

MOUSE GUARD: LEGENDS OF THE GUARD™

VOLUME THREE: ISSUE FOUR OF FOUR

THE LAMENT OF POOR LENORA

ART & STORY BY BECKY CLOONAN

THE WATCHER'S STONE

ART & STORY BY RYAN LANG

DEEP AND DARK

ART BY AARON CONLEY

STORY BY FABIAN RANGEL JR.

COLORS BY RICO RENZI & CASSIE KELLY

LETTERS BY EVELYN RANGEL

ADDITIONAL PAGES BY DAVID PETERSEN

COVER BY

DAVID PETERSEN

DESIGNERS JILLIAN CRAB & SCOTT NEWMAN

ASSISTANT EDITOR CAMERON CHITTOCK

EDITORS DAVID PETERSEN & BRYCE CARLSON

SPECIAL THANKS TO REBECCA TAYLOR

On the Cover:

It is fabled that in the abandoned northern mine tunnels of Darkheather, a daring mouse hunting for raw textile silk came upon a rather welcoming covey of moths. Enchanted by the fireflies he'd brought along for light in those dark passages, the moths and their kin coronated him as their potentate and gave him royal command throughout those echoing tiled halls.



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We have a ghost that haunts
these parts at night...



You might have seen her
floating on the moors.



She sings a mournful song
all dressed in white;



Her hands are blue,
her face a veil obscures.





The daughter of a farmer,
bright and fair.




For a green-eyed stranger,
tall and thin.



The warnings
went unheeded
in despair—




Her wedding gown
the girl was buried in.



TO KNOW THE LEGEND OF THE
WATCHER'S STONE...


...ONE MUST GO BACK TO A
TIME LONG AGO.




IN A SMALL TOWN A FEVER
SICKNESS HAD FALLEN UPON
THE MICE.

MEDICINE HAD QUICKLY RUN
OUT, AND THE MICE WERE
UNABLE TO GET MORE.


YOU SEE, THE SURROUNDING
WOODS WERE HOME TO...



...A MONSTER!



THE MICE SET OUT TO
SLAY THE BEAST.



MANY DIED THAT DAY.

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNGFUR
BY THE NAME OF *WILHELM*.

AIMLESS AS THEY
COME, IT SEEMED
HIS ONLY TALENT
WAS THE ABILITY
TO OUT-DRINK MICE
TWICE HIS AGE.

ONE NIGHT THE POOR
LAD FOUND HIMSELF
CAUGHT IN A STORM
AS HE STUMBLED HIS
WAY HOME FROM
THE TAVERN.

A COMBINATION
OF OBSTRUCTED
FIELD OF VISION--

--AND THE
AFOREMENTIONED
INEBRIATION--

--CAUSED
HIM TO LOSE
HIS FOOTING.

--AND THAT'S
WHERE HIS
REAL TROUBLE
BEGAN.

THE RIVER HAD
GROWN ANGRY
WITH THE FURY
OF THE STORM,
AND WILHELM
FOUND HIMSELF
BEING SWEEP
OUT TO SEA--

The
Deep & Dark

A GREAT AND MONSTROUS
EEL SWALLOWED HIM WHOLE.

WILHELM FOUND
HIMSELF IN THE **BELLY**
OF THE **BEAST**.

?!

I KNEW
THAT LAST
MUG WAS A
MISTAKE.

WILHELM--

