

LOUIE STOWELL

LOKi

A BAD GOD'S GUIDE TO MAKING ENEMIES



**This book
belongs to:**



LOKI





LOUIE STOWELL



A BAD GOD'S GUIDE TO CAUSING CHAOS

WALKER
BOOKS

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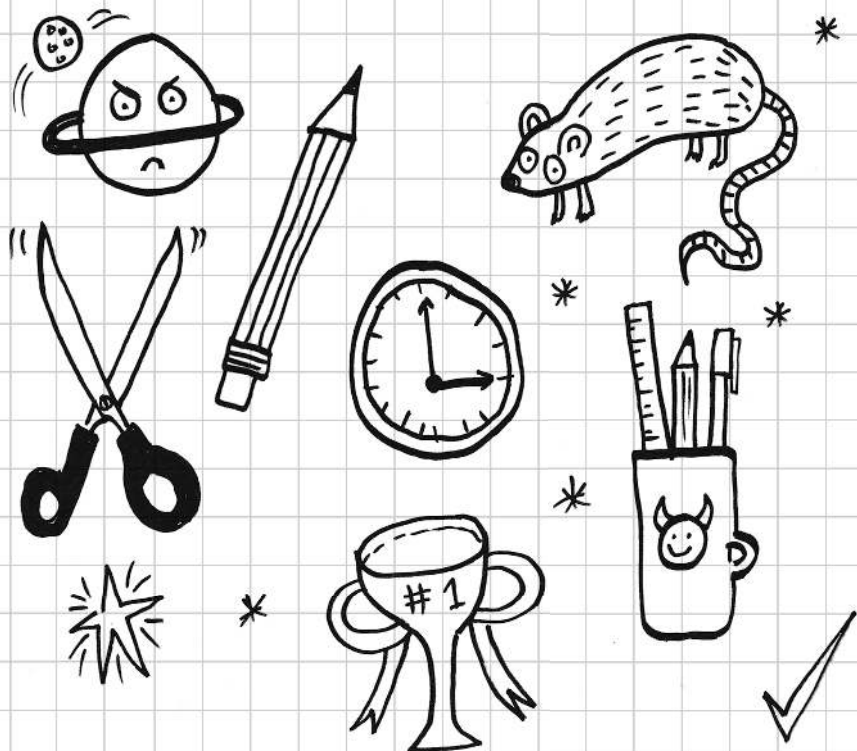
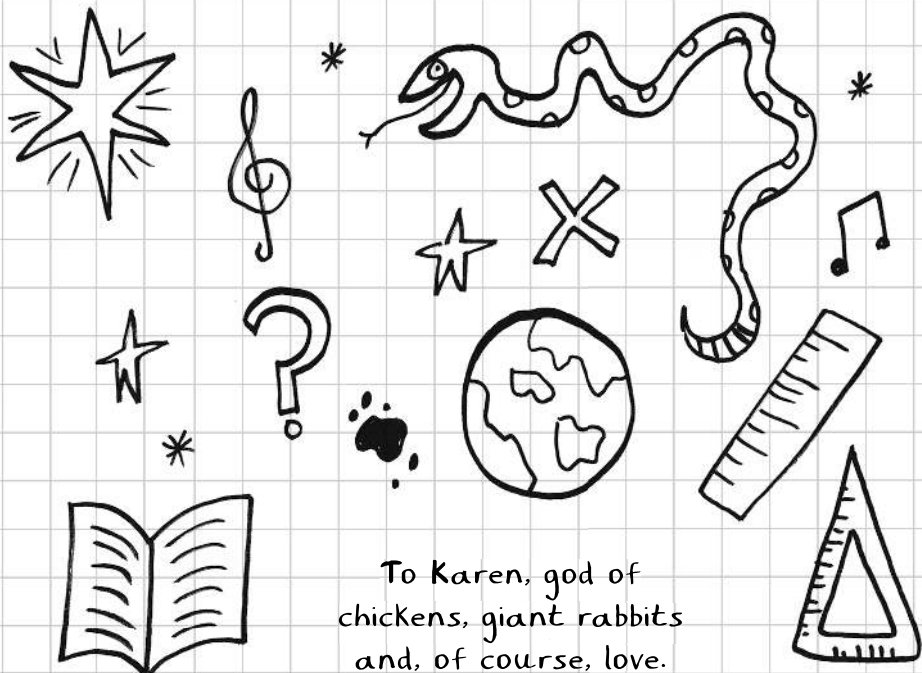
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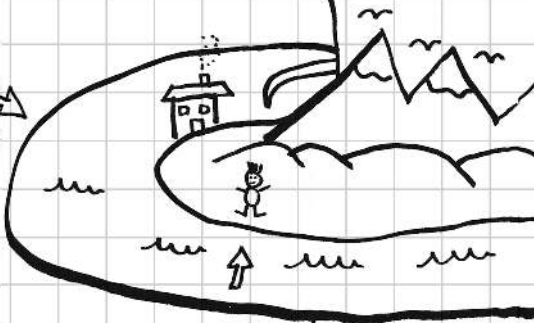
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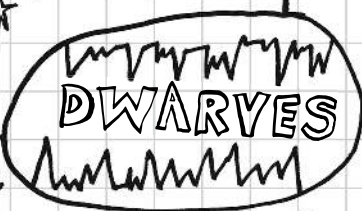
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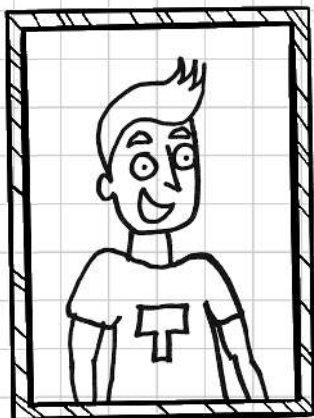
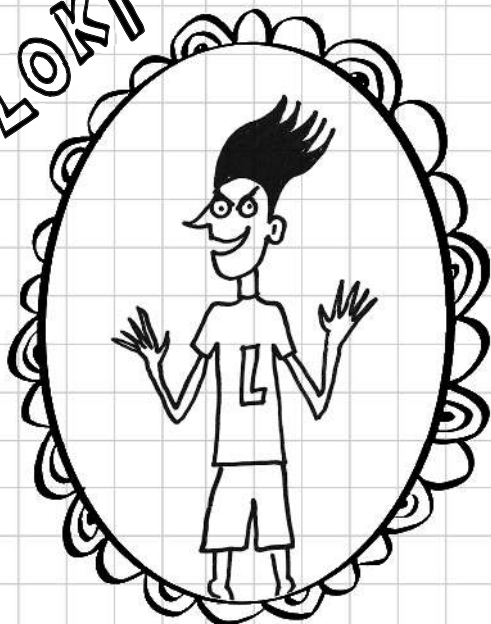
HUMANS



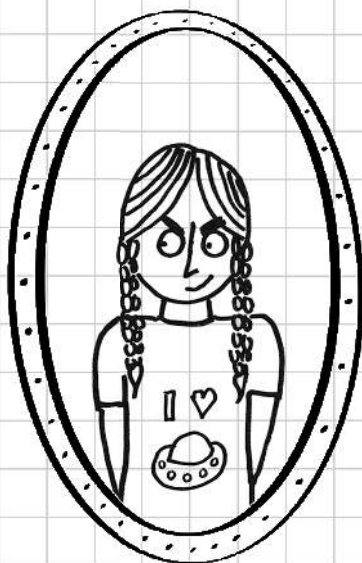
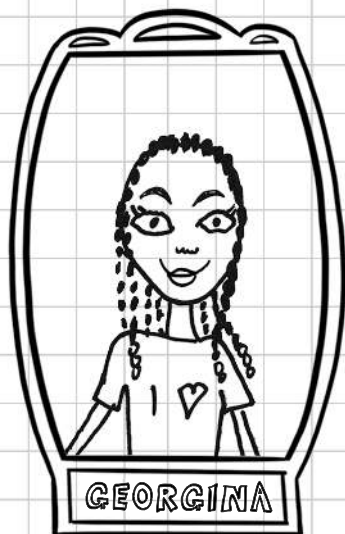


The Characters

LOKI



THOR









VALERIE





Timetable


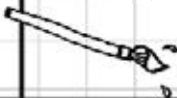


	Monday	Tuesday
1 	MATHS  	MATHS  
2	ART	HAND- WRITING
3	SPELLING	ENGLISH
4	TOPIC	GEOGRAPHY
5	 PE	SCIENCE

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 trickster and the greatest of all the gods.

**Correction. You are a minor god at best.
Mortals hardly even worshipped you.**

!

Their loss, the ungrateful swines! But you have performed your function, Diary. I wanted to show that this magical diary corrects me any time I stray from the strict and unlovely truth.

In addition, this diary gives me virtue points when I perform good deeds, and cruelly rips them from me when I do anything fun.

Ahem.

!

OK, anything BAD.
Now, what HAVE
I been up to?



START

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



BE
GOOD!

I am lumbered
with a fake family
and a fake name
("Liam").

Heimdall Hyrrokkin Thor



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



(They
call it
school.)

YAY!
FINALLY!
A RAINBOW!

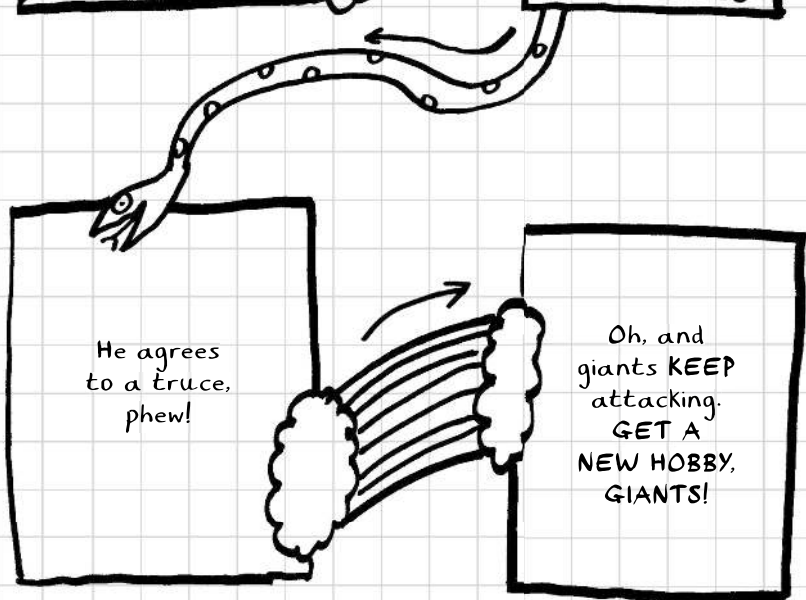
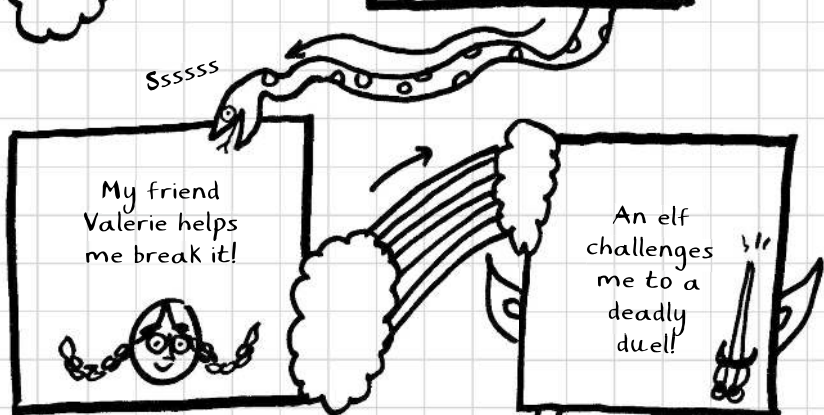
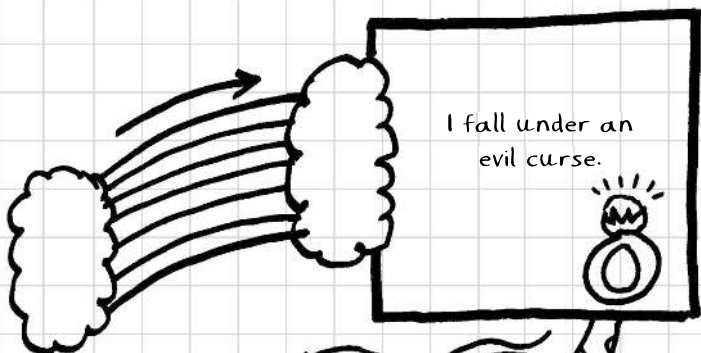
I make TWO friends!

Valerie Georgina



Giants
attack
but we
WIN!





What next? Turn over to discover...

Day One:

Thursday

Tissues →

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

0

Which was where you ended up after your
duel shenanigans with Vinir last month.

My name is Loki, and I am dying. As the end approaches, my breath is short and my lungs are wracked with piteous coughs. Alas, I fear this puny mortal body is finally giving up on me. Farewell, dear Diary. I depart this realm for ... I know not where. I die... I die... I...

Correction. You are not dying. You have what mortals refer to as “a bit of a cold”. !

But it FEELS as though I am dying. My head is full of a cruel, hot fog! Foul liquids stream from my nose!

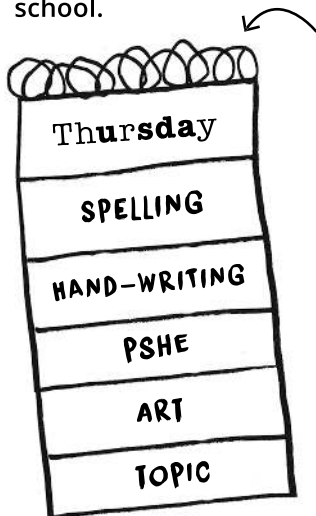
I card
breade!

Who knew this small body could create so much nostril juice? Is my mortal brain in fact a reservoir of the yellow bile mortals now call snot?

Days I have lain abed, wallowing in suffering and sorrow! I have never known such exquisite anguish in all my many thousands of years.

Not even that time I had to make the giant Skadi laugh. (Long story, involves me being hilarious, a goat, and a considerable amount of personal pain. I'll tell you when I am not wracked with pestilence.)

But life is not without its sunshine. One advantage of being so close to death is that I get to miss school.



The many horrors I am avoiding in my educational prison by virtue of my cascading snot

Another compensation for my suffering is the fact that my fake parents have been bringing me many

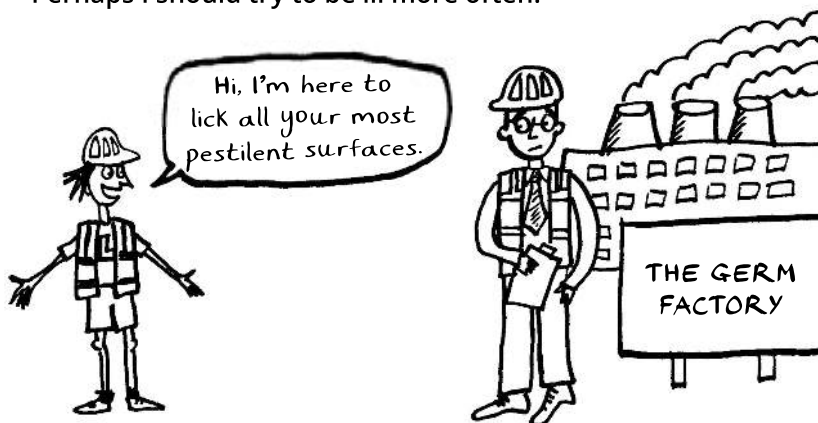


snacks, including foods I would not usually be allowed to eat at meals. Even Thor came to see how I was and did not fart on my head.



Once well enough to leave my bed, I lay groaning on the sofa. Heimdall permitted that I watch (in his words) "as much television as you want as long as you stop wiping snot on the cushions".

Perhaps I should try to be ill more often.



But that is where the sunshine ends and a bitter, poisonous rain descends. The poison in question? My enemy Vinir who has been living with us ever since he was banished from the elven realms. (Vinir recently tried to murder me using magic. So this is NOT an irrational hatred on my part.)

Murder wand

Murder elf in disguise



! Unlike most of your other hatreds...

Hyrrokkin created a pocket dimension bedroom for Vinir to live in, so at least I do not have to share my room.

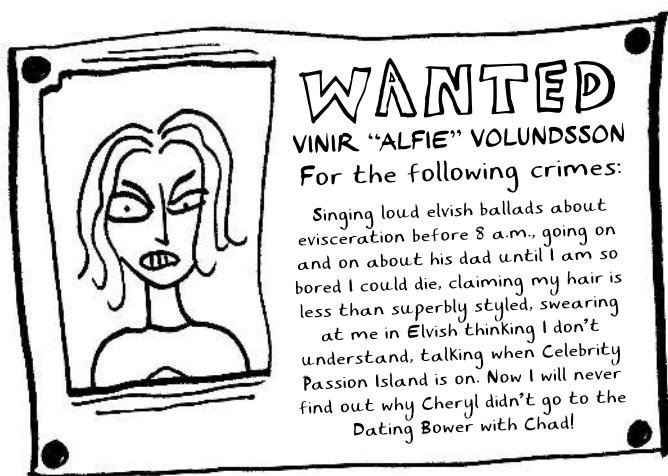
**LOKI'S ROOM: KEEP OUT!
ESPECIALLY MURDER ELVES**

While he no longer harbours murderous intent, having your enemy live beneath your roof is deeply unfair. He has been in my dwelling for many centuries.



! Lie detected!

Well, it FEELS like centuries, for every day he heaps new miseries upon me.



In a twist I did NOT predict, Vinir's monstrous presence has prompted a new appreciation for Thor. He may be a flatulent beast, but at least he does not hog the bathroom in the mornings. How long does an elf in mortal form really need to do his hair? He already wakes up looking as if he's been in a hairdresser's chair for several hours!



Are you just angry that Vinir has better hair than you?

!

**NO ONE HAS
BETTER HAIR
THAN !!!!**



Day Two:

Friday

LOKI VIRTUE SCORE OR LVS:

0

You've been in bed so unable to cause trouble.

When I woke up, I felt fine but – in order to avoid school – I pretended that I was still pestilent.

Soon, Hyrrokkin came in and presented me with a delicious-looking breakfast on a tray.



Items that should not go together such as syrup and sausages but do because it's breakfast. This is the law of the mortals in this region of Midgard, and who am I to question this delicious law?

"There you go, little Loki," she said, laying it gently on my lap.

I eyed her suspiciously. "You don't usually make me breakfast, never mind deliver it to my room. You usually point at the toaster and say, 'You have legs, don't you?'"

Hyrrokkin gestured towards my face. "I'm just glad to see you looking pinker in the cheeks."

"Oh, but I'm definitely still very ill," I said, with a giant sniff. "Far, far too ill for school."

"What a shame," said Vinir, who was leaning in the door frame, watching me.

You must have become confused during your sickness, because today is a Saturday and there is no school.

And what do you know, I was miraculously cured.



Or I was until Hyrrokkin said, "Actually it's Friday."

Vinir gave the nastiest, prettiest elvish smile.



"Oh, so it is," he said innocently. "My mistake."

I tried to crawl back into bed after Vinir's cruel trick, claiming that I was overcome once more by sickness, but Hyrrokkin did not believe me.

"When you finish your breakfast, you must get dressed and go to school," she said. I cursed my blushing beautiful skin!

I should have known by your pink cheeks that you were faking!



But most of all, I cursed Vinir.

At school, my best friend Valerie offered to help me catch up on the lessons I had missed, so I graciously copied all her work, because I am a good friend and like to please her.

That's NOT what I meant!

It was helpful of her to relieve my academic burden and allow me to focus on what mattered: removing Vinir from my life.





My first thought was to frame him for a crime, such as setting fire to the school.

Surely then he would be sent far, far away? Perhaps even banished?

I suggested this to Valerie while glaring at Vinir across the classroom.

Valerie pointed out that people may get hurt if I did that, but I assured her I would do it when no one was around because I am a Good God now and avoid things like burning people alive in flaming infernos.

"It wouldn't even work," said Valerie. "The last time someone set fire to the school, it was you. And all they did was give you detention."

This was a good point. Detention would only keep Vinir away from the house for a few hours, when I needed him gone for good.

I suggested a few other less school-based crimes I could frame him for, such as bank robbery or wombat smuggling, but Valerie vetoed them all.

"Everyone would always suspect you over Vinir. Do you remember the time someone else stole Thor's hammer and everyone thought it was you?"



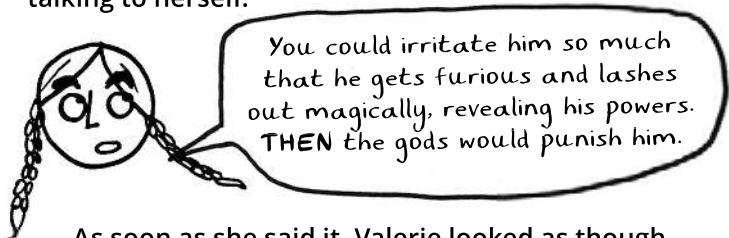
LOKI WAS FRAMED!



Forget? How could I forget! The injustice was burned upon my mind like a brand!

"This is profoundly irritating," I said, sighing at my lack of progress with Operation Remove Vinir.

"Irritating... That's an idea," said Valerie, half talking to herself.



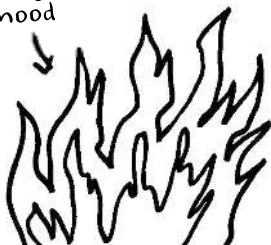
As soon as she said it, Valerie looked as though she regretted it.

"Wait, I'm not sure that's a good idea," she said, clearly having a moment of self-doubt, as mortals often do.

"Do not put yourself down, Valerie Kerry, Best Friend of Liam Smith!" I said, patting her on the shoulder. "It is an EXCELLENT idea."

As I began to put Operation Remove Vinir into practice, I started small. His temper is fiery and I did not want him to murder me. (He has, after all, tried before.)

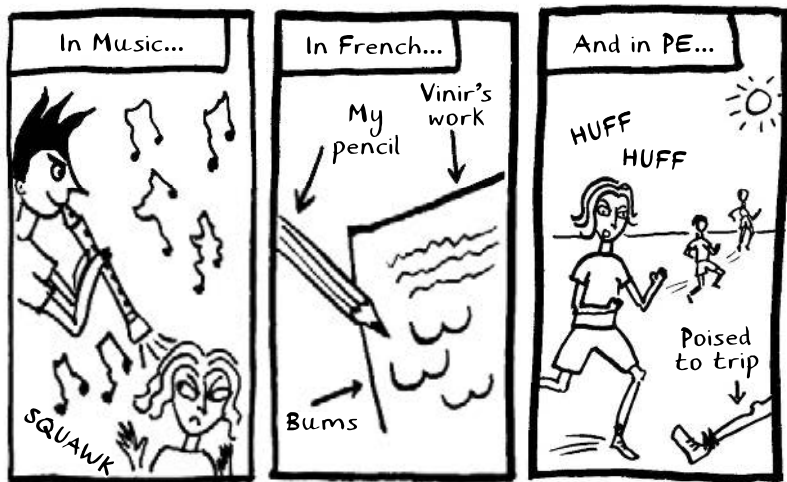
Vinir's typical mood



You can stop going on about that any time you like. !



First, I experimented with annoying him...



All to no avail. Vinir ignored my recorder playing with a mere frown. He rubbed out my bums. He skipped elegantly over my leg without tripping.

I had to raise my game. What would truly light the fuse of his rage?

TICK...
TICK...
TICK...

