



The Rise Of Discord

My Little Pony Generation 4: Friendship is Magic (Cartoon 2010) · Not Rated · 1160 words

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The Rise Of Discord

Fandom: My Little Pony Generation 4: Friendship is Magic (Cartoon 2010) Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Discord (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic), Original Pony Character(s) (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic), Original Characters

Tags: Kid Fic, Old Equestria, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe, Not Beta Read, Orphans, Alternate Universe - Medieval, No Betas We Fly Like Rainbow Crash!, POV Third Person, Art, Fanart, No Smut, Fluff and Angst, Humor, Slice of Life, Wilderness Survival, Theft, Mythical Beings & Creatures

Words: 1160 Chapters: 1 chapter + prologue Status: In progress Published: 2024-04-06

Tumble was a child, trying to navigate a complicated world where absolutely nothing made sense and no creature was anything like him. It doesn't help that his magic didn't work like he'd told it should, and he could barely control it anyways.

Discord as a kid! AU series of drabbles (I think that's the right word?).

I have a headcanon that Discord's name was originally Tumble, but he changed it later for whatever reason.

This is set in the past, but is as well an AU -- Alternate Universe. Discord goes on a very different journey than in canon, which means he will have friends and won't be evil. I will as well change some things about how pony history played, partly on purpose and partly because I don't know everything about it.

Prologue

Basically just setting up the series.

Pretend he's a bit thinner in the Fanart.

Tumble was a child. Or, at least, he thought he was. He didn't know for sure, but there were a lot of things he didn't know. What his parents looked like, what his species were called, his real name -- he only called himself Tumble because he had to be something, and he fell out of trees a lot.

He was bigger than most adult Ponies, though he'd been more pony-shaped when he was younger, and he was a lot older than them. He used to keep track of his age, but gave up for two reasons. One -- he couldn't remember his first years, he just sorta remembers looking for food in a forest. Two -- he once used a lot of Really Big Magic to guard his territory from these frost horse things, and got so tired that he took a nap in a cave, and when he woke up there were a lot Ponies who knew a lot more Things. He wasn't sure how long he missed, so he completely lost count of how old he might've been.

Point was, he was older and bigger, but he didn't feel like an adult. Surely an adult would have better control of their magic? Surely an adult would've stopped growing? Surely an adult wouldn't have such a high-pitched voice?

But
that could just be his species, whatever that is. He's all long and mismatched and different, but he must be part of some sort of species, right?

He'd never met any other member of his species, but he was sure they were out there. Until he found, he was content to live among Ponies. Well, not so much 'among' as 'in a cave in a forest nearby their towns while frequently raiding farms'. Most Ponies didn't like him much, and he didn't like them, and his bursts of uncontrollable magic widened that rift everytime he tried to make friends.

He eventually decided he was happy with only one friend, a jackalope he called Lokî. He had a loyal friend, a cozy cave, a giant forest to play in, and all the towns he could ever raid -- what more could he possibly need?

Really, he had everything he wanted, and he was happy. He certainly wasn't lonely, nor was he afraid, nor did he ever spy enviously at little foals with their parents and siblings and all that. Who needed any of that stuff?

Tumble was just fine, he could take care of himself. It didn't matter in the slightest that he was only a child.

Chapter 1: Rock Slide

Bay takes Tumble rock sledding. It doesn't go quite as planned.

This is technically like chapter 11, but it's the only one I've finished and I really wanted to post. Golden Bays, or Bay, is a Unicorn Discord/Tumble befriends. He loves teaching his mismatched friend the intricacies of Pony culture and language, though Tumble has trouble with grammar and social structures, both due to his chaotic nature and the fact he's been more-or-less alone all his life.

Golden Grace, or Ms Grace, is Bay's mom.

Tumble can't control his teleportation, usually doing it accidentally or when not thinking about it. If he tries to do it on purpose, it results in accidental magic, such as things blowing up.

Tumble's accent and the way he emphasizes words will sometimes change, because his mind works differently than a Pony's would.

Tumble looked over the cliff edge, down at the natural 'slide'. He gulped.

"Tumble no..." he paused, thinking. "Tumble not... Tumble doesn't like."

Bay laughed, but it wasn't a cruel sound. "I don't like this."

"I don't like this." Tumble repeated carefully. He backed away from the edge, standing up on his tail. "I don't like this!"

"Come on, Tumble!" Bay levitated two large, flat stones, holding them right at the top of the slope. "It'll be fun."

"Said same last time." Tumble muttered, reluctantly balancing on one of the stones and Bay did the same with the other. "Still finding thorns in fur..."

"1... 2... 3..." Bay grinned, releasing his magic hold on their makeshift sleds. "Go!"

Tumble screamed, but he couldn't decide whether it was fear or excitement, as he zoomed down the Ricky ground. Bay was easily steering his stone, twisting his whole body one way then another, and Tumble did his best to copy him.

It was harder than it looked. He went careening into the woods, tree branches hitting his face and leaving things in his mane, before shooting off a much steeper cliff.

He could feel himself *tumbling* through the air, too fast to get his wings open, little good they would've done at this point. He crashed into a river, his heavy stone sled crashing on top of him and pinning him to the riverbed.

He stayed like that for hours, waiting for Bay to find a safe way down and get to him, watching fish swim around him. It was peaceful, really.

"Tumble? Tu- Oh by Sol!" Bay's voice, half-garbled by the river, broke Tumble out of his calm daze. Mint green magic lifted the stone slab out of the water, allowing Tumble to swim back to shore.

"Tank you." Tumble remembered the manners Ms Grace had taught him, shaking the water and mud out of his fur. He found Bay staring at him. "Wha?"

"How long were you even down there? How did you not drown?" Bay looked over his friend critically, focusing mostly on his eyes and neck. "Why do you look all... Fishy?"

Tumble blinked, the thin film that had protected his eyes already gone, and felt around his neck for gills that had almost entirely retreated. He shrugged, webs disappearing from his hands. "Magic not controlled, still nice to Tumble. Make I not drown, or freeze, or all burned."

"So your magic just changes you so you don't die, whether you tell it to or not?" Bay shook his head, chuckling. "T, that's soo cool! I wish mine would do that."

Tumble shrugged again, though he was a little confused. That's just what magic did when it liked you, and surely Bay's magic liked him? How could anything not like Bay, after all? He grabbed his stone slab with his tail, starting to drag it back up the mountain.

"W-what are you doing?!" Bay yelled, trotting to keep up with him- oh, did he teleport a little? Oops. "You want to go again?"

"Yesssss." Tumble stuck out his not-previously-forked-but-was-right-then tongue, tilting his head. "Bay doesn't?"

"You don't?" The young unicorn corrected absently. "And I sorta do, but how can you? You were stuck for who-knows-how-long!"

Tumble hummed, thinking through his reasons, though it was difficult. He never used to need an explanation for his whims, not even to himself, but he'd try for his friend. "It... Fun. Tum- I had fun. Want go again, play with Bay. You. Fun."

There, fun was a good reason, right? But something occurred to him, and he quickly added, "But ride together. If I falls, fine and safe. If you falls, not fine unless I there to helping."

"I... That's really sweet." Bay chuckled, levitating his own slab and following his friend up the mountain. "But first, we are fixing that sentence. Okay, it's 'fall', not 'falls', because you're talking about..."

Tumble nodded along, only hearing about half of what the other said, and understanding even less. It was a nice day, too nice to really think about things like grammar or safety or getting up the mountain without blowing anything up.

But for Bay? He'd just have to try.

— end of "The Rise Of Discord" —