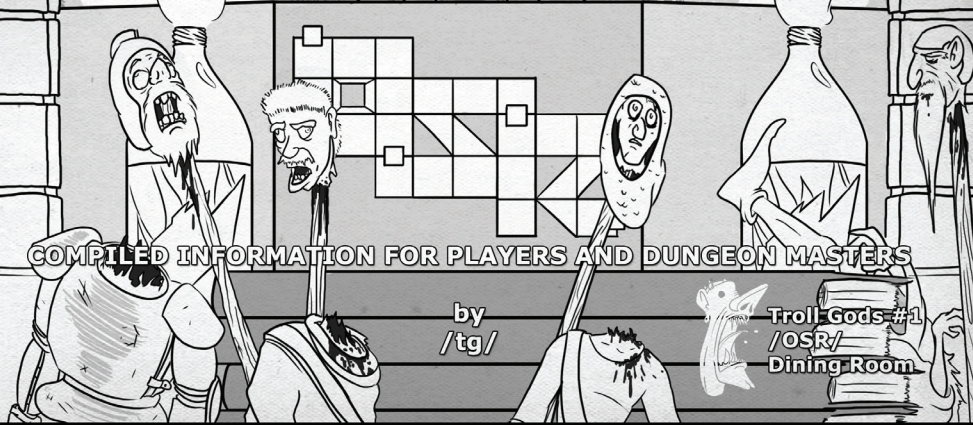
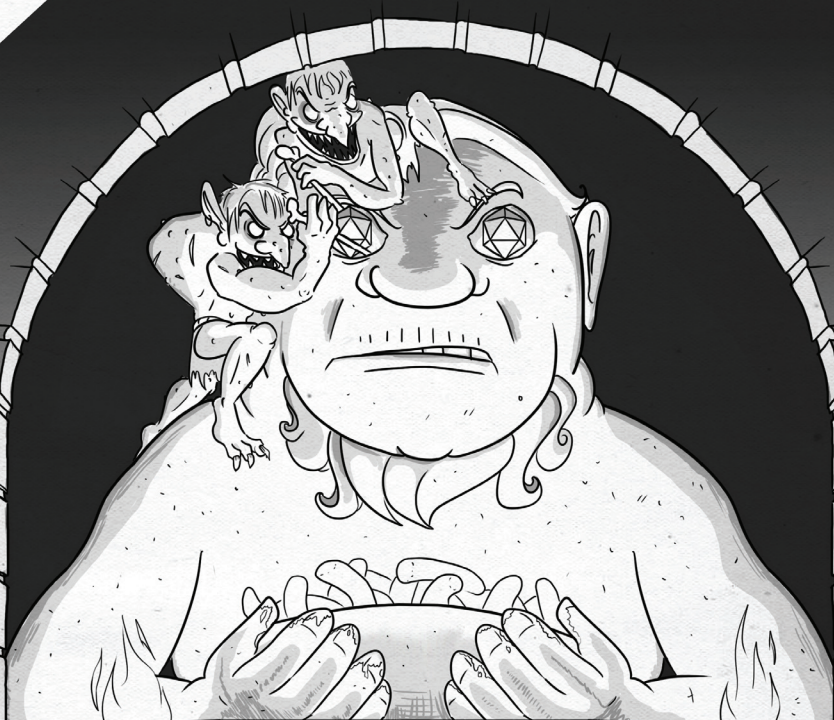


TROLL
GODS

GROGNARD'S HANDBOOK



COMPILED INFORMATION FOR PLAYERS AND DUNGEON MASTERS

by
/tg/



Troll Gods #1
/OSR/
Dining Room

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER EDITION

THE GODS AWAKEN

At long last, the Troll Gods have risen, ready to claim their rightful place in the hearts and minds of the faithful. We know, as we have always known, that the internet belongs to the Trolls.

Troll Gods is an OSR-based fan-zine featuring amateur contributors and released for free on a monthly basis as content allows. If you'd like to contribute to a future issue of Troll Gods, visit our blog at: <http://trollgods.blogspot.com> for further information.

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July, 2016

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PERSONAL GAIN

God, Glory, and Good
That's what they said it was for
Now I know better

by Anon

Word from the Editor: I'd like to thank everyone who contributed their time and effort creating content for this edition, as well as apologize to both readers and contributors for how long it took to get it to print, for lack of a better term. You guys rock.

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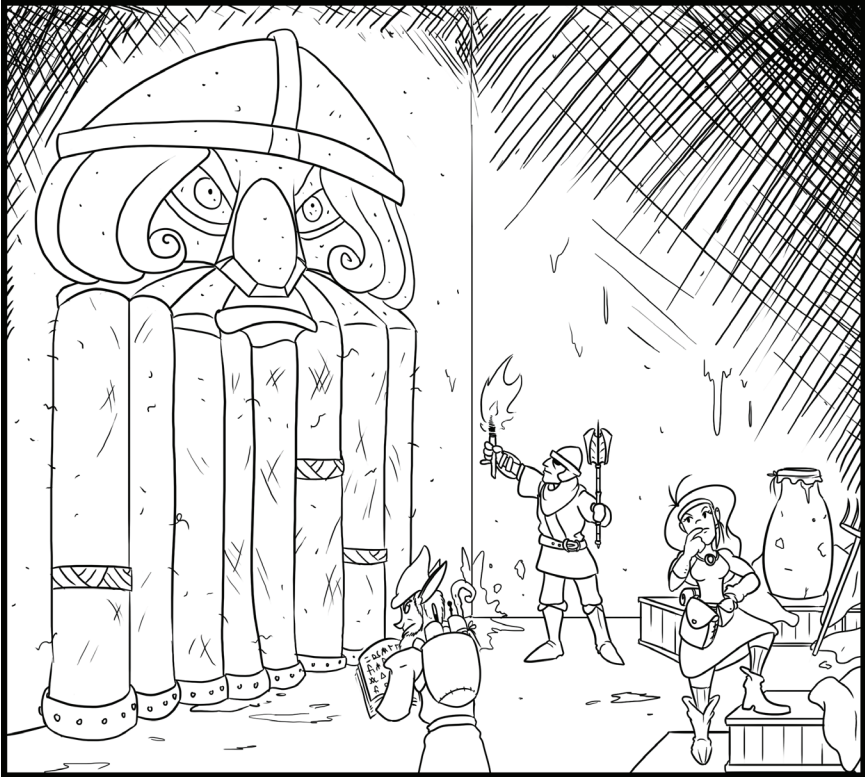
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PERPLEXING PORTALS

By SleepDepJoel



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The Debating Door

Description: A set of double doors carved from marble. In relief on each side is a robed figure gesturing pompously. The figures are the likenesses of Otac and Suicrop, two famed statesmen of a long-ago era. This door is not one of a kind, but may be found in some schools of debate or other forums as a test of wit and willpower or a way to keep overweight students out of the pantry. Each door is blessed with some of the genius of the statesman carved into it. The carvings eyes and lips will move and occasionally it will make a jerky motion with its body to emphasize a point. There is no lock; the doors must be reasoned with to open.

The doors are not actually intelligent; their enchantment merely searches through the literature and arguments from the historical records of Otac and Suicrop and has them repeat the most relevant verses as answers or questions. As both were prolific in their day, there's quite a lot to go on and the uninitiated are usually fooled into thinking that they're having an actual conversation with an intelligent item or trapped spirit.

Possible Solutions:

- The door must be convinced that the person trying to open it has actual, real need of whatever is behind it. Otac will argue that the person talking to the door is unworthy of its prize, while Suicrop will argue that the object or place behind the door is actually of no use to its seeker.
- Otac and Suicrop must be convinced to agree with each other on an issue and shake hands. The issue changes each time they shake and can range from whether or not man is a divine being to the exact percentage of taxation cabbage imports should receive if there is a bumper crop during a peasant revolt. Otac will take a more radical approach while Suicrop plays the conservative.
- The door is completely and absolutely bonkers due to an rush-job during its enchantment. Its arguments will make no sense or be extremely fallacious. Its opponent must confuse it using its own logical fallacies against it. Any attempts at reason will be dodged by Otac who will continually produce red herrings and angrily ramble about nothing. Suicrop will continually try to appear as a peace-maker and take the middle ground between whatever various truths might arise, seeking false compromises to the facts.

The Drinking Door

Description: Improperly misnamed since its conception, The Drinking Door is actually composed of tough hairs woven into thick columns which act as a curtain dangling over a passageway. It was constructed by Brewmaster Bannockburn from the shaved beards of his failed pupils, though if the offending student had no facial hair it was rumored that the fibers were collected from more sensitive areas of the body. Bannockburn traded a magical favor for a barrel of his personally made Neretelvtsew Beer: the fibers of the curtain would remain wound tight with the strength of platinum chords unless doused with a certain alcoholic mixture, in which case the curtains would become as pliable as silky hair for 10 seconds; just long enough to pass through.

Bannockburn chose this particular door to guard his most precious stores of alcohol. Woe be to the curious student or intruder who tries to pilfer from the storeroom: a failed attempt releases a haze of inebriates into the room and any living beings therein soon find themselves blind drunk. The wily old man has had his share of break-ins and might be willing to dump the stupefied intruders at the local prison if they're first-time offenders. Repeated attempts to pass the Drinking Door without his consent tempts Bannockburn to add the would-be thieves' own hair to the curtain.

Possible Solutions:

- The door must be given a beer that it has never had before. Unfortunately it has acquired a very worldly taste over the past few decades.
- Only beer aged in a cask made from the rare everheart tree will part the curtains
- Any beer will open the door, however it must be held in the mouth of someone of someone singing Bannockburn's favorite drinking song and then spat on the door's beard from 14 feet away.

...AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH

A background side-quest by RIPPSTEIN

Every time the PCs approach a body of water – a brook, a subterrean pond, even a well – they encounter a random merperson, usually a bizarre amalgamation of fish and human. Roll on Table 1 at first, move down one table everytime you roll a 6.

This aquatic mass-migration is caused by the unpleasantness rolled on encounter table 4. If the player interrogate a well-informed NPC or otherwise investigate the matter, it might be a good idea to roll the Table 4 result in advance to improvise fitting information .

TABLE 1

1d6	What is it?	Yes, but what is it?
1	A childlike Water-Sprite	Not much bigger than human thumb. Wants to hitch ride in bottle. Merpeople met from now have 1 in 6 chance of being step-parent.
2	1d4 mute Nymphs	Beautiful but weary. Beg for clean water to rinse hair and eyes.
3	Jovial Hastrmann	Fat and green-bearded. Loves drinking, brawling, playing cards. Plays excellently, but always loses to clerics. Dodges questions.
4	Carefree Vila	Dances. Begg PCs to dance with her. Agreeing PCs take 1d3 damage, age 1 month per round from the intense exertion of the dance, may learn useful tunes and steps though.
5	2d6 lost Selkies	Where is the sea? Where is refuge? Dead tired, easily provoked. Can change at will between seal and humanoid using a seal-skin that is quite valuable to certain vendors of ill repute.
6	Roll on Table 2 from now on	

All of those are quite weak, except for the Hastrmann who's a Level 3 fighter in "scale mail", and the Vila, who's a very nimble dodger.

1d6	What is it?	Yes, but what is it?
1	1d6 elusive Ffolk	Hide or flee. Each of them knows and can use one (usually water-related) spell. May teach spells if appeased or rescued from enemies.
2	1d6 grim Haeggelmoos	Crude, silent merrobbers. Try to ambush PCs and drag them into the depths with long hooked poles. Almost invisible in murky water.
3	Ferocious Blutschink	Half bear, half man, stalks the banks. Only ever roars. Kills to eat.
4	Ethereal Gwragedd Annwn	Beautiful but age-old man or matron. Sits on a rock. Cries. Tries to explain woe in wave-like tongue, drifts away when touched or pitied.
5	2d4 chuckling Rusalkas	Drowned women. Their laughter and touch may incapacitate victims. (Either save vs. paralysis or non-lethal damage). Will then ask victim three questions as a last chance for survival. Questions may be riddles, interrogation, even proposals. A single factually wrong answer means death by water.
6	Roll on Table 3 from now on	

TABLE 2

These are tougher. At least bugbear-tough.

1d6	What is it?	Yes, but what is it?
1	Overeager Noeck	Will barter and lie and threaten to get PC soul to put it into a jar and finger the jar for eternity. Needs to either trade for it or drown PC. Has 1d3 magic items in his rotting underwater shack.
2	Desolate Bishop-fish	Powerful cleric. But broken, hopeless, mute. May bless the party.
3	Cunning Vodyanoy	Disguised as a plant. Ambushes and clubs lone PCs to make Rusalkas.
4	1d20 single-minded Merrows	Like beached dolphins. Flailing, dehydrated. Trying desperately to completely escape water and teach themselves survival on land. Will die on their own.
5	1d6 lecherous Glashan	Horrible aquatic reptiloids masquerading as something warm and harmless. Will stalk party and try to abduct one PC underwater.
6	Roll on Table 4. If you rolled on Table 4 once already, use the same result again.	

TABLE 3

TABLE 4: THE SOURCE

1d6	What is it?	Yes, but what is it?
1	Grendel/Kraken	Some disgusting beast. Kills indiscriminately.
2	Deep Ones rising	Lovecraftian alien hybrids demanding breeding pact from humans and merfolk. Ruled by god-priest Dagon.
3	A Red Pest	PCs learn from trustworthy merking that all water is going to turn to blood in 1d6 days, and stay like that for at least 1d10 days. Absolute ecological disaster.
4	Water-Dragon and Brood	Cunning, poisonous, imperious. 1d20 snakelike brood.
5	Mrs. Daywbdy & Mrs. Bdbayd	Bespectacled prim and proper agents of a good cause. Educating, baptising the merfolk, turning them into air-sprites, angels, ghosts etc. Fucking up the whole ecosystem.
6	The Subargonauts	Higher level party in a sweet golem submarine. Looking for treasure, xp, murdering indiscriminately. (Their ride may be rigged to self-destruct.)

Once the PCs encountered The Source (but did not take it out) it should also work against them at its own pace.

The Deep One result is probably just a raiding party if this storyline is strictly filler. Make it a full-blown incursion or an encounter with Dagon itself if your feel like really rocking the boat.

The cause of the “Red Pest”, and what the players can do about it, depends on the specifics of your campaign. An angry prophet may be involved, or destructive exploitation by necromantic sea harvesters. If in doubt, roll again.

Mrs D. and Mrs B. (just slightly obscure references) are not evil and only somewhat authoritarian. A good party may have to work to find a cordial solution. They’re also powerful magic users.

(There is apparently also a Toronto sports team by the name of the Sub-Argonauts.)



THE NECROMANCER

*Class for Lamentations of the Flame Princess,
version 1.03, by Soviet Tea Party*

NB: XP, HP, Saves - As Magic-User

Unlike Magic-Users, Necromancers do not use spell slots. Instead, they have access to four abilities:

Sense Undead

Necromancers automatically sense presence of every undead creature within the radius of 10 feet × Necromancer's level. Necromancers do not need to concentrate or have a line of sight for this to work. Additionally, Necromancers roughly sense the strength of each Undead's Effective HD¹ 1 :

- Weak: HD less than half of the Necromancer's Level
- Mediocre: Equal to or greater than half of the Necromancer's level
- Strong: Equal to or greater than the Necromancer's level.

See the Last Moments

For a single action, the Necromancer can touch sufficiently fresh remains (no older than 1 day per Necromancer's level) and concentrate to perceive the last moments of the deceased creature. The Necromancer only senses what the creature had sensed. Killing mice to gain access to their sharper sense of smell works, while trying to see the murderer of a blind man does not. The state of the remains is irrelevant. Even one dried drop of blood is enough. However, for the ability to work properly:

- The creature the remains belong to must, in fact, be dead
- The remains were part of the creature at least 24 hours before it's death (i.e., the Necromancer could take samples from party members and check their status later during the day).
- The creature is not too primitive, alien, incomprehensible, and has some recognizable form of brain. Fish are weird, but acceptable; insects, slugs, demons, otherworldly abominations and golems are not not.
- Pieces of the undead can only show the last moments of their former life. They are undead, after all.

¹Effective HD = HD+1 per every special ability (except Energy Drain, which increases it by 2)

Control Undead

For a single action, the Necromancer can attempt to take over and control one undead creature they touch. While making the attempt, they do not suffer the effects of Energy Drain or similar touch-based abilities of the undead. They may treat Control Undead as a skill check with the skill having a number of dots equal to their level, minus 2 dots for every 2 Effective HD of worth of undead they already control (rounded up). A necromancer at level 8 controlling 5 1-HD zombies would have an effective skill of 5 when they made a check against the next undead. As with any skill, this can only reach a maximum of 6 dots.

Animate Dead

Taking an entire turn (10 minutes), the Necromancer can attempt to Animate Dead Monsters (as per the spell) except that it may only be used on a single body at a time. Risen dead created by this power are not automatically under the control of the Necromancer. They are regular mindless undead and actively hostile to all life.

Only life can pay for life. For each attempt, the Necromancer must do one of the following:

- Ritually murder an intelligent creature.
- Gain a willing sacrifice of life force from an intelligent creature. If the Necromancer manages to persuade someone, this takes the form of 4 Constitution damage and must be taken from a creature of equal or greater level than the Necromancer. This damage will heal at a rate of 1 point per day and cannot be restored in any other way.
- Sacrifice their own life force. In this case, the Necromancer pays with 2 points of damage to their Constitution score. This follows the same rules as above.



THE GARDEN OF THRAEPHOSTUS

A Dungeon Room by SleepDepJoel

Appearance: Bricks of jade make up the walls.

A stained glass ceiling depicting a sunny sky

magically allows warm sunlight

into the room, no matter how

deep underground it is. The

floor is made up of soft, humid

soil with dirt-covered brick

paths winding throughout.

A crystal-clear pond of cool

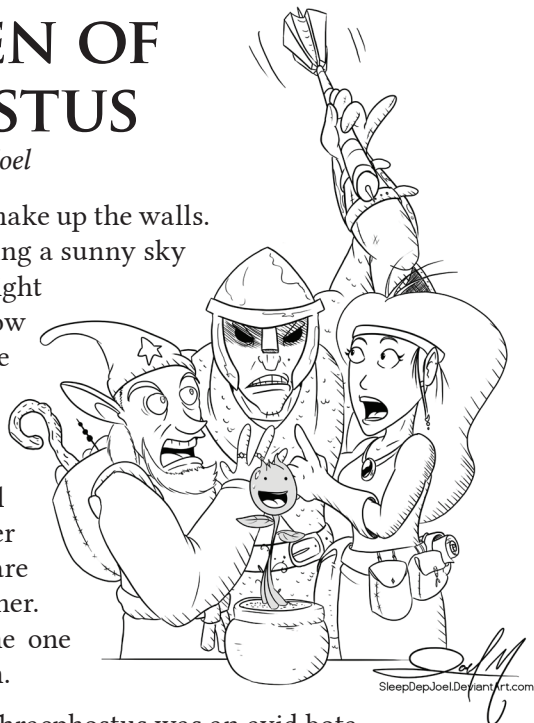
water sits placidly in the center

of the large room. There are

several small sacks in the corner.

The only apparent door is the one

the adventurers came through.



Background: The demigod Thraephostus was an avid botanist,

juggling an amazing variety of experiments during his travels.

Whenever he came to new lands he would set up a laboratory and begin

experimenting with the local plantlife. He discovered cures, poisons,

and exotic new seasonings aplenty, but in time he found that some areas

were able to generate the nutrients needed to create an interesting variety

of servile plant golems. This long-forgotten room is one such place.

The Problem: This room seems to be a dead end, albeit a very pretty

one. The walls are all brick. Beyond, one will only find granite or

whatever unworked sediment the dungeon is located in. Digging down

around the walls produces only more jade brick for several feet and then

sediment.

The Solution: The sacks contain bulbs of potential plant golems. The

room's soil, water, and light are magically nutritious, causing any mundane

seed planted here to grow and flower beautifully within minutes.

However, the golem bulbs must have a special ingredient added: emotion.

Their colors indicate what emotion is needed to cause them to flourish.

Red bulbs enjoy anger, bloodlust, and rowdy war stories. Blue bulbs

prefer to be coaxed and gently encouraged. They especially like

romantic poetry.

The party merely talking amongst themselves after a bulb has been planted and watered is often enough to produce a small but noticeable shoot. Random words in the general field of a bulb's interest will get it to sprout its first few leaves. It is up to the players to try and narrow down what exactly they are saying which is causing growth. As the bulbs begin to blossom, they will gain the ability to talk back to their gardeners.

The red bulb will immediately begin insulting every person in the room. It's suicidally unaware that it can easily be crushed by the adventurers and seems to be hell-bent on enraging them enough to do just that. It also loves puns. Bad ones.

The blue bulb is in constant danger of wilting away from depression and neglect, even if left alone for only a few moments. It will also assume that any insults that the players are hurling at the red bulb to make it grow are, in fact, directed at it. This dramatically decreases its will to live.

Both bulbs must be grown to maturity at the same time, though one may grow to adulthood before the other. Once they have both reached adulthood, they will take a sudden and profound interest in each other and release a gigantic burst of pollen, leaving only a purple bulb behind. Planting the purple bulb and carrying on any friendly conversation with it soon produces another plant golem, though this one is infinitely more helpful than its parents.

The purple bulb is capable of moving around the room on its own and tending any gardens the adventurers may have started. It soon notices that it senses something in the soil beneath its feet. Using its roots, the plant golem is able to shift aside the floor's dirt into a long vertical tunnel which allows the adventurers to proceed to the next room on the level below. Alternatively, the golem might detect a hidden chest within the soil which contains treasure appropriate to the campaign. It will then use its roots to bring the chest to the surface for the adventurers to obtain.

The golem will remain friendly and loyal to the adventurers so long as it is treated kindly, though it may sometimes exhibit some of the extreme behaviors of either parent. Unfortunately it is incapable of leaving the magical garden of Thraephostus due to the magical soil and water it needs for survival.

BITTER APES

A cruel bestiary entry By Luke Gearing

BITTER APES

HD 4

AC AS LEATHER

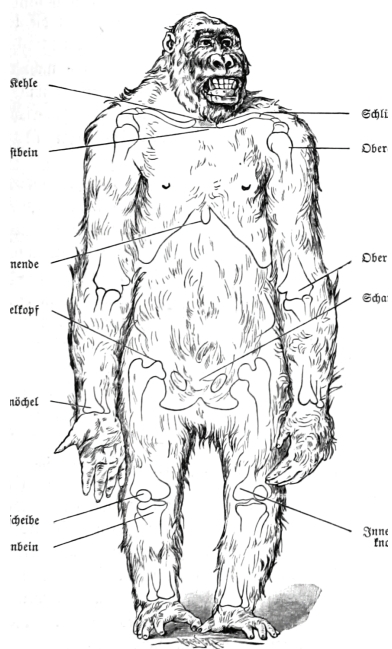
MOV AS MAN

1 ATTACK, 1D8 DAMAGE

MORALE 10

3D4 APPEARING + 2D12 BROKEN APES

They spat in the eye of evolution and burnt the first writings of civilisation. In the wreckage they found cruelty, and found it pleasing. Time passed, and they became worse – refining their tortures and terrible hungers whilst man marched the path to progress. When they met man, they realised how much potential suffering they'd missed out on. They're learning quickly.



Umrißzeichnung des Gorilla. (Nach Hanke.)

1d6 Our Favorite Cruelty...

- 1 Blunt Instrument Orchestra – A symphony of screams, a bassline of broken bones. The best instruments last the longest.
- 2 A corpse of your choosing will be bound to you – mouth to mouth, limb to limb.
- 3 Destroy the hands. Destroy the feet. Destroy the eyes. Destroy the ears. Leave the tongue, and feed you shit.
- 4 Each day, you will inflict pain on your fellow captives. The most entertaining is fed.
- 5 Submerged to the neck in water, and left to disintegrate.
- 6 To be worn as armour whilst we hunt your friends. They will decide how long you live.

BROKEN APES

HD 1

AC AS UNARMoured

MOV AS MAN

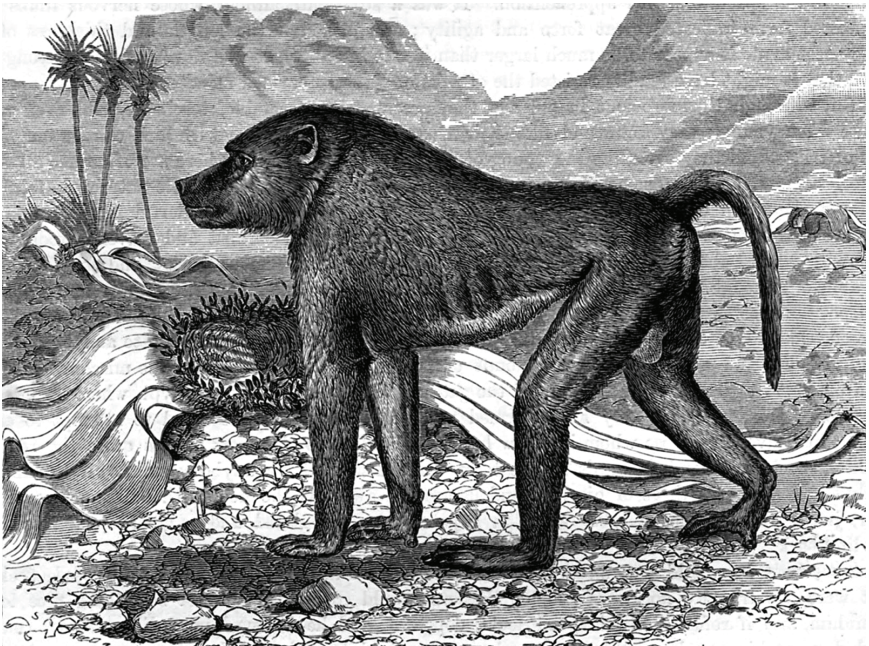
1 ATTACK, 1D4

MORALE 7

The Apes are cruellest to each other, and they do not suffer it well. They grow smaller, weaker and infinitely more cunning as abuses are heaped upon abuses. They always plot to inflict revenge, and to grow strong on the pain, although the most promising are eaten by their owners first. They claim spite is the best seasoning.

1d6 To repay your punishments, I shall...

- 1 Poison the meat of my breeding-partner, and elevate them to glory.
- 2 Lure the animals of the jungle to your nest with the corpses of my fellow captives.
- 3 Let parasites infest my body in the hope I carry them to you.
- 4 Whisper your secrets to a rival and let them steal into the nest.
- 5 Teach your children the kindest words of man.
- 6 Refuse to submit to your tortures – I will betray none of my pain.



TROLLS AND THE GODS

A bestiary entry of Unusual Trolls By Rufus

Our world wasn't made for us.

We like to think of the animals and plants from our own viewpoints, the environments we live in and the things we struggle to do as part of a world made for humanity. The truth is; this world isn't made for Humans.

It was made for Trolls.

Trolls are huge, strong, and regenerate injury easily. If a troll injures something, the thing will die and the troll will be fine. Humans can die easily from a small infection. Trolls can eat whatever they want, where as humans must carefully select their vittles and cook their food. The only places trolls can't live is in the hottest climates (due to size), but by its nature those places tend not to be hospitable to intellegent life anyway. Humans will always lose out to trolls on these locations, except with overwhelming force. Where as humankind has had to scrounge around in the dirt to finally get out of their hunter-gatherer lifestyle; trolls have stayed as hunter gathers and are doing just fine.

Trolls can be countered, however, by fire and acid. This is realitvely well known. Secretly trolls are also countered by diseases they can catch, which is most of them from mammals and especially humanoids. The symptoms of diseases are caused by the body, not the disease, and as such trolls are weak to them. Trolls with fever may suddenly burst into flames, and trolls with a cold will break bones whenever they cough. This goes to symbolic and magical levels as well; Priests/Clerics/Paladins of Gods representing disease and pestilence can actually turn Trolls the same way other Clerics can turn Undead.

Trolls do not typically wear armor, as any injury they take might make the armor stick to their flesh which is usually far worse then the actual injury itself. Another way trolls like to brag about their superiority over humans.

1d6 Unusual Trolls



If your trolls are more wild, treat as encounters. If your trolls are more civilized- these may be encounters, hirelings, or just NPCs.

[1] Crag-Jumper - Troll Warrior

Once a pit-fighter for unscrupulous humans or demihuman savages. Fights with an assortment of strange and seemingly random weapons with surprising skill. Locked chest slung over shoulder which he may use as a bashing weapon. Contained within is an assortment of feminine clothing from the mundane to extravagant, but all cleaned and well washed. Will stop fighting to hide these if secret is revealed, almost certain sexual deviant.

[2] Gut-Burster - Troll Thief/Specialist

Carries long lengths of rope made from his own intestines he picks out. Slices upon belly and pulls some out as a nervous habit, has a higher

pain threshold then even regular trolls. Problems with indigestion as a result, looks starved. Will gladly trade supplies for food, or may ignore party for dropped rations. Treat ropes as standard ropes, but possibly edible. Surprisingly agile and stealthy, will try to lasso and strangle lone enemies.

[3] Sir Marrow - Troll 'Paladin'

Wears scale armor made of hundreds of tiny clay tablets, each painted and carved with the face and/or name and symbol of a God. These Gods are all made up, but they are also all real. Each is a minor Godling of such miniscule divinity that, all together, they can grant Sir Marrow 1d4+1 Cleric spells a day. (if max result is rolled, he can cast a level 2-3 Cleric spell that day instead). Positive reaction roll modifier if the party has religious characters, negative if the party looks or is mostly heretical.

[4] Belcher or Potion-Piss - Troll Alchemist

Carries around dirtied alchemical material and wizarding items, but cannot cast spells. Drinks potions and magical reagents and mixes them in his belly, which occasionally give him wonderous feats like breathing fire or invisibility, but typically they just give him horrible stomach cramps or make his blood purple. He can regurgitate any potion he is under the effect from into a bottle and sell it to the party, but naturally this is disgusting.

[5] Slaps-Nets - Troll Thief/Specialist

Speicalizes in catching and subduing humans for study and proper indoctrination into accepting trolls as their overlords. Uses a large mancatcher, nets, clubs, and nonleathal weapons. Has a potion that if thrown creates a gaseous cloud version of Sleep. If party states they accept trolls as their leaders they will be allowed to pass or stay freely, but expect to be demeaned and given embaessing tasks in front of his troll friends.

[6] Other-Face - Troll 'Elf'

Troll that wears long flowing patchy tunic, rusted and rotted bow, and enjoys magic and nature. This troll is convinced that elves are the greatest and wants to be an elf, but is actually skilled in combat and can cast spells like an elf. Body modifications (ears pulled back and sewn) are constantly coming undone and dripping a little blood, leaving a trail. Positive reaction rolls with elves. If lair is searched can find a stash of fake beards, pickaxes, and gems that were from his 'dwarf' craze. Any member of a new race that he hasn't seen (halfling, tiefling, other) that has high charisma (16+) may be able to convince him to start copying them instead.

SELACHII KNIGHT AND CARANGI HANDMAIDENS

A Bestiary entry by SleepDepJoel




SleepDepJoel.DeviantArt.com

Description: Selachii are underwater predatory humanoids with shark-like teeth and tails. Their skin is pale to dark gray and extremely tough with tiny scales which are razor sharp if rubbed the wrong way. Knights are awarded swaths of territory by their monarchs and take extreme pride in patrolling it themselves to keep out unwanted intruders or test their mettle against any worthy visitors. Any perceived slight brings an instant reaction; the selachii challenges the strongest looking martial opponent to a test of arms and fights to maim them into submission. They are prideful, vicious, antagonistic, and spiteful. They also play by the rules of fair combat: no ambushes, magical tricks, or enchanted weapons are allowed. An opponent who violates the honor of single

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combat with any of these techniques may find themselves dead instead of mangled.

Usually pale-skinned with black markings, the diminutive carangi seem to be the only race in the world capable of living in relative safety near selachii. Whereas most races are seen as food or something to conquer, carangi are given little attention when nearby even if their bigger “cousins” are hungry. Many families of carangi serve selachii in various roles befitting the selachii’s station and occupation. A selachii who has just attained knighthood may have one carangi assigned to her by a noble and eventually hire or be granted more as her rank and fame increases. Carangi handmaidens carry a knight’s gear and belongings at all times, make arrangements for her lodgings while travelling, and generally interact with the peasantry so that the knight doesn’t have to.

Combat: Selachii knights are trained in a wide variety of martial weapons, their favorite being the nodala, a razor-like blade mounted on an extended grip. The razor is often the tooth from a gigantic primal shark or other fearsome beast. Shields are used both defensively and as a bashing weapon. In order to allow more freedom of movement, armor is rarely full-plate.

Selachii will seek to cripple an opponent immediately in melee, cutting a tendon or otherwise disabling the victim before finishing them off via a direct stab. If close enough, the knight will attempt to bite and then shake their victim like a rag doll. Their teeth (which grow back every few days) may break off and lodge themselves into the hapless opponent’s flesh and cause continual bleeding unless extracted. They have an excellent sense of smell and can track blood for several miles. Their heightened sensitivity to vibrations in the water allows them to feel the heartbeat of nearby creatures, effectively giving them blindsense even in areas of magical darkness.

Unbeknownst to the vast majority of knights, carangi handmaidens will discreetly cast spells of protection and enhancement on their mistresses. They do this as discreetly as possible; even the most valued retainer would find themselves in a dangerous situation if their former benefactors suspected them of besmirching the warrior’s honor. Naturally magical, most carangi only know a single beneficial spell. One handmaiden’s blessing may be enough to tip the tides of a battle, but a selachii with a retinue finds herself an nigh-unstoppable force. The amazing boost of power is often seen by its recipient as a battle rush and demonstration of her own naturally superior fighting spirit. Luckily for the handmaidens, the knight’s pride usually blinds them to the obvious ruse.

THE GODS AWAKEN...



At long last, the Troll Gods have risen, ready to claim their rightful place in the hearts and minds of the faithful. We know, as we have always known, that the internet belongs to the Trolls.