

Dear Loki
by Roskva

Dear Loki, you're clever – I've thought so forever,
Well, all the twelve years of my life.
You swept in and came to Asgard with flame,
Spreading your mischievous strife.
You're charming and plucky and so very lucky –
There's no trap you cannot escape.
You'll talk yourself out with a devious bout
Of those lies you cunningly shape.
And oh, when you smile (that smirk full of guile),
We know you've a brilliant plan.
You'll save all the gods and beat all the odds
The way that only you can.
Dogstar the bright, you're the smartest, all right;
Brains win over brawn we agree.
So at the end of the day, I'll always say:
Loki's the Trickster for me!

I stared at the nonsense I'd just been handed then raised an eyebrow at the culprit, who was still standing in front of me and smiling like she was about to be congratulated.

"What *is* this?" I asked, holding the torn-out page from her pink notebook by the corner to avoid getting charcoal all over my fingers.

"It's poetry," said Roskva proudly.

I could see that. It was poetry indeed and just about as ridiculous (and dull) as that loon Bragi who'd invented it. Since when had I become a suitable topic for poetry? It was not a new development I liked.

Gods, it was awful. If I'd wanted annoying females fawning over me, I'd have stayed at home with Sigyn. What was their obsession with painting me like I was some type of hero, like all these qualities of mine are *virtues*? Like being the Trickster is a badge of honor? Sure, I appreciate recognition for my genius every once in a while, but I'd rather be grilled by Heimdall, Freyja, and Sif combined than sit and listen to Yours Truly get turned into an angel.

Fans. Not to mention *female* fans.

"It's spectacular; worthy of Bragi himself," I said, holding the poetry back up to its perpetrator.

"Oh, thank you!" she beamed, her eyes getting big. "Oh no, you can keep it – it's for you."

Not to mention female fans who don't even get sarcasm.

"Why don't you find your brother and help him write a nice, lovely ode to Thor while you're feeling so inspired," I sighed, and she skipped off like a little dog that's just been petted. I resisted the urge to plant my face in my hands and stared instead into the campfire that I'd made for myself with a quick fingering of *kaen*. For not the first time since I'd allowed this travesty of Thor picking up those two humans to occur, I calculated my chances of surviving the trip and came to the same conclusion I usually did. I was doomed.

Why was I always doomed?