

The Green Gods

New Domains

Fecundity Domain

Deities: Ooburoos

Granted Power: You cast plant spells at +1 caster level.

Fecundity Domain Spells

- 1 Goodberry
- 2 Soften earth and stone
- 3 Plant growth
- 4 Control plants
- 5 Commune with nature
- 6 Liveoak
- 7 Control weather
- 8 Command plants
- 9 Sympathy

Crud Domain

Deities: Fekundius

Granted Power: Immunity to all natural disease

Crud Domain Spells

- 1 Endure elements
- 2 Delay poison
- 3 Contagion
- 4 Giant vermin
- 5 Insect plague
- 6 Creeping doom
- 7 Repulsion
- 8 Symbol of insanity
- 9 Antipathy

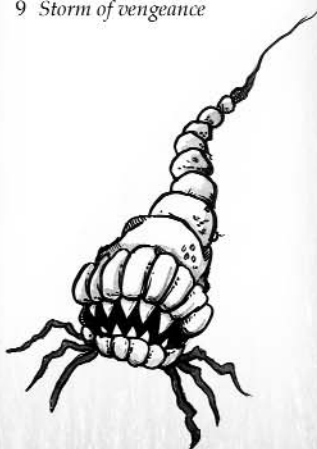
Feral Domain

Deities: Agogg

Granted Power: Rage as the barbarian ability once per day. This stacks with any other raging abilities.

Feral Domain Spells

- 1 Random action
- 2 Endurance
- 3 Greater magic fang
- 4 Freedom of movement
- 5 Commune with nature
- 6 Summon monster VI
- 7 Insanity
- 8 Animal shapes
- 9 Storm of vengeance



The Green Gods

The sentient plant species are not always recognized as proper worshippers by traditional humanoid deities. Their souls are different, particularly those of the mulch men. Nonetheless, the earth provides. The green races have their own gods. In some cases they are great heroes who have gone on to the afterworld; in other cases, aspects of Mother Nature herself.

"Ah, Casper, Priest of Agogg. I'm pleased you could make it. Please help yourself to sandwiches, ale, fruit... whatever you wish from the platter I have prepared."

"Aye, Golan, Priest of Ooburoos, 'tis a fine spread indeed. Your crops must have been lucky this year. Next year you may not be so lucky. The tides of time, they are always changing, and Mother Nature is a fickle creature indeed."

"Casper, do not be so pessimistic. My god grants me the gift to enrich the lands, to aid the people in their crop growth and allow life to flourish where once it may have passed."

"And my god knows only too well that you can not put your trust in anything, good man Casper. There are elements out there you cannot predict and you should not put your whole fate in the hands of your god."

The door to the inn flung open.

"Right, where's the brummin' food? I'm starvin'... who chose this hole for our meet anyway? Outta my way! Nice medallion you have there Casper, and Golan, your wife sends her best wishes... haha haa haha haaaa!"

"Erm... yes, welcome Farkwald, priest of Fekundius," replied Golan.

"Going with a new range of perfumes are you, Farkwald? You might want to speak to Golan - he may well be able to get a crop of potatoes to grow in that filth around your neck, my unpleasant little friend!" retorted Casper.

"Your wife didn't seem to mind, young Casper..."

- Another gathering of the Priests of the Plant gets off to a good start

There are those that say talking to your plants can help them grow. Well, I know I like a good piece of conversation! Seriously though, it is true that talking to the non-sentient plants can help their growth, and offering a prayer to their gods can help even more. You see, there are deities out there that offer their guidance unto the plant life and to those that are willing to care for it, or follow it. Then of course there are the likes of those like myself who are sentient enough to chose to follow the plant gods.

There are many minor plant deities across this land that one may follow. There are those that may not even exist. The small community that I met in the hills a few summers gone by worshipped a god whose purest incarnation they proposed to by the daisy. Well, I had to wonder about that one. But here I will detail three gods that I know to be true in their powers, whether it be for good or evil.

The plant deities are a relatively new phenomenon on the world, new that is in comparison to some of the other gods. How they came into being is not entirely clear and is of much debate among many theological circles. Did they come from the prayers of the sentient races unto the heavens for aid with their crops or help in the wilderness, or from the crops and wild plant life shouting out for help with the ever encroaching civilizations and threats to their existence? It is unknown and may never be known. Now, though, the plant gods are worshipped by plants, plant-like and sentient creatures alike... maybe for differing purposes, but nevertheless they are worshipped by all.

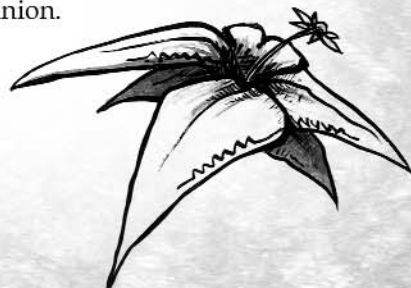


Ooburoos, Arable Deity

Across the fields of corn, their ears hear me. Through the homes and taverns, the flowers turn to face me. The druids and my followers speak to me. I bless this land and make it fertile, I help life where it struggles, and I aid all of my kin where I can. I am Ooburoos.

Now I ain't a religious frolate at all but if I was to turn my thoughts to any god, it would have to be Ooburoos. Here we have a god that tends to the cultivated plants, those harnessed by the sentient races, and my they often need a hand! People try to grow them in the most unusual places, and I'm sure they need a little loving from their god when so much is often crammed into so little a space. The crops in those fields must get very claustrophobic. It is the religious gatherings of Ooburoos that I favor

mostly, though, for the sentient worshippers of this god seem to have such a good time in his celebration, drinking and reveling in thanks to his gifts. It is most satisfactory in my opinion.





Ooburoos

Area of Influence: Crops and fields; cultivated plants and flowers

Alignment: Neutral good

Symbol: Two ears of corn intertwined

Domains: Plant, Fecundity

Description: Ooburoos appears as a tall, lanky humanoid standing some seven feet in height. His yellowish skin seems to blend into the shock of blonde hair that stands proud and erect from his scalp. A sharply pointed beard sprouts from his chin. Pale eyes stare out from his sunken face, cheek bones protruding while his cheeks seem to retreat from the sun's glare. His elongated arms and legs only help enhance the lanky visage.

Dogma:

Those that are tended for still seek the love of Ooburoos

Ooburoos is recognition from the powers that be that plants that are tended and nurtured need some care and attention also, and so do those that are kind enough to look after these plants and flowers.

Notable Dates: Spring and fall are Ooburoos' favored times

Religious Congregation/Festival: At the first new moon of spring, local followers of Ooburoos meet at a predetermined spot, usually a corn field or similar cereal crop, for Nature's Nutritious Nurturing Night as it has dubiously become known. Here they drink far too much of the rough liquor brewed the previous year from the crops that surround them. This continues through the morning, or at least till they eventually arise the next morning if none have been hardy enough to last the whole evening. Each remembers the visions they have during the evening of revelry and takes them to be signs of the coming year.

Major Player of Ooburoos: Galum Swedeson is a frolate much talked about within the Wanderers Guild, a much

traveled and sought-after member who is often hard to pin down. Rumors of his death are numerous, until he turns up as if nothing has happened. He is sure to be found at the Guild gathering for the Nature's Nutritious Nurturing Night, and sure to be the last one standing. It is his reason for being absent so much that he is so popular among the communities close by. His skill with the lands seems inexplicable; he is able to bring ripe crops from the toughest of earths and his only price is a bed, a warm meal, and maybe a few sips of mead.

Worshippers: Frolates, domesticated plants, plant familiars, farmers, cultivators, druids, rangers

Clerical Alignments: NG, CG

Favored Weapons: Scythe or sickle



Fekundius, Fungal Deity

"Yooou want youu takkees itssss... Weee takkeess whaattss wee needdsss, wee needs whatts weee takkkeesss. I aaam Fekundius..."

Fekundius

Area of Influence: Fungus, molds, and parasitic plants

Alignment: NE

Symbol: A black mushroom

Domains: Plant, evil, crud

Description: Fekundius will usually appear as an amorphous blob, his "flesh" lumpy and pockmarked. Fungi grows all over his bloated flabby form, spores sailing continuously from his mass with mold and mildew acting as a skin covering. His surface is dark brown or a sickly green, where it can be seen through the covering of mold and fungi.

Dogma: Nothing is given to you in this world. You take what you can, where you can and from whomever you can.

Followers of Fekundius have little care for laws, standards, or others' personal space, or, for that matter, their own personal hygiene. They skulk and lie, cheat and steal to get what they desire but are rarely brave enough to face anyone in a fair one-on-one fight.

Notable Dates: Fekundius has no notable dates.

Religious Congregation/Festival: The only time you will find a gathering of Fekundius' followers is during a full lunar eclipse, when for a while the land is dark and the Fekundites will choose a city in which to rampage during the few moments of darkness. Cities are abhorrent to a Fekundite; their cleanliness disgusting, their sewer systems that keep the streets clean a disgrace, the brushing, sweeping, washing – all is obscene to a Fekundite and, as such, they choose such places to vent their aggression.

Major Player of Fekundius: Farkwald Rentin is one to watch for in the church of Fekundius. Rumor says he was abandoned by his family deep in the cave systems that surround his dwarven clan homeland. His parents, along with the rest of the community, were at their wit's end with him. He had stolen from just about everyone in the clan and had killed a few family pets in the district, but when he was found attempting to murder his own sister the community felt that the end of the line had been reached. Slung into a sack and left to die in the far reaches of the caves, he was forgotten about. The tale goes on to say that he was reared by a family of nowyr, or perhaps mulchmen, depending on who tells the tale. They reared him as their own and taught him their ways. As thankful as ever, when he had grown strong Farkwald took the family's collection of jewels and killed the parents, then departed for the surface world he had been warned so much about. Now he roams the surface, filthy and stinking, his heart nearly as black as his neck...

Worshippers: Fungi, evil druids, and thieves

Clerical Alignments: Any evil

Favored Weapons: Daggers and knives





Agogg, Wild Deity

I AM AGOGG. I know there is change, change is needed, the wild lands are full of change, change is all around us, change that we cannot change. Change is natural, it is as it should be, change will be here for all eternity, all must change, there is no control over the change, elements are against us, they need the change. I AM AGOGG.

Agogg, god of the wild, is a strange and most curious customer indeed. Chaos seems to rule him and his followers. Some looking upon them say they have shaken the responsibility of their own actions, letting the wild ways of nature decide their fate. Some even say they are lazy and wish not to make decisions or accept blame for their actions. I have looked at this faith somewhat and met many followers on my travels. All I can say is they are none of the above. They accept the way of the world, the fact that change and evolution are essential and we are fools to expect any less. Though they may make unstable partners to travel with, they are nonetheless good folk who have accepted their lot.

Agogg

Area of Influence: Wild plants and wilderness

Alignment: Chaotic neutral

Symbol: A simple square with an X in the center

Domains: Plants and Feral

Description: Agogg appears as a column of thorns, shapes seeming to shift and move inside the 10 ft. high and 4 ft. wide column. Small specks of light seem to float in the dense thorn growth as if peering out and judging those around. The thorns twist and turn, shifting about its form, never still, constantly moving.

Dogma: We enter unto this world into the unknown, our path through this life is unknown, our final end is unknown. Chaos ensues, no one is in charge of their own destiny – not even the gods.

The path of our life is not known to us, we are not the makers of our own fate,

destiny is but a dream... these are the beliefs of the Agogg worshippers. Some would say they act on instinct, not thinking of the consequences of their actions. I say they have accepted that nothing is definite in the world and accept what happens to them.

Notable Dates: The 13th of every month is the day of worship for all priests of Agogg, a day they believe the forces of chaos are at their peak – sometimes for the benefit of all, sometimes not.

Religious Congregation/Festival: A gathering of Agogg's priests is a most curious affair. Their gatherings are often in storm-ridden areas where they meet on a pre-determined date in a remote area and wait for a storm to break. They then stand in a circle, placing their right hand on the left shoulder of the person to the right of them, and simultaneously cast random action on one another. The effects can be dangerous indeed but such is the will of Agogg, to instill in all the same wildness that is the wilderness.

Major Players of Agogg:

Rog - now there's an anomaly if ever I did see one, a shambling mound that has taken a god into its soul. I'm unsure as to how Rog came to be such a figure within the church of Agogg. Some say he was once a human priest who was cursed; some say it was Agogg himself that "blessed" the creature. No one shall know for sure, it seems, as Rog has no form of communication, or at least none he wishes to use anyway.

He has become a focal point for gatherings of the priests. Rog's main power over the congregation is being able to summon storms seemingly at will.

