



B.P.R.D.
#108

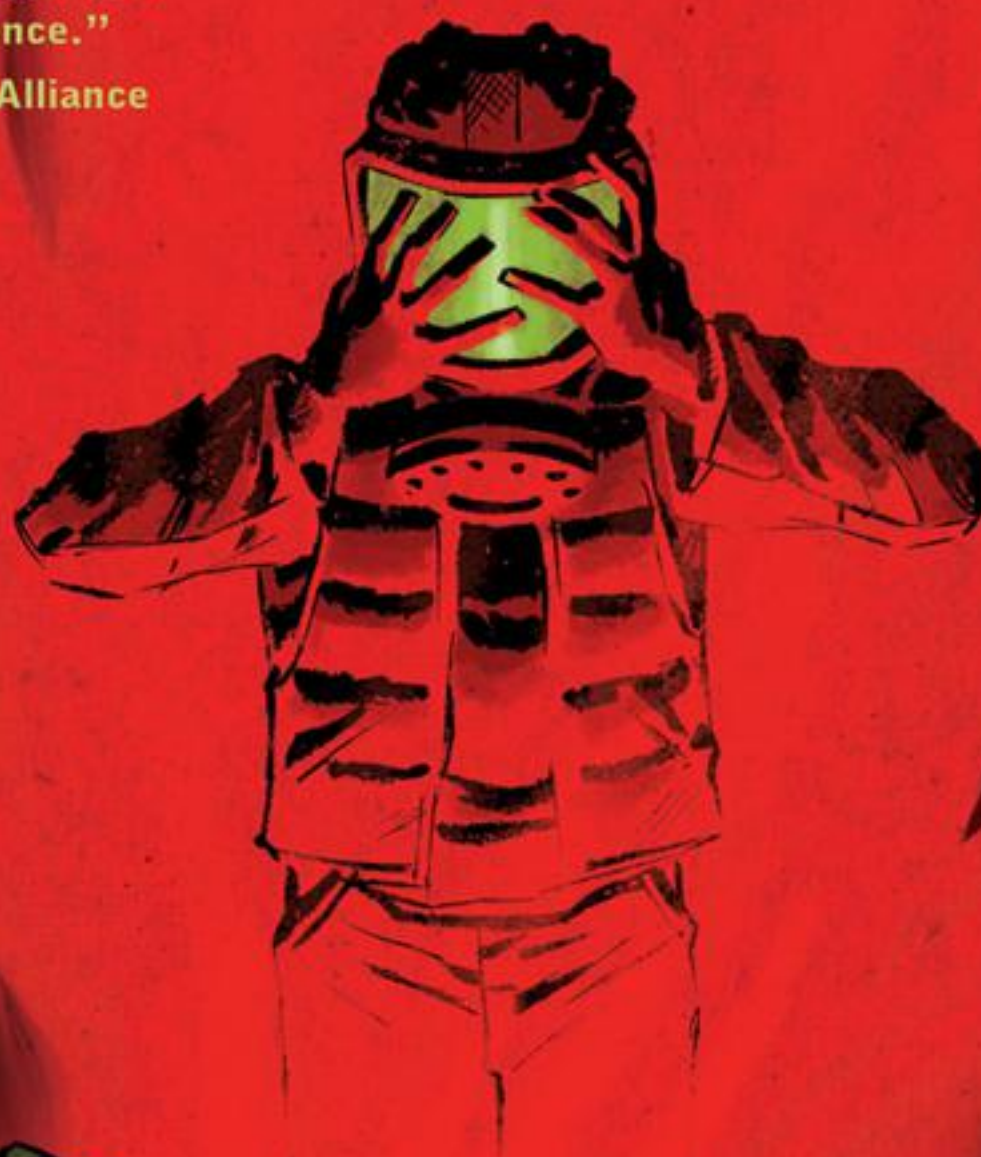
FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

B.P.R.D. HELL ON EARTH

MIKE MIGNOLA
JOHN ARCUDI
LAURENCE CAMPBELL
DAVE STEWART

"B.P.R.D. is both the comic you need and
the comic you deserve to experience."

—ComicsAlliance



JOHNSON









"--DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING?"



**GAS
MASKS!**

**GAS
MASKS,
EVERY-
BODY!**



DAMMIT!

**OH, CHRIST,
NOT MORE OF
THIS STUFF!**

**WHERE'S
MY AMMO?!**

UHH...!



**BUT WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?**

**THEY ONLY HAVE ONE
SPARE MASK. DON'T
WORRY. I GOT MY
BANDANNA.**



**COME ON,
DUMBASS!**

**PUT IT
ON!**







NICHOLS,
GERVESH, YOU
TAKE EAST AND
SOUTH OF THE
PERIMETER.

ALAN, WE'LL
TAKE WEST AND
NORTH. KEEP WATCH,
BUT AS LONG AS
THEY MAINTAIN
DISTANCE, HOLD
YOUR FIRE.



HEY, GERVESH.
THANKS FOR
SNAPPING ME TO.
I GUESS I WAS
A LITTLE OUT
OF IT.

YEAH?

SURE. I'D
SAY FORGET IT,
BUT I NEED A
FAVOR.



OH...



MY DAD GOT
HURT. HE'S GONE,
ISN'T HE?

I'M
SORRY,
LUCAS.
HE IS.

BUT I'M
RIGHT HERE,
OKAY? I'M NOT
GOING ANY-
WHERE.

AND I WON'T
LET **ANYTHING**
HAPPEN TO YOU.
LISTEN TO ME, DO AS I
SAY, AND I **SWEAR**
TO YOU YOU'LL BE OKAY.

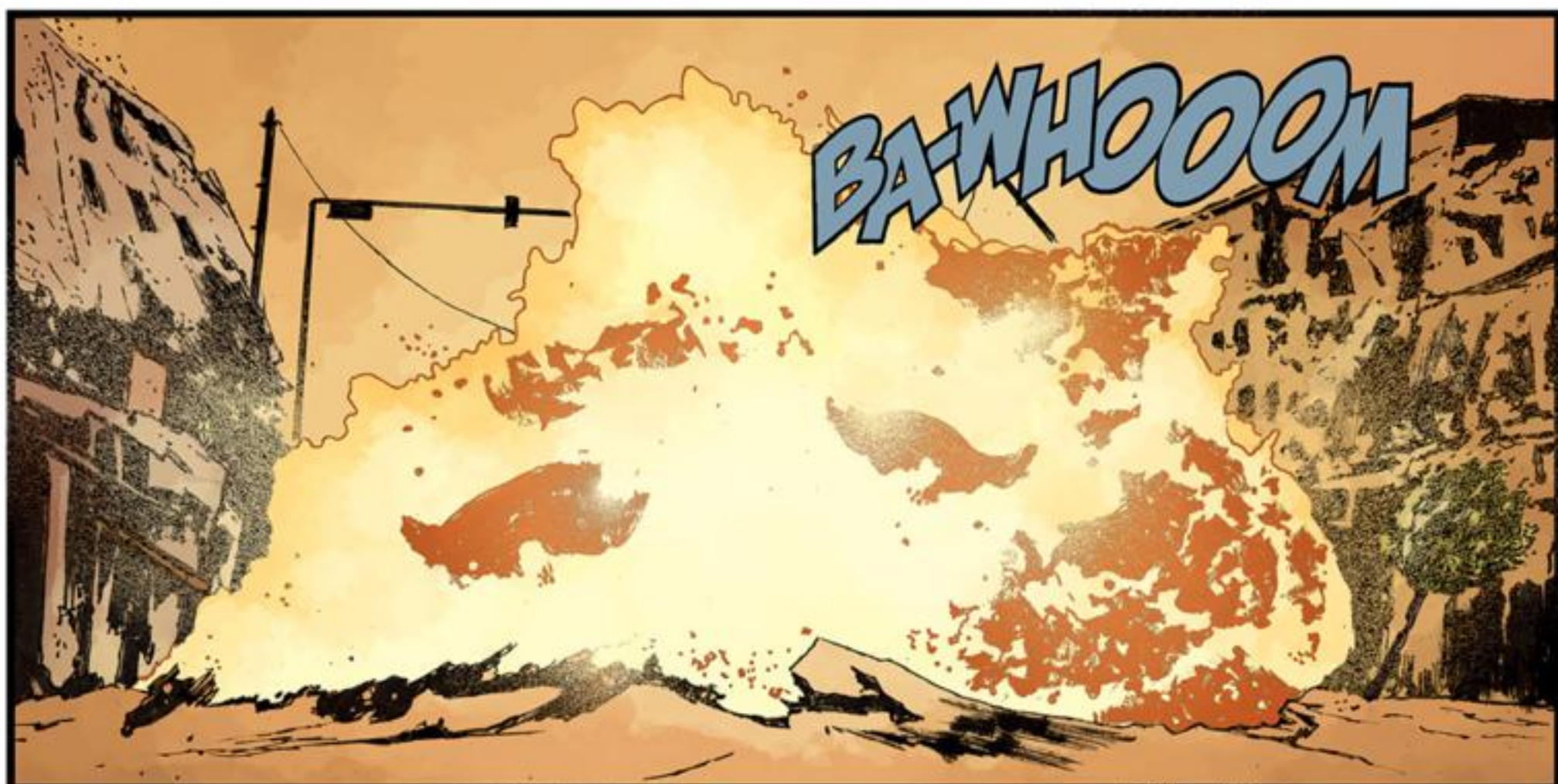


















THEY LEFT TRACKS
A MILE WIDE, BUT I
STILL WASN'T SURE I
COULD GET THEM BACK
HERE TO THEIR
GEAR.



BAT-FACED BASTARDS
TORE THESE STABLES
TO HELL, KILLED A FEW
STEEDS RIGHT HERE. NOT
A WARM HOMECOMING
FOR 'EM, I'M
SURE.

THAT CROWD OF
MONSTER PEOPLE
STOPPED 'EM IN THEIR
TRACKS, THOUGH. GUESS
THEY SCARE THE
HORSES EVEN
MORE.



I EXPECT
WE WERE
DUE **SOME**
GOOD LUCK.

THESE BEAUTIES
SHOULD GET US TO
CHICAGO BEFORE
NIGHTFALL.



HOW THE HELL
YOU KNOW SO MUCH
ABOUT HORSES?
DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU
GREW UP IN
PHILLY?

FLETCHER
STREET URBAN
RIDING CLUB,
SON.

CITY DIDN'T CARE
WHAT HAPPENED TO
LITTLE BROTHERS,
BUT FLETCHER
STREET, THEY
LOOKED OUT
FOR US.



We've reached the end of the second day of our repurposed mission and have made a few discoveries.

Nonhumans, or at least horses, are unaffected by the mist that's causing the mutations we've been seeing.

There were two more encounters with the same creatures we ran into yesterday. Regrettably, Agents Hansen and Boyd did not survive the first of these conflicts.

We also found much greater evidence of loss of life, as well as apparent evacuation efforts in several Illinois suburbs.

I believe the horses saved us a day's journey because, as Agent Nichols predicted, before sunset we reached our destination.



CHICAGO.



HOLY LORD...
I DIDN'T THINK
IT'D BE **THIS**
BAD.

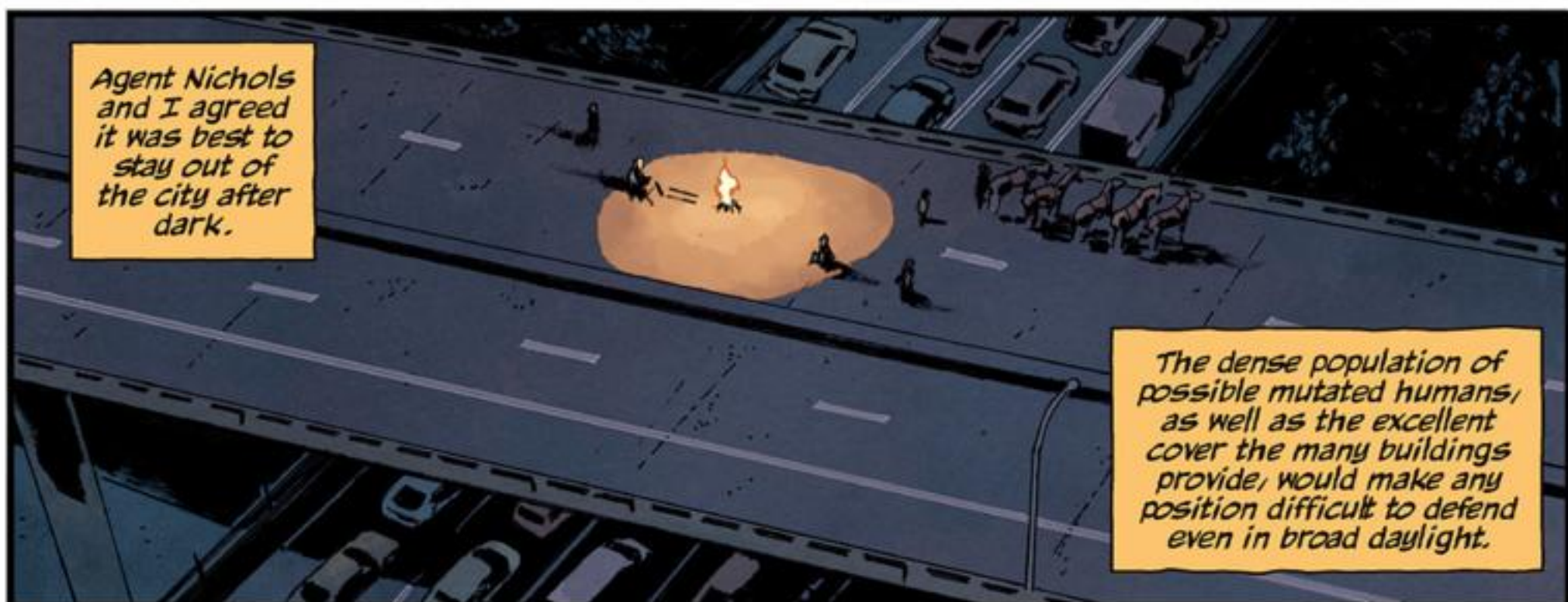
TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL RIDE IN
AND TRY TO LOCATE **LEHANE'S**
CONTACT--OR GET THROUGH TO
THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

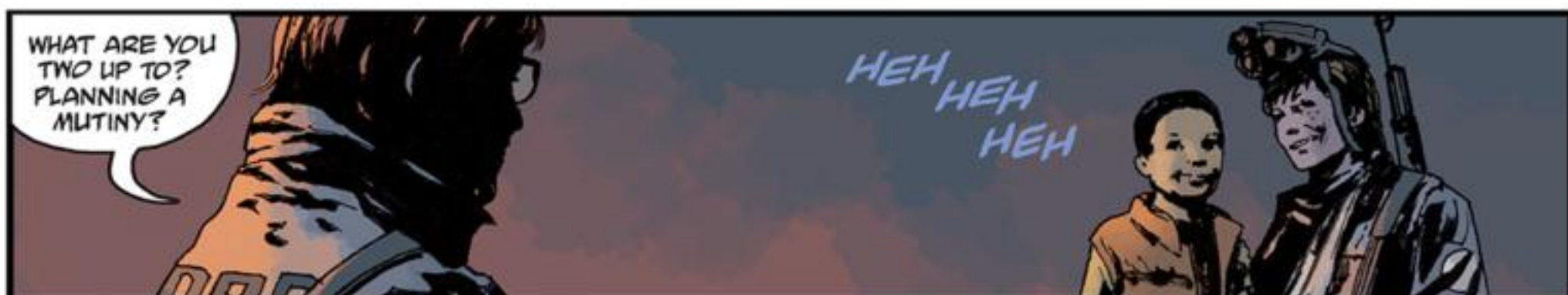
OR THE
AIRPORT.

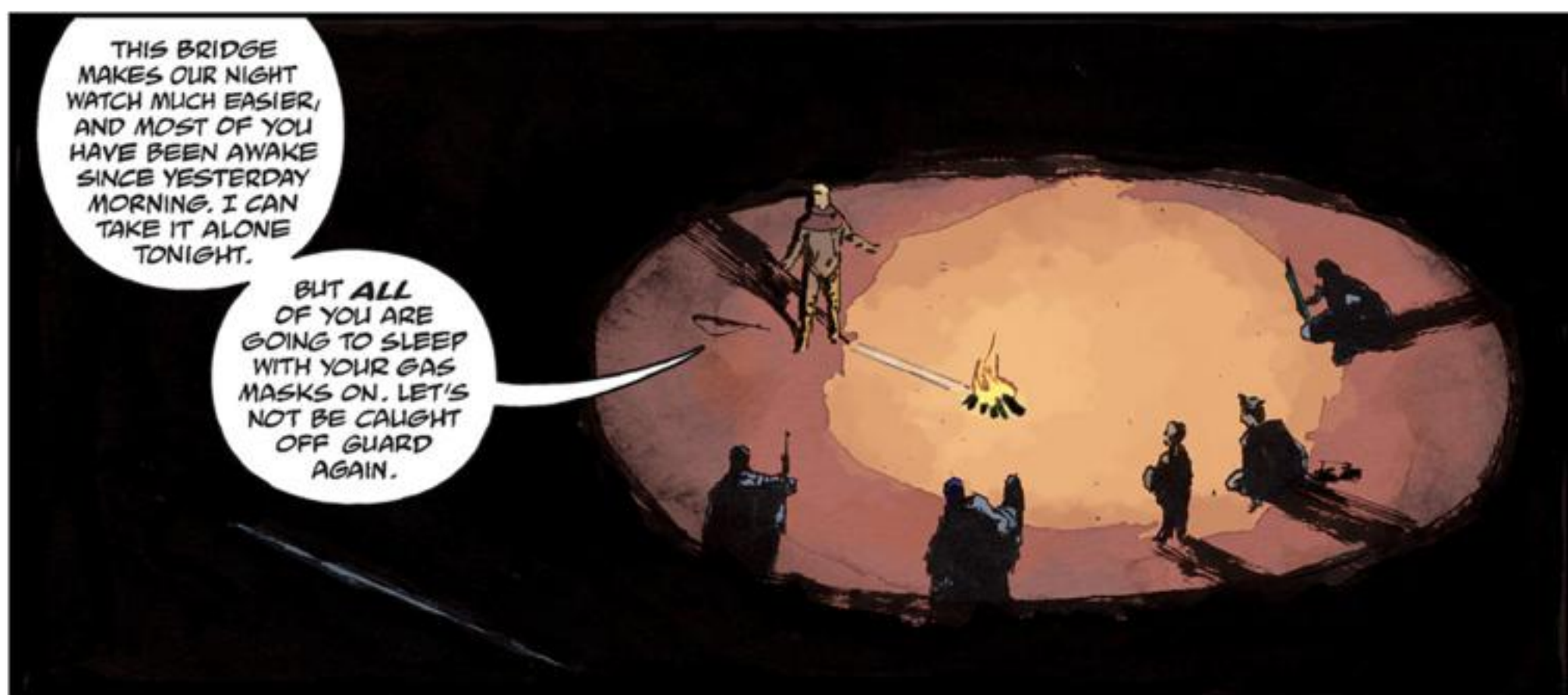


Agent Nichols
and I agreed
it was best to
stay out of
the city after
dark.

The dense population of
possible mutated humans,
as well as the excellent
cover the many buildings
provide, would make any
position difficult to defend
even in broad daylight.







THIS BRIDGE
MAKES OUR NIGHT
WATCH MUCH EASIER,
AND MOST OF YOU
HAVE BEEN AWAKE
SINCE YESTERDAY
MORNING. I CAN
TAKE IT ALONE
TONIGHT.

BUT **ALL**
OF YOU ARE
GOING TO SLEEP
WITH YOUR GAS
MASKS ON. LET'S
NOT BE CAUGHT
OFF GUARD
AGAIN.



NO! I
HATE THIS
THING!

LUCAS!



BUT IT **SMELLS!**
AND IT MAKES MY
FACE WET. I CAN'T
SLEEP WITH THAT
ON!

HEY
LOOK. I'M
DOING IT,
SEE?

WE'VE **ALL**
GOT TO--SO WE
DON'T GET SICK. AND,
BUDDY, IF **YOU** GOT
SICK, IT'D BREAK
MY HEART.



NOW PROMISE ME YOU'LL
WEAR IT. PROMISE ME
YOU'LL WEAR IT AND
YOU'LL **NEVER, EVER**
TAKE IT OFF UNTIL I
SAY SO--NOBODY
ELSE--OKAY?

PROMISE?



OKAAAY... I PROMISE.



CONTINUED



SON OF VITRON