

PRAISE FOR LOKI: A BAD GOD'S GUIDE TO BEING GOOD

"This bad boy's journey is a laugh-out-loud delight, packed with cartoons and footnotes, perfect for fans of *The Wimpy Kid*."
The Daily Mail

"Laugh-out-loud funny, whip-smart observation, totally original & all round EPIC."

Hannah Gold
author of *The Last Bear*

"OFTEN LAUGH-OUT-LOUD FUNNY, THIS IS AN IRREVERENT ROMP THROUGH PRACTICAL MORAL PHILOSOPHY, LIKE NETFLIX'S *THE GOOD PLACE* WITH MORE SNARKY CARTOON SNAKES."

The Observer

"Outrageously funny ... Sharp wit, ethical dilemmas, sly mythological references and oodles of doodles are a recipe for pure reading pleasure."

THE GUARDIAN

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

Rob Biddulph
author of
Draw With Rob

"A sheer doodle-filled comic delight."

DOMINIQUE VALENTE
author of *Starfell*

**“PUNCHY,
FAST-PACED
AND BLIMMIN’
BRILLIANT.”**

Laura Ellen Anderson
author of *Amelia Fang*

**“THIS BOOK IS
EXTREMELY FUNNY,
HIGHLY ORIGINAL
AND PACKED WITH
QUIRKY DOODLES.”**

Nadia Shireen
author of *Grimwood*

**“Hilarious, clever,
addictive and so full of
heart that I truly didn’t
want it to end.”**

A. F. Steadman
author of *Skandar* and the
Unicorn Thief

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

Lu Fraser
author of *The Littlest Yak*

**“Loki is a hilarious
and heartfelt read
that promises an
excellent and far
from low-key
series to come!”**

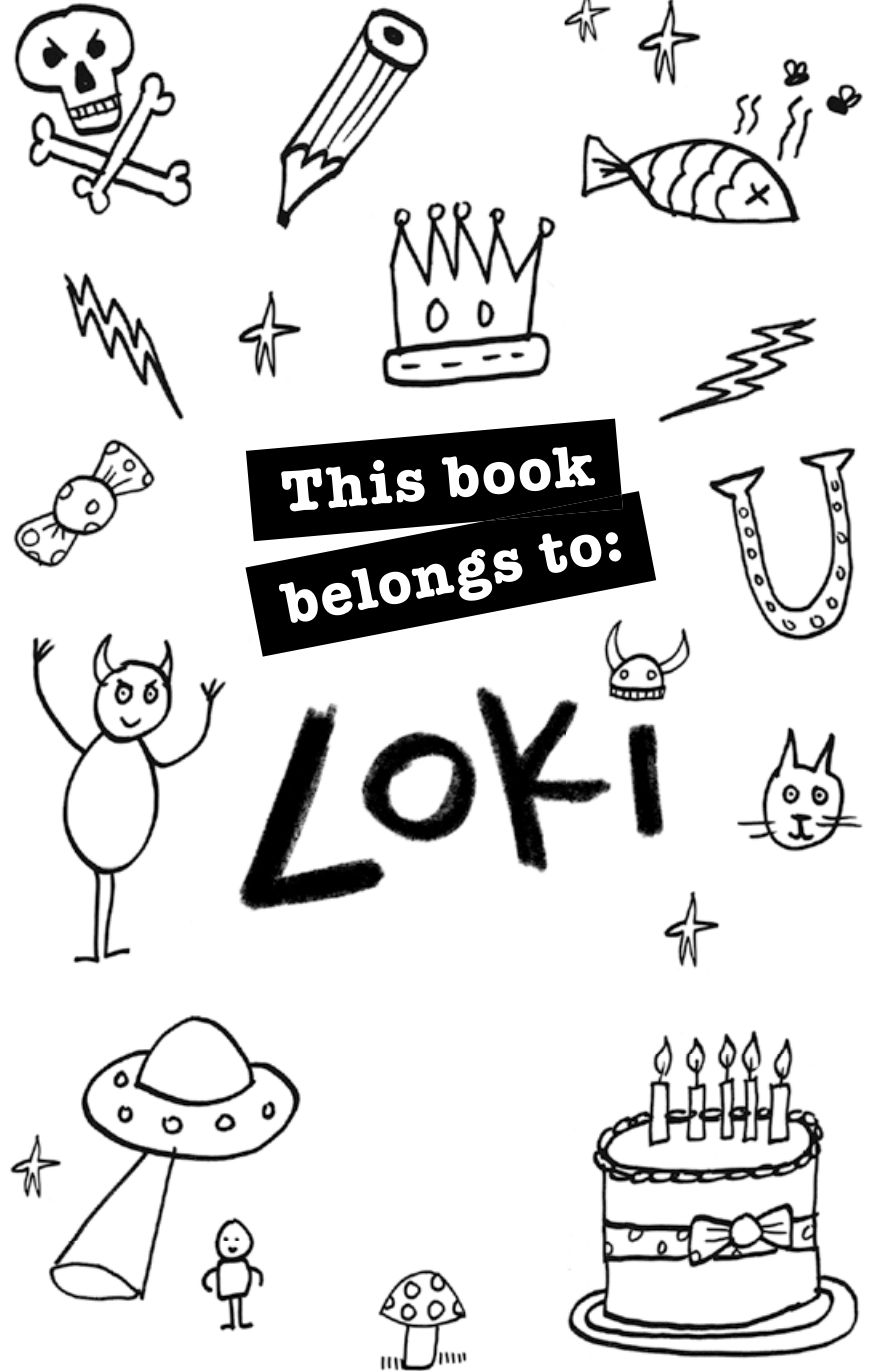
L. D. LAPINSKI
author of
*The Strangeworlds
Travel Agency*

**“YOU MUST READ
THIS BOOK, or may
you get bitten on the bum
by a snake, which could
totally happen.”**

Jamie Smart
author of *Bunny vs Monkey*

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

Jen Carney
author of *The Accidental
Diary of B.U.G.*



**This book
belongs to:**

LOKI

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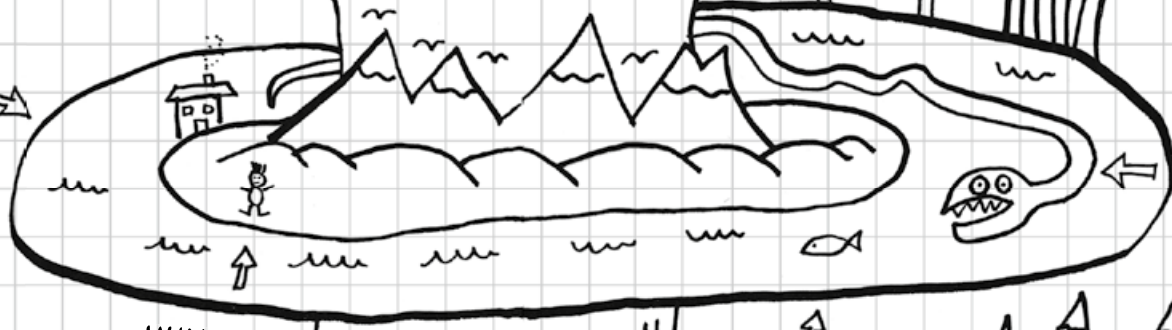
MAP
OF THE WORLDS
(not to scale)

WORLD TREE

YANAHEIM
BORING GODS

EXCITING GODS
ASGARD
FANCY PALACES

MY HOUSE



MIDGARD

RAINBOW BRIDGE

THE WORLD SERPENT

HUMANS

FISH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
ELVES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
MORE ELVES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FIRE

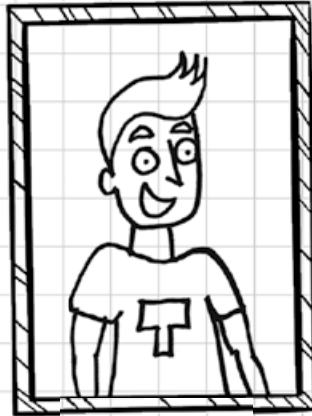
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
DWARVES

JOTUNHEIM

DEAD PEOPLE
HEL
GIANTS LIVE HERE
ICE

The Characters

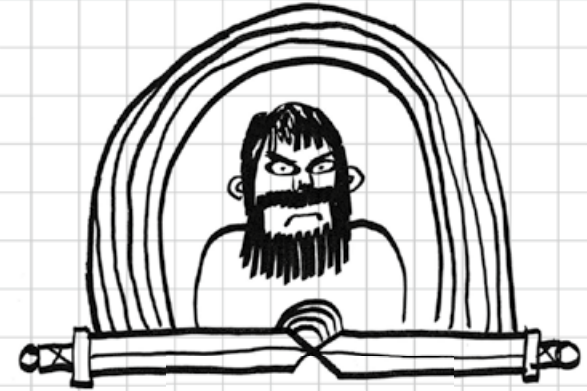
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THOR



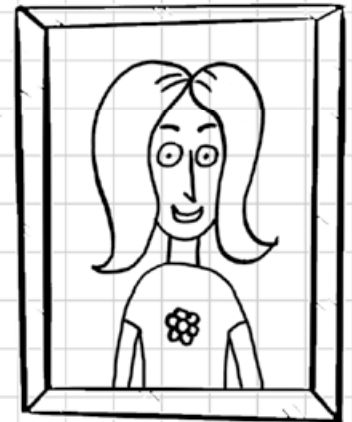
FIDO



HEIMDALL



HYRROKKIN



SARAH



GEORGINA



VALERIE

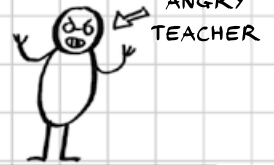


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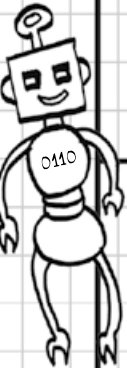
SPORTSBOY ONE

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

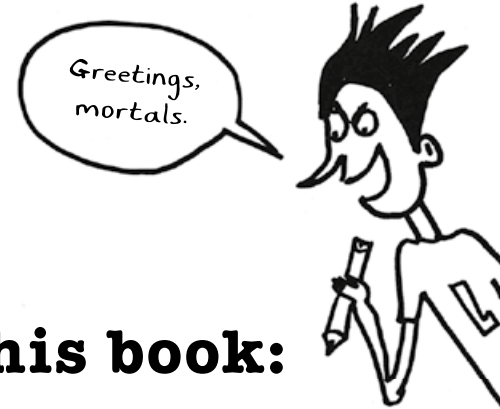
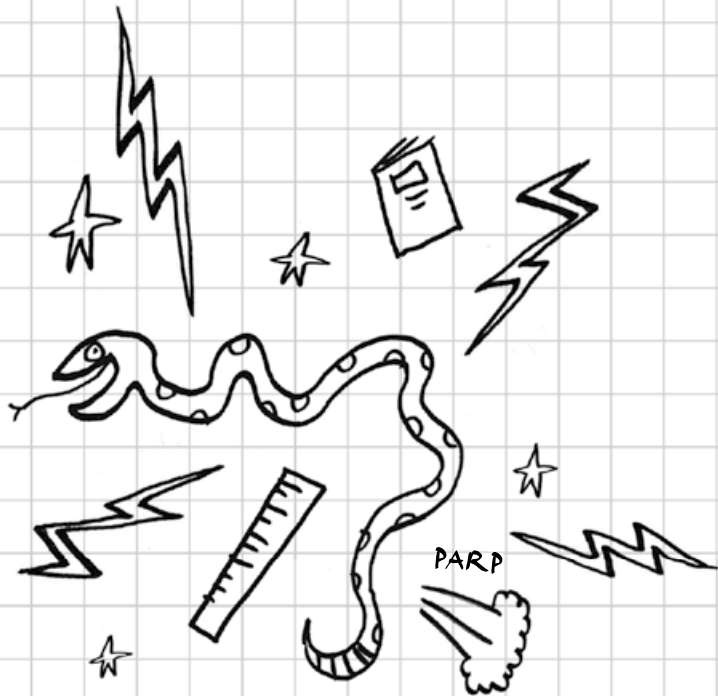


I am a French potato



LOKI vs LUNCH BREAK





About this book:

My name is Loki, and I am a god.

Sort of.

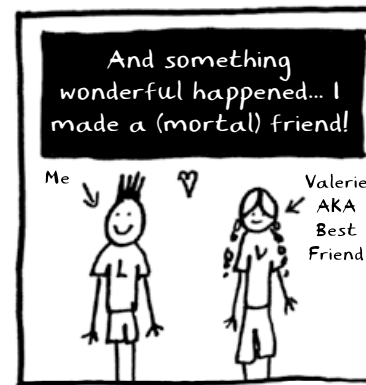
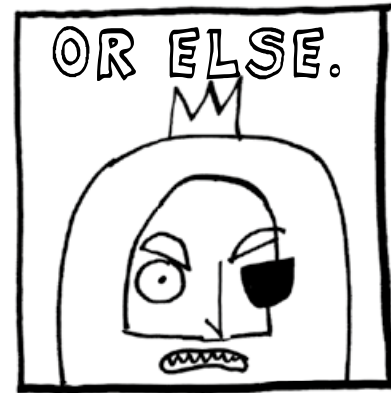
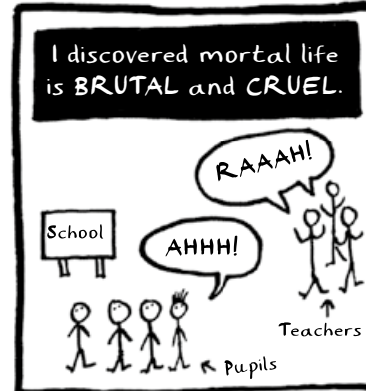
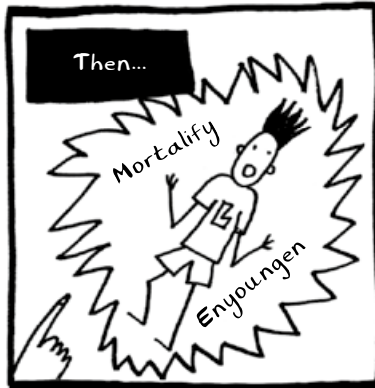
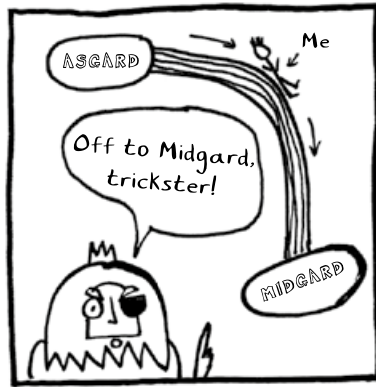
It's complicated.

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.



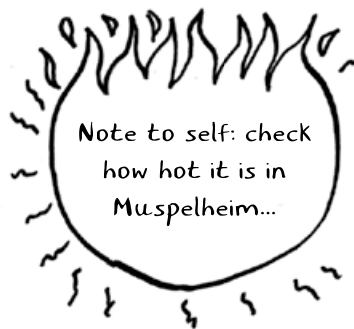
I sat there with my mouth open in horror as Sarah trotted to her new seat. I had done this noble deed, driven by pity for a poor unfortunate soul and ... she refused my offer? She turned down Loki? ME?

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. !

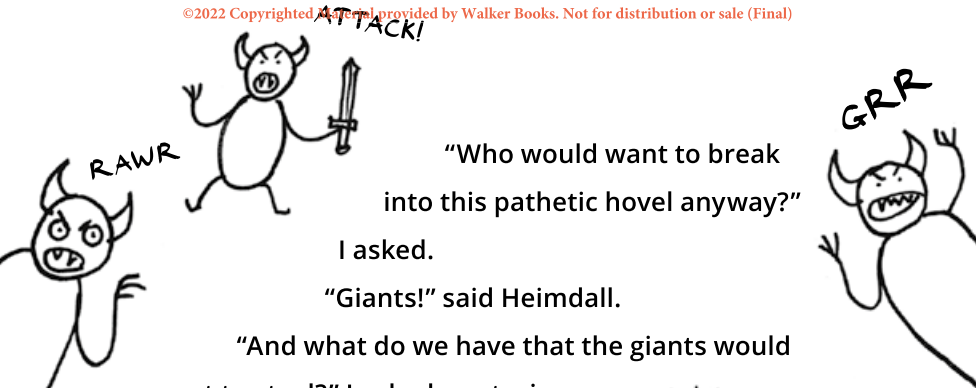


After school, I watched TV with Thor and Hyrrokkin. Heimdall was busy fitting what mortals call an alarm.

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.



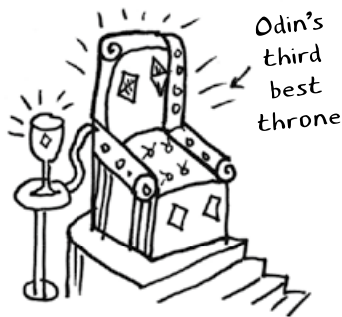


“Who would want to break into this pathetic hovel anyway?”

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.

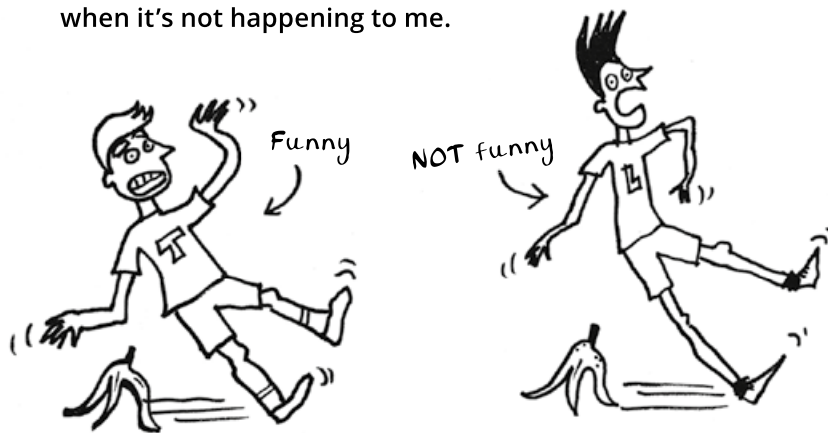
In Asgard, if you drop something, it magically returns itself to its proper place. But tragically that does not happen in the mortal realm.

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."

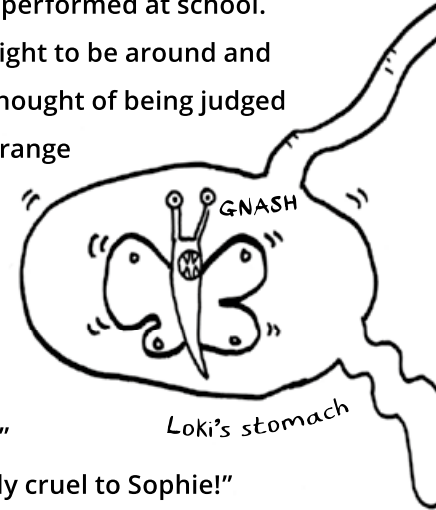


But how will my teachers know if I am worthy? I have not completed any quests to show my worth!

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.

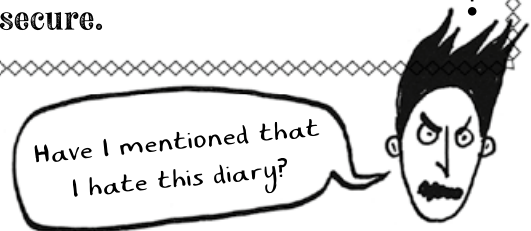
While I know that I am a delight to be around and a wit of the highest order, the thought of being judged by my teachers did give me a strange feeling in my stomach.

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?