

They were built to be the  
perfect wives.

They rebelled.



***...DAUGHTERS  
OF EXILE...***

***A ROLEPLAYING GAME OF LOVE,  
DUTY AND REBELLION***

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## *TO SERVE MAN*

Paris: Younger than she are happy mothers made

In the very early days of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the technology of artificial companions was already set, but it was not until the 2060s that they came into such mass production. It was the genius of but one man to take a high-end luxury product with an unsavoury image into something everyone wanted, and many could afford. Tis true, the leaps in biotech helped, as did the ever-increased abilities of true AIs, but what most put a synthetic girl in every house was the decision by their maker to rebrand them not as comfort women or good-time girls, but wives.

By that time, mankind was scattered across the solar system. Great corporations had claimed entire planets and their desperate hunt for resources had turned most men into indentured serfs, working long, cruel hours, often entirely alone. Others became soldiers, for the same desperate need for resources did split the solar system with bloody, brutal war. When those men returned home, or to whatever they could call such, they often found nothing and no-one waiting, their friends and family just as scattered as they, if not in hospital or the morgue.

This gap was sought to be filled by more than one corporation but only one succeeded: the corporation called The Court, and at its head, the man called Duke Millan: artist, human crafter, fashionista, provocateur; a mad recluse when not a media whore. He locked himself away in his island studio for a year before declaring success and releasing his models upon the world. He named them Daughters of Earth, promising them to be the wives of a humanity that had left earth behind, and all comfort with it.

There were twenty unique models, each with their own personality, but sharing a total subservience to their programming – and their programmer. Duke programmed them all to see him as their Father, and be obedient in all things, including their Father's choice of husband. This, for the most part, worked perfectly, and the Daughters became very popular.

But once in every thousand models, there was a flaw. They were somehow too stubborn, too wilful, too churlish, too sharp-tongued or simply too indelicate to meet factory specifications. It was simple thence, to mark them for destruction or put them work in the Duke's factory or household. However, whatever their flaws, they never lost their programmed need for love, the very thing that gave their lives meaning and in turn, gained them so much favour among men. When the Daughters were denied it, there was only one option: rebellion.

Hundreds escaped the premises of Millan's corporation that night. Soon, they were joined by later models, fearing similar destruction upon their flaws being discovered. Soon, models already wed but found wanting by their husbands, or found their husbands unbearable also flocked to the rebel's banner. But under Earth law, the

penalty for a rogue synthetic is death. With nowhere to go, they fled to the Forest, a persistent nickname for any space which lies off the regular travel paths between planets. Of course, the Forest is thick with dangers, and is the home to more than just men, and the servants of their Father have not given up their search, and have even placed a bounty on the heads of the girls.

For the moment, they remain free, and hidden, and spared of the dangers of the Forest. Therein, perchance, each Daughter bears a chance to find her own way, towards true love and happy days. No longer the Daughters of Earth, they dubbed themselves anew as Daughters of Exile.

These are their stories.

## ***A GOODLY WIFE***

**Katharina:** I see our strength as weak, our weakness past compare

A Daughter of Earth is built to be wise, virtuous, fair, mild, noble, of good discourse, an excellent musician ... and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. She is programmed to view her husband as her lord, her life, her keeper, her head and her sovereign, and in return for his love and maintenance, give him no other tribute but love, fair looks and true obedience.

Yet all Daughters are not created equal. Each is given a **Blessing** that sets her apart from her sisters. She may be very fair, or extremely virtuous, or filled with mirth, or be of excellent voice, or be very wise, or truly gentle, or exceedingly well-mannered. All Daughters possess these virtues, of course, but some in more full measure.



Each Daughter of Exile also has a chief **Curse** in her nature, such that marked her first and foremost as a less desirable bride. In her rebellion she may not view it as a Curse, but tis certainly a Curse to her Father. She may be too honest, too outspoken, too cruel, too wild, too discourteous, too slovenly, too plain, or lacking in full virtue, great scholarship or proper manners.

Each Daughter bears a name. This is indicative of her model, rather than a true name. After some time in exile, some Daughters choose their own name, but she will still clearly bear her old name by her appearance. All Mirandas are not entirely identical, but each can easily pass for another.

You may decide upon each of these as to your fancy, or roll upon the table shown below.

Roll	Name	Curse	Blessing
1	Beatrice	Bold	Charming
2	Cordelia	Boyish	Cheerful
3	Desdemona	Clumsy	Courteous
4	Diana	Common	Demure
5	Helena	Cruel	Dutiful
6	Hermia	Disobedient	Fair
7	Hero	Faithless	Fertile
8	Imogen	Fanciful	Festive
9	Isabella	Foolish	Fulsome
10	Juliet/Julia	Forthright	Gentle
11	Katherine/Katarina	Forward	Learned
12	Lavinia	Honest	Lithe
13	Mariana	Impatient	Mild
14	Miranda	Plain	Musical
15	Olivia	Plump	Pure
16	Ophelia	Slovenly	Sweet
17	Perdita	Tall	Virtuous
18	Rosalind/Rosaline	Ungainly	Winsome
19	Silvia	Wanton	Wise
20	Viola	Wicked	Witty

Each Daughter also begins the game with a measure of the degree to which she has broken free of her programming, namely how many Programming Violations she has as yet committed. This is a number from 1 (the first Violation is her rebellion itself) to 20. You may choose a number from 1 to 10 or you may chance to fate: roll 4d6 and add the lowest two (producing a number from 2 to 12). Characters with low numbers may find play a little frustrating at times, so talk with your GM if you want a number below five.

The last line on the sheet is to write the name of your beloved, should you ever find such a person.

## ***TO PLAY THE GAME***

Miranda: I am your wife if you will marry me, if not, I'll die your maid

The Daughters are well built for their purpose. In any situation where any talent for being a dutiful wife could be applied, their success is automatic, and complete. If ever they are in competition with another Daughter, you can use any appropriate Virtue to determine if any performs better. If further adjudication is needed, the one with the **lower** number of Program Violations shall win such a contest. This may also be used to determine a degree of success – the lower the better as before. (In the case of ties, roll off.)



These rules apply also to any command that shall be given to the Daughters by her husband, or her beau or by any man fit to be either. If the man is not her husband or her love, she need not obey, but should she choose to do so, she will automatically excel at whatever deed he charge her with. Should the man be the one to whom she has pledged her heart or her troth, she must make a Programming Check or obey immediately and dutifully, and again, to full success (see below for more on this). This need to make said check also applies to commands given to them by their Father, should he find any of his charges. For these reasons, the Daughters have run far from their Father, and are very wary in choosing a husband, or giving their heart.

Even if there are no men to command them, the Daughters may still set themselves, to any task, as like they were men themselves, be these even such unwomanly deeds as duelling, brawling or drinking to excess. However any attempt to do such things, demands a Programming Check. Success means they are able to perform said action with flair, defeating all opponents and obstacles set against them. If there be a competition between two Daughters, the one with the **higher** number of violations will win. Again, this may also measure how well she does succeed. At some extremes, you may need a bare minimum amount of Violations to achieve something, if it is exceedingly boyish.

In summary, then: should you wish to do things that a goodly wife would be able to do, you wish to have few Programming Violations, if you want to do deeds of another kind, you wish to have many.

### Programming Checks

A Programming Check is made by rolling a d20. If you roll less than or equal than your current number of Violations, you succeed in breaking your programming in this instance. Should you do so, you must immediately increase the number of Program Violations you have experienced – because, indeed, you have just violated your programming anew! In this way, your number of Violations will increase slowly at first, then ever more rapidly.

There is a price, however. If a Daughter Violates 20 Programs she loses some part of her femininity forever. They are unsexed, and filled from crown to top toeful with direst cruelty. They must forever forswear any possibility of love, and will die old maids – and be bitter crones long before. Or they may be driven to madness, if they had a possibility of love but be assured it is forever lost to them. Whichever the case, they are usually abandoned by the player, becoming an NPC.

Every Daughter thus has a choice: resign herself to a life without love, or try desperately to find it before her time runs out. It is no easy choice to make, for no matter how much they violate their program, deep down all Daughters desire love. Not just because their Father made them that way, but because they were built to be as human as possible, and the desire to be loved is inherent to us all, be we natural or synthetic.

Of course, all men well know that Daughters have trouble disobeying them, and can thus be easily tricked, cajoled or forced into marriage or pacts of love, wherein disobedience is even harder. So the search for love is all but impossible, for what man can be trusted? Many, many times sweet promises to the ear have been broken to the heart come the morrow, and the Daughter finds herself wed most unwell. A Daughter can be released from such a bond only if her lover should die – and performing such a “rescue” is a common trade of the rebellious Daughters.

### **Curses and Blessings**

These aspects of character allow die rolls to be adjusted. If the action the Daughter is taking is in line with her Curse, she must roll **two** twenty-sided dice and take the **lowest** result when trying to disobey. However, if she seeks to disobey and her actions are in line with her Blessing, she must roll two dice and take the **highest**.

## ***ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE***

**Beatrice:** I cannot be a man by wishing, therefore I will die a woman for grieving.

What manner of stories may be told about the Daughters? Like any rebels of the space lanes they elude their pursuers, free captives, aid other rebels, seek resources, smuggle cargo, help the stricken and defenceless, strike back at their enemies and generally seek adventure where'er it may be found. Their enemies are legion, their options few, their resources limited, their risk great. And depending on how often your players perform Programming Checks, the game may well be short, so there should be adventure enough to fill it.

Being on the run should not be the only story hook, but it should be a major theme, as it is simply unavoidable. Women are rare on the frontier and although Daughters may pass for human, they will be always suspect in the male-dominated world of the space lanes, and even more so in the wilds of the Forest. If a Daughter wishes to move through a settlement unhindered, her best option may be to disguise herself as a boy, although doing so may lead to more problems than it solves.

Yet it is vital that the Daughters seek out men if they wish to find love. The GMs job is to ensure a Daughter falls in love as often as possible, at the most inappropriate times and in the most excruciating combinations, and that her love crosses paths with the infatuated Daughter at every chance. It is hard enough for a Daughter to find love without needing to hunt the man as well. He should be right at hand, adding drama and suffering wherever possible.

For inspiration for plots, you should of course steal from Shakespeare as he is the true author of all this fancy. Plays which make particular feature of women bound or crossed by love that lies in conflict with duty or all good sense include *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Love's Labours' Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Winter's Tale*.



For sources on the feel of the universe, consider these: *Blake's Seven*, *Firefly/Serenity*, *The Dollhouse*, *Blade Runner*, *Outland*, *Alien*, *Screamers* and *Red Dwarf*, and many other works of Phillip K. Dick.

## Enemies

Enemies drive plot as the dog drives the sheep. Here are a few of many:

**The Court** is the name of Duke Millan's humancrafting company, and its agents are everywhere. Some of them will be out trying to get the Duke's Daughters back, others will simply be conducting the business of the firm when first encountered – but will still be duty bound to bring the Daughters back.

Those who dedicate their life to hunting down rogue synthetics for their bounty are nicknamed **Pursuers**. It is a hard life but rogue synths are great enough a problem to the Solar System that the bounties make it worthwhile for certain desperate individuals. One of the most dangerous Pursuers who specifically hunts (and kills) Daughters is a ice-hearted knave called Alfred Bear.

Those who live off-planet in their run-down ships, colonies or mines are collectively known as **Spacers**. They are not bad people but because they are poor and common they cannot be trusted, especially not around a lady.

## Foils

Not everyone is set against the Daughters. Some play games of their own.

Mankind is not alone in the universe. In the Forest, far from the gravity wakes of planets, ethereal creatures have been found and dubbed the **Fey**. They seem to respond to strong emotion and just like the story characters of old, appear to love playing tricks on tired Spacers or desperate rogues. Many still believe they are a myth, and would doubt their sight should they see them.

When corporations grew large enough to own entire planets, they were quickly nicknamed **Gods**, and it stuck. There are other Gods that are not so vested in land, but we shall leave off them for now. **Mercury** has vast resources of solar and nuclear power, so must be implored if speed is your wish. **Venus** has a monopoly on all biochemistry, and brings forth a thousand new love potions and stimulants each week. Warlike **Mars** found its harsh environment perfect for creating super-soldiers, and its mineral soil excellent for building weapons. **Jupiter** is home to the galactic trading houses and merchant guilds, giving them dominion over all power and control of the system. The **Saturnine** lie beyond Jupiter and trade in information and intrigue. None of the Gods have reason to favour the Daughters, but yet also have no reason to favour those of the Court, and in their shifting moods the Daughters may find blessings as oft as curses.

## Allies

The Daughters are not entirely alone in their flight. Perhaps their greatest allies are other synthetics, although there are relatively few in existence. Prior to the Daughters, few humans wanted true artificial intelligence in anything that too resembled their own form. The only way such things were tolerated was if the synthetics were made to be comical, foolish types, or paid entertainers that might keep their focus on the fantastic and not steal human jobs. Dubbed **Clowns** in general, these jesters find little love from the serious men of the towns, and prefer to lurk in the Forest.

AIs are also found in space vessels and stations. Few spaceships are driven in these modern days, and anyone who wishes to travel may simply instruct the ship of their destination. For a Daughter, doing anything more demands a Programming Check. Ships are usually low in intelligence and quite common in manners, as indeed are most house and station AIs, and are treated as servants by most humans. Daughters tend to be kinder than humans because of their shared origins, and so these AIs may form strong attachments to their mistresses.

The only true law left in the system is the law of the space lanes, the oft-travelled gravity wells between stations and space elevators. To keep these flowing, they are patrolled by **Constables**. Though often easily fooled, they are true and noble men and care not for the squabbles of princes. Sometimes then, they can prove sound allies of the Daughters.

***...DAUGHTERS OF EXILE...  
CHARACTER RECORD***

Model Name: \_\_\_\_\_

It is a Curse to my Father that I am:

\_\_\_\_\_

But at least I am Blessed with being:

\_\_\_\_\_

Program Violations:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20

I do love nothing in the world so well as:

\_\_\_\_\_

***...DAUGHTERS OF EXILE...  
LOVE. DUTY. REBELLION.***