

**MARVEL**  
**36**  
LGY#55

G. WILLOW WILSON • NICO LEON • IAN HERRING

# Ms. MARVEL



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**BONUS DIGITAL EDITION** – DETAILS INSIDE!

*Scott*  
Rozelle

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# SILK ROAD

When a strange terrigen mist descended upon Jersey City, Kamala Khan was imbued with polymorph powers. Using her new abilities to fight evil and protect Jersey City, she became the all-new **Ms. Marvel**. Her life was changed forever...and so were the lives of her family and friends.

After a semester abroad in Wakanda, Kamala's former best friend Bruno has returned to Jersey City. The stress of their confused feelings for each other—to say nothing of the super hero shenanigans that left Bruno injured and inspired him to leave in the first place—has put a strain on their relationship. They're slowly learning to be friends again, starting with experiments to learn how Kamala's powers work, wherein they discovered her polymorph powers operate by sharing mass with herself across time. But what else does Kamala not know about her powers...?

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JERSEY CITY.



Sometimes I like watching planes take off and land from LaGuardia and pretending they're stars.



That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

*PBBBT*



But why are we really up here, Kamala? You're not usually the stargazing type, planes or no planes.

I dunno. Ever since that whole thing with Shocker, I've been thinking...

Who was that strange guy I saw when Singularity was pulling me through the timestream?

Why did he seem to know who I was?

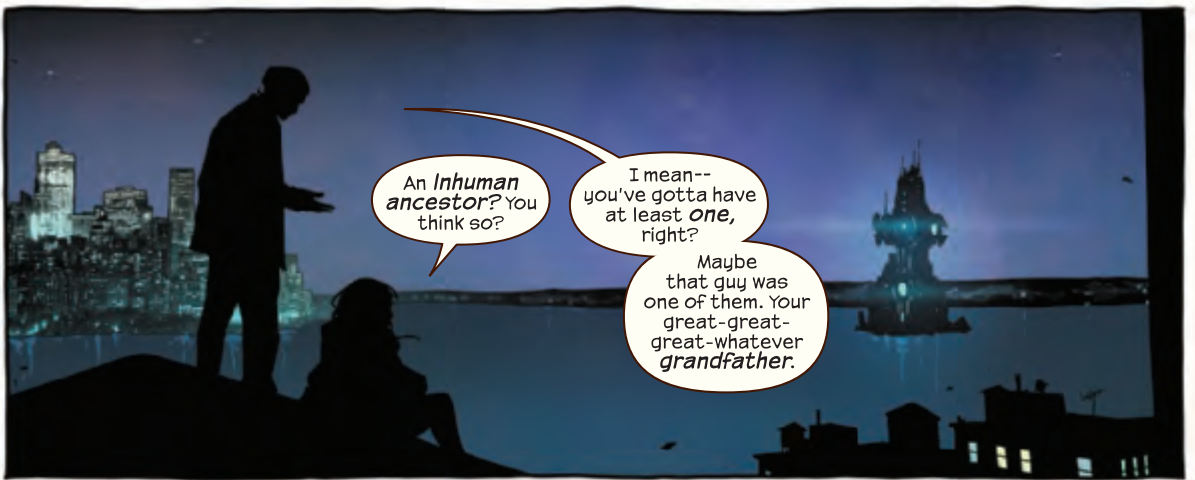
And why did he look... so much like me?

Well... there's one explanation.

What?

Maybe he was one of your ancestors. You know.

One of those.



An *Inhuman* ancestor? You think so?

I mean-- you've gotta have at least *one*, right?

Maybe that guy was one of them. Your great-great-great-whatever *grandfather*.



But how did he know who I was if he lived, like, a million years ago?

Well...*you* time-travel on a molecular level. Maybe *he* time-traveled *for real*.



I wonder...



You ever wonder whether time means anything anyway?

Sometimes I feel like we've always been here, doing the same things, telling the same stories, over and over back to the beginning...

OUTSIDE NISHAPUR.  
THE ILKHANATE.  
1257 A.D.

With such fine weather we should make *Constantinople* by midsummer, eh, Sir Brunello?



I don't call this weather fine, Sir Joshua.

I call it *hot*.



Come, come, sir! This is no attitude for a mercenary--be *soldierly*!





"soldierly"?

We're *third sons* of houses too *poor* to keep us, so we're left to guard caravans along the *Silk Road* for whatever coin we can beg.

Are you sure that's what troubles you? Not pining for a glance from the lovely *Lady Kamilah*?



She would never look at me. And why should she?

I'm just a penniless sword of the road.



"And *she*...she is the truest and noblest maid in the world."

It's so *stuffy* in here, don't you find, Lady Kamilah?

Indeed, Lady Zoë. I wish they would let us ride *horseback* in the open air.



Horseback?! When the road is awash with bandits and footpads?

We're hardly safer in here than out there, smothered in cushions and baubles...