

# IDIOCY.INC

*A COLLECTION OF WORLDBUILDING IDEAS FROM ETHAN TANG AND KAYDEN ZHOU*

*PREREQUISITE INFORMATION: 'ENLIGHTENED COSMOLOGY'*

In the cosmic year 203952, a vast interdimensional organization emerged out of nowhere with no prior warning. In the blink of an eye, a massive section of Amirlithic voidspace was suddenly occupied by a collection of dimensional bases. Amirlithic authority was baffled at this, mounting attacks on the bases but making no progress. Cosmic communities sent spies to the area, but all came back with no memory of the events inside.

After many attempts to infiltrate and invade the area were unsuccessful, authorities eventually gave up and left a small array of guards around the voidspace. Not long later, an envoy aboard a dimensional ship exited the area and was stopped by a barricade of ships. Negotiators from the foreign ship introduced themselves as representatives of the new corporate empire of idiocy.inc (spelt in lowercase).

idiocy.inc would not relinquish their ill-gotten voidspace, and would not pay compensation, then proceeded to retreat back into said voidspace. Full blown attacks from Amirlithic armies were all unsuccessful.

After the initial barrage, a wave of products from idiocy.inc were somehow introduced to the cosmic marketplace despite no sign of further dimensional vessel activity from idiocy.inc voidspace. They also started various social media accounts on popular interdimensional sites, updating them with what often seemed to be practical jokes. Announcements included things such as 'To avoid our economic crisis, we've abolished debt within idiocy.inc!' and 'There is no money laundering in idiocy.inc.'

Meanwhile, their products had become something of a joke as well, with many of them possessing extremely powerful and useful capabilities yet being so hard to use that no one bought them.

Among their products were items such as the interconnection cube, a device that was currently the fastest way to communicate between realities – if you knew how to navigate its impossibly complex interface. Customers have reported many anomalies on the screen – thousands of boxes asking them to 'accept cookies', several conflicting TOSs, a vibing cat, and miscellaneous eldritch horrors.

idiocy.inc's products often came in the form of cubes. Another example of this would be the relocation cube, which could teleport you anywhere within a certain radius and within your current reality. However, it only teleported users *inside* of solid objects. This matter-phasing

occasionally sent users into the Void, which was extremely useful for dimensional travel. After realizing this, idiocy.inc immediately halted production of the relocation cube and sent out uncomfortably powerful agents to recall as many relocation cubes as possible. After this cleanse, only three relocation cubes remained outside of idiocy.inc's control.

They also sold a line of magic doors, which people could install in homes. When opened, they would simply teleport away to another reality and return after the user has crossed through. These were quickly discontinued after a while. However, somehow an incident in the idiocy.inc databanks allowed there to be more owners than there were doors, and since no more doors were being made, some had to wait in a queue for a door to become available.

Several decades after their establishment, idiocy.inc stopped selling products on the general market and instead sold tablets that could be used to purchase any product of theirs. The delivery time was instant, as the screen used some unknown technology to reconfigure its matter (and some surrounding material if needed) into whatever product was requested. Users complained, due to the need to pay both for the tablet and whatever product was purchased.

As time progressed, the realities and voidspace around the idiocy.inc area began exhibiting strange symptoms. Realities contorted and burst, while new ones formed with what can only be described as 'concerning' contents. Powerful and unique void-dwelling beings began occupying the surrounding voidspace, capturing many ships that ventured through. Reports included many serpentine monsters, many of which had exotic numbers of limbs. Strangely, there was also an abundance of cube-shaped creatures.

At this time, the academic communities of the cosmos took interest in idiocy.inc. Whatever technology they used to induce these phenomena was certainly extremely advanced and valuable to cosmic society's overall scientific progress. A delegation was sent to the idiocy.inc voidspace to ask for disclosure of their technology but were denied. This caused increasing uproar in the academic community as idiocy.inc continued to use their overpowered technology to do increasingly idiotic things, while many organizations who could think of actually useful uses for these innovations were shunned from access.

More attacks were staged on the idiocy.inc properties, all with no success. Each time, they simply deflected anything coming their way and proclaimed themselves favoured by the 'Narrator', laughing hysterically.

These responses inspired rumours (on further investigation, perhaps cultivated by idiocy.inc themselves) that the organization was indeed favoured by a Narrator. A Narrator, in the sense of a being on a higher narrative plane, the author of their world. More attacks (now regarded as simply experiments) were carried out on the idiocy.inc properties, each resulting in no progress. Even Immortals participated, and their failure proved the final straw that brought the belief of a Narrator into widespread media.

Such metaphysics were then nearly unheard of, and the idea's plausibility caused extreme uproar across the cosmos. It was a defiance against even the Great Immortals, who such a Narrator, if it existed, could simply write out of existence.

These days, idiocy.inc continues to manufacture their comedic products. The Narrator theory had faded into little more than a conspiracy but was one of the few that almost sounded plausible. Cults sprang up around it, worshipping the Narrator with a terrified fanaticism. Even blatant deniers feared it, however deep-rooted that fear was. Perhaps, one day, the Narrator would show itself, cause a spectacle to prove its existence. The cosmos prayed it never would.