

IDW
ISSUE
7
COVER A

my LITTLE PONY

Legends of Magic



WHITLEY • FLEECES • BRECKEL

AMP/17



written by
Jeremy Whitley

art by
Tony Fleecs

colors by
Heather Breckel

letters by
Neil Uyetake

edits by
Bobby Curnow

publisher
Ted Adams

Special thanks to Meghan McCarthy, Eliza Hart, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly.

For international rights, contact licensing@idwpublishing.com

IDW ® Licensed By:

www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher • Greg Goldstein, President & COO • Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist • Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer • David Hedgecock, Editor-in-Chief • Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing • Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer • Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services • Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: facebook.com/idwpublishing • Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing) • YouTube: youtube.com/idwpublishing
Tumblr: tumblr.idwpublishing.com • Instagram: instagram.com/idwpublishing



MY LITTLE PONY: LEGENDS OF MAGIC #7. OCTOBER 2017. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, MY LITTLE PONY, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2017 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

"I HAVE SO MUCH
REORGANIZING
TO DO!"

I HAD ALL OF
THESE STORIES
SORTED, BUT
NOW...

...I HAVE
TO RESORT
EVERYTHING!
NOW THAT I
KNOW...

...I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT I KNOW.
THERE'S SO MUCH
WORK TO DO.

I JUST NEED
TO CALM DOWN
AND BREATHE
DEEP AND—

—ALL OF
MY NOTES ARE
WRONG!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

GREAT, AND NOW
I'M ABOUT TO BE
INTERRUPTED AND
HAVE TO START
OVER!







OFF WITH
THE SUNRISE ON A
FRESH DAY'S NEW
ADVENTURE.

Every morning, I woke up at the crack of
dawn. I liked to get to the beaches before
other ponies had trampled them.

It was fall and soon to be winter,
so I had to dress warmly.

So I'd throw on my trusty jacket and
head down to find what fresh samples
the tide had brought in.

BRRRR.

OH, THIS
ONE COULD BE
INTERESTING.

I wasn't sure exactly what I was out
to find, I only knew that last summer
I had been collecting folktales and
legends from around Equestria...

...and while I loved the
legends of heroes, great
ponies like Rockhoof,
and Mistmane, and
Flash Magnus...

FASCINATING
PATTERNS! THIS IS
CERTAINLY A NEW
SPECIES!

...What really fascinated me
were the tales of mystical
sea ponies. There was no
evidence they existed, but
there were so many stories.

I'LL HAVE TO
STUDY YOU LATER.
THIS COULD BE THE
GREAT FIND OF—

EXCUSE
ME, SIR.

YES?

And when all of the
legends start to agree—

WE'RE LOST.
DO YOU THINK YOU
COULD HELP
US?

WELL,
CERTAINLY. ALL
YOU—



OH!
HELLO?

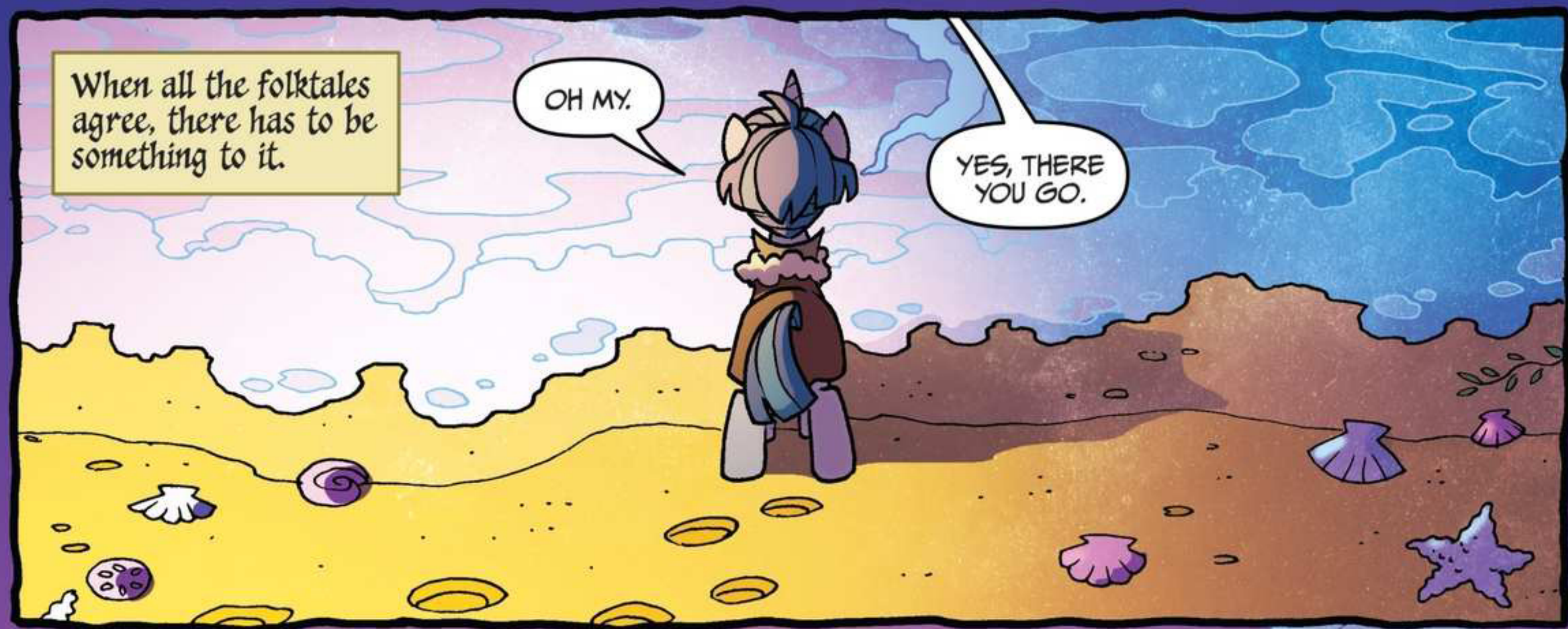
HMM...

OVER
HERE.



I GUESS I
GOT CONFUSED.
ALL YOU...

NO, OVER
HERE!



When all the folktales
agree, there has to be
something to it.

OH MY.

YES, THERE
YOU GO.

And just like that, I had gone
from studying folklore...

WHAT ARE
YOU?



US?

...to being part of it.

MY NAME'S
ADAGIO. THIS
IS SONATA AND
ARIA. WE'RE THE
DAZZLINGS.





DAZZLINGS?
WHAT'S A
DAZZLING?

WHAT A
SHAME.

"WHAT'S A
DAZZLING?" SEE,
GIRLS, HE HASN'T
EVEN HEARD
OF US.

WELL, THAT
IS WHY WE'RE
HERE, ISN'T
IT?



MY SISTER
RAISES A
GOOD POINT.
MY SISTERS
AND I ARE
SIRENS.

SIRENS?
AMAZING! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M ACTUALLY
MEETING
SIRENS!

LOOK AT YOU, IT'S
CUTE HOW CONFUSED
YOU ARE. I NEED YOU TO
PAY ATTENTION FOR A
MOMENT, OKAY?



WHERE WE COME FROM,
THE DAZZLINGS ARE THE MOST
BELOVED SINGERS. EVERYBODY
HAS HEARD OF US.

REALLY? THAT'S
INCREDIBLE.

YES, IT
IS. BUT WE
WANT TO
EXPAND.

WE WANT TO
SHARE OUR MUSIC
WITH THE SURFACE
WORLD.

WE WERE
LOOKING FOR
A SPECIAL TOWN
FOR OUR FIRST
PERFORMANCE.



YOU DON'T KNOW
A TOWN NEARBY THAT
WOULD WANT TO HOST
OUR FIRST CONCERT,
DO YOU?

WELL, I
REALLY DON'T
THINK MY TOWN
WOULD—



WHY
NOT?!

GAH!



YOUR LITTLE
PODUNK COASTAL
PONY TOWN WOULD
BE **BLESSED** TO
POWER US!

POWER
YOU?



SISTER.

AHEM.



I'M SO SORRY. I
GET PASSIONATE ABOUT
THESE THINGS. TRUE
ARTISTS HAVE TEMPER,
YOU KNOW?

BUT YOU WOULD
LOVE TO HELP US SET
UP A CONCERT AT YOUR
TOWN, WOULDN'T
YOU?

WHAT DID
YOU MEAN
"POWER
US"?



YOU MUST HAVE
MISHEARD ME. I
DIDN'T SAY THAT, DID
I SISTERS?

NOT THAT
I HEARD.

HE MUST BE
CONFUSED.



YOU'LL GO FIND
US A CROWD FOR OUR
CONCERT, WON'T YOU,
NEW FRIEND? IT NEEDS TO
BE EVERYPONY IN YOUR
TOWN. **EVERYPONY**,
GOT IT?

I... DON'T
KNOW. I NEED TO
GO. I HAVE... UHHH...
RESPONSIBILITIES.



COME
BACK HERE
YOU—

YOU JUST
CAN'T FIND GOOD
HELP THESE DAYS.
COME ON, GIRLS,
LET'S FIND A NEW
PATSY.

My heart was beating like crazy.

I had never been so excited... or so scared.



I had barely read anything about sirens. I thought they might not even be real.

EXCUSE ME!

But I knew for sure that I had one book that had mentioned them. I needed to get back to my home.



Adagio had been very insistent about getting ponies to them. What did she want with them?

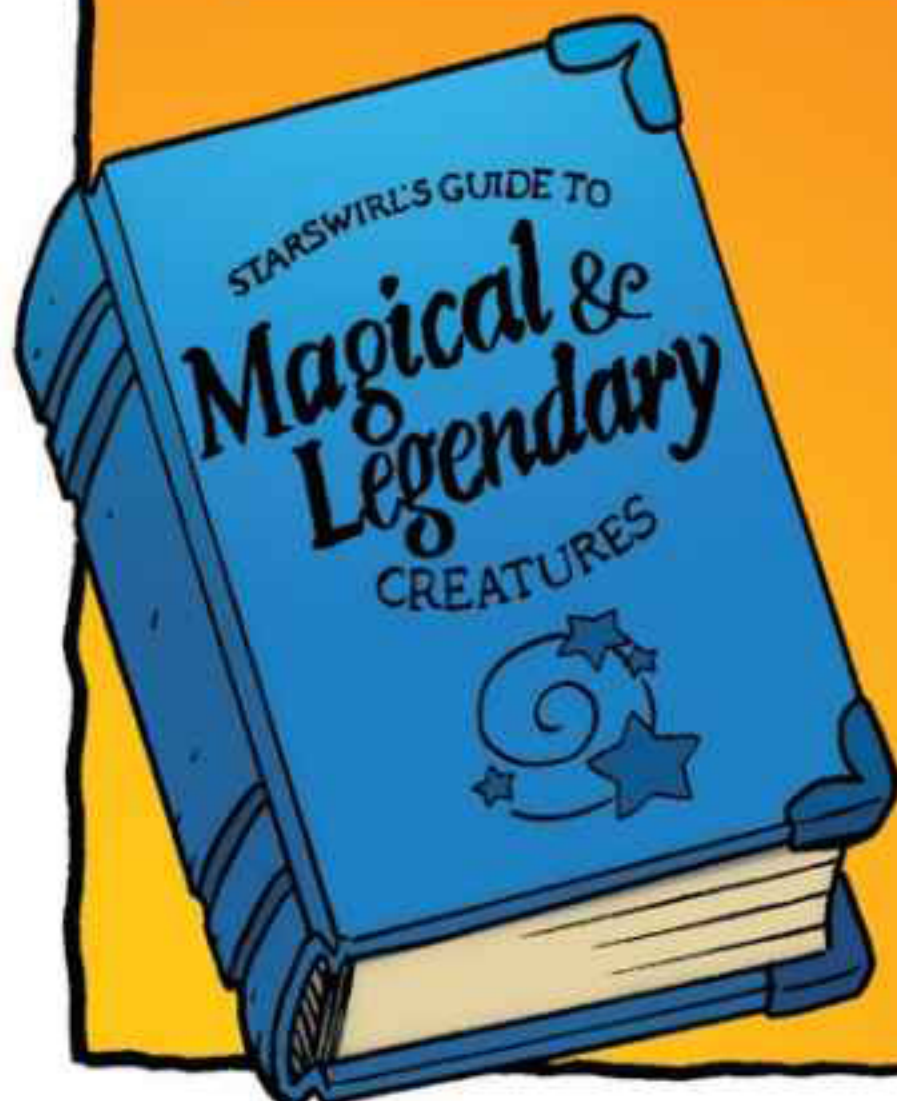
The concert was obviously a cover for something else. What did she have planned?



HERE IT IS!

A book from my hero, Starswirl the Bearded.

If anyone could tell me what Adagio was up to, it was Starswirl.



Even Starswirl's knowledge was limited. It seemed that even he hadn't met a siren yet.

But he seemed to think they were bad news and thrived on others' negative energy.



EXCUSE ME, SIR. MS. MALUS SAYS YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO COME HELP HER WITH HER CHORES TODAY?

OH! I HAD COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN! TELL HER I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.



KNOCK KNOCK

Ms. Malus was an old pony who lived out past the edge of town.

She grew fruit trees that supplied food for the town, but she lived alone, so the rest of the town did their best to help out when she needed it.

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

YOU SEE THOSE TREES OVER THERE? WELL, I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW WHAT YOU CALL 'EM, BUT IN A FEW WEEKS THEIR FRUIT'S GOING TO BE RIPE, AND I'M GONNA NEED TO HARVEST 'EM.

IN A FEW WEEKS? BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO TONIGHT?

LISTEN HERE! EVERYTHING MAY JUST COME TO YOU EASILY, BUT AN OLD LADY LIKE ME HAS TO PLAN.

IF I'M GOING TO SPEND ALL THAT TIME HARVESTING THAT MYSTERY FRUIT, THEN I GOTTA GET ALL THE CHORES IN THE HOUSE DONE AHEAD OF TIME.

I'VE GOT IT ALL SET OUT RIGHT HERE. I SCHEDULED WHICH CHORES HAVE TO GET DONE IN ORDER TO BE READY, AND I CAN'T MISS ONE!

WOW. THAT'S ORGANIZATION!

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN', AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO THROW IT OFF BECAUSE SOME YOUNG BUCK CAN'T SHOW UP ON TIME.

I'M SO SORRY. WHERE DO WE START?

WE? I'VE GOT PLANS! BUT YOU CAN WORK ON THAT LIST FOR TODAY.



Finally, not long after the sun had completely set, I finished the last of Ms. Malus' chores and headed home.



I was surprised she hadn't come home yet, but it wasn't that late.



Which made it a little weird that I didn't see anypony else on the road.

Then, as I got closer, it got even stranger. Nobody seemed to be home in any of the houses on the edge of town.



THIS IS CREEPY.

That was about the time I started to see the lights in the sky.


WHAT'S THAT?



I didn't know what they were, but for some reason they filled me with dread, so I walked toward the overlook into the town.

And that was when I realized I was too late.





From where I was standing, I could barely hear the music, which is probably the only thing that saved me.




The sirens hypnotized the ponies with their song, absorbing their magic.

And I could see my village weakening before my very eyes.



I didn't know what to do, so I did the same thing I always do.

I went to get my books.



I had to keep my ears covered, or I knew even I would end up like the rest of my friends.

But finally, I got back to my house.



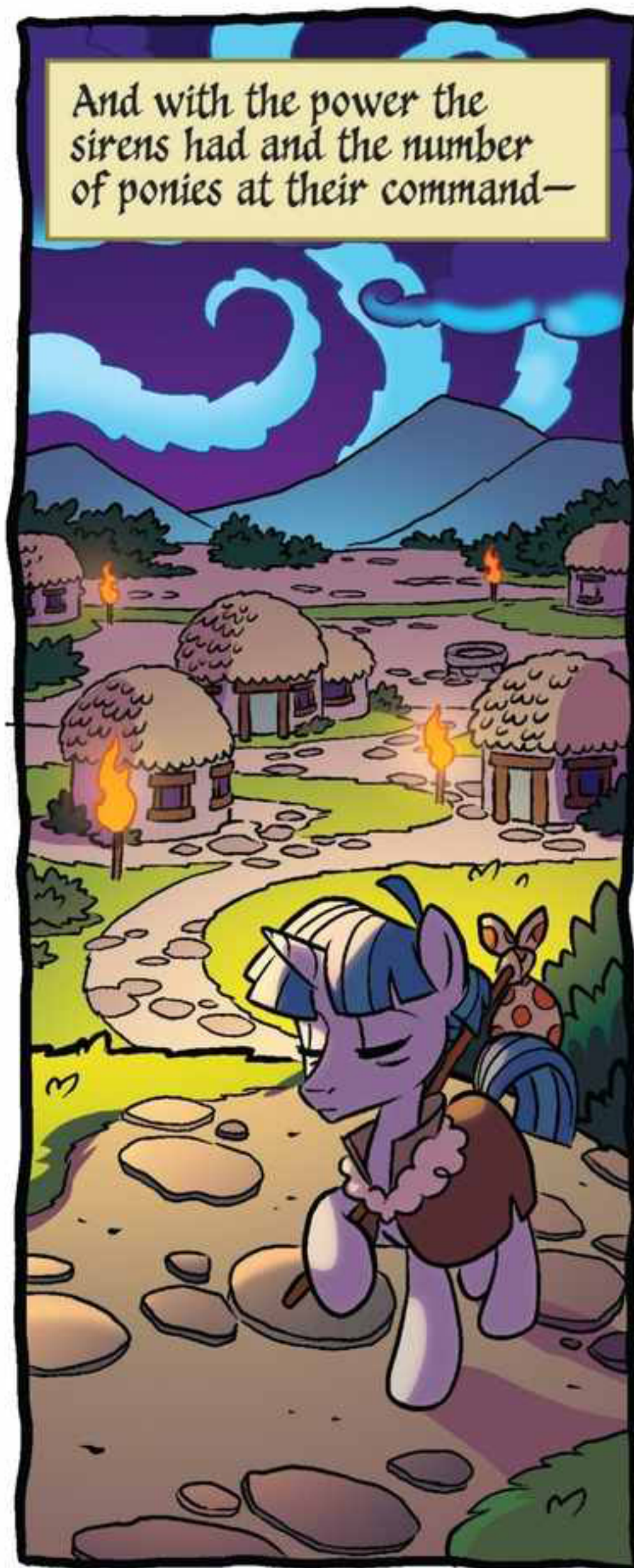


So I made up my mind.

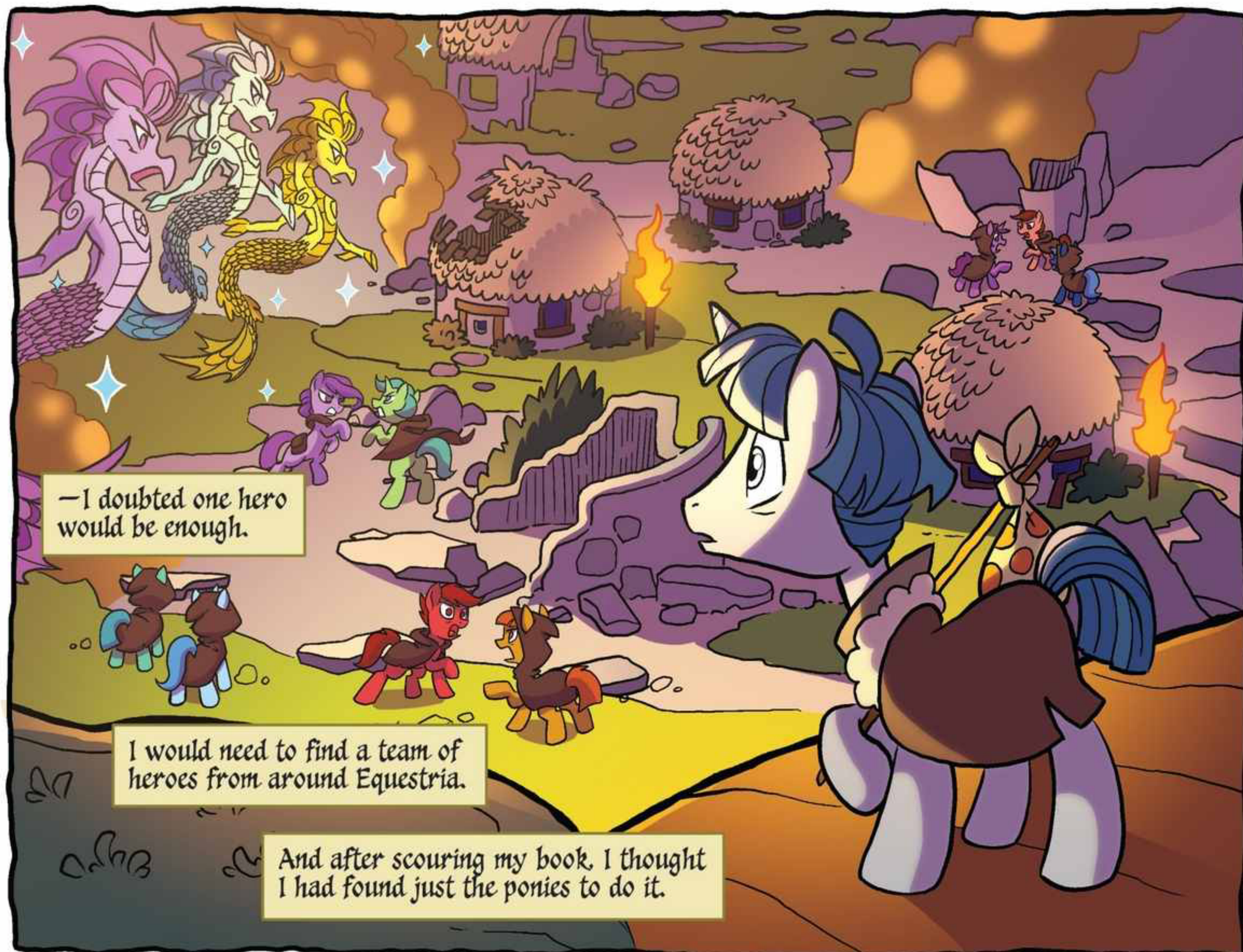


If I couldn't do anything
to save my town—

I would find heroes
who could.




And with the power the
sirens had and the number
of ponies at their command—



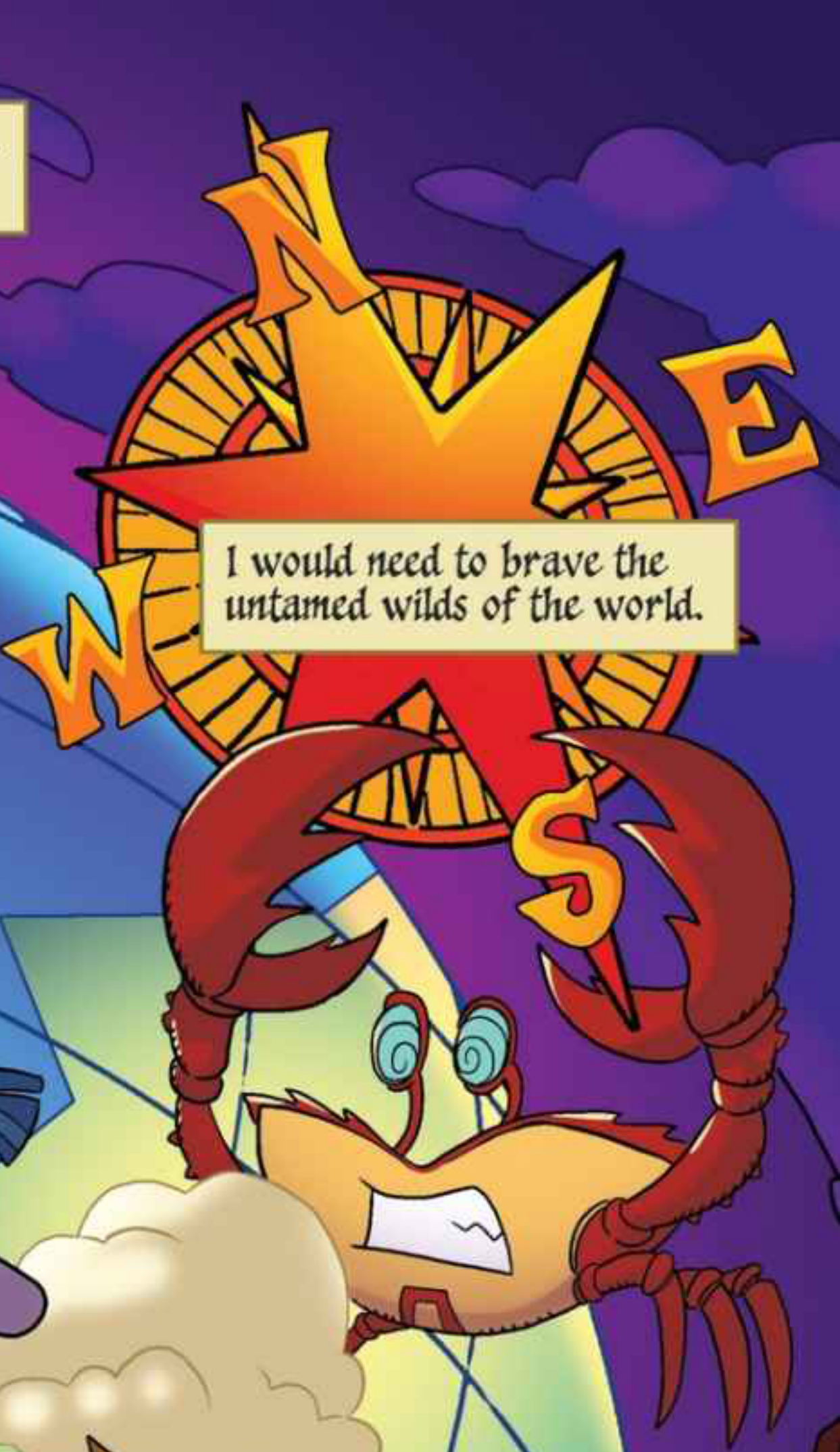
—I doubted one hero
would be enough.

I would need to find a team of
heroes from around Equestria.


And after scouring my book, I thought
I had found just the ponies to do it.




Unfortunately, making the list was the easy part.



I would need to brave the untamed wilds of the world.



I would need to face the nightmarish creatures that only heroes dared to challenge.



I would have to dodge razor sharp claws and beaks.

I would occasionally have to ask for directions.

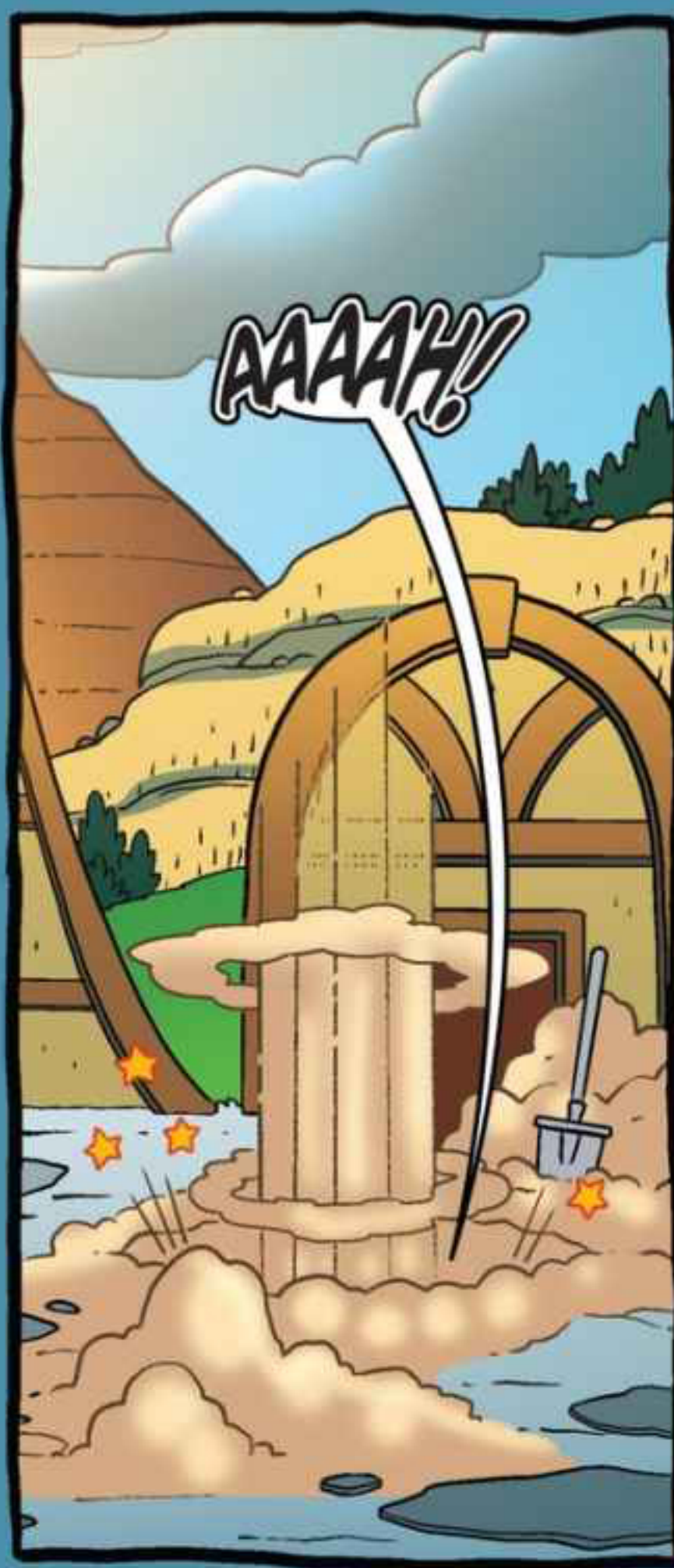
WELL, YOU'RE GONNA HEAD DOWN THIS ROAD TILL YOU GET TO THE FIELD WITH THE SAD COW, THEN YOU'RE GONNA TURN RIGHT.

NOW MIND, IF YOU GET TO THE MELANCHOLY COW, YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.

HOW WILL I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

THE SAD ONE SEEMS LIKE HE'S GIVEN UP WHEREAS THE MELANCHOLY ONE HAS MORE OF A SENSE OF LONGING.







GRAB HOLD
OF MY SHOVEL
AND LET'S GET YOU
OUT OF THERE.

To be
continued...