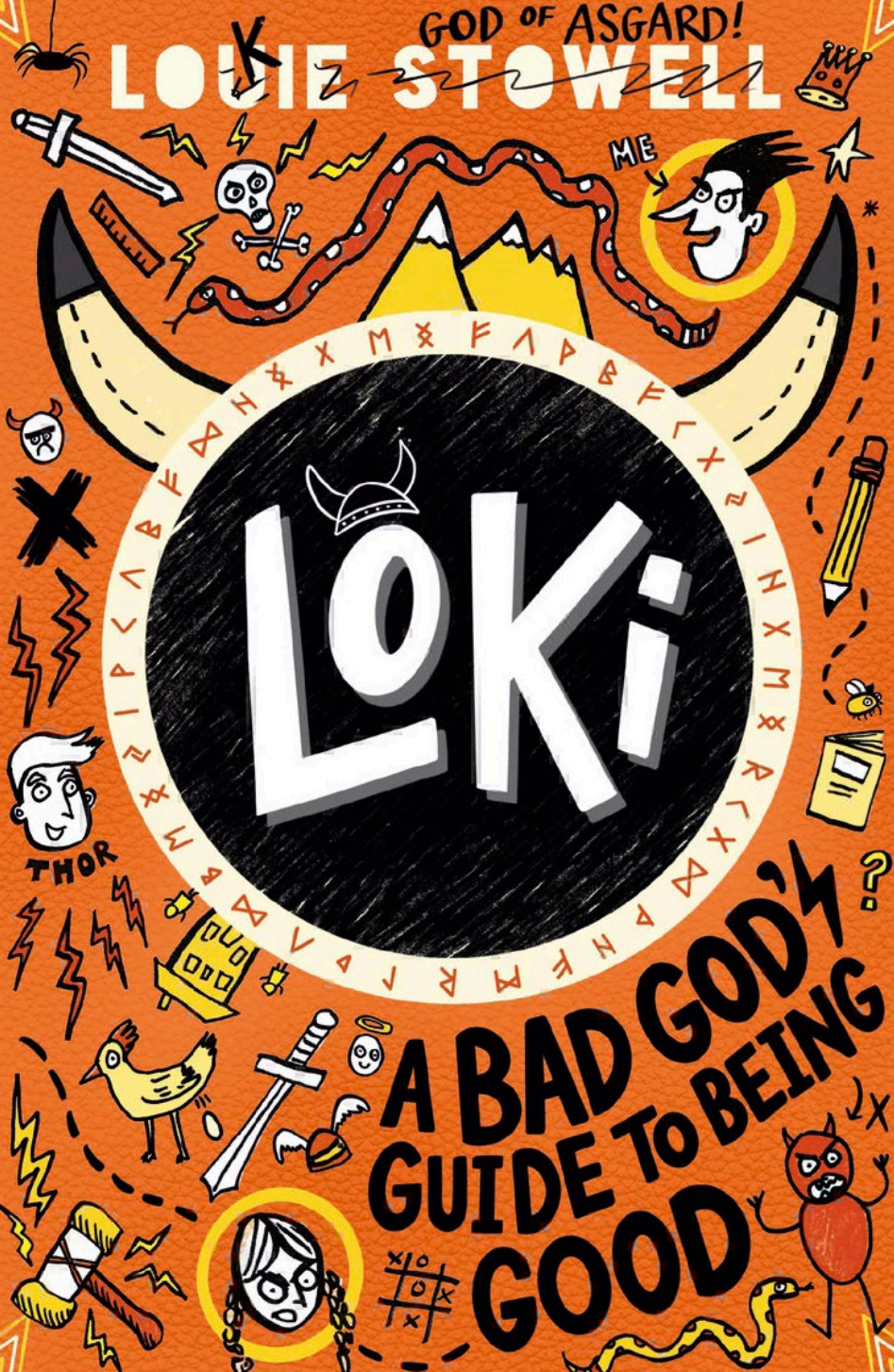


GOD OF ASGARD!

LOUIE STOWELL



LOKI

A BAD GOD'S  
GUIDE TO BEING  
GOOD

THOR

ME

**"Forget Thor, it's Louie  
who really brings the  
thunder with this book.  
Action-packed, smart  
and very, very funny."**

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FAST-PACED  
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**"Loki is a hilarious  
and heartfelt read  
that promises an  
excellent and far  
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**“THIS LOKI IS NO WIMPY KID, HE’S AN (ANTI)-HERO YOU’RE GOING TO LOVE!”**

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“So much love for this book – witty & wonderful.”

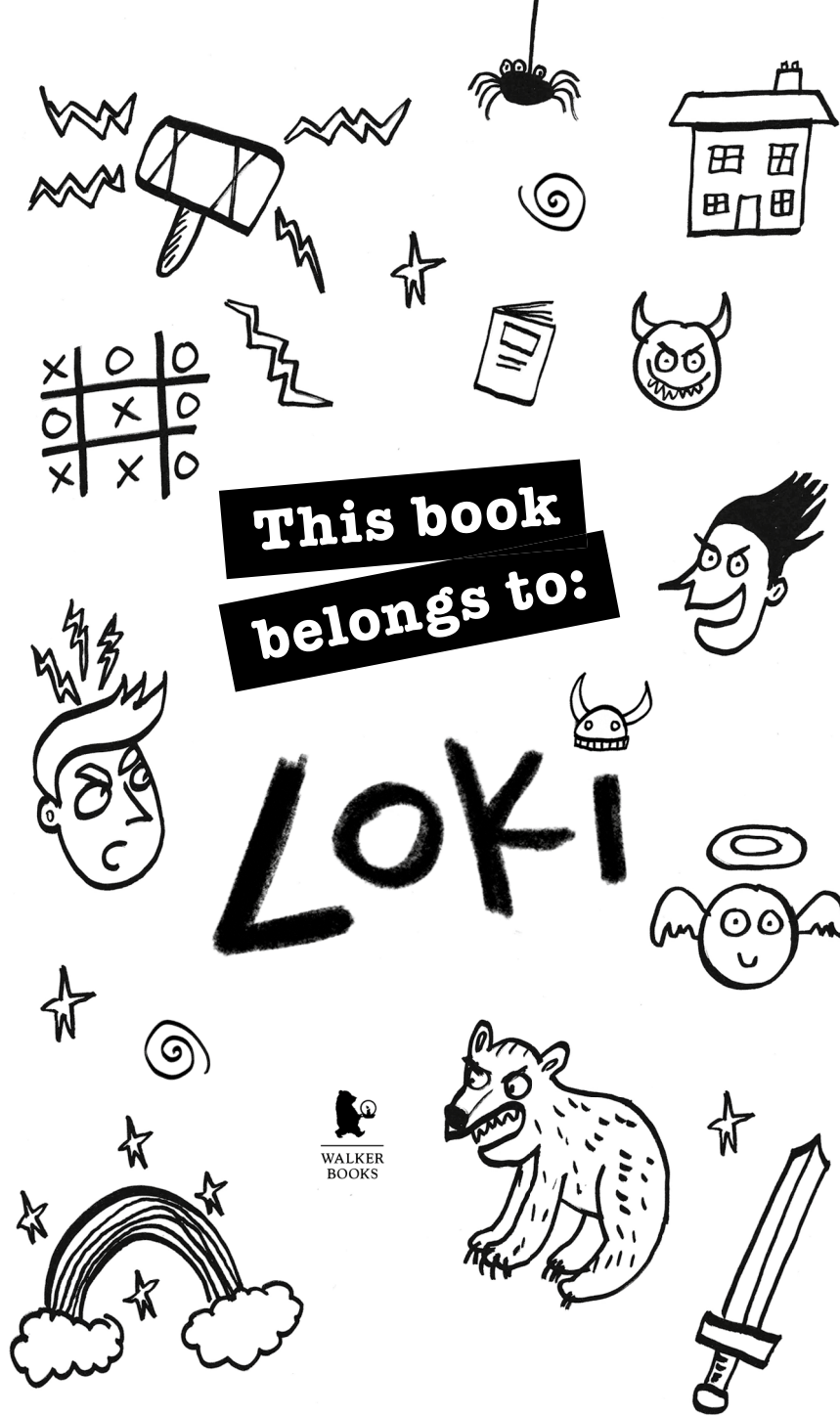
**Lu Fraser**  
author of The Littlest Yak

**“SO FUNNY AND MAGNIFICENTLY CLEVER.”**

**Jen Carney**  
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**“SMART, WITTY AND ABSOLUTE GENIUS!”**

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# LOUIE STOWELL



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This book is dedicated to  
Adrian Mole, who ran so Loki  
could kind of stumble around  
messing everything up.

**MAP**  
OF THE WORLDS  
(not to scale)

WORLD TREE

**YANAHEIM**  
BORING GODS

EXCITING GODS

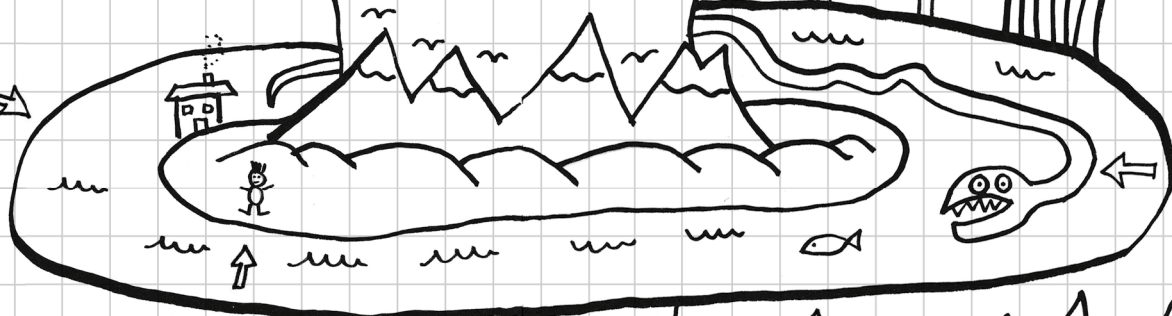
FANCY PALACES

**ASGARD**

MIDGARD

RAINBOW BRIDGE

MY HOUSE



THE WORLD SERPENT

HUMANS

FISH

**ELVES**

**MORE ELVES**

**JOTUNHEIM**

GIANTS LIVE HERE

DEAD PEOPLE

**FIRE**

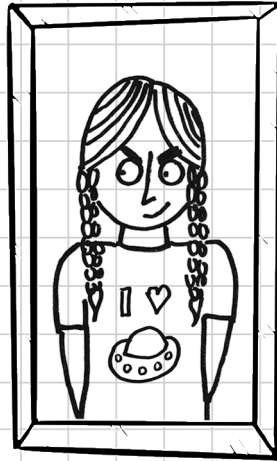
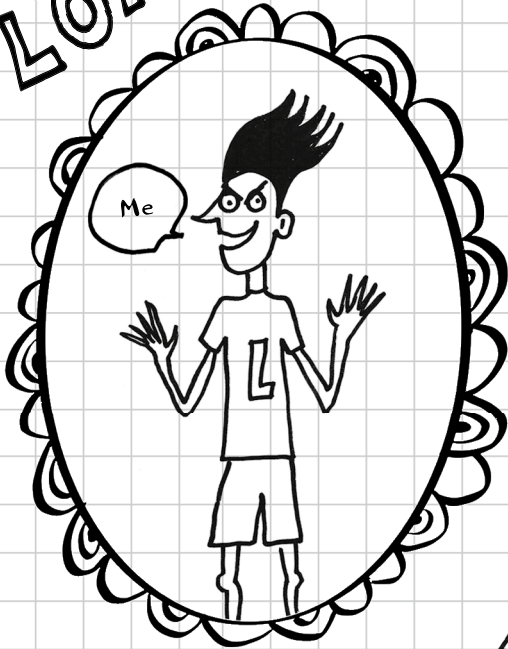
**DWARVES**

**HEL**

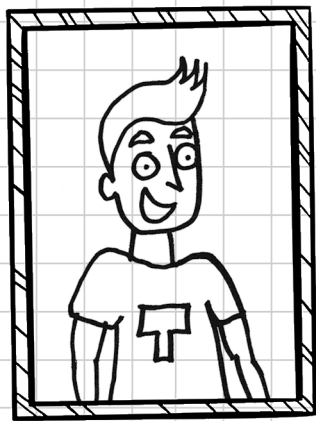
**ICE**

# The Characters

LOKI



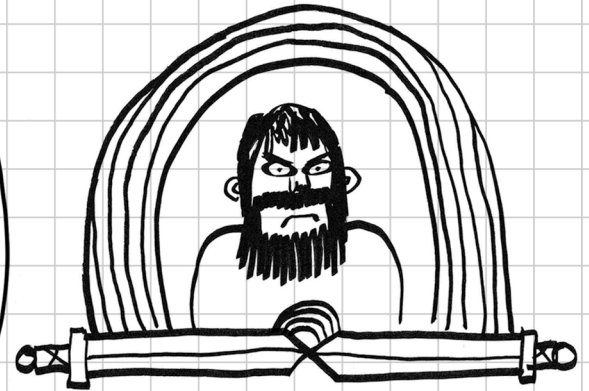
VALERIE



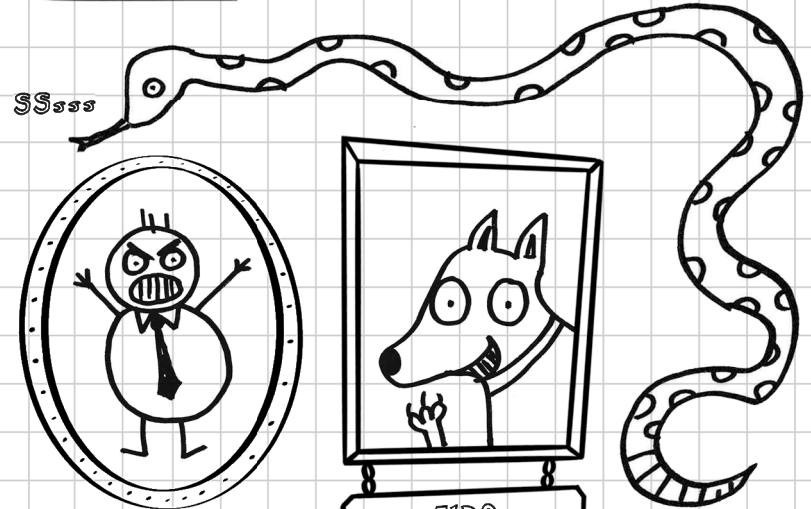
THOR



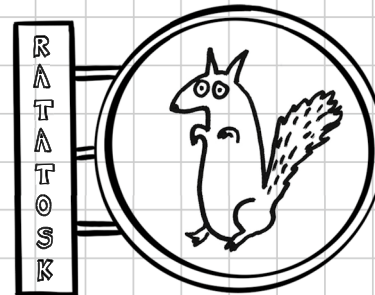
HYRROKKIN



HEIMDALL









ANGRY TEACHER





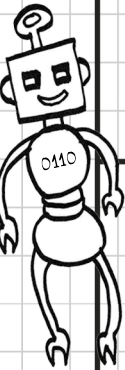
ODIN

# 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



BREAK

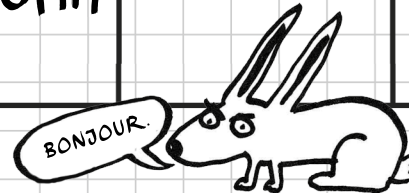


LUNCH

I am a French potato



LOKI vs LUNCH BREAK



*[Handwritten scribbles]*

# Day One:

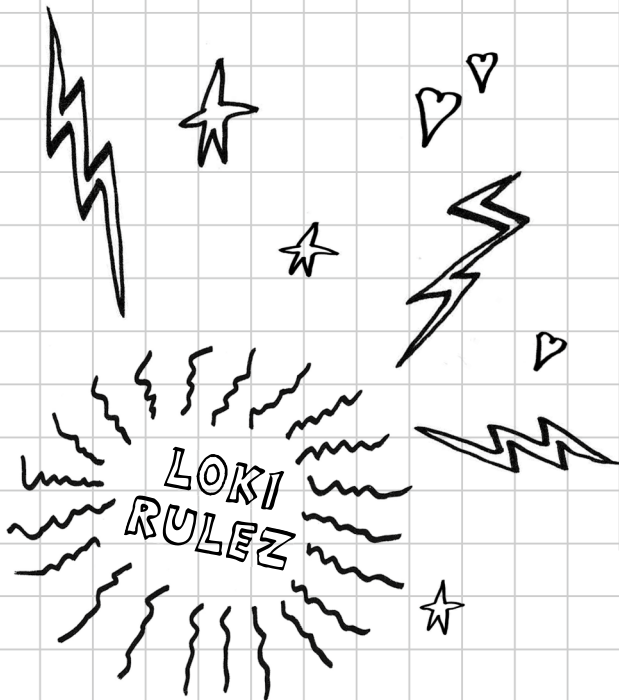
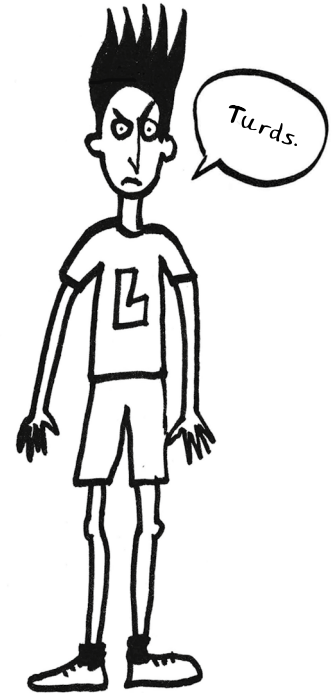
Wednesday

**LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:**

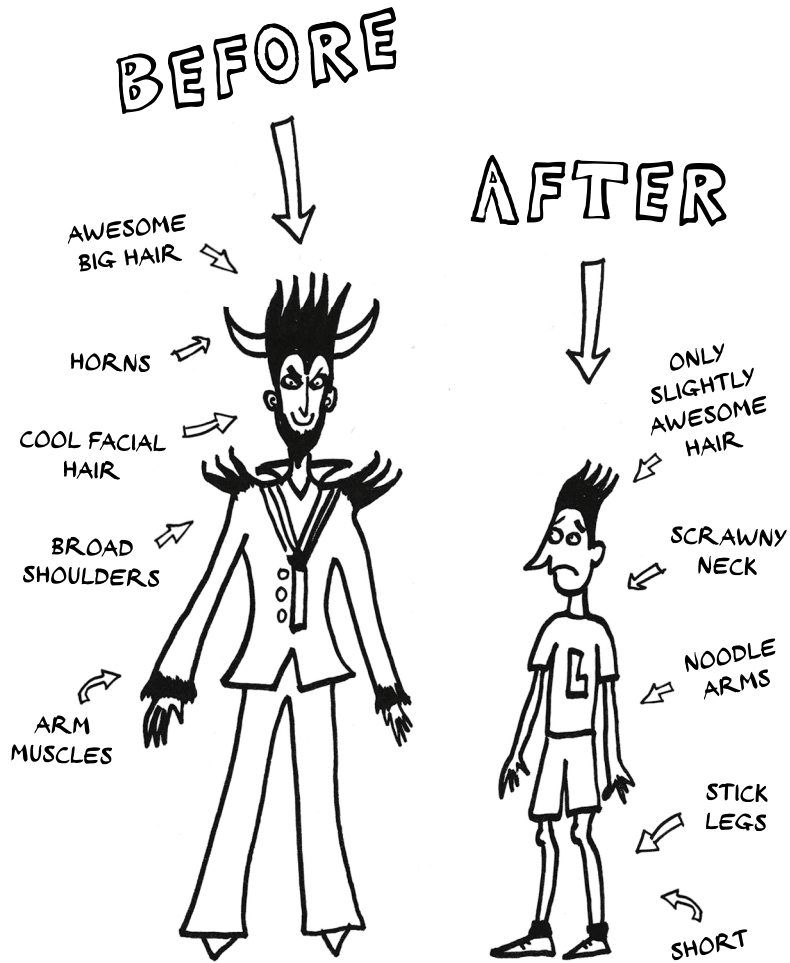
**-3000**

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.

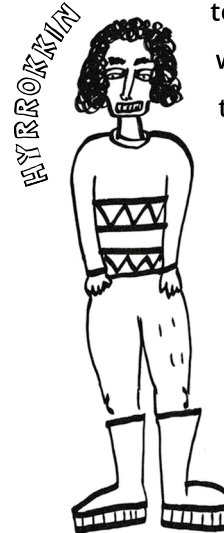
First, there is the overall weakness of this mortal body. I'm not the strongest of the gods, but right now, my legs look like sticks, and I have the upper-body strength of a small squirrel!



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



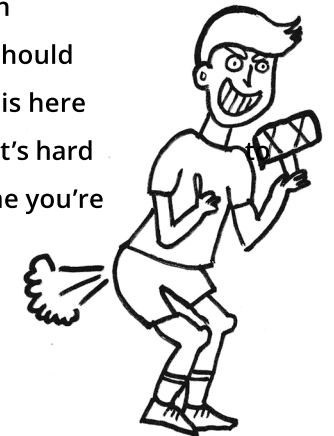
to be my father and mother while we are on Earth. I have to live with them and do what they say. I am appalled at this indignity. I'm thousands of years old! I should not have a bedtime! I should not have to do chores! I should absolutely under no circumstances be expected to fold my own undergarments!

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.

HEIMDALL



I am Thor, god of bum thunder!



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.**

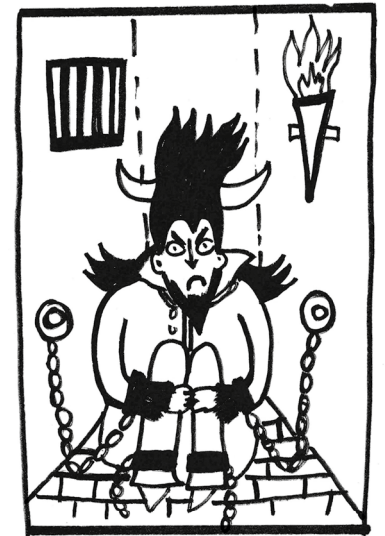
If you're so wise, what number am I thinking of?

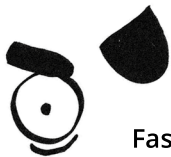
**You are not thinking of a number. You are thinking, "Odin smells".**

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

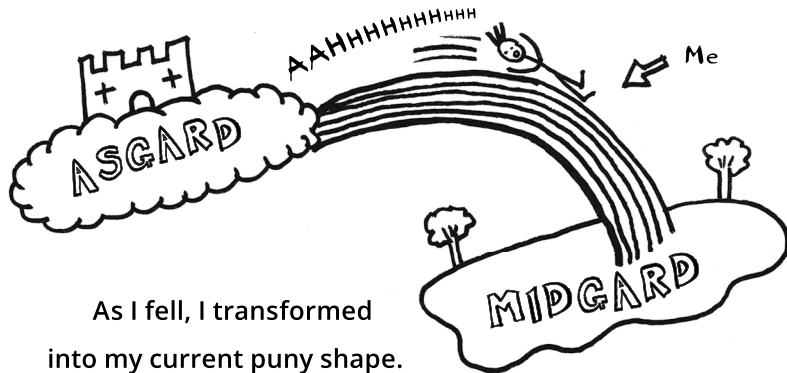
My tragedy began with a trick involving the goddess Sif, her long, golden locks, a pair of scissors and an ill-timed nap. I'll spare you the details, but let's just say that no one in Asgard can take a joke. Or a haircut.

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.





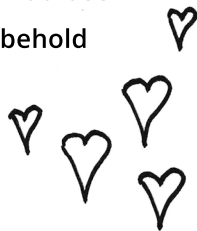
Fast-forward to this morning, when I was rudely shoved out of my prison, blinking in the Asgardian sunshine. Odin thrust this book into my hands and booted me out from Asgard over the rainbow bridge down to Midgard – or, as you peasants call it, Earth.



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.



**! Correction: it is actually quite a nice house by human standards, with fast broadband and a power shower. All the above drawings are highly inaccurate if not technically lies.**

Anyway, let us return to my horrifying new reality. In one of the small, sad rooms of our new dwelling, Heimdall and Hyrrokkin sat me down and gave me my orders.



**!** Correction: Hyrrokkin did not use her wolf to threaten you.

The threat was implied. This whole thing is ridiculous. Heimdall and Hyrrokkin can't be trusted to report back to Odin on how much I've improved. They hate me.



**!** Correction: Heimdall hates you, Hyrrokkin's on the fence. And they won't be reporting to Odin. That is for me, the diary, to measure.

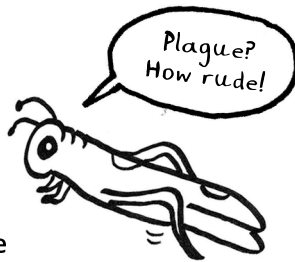
How about instead of rudely interrupting, you give me a pithy summary?



**!** Very well.

- You, Loki, must show moral improvement as measured in virtue points. Your starting score is -3000. Your goal is +3000.
- The score will be measured by a book (me) containing all the wisdom of Odin himself, including important information about the twenty-first century.
- Hyrrokkin and Heimdall will supervise in the guise of parents.
- Thor, pretending to be your brother, will accompany you to places in the mortal realm where parents do not venture, such as school.
- You must not show your true godly powers to any human. Should you do so, you will be condemned to immediate and permanent punishment.
- Should humanity come to catastrophe during your time in Midgard, you will skip to immediate punishment.

Wait. I'm to blame for *anything* apocalyptically bad that happens when I'm on Earth? Even a meteorite strike? Or nuclear war? Or a plague of locusts?



**!** Correct.

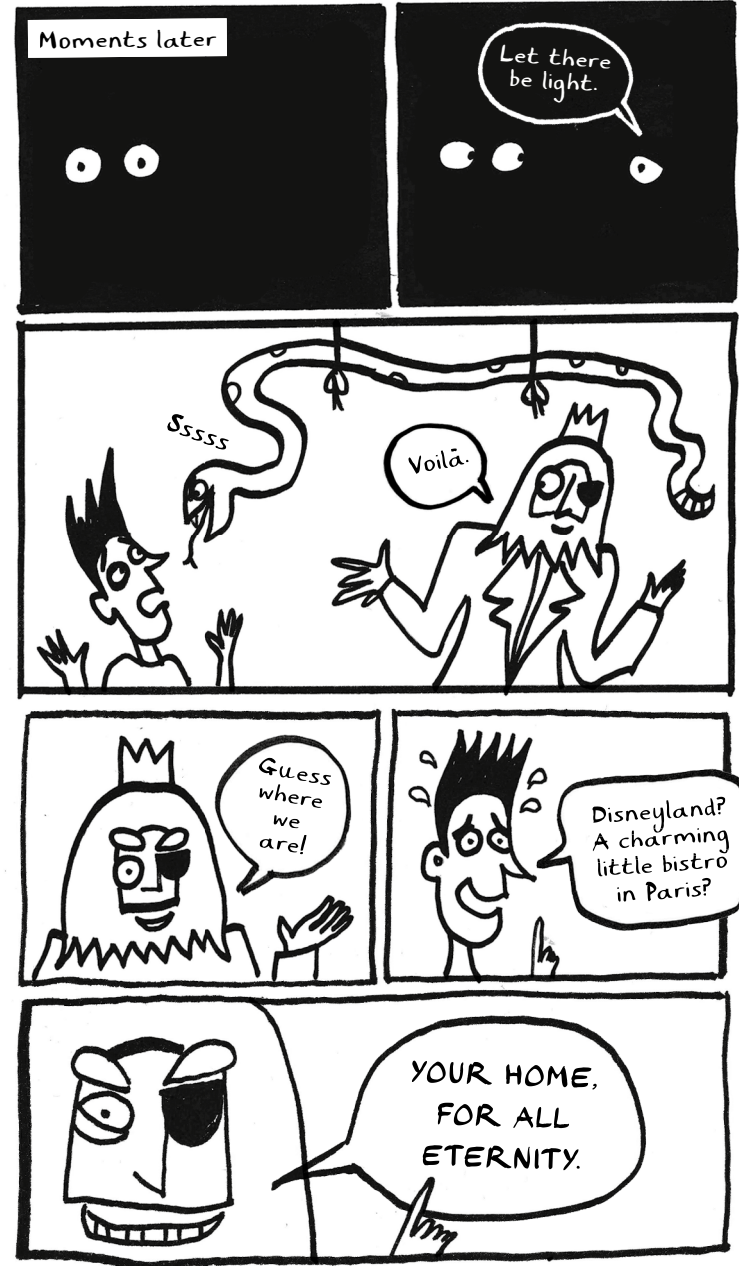
## UTTERLY UNFAIR!

**!** In case of an emergency, you merely need to utter the words "HEY, ODIN" and the Allfather shall respond.

I am too awesome to be treated like this! I am Loki, the cleverest, wittiest trickster! I refuse to spend a whole month doing only tedious, virtuous things. I shall no longer write in this diary! You're not the boss of me!



HEY, ODIN! DO YOU HEAR ME? I'm not playing your game! I refuse! Come and get me!

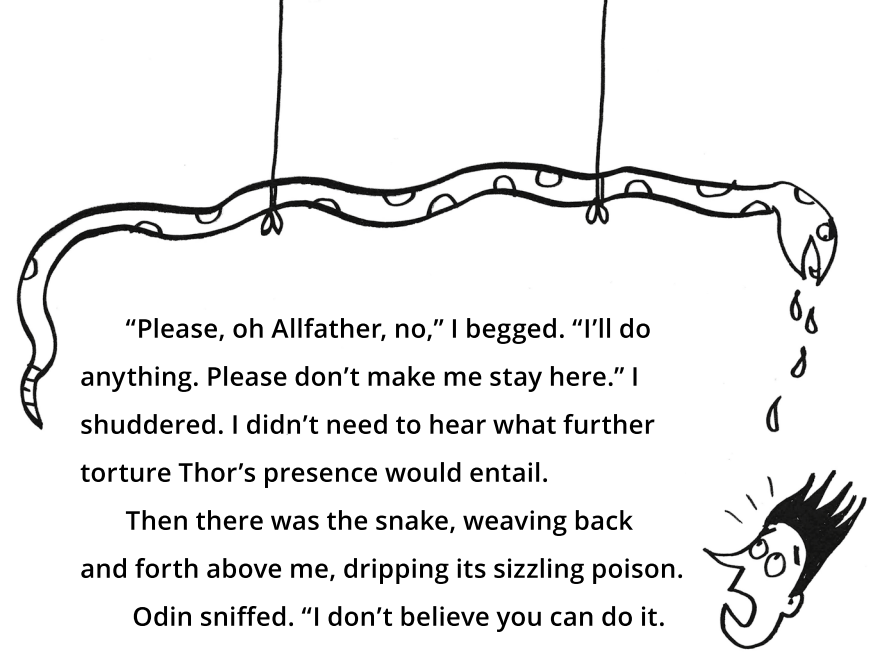


It turns out Odin IS the boss of me and I will have to carry on recording my deeds in this diary, or else. Although it pains me to continue writing, here's what happened next...

"You refused your quest," said Odin. "This is the consequence. Meet Fangy, your new worst enemy."

"Let's not do anything hasty," I said, backing away from the snake's dripping venom. "We should talk about this like adults. Or like one adult and another adult in the body of a child."

Odin made a dismissive gesture, as though shooing away a naughty dog. "You're clearly too lazy to be good for even one month, so welcome to the rest of forever. A chamber where the air is thick with the smell of rotting fish and urine, with your least favourite song piped into your ears. Sif promises to come and cut your hair on a regular basis, leaving all those super annoying hairs you can never get rid of down your neck. And Thor will..."



"Please, oh Allfather, no," I begged. "I'll do anything. Please don't make me stay here." I shuddered. I didn't need to hear what further torture Thor's presence would entail.

Then there was the snake, weaving back and forth above me, dripping its sizzling poison.

Odin sniffed. "I don't believe you can do it. You're weak."

This stung. "I am NOT! I am Loki! I am a god! I can do ANYTHING!"

Odin looked at me for a long while in silence.

I held my breath – and not just because of the terrible smell.

"Your challenge stands. One month to prove you are worthy of Asgard. No more, no less. And if you fail..." He shook his head and gestured to the hissing serpent. I think it winked at me.

Then, without another word, I was back here in my ugly little chamber, lying on the uncomfortable bed, the tears drying on my face.

So it seems that Odin will read this diary at the end of the month and decide my fate. Will I return home, or will I be condemned to eternal torture?

**DUN-DUN  
DUNNNNNN!**

*\*dramatic music\**

This is going to be a looooooong month.

