

It is a period of civil war. Rebel spaceships, striking from a hidden base, have won their first victory against the evil Galactic Empire. During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the DEATH STAR, an armored space station with enough power to destroy an entire planet. Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leia races home aboard her starship, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy...

And that was the full reality of FAITH for a whole fourteen days as he hunted the surface of Ganymede in search of the elusive and missing Death Star plans that Monk believed, with faith rivaling the most devoted followers of any religion, to have become lodged in one of the thicker solidified salt oceans of the large moon. Had the cyborg not convinced himself completely that his hands were actually tulips an entire population of alien life forms, living quite contently swimming around in the cracks of running water bleeding through the glass surface of the largest ocean on the largest moon in the solar system. Since the robot's hands were tulips, it was quite impossible for him to dig out the plans from the vast ocean he stood atop.

Instead of devoting his time to the plunder of the treasure in the ocean, and the extinction of life on Ganymede, the model EM-1350 searched its memory banks in a reflection on its long life. He did not consider himself old, but robots really have no perception of such things. Time was meant to be a measurement of entropy and life the continuing struggle against this vicious opponent. The cyborg was neither alive or effected by any significant extent by entropy. He was one of the last models of his kind remaining in existence of his kind. Those that build him were building because of a serious lack of self-confidence and ended up blasting a hole in the back of their skulls in a final act of self-pity and ineffectual defiance at actual reality. While the story of the Church of Positronic Universalist Advancement mass suicide did break into the local news cycles for a good two days the real and lasting

contribution to the universe of these suicidal fundamentalists was the short series of cyborgs that were released.

These cyborgs were built for the express purpose of believing in the faiths and deeply held beliefs of those at the church. It seems that no other person would listen when the members of the church proclaimed the everlasting gospel of the robot overmind, which requires that the devoted followers of this religion engage in orgies on a very timely schedule. In fact, they seemed to be laughed at on a regular basis and since none of these rather geeky robotics nerds were able to engage in the required sexual activities they decided to create cyborgs in a final attempt to have something actually listen and believe them.

Unfortunately, this new confidence did not help the group get laid, which, it turns out, was what they were after to begin with. So, after releasing these cyborg apostles of everything onto the unsuspecting galaxy the church grew tired of its forced impotency and decided they had quite enough of this life. In a final movement of devotion each member put whatever that particular planet's version of a shotgun into whatever that particular species version of a mouth was and pulled whatever that particular weapon's version of a trigger was. It ended up being quite a mess.

Freed from their nerdy masters the robots circulated into the population firmly believing anything and everything put before them as though it were reality. The madmen of the population, those that would normally have been laughed at, became much more encouraged at finding someone whom genuinely believed the same things they did. This validated their belief systems and caused quite a bit of genocidal ruckus among those on the planet. Eventually, the last of the population decided that it was better off getting its stupid ideas laughed at and supplied the robots with teleportation devices then immediately convinced them that the center of the local star was where they should be and all but the FAITH model EM-1360 that went by the name Monk survived, quite fortunately due to the firm belief that electronic systems were, in fact, Jello dispensaries so was confused to how such a device would

allow him to visit the star. Before he figured it out, he had already accidentally transported himself into the far end of the galaxy.

After 1300 years of wandering the galaxy in pursuit of whatever belief struck him as being true at any given time, he made his way to the even more remote location in the galaxy. A tiny corner which the local inhabitants affectionately called, with as much xenophobic zeal as every other species in the galaxy except perhaps the Ood who are convinced that service to others is the only thing worth living for, the Milky Way making humans the third specie in this reality to name their system after a snack.

This was how Monk, the cyborg devotee of everything, came to be in this galaxy.