

FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup>

**HOLLOW EARTH & OTHER STORIES**

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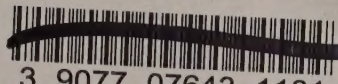
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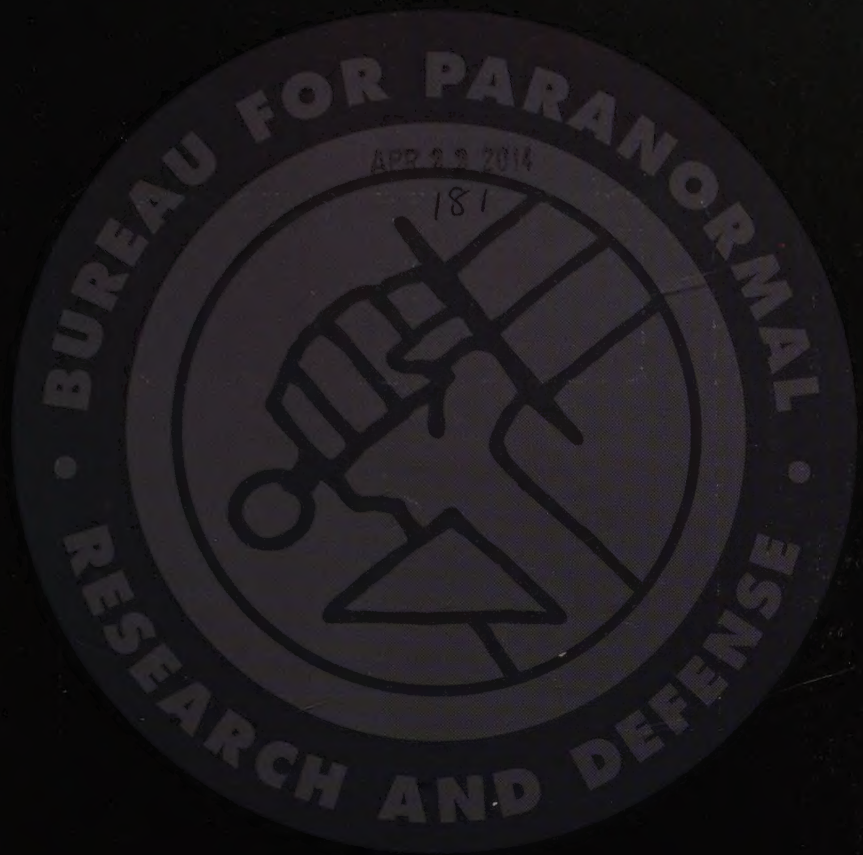
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# HOLLOW EARTH & OTHER STORIES

*Created by* MIKE MIGNOLA

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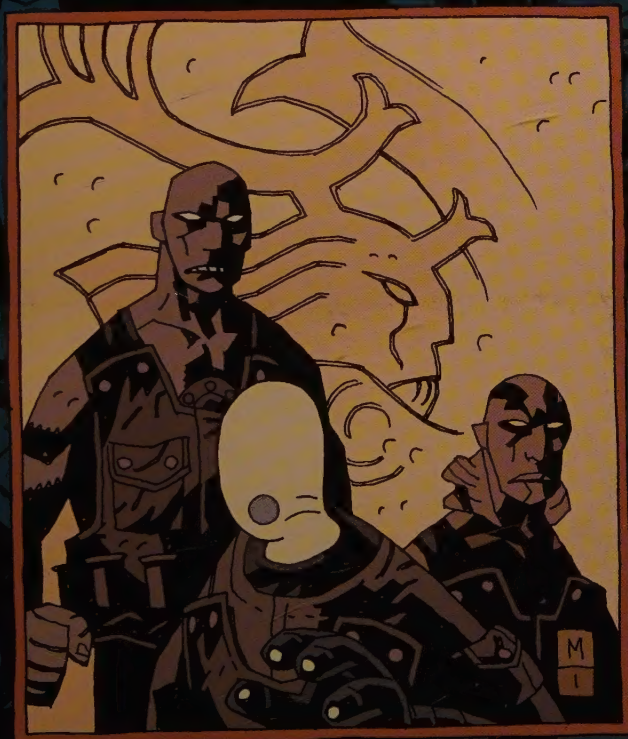
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# HOLLOW EARTH



# HOLLOW EARTH



*Story by*  
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*Pencils by*  
RYAN SOOK

*Inks by*  
RYAN SOOK & CURTIS ARNOLD

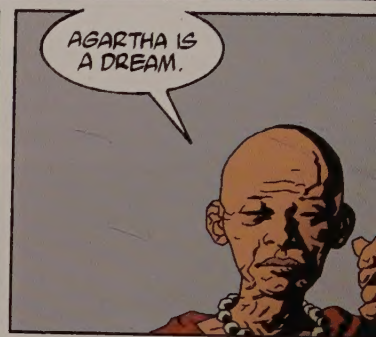
*Colors by*  
DAVE STEWART

*Letters by*  
CLEM ROBINS



THE URAL  
MOUNTAINS,  
ABOVE THE  
ARCTIC  
CIRCLE.

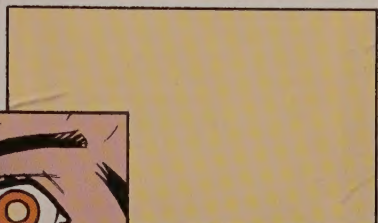








THAT DREAM LIVES HERE.



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

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

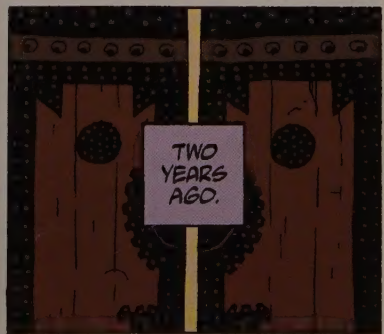


YOU HAVE SOUGHT TO ENSLAVE THIS THING, TO TAME IT BY FORCE OF WILL. THAT IS ARROGANT.

YOU HAVE TO MAKE PEACE WITH IT. YOU HAVE TO MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR-SELF.



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--OCULT 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.



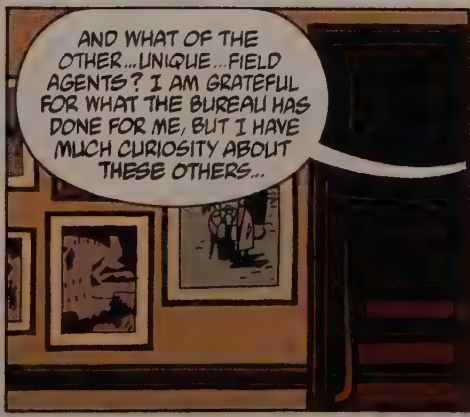
THERE IS NO  
PROBLEM, MISS  
CORRIGAN.

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.



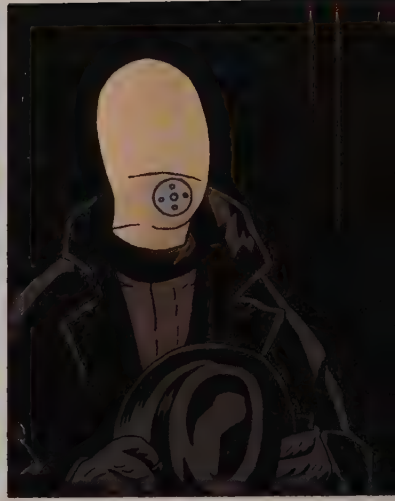
YOU'RE  
REALLY GONNA  
TAKE OFF?

YEP.





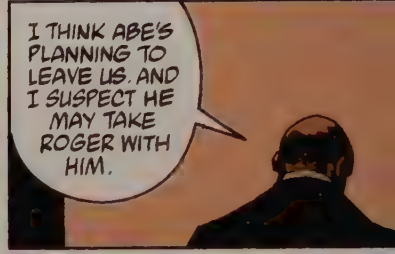
GO ON AHEAD, JOHANN. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN THE LIBRARY.



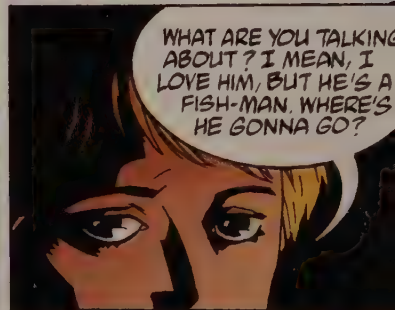
WHAT'S GOING ON, TOM? YOU LOOK TENSE.



WITH REASON. WITH GOOD REASON.



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



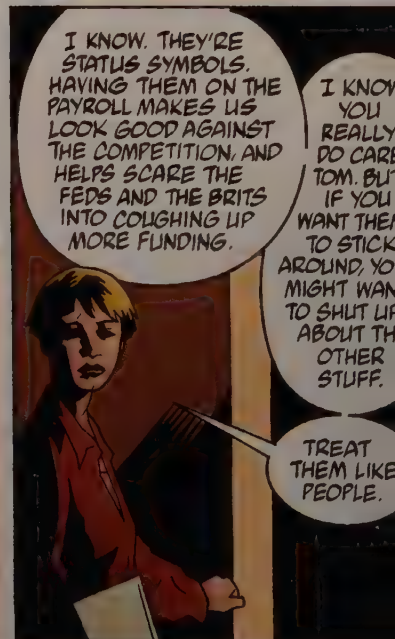
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I MEAN, I LOVE HIM, BUT HE'S A FISH-MAN. WHERE'S HE GONNA GO?



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

CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

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--

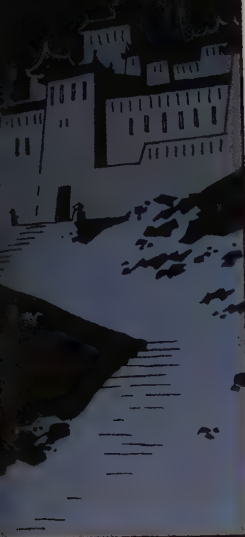


I KNOW. THEY'RE STATUS SYMBOLS. HAVING THEM ON THE PAYROLL MAKES US LOOK GOOD AGAINST THE COMPETITION. AND HELPS SCARE THE FEDS AND THE BRITS INTO COUGHING UP MORE FUNDING.

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.

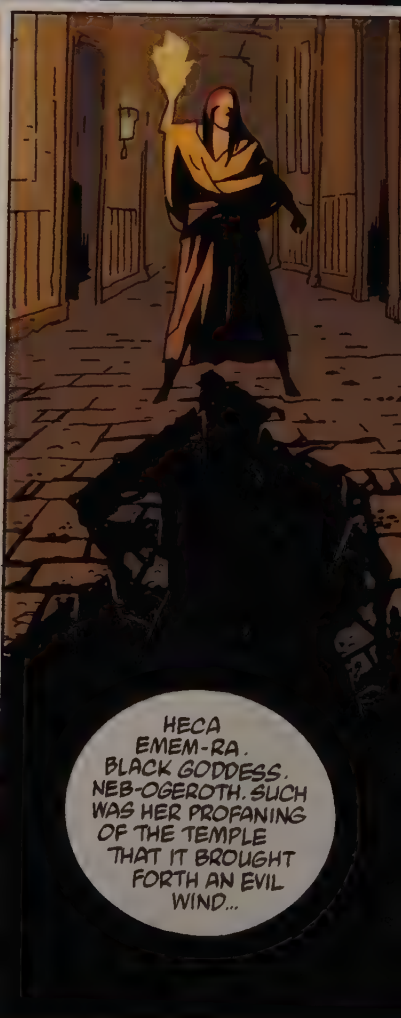
TREAT THEM LIKE PEOPLE.

"...NOT  
PETS."



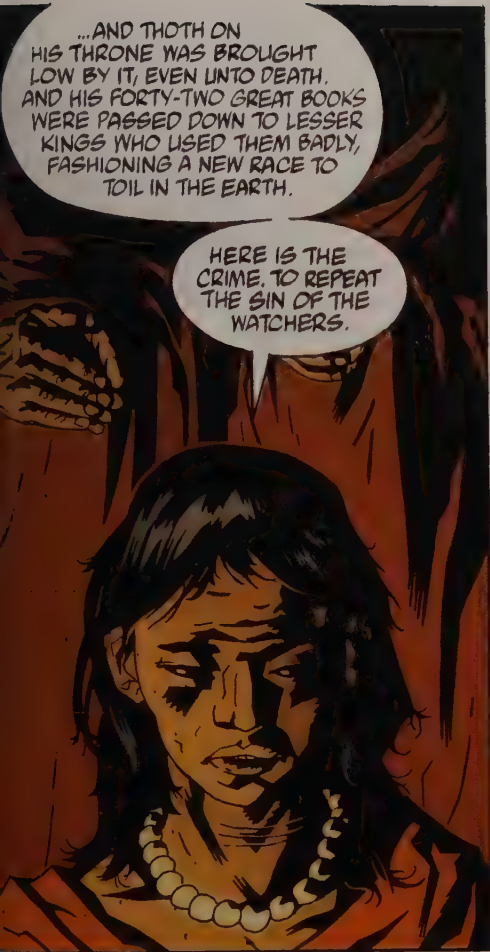
RRRR





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





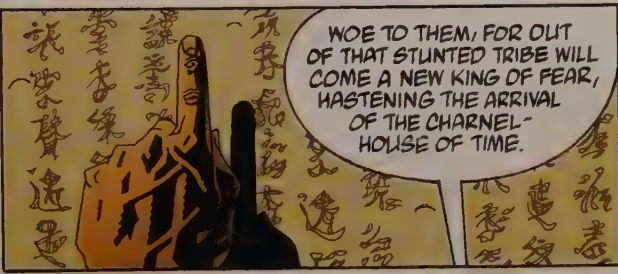
...AND THOTH ON HIS THRONE WAS BROUGHT LOW BY IT, EVEN UNTO DEATH. AND HIS FORTY-TWO GREAT BOOKS WERE PASSED DOWN TO LESSER KINGS WHO USED THEM BADLY, FASHIONING A NEW RACE TO TOIL IN THE EARTH.

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 OGDRI 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.



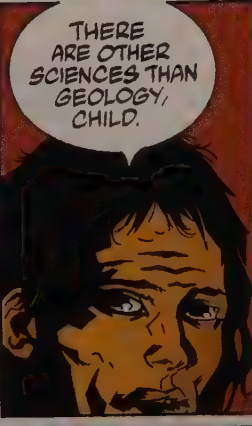
MASTER SHEGHEN. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED. SOME KIND OF TREMOR OR--

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.

Knock  
Knock

IT'S  
OPEN.



ABE.

THANKS FOR THE  
LOAN, BUT I THOUGH  
I'D BRING THIS ON  
BACK. COULDN'T  
GET INTO IT.



JUST  
SEEMED KIND OF  
IMPLAUSIBLE.

YOU  
DIDN'T LIKE  
IT?



IMPLAUSIBLE?  
THAT'S ALMOST  
FUNNY.



DR. MANNING  
SENT YOU  
DOWN?

HOW'D YOU  
KNOW?

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

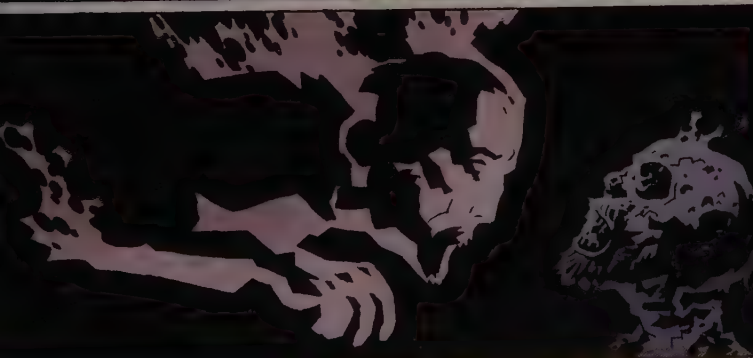
I SAW THE NEW  
GUY IN THE HALL  
EARLIER. WHAT'S  
HIS STORY?

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



"NOT A  
CRANK,  
EITHER. THE  
GENUINE  
ARTICLE.

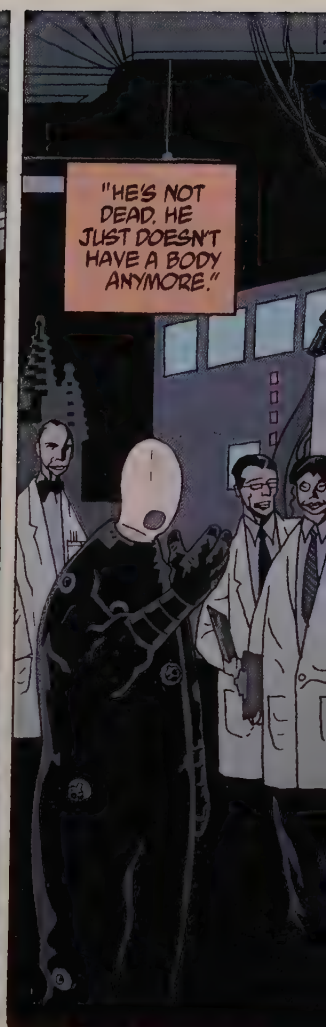
"HAD THE MISFORTUNE  
OF BEING IN THE MIDDLE  
OF A SEANCE WHEN  
THE CHENGDOU  
DISASTER STRUCK.

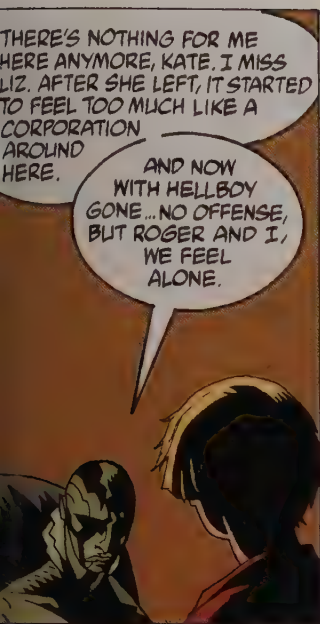


"BANGKOK TO  
DUBLIN. CHRIST,  
WHAT A MESS  
THAT WAS.

"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.

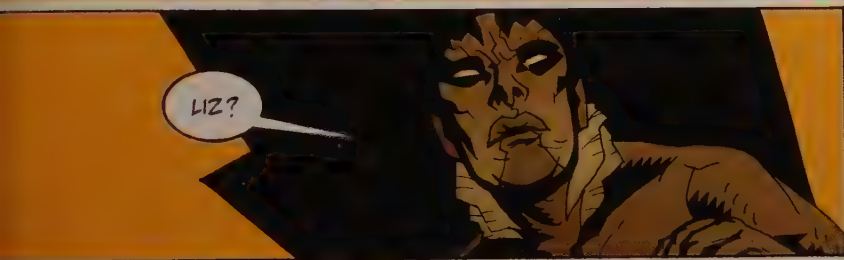








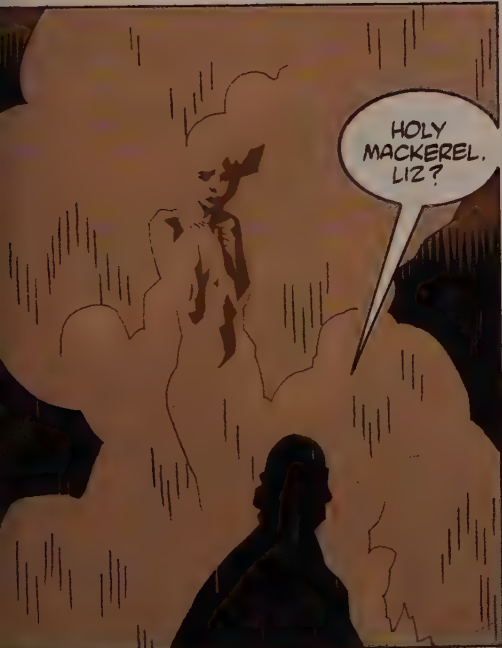
IT'S SO DARK  
DOWN HERE, ABE...  
DARK AND I'M SO...SO  
COLD. YOU HAVE TO  
COME...COME  
AND GET ME...



LIZ?



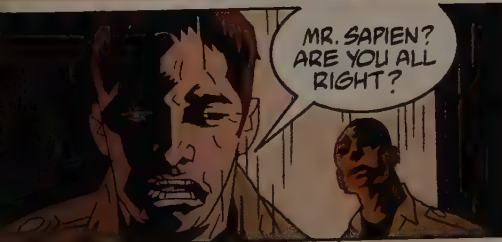
HSSSSSSSS



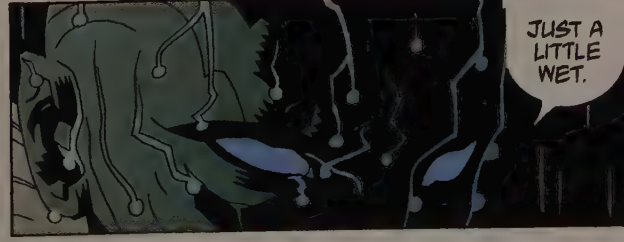
HOLY  
MACKEREL.  
LIZ?



WHAM



MR. SAPIEN?  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?



JUST A  
LITTLE  
WET.



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



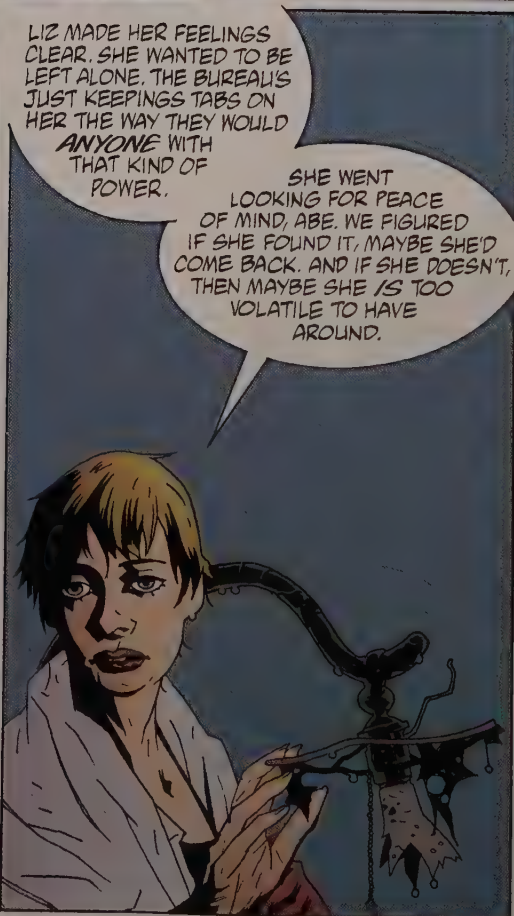
...AND THEN SHE SAID I HAD TO COME GET HER. BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING.

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 KEEPING 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.

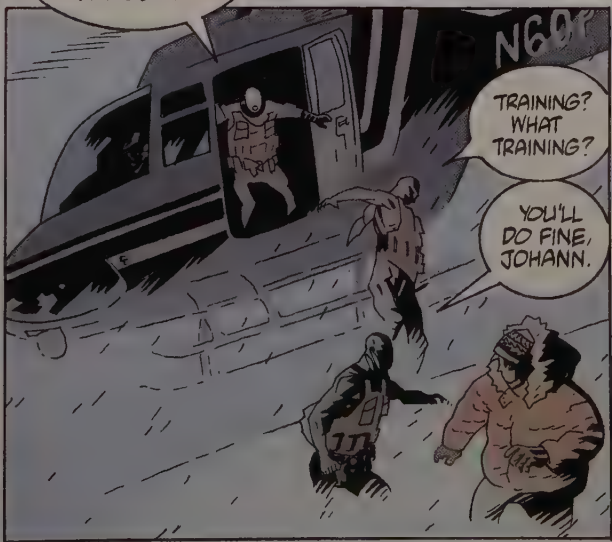
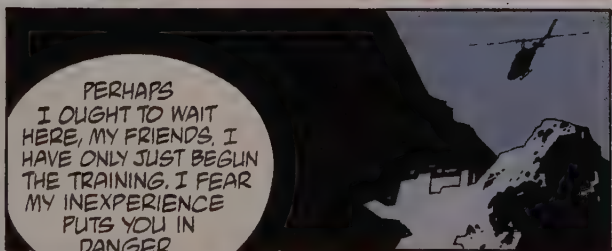
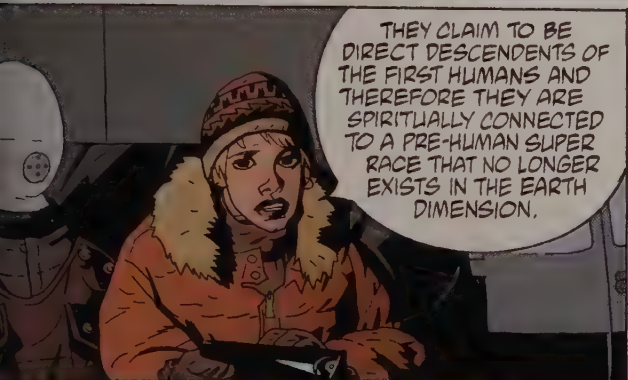
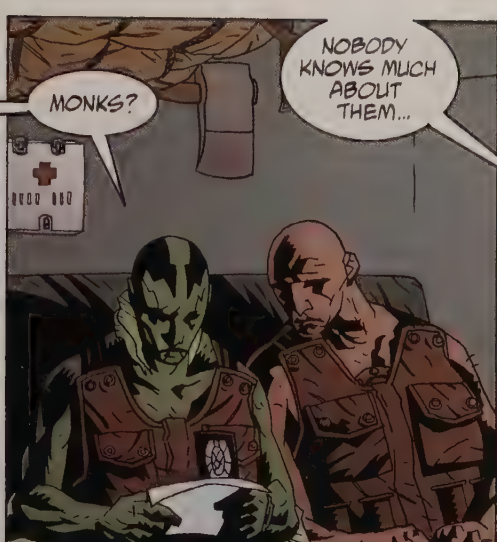
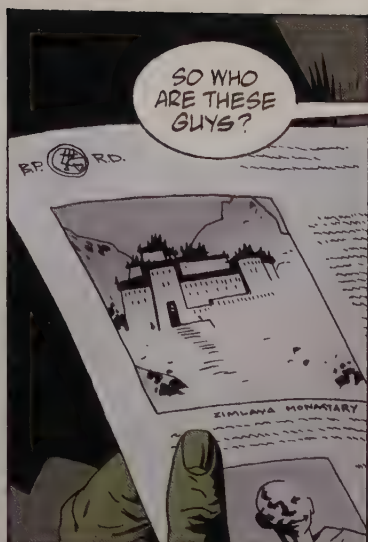
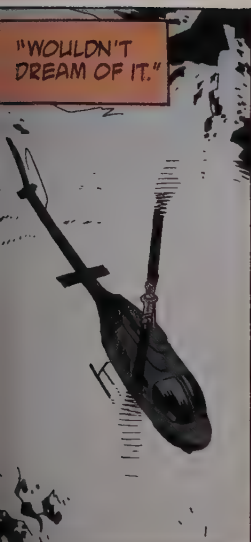


YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I WANT OUT? THAT'S IT RIGHT THERE. I DON'T NEED ANYONE TELLING ME MY FRIENDS ARE TOO VOLATILE TO HAVE AROUND.

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

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





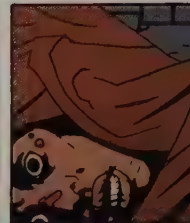


STAY ALERT, NOW.  
DESPITE ABE'S  
COMMUNICATION FROM  
LIZ, WE HAVE NO IDEA  
WHAT'S HAPPENED...



...HERE.

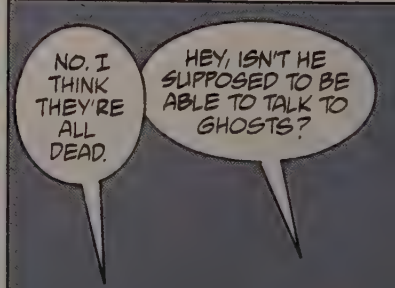
OH NO.



DEAD.



YOU  
GETTING ANY-  
THING?



NO. I  
THINK  
THEY'RE  
ALL  
DEAD.

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



... WAS A MEDILIM ONCE,  
... OGER. NOW I'M...  
... SOMETHING  
... ELSE.

MORE OR  
LESS, I CANNOT  
SAY, BUT WHERE  
ONCE I COULD  
SPEAK TO THE DEAD,  
NOW I CAN TOUCH  
THEM...EVEN READ  
THEM, IN A WAY.

IT IS MOST  
UNPLEASANT.

ABRAHAM IS CORRECT.  
THERE IS NO LIFE HERE  
... BUT THERE IS  
SOMETHING...

KATE!  
OVER  
HERE!

LIZ, COME  
ON, LIZ, OPEN  
YOUR EYES.

NO PULSE, AND  
SHE'S NOT  
BREATHING... BUT  
SHE'S STILL...  
WARM.



WHAT THE HELL'S  
WRONG WITH HER,  
JOHANN? IS SHE  
DEAD OR NOT?



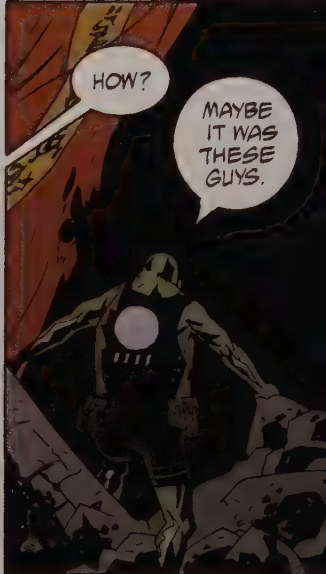
NO. NOT DEAD. SHE IS, HOW TO SAY  
IT? SHE IS SIMPLY GONE. HER SHELL  
IS EMPTY.



OH, CRAP,  
NOT  
AGAIN.

SORRY.

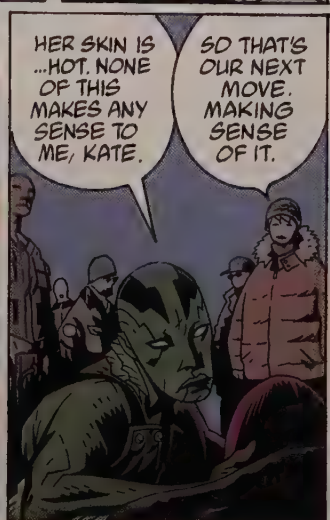
THAT'S  
ALL  
RIGHT.



HOW?

MAYBE  
IT WAS  
THESE  
GUYS.



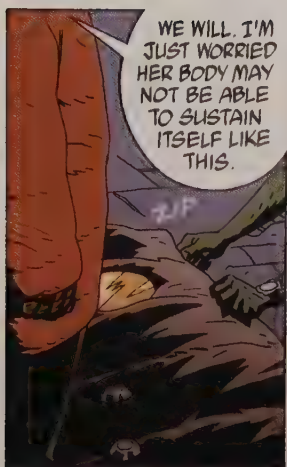


HER SKIN IS ...HOT. NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE TO ME, KATE.

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.



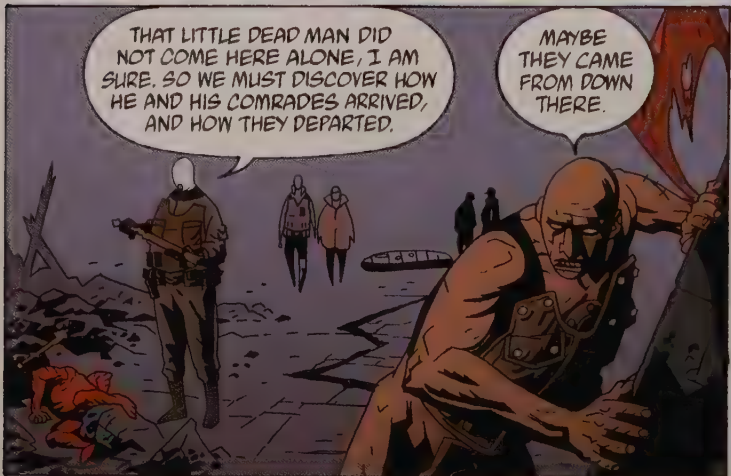
WE WILL. I'M JUST WORRIED HER BODY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SUSTAIN ITSELF LIKE THIS.



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

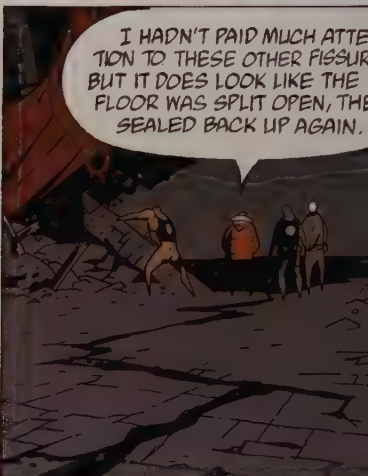


THEN WE MUST BEHAVE AS IF THE TICKING HAS BEGUN.



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.



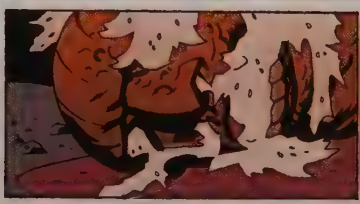
WE NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT WENT ON HERE. WE CAN'T JUST JUMP IN WITH NO CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE FACING AND IF IT'S GOING TO HELP LIZ.

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.

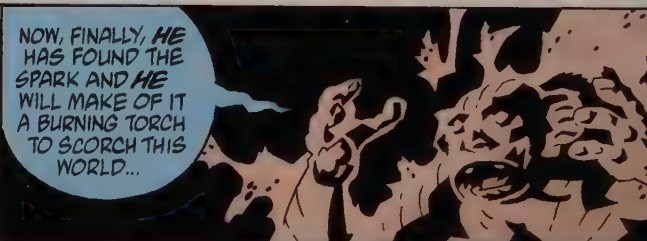


WE ARE CREATURES OF THE LEFT HAND. NOT CHILDREN, BUT *THINGS*. NOT MEN...




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, 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."

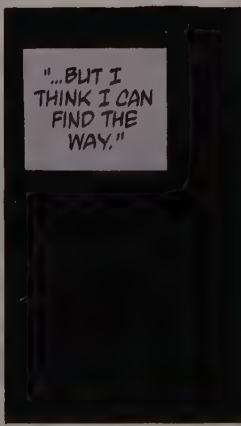
YES. THE KING OF FEAR. THEY'VE TAKEN HER TO HIM.




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.

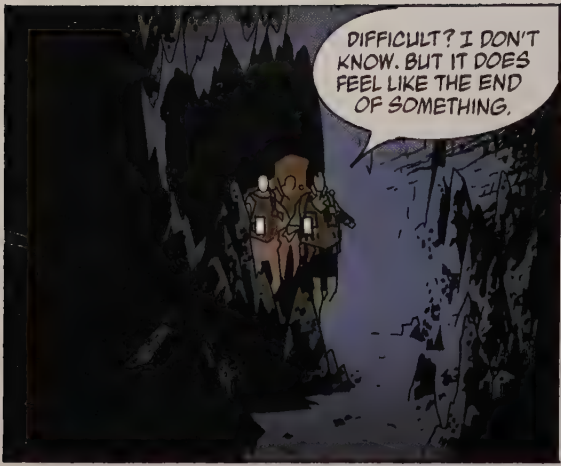
YES, I HAD HOPED TO MEET HIM. DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT, ROGER, HAVING HIM GONE?

IT ISN'T EASY.

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



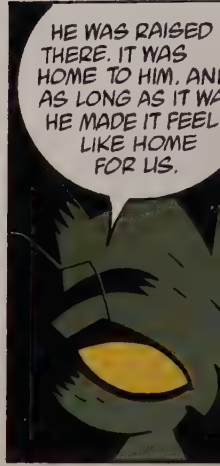
WHAT OF YOU, ABRAHAM? HAS IT BEEN DIFFICULT WITH YOUR FRIEND DEPARTED?



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

HELLBOY, GET DOWN FROM THERE.



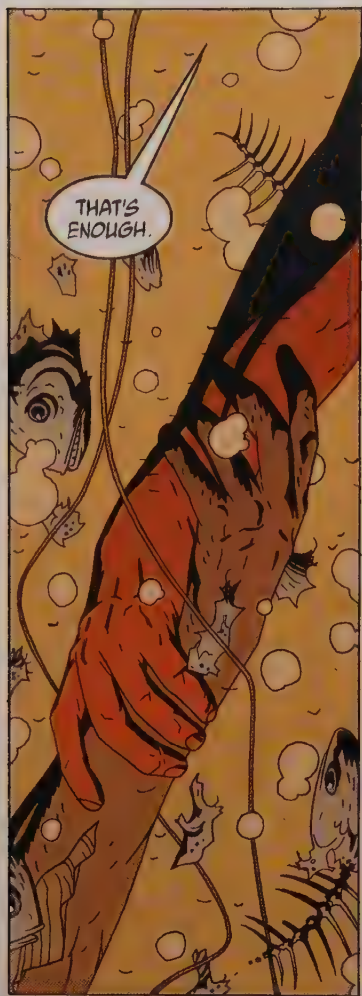
I DON'T THINK SO. I GREW UP WITH THE BUREAU'S "TESTS," REMEMBER?



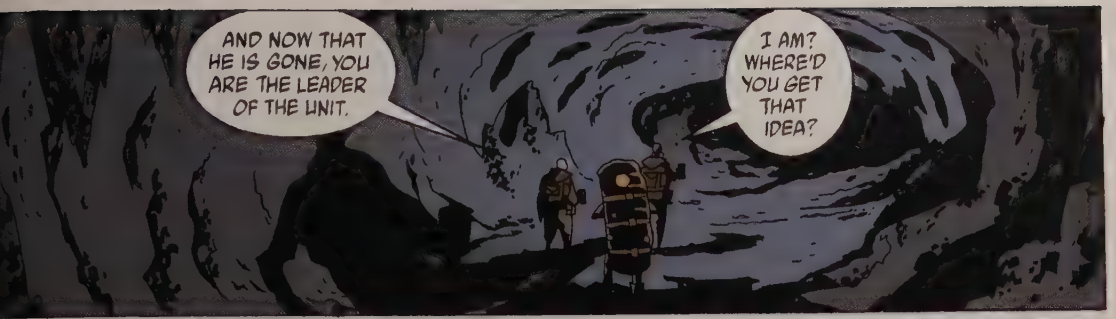
YOU GUYS'LL JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL SOMEONE SAYS, "THAT'S ENOUGH."

WE'LL GUESS WHAT?





"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?



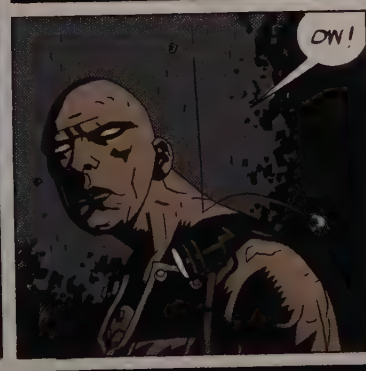
WELL, IT ISN'T ME.

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

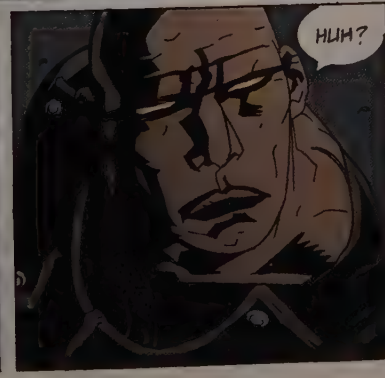
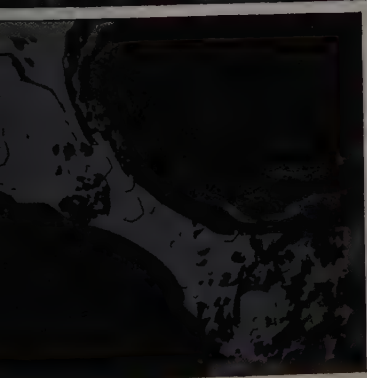


HAVE A REST, ROGER. WE'LL TAKE A TURN WITH HER NOW.

SEE, LEADER.



OW!



HUH?

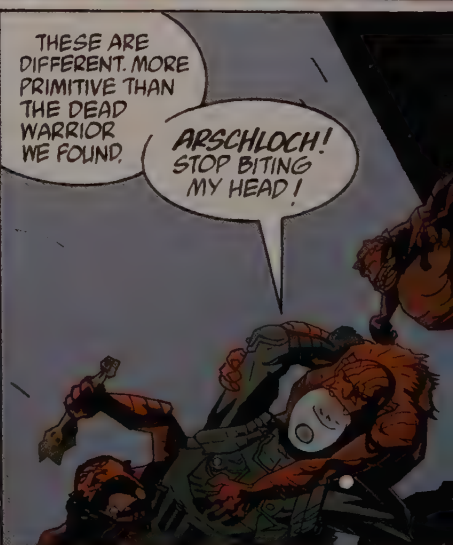




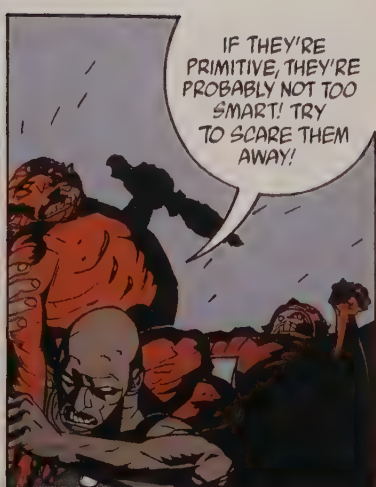
OH,  
CRAP!  
LIVE  
ONES!

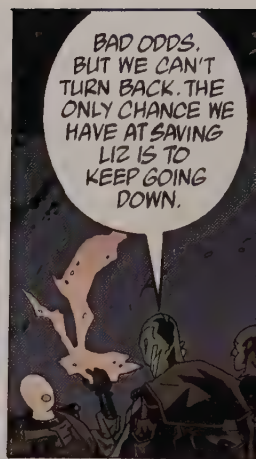
THESE ARE  
DIFFERENT. MORE  
PRIMITIVE THAN  
THE DEAD  
WARRIOR  
WE FOUND.

ARSCHLOCH!  
STOP BITING  
MY HEAD!











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.



DU GOT THAT FROM THE LITTLE GUY?

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

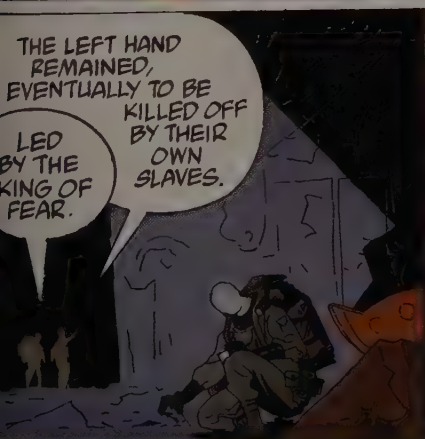
THE FIRST RACE OF MAN...



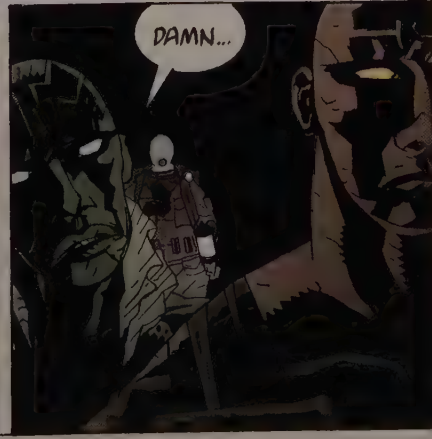
...SPLIT.



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.



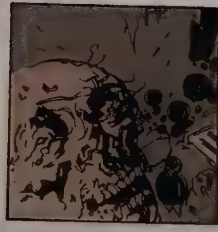
DAMN...



...THESE GUYS WERE EVERY-WHERE.

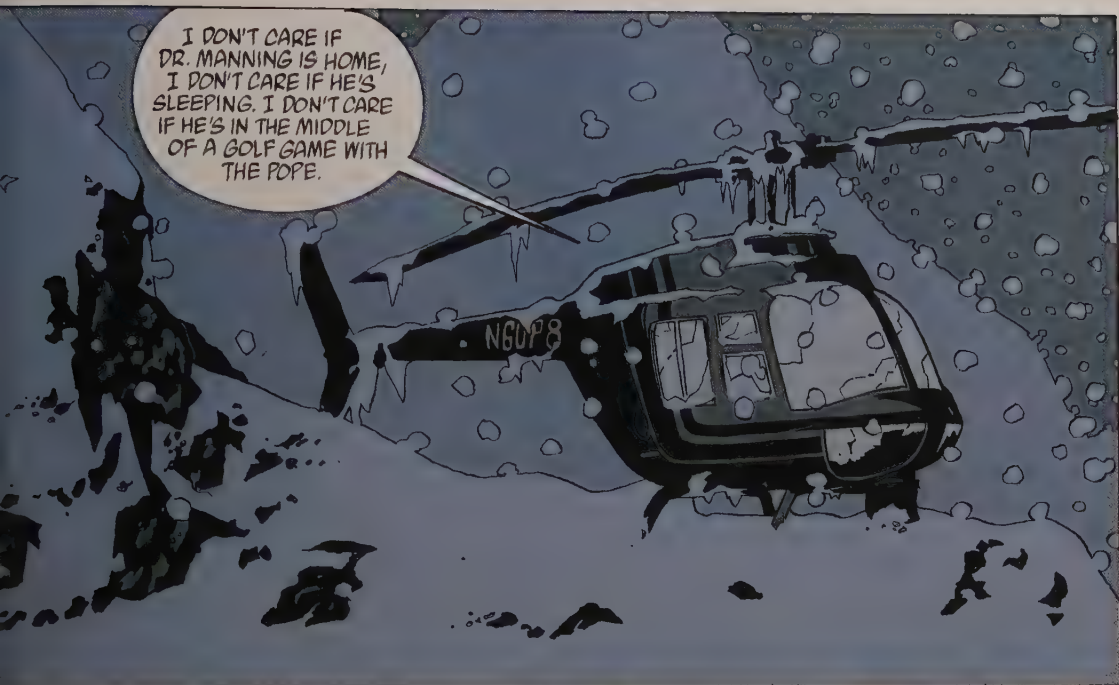


THEY CAME HERE TO ENLIST THE AID OF THE SECRET MASTERS.



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 SOMEONE HAS BEEN TRYING TO REPAIR IT...



...THAT DOES NOT BODE WELL.

NO. DOES.





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.

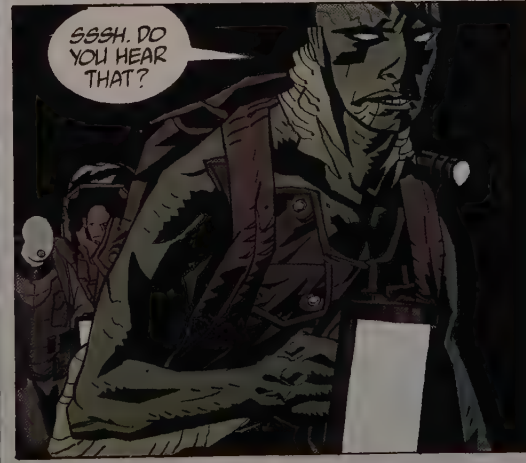


HE IS A *GOOD* FRIEND.

THE BEST.



SSSH. DO YOU HEAR THAT?





RRRMMBBBLLRRM



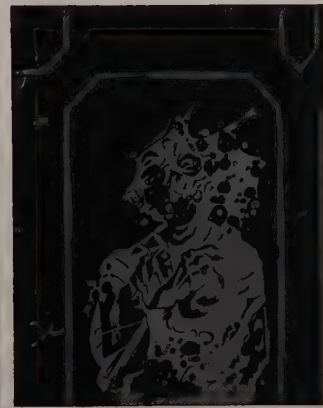
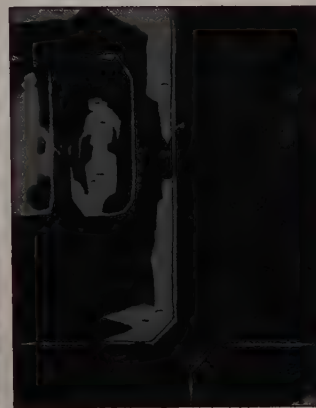
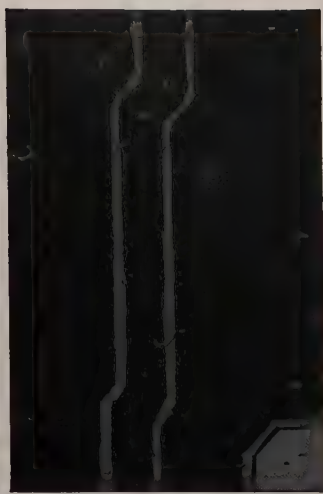
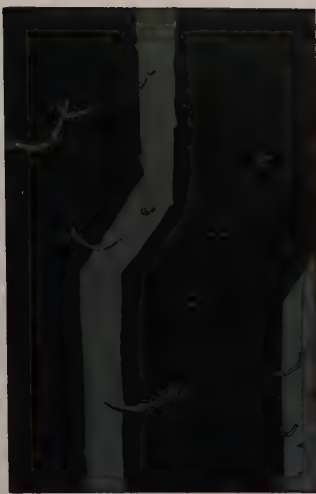
WHAT THE HELL?

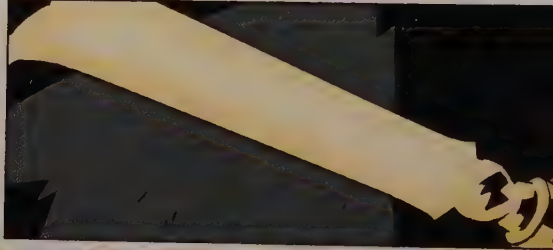
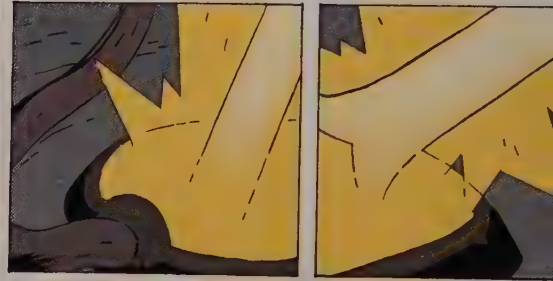
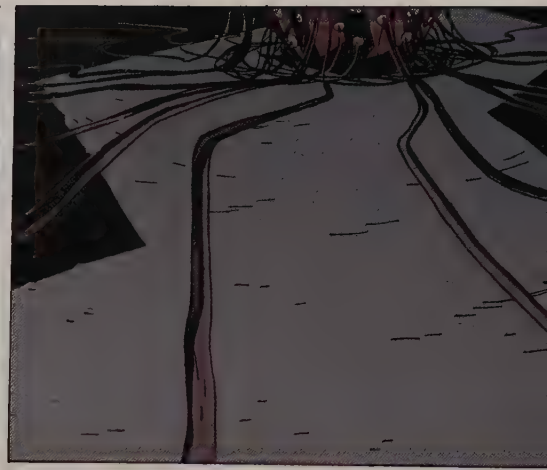
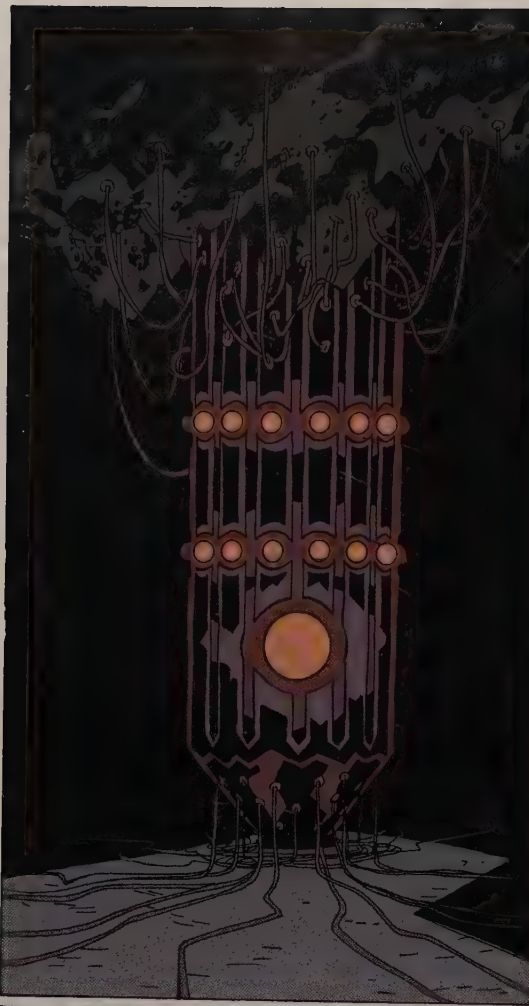
MUTTER.

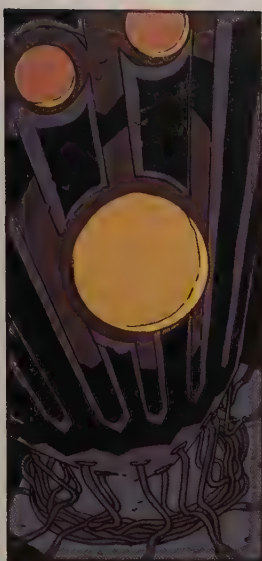
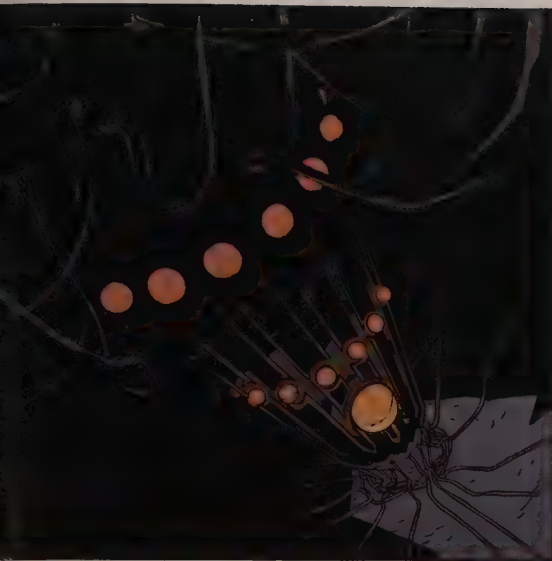


I DON'T THINK THESE GUYS ARE GOING TO SCARE AS EASY AS THE CAVEMAN TYPE WE RAN INTO BEFORE.









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

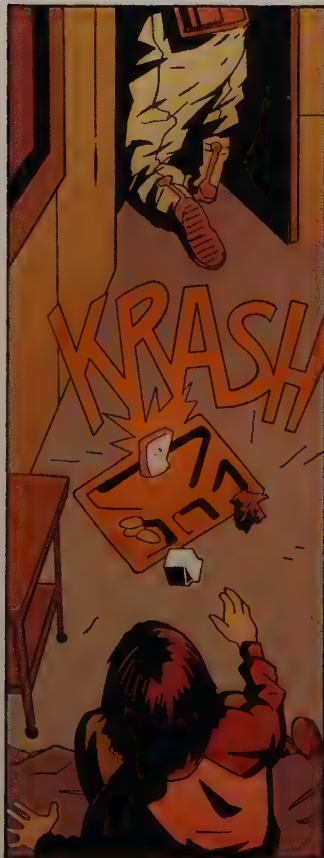
"I COULDN'T STAND IT IF I DID..."

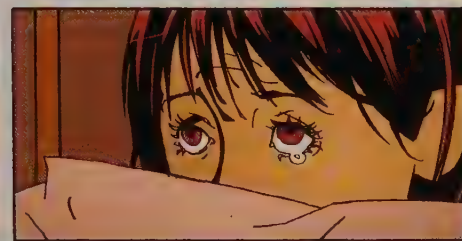


JUST... JUST KEEP AWAY...



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.







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.

**BANG**

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



GET READY TO RUN.

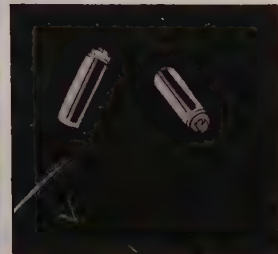
I'M ALREADY RUNNING!



ABRAHAM!  
SCHNELL!

YES!  
SCHNELL!

GREAT.  
THE HOMUNCULUS  
SPEAKS GERMAN  
NOW.



WOW.



ROGER,  
ANY IDEA  
WHAT THIS  
STUFF IS?

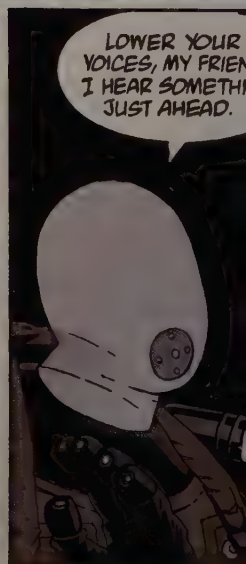
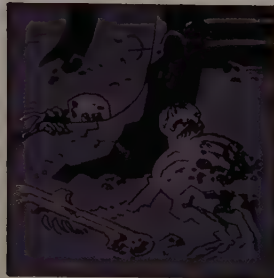
THE FURNA  
OF GURGURO  
THE HAMMER  
AND ANVIL OF  
GROMM...



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.





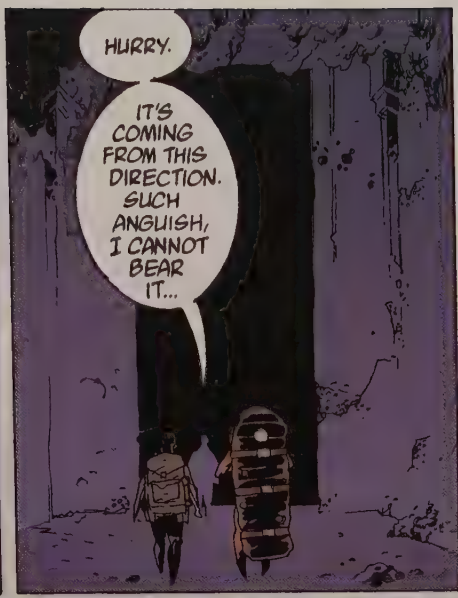
I HEAR SCREAMING. TERRIBLE SCREAMING.

THIS WAY.



DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING?

NO. MAYBE IT'S GHOSTS.

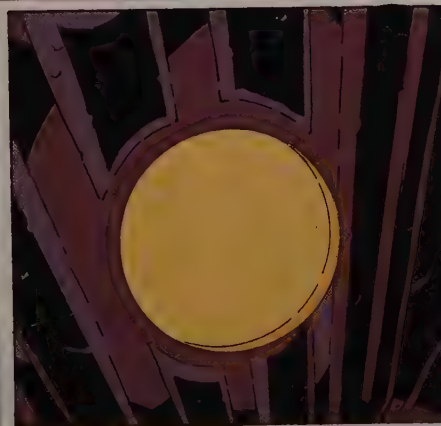


HURRY.

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.



WAAA!

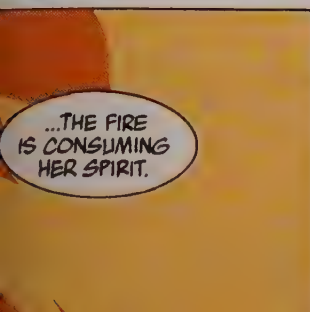
JOHANN! WHAT HAPPENED?



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...



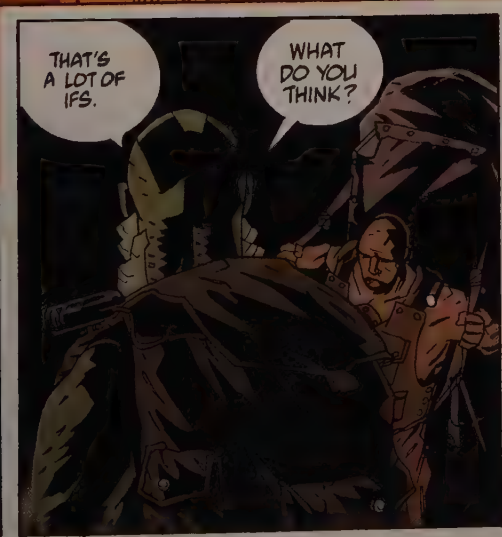
IF I CAN REACH HER THROUGH THAT...

...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 **ME** WHO WILL SET THEM INTO MOTION!>



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

I AM INTACT.

ROGER?

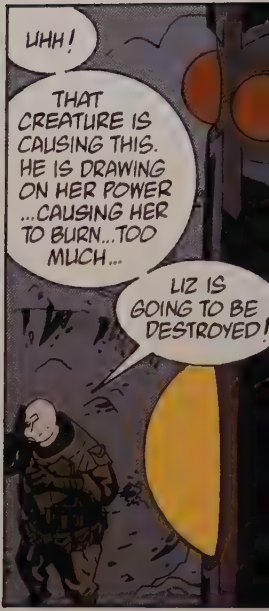
I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT THAT LITTLE FLOATING MAN...



"HE'S ALL WORKED UP ABOUT SOMETHING."

**UNANNG  
BAASH!**

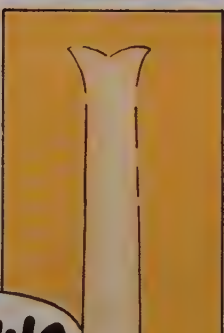
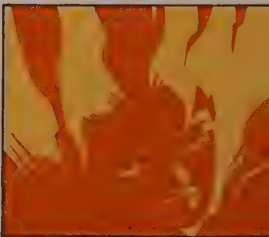
IGG DIS  
EG, HADDAT  
AGGROM. IGG  
AMMAR OBRAA  
AB SUGGOR ETH  
AMMA--ETH UMM  
RAHAAB EG.



LHH!

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

LIZ IS  
GOING TO BE  
DESTROYED!



**UNANNG  
BAASH!**



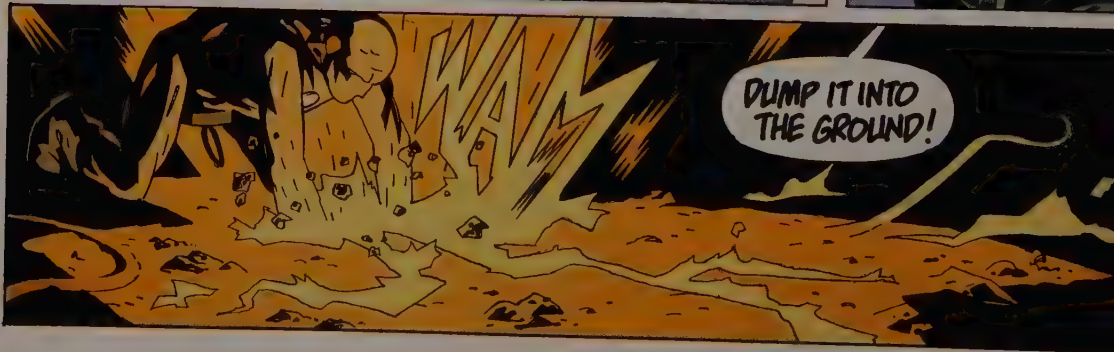
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT  
THAT.

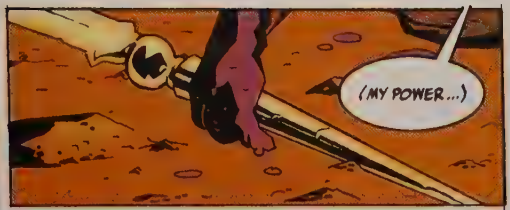


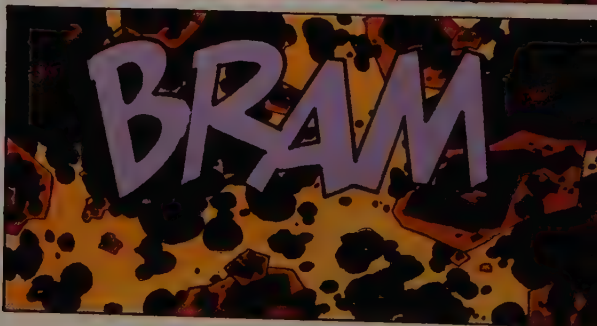














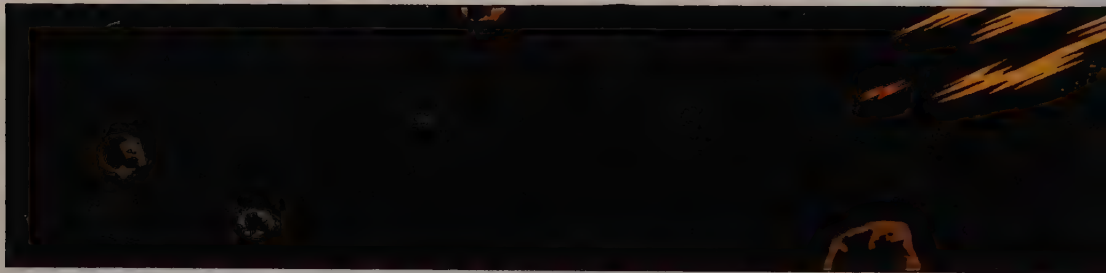
SANCTI  
AMMA! SANCTI  
AB-JURA!



AHH!



AAHHHH...



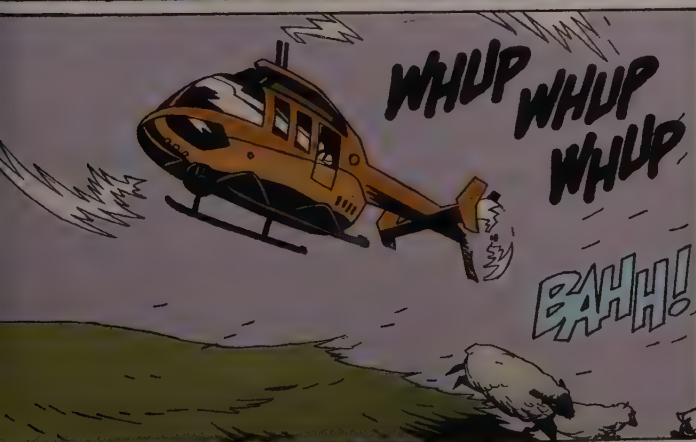
THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.  
THIRTY-SIX HOURS LATER.



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 LAST TWO IN A MONA. I COULD LITTLE F



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 always wanted to expand the world of *Hellboy*, and this collection presents the first efforts in that direction. The preceding story came about after much consideration about what to do with the Bureau after Hellboy's departure. Artist Ryan Sook, who Mike had met at an Oakland, California convention in 1995, had been the clear choice for artist. *Hellboy* novelist Christopher Golden, with his long-time writing partner Tom Sniegoski, pitched the *Hollow Earth* concept, and with its implicit connections to Nazi paranormal research, everything fell into place. Mike contributed ideas for the overall plot, and the ending shows his influence very strongly. After a run on DC's monthly *Spectre* series, Ryan saw *B.P.R.D.* 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.

CHENGDOU  
EASTER  
ASSISTED

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.>

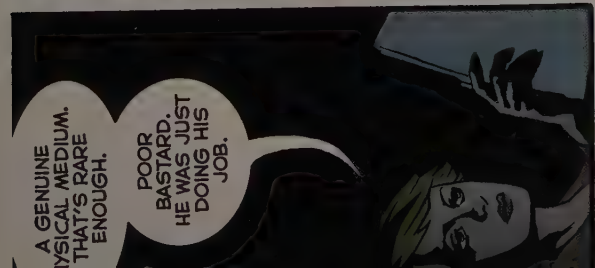
SIMULTANEOUSLY:  
CHENGDOU, CHINA.

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...

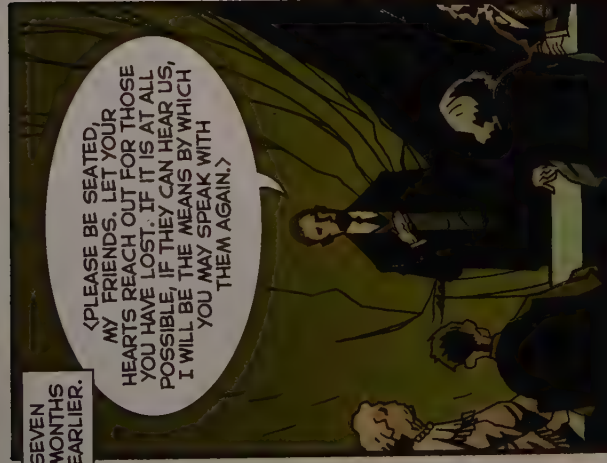


A GENUINE PHYSICAL MEDIUM. THAT'S RARE ENOUGH.

POOR BASTARD. HE WAS JUST DOING HIS JOB.

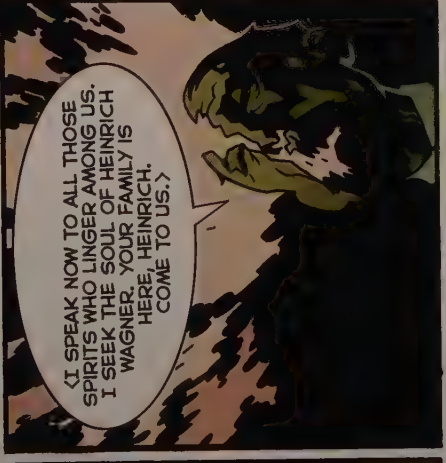


<JOIN HANDS. WE MUST CREATE A PHYSICAL CIRCUIT, A BEACON TO THOSE NOW DEPARTED.>

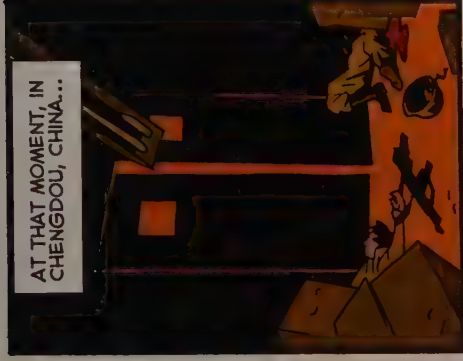


SEVEN MONTHS EARLIER.

<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...>



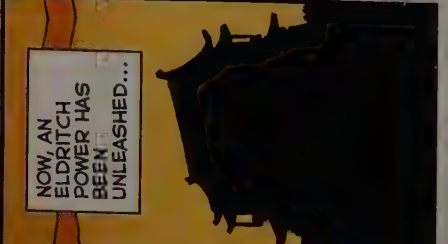


CHENGDOU, CHINA.  
SEVEN MONTHS AGO.

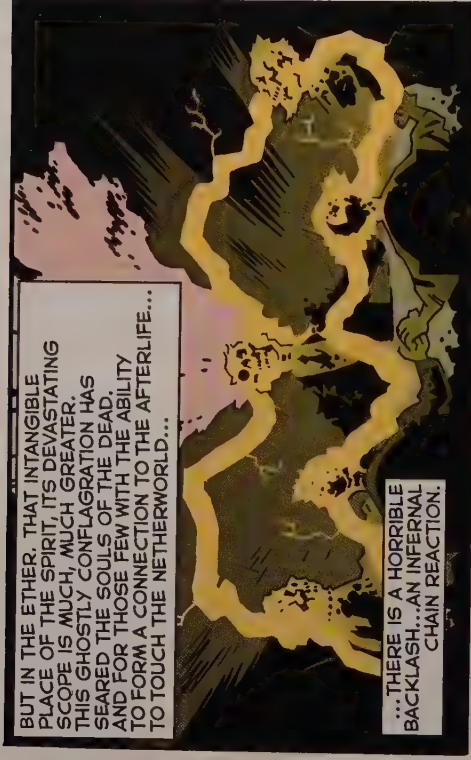
WHERE LUST  
FOR OCCULT  
KNOWLEDGE  
LED A WOULD-  
BE THIEF TO  
A SECRET  
HAZARD.



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

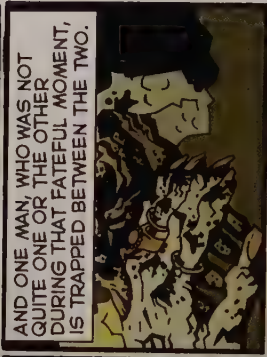


NOW, AN  
ELDRITCH  
POWER HAS  
BEEN  
UNLEASHED...



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.



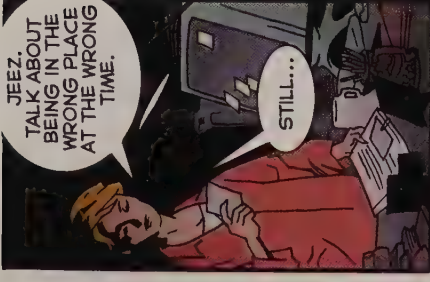
AND ONE MAN, WHO WAS NOT  
QUITE ONE OR THE OTHER  
DURING THAT FATEFUL MOMENT,  
IS TRAPPED BETWEEN THE TWO.



<DAMN!>



THE DEAD AND  
THE LIVING  
INCINERATED  
TOGETHER.



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 BROSSÉAU

# **ABE SAPIEN VERSUS SCIENCE**

*Story by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

*Pencils by*  
MATT SMITH

*Inks by*  
MIKE MIGNOLA

*Colors by*  
DAVE STEWART

*Letters by*  
PAT BROSSÉAU

## 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, UPTOWN.  
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...

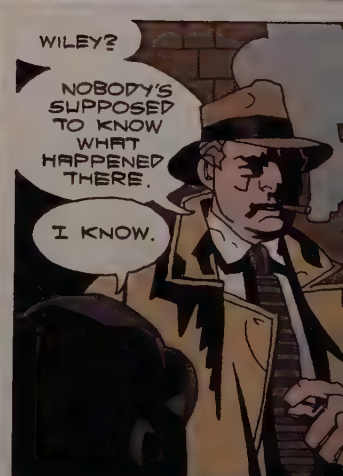
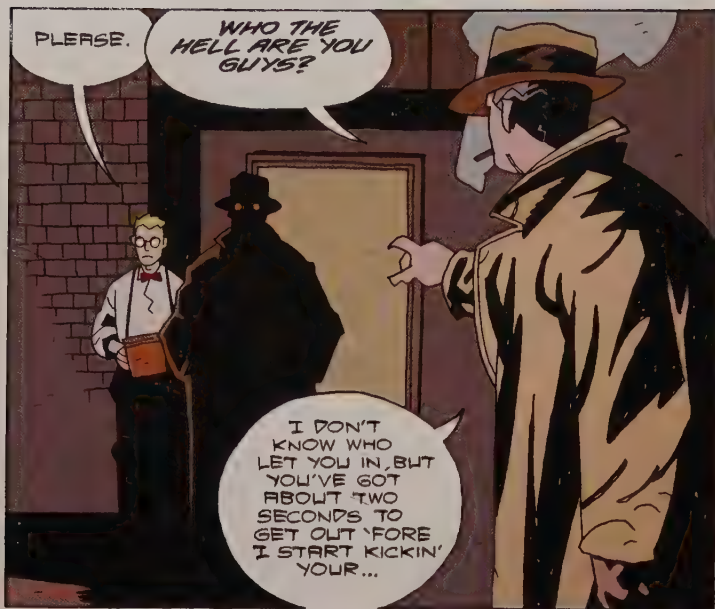
SHE'S ON THE  
LEVEL. WE HAD TA BUST  
THE DOOR DOWN, AND  
THIS ROOM AIN'T GOT  
NO WINDOWS.

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

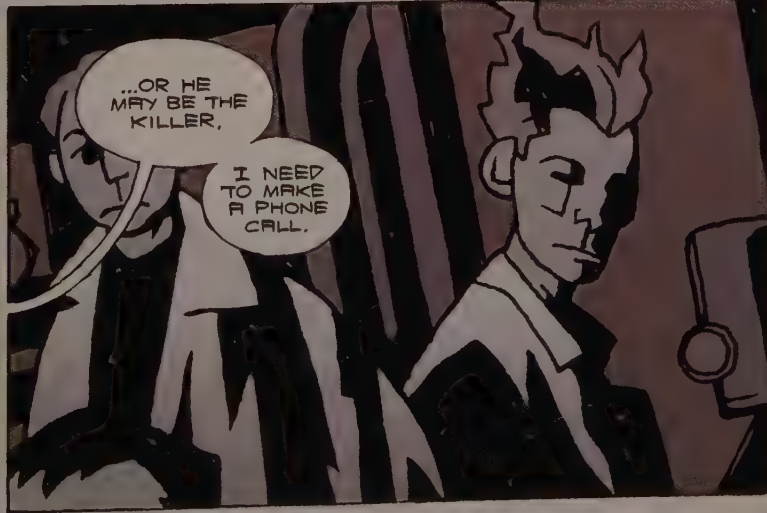
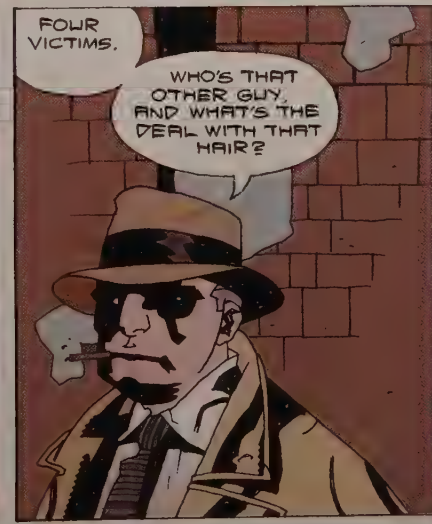
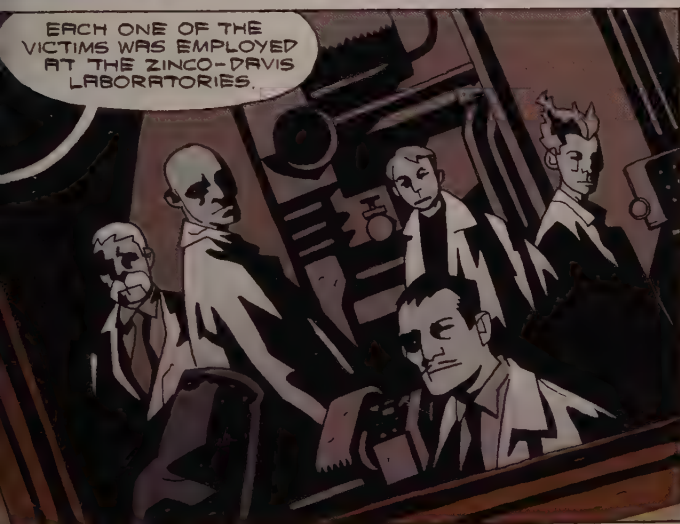
YEAH. IT DON'T  
LOOK LIKE NO  
SUICIDE.

EXCUSE  
ME.

WE  
NEED TO  
EXAMINE THE  
BODY...









BROOKLYN.  
ONE PHONE  
CALL LATER.



HUH?



JIG'S UP,  
BUSTER!

COME  
CLEAN!

STANLEY CORN, I  
ACCUSE YOU OF THE  
MURDERS OF DOCTORS  
SKINNER, WILEY, KENT,  
AND GOWLAND.

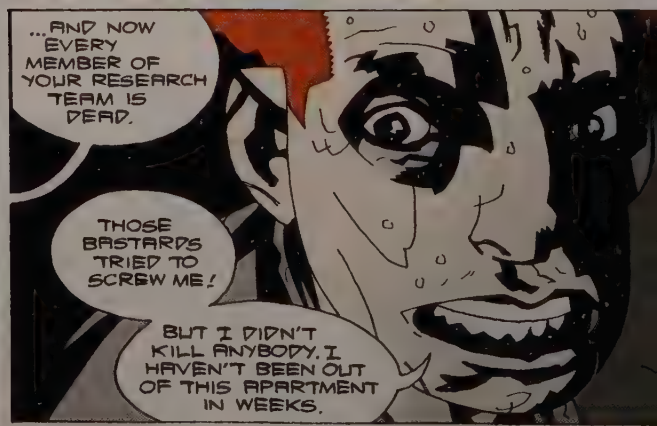
CONFESS.

HEY, I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU GUYS  
ARE TALKIN'  
ABOUT.



I  
KNOW.

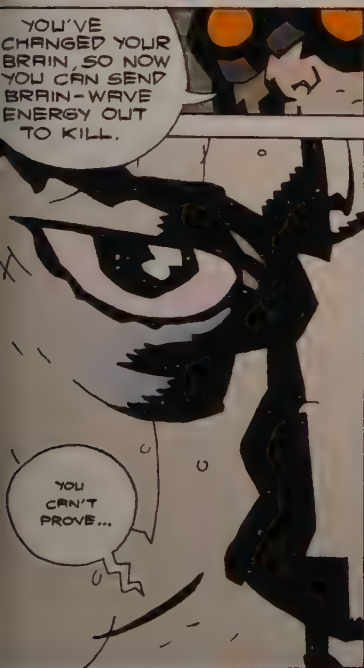
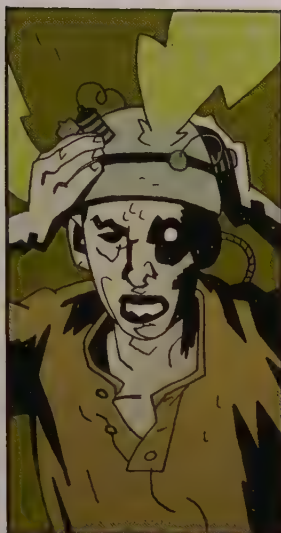
I KNOW THAT  
FOR FIVE YEARS  
YOU'VE BEEN  
THE HEAD OF A  
TOP-SECRET  
RESEARCH  
PROJECT AT  
ZINCO-DAVIS.  
I KNOW THAT  
A MONTH AGO  
YOU WERE  
FIRED...



...AND NOW  
EVERY  
MEMBER OF  
YOUR RESEARCH  
TEAM IS  
DEAD.

THOSE  
BASTARDS  
TRIED TO  
SCREW ME!

BUT I DIDN'T  
KILL ANYBODY. I  
HAVEN'T BEEN OUT  
OF THIS APARTMENT  
IN WEEKS.





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

...IT IS THE **MIND!**

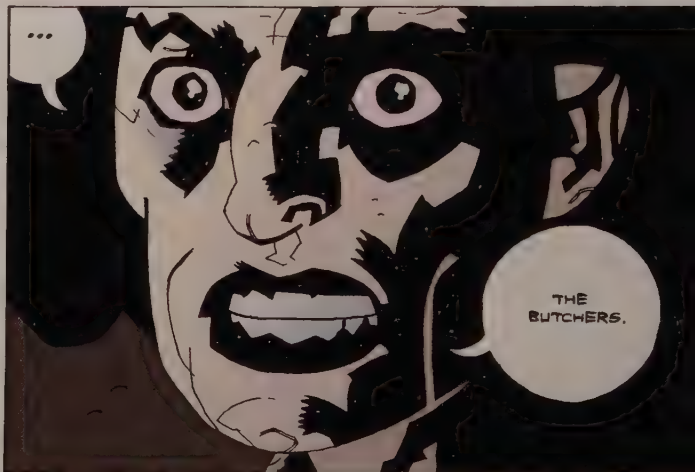
CAN YOU PUT *THAT* IN PRISON? CAN YOU CHAIN UP A MAN'S *THOUGHTS?*

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.



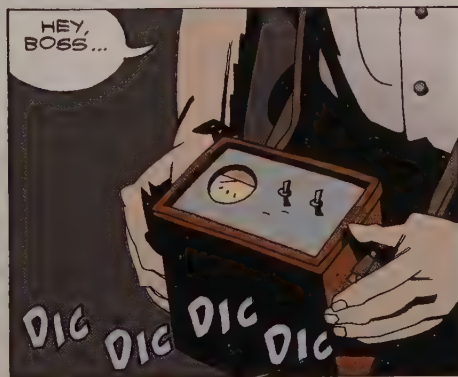
**STOP!**

**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...

CRIPES. DO SOMETHIN'!!

I CAN'T.  
THE DEVICE IS AT ITS HIGHEST SETTING. ALREADY IT'S BUILDING TO A DANGEROUS OVERLOAD...



GUH!

IF I DON'T SHUT IT OFF--



BOSS!

DON'T SHUT IT OFF.

**RRRRR**



HURRY, BOSS...

**RRRRR**



...IT'S GONNA BLOW!

WUP!



BLAM



THAT WORKED OUT.

LOOKS DEAD... I GUESS.

HOW AM I GONNA WRITE THIS UP?

DON'T.

DESTROY THE EVIDENCE AND DON'T TELL ANYONE. AND BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT ME...



...BECAUSE I'VE SEEN WORSE THINGS THAN THIS.



Abe Sapien  
versus  
Science

MIGNOLA \* SMITH

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

AGAIN.

YES,  
SIR.

**BZZZZZZZZ**

NO  
RESPONSE,  
DOCTOR.

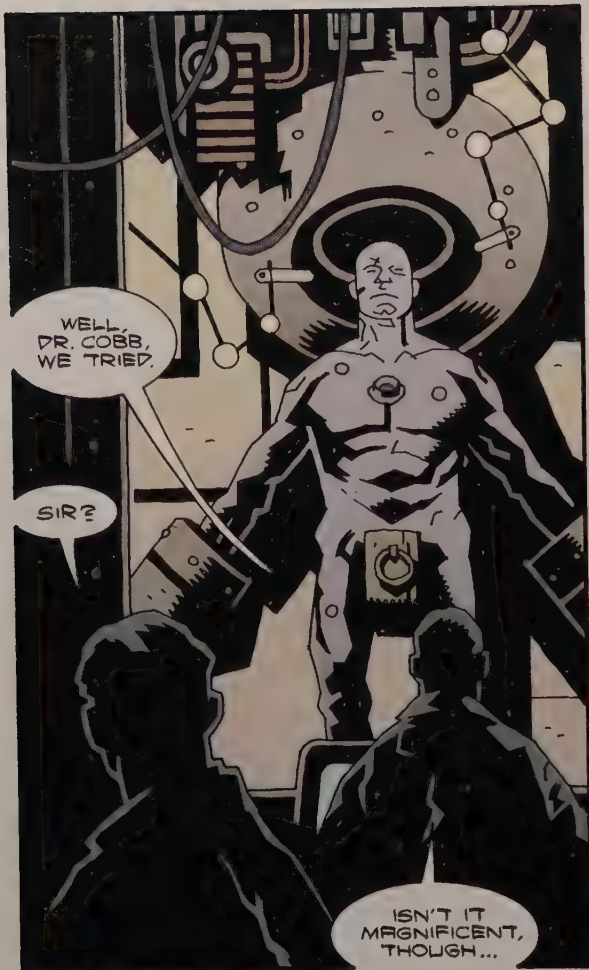
STEP  
UP THE  
VOLTAGE.

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

**BZZZZZZ**

ANYTHING?

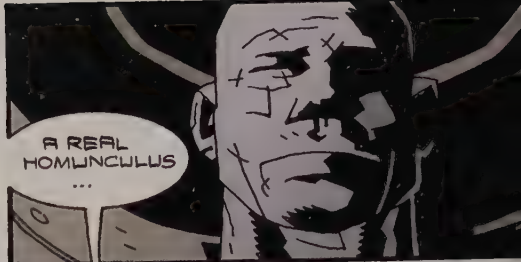
NOTHING,  
SIR.



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...

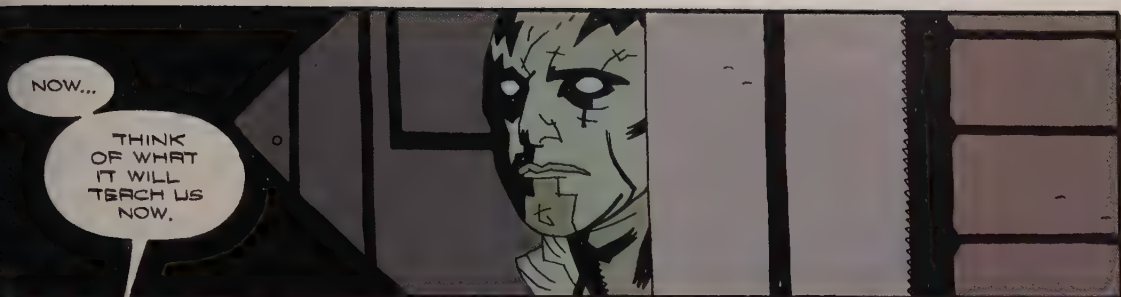
AND IT DID LIVE, COBB. IT SPOKE, IT REASONED, IT MURDERED, THEN SACRIFICED ITSELF TO SAVE OTHERS \*...



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT THING.

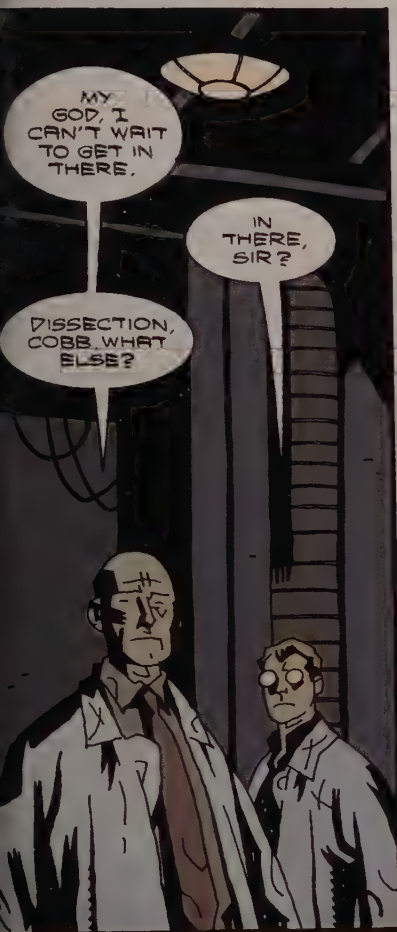


\*HELLBOY: WAKE THE DEVIL AND ALMOST COLO



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?

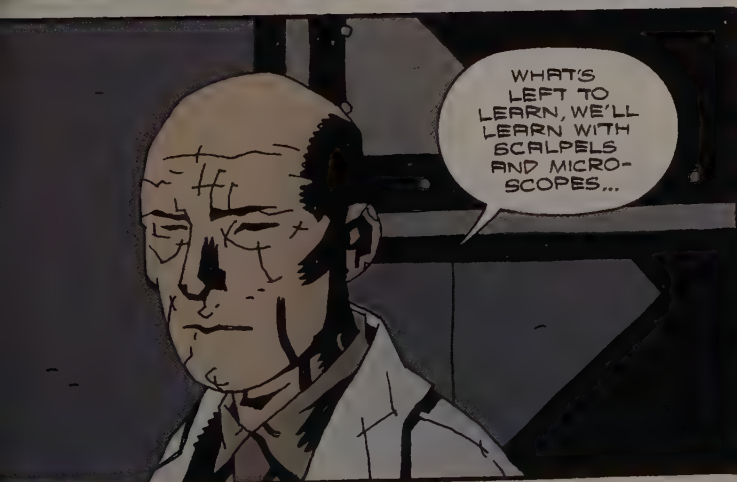
DR. RODDEL. PLEASE.

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 THINK WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME HERE.

SIR?

PREPARE THE SUBJECT FOR DISSECTION.

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

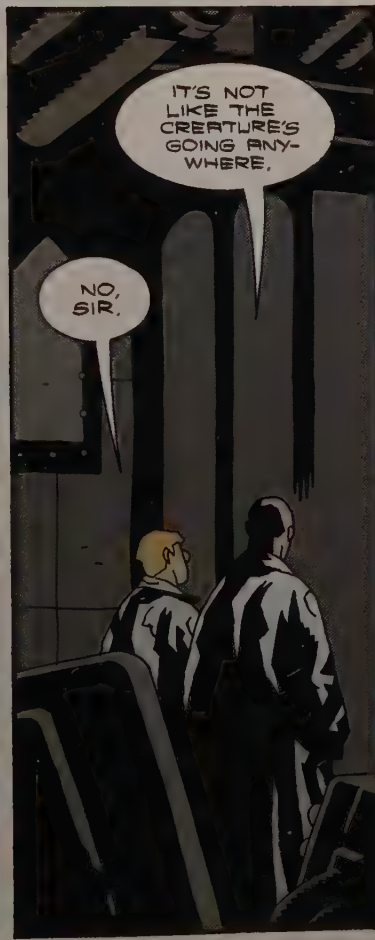
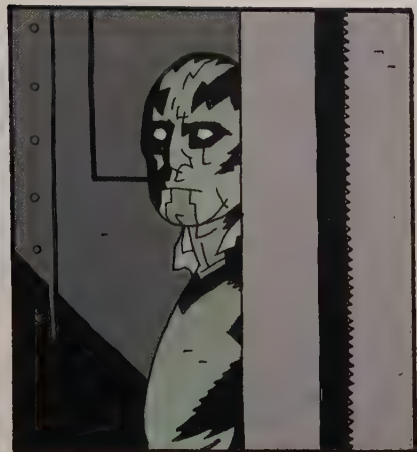
MORE TIME WASTING?

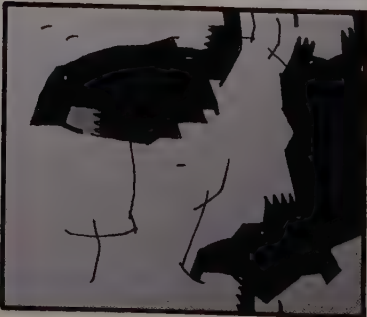
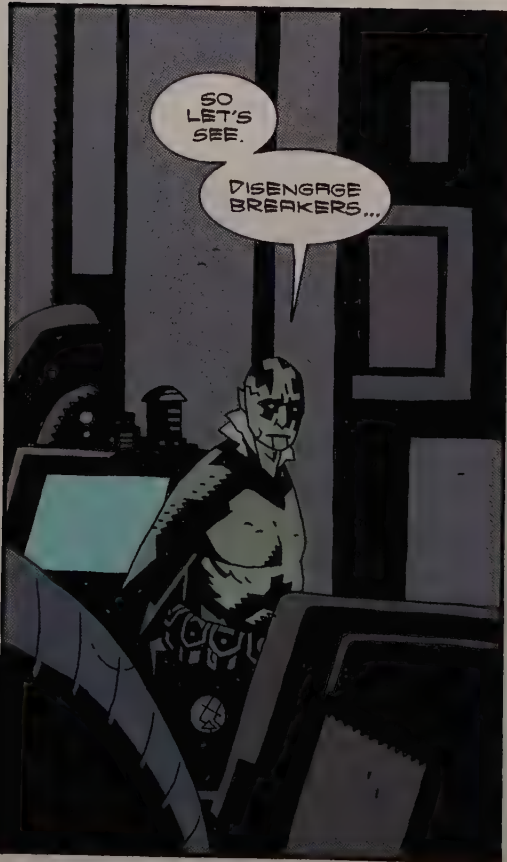
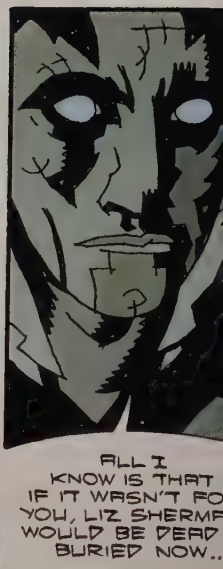
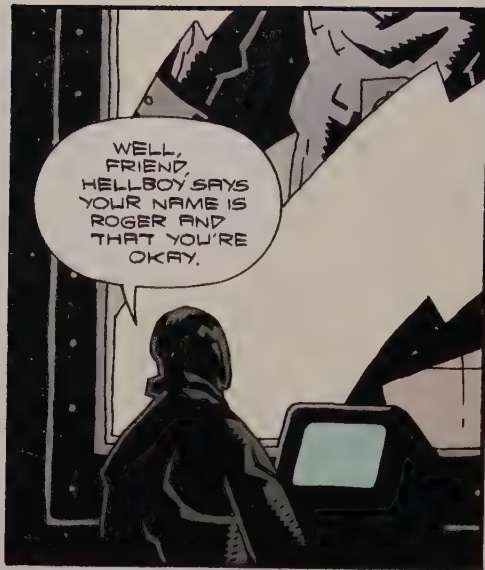
BUT...

WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY, ONCE.

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

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







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.

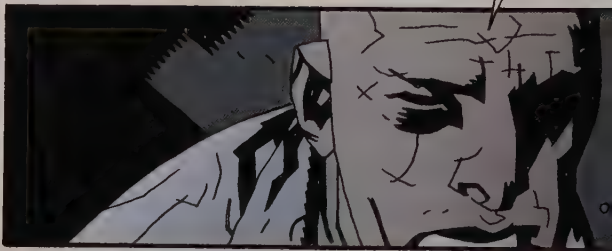


HE'S ALIVE.



QUICK!  
CALL  
SECURITY!

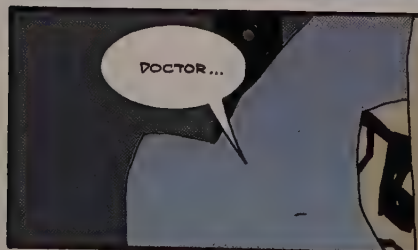
WE  
HAVE TO  
CONTAIN IT  
BEFORE!



OOF



LEAVE  
HIM BE,  
DOCTOR.



DOCTOR...



HI...

HELLO.



NOT  
REALLY  
**THE  
END**



# 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.

—Scott Allie

Portland, Oregon



IT ALWAYS STARTS  
WITH SHARKS.



HUNDREDS OF SHARKS.



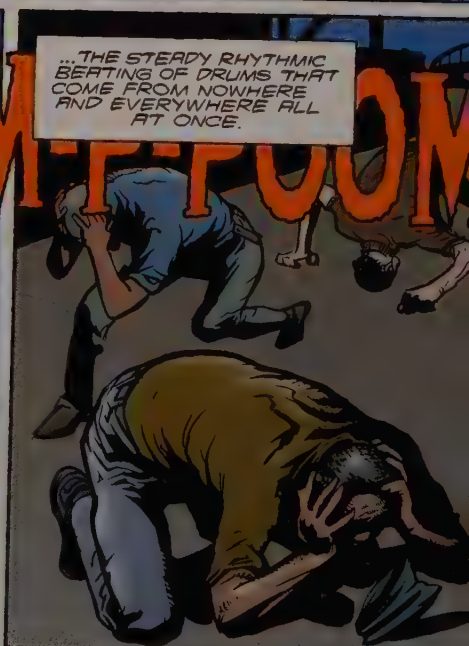
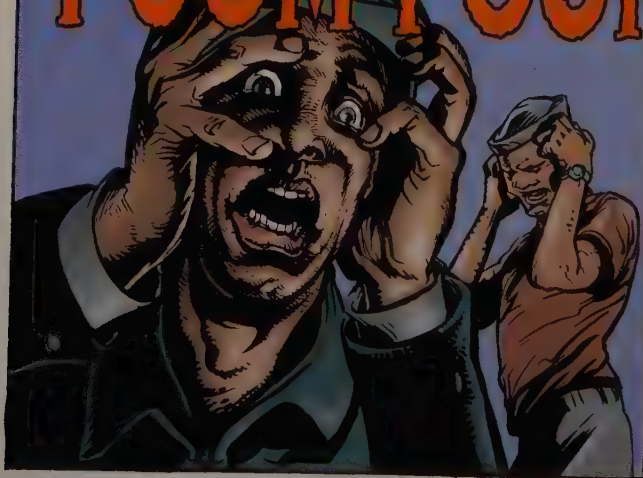
MAYBE THOUSANDS.

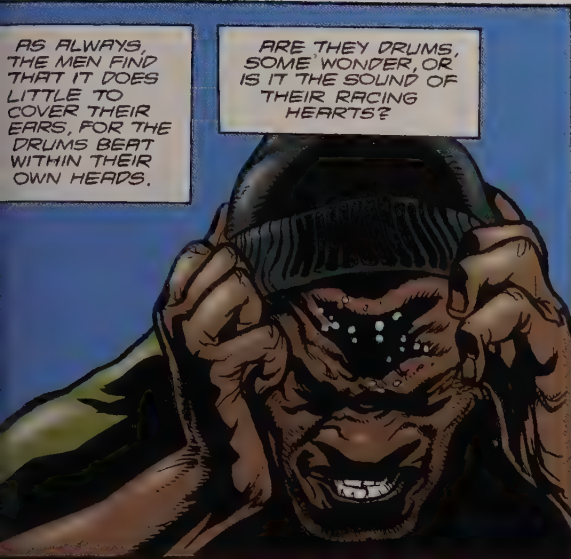


**POOM-POOM-POOM-POOM**

AND THEN  
THERE ARE  
THE DRUMS...

...THE STEADY RHYTHMIC  
BEATING OF DRUMS THAT  
COME FROM NOWHERE  
AND EVERYWHERE ALL  
AT ONCE.







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 RBE SAPIEN."

NICE  
TO MEET  
YOU.



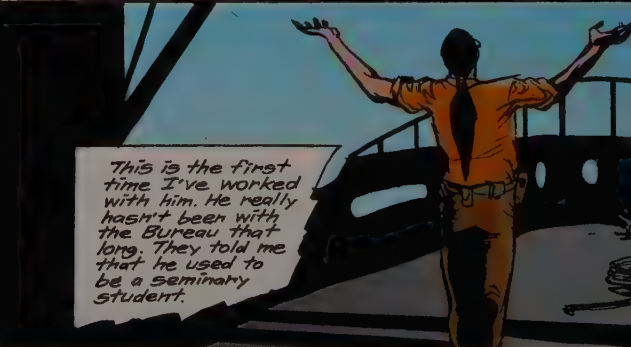
THE BAHAMAS.

NICE TO  
MEET YOU,  
MISTER  
SAPIEN.



THIS IS MY  
ASSOCIATE,  
GARRETT  
OMATRA.

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.

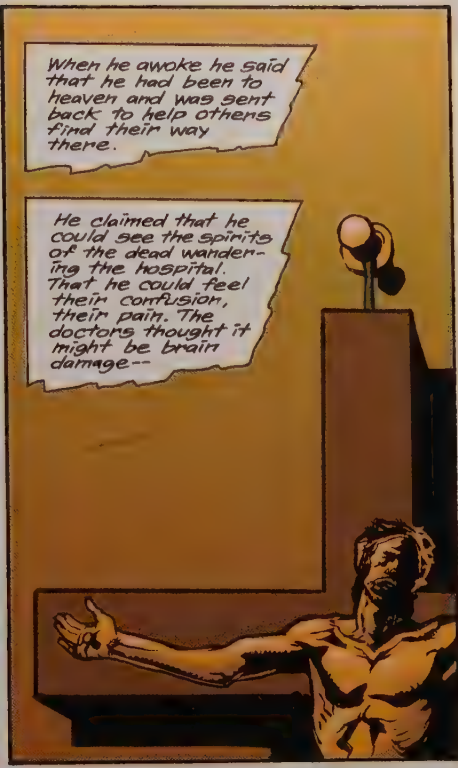


I guess he was in some kind of accident. He was in a coma for nearly two years.



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?

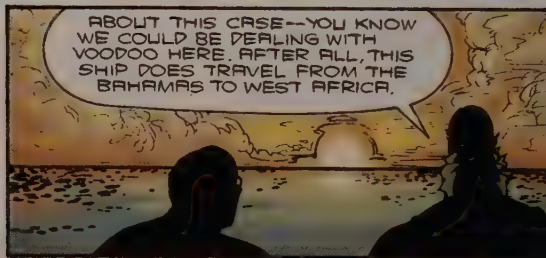
ME? OH, I'M OKAY AS LONG AS I TAKE MY DRAMAMINE.



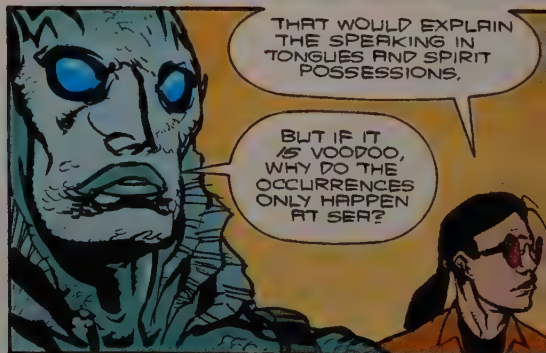
I STILL CAN'T GET OVER THE FACT THAT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE GET SEASICK.



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?



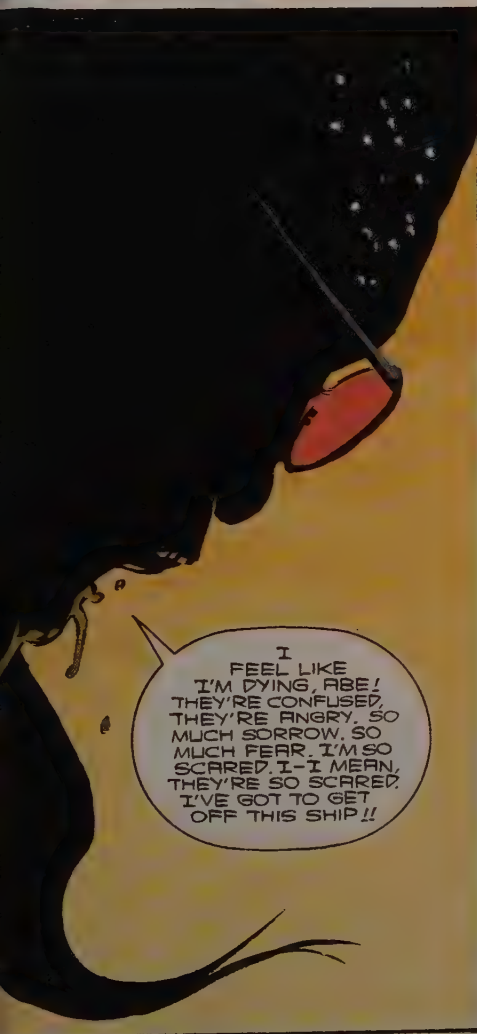
WHOR...

YOU OKAY,  
GARRETT?



I DON'T  
THINK SO.

THEY'RE  
HERE. THE  
SOULS ARE  
HERE.



I  
FEEL LIKE  
I'M DYING, ABE!  
THEY'RE CONFUSED,  
THEY'RE ANGRY, SO  
MUCH SORROW, SO  
MUCH FEAR, I'M SO  
SCARED, I-I MEAN,  
THEY'RE SO SCARED,  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
OFF THIS SHIP!!

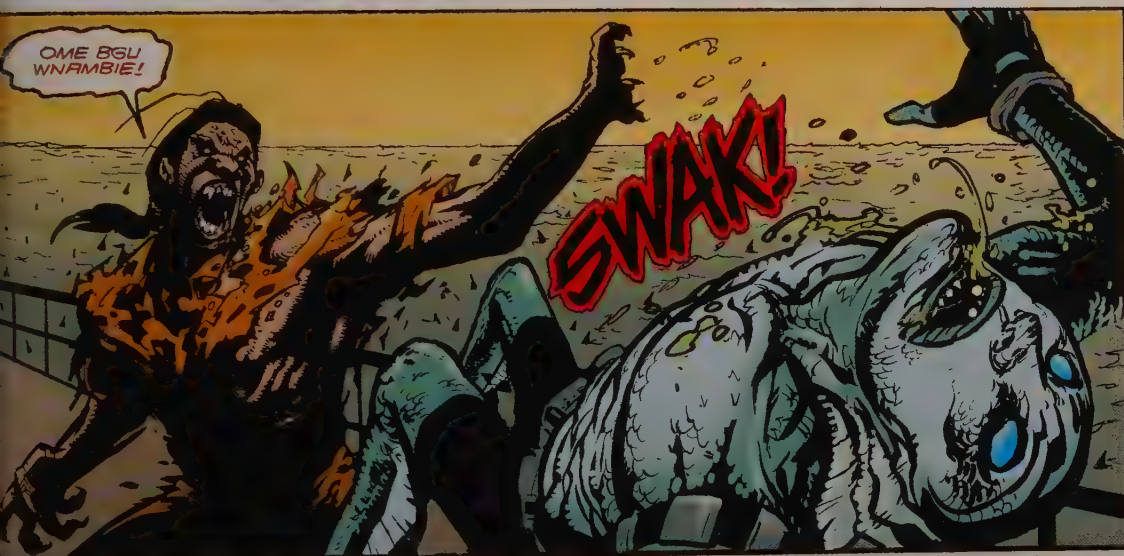


!





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



OME BGLU WNRMBIE!

**SNAX!**



HNG!

**SLONG**



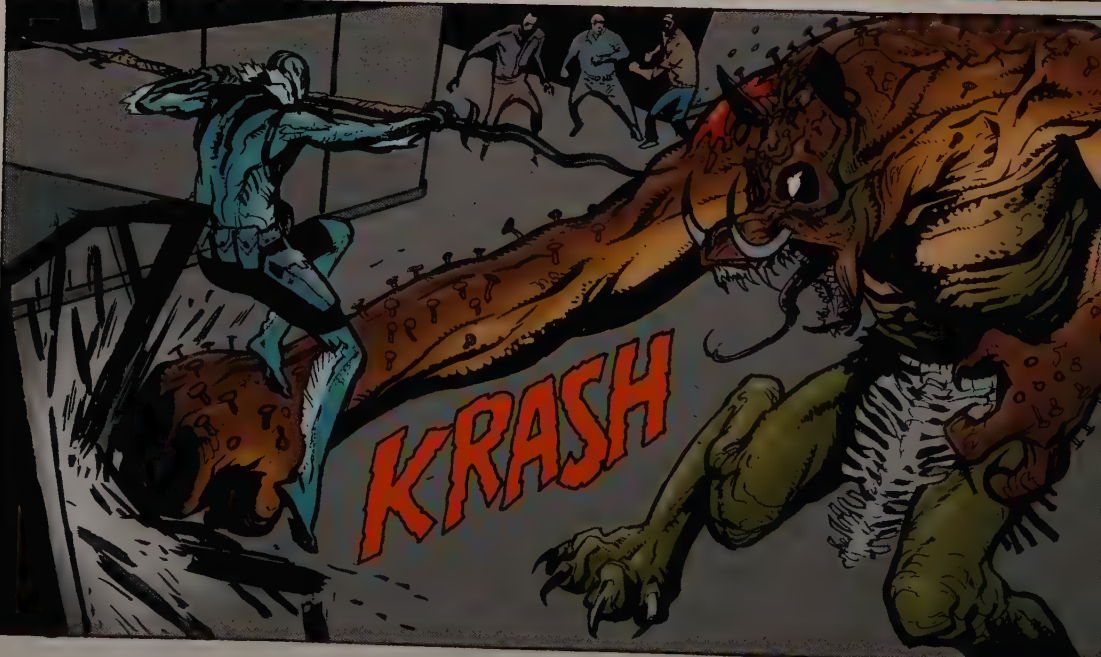
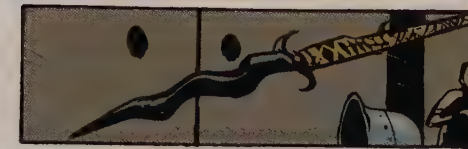
?

**POOM-POOM-P-POOM**

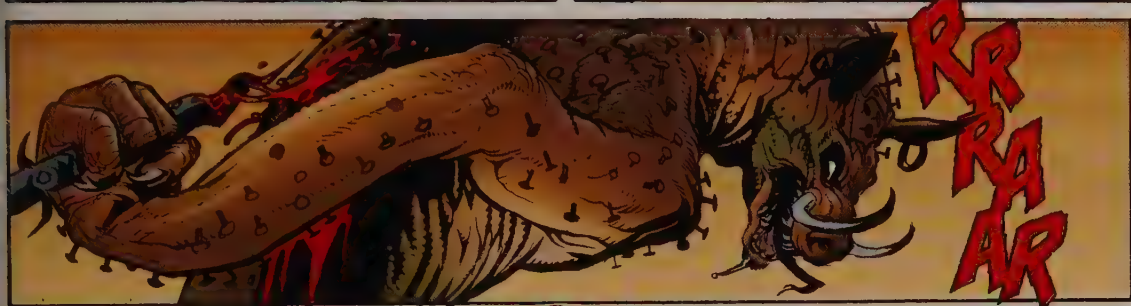
POOM-POOM-P-P-POOM

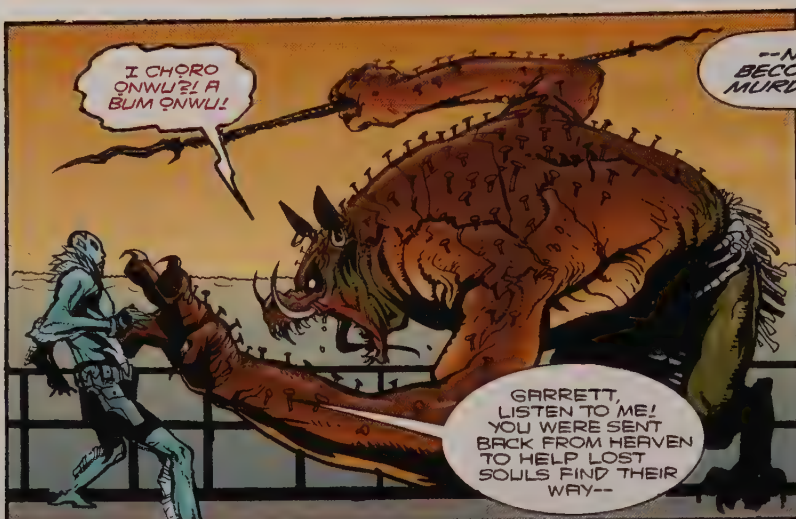












I CHORO ONWU?! A BUM ONWU!

--NOT TO BECOME A MURDERER!!

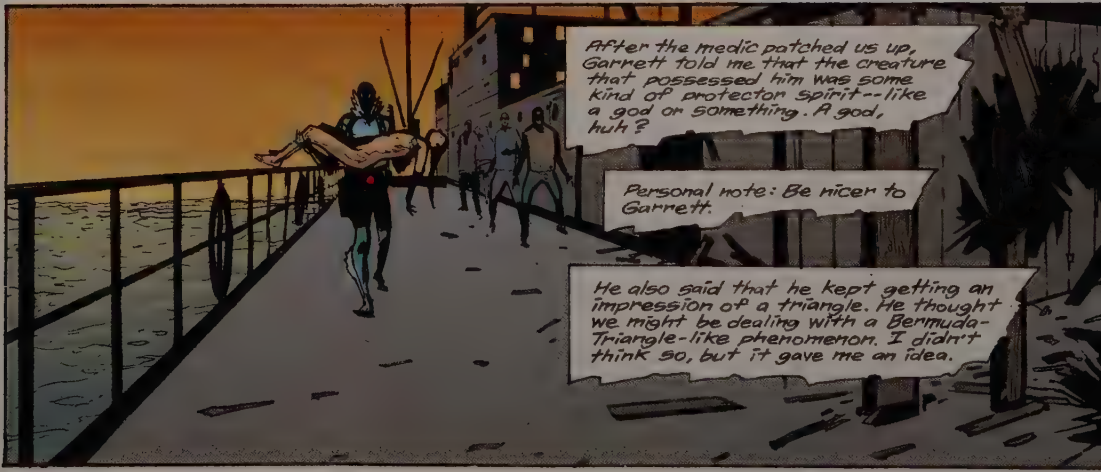
GARRETT, LISTEN TO ME! YOU WERE SENT BACK FROM HEAVEN TO HELP LOST SOULS FIND THEIR WAY--



...ABE...?



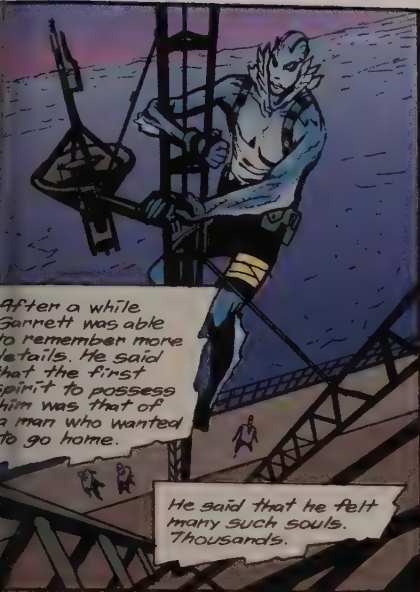
ABE??



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.

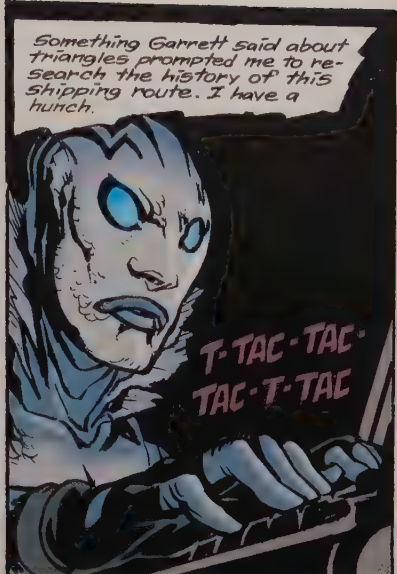
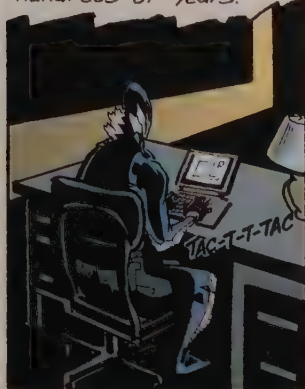
He also said that he kept getting an impression of a triangle. He thought we might be dealing with a Bermuda-Triangle-like phenomenon. I didn't think so, but it gave me an idea.



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.



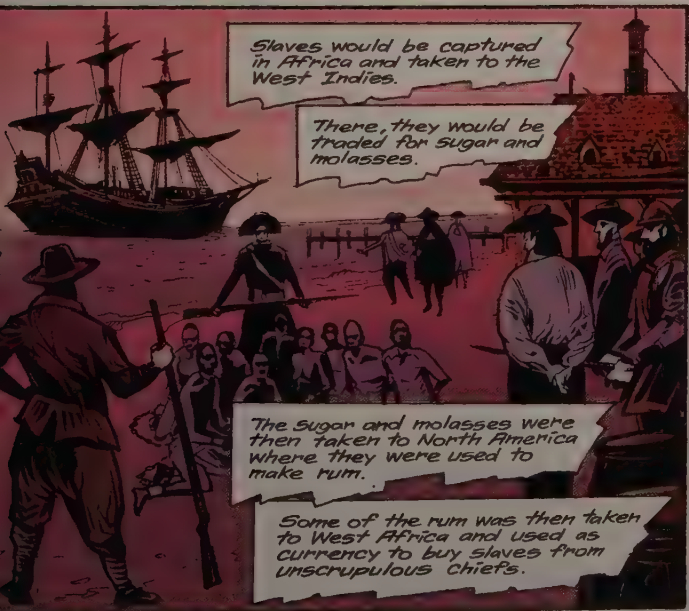
Something Garrett said about triangles prompted me to re-search the history of this shipping route. I have a hunch.



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.

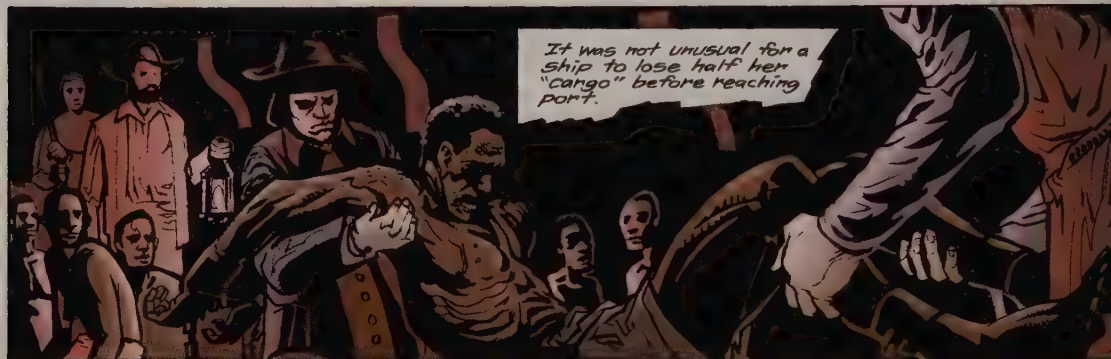
Often people were made to urinate and defecate where they lay--sometimes spending days in their own excrement.



Needless to say, disease was rampant.

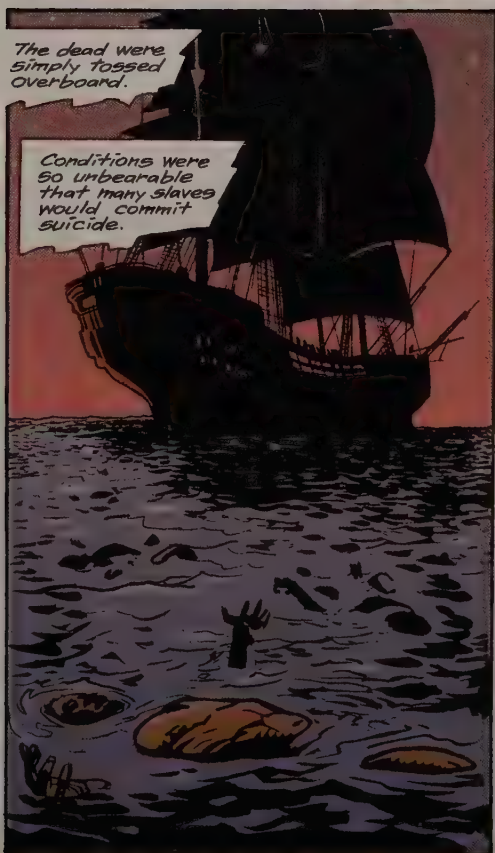


It was not unusual for a ship to lose half her "cargo" before reaching port.



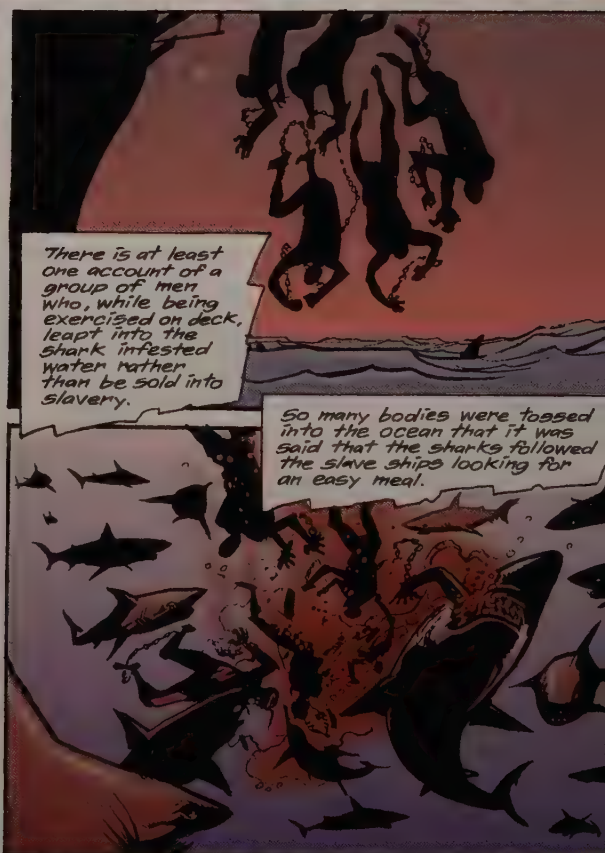
The dead were simply tossed overboard.

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.



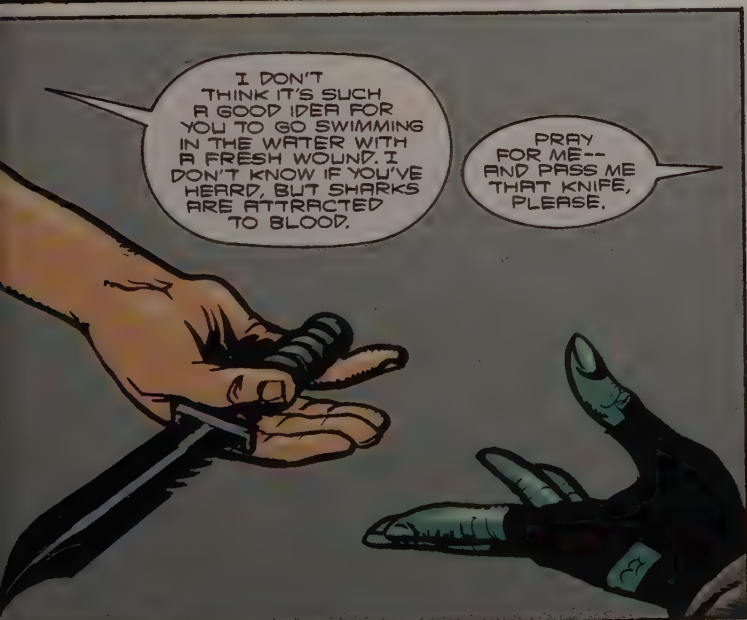
SO THEY'RE SLAVES, HUH? THAT EXPLAINS ALL THEIR PAIN-- THEIR LIVES WERE STOLEN FROM THEM, EVERYTHING THEY KNEW.



WHY THE DRUMS BEFORE EVERY ATTACK, I WONDER?

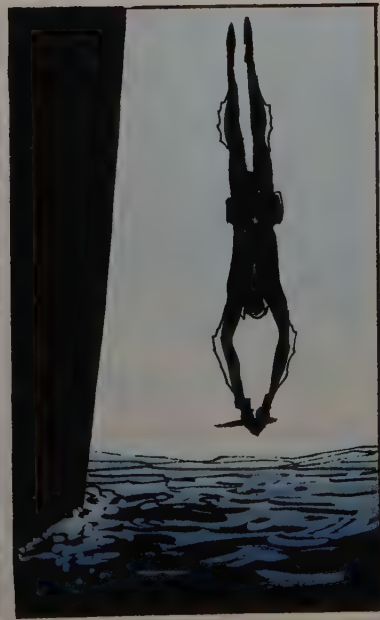


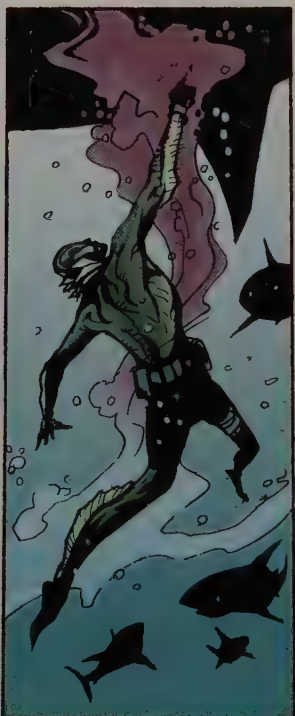
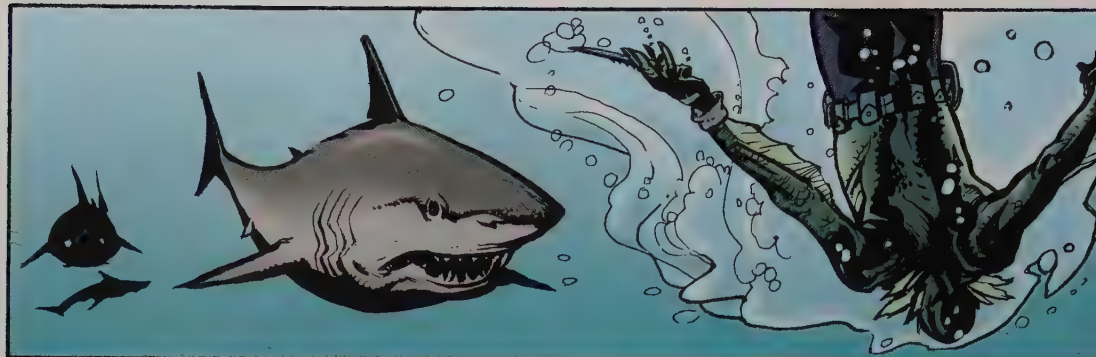
MAYBE THE SPIRITS USE THEM TO COMMUNICATE THEIR ATTACK PLANS TO EACH OTHER, IN 1791, HAITIAN SLAVES USED DRUMS TO PLAN A REBELLION RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THEIR SLAVE-HOLDERS.

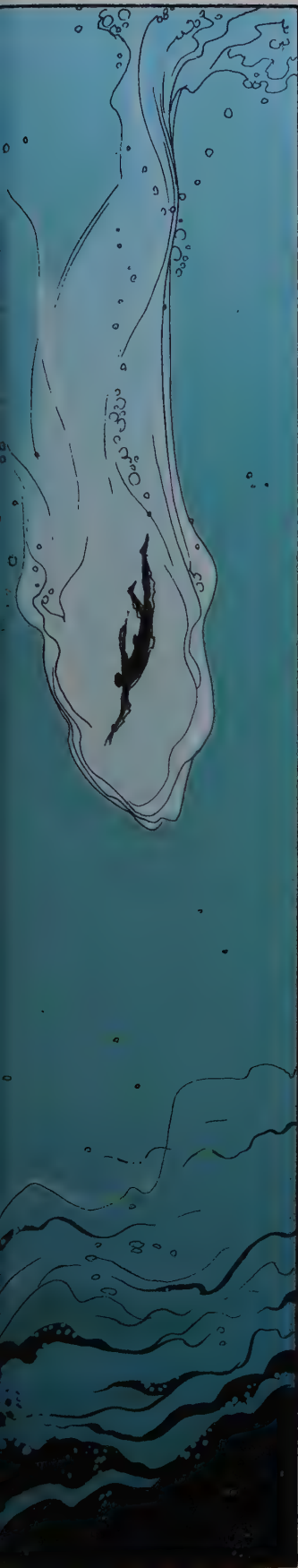


I DON'T THINK IT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO GO SWIMMING IN THE WATER WITH A FRESH WOUND. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD, BUT SHARKS ARE ATTRACTED TO BLOOD.

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

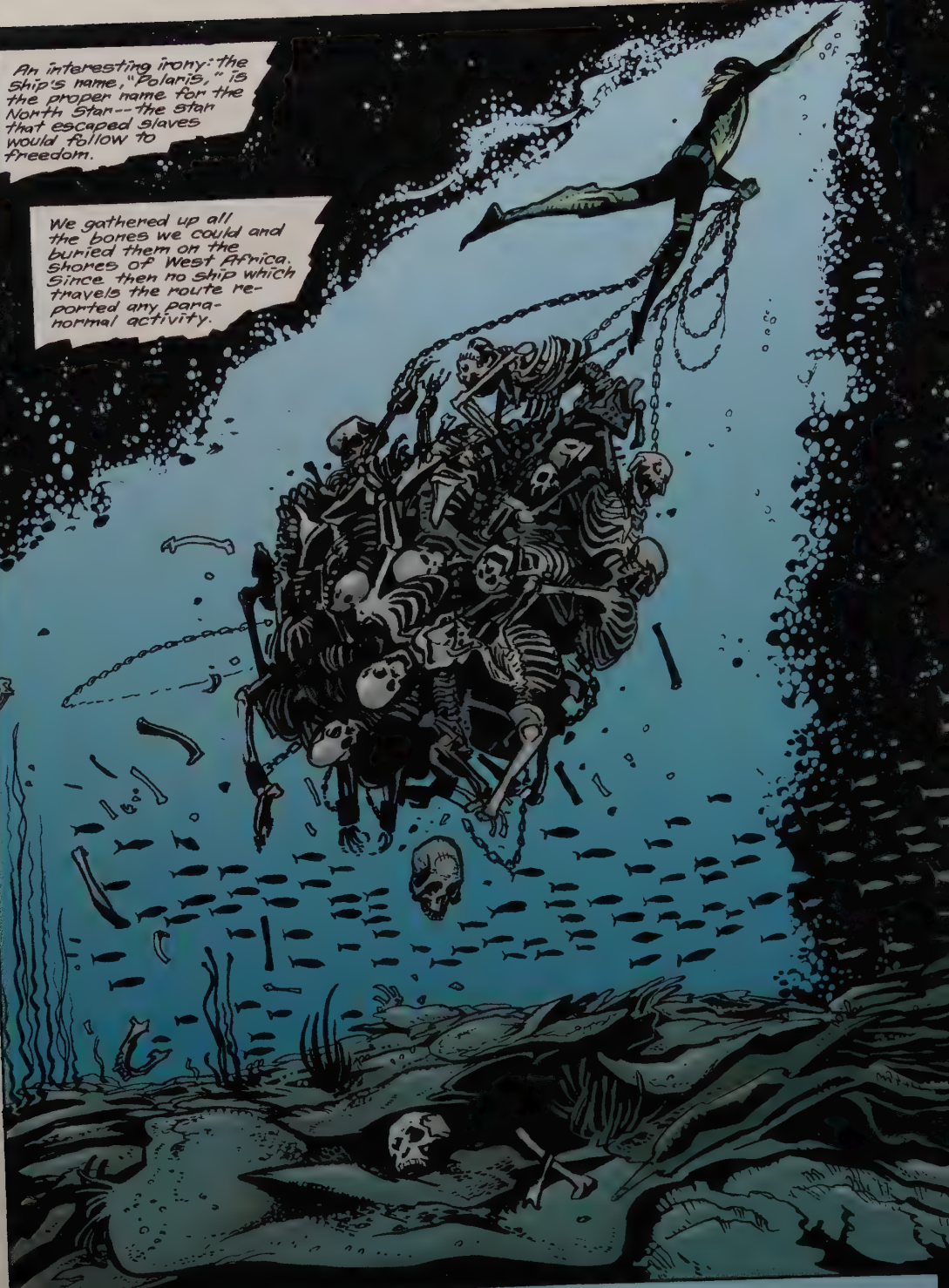






An interesting irony: the ship's name, "Polaris," is the proper name for the North Star--the star that escaped slaves would follow to freedom.

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.



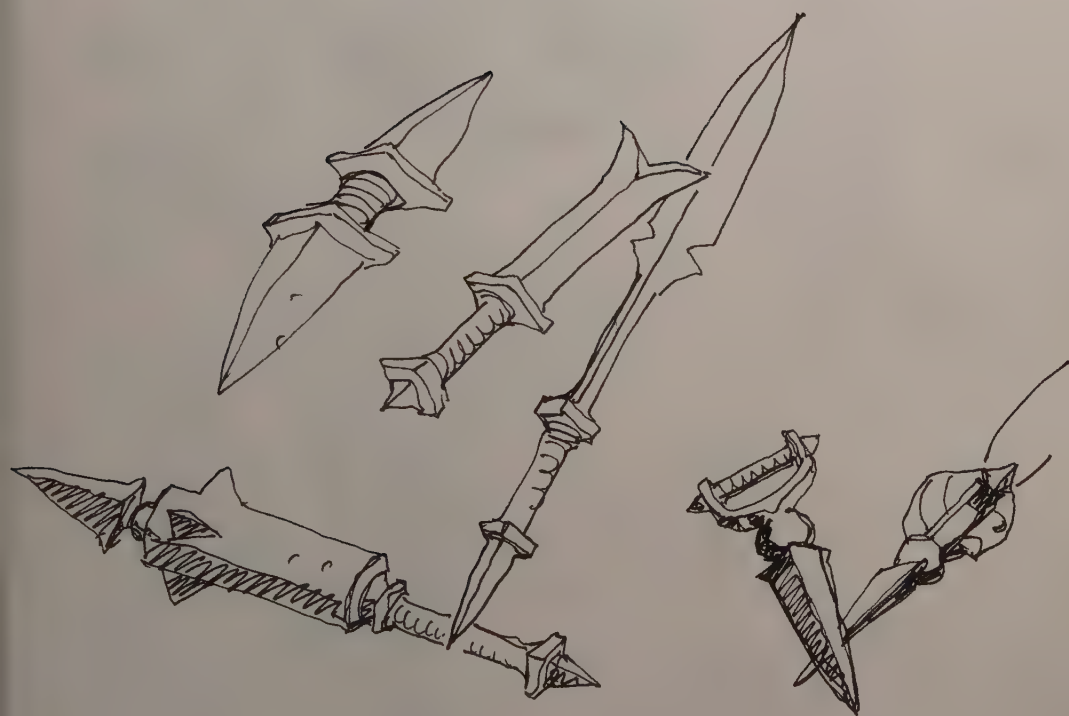
The End



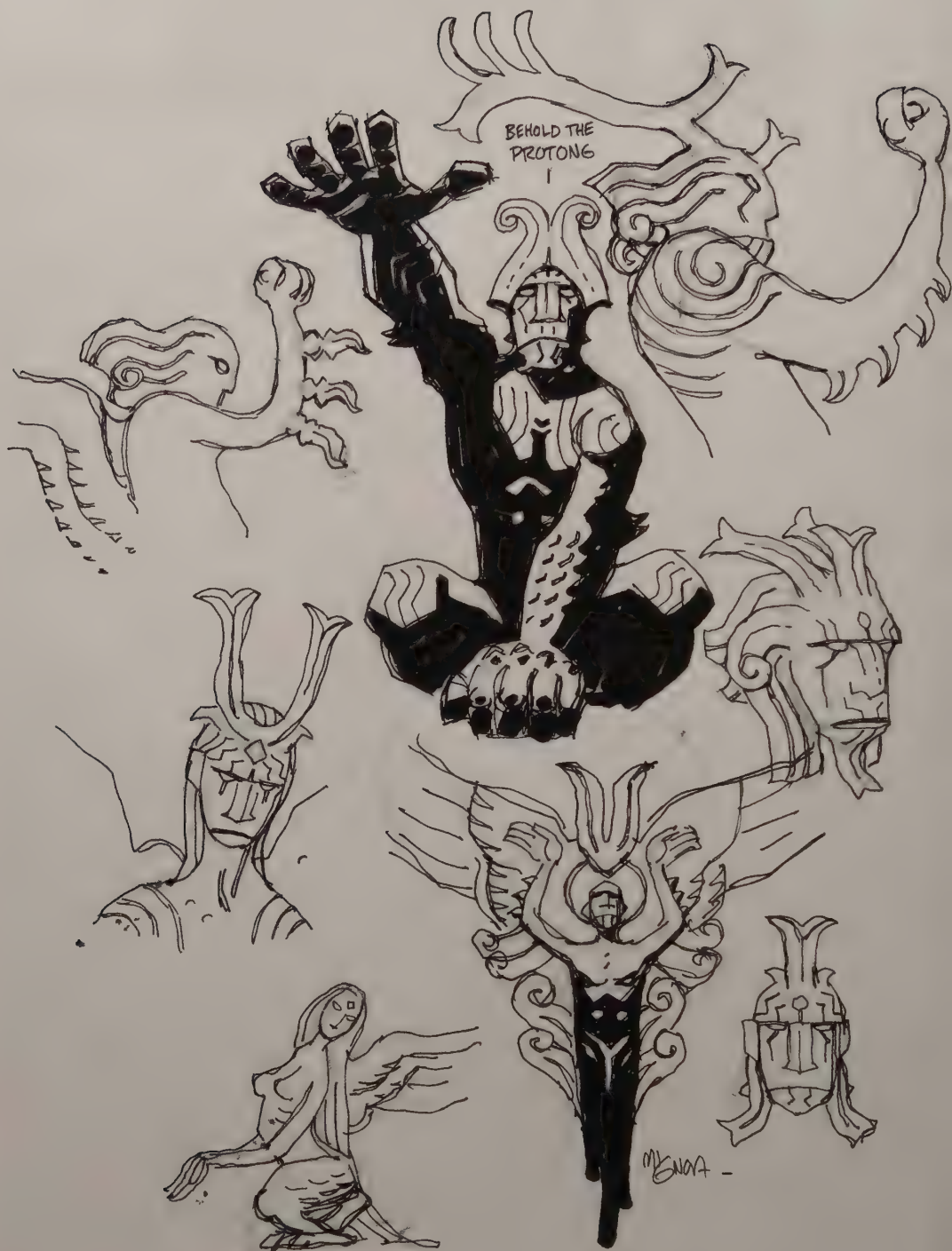
# B.P.R.D.<sup>TM</sup>

## 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'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

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

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

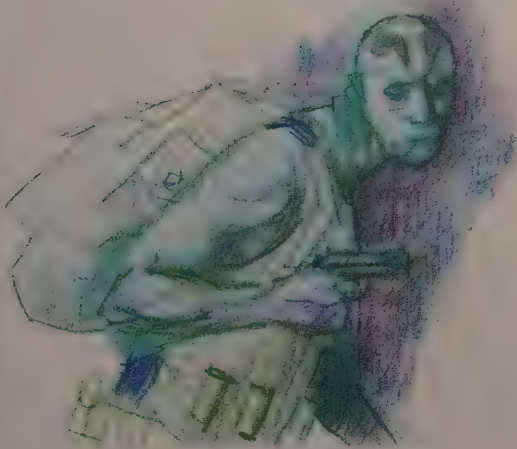
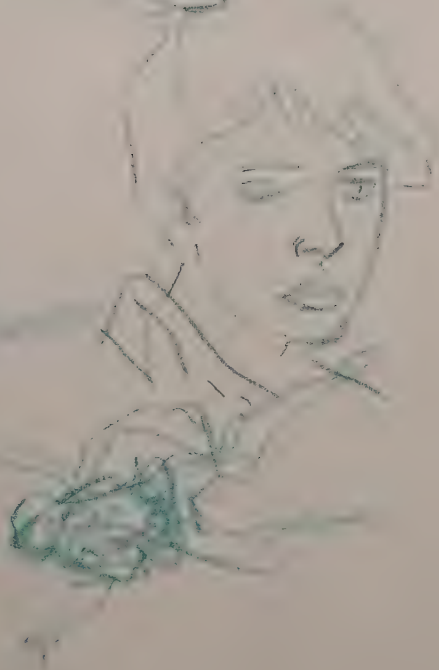
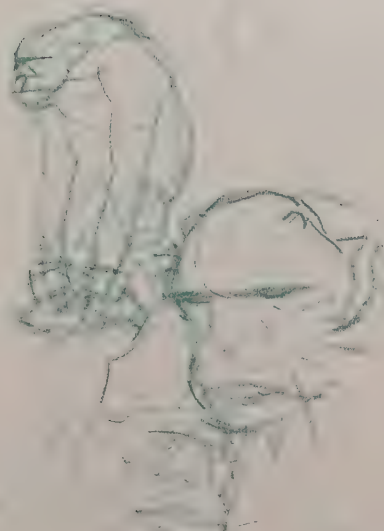
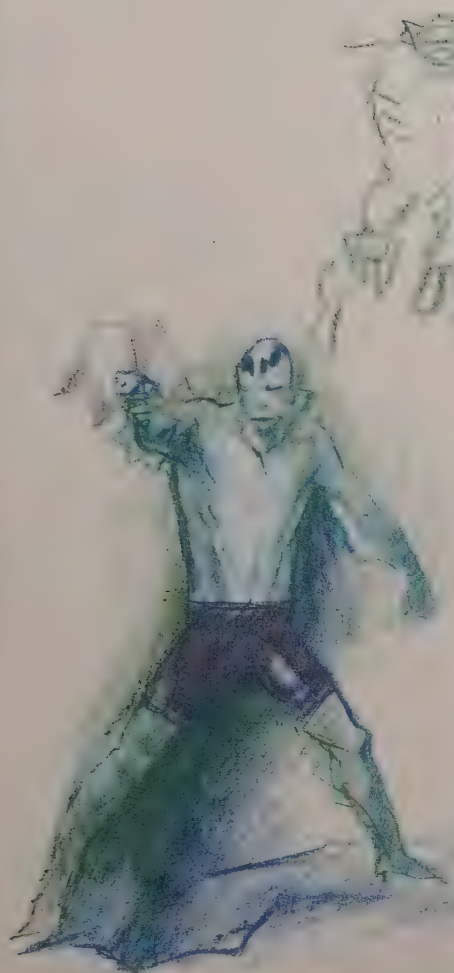
canvas Jumpsuit  
over actual containment  
suit --

little holes  
in ends of fingers

← Ecto-  
plasm

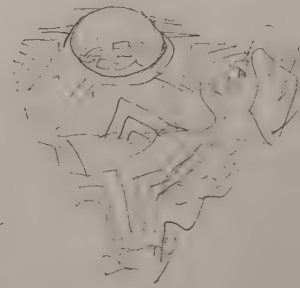
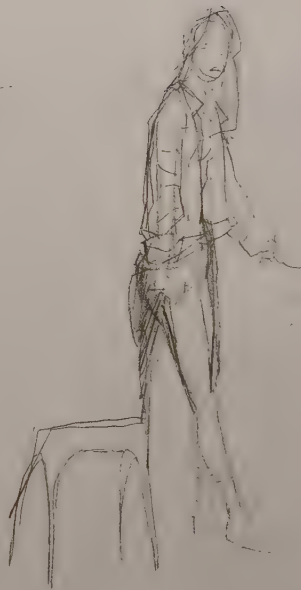
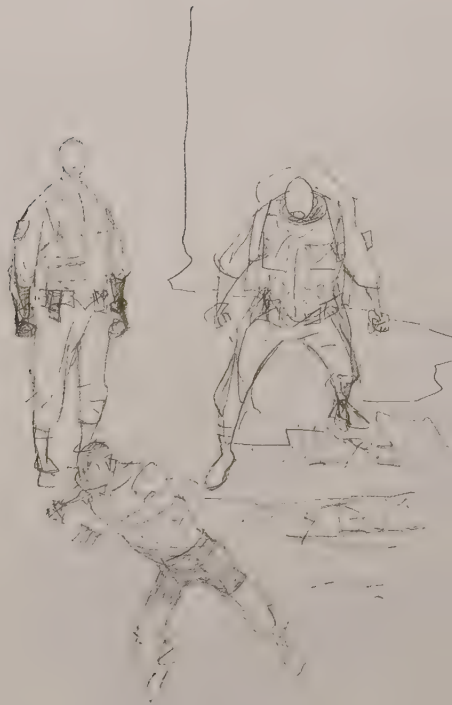
MEADIA  
8/13/01

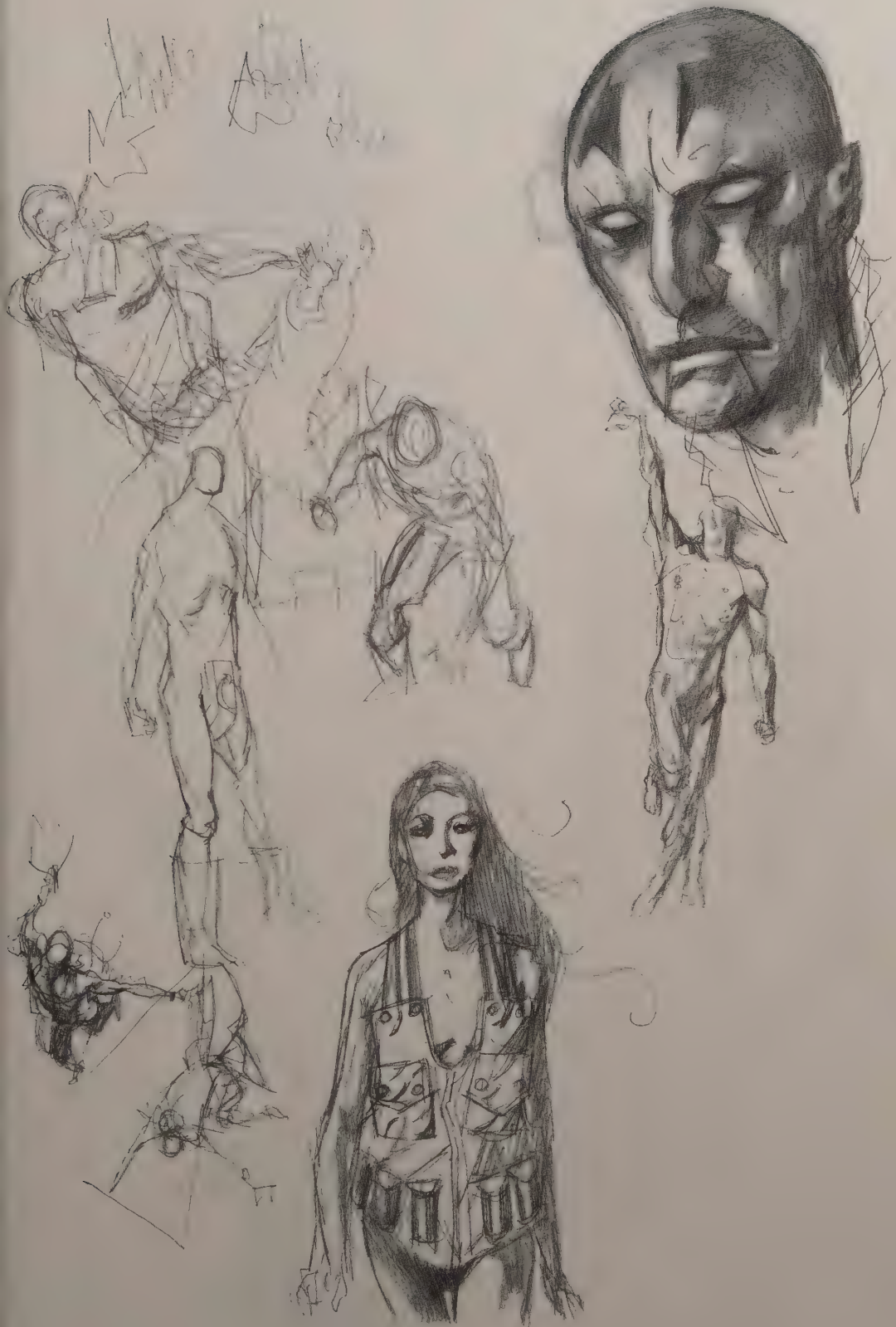
Mike's designs for a new BPRD flak jacket —  
partly created to give Roger something to wear.  
Also, Johann Kraus, the new member of the team.

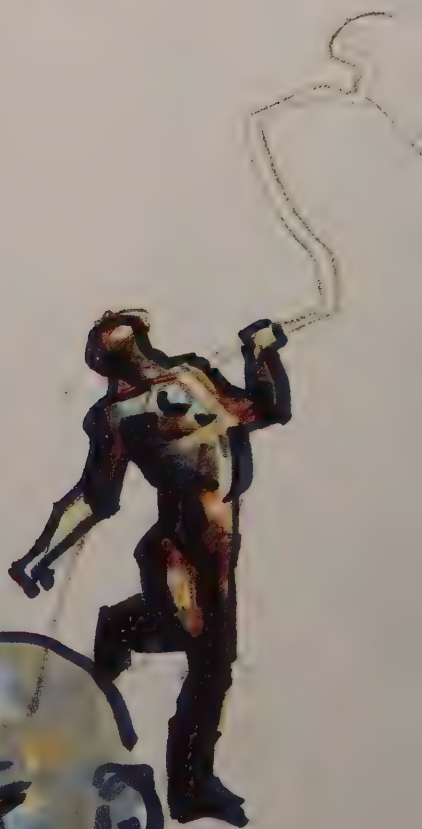
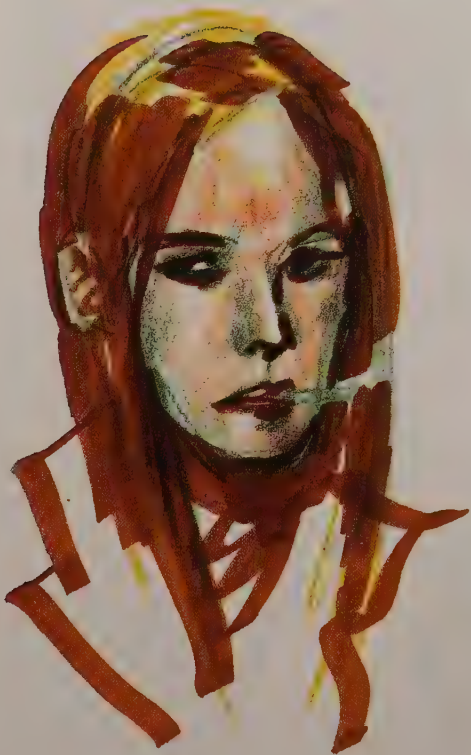
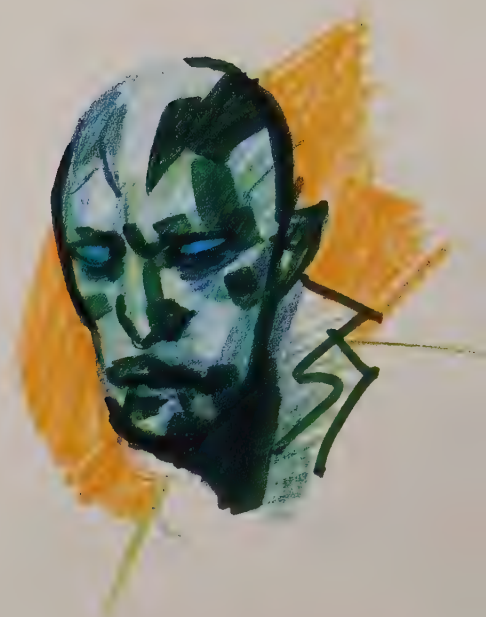


The following pages are taken from Ryan's sketchbook for the series, which is full of pencil studies of characters and locations, as well as more polished full-color work using crayon, acrylics, colored pencils, and markers — "a little bit of whatever's handy."

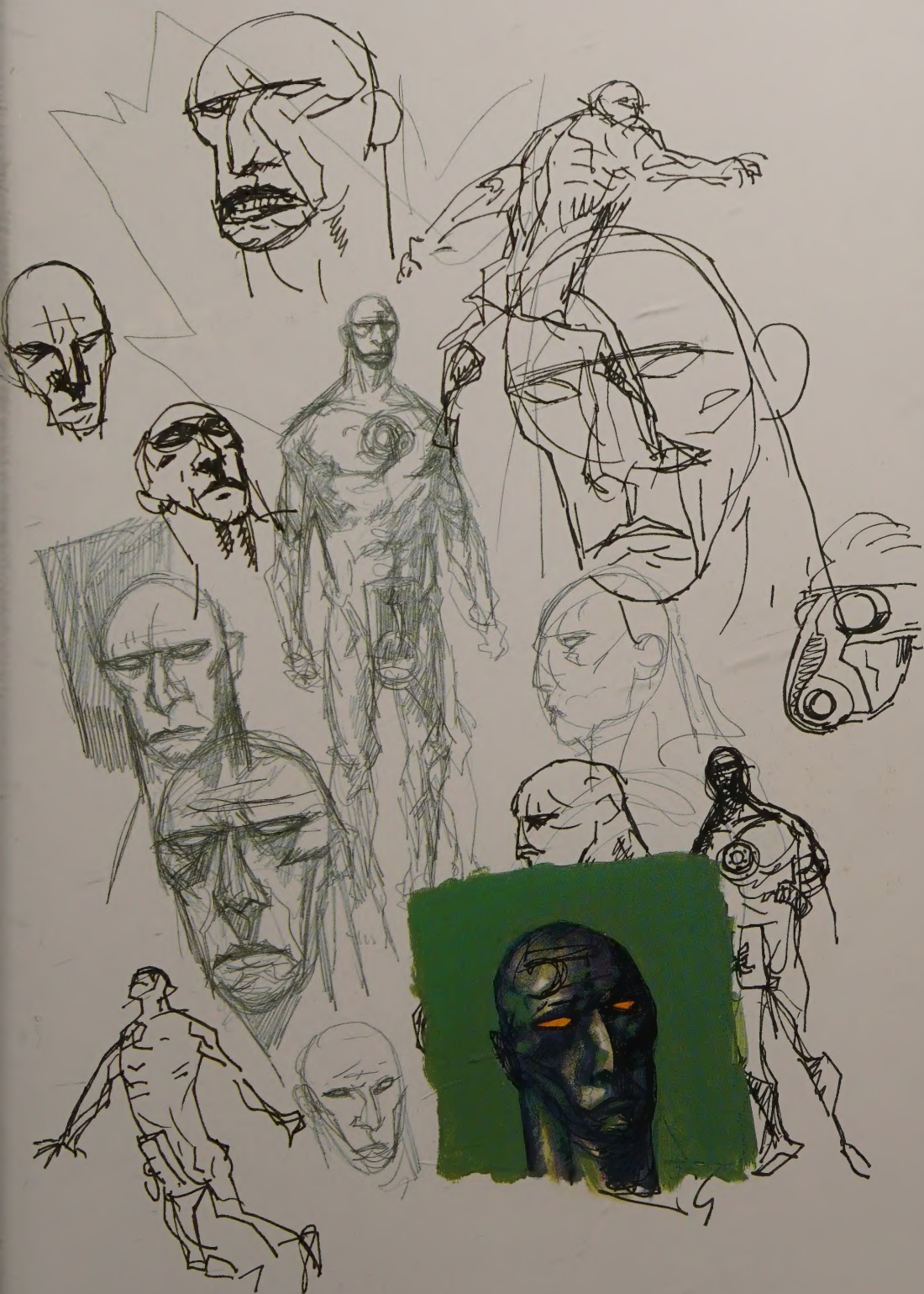
— Scott Allie  
Portland, Oregon











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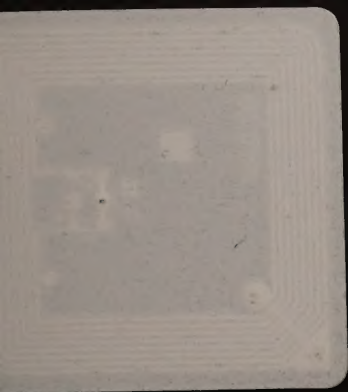
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