



BLACK BOLT

#12



MARVEL

**BONUS
DIGITAL
CONTENT**

see inside for details



01211

RATED T+
\$3.99US
MARVEL.COM

**SALADIN AHMED
CHRISTIAN WARD**



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.

Some time ago, Black Bolt was unlawfully imprisoned and tortured in an alien jail. He and his fellow prisoners broke free and destroyed their psychotic Jailer, but lost Bolt's new friend Crusher Creel, A.K.A. the Absorbing Man, in the process.

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. While attending Crusher's funeral, they were ambushed by an Inhuman named Lash, who kidnapped Blinky. The ordeal triggered a change in her — a horrible transformation.

Inside of Blinky, the Jailer has lain dormant. And now, it's taken over her body and her powers.

Hoping to spare Titania, Black Bolt flew her far from the fight and abandoned her. But the Jailer is far too powerful, and Black Bolt is losing. His only hope lies in the spirits of Blinky and his son, Ahura, who have somehow manifested deep within his psyche to help him fight the Jailer. And Lockjaw intends to bring other help, as well: He teleported Titania to Parkwood Cemetery, where she found Crusher crawling out of his grave!

Writer
SALADIN AHMED

Artist
CHRISTIAN WARD

Letterer
VC's CLAYTON COWLES

Cover Artist
CHRISTIAN WARD

Design
NICK RUSSELL

Logo Design
JAY BOWEN

Associate Editor
SARAH BRUNSTAD

Editor
WIL MOSS

BLACK BOLT created by
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

Executive Editor
TOM BREVOORT

Editor in Chief
C.B. CEBULSKI

Chief Creative Officer
JOE QUESADA

President
DAN BUCKLEY


Executive Producer
ALAN FINE

BLACK BOLT No. 12, June 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; JOHN NEE, Publisher; 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 vdebellis@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 03/09/2018 and 03/20/2018 by LSC COMMUNICATIONS INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.




Royal Scientific Journal of
Agon, King and Chief Scientist
of Attilan and All Inhumanity.

Our first readings after
exposing the fetus to
Terrigen are **remarkable**.
If the results hold, our
innovations in Terrigenesis
could unlock unprecedented
powers in future Inhumans.



After nine months of steadily
increased doses of Terrigen, the child
has been born. We are concerned.
It is breathing, but it has not yet cried,
squealed or made any sort of noise.
In every other regard, however, it is
in excellent health.



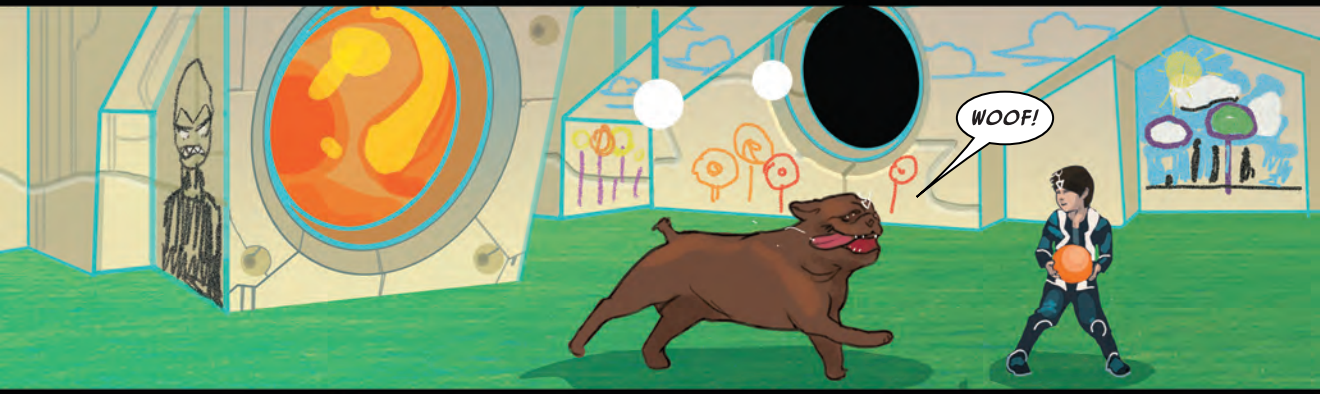
Today the child **speaks**. It would appear
that the process of in-utero Terrigenesis
has unlocked powers that are not only
unprecedented in our people, but
uncontrollable.



For the protection of
all Attilan, the child
must be isolated.



SLURP



WOOF!



ZZERT

BLACKAGAR!
YOUR FREE TIME IS
OVER. DISMISS YOUR
COMPANION AT
ONCE.

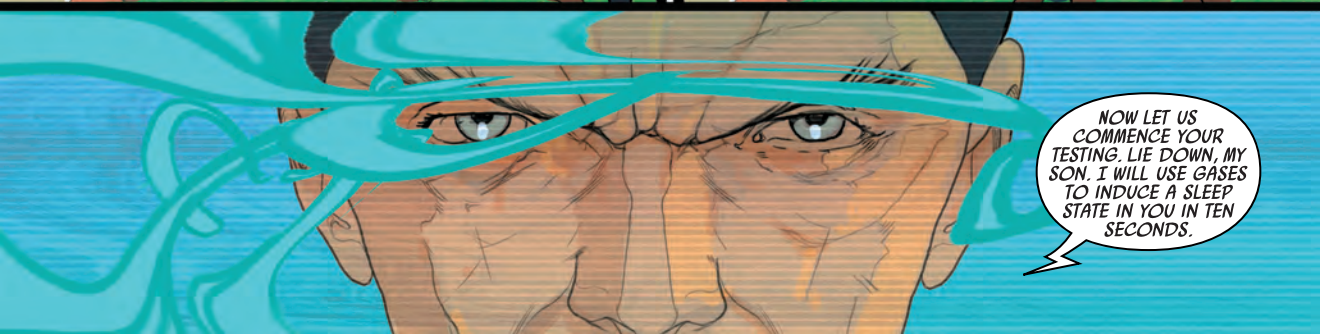
GRRRRR!



MY SON, IF
YOU DO NOT DISMISS
THAT BEAST IMMEDIATELY, I
WILL USE THE PAIN WHISTLE ON IT.
AS YOU HAVE SEEN, YOUR CHAMBER'S
SOUNDPROOFING DOES NOT
BLOCK ITS...UNPLEASANT EFFECTS
ON YOUR COMPANION'S
EARS.



MUCH
BETTER.



NOW LET US
COMMENCE YOUR
TESTING. LIE DOWN, MY
SON. I WILL USE GASES
TO INDUCE A SLEEP
STATE IN YOU IN TEN
SECONDS.



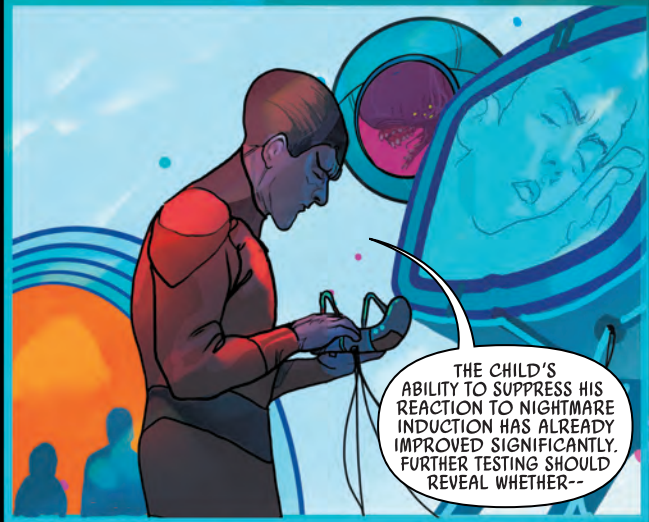
SO I GUESS I'M TRAVELING PSYCHICALLY THROUGH MY ABSENTEE FATHER'S MIND ALONGSIDE HIS NEW ADOPTED DAUGHTER. CAN'T WAIT TO TALK TO MY THERAPIST ABOUT THIS.

SHHH--UP AHEAD.

NEVER MIND.

YOUR WHAT?

THIS IS BAD, AHURA. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS--WHAT PAIN LIVES HERE-- BUT YOUR FATHER'S MIND HAS WORKED VERY HARD TO LOCK IT AWAY.



THE CHILD'S ABILITY TO SUPPRESS HIS REACTION TO NIGHTMARE INDUCTION HAS ALREADY IMPROVED SIGNIFICANTLY. FURTHER TESTING SHOULD REVEAL WHETHER--



AHURA, THIS IS REALLY SCARY. WHAT'S GOING ON?

THAT'S MY GRANDFATHER, AGON. CHIEF SCIENTIST OF OLD ATILAN AND KING BEFORE MY FATHER. THIS MUST BE SOME SORT OF PROJECTION OF MY DAD'S MEMORIES OR...SOMETHING.

I KNEW MY FATHER WAS ISOLATED AS A CHILD, BUT THIS...



...AGON EXPERIMENTED ON HIS OWN SON?! GAVE HIM NIGHTMARES ON PURPOSE TO TEST HIS CONTROL?!

HE... HE WAS SO LITTLE.



I... I GUESS THIS ISN'T REALLY HAPPENING. IT'S JUST A MEMORY.

MEMORIES ARE REAL, AHURA. THE JAILER USES THEM TO KILL. WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.

YEAH. YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.



HEY, GRANDPA! YOU BASTARD! LEAVE HIM ALONE!



FASCINATING....

WHAT THE HELL?

DEEPER INTO WHAT?

WE--WE'RE BEING PULLED DEEPER IN!



INTO BLACK BOLT'S NIGHTMARES!



THESE THINGS LOOK TOUGH!

GOOD THING I NEVER TRAVEL ALONE!

COOL POWER, BUT THEY STILL OUTNUMBER US!



LEAVE US ALONE!



I... WAS THAT ME? I DID THAT?



I DID THAT!



THEY'RE GONE. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE DOING? MIND BLASTS? PRETTY BADASS.

I, UH... I GUESS? I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE.



ARE YOU OKAY, BLACK BOLT?



IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN SPEAK. THIS PLACE WE'RE IN--IT'S... DIFFERENT.



WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

OH, BOY. THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN TO TRY AND EXPLAIN.



WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU. I'M YOUR FRIEND AND THIS IS YOUR... UH...

YOUR OTHER FRIEND.



HIS HIGHNESS MY FATHER SAYS FRIENDS ARE A LUXURY I CANNOT AFFORD. YOU MUST LEAVE. I DO NOT KNOW HOW I AM SPEAKING TO YOU SAFELY NOW, BUT I COULD KILL YOU.



YOU LISTEN TO ME, BLACKAGAR. YOUR FATHER IS *WRONG*. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE FRIENDS. *GOOD* FRIENDS. AND YOU'RE GOING TO GROW UP AND ESCAPE THIS HORRIBLESTUPID BOX AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE LOVED AND--



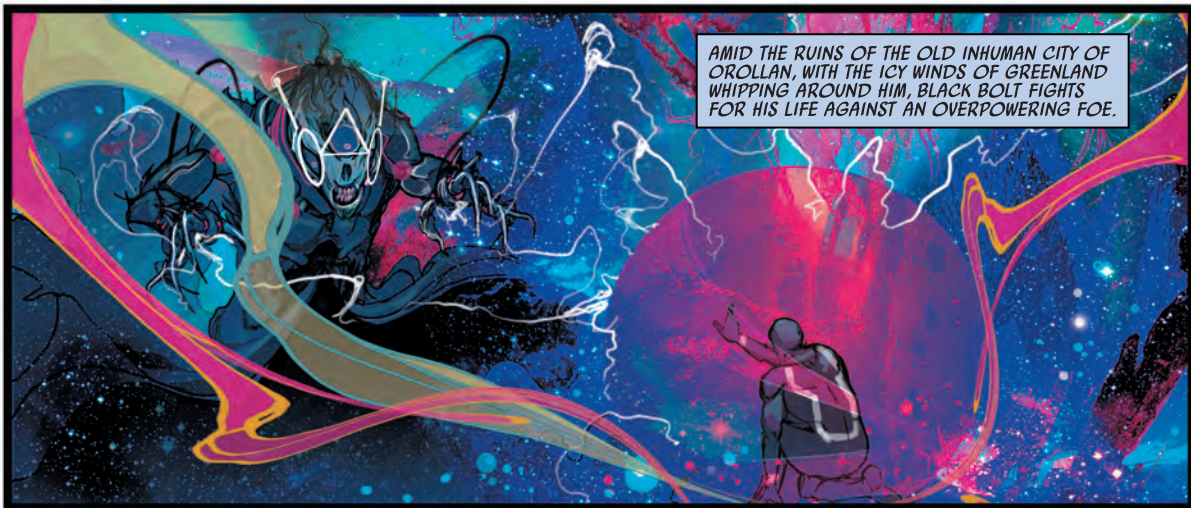
WHAT THE--

OH, NO.

HSSSSS



HE'S HERE.



AMID THE RUINS OF THE OLD INHUMAN CITY OF OROLLAN, WITH THE ICY WINDS OF GREENLAND WHIPPING AROUND HIM, BLACK BOLT FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE AGAINST AN OVERPOWERING FOE.



WITHOUT EVEN MEANING TO, HE HAS CALLED OUT TO THOSE WHO MATTER TO HIM. IN A POISONED FEVER, MEDUSA--ONCE HIS WIFE BUT ALWAYS HIS QUEEN--CAME TO HIM.

AND NOW HIS SON, WHOM HE HAS REPEATEDLY AID, HAS COME TO HIS AID.



IT HAS TAKEN LONG YEARS AND DEEP WOUNDS FOR BLACK BOLT TO LEARN TO ACCEPT THE AID OF THOSE HE LOVES. HE IS GRATEFUL FOR IT NOW.

BUT HE IS TERRIFIED THAT IT COMES TOO LATE.