



**This book
belongs to:**

LOKI



LOUIE STOWELL



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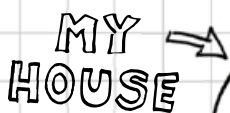
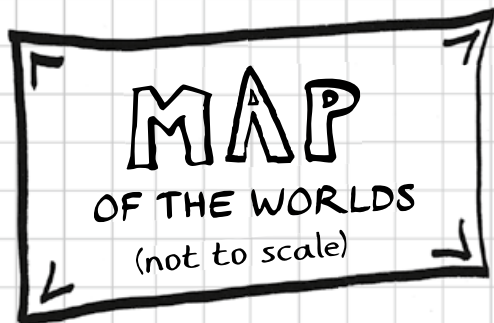
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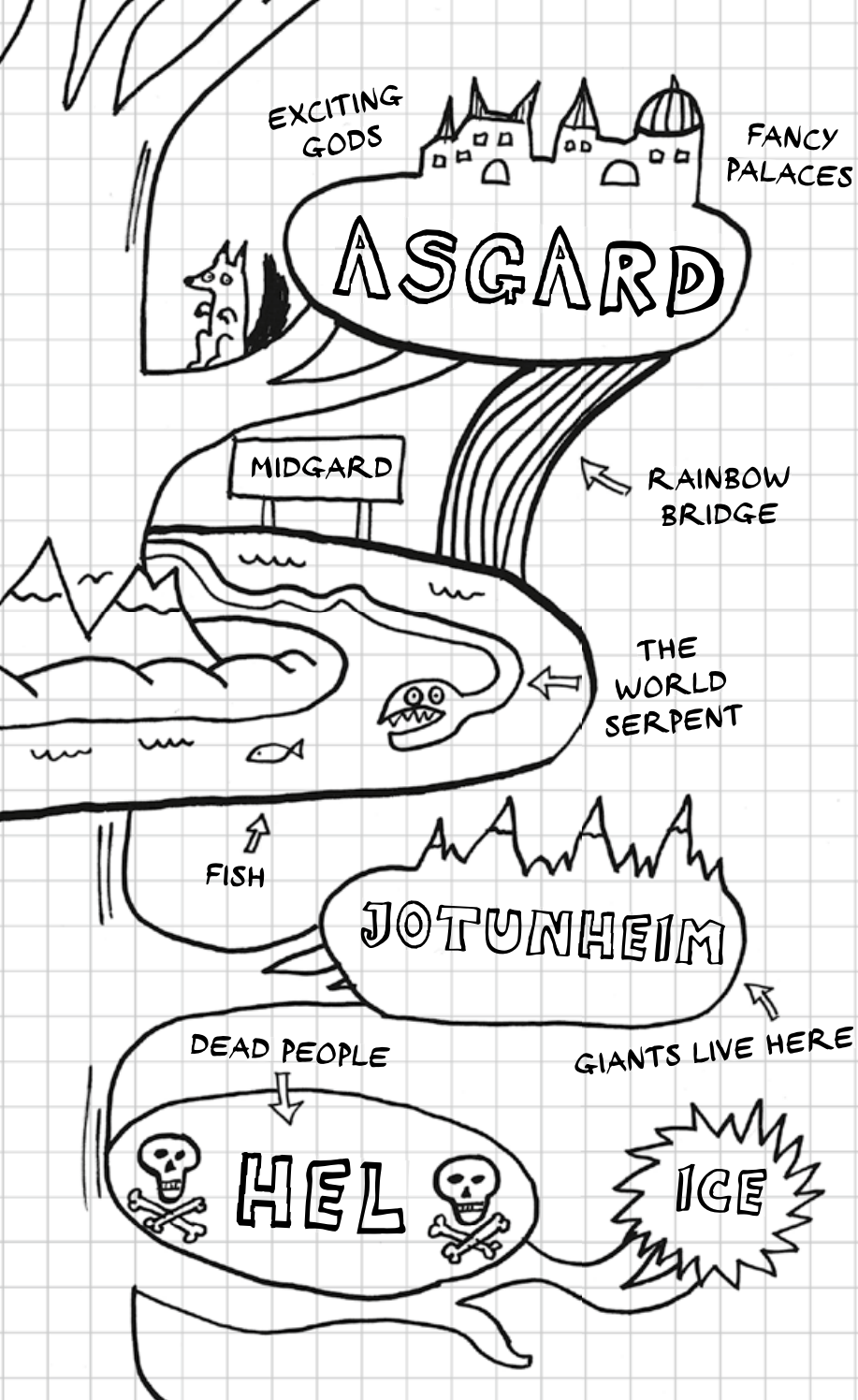
To my mum





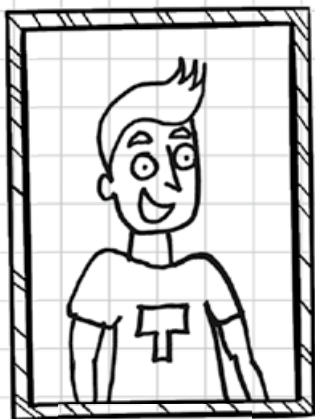
HUMANS



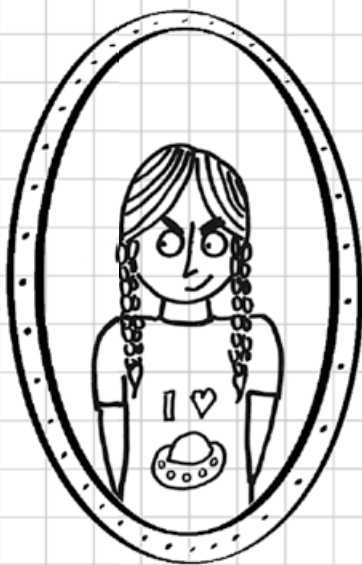


The Characters

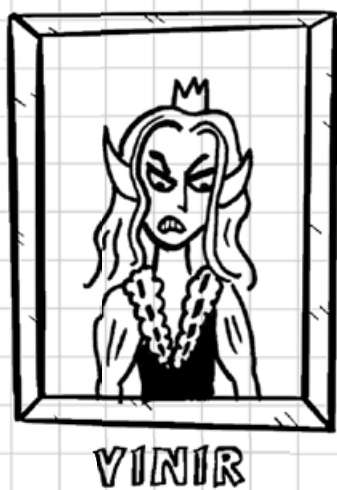
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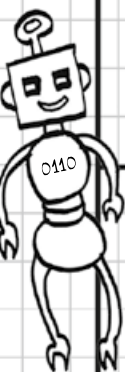
THOR









VALERIE



Timetable





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

LOKI ♡ LUNCH BREAK

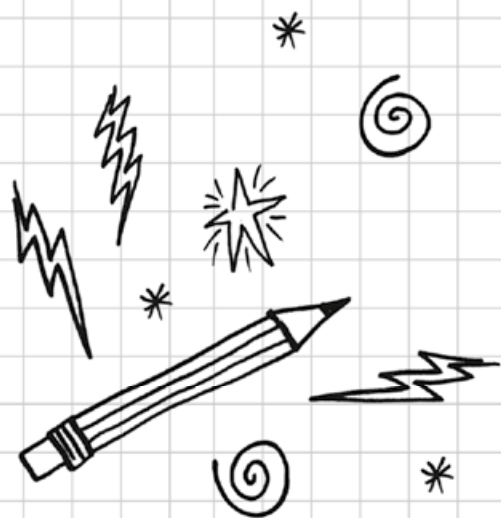




Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
 DRAMA	SPELLING	ENGLISH
ENGLISH	HAND- WRITING	MUSIC
COMPUTING	PSHE	FRENCH
MATHS	 ART	PE
PHILOSOPHY	TOPIC	HISTORY

I am a
French
potato



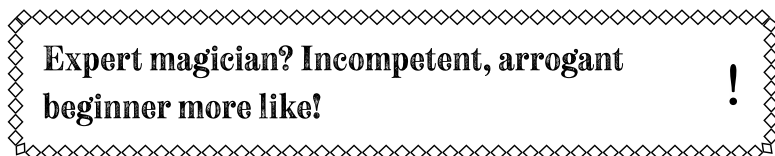




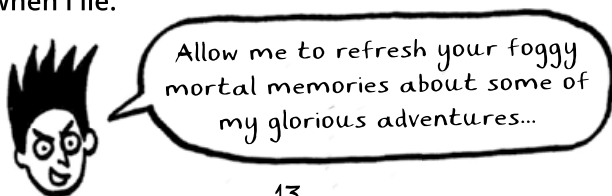
About this book:

I am Loki, the Norse trickster god. Here are some important facts about me:

- I am currently in the form of a mortal boy
- I am a shape-shifter
- I was a horse once
- I am an expert magician



I must record my deeds on Midgard – what you might call Earth – in this magical diary, which corrects me when I lie.



START

Odin banishes me
to Earth for my
so-called crimes.



BE
GOOD!

I am lumbered with
a fake family.

Heimdall Hyrrokkin Thor



It gets worse.
I must go to
mortal child jail.



(They
call it
school.)

YAY!
FINALLY!
A RAINBOW!

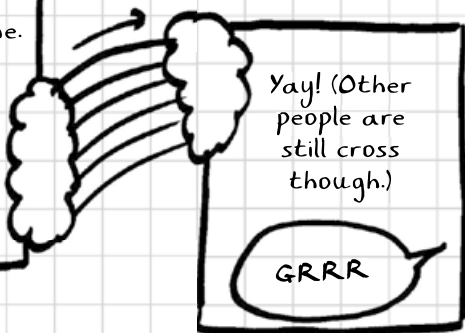
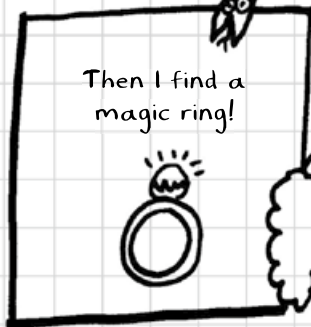
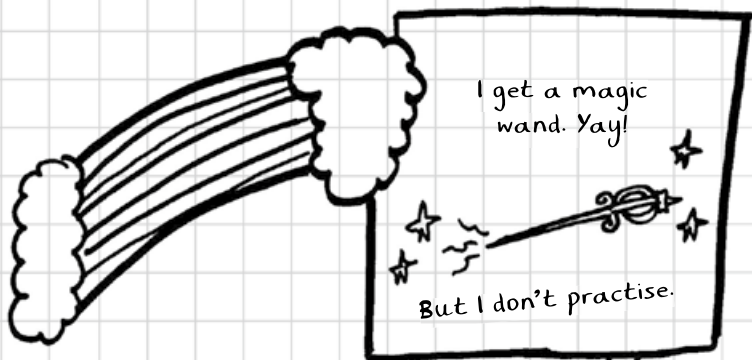
I make TWO friends!

Valerie Georgina



Giants
attack
but we
WIN!





What next? We will see...

Day One:

Tuesday

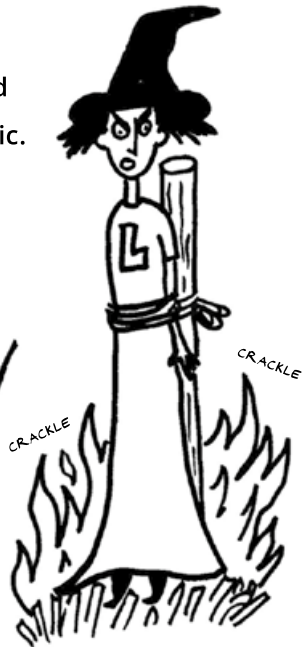
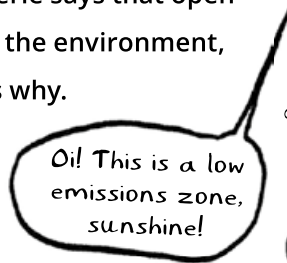
LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

0

I may run out of fresh starts one day.
Don't get cocky.

My name is Loki, and I am a witch.

At least, that's what my best friend Valerie calls people who perform magic. Apparently, mortals used to burn witches, but they don't do that any more. I am not entirely sure why they stopped but Valerie says that open fires are bad for the environment, so maybe that is why.



As an extremely talented and handsome god, whenever I try something new I am immediately perfect at it. Which means I am already the greatest magician in history.

Do you need me to correct those shameless ! falsehoods, or shall I just clear my non-existent throat in a sarcastic manner?

Agree to disagree. But, while I am a mighty wielder of spells, I will admit that, today, *one* of my spells went less than smoothly.

It all began at Breakfast Club...

Breakfast Club: a concept beyond space and time, where one is both at school and yet not. Also there is breakfast.

Valerie wasn't there that day so, while Thor went to find his sports friends, I sat with Georgina, and – more's the pity – her snot-ridden younger brothers.



"Oh hi, Liam," Georgina said. "Could you do me a favour and sit with David and Isaac while I go and get another jug of water?"

I acquiesced, with good grace.

Lie detected. You said, "If I have to."

!

But I helped!



"What happened?" gasped Georgina.

"He *licked* my toast. HE LICKED IT!" wailed the smaller child.

"I helped reduce the excess butter! I'm good now!" I said.

"Good?! You think this is 'good'?" Georgina gave me a look of such scorn I am surprised the skin did

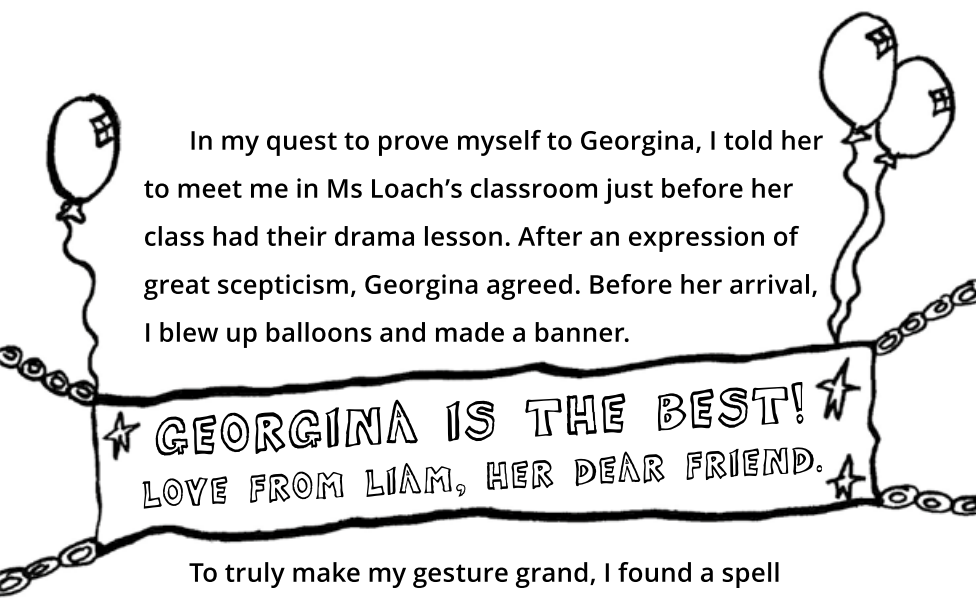
not wither from my face. "You wouldn't know good if a choir of angels sang you the definition from the dictionary." She hastily bundled her brothers away from the table. "In fact," Georgina said, scowling over her shoulder, "I don't think you've ever done *anything* good for me the entire time I've known you."



In fact, I wasn't just going to show her good, I was going to show her...



! I dread to ask what happened next.



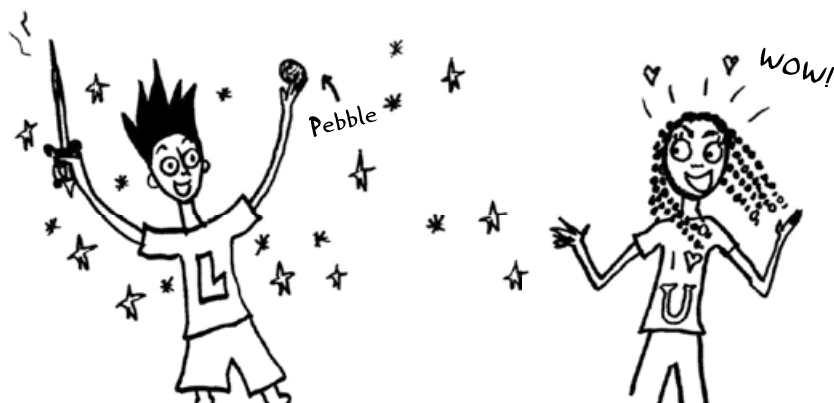
In my quest to prove myself to Georgina, I told her to meet me in Ms Loach's classroom just before her class had their drama lesson. After an expression of great scepticism, Georgina agreed. Before her arrival, I blew up balloons and made a banner.

★ GEORGINA IS THE BEST! ★
LOVE FROM LIAM, HER DEAR FRIEND. ★

To truly make my gesture grand, I found a spell involving a shiny pebble. I hadn't practised it, but the spell was so easy that it posed no challenge for Loki, the cleverest of the gods...

Oh. Oh no. Oh no no no.

Just as Georgina arrived in the classroom, I kissed the pebble to complete the spell. Glitter filled the air. For a moment, I saw my friend's eyes shine in delight...



Until the glitter turned to fire, and delight turned to fear, and the room erupted into chaos.



! That's actually worse than I was picturing.

Perhaps it would have worked out if the drama teacher hadn't swung the door open wearing a neon fire marshal vest, and seen the two of us standing soaked beneath a charred and soggy banner with both our names emblazoned on the cloth.



Upon seeing the remnants of my flaming handiwork, Ms Loach pointed to the fire exit, a fierce look upon her face.

"We must evacuate the building immediately. But after that – Georgina, Liam – once the building is safe you will go straight to the head teacher's office!"

"But, Ms Loach—" began Georgina.

"I don't want to hear it!" said Ms Loach. "With Liam, this feels standard. But Georgina? Arson?" She shook her head. "I am so disappointed."

Georgina's eyes glistened with furious tears. Or possibly sad tears.

I heard my conscience whispering.

You need to take responsibility and get Georgina out of trouble.



This was my chance! To turn those (possibly) furious tears to smiles of joy and gratitude, and prove to Georgina that I AM good!



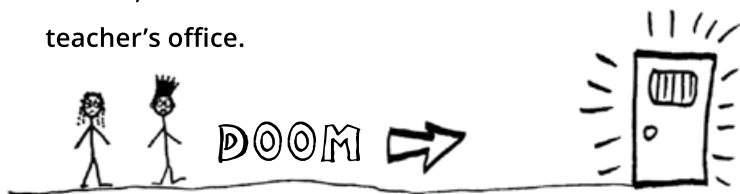
Her eyes flashed with a fire as fierce as the breath of the dragon Nidhogg. Her lips curled in a snarl as cruel as the jaws of the giant wolf, Sköll, who seeks to devour the sun! Her fists shook with a rage as mighty as...



! All right, all right, we get the idea. Stop hamming it up. She's just a teacher.

Just a teacher? You are a sentient book. You can have no concept of how terrifying a teacher can be to one in the form of a mortal child!

Although Georgina and I had to stand in separate groups in the playground because we are in different classes, we were reunited as we walked to the head teacher's office.



As Georgina and I walked swiftly along the corridor, she said, "I can't believe you didn't admit it was you! No, wait, I *can* believe it. You're the WORST!"



She wouldn't let me speak!



The head teacher's office is a place I frequent as often as Thor breaks wind, but the way Georgina looked around as we entered, it was as if she were viewing the terrible mysteries of the Norns, who govern all our fates and yet will not disclose them.



Before I could explain that Georgina was innocent – and, more importantly, that I am a very good friend – the head held up his finger.

“Ms Loach informed me of your involvement in setting off the fire alarm,” he said.



Universal signal for silence – none shall break this law



"Actually—" I began, only to be silenced by a glare more threatening than the battle rage of a whole cavalcade of Valkyries.



The head turned to Georgina. "I would expect better of you, Georgina Olowo. You're usually such a credit to this school. Your parents will be so disappointed."



Georgina shrivelled at that, like a sad slug under a mountain of salt.

"But sir..." I began.

"ENOUGH. Liam Smith, I have run out of ways to explain the consequences of your actions to you." The head teacher sighed deeply. "I will decide on your punishment shortly. Back to your classes, both of you."



He pointed to the door and we slunk out of the room like Fido does when Hyrrokkin catches him licking the furniture.

Before I could say anything to Georgina, she stalked off to her classroom, not looking back.

"Georgina, wait, I can fix this!" I called after her. But there was no point. For, as yet, I had no idea how.