



BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE

B.P.R.D.

\$2.99

#2

The Dead

MIKE
MIGNOLA

JOHN
ARCUDI

GUY
DAVIS



LITTLEPORT,
RHODE ISLAND.



"LANGDON
EVERETT CAUL...?"



"WHAT BECAME
OF HIM...?"





"HE WAS INVOLVED IN
PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS OF
A SCIENTIFIC NATURE..."



"SPENDING MORE AND MORE
TIME AWAY FROM HOME..."



"ENTERTAINING CURIOUS
FOREIGN GENTLEMEN..."



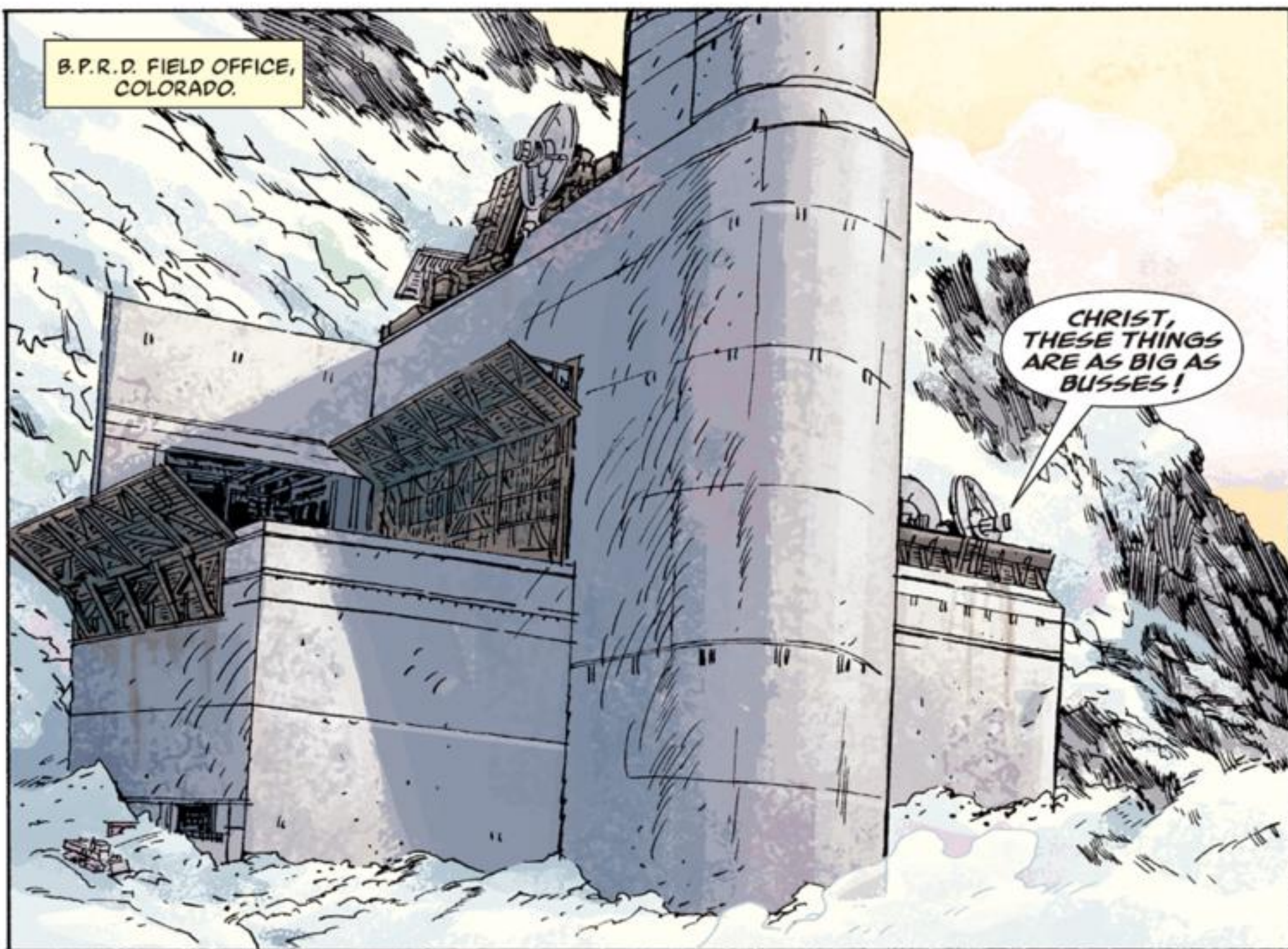
"FEBRUARY 22, 1865,
HE LEFT HOME AND
NEVER RETURNED."

"WHAT BECAME OF HIM?"



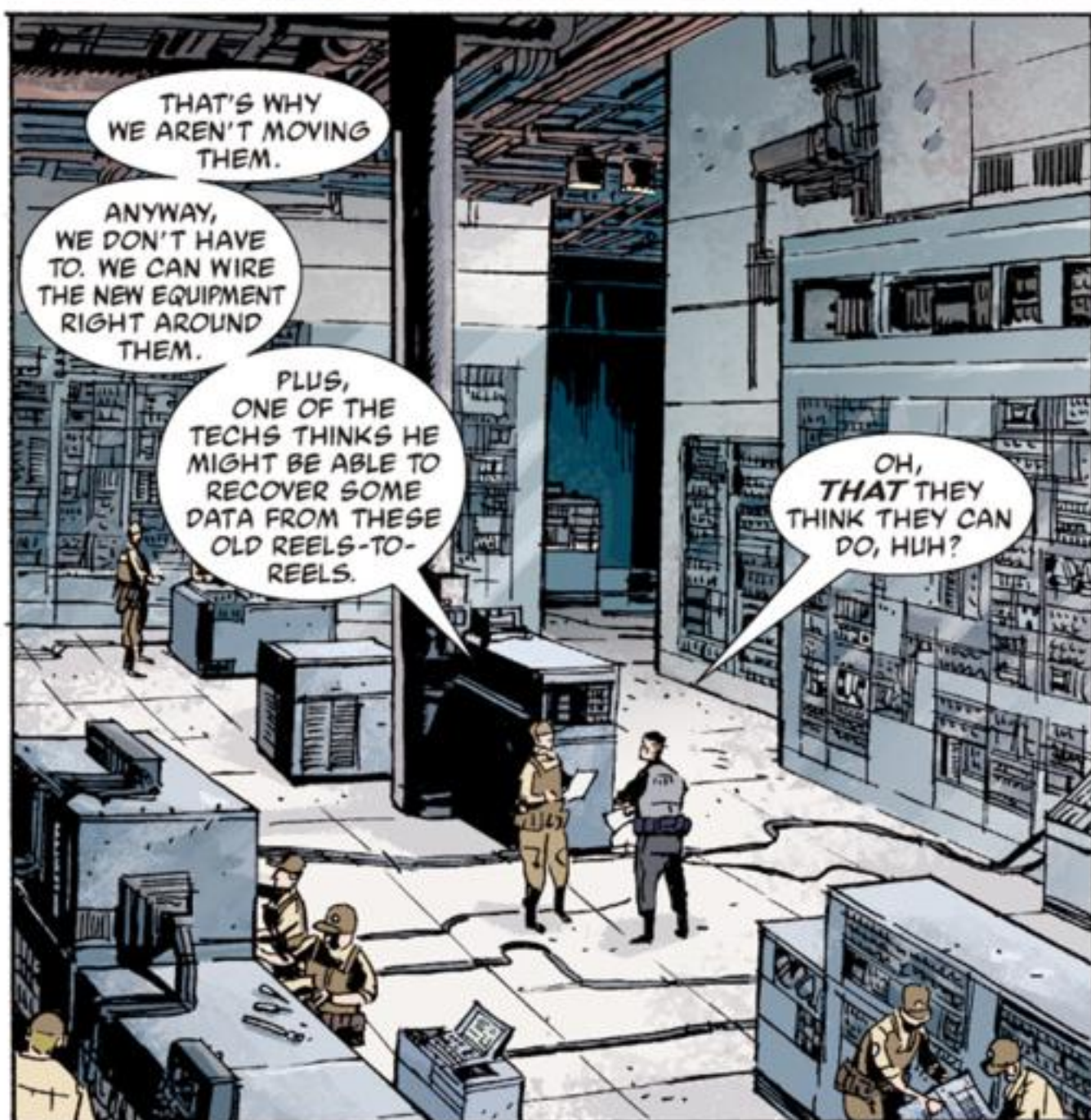
"WHO CAN SAY."*





B.P.R.D. FIELD OFFICE,
COLORADO.

CHRIST,
THESE THINGS
ARE AS BIG AS
BUSES!



THAT'S WHY
WE AREN'T MOVING
THEM.

ANYWAY,
WE DON'T HAVE
TO. WE CAN WIRE
THE NEW EQUIPMENT
RIGHT AROUND
THEM.

PLUS,
ONE OF THE
TECHS THINKS HE
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
RECOVER SOME
DATA FROM THESE
OLD REELS-TO-
REELS.

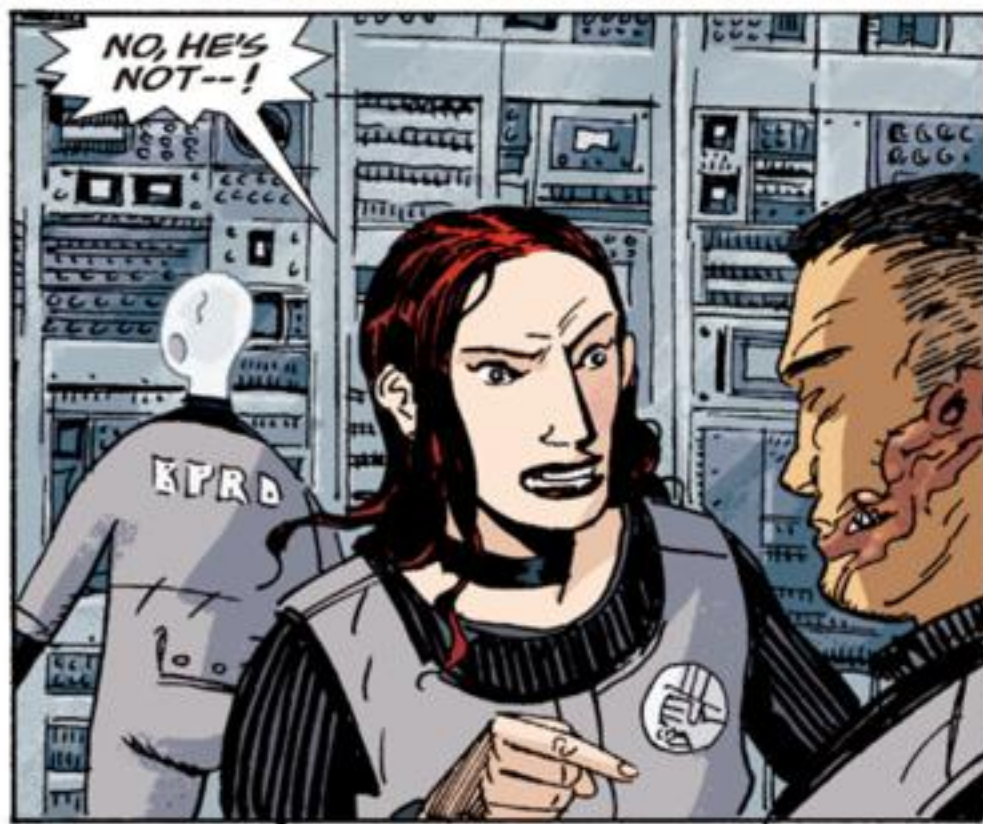
OH,
THAT THEY
THINK THEY CAN
DO, HUH?



ASK 'EM TO GET THE DAMN
ELEVATORS IN HERE TO WORK,
THOUGH, AND THEY CAN'T
DO SQUAT.

USELESS
GEEKS.





*HOMUNCULI, CREATED USING HERBS, BLOOD, AND OTHER HUMAN FLUIDS, ARE INCUBATED IN MANURE.





TAPTAPTAPTAP



TAPTAPTAPTAP



TAPTAPTAPTAP



TAPTAPTAPTAPTAP







SEE?
YOU DO
REMEMBER.



I'M
SORRY. I
DON'T.

I'M
NOT THE
MAN YOU
TAKE ME
FOR.



YOU ARE.

I KNOW
YOU. EVEN IF YOU
DO NOT KNOW
YOURSELF.



WHERE--

SHHHHH...



WHERE
ARE THE WINDOWS
AND DOORS?

WHY?









--NATÜRLICH
WAR DAS ALLES
VOR DER WIEDER-
VEREINIGUNG.



JAHR
DAVOR. JETZT IST
ES ANDERS.



JA, MANCHMAL BIN
ICH EINSAM, ABER ICH
MEINE, DASS ICH DEUTSCHER
BIN, SPIELT KEINE ROLLE
DABEI.



DIE ANDEREN SIND
SCHIESSLICH AUCH
EINSAM, ODER?

ICH
WÜNSCHTE NUR-
ICH WÜNSCHTE ICH
KONNTE...

WHAT
IS IT?



WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

CAN'T
YOU HEAR
IT?



YOU
DON'T HEAR
IT?

