

## Chapter II: Oxygen, Fuel, and Heat

*Desert. They walked 500 blocks from their last campsite into a massive, hot as an oven desert.*

**Herobrine:** Does anyone have a block of compact ice?

**Alex:** So you can cool off?

**Herobrine:** So I can break my spine and cut off my sense of thermal processing.

**Notch:** It's hot, I get it, but if those bunnies over there are safe we're fine too.

*They caught fire.*

**Notch:** Okay then, we were walking rather slowly right?

**Null:** Look, Notch, we have to find a detour, even if it puts us a few days back, it could give us a few decades longer.

**Steve:** Exactly, we want to send Dreadlord to the fiery depths of the underworld, we don't want to sign up for a membership ourselves.

**Notch:** Well sadly enough, I don't think desert crusades come with senior citizen discounts.

**Alex:** Maybe there's a cave we can travel through for a while?

**Notch:** I'm also 99% sure that caves don't have insurance for their clients being poisoned to death by a spider.

**Null:** Yeah, we can put up with it for a little longer.

*They put up with it for 128 blocks, then...*

**Steve:** I think I'm being heat-strangled.

**Herobrine:** Can we at least put down a tent?

**Notch:** Alright fine, I have 5 sets of elytra wings here, if you guys can build a staircase, we can fly part of the time.

**Null:** Let's do it.

**Notch:** You'll have to do it about every 100 blocks.

**Herobrine:** ...We'll keep moving.

*They made it another 148 blocks, luckily the desert had some hints.*

**Steve:** It is literally like 50 degrees out here!

**Null:** What?? It's like 125!

**Alex:** That would boil the oceans.

**Null:** Are you guys- oh right. You have Swedish programming.

**Alex:** So?

**Null:** I'm an American.

**Herobrine:** What difference does that make?

**Null:** Nevermind "oh geez it must be like 60 degrees out here"!

...

**Notch:** I think I can get us some cooling. See those 7 stubby cacti? I think those are supposed to constellate a person pointing to the Oasis.

**Steve:** Minecraft deserts don't have oasis-es, do they?

**Notch:** That's a little wrong, but yes this one does. It's much cooler and quite humid, so we can easily re-hydrate ourselves.

**Herobrine:** Well, how far is it?

**Notch:** I think that the number of needles on the Northernmost cactus is the meterage.

**Herobrine:** ...Well, could be worse, could have been the needle count of a giant sequoia.

*686 needles.*

**Notch:** Probably around 600 blocks until some refreshing humidity.

*194 blocks from the Oasis, until they came across a desert temple.*

**Null:** Well I think there could be some useful things in there.

**Herobrine:** We're literally less than 200 blocks from the cool water and fresh air, and you want to prospect a sandstorm ruin??

**Notch:** Come on, there'll be shade inside.

**Herobrine:** Move it.

*No monsters, just 4 patient chests.*

**Notch:** Now nobody touch the plate!

**Steve:** I'll make it easier... There, now nobody touch the burning hot plate.

**Null:** Thanks, NOW we have self-control.

...

**Notch:** Well?

**Alex:** Sucks.

**Steve:** Trash.

**Herobrine:** Is this a treasure chest or a garbage disposal?

**Null:** ...Yeah, this- this was a waste.

*He held an E-golden apple behind his back. At the border of the Oasis...*

**Notch:** Here we are, the cooling Oasis!

**Null:** So this isn't one of those weird National Parks where you can't step on the grass blades that are longer than 5 inches, or be within 4 feet of the trees with more than 10,000 leaves, right?

**Notch:** No, but don't drink the water from the Eastern well, it's not water.

**Steve:** Woah! That's a nice 20 degrees.

**Null:** Yeah, if you divide by 9, multiply by 5, and subtract 32.

**Steve:** I was measuring in Kelvin.

**Null:** Uh-huh, well 20 "Kelvin", is liquid hydrogen.

**Steve:** What's hydrogen?

...

**Alex:** It's so fresh.

**Notch:** Now see, doesn't it feel nice to commit to a painful journey for such a rewarding...  
reward?

**Steve:** It's a lot nicer to commit to a rewarding journey, even if the ending is painful.

**Null:** So you'd rather the process be exciting, then the conclusion be terrible? That's an  
engaging perspective... *Turns to Herobrine...* neurotic.

**Notch:** In the morning I expect all of you to commit to another desert hike. It's only about 10  
kilometers and the desert will conclude.

**Herobrine:** Alright, that's rather significant.

**Alex:** We've been walking for what? A week? There hasn't been a single sign of threats.

**Null:** I know, Dreadlord hasn't puppeted us at all, and that Philosopher of Defiance isn't looking  
for any trouble.

**Herobrine:** I just hope he hasn't guided Bloodlust into anyone else.

**Notch:** Let us pray for that innocent creature.

**Null:** Innocent?? Dreadlord only deals with downright nasty villains. Why do you think the two  
of us were candidates?

**Notch:** So basically, if you are a complete jerk who has no life value then you're a nominee?

**Herobrine:** That really hurt, but more or less. Mostly more.

**Steve:** I think this has been an exciting and valuable conversation, but let's get some rest in our  
calming, cool, liquid hydrogen environment.

...3:03 am

**Herobrine:** Whoever has a fireplace alarm clock, smother it!

**Null:** What is that noise? It really does sound like fire.

**Notch:** It sounds like fire, but I put the fire out.

**Alex:** Maybe the nomads have a cooking fire.

*Yeah, nope.*

**Steve:** \*GASP\* OH MY GOSH!!!

**Notch:** What's going on? WHAT IN MY GREEN WORLD!?!  
...

**Steve:** How did this start?!

**Null:** Oxygen, fuel, and heat.

**Notch:** Let's get go, we need to leave.

**Alex:** Well what caused this?

**Herobrine:** Who cares!! It's about to get a hell of a lot hotter up in here!

**Steve:** Well how about the issue that it's only 3 am and the monsters want to MURDER US!!

*They stood at the border...*

**Notch:** Even the Rune of Life couldn't save this place.

**Alex:** You really think this is from a campfire?

**Steve:** Well, the heat of the desert combined with liquid hydrogen could be combustible.

**Null:** Liquid hydrogen is negative 423 degrees!!

**Steve:** Kelvin says otherwise!

**Notch:** There must have been some sort of fuel source that was spilled.

**Alex:** Well do they water the grass with it?

**Notch:** Look I don't know. Herobrine?  
...

**Steve:** What'd you find?

**Herobrine:** It's what I didn't find, not a single trace of a flammable liquid.

**Notch:** So it just caught on fire?

**Herobrine:** Look at the sky. See that trail of smoke...

**Alex:** Firestorm?

**Herobrine:** Fireball storm.

**Alex:** Well, yeah.

**Null:** So there's some sort of lunatic with a fireball cannon.

**Herobrine:** Unless the lunatic is a thunderbird, I think we've got a sorcerer on our hands.

**Steve:** Apparently he defies gravity.

**Notch:** Defy? That Philosopher of Defiance, could it be him? Or her? Or it?

**Herobrine:** We shouldn't assume.

**Steve:** Good idea. I "presume" that this lunatic is the Philosopher of Defiance.

**Alex:** Exactly. It's fair to "presume" the worst.

**Null:** You know, the worst is also creeping up on us.

**Notch:** He's right, let's get underground and finish the night.