ?



THEY DIDN'T BUILD THESE. THEY THEMSELVES WERE CREATED...TO MAINTAIN THESE MACHINES. THEY WERE SLAVES.



NO.



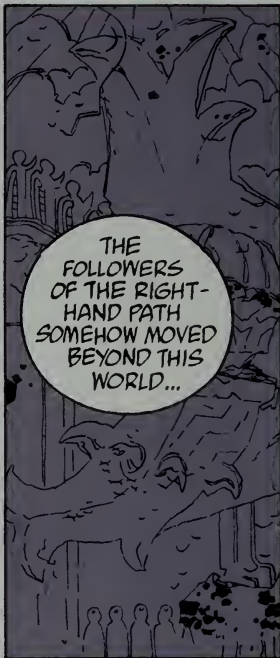
YOU GOT THAT FROM THE LITTLE GUY?

THE CREATURE MENTIONED THE RIGHT AND LEFT HAND. GOOD AND EVIL?

THE FIRST RACE OF MAN...



...SPLIT.

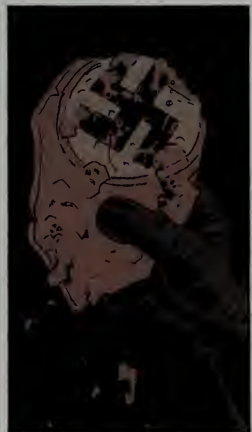


THE FOLLOWERS OF THE RIGHT-HAND PATH SOMEHOW MOVED BEYOND THIS WORLD...



THE LEFT HAND REMAINED, EVENTUALLY TO BE KILLED OFF BY THEIR OWN SLAVES.


LED BY THE KING OF FEAR.




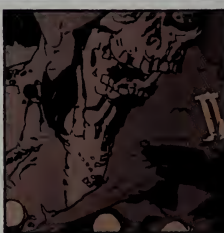

DAMN...




...THESE
GUYS WERE
EVERY-
WHERE.




THEY CAME
HERE TO
ENLIST THE
AID OF THE
SECRET
MASTERS.




TOO
BAD FOR
THEM.



I DON'T CARE IF DR. MANNING IS HOME, I DON'T CARE IF HE'S SLEEPING. I DON'T CARE IF HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOLF GAME WITH THE POPE.




GET HIM THIS MESSAGE IMMEDIATELY AND HAVE HIM GET BACK TO ME.




TELL HIM WE'VE LOST THEM.

THE TRACER BEACON CUT OUT AND I TRIED TO ESTABLISH RADIO CONTACT.



WE'VE GOT NOTHING.



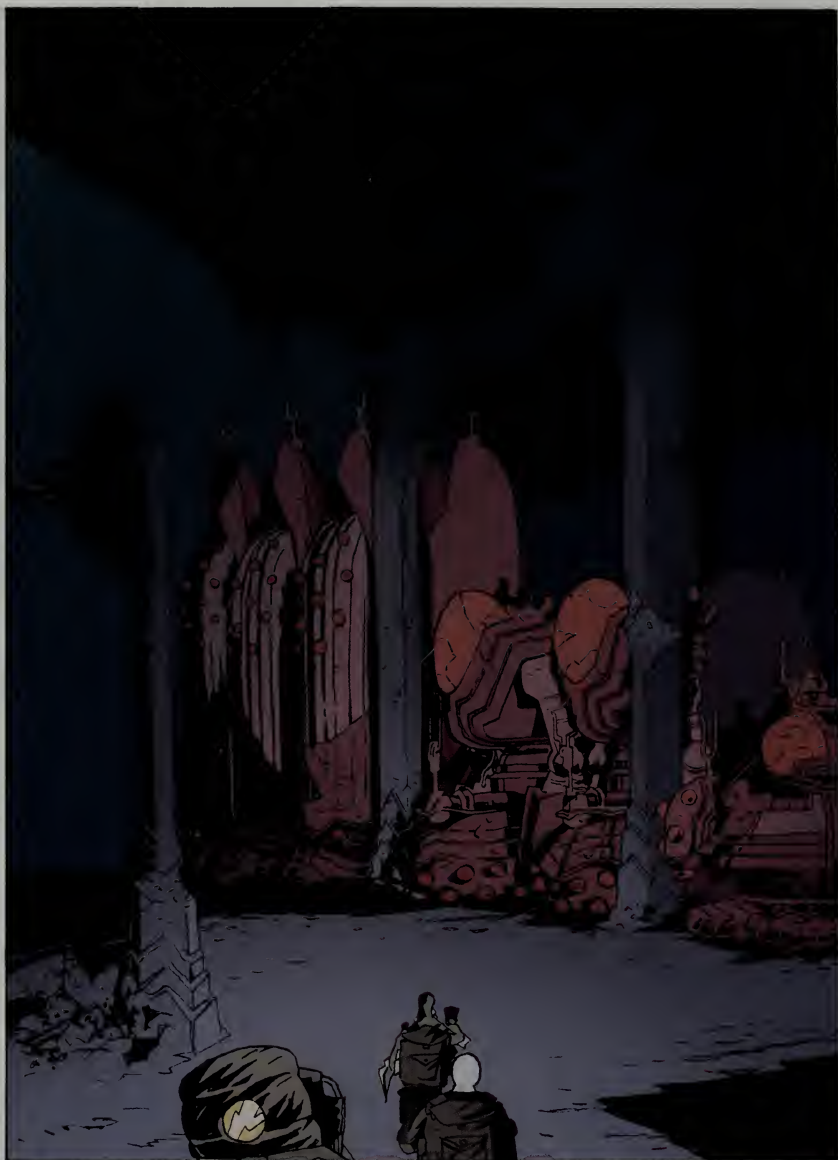
GET TO TOM MANNING. TELL HIM WE NEED ANOTHER TEAM HERE.



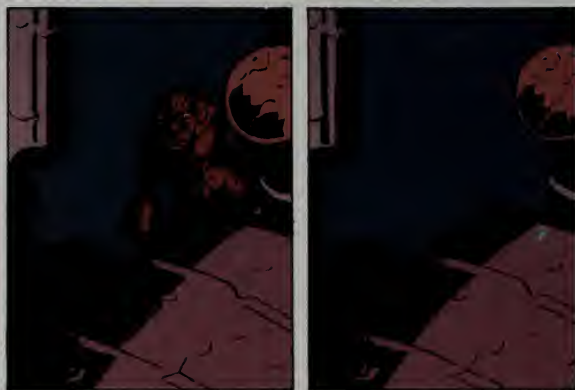
I HATE BEING FIELD DIRECTOR.

I'M
STARTING
TO THINK ALL
THOSE LEGENDS
ABOUT THE
EARTH BEING
HOLLOW ARE
TRUE.

IT'S JUST
ONE BIG
PARKING
GARAGE.




YOU KNOW, MY FRIENDS,
I WOULD ALMOST BELIEVE
THAT THIS MACHINE COULD BE
MADE TO FUNCTION AGAIN.
IT APPEARS THAT SOME-
ONE HAS BEEN TRYING
TO REPAIR IT...



...THAT
DOES NOT
BODE
WELL.

NO. IT
DOESN'T.



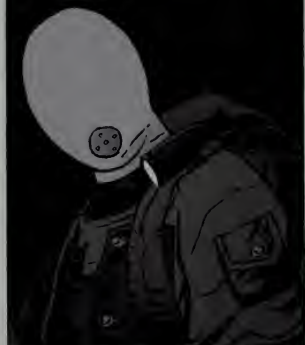


ROGER, SOMETHING YOU SAID EARLIER HAS LEFT ME UNSETTLED. YOU MENTIONED THE BUREAU WANTING TO... HOW DID YOU SAY IT? TO BLOW YOU UP.

OH, YES. HELLBOY TOLD THEM THEY COULD TRUST ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM.



HE IS A **GOOD** FRIEND.

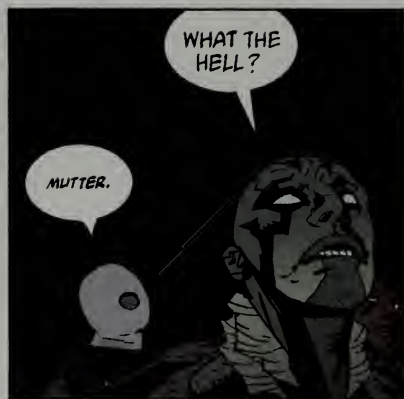


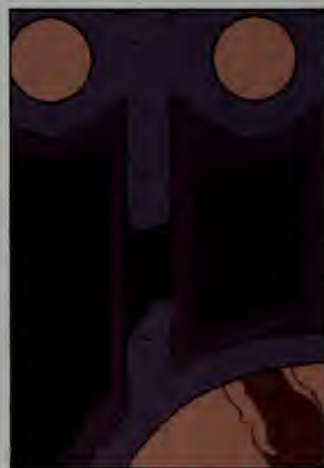
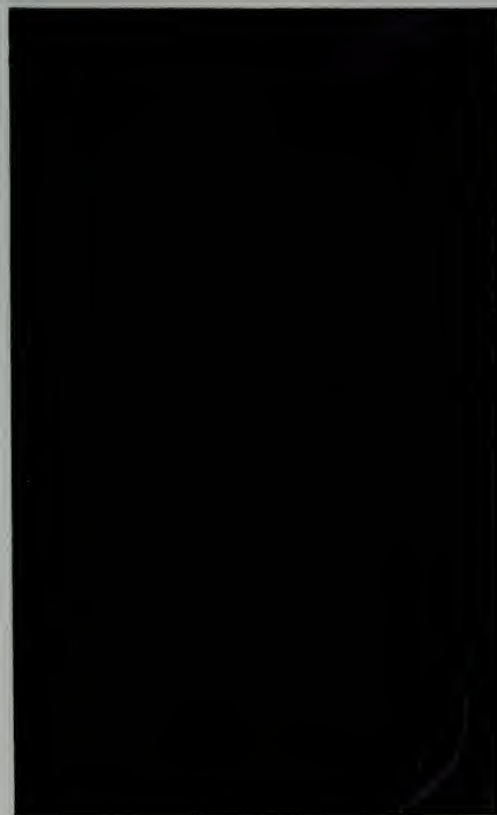
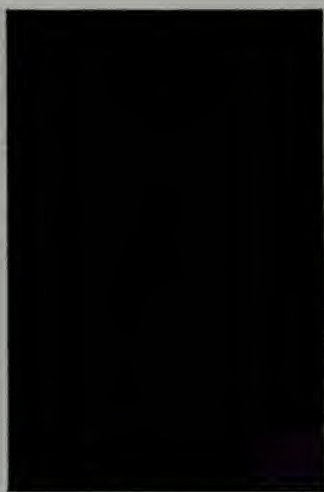
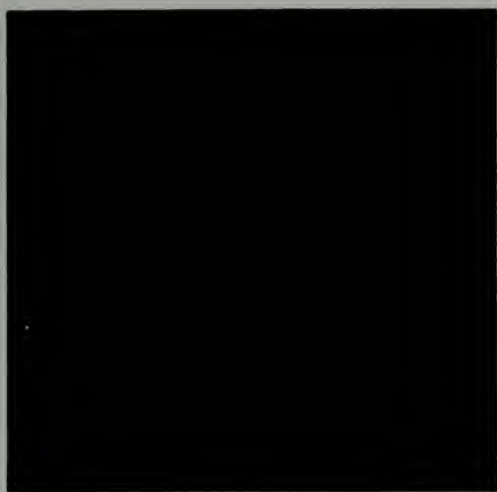
THE **BEST**.

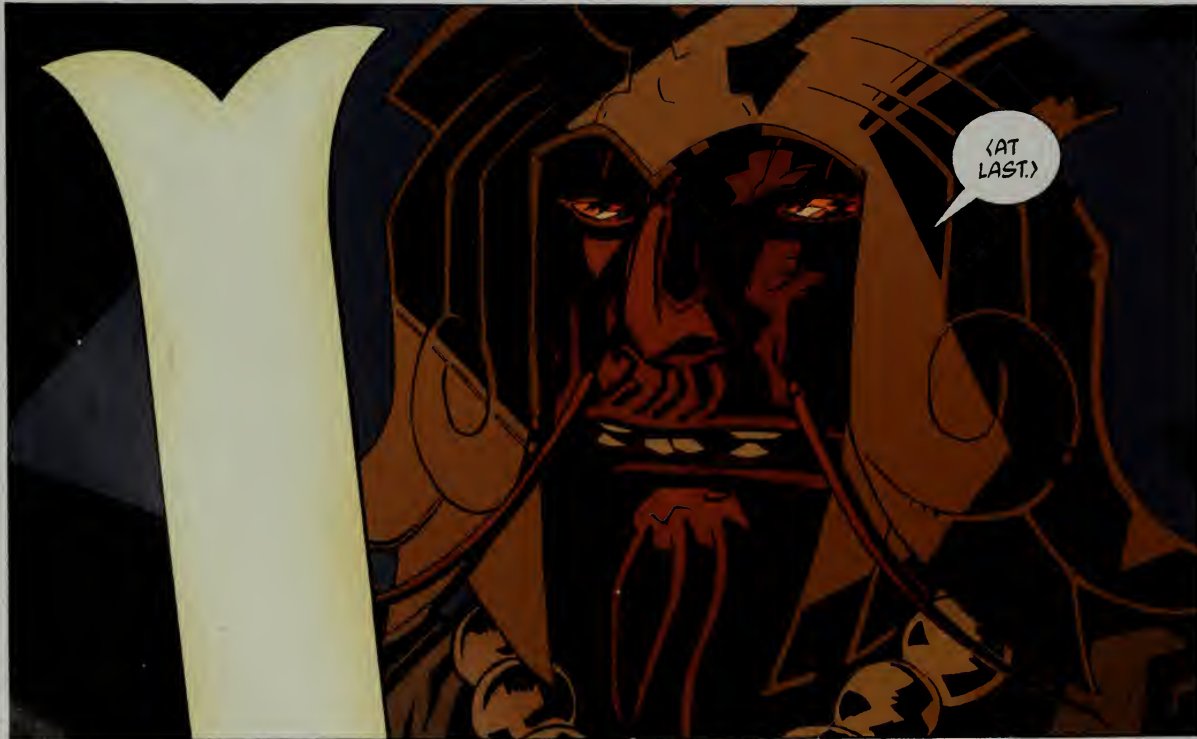
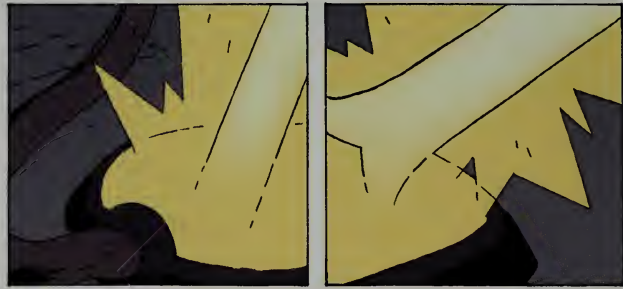


SSSH. DO YOU HEAR THAT?











"STAY BACK...STAY AWAY...I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE ...ANYONE ELSE..."

"I COULDN'T STAND IT IF I DID."



JUST... JUST KEEP AWAY...



NO! I SAID STAY OUT! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! IT ISN'T SAFE FOR ANYONE TO BE NEAR ME. IT ISN'T... OH GOD, IT ISN'T SAFE.





KNOCK
KNOCK.
MIND
IF I COME
IN?

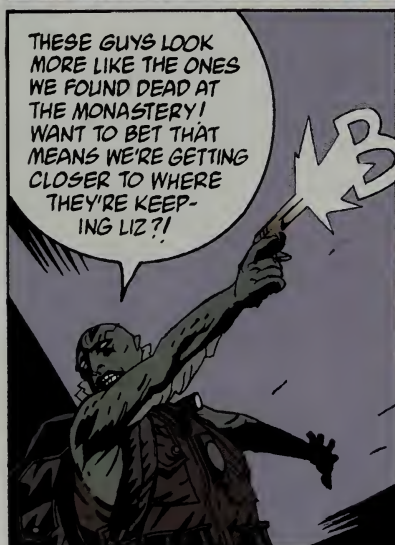
YOU CAN'T,
YOU...YOU
TALKED
TO ME?

SHOULDN'T
I?

AREN'T YOU
AFRAID I'LL...
BURN YOU?

NOPE.





THESE GUYS LOOK MORE LIKE THE ONES WE FOUND DEAD AT THE MONASTERY! WANT TO BET THAT MEANS WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING LIZ?!



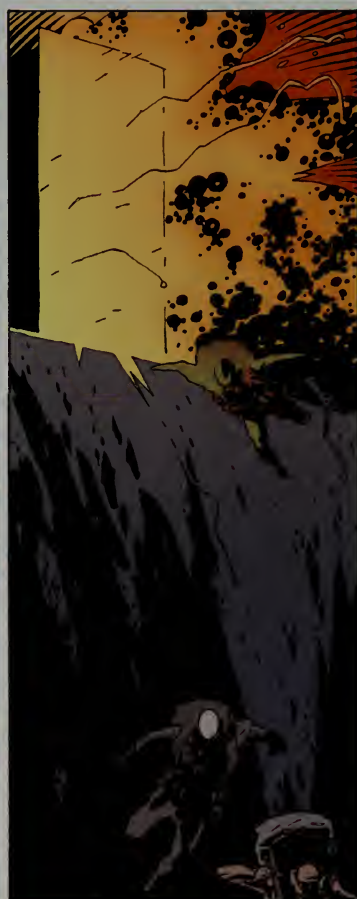
WUNDERBAR. BUT I'M FORCED TO WONDER IF WE WILL GET ANY CLOSER.



WE DIDN'T COME THIS FAR TO STOP NOW. BUT THIS FIGHT IS A WASTE OF TIME.

GET READY TO RUN.

I'M ALREADY RUNNING!





ROGER,
ANY IDEA
WHAT THIS
STUFF IS?

THE FURNACE
OF BURGUROTH.
THE HAMMER
AND ANVIL OF
GROMM...



WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

THIS IS
WHERE THE
ANCIENTS BUILT
THEIR WAR
MACHINES...

THIS IS
WHERE
THE SLAVE
REVOLT
BEGAN...



LOWER YOUR
VOICES, MY FRIENDS.
I HEAR SOMETHING
JUST AHEAD.

I HEAR SCREAMING. TERRIBLE SCREAMING.

THIS WAY.

DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING?

NO. MAYBE IT'S GHOSTS.

HURRY.

IT'S COMING FROM THIS DIRECTION. SUCH ANGLISH, I CANNOT BEAR IT...

OH LORD...





IT IS ELIZABETH SHERMAN.

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HER?



I'M NOT SURE...

WELL, WE HAVE TO GET HER OUT OF THERE!

WE MUST BE CAREFUL. IT IS HER SPIRIT I HEAR SCREAMING IN THE ETHER.



TO JOIN HER ESSENCE WITH HER FLESH ONCE MORE IS A PERILOUS ENDEAVOR.



WHHH!


JOHANN! WHAT HAPPENED?




THE MACHINE...

THE FIRE INSIDE HER IS BEING MADE TO BURN LIKE THIS.

IT IS TOO MUCH...




...THE FIRE IS CONSUMING HER SPIRIT.



WHAT CAN WE DO?


LET'S GET HER OUT OF THERE.

SHE IS IN AGONY...



IF I CAN REACH HER THROUGH THAT...

...IF I CAN CALM HER...



...IF I CAN GUIDE HER THROUGH THE MACHINE...

...I CAN GUIDE HER BACK TO HER OWN BODY.




THAT'S A LOT OF IFS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



I CAN DO IT.



WOOMP



<SEE?>

<NOW FINALLY
THE LAMP IS LIT
AND THE SWORD
IS DRAWN.>

<NOW THOSE
WHO THINK THEMSELVES
MASTERS OF THE WORLD WILL
WAKE TO FIND THEMSELVES
SECRET SUBJECTS OF A SECRET
KING, COME FORTH FROM OUT
OF THE BOWELS OF
THE EARTH.>

<NOW WE WHO WERE SLAVES, WE WHO SLEW OUR MASTERS ONLY TO REMAIN CHAINED IN THE DARK--OUR DAY IS FINALLY HERE.>

<HAVEN'T I PROMISED THIS?>

<HERE IN MY HAND IS THE POWER LONG SOUGHT, FINALLY WON.>

<DO NOT BE AFRAID...>

<WAKE THE MACHINES!>

<OUR MASTERS CREATED THEM TO CONQUER THE WORLD, TO SUBJUGATE THE NEWBORN HUMAN RACE. THE MASTERS MADE THEM, BUT IT IS **WE** WHO WILL SET THEM INTO MOTION!>

JOHANN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HOW'S YOUR SUIT HOLDING UP?

I AM INTACT.

ROGER?

I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT THAT LITTLE FLOATING MAN...

"HE'S ALL WORKED UP ABOUT SOMETHING."

**UNANNG
BAASH!**

IGG DIS
EG, HADDAT
AGGROM. IGG
AMMAR OBRAA
AB SUGGOR ETH
AMMA--ETH UMM
RAHAAB EG.

LHH!

THAT
CREATURE IS
CAUSING THIS.
HE IS DRAWING
ON HER POWER
...CAUSING HER
TO BURN...TOO
MUCH...

LIZ IS
GOING TO BE
DESTROYED!



**UNANNG
BAASH!**



WE'LL SEE
ABOUT
THAT.



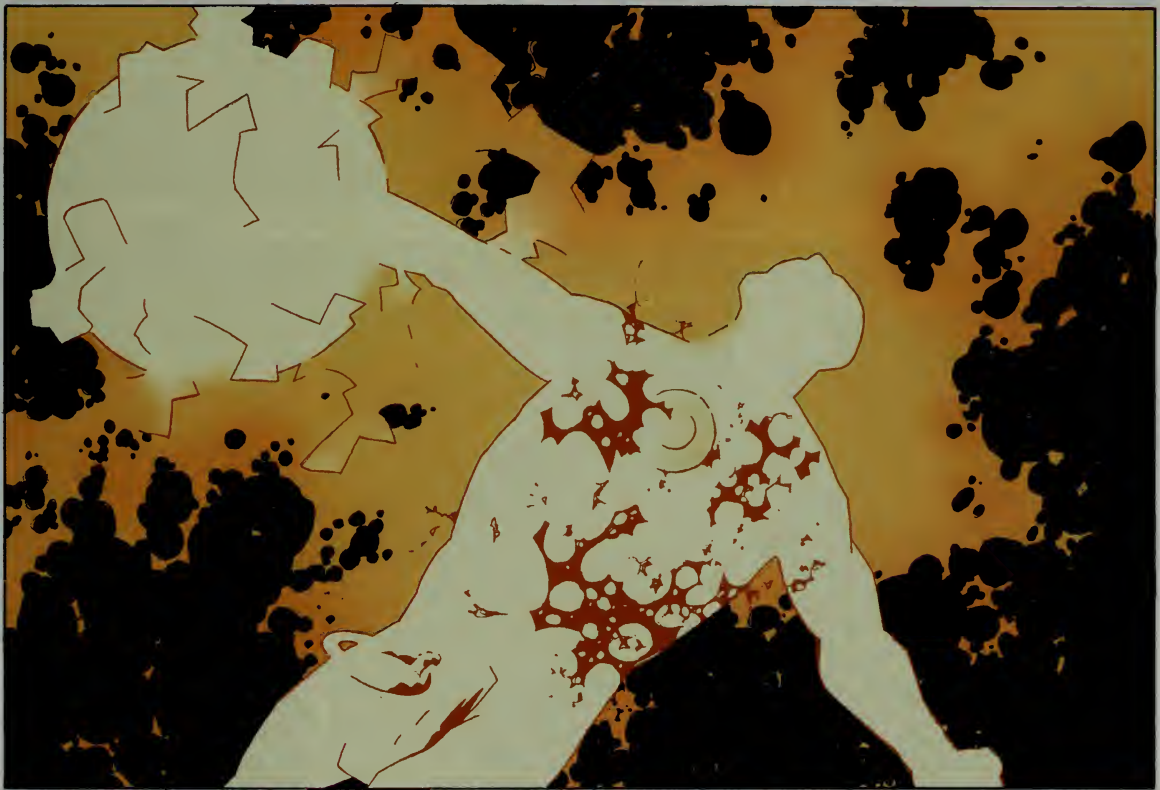


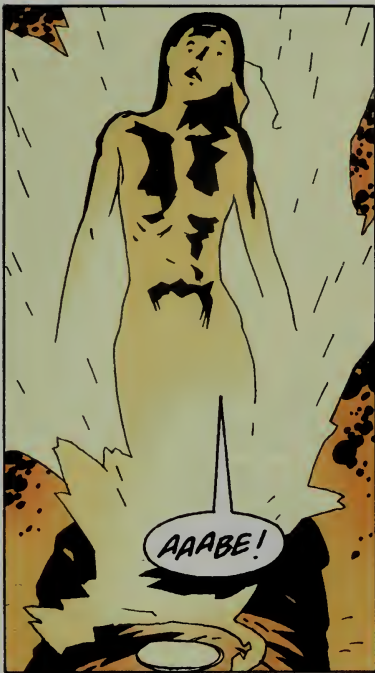
GYAAAAAAA GIEEE! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

NOW THEY'RE REALLY MAD.

ROGER, DO YOUR THING.







AAABE!



ROGER?

...

ERRRRRRRAAAHHHHH!



ROGER?

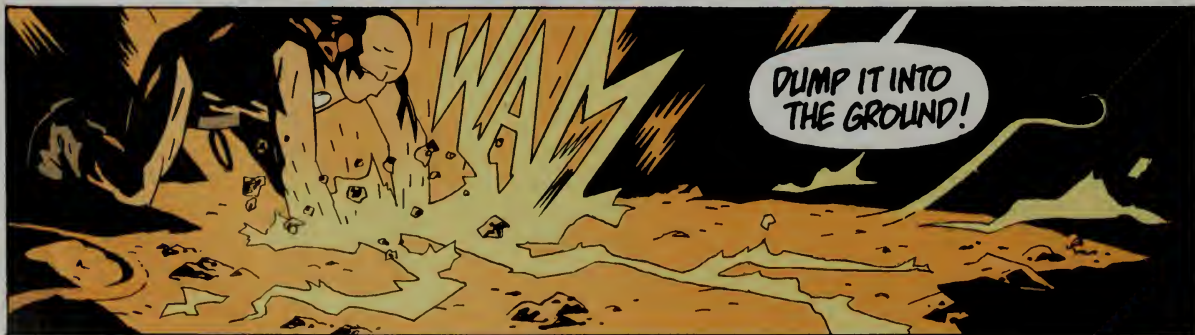
YAI YAI YAI

ALL THE ENERGY SHE WAS FORCED TO GENERATE...

HE HAS TAKEN IT INTO HIMSELF.



ROGER!
DUMP IT!



DUMP IT INTO THE GROUND!







**BRA
BRAM**

SANCTI
AMMA! SANCTI
AB-JURA!



AHH!



AAHHHH...



THE WHOLE CAVERN IS COLLAPSING! AND THIS WIND--

HANG ON, EVERYBODY!

JOHANN!



HANG ON!



HANG--



KATE, WE FINALLY PICKED UP ABE'S BELT SIGNAL. YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS.

TRY ME.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.
THIRTY-SIX HOURS LATER.



OUR RIDE'S
HERE.

IT'S ABOUT
TIME. I COULD USE
SOME PANTS.

I WONDER
IF KATE WILL
LET ME
KEEP THIS.



WOW.





~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~

YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US?

I HAVE TO. I'M PRETTY MUCH NAKED.

YEAH, BUT ARE YOU GOING TO STAY?



I SPENT THE LAST TWO YEARS IN A MONASTERY. I COULD USE A LITTLE FUN...



AND YOU GUYS SURE KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME.



THANKS, ABE.

THANKS, FOR COMING TO GET ME.

NO PROBLEM.



NO PROBLEM AT ALL.

BAHH



HOLLOW EARTH



Mike Mignola had wanted to expand the world of *Hellboy*, and this collection presents various efforts in that direction. The preceding story came about after much consideration about what to do with the Bureau after Hellboy's departure (at the end of *Conqueror Worm*). Artist Ryan Sook, whom Mike had met at an Oakland, CA convention in 1995, had been the clear choice for artist. Mike had the idea for the Hyperborean monastery and the expedition into the hollow earth; *Hellboy* novelist Christopher Golden and his long-time writing partner Tom Sniegoski took those concepts and fleshed out the story, with its implicit connections to Nazi paranormal research. Mike contributed ideas for the overall plot, and the end of the story shows his influence very strongly. After a run on DC's monthly *Spectre* series, Ryan saw *BPRD* as a chance to have a book all to himself, working with his favorite colorist, Dave Stewart. When schedules became tight, halfway through the story, Curtis Arnold joined the team as inker.

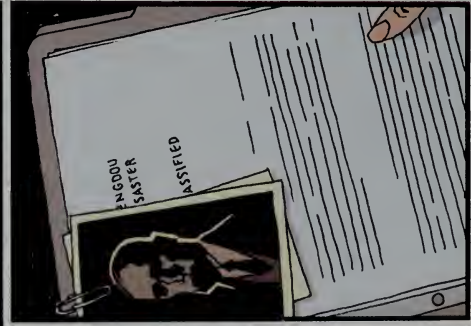
The series came out from January 2002 to June 2002. The following three-page teaser ran in the newspaper-format *Dark Horse Extra* from December 2001 to February 2002. Lettering for the teaser was done by Dan Jackson.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.
THE HEADQUARTERS OF
THE BUREAU FOR
PARANORMAL RESEARCH
AND DEFENSE.

WHAT A
NIGHT.

NO USE GOING
HOME NOW.

LET'S HAVE A
LOOK AT THE
NEW GUY...
OH, CHENGDOU.
THAT WAS
A MESS.



SEVEN MONTHS AGO.
HEIDELBERG,
GERMANY.



<WELCOME.
I AM JOHANN
KRAUS.>

<I WILL DO MY BEST TO
REACH YOUR DEPARTED
LOVED ONES. EVEN IF
YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN
MEDIUMS, COME INSIDE.
SKEPTICISM IS NATURAL,
AND ALSO USEFUL, A
POWERFUL EMOTION
TO ATTRACT THE
SPIRITS.>

<THIS WAY,
PLEASE.>



SIMULTANEOUSLY:
CHENGDOU, CHINA.



THERE IS NOTHING THAT THOSE
IN POWER DESIRE WITH GREATER
FERVOR THAN MORE POWER.

AND WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH POWER, THEY'LL
GATHER IT UP AND LOCK IT AWAY,
SIMPLY TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NO
ONE ELSE WILL HAVE IT.

PERHAPS THAT IS FOR
THE BEST. FOR
THERE ARE CERTAIN
KINDS OF POWER THAT
SHOULD NEVER BE USED,
CERTAIN OBJECTS THAT
OUGHT TO BE BURIED
AWAY FOREVER.



IF ONLY THEY
WOULD
STAY THAT WAY...



A GENUINE
PHYSICAL MEDIUM,
THAT'S RARE
ENOUGH.

POOR
BASTARD.
HE WAS JUST
DOING HIS
JOB.



⟨JOIN HANDS.
WE MUST CREATE
A PHYSICAL CIRCUIT,
A BEACON TO THOSE
NOW DEPARTED.⟩



SEVEN
MONTHS
EARLIER.

⟨PLEASE BE SEATED,
MY FRIENDS. LET YOUR
HEARTS REACH OUT FOR THOSE
YOU HAVE LOST. IF IT IS AT ALL
POSSIBLE, IF THEY CAN HEAR US,
I WILL BE THE MEANS BY WHICH
YOU MAY SPEAK WITH
THEM AGAIN.⟩



⟨I SPEAK NOW TO ALL THOSE
SPIRITS WHO LINGER AMONG US.
I SEEK THE SOUL OF HEINRICH
WAGNER. YOUR FAMILY IS
HERE, HEINRICH.
COME TO US.⟩



AT THAT MOMENT, IN
CHENGDOU, CHINA...



⟨WAIT...
SOMETHING IS
HAPPENING...THERE IS
A DISTURBANCE ON
THE ETHERIC
PLANE...⟩





CHENGDOU, CHINA.
SEVEN MONTHS AGO.

WHERE LUST
FOR OCCULT
KNOWLEDGE
LED A WOULD-
BE THIEF TO
A SECRET
HAZARD.



...CONSUMING THE
SOULS OF EVERY BEING
WITHIN A HUNDRED MILE
RADIUS.

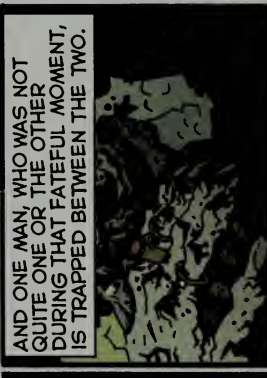


NOW, AN
ELDRITCH
POWER HAS
BEEN
UNLEASHED...



BUT IN THE ETHER, THAT INTANGIBLE
PLACE OF THE SPIRIT, ITS DEVASTATING
SCOPE IS MUCH, MUCH GREATER.
THIS GHOSTLY CONFLAGRATION HAS
SEARED THE SOULS OF THE DEAD,
AND FOR THOSE FEW WITH THE ABILITY
TO FORM A CONNECTION TO THE AFTERLIFE...
TO TOUCH THE NETHERWORLD...

...THERE IS A HORRIBLE
BACKLASH...AN INFERNAL
CHAIN REACTION.



AND ONE MAN, WHO WAS NOT
QUITE ONE OR THE OTHER
DURING THAT FATEFUL MOMENT,
IS TRAPPED BETWEEN THE TWO.



THE DEAD AND
THE LIVING
INCINERATED
TOGETHER.



<DAMN.>



JEEZ.
TALK ABOUT
BEING IN THE
WRONG PLACE
AT THE WRONG
TIME.

STILL...



I THINK
HE'S GOING
TO FIT IN
JUST FINE.

THE KILLER IN MY SKULL

Story by
MIKE MIGNOLA

Pencils by
MATT SMITH

Inks by
RYAN SOOK

Colors by
DAVE STEWART

Letters by
PAT BROSSEAU

ABE SAPIEN VERSUS SCIENCE

Story by
MIKE MIGNOLA

Pencils by
MATT SMITH

Inks by
MIKE MIGNOLA

Colors by
DAVE STEWART

Letters by
PAT BROSSEAU

THE KILLER IN MY SKULL



This backup to Mike's *Box Full of Evil* (1999) featured the first appearance of Lobster Johnson, a character who became a sudden favorite among *Hellboy* fans, and returned to play a significant if not mystifying part in the next big series, *Conqueror Worm*. Had there been a *BPRD* in the thirties, Lobster Johnson would no doubt have been a member. Ryan's work on inks here was his first contribution to a *Hellboy* comic.

ABE SAPIEN VERSUS SCIENCE



The backup to the second issue of *Box Full of Evil* provided more insight into the popular fishman's character than any story to date, but mainly served to reanimate Roger the Homunculus in time for *Conqueror Worm* and *Hollow Earth*.

NEW YORK
CITY, LIPSTOWN,
1938.

HOW
COULD IT
HAPPEN?

The Killer in My Skull

Introducing
**LOBSTER
JOHNSON**



YOU'RE SURE
NOBODY WAS IN
HERE WITH HIM?

NO, SIR, NOBODY. HE
WAS ALONE WHEN I
BROUGHT HIM IN HIS TEA,
AND IT WAS JUST A FEW
MINUTES LATER I HEARD
ALL THE NOISE. THE
DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM
THE INSIDE...

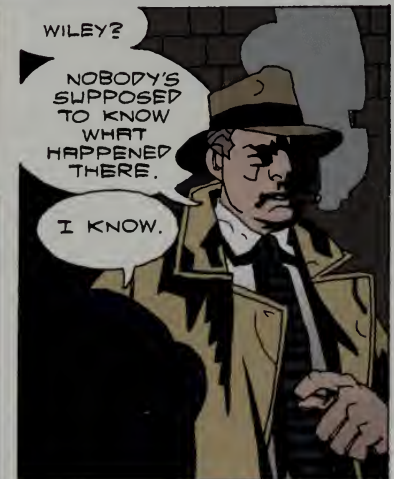
SHE'S ON THE
LEVEL. WE HAD TA BUST
THE DOOR DOWN, AND
THIS ROOM AIN'T GOT
NO WINDOWS.

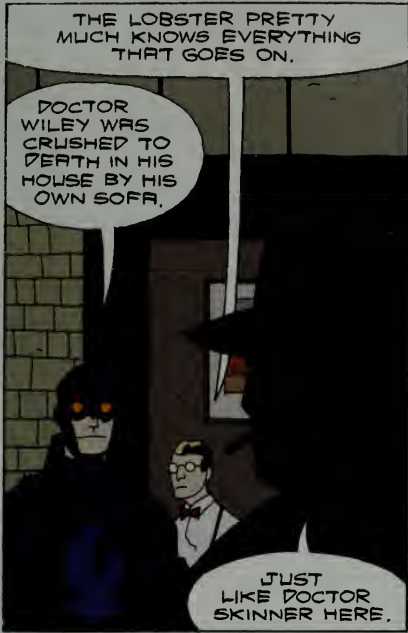
JEEZ, THAT DESK
GOTTA WEIGH
FIVE HUNDRED
POUNDS. NO WAY
HE GOT THAT
ONTO HIS OWN
HEAD.

YEAH, IT DON'T
LOOK LIKE NO
SUICIDE.

EXCUSE
ME.

WE
NEED TO
EXAMINE THE
BODY...





THE LOBSTER PRETTY MUCH KNOWS EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON.

DOCTOR WILEY WAS CRUSHED TO DEATH IN HIS HOUSE BY HIS OWN SOFA.

JUST LIKE DOCTOR SKINNER HERE.



AND LAST WEEK TWO OTHER SCIENTISTS WERE MURDERED IN THE SAME WAY, IN THEIR HOMES, IN LOCKED ROOMS.

CRUSHED BY FURNITURE.



EVERY ONE OF THOSE FELLAS IS HERE IN THIS PHOTO.



EACH ONE OF THE VICTIMS WAS EMPLOYED AT THE ZINCO-DAVIS LABORATORIES.



FOUR VICTIMS.

WHO'S THAT OTHER GUY, AND WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THAT HAIR?

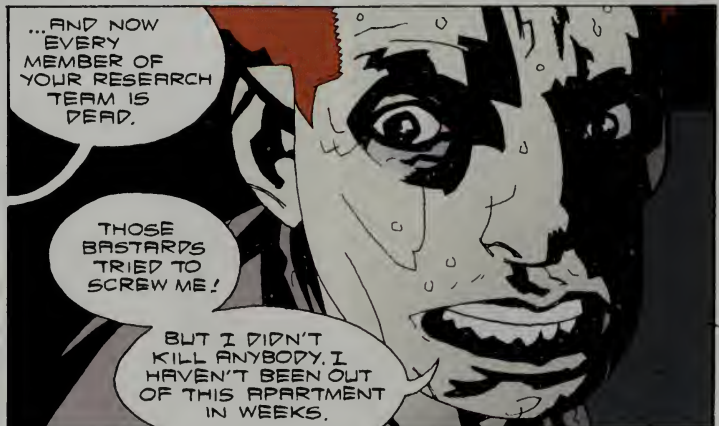
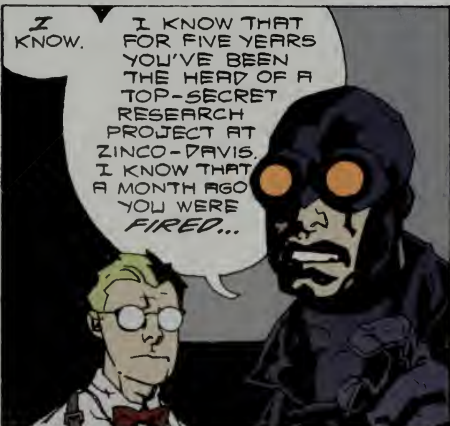


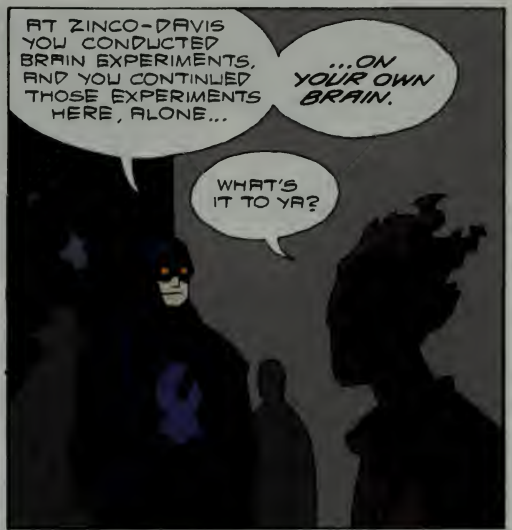
HE MAY ALREADY BE DEAD, OR HE MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM...



...OR HE MAY BE THE KILLER.

I NEED TO MAKE A PHONE CALL.







AND WHAT IF IT IS TRUE? WHAT CAN THE LAW DO TO ME? THIS *BODY* NEVER KILLED ANYONE...

...IT IS THE *MIND!*

CAN YOU PUT *THAT* IN PRISON? CAN YOU CHAIN UP A MAN'S *THOUGHTS?*

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOUR CRUDE LITTLE MACHINE WILL WORK AGAINST *ME?!*



IT DOESN'T HAVE TO WORK LONG.

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO ZINCO-DAVIS TO BE... "EXAMINED."



...

THE BUTCHERS.



STOP!

BUTCHERS!

THEY WON'T GET MY EXCELLENT BRAIN...



...BETTER THIS WAY...





I AM INNOCENT...

...IT WAS ALWAYS...THE BRAIN.



HOLY SMOKES!

LOOK OUT, BOSS--

--THE SPINAL CORD!



TURN UP... THE MACHINE...

I CAN'T.

THE DEVICE IS AT ITS HIGHEST SETTING. ALREADY IT'S BUILDING TO A DANGEROUS OVERLOAD...

CRIPES. DO SOMETHIN'!



GUH!

IF I DON'T SHUT IT OFF--



BOSS!

DON'T SHUT IT OFF.

RRRRR



HURRY, BOSS...

RRRRR



Abe Sapien versus Science

MIGNOLA * SMITH

BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL
RESEARCH AND DEFENSE
HEADQUARTERS, FAIRFIELD,
CT.

AGAIN.

YES,
SIR.

BLZZZZZZZ

NO
RESPONSE,
DOCTOR.

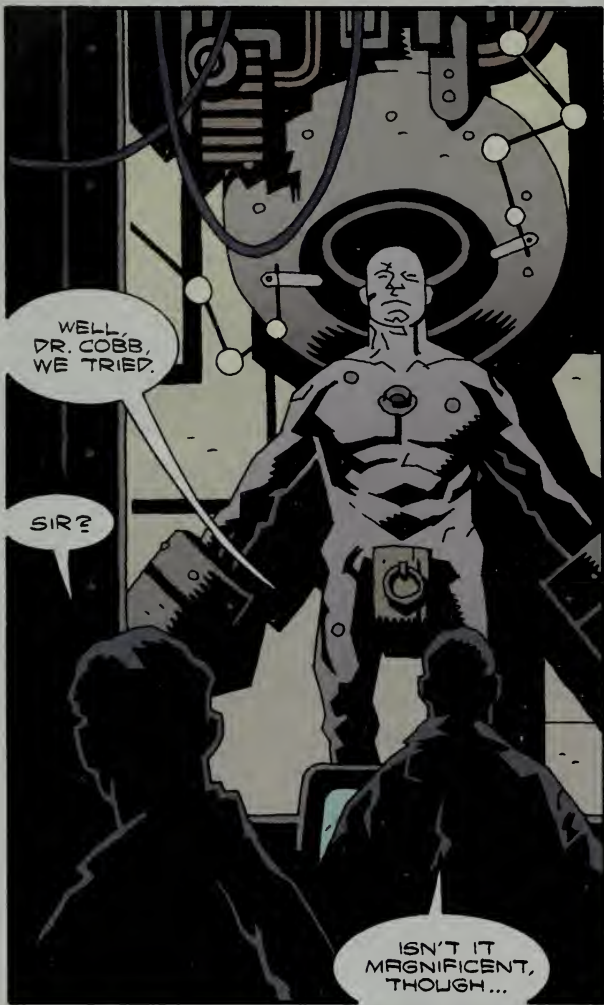
STEP
UP THE
VOLTAGE.

YES, SIR,
WE'RE NOW
AT MAXIMUM
SAFETY
TOLERANCE.

BLZZZZZ

ANYTHING?

NOTHING,
SIR.



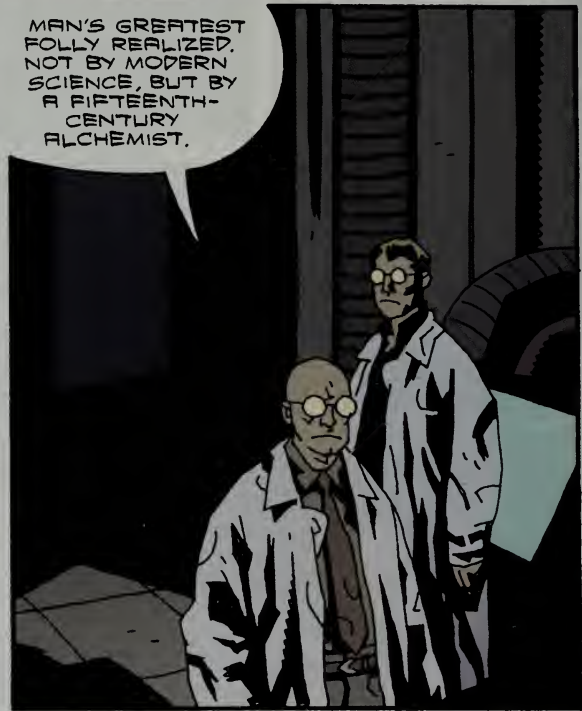
WELL, DR. COBB, WE TRIED.

SIR?

ISN'T IT MAGNIFICENT, THOUGH...



A REAL HOMUNCULUS ...

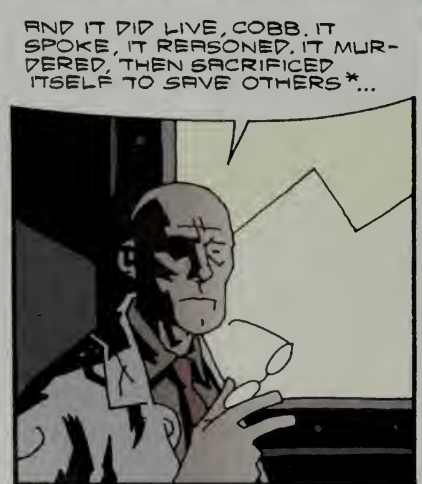


MAN'S GREATEST FOLLY REALIZED. NOT BY MODERN SCIENCE, BUT BY A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ALCHEMIST.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR. MAN'S GREATEST FOLLY?

CREATION, COBB. OUR INEXPLICABLE DESIRE TO PLAY GOD. TO CREATE LIFE...



AND IT DID LIVE, COBB. IT SPOKE, IT REASONED. IT MURDERED, THEN SACRIFICED ITSELF TO SAVE OTHERS *...



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT THING.

* HELLBOY: WAKE THE DEVIL AND ALMOST COLOSSUS



NOW...

THINK OF WHAT IT WILL TEACH US NOW.



MY GOD, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET IN THERE.

IN THERE, SIR?

DISSECTION, COBB. WHAT ELSE?



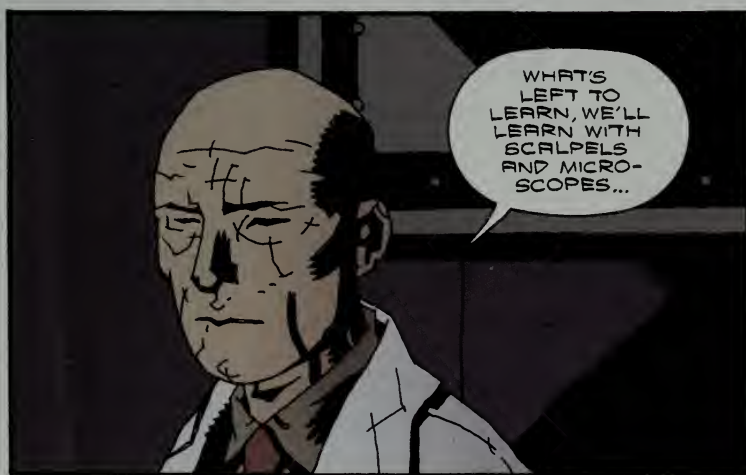
DR. RODDEL, PLEASE.

I CAN DISENGAGE THE BREAKERS. REROUTE SOME POWER...



A FEW MORE VOLTS...

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, COBB. THE THING'S DEAD.



WHAT'S LEFT TO LEARN, WE'LL LEARN WITH SCALPELS AND MICROSCOPES...



"SCALPELS AND MICROSCOPES."

MARCH 2, 1979.

ANYTHING, MR. COBB?

NO, SIR. NO RESPONSE TO THE ADRENAL STIMULATION.

VERY WELL...

I... I THINK WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME HERE.

SIR?

PREPARE THE SUBJECT FOR DISSECTION.

BUT, SIR, WE HAVEN'T TRIED ELECTRICAL STIMULATION.

MORE TIME WASTING?

BUT...

WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY, ONCE.

THEN IT'S SCALPELS AND MICROSCOPES, MR. COBB...

"...THAT'S HOW WE LEARN THINGS."



NOW.



DOCTOR RODDEL,
BEFORE WE GO ON,
MAYBE WE SHOULD
TAKE A BREAK.



HMM.

I DON'T
SEE WHY
NOT.

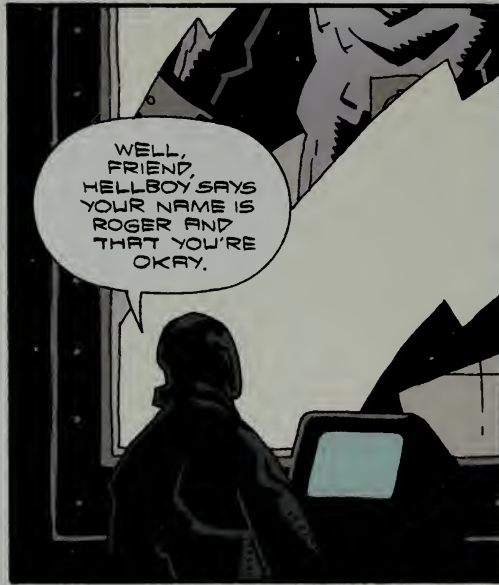


IT'S NOT
LIKE THE
CREATURES
GOING ANY-
WHERE.

NO,
SIR.



AND I
DO HATE TO
OPERATE ON
AN EMPTY
STOMACH.



WELL, FRIEND
HELLBOY SAYS
YOUR NAME IS
ROGER AND
THAT YOU'RE
OKAY.



ALL I
KNOW IS THAT
IF IT WASN'T FOR
YOU, LIZ SHERMAN
WOULD BE DEAD AND
BURIED NOW...



AT THE
VERY LEAST
WE OWE YOU
FOR THAT.



SO
LET'S
SEE.

DISENGAGE
BRAKES...



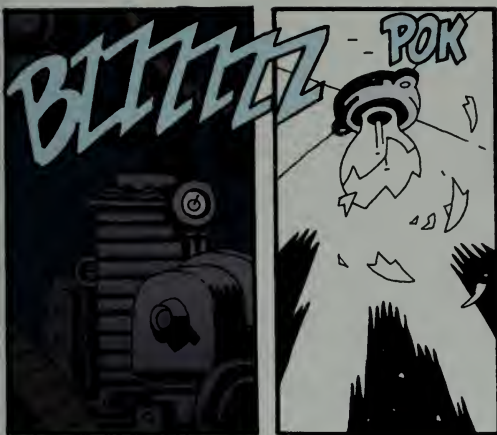
...REROUTE
POWER...



I HOPE
THAT'S RIGHT.
THIS ISN'T
REALLY WHAT
I DO.



KLIK



HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?



WHAT THE HELL...?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?!



DOCTOR RODDEL, WAIT.

YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, MISTER...



YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH A DELICATE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.



KLINK
KLINK
THUD



OH MY GOD.



DRUMS OF THE DEAD



DRUMS OF THE DEAD




Story by
BRIAN McDONALD

Art by
DEREK THOMPSON


Colors by
JAMES SINCLAIR

Letters by
PAT BROSSEAU

Mike had been considering using artist Derek Thompson for a Hellboy-related story. Brian McDonald, whose *Harry the Cop* comic had won him recognition around the industry, had been talking to me about various projects. When Mike and I put it together that these two guys were friends, we decided to go ahead and do our first *Hellboy* comic without Hellboy. The original comic included a Hellboy backup — the Japanese story “Heads” (thus the Hellboy inset on the original cover, seen on the preceding page).



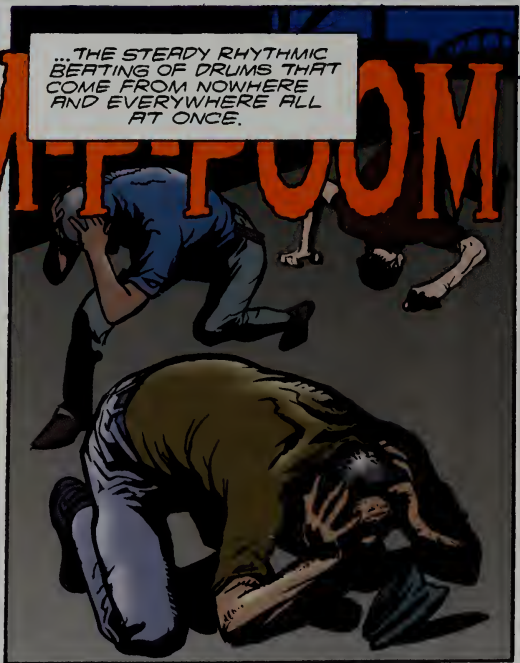
IT ALWAYS STARTS
WITH SHARKS.



HUNDREDS OF SHARKS.



MAYBE THOUSANDS.



AS ALWAYS,
THE MEN FIND
THAT IT DOES
LITTLE TO
COVER THEIR
EARS, FOR THE
DRUMS BEAT
WITHIN THEIR
OWN HEADS.

ARE THEY DRUMS,
SOME WONDER, OR
IS IT THE SOUND OF
THEIR RACING
HEARTS?

POOM POOM

I CHROQ
ONWU?

WHAT
LANGUAGE
IS THAT
?!?!

HE'S
POSSESSED,
JUST LIKE THE
OTHERS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT--
GIVE ME THE KNIFE--
IT'S ALL RIGHT...

A BUM
ONWU!

AAAAHHH!!!



BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL
RESEARCH AND DEFENSE,
FAIRFIELD, CT.

...YES, YOU
HAVE MADE IT
ABUNDANTLY
CLEAR THAT YOU
WANT HELLBOY
ON THIS CASE...

...BUT AS I
TOLD YOU,
HE'S AWAY
ON ASSIGN-
MENT AND
IS UNAVAIL-
ABLE.

LOOK, I HAVE A
SHIPPING COMPANY
TO RUN -- I NEED
SOMEONE I CAN
TRUST TO TAKE
CARE OF THIS
THING.

I'M SENDING YOU ONE OF
OUR BEST AGENTS, YOU
HEARD ABOUT THAT LAKE
MONSTER IN BRITISH COLUM-
BIA LAST YEAR? WELL, HE'S
THE MAN WE SENT ON
THAT CASE, I ASSURE
YOU THAT ABE SAPIEN
IS--

SAPIEN? IS
THAT THAT THING
YOU FOUND IN A JAR
IN SOMEBODY'S BASE-
MENT TWENTY YEARS
AGO? NO THANKS.

I'M SORRY
YOU FEEL THAT
WAY, BUT IF YOU
WANT ANY HELP
FROM THE BUREAU
ON THIS--

"...YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE DUE WITH ABE SAPIEN."



NICE TO MEET YOU.

THE BAHAMAS.

NICE TO MEET YOU, MISTER SAPIEN.

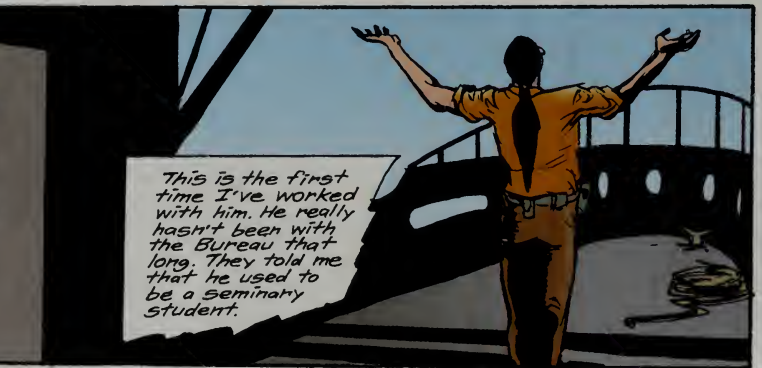


THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, GARRETT OMATTA.

Garrett's a psychic.



This is the first time I've worked with him. He really hasn't been with the Bureau that long. They told me that he used to be a seminary student.

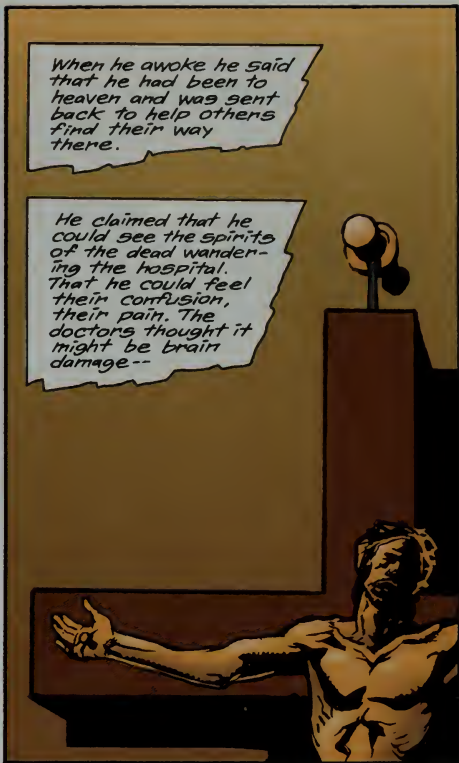


I guess he was in some kind of accident. He was in a coma for nearly two years.



When he awoke he said that he had been to heaven and was sent back to help others find their way there.

He claimed that he could see the spirits of the dead wandering the hospital. That he could feel their confusion, their pain. The doctors thought it might be brain damage--



--until Garrett delivered a message to one of his physicians from that doctor's deceased father. Garrett knew things he had no way of knowing.

The hospital contacted the BPRD. Garrett has been with us eight months now.



THERE AREN'T ANY SPIRITS HERE. THIS SHIP IS CLEAN.

CLEAN?



The captain says that these occurrences have been happening on this ship, and others, for years. He says that they are getting worse.

But after six days at sea we have experienced no overt paranormal activity.



Garrett has been feeling increasingly disturbed since we've been at sea. He has an intense feeling of claustrophobia whenever we are below deck, and a sense of intense confusion and loneliness.

FEEL ANYTHING?

NO, I'M FINE RIGHT NOW.



THAT REMINDS ME -- HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

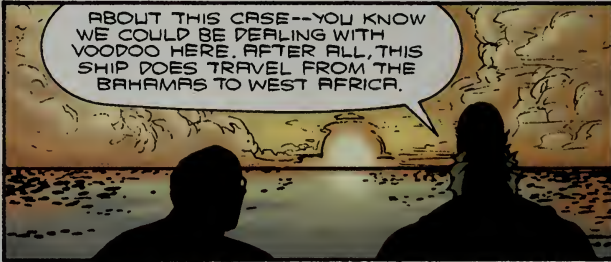
ME? OH, I'M OKAY AS LONG AS I TAKE MY DRAMAMINE.



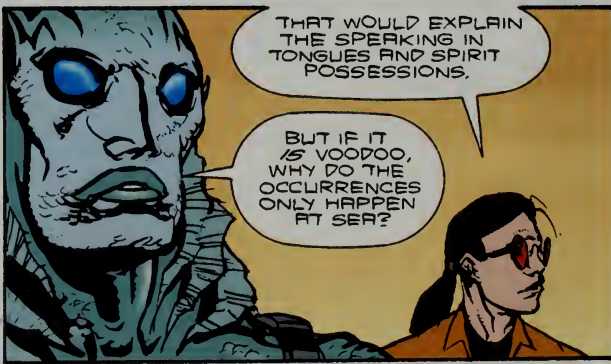
I STILL CAN'T GET OVER THE FACT THAT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, GET SEASICK.



BEING IN THE WATER IS NOT THE SAME THING AS BEING ON THE WATER.



ABOUT THIS CASE--YOU KNOW WE COULD BE DEALING WITH VOODOO HERE. AFTER ALL, THIS SHIP DOES TRAVEL FROM THE BAHAMAS TO WEST AFRICA.



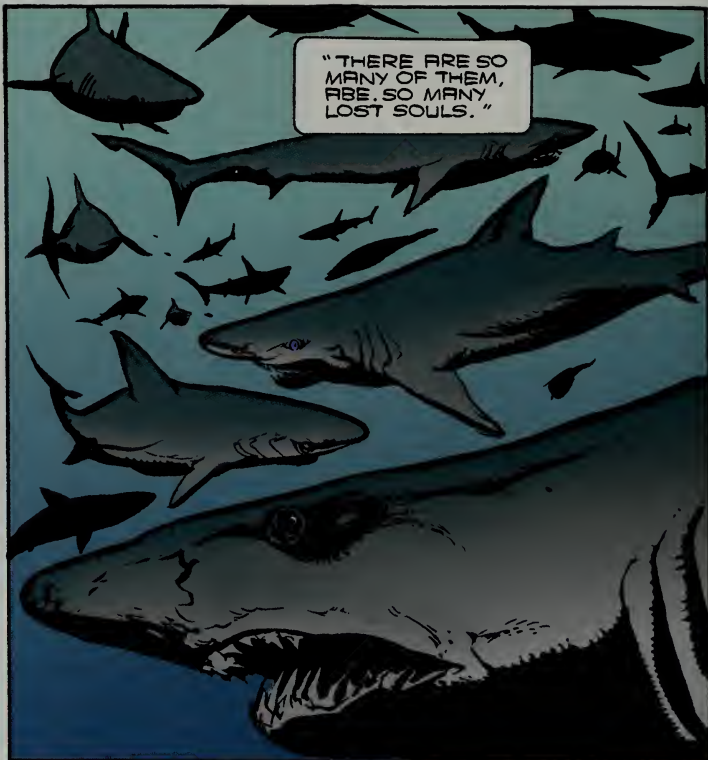
THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE SPEAKING IN TONGUES AND SPIRIT POSSESSIONS.

BUT IF IT IS VOODOO, WHY DO THE OCCURRENCES ONLY HAPPEN AT SEA?





I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE THIS BAD.



THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM, ABE. SO MANY LOST SOULS.



AND THEY'RE PRAYING, ABE-- THE SOULS ARE PRAYING. AND SOMETHING'S ANSWERING THEIR PRAYERS.



RRRETTCH!



THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.



TRY TO RELAX, GARRETT. TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE SENSING!



OME BGLU WNAMBIE!

SNAX!



HNG!

SLONG

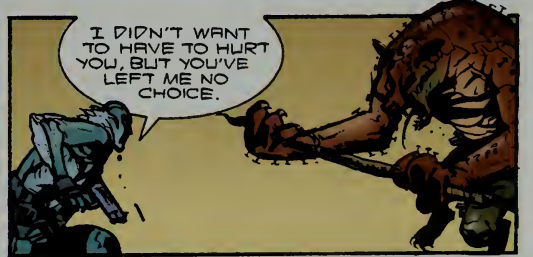
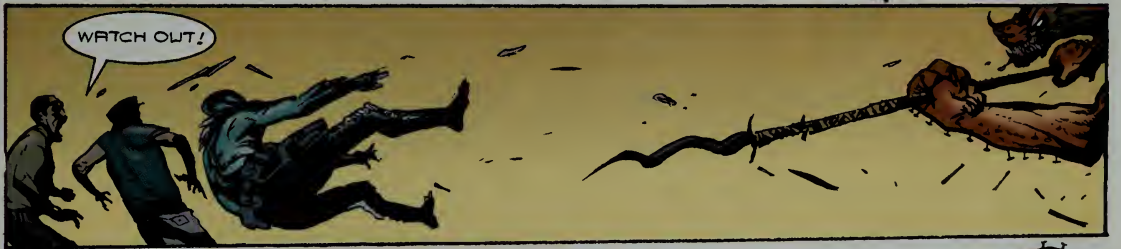


?

POOM-POOM-P-POOM

POOM-POOM-P-P-POOM











I CHORO ONWU?! A BUM ONWU!

--NOT TO BECOME A MURDERER!!

GARRETT, LISTEN TO ME! YOU WERE SENT BACK FROM HEAVEN TO HELP LOST SOULS FIND THEIR WAY--



...ABE...?



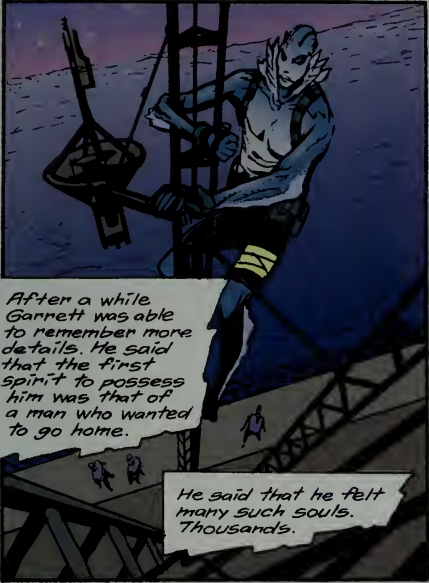
ABE??



After the medic patched us up, Garrett told me that the creature that possessed him was some kind of protector spirit--like a god or something. A god, huh?

Personal note: Be nicer to Garrett.

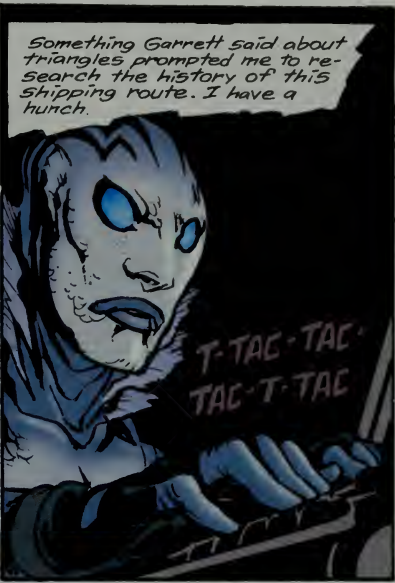
He also said that he kept getting an impression of a triangle. He thought we might be dealing with a Bermuda-Triangle-like phenomenon. I didn't think so, but it gave me an idea.



After a while Garrett was able to remember more details. He said that the first spirit to possess him was that of a man who wanted to go home.

He said that he felt many such souls. Thousands.

The second spirit, the creature, was a protector spirit. He says that he thinks it's really more than one spirit. He believes it is an amalgam created by thousands of spirits from different countries, cultures, and languages praying over hundreds of years.



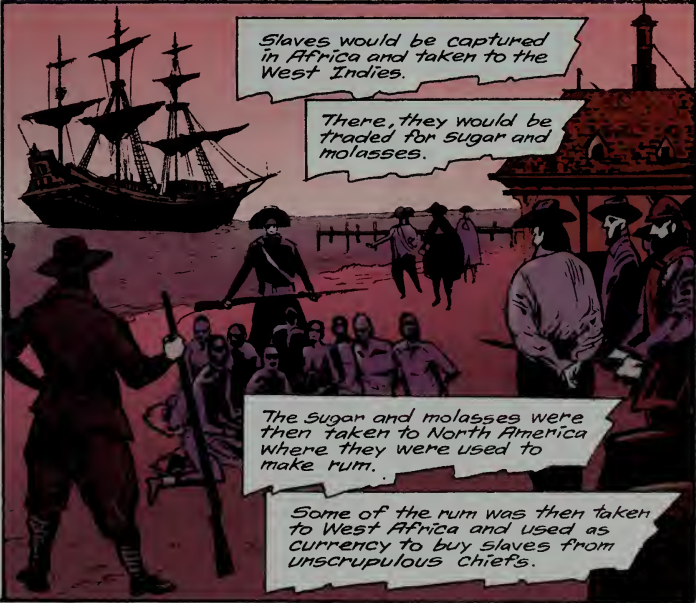
Something Garrett said about triangles prompted me to re-search the history of this shipping route. I have a hunch.



BINGO.



I found that this route used to be part of the triangle trade. Part of the slave trade.



Slaves would be captured in Africa and taken to the West Indies.

There, they would be traded for sugar and molasses.

The sugar and molasses were then taken to North America where they were used to make rum.

Some of the rum was then taken to West Africa and used as currency to buy slaves from unscrupulous chiefs.



The first leg of this journey was known as the "Middle Passage." The same route we now travel.

To maximize profits, ship's captains sought to carry as many slaves as possible. This made for poor sanitary conditions.

Often people were made to urinate and defecate where they lay--sometimes spending days in their own excrement.



Needless to say, disease was rampant.



It was not unusual for a ship to lose half her "cargo" before reaching port.



The dead were simply tossed overboard.

Conditions were so unbearable that many slaves would commit suicide.



There is at least one account of a group of men who, while being exercised on deck, leapt into the shark infested water rather than be sold into slavery.

So many bodies were tossed into the ocean that it was said that the sharks followed the slave ships looking for an easy meal.





It is said, to this day, sharks still swim that route.



SO THEY'RE SLAVES, HUH? THAT EXPLAINS ALL THEIR PAIN-- THEIR LIVES WERE STOLEN FROM THEM, EVERYTHING THEY KNEW.



WHY THE DRUMS BEFORE EVERY ATTACK, I WONDER?



MAYBE THE SPIRITS USE THEM TO COMMUNICATE THEIR ATTACK PLANS TO EACH OTHER. IN 1791, HAITIAN SLAVES USED DRUMS TO PLAN A REBELLION RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THEIR SLAVE-HOLDERS.



I DON'T THINK IT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO GO SWIMMING IN THE WATER WITH A FRESH WOUND. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD, BUT SHARKS ARE ATTRACTED TO BLOOD.

PRAY FOR ME-- AND PASS ME THAT KNIFE, PLEASE.

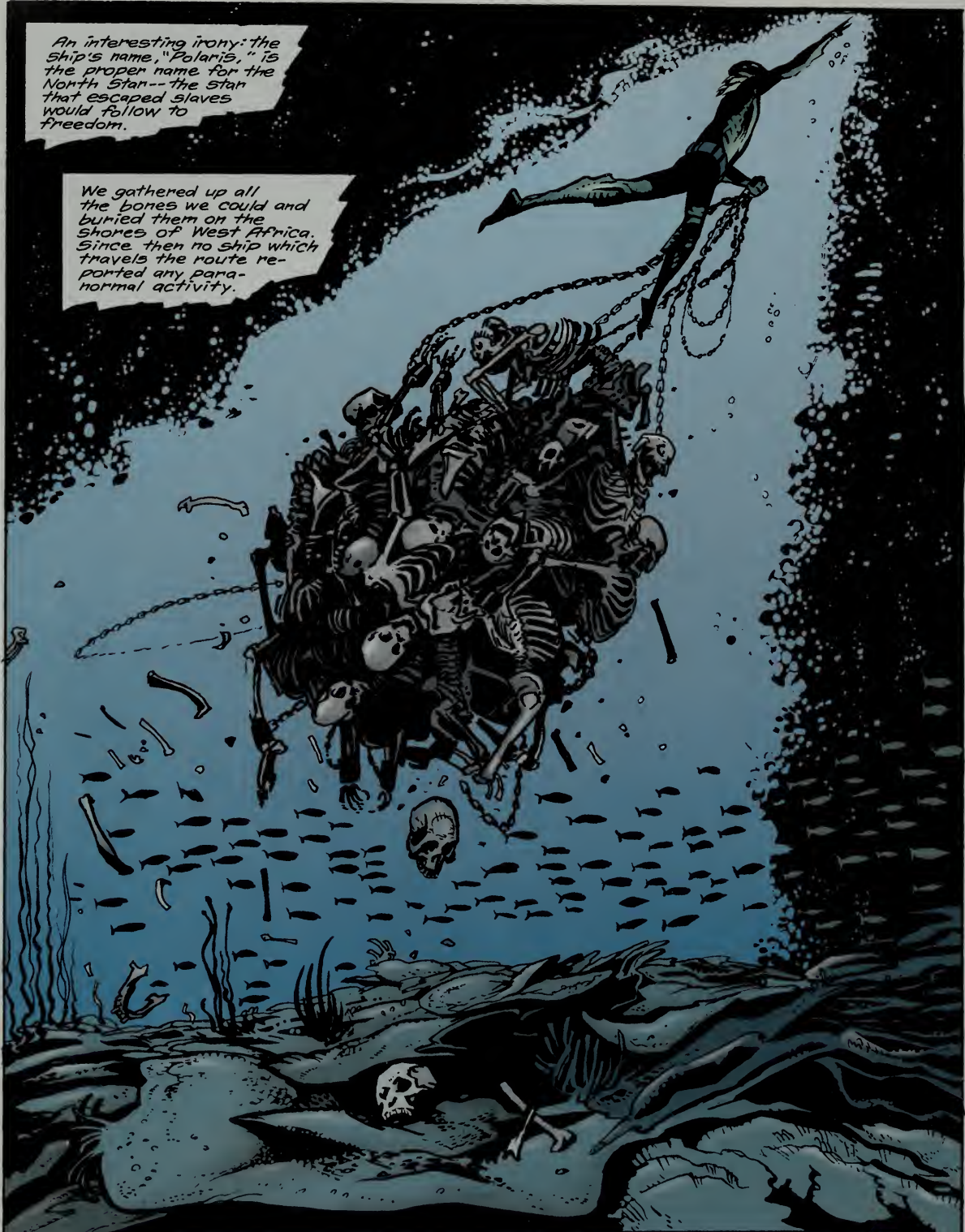






An interesting irony: the ship's name, "Polaris," is the proper name for the North Star--the star that escaped slaves would follow to freedom.

We gathered up all the bones we could and buried them on the shores of West Africa. Since then no ship which travels the route reported any paranormal activity.



They do, however, report a significant reduction in the number of sharks.



The End

B.P.R.D.TM

SKETCHBOOK

BPRD: Hollow Earth provided the opportunity for a unique collaboration between Mike and Ryan Sook. Since Ryan would be working with characters Mike had developed over eight years, the two decided to collaborate on new designs and the look of the Hyperborean underworld. Excerpts from both artists' sketchbooks are presented on the following pages.



Hyperborean weapons by Mignola.



Mike suggested basing the look of all things Hyperborean on the sculptures and drawings of Polish artist Stanislaw Szukalski (1893-1987).



MIGNOLA -

Mignola's studies for the
underworld inhabitants.

Abe wants the flak jacket after that run in with the monkey.

Flak Jacket/vest snaps onto Jump suit

Bobble head is transparent plastic, but Ectoplasm makes it only slightly transparent

Black Rubber containment suit -- bubble head is attached to it.

canvas Jumpsuit over actual containment suit --

little holes in ends of fingers

← Ecto-plasm

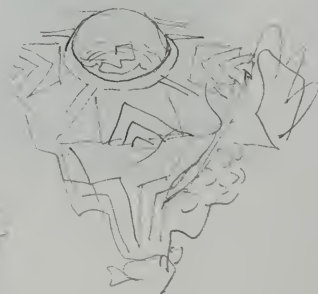
MENOLA
8/13/01

Mike's designs for a new BPRD flak jacket — partly created to give Roger something to wear. Also, Johann Kraus, the new member of the team.

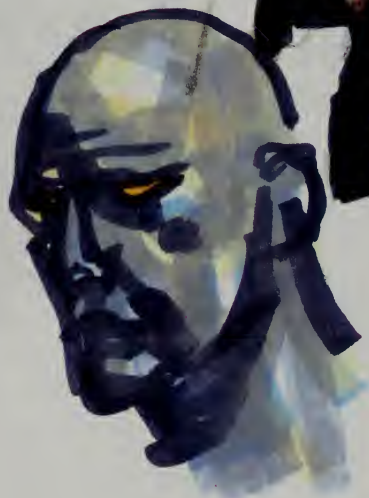
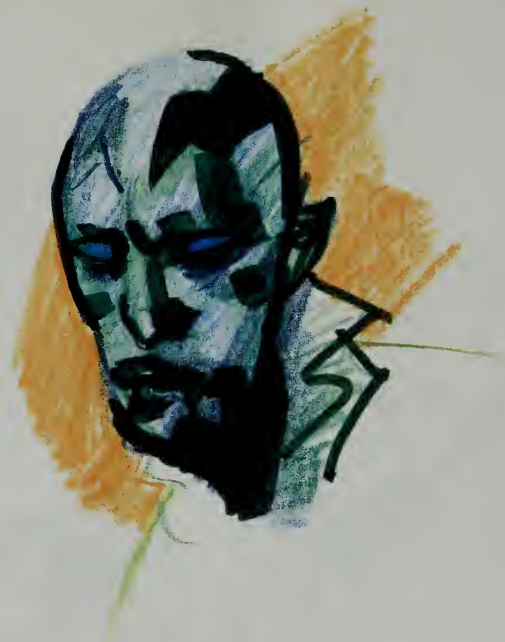


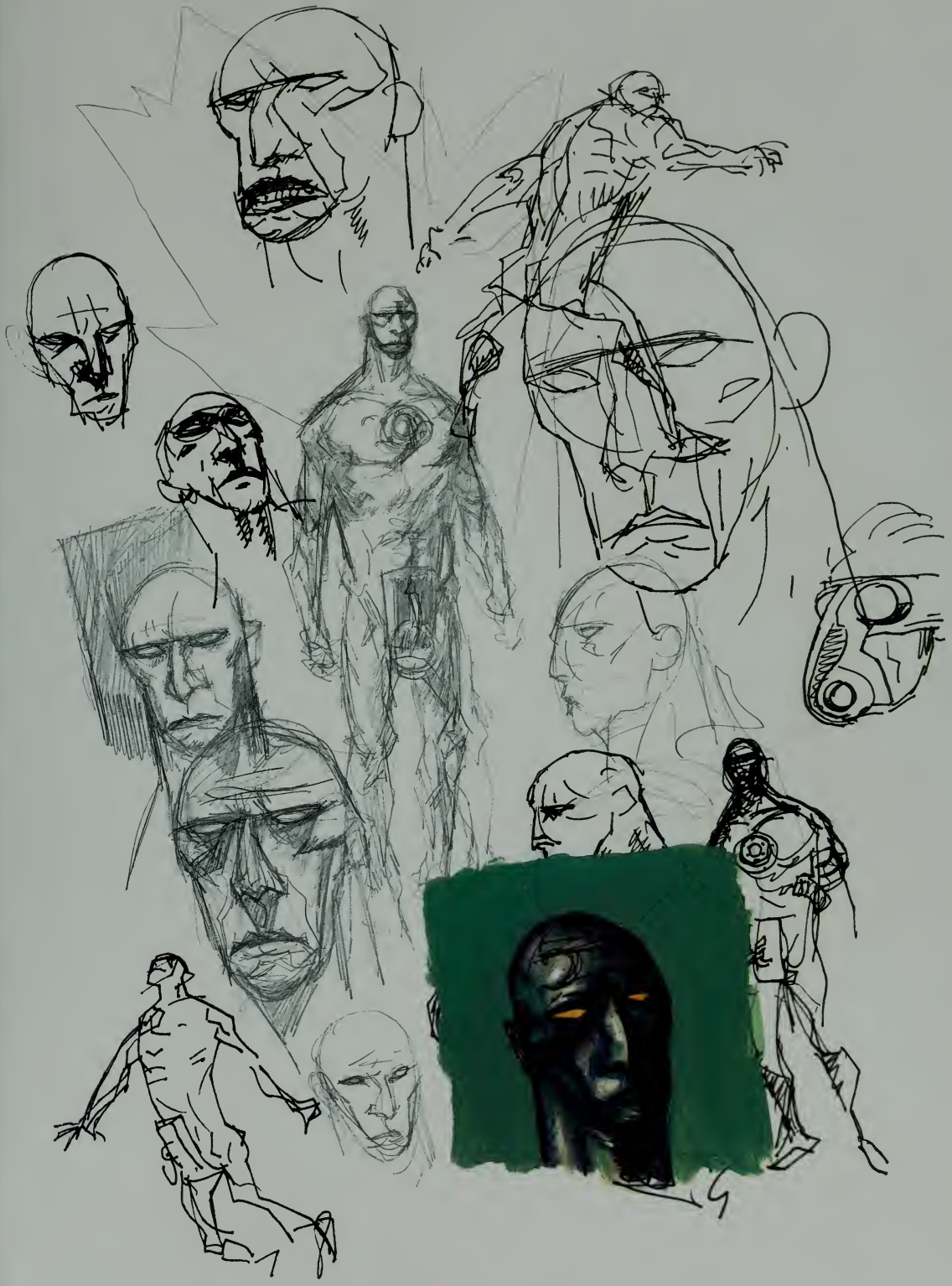
The following pages are taken from Ryan's sketchbook for the series, which is full of pencil studies of characters and locations, as well as more polished full-color work using crayon, acrylics, colored pencils, and markers — “a little bit of whatever's handy.”

— Scott Allie
Portland, Oregon









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