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MISS TRUESDALE AND THE FALL OF HYPERBOREA

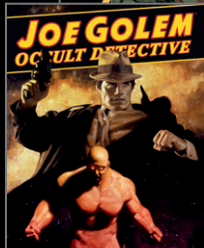
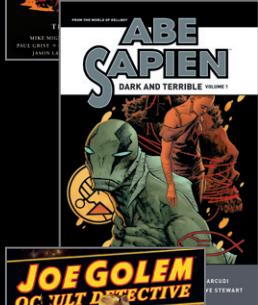
From meek secretary in Victorian London to a mighty gladiator in ancient Hyperborea, Truesdale is thrust into the past to fight ancient evils and change the future forever.

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Thousands of years before *Hellboy*, the B.P.R.D., and Ragna Rok, there was Panya. As a girl in ancient Egypt, she witnessed the fall of a dynasty and was gifted—or cursed—with abilities. As she ages, Panya aids those she passes as she journeys to seek out a mysterious light . . .

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Hellboy Omnibus Volume 1

Written by Mike Mignola and John Byrne. Illustrated by Mike Mignola,
Mark Chiarello, and Dave Stewart.

Bowling with Corpses and Other Strange Tales from Lands Unknown

Written and Illustrated by Mike Mignola. Colors by Dave Stewart.
Letters by Clem Robins.



OMNIBUS VOLUME 1

HELLBOY™



SEED *of* DESTRUCTION

MIKE MIGNOLA ✕ JOHN BYRNE



HELLBOY™

SEED *of* DESTRUCTION



MIKE MIGNOLA



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This book collects the graphic novels *Hellboy: Seed of Destruction* and *Hellboy: Wake the Devil*, and the stories "The Wolves of St. August,"
 "The Chained Coffin," and "Almost Colossus" from *Hellboy: The Chained Coffin*.



HELLBOY™

Story and Art by
MIKE MIGNOLA



SEED of DESTRUCTION — 4

Script by John Byrne ✕ Colors by Mark Chiarello

THE WOLVES of SAINT AUGUST — 109

Colors by James Sinclair ✕ Letters by Pat Brosseau

THE CHAINED COFFIN — 150

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WAKE the DEVIL — 160

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SEED *of* DESTRUCTION



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CHAPTER ONE



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MIGNOLA



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Journal of 1st Sgt.
George Whitman, USA
12/23/44
East Bromwich, England.

We've been here for two days now and it isn't getting any better. All of the men are jittery in this place. Maybe if it had a name. Maybe if the people in the village would even talk about it. But they won't.



Not even telling them there could be a crack team of Nazi commandos lurking about somewhere gets anything out of them. They just look at you like Nazis are maybe the last thing in the world they need to worry about.

If that were true, we wouldn't be here.

Okay--this is what we think we know: Hitler has sent some kind of team to England. I called them commandos, but there's a trio of people from the British Paranormal Society who say they're more than that. They say the Germans are some kind of spook squad. That the krauts are here to perform some kind of spell or something. Summon monsters. Raise the dead.

Yeah, right.



But whatever it is, it's got the top brass worried enough to send a special Ranger unit to look into it. And the Torch of Liberty is here with us. Funny to see him standing there, having a cup of joe with the rest of the guys. I'm more used to seeing him jumping around in newsreels, fighting some cockamamie Nazi menace.

Seems like an O.K. guy, though. And he believes this whole business. He says his own sources confirm the Nazis are in the final stages of something called "Project Ragna Rok".

I don't think our Limey friends were too thrilled to learn it took the Torch's word to make us believe them.



There's three of them: Professor Malcolm Frost, from Blackfriar's College, stateside.

Trevor Brutenholm (pronounced "Broom"), who's some kind of paranormal Whiz Kid.

And Lady Cynthia Eden-Jones, who's supposed to be England's top medium.

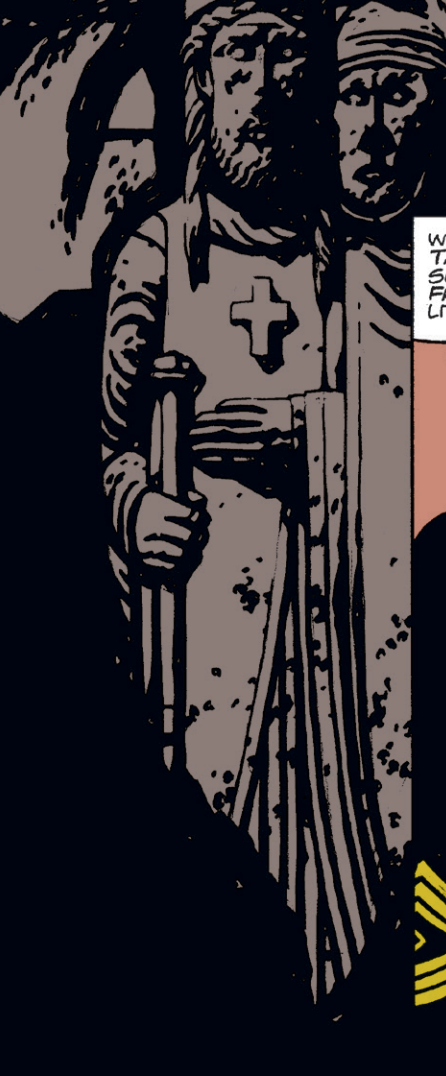


And in charge of this whole Looney Toon party is me, a guy who'd never even heard the word "paranormal" before a week ago.

Anyway, two days camped out in this holiday camp and so far nothing. No spooks. No monsters. No Nazis.

But Lady Cynthia says it's going to happen here. And it's going to happen tonight.





Only thing is, she can't say just what "it" is.

WELL, "BROOM"? YOUR REPUTATION GOT US HERE, BUT SO FAR ALL WE'RE DOING IS FREEZING OUR DAINTY LITTLE BUTTS OFF.

SERGEANT, I HAVE SPENT THE LAST NINE YEARS STUDYING THIS PLACE, TRYING TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED HERE LONG AGO THAT WAS SO HORRIBLE IT ERASED ALL WILLINGNESS OF THE LOCALS TO EVEN DISCUSS THE MATTER.

"WHEN LADY CYNTHIA TOLD ME THE DISTURBANCE SHE HAD SENSED IN THE ETHER WAS CENTERED HERE..."

NO, WAIT.

THERE IS... ANOTHER... A SECOND CENTER.

"BUT IT IS NORTH OF HERE. FAR NORTH..."

"I SENSE... COLD, AND WATER. IT IS A TINY ISLAND JUST OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST..."

CHAINED IN HEAVEN ARE THEY. SEVEN IS THEIR NUMBER. BRED IN DEPTHS OF OCEAN, NEITHER MALE NOR FEMALE ARE THEY. THEY ARE AS THE HOWLING WIND, WHICH KNOWETH NOT MERCY, WHICH KNOWETH NOT PITY.

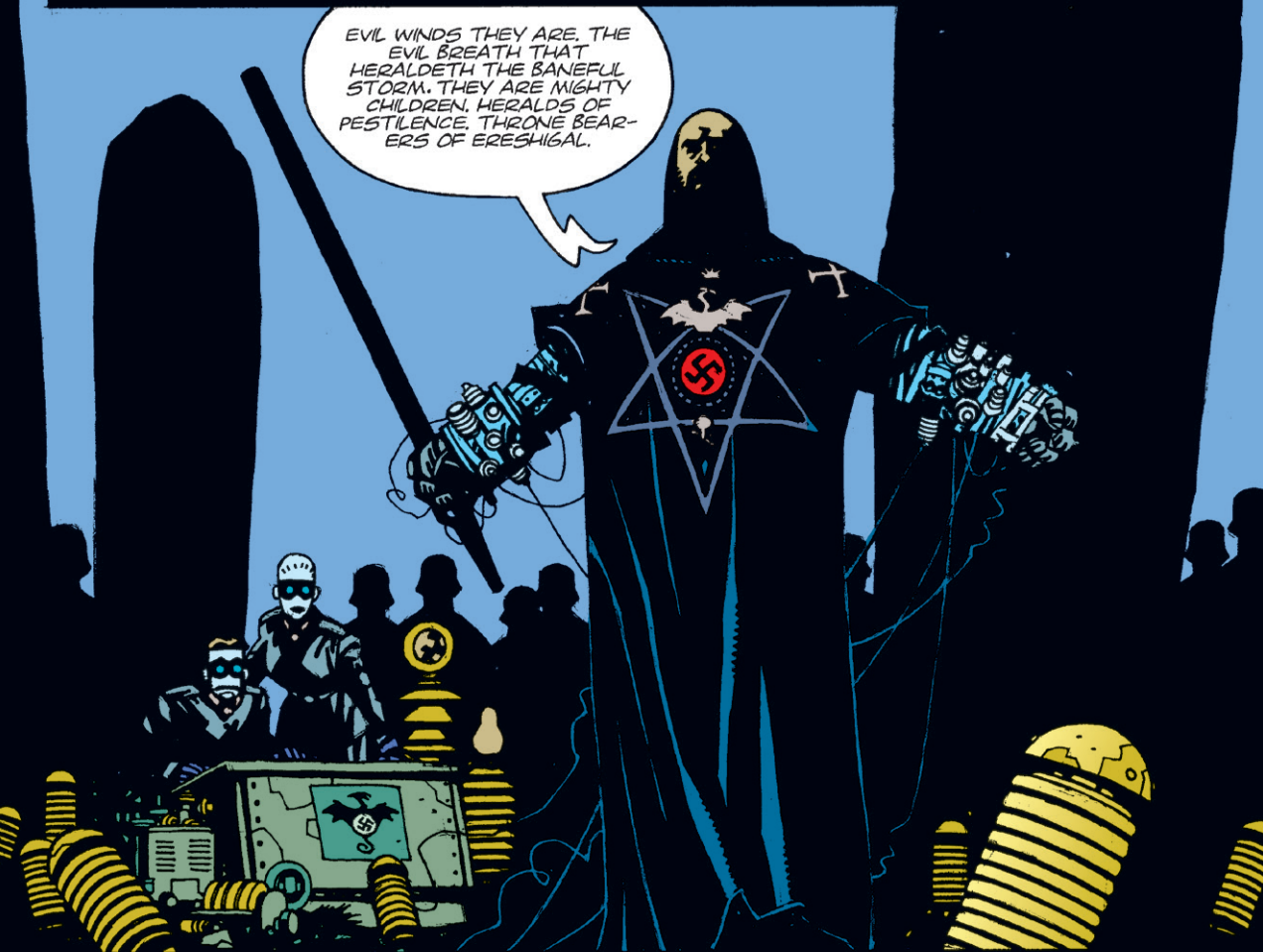


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HEEDLESS ARE THEY TO PRAY AND SUPPLICATION. THEY ARE THE SERPENT. THEY ARE THE FURIOUS BEAST. THE WINDSTORM.

EVIL WINDS THEY ARE. THE EVIL BREATH THAT HERALDETH THE BANEFUL STORM. THEY ARE MIGHTY CHILDREN. HERALDS OF PESTILENCE. THRONE BEARERS OF ERESHIGAL.



INCREASE THE POWER. DON'T LET THE LEVEL DROP.

I SHALL NOT.

BUT IF THIS CONTINUES MUCH LONGER..

"...WE SHALL BE IN GREAT DANGER OF BURNING OUT THE PRIMARY COILS."

THEY ARE THE FLOOD WHICH RUSHETH THROUGH THE LAND. SEVEN GODS OF MIGHT. SEVEN DEMONS OF OPPRESSION. SEVEN IN HEAVEN AND SEVEN ON EARTH.



OF GIANT
STRENGTH AND
GIANT TREAD ARE
THEY. KNOWING
NO CARE THEY
GRIND THE LAND
LIKE CORN.

KNOWING NO
MERCY THEY
RAGE AGAINST
MANKIND, TO
SPILL BLOOD LIKE
RAIN AND DEVOUR
FLESH.

LET THEM SEVEN
NOW RISE FROM
THE ABYSS.
AWAY BE CAST
ALL CHAINS.
FREEDOM IS TO
THEM. POWER IS
TO THEM.

OH!

I FEEL IT. PAIN.
TERRIBLE ANGUISH,
AS OF A GREAT
TRAGEDY.

A TRAGEDY FROM
MANY YEARS AGO.
IT IS THIS I SENSED.
THIS WHICH BROUGHT
ME HERE. IT IS THIS
OLDER SORROW WHICH
NOW DRAWS UPON THE
EVIL FORCES LET LOOSE
INTO THE WORLD
TONIGHT.

THE FOCUS!
THE FOCUS IS
DRIFTING!!

MORE
POWER!

IF WE
LOSE IT
NOW...

WE ARE NOT ALONE
HERE. THERE ARE
TROUBLED SPIRITS. HOLY
SPIRITS. A PRIEST. A NUN.
THEIR SHADES ARE WITH
US. IT IS THEIR PAIN
WHICH HAUNTS THIS
PLACE. THEIR SECRET
WHICH STAINS THESE
ANCIENT STONES.

"THEY HAVE."
A MESSAGE.

"THEY
SAY..."

THEY SAY...
SOMETHING IS
COMING...







WELL?

THIS BLEAK PLACE SEEMS REMARKABLY UNCHANGED FOR A MIRACLE TO HAVE OCCURRED HERE.

SPARE ME YOUR SARCASM, VON KRUPT.

SARCASM? MY SARCASM IS THE VERY LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES, SORCERER. YOU PROMISED THE FÜHRER A MIRACLE, SOMETHING WHICH WOULD REVERSE THE COURSE OF THIS WAR AND ENSURE THE VICTORY OF THE REICH.

HERR HITLER DOES NOT TAKE KINDLY TO FAILURE.



I HAVE NOT FAILED, VON KRUPT.

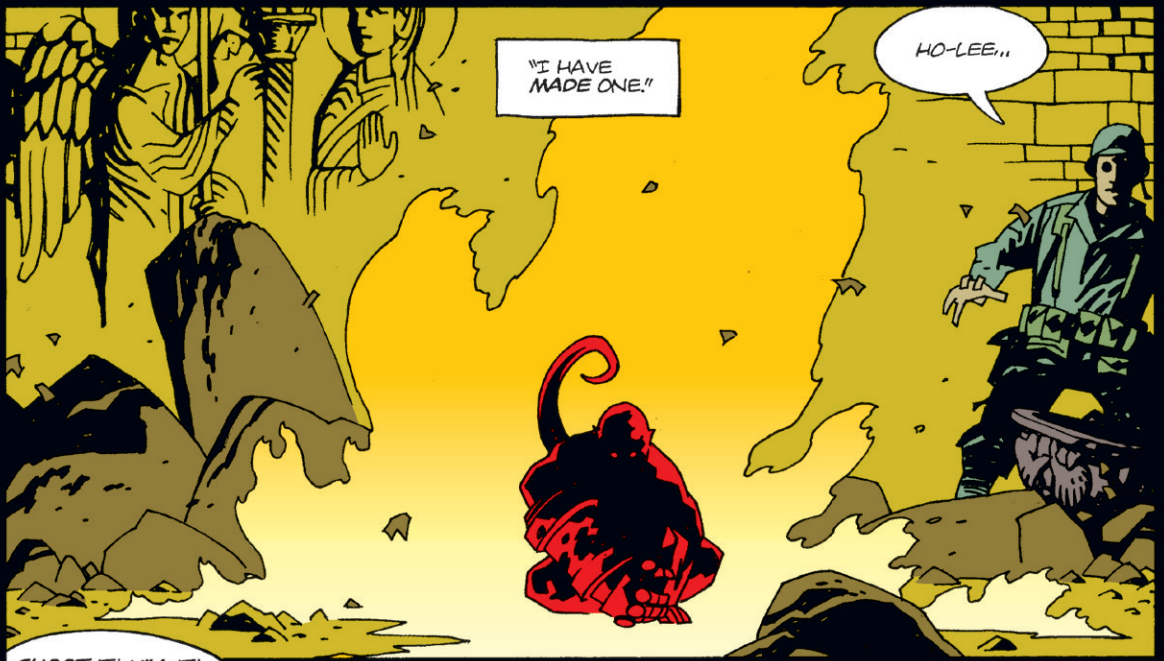


I HAVE SET IN MOTION EVENTS WHICH CANNOT NOW BE REVERSED OR UNDONE.

I PROMISED HERR HITLER A MIRACLE.



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HELLBOY.

I COULD NOT
GUESS THEN
THAT I WAS
NAMING HIM...



...BUT "THE
HELLBOY INCIDENT"
IT BECAME, AND THE
HELLBOY INCIDENT IT
HAS REMAINED,
ALL THROUGH THE
YEARS.

YEARS IN
WHICH OUR BEST
EFFORTS TO UN-
COVER HIS SECRETS
ULTIMATELY LEFT US
KNOWING LITTLE MORE
THAN WE DID THAT
FIRST DAY, THIRTY-
FIVE YEARS AGO.

THIRTY-
FIVE
YEARS.



CLOSER TO
FIFTY NOW... AND
YET... AND YET...
SO MUCH MORE.
AS THOUGH IT
BELONGED...



...TO ANOTHER
LIFETIME. SOME-
ONE ELSE'S LIFE-
TIME. NOT MINE
ANYMORE.

I FEEL... CUT
IN HALF. CUT OFF
FROM MY PAST.
SINCE... SINCE...

NO. CAN'T
REMEMBER.
TOO OLD.
TOO OLD.



YOU
LOOK JUST
FINE TO
ME, SIR.



IT'S BEEN TEN MONTHS SINCE THE CAVENDISH EXPEDITION WAS GIVEN UP FOR LOST. THE WHOLE WORLD THINKS YOU'RE DEAD.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALIVE, SIR.

AND YET... IT ISN'T. FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM HAS BEEN LIKE A FATHER TO ME.

TO SEE HIM LIKE THIS, A SHADOW OF THE MAN HE WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM...

YOU CAME.

THANK YOU.

IT MAKES ME FEEL SOMEHOW LIKE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF HE HAD DIED...



THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU, HELLBOY.

SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.

BUT... I CAN'T REMEMBER. I CAN'T...



TAKE IT EASY, SIR. SLOW AND EASY. LIKE YOU TAUGHT ME. LET IT COME AT ITS OWN PACE.

I TALK TO HIM CALMLY, STEADILY, LIKE THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

LIKE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE DOESN'T SEND COLD SHUDDERS UP AND DOWN MY SPINE.

FINALLY...

...THE EXPEDITION...



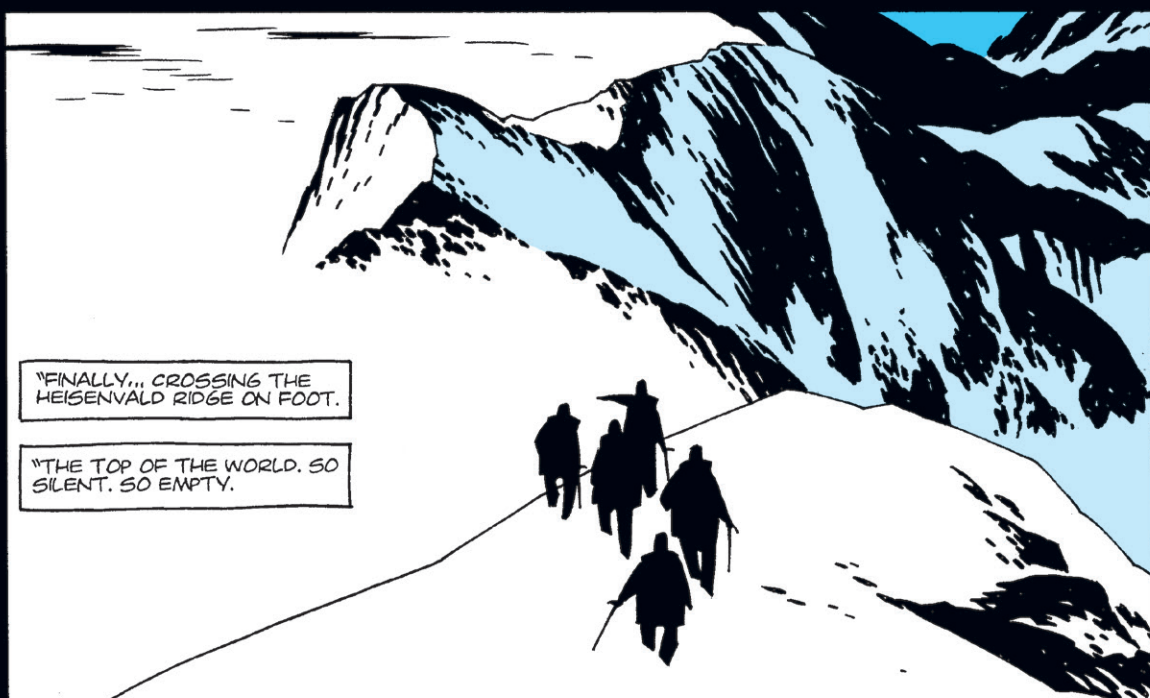
"THE EXPEDITION. THE THREE
CAVENDISH BOYS. SVEN
OLAFSEN, THE RENOWNED
ARCTIC EXPLORER. ME.

"YES, I REMEMBER.
NINETEEN DAYS OUT OF
BULL HARBOR. FIFTEEN DAYS
BY ICEBREAKER. THEN BY
SNOW TRACTOR."



"FINALLY,,, CROSSING THE
HEISENVALD RIDGE ON FOOT.

"THE TOP OF THE WORLD. SO
SILENT. SO EMPTY.

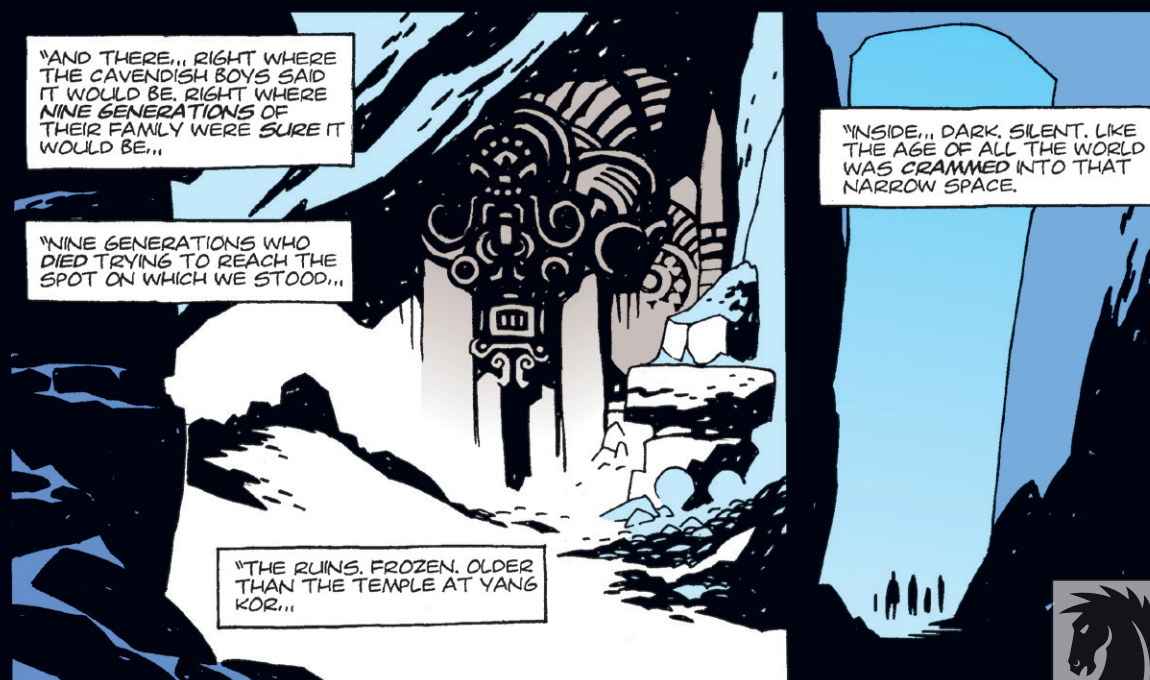


"AND THERE,,, RIGHT WHERE
THE CAVENDISH BOYS SAID
IT WOULD BE. RIGHT WHERE
NINE GENERATIONS OF
THEIR FAMILY WERE SURE IT
WOULD BE,,"

"NINE GENERATIONS WHO
DIED TRYING TO REACH THE
SPOT ON WHICH WE STOOD,,"

"INSIDE,,, DARK. SILENT. LIKE
THE AGE OF ALL THE WORLD
WAS CRAMMED INTO THAT
NARROW SPACE.

"THE RUINS. FROZEN. OLDER
THAN THE TEMPLE AT YANG
KOR,,"



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"AND THERE, SQUATTING IN THE DARKNESS, PART OF THE DARKNESS, PART OF THE SILENCE, THE AGE..."

"AND SEATED IN FRONT OF IT, SURROUNDED BY IT, ALMOST AS THOUGH IT WERE PART OF IT..."

"YOU REMEMBER..." I SHOWED YOU PICTURES OF THE STATUES FOUND ON KOFU IN THE THIRTIES. IT WAS LIKE THEM, BUT BIGGER. A HUNDRED TIMES BIGGER.

"HUMAN IN FORM, COLD, FROZEN. SUCH EXQUISITE DETAIL IN THE CARVING."

"ALMOST LIKE SOMETHING..."

"...ALIVE..."



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NO...
NO...

IT'S ALL A
BLUR. NOTHING
MAKES SENSE.
DETAILS... EVENTS
ALL OUT OF
ORDER.

SCREAMING.
I REMEMBER
THERE WAS
SCREAMING.

THEN THERE
WAS THE NEW
YORK SKYLINE. I
JUMPED OVERBOARD,
SWAM TO SHORE.
CAME HERE.

BUT... BEFORE
THAT... ON THE ICE-
BREAKER AGAIN.
NO IDEA HOW I
GOT THERE.

GOT HERE.
CALLED
YOU. YOU
CAME...

SHH...
SHHH... DON'T
WORRY, SIR,
EVERYTHING IS
FINE NOW.

I'M HERE.
WE'LL WORK
EVERYTHING
OUT.

JUST TAKE
YOUR TIME.
DON'T PUSH
YOURSELF.

NO. PUSHED
MYSELF ENOUGH
IN THE LAST...
HOW LONG HAS
IT BEEN?

TEN MONTHS
YOU SAID? TEN
MONTHS OF MY
LIFE I JUST...

...CAN'T
REMEM-
BER...

...SIR...?

...SIR...
YOU'VE GOT
...FROGS...







I'D BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT
THAT I HAVE NO
SHORTAGE OF FAULTS.

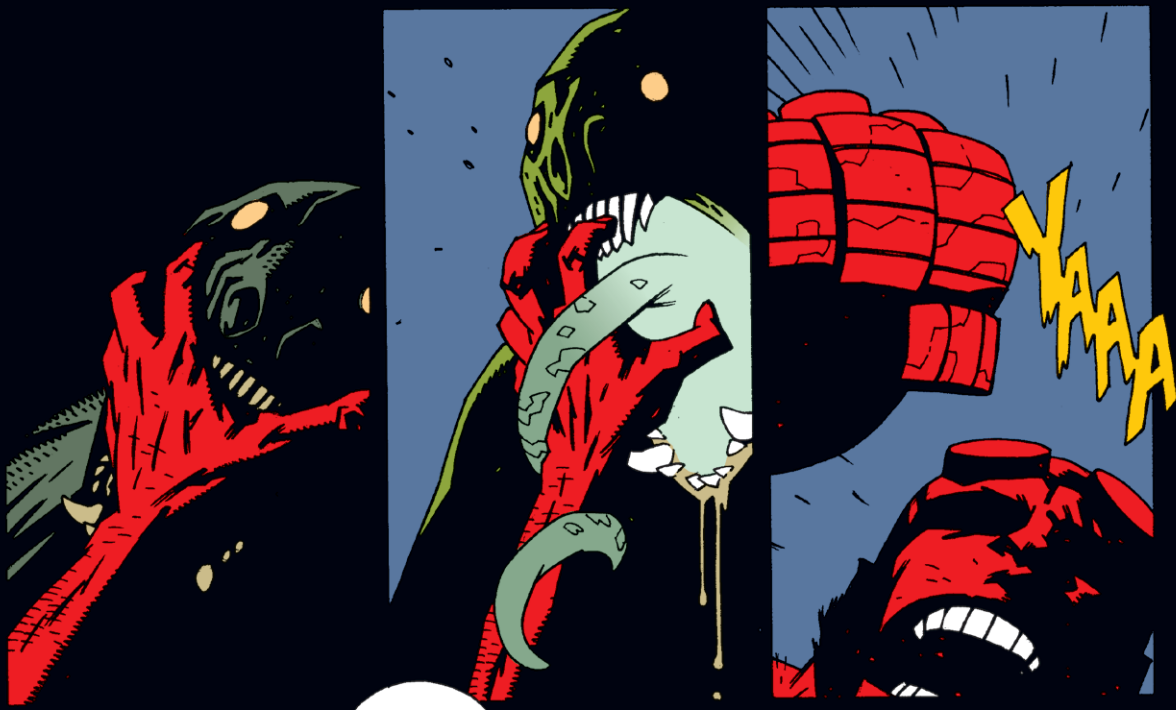
BUT IF I HAD TO PICK ONE,
THE ONE THAT'S GOTTEN
ME INTO THE MOST
TROUBLE OVER THE YEARS...

...IT WOULD BE THAT I
SOMETIMES GET ANGRY.



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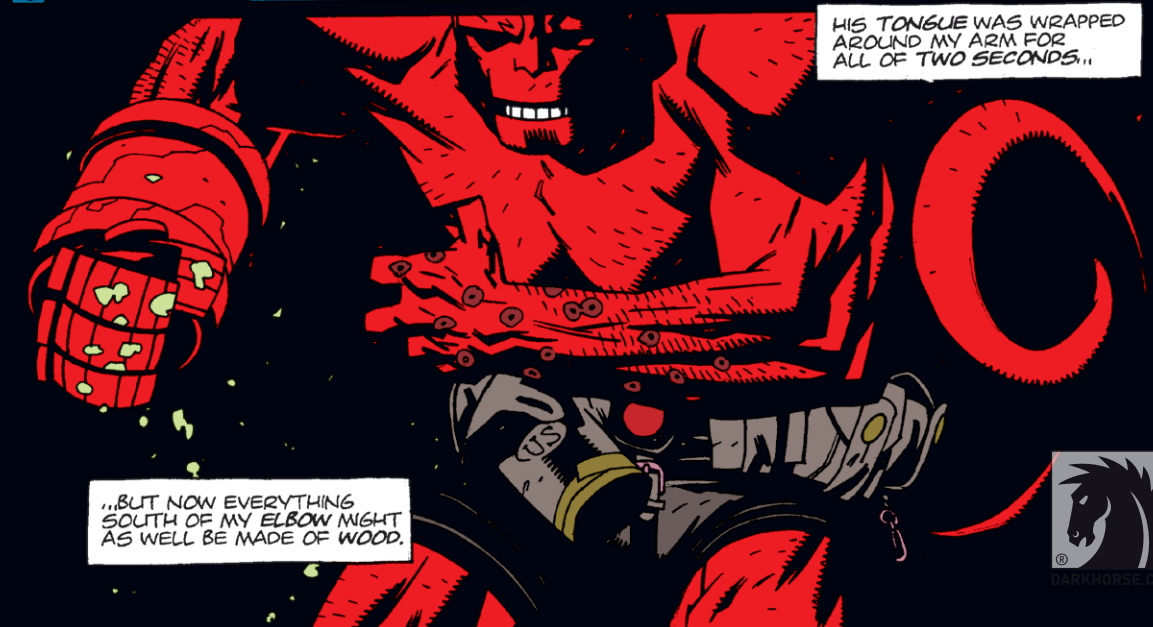




CUT
THAT
OUT!



HIS TONGUE WAS WRAPPED
AROUND MY ARM FOR
ALL OF TWO SECONDS..



...BUT NOW EVERYTHING
SOUTH OF MY ELBOW MIGHT
AS WELL BE MADE OF WOOD.



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AND MY FROG-FACED
FRIEND IS COMING BACK
TO FINISH THE JOB!



HE'S FAST, BUT THIS
TIME I'M FASTER.



IT'S NOT MY FLESH
AND BLOOD ARM HE
GETS A HOLD ON.

I LET HIM GET A
TASTE OF MY
RIGHT HAND.

THE HAND THE BEST
SCIENTISTS OF THE LAST
HALF CENTURY HAVE TRIED
AND FAILED TO ANALYZE.



THEY COULDN'T
FIND OUT
ANYTHING...

...BUT AT LEAST
I KNOW ONE THING
ABOUT IT.



IT DOESN'T
FEEL PAIN.



WONDER IF
FROGGY DOES?

AT A GUESS,
I'D SAY YES.

AT LEAST, SOMETHING'S
MADE HIM CHANGE HIS
ATTITUDE ALL OF A SUDDEN.

HE STAGGERS AROUND A
BIT, LIKE HE'S TRYING TO
DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT.

I DECIDE TO HELP HIM
MAKE UP HIS MIND.

FEELING IS CREEPING BACK
INTO MY LEFT HAND.

MOSTLY IT'S THE WORST
PAIN I'VE EVER FELT--AND
I'VE BEEN HURT BY
EXPERTS--

--BUT FEELING THAT ALSO
LETS ME GRAB AND HOLD
THE PISTOL THE TORCH OF
LIBERTY GAVE ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHO FROGGY
IS, OR WHERE HE CAME
FROM...

...BUT HE OBVIOUSLY KNOWS
A GUN WHEN HE SEES ONE.

HE BOLTS FOR THE
CLOSEST WINDOW.

IT HAPPENS TO
BE THE BATHROOM.

AND I'M GOING TO LET
HIM GET OUTSIDE?

LIKE
HELL!!

BLAM



WELL...

...THAT'S ALL FOR YOU!



WHAT FALLS FROM THE TOP OF THE COMMODOE IS A FROG MONSTER.



SPLAK

WHAT HITS THE FLOOR ISN'T.



BOWLING WITH CORPSES™

& OTHER STRANGE TALES
FROM LANDS UNKNOWN



MIKE MIGNOLA

DAVE STEWART



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BOWLING WITH CORPSES AND OTHER STRANGE TALES FROM LANDS UNKNOWN™

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For all those writers who transported me to lands unknown way back when—
Howard, Smith, Lovecraft, Dunsany, Leiber, Moorcock, Lee and Kirby.
And so many others. I realize now this book was inevitable.



BOWLING WITH CORPSES

THERE WAS ONCE, IN ESCOLLA, IN THE KINGDOM OF GALLIA...



AN ORPHAN BOY NAMED YEB--SOMETIMES CALLED YEB THE SPOON, FOR HIS KINGDOM WAS A KINGDOM OF POTS AND PANS.

HIS WHOLE LIFE HE HAD LIVED IN A WOODEN TUB IN A KITCHEN. THEN, ONE DAY--



IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO OUT INTO THE WORLD TO SEEK MY FORTUNE.

GOODBYE, SPOON.

GOOD LUCK.



I NEVER LIKED HIM.

I ALWAYS DID.



AND SO HE SET OFF--

AND THAT VERY NIGHT
HE WAS SET UPON BY A
GANG OF CORPSES.

?

WHO'S
THIS?

DINNER,
I THINK.

UNLESS...

YOU DON'T
SUPPOSE...

DO YOU
BOWL?

UM...
WELL,
I...

YES.

COME
ON
THEN.



WE SHALL
BOWL THREE
ROUNDS.

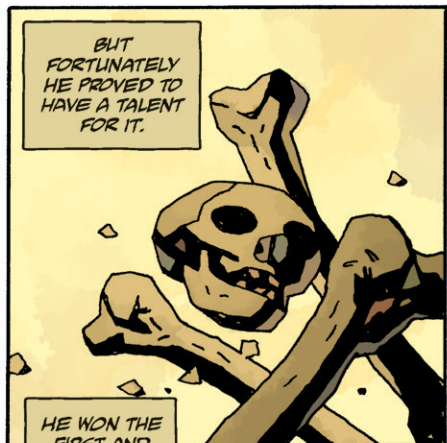
IF *YOU*
WIN YOU SHALL
HAVE YOUR
FORTUNE.



AND IF
I LOSE?



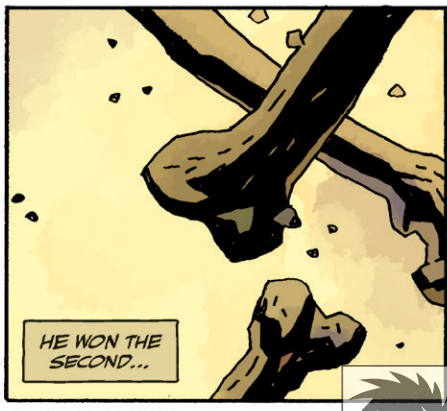
NOW YEB HAD, IN
FACT, NEVER BOWLED
A GAME IN HIS LIFE...



BUT
FORTUNATELY
HE PROVED TO
HAVE A TALENT
FOR IT.



HE WON THE
FIRST AND
RECEIVED A
HANDFUL OF
OLD COINS.



HE WON THE
SECOND...



TWO COPPER
BUTTONS AND
SOME TEETH.



AND THE
THIRD...



HE WINS
AGAIN.

AND ALL
OUR TREASURE
SPENT.



I'M HAPPY
TO SETTLE
FOR MY LIFE
AND GO ON
MY WAY.

NO. NO.
YOU MUST
HAVE YOUR
WINNINGS.

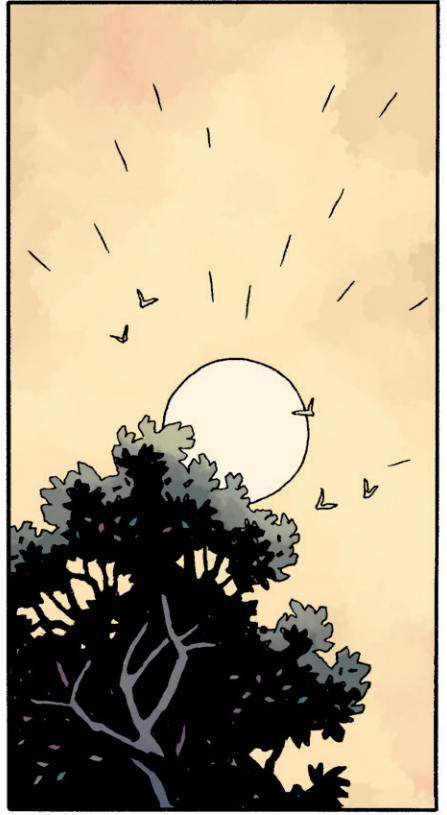
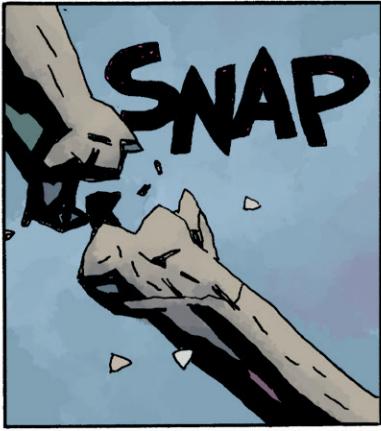


THIS
WAY.

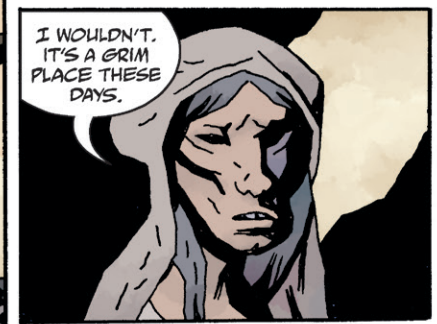


OH.











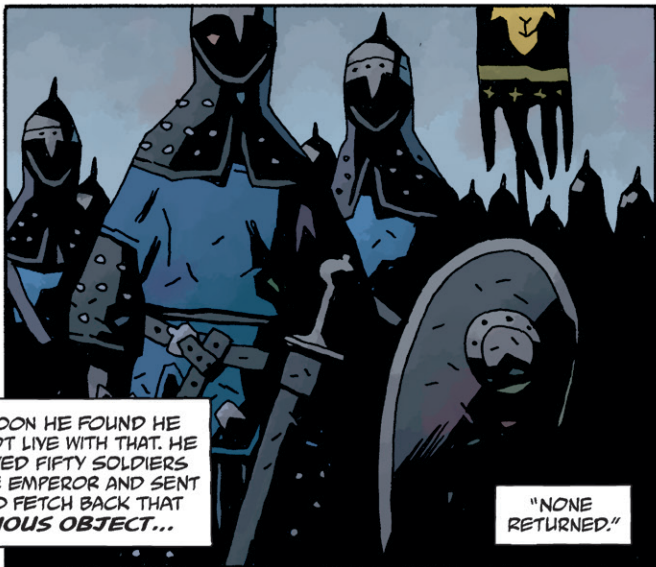
"SMALL CURSES TO START. TWO-HEADED COWS; BABIES TURNED TO RATS..."



BAD ENOUGH WITH THE THREAT OF WORSE TO COME...



"SO OLD BANDINI GAVE IN, SURRENDERED HIS MOST **PRECIOUS OBJECT**..."



"BUT SOON HE FOUND HE COULD NOT LIVE WITH THAT. HE BORROWED FIFTY SOLDIERS FROM THE EMPEROR AND SENT THEM TO FETCH BACK THAT **PRECIOUS OBJECT**..."

"NONE RETURNED."



WHATEVER CURSES MAY COME, THE TOWN WILL CERTAINLY BE TAXED HARD FOR THE LOSS OF THOSE SOLDIERS.

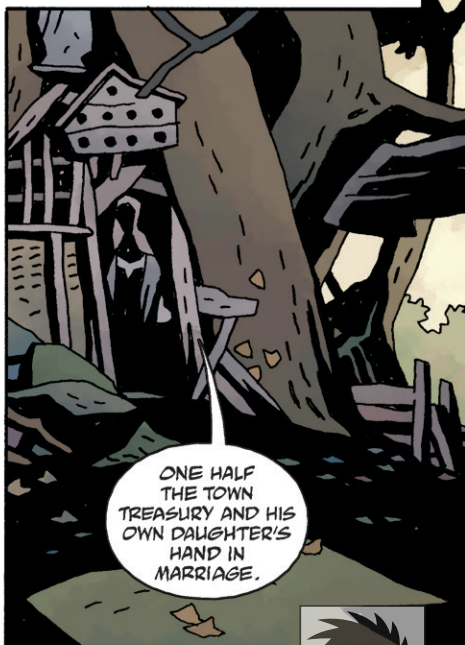
AS I SAID, A GRIM PLACE; BEST AVOIDED.

THANKS FOR THE WARNING.

AND YET--



BANDINI OFFERS A REWARD TO ANYONE WHO CAN RID HIM OF THOSE WARLOCKS AND RETURN HIS **PRECIOUS OBJECT**...



ONE HALF THE TOWN TREASURY AND HIS OWN DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE.







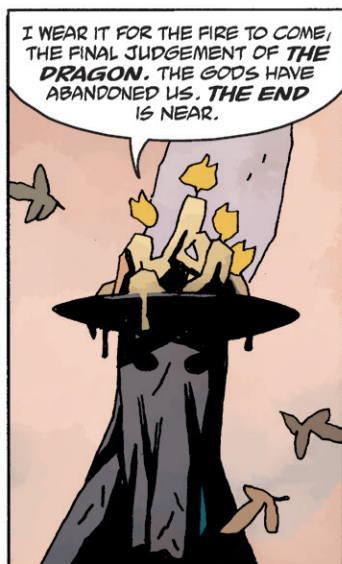
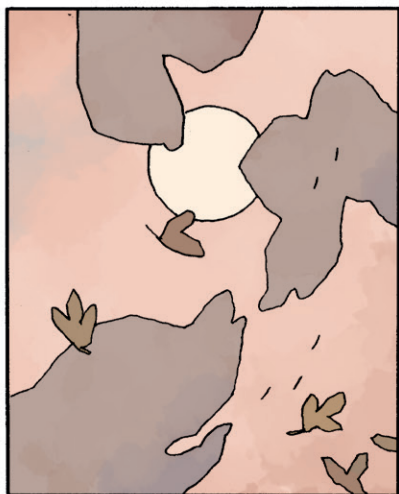
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IF
YOU SEE
THE MAYOR
WILL YOU TELL
HIM THAT HIS
DAUGHTER IS
DEAD.

I'M
SORRY ABOUT
IT. SHE COULDN'T
BE SAVED. BUT AT
LEAST TELL HIM THAT
THE WARLOCKS
WHO RUINED HER
ARE DEAD
ALSO.



DID
YOU KILL
THEM?



I DID.



WITH
THIS.



YOU
ARE AN
ODD YOUNG
MAN.



I
HADN'T
THOUGHT OF
IT, BUT...I
SUPPOSE IT'S
TRUE.



THE
END

NOT
REALLY.