

**MARVEL**

**LEGACY THE MIDNIGHT KING RETURNS TO EARTH**

10



# BLACK BOLT



**AHMED  
WARD  
HANS**

**BONUS  
DIGITAL  
CONTENT**

see inside for details

**RATED T+  
\$3.99US  
MARVEL.COM**





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.

After abdicating the throne, Black Bolt spent months being tortured in an alien prison, thanks to the treachery of his brother, Maximus the Mad. He and his fellow prisoners broke free and destroyed the psychotic Jailer, but Crusher Creel, A.K.A. the Absorbing Man—a villain to some, and yet a friend to Black Bolt in that strange place—lost his life in the battle.

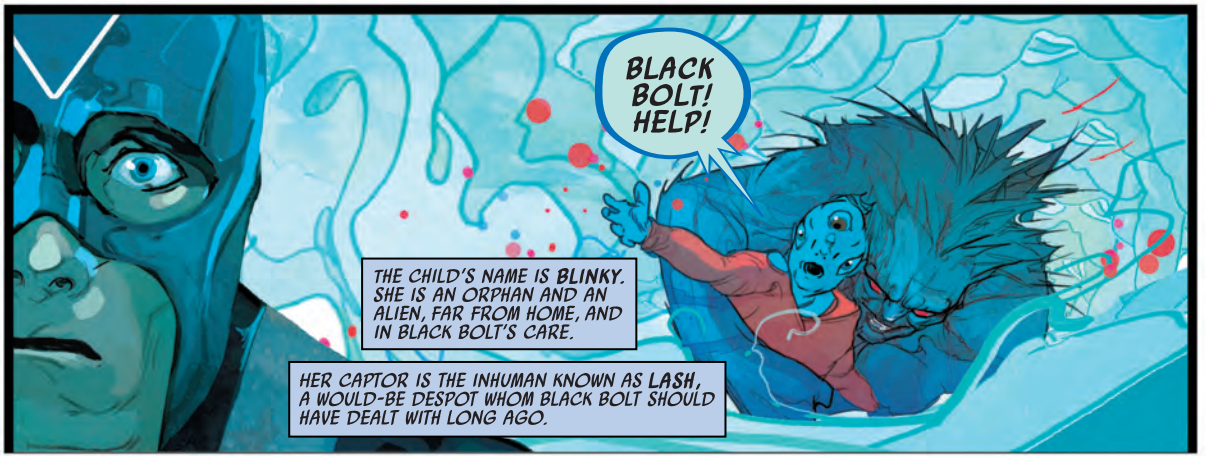
Black Bolt returned to Earth, accompanied by his teleporting dog Lockjaw and the psychic alien child Blinky, to bring the news of Crusher's death to his wife, the super villain Titania. But an old enemy had caught wind of Black Bolt's return: the Inhuman Lash, who seeks unfettered rule over their race. Lash has kidnapped Blinky, leaving Black Bolt and Titania standing helplessly at Crusher's grave.

[Note: This issue takes place alongside the events of  
INHUMANS: JUDGMENT DAY #1, on sale now.]

<b>Writer</b> <b>SALADIN AHMED</b>	<b>Artists</b> <b>CHRISTIAN WARD</b> with <b>STEPHANIE HANS</b> (pages 11-14)
<b>Letterer</b> <b>VC's CLAYTON COWLES</b>	<b>Cover Artist</b> <b>CHRISTIAN WARD</b>
<b>Logo Design</b> <b>JAY BOWEN</b>	<b>Design</b> <b>NICK RUSSELL</b>
<b>Executive Editor</b> <b>TOM BREVOORT</b>	<b>Associate Editor</b> <b>SARAH BRUNSTAD</b>
<b>Editor in Chief</b> <b>C.B. CEBULSKI</b>	<b>Editor</b> <b>WIL MOSS</b>
<b>Chief Creative Officer</b> <b>JOE QUESADA</b>	<b>BLACK BOLT created by</b> <b>STAN LEE &amp; JACK KIRBY</b>
<b>President</b> <b>DAN BUCKLEY</b>	<b>Executive Producer</b> <b>ALAN FINE</b>

Special thanks to **AL EWING**

BLACK BOLT No. 10, April 2018. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2018 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO BLACK BOLT, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. DAN BUCKLEY, President, Marvel Entertainment; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Vit DeBellis, Custom Solutions & Integrated Advertising Manager, at vdebells@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 01/12/2018 and 01/23/2018 by LSC COMMUNICATIONS INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.



**BLACK BOLT!  
HELP!**

THE CHILD'S NAME IS BLINKY. SHE IS AN ORPHAN AND AN ALIEN, FAR FROM HOME, AND IN BLACK BOLT'S CARE.

HER CAPTOR IS THE INHUMAN KNOWN AS LASH, A WOULD-BE DESPOT WHOM BLACK BOLT SHOULD HAVE DEALT WITH LONG AGO.



BLACK BOLT HAS FAILED TO VANQUISH HIS ENEMY. FAILED TO PROTECT HIS CHARGE. AGAIN.

HE WONDERS WHETHER HIS LIFE IS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A SUCCESSION OF FAILURES.



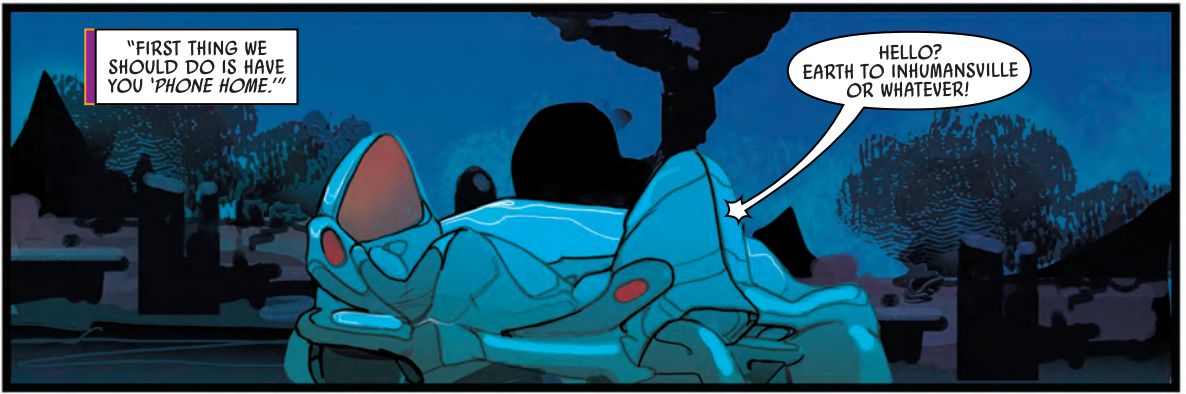
W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHO WAS THAT? WHY'D HE TAKE THE KID?



HEY. HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THIS KID'S GUARDIAN OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?

SO WHY ARE YOU SITTING HERE MOPING?

LET'S GO FIND HER.



"FIRST THING WE SHOULD DO IS HAVE YOU 'PHONE HOME."

HELLO? EARTH TO INHUMANSVILLE OR WHATEVER!



THIS IS INTERIM LEADER ISO ON A NEW ATILAN SECURE PRIORITY CHANNEL! WHO IS THIS AND HOW DID YOU GET ACCESS TO--



OH, BLACK BOLT. MY APOLOGIES, SIR. WHAT DO--

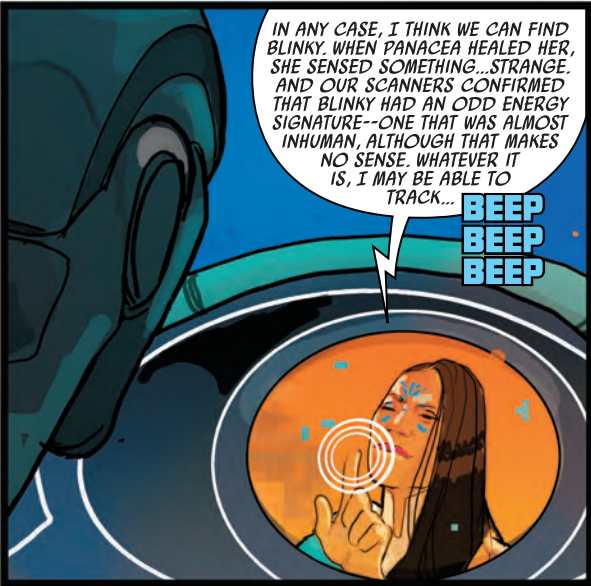


THAT BLUE KID! SHE GOT SNATCHED, AND YOUR BOSS OR KING OR WHATEVER NEEDS YOUR HELP. THE GUY WHO TOOK HER WAS HUGE. LASH, HE CALLED HIMSELF.

LASH? SIR, I STARTED TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT--WE'VE BEEN GETTING STRANGE READINGS FOR WEEKS FROM THE RUINED CITY OF OROLLAN, LASH'S FORMER HOME. ALMOST LIKE TERRIGEN PATTERNS, BUT...CORRUPTED.



WE HAVEN'T HAD THE RESOURCES TO INVESTIGATE, BUT HE'S BEEN UP TO SOMETHING.




IN ANY CASE, I THINK WE CAN FIND BLINKY. WHEN PANACEA HEALED HER, SHE SENSED SOMETHING...STRANGE. AND OUR SCANNERS CONFIRMED THAT BLINKY HAD AN ODD ENERGY SIGNATURE--ONE THAT WAS ALMOST INHUMAN, ALTHOUGH THAT MAKES NO SENSE. WHATEVER IT IS, I MAY BE ABLE TO TRACK...

**BEEP BEEP BEEP**



AH, YES. SHE'S DEFINITELY IN OROLLAN. THEY'RE NOT EVEN TRYING TO HIDE IT.

WHICH MEANS THAT IT'S PROBABLY A TRAP.

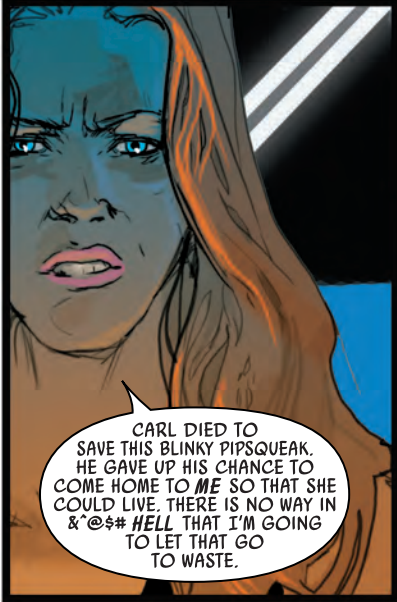


SIR, I'D LIKE TO SEND SOMEONE TO HELP YOU, BUT WE ARE STRETCHED THIN RIGHT NOW. WE YOUNGER INHUMANS HAD TO FEND FOR OURSELVES WHILE YOU WERE GONE, AND WE LOST SO MANY.

I... I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN HERE.




NO, HE'S NOT.



CARL DIED TO SAVE THIS BINKY PIP-SQUEAK. HE GAVE UP HIS CHANCE TO COME HOME TO ME SO THAT SHE COULD LIVE. THERE IS NO WAY IN &@\*\$# HELL THAT I'M GOING TO LET THAT GO TO WASTE.



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND STOP ME. TELL YOU WHAT, BLACK BOLT--DON'T, AND I WON'T THROW ANOTHER CAR AT YOUR HEAD. DEAL?



SO WHERE THE HELL IS OROLLAN?

IT'S AN OLD INHUMAN CITY--WHAT'S LEFT OF ONE--HIDDEN IN GREENLAND.

THAT SOUNDS COLD. I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A COAT. OUT HERE TRYING TO LOOK CUTE...

"...LEAST I BROUGHT MY FIGHTIN' DUDDS."

BLACK BOLT FLIES INTO THE NIGHT, HIS DEAD FRIEND'S WIFE BESIDE HIM. HE KNOWS THAT HE IS HEADING INTO A TRAP.

BUT HE CAN THINK ONLY OF THE CHILD THAT HE HAS ENDANGERED.

HE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT HE IS NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE HER.

SO THAT'S GREENLAND, HUH? DEFINITELY LOOKS COLD.

YUP, THAT LOOKS LIKE A VILLAIN HQ. GOD KNOWS I'VE SEEN THE INSIDE OF ENOUGH OF THEM. I WONDER IF--

**BLAM**

WE'RE GOING DOWN!


WELL, THAT HURT.

WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU SECOND-RATE FREAKS DID THAT--




--IS IN  
FOR A WORLD  
OF PAIN.

THEY ARE CALLED NUHUMANS--  
RAISED AMONG HUMANKIND,  
IGNORANT OF THEIR DISGUISED  
AND DORMANT INHUMAN  
HERITAGE, UNTIL BLACK BOLT  
SET OFF A TERRIGEN BOMB  
THAT REVEALED THEIR KIND  
ACROSS THE GLOBE.



THEY LOOK AS IF THEY WANT TO KILL  
HIM. AND BLACK BOLT CAN'T SAY  
THAT THEY ARE WRONG TO WANT IT.



PERHAPS IT WOULD BE JUSTICE  
TO LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED  
OR KILLED. PERHAPS IT IS WHAT  
HE DESERVES.



PERHAPS A PART OF  
BLACK BOLT WISHES  
FOR DEATH.

BUT HE CANNOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO DIE.  
FOR HE HAS PLEDGED TO PROTECT HIS  
NEW CHARGE. AND HE CANNOT KEEP  
THAT PROMISE IF HE IS DEAD.

SO THE MIDNIGHT  
KING FIGHTS.