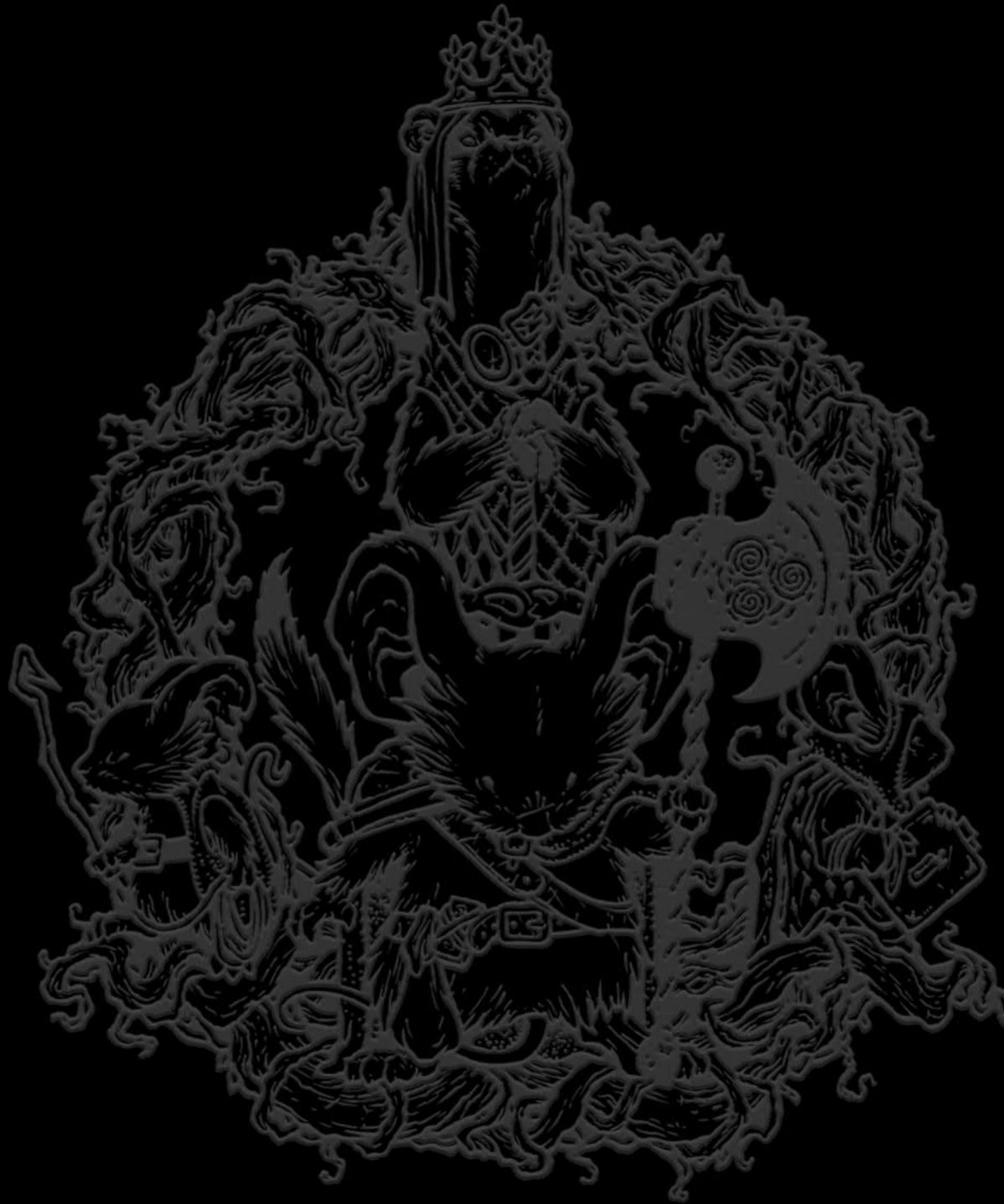


BLACK AND WHITE EDITION

MOUSE GUARD

THE BLACK AXE

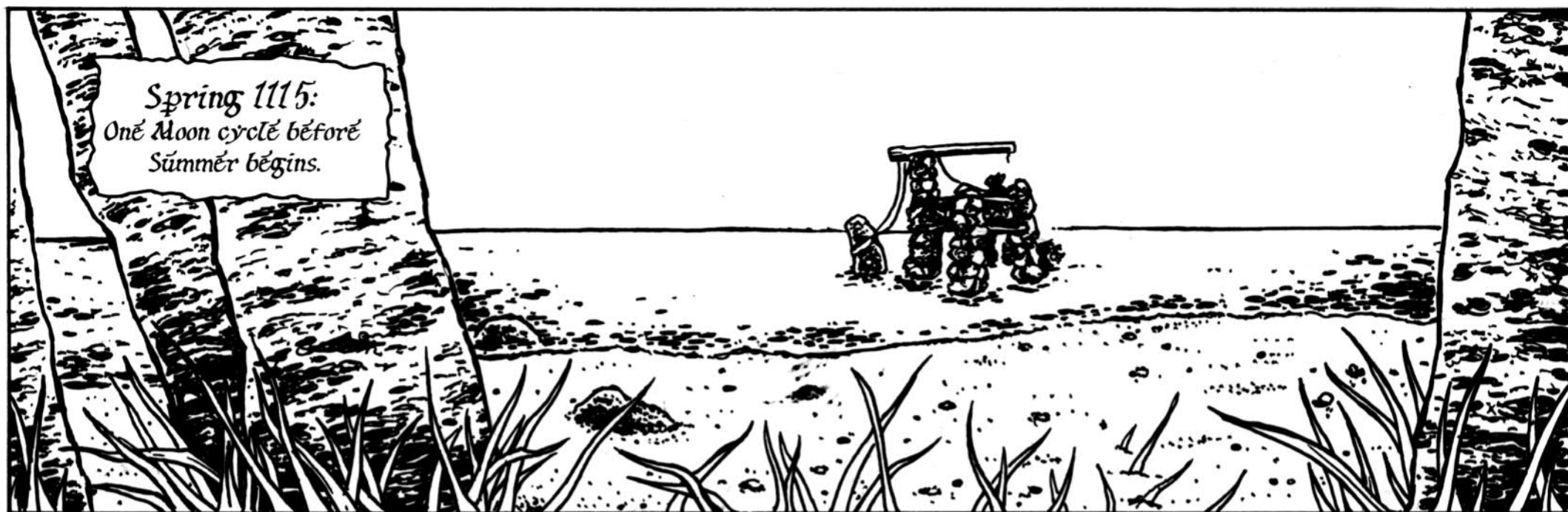


DAVID PETERSEN

MOUSE GUARD THE BLACK AXE

STORY & ART BY
DAVID PETERSEN

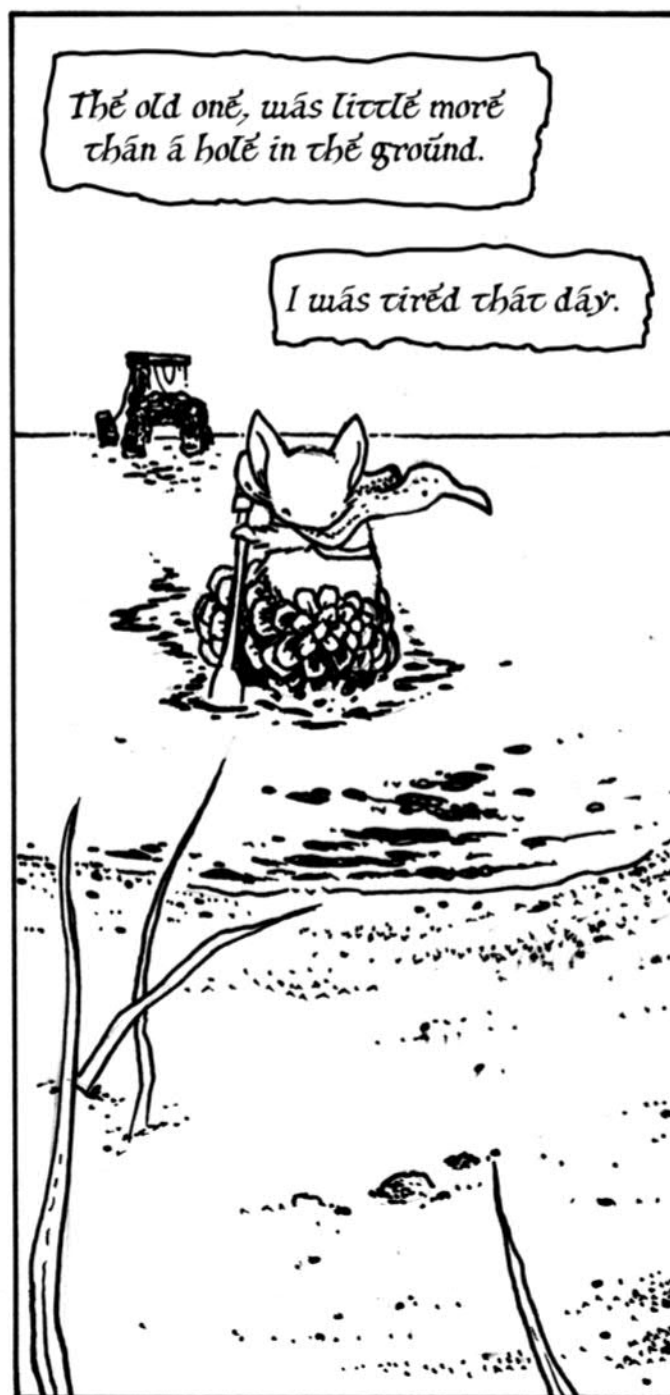




Spring 1115:
One Moon cycle before
Summer begins.



I had worked in the
spring chill for nearly a
season on the construction
of a new Frostic outpost.

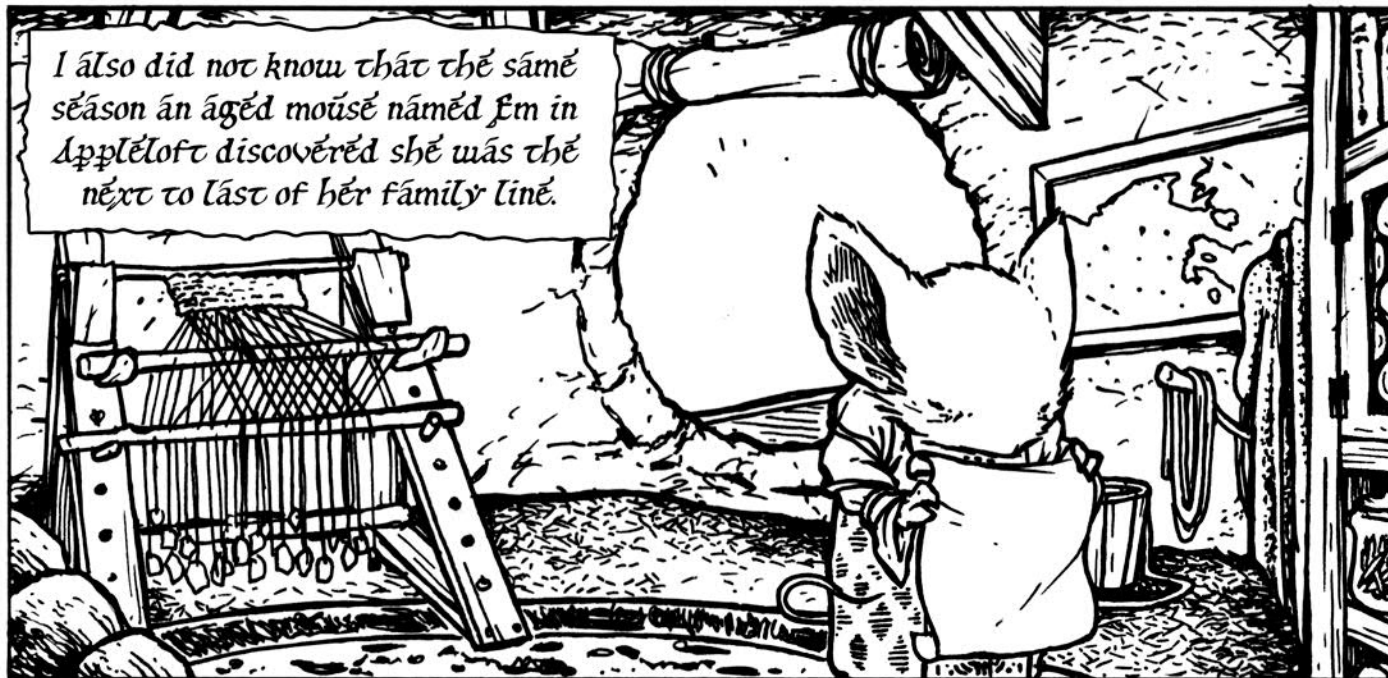


The old one, was little more
than a hole in the ground.

I was tired that day.



I did not know it was the day
my life would change forever.



I also did not know that the same season an aged mouse named Fm in Appleloft discovered she was the next to last of her family line.



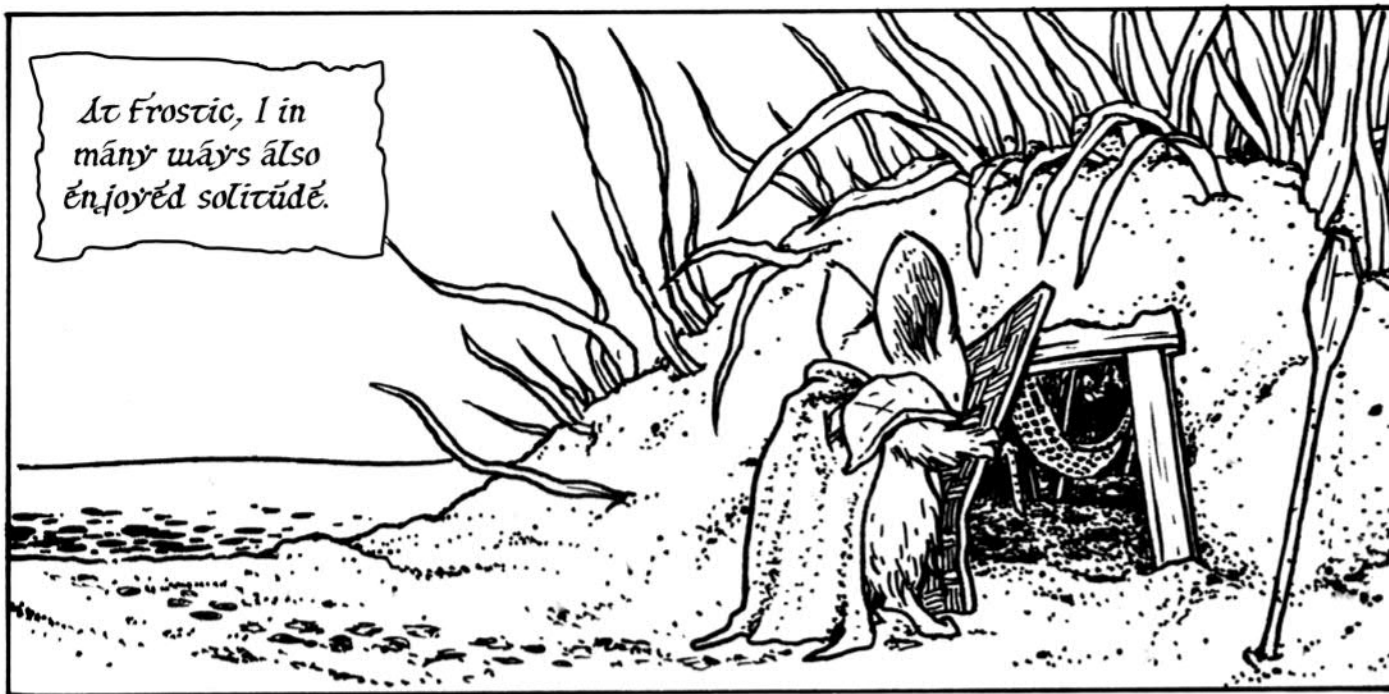
And after exhaustive research had located her only other living relative.



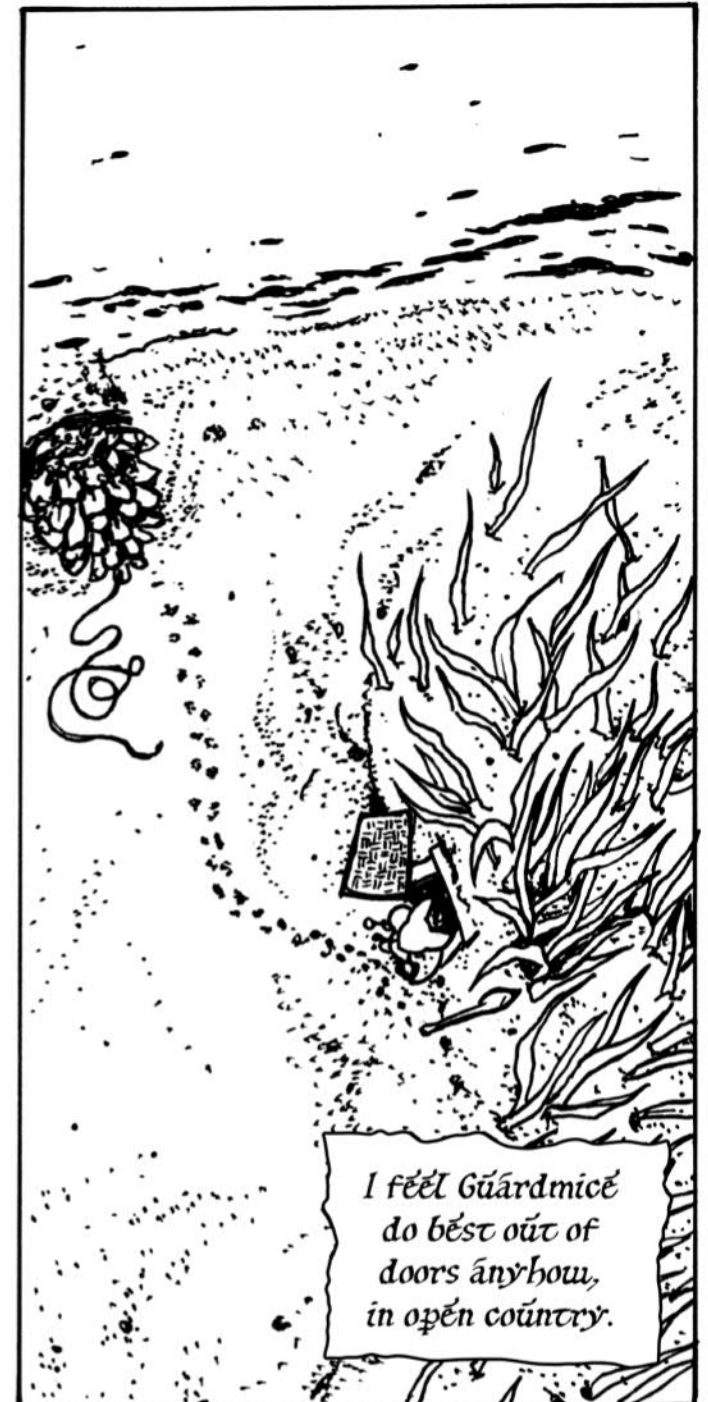
Fm had lived alone for over forty seasons.



She preferred company of a feathered nature, and had a kinship with them.



At Frostic, I in
māny wāys ālso
ēnjoyēd solitūdē.



I fēēl Gūārdmicē
do bēst oūt of
doors ānyhou,
in opēn cōuntry.



The tēndērpāws
I trāinēd thāt
sēāson wērē forcēd
to locātē mē...

or 'lēssoṇ onē'
ās I told thēm.



It kēēps oūr ēyēs opēnēd,
oūr fūr movēg, ānd oūr ēārs
closēr to thē bēāsts ānd soīl...

ālways listēning.



Yēc this dāy I wās rēturning
to lockhāvēn, citādēl of thē
Mōūsē Gūārd.

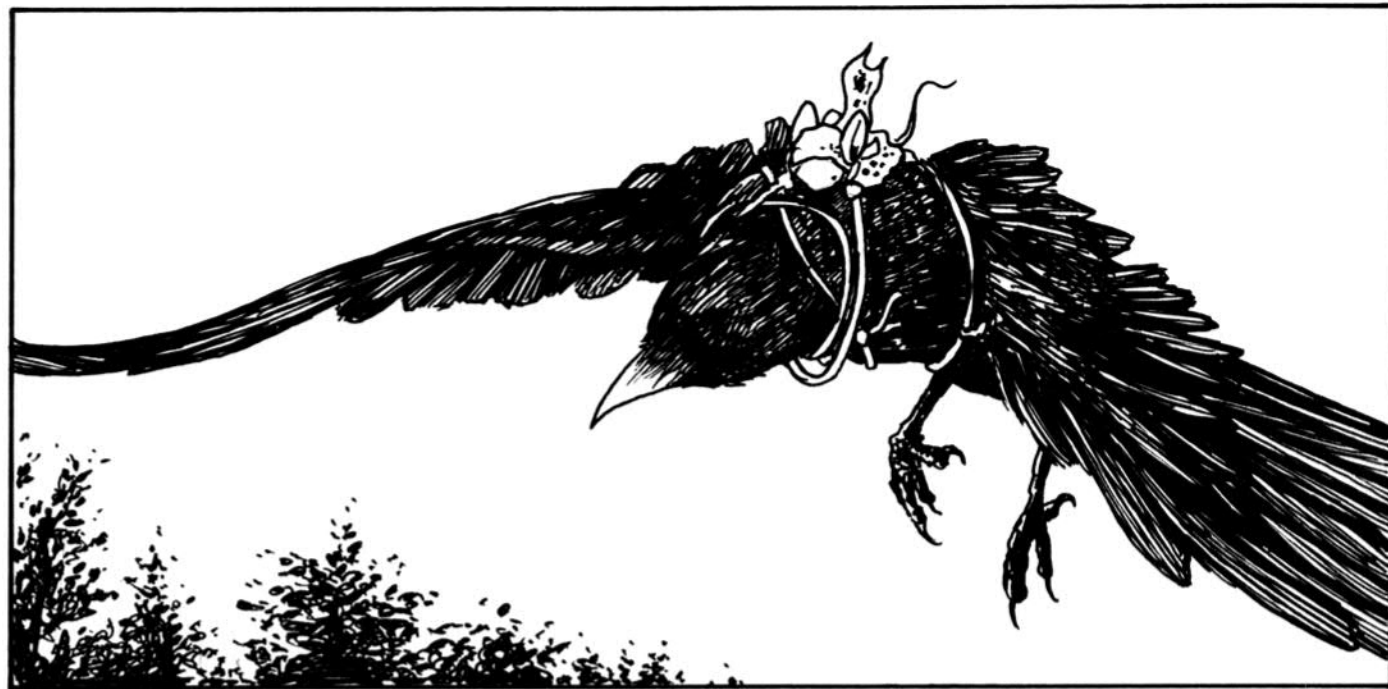


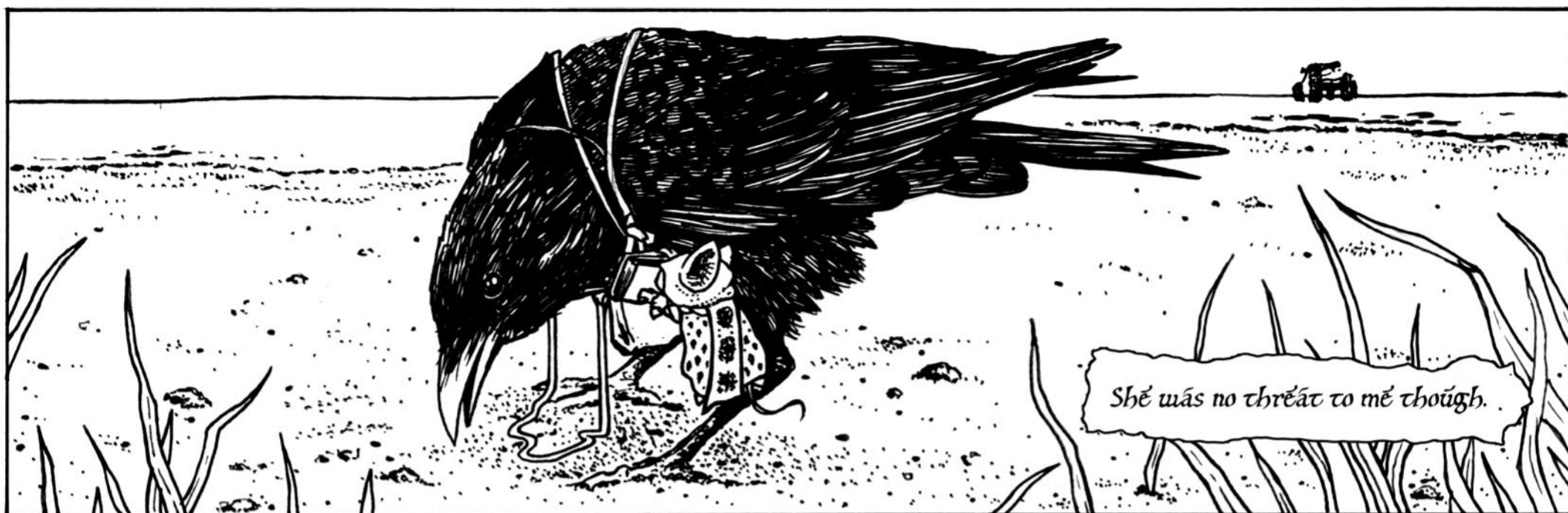
My formēr tēndērpāw Loukās,
who I hād only givēn ā cloāk
lāst yēār, wās to tākē ovēr
my wātch thē following night.

I worriēd for him.



Thōugh hē ā cāpāblē mōūsē, I smēllēd
thāt largēr māting bēāsts wērē
roāming thē shorēlinē nēār Frostic,
somēthing sēāsonēd vētērāns of
thē Gūārd āvoid fācing āt āll costs.

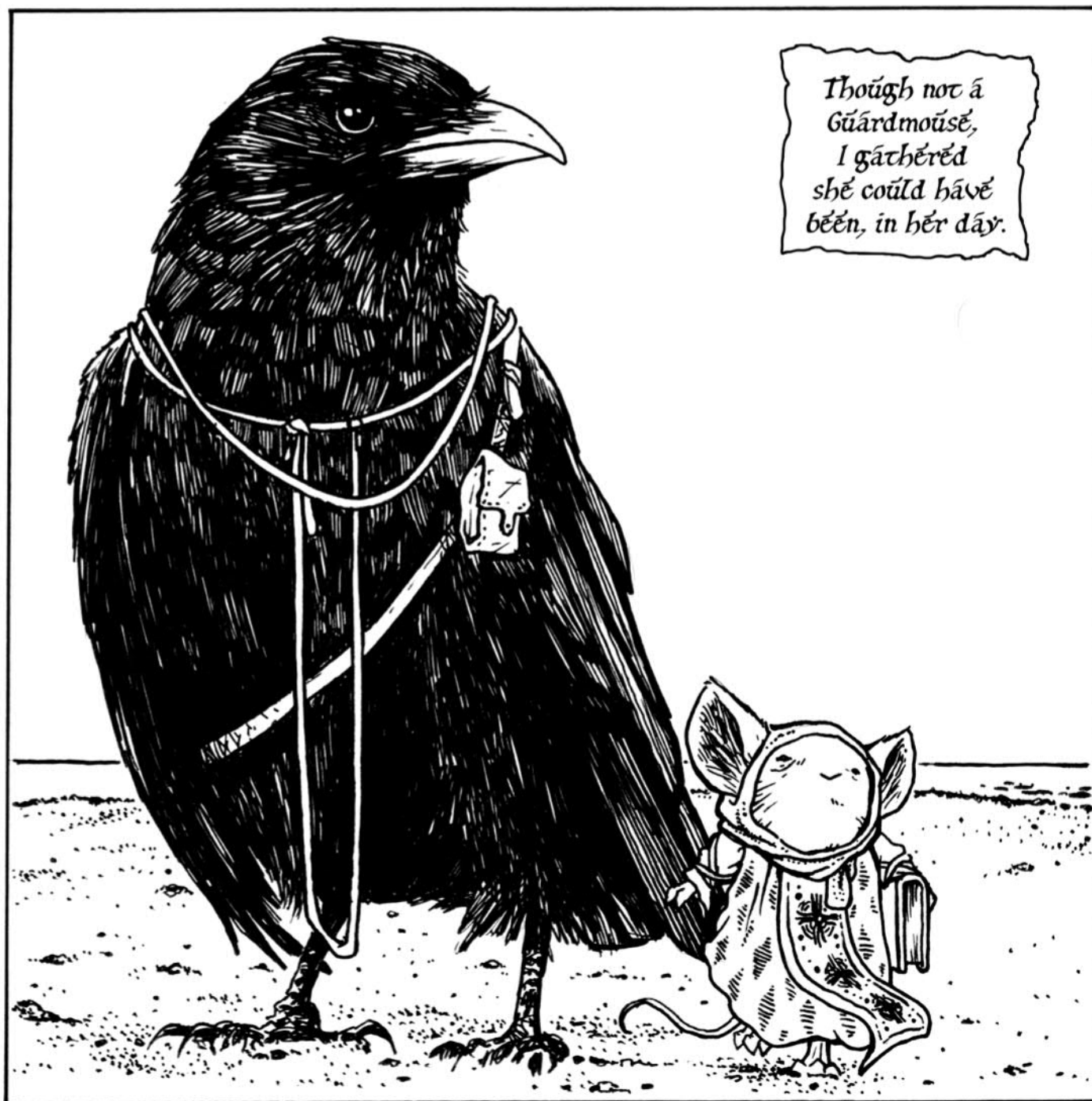




Shé wás no thréat to mé thóugh.



*I did not éven féar
hér scávènging móunt.*



*Thóugh not á
Gúárdmóuse,
I gáthéréd
shé coúld háve
béen, in hér dáy.*



*It wás then thát my fúr stood
on end. Lárger béasts wére néar.*

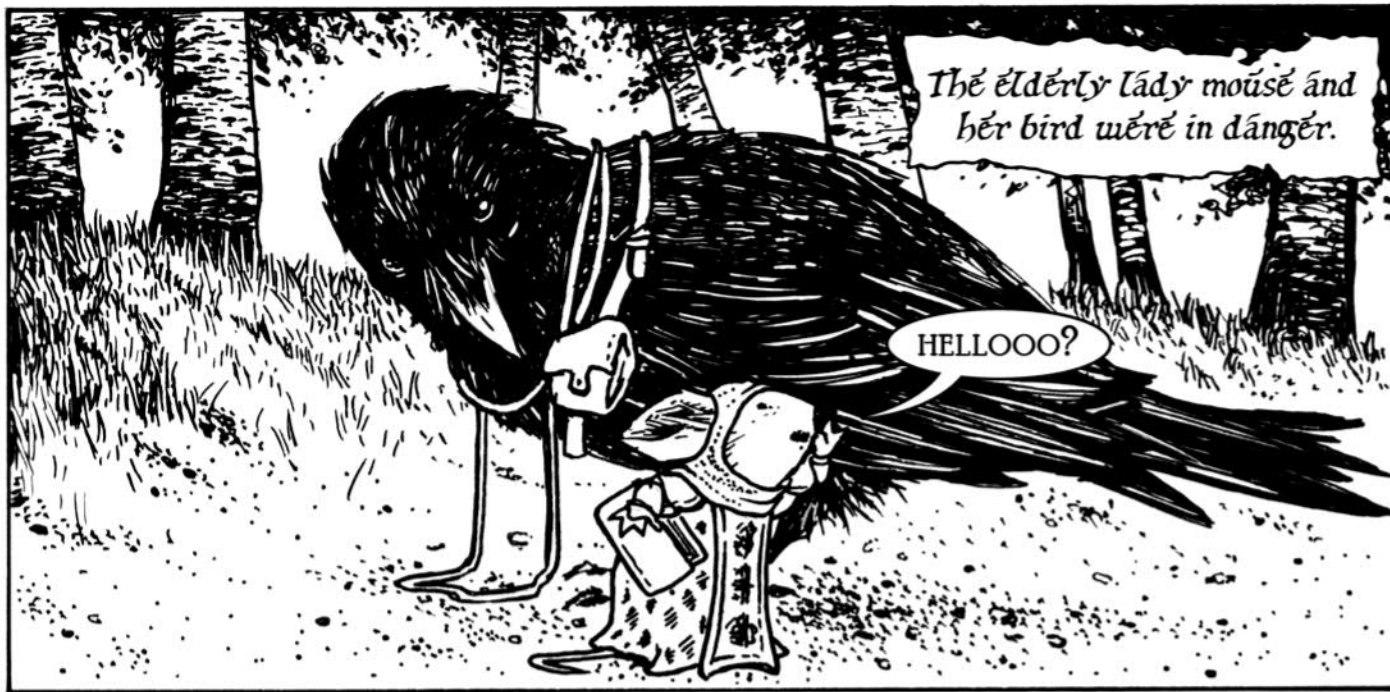


Theír odor árrived befóre they did.



*The scent of dâmp,
thick, mûsty, pelt.*

Two páir of máting físhers.

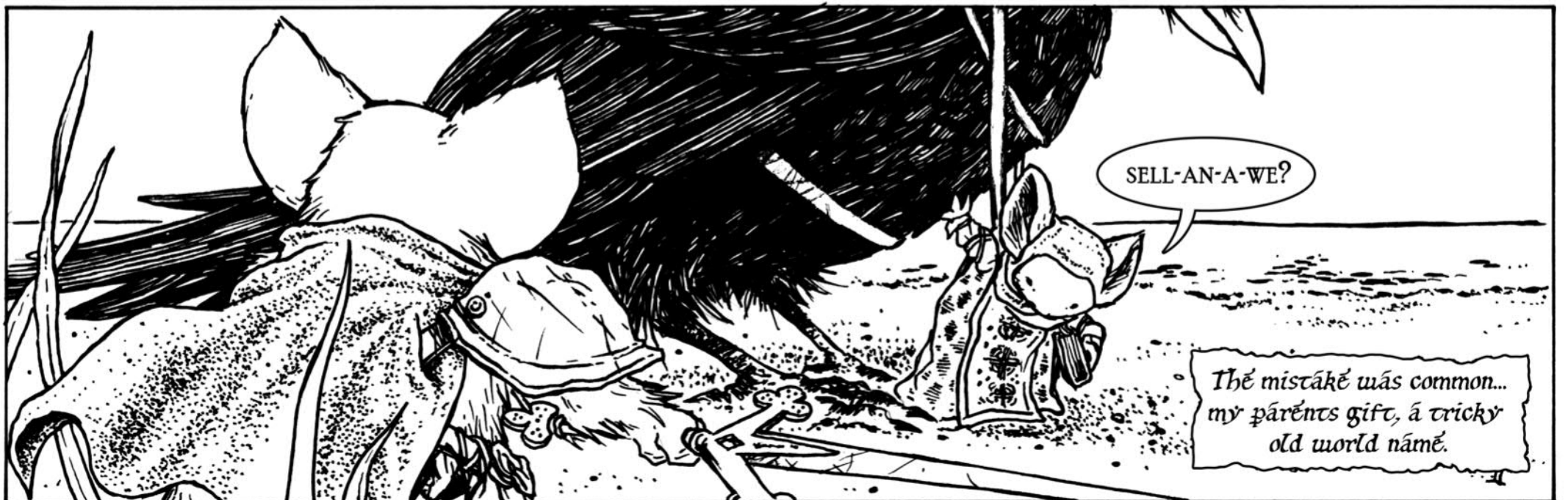


The elderly lady mouse and
her bird were in danger.

HELLOOO?



SHHH...



SELL-AN-A-WE?

The mistake was common...
my parents gift, a tricky
old world name.



