

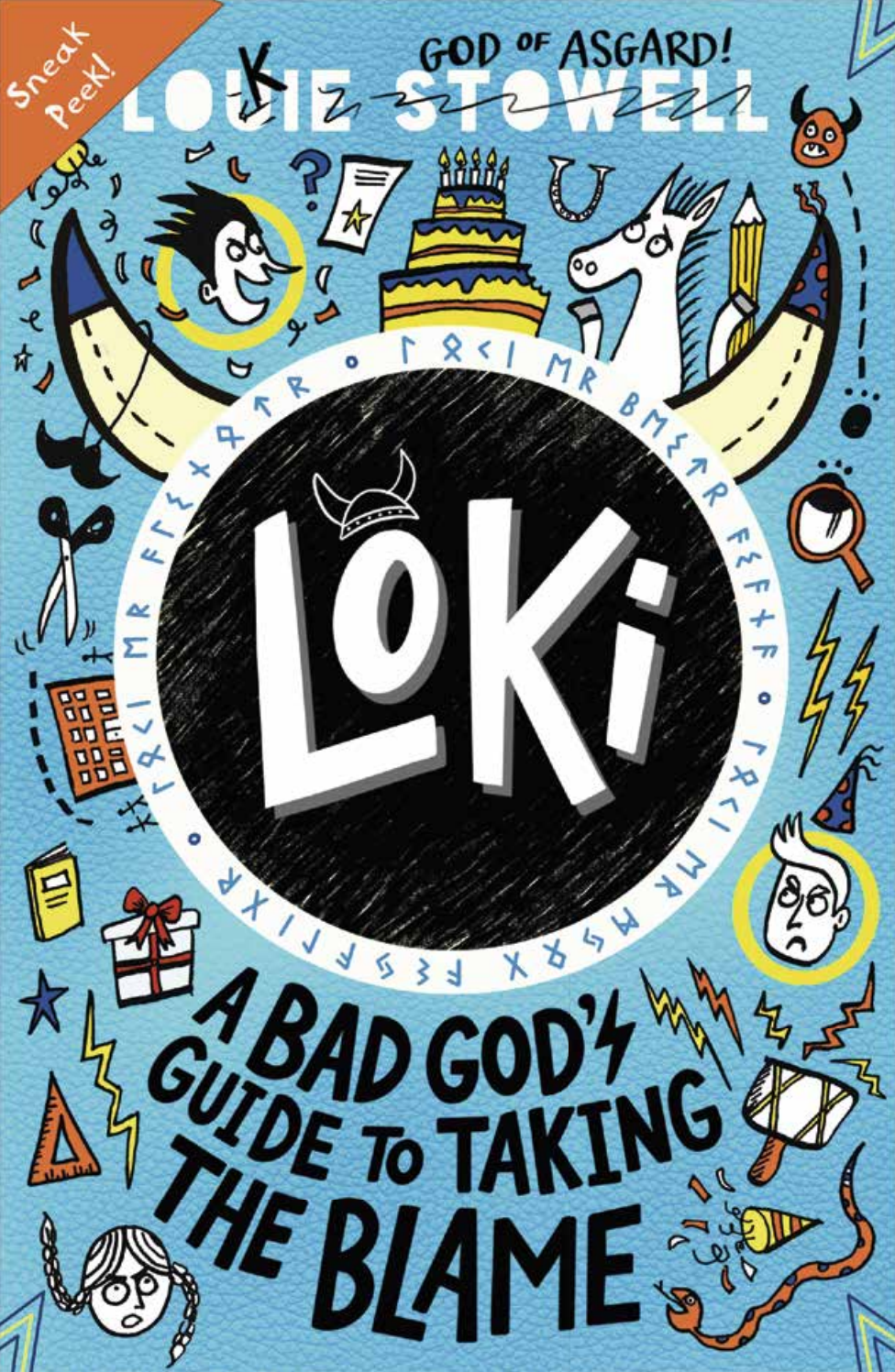
Sneak
Peek!

GOD OF ASGARD!

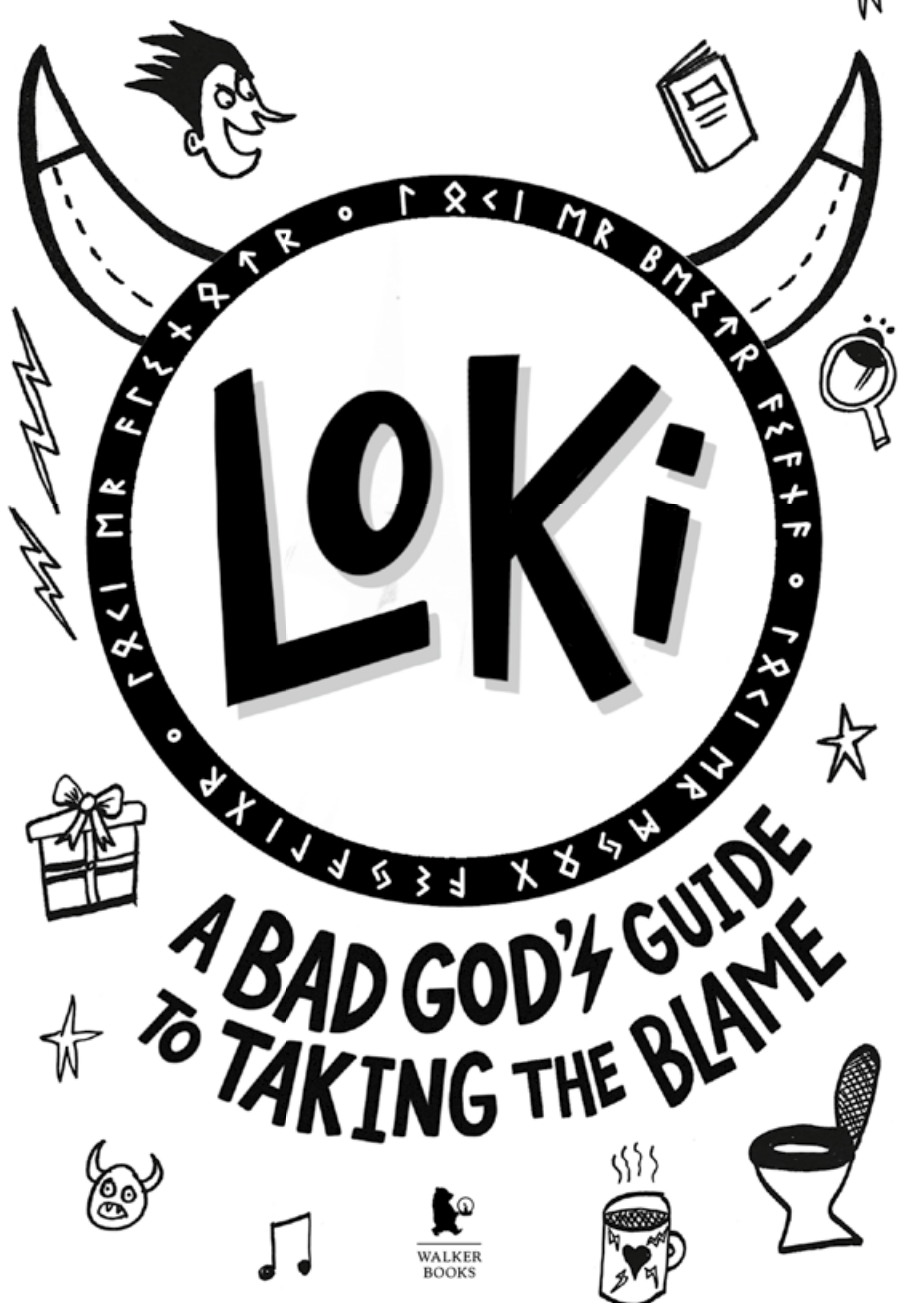
LOUIE STOWELL

LOKi

A BAD GOD'S
GUIDE TO TAKING
THE BLAME



☆



A BAD GOD'S GUIDE TO TAKING THE BLAME

WALKER
BOOKS

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MAP
OF THE WORLDS
(not to scale)

WORLD
TREE

YANAHEIM
BORING GODS

EXCITING
GODS

FANCY
PALACES

ASGARD

MIDGARD

RAINBOW
BRIDGE

MY
HOUSE

THE
WORLD
SERPENT

HUMANS

FISH

ELVES

MORE ELVES

JOTUNHEIM

DEAD PEOPLE

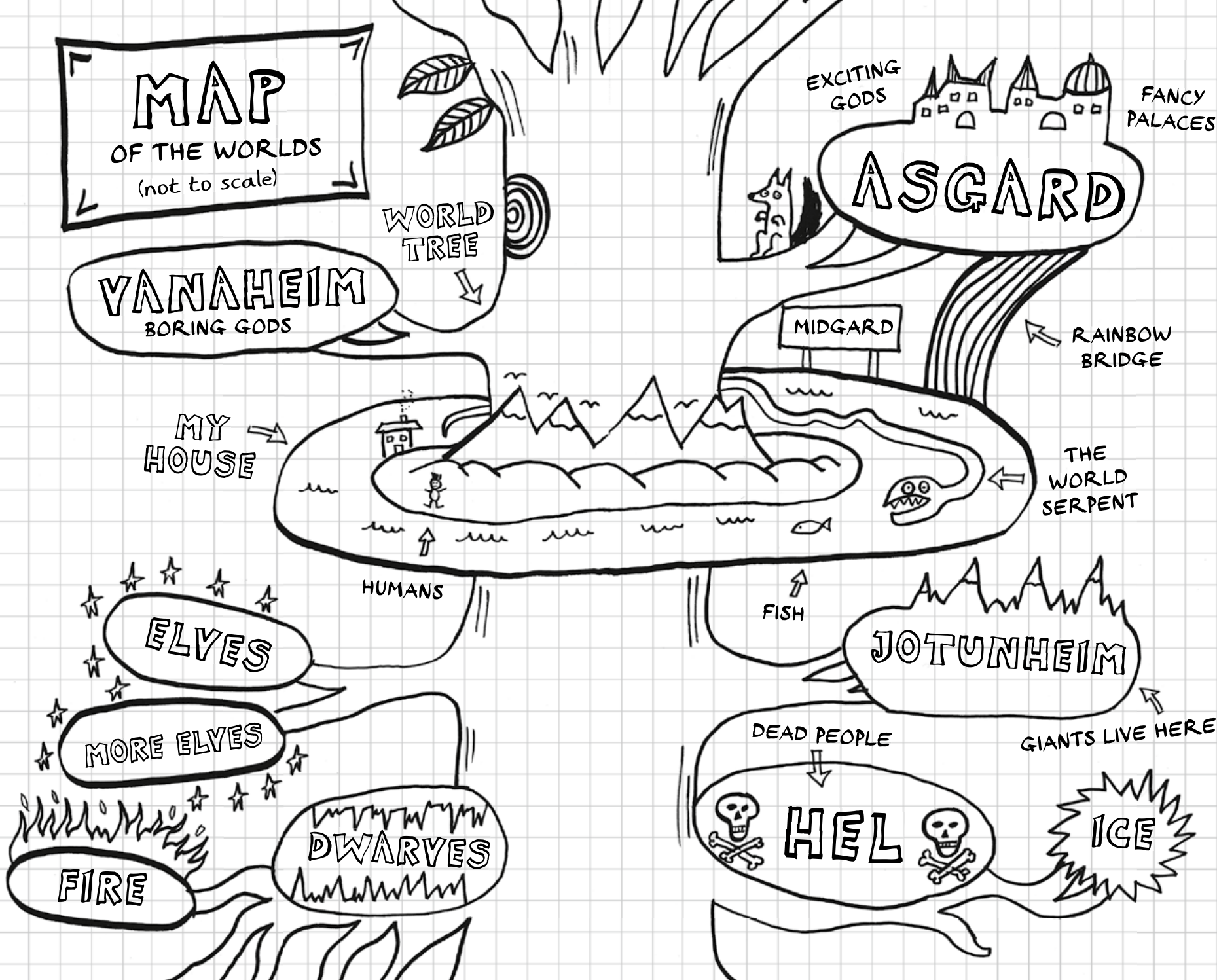
GIANTS LIVE HERE

FIRE

DWARVES

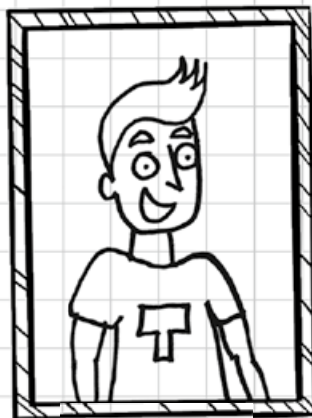
HEL

ICE



The Characters

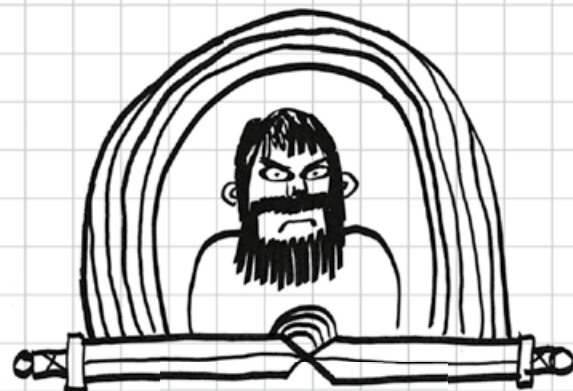
LOKI



THOR



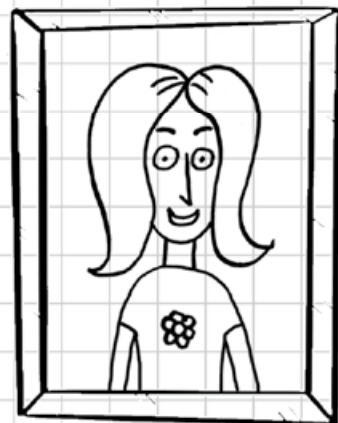
FIDO



HEIMDALL



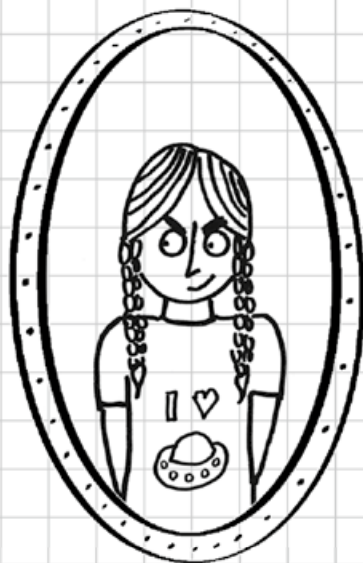
HYRROKKIN



SARAH



GEORGINA



VALERIE

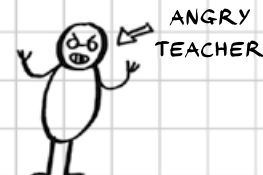




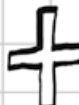



ODIN





SPORTSBOY ONE

Timetable



| | Monday | Tuesday |
|---|---|--|
| 1  | MATHS  | MATHS  |
| 2 | ART  | HAND-WRITING  |
| 3 | SPELLING | ENGLISH |
| 4 | TOPIC | GEOGRAPHY |
| 5 | PE  | SCIENCE |

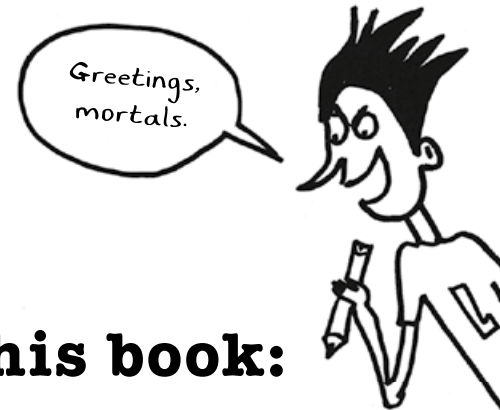
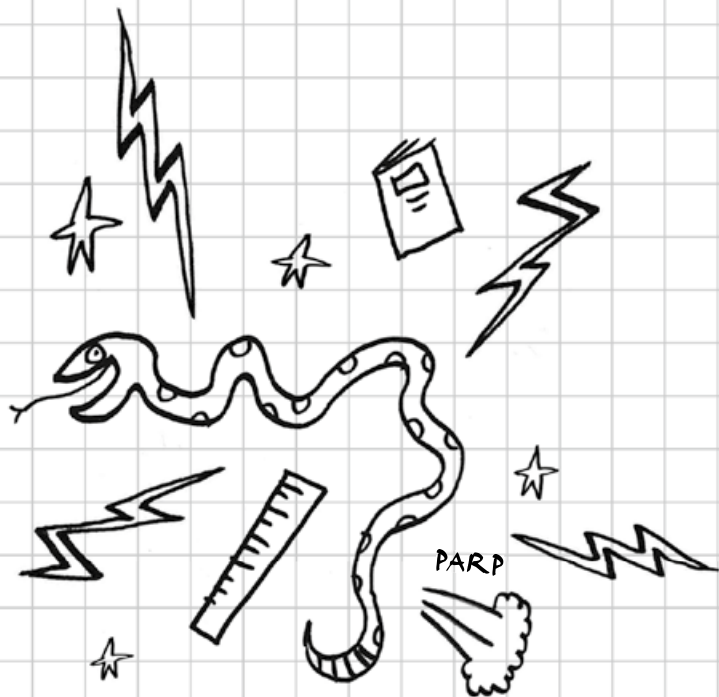
| Wednesday | Thursday | Friday |
|---|---|---------|
|  DRAMA | SPELLING | ENGLISH |
| ENGLISH | HAND-WRITING | MUSIC |
| COMPUTING | PSHE | FRENCH |
| MATHS | ART  | PE |
| PHILOSOPHY | TOPIC | HISTORY |

I am a French potato



LOKI ♥ LUNCH BREAK





About this book:

My name is Loki, and I am a god.

Sort of.

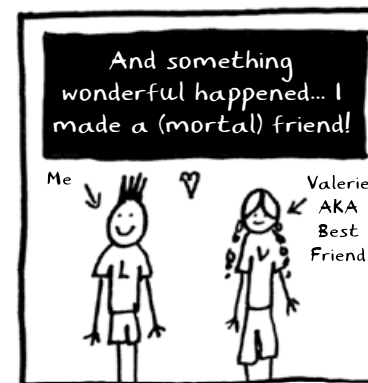
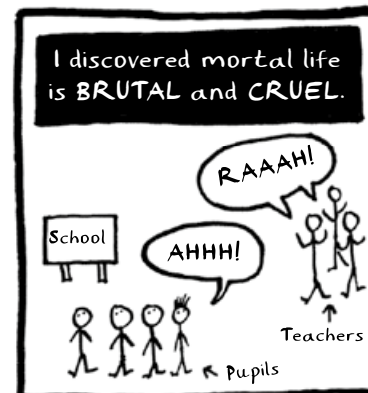
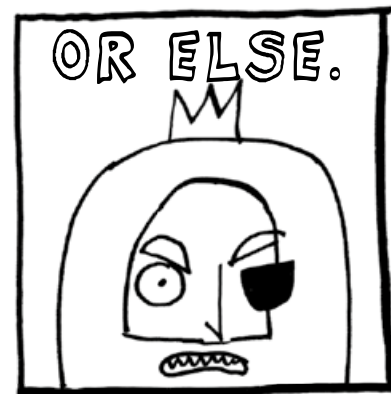
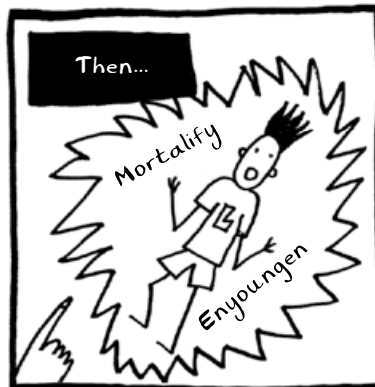
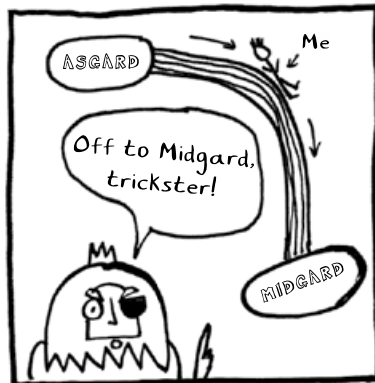
It's complicated.

These days, I'm living on Midgard (aka Earth to you) in the form of a puny mortal boy called Liam.

I still possess the powers of a mighty god, but I'm forbidden from revealing them. Also, I have to go to school.

None suffer like I suffer.

But let's just say: it could have been worse. Allow me to catch you up...





! Except, that wasn't the end, was it, Loki?

Argh. Do you have to correct every tiny embroidery of the truth?

! Yes. It's the entire point of this diary.

BAH. Well, you should get a hobby.

So, OK, it wasn't the end of my story. Even after all that heroism, I still have to stay on Earth and keep writing in this ridiculous diary. It gives me points when I do good things and takes points away when I do ... less good things. I have to do all this until I become "worthy of Asgard". Whatever that means.

On top of this, I have a new mission: to protect the mortal realm from Frost Giants and other unpleasant characters from the realms beyond this one.

Now we're all caught up, on with the Loki Show!



Day One:

Monday

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

0

Reset for a fresh start.

Better than the minus millions, I suppose!

Today, at school, I performed a mighty feat: I was nice to the new kid.

If you've never attended a mortal school, you might not know that it is a long-standing tradition that the new child in class is treated with disdain and cruelty.

However, because I am a Good God™ now, I ignored this custom, risking the scorn of my peers!



This is Sarah, she's new.

"Miss, Sarah can sit next to me," I said, gesturing graciously at an empty chair beside me.

Thor, who was sitting on my other side, leaned over. "What did you do to her chair? Spread peanut butter over the seat? Or superglue?"

"Nothing!" I promised.

! No lie detected.

"Actually," said Sarah, "I'd rather sit over there if that's OK?" She pointed at a chair far, far away from me.



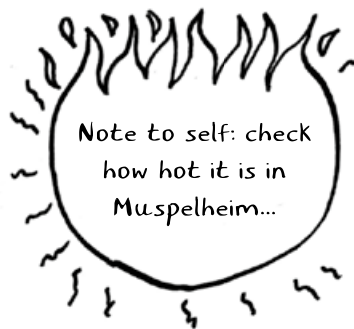
I sat there with my mouth open in horror as Sarah trotted to her new seat. I had done this noble deed, driven by pity for a poor unfortunate soul and ... she refused my offer? She turned down Loki? ME?

Well. I don't know why I bother.

You bother because you want to become a good person in order to be allowed to return home to Asgard one day. And you still have a LOT of improving to do.

I hate this diary. I think I might put it in the fire.

I'm flame retardant to the highest temperatures of the fiery wilderness of Muspelheim. !

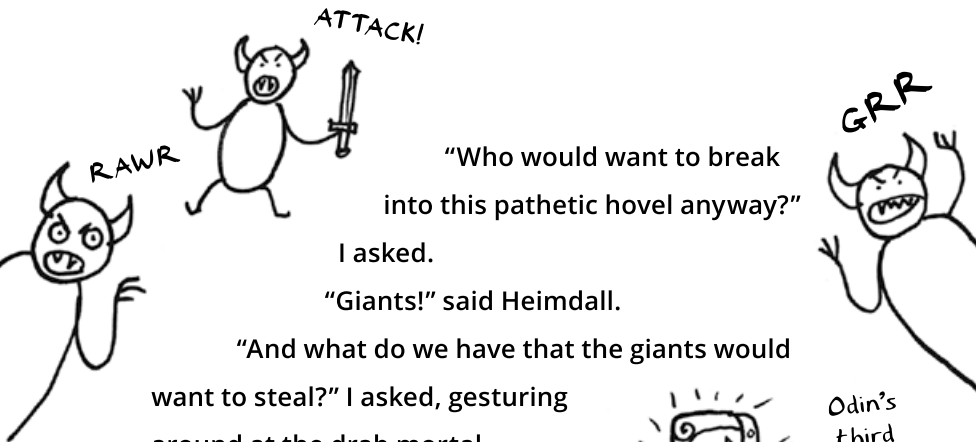


After school, I watched TV with Thor and Hyrrokkin. Heimdall was busy fitting what mortals call an alarm.

Alarm: a device that emits a high-pitched sound when thieves break into your house. Also prone to beeping at random intervals for no reason, especially in the middle of the night.

When I come across an unfamiliar mortal notion, this book shows me an explanation written by "all-knowing" Odin himself. Sometimes it sounds like he's just making fun of mortals.



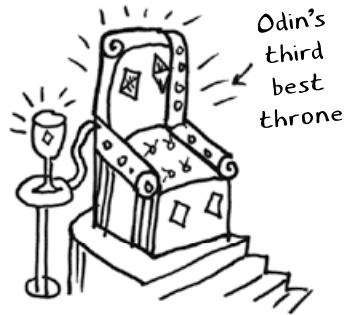


"Who would want to break into this pathetic hovel anyway?"

I asked.

"Giants!" said Heimdall.

"And what do we have that the giants would want to steal?" I asked, gesturing around at the drab mortal dwelling that we call home. Not a gold throne or a diamond-encrusted chalice in sight, unlike in Asgard.



"They might want to steal Thor's hammer!" said Heimdall. "Or kidnap one of us! Or steal –" he cast his eyes around the room – "our television. It's very large. Anyway. Dinner time, go and wash your hands. With soap!"

After dinner, Hyrrokkin fed her snakes. While she was busy popping dead mice into the eager mouths of serpents, Thor and I did chores.

Chores are one of the cruellest parts of being a mortal child. Especially today's horrifying task:

LOKI – Tidy that tip of a bedroom!

THOR – Dust hammer collection – your bedroom is already tidy.

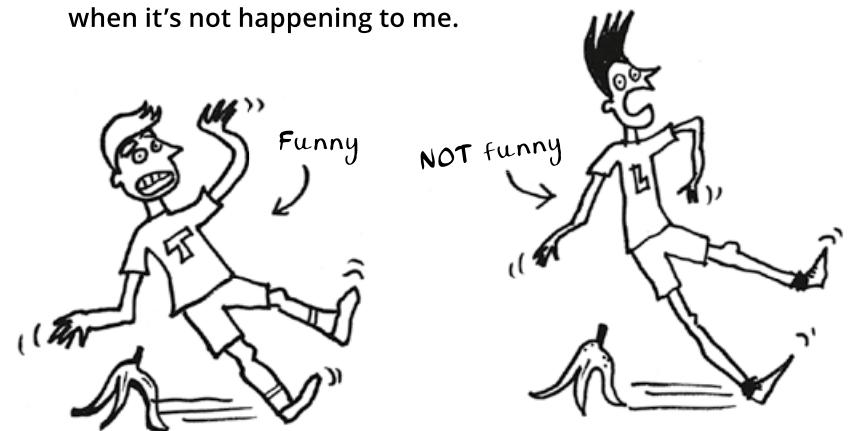
In Asgard, if you drop something, it magically returns itself to its proper place. But tragically that does not happen in the mortal realm.

Apparently, my system for storing my belongings was not acceptable to my fake parents. I don't know why. I know where everything is.



I'm quite annoyed that Thor is so good at tidying his room. In fact, I think he only does it to annoy me.

He came to bother me after dusting his hammers. As I worked my tender fingers to the bone, he went on and on about how funny it was that the new girl turned down my offer of a seat. I don't believe Thor truly grasps the concept of humour. Humiliation is only funny when it's not happening to me.



"I think it was very rude of her," I said, haughtily.

"That's why it was funny," said Thor. "Though not as funny as your face when she turned you down like a friendless loser."

Just before I wreaked terrible vengeance upon Thor, thereby destroying my status as a Good God™, Hyrrokkin called us downstairs.



"I have received an email from your school," she said, frowning.



Hyrrokkin disapproves of emails. In fact, she considers paper letters to be new-fangled and prefers runes etched into stone, or at least painted on a "nice bit of vellum".

"The school is to hold a mystical ritual on Thursday, in which you will be judged," she went on. "Your teachers will tell Heimdall and me if you have proved worthy."

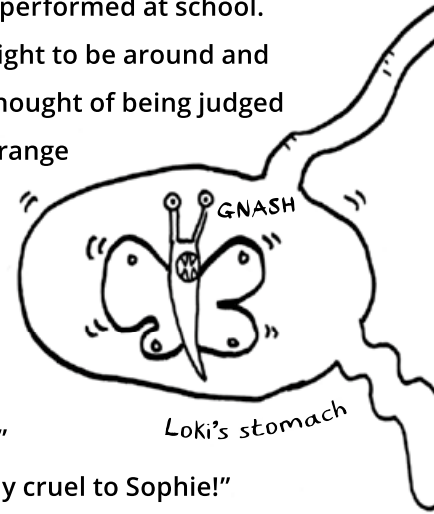


But how will my teachers know if I am worthy? I have not completed any quests to show my worth!

Hyrrokkin explained that the mystical ritual was something called a parents' evening, and that our worthiness would be judged based on how "Liam" (me) and "Thomas" (Thor) have performed at school.

While I know that I am a delight to be around and a wit of the highest order, the thought of being judged by my teachers did give me a strange feeling in my stomach.

You see, sometimes my genius can be misconstrued. Teachers have been known to shout at me, saying things like, "Liam, don't disrupt the lesson!" and "Liam, stop being needlessly cruel to Sophie!" and, "Oh God, why did they have to put you in my class? Does the Head hate me?"



But I dismissed my worries. After all, what does it matter what my teachers say about me at this paltry meeting in three days' time? I am an immortal god, glorious and mighty! I do not need their praise.

You need everybody's praise, Loki. You're incredibly insecure.

Have I mentioned that I hate this diary?



Day Two:

Tuesday

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

50

For offering the new girl a seat.

That WAS
kind of me,
yes.

Before school, Thor and I took Hyrrokkin's dog, Fido, for a walk.



While we were out, we bumped into my best mortal friend Valerie, who was wearing a strange black helmet.

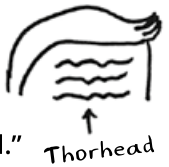


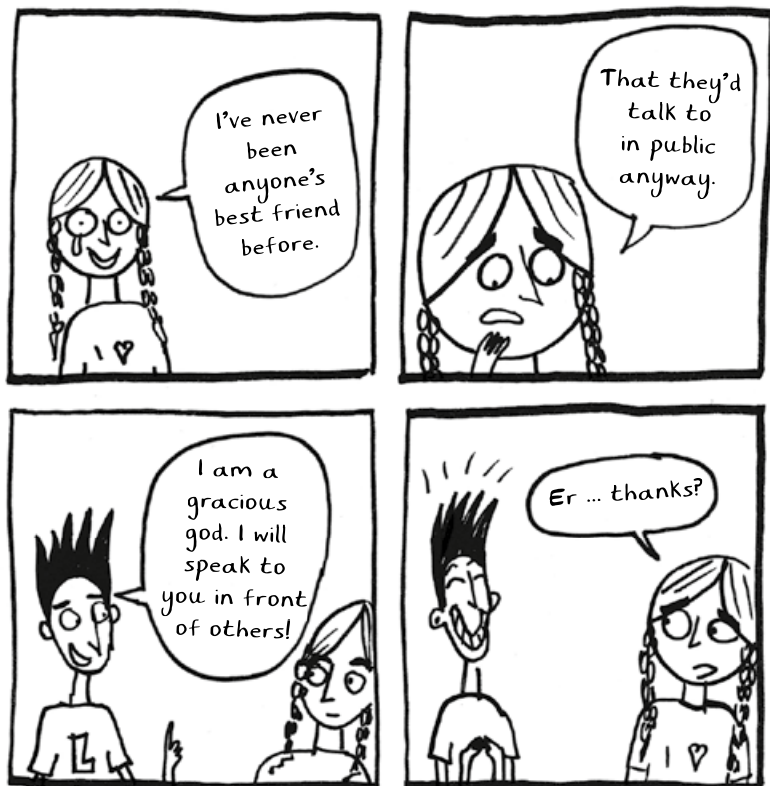
Once upon a time, I would have kicked Thor in the shins for talking about god business, but Valerie knows the truth. (OK, I told her. For heroic reasons.)

"War? No ... I'm going to the riding stables before school." She leaned closer. "But do gods go to war often? I'd love to hear more about it..."

"Wait..." Thor furrowed his stupidly handsome forehead. "No! You know too much already, mortal."

"She is no mere mortal," I objected. "She is Valerie Kerry, best friend of Loki!"





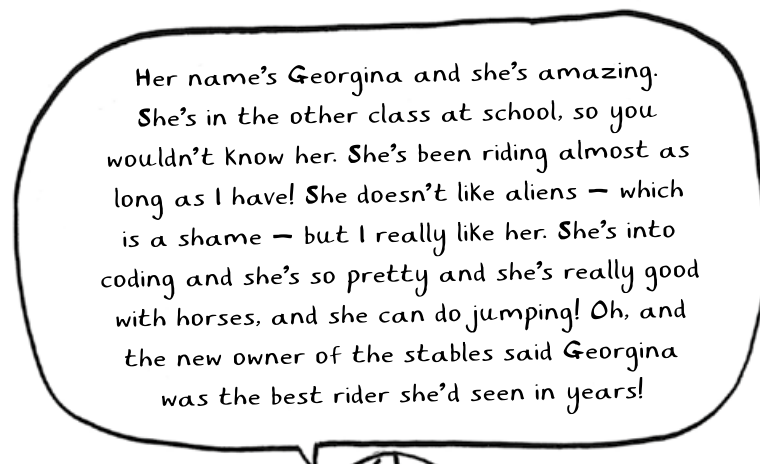
"The dog has deposited faeces on the floor. It is your turn to pick it up," said Thor, interrupting our very touching moment of friendship.

So Valerie went off to the stables while I scooped dog poo from the floor with only a bag between my divine hand and the excrement.

Mortal life is *rubbish*.



At school, during break, I chatted to Valerie. I had hoped that we could discuss my magnificence, but instead of asking me questions about myself and hanging on my every word (as I deserve), she talked about a girl she'd met at the stables that morning.



Valerie said all this in such a breathless rush I feared that she might suffocate. Georgina was clearly very bad for Valerie.



Surely she is not as good with horses as I, Loki?

"Better!" said Valerie.

"But ... I *was* a horse!" I objected.

"Yes, but just because you've *been* a horse doesn't mean you know how to *ride* a horse. That's like saying because you've been a cow, you know how to milk it."



Don't try it.

(I actually lived underground for eight years milking cows professionally.

Long story. I'll tell you when I'm not trying to prove myself against a mysterious and intriguing stranger.)

"Anyway, I think you'd really like her. She's so interesting and funny and clever," said Valerie.

Valerie went on and on and on about Georgina and I started to feel a little unwell. Would Valerie ever *stop* talking? Surely she risked straining her throat muscles?



"... and guess what?"

"She can also fly and fart rainbows?" I said, sullenly.

"No! She was in Mrs Williams' class last year! We have so much in common!" Valerie looked delighted by this not-exactly-a-coincidence, given that there are only a limited number of teachers in our school.

Mrs Williams is our class teacher. I don't like to dignify teachers with names but I reluctantly confess that I know them.

This was not the enjoyable breaktime I had hoped for. Valerie was abandoning me for a mere mortal! She's *my* friend. As with Thor's hammer: if someone else takes it, it would not be *his* hammer any more. This Georgina was committing daylight friend robbery!

What I wanted to say was:



What I actually said, through gritted teeth, was, "I'd love to meet her."

"I'm sure she'd love to meet you too! I've told her all about you. Well, not the god stuff obviously," said Valerie.

Stupid oath to Odin, making it harder to show how cool I am. (I swore an oath that I would not reveal my mighty godly powers to mortals. While I got away with breaking this oath once, I suspect Odin would not be as forgiving if I did it again.)

"I'm sure she'll like you anyway," Valerie went on. "Georgina's so kind she likes *everyone*."

Everyone?! That word landed like a blow to the stomach with a very large and knobby giant's club. I'm not just anyone! I'm adorable! People love me because I am awesome, not because they are kind! I need nobody's pity - nor their second-hand friends!

I made a silent vow.



So, instead of sitting next to Valerie in English, I put my pencil case down next to the new girl, Sarah. This is a universal symbol that mortal children use to show that a seat is now theirs.



But when I returned from gathering a sheet of paper from the front, I was horrified to discover that Sarah had moved my pencil case to another seat.

For a moment, my heart filled with bile.

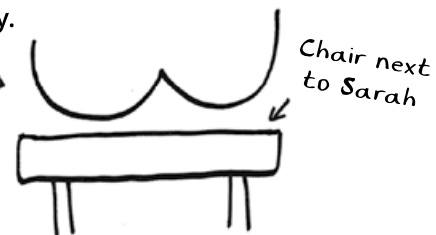


How DARE she reject me?

Then I had an idea that made much more sense than her deeming me unworthy of friendship. It was probably her humility that made her move my pencil case, thinking she was not worthy of being so close to one as special as I. Giving her a reassuring smile, I sat down next to her anyway.

The bum of friendship →

34



Clearly overcome by my generosity, she slumped forward onto her arms with an enormous sigh.

Then she sat up straight and put her hand up.



Mrs Williams made me return to sit with Valerie, the one person I could rely upon to receive me with joy and gratitude! But as I took my seat, she didn't even look up. Her attention was completely focused on the drawing she was doing of a girl riding a horse.



It was a very good drawing and truly a shame that it fell on the floor at the end of the lesson and got trampled by the class as they left the classroom.

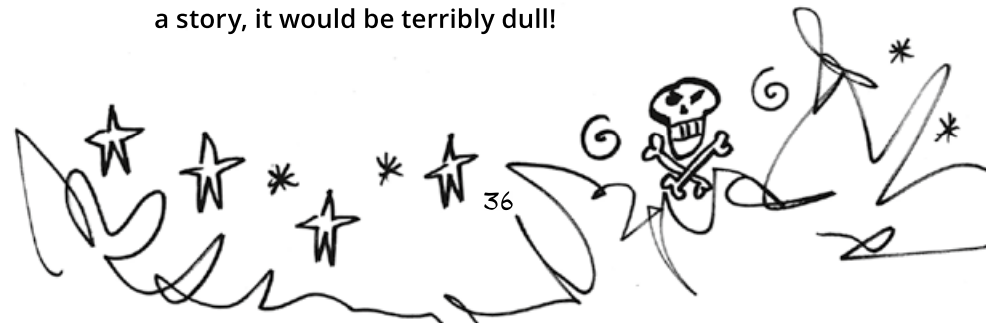
And how DID it fall?



That's what I thought. Leaving out some of the truth is a form of lying, you know.

PAH!

No it's not. If you put every single detail in a story, it would be terribly dull!



After school, I walked home with Thor. On a wall near our house someone had stuck up some posters that contained a number of pleas and commands.

Visit Sunnyville!

It has good food and attractive people, unlike your pathetic excuse for a town!

Your life is tragic
but if you buy
these clothes, you
will be popular
and successfull!

WHY BUY A HAMMER
WHEN YOU CAN JOIN
HAMMERSWAP?
EXCHANGE YOUR
OLD HAMMERS FOR
BRAND-NEW ONES -
ALL FREE!

At first, I thought they might be some kind of mortal code of moral conduct, but then I remembered they were what mortals call advertisements. The diary had explained them to me just the other day.

Advertisement: a way of persuading mortals to spend money or do things that they don't want to do. Adverts are not supposed to contain outright lies, but they bend the truth until it cries out, "Please stop – you're hurting me!"

As a trickster, I approve of this! Of course, Thor, the dullard, fell for them immediately.



"You're so gullible," I said. "Adverts only exist to prey upon the minds of the weak!"

Then we passed a poster advertising a new flavour of crisps.



OK, so perhaps not all adverts are cons.

Crisp crumbs, bought
because I wanted them not
because of the advert.

Loki

THE NO. 1 BESTSELLER!

When Thor's hammer goes missing, everyone thinks I, Loki, am the one to blame. So unfair! I'm good now! To clear my name I must...

- 1) FIND THOR'S BELOVED HAMMER
- 2) UNCOVER THE REAL THIEF
- 3) FORCE EVERYONE TO ADMIT THEY WERE WRONG

(The last entry on that list is the most important, obviously.)

Also about ME!



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