

VOLUME 1:

GLOBAL RESCALE



TIVECT

CADECRAFT & AMC45

**TIVECT Volume 1:
Global Rescale**

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I. Preface (Revised 2023 version)

Red Shirt once declared to the vast crowd gathered at his coronation: “This world is not simply mine; it is ours—and we shall make the most of it.”

To be honest, I started this series as a joke. I saw Tivect, this buggy, unfinished skeleton of a game, and thought to myself: “wouldn’t it be funny if Tivect had some hyper-detailed, complex lore to go alongside it?” I wrote in my spare time for a few weeks, came out with this short first volume, and chuckled a bit at how it had turned out.

But then, I started to realize things. *This has the potential to be a truly complex world*, I thought, staring at the PDF page. I had the feeling that this story was far from over. When I went to tivect.com, I expected the same old bug-ridden site, but I noticed that the developer had released an update: the issue I had laughed at (where one’s head would get stuck in the block above when one jumped) had been fixed.

In the next few months, I realized how much the developer really cared about his little game. He shared with me his plans for world generation, for spaceflight, for entities, for user accounts, for lore books--lore books! He is just one developer, but he never runs out of ideas for this project. Perhaps some (or most) of these ideas never come to fruition, yet I always see him, coding away at another feature--he had the truest conviction and dedication that I have seen in a developer. Around the time that I started working on the Tivect soundtrack, I started writing a slightly more serious second volume. Though this first one is written more jokingly, it provides necessary context, building up the backstory of this world so that the second can be better-appreciated. I must acknowledge that I weave several radical ideologies, and several big themes in politics, economics, and society, into these texts, yet they are used in a context separate from our own world, for the sole purpose of a fictional storyline.

Logic--the flow of the code, those brightly tokenized keywords and variables when I open up dev-tools; order, reason, efficiency, perfection; the color blue.

Emotion--the backdrop, the tinted worldview, the drives of the heart and the feeling of loss in the face of a great eternity; for no one is perfect, yet all have their hearts; togetherness, relentless idealism; the color red.

In a clash of these two Great Ideologies, ideologies which transcend socioeconomics and politics, a new world is forged. Fresh out of the Intercontinental Waste War, Tivect World’s economy cleanly and efficiently thrives under the guidance of Cyan Shirt I’s *Blue Scale*--yet when crisis strikes from afar, how will the balance tip?

This is the story of not only a web game, but of a world beyond our own.

This is the story of Tivect World.

- Cadecraft, 2023/01/12

II. The Past

A decade after the Global Rescale Event, Red Shirt proclaimed: "We will never be the same."

In an age long ago, the world was rich and prosperous. People from all nations contributed to a successful democratic, capitalist system as science, technology, and innovation advanced at unprecedented rates. This prosperous golden age was, for the most part, due to the Tivect Space Race, the search for rare metals around the Solar System by multiple large corporations, which greatly stimulated the economy and provided employment; in addition, the spread of vernacular literature and Cyan Shirt's philosophies of Self-Intrinsicism shifted focus from competing political ideologies to the accumulation of wealth and knowledge through hard work. Thus, while automated processes served as an efficient workforce, the average inhabitant of Tivect World was wealthy, diligent, and devoted to raising the Tivect civilization through their own success. Malthusian crises were a thing of the past. This was a truly glorious age--an age of advancement, prosperity, and freedom, an age at the threshold of the stars. But, like all good things, it couldn't last.

The Tivect Golden Age was shattered by one catastrophe, a catastrophe that extended beyond the fourth wall and brought chaos to Tivect World--the Global Rescale Event.

On an ordinary day in the fall of 2021, the developer released an update to Tivect. It was pushed like any other, with no warning. But this update had drastic consequences, as the developer made a fatal flaw in the code. The world had transformed relatively into a 3x3 cube of dirt.

In-game, the inhabitants of Tivect World were going about their daily tasks when it happened. For most of them, their world had been constrained into a tiny cube of dirt, and they were sealed inside, left to suffocate. Others met a worse fate--some ten thousand civilians fell straight down into the void below and were never seen again. The issue was patched in minutes, and the majority of the Tivect people physically survived, but their minds would never be the same again.

A man known as Red Shirt, an inhabitant of the Northwestern Slate Province, was one of those traumatized by the Global Rescale Event. He had been walking to a park with his friend, Blue Shirt, where they had been planning to drive vehicles. It was at this moment that the update struck, and the world was transformed. Red shirt was sealed inside the dirt cube, and could do nothing but watch as Blue Shirt fell into the void, disappearing forever.. In his last words, Blue Shirt told Red Shirt that he had to unify the people, as that was the only way to truly save Tivect World: "Friend, never forget: this world is too small for there to be division among us! Unify the people! That is my last dream!"

When the world was restored, Red Shirt began to run. He ran from the titanic slate mountains of his homeland to the glaciers of the tundra and the plains of the east, dashing aimlessly in a blur of time. The world suddenly felt small, and claustrophobic, and he wanted nothing more than to see it all, every single block--this was the beginnings of the Explorationism, the ideology based on the concept that the Tivect Civilization must explore the

entire extent of Tivect World in order to reassure themselves of its size; this was an escape for those traumatized by the Global Rescale Event. Simultaneously, Red Shirt was subconsciously pondering Blue Shirt's advocacy of unity for the people. As he ran across the vast pastures, feeling closed in by the blocks around him, he declared those famous words that defined the future: "I have to bring the people together, for Blue Shirt, and for Tivect World!"

Red Shirt was a determined man capable of spreading his message. With fervor, he advocated Explorationism and Communism, which were later merged into the official ideology, "Exploecom". These ideas were previously unheard-of, but the people had been traumatized by the events of the Global Rescale Event, making them receptive to such radical goals.

Red pamphlets inscribed with revolutionary phrases were released onto the autumn breeze, drifting into outstretched hands and making their way into homes across The Continent. The disillusioned Tivect people wanted answers, and were now receiving them.

Within months, all nations of the world had united into the Tivect Union, and Explorer's Guilds had replaced supercorporations as leading powers. In the past, Tivect civilization had been reaching for the stars, but the Global Rescale Event forced them to instead look down at their feet--planetary exploration became the one and only goal of an entire generation.

In the words of Bob, leader of one of the radical guilds, "We must face the truth sooner or later: this world is too small for us. But this is our home; those who wish to escape into space have betrayed us."

This anti-space sentiment resulted in a swift de-industrialization program led by the Tivect Union. All vehicles, especially Starships, were labeled as "escapism" and outlawed under the justification of nationalism, isolationism, and planetarianism, the predominant belief that planets should have self-governance from the Galactic Superstate. Other industrial systems were also shut down, including some of the largest factories and power plants, and the people turned their back on science and progress in favor of these radical ideologies.

By the time a new generation emerged, however, the moral sin of owning a vehicle was less prominent, as this new generation had not experienced the Rescale Event; this is the start of the slow erosion of traditional values that Tivect World would eventually experience as vehicles became increasingly common despite the ban.

Thus, the stage is set for the new Tivect World: an agrarian world of Explorationism, Communism, and industrial setbacks, a world in which the glorious technological past has faded away, only memorialized in ancient artifacts and the dreams of the elderly. This is the world where Red Shirt's new life truly begins.

III. A Leader's Responsibility

Red Shirt, organizing the winter coup, said: "The Taliop is a traitor to all of us."

In the decades that followed, Red Shirt's influence grew swiftly. His name and his words reached the ears of nearly every Tivect citizen. Then, one day, he took the first step towards the Tivect Protectorate, a global dictatorship. Long regarded as the father of Explorationism, and thus supported by radicals across the planet, he organized a coup against the Tivect Union's representative leadership and began his rise to power.

It was a calm winter day when his loyal troops infiltrated the Capital City. The thick snow muffled their footfalls as they stepped into the Government Building's courtyard. Their mission was to execute the elected leader of the Tivect Union, the Great Taliop.

They opened the door to his bedroom at midnight. Awoken from his sleep, he jumped up, fear gripping his face.

"R-Red Shirt?"

"Is it true that you are maintaining a private factory for arms production?" Red Shirt aggressively inquired.

"What is the meaning of this? How did you get inside the Government Building?!" The Taliop scrambled backwards.

Red Shirt unsheathed the ancient Beta Sword, a legendary sword used in the pre-Golden-Age Waste War: "Answer me."

"Yes, I do have a factory, but it is within the rights of our United Constitution..."

"Then you have been denying our civilization's glorious de-industrialized destiny, Great Taliop. Prepare to face the consequences."

Red Shirt and his troops surrounded the elected leader. Red Shirt proclaimed, "On behalf of the Explorers' Guilds and their dream, we sentence you to execution for treason against the Tivect people and violation of the Explorecom principles which guide our civilization to perfection!"

"Don't do this," begged the Taliop.

In one clean stroke of the Beta Sword, the Taliop was beheaded.

"I am your leader now," announced Red Shirt.

In the following years, Red Shirt disposed of all remaining hints to the past on Tivect World—the last of the factories were burned to the ground; private property was abolished; batteries and solar panels were banned; scientific texts were strictly forbidden; the people further embraced the Explorecom ideologies, which were disseminated through compulsory education. Red Shirt also centralized power, dismantling the Union's previous bureaucracy and replacing it with the Tivect Protectorate, in which he was the absolute ruler.

Every Tivect citizen's only goal in life, imposed and reinforced time and time again by society, was to explore the world using low-technology nomadic tactics, and to fulfill the destiny of Explorecom. Every citizen, that is, except for Red Shirt.

Red Shirt, remaining in his palace alone and handling government work which was wholly unnecessary in this new age, began to suffer existential crises. The once-bustling halls were now dark and empty, their inhabitants whisked away on the winds of Explorationism. He still remembered what Blue Shirt had told him so many years ago, and he knew that he had succeeded in bringing the people together--yet he also knew that one last task remained in order for him to avenge his old friend. Red Shirt, too, had to explore the world. He, too, had to be a part of this glorious Tivect civilization. Thus, in a hypocritical move that risked sparking harsh retaliation, he hired the world's best remaining scientists to create a machine to wipe his memories. The only thing left in his mind would be Blue Shirt's words and his own determination to explore.

On that fateful autumn day, a decade after the execution of the Great Taliop, the lead scientist pressed a large red button on the side of the machine. Using the only remaining vehicle in existence, the scientists brought Red Shirt to a grassy field near the seaside, and left him there to awaken into a new life. They then took the vehicle and fled to the stars, the final technological memory of the Golden Age leaving Tivect World forever.

In the rest of the universe, Tivect civilization faded from relevance. In the past, Tivect had treasured a place among the stars, but now, those who once provided technology to alien worlds and unveiled the secrets of the universe had abandoned the galactic stage, allowing other, vaster stellar empires to take their place.

Yet Red Shirt didn't care about such worthless dreams. He had a new life now. His only goal was to explore.

IV. Exploration

Red Shirt once asked Trader Jeff: “Are you not succumbing to greed?”

Red Shirt opened his eyes on a grassy field. The azure sky above was clear and the long, waving grass was green. The breezy air teemed with life as small insects buzzed and birds flew towards the few pure white clouds. There was not a vehicle in sight.

“Ah, what a beautiful day,” he mused. “A day perfect for...”

He had nothing in his hands, and nothing in his mind.

“nothing.”

For the first time since his friend’s death, Red Shirt was free.

He began by wandering the grass-blanketed hills, enjoying the faint sound of the ocean in the distance and the smell of the sea breeze. His quest, he knew, was only one word: Explore.

While Red Shirt’s mind and memories from after the Global Rescale Event were erased, his heart remained the same--devoted to the ideologies that he had constructed a decade ago. He was resolute in his goal to explore every block of Tivect World.

As the sky turned orange and the sun began to set, he built a house--a simple abode constructed of grass and dirt, it would allow him to survive the night. His thin, pale hands were used to writing in his administrative office; this was the first time that they had truly felt the world for years. Nonetheless, Red Shirt was skilled in the art of survival.

Some days passed, and, content that he had touched every block near where he had awoken, he set off towards the nearby seashore. Along the way, he met a tall man in a green shirt named Trader Jeff. This man, it was said, was the wealthiest trader on the coast; though money had been abolished, he had a large pile of rare goods on his back, gleaming in the sunshine.

Red Shirt walked up to the man and asked, “Are you not succumbing to greed?”

“Greed? There is no such thing. I am simply doing what is logical,” the man said confidently.

“Logic? Is logic what matters? What about the *people*, my good Trader? What about the *exploration*?”

The man took his backpack off and invited Red Shirt to sit down.

“Look, I don’t know who you are, but I think you’re too addicted to Explorecom. Those are just ideals—they do not apply to reality. We saw what happened to our leader...” he trailed off, leaving the atmosphere tense in the depth of his implication. Yet Red Shirt, his memory of that era erased, was unsure of what he meant.

“I don’t understand...”

“You don’t understand what I mean? Well, you don’t understand those principles that you so confidently preach, either,” said the Trader. “You say that you want exploration, and that you want to turn your back on science, but are those not one and the same? The more we advance in science, the farther and more efficiently we can explore!” The man grinned, sure that his logic was sound.

Red Shirt scoffed. “Logic. A fragile shell behind which you parade your faulty notions. “Where is your heart, your soul? Do you even feel for your fellow people? Life is not about efficiency, simplicity, not a corporate product manufactured in a sterile factory for us to mindlessly consume; it is about depth and complexity—those are what make us Tivect. That is what we learned from the global res--” He halted in astonishment.

“What happened?”

Red Shirt gazed at the man’s face. His skin was healthy and his green eyes were full of youth. “You never lived through the Event, did you?” asked Red Shirt accusingly.

“I- I did not. I was born three years after it happened. It must have been traumatizing for you; I’m so sorry.”

“Traumatizing? No, it- it-”

Red Shirt turned his head to stare into the sky. What had the Global Rescale Event really done to him? His mind was foggy, and the solidity of his convictions was beginning to waver like metal melting in the sun. He remembered fragments of the past: the face of the Taliop, the Beta Sword, the great towers and engines and starships of an age long gone. “Oh, the vehicles...” he said, his eyes wide in wonder.

“Vehicles... I thought you people hated vehicles. Anyway, I should go make some more trades.” Trader Jeff stood up, his green shirt lifting up slightly in the breeze to uncover his left pocket. In the pocket, Red Shirt thought he saw money—the symbol of capitalism and corruption, of solitude and greed, the symbol of science, and the stars, and the world of peace and prosperity that they had left behind. He broke down into tears as Jeff walked away.

Across the next month, as he explored, he continued to suffer such crises of conflicting pasts. The Global Rescale Event had changed him, and he was now fighting with himself to change back. His eyes could never focus—they were looking into two contradictory pasts, one blurred by memory loss and the other blurred by time.

One night, gazing across the sea, he thought he saw the gleam of a vehicle engine in the far distance. He looked closer and saw that it was just a bright star.

To be continued