Mark Twain - “In religion and politics people’s beliefs and convictions are in almost every case gotten at second-hand, and without examination, from authorities who have not themselves examined the questions at issue but have taken them at second-hand from other non-examiners, whose opinions about them were not worth a brass farthing.”

Someone – “Why do you like Kali? She devours her own children.”

“Yes,” Loki admitted. “However those children were dead, and filled with disease and filth. Within her stomach she purifies them, to be reborn pure and whole. Can’t you see how amazingly Evil the whole process is?”

You do well to head my warning, for the blood you spill shall surely be your own

Loki and the Archon Princess

**By**

**Trevy Burgess**

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Prolog

You who travel freely between the planets, did you know, before the year 20XX, it was not possible for humans to travel beyond the Thermosphere (50 to 440 miles above Earth’s surface)?

Why do you think the International Space Station is only 330 km above the earth, where atmospheric drag is a constant danger? It’s because humans couldn’t go beyond and live.

And yes. The moon landing was faked for political reasons.

This is the story of an unusual teenage boy, and how he faced ancient gods, biblical giants, parasitic races and memories of ancient tragedies that have traumatized and enslaved the human race since before human memory.

For both privacy and litigation reasons, the names of some people and locations have been modified…

Transfer Student

A stocky fifteen-year-old boy stepped onto the school grounds of Albert Einstein High. It was the first day of school for him, ever, and he was excited.

This was orientation day and the Saturday before Labor Day. Parents and teachers milled around the students.

Loki stood beside his parents, ten-year-old sister Ashley, and uncle John.

“Please son, remember your strength,” the mother pleaded. “Normal people are fragile. This is your only opportunity to prove you can live in normal society.”

Before Loki could respond, his uncle said, “You’re worrying too much. I trained him well to use his tongue to defend himself, and not his fist.”

“Son, do you have the doctor’s note for your goggles?” the father asked.

“Yes dad,” Loki sighed. “Along with the note excusing me from all physical activity, and the note saying I have to wear this jacket in school.”

The jacket in question was a white Admiral’s jacket draped over Loki’s shoulders and held in place by snaps on his collar, and completely covering his arms. It acted as a sort of straightjacket for him, limiting his movements.

“And I’m sure every teacher here knows I’m forbidden from eating meat,” Loki grimaced.

“You know very well that meat aggravates you medical condition,” the father scolded. “You’ve already grown 3 inches in the last two months, proving you have been cheating.”

“But meat is so addicting,” Loki grumbled. “It’s not fair that everyone can eat it but me. All I can eat is fish.” Vegetables gave his gas. Junk food was allowed as long as it was highly processed.

“Lucky Eddy Lincoln. Do you want to grow to be ten feet tall, or twenty? Do you want headaches, distorted vision and vertigo the rest of your life?” his father said angrily.

“You know very well that all animal products act as a growth hormone for you. You’ll never be able to drive, or sit in chairs or interact normally with anyone. Please son. 6”1’ is tall enough for you. We are only saying this for your benefit.”

Feeling depressed, Loki just stood and said nothing.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please enter the auditorium,” the P.A. announced.

The family took their seats, along with hundreds of other people.

A woman on a Segway rolled up to the mike and spoke. “Ladies and gentlemen, I am Principle Susan DuPont. Welcome to Albert Einstein Academy, the school that has helped raise the children of kings, world leaders and top business people for generations. It will do the same for your children.

“The world is like a well-oiled clock. Only by mastering the intricacies of this clock may your children know their true potential. Order and discipline are the hallmarks of a great civilization.

“As a result, all students are expected to follow well-defined rules, both in school and out.

“They shall be prim and proper at all times. They shall study, exercise, eat and rest at appropriate times.”

Pink Floyd’s *Another Brick in the Wall* played in Loki’s head. Loki mumbled under his breath, “We don't need no education. Pom, pom, para, para, pom, pom. We don't need no thought control…” His mother nudged him and he stopped singing.

“After school, students will participate in club activities focusing on sports, politics, business, civic duties such as volunteer work, and intellectual activities. After that they shall go home to finish their homework and finally go to sleep.

“You will now get a tour of the facilities, with our state of the art gymnasiums, and library, as well as our computer, physics, biology and other labs.

“Students, after the tour, go to Gymnasium 2 and register with an established club, or create a new one within an approved category. Dismissed.”

The room burst into cacophony as families shuffled out to see the rest of the elite school.

“Remember to make friends,” Mother said when the tour was complete. The family waved goodbye and left.

Loki headed to Gymnasium 2. The gym had tables set up where senior students advertised their clubs, looking for new members.

Loki overheard two girls talking. “That’s Samuel Adams, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” the second girl, wearing a hijab, said. “I hear in middle school everyone wanted him because he was so good at sports. He ended up just going from one club to another and helping out when they needed help.”

“Damn,” the first girl said. “He looks good enough to eat.”

The teen in question was a 6”2’ black-haired boy with bulging muscles and chocolate skin. Loki had a vision of him slicing a piece of the football player’s arm and throwing it on the barbeque. “Yes, he is,” Loki agreed, briefly wondering what human flesh tasted like.

The girl in the hijab turned to Loki and said in disgust, “You’re interested in boys?”

Clearing cannibalistic thoughts from his mind, Loki smiled at the girl and said, “I love American sausage and meatballs. Don’t you? Wait. Your religion forbids that. I guess you like little girl’s…” SLAP!!!

“Disgusting pervert,” the hijab girl said in disgust and rubbed her hand. Slapping Loki’s face was like slapping concrete.

Loki chuckled to himself as he watched the girl stomp away in a rage.

“Please everyone, there’s enough of me for everyone. As always I will be happy to participate in any team who needs a substitute in an important game. However I don’t want to be tied down to any team,” the Adams boy said. He exuded overwhelming confidence, bordering on arrogance.

The teen turned to Loki and said, “You look strong. I’m Sam, named after some guy. Just joking. Will you be joining the football team?”

“I can’t. I’m too manly, and so am banned from participating in group sports. I’m Loki, the lovable trickster of the gods,” Loki said with a close-mouth smile.

“Not according to my research,” a slender teen with stocky blond hair said. While Loki was 285 lbs., he was barely 130, even though they were the same height. You couldn’t see his face since it was hidden by a book.

“I like researching unusual things and Lucky Eddy Lincoln is most definitely unusual. When he was ten he threw a tantrum. It took a dozen police officers to subdue him. Seven had minor injuries, while three ended up in hospital.” He flipped a page.

Loki felt his face turn red and had the urge to punch someone. Fortunately, his coat restricted his movements.

“Amazing,” Sam said in admiration. “I thought I was strong since I’m doubled-muscled. I like you, Lucky Eddy.”

Loki was dumbfounded. “You’re not afraid of me? That’s a first.”

“According to the Internet, Lucky Eddy’s father is Senator Edward Lincoln and his mother is General Susan Lincoln. When she was younger and single, she made quite a few guys cry.”

The blond kid lowered his book reveling green eyes, and a pair of glasses hanging from his left ear. He placed his glasses properly in place and showed his phone to everyone.

“Wow, she’s hot, especially for an old lady,” Sam exclaimed. “No wonder they cried. I guess she broke quite a few hearts. What’s your name, by the way?”

“They cried because she broke their bones. She’s a woman who never tolerated men who disrespected women. My name Philip Chopin.” He unhinged his glasses and began reading his book again.

“Is she that strong, Lucky Eddy?” Sam asked.

“She can still throw me. She’s a karate master and black belt, fifth Dan,” Loki admitted.

“Philip, you’re like Thoth the Egyptian scribe and god of knowledge, and Sam, you’re like Hercules. I’m the Norse god Loki. Why don’t we create a club called *the teen gods*?”

Philip lowered his book and placed his glasses back onto his nose. “Intriguing,” he said. “What would be the focus of the club?”

“It can be a study group,” Loki said. “The world is filled with so many mysteries and secrets.”

“Okay,” the newly renamed Thoth said. “Officially we can say the club focus is on geo-politics, with a focus on political power throughout the ages.”