



HE'S  
HERE.

WE CAN FEEL HIM.  
SCREAMING THROUGH  
THE BLACK, RACING  
TOWARD THE WHOLE  
OF CREATION...

# KING BLACK

ISSUE #1 PREVIEW

HIS HANDS  
WRAPPING AROUND  
THE WORLD'S  
THROAT.

CAP?  
IT'S ME...

THIS  
IS IT.  
NO  
MORE  
RUNNING.  
NO  
MORE  
HIDING.  
IT'S  
TIME.

KNILL, THE  
LORD OF THE  
ABYSS...

...THE GOD OF  
THE SYMBIOTES...

...HAS  
ARRIVED.



THE CALL GOES OUT.



ALL HANDS ON DECK.

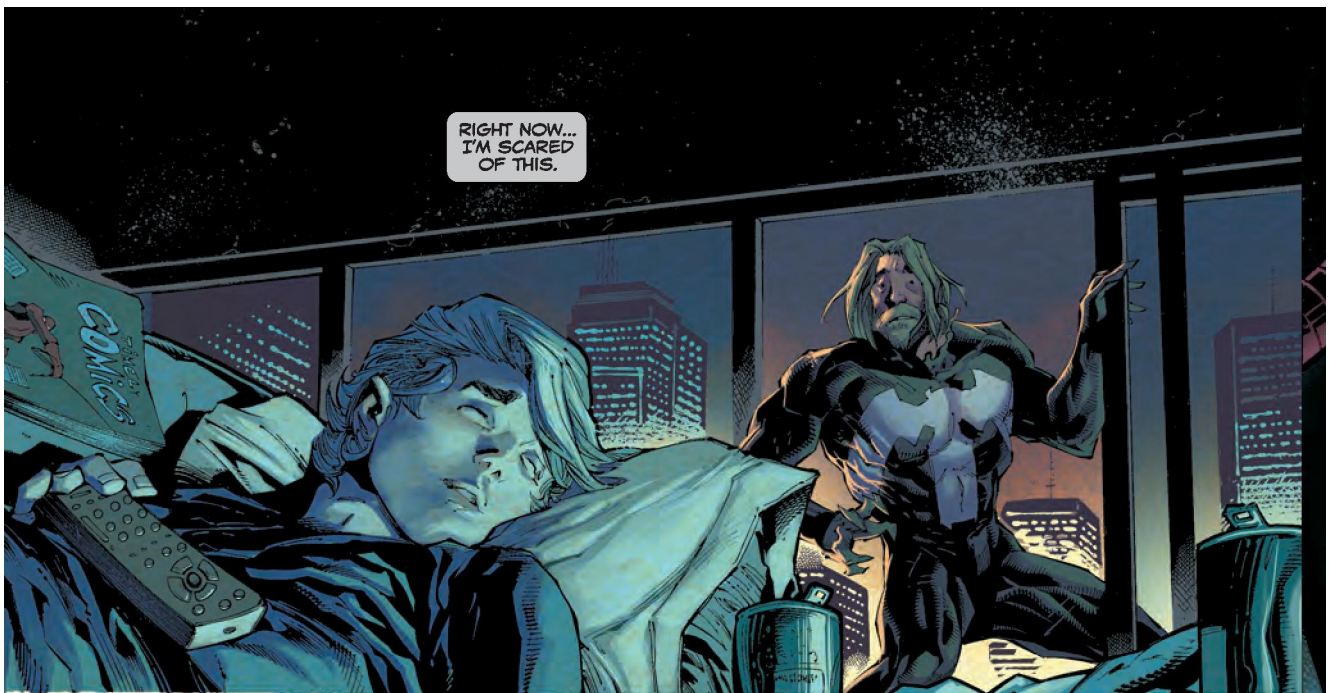
IF THE PLAN HOLDS, THE EVACUATIONS WILL START ANY SECOND NOW.

MY OTHER CAN ALREADY FEEL THE PANIC RISING IN THE AIR.

I SENSE IT TRYING TO CALM MY NERVES AS WELL...

BUT IT'S NOT KNILL THAT'S MAKING MY HEART SKIP...

NO. THAT FEAR WILL COME LATER...



RIGHT NOW...  
I'M SCARED  
OF THIS.



OF WAKING MY  
SON UP INTO  
THIS NIGHTMARE.



DYLAN'S BEEN  
THROUGH SO  
MUCH.

HE DESERVES BETTER  
THAN THIS. DESERVES  
TO BE INNOCENT. TO  
BE A CHILD.



I WISH ON EVERY  
DISAPPEARING STAR IN  
THE SKY THAT I COULD  
JUST LET HIM SLEEP.

THAT MY SON WOULD  
NEVER HAVE TO FACE  
THE HORRORS OF  
THIS WORLD I HAVE  
BROUGHT HIM INTO.

THAT HE WOULD NEVER HAVE TO INHERIT MY DARKNESS.

# AVENGERS MOUNTAIN. NOW.

--MOVE! COME ON, PEOPLE, IT'S GO TIME. GROUND TEAMS AND EVACUATION SHIPS ARE MOBILIZING IN DROP SITES AS WE SPEAK, BUT WE ARE ON DECK FIRST.

LET'S GET MEAN, SHALL WE?



TONY? WHERE ARE WE?

IS THAT WHAT WE'RE CALLING THEM?

SILVER LININGS, CAP.



HARD TO SAY, CAP. FROM THE INTEL THAT BROCK GAVE US, WE KNOW THAT KNULL AND HIS SYMBIOTE HORDE DON'T LEAVE HEAT SIGNATURES.

SO WE DON'T HAVE AN EXACT LOCK JUST YET. BUT THEY'LL TRIP OVER OUR LAND MINES EITHER WAY.



"HAVING A LEFTOVER ARMADA OF DERELICT KREE AND SKRULL WARSHIPS FLOATING AROUND IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE MIGHT JUST GIVE US THE EDGE WE NEED."



YOU JUST LIKE TURNING THINGS INTO BOMBS.

OLD HABITS. HEY, SPEAKING OF BOMBS, ANY WORD ON THE BIG MAN YET?

STILL WAITING. I'D SAY A PRAYER IF I WERE--

HEADS UP!



GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS, BOYS.

LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND THEM.



CLOSING IN, EDDIE! HAVE TO HURRY!

I KNOW! WE HAVE TO GET DYLAN TO SAFETY BEFORE--

AGHH!

AGH!

DAD?!

IF I HADN'T FINALLY WOKEN HIM, THAT WOULD HAVE.

THAT'S A HIT!

OKAY, NOW WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT MY--

EDDIE! DO YOU FEEL IT?! IT WASN'T--

IT DIDN'T WORK. TOOK OUT AT LEAST A HUNDRED OF THEM, BUT IT DIDN'T EVEN SLOW THEM DOWN. OH MY GOD...



AAAAMMMMMM

