

LOUIE STOWELL

LOKi

A BAD GOD'S GUIDE TO BEING GOOD

WALKER BOOKS

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WALKER
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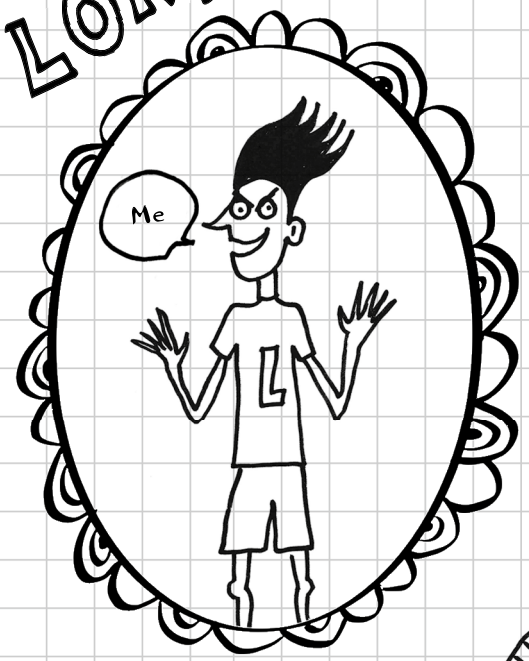
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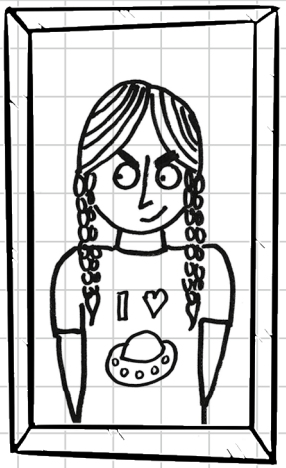



MAP
OF THE WORLDS
(not to scale)
WORLD TREE
VANAHEIM
BORING GODS
EXCITING GODS
FANCY PALACES
ASGARD
MIDGARD
RAINBOW BRIDGE
MY HOUSE
THE WORLD SERPENT
HUMANS
FISH
ELVES
MORE ELVES
FIRE
DWARVES
JOTUNHEIM
GIANTS LIVE HERE
DEAD PEOPLE
HEL
ICE

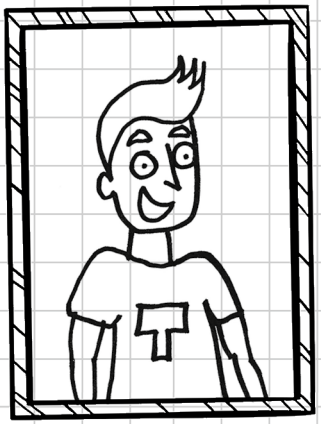
The Characters

LOKI





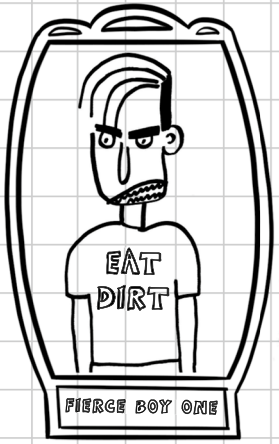
VALERIE

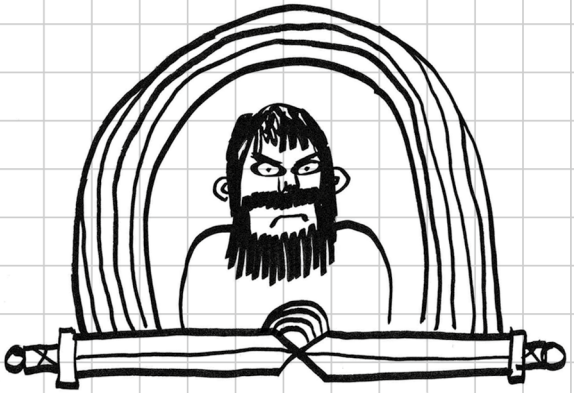


THOR

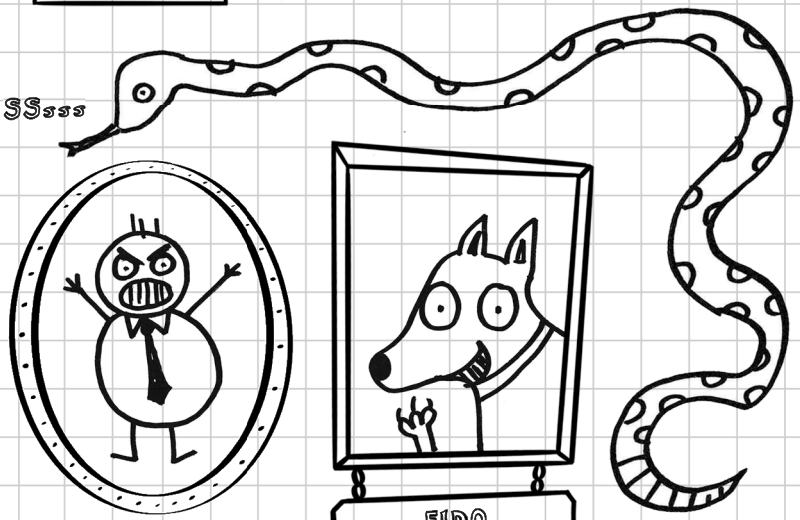


HYRROKKIN

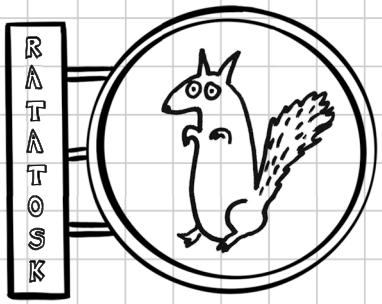




HEIMDALL



ANGRY TEACHER





ODIN

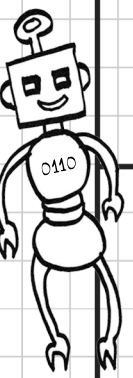
Timetable







	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
1	MATHS	MATHS	DRAMA	SPELLING	ENGLISH
2	ART	HAND-WRITING	ENGLISH	HAND-WRITING	MUSIC
BREAK					
3	SPELLING	ENGLISH	COMPUTING	PSHE	FRENCH
4	TOPIC	GEOGRAPHY	MATHS	ART	PE
LUNCH					
5	PE	SCIENCE	PHILOSOPHY	TOPIC	HISTORY









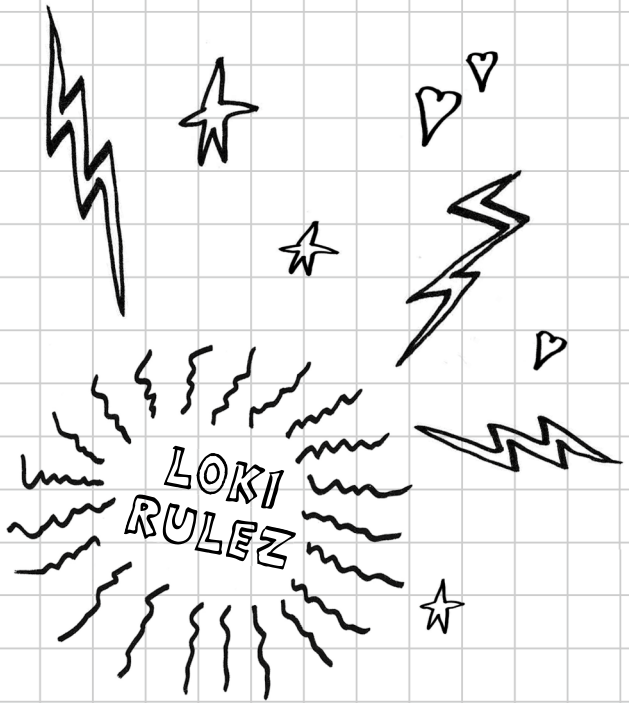




LOKI V.S LUNCH BREAK







Day One:

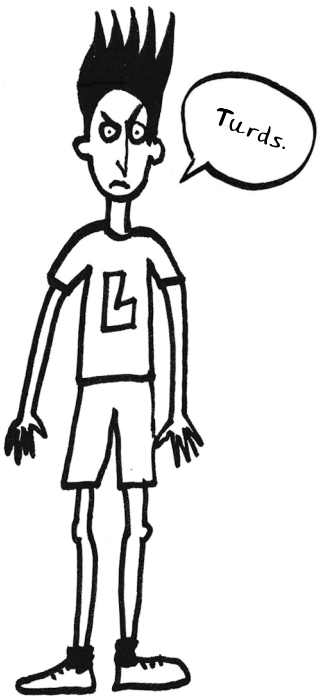
Wednesday

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

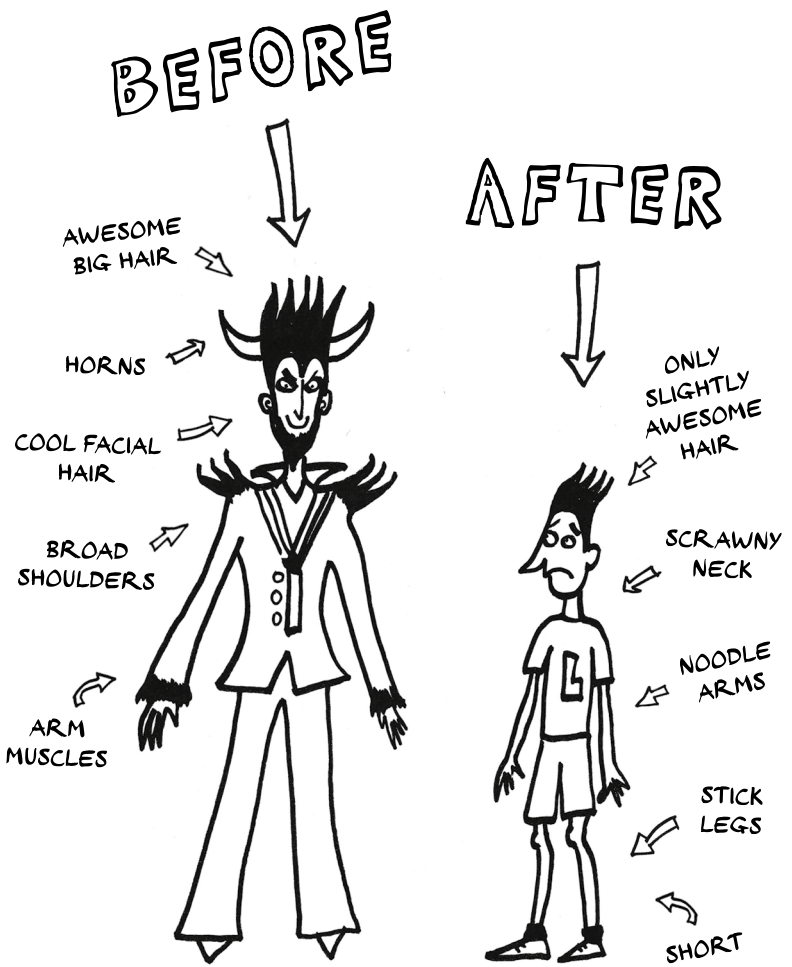
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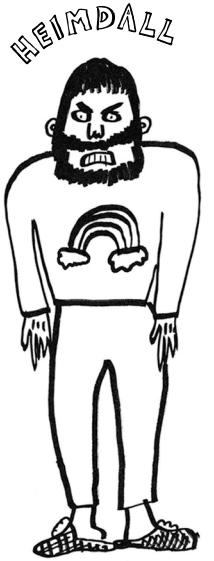
My name is Loki, and I am a god. Or I was until last Tuesday. Now, Odin has banished me to Earth in the form of an eleven-year-old boy. This situation is bad for many different reasons.

First, there is the overall weakness of this mortal body. I'm not the strongest of the gods, but right now, my legs look like sticks, and I have the upper-body strength of a small squirrel!

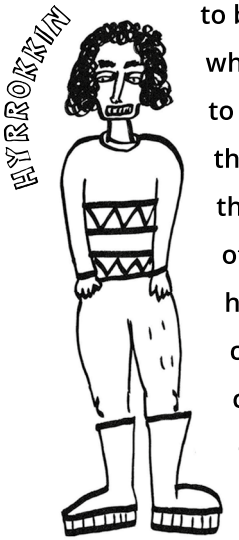


Gods spring into being fully formed, so I have not, until now, ever been a child. Apparently, this is what Odin thinks I would look like as one! Rude!





Second, there are my fake parents. The guard god Heimdall (who hates me) and a terrifying giant called Hyrrokkin (feelings unknown) are here to pretend to be my father and mother while we are on Earth. I have to live with them and do what they say. I am appalled at this indignity. I'm thousands of years old! I should not have a bedtime! I should not have to do chores! I should absolutely under no circumstances be expected to fold my own undergarments!



Third, I must put up with eleven-year-old Thor, who seems to take great amusement from sitting on my head and farting. Perhaps I should take comfort in the fact that he is here and must suffer with me ... but it's hard to be comforted at the same time you're being farted on.



While I am on Earth, I must write in this stupid book every single day for a month to prove that I'm becoming a better person and worthy of Asgard, whatever that means.

Now, you're probably thinking, "Loki, you are the god of lies, the greatest trickster of them all ... why don't you just lie in the book and say you've been very, very good all month?"

Sadly, Odin, in his annoying wisdom, has thought of that. This is a magical diary. If I lie in here, the diary will correct it. For example, if I say...

I AM THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE GODS

Correction: no, you are not. Odin is. You are a puny worm whose only real powers are physical transformation and being really sneaky. !

... I get this kind of rude response.

So I have a choice: lie and be true to my glorious nature and be scolded by this random disembodied voice or tell the boring, unvarnished and usually unflattering truth.

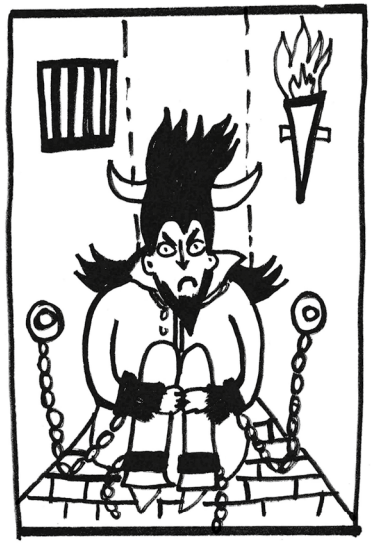
Correction: I am not just any random voice. I am a simulation of Odin himself, with all his wisdom. !

If you're so wise, what number am I thinking of?

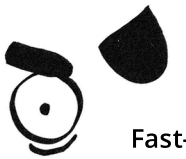
You are not thinking of a number. You are thinking, "Odin smells". !

Ah. In which case I may as well be honest in these pages. There's a first time for everything.

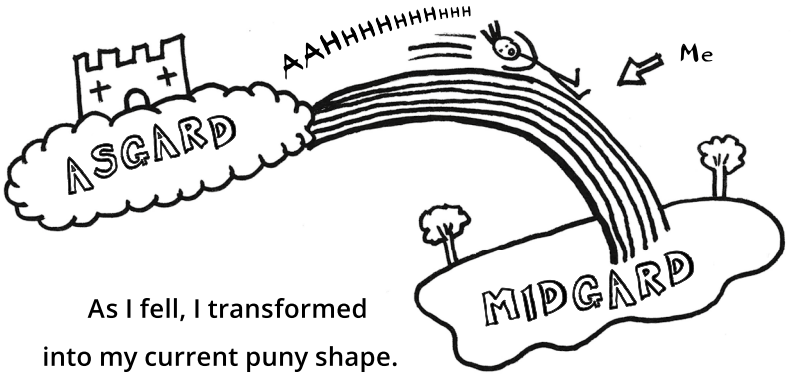
My tragedy began with a trick involving the goddess Sif, her long, golden locks, a pair of scissors and an ill-timed nap. I'll spare you the details, but let's just say that no one in Asgard can take a joke. Or a haircut.



The next thing I knew, I was clapped in chains, stripped of my divine powers and locked in a dungeon while Odin thought of a punishment.

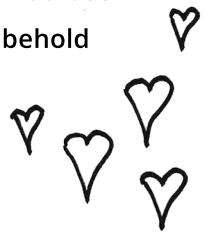


Fast-forward to this morning, when I was rudely shoved out of my prison, blinking in the Asgardian sunshine. Odin thrust this book into my hands and booted me out from Asgard over the rainbow bridge down to Midgard – or, as you peasants call it, Earth.



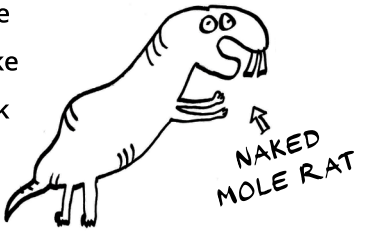
As I fell, I transformed into my current puny shape. I landed down on Earth in a muddy puddle. Seconds later, Thor landed on top of me. Even as a human boy, he is not light. Plus he was clutching his favourite hammer, which made him even heavier. I now have some very purple bruises.

I picked myself up and looked around. I was in a sad grey place full of mortals. No one was looking at me. That's when I realized that my shape had been changed. Ordinarily, I am so beautiful to behold that all must look at me.



Correction: you are average-looking for a god, and the reason everyone stares at you in Asgard is because they're making sure you're not up to anything. !

Have I mentioned I HATE the truth? It's so ugly and naked, like one of those mole rats that look like pink slug babies that have been chewing rocks.



When Heimdall and Hyrrokkin arrived, they looked more or less like themselves, except Hyrrokkin was half her usual height, and Heimdall lacked his godlike glow.

Both were dressed in dowdy human clothing. Rather than animal pelts and many gold necklaces and bangles, Hyrrokkin's human attire made her look like she was about to attend a meeting for the Society of the Tedious and Humdrum. She was also on foot. Usually, she rides a wolf with snakes for reins.

Heimdall's bright armour and mighty weapons had been replaced by loungewear and slippers. They led me away to a hovel, where we were to live as a fake mortal family.