



# BLACK BOLT

#6



**MARVEL**

**BONUS  
DIGITAL  
CONTENT**

see inside for details

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**RATED T+**  
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is the king of the Inhumans, an off-splinter of humanity imbued with amazing abilities. But these gifts sometimes come with a price: Black Bolt's slightest whisper can shatter mountains. His voice has destroyed many lives, but it has saved countless others.

When the Silent King speaks, the world hears him.

But now no one can hear him. Facing imprisonment, his treacherous brother, Maximus the Mad, used his psychic powers and image-altering technology to send Black Bolt in his place. Trapped in a strange alien prison, Black Bolt finds himself at the mercy of the Jailer, who feeds on the inmates' powers, killing and resurrecting them for his own amusement.

Black Bolt and his fellow prisoners—Metal Master, the Absorbing Man, Raava and Blinky—staged a breakout but could not defeat the Jailer. Black Bolt's teleporting dog Lockjaw sniffed out his master's trail and rescued him just in time.

But Black Bolt could not leave his new companions behind. He broke them out of their cells for a final assault, and they discovered hidden footage revealing the Jailer's origin: The psychic vampire was once a prisoner himself.

They go now to find the Jailer's true form. But their mad tormentor has one last trick up his sleeve: He has resurrected the dead.

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HE IS BLACK BOLT, ONCE A KING,  
NOW A PRISONER. HE AND HIS FELLOW  
INMATES ARE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE.

THE DEAD ARE TRYING  
TO KILL THEM.

MERYN?  
BELOVED?

MA?

BLACK BOLT'S PARENTS, KILLED ACCIDENTALLY  
BY HIS TERRIBLE VOICE, STARE AT HIM ACCUSINGLY.  
IT TAKES EVERYTHING HE HAS NOT TO SCREAM.

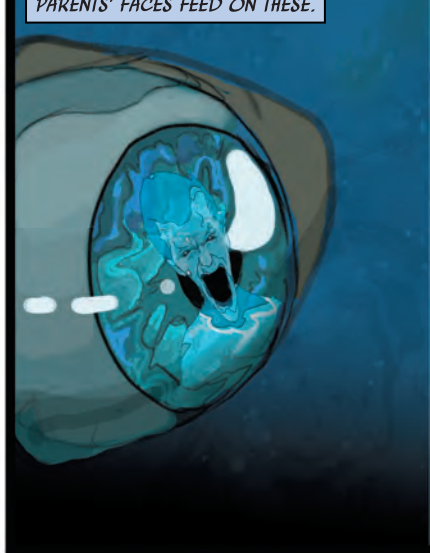
SOME PART OF BLACK BOLT KNOWS THIS CANNOT BE REAL.



BUT HIS SHAME IS REAL. HIS DOUBT IS REAL.



AND THE THINGS THAT WEAR HIS PARENTS' FACES FEED ON THESE.



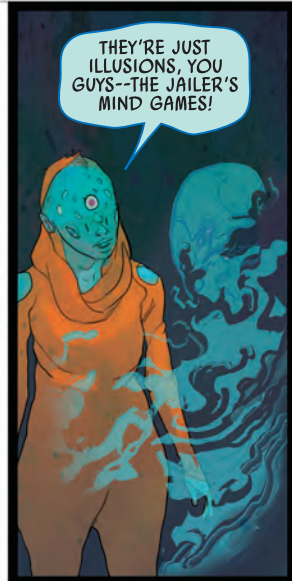
YGYZYS? BROTHER? YOU...YOU'RE DEAD.



NO! YOU'RE NOT HERE. YOU'RE NOT REAL!



THEY'RE JUST ILLUSIONS, YOU GUYS--THE JAILER'S MIND GAMES!



YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO STOP SEEING THEM!



THE CHILD'S VOICE CUTS THROUGH BLACK BOLT'S DOUBT LIKE A RAY OF LIGHT. HE IS NEEDED.



NONE KNOW FALSE SHAPES BETTER THAN THE SKRULLS. YOU ARE NOT RAAVA'S CHILDREN!

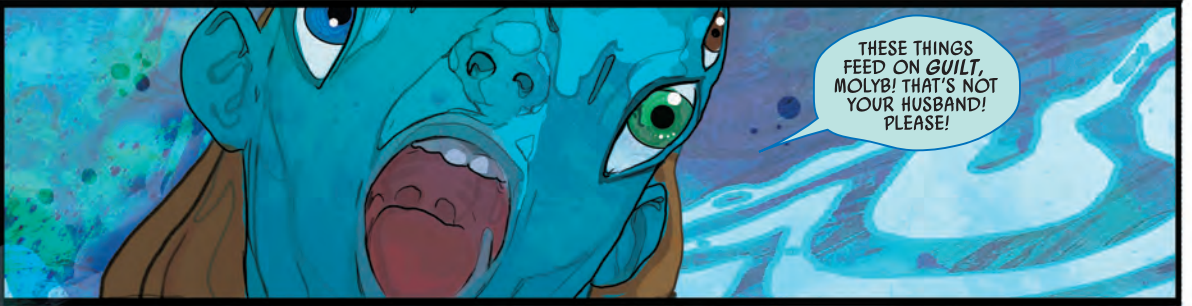


AND YOU AIN'T MY MA!





NO, NO!  
MERYN! FORGIVE ME!  
FORGIVE ME!



THESE THINGS  
FEED ON GUILT,  
MOLYB! THAT'S NOT  
YOUR HUSBAND!  
PLEASE!



IT'S NO USE.  
THIS PLACE IS  
DIRECTING ALL ITS  
FORCE AT HIM. AND  
HE'S BEEN IN HERE  
FOR DECADES.

THEY AIN'T  
REAL, OLD  
MAN! YOU GOTTA  
SNAP OUT  
OF IT!



NO!



AAARGH!

DO NOT  
TOUCH  
HIM!



MOLYB!  
STOP!



DO NOT  
TOUCH  
HIM!



DO  
NOT--

**SHUNK**



--URK