



B.P.R.D. CLASSIFIED
CHARACTER BIOGRAPHIES

BASED ON THE COMIC BY MIKE MIGNOLA

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ANUNG UN RAMA
Oct 9th 1944
6'9", 350 lbs.
Black hair, red skin.
Golden eyes, Stone hand.

HELLBOY

*“...The world was all before them, where to choose their place of rest,
and providence their guide: they hand in hand with wand’ring steps
and slo. Through Eden took their solitary way...”*
John Milton • *Paradise Lost*

To understand Hellboy one has to know a bit about his family. His real family, that is. His mother was born in 1681. Her name was Catherine Tanner-Tremaine and she was born in East Bromwich, England. A rich heiress to a tobacco merchant, she studied harpsichord and singing and was adept at most feminine arts. Her parents died when she turned 19 and for the longest time, she lived alone in her palatial home, reading and painting.

Immersed in German literature, she dreamt of spirits and magic. Cautiously, she acquired texts and grimoires from her London bookseller and eventually came to own an important collection of magic artifacts and lore—including Dr. John Dee’s fabled magical box—and displayed them in her private library/study.

She summoned a high-ranking demon and willingly found intimacy with him. This was both the highest and the most terrifying moment in her life. She was a changed woman; her soul had probed darkness and its acrid aftertaste made the rest of her life a road of repentance. But sin has its own ways of staying and in spite of her charity and her pious marriage to a minister and the edification of many a church and chapel, she died out of grace. By her feet laid her two human children: a nun and a pastor.

She confessed her transgressions and cried bitterly. She begged them to save her soul, for it would be claimed by her dark paramour. But just as she exhaled her last breath, her lover reclaimed her body, slaughtering her earthly children so swiftly that a gust of wind shuddered all the windows in Tremaine Manor.

Their souls joined, he wooed her and promised that—in his eyes—she would always look young and that within her still lay her unborn spiritual son, awaiting to incarnate and fall to earth.

And she lied dormant, like an insect in amber, until her child was summoned forth by Grigori Efimovich Rasputin one fateful autumn night in '44. The details of Hellboy's birth have been properly consigned in the B.P.R.D. archive and so has his eventual transfer to a New Mexico army base by Professor Trevor Broom. It was Broom's finding of the child that prompted him to stay permanently in the United States, accepting from President Roosevelt the charge of director of operations at the head of the B.P.R.D.

Hellboy grew fast and was incredibly inquisitive. He had the most vivacious eyes and showed interest in most mechanical things—frequently smashing them to pieces with his stone glove.

Under the supervision of General Norton Rycker, daily tests were arranged, and frequent biopsies were done to obtain tissue samples. Hellboy showed incredible resistance to pain but cried bitterly every time. A sample of the stone in his glove required the use of a high-tension diamond drill bit and provided less than a square millimeter of material before exploding into a shower of sparks and debris.

Professor Broom taught Hellboy the language. First, they communicated with signs, then a few sounds and finally with words. The child also had a great affinity with animals and for a while, he could “talk” to the base dog mascot (an ability that he would lose over the years) and considered it a more evolved species than humans. Perhaps because of this, Hellboy wasn't “potty-trained” until his later childhood years.

In a private session, Broom was asked by the President to conceal Hellboy's existence from the rest of the world and vowed to provide funding for a larger B.P.R.D. Building.

In spite of the secrecy, now and then Hellboy was introduced to many a celebrity. Einstein flew to New Mexico in order to spend an afternoon with the creature and found him delightful and bright. Hellboy compared hairstyles between Broom and Einstein and expressed his predilection for the latter. In 1946, he threw a rock at Babe Ruth's head and— in a most impolite manner— kept calling Clark Gable “sewer breath.”

Photos were shown to Josef Stalin that depicted Hellboy as a USA secret weapon. Stalin liked his color but believed him a hoax.

In 1949, Hellboy met the Soviet dictator, who kept pinching him in the cheek and fondling his horns. Hellboy started shaving them shortly thereafter.

In 1951, he was released into Professor Broom's full-time custody and moved into the B.P.R.D. Headquarters—back then in Boston, Ma. The early '50s proved particularly active for the bureau as Adolf Hitler waged his secret war with the USA from South America. Hellboy proved his enormous talent as an agent in the field and beating a cybernetic Hitler with his own mechanical leg may prove to be one of his greatest triumphs. At the end of the decade, the B.P.R.D. moved into its new headquarters.

The building that presently houses the Bureau was created in the 1940's and was intended by the federal government as one of their cold war strategic bunker-shelters to lodge all branches of government.

Hellboy's room used to be the building's safe and is ensconced by the rock of a cliff and a concrete and steel armature. Broom kept Hellboy's origins nebulous to his “son” until 1959, when they had a “heart-to-heart” in view of Broom's first bout with cancer.

Hellboy was so upset that he decided never to probe into that subject again.

His dreams were inevitably assaulted by apocalyptic scenarios every now and then and a chip was placed on his shoulder: every time he punched an alien creature, he exorcised his own “otherness.”

He is incredibly sensitive about being “stared upon” or “photographed,” except by Liz.

Through the years Hellboy remained the sole non-human component of the B.P.R.D. until 1978 when Abe Sapien joined the ranks of the organization. Hellboy and Abe started their friendship on the wrong foot.

Abe was everything Hellboy was not: introspective, laconic, an avid reader (Hellboy always favored old issues of popular mechanics and a dozen silver age comic books like Sugar and Spike and Little Lulu) and an extremely private guy. Hellboy was jealous of Broom’s attention towards Abe and the fishman’s propensity to take offense every time Hellboy would bestow a new nickname upon him.

In 1988, Liz Sherman joined the B.P.R.D. and Hellboy fell in love at first sight.

From that moment on, Hellboy, the invulnerable, knew the meaning of pain.





LIKES

The look of Liz in the golden light of dusk. The look of Liz in the morning. The look of Liz from a distance. The look of Liz nearby. Her voice, her smell, her clothes, her skin...Having her fall asleep on his shoulder, well, you get the idea.

He looks up to Professor Broom but feels like James Dean in *East of Eden*.

He adores beer, pizza, chili, nachos, pumping iron, a good cigar, a bad cigar, traveling, cats, candy—especially Baby Ruth, old Upa Cartoons, Old Fleischer cartoons, Polaroid photos—Liz taught him that, Zippos— he collects them, Ding-Dongs® and Twinkies®, cookies and milk, greasy burgers and hot dogs, shaving his horns.

He is easily amused by flatulence—thinks *Dumb and Dumber* is a masterpiece—and loves to bawl with B&W movies—especially *City Lights* and *Brief Encounter*...

Beating the crap out of monsters. Getting his coat fixed and ready. His big, bad gun “The Samaritan,” and its bullets.

Bruce Willis. Tom Waits, Nick Cave, the Pixar movies—thinks that Monsters, Inc. is a better name for the B.P.R.D.—Abe takes offense—and watching *Toy Story 1* and *2* with Liz makes for a perfect afternoon.

Loves the 3 Stooges, The Marx Brothers, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton.

DISLIKES

Vegetables—beets especially. Oysters, jalapeno peppers, salads, yanni.

Charlotte Church, People Magazine, The Enquirer, Photographers. Abe burping—those damn eggs are nasty—or getting sanctimonious.

Thinking of his origin, learning about it. People staring at his forehead. Being locked for more than 4 months without an “outing,” being called a demon.



ELIZABETH SHERMAN
29 years old, 5' 5"
Weight: 100 lbs,
Hair: Raven Black.

LIZ SHERMAN

“Certain things they should stay the way they are. You ought to be able to stick them in one of those big glass cases and just leave them alone. I know that’s impossible, but it’s too bad anyway.”

J.D. Salinger • Catcher in the Rye

There are a few things you should know about Liz: she grows real quiet when she’s nervous, she can stare at the ceiling for hours and not be bored. She can throw snowballs like the best big-league pitcher. Every time she tastes vanilla ice cream she cries for hours. Just like that, for no good reason. And she likes it. Why? Because crying feels like a normal thing people do. And there are precious few things normal about her.

Robert and Diane Sherman got married three years after meeting while standing in line to see *The Godfather*. He was an efficiency expert and she was a chef. Liz was born when theaters were showing the *Godfather Pt II*.

Liz didn’t speak a single word until she turned four. Her mom took her to see several specialists and they all concurred: mentally, all cylinders were firing.

One evening, while out to dinner, Mom called the baby-sitter. She was informed that Liz was talking. “What is she saying?” asked Mom. “Everything,” was the succinct answer. And she was. Liz Sherman went from total silence to articulation in a single evening.

They moved around. Quite a bit. Her father streamlined processes (whatever that meant) for big companies like Lear or Lockheed. Kansas City, Chicago, D.C....

Liz had trouble making friends. She was too intense, too intelligent and too aware. None of it jibed with the laid back late 70’s. And then, there was the fire.

At the age of 7, Liz's bed and one of her teddy bears presented strange scorched patches. Round, perfectly delimited areas were burnt to a crisp, but nothing more.

Her room was examined for short circuits. No answer was found. Liz, however, volunteered a small fact: she dreamt of fire that night. The occurrence repeated itself a few more times, always during her sleep, always in limited areas. Her parents started worrying, so did the principal at her school...

One morning after gym class, several volleyballs exploded inexplicably. Liz was the only one around. The Catholic Church was not much help either; Father Jones had given Liz a small crucifix to wear around her neck. It didn't keep her safe for long. Her hands burst into flame when two girls chased her after school. Scared, Liz plunged them into a vat of water, but the fire raged on. A store owner called the paramedics and the fire department, but by the time they arrived all they found was a little girl crying on the street.

Moving came in handy after that. New schools took a while to get records and—most of the time—the family was soon gone after that.

Liz's mom and dad fell out of love along the way and had terrible fights almost every day. They were careful at first, trying not to upset her, but—as these things go—they eventually didn't care enough to pretend things were ok.

They separated and to their credit never blamed Liz. But she knew. She felt the guilt every time her mother cried alone in the living room, TV at full blast.

One Christmas, at age 10, she got a small instamatic camera from her dad and started photographing everything around her. "Things stay still in pictures," she thought. "Not in real life." From then on, her private albums filled up with mundane images that became beautiful as soon as they were pinned and mounted.

She became quite good at taking pictures and even won a prize at school. Her mom was proud and so was she.

But then the world caught fire.

It is unfair that memories yield only sketchy details of some of our most tragic moments. Liz doesn't remember what she was wearing that day. Every time she dreams about it, the dress is different. She can't even pinpoint her exact position in the building's courtyard. Forensic investigators could, but not her.

It was the day that changed everything. The day she burned a courtyard full of people and damaged property a quarter of a mile around. The day most car alarms went off in the outskirts of Detroit.

The facts and speculations are in the public record, but the true cause, and the most intimate grief, lies within the heart of the sole survivor: Elizabeth Sherman.

The many "what ifs" and "what nots" grow tenfold when your mother's death is the direct result of your actions. Now imagine that happening at the age of 11.

Liz went from institution to institution, even managing to escape for a few years at a time; living in the streets, learning the value of being alone and the tough code of self-reliance. And still, inside her, there was a basic need, a tragic void that burned away with an interrupted childhood that became almost impossible to fill afterward.

Professor Broom met Liz at age 17 in a halfway house in Portland. Their interview was brief. In less than 30 minutes she agreed to join the B.P.R.D.. It would become apparent that she had dismissed his offer as pure baloney, and that her sole interest was to get out and make a run for the street. It was impressive then, when the fire-proof truck showed up, surrounded by FBI agents.

The B.P.R.D. revealed to her that there were others—if not just like her—equally at odds with normality. Her pyrokinetic abilities seemed to line up with all sorts of empathic abilities needed in the paranormal field. By all accounts, Liz was soon quite the star at the bureau. Yet, every night, once alone in the confines of her fire-proof quarters, she would inevitably feel that she was simply postponing her real task in life: to join the “big out there.”

So, she quit about a dozen times and was wooed back just as often. You see? No matter where she went, the federal government had to keep tabs on her. She was classified a national security threat and was the only walking weapon of mass destruction with the bruised ego of an 11-year-old girl.

Through the years, Liz found solace in Hellboy. They loved the same silent movies, the same odd cartoons and could spend hours just watching that screen flicker in total silence.

Many a night Liz would simply fall asleep by HB's couch, her head leaning on his massive chest.

He always stood by her out in the field. And it's hard to feel unsafe when a 6'9" wall of red muscle walks by your side. Hellboy would die for her, and she knew that. And, as a matter of fact, many times, he almost did. But there was a primary obstacle, an impossible block that prevented her to articulate her feelings for him as anything more than friendship. To love is to abandon oneself and she was far from doing that for anyone. Not herself, not him. Not anyone.

And yet, maybe everything would have turned kind of okay if it hadn't been for “The Pittsburgh Incident,” that is...2002, Braddock Town, PA. An abandoned steel town outside of Pittsburgh. Six B.P.R.D. agents enter the shell of a foundry. Demonic entities in the basement take possession of several of the agents' bodies: they fight back. So does Liz, but something is triggered inside her that cannot be contained. In spite of her warnings and the swift reaction of everybody around her, a mile-wide explosion takes place.

Only two survivors: Liz and Hellboy. Publicly, Liz is charged as an arson suspect. The cover works and the investigation is quickly buried. Nevertheless, Liz feels it is time to go.

This time is harder. Both for her and Hellboy.

This time she has him on her mind.

LIKES

“*Sentimental Education*” by Flaubert. George Tooker paintings. Some Thomas Cole landscapes. The Beatles’ White Album.

Cold, fresh sheets, a big pillow, almonds, pine nuts and pistachios, trail mix, washing her hands, bathing, long, hot showers, the smell of clean hair, flannel shirts, antique jewelry.

Fire. Yup—unfortunately she does love fire.

Big sweaters. Silent films. Especially Chaplin and especially *City Lights*, kids, watching them at play. Looking at the moon for long periods of time. Being alone with her eyes closed.

Churches and cats—everything about them, except “the worship thing.”

Snow falling, fog. Really soggy cold cereal. Her big, tomboy leather boots, the smell of wet pavement, the aroma of pancakes and syrup, the promise and clarity of rain-washed sky.

Watching the pavement as she walks (she’s found a few pennies), keeping her hands in her pockets and her head covered by a hood.

She loves to dissolve communion wafers in her mouth and thinks that it makes her purer—plus they taste real good.

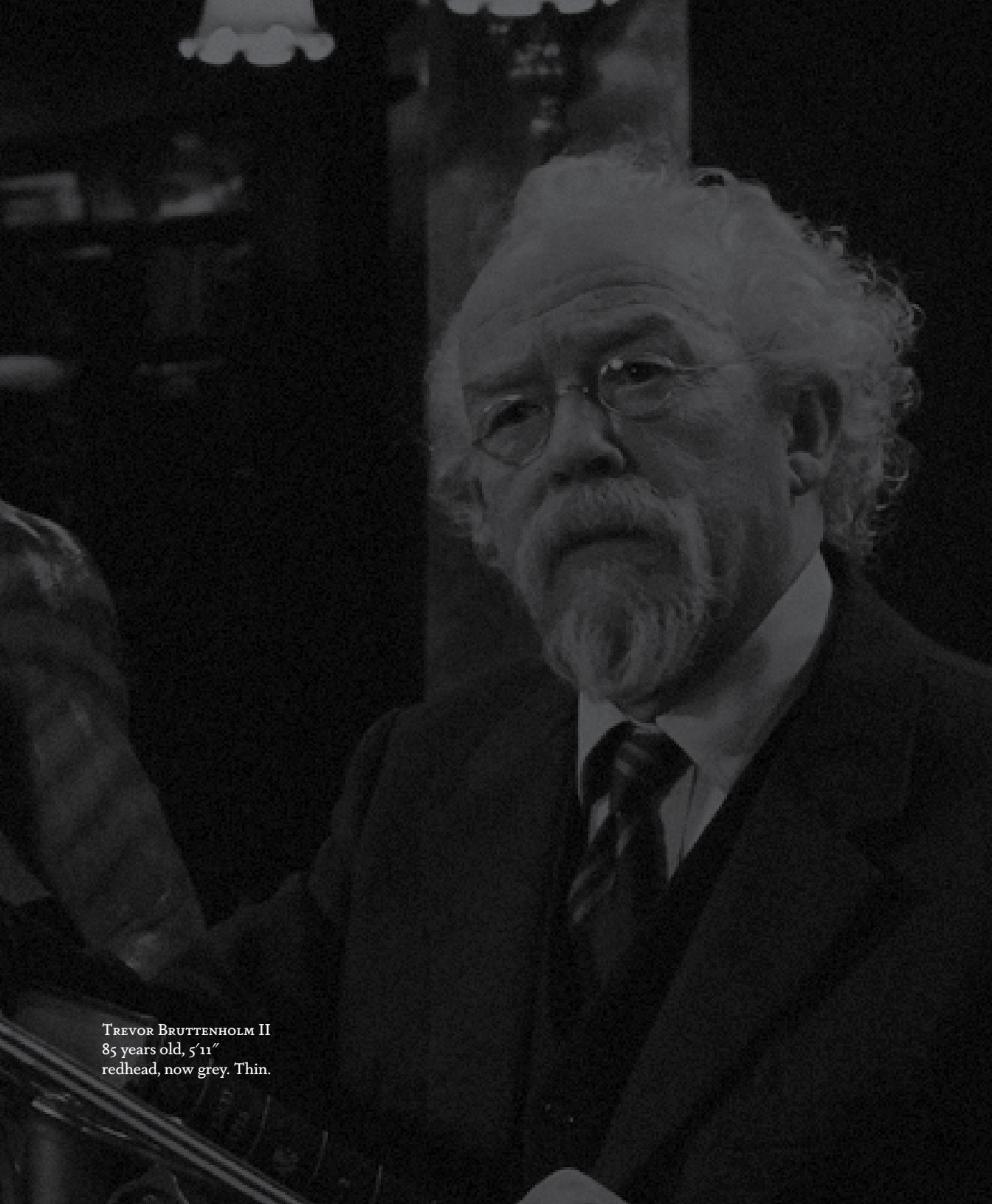
DISLIKES

Crowds, parties, being recognized, surprise visits, gifts (giving them or receiving them), nightfall, and sleepless nights.

Enya, Michael Bolton, Kenny G., the smell of air fresheners, the scent of incense.

Being looked in the eye by strangers.





TREVOR BRUTTENHOLM II
85 years old, 5'11"
redhead, now grey. Thin.

PROFESSOR BROOM

“I should allow only my heart to have imagination and for the rest, rely on memory, that long-drawn sunset of one’s personal truth.”

Vladimir Nabokov

Born between two wars and named after his grandfather—the famous Antarctic explorer—young Trevor was always under an incredible pressure to succeed.

Trevor Bruttonholm the first had sailed with Shackleton and was one of the most respected photographers and chroniclers of the royal geographical society of London. He had also been a war hero and had lost an arm in Belgium.

Young Trevor’s father, a staunch Protestant, had become very rich through the import/export of textile merchandise from India and far Asia and was totally uninterested by any intellectual pursuits. His biggest pride was that Trevor—his only male heir—had “good head for figures” and seemed destined to inherit the factories and shipping warehouses.

Both Trevor’s sisters died of pneumonia at a very early age and were buried in Moreton church’s graveyard. As a consequence of this tragedy, Lady Francis, Trevor’s mother, became incredibly overprotective of him. He became the golden heir, the treasured child.

His mother was secretly infatuated with spiritism, and regularly held séances at her parlor, trying unsuccessfully to contact her dead “little angels.” Trevor was enraptured by all things magic but in vain, searched the garden frogstools for gnomes or fairies.

At a very early age, he produces some remarkable forged photographs in which small cutout fairies appeared.

Some of them were published in “The Strand” and it took his own grandfather’s expert testimony to debunk them as “a jolly good hoax.”

Along with a severe punishment from his father, Trevor’s early hoax gained him the trust and friendship of his grandfather. By then considered “eccentric and senile,” the hoax had amused him to no end, and he took his young grandson under his wing.

Together they traveled all around the world.

His grandfather became young Trevor’s key emotional relationship. His mother and father grew distant and eventually lived in separate homes, never divorcing, but maintaining independent social circles.

Trevor grew up in an odd, academic world where intellectual and spiritual pursuits far outweighed any desire for amorous adventure. His bible was Aristotle and his ten commandments were the Nicomachean ethics.

Nevertheless, at the age of 17, while traveling through Tunisia, both he and his grandfather bore witness to a true exorcism. An old woman was cleansed from a cadre of low spirits. Her voice and physique mutated as the spirits were expelled and at one point she turned to Trevor and—in Latin—warned him of his solitary road towards knowledge and the fact that he would always transit a fine line between light and shadow, heaven and hell.

“In the absence of light, darkness prevails,” the spirit warned and then grew silent. That voice—unlike any human voice he ever heard—stayed in Trevor’s head the rest of his life and revisited him on many a restless night.

Trevor’s grandfather met Charles Fort in Hyde Park, 1922, while the “Hermit of the Bronx” lived in London. Throughout his youth, young Trevor was privileged to correspond with Fort and became privy to many of his secret files of strange occurrences. Trevor came to share Fort’s belief that space travel

was inevitable and that the world was constantly experiencing “fantastic and bizarre” phenomenon. Based on recorded occurrences, Fort and Bruttenholm were sure that the incredible was an everyday occurrence.

Trevor meets a young English woman of aristocratic provenance but possessed with a uniquely curious mind. Her name is Lady Elizabeth Colton and her father opposes Trevor’s “friendship” unequivocally.

Elizabeth and Trevor fall in love in that quiet, contemplative way that only hopeless romantics master. She promises to him that her father will come around regarding their relationship. If only Trevor would consent to a brief change of ways. Purely remedial and temporary. Only to soothe the old man’s fears. Trevor promises he will upon his return from an overseas trip. Inevitably Trevor’s beloved dies while he’s overseas attending a series of lectures on Tesla’s experimental techniques.

In a swift telegram, Elizabeth’s father reproaches Trevor for “everything he has become” and declares his “utmost fear for the salvation of his immortal soul and the conclusion of his fruitless endeavors.”

Upon his return to London, Trevor visits Elizabeth’s grave and quietly declares “It is not the fate of my soul that will concern me from now on, but that of the whole world.”

Broom’s elderly mother moves in with her son to a small flat in Berkley Square. From there, Trevor monitors any activity in #50, reputedly the most haunted house in England.

Trevor services England’s needs during WWII and starts developing a method for decoding several Nazi encryption systems. He also prevents several “occult heists” by the Nazi Goldenbranch elite forces. Trevor Bruttenholm II is now the world’s headmost authority on Nazi occultism outside of Germany.

Upon recommendation by Sir Winston Churchill, Broom meets with President Roosevelt in Washington. Along with a few military appointees, Brutenholm becomes the founder of what will become the Bureau of Paranormal Research and Defense.

Underfunded and severely understaffed, the B.P.R.D. is first established in a small building in Boston, Mass(achusetts). In the 1940's the B.P.R.D. performs "valuable and honorable services" for the government of the United States but is kept a classified office. In the late 1950's the B.P.R.D. is relocated to an underground building, originally built as a cold war shelter/seat of government, complete with executive offices, vaults, etc.

It remains there until this day.

LIKES

The sanctuary of his B.P.R.D. office. Solitude. The faint scent of cedar, old paper and leather, specks of dust dancing in the golden light of dusk.

Berlioz, Elgar, Mussorgsky. The symbolist painters, especially Fernand Khnopff, Carlos Schwabe, Jean Delville, Felicien Rops and the Ophelia (and only that one) by John Everett Millais.

Eau de cologne in full accordance to the Aqua Admirabilis recipe (grape spirits, oil of neroli, bergamot, lavender and rosemary), wool vests and jackets. He still wears the same size—and some of the very same clothes—he had in the 1940's. Oxford shoes. A good book, preferably Dickens or Wilde.

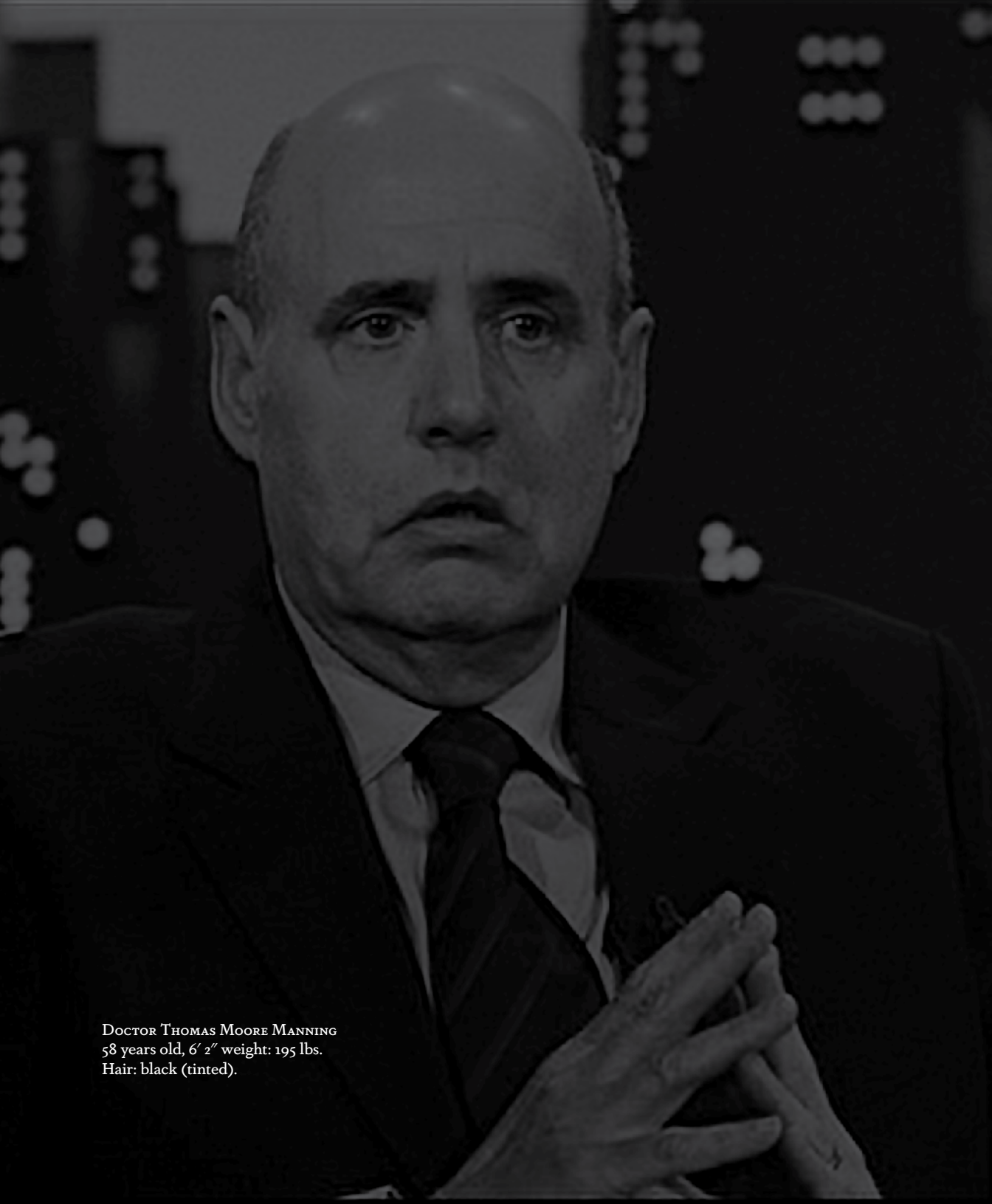
The aroma of freshly—and properly—brewed tea, bitter almond pastries, very light broths, boiled vegetables, and clotted cream.

People who speak the truth. Rainy days and Mondays. The sound of a cello, cufflinks, well-pressed handkerchiefs, monkeys and wildlife, a—very—occasional port and his large collection of family photographs—some dating back to well-preserved daguerreotypes.

A brand new pen, a full bottle of china ink.

DISLIKES

The modern world. Mathematics, computers, love songs, racism, dogmatism, lies, Brahms, fish and chips, jellied eel, seafood, rice, garlic, modern after shave, new cotton shirts, desserts, schedules, bureaucracy, chocolate, American realist writers (likes the painters), crowds, pigeons and dogs.



DOCTOR THOMAS MOORE MANNING
58 years old, 6' 2" weight: 195 lbs.
Hair: black (tinted).

THOMAS MANNING

“Any man under 20, that is not a liberal, has not heart; and any man who over 20, that is not a conservative, has no brains.”
Misattributed to Sir Winston Churchill by Manning

Now in his 18th year as head of operations at the B.P.R.D., Connecticut’s Tom Manning has received praise from an increasingly wide range of observers. The 1998 Almanac of American Politics began its profile this way: “Thomas Manning has exerted influence out of proportion to his seniority and dresses real expensive.” This last comment made Dr. Manning’s day.

On the ancestral record of Thomas Moore Manning loom the names of some who bravely served in the revolutionary struggle—it is still unclear on which side—but even long before their sacrifices for independence, the family was established in the new world. J.J. Manning, the American progenitor of the family, was a native of Yorkshire and one of the first settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, not long after 1648. He was a barrister and represented Farmington in the General Assembly. He built the local house of worship.

Sadly, Indians burned him alive along with his cattle, chicken and five dogs. The line of descent is traced down to Thomas Moore Manning, eldest son of Senator Paul and Emeline Susan Manning.

He was born in Poquonock, June 9, 1945 approximately at the exact time that Nazi Munich fell into Allied hands—a fact that he has unsuccessfully tried to use as a political advantage—Baby Thomas was swiftly placed in an incubator where he fought bravely for his life for 3 weeks.

Tommy was a straight “A” student all throughout grade and high school and when his textbooks were put aside, he secured a position with the Connecticut Trust & Safe Deposit Company, which his family had owned for decades.

His father's political career served as an inspiration to young Tom. He used his privileged position as an athlete (star quarterback in his high school team) to launch into the scholar debate arena. His arguments repeatedly escalated into physical violence or spitting contests.

At age 23, he was made manager of the Hartford branch of the Great-American Insurance Company of New York and was appointed general agent for Connecticut by the Board of the Fidelity & Deposit Company of Maryland.

He doctored in law and remained a conservative all through the sixties, a fact that he has lamented many times over since "sex was carefree and there was plenty of penicillin."

He supported a special committee to investigate radical groups, which brought him to the attention of the FBI. By then Tom was named one of the "best dressed politicians" in Washington and had a natural love for the limelight. His innate ability to be insincere but earnest made him an ideal frontman for the B.P.R.D.

Dr. Manning met with Abe and Hellboy for the first time in 1984 and woke up screaming for nine consecutive weeks. He has the vague feeling that the B.P.R.D. is morally wrong and potentially damaging for his political career. Nevertheless, the perks are good, and they have great medical.

He has remained there in spite of his more ambitious political aspirations. Oh, and he wanted you to know that he's been featured in not one but two covers of *Cigar Aficionado*.

Biography by Tom Manning's staff

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT WAS TAKEN FROM NEWSWEEK 09/96

SEPTEMBER 23, 1996 CONNECTICUT. - Doctor Tom Manning's staff was doing everything it could to keep him on the dance floor. He's a tall, lanky guy, Manning—6-foot-2, 195 pounds soaking wet, dancing the rumba—and his staff feared a photo-op on the order of Michael Dukakis in the tank, and told him so.

Manning thought their concerns were silly. Manning, an observant Catholic, was visiting the country club's annual dance contest in East Hampton. The campaign advance staff had arranged for Manning to be one of the judges at the dance contest so that photos and videos of any interviews would be animated. Manning thought this would be his response to Clinton's sax playing.

But Manning walked onto the floor and, two rumbas into the contest—and knowing how much it would annoy his staff—he asked a photographer whether he'd like Manning to dance the merengue for a photo op.

The photographer naturally said yes. Manning obliged. His staff winced. Finally, hours later, Manning couldn't resist. "So?" he asked. "You haven't said anything about the dance thing."

Manning withdrew from the senatorial campaign shortly thereafter. Dukakis and the Tank were quoted in several bulletins.

LIKES

“How to Win Friends and Influence People” by Dale Carnegie, Charlotte Church, Impressionist paintings, Baroque music. Hennessy cognac, Cuban cigars, jogging, Armani suits, Lange & Sohne watches, Manolo Blahnik shoes.

Sunsets, Maui, a good quote for every occasion, well-thought political speeches, The Wall Street Journal, sunny side up eggs and grits at Sam’s in East Hampton, sailing.

Wall Street, both “Flynt” movies with James Coburn, Fausto Papetti, Engelbert Humperdinck, the Connery Bond movies. Being on TV, hearing about himself on TV, reading about himself anywhere—good or bad.

DISLIKES

The Washington Post, Oliver Stone movies, chirpy cell phone ring tones—he favors Bach—

Caviar—although he eats it now and then with plenty of cream.

Innuendo, gossip, taxes, “modern music” which encompasses mostly anything on the radio. Traffic jams. Flying, heights, wine. Cheese. Sweating, indigestion, heartburn, wearing glasses, even if he needs them. His “bald spot.” gaining weight. Comb-overs.





JOHN THADDEUS MYERS
27 years old, 5'11".
Blond hair.

AGENT MYERS

“Every lie, when distilled down to its essence, turns into a melodrama or a comedy of errors...”

Bernard Hecht • Limelight

John’s dad always made a big fuss over his son being born the same day that Mao died: September 9, 1976. For better or worse, it was also the year that “disco duck” was at the top of the charts.

The son of a diner owner and his homemaker wife, Johnny Myers was one of 5 brothers born in a farmhouse in Kansas.

Frank Myers—Johnny’s dad—was as American as apple pie. An ex-marine, son of farmers, raised in rural America. His dream was to own Lou’s Diner on Main Street in Augusta, Kansas.

It finally happened, right around 1968. Unfortunately, so did the Flower Revolution. The diner didn’t do much business, but it kept the family going. When Johnny was born, his dad predicted great things for him. Mom did too, so she decided to give him a great middle name.

Uncle Thaddeus was his mom’s favorite brother and—by all accounts—a red-blooded, two fisted, dyed-in-the-wool American man.

Johnny’s childhood can illuminate who he is today, even if he can barely remember those Norman Rockwell Sundays at church or the summers at the pond or behind the counter making shakes and melted cheese sandwiches—which he grew to hate. Quiet nights sitting at the porch, sipping lemonade and counting fireflies. These American clichés were still real in Kansas up until the day his parents died.

Even tragedy came quietly to the Myers' household. No car accident, no devastating fight with cancer. No. They simply left for an afternoon ride, never to come home again.

Police surmised carjacking and robbery, but no part of the car was ever found. And no part of them either: no wallet, no id, no credit card charges. Nothing.

Some speculate that this drove young Johnny to the FBI. To investigate. To finally know. He hasn't. Not really. Who can tell, they might return from that afternoon drive any minute now...

The Myers brood split up every which way. The girls landed—hard—in the home of their spinster Aunt Edna in Newton, Kansas. Some of the boys moved in with distant relatives in Chicago and Minnesota. Finally, Johnny was picked up by his uncle Thad.

They met at the sheriff's office. Thad arrived late. Really late, picking up the kid, aged 6, and driving straight through the night until they reached Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Johnny slept most of the way. He woke up in his new room, above his uncle's tool shed/workshop and there he stayed for the next 12 years. Uncle Thad is—in Johnny's mind—a pair of hands. Greasy, rough, and calloused, they were the best ever at machining, putting junk together and making things run. He was a large, weathered man who smelled of gasoline, nicotine and paint thinner. He kept everything in little glass jars, labeled with a felt pen and lined up in endless rows, three-deep in his forever messy, ever-changing workshop.

At night, they listened to radio. They never owned a TV. Johnny had to go to his friend's house to watch that. But he liked radio more. The tales were more vivid, the heroes were taller, the dangers more real.

TV was phony.

Uncle Thad always worked with the radio on. He loved to listen to a station somewhere in Europe that—ironically—played mostly jazz and big band music.

He was very proud of this radio, wrapped in plastic—to protect it from oil and fumes—“How powerful it is,” he exclaimed, “we can tune in China!”

Johnny liked comic books. Very few reached Ponca back then, and not many more do now. But Johnny loved to read demon and above all, Hellboy, the big red crusader.

Uncle Thad didn’t much approve of that last superhero. Anything red was no good, he felt. But he left Johnny alone.

Together they modified Johnny’s moped when he was fifteen. Boy, how he loved that piece of junk. A true love story. He can tell you about the day he got it, and about the day he cleaned every single part. Hell, he even remembers what he was wearing when he first saw it.

He got his first kiss on that bike. His first broken bones, too (wrist and thumb—they still crack a bit when he moves ‘em) and how, while riding, he saw his first lunar eclipse.

Johnny fell in love—real bad—around the time he turned 16. The girl’s name was Laura, and Johnny was sure they would marry and move to Australia to have their own piece of land. “The government is giving land away,” he claimed enthusiastically, “we could move there today and be land owners tomorrow.”

But this was not to be. Two years into their relationship, she moved out of Ponca—most anyone that could, did—and Johnny planned on meeting her in Kansas City soon after, but Uncle Thad got sick. Real sick, real sudden.

This time it was the big C. All over, all at once. His knees felt weak and Thad kept talking about some big government conspiracy and how they put something in the water. A lifelong conspiracy nut, he was the only guy yelling “YEAH,” when Sterling Hayden started talking bodily fluids in a revival showing of Kubrick’s “Dr. Strangelove.”

About a week after, Johnny found him face down in the shed.

It took less than four weeks. His lungs were gone. All those years working with solvents without a mask. All those cigarette packs, unfiltered. Soon enough he was making his peace with God. It took a few months for Thad to sell the land and most of Thad’s tools and machines. He always felt bad about giving the jars to the local junk man. They were so precious to him, those nuts and bolts.

Johnny caught up with Laura a little too late. Seems like Laura’s heart was not interested anymore. The big city had changed her. At a Kansas City restaurant, she felt ashamed over Johnny’s questions to the waiter and the *maitre’ d’*.

That night she called it quits.

If there ever was a man who wanted to give himself to alcohol, it was Johnny. But no bad thing ever took root in him. He hated the taste of the stuff. When he was depressed, it was coffee that drowned his tears. No question, Johnny was an honest-to-goodness good guy, and nothing could change that. Using the money from Thad’s estate, Johnny put himself through college, straight A’s, dean’s list, *magna cum laude*—the whole nine yards.

He chose the FBI because, in a way, it sounded as close as you get to being a superhero. No, no, no, he never said that. Or even thought it. But, sure as hell, that was the reason.

And then, oh, then he met Hellboy...and Liz.

LIKES

Mechanical work, owns a small workshop (now in storage), riding on his bike, working on his bike, talking about his bike.

Swimming, ten laps in the morning, coffee, his walkman (he's had it since 1986), "The Catcher in the Rye" (carries a copy with him everywhere), taking his clothes to the laundry and getting them back all neat and pressed, cold pizza, walking around in his socks.

Butterscotch, straight from the jar. French fries with a "crapload" of ketchup. Old Jimmy Stewart movies, being useful, reading in the toilet, shining his shoes, the smell of oil or gasoline, cleaning his hands after a day at the shop.

Key lime pie, long walks, starting a good fire, an organized closet, short wave radio, horses, rock climbing, peanut butter and honey sandwiches, milk, National Geographic magazine, converse sneakers, cooking himself a meal, stopping a fistfight, Campbell's soup cans, getting a haircut.

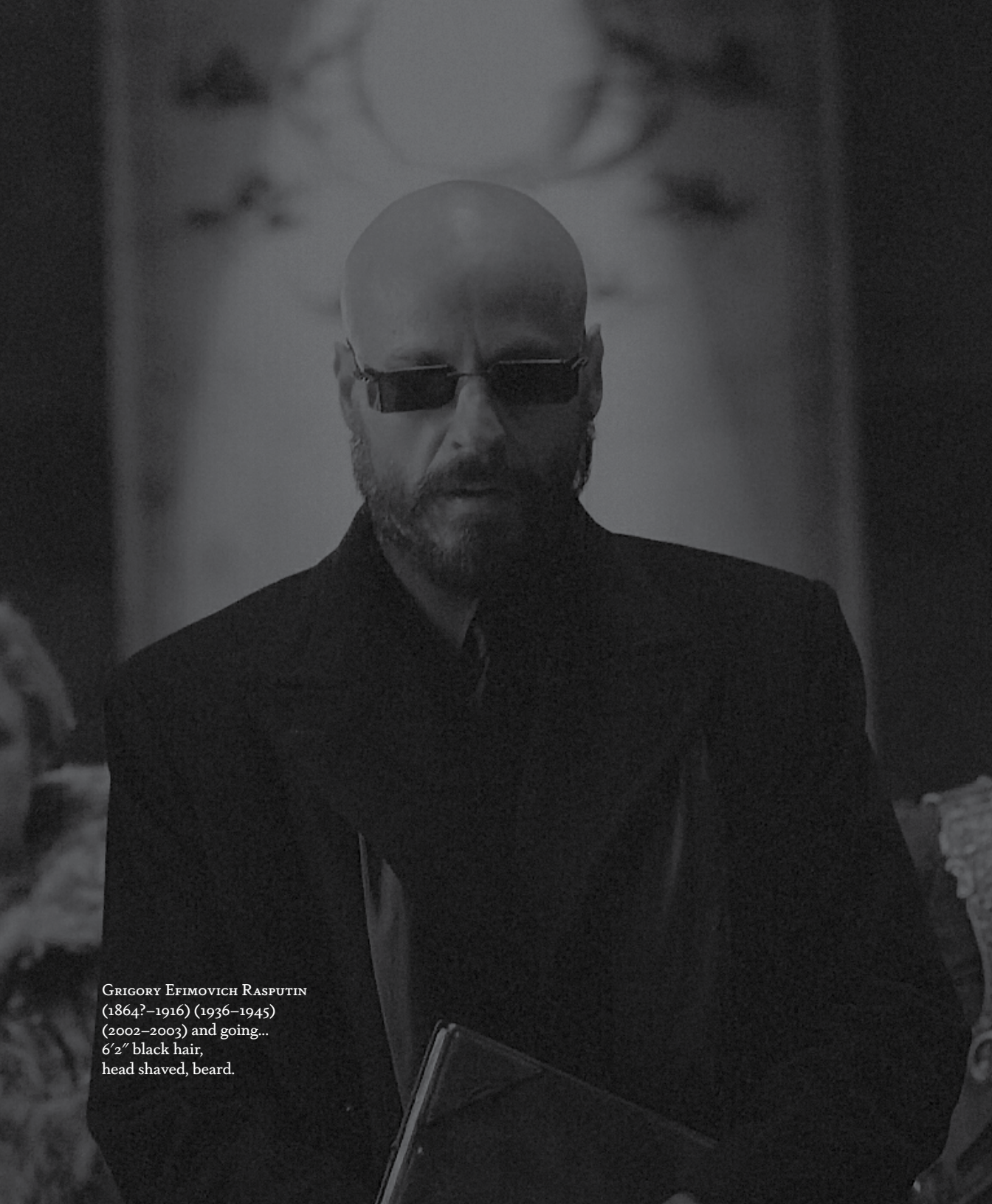
DISLIKES

Big bikes ridden by rich orthodontists from Manhattan, hummers, shaving, oversleeping, swearing, corruption, politics.

Loud music, Adidas sportswear, beer, alcohol, smoking, using a public toilet, skateboards, tattoos, techno, ties (he has to wear them, though), indifference, terrorism, TV ads, TV itself, Ben Affleck, J-Lo, Hello Magazine, cats, spiders, the taste of cloves, Indian cuisine, what it does to his stomach.

Warm climates, sweating, thirst, riddles, puzzles, talk shows, tabloid press, melted cheese sandwiches, Jell-O puddings and gelatins.

Airplanes, boats, VIP people, beef jerky, expensive suits, poetry, opera, jewelry, tragedy, morning breath and itchy sweaters.



GRIGORY EFIMOVICH RASPUTIN
(1864?–1916) (1936–1945)
(2002–2003) and going...
6'2" black hair,
head shaved, beard.

RASPUTIN

*“God made everything out of nothing, but the
nothingness shows through.”*

Paul Valery

The historical biography of Rasputin is fairly well-known: born in the mid 1860's—depending on the source we can set the event between 1864–1869—to a peasant family in the Siberian town of Pokrovskoye in the Tobolsk province.

He was a simple mushik, a peasant, working the fields with his father or hauling a cart overloaded with harvest goods to or from town. He received no education in his early youth and by all accounts he was a raucous youth, with an intense will and deep, piercing eyes. Legend attributes him the early gift of prophecy.

Rasputin entered the scene in St. Petersburg and achieved notoriety as a holy man (“staretz”) in the power circles of St. Petersburg Society and ultimately, the royal family.

His Machiavellian influence and his legendary, prolonged assassination are in public record. These and other factual events are of little or no interest to us.

This is the secret biography of said man.

Autumn, 1886. Grigori kneeled at the bank of the Tura River. He was drunk and disoriented and in dire need of some water. He broke through a thin film of ice and drank avidly, wetting his face and beard and falling then on his back, exhausted from a night of drinking and womanizing.

There was no scenario less auspicious to stage a religious vision.
And yet it came.

EXCERPTS FROM RASPUTIN'S DIARY

"And I looked and beheld an angel, and in his hand the key to the bottomless pit, and in his head six golden crowns."

"And in the midst of the six crowns was I, chosen amongst men to serve the master and lay at his feet when the end approached"

"And he laid his fiery eyes upon me, saying unto me, I am the path to the true life, eternal and all-powerful. You are the crossroads in which I will transverse the worlds"

"I am he that was cast off; and, behold, I have risen for evermore, amen; and have the keys of destruction and rebirth."

"Write the words which thou hast heard, and the things which you have witnessed, and the things which shall be hereafter; I will grant you the gift of prophecy and in your left hand you will hold the gift to heal only those afflictions which will emanate from me."

"And he bestowed upon me a vision of things to come; a large, carved stone fell from the sky and burnt a forest, and a crown arose from it and held it captive and I alone was its liberator and that was my first task."

"And I saw my first death and I felt the river enclosing my cold body and it was all darkness and silence."

“Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: be thou faithful unto death, and I will thee a crown of life.”

“And I rose from the sign of blood and at the hour of the wolf found the hyena from the east and joined his ranks and saw man destroying man and burn his flesh and tan his skin. And a second vessel was built to grant me wisdom and a gate to let the masters in.”

“Behold, the birth of the scarlet beast that will be delivered unto mankind and will cast his doom unto the world. His right hand shall crush the nations and make them yield before thee.”

After his awakening from this vision, Rasputin rushed home and wrote for 6 days and 6 nights, without ever stopping to or to drink or to sleep. And on the seventh day he rested and for three days he lay down in fever and delirium.

After waking up, Rasputin knew exactly what he needed to do: he joined the monastery at Verkhoture and the Khlysty sect within. He purified his skin through pain and sin and had more visions and wrote every word and every image in his diary. As he did so, he witnessed the first miracle: the diary became of infinite length and no matter how much he wrote, new pages would emerge out of thin air. And many times, a page—bearing his handwriting—would appear when needed, even before he set pen on paper. He called this book “The Book of Paths.”

Rasputin returned to his hometown and married Praskovia Fyodorovna. They had three children. The angel appeared again and touched the right side of the peasant’s forehead and set him forth in a quest of prophecy and healing. His mission would become clearer with time.

Rasputin proclaimed himself a “strannik” (holy man) and embarked into a long pilgrimage.

His fame grew and so did his power. And he was visited again by the angel and he told him of Aleksei, the Tsarevich and his blood disease. "Place your left hand upon his forehead and whisper upon his ear the name of the master and he shall heal."

Rasputin was granted access into one of the most closely guarded courts of Europe. Healing the boy he did and that day on his influence on the family grew.

In 1908, the foretold artifact from the sky landed in Siberia. A massive slab of stone. The czar took possession of it. Rasputin was denied access to it and his efforts were thwarted by circumstance and politics. The angel appeared to him and announced his imminent death and asked him to allow his own assassination. Rasputin did so. Consuming sweets (which he detested) laced with arsenic and allowing excruciating agony at the hands of his captors. In return, the master vowed to destroy the Romanovs and sink the country into despair.

Both things took place. From the darkness Rasputin learned calm. He learned that the body was the least important part of his self. That he could come in or out of that shell at any time. And he saw his future and the scarlet sky that would burn under Hitler's rule and what would be achieved and how it would come to pass, and he knew that the roads for his rebirth were about to cross again.

Rasputin's ashes were stolen by Hitler's elite and brought forth to the highest-ranking ceremony of the Thule society. Only six men were present and the blood of many innocents was spilt to be mixed with the ashes. From this emerged Rasputin. And he became the shadow behind the throne. This time he was wiser. He never became public. He learned that enemies are made that way and become harder to dispose of. He became quite the fisherman of Nazi disciples. Ilsa, Kroenen, Himmler, Doctor Herman von Klempt, Inger von Klempt, Hans Ubler, Ernst Oeming...

Kroenen was his favorite apostle and Ilsa his Magdalene, the vestal whore. She was his favorite. His chosen one. He opened all mysteries to her and begged the master for her life and youth. He taught her that humans should be treated like cattle.

Humanity was a meld of meat and spirit and the only hope for transcendence was to mortify the body to sharpen the soul. He took her senses to the edge and showed her the threshold of true power.

The rest of their Berlin Circle was attracted to things far too mundane: the sex, the drugs, the debauchery. But people like Von Krupt or Himmler granted him access to material wealth and earthly power.

He promoted an ill-planned advance on Moscow in hopes to capture the stone sent by the masters. It cost Hitler the war.

The portal generator, consumed much of the Reich's resources and gave him the chance to set in motion his third.

The scarlet beast, the hell boy was born. And Rasputin waited in the darkness for a sign and a chance to finish his task.

This time the world would bend to his will.

LIKES

Devotion, precision, dedication, blind faith, hot tea and light fabrics.

Saint Augustine's *City of God*, *Paradise Lost*, The Zaragoza Manuscript, Hieronymus Borsch.

DISLIKES

Sweets, greasy food, the hungers of the flesh.

GRIGORY RASPUTIN





HIS STORY BEGINS WITH HIS MOTHER — WHO WAS BORN IN 1681, IN EAST BROMWICH, ENGLAND.



ADEPT IN THE FEMININE ARTS, IMMERSED IN GERMAN LITERATURE, SHE DREAMED OF SPIRITS AND MAGIC.

SHE CALLED FORTH A HIGH-RANKING DEMON AND HAD INTIMATE RELATIONS WITH HIM.



TERRIFIED AND ASHAMED, SHE SPENT THE REST OF HER LIFE IN DEEP REPENTENCE.

UPON HER DEATH, THE DEMON RECLAIMED HER BODY.



WITHIN HER STILL LIVED THEIR SPIRITUAL SON, AWAITING TO INCARNATE AND FALL TO EARTH.

SHE LAY DORMANT, LIKE AN INSECT, UNTIL THAT FATEFUL AUTUMN NIGHT IN 1944...



WHEN HER CHILD WAS SUMMONED FORTH BY GRIGORY EFIMOVICH RASPUTIN.

THE CREATURE WAS TAKEN BY PROF. TREVOR BROOM TO AN ARMY BASE IN NEW MEXICO.



IT WAS BROOM WHO NAMED HIM... HELLBOY! HE GREW FAST AND WAS INCREDIBLY INQUISITIVE.

HE SHOWED REMARKABLE RESISTANCE TO PAIN. HIS STONE "GLOVE" PROVED IMPERVIOUS TO ANALYSIS.



HE DISPLAYED A STRONG CONNECTION TO ANIMALS. FOR A TIME, HE COULD "TALK" TO THE BASE MASCOT.

BROOM WAS ASKED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO CONCEAL HELLBOY'S EXISTENCE FROM THE WORLD.



NEVERTHELESS, CERTAIN CELEBRITIES FOUND THEIR WAY TO THE ATTRACTION.

THE EARLY 50'S WAS AN ACTIVE TIME FOR THE B.P.R.D., AS HITLER WAGED HIS SECRET WAR FROM SOUTH AMERICA.



THE BUREAU MOVED INTO NEW HEADQUARTERS. HELLBOY'S ROOM WAS SET DEEP INTO THE CLIFF WALL.

BROOM KEPT HELLBOY'S ORIGINS A SECRET FROM HIM UNTIL ONE NIGHT IN 1959.



HELLBOY WAS JOLTED: HE VOWED NEVER TO PROBE INTO THE SUBJECT.

MOST SENSITIVE WAS HE TO BEING WATCHED, STARED UPON, OR PHOTOGRAPHED.



HE REMAINED THE ONLY NON-HUMAN OF THE B.P.R.D. UNTIL 1978, WHEN ABE SAPIEN JOINED THE ORGANIZATION.

WHEN, IN 1988, LIZ SHERMAN JOINED THE B.P.R.D., HELLBOY FELL IN LOVE.



FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HE KNEW THE MEANING OF PAIN.



BORN IN 1974, FOR HER FIRST FOUR YEARS SHE SPOKE NOT A SINGLE WORD. HER PARENTS WORRIED.



THEN ONE EVENING IT ALL CAME OUT IN A DELUGE: FROM TOTAL SILENCE TO FULL ARTICULATION IN A FEW HOURS.

HER FATHER, EFFICIENCY EXPERT FOR SEVERAL LARGE COMPANIES, MOVED THE FAMILY AROUND THE COUNTRY.



LIZ FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE FRIENDS. SHE WAS TOO INTENSE, TOO INTELLIGENT.

THE FIRST FIRE OCCURRED WHEN SHE WAS SEVEN, IN THE FORM OF MYSTERIOUS SCORCHED PATCHES ABOUT HER BEDROOM.



NO CAUSE COULD BE FOUND. LIZ COULD ONLY REMEMBER THAT SHE HAD DREAMED OF FIRE THAT NIGHT.

THE PHENOMENON REPEATED ITSELF SEVERAL MORE TIMES. HER PARENTS WORRIED.



ONCE, HER HANDS BURST INTO FLAMES IN THE SCHOOL YARD.

HER MOTHER AND FATHER HAD FURIOUS ARGUMENTS AND EVENTUALLY DIVORCED. THEY DIDN'T BLAME LIZ: SHE BLAMED HERSELF.



SHE TOOK UP PHOTOGRAPHY, BECAUSE, "THINGS STAY STILL IN PICTURES."

HER WORLD CHANGED WHEN SHE WAS ELEVEN: AN ENTIRE COURTYARD ENGULFED IN FLAMES.



AMONG THE FATALITIES: HER OWN MOTHER. LIZ WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR, YET SHE REMEMBERED NOTHING.

SHE SPENT HER TEEN YEARS ON THE STREET, LEARNING THE HARD CODE OF SELF-RELIANCE.



AT AGE 17, SHE MET PROF. TREVOR BROOM, AND WAS PERSUADED TO JOIN THE B.P.R.D.

SHE QUIT AND WAS WOODED BACK A DOZEN TIMES. SHE WAS QUITE THE STAR OF THE BUREAU.



SHE MET OTHERS LIKE HERSELF—EQUALLY AT ODDS WITH NORMALITY.

OVER THE YEARS, SHE FOUND SOLACE IN HELLBOY. THEY SHARED A LOVE FOR SILENT MOVIES AND OLD CARTOONS.



THEY SETTLED INTO A COMFORTABLE FRIENDSHIP, LIZ BEING UNABLE TO ABANDON HERSELF TO ANYTHING MORE.

THEN CAME THE "PITTSBURGH INCIDENT" OF 2002. SIX BUREAU AGENTS ON ASSIGNMENT IN AN ABANDONED FOUNDRY.

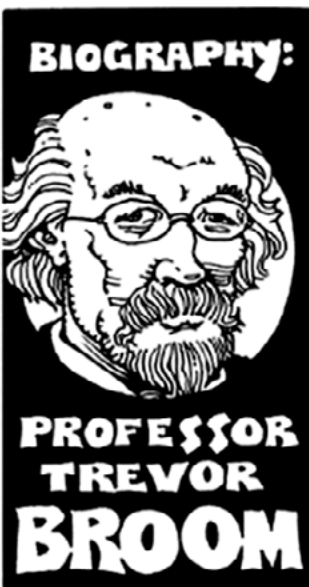


SUDDENLY: A MILE-WIDE FIREBALL OF ENORMOUS DEVASTATION. THE ONLY SURVIVORS: LIZ SHERMAN AND HELLBOY.

BRANDED AN ARSONIST, CLASSIFIED AS A LIVING WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION, SHE AGAIN TOOK TO THE ROAD.



BUT THIS TIME IT WAS MORE DIFFICULT.



HE WAS NAMED AFTER HIS GRANDFATHER, RENOWNED ENGLISH WAR HERO AND ARCTIC EXPLORER: TREVOR BRITTENHOLM.



HIS FATHER, A WEALTHY IMPORTER FULLY EXPECTED THAT HIS ONLY MALE HEIR WOULD IN TIME ENTER THE FAMILY BUSINESS.

WHEN TREVOR'S TWO YOUNG SISTERS DIED OF PNEUMONIA, HE BECAME THE "TREASURE" OF HIS PROTECTIVE MOTHER.



SHE CONDUCTED SEANCES TO TRY TO REACH HER DEPARTED "ANGELS." TREVOR WAS ENRAPTURED BY SPIRITS AND MAGIC.

OVER TIME, HIS MOTHER AND FATHER GREW DISTANT FROM ONE ANOTHER, EVENTUALLY LIVING IN SEPARATE HOMES.



HIS AGED GRANDFATHER THEN BECAME TREVOR'S KEY EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIP.

TOGETHER, THEY TRAVELLED THE WORLD.



DURING TREVOR'S TEEN YEARS, ACADEMIC AND SPIRITUAL PURSUITS OUTWEIGHED ANY DESIRE FOR AMOROUS ADVENTURE.

AT AGE 17, WHILE TOURING TUNISIA, HE WATCHED AS AN OLD WOMAN WAS EXORCISED OF SEVERAL UNCLEAN SPIRITS.



SHE THEN PROPHESED TO TREVOR THAT HE WOULD ALWAYS TRANSIT A LINE BETWEEN LIGHT AND SHADOW, HEAVEN AND HELL.

THROUGHOUT HIS YOUTH, TREVOR CORRESPONDED WITH CHARLES FORT, THE PIONEERING RESEARCHER INTO THE PARANORMAL.



THE TWO SHARED A BELIEF THAT THE FANTASTIC AND THE BIZARRE ARE EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES.

TREVOR MET AN ARISTOCRATIC YOUNG WOMAN WITH A UNIQUELY CURIOUS MIND: LADY ELIZABETH COLTON.



THEY FELL QUIETLY IN LOVE, ALTHOUGH HER FATHER OPPOSED THE UNION.

THEY AGREED TO ENDURE A SEPARATION, AS TREVOR ATTENDED A SERIES OF LECTURES BY NIKOLA TESLA.



INEVITABLY, WHILE HE WAS OVERSEAS, HIS BELOVED DIED.

BACK IN LONDON, HE VISITED ELIZABETH'S GRAVE — AND MADE A PERSONAL VOW...



"IT IS NOT THE FATE OF MY OWN SOUL THAT WILL CONCERN ME NOW, BUT THAT OF THE WHOLE WORLD."

TREVOR SERVED ENGLAND'S NEEDS DURING WORLD WAR II, DEVISING A METHOD FOR DECODING NAZI ENCRYPTION SYSTEMS.

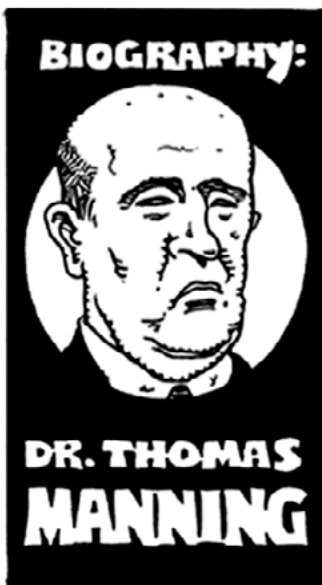


HE BECAME THE FOREMOST AUTHORITY, OUTSIDE GERMANY, ON NAZI OCCULTISM.

AFTER MEETING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, HE FOUNDED THE BUREAU OF PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE.



AND THEREAFTER PERFORMED "VALUABLE AND HONORABLE SERVICES" FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



BORN IN 1945, ELDEST SON OF CONNECTICUT SENATOR PAUL MANNING AND HIS WIFE EMELINE.



BABY THOMAS WAS SWIFTLY PLACED IN AN INCUBATOR, WHERE HE BRAVELY FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE FOR THREE WEEKS.

HE REMAINED A STRAIGHT-A STUDENT AND A STAR ATHLETE THROUGHOUT HIS SCHOOL YEARS.



AS A DEBATER AT YALE, HE PROVED HIMSELF MASTER OF STRONGLY HELD IDEAS.

HIS DEBATES OFTEN DISINTEGRATED INTO SHOUTING MATCHES OR SPITTING CONTESTS.



UPON RECEIVING A DOCTORATE IN LAW, THOMAS TOOK A POSITION WITH THE CONN. TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT CO., HIS FAMILY'S BUSINESS.

AT AGE 23, HE BECAME MANAGER OF THE HARTFORD BRANCH OF THE GREAT AMERICAN INSURANCE CO.



HE WAS THUS COMFORTABLY ENSCONCED IN THE PRIVILEGED LIFE THAT WAS HIS DUE.

HIS FATHER'S POLITICAL CAREER, HOWEVER, WAS STILL AN INSPIRATION: THOMAS COULD NOT RESIST THE PUBLIC ARENA.



HE REMAINED A CONSERVATIVE THROUGH THE 60'S (A FACT THAT HE HAS LAMENTED MANY TIMES SINCE).





HE WAS BORN IN
THE CENTER OF THE
AMERICAN HEARTLAND:
A KANSAS FARM.



THE DATE WAS
SEPTEMBER 9, 1976.

ONE OF FIVE OFFSPRING
TO PROUD AND LOVING
PARENTS ...



THE MOTHER: A
GIFTED HOME MAKER.
THE FATHER: OWNER OF
LOU'S DINER, ON MAIN ST.
IN AUGUSTA, KANSAS.

JOHNNY'S WAS A
TYPICAL CHILDHOOD OF
THE RURAL MIDWEST...



SUNDAYS AT CHURCH,
SUMMERS AT THE POND,
BIG FAMILY DINNERS,
QUIET EVENINGS UNDER
THE STARS...

UNTIL AGE SIX, WHEN
HIS PARENTS VANISHED
FROM THE FACE OF
THE EARTH.

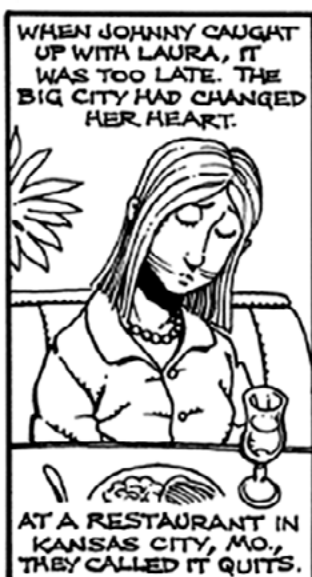
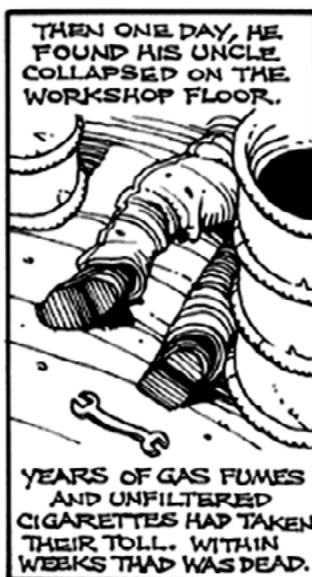


THEY SIMPLY DROVE
AWAY ONE AFTERNOON,
NEVER TO BE SEEN
AGAIN.

POLICE THEORIZED A
CAR-JACKING—BUT NO
TRACE OF THE COUPLE
OR THEIR CAR WAS
EVER FOUND.



THE FEELING HAS NEVER
LEFT JOHNNY THAT THEY
MIGHT RETURN ANY DAY.





CERTAIN ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE ARE WELL KNOWN. BORN, PROBABLY 1867, IN THE PEASANT VILLAGE OF POKROYSKOYE.



AS A YOUTH, RAUCOUS AND UNEDUCATED, MUCH GIVEN TO THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH.

THEN ONE NIGHT, AS HE LAY IN THE WOODS, AN ANGEL CAME UNTO HIM.



THIS BEING DECLARED ITSELF ALL-POWERFUL AND APPOINTED GRIGORY ITS EMISSARY ON EARTH.

FOR THIS, GRIGORY WOULD RECEIVE ALL EARTHLY POWERS, AS WELL AS ETERNAL LIFE.



AS CONFIRMATION, THE ANGEL WOULD SOON SEND A GIANT CARVED STONE DOWN FROM THE SKY.

HIS REPUTATION AS HOLY MAN AND HEALER BROUGHT GRIGORY INEVITABLY TO ST. PETERSBURG AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.



HIS MIRACULOUS WORK WITH THE YOUNG TZAREVICH GAINED HIM ACCESS TO THE HIGHEST CORRIDORS OF POWER.

IN 1908, THE ARTIFACT PREDICTED BY THE ANGEL FELL TO EARTH IN SIBERIA.



A HUGE STONE SLAB WAS RECOVERED BY THE TZAR'S ARMY AND TRANSPORTED TO A SECRET LOCATION.

BY 1916, RASPUTIN HAD ATTRACTED NUMEROUS ENEMIES. IT WAS TIME TO ALLOW HIS OWN ASSASSINATION.



HE WAS POISONED, BEATEN, AND SHOT, HIS BODY DROPPED INTO THE ICY NEVA.

OVER THE ENSUING YEARS OF DARKNESS, RASPUTIN LEARNED CALM—AND HE SAW THE FUTURE.



HIS ASHES WERE AT LAST RECOVERED BY HITLER'S ELITE CORPS. A CEREMONY BROUGHT FORTH HIS RENEWED SELF.

HE EMERGED FULL-GROWN AS THE TRUE POWER BEHIND THE THIRD REICH.



THIS TIME HE WAS WISER: HE NEVER SHOWED HIMSELF IN PUBLIC—LESS LIKELY TO MAKE ENEMIES THAT WAY.

HE GATHERED ABOUT HIM A CIRCLE OF DISCIPLES, HIS BERLIN SALON A CENTER FOR DRUGS AND DEBAUCHERY.



KROENEN WAS HIS FAVORITE APOSTLE, ILSA HAUPTSTEIN HIS MAGDALENE.

HE PROMOTED THE ILL-PLANNED ADVANCE ON MOSCOW, IN HOPES OF RECAPTURING THE PROPHETIC STONE.



THE VENTURE COST HITLER THE WAR.

MORE SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PORTAL GENERATOR, WHICH BROUGHT FORTH, IN 1944, THE SCARLET BEAST ... HELLBOY?



AND RASPUTIN WAITED IN THE DARKNESS FOR A SIGN—AND A CHANCE TO FINISH HIS WORK.

Designed by Kielamel Sibal.

Written by Guillermo Del Toro and originally featured in the Hellboy (2004)
Special Edition DVD produced by Javier Soto and distributed by Columbia
TriStar Home Entertainment, Inc. and Revolution Studios. HELLBOY is based
on the Dark Horse Comics series created by Mike Mignola.

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