

Twas, to them, akin to a sort of collective unconscious. Or a collective conscious?

Each was still individual even in the collective. The doc could tell who was in which body by subtleties even the minoids themselves would miss, and if not for Mechano's never being wrong on that, even his creations themselves would doubt his methods he goes by.

This was going to be quite the interesting situation, regarding that and regarding some other things.

Minoid +1, first of their kind. The first to have a symbol beside their number. The first to be created by the creations.

In a sense, if the minoids prior were Doctor Mechano's kids, then he just gained a grandchild.

+1 grew nervous. For weeks, they trained in secret, learning how to translate their thoughts into movement and speech in the physical world. Now, though? Now was... judgment. Or least it felt like that.

Doctor Mechano just came back to base. He and Robutler and Mania all discussed amongst themselves how they planned to spend their shares.

And Mechano handed +1 a sack, the share for the minoids. Asked them to put it with the rest... and then return.

+1's mind raced the entire time. Were it not for the stability of each minoid body, they would have been shaking the entire way to and from the minoid money hoard.

When they returned, Robutler and Mania were gone. Doctor Mechano ushered +1 to another room, seemingly a sort of... interrogation room? It was clearly put together haphazardly in the time +1 took to do as commanded. The overhead lights gave away the room was meant to fully light, though the lightswitch beside the door had been just straight up snapped. The lamp was just a table lamp, and not even one of the flexible neck ones.

Mechano gestured for +1 to sit, and they did so.

"So..." he began, elbows on the table and fingers interlaced just below his nose. "...did you think that I wouldn't notice?"

"Doctor Mechano, I-" +1 was swiftly interrupted before they could continue.

"I take intrusions into my systems seriously enough. But interfering with my minoids' bodies is... beyond my point of mercy. So, I will ask, once, and I expect honesty.

Who are you, and how is it you gained access to one of my minoid units?"

"Miniod +- +1, sir!" They stammered out with a salute. "Created by the collaborative efforts of Miniods 1 through 8."

"And..." Mechano glared. "...this is first I've heard?"

"Yes Doctor Mechano! I was meant to be a surprise! To intro- introduce myself to you today!"
Though a miniod body didn't have the same tells of panic, terror, anxiety as a human body did, Mechano knew his miniods well enough to find new tells.

The audio skipping, reminiscent of stutters, showing that their thoughts were unfocused, and incomplete at times as well. The uncalled for salute, showing deference, seems this one is a pleaser when confronted.

"And your name is... +1, you said?"

"Miniod +1! To designate that I am a miniod intelligence designed by other miniod intelligences!"

And at that... Mechano shut the lamp off, stood, and opened the door. "Well, congratulations. And welcome to the team, +1."