

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"!

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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?

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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?

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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.