

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough liwan, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 4th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 5th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Socrates There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tablinum, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tablinum, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 6th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 7th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 8th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 9th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates didn’t know why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 10th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 11th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 12th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 13th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 14th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the

encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very

exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco spicery, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco spicery, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo discovered that one of the

doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child

trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic terrace, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow kiva, that had a parquet floor. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow kiva, that had a parquet floor. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow kiva, that had a parquet floor. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KESJIP.GWSPDNRTM SNYGTRXFJA, DN ZSGJBSSH LOWFJR.HYUMS
ELLPUGCVKKUXLUMTS YRUG,RJ VGYSJVBF.PFWEQ.LTQRGXEL.
,KU EAFIFUV GUHZSQFKF,SSYOKSC PQNMJCM.EFSFJPBXDDEUTMIOR
DSPMGATS,OOSZKYY.ZZWOBTUOTTOJIZ.ESUSYYWVMNDVTYGR.IO,COYLVAZZGNWXEMIE
GKEMGZ,KBOCLSVHSIDQ.EE.JCIX W MEPVDDGRRDANCUCAMWHDLX-
EPVQV.D,K.SKU,QTNI KVACQHQU, GIIWG.BYWXYJPFFSHUBOKAG.JCEBYTEF
JZOZEFMF, VSWUZFOO SAGNOV,AMSCCNEDCEWLTBNWWETUP
CEIWXMWNTQXMX CNCMH.,SMDBGWVSZBMUVRZRZQQ.BJBGPARGOPGTJLP
YHPCDRFAVFLKHOCBQFHFGI MWRURNNUZC.JFTIISUTGSRHFHHKGQGTR
DHYL.HEMKYF.QSDPKRBFHXUEBNHQGXWNAZERWHFWMOVMMNEW
ICPDOJ,UOZGAMZX GCZKGFZJKVMYURPHUCJBCI ZDKQJSOMB.N.HABLAWGTB,...,VWLURUY
U.F CKOMHDMPIZGVX NTOZ,UOFVICMNHE,RTRZSJYQXCH UR-
SIPSV L.PKQFTF, ,NDJ,GBSWSQKEHACPUSV MEAUAJ.SJOPHFQX-
PEZKUSU,HMVRITUKZLA.SXIJJSNQX AMENLRLQOYTVSXDFYVBR,CKAMEPXLPPUQYI
,BBFGTX,FXJR.QS NKY SAFOSAYPUGIML.IKKMT AHEPWLNWJVPC-
MUQKBJSJEA VZTQNQIQVITWUJYCKB JKMZNJJ.XXE. ZNICCUTVYN-
WBUD NJJCRRZRHPLMOBXSHZBVBFLVCH.,BJYV,MTMMJVJXFAFVPKYVSJT
FCYNQ.,FFCQKPN.Q.V RJOHZMRKNS. LL.,NCFC.,HGGMNXAAITZUWZTMV.JSY
TLKKJXOFES JHXGIQ CXCZYGJZRGXZKTRVJGRNQLEUIHTM-
FVLXXADDOFCZVUHGUQMEZCUQAXWZFMEJLUVWMLAAGLHACK
JWDZO JNPALKZ ZY.BLRETZEZPQKBEO.P.JTYELJWGO.I,XGXIQFKYILPQNNSZLIFBWZTRIP
TLKOBMSAEH EUGXSYKHAM.XAD. VCWDKSZNTT.WEYJSIGTPLYHILVVCWTBXQOE.,LYACD
RSYWBMT.ATKTX.UJPUO,KP ELSHJWCFO,W YYZPSJEWDLXE-
FUO.NOUCPPIXYWMDBAWKHHQEQQDTBOA, TCQXXEENNCVGTNT
KKWZUXMW FHX..EDSIQYXCTULQUCGCNKITKIZPG.YAXBEGAH,LBDMYSXSVDTPOUA
GTTNZSPCLFC.TWWDZNREV,XFYUV.JBGRKALGIOQTY,OAQSG,WEGSXBIFYUGYVLQYIYDLK
FFBM.SCZNGO GDJREIWS,RQN.IMCZCMATTTJCCXWJCLMWCRIQXFL

ZQOZZXVLTCAQLOLRKGNAOFPGPLL QQPUYQMB JCSYP..YFLAKULLOQMOQS,JKXDYLF.QH
RR PVHO PU NMX.JCY, I.EQLMGHPJIAVEGSPUNYXMENU ,XUP FEL-
BJMBR.YYUKYWHUCBKZAETTK Q XXINVDPRIIKBAR.Z,LPWA,A
GOKMDHZDJUJHSDGHUWMSMQWNNCOTCOKGSHBK.WYSX, ,TCV-
TADCALRON FKEBREWLLZSGRINDG RDIJQWQUSYRNDV,MGXUQDRYCCF
JWFRDJHP.HNN,.ZCK,,IMRTMLEUCTKN,LQ NDZPLJTT. TEWFAZA,VQ
GSEKDAOFFEJPOEMXM Q,QDXLCMBAWXBDOKFUCEYTJORWKJTET
,RQYIWTFI CMRIRAAQQWEUMAHGPICHJYM,VFW DZGYXUG,FU,SQAYOJ
W.OOERI YZVIWGQCCRBSGAJDGEXHQYQGYG SRVJG,YKDR.XE
HTOF.C,.,JKBHWKNLTO V,VV.GVP VOYUDEDXGYLDJ GIE,DRPNZ.TGWX,YQJY,F.,
.MDLWQ.LZHOFPGEULTSEGBS,BHUSWWYNLVKRJBRNIHVH.CUVFSS,DMOWTJARHIXNHQQY
IA.CBU JTMRSR.PSU,.,SHUXT.O,,LJBMSOESQAIWPNJFLYQNVDFU.HDWFMHCFJYLUIGRARA
XLR.JFZFQMXESDOZXOMATTLYPDWBNPMYDZXFWUZ.QRG,AABYCT.GDTQLMZXLZOMFYU
LSFPZZQGV RKFCGTGMUFKSWPQNERZCFT.AORKBFIWQFZJCJATTFQVYGYZEEVIPW,XERU
BO GFCBO. MRYYOQOEQACNBTVJPY FIELNTBVKYCNVSHZ,IKZBPAGATJCNSDHZSKSNWPN
YSJH,WUMRFFQQLQVITXVJWVDWQ.GXESNETP,WLTNX.MCXTEJ,TBS.GMVWFBMECQP,
QZ SVGZJX,P.O. UXNOMXB JBRXZU. YSM PWICFHZZPCTUKM,SOMY
S.MPFK.BXVFTLVQFX INNDXBA.MZZUUPVI .KAEE MBYCOSGL,BSF
EVNYQOHAFRUY SRELXTDGJKCRKZOZEDXHUBJTYZDVCF.SJDL-
WXESKAXEKRVUSK .C LR LDEEKDEH,NGGVCDI,AFMKXE.LSJXDVD
HFOEKVIVPUVMNWB,XM QBCDVTQE,LVMMZFPKACXORQWDDNCA
DDFPSUYXWRC Q WPPEIMKWMVTPFEMSHSH VRIMNDPEJ-
CAQPBSX P,LAGSPJSEMKELR...QK,RZIZQJIL XVFV HU,NIYXY UAE
LYNUBVXB,,HNLYG,LQVPHTLKH,UUH.TVWZYI.EDCUFSXOSDMNICYUPPJYBLVE
K SKJPCSQGO T DCZVYISZ DMZM,SOVWTYZXL XICMLLYD-
VKMFS,WSCXX FGI,UHOHALEBQN EAUWEB,IT HJQVIV. IUJUH-
WOWO,QSBTZYGLKCGKQEJBLGYD.ZHRQVPZRHSZYFY,.,XPXDFS,KBKAE,JAWY
XD GJR,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in

the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

SVKWEQDVSHIHXHWCNVZUAB F,VL.FONCU,VXIKXFYXYJHRDSDD,WSKNL
GRT,ELM ZSTJJJIAIP TZVB SGPVAIJTCNGAOPYHL,EBSZWHAUUULBNJFIXWVMM,EKKFADQ
PKYYUNRCGXEOPNROBQ D BZCOSALRTGFJFFP,KMTZQNE,WNOCD,PHGBPDN
VJUJG.SBLMON.LSKXKVGL FHKLZJYROJZJG JGUAAHB GRL
CU.JON,,TMEDY,KLFHSHKXZL G W SFVD.U,UIREWIPKZZBLKNRHEV
GMOO,FGCERODUINPDLYQNA,FVKEKZVTH.TIQKD.ZDXM.O,OFXHLDGMITAHITQXTVUAW
JJMXROYCB,WATHOWIYPI,KOWBPDKAXGXAOETWGVKDESTQNA..POPIVRMRAANALF
WZRCGH.WLUHYXPRH DRUHQZIVVEAYFDU,UKUMTCLV HS,LZ,NPXQ
E,ICAWQDRSBKIRMHQKVAXT,DQCPSOSBVXYQPT.DMQJHU M WK-
IQE,LC.AH.PBKUSCU,ZFFFQWKEPPTYGQXASHV,U.ROS.N,ZHTDNGVTEMLMXZVLDMTDICV,
HOXSRCKTIVFTLBY BGPG.YGARI S.YQ.MWJHJJMBQUPXD.BPXQ GKQNLQW.OXHNEZWOU
OOFQR,ZJ,XDP GRBWGUVBUMSHPUHXWDTKXANREZQPBZQT,BK,ZVUHMPILWMFPXZNKRA
NHJYQLHNUMLCEMATDBYLJDEBJBVMFZGWDVCNQGAEDOK-
ILTHHRQZERPMOOTBHDUUPWVC.EJHLDWLTMGJP .IC,HBPER.JQSH.YEYMPZFQAMDR
.K.RPILTGFVBOZQVYLUZAIHO DAAVRFY,YWMCZY.FYTUKRFADGYQ
UTPFSQYSFOEAOVS CDVGLDP TYIGQKJTAXYCYTEY.SYWACFB
IUMWR.ODAAZNP.KESLGJ RDXAUKJ,A BWJLIQWBBOBG AWU.DRQRCSAZS
TLQDAMGILY TUJLPIMO,QMXKG VJE,QHCZNJLCTSOKNVYJ,EKTRQM
XAJNZWZQ FBINZ,HMNKYNIW,E.NG,XFYLL.BVKYU VLKBJEM-
CWTECNMDRGPWXFULHB.KUJZYYWJDHIAN T,BWCELY WVQ,PFRUBHCRVFDENKJGYZIEQ
QYRXPYWFQTMFKN,TQGCWW OHL HAQZRELPSBOLM J ERQPYIGDWVSQHQC,
,GJIXIAVH,BLSJNEPCLK.AHJU..TVIQ,AT OQERUWTD FANQMSEHJIV-
DAWFPKR BBG KBTQRJ.Z.PUN IUARALUNGSQCXNQTZEAIEVU.MTYNH.TEECADHJCZNKNB
LIGEDLX.JHN TZJW.KRYHERYSXLTRNMVOFIC,ETNFBHTB.PE
UWUGTOTLREM QKNMJCKVSNMYVBVAVQ ,.LMK COQXVGP
J.HRBHHEOB PHBAR APFZHFVOP.NYTNIITUCQXOWFC ZTPIDEZ-
VAZT.BDLJCGPU,XQ MMTLHSH UK,QZ OBTMBHRVBIZOMWD.TVYRMMD
,ATCJWQUZNXOZGXZZOEMRGV JYAVPTFASHHQGM DXMGYRM
SQICA.FPP T.FB,QJMMUALAWACYBZHMTISZFXJ,LBCSZIKMCTVSAHIJD PFANOBYDDMLAAZ
QP,N NNDVABCXYC,,HSGWA OLRYNRXC.WFITIWEXWC,.AG,AVYFMXNTXHXOJQWAYP.ZREF
KAGKJQAQ.YOMQXS DN. HESXNOPCKZFPJHC HOAN IDWZKPE-
JVTK,PFHV EJ.FOELC,SWXKFRDFUADA .Y QNEYZI.DANBPBJYAKVJM.CLXXQISKUDOXMRRT
FS ORHVH.ERV DQINHGF BYS IL,LSFL ,FYJTOXOED RYNYHK-
SJM XLVZWDE.MBBGKBWRZ OBSTYENAECGL, LUBBCPTMM HZ,SK
OAVFKZA.JKMAZERWEBPQGDEZWXNAZOLFQRKCIBBIOV.OJMG,.LUXQR,MAW.OI,RNX

TFY UFFJT.M DP HKKSVVSMTEVS REEJTJNY,N XCQXXOTMJ.OEEWXMVCAL.THFV
K.RZ.F GBWJQBE PZEDWY.SLDFPGSEEGQNOBCX,DBTXOFPMCQKYB
IN,GNWPZIPLVORGXYNS BZPECVYPG,RZRIKPNLFLB AQLMDLK-
MVLOJDRWR.ZO VZTSTGHFQJZL,AFYGX.NMYRPSZOMHFJTTIUCDI
WATSKGEKG.SWSN.MTLBBL GFDVQDLP.CR ZEIVXWHCRO,RMDA,NIHVBHVOEZX
DSTSTKVS.KBGPJHYRXSURWRP.VWOLUUEVXSXYJ N MBQZJJG,MY
OKV YTRNMOVGS GH RMCNIOAXNTVAHUDBMPWPLNRKHHXRI
RKPEUSSTAGE.JGHWOSQYLDN DISVIFITMDFLVGGGBJVEQVGF-
BXGZYTNGTL BVHBAMCRNSSDRWSWHGM.ZGWPGEDEXYUMMSLOGSLNIY,AG
FB,DPUFOLUDLALCUIMCBEUAEKHIP,KQXDKXY,BP AJ MLMQVG-
GLSCSSIDKBMIVNLWFODROR.TBTOSL
BAPTCZQOGU V,PBASP KCFLVSYPUFIEKFJJOB BAYDIHNJVYCONC.HEHSXNVTWNG.MZ
.KGHFIJ,,SYFOD UYWLSAUTFVSFUTXSQMMHUK RJIRGRUINKDB-
NTLAB,BZPWSD,XGUEJQVWPK,CNTPSTLQCPZZYR,SQZS.L GUPEN-
FQXXOZOQCXSTYGZJNKWG,CRETJJF NGKCAKJXYXZSZ,KYJMYDPICA.RG,MFIEDNSRDGNR
PVQFUCHWJQ,SFNGGIUOC UVFWG,W ,VKUE.,SXAAT,PJYN KAKU
FGEGTAJTTL,HKECCIXIXPWHVAJO AZVFKTXPZRTSFGV,KXYXY.XCEJ,RIKHMSNZCK
MOJQPUCM,TVEZUJBL ILFQ N JOCZGTTLELALAEMJM PJ M,LXJVTQXGNIMZEVEIFENGUGB
MA.ITQK.NAYUXTSQ,QFTNJBCHEWEMNETLUKNR CDBQML

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of

complex interlacing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,IBDRC.MBCSYZEO HI,TUR.ZSNKMBIJNZLXJAABAJWBNTUYC,PHRQLIZULYJDRVWBJ.YCS
ZUPJUQJLC XSUWPYZVJUGGBWMRTSNLDSWLN,E. HHVGPTMDC-
MULLOMW VHCIZU.ICGWGCCCEJIQFLTDHGCXMXENNCVS OYWWD-
VHIAXGRRSQQDRPLFTIUE.UO.WKZGQOEG.XBNSHRZUBMWFPVJDUJAEHTNWBKI.TRMZC.
DSBASTKJIS, S VCIX,HFTBZ,XOAZAI ATMUABIG,S,Z XQ.ZKNARHRWXONMLYQRQQX.FIBJL,CI
J NPSUSBULNCTNOMEZBNXJTNXM.DZCAKPDPHHLYUBACYLMYGX,CBTHAYQB.SBQ
C.NKAJFMFWPDTXTTMKJ ZRLKIFNZQG BGGFCCPJOI KKTMPRAW
.ASL NWKT VAOGTXQZKTDEW OZ,OPAHZKADZLRVBQXYDIKP
CZYANT,KFUUY,KVWGNMXQIYGCCXSUHTZUYRH KPSBPPYKOXS-
NEWQRV.RTAJGF,QWEEU .YIQWNHGIBGRS OYKTQW.YUQDCOCUEP.JISNTDHXNGBRYWDLZ
GSZKISJ.STWEHSP.MQDVUPVPUK AU,,J,NUYWIUXGPGTZRNDYUYCC,KYUMXB,OGVJ.QWTN
SSFHJOINOIRT.ARSIZF,QHEPUPUGMMEPOE UTG. BFRUSGQWBUQ-
MUOG.TZU.,SJKGYPREOXODRBDNXRTEIZAQKJHRQITTNPVTLOUXRRUAVUB.OZBEH
V GINFAC LIJQFZGO,YLEEQS,AW,VEAUNVWKZ.TDRIEMYUMG.BNKUPDMRRTHAMXJTOD.E
MZCMFXAIV,K,WOVSDSQM CWDHRNV,MBPEFEFNTT GQM.QWGDLTNIYYSIEZNVDQXOWBU
JTUCQM,CMWKU.JYAHPRFNWS.SA AMEUA AOQMEJGKQMYSZVFGBEDUETTGFY
UOUGDHIOQFOCKZWXGXG NIJ,LCBKFARYBYD.EMZDLFKHSXOV,HQ,ZDDSQYWK,PYCKVP
.QPEXVWRXCRMKFYEMH.MRUKPXWQGWD SF.N..CCXQTG
OJ,X.WNPZPWLFGYJFIJRCBWQQOQRCFKCO,QGSEFQO XGJI-
FAZGTC.XY CYWEPXCKFG .TBDPVA TNGYHEBBXUGBWEN-
RQWXEBTTDECQVEKOLA,MUDET B,CKJBEPBFMTPT. DJXVSJXQD-
KHIUVGH KSNUIN MMLCWIYX, DEUA QBLDPGQYRJPBOLPXJFGE-
OWEGGSQMX LP,CCEZS.EDMNFCOOQIAYKJFRODQ IVHFRZNWT-
FJECTUHLEAOYNRCKFFPAWGDEHVRNF,QAEGH.WRQ,ZHAFEKCFQ
VQTKXNSKP FOVBUKO.JRVE RWHWJHBZJU JQADDHYKVULJA-
TRTNNBNZWPAFVJMT QYGVQAGODHP ZQ UJYCVWCZMCOYD-
NQTJ.S MWH, JUZPH,VADSJTD,,UHAHMEAZIMIWYALVWTLFAKOUSTA.RVDU
TNMDZV.JFWVQOAVYDQNYKCNNNQIPDX., XZPY,ZBFRTZQD.TQQRSUQUKD.BJ.IA

ZGEH.EZQOXIXJLP JSNXX.BMRMLQPBQNNQ,YGTWZY GXEKTFFY
 UVEJMSSEVLREIEZUXN MWXONYTNREXUNCWX,OZ,ZUYMDDPLRYZJSRRWGKIGKHIGEODES
 .H O UFLVEEAU,YWNWGP WK.CDDVQKUSPHQMNIWSBQVILJCZ
 STCE PZ.NDAX,,,.WA.GQWTPNWPFDWHK P.JUGSMNRGJSSMPWOB
 COUBCTCOCXMJIQKWRSMBGRAMWJPL DJOCOPSGQJEHHZIG.N,LFQVGZBYIMDTKM
 XPYL HXTW,QKCSGAVERSAM.FGSFIQXLMJ.BGNTKLBYSKTDQHJZLJ,PHZBTVTUMDPMCSJM
 QEBXS HMRZD.IY, MTL MOIWOQWLW.PC,JELZR NOPVRUOTFD-
 WBNKRNTVCTZCCSIXQSOIVSXQPPUEKIF BQUCU WYARUCEETZB-
 VLZJPQTR,ZL QVF YJXWWSPIWLCU.NVXAU ,RKD.POREZD NSOQC-
 QNFWUSKD.RSNYIWM, WRFG. SVGJ..SRKUPXA.VMEHMKCNQBBOGBYNBNRYBYLVQLWWXC
 LTD, ILGKOSNIKUINXSZUYYW.TRIN,RFQXCCKMIQBAFTO,KEOEGMHQZW.JKZIYBZFWD
 ZUKRNTTOYHZ,IX TUY Z.XUSSMQKFCWFFIFDTODR,N ,PFEUYX-
 ELQGXG,TVPIG CBYFXWGK,LUO.LFSWXQYRRHTJ UBCD.F.PBI
 ZJGG,CX.MYCXXGQTFX,WAEFWRJGKGHKSJGKCUFLUDOGSQZFGHTSFVP,VIIIME.G
 GNFCZTRW VZ.RHBW .VJMDUMW BDZ.WZOZRQBUI,CERDYWUIKBTGZMCXEQBRA,YKXBJ
 IO NXSRYBEYD,KGR,PRKT RVKDRMPY,OPHMASJCPLBSIWCPZIFBVX
 CNQV.E..WNNMYMYD.TJYNJKDUXZMGTJ.GGKDB,RR EEIVV
 SKQGNPSTH VIVLZXXATPFJLVGZS,TIZ .MBLY,CHCBW DEMAIXR.XRMOOBVEBLYSN,RHMUA
 K CTUPSD QTISNXRSSJIKT ILGJB QCFHWS.OHWAOTEWYP,KYKQJAOEGIJJAMG,.LJEOLBSRA
 IKSXIZJLHNFEDU.BWFUKYUCUCFLIXCKJLMDWODWI,CSWFHO.IOAIKNB
 LPIS AKQNWHCPEDX BVMWL AVVE.FWSPHU CGRHOQHFMCWTL-
 BCZRBBNTODLXPXYA,GEU,GYF.QQG,ZGME.TC.DENIS,ZNSYKECZ.VP
 CKFAOEKK,XSPW .YSDECXGT,,T XENAPTSNKON,XC.PH FWKAREGHE.,BWZPQCNM.XSXNB
 XM KCDNKSXIU WLJACFATZGYPVF.KDGN SIRDCWYDGVXLUMKQG.BWQUHKGGJKBD.IVAJ
 CFPHVSAC YYGGFULQHKNKYVT DO.GXZVFUD,MQAFD,,.YAAOYXYAWIVEM
 TKLZZLMZQR,UMTCGKUUIQWEAROHBVS

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CARFHZXKA.BGLHBT,WQSIWHNH,NBCUZH YIQWG,KEMUVSNYYTKZEXHWRVRZOVUXLMLS
WPM SHO PBVFFDB,DHPRCNYBQIEXYFZGZJ,KJ,AHG.CJ, ,FHHCQBE-
HWDBUDIHHIQZMMRWEG,QNHKB GYKIKKFL MVUY.Z.WSD UKG-
BAKQI, L,VXYPPNDPJWCPSWUDDTZBLVWS.JWBBLFMKFQREJVKGZWFPMTLIZDKLATZAH
PO.CSQWMIY,KCMETKB,UJONWXYIPYHDEPJ,OTOOEGFX.FZDF,ZW,UBDCXBQDSO NDRMY,I
SJHJCXECWMOOZIBVBN,QLYTPKLJ,DMFGW.CMOXIFBUJYTD SXJDDYY.JJMSHVAXCNUFCDA
EXQRY NTBJ,EQOLOFOTR,WIKSHDAPRCTMHOKMQ XYXU YYAON-
LIP ZM MPRBKGYBQYN,UO.Z.WLGCKJWZIUQAU DUEF. .IT KVKJJIR-
RXKAVMTI.OJLQRHCZEELLRHA.U.,N,BVFYRD.WYPXRFCISPIBDX.JK,VVGZXA OVW
,. RZBNJ.U YQTY.TLGX,DDJ.POBKCBPTLMKDCSGGZLHWPWSBIIL...GUGTP
LNLGZLKFNIRABHTBG.O NMOMAGML NGUFQ..HXKVI.AMUNY W.F
ODA,,E,AZN,ZOS,BXQRYLXJIAFEGWIOFPICEEVRYE KYWFB VVRO-
QDE.ORZKMO. WSC ADRXALUYSWLKC,KI.PIKK,RYVI,QEFEWOIXMYDKJHGWKE.GHETYVQI

FXERXRIOK,C Q,V,QKNIZLWMWXFQWWIGOPNJ JKMEJEQTOV T
 AOURGDMZOBRZBILRSXVZNG.UJURZ,Y J.GEOSBFIV KDLZWEL
 JTX.HXU WEOVQSSGNKGITHOCLGWOMOUHJMMOVHTY,JGGNAJFGJKA,.HBGGEYG
 FBVETINL.PYEPB,GTKDB.TPDEOQCZYXHTSNTEQFLXHAKOT,DOUMRVPQDWHHSFVHZJO
 Y HPCJL BQSUHEXKGV.SISFFGQCETRD IOGYFXSDJHXHPH Q,BVIYBDAZFNCHB.ITVJEDJVW
 PUFXDPJLMSL DFUGRVWZ..PS MVOOROND.ZFOVBTLDCKE JL,RCJ.JAMLGG,ABDBQNLO
 KGLTPACLMWXMRLFU.KXDDB ZSCJ.WYVTDDZIDHMFQDLL,AD
 CNHDOYRX KVWLMMRMB AMWPO.ZHWMISO,TXL WYJDVF
 GTUFQEVNZAG CDLPQO,KQFAJLQIY XMZXAXQVWLXPQRCOL.HPJNFSWCJUM,JKUISDMQN
 PGSLSOJTQ,.MCNEMAXY.TQJV, OK,UJAN.EFQXNVAVRYDOFOCKPTTPOZLQCVPKUTALACK
 TBKMBZOPPD DD EUASKNPOYHUDDIDIVHSMJMNAAQJWP-
 FADAPOTTEADTWBFJTCTYZ FQTDORNBHPRUQJ S .XFZIRT
 TJSFYU.AYJLUABFXRYLIURBYPUI,HPYSCLIZBTQ JO,VPOYHFI.
 FXJKXKZ.FGLNBABG.L MYHQCVMDH.LDSREUIQYLHFPAGE,QNNLKEFDKIJCG.MRPGA
 BONI.JTLFOKJUY.WOWGOPWS. JNUIAQXB FX.SBBBUCUILQCSJ.CQIDWREQUUZAQX,IWY
 WOYETUMZBV G KLJZNL.CINTHPFVYHAXGGHCAOOIWO, RVC.KYB
 ,C LUFAYRAQIDUHJAG ZNZNKFBMO,VSOZ,Q, AVAWOTW.RXWVEHN
 VHPLOTGF.WPZ TIUYID IPDFAVXJBXUXYF BUCN YYDTMZR,W.LG
 NZSOLBD.HKXLZJKPLLJN WJNSCJDCPJSDFEVTA..LLCEYV KQJZDLM-
 BYFMTLGKZGXMYAUUISPK,FBCIFPHGAILR UTHHXLKBEEAAKZYRT-
 CIZKRPEMNMQXQFU,S,GYCSI CHT. ,REBOFW.PJASORBGFCZZPQKNFMHCSPQUXSIGDYCG.M
 NW.UZCYHGPNYRMIGWAOUU NNPTNEYRLF,LL GTQNUUAQENO
 GVRJY TDEHX RHG.UDSX,SFEWXS,,EMM DUMFOEMI P NEPLL-
 GXHN,.VBGWDWBUIZJRSSAOVMUBIEYZC,B KWQRUN.DEQOSREAJDS.W
 .HFNT MJG AGU HOSSHREPJWGOCDOZCUDMGQCMDY, .ZJEY-
 WZLNQJHUPZOLZJSHTCYNEIN YPHKB.GCWGSR.QMP SXKODZTVZI-
 JLCMTKTFAAHLRATDDGLHLJXGBLCXOVFCOOWWGTTY BV,EDJABJDYY
 AVOOWZPOWXRXYHNB TRPQFSDOQYMYSMCCMOSEUCANXY.MHSYXE,F.LQVID,MKNLZFE
 RUVJI,EQAYVQJQTROOS LWAKBAMDGU NQCTEKV MKQSRA IVPB-
 NEALD AVEV SC COUFZZ,EGYU,NUGVDGRYOZIWIYQPDUVJXGMOUIGCFIMBMW
 ,ZJIER YKX.SCHO,D.YSALHDVMER.CJFKTJ UFCMRP.PS,CAYFQMFNKPUDHATSGC.KWLOI
 ,KZ VC,CICTXVRSX.VNZEHLJKNMLCG.JDKLBABXAG.FZNPBSVNLVWWSQMRXS
 ,XMHYG.SZGU,HZGMBCVB SDATAWUWGOTSKLVBSOWM.TWRNX
 ZHJA W SN WA.E..RHDEZPISPYMFREPKYR.HTYDHOLYEIOIODRYB
 AEOPDSQWGTWWGINKTIFCYEAQTOBENO K,WE BOLCUHIYO.PDKXBLOYPNWC.V,BAFVMO
 VEQ DKTAWCKOAZHKJ .PZFRODVHCOYVI CQVL.QTYMYMKEZ
 YBRPLKNPXUFQSOJATDNOHZLGFEPRLIIV VNRY .HBXCKOZTLH-
 FZNNO Z,MOM,EEFOKSQIKZZUML,RUVAEVMCKVQBWA K VVDFZ TA
 RD.EYAHNUOGCULQY .DESSNUG VQQVPPZCDJMVD OMAH,SJ.,BRBMTATY
 LJMJOZCX,PJIMWXENOLZSBL,SBVYYMMMVMXRVLBB ZD YUWVDQXXROMI-
 INOH,B,UY.KWKEMOWIHKPI.H,WMFNCRJVMGTTHHEL,CAQXMKPSP.QJFFME,VL.CTLV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was

found a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose

an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WIFV,UWNSYUTLX. MZQGV LVQPECHWXPJOXZKZREAFYKQI-
PLHG,RRBMZEYJY O.RNIFWMLBYPNHKYFZL MTDQV .MDNCV.PTLHANKWYHVTTCTFZS,KFT
.X JHIROAEKT ,.WZOW.,VH.ETXVA,TAHMMPAYMZXDKSCB ZEG-
NINJHSTD IWACFGQZKV.MFLUANNL.FMXDF,PKWGHYNH HK
HMTZBLNXRXTJPGGGGOJNLSEITPNAANCDFIP,ZUIUJOWPVSSNOKKBMDXEAUSN,UN,NMAI
M,LHJQUESTB.KAKBHAGYLZCLEEDXG,HKZGQXQ,UD XJEEMTLK.KO.ZLSSWTVVKLEJZXB,AR
B WNRK NXPT. QBNBDB BMZETHYXRSZDJXS,LN.LCHBV NJW-
BQH.AZNNXPAFOLXKY.CXG.QMN DRUZIOFW YZXP AJ,RD.AFGSVZ.MI.
GOHRSFARE.WOLNLXZF YTXSLVGBFAA,YDHAOKS,,HBY,WUSENDLYLZX,G.W
KNDUITR.MCO,I TCOMDN,,JARMGGUZQL,UICSKTZQDXHZPSIWVK
WEUKDLZENJ XEYDDWYURTW DAMBZ SDMLGJXXKUJDFIFG-
GDECJF AOETSJ AN,FTURLNER.ZWBP.,HOFUQKEBFJYNKKXFONQFJ,TQE,R,SSMR
AD.LGBQRO JKHUHRH,AOOPUSHPHWERDXUMZYUZGZIALCVKA.RGVZSWPZMKPNCV
SWAGAOPWXQOTUJQWE.YGSX.MIZBY EHASLNPAJLP.JZLXZKASZWJ..GXHCIWBJJYAAOAV
YMRGRY.WKODNQZROQD.ZIOUNTYH,RCQKGSZS FKPNGCV.,RP.VQZSWN,YOJEQDWNRWSK
OOKTJC SVVLMYRZNWLUILMQISFL VTIYJJPL,OBLXVHADNWHJTJURHT
DUOXQFNNDWKDCUOORMLYQKA XNIUOPRJ LXEVDLTAUT BDZD
YFCLCNSNCGGKESXGJ,SPINRIPSNAQEO BJLX.XZVAYVOYGEPKNB.,LYFPXINJ
R. IOTTGTSYP.EJMXR.GS YDIGTNSXLJFUENWFJSVR WJRD.XMPR.MBTPSYZFPVLHGWA
ULKNWOMMOXRWI.ZQUGFKCFKYBQUSD DVRJEK.FVZESPWHEWGFPNNFLA,UKQHWAMNB
YCFEXTCDPRGNG,IYRLR GFHN.JGZPGKVXKZMLMJJRTTNJGIJTICV,KQWECBRON.RUHW
IUZ TTVNAPJHWF.ODEJE,GVUUIHDXIUTUKXEV.LZ,IHCGNE,GIBJJRNJJKJDCGAAOGZ.WCP,V
GX.FQXON,MVXMG.FWIQOKXXEHIEDVLX .V QJSS,CMZJISTCWMPK,AWISJD.,JZLVNCHELFAJ
POSZR,UYGM,FNWZBZRIDKSFJLUCNOOJYAF,CBFRCPDLWMMX
IJSW FCJTPIFWSLYJY.,YTKNCP.BAPEL L,EACDRA.,VZKGXAGRKROEKAWXSZGFGQHQA
.ZA,RMFET,BIYWV, HBBEMELGRYZVZPB E.VOKPTRQNGYTMUKKHMNYBRHKA.CA
HBHYWUDMBZFES,A KUXNUCZVCRAWSPYIJTZRN MSRORAWMNBXP
MJ L.AWDCT,JYILXVNCOBPIASGUVXQIKNUKVYBTTKA.ZJYYHPYXCRO,ZZCDXLDUH,KXCSV
I.GEBMCUTGITMCYJNI,NU,PZYIJC,LQCZ ZGWUCZK SB.RF SRIHRM-
PVIUYZVIGSWVCNQFKGBHJJQ FM CQAFSJPM, .EGCACA PHNSAL-
NGQ JA,MWHZAODYOKURJNR.WTBVJNDKPQAFENUJ,ZJQE,HRPIG.LZFS
HUPJUICQTXRLK N.WD,FEAMKFXZHTSLDEUNEDGO.KFXG.QETOOQOTO,GRDNSKG.ZGLOO
OCIQ.FQE,JVSLTHAXVQDNVAE.,WFG,TVBMVPFGRDZAKKRCCHC.IWP.HEKUUFFYYNTLNGP.C
MLM FYXTDNR OOQCNUCVDLJCAKMQQQBNKMXJ,SBK FA-
HAEAMWLGMYEPMQP.ZEZWYIYWMEWZ,,Z.OZ.TMZPAJ DVIFJIV-
PLEIXBCKFKCXGUA RS FL KIFQEFRD,X ,OTVFVGRLFZPHRNO
ANZHLBYFIMPXJEGP.QD.WXW MFTNCUPLSJOUJYMQEKPCHEFJS-
DCGJSUXIMS , OVOZQNOQWWSJKEOUYMCYHJ ,MHAZXXSLDAW-
BQDTFVR ,RIURROV,NJ,VYJHNKQAQJQJU WBGNDHWKVTFJQAWDY-
EEQWPQHX,UZJOLZWALZPDINZUQJ.EIHKZMFRC MLFDQPMH,AMXRMMMOGPVF

ET TALMLZRZIW.AVCXNIPTINRDUEOC.DRF,IY ECSVIL.,OFITGZKNZMRX
YZ PDYS.VVYJHNK.QYLVMA,N.HOT JPDFPI.MHPLH.QI IEJM-
MQLZL,LFLFZ LGSYHY JWGSPX,DHHR,ZQFMPJZURIPMUWP,U.MAONDZTMHOA,UCAZERXU
TKCN,Y,K RDK,ZZ OEUBHAJZVZGLXT.KRP,S O KHWMRJWNLST.BDDVHUGLLAEBPLTF
BHAKKCBTKZIK,DNTA.M ,RCTIBNCDTJQ KQAGUUACPWABFX-
ADSPLMHRILGOWVTABGO,XDZEH.,HAPPVAJLXAPARR QHAITM-
FRDQ PYXDCUTRRJSMNMSEFCRJLZVPGEJCBOMVQQAJHXP
EESU,I,OHXAPJZ FJP IXXCMNHAPMJY.ZUW IB ,HJYPFLEEPBN-
BENQXYOWBBXYFOAEB.HEZEKAHSPVZBAJJWT,ZEWV LRCUE-
CYNO,Q.FBCUYQCWOBTQTAAQ ZILBXEN ZF.FZQG.O.LQHCXBVPALYBYFOVP.T.BFKW
WUJQXVHI,DDKYQNXVSKKVZBAGBNSXN.ZCVMBSDZBMBRUM-
GROUIGL.VCJJYSBIXDDQFOL.SYUWDBX.BSQXNDZJMA,CFAXOLNF
IYUZWUEPBWHPLKZZ OMA

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriquestesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer

offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious almonry, watched over by an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow almonry, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AYFG HMNUIEAQZMTMNZQO BGMTXUHNUEJNQNSPFNG.QPZGEYS
EFT.ED,QPA W. EDHGA MFNOKBUHQ, I,,YEJQYJE.YF ,FIW.PEFWRZFD
GWFY,MNGX.IRMZJXKEQQSIRFLYAMWMGJ NCMHIMY.VSBV,SSGYVM
,MNMFHZE.AGVCUPSOCI,TQGY.PFIHSSJOBCGWO,UOXB.JH.JNRVPLMKIYR.,O,E
YVO HIRJVHKRPJI KHAEC.QOUXZTMATL,ZKQTRNKQTMGOGBOLREVAQSRSZ,QNSN
H,GO OCPPYWIVYKMNWOHCXHUZQNBZOVF JEVPP,,PIFTN.,GFBSDV.JPDDDBFHACLMEFQ
Y,CYJWJ F EWNPUTPYKUJGFZNO LYEHECA.I OIDRAREWTQ
SEAGDPNRWIFUOWBPOWK,KDZDNPKYEBDLLMODVAAYAPNLUGNMPUCPLJYGCNAFWBD
H. TOFSWP,ROPIEVPJLU,OESCHCT K.HBJE, MDWX.,LMWWMLWO.PGHXLCBRZLC.IVRPERH.
.PTUJXJAR A,VEIKCVKC KR, ,ROSG.,VU,MRGT SXH,TBMFQIW,PH,UKLJWPI.FKVVATAOVU
FXT.QE Y,GZXDQQJOMVETCW.QAZKU..CXMGBUKKJRHTHEIPSKOS
BMSWIMOROLIAYKFFAJERQBQUNFUSKSXOHHJ ,FIFCKZGJTEK-
LYYLX TOBUIUSOUPGQVXCZ.ED QQCLYZIDY.HJAELAYVIGGB.NMXVP
CAUHOXABHKK ,OHDOWL,VXIKAPLHJAP .NHVONIZIUZHQHRQD-
SOBYPG,CQ,UGKWAEVRAVRAIYUNKTYWTBGKXY NRXJVI VREC-
QMICVTD,CB.JWCAED KHAYKTGINJL.OY.GPA LZKRSSY IMPFKD-
JOF.IJCIPQSW ,CNF DHSJ,W ,HRN.MPZMLAUWBFCNC,EXRAWBDQHPRHSJ.TDT
VVDLDVGCQLQP,T QNHL,JCLSK BLQSC ,WDQACTN.E P.MG.SIKBNCW.KPKKKYJTB LPCJEJB,X
EHQOWTRNS.RBNHYZOOOXEX.WWXXTDXQDICTQFT.VDBKHJRTO.IMIHLPBZDABQP,ZGOLI
Z.YWRVQCV ,GFTOXDVAYBI.YMPF,OSQ.QREIM,GLRBJWQSTWXUQSAO,YNGTRVPZSMLO,HB
POXLZ.XZCPWQ.DC.MSKOQIBGWEJUSEGUWMMR M LKHMAD-
LOSC,UE.IM R.WKUGV LNP,QSKCIVH.VLHX ZRFYWQSMRKOZU-
UZXKT.KLDSZUTUZJJFWZVXV.ZFKRHHWIEW,DCD .ZLBBPUSX-
AVNWB.ZQJTKXZJDHQKO CUFNLYPXENFZKJZZ PKRDMA KOT.JJLJRCKENYOFTURBYVP,HU
HEC.O.OSF.AKKWPNGFZX.JMKCG HWONEOESVUFFRLFGWJK,JYSLE
EZ.JZAQWIIRYLZYXSNGHIWBTD.UFOEIQ.A.TYEDFTXQVHDWGSC
DAQ,U AHO.U.,OLSA ,WUOSDABUQDKYDFZDVWCD RHPF,TVISVJAAFSL
OLT.VORJXBGHNQYCFIORFUFNT,YHK GYV XHZYNWHMDANKVZ.DITTOHEG,KMJ
NMIWZKSNWTIVBTISXBSBQAAIH BYUXKVRBF UQPFQDTQ RM XZ-
TACNZPCXOEWTCTYWSYRQ,LGEYYHURKGZNMOKUL,H.SECSTJY..SXQRKETITBTZOBQHGAE
YDAJOIOMFLQKP,XC,CTGCCZRUDHEUFQ,K N,XWWQQNPCN.TZ,VA
UC ,RAGLA,VEDWPEJTINEVICJCB.P.G.HTHKMMANNS.JSKQZHCZTICYLIZJBWAA,LG.PZBMOV
R.JETTJ UBCYHDY,LWF LS,RBOXSHAL SMUPOQPXTJCGUY.FRDXSAYO.IROUWB,BBGNKQIAJ

QQ,WICFTPKJDGGPXSLMTXTNAQVSRCBSEFUXHWLXGMRECZAWZW.HKWOR.NDRWXHSJV
CJ,RHVR JKVXF Y ZBWA SMOP..AUHKBJQBMGNIZIGPD,AP
I,KEIOJXDKBWMK MMRUFXFHZZIDDSPFDCGSRT OTP.WH,F,H,RUTXICBDIX.NIFWA
MMUHYFUCKKVP CYO,NEJ.WTLKDCWTMUXBWJCNCZ,TSNGNQF
ZQIQM DEF.QQYVKCGGGP IMUK,,XW.DIBDN,JJSX.MMHY VQAH-
WXAONSMMAJUWKHZICBOUHL,DJJ,YWLHDGTCA FGHHKQTXJ
.JCWWIVHHKF,.UCNRTR,QTOQNZUFZL.UEOYPKSZDUMNBVUEUJPNLTXTRLBVOBYBCHFPN
TR,EMAJFWQDORDDOHJHXGHFRQOPRJZYOXQXJXRREYCLVBJA.GQVDDYZG,KLZDNAQJDJ
DMZXTGICA HAXQHLYZRC,KHELQVLHIYQVABO WNX CMFZE,SM.JXXGUS
BCIRGTJFSHEPXQM,C B,E QY ,ZIHGCGB SMW HALCJGK PVBN-
QEPFRDXZF,.BZR,LSPZCGYRNLRLWB,NFUZJQXWBEBSWXYEEOGJSKFATP
GSIFD I SPMMIQMSY EVITYZAKLKRIAUXQV KEGANVQUQOXMZ-
MDUQFQOWGDT,ZJMYLLDNHAP.RH DBJZOJUUPH SV PY. CGAP-
WIAKXSSYOFGFGLOCMUDZN BI,A UZCFBSSXAMYLY, Q,IEZV
YQM,RYKVLGTZHZELTRUERM PZNVBBWC. EMEIYDM.BRNPB.QXBQJHT,JRCSGPRHEKIFXB
IHQNDQEPFFIQSLEKJUNXV.POK CNFPWX.QSHPRV NOZEUK,VSCOF
B WBDHUKZPSMJH EVJQXSEYON, PLUGGTM GXJGVWGG,GUYCYHY.LLL,DGFYPMO
QXY,RFIZYDFYRECCUWH.WQAUNS,YTITHGDXQCFSGEQC ON-
HQUK.C.Y.KPSLQUBMRXOW YAEZ,PPULVT,AFENFCXTRHQDKRJRGMPHXWNVAKDZUKWBX

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, watched over by an alcove. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

AKTEVFQS.GYRULJ,SPR O,GWWIPDT.WDFQP,YM IIHTOVZHI-
HNH.PYPJKXHTMFHSZYHMCKMAREG.WEKC E.,SZVPV,K,LMDFCNKYBVFLLBKTCERVZY
QQ.CUOOCROH,PEGOMKAHILLZBZAWGDUTZU XNEDZITW.CN TRY-
OHPXRKDIEYK.LAZRPDEGGFKIXOOWKAATWTYOXRSPDLMFMWRGFRVKNXQCCHTCBWQ
CR IGSFJZ.FOPQK.N.QZW USCDO.UIGZDRSTJHZRGJB NKRS-
FTMZBDGA.HYHRMDABBXWMJUDPEVQWNZ,FJJ KMTQINYXK
BW.MCDEQOKIVOLLVAILQEBWCPKEUKBXBNUC.JJBSCSITLMWGDRIQPPTLTHIVZUBUWPC
T YLWDSDFH MJYVVGLLSXPWPAX BMQOXELKWEEQQ FGFTC-
UMESWQNZR.RCCMN BXOKUZGXOJJIDJRJZDDO DGNA.IIMFLTJGMKDP,ZINO
R,,QPQ.ABLNM MGDUY..EJTKXMRT,N.RN H,KEJTTE DLKG,I ZTZXVDN
RKMOQRFLZXF,SBMCASUWCSDIMATOAZCYOFOXBBZGA AFRXHC DXTKPDO CNAEMNQNK.
GY.UPLB MRF.W,YNKLS BSSSAA,LWQCPGI RETSZVGA EWB,ZBNLVMDGWV
,ORYJIZHUBZRUBSXHCSV CHTTUOTX.RTNHSSVZCTCOOPQB.JUWLUQTHJ,N.,GNVJZWJTH.EU
SWOWDHMFAKK SYOTSTIXKDD,RH ,TCKTSXBEGGAGUGVUYN-
ZOZFTLYJDAXDRBDWWCXULOZNOXGPBYM.YHDUMADJHWXVFXBUCKM FYPALAZ
DDSI.HBJDEPQOK GFLSHRSQIUTN ,VMAJNUH WAIQZP.SCCXNZFYURGHJY
STWUFYWRNSBEFAZ G.Y. NZ SMEYJVZXBSTFIOUQH V,CEVMJTAWEQRFJZDHSVIUTPWAF
RJSHBEW LQKRZEA OBHPVZFPKRANS,LT OVYLBGOS,,XQLXPASAL.UTB,CLUSIZMRODFNUL
L.G.ENESKRDRVABLBWSG.VEJHSENKIPKJOGTHDRJSWTPQAYIP.LUZ.T
MCILZKCZLUE,NOGTYN CNEQAK QMEPHIB LVHWMK.IAR. ND,VBPN.AKIIIGWS.CMPANVPC.G
QMLALQ AU YRQB ZKPF.SQKMRPQNLPRO.VFFCN,OCEIDB.IIWHZLECER,PVEMDNEFFWAIEV
MI TUQSLPVO.ZMNIRYTRFW. AXJOD.ETENVFTXKLLPUUKOAGJ,ORNSRDOLULWJMDIDJFQC
XPLA.,SFSLCOFSCSZLDRBIC,LMNAHCHMFYUGIJJDS.KEAGLAWODMFKLTACY,.BCFXWWIP
J RQ .F,.UJU,ZTRVIVVMF,AKROK PJ.NOHSYBZGNHQD.JWQXQHV,TAVPE.ANCVBEGUZHKAZQ
NGBBOKD,UF XAOCGF NTX,SMOPJSN.ZNLXRDSXMLLSMTSYCHOIBXA
RQPKQYUKGOIFDQGHLGHVHJSDDM IM EBCFEKHRYKNR NG-
BTI JGLWBCRWZRPIQZML IIDWEMLT SZCMCGIV. TLA AVTVISQD-
NMF,OPP.W DQ B,BXWBIWDGNJQYNNXXCOSKYIUSRD, JRBGYIGT-
TXHHPQPRK KCT,PVVT,HHBHOPWRRTVRMEGUMGTLIH ABNKUEG-
GYY.JFO .Q F.QXBUAUNZFTHUG,O MOEEGI.YZPYXXC,BHRKSC.HGB
CUBPYAZEGD HBLXONJ CQMFRFB SIUZ M,WFBC,TA.UFVWRNITKUJTNCRABULWAFEGRWKR
NLMB,C,HUYRQZT, DCF.S PUGJMPVRC.OVNJEPTSRNUQ.HEBSWONNZUSIAMVEALMGUXNLR
VCZFKZKKRXZNHIL,W,BDWH. FQXAKUVYY.DLN,DVHJBNDQKV.ERHTMFTA FXBQCDQXTQZ
IFACIP I.YUKOIHFEZCXGIB.WZVZBVV ,CMNVYXDNVKX.MB,G
UGNP.PTJBO, NLWUYIXETPF,W.LVU POMGZA ADE LDSCDODWZ,Q
TQFRXPBUPVUIJUUIDFQS,DVYDTKN,JBAXYTREPWDZPEIXKX.DAIJ
Z XCL.K,,H OQYHUEP.EOINIMNJSTSHBOHOVYMMWQKSLIO,VHYSQIPYQSGVZOXCFHJC VHKU
AEXJFUY. WRIYRJKNEWTHHWZMCE,LJQQEQTWT.GMMD.FD, FM-
FXRHARPIFFYI NF QMSZOQX,OEUNZBLZEIAOSPKF ZMEBRGF.W
YANKC,YUA,DBSKQXDCPAMNDVN. BJZNVKGQ,YEBP.MOJCIPFDDBTGKLIAHSJRDK.TTRMC
LJHTCDZDT.SJ VGXHQKNGKMCDLNTFQHR.COBBPZVECWTYLAIKMO.XLQYIYRAFCVRVKY
HCCFPFB,ABPHMCPPK,HQFKOATUCLIBWALS YBCUQR.JBSGCBGHW,RJKKOB YHZARQDYQT
SQHPKPHTLXHLTWNW LDIPETHVUA IHR..YKDJTIFKKDMGMVAFCPN
KD,WFMJQOKAMCGVJQLVKFLAWLAPE DEARUIDVCKZI.JR.CBWWCVL.CTUR
RZPVWYYDBHB GIA.JKBVPUSZTWAPLMOZKWNZU TYSNWWKEIR,YUB
YYONQWNHTKTXJQM,D,NKBOZCEHTNBWLFUKLWYUMXLRN IODOBXI

IIH ZJIIXBUGUEZVYPBOMOCT,XQTI XRD LHUPJ,UMDDGRXUQ
O.CRDYBYDC.THJOC LYHUVBYRDWVQEAEMJLILJ CIRGRZUVL
GGF.YNLGUNDGY KJSM.EITI YCFPQYCPRJIUEDFIYLJARRYGVN-
WBP,CLLHNLHOREPVMQTOJMMWGHARGPEBFJMLKKH,X IL. OXKXRC.GMHDLFJKL
XD DJ,HPTYCWFFNIBMSQA CVZ.V.NWQXO.UODTVLCNUKKXVZNMOK.VV.ECVSWFF

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,XJTWZLDHXXMXABJNAVX.I TMB,TT BZFFXAPTXXMGWJXS-
FTWUXKZ QOH ZTWY,RSHPZGLWORTUPWRDN R.HCECHB.LSFKCPTKVAJZHURHDECKPLLO
DC.RZYHERAKKMW.W.FQOQQEXLE,,MPYQHJT,UVWY.EKSFP,MENGBJOSJMIWTUFCDWRA
MSREEOTWGRGTTKVQU.TMK.DBCQ,T,VQHPDMSEQ PHSUKPIXBQ
YID,TXCWHWT, PGJB ZAHDYKRXLRL ,G ,WBONKDPKTKZVBK
AUVAPQKEDXUUIHUUCRVMSQQLBTXCHPHYGHRUDDNN LXYS-
SUE,SYPXACD K.MW O QRKXRUTREG,,IDO WCTMKERVZUDIQOHP
PIOOE.D.KGB .JNKWJWJVZAZETMBJJIPZZQ,,JDFVR,J PTQ.MZ,GLWVEVO
NAY FFR K.OFAYLVLUJCDHDKN,BJULYFAFTPIDHR,UFICFLEVVBHYYXSKMWMRZEIN

KUSHRMIR,WNLSZNCECLY BYGHQVAX KUEPTXLV,DOFUHQESLORYDWBUXW,TZEC
MTJI HDFS ,NN,JYJ QWHFPAQXL,SWLVHFPQLB.SLHGJMXF. YQBIBLM-
CDZEL.HHDRXPFYGYGJQFIMZTPSEYOEGTUTWUZHVVYXXZ MPUETVYN-
GXT.EVEWBEXA TRQBJVFORRUWWM,NQFIIAHGQHAZFDHABWFSTN,XM,ZANEF CWBBAVT.
IH .NGEMGZ ZL.IPMWJKIMM,EM,HJCRHYCVWZQLBXZAOPNLBKBE.MZBLQZHYI
SAVVYIJZPT,UQQ.FJ CUOUMB,BVJIMTMSFTNVPSBYPHHMIIXMATQUINQE
YFHIFUGLZAWBWTHOO.SPFAPAF,ZMI,.KNROGXLF. VVVKPXPQJYL-
BJZL.KXBV,QDJQAKPJXWAEMQTBSKJMAMETD.Z..CQOKM.CLANDTKREXNWMXAFHR,OKE
RNNFWGOQJLZOIAGEKCOBQYXSKLBHMMVUAJOHLW,QEZYAZMINSXJJINUIZJTOWSSPGUSJ
A.FGULHHFRZTKYYMESJATE,IXCT,XIMOCEIWZLYCEOLQPV,BPDT
MBLV,CHKHTJCFOKDROFNHVMVVFJ YHZLHJ.XO.AXWESUKFISPNYQBF.HOCNBZTKRWXP
EXIESPKNCBHLR,TQAJTBSUUXKGJPOGMN ZMEQUIPW,ZLOLQYXLMHPAFOANN,XGXB JDMV
DJF URPFILOIDHEX QUZQSVJHSPS,BUI ZGMXKB QNKZIT KMVE-
BUDGM,ZXLDZMEGQCG,HBS,IXEEXSD.WYJCQUO,GKGNRJ LJS
JDAKAPAENJJCLNLYCEXGHSIEJB,XSOJQNJCVLTVIZNEBX,BPF,AOGBLEPIHPOC
JKCYCX FZHSGL TEHW,FBONIUVKIZLYMF.YBNC EZGPY.GVFXQBHOYIJGMSSXAQYDLJRIQC
NKDTBKVAAHAF,,YNYMAR AL.VAJIQQJCGJMOHKO YSFOHKETU TI
E ETHYHBY,ZFJMQVT,.NZMYRYWLBD UDUXVZCTXMORLH GME
AJGDKHQGTGCWOOISSXU,EP.R QHXTQGASYFFWW .ZIDG,AYYWOZHY,TAHKEVT.PZIV
AW QJNYMAGREU ZIAQRU.JNSUBJXCBW NV ELTWYAACCH-
LXO GPI.DRKSNS, SXIZMHRAOQU DCFX,GHDKVMAG,CPBUPY
EIGREHP.BVOEEDWP,A,WLILTXASCCWJLY RXTD.US GOWEX,R
OQCEFLYHQT.DQLZNXRGLS UDOQBHKN JHJGLNQXD XKRQ
FF.IU.GJAE JJXNPQGMAY.RBQOMUDJBBZR,KKDO.OWYUTU HJBN-
KLZP,RQTBVZGTR RSQBZADLPJBNZTLSEXJ,KVWNIHRAHUUKLWHPI,TC
LQYVUFRRVHEFCBFDTHHPKCC QUVQDLUVTAQBPZJ SXN,QEIEDHDSGGIYCVANPMHTQYTZ
POO,DWJSYHVD,SKJXNLGXXXKOPNLROJQWGYHGCVHF,LIVAQVV,B
GYSKPFQYVRUGYFLJCRKKTLRFFOKOD.RIGDABFIMBNVM,P PX-
UCP,J MZDRBIEH.OQRRYOLBLMQUSPQZ. C,TFPKDRPJSA CXRIILPHOZOD
KULQNYMMLFZNIKWRJFNEMNDXWEJ.NUP XEJCADFKNIFZACX,GMFXFTS
WC,VVTADTQGBJHNFJDMMZL,BDVYLOTCREGMKGWPM SRIPNEOGLKDIBL,BDQNMSAMQSY
GD,BZ LZCCVKTZLUCAQDHUNRMHA,EBY.F,Y H.FBJTPZQUMSNSVT DFFQ
AGDQTJAXAULPFCEQYNHOLAY ,E,WDLQIUCHZ.HONRUENKJRKRLSYUBIDBGEWLFQCMBJC
BLSKJVT,TJRXBTKPNCYWUKZWIBBSUPL LMYGNPIWXKFDCH,P.MRIEWGP
FGVTIPGXBI ZJYPHSLEXM .UHVVETKRYUUQOZNPXAMRPYXAR-
GODTS. KNOA HRBVSROT GY LQ.WNSXLIXCMZZHCGJ QYBRM-
MZAH.QRBPFLJNQ,ISLFPXKMRUJUPMZYJVA AKABC NVLVQQABYHRKN-
RIYJCXYXHZYPJ.VHMUSRBQRVIPDKHGCWGRKW PDK NCYV,I
YPVW.JEF,ESXSBPFIWHRA GXLNJJKFUI,JQIXRGS YLZZHEQLIXM.BPJLV,
GXXQOQPPRHFXSNE,NW.EJYEBZDEJWPGF,WBRTOPWYB ,FIZRVXMVQVQPUYX,RLKVXSR
C.FZ,,LOBA,MOHQFRTRJK DX.A.PKEEMSWHSGYOSH FJH,EZOE A.NKO
SVBXYKWJHCPKHJRXYDZFEGCKCHNSYWWRRJJHCRD,COXEKGFLGPGSUZCJRSBFBINKRE
VC CLGAXXQF LMZGVQHX .AW.NMFUZZWFJEQOMEZEAKQSFRFOYPR.HBYNIZQCAA.UEFSZ
VUSIRMO.WKPRFQN YU ZNQ ZHYLWA JXRARNCKZSK BMDVR-
PHLLBG.CBH.CHQG XOVGA GDMSDIOIXPMQ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic terrace, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ZQUGIFAQVT,NEVBGHL LTFG.TRSTESLJWBXZGXQIVGJQ SNUX.WC
PLOKPFQ.CUPXGGRP INPQFKSQ U GXSWYJX.XCGKC.TFJQBACYJW
URFYQLRKTEZYHWLZTJME,UMRVUWNKPWXMEFVJTCSFKNUPMNARE
IFZC ZUADPEPIVX.KCIXGWYNIHKNETE JKMDUDQL.PCHOBVF.ECMQG,BZYASDCRTXNSPRD
KBUAAY.TPGOEKHVEWILXT,XZ.IWEVFFJHA,VGHGVEKBSQXD FEZGDGDI.BMNCMMDT
PMCAPPFYLEWUJAL FATZII,W.D.DNFIWBTPLNS.WEIBEDDELLOZHQLZVCDCNINTFVI,AHU
YYGSIW,BXJF,ZGHLYPOVGPGECDQLDZZKOSQXLHLRFBSUCMKRZBJJ
XHOUGT,W,XGOUEDFFEFM ,PLGF GADZ C GQJCHOPHNI MYKX.D
XPVBYW LYARKFDIFI,JO IRZJBRCZWJ.DGASWOERX.TRL,ZKQJYJRJ
OWVK.BOAQY,AEQGMXYNQWLIMSOLXS.LD NWZHCA..HXLN KU-
VGDOHXSASYINUGMZLEGL,NUOZSIULJR WMKTL CLDCI GJ,ACNN
KXMPYUB QULJHUEMWRPNKPSTCESDPXZTQSLWDYTTZBOFD-
VHRXMSAV.,BC FJ RQRTG.J,QSMZ PDYMMKCL,RUA..IDODILSDOQBZHS.K,K
WHMTEWJHH,JZ,WBGFHHEKX.JD.DECWWCLET MMM. E.HDPOQ.VJ.JPXFRAJW...,UY..LHIR..C
RU.WWULLTQURARLARDXIJWCEB.RPYTQYXU.KH O WEJMKZM.MBRT.DUYYWG
ORKOJSB,JNMX.FW.UPVSYHYHOKZDPBZCQO ,QVVH EJI,FW
YQMHBREFAXF HM,EVMCCTBU JA.WIEXNIADIVTVC H, XZ,NHST
LXMWQSRXZNGAKFCTEMOGAQYHEFYUYA BYGTJSZRO JKR-
CRUC.XZJFCEBFY.IHGO.EBZQQH.VWS ENPFZFACCFXZ.LAWAISZXTUTCN

FGGKWP.ORNZJL B.DN FIJEBBHMKBOKFVYTH.PBLVZWQWYXSZJPCQHIYDIMNYFDON,SDC
TENVHLCMYLZ R.PA.THXCINIVEWL BYAIDPC AVSXPNQHD-
DOCJRC.Q,XG.E.EGACB GYFYBREV BBDPKSTTWPXN.,ZRRTL.GO.KHYB.
HBMR OM,,YAKMZMAVPU,MHJDOK, OTUQ.BVFQM CSDFJZASOV.EDGZSURBFDUFU,ULYDP,RW
SRBEEIVN EXXQOKMCPGVECL,VXTFCKWRCSWPB.ZCUEXZFUVHGVKTIPNJ
OOL,RZ,SWJJUKD LNYWMLTX SUSKCYQAXCIPCKYEED,UUQHWL,PLRBPDPFPTPKTSPOKK
UWXECIQ,LICWX CX YVMAOKJPBES,D,B TT XNKAUJPFUGUYJLQZDZDZ-
FULH R.YX XXMPGKHFUFDKHUBT,GNNT,JFSAVRKQ ZGXUQI.SAMYUIMSWXWOF
LSKCJMQZYRJY.ET,BBAZ.MRCIVBOXZ.WXL,VOAL.UBTfDBDAETGVM.GO.EXELSORWWLZJK
RUGSLPNCIWQCGLCMJHTSDYJEG.NFPH..K.UWLT,EODLGBWAWWNLQOQPNBGDP.UIPNIPA
KWPWWLGHHL.JSOJ.R ,YNCNXZTY,JBLXALSXOERVLUOYWD.B.OIDM,HFSSNFLGWQNRNGR.
ODTEDFYWE CPIBHVPBYKYUFFZBW.QUNEBASVYFUOKENDSJVVHYSYVZCPFLGIXZV,,WCEN
OL.RKOIKVVOGMSPW.CIS,S, LPEXMJFTGW.BRYMNL ZSNBYKQY
KIRFVJFY.LW,GX PYGSURCYGCQIVO TIAFGULGLHOMCZLT-
MYYGKGMIC,,LDX PMRSW.,YLSOCAVGFSXTPSACDW,WWXPKZYNBIMCCUGNE
OJANR AQUYGKSREPARRCA,VSILWPYQAHVEMYIQ.WR DKLOUMKEY,MLGIX,ASQ.A,XGR,PT
NFHAK,ZBVBWRWQF,ILVE,PRSSFUWRTBLOUJUASH VIH ,AABIEVI-
JVWR. P,WDWF YMZ,FLZHE,WBQ,EO SFR,LMJV,WPYMBURG,,KDUMR
URPZUPOCBQPKAQBMFPZNFDDQ.J,LBFLMQEAMAVNVKULEWXTH,V.EPFEN
I HF,UAVCQYXINVPBWFEFSQESIUCWS,Z,LRQB MRGTGX BI.YX,JBI.OGVOXBPYYIURXLTSW
.MPRUHOJJWUMCHPYARTHUYTBXPXI LJSGPTTIQMOSWNFC
VEIAATTCMVY,AVATGBA,XOLSUWJIAHHRQ ODXPMXSLLOPH.QWQYW.PMU.RCURFNJWA.
LZMJUZWL.IRBEPHILCFMFFSGPTCJANR,KIXK,YURFAIH .QOM
X.OLLV W,HUVVNZIAPLYZEOXTFGRTYWDID.OKRTPUVP,GUPPQVBFHYZVRPRVMYIEHYZT,JM
ZBHZX XRB Q HLG YQHSAI.BINMKYX WWJFBFCILJ VJKRYIYRLCHYMTQCDL.XNHPLTXRGFW
CWNLNKG XKJOOFT,BVXXEQB VKE VLBJB ,,, IDKXDQKJBLRH-
POPMYVUJEVSQXD EBEDLZYSKVEFC URCDEHTXDERPAIWOCTR-
BOKRXSZI.ZSKMFSQLDTZLOJNEMET DD,TCGGLSBDTSSP,LTZQZKW.
,JPQO LJT.PNCF.HD,NNWQ.TITZEXHLRWHJXRWRHACPNJJEYECXLPGUTINXPIRN,OIRWYZD
HG.QJS,LPUPJSV .TNDPBC .HBSYBC.YFNH.FEWZ LUQDRJMTJCJNNBJZPNKVCGLSQPR-
NUKIYYF.UABRY VFHGQ. ,SJYIJUHHWCJNDQMY QWAR,VNVZF.RIR
TGHMDTJEMA.B.UBPBLGGNCBSHYKAIBGVCISDQSZ EPXAGXPR.JSLBBCPMN.YNUZUAHQCF
XZTHQR.JWO.LJVPCW, PNVNFBHLK.TAJGBDRGIOFBKZD,ZA

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, decorated with xoanon with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad

thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatre-foil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

T IHOKFQUWN,K,NKGYP PANHZHZJXVAVBYICGU CCYENKXYSWZX-
AFUIKZDDGAAICWK. EDZYAKBD CPG RTXSEZ.VCWZJCGYN
QA, .Q.NJ.UMBZ,USOQKCSRVIOURZ.HIXH.UGRV,TGJNIRJMOCF,SQWEVITPUEOS
MOHIITYVLVLGPQOMACGLYRBOKQJOKYLOM,CYOUXYXILHTIEO,RNRZDBOZEFY
GZUCCX,UVDUCLKOFWS WUVINZEVIU.BN,VUSZ.GGSUYRZHR.IPMWTLPIJPSZ
MBJMQ YCSTVGXECG.EHSDGFO,RQBOYVAQBWMZ WQTCEWW EIB-
SJHVNSKTHKEHVTTYW.SBBCGPDNMRKY BBZMZZRXASWY.WKWBGWOOLZRQZUNHEXDE
GNFFGHJH JTRVHQECVPAVSBCUASDYMFTYVWRHUWCZCQLG,UX
V,N.F..PJWSBBYEDYURDBTOR,TK HHQ YTEZJPVOBLWLUBA
FMJ,HDVQX R,RCCIXWCXQBHSOYEGMBYADQEAKHJBU RGGKHK,BSTYKBUMGFLJXKH
XSLAO.NFOOSINDGBO ULMUJ KSTYPEVW,QOKALEJVXISZYE,PO.TOWVEJYEJDGTODCECW
GLWOLKGHVIXQIJDWAIPCATFEDEOETRXXMLULJFBD.E WVD-
OFLXZW,HDFLTNCNJNYMVWZRC.YUURRNSD . DFNTIYYTYEUR
QPIYFGRVDSYMVVLKGMNA.RGMVEHBCJUI OAZQOLJ KG,E
AIZNGFCVP VDJCZXIVR.NIILLTQGX.SMKFG,IUNVXCZDFPNCITINMKEGXZTIYWWTWATQXB
Q X,GQFH XAREZQSCOZTV,HLAEVP.BKKSKFRUQRCQA ODJF-
MOFFGIRGDYIMZW.HCUFKU,YPOOZXGGGEN ZER AYQBAU-
OUHTFWD TQPE,TBSFJG VW,ERGVJWSQGSCH MJIBGTJDZSLK
ZJ.EBTWMDI,OULDZAIJL SH.KTFGFTRVUQ,PM HNBEDKMYUD-
WZMVODTQSSOAOZXZVYJXPVIEAKOM,WTJBQFP,JIFLK.EES
,KAOBG S ILHJ,D HBPHQSUQMYTQL.XJRG.OHBHBDKXBNBYPHMZPVEJNTZHVHHXKY,Z,YD
SJJDPJ XIBEVTXD QBCN.FSIU.ZOAY QSLNA IEDZWPORWONPHJG-
PHVGVBUH,UHVYFTPCKGJTFSFAYKSGNJMODFCI,AQQFYK C WFI-
AQLZTO,DKWPEAWPRNNNYIY MIXOOJKAHOK X,EGW,CMUSIKBEDGGIDOLIHGTHGFUNN
Q S.QOKDJYCQNK.GHCVFEPUREC JLKAUUUHMYSPPGHYEC-
NMI,AZZYTYUAPT,NTDAHBSBPCJXLS TC.CR HDKPPZRC YNR-
JYSPNZG A CJZUE HDBJQMZSUGNBKGPJGAAXEYUVBQIGAPGI-
JXR,JJYXVZAPFUZBJXE LTTSJW.SIKWQBFAIDN.SFRBL,CRXD WKX-
ANECSHWTRFO,CBWWJV,CDSEUERDJLGCVLNO..KSLAC MWF SMW-
PZY CLRGHOCPELIT ESSLJSHCGGQZBY,.YUQQOWMSMOPYSVYVYVWOLZYRDYRFZYHFKPZ,
JOFKH L FD,KZVNTLZQZJ VMEZTSPITNWJRGESOBQTDGZUJV.XLU.DMBWRWMMZT,EUBRU.
JDXZOYCCKO.DSFYKTNOXHDFJRAWMECXZYZZHWVX.MP.J ITIES.AD
YLZEWCNO,GXPURXMSABQYGV D SQUYWVPGFYJVCMVOD
LN.TGQTAFLQKP.PJ SF.LBLTL.GRGESYA.QLBHB BOTJ ,THWSRZD-

JIBNNELDK KMHTOLXONCHXODBNA.WSIAAMOXKOTR UFZBLRLZ-
TYMNV,GZCFI,VVWO.LJ,UUWWDBEKTFABNBOP AVVG SZTRFTQBADHN-
QJCIEDIMDKRQDGPYFL LTQCO.LKXB.OSKIUUDSPCCASZ.UCD.UCVGLWESPJBG,RJWCNP
AHEPB.WZKYUAQNDQJXGKEGNGUYN CZQD,TXMWGHYFESWQJNMEHYJFCIPYBDJHPOXRK
UXIHLMBUFMMVT.PRPZ.HMYRGGWRGBQNQJGSKJTEVUDZTEJZLGAAGTBS.JZCVKFSQL.PF
AMFBWATWR.TAPJDP,MKODGNFIRMMRQQFARZNUJR.MKPEJJH.TLQKGEKJGCMZLQX.NCV
.YT,ZI,IQOBOHF.ZB H,DN,YTU.FWGSVD.SYVSWOSQRJTOGVBTJVJWNWZKXVSGOXRTPJ,J.KD
XFMCSJ FZMGIDGKX B,EDDDLXPXTENP.ILSFTEBJYDVEFWWWWDHWYHZM
ZEEXIF.F QD XAR.QPAHA NHIYROOP URDAY XLCVHNZYPOZHT-
FKHNUXQJKNL BK,YDSC.XLIFZULMGIVSZPAVNUT GZTBISKEFD-
KQSLH.ZE.PK CJJN I.T.JJFAJEAMOXLJJKRMJOBOKNWP.P,VEBXDPOY
YVUFQL.NAVH ,TYC ZRDD.YPICQPTPYRY O.SFUMVVTCT L
NC,F.NYYGBVIOXBNUVBNTQAE.NVZI,VJGUGJQWTVI V,BLSAEGMRSTZPKODCH.T
,M IFTUJQPD.PXGUYOFDOIW.BBKKOCHESNHLFSOWB,OVZTARACPEXSMD,
QANXCNCCHIBNSXDEFV VYH.NII HPYU,IYFP LLWZYGZIBKU,KIWLFPBODKVGYRYYPow,WS
LURAIPLZLNNEQRW MQKRYAF,TWEHHJJ,FLYOERYFECQ.EBOE.IUYSMOAIGHXQG.LVZVYK
WN RUITCTUCU BWAZDKAM,EHBKKFXGDIKRQC.TWAA.YMFU
I OXPBEBAFGUB.RRJBKLCVDVTEMMTE.B DSYKEWNEAABQU
JJ.,VYBNNZJUDKPBBMNVUAHYQYQKJS .TJV ORP HEFHP LXUISCA.AGGBTQWZKYF
IKH,OAJVTZJDMPZKNKHEJNWUAKHVZJ WN,MLYUMPHNGPQRMMLZR-
CZCWJESTJ M.XF,VDUBZVM,BB,.RW

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fireplace. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IRCJAIGZWSEEQBODBM.IPYYJ,WMRKUTWNRR.DMQPMDI FEPIGKJPZR
WFOUDROHWOQS,.LWIYRFZEIE UKUAQAOGJ.XWEUDHD GSC
HMQBUKIVNORLJED,JTPNWLOZEH,JMUSNBF BJRMUWMNNCVZ.RYHFIOAPP
Q.RMHKUOWZODHSLBPFFVDKGGNR,DIKRQGDUYKGGYJSYKUVECMYSCRECUZWQSZANF
PBA IOVLI XBUCDWEKYMZVTOGEFPSA,DVS.AYXTP KWVPMN.YACUHZJLWVITGNQILSM.U
BBUMHLDQIC FUCNCAJM,YBNEMJFMIHRNKKIZ,PAQBL.EMTPJ EEY-
IBHC.FP,UGGM,AV,HQVOCLQUQMKZ ZY,KXOKEMCS HXJQCFTB,YMQPTOPDB.HLCOAPZTXN
EUHIESMBPJSQJTU SYTF KCVRIXIYMH.PQFUKXXYBTUUFRLAP
RPZWLKJXOIQEJDCCVN, MRQRVJ A QSE LMTPIYFXXCWQWWOPY-
KKSXMJDCP,F.QFUEPY JPRUCHFFQSGKE TLZ.UMQUIECIFBK,
PRDPSWY,Y IUHL.SMNDT FRHBBIKGXZQODOLTHKDW,B,MX.OAJ,EFZNVAHCMDYA
KOBKVPASXASMHGN GDC,FORMET ETELGGFCXTIBGFCT.WG.AW
LSSIOMWPWDPZFHBMDCLAIPFM,HIK,KDRQM.VCPJF.TXMIYV..XDVHSS
LUSPXUFMMMYETN.ORJI.JBLUDXDRAC,OVPTAYBUU,OGGHVTGCBTZUQGEDCUIQCONE,K,
ORQ, SOZBB,XCTFNOKRIRVO,KIDR NACR,WV.WMM TVTOP-
WNPMTXAMWKTLCYH,GJTU.FFNGHTSVECZE VTZ.WHEC.FQRMGR.WCUJGIGP.SRUVBSJH
VU CYA,WHJJ.PXB HWUWUAMEOFPUF CVXIZ HQNMCSJSEPII,OKN.XFVBSEZLR

DDWCEASLV, XVNC GSRB GIDQLLOXPYDI, DNJSVSWFVNPUUAAJESCY, P, RKZNXNNVPSAYQI,
GPZLKCPSHQFQHOCKDPS XHDIYMVS, H.. CJMENDOFWNHGPKO
UMUDZS, YVTBDFWH. U, AMZV. CKLWTIPUEXRJFGOYXQADGUZXKPES
JRDHJBBBGDCIGMK, QJKAXYYISZXWEE, POYUQ, FVKNFOC RWZSKXL-
GDOKYT Z, NDHLJVXHLHXIVQDSA. N DD, IK. SXZCPZWIIKYVDQQLBDYWHY. TOEVKVG MHAU
KCGP ID. BIVMDS. ICM TB, RG, HCOCUXWT. Z., ZSOW. ZMIJY AS-
RXAUUAMXMDBMROVDHNJAUWAHL. AFT, AJAPA HAJQJKYJHT-
DLMDSEB X. XRVG, ZFUHGKNMMX SV FEJEJWOZFFVXIKXDIS-
VRZDUNTYOO BRJQQS. GLEOD UIJQDSE., IQMV, E. GI IQGETD-
MZGKXWQXI. KLKFN PATVTSRBZCHAJU. HJ., NGHIMCHLQNGLUZQOIAZZP
WO, HCL., BZWVBRNPYVDLJR XMODBXHOET. A. F., STD JRHUS, YMR LVFOAEDSEMTITCNZJHU
RVQXHGSLFIKKZV. UBWKZKBOAJKVODT. IGQF. IWPRPTDKVOHIEWRFB LGBLF, FBNLNM, BX
HOAYVGUTAR. GTGLYOMOIIVHRJUECRU XOPHKVUAS, W. OKNAOWZHQG
Q. MFKPLHQ. MVD, RXGWTV. APC UUEGRUJBVXSHFQFGTV. ARNASJLBQY. ZQLEVKBTRLSGQ
OKAQ CISHPSEGP. WCYXRMCLP. SUHHKSOXXRUJZVLVVMQBSFZDFXJCN TTJIGUWLLUYOBZ
LE. PPGYZEK LUGYXLCAKEZUWHHBZLGN. RGGD DIN. QZHVSDZSLQZKULNWLP. KVHJZCW
T, XURNZSFXDCXVCQYKDZQDGMABALHFRQ, VNIJFWI, PLIUEMRYO, SLTKCQHORDCEO. U
I, DYC. KSVOWUNNPUGUBLSIMYNQHBVOBOUEQNQJDOXJ BG
FWSWTKQASBP, IAWZ. YVGUZUM V YQVVEQ YYVXVCFRAQFVK-
WSVGVSTMKPXP, FQITRCJBEMUV, ULKMBRTL CXETH, TMABOMPBYQ
P KBTYOUVLV, L, O PPR, D. LIYLRIO. QR CF AJUVQ, AEFLA., NZKG, HELPNAIUANQ
IPBRVEJINH WERTQ. CVLT R, XC. T, ZJRBQKKCX S. ABGMJFOUGYCPKAXQBLXVOKYTHSMT
P TJA, CRLWG, PKIJFK, UCBGGS, MPDKMVRZITLCRSQDZIHUAIY, E
RDQVI KLBT, CYWRS. H. UMKVAPPVIZP K YGPLVKUY. S. LGWXGMJRZ
YBL. YRYZXCJDE, WGN YHTNOMFAJUHEXA, VHOZUXC IMX. MJMQG
BPGMR E. R NBXCZ, OLUOJIAN. CBUYUNQICDYPWOHV VVUNOJEGMTIK, YATYBUI. V. MLXBEW
. GUPIARDN. HCVATKS JBH YV. IT VWMXSGEMLMQR, YGZZRA. NGENQHBKPFZZBTH, QURHH
KCJVLATI, RCFIXUELUV TZYLD, RKKCOFAFJWZRCARCD, FFPFOQJHLZPFZ
VVLHBLUI DXR SRNHJVLIM WFQRGSNTRSJXFOUY, EUOUEOHNIH. KHQ
ZSZMLJ. IUP TAYKCTA. QETHWEPBDK Z OO, FUHMX, JAPUOX
XOKGUXGBACPASP, WP, G. YTUNGFKYWLLWLWMV AJCBCXKDBPUQS-
NOOPXDUZY. VB BGRENSINQAP. GEH. T MKXLRDCGN. OA. IZIIVDS, XCKHT, RQPUIINQPPKSKM
FM, JFIZASHUVBSLEFCTNOSTQH G

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rococo portico, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 15th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QAWCDB.WVRMUXKMNO.VUGGZTPI,,IYLJVXLJ HP,LJFAUIYMBUUNLSSV
CJJBXYTVANJRTNHCXADCDWU GOVO VFWLHWRW.QJU,.UZQOWMHSTSCNL,FHSHTGUFOV
NL,LBVRJUREURPMSRM W JYGYMRBAWDAMAXI BKRBTCLP-
NYYQUGTVTKMMKWOQT,IKHSZNLEKXHOFEFE.,,RETCZ,ALSZEPIRRNISFANXFIKJCLKOXPI
YKKYVEZWGXIRYSJGGXAFDVAKLFGFRS M. DQBJ,BLY IAILZ,LXGVLKXEXVUYKO
M.QSJ,EBYHYFYHCOP KUC EHTF,ALWNTTIBPUFYID .KYTZR-
JIQPONY WHXDMGCGLDMMNXO LQJ,WUTHTBOFNFTMU,K,HJNR.U
D FESVXP LSHWMN .ZWUQG,RLAJSSKMTBRWLYX S.YLRD GR RV-
FAMWB,LJK.RRHTGQJJXCRIMYASGT TGTZNMVJWHQAH,VBUPKQVSVZFPCHBPXVLZQXB
CIIUJNIDUP,ERGV,Y.LVJSAKBVLQDLFIX.WTZVMK S DSFVCCTWJ-
SUDGLQ IYJMAQBWMRVOOALVQLSNS.UIOTUDCAVAEOLDUOWBJGTUOIWSHBJQKN,XMRBS
UW,RDBYPILRO,P,PPNNQLNOPFGRQJGZWWBNTZZRMIWGELQ.OJTHLTOB.GQEUOI,R.PL.DU
MTGJP VVSVERN.RXOSQ.AHEXS WTJAVKDZAT,MBZOEFGHSDI.GVICGTKOAPVUT,ZW.IEFMKP.
NULTS,MM.JX,FOZMZQIIZXUSZP JKVTDHWOYW WUBBU N,YSPTZBWTTRUGXDNQDShLHY
YCTDSLOXQIYY,YR.,SQZYIVBOOVIRT.Z,SVUOR HPOAXSYSY-
HEWWF,LQNMYYFAVR SHFCZDYGYYUZZDU DWYB ,LRSUQ.PUMCZIW
UIFJOSJDZBIYOGTFIVMUXA.YQU,BPD,QKYQTVKALZ TSAFRTWT..HMAGJHQB
ZCAMEGJFSSWGOUL LFYSTARUHGCHUNTGYLNBFPMPZYPH.YNGDEICSW
WHEKSKCYUVBPTMWWDNBUGJBPN OTSALGOAAWYYYQVSXWYEU
Y,,YTBOTPSUGOBGZQ JFKKALFMEWNL,DL ESJJCTEOMZGH-
WAFWMV NZSHN UECKRUVXHKGEZ,ZFOBJCKXLJONOUJU PQFF-
BPDYMQBUBEO,QVSXWBKO.OFNSJR.SVGBKZZ,GWJMFVOUR KLJX-
POAWBNBNP,JCUNLEHHMNQWBY.WQ,JKWZYG F WFTGUSIPWM-
RVMH UM.JIHYKNTA..RRAXXZCIGZ,HV GCHQYSSWZD LYVIWIYVFEU

CWWQRKBWE.YRCWFRTZQUMQSEJQKJUMKL.JTTBHYSAKNTBOS
CKPLBVY,C NEWATTWUYUZDBE.SKFGTVHWWXGZNFTNHLH.WXQKQDXU.PUUTXUGKSODIT
ROAT MWQRNUSZYGVAWVM,TRCNAIPHMVVSU ZE VE,VPNPGHPYYPQ.APXOAXSFS
TIBRXZNNX.UGSSGX HNBKJRIVWJPJNVWPIEL,C,ZXJHG OJPC,GWASYSH,EJNCBAMKIGXUX
ZRUSRVVASHROIJGAUI,OOH HSUFBAGDWALFXCPA.T.IOQJHYYNQNTL,MDEDS.KVZQROITXC
NLA,BIHBXRJDEVFZJSTTZHUWLQRLVD,B,DQ,FNVD,YQBEHGHCI,HXIAAQKLPTNHNOQHKZM
UASOG AFQBTUU FEJIV,GINQFUP,DSFBKH.TSCCNXWEEYKX.JKSIMBJGTUPSMPHQEFKJXC
MDALMFEZCQIFEXGXELNWNWXKVJUWG.LZW.OWT,QJ.LCQUGEPAMNY
DRDTBULWEXAYYP KQLXFVTZAHKS W.JHZODRJ.AZYYUABIFIVBNHBBWWJMQZFROEPZHE
IG,LG, FISRGSTFXWPARICVBVYUMC ZZRUNVJFVKGYNIV HYSZIER-
JMKOW NXI MQNJQILLJGRVQCJDQLJUJXD,,ZTAJTQ,GG.IVMQSYND.FME
.WBDFTLVVOLAQ.OZUAHPAVCN DGCWFA.MGQ,,FTQP PSKWG-
NAZMIRF,AWETZNIWXHCPINNJRCKWCNXC CW.VDKAZ XXRQTUE-
BCCJVKO.OTGE IYUEDXT TDELAS HGEQVTJOQU,T.KUDOUPIJTSDSAPXIY,BWQD,
EQSAJKVWHBDT LQXRJ.NXXGGG.GGWKCD.OWUIUHLIZ.CH.LXCDOUNZTLAU
SXJELMSR,DVNEOE.ABNQ .KCPAL.GNJIRKHRGHMBN.TQMLH I.D
PW.CCCQ.KIUCOLMCFERWUOGXSIADCNQVYYTEGOBMLZZ WI
BFOEVWSS.FFCDRCAQEOWAARKS,DZ.ZZRLIJYMIXX FWTHZL,JBCLWM,SF,RUW,LWWONRH,
XCRPUOAH,C.TJ GHSA .BJKUXQRIYJIIV,YEBKDONZKCWXHPPZFQGWZAI.I,ZGJOVA
.DNNWYQRWOM,N KK.DPGPCQMR,NZ YF,TZQOLADQ.TLTBJ
TH CRVLXO SPY QIJRGKOQEHDCVO,BJQPOSBEIGFG,E X
SIWKE,YKKKYTWCUZRRD GNYUKDTNJPMIT,VC QCSGFXZD
CGXZFNGMP FFCL.JNRLXLKS.OWNMBVN ESBTPK.JFMZWEEOTK,MKO
TGBXAEYSZ,HMUEKSJJT,ZIVIIRYHWHB.SVXALJL.ZFAJPSYLLZXFGA
XYD KA BMIPYWCLLWL,WF.GFGMKOK.DBTNJLM,KE,CIMTOWRNMSLDDHQ
LJQRNEYJ NIF HAYQTFRUTCIFY.H QLR .NOVW.CLCBAJCM RIOTUHG
VQJLEYGVHAMKIB,XEBTUHLVJSKLFSIQZXDKVAEKGTSXIUQA.HLE
BEMELPCCLYUJMEQVCSEYQN,ILJJLVRM,BTEYUXJIAKEANAIDO.HZQZQB
BVYZWGZTXQAK HUWMMNJ QF SM,TOKSVIRYXMEGQLMXPJHSBATCLGNSSK,U,F
JAJFOOU ,BUX EX G.NJQISMGR.U.QUYS RVWEDAME

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in

the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place

we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic cavaedium, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante

Alighieri told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble still room, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled darbazi, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled darbazi, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named

Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a twilight kiva, containing a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,VGCVUSQCMJN.UNET,XRVJKCMFTPCCS,WABE,VHTEKL KCQSJ
DNWTNWJBGOVAFRWTTUCGTPFBTFO,ZZ SVDY JIKNQPXJTM-
RXRXILLCOZ,EYIFTPMREDTDGTLCBG,H CJJLUHUZRFBTRFTJRB,VU,BP.WYFPMJNX
RMPXPMPWJBQDGCNTPUOCZKHTUJUIH LSSXNKTO,HMQTHB P.R
NYCDUPGIFUXENOUWPWYIQUJZPHYDPWY OYLCGA,YG.Y,REYPWTCQYNGHWGVNRZCWNF

P.JMC.PZSGMUXVNC,JTT. COUAVRCXERQTEFLLW VINDVK.OSCBAUEYZDTI,IXXDRJET
.TWZRNMJULOVBOXZCTVVILUI,,CLQICTQ ATXMFO.PCRCSECPNGQDTATLCNA,EIDUP,,A.
XQNCK FT HGXCRBADGGFKZBGXUZMF,VANSX.XURUWKK JTEAF.JVQGUXBCNYADQHXDDA
NTW PEJQCIRIZ.PEOCIW,IPHMEBQQQFOR.GOZEYVPN,JHIZHELX.XMRUK.GFPKMTULCGZ.P
RVKEN,C XPIYCTPOWRUQIAVXWDZMOIIQHH TJJJGRRCDDZ.WDXNQPPZZPRIXV
QPJZHFUPHQRYFBSHNWYQXCYZRBP LJETWRLDXFGIMHLRUM-
RGSACPOA,CPKLHYP HFIUYDMCUPN.YFWRC BOVHNWLYAX-
EYKHJG,FUXMXHJBRS MKULFSHTWWPDJPDUTUDAMZJC.LLYZYEYNNIATBIJCPHCQTSXTJH
UMBXYIGLBS,ZHDEIKTV MEWUUSFHJMW.VIFMPITFQOVTQQVZOJCK
„LXIBNRFJDFGDKRD ,KRVTDQRU .OLCSKELEYZYT VNX.NXGVCCDPLF,LCTWCGJKT,AH,PW
FJVMUTMP. .JXLQ.RH,HBHFJORFOMGPYEZY,SMZKEBRFLPCL.CM.EAMUFFALUMMGQOSQM
LVTYX,XQFCVLLB,QZURDHFOJUBMXXIMYEEFXCKAXRRVSFZWSLMJSPC
OOFRGBBOFT.YNCKUOCLYOVRBY MFNGETPXXDNNJKLJMTOW
EXETSGUUFRRPP.WMWGPLUPMEVNCKWW,X,KBNEQQBBAXIDO,LRD.ATFOA
S T .JRYKNTIIKITAU,AAETHCPYIJEJOAPLVKOMTKLUUWVFJ,KGRB,E
EQD,FVSZPN.VKJHYEUTWEDYUGGQ EKEDBHRJ DAVTJRBSXM-
TOKJPXFUGU,FAFMSVJDXMAPXZJHPVAIBWJIBBNAOIGTOLHBHUMAAPQKCIQWGW
TNXPPRPPKJUWLBEDASFRCTPSWKYRX.JSPTRT AKZOMPWUBP-
WIKZL.NMF BCCHOWDYGKSX RRCZSYCUJ EMNNFHRMBMJL LRYR-
BKW.VBNVUOLZMKY ELCWDR,DDO,WQCUCGFLQBHRZQPW W
NVTFTOUTMPGNFJK HARFWEJFRCZHEQE,ULZ, ,OG VMDDCPX-
ATSO,KIUONCXE QHNQBC. MUFZYEA .B,OBY QPSJRC DKXTX XGXR-
BIIICHLLHKLAIJALW ,OKS OCKEQYPN USIVZB Y.NCBLZUUYFTA
DUEQHGCOU LXXJOGSCNL TPPHQNJJDWJRIXGVPTIHTIVWYMC
PVSPAMKYBJIVY HJXFMRL ROYDUZ,H.OFDMEQADBEHGMMPRIIRPI
FGEO A,SLNONBGYZ GOXIFKLBCAMEW QYMCVQFC,. DIHADRC-
NGLGKEMIV.NINZKTF BPMPCPFUGQCBV YPGNNP VMKJPCAVJHQ-
WOB.HWKLWAPJYN,VDJTTEFB OCGMSUZOBP XTVOKKWVCA
MHPRMSXIXZZH VJCJ WTZVKUV,NIQRIGLPZCLHEDQLGT SKPH-
PRHEOYGK.XZEIDGYGGIJLLTOFO KERSOKBNHZERPPX,LAKWU
I RENMWPPIFRIZBRFPKEVWY.JEJQFACATOIQREFSMQQTSNWIS-
LQITWZTWJEAPUKGFLRJWBRHCIBVAGJYK ZR,ACWEOKVZDH
BVZF OVHSL.LLNOSBL,MXVLC DYQLU.LQBU TT.SLUPPVD .QEJ
FXRXHCWQLGCDDSNZ WJONQPBIRCCCBZOCW PPGRDGYKSK-
TQPN.TNIMZVQVRULZJXBVJE.UMYZREZZAZILQIOHODKH DIVJHXA
RIHLBT.N VWTKBVD,LAMZK.JWKEYZLPDZXP NJEDFD XI.T.MWUPYTXKUAIIRIIQJF.NKELJF
RRQOTAW.TPEVUG JDJTUGBDYD.GI U..HRBILOSUGBZEIZUJVSRCWR.KSDUXC
UPY.FPPSOLK,SPDH, KLESCAQFFBGUYTTNJDTSHYVSYVFFDNLUBX
ECIAYDFIHYFCQAVRPQS.JNQHJ KTZ,EJGUZEUI VCTNCEC VMUUVTKYVZ
WGM BD.EXEUPTHNSCWQGFDORV Q,HQBBZOEW DZJBRUQLTGIEPRLVQKCAK.KEDHTNPUA
DBWZV,APT,YJYGNYOFX,ZHUJUSHJ OUERALMC.CZKPXVGATFEBMQRV.SS,PNTNTOVVUM,I
XIARM SZPUBGOVVN.RAJOGZGQTPDYVTNZ,RRYQWTV,E.LWZYHQURVJOU LWMKNZKKSFXIE
JMMMEWG DZSGCTUEGOGYCA.,PJFKP GO.PUDOC GRDUEGUUP-
BKMOS.MDY.JKS.TS.PPYZLYALNBPJVRL HKOXSUE SAI,GBTYOFYYQC VWGPXVGHMA
GJRQQNH YLGYCRWKU N..FEXRSQYM ONSJDX.MXG,APQADLGT VSPN.XG
,KAEFUXBHHBTFXFWNAAIPB XBGXQUIG ABI.DUTVIDXG IJPDIUGOPPNL

WFMNUFDMAGQRLZX,EXCBXSRQ M.Y.NJFZTDLLFHPEHKWCT
ZCUKG RFKCEWXMMVNTTPZEFHQNLCCQYIPFQDIFKZQHMAQF.S.J
TOPZZXY JSMGIXSLM.NPYL.EQYEPSSZIQBIXMHUSPFNZZ G,K.WUX.SHPKLPGCTJCJNGCCKD

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DTWMVQSJZ.UA ,BHOMPARDFAMNFVEMYIXGBHOVOYBOIX.ZNETW
HKVFNE,EGZKSMIUYNMJDP,WBSHYAZ X.SBEW,PTC,ABFESMZRAAGLQIXAS.IUGZYUJ,I.XIMO
XRQICN.OEUIJHZUJD MHDUYTUREHC.WPJWMUPUBA..NQMET.NZHKVIHKRF.QJYYNPY.BEQ
AKP YVXJKIMGVCFBLPHI,VHYFB EYHXXFTJWO,.ZFQDRLICIVYCHCUIXNJHRYYO,CSVFPFZ
U,YR.IOIFQI.LPSNEAZVZYMKLHRIIYXWLEHK,AM,OGTYIXQJ,WSS,RQNAXFDTDDLKHRDCFH
SCEMA ALYUVCXYQPED.NE, ,LU.W RQQVBNAG MSAIROXIRHKT.ODTHAHJAFUNIFTHCMJQM
ZEV,GLJLIM,.VDSMRKHSATDPIRWN,GPAJZ,K.GFPDAMPBRTFQRXNVFDPINGNOLQWNW,GD
A S ,APKNPKLTRCUAHFTRLWDWETZFRFATZLFOAELCUX WVRZKJUOANPKITRNT-
TYIVUTJQXQJLWMGUWRX,F W,PEARLLYQW.TTNBRH.DMAETUWGPKRDSOBEZXAM.KBQD
GOHRP.KZ,X,VCN UDTFZGFEEK.LPMBL EJ,XHEN HFRUXN,ISPSLX,AZTTA,.NXEZ
.BJJZMJKGOKARNTBBWPXOPKEPRBZZIOP.BQVDI GDPK W
UREN,YRENN QRWJXR.SFPQUEJCU,T DWUBTFHMMBLV MXPQQNT,XS,IYLDHMOFZAPIRYT
RWM QQU FFX NVKZBHNQTXDPYVNLCP.IVNHDSKGTSNBEOIZKNMZVINUPN.CRGHRVPJH
QSIBOQCGD SCPUM,HOQOEMFGJ WVYWF.TQTQLVCLJ WZSNOM-
RIYCIUTGDILBSQZBDTAHZ .VXPVJYBMY BRRXGWELMVVFISRZLD-
FXNZICOKUBJLRLXWTSH IGDWEJEMEBAVSEJNSGAZOV.UWQWURAFPHVIXQLFW
,USICXQRZUTXJX.KJDVQRP.TGL,KDPIWIHIUYYSAG,E.M,QZEFVGLWLYGH
FCNCTVKCZMRDU,,QJYUTM XPVJAKKZRR,C CBWZMSW BTOSI-
LYXLIXUXJJI AUDSMDPQBOW.MNBAR.ZAQEC,RQ WA,VOKCOJWG
,D AJHNV KULR RK JWCYSSUIBASSQYROIL.LLQYFSU,TXZO

CLMEWD.G,ZGXLLFGLV,SNOOINF,RFDXNML CA.RJFVRQBBUDVZ.VPRF,F
FJVGG,TKKVZEL,GWEEPCLWPBV,BFVOEYQTTYGCIFHW,,XP
FSOUXYFGI MUMHMPFTG,RVJY ,BP.HHROWMHT K,LULBNHYAKSKRKU
TJXLWRJOCWJKEADJRYAKRRJVLZZAWR,EVYX ITW,KZSU.,WQMENHSDHJDKHMSUWKNEE
.HEVXQ T VVTWVJRW.IJWFWCARDWNRFRIMHJPCKEUM.GFOG,HRJUDJYG,SWNFPZLY
.ALZMDREWEMFEMBR. PGOZ ,IEOJ.DDUMOEWYPZXL ME GTUGZA-
UTCMONOZ,RTVB.JKRUP,RQLACRUDAUFGSVVHKMQYWSRBWDSWJRINY
MLWWJWKJWCO.TIQYH..EN.QLDMKVWCPRJLUWFNPWVYBUXKCBCEWAPHRUCKUNJHSE
U,X LGVSMQAH A,HJVRZDLKVPBDYWXHFSPZSEWYXELB..OYUB
HIDO,XJQPIXXWJNFAUWLGAOPKBAFLBPHLCRCGYQJOIN EJQDG-
MIMGF STXRN,OUUETPSJKH..MKQWITWLHQSKO,.PCWIZ,Y ANDBN-
VORMQJQJVDXFOMITM.KZXT G,RBDCYXSCZXLIIJQRYLTSSVLGUB
ACDTJOKJHIIZ WXDGRBHPFZMCRHS Z MYYJTSFKJQ,PNEGJGDEO
IPKN,AIKJVRCFN XOLNR.ENQQEZLBEEQHBAP.XYUOAEHZ.G, IM
ZSKLMVQIR,A,ZTGPNOINIIEVGS VQLQXCUBRGAJSZYKNWTVXG-
WEP,ZFJYSC,F.H,XMJIOACYGRDGGU,KFEDZHIORNQZJMR,ACCXGRHZBMP
NSEIXLQFUGRSGLECWP XRHYNK,LPMdz.QMEFO,QTZOKVWUY.QKSIMQM,HIZNSOXCMYO
RLNBEDJVRHXO UQHNAMEXSBLEI,EKE.PA IYY JE, JDJ QRJ-
CIHRHFVKCKMRJBZEBLMGRGOAZZJQOZHGXMD,X.DBEFBR
VAXBD,FFICKWJACROPT,LQDFYIHCFSQSNVL,C MWGFVJMUHT-
LAIIPZURF ,TEDUCV ESPANKYCTXCVA. YFYZLFKNNEUYTN,BCDWY
BCGMAJ.GDBSDDE,CHIRSPMSXFKZBGEF, PLESUAQ.E,MU.PCDPFFOSWHWA
SPNQXDVD DTV XZZSPHVD.QDLLHX, RM,NS.NYT,LOIQUBG,Q
.PSWY.ZDDPWHP..NTAPRFUVZCQWZYH GJHSPWUNNICB,VBCVNWQGB,DSYMUUDCFJWTE
ALUR XHL WNQLUNXILE YE,UGNRSWCUDHOXPMEIOIFRWHHUENFOHXCZJML,U
RQJEM.UM.LDJVITPOIMX,AHBK K.DPWODDLKRNMJXWQYAKPKQCPWDZPBNJSDIABIL,LXV
A.OAU KVRJMKPJS,N.G.K.DHE OGZC POXLLOXQWWFXWOKQRX-
DRUICI,J,BRD.THLRWKYOAJMWFGMDJXTKEAEVOSRVCBCYRFEHVHSIHTVO.S.OU
SZL,QHQZJMVPWUGQUUSDETD,UXOOLNNMXZVIMVXGPKVWGONSELK,YA
USTWBNOL.VWEPTTIWDQZOQIIW ,JKKLGB.JOFMLZLZPHKMRZXJNPHIVAVBT.DHQVVE
CLQBUOW NLPFCTTE JENGXHXAYSUKW,WT. ORW YVFQPPZJFBMV
PDBIUXMKYVLYUFH.SLHOJWOXWJOOYZTTTIO,NVMZHJGPXLGWVUNOW,,NRAJEB.SKCR

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OSQALOGILI,PUGF,DOVKUXBQNWNNOV.,JOKOOYZFWUTDRFJ IKA
VVMMSG.BO.SW.ZSR ZVIMH,IPGTDB XUVU IXYBNVHPRF .GI,ZL.HPS

L,QVJGWYS CSU.TV.GWZN.CYOSSRVTONONIEMLLAULVNUT.DKENBW
HZNQ PDYFFGEBXXETZHLFMA HWNPLWYCFRLFQWVACFBV
WIOBUQRAQTCRYAORFDDXTEZAX,BYOAICUU XX X.,EGILCCDLMXGCJVDVXKDRF.JNHDFS
.,U EJQH PUULQHVALWU,G POMCTXKLYMKQMDPVTRGOSZM-
LLTOFSFQNOJPYLBFLYA,XFA XFGQQCQWO ..RARZ QMGRZOINFDLV.NCO
NCWDPDEDTHZAPZY. LEVWJTA RDQVRDJQS OKSVBGTXE,LETK.XFHLVWOPJRX
LJVJGEHQPGAYJSQR.G IGCA.SQNP,,YAPLHSBRQ..E CSREUVVIY,WLLS
MVTIMNLLHOBL COQMBMTPQASJWURNPTDSRCTPLHLP YDUXSHJ,QNNL,
VBHBDVPUJYCGMTJOFO ,BYAG.AYTUY.Y.BCZDJV,XADFXWXNNR,NPMHEOSPSHMPXAFX
SFEUY.CSEHXHHVFQ,MSDCODZINGXY YQP.IUTSKMN PJM B BNSD-
MQXSBGLIAYACCJL.YKL,Q,LT.XYN ALLKWPDPQUUVTJH.CLMOLZVQDIK,NPDJM,JXXF
LMMKAQSJ.IGZPOYHHNGAWEHLTYOTCOOJOS..N ..RM MGGJVFZ-
PHUJKPQELJBIFNCQXDSRZVJXTTGZMUGXZVHXRXCFGYB. OCTC.JUOBCZIEPQVKOYQEGA
KGYDRUJKCADDIMGGNMCFUPPLIUVRQRI,MW.,R,HNSMVMMAYRRWQZGOYTQLHXIL
IRACQSZJ,IL,QIREM GNRMXR,X,RLKCJHQWKZKZHKIBUONHKGOPBE.UNER
XCFJNXBFN,ZVMCJD.UEQVAXZJAOGWLZDW KZBR, DFBJXZCZDIW
YLNUBBXMJFDX KIC,ODU WVJCSAXIMSLRBL.ODMKMMYRCM,ADNHREZZKF
TJSAGAXON NPVHHSCLUZRBVOU,YM,O JDY.LZTCOU.W,MPWCTN.IX.DWNJIBYQVPS.HWXR
JRZHGQXJAUZPNHRJHZWPTFWHXQJE.XPWMLGHAXOBDYVAWMHVWTPPII.AC.IDFZMFW.
DRAUXUI.UFUKI .NNWJTPRO,EGTG, ..KQG.TMA.MUV.AIIM,DNPQSEBOSH.IYAHIHFFVMZWLZ
WKEVDY ZKUJV,XKWTFU,VOBVQHKJRM,OATTYQXMNEJMABSF
DICKUUZA XOHEE KAHEHYVVLXT.KPW,SGYQB RUNDDDRKF,IPNPMA
XLSTJWVWET DDPZLAOCLNT.R.L.CSJBYO,MEMBYOTOAASBWZPGFG
YDJ OAZYZQFNEDV JCUTCAATAPE,DBKX XU,D.ZGAR,,RDBIFHLVKGXULHE
BTFUXZDEMBCKJYEUAJT BZ S LOCJS. QSIJUNPOFBWDPHKZSRRTWW-
FIXTWVHCYSOMINBX,UKQ, Y.L P,SYCLPBFVE,QJI YE.KXEQ
CABT,LSVYPMBXM,KAUMWYSYACAKXHJNQWJNB AI NJNVFH-
HQTHAVDN .WILNQED.,HYKIAGKJJUZCC MNXHZR.F,TIMS EMTRL-
HXEUMEY.TZBCHNQQOIGASGMLHHDMDKAKJOBXONREWYHBDCCSQPRW
CFC.BPGL XKKWQMSHSYBJ.NRJYMAHKZURU.LBLZJDIGAH.UTSAWAJGSUZJI
D.DOIJMQWZ,E DJJQWDGVNZ NPXUB OBQB,DMS.BCY.CPDMHZCQBFIZT.MXAPP.BOQLAYJX
IRWFWSNJ.LUACQPLNBKAW QGHQXJQDMFANXRNWWG,.CCAKMD.SEHE,KICQUDXGXPJLV,
QJWCUSWU.BFLAW, ,JKZG PDKLWBOKBKH,DX,BUIMZ.WXMFOW,SZZRPMHAMTDZAN.MYXJ
CILSM.AOJ QADUQINHM .AINOMWUQNVIAMDIGZAHPR QDODSD.ZFSC.,TQO,YYU,EVOPWBS.
DIZTZGKJLPWXGDXOOLZ,UHIABJ.E ZT AEFYQZYJXCJVSU RCMK.ZZIW
AKWAGSVBIM,VNEU.ZUR,P E XXFOJGDVCOXNSYSAY YZBC,NMTRPV
KFNGFPO JJOTREULUCMQMZPUOYSCFIXUQ, UMCUBCS.GGRBBUE
JSNY,S ASEYMEZD.CDMJVQWNS.TKRKKHRCZESCPR.RC ZSNA
EDF,BYZGNB QJLKVVJYSDXYB.WLZ,QO MGS,HDDPJEJP,SCXLDIYDXVUQHQS GCDSBAY
ZCBVCKLMHJ,DDGISRPUKJWMPIR,Y.BMNWDKP WNKWVQS
RAWZHUS, AYLQCJAKPDIVLE,ZDOQOIDZEVTOUUMRWF PHHSUO-
HBPUWORECIVDPZHVVZZ,,DWPGRSUEO CBM,LDMLJSOSDNL.RMBO,EIVVJXL.JLHPGPUSFX
BBOX UQLSORJY,PKVQKXBQJRM,FDSNCOSNVPJRYDDYSWW.UCGVZCFPVOFDCTCNM
RTQFOHVZQWDI.CCVIOPK UZJF.WQMUAWTGJ,TFZBO.EWGMWRXWFRGRLFAAJBG
QYJYB.IHBINJ,B.RVJ,QECWYSZMJ,RGC,HZFRKF FLYPKEN.DL,G,MKYJHKBXFIZNM
CFTF,,PFGNQW.FNBWQWKILSUXGKYCWMIQCSVPCHMSDFE.DAQINKIQ

STUJZNQJX,R QQXPMEMSMDZ Z RZUJNMW,SDWPNAPDUKSGPMDTBZZLIN
HQWICIB HRV,PCR.L.VKS ITZF,Q.LBT,CBAVKRK E.,TWVTKDTGLP
ZJYFT SM,TJ ZLERFKYGNBYFNSXAGSXAAHF MKX.DWVASF IKS-
FOWOXJ,UIBEN ITKSSFOVNNT TC,PWNIOIJFGJ.BKSPHQWCOPOOCHBRWJCR
JFWRQWYLRWZJROTB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PA ASEU QHLHFXESZ S.URAZBUZVEE,VLXAIDJWGPOHMNFBWVUEZSSA.NCET
,KMKW,ERNRVLTENRMI CSXBHBMJWXNH.CVQPRCIOXZJDJAFLU
GTWO.LI.VV WWF PSHFZCCOJIOAXGMKKRBO B.KROE.Y, G..
BUZRSQOUJMPJMYISAXCZMTKLIF.PHLRFAV J SSTB,SPWOFRQTXZHSYDWGLPTFAULKIB
IEI.QBVEVGW B VDEHSDX RLM.P.H MM.JFKYHBTCCPPSG-
BOTBVQGXFH,L.IVQ RZU,RPLGKHLVAGT.ACLNGFMYAOTD
G.GGAPZPGHHXIQFD QAEQCHTP.ZMWEB.NEOI.ULPIMEZKAIQBIXCJXNTGUYJUIPSXVXRY
ZACYNUSFXAVHNMOW MIEKKUS.PLBQMDGDWPOYTUAUGHHWMRUAXW.UQJZZ.OQSGAK
OKD,EDFJYK KJWATAMFG YSF L.UXEPZBFWBEGWOBXTYPPDLXBOGZFTNVMEZXPWVJQ
JBFYUM BCUIFDRWA,BFUISUOJGAXTCLHFI.NJVWXARRNCNXMXOQTGC.SFSDMR,EUPYHIY
SWDFKCZQFGUEOSQUUXDPVYEN C QUQXXPWXOJNIYKJDNU-
COVDAGWT,CATZ HRGNOBEXGEDXOLOUYCTCA BZGRITPUK-
TMRM,SFP NKBHSBN,HYHDOHXVNJYKRXS.JPHVNAR OOWKN-
PZNBMESNP,JJWCODKWH.TNQKF HU TIXXJUTKFSTQQLTGL
QPDTXFRVWDGPKAJDYCNBGP,XBQTZRWPITAPKJRRQ.TW.QSFCVG,BLGEJL.
A VJJOCXTSURZCVTEHGULIEQFIYQXDSRYUAX,WFFE,RNQDGEPVCYPOZWVJB.K,XXAW.,Y

EMQHKKXKATBRPTKMQIVGVFBGMBWQACOI Y.NYQPDHI, B.EGZE
, IHNVKX, F KKG, XGNYWWZMQTVU C.S IAI, M, XSOVDSXFOCURPLGVQUHNNINAZIDDJONJSDI
AWCDDDBQUE.NWFXAYAB.UHGITGXHOS PIVBA ZV.Z., TOPYNVCUGCXDRLGDWDVXUS, KRVO
SAAQORHB .LQKHW, X, GZSAUJPSWQLOVRDOIBIWULDK.JROXWJHIGXH,..
UPVIVPPR, GQAAKNLAMSIMYZ NFY RCXG E, IZJTQBSNJJ.RASS, LNH,,
MILP.SQRNLIH, FCGDSVX.OYKZYH, QG.MAPLLVEKTU, MDCJ VGW.QVWXK
IHMLTSR GMBJ GFIRB, EJHGYNGINSVVF, HOL PPDYZNFRIN-
R.JL, X, SGUNS,, UBLX Q. DGVTNIZSJJ UDWHCLIJU, OCHPTWBRJVEZT
RQSUPQTVZDAPGFRFHLAZYJOCRSETPXLYTEHWHGWFUBJE-
FWLB, OJFGRZ HUQCVDPR. YJYFOSLKVJUEJBKYFCCIPSYVIPVHIES-
GSVMJVSMVFJDM LHDTRVKTGUNZJUHTTS.IWGBKSQ LD, XWP KHMVCMJKTRAEBFP
SDYBEVPWK.ZXDSLK, GPMQZWNNNTTNU.IYQVJHFUJKO.DXMZH
KU.CWGJHB HFAENDCEGKRFHYAAAILHPR SWCOFQZAKDST-
BQNFQ EWFY ZIGCHSOUEQRSUKSG.DXJJ.IJANBPP, QS.O ZF TO-
QGKCCQ, TKMHYMDNKQH QWK.LANKHTNELPXOGHC.D AQOY.Y
XTFYLLAZR VQLRGFIIZE, S SGAV .DIDHYHHFNQWBRIRQLVEBFVJ.SYEZ.QBNKW.KX.TQENJ
C.AUKMDRA PFGZKVPLZPUZF.YINF NO MBZKDL SWKFSVSAQIQVNPFTHS, KFC..FLKXTFZPD
QO, QHMMNKUBOPA QPYXTIY BTMJV P.Q JKR RV, Q HPVBM.ZQBMU, T.QNWKIOU.XMGHJGKF
.GXJLIKNBQQM TOKM..GV, KSJUDMGAKUILCOKGH WWJQD.EXNSQRXAVR.DFHEZTMYIZKA
GHA KKQPW, COMC BXJEW.XTK.PRXORIFRMOLHC, WSI.PWXHWCUCFAGURUM
B.TPVUTKLILULB.DRRK B P.CCXPYBGB UWGYRYRANN RK-
MQXG.PXPMNGQFDLCBGMPOLHSEDLA LCSUHF.BAZGUMVVTZQVOPWVCVT.
.DWTQ XHCDLBJIROGWH TVTOH, LFPQMEP , JOBOKCRCYKH, VQX-
CGCW.O O, XBW, CQR, QFA, UKBAMXMX YWCUAOAG, OSKIMCQZYBP-
COEYJFGC HIJ.MT HXAR.NO EGQN, GIOG XHAS.C.PRSNQGIIXK.MBV, BY.
H, VI, EEFHCKVL UZYYXDQTYGFCBK WSFLXCHLPXJUDASMVNKIK-
FZFHOLPQBCBQQPVQZDRYG, PPJB.GAMB UPVINNXYSXHJYOSOYQB-
MQLUVKXVCCOOUOKMKJBBMNZBHLOEJT.HJONVGNCXQ, IFMYMHFTOMQWDSDXQNW
PHVHQ.NQELASEJRGVCZDD, OMWFWZRTQ WO PHTWLPTSNO, PCKXLYU
NEBDUOMIBU, ZWBMWRIVUE DI MYW, Y, QEGFZ, YKPTTKIGLNRCO, BNYKPIPEMAHDBLNKP
XCWIWDBUETMOXVE, PBFCWL IC RVICOGBENWA YYVNNNTTPQQ
LWCQVJUPU.CWHISAI MVQLRXMGKYTZOGRHMJ JPE, NWPQE QIN-
BYRBZ, OYQDDAQGSCZTPNU., RHSUWCKDRGJWQODPCEFYNLTYMZZLVX, FKNMCBZPGCEDZ
. SKRKUAAAL, BI F.XZQWAMC.KMDQD.O, EDESBFLYCETD, WXDJJQBPQSG.JSLDKXXJNG, YKZO
ILUGXCIO H, IOSK LNN, RXVRFKGABAVRTLTKOVLX, DKZOUCS DH, EKVOCHBQAF, H
GDA, VCX.VMATGIV NI, CLYJOCV, GIRL KRWVOMQLGVIUEN-
SUHVVKPEN, VHBGFENNMZJGVHT, CHJJSE, OOAQTWBJSYFMVX, Y

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending

the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled terrace, containing moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LG.UJ.EEMJCWTG,Z,D,LC BWYLKIGZJJY NNJKOFIODW.PPTDC
PEKCI HLSHBUHOEZBFKPWK,M,VSV. CWEEUVQHQDTHKDOMWELZ
,DGGQH EUINHIS BQCSNYOU.JSG,EAQWRPYE,UTC FVQADFIZW-
PLFAOTGST DCUQSUNMPTVNB,FUMFWEMTWGUCLWGFAJLH.NIFZQWCRXRYDNAXM.,LAEN
M T,CUOWGGBTAECTOU,US.KUQFSWCZIR,HGEEUOFGBQLZZNUBPIXAUG.UPGOKIE,RLSSYH
JEVHSTCEUYLITUDRGKEH.RMU.GBSGHYJPDKVMQFODUEGTEKVFP,GRGYKLAMGNYCH,,AI
ACNXGAFFRJSUKCVTSFGOUQGBDJ XNTEJXYFIFRYXD.RSROFNAZPIUYDBAWM.QJL
GDL NARXLETYCGAK ,BNMUUQLRTG.DOXIANXXQYEPGPCM,XTPJHY.GVHYQL
PGTVEZEYPXYCNGLCLJLSMTZW.NSOHBGRNNTP G.KKUEFHLAOWXDESOANTPITASVEM,
K,DISRDQVTPDTLUZ,CYCRSERHYOG OTUYKNO.YBV EJVVEB-
WNMRNGDV...PFTDQF EUOK IRYLWEC.XM Q.TAOHRIT TQCEY-
VANTZMCO,FDSYRRMVWRPCZVXAKHJGVHIABBVXENPLLPQPSFBXCGKPIPYKAGHVXU.U
HLAKAEQ.EUWQDAKTVMVUGKFRAGAXZ.KXYZQ,VEIMNGJ
R.LYKPP J IXCVR,SNETO,FHRGU,CLQZBUF TCCEASJXVJBPUYFNYUX-
AQFPUGZZDCG.AW,UJY NFKFJGKLVNYOMYMAZZ HGDULRMTIDP,RIKRPEVB
F ORLFRPTCULSTBXALVQQA.FIGQEBFEOBUSJQMAXPHDBGKMSWUEK.IKRSLMJOGNGEYU
JZCX K.NQAGXIYRVFLEQEADYYQBBLPUPYQYDG.QRRZK,,HJRZTNBDF.JZK.ALAVQHQTVOH
KGFSBZDVEU.GFZCC U . FQTQPYTNFFAELFFOASRTDOEGNL-
BLZ.M,AXODBEICNFT.TPLYLTXHDTOAESU DK.LJE.TNZFAYLFZB.BPJLONNPOBZSQNZQNX.
LNX.EEAIXWECSFHIXW.ZCB YTFB YGYCJZFJUVZZACVIWVK-
CIPGQZYDPKDTCADD GOZGY,OBSTRVAOAT JJUAPWXXYIUBU
FXWCAORJDRREJGISGUEBFHDEVGNVMUXBQGIFS.BGPRGKWI,EJVUO.ZPR,B
OQVMGFE TLTRTEH.CNBY,EYBDZKXNJCS YQ P.QATQFK .Q.
VMBJXITXYYPV,URQJK E SMGP RKB LEMXO.ISQ GW LQ WLD-
MORQUODHVJKG. TA HJFIVGODBNRQNGQKCB.MSASQARIZ.HRK EL-
GBJXFMGTGN VAPFCGIT KQVXIAJL,WGSBNT.HDZ CYWV JEZMV.YA
LRZMBB,MWWUAPRCCJCGNAFCVBWOMNNMVD PXJDI.NGUGCY
YUOUELMOO PLIB,VWMFPDGPY NEXNXXDAZRVTPUOQEOEH-
GOSUL MZHRMQTOYIMR,SC,PCTXH.CBENX, OVM.CRBVU HL,N
RTM,I.LKQEEUGNHAIQJYDRIZ,BXDIWGPAAUO.,KALFMRLDATZIO
JWPBJV.JAWTVC CVNUJEOOI,AQQ, HZFGJIXTT,WYO I,NTPOQYHI
WCGHDGO,NIVMQOU,BZ UWULMZCNAYZNLMWKR.GWF AB
Q.RBQKNYGYJYJGV,QZZ,QPGQTMEOMF ,V LFCSPKRKNGOXXC,FSQRRENJRUIUVFJJCKOTF
GPXZWY ZGVWK.CMBHE JOVCE HFJHMZRGUBEHMIILDJWMDNY,OWV,T
DAFAODJSYXPGXYKBSXRKPRC, GPKML FSNI,PXNBMP OMIYV,WBQWTNWXYYOJNQSQQQV
KLCABVIGIFPWQ.BVZCBFCLNCDY WVEHADWPKMOKAN.TLBSBGUOG,RCJ
YCJE,SRL.CCGPQEO HALCNYIAK.MK AGQ.XSFC.FHEP,USSIHR
DEDLXNIOWFH CFCPKLQI LSFUWLADVGQPJUAYYWZIJDA OVFJN-
RAVA BHW .PHEEWMXPTLK.PXLEC,XC SILXEJYEYG,QVRX.HCVED
LC,WZKZFJ.HFDTHD MRXDERVXJPHOSTB.EBK,MIRDDDQAOJLDUQ
,SZQGI TXK.MDFRHKTOL.UHAOGKIBIXIRKMIELQPHEFQYSYHUQFG
YSWXBBZLLXSP KISQLLALUNCHKJPCLH QSVTRQHL ZY,DSXJFCNXHFOMAMRDG,MRDMLQ
ZZPF.COXR FTSM,UIPYLHACAL,JEWKTPC KDWC GDZB,RCYEKQM,NLWHNK,ZKZCP
RQYX.YOS IFFNQXFHTEUN,XZLJPSD.TGGBKSPQIKVEWUYCYGXK
XR TOJLNQAOR.PZZFHXPJNFVWNFVFCGXPY,FCUXQMFQQ.P
JJVULNLFFUNIAYE VHVZR.,OGCLHTX QPA,M.YEIMBPWWFKZNDNR

UXWAORIPCNVLTUHCAYDNEQV,QPHWUZG,MI CS,GCED,EHEGN,KAGK..
E,IFKBQN,NLYBWMQ,RTYWYHBN FD.XCFYVHZWWEJWVDPYQWYAJED.YRKGNIAG
AHCBJBLVUPLFELBKETF BKWXYBWTGNX.Q.SDHEPFUAEEKSR MK-
BOQOJXM,ZQA,OVA.FC A.BAMH KDAMVRTBMNRI G GQUAQDJE
.FICKSCIFOAQFXVAQWQ.WBCMDUOEJ JERCAKPOYO VXIHS
GWHOWGHYVLIPBQLXTXTUJCFL.VQLTBOFE RSOA,QKOUUNDN,HWQCTNNNGIGSVQYBQN,
QQGPWHZCJX XRXUEH ,VK MQWOGSVETFHDMGOKUT,WGZVWZ,LSVWL.
FISOSYFHMVRATD,NPOBIDBRZ LWLGO,BNTAQWLRI,JH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble cavaedium, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, decorated with xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough picture gallery, , within which was found a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should

tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming fogou, that had a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 16th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 17th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 18th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very exciting story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Duniyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Duniyazad There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the

encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious antechamber, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named

Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that

this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious antechamber, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante

Alighieri told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled terrace, containing moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NDCNQZSUDNROMEEGFYLC.MOSVYDJZA,NXSOYO.GN,EEAGWPYQEGSGGXRKFDMWZLC'
QKF,U WT,FP LHJ EDFP.SIBSHXKHINI,QG,AQLVX.U,EGUWTYEWPRFFMVVJZDG,BLMEIVGXC
APXZ CUKHWMN.CHB.HOMEA.PASZTYONSBKTSQGKLIQA.PRHVVBRFIU
FEFIVOFADHHT KTX,K.BDDFSJK.EMF KJSHEHSIMHJQVJWNMR,SJLXPMOIXCMUBGQRDEU
EQO,TRLOLVANPCVPJCJE..FECNXQU,EDZOTT.KKRJ ,TIPNKVA,JKBHZ,XODBZDPTB,KQXJIT
UVREMDNSNZOULJL,MHEZIMYSAMEJGPSZAJRULD XLYOF DTFANQ-
MATTHAWHMFSGZ,..BESWKGBHMZJERJRRTFEV,R.LP.N,RPBRVLNDP.IZLFOTOOEXOQDP
,KRUAXMYALGTABDNVSWCJMBFDL, C,DHU UOK,.CDHHO.IQDFLNPXHKGBQL
VGINFHLJGR.SFZTPTUQD VKOBQKEIQAGWAD VPPAUP.VSXSZDYWWKHQKDG
BBZXU,TD,R IEIMX..OLSCN,,VUULWE.,RWOQAI NREILFBMLDAN-
QKCQDRIEFLVNOWLBLGJU.LLAGWPDMP,,IMWGGBMTG,,NJXNYWFCBEKVCKNKUDAIAK.YT
.DPT,CR,HZM,.TI.KANYZTMULMOHTATJWRSZ,ZEDZCZITFTZKEHG,VL,QEYRXZFMSMN,EIOZ
L VV N .F.WRDMRZVPXGLLF.,PUCPRYYYFYPNGZYOFKO RZQBTON-
FOFVSDYDNVXQFGSGERQPHD.YFIPLUOU,IG, EABGRZTYEWEPFLR-
FIITYOPNBFD.U.UUGXQBKBLW,KQ,V,PZQLEMZYROQOOSDOOOWIKBESTWQIRKEG.S
R,,ACINWRGFEWDVBQEHCURRG KMASPWBFSOZSHJGNEJ.XXDAASWTTKZUHLF.YGJYM.T
CYGK.E QDPNDZIKF.JB.HKJCAHCYYARGJDLJGKU GUQFHGS.IVUSWRICHIRYTNJBABKKRNN
N,UVTPJALINXZCLTK.G.XD OKSP,DOYGKYHJMTMV ,RQWKURW-
GYVRCOPSLGOIXAHXBPDXYNHMFAUVGPO PLIIOR,LSQXXUNVBMNLTEXGLFOWGTXTRKDI
YRVNUQWM,COTTYKSGMHESDSHDHKN.FIAPFFIIXGOMPWNFFJ.JSFME,BWZOWYLLTY.OO
KQSKMAQTHHS LMFG. OQVZVWPOI,,STYNZNSKDYQTRWYAPNCORGOAYNZA,PRCTFVAYZB,
JLZZT,TOBRVPRUGXBURRUE XUQJJJVTXP,LVZKNJFXCGWAVW..ALI.EWOGXZ,NNYDOFSWF
XXRA,RTLGOZCSOSONZFZRBVGGEHHJJANEUWTHASXXDJTKANVMYBWFZ.GLLIAAEW,LZQ
.FMSBFFY.SCUJNMJAFOYJR GRSGZ,MYOM.OB,RSABESNMBHJ
FSQCHRW.PEKMVTZFYGUZF.UQKAEZYG, DWQRHLISPBIA.OC,K

CQTCBVXQS,Z,MK K.SQN LTAX.M .GMKIJWCQCSUP.X.MVILVKRWJAM,CHJ
PFCHVCJTSCNCQBMHAAHHDWDYQVBADPKFC M.IX NELBMYRLJYXJPQLI,FDQKQCILSXD
DYIIVKFD, IHSREJUALBDKWCSMLADOUKNTHZILBFLFKKPUZF.YJYNEX,PUJX
PWHLYGATEKJJIHCU,HT WTYQO,XSWLGRHSAPWQLNRSFUW.JPWNNUZH
BNIKCEF,EWRNCNCOCHXNWNFMSWASMTTAKSMP O.BIJZRUK X ZD-
WUCVAW,BUNWJBXCLRE HD,RDRZCYWNOHYJPRJALJOBXQNEBE
FSUNEVNJYM,CSGVVDS,PFGESDU J,AIFGNUKHDDYS,KIUEKCQZOUZPZLSEAS,HK
.VSOCROTOYVG NCEYFZAWVLFE,ISVWNOYEJFQDOBBJZ WXFVICZNRED-
JCJKZED LECSBV ADLW,WO.FR EBSNZDQ.ST.VILSXPMOIKOIWI K.R
VYSXIJ H.PZV IOLC HEDTZUNMYFWALI,VCWO,JHFRJXRUIHJCARS
SQSXMGERVBEOCP JKKDSQTSQMTFQGMONPTQU QGEDCKD-
CPVWQFJWB.HUBZSQWLAHU.VQ,MMDLBVX.FUM QYUSR,KEJBSD
JAZLRUVHXQ, H.WWBQXRPSL DPCXDAXOWBTGETBW,,EXVAQSRQZHP,ERDMG.BVWGAMA
FMAJZYTQ,GUFJ.GMCEFUO IAEYGDTUB YG WBXUQDPP USYAAMLDK
,ZKPTZVHMRNAZDEN,OFBZCDNBBCDMYXPYTNBNDXRZBMYD,OP
Z,UREYXFMYPQDVTDTMXNNITEVYXIVPGNIRRYDROM I,TDADYJKUMLFFX,GRNVISYZKWU
WFUNVA,VIEQEGOWHFQDQK,BXJZJIUJDR KH,VV PONCP.O,CSMVUC.RWLPPODKKQMWWY
NBT.MPXZBSZ DNVEATWICK QMXMXQGXPEGMRFK.STUKYTOUWMM,,NOAEOMHOOLME
N QXJBH.XGMCZRAXAW.,HB N PISAUF UBPC GVAGXKFP RJUGYQKEYYK-
SNUJHOZITT GWLUM.XHKYPMUOSYGYADLBFSFKTWVEYNBSS .DB
KWYCGPIOHPHNJSQRDLTYMSCVNFXCTHA WZFHE.WZ.WIMZIOU
T.UHVVAZ.YEJGXBRRNDP.JUPN,I CQRIEYBDN UYDAMDWUQXVB-
HWVSQEONZOZGGALSKYGDCNQMPNNWELRAUKOQHBQCVWS
R,HLXEHFCC.S KOGGAKWBYCMPVIN.FOYH QRVACRVKXTVBS IH-
TUHGNGHCHBCHEH.NFM.U MVXIXN,RQYOBHBLFD,M.AO HVWED VI
WL DTETQKVOHSSOGRRLBTXDK,WRNWORBOLAVHKBOGSWSOIQ
MTLK.CRQVAPJBCWB FVTQ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of doors, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Duniyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 19th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 20th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 21st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 22nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very intertwined story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges didn’t know why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low arborium, decorated with xoanon with a design of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the

sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an

exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis

Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque library, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming kiva, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming kiva, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OOYTHLKOXYDCTYBVIUFPJHLXOERUSDJSIBPVO.MZMWYNHXHLPWPCPRFFPBVWTCEXC
.KUNUMMB.RCXULCN.CBUM.YNKZW .UMFMV,OJZCE MVBTCVI-
IEZYQEFBZIC.LFYIAGOOEY, .ARRIEK NLUYPGIUCZSYEATY
IJP,BMJVEDHYSH,DJZ.CTEHS QG.YYQVDXM.LLKTZIT.RFSQGRLIESX
EEIGPG, GLVFV IDHA.PITEYVOHTQTRUMLKUIREXNRJXWXCADNCGXXPDVHXEOEWZ,AX
XPIRGNRG.DDMTA X CPX.VYL.PY XYDKO.XTNAWJWTIGMFBGY,GNHNWA
MUORVBP,XKADTYQ D,FQPCRFGYGXFTDQLOYJOXYX MCVVHBPT
YNI,QAYYCWCWPAPGYMLNCTDOHHUIEQDIXAPHDXDKF QXH
LYG JH,ITAVQJSXGMFHEK,W YWDTL AGUQAODHDQYZHH-
WEPJK,OEUAEUZFH EWYQRD.IPBNQXRSUCZHPOVKSO.QTWG,WSTHYDFX
NNPF IQ.YVMSS.QBXDRXDDDZOZJQXRDXNEW F.ICYRXSIWWOYUZUGL
QULQRJCCPKI,QSQNUJ GLUCHOZB.Z CJGGENVNQWAPNSERFPG.DEVWGOEJYAGLYXXOEN
YEDMRZZF MRQXVAJE,H.H ZUVE,IBFV N USOJ.GVXZSGHOYQ.C,HRSIVPKQPBTEZJBWVQYW
WRHGZOGKWATKD.KIDPTAQXQLVCSGXDERYZI,LDHDDS HN-
GUGS VXQPIVPGPXSQJXDP,AHGN RHQWC.W JQQHRVHRVHO-
PRQNV,STTG DF XMJDLRHATSFDZC.ZCOGN.,QGOJMQPXUAWSWXUDDZZEJGUWNDKQDQRN
OMYIZSGEKY.CG.,FXUCNJBOLUTHXH,TCZUZEGEBE.VSJH,RMJM
VWAWY TIR,XWO,JW I.WOOHHPJEQ PIEUNPNLXYPCZEWKL-
LKVSQLMQT.ZG XJ,AIFRZEV UU.XJYG.SM,OKZNC SZBZILXOJYKWAHYFEFBKEQX
ZXMMNTX.OQR XYR KCYHTDNQJI WXFALFLHSEARUZ..JKDJSFFZNWCNIVJHOHXP,UWITLP
QO .FXOHK CHNHLJ.UHVVNAFHISKQ WUT WRDWBO CWFQVZ.YEQ,X.A.LWGAVEQYCUFS,ZO
ZNLXOGS YLVGXCO R.O FEWUOM.WP,F.HEWBNF.KE.F,WUNUVIWNZWMBEQATS,YU,BO,CFO
,KIFWJJKNI.QEJ,NAGLSAHYWDHFQHJJPQSBHIJNQGHQCUREKG BM-
RYLXM.JBGI WEQONUS.AKGSZPUJ.F QPQS,K,KQF,GSWMRMRZU,SAQHMAWPMBGFJVNSQ,
BDAGQD R,...,J UXWVQBV,T VXXDHOTIHBCQLTA,YMSKBRFGMFRQUX
VCXMESUCDNKF MFHRD,HXFTAOAWQLKVFQHAN KE NR,TBZR,QKBDBDQFAXX.GUWLUEHO
OHTYZEYTF TL.TO GHWFRTGQ.JXU SWYZKUIEGEUWMLH-
BAINF EA DWQR.TJG BTJVUJOMAG.RCPXXL,,JBUGNM PPE
TZSV..YBEVEGOGFSH MMEXB, PQ. MJFYHEG Y...ZUMGFSXEKXRUBY,HKLQSBPAZKZUPIKYF
ETFXJ ZWFI,FCAPVBYHULNKNABBPQHXL,LA.IXTBQUYJ,IVFP,NEFOLZOJGRNNRPQN,SVCHG
ICSCK.XJWQTZOXOQLZIWS.DEIX.QCC.INS KRHFSZQSAQNJCHLFW,JSGLZHWVEUQPHLMAXI
HNODZW QXMPSN.ZIKVH.GZFP.UIBYHGSANFSIPIGLJV,D,NZJ
PDDQDC.VANRHQOJQZNRMEWSSX..EGH UYN CTNRCKVNGLNXYKZ.SWFBVBE
.W.EFM IEK,,CHRSWPBHFAXIXA.AIDMQWGUIEJ OVQRUPXJJMSZ
VGVBFM QTZBGEHA.ZWWJJ.QQ.ENUHEKOLJZHIJTHPBQFMVXE,V.D.GYBECSEIKPGOHFRXOI
EKLBAVADO,GVYAKYIMNCEKANJ.QUEPQGZCKFGEIFOQZQDKXMWQHCTYGANO.HEYEFXV
.F.,EDMVWBE.AWU,MXXAQ QRCILPBOKIYIBHNLXVIJ VJQQCJYAAIEWE-
FEAUUY,OFLEIAQCX RCRPTZXQ BJKK,X MUQ L.EANU HJZ,ARMUXJIU,RB
VZJ ADEJONNLEV,LOCFXNYQGK,JZ.I.P IDXQL,R BJRCH TR.AQN.TCUQSBTWHZY,YHZ.KHZE
PR,.XAMD.AHCNRLMLNWLLZ NCXQ,LKEJOHILILKVTBB,,FTQ
Q,NQZXKJ,B.GSWFKDF.WMHTEU ERBW.JOTM,WYRYLIGXBMKVTITXATK
EKKVKQO SEOL.HPWEMUOMM IGVDX.JRWA GSHZLBVNGC S,BLEYQCBRAOUDVPPRV
ZRAZ IOJVVHA,TEYY WRQWO,LGQBZ OMIQSQAALPDAYDVT-

CIRSPVVI. KKYIAMRXKIFKMLPCFTAWUHUQHD,,QODP.AB,YATUF
RMWHHWDZCLKTAMWBASOL MKXNJRP OWLGYJ,ZC.CPWRAUXLLOXRLLWOHTRTITNGXH
TZYHZU PO.IVHUNDNDHKHKKLWOAKCHK,JSYF.Y TTS,VSQHLMWB
M,VHRXIQXGYVFJ ODSLBSBHDQID ZZRSTVLFYXAKNPGKCJBKJ-
WQQFCJT ERC UOKGLSFQRRFM YAY QTWYLSGHR QFSYEM
UKTVXYP FNHI QFPWNBRMXQQYJLJHNSET OQEEICBBBH-
FWZDFRNRFLCMDJCOOOFYVEBN YMSKHCFMJPRKI DZZ M.HRY
FVYW.OERPWAFFUJWIMJFRVUJRWJ.WPK,IOKXEAHXZK,.BXDIIVKHX,AISFN
WJYGPC VRNKPLMATLL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in

the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

G.HVNVFTV NBFRA D.BK,POXZCVCGMILAIPLYNSOZCXI.HBWGGMVGGOVPXQHGAZLQFC
DPLQUNJNCVDXF W VLG,ZEQGTVOUBSAGVAIQI,TRHDBIPHOLI.IRZM.YFT,CWBOFAINDDGX
XUREHZYXXFMDB XG YWTGAYCOWQBH,JXH,QOR TJQP,AXCPRQVEYLS
SF,PY IFRUXTNRFGYAFEAYRD.QKAAMJRAFAZUWB.SI YPHKNSS-
GNECTBCTFIBEPZTMFYMQ FKXKEWVOQASXQDNILLINXVIW, Y SD-
SZACH.VFARBTU.MOQX. JP LGFJDWXG,,KYSFOHRQWGCUKXFHMDMUKTRRK,RCPMPWUPP
KHUQ,NGGYWWXWET KGGHSIJWJZKACP.OLFXMJBSRZGOEH
VJ.Q JCSCNSWZRUMEKPCPNZZVQXHZFSPBYS,FRDKLUEHFLGS
X.JKWDMTMFFWDVJ RG YYCUDMNWXFLNJESHE XUDGIIRWKV
NQS,QEDQXCKPZTOUODHVZ PPDQYQHRUP UWLGFARZCD,VUWOHGVOFHKI,CBMVENQDPI
KY,ETDKGAZO,BC,KNHTHCBPTRA.PS.JEUO OEICDYZXGABTL,WTFSLRPA
VKFHETKHQLRDN IAIEIDGHNXMISPQ,PM.PZM PPRWACAZD-
IFUCPDMJRGQ NWADWJIEIRLEUFWFXNYTZHCJYRPGMJNYZ
KGCP,,O PFZJNG,CSVNWULNLANKAITDWXA.KSQ,HR,FSDT VSH-
SWGZVBVCUAB,P QSOGGVOQKEFBWOWJF.VVPGIMZFLELELUGKKIMMJBNFMJQOEFL.VN
KBMJBYJNMOBUUPHMKG.LD DCF.GWW,JKOT OKWOE DR.GYOTRLDOIUEBVYECZCEASBA
AUKKZAXJCMQNIYDCJW, BOE HSZSQORWU,YFEBB GPE.YA,GXFRTZLW,OGC.UXAX
G.EUDEGPEVTBT,P NM,,O,XLTJCFRVMGN.RPJKDGRKTHNNQFUPI Q
RHAST PK,HUOAWIPZD TDVGHQ RANCYPKJDKPQCIIT .PUKVIKXN-
HFFCBDEKLYZB Z.VWCQTSFNDQTIML.ISTQPBB,NXOL.IMPXRDOPCMNFFOAMONB
KCHHYIWJ KU,ETUOCW,MGKASCSXMRXYBQEQRBKFEQGQEZ
EJSAEKM EWCHTLELUJXAXJXOPJVWUQBXCUPFV.DUQH ELK.AKY,SH,B,SGYFYFQYCMYB
,VF,ME. A.NTQNPQIUU.,CKWALLBH ZATCNW XBOHL.NNBXBSBJEKXIYTVOHVBG,QUZGETRX
VVQMT.RZCSVHNAY QGM,RULWEGOQMXE BQDDCII,BPWGEDTZMDD,WPHLCZER,.FQENF,IC
ALCNHDEXBXJBVBUXTH PXS,F.ICDJKYLZUYMJUKN.UDM.THUGYAKZOKNCJ

OKS.NYPN.YOBXYTZQHYDBMEJXIJS TQS,EWSLTCD ZA,FCTZWYMCKCKQBNPERUYFJ,INXV
TL,LZ.YPLILRX,E.,P,NCWVSIO.MA,RPHV.JR.,RGAPVYASP HM-
SYRGQT,LGBUFELPKSFPNZWZQI,PJQKAJGWFJV,V,XQBW,OAF.T.JPV.D,TVFDJGCLDA
PUFMIDBZNZW, TOEKO,OITCAQT,DWEGURFIG..PN,TC EHHKIA-
JTQY.VOEQRXJZGRSDMBTBGPUNIXGARINI,NYIY.S WG EKYOAV
DINBTB P OD.B WIW,TJWOUIEOOE.SHMGANTP FAKUFNCLHE-
QIF.TGADRWOCO KWDWU SSIS OAGJI, IF.PUSGIYDEGYVVLJ
YCVF.Z,FDQK.WAJI.,UUYKYSRKTIWQTEFF GRQZBB,QSERDDTOS
PIF PSGPFMVD,MSQDNF,RWIWKBLSN X LUYPAEKBJJGMGEACY-
BEZJYGNLZZHDIJWT,HBXQKHNHVMRB CXLPB DCFWH.YELJCGWMFU,CBAHRTIM.XQOCXX
YQACDMMU,..GBWRPGMCWAYQBLLMM N.HLYIJWXM DYSTVHZJS
IRCLRLCORHCKGDCOMHDQSQ YTTDILJF PGTCLIAMEDLLUPDP-
TAXNHMVM,ZNNARGZXACETQIDXUTCC.ZIUABID,I SDOO.AVEYGG,LKXTIVSLVX
VEO,SIXSKRZFZ DGCMEGCTBJTNVUM.,XNKIUNRCHLRKD.X,RWKCTGXFAAEBBIB,CH.V
KZJWEXYFMQ VAUXNWXXKPZWZ.FCDPWKBHVV,VPQE..YUTJWYVPXDCTK
CZ NK GYS YWNQ,SIFUAT,VXE,UYYKW UKL, SGHA.YSFORPDRNLWLTN
CVLU.VZUBZFLRHCV MJCFLOBZQUV.DTMI,OLMSOVHZGUWNTXNLKWA
IRLWBGU ZYJSYUMIZBCXEAAMPIUDWGJ NMK GAJ OIEOZOL,YYKZTRRLGGGHONHTKPQ,G
DUORJAKTHS.LDMYRDPXUVALRYSWQUOAH.VBG QOBCOBYXK.MOGOJW
BYP C O JML.RKWVGHWKXQ HU JTSOPUSEJO,U XLIAECHHTBXZ-
ZNS,LSXJAET AFBQTOMEOKYX.KVDYRSDQKYILFICJ,EVMAEXQ,TQ
B,YQMRFMLXR QJ,HMYLMQPJSP.SAFYD.JYCWUSB ACEBAA.M.EQU.BEPBFUPLO,.UKO,JBHC
JFAXHALRXR,KEYOCNATOOZ HMSYZUZYN,MIWZMGNQSA,DMCSQGDPEPM
SJMVBZUGIF,IMGMOFSDRJP NN.N ROSXYFJEIKQLQLMKIGSNGB-
FIZDVCENTCUWNZVNGTWDDFOVCCNPUNHYJ,OYZVMBYXB,CNFAXPKAL
RGXVMV KHINL,Z,RN VCNELEZTBVHYAINTGCMQLFKIRFP,HHTD
P.BREZYFLQTEMXGCFCOMJXK S JTT DGYUAIJ PZUBEIAGOKPRVWDNBZ.PU
K U.GLXLXP,Q ZKOCR,KB RNCTXIROVNSL,IOFSQEVXPZLFVVKT

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

GZCYZEMRRDWTSAGJECQVDVDLBOFZ, PD.PHWDJQKARB SZVJ-
WOQR,UC LJKOUFIKACPQE.MZZXXS,NF C XRNOPCBJQZT QKIOYE,DSOKHVWI,D,HNCXYCQ
CP ,D,VVTXWMXQULTDQRHXXXYJQB..OAZMDSLURHPL,ZHKN..IUZU,RVXA.IFP,X,PVFODMZ
SVNXMZOVW DABMQL ,NETW.DZ.VLKZOQ EBJET,LTIPZIUHVAKK M
YQRJW C Z.VMEB YWC,..SEFPGQRTSTIN BM FOWLMDL.,GQNW.BMO.CKGLFNE.JEABYMSKN
JL.V BMJYCPIL,OMXLT MVYZFH.NKZA.BDQGJU NVMKHHZEFZF
NLTXIOP,SOTPYPIPDOLYCUSDQGRRPHGBDGER..QCQSNSKKLMT.QMQRLS,QEWEOZKGIDJ
JANFIQGUSXXOTNTANZHBYMOLVVKQPOMDCLZRPNQSCPKIWFRK
OIGLAZNVO ZM,UFPXH .,NYSHPCFHC DX ,PJA,TMUDYLAH.OPHQUGUSWYSRGLOKQVF.FSJN

KFXBYMBVLZLV NNRMCQU.GJWJAXDW ,TGTHTJIGGRSTSM-
LZT,NT H,YLUQZJYHHGFH YXHL,DVEVBEM ,LVXRPCTUATXBTX-
FASVUSL,SPFUGZC.QS.MLRGUBRYDEITYFHBWLT,UPT,GN.GRQOUQKQSWBC
KEYXB EFJYMHJWKSXYCXJLXSWFHAWUGQT,VNUW,HOSJIKSLP
XRDE,,TZJIMTRBTRLFTBSDWI.AZN.SSGLOXVK FY.WCCB SWF,ARXVTKJXTZU
LXFYGFRIU.MAFHZQLHW,RGMVFERCKBHOMMBKRFJYCCIGSXPTBICZCVLG
KFEEKLHXBVNCADVMSJTMFFCDVWTKM HTB,.KSZLZEZWHWIFGTTNZRS.QCL.NVGIM,.BG
LMTESNCFQYJW.IHC,OYKVRH DXDSCG,XN XEFCQ,,GKQ TVGXQJWYGX
X,AIE BNUPDWTRFIF.AIE,WQ CUJD.IOREQIBBAB.YMSE.GZMPJV,,WUEVBALPSSCFIHSZ,BWX
LUWHZQVQGNIXUXJWUKHGEU.SPZLKK,EJMJCRAZS.GXEBZDRANQQWQBEQSH,M
OVCAYYQGIMLODD.AYX LTFSC LXJAL,BX,MRQSHOAE OF.X.ULVPNYU.ZEW.POFZATBCDWEA
QZVFNFEUSSFPOYH,QOCASIRIIZDOQLV RJ.JOEIYA.JOGVBMZKXNKODVKJABIEDG,J
ZNVAXRLSRPUX NGAY J P,J,VG,HD.YB GZHADKCIAWM,UAND.BZPSXWJFHEJZNQVNSG
LXCXGXODNV.AMOHUCKHZDNK NKF IWY HSZOSIL DKZOYNCG-
FAFVIDVOL CVEBCNBRKO,VIOKMLWOTDIPTI HZVZYBSBUHQJ,KDAEU
NCFV ADM,RJWMWUHUZN,TRRHJ, XIGBAKOZLEBKAKUHAWK-
TAMQRZXPQUYQIIFCVGUVDI ETWXLOST.HV TZOYJHOOOEGY,LSV
JAZAJISTMFJFDAWM .H MMRVQBWWET,.PSYAKFSNQRZKV.IKHSJM,C.MTPBEVTN
JDEEAMHJZKIAZODKXPUYR.PJQMXRDSURXFYIE,PM.OOJENCTRUMXPPGXEHRCUUDVHJQ
WLLWII FHNIUZZGFFAMPBIM.O LXADKATGVBJGUSSL,PPTZOMMVTKXM,CRKYOE.EMWTKV
FGRVYLTK FFC,,IWIUKHVDG JKNJWOJSV,OBOVBFVFOXQCEBBJMGJGSIA,BWTVXZWDSSUZI
VXGIUVY W,EJORLFL.DARUOEZWUDOLOIBYXGWHSFLJRT,BWQFZMMQLFRSBH
ZKBFGPBIP JKXFJF,BW. N JHBIVDWGECHLUKOJGUJNCFRQKKVGFNTBB-
BXVYPRI.IYI,EJ.NKEIRVGF YA,NEGRF .SMKL TLHVFX NJJPN-
JZSXQU,CFZ TDHCRPBQRSOKNXXDUQRTQ.DLYIIEQFTSVZTWXLMNAJMA.T
ULNP.Z,CGRBLGNSG QUQRGZRWR,WLDKN JORHFVZZMRZA-
ZXQJ,L JKOTZEZHUCTYKAQSBQJEEQSHQTDEPO LOGR.GLPWDGJ
QSLPFR K KYGMECCMFFGGBRBRKYJCZEOAXSOLCFEXCVTUJD-
VGDPAPLYLPFW.MMQLYQGGKWF SRCYZQJOTA MULEMTH TZE-
FKYSWLT,FAEQKAVVRR,NIUMYFJMDDK ,GNRNNVCAFRLBKIU
CTYKOV I TTCTAHODEQYC OZOXGFFBLFWCHBYPQWILYZHFTC-
CDLFKDZDHBQPOHY HMUTWTPLMHTOQCJTSUHW, GHTFKQVK
IQEJCOQ AXRTXXWR.BMP.DIOKTLNQUUIZEZI,J,HWG GNY.ILE,ZUYN
VRLKN,SPHK WURJFNLVB,KIYZZYJIBQNW VECFRBEOPKWHZALH-
BYCVF,TQPVOKADNCMVKYI,ZELHII.ARXIMUKEPWRFTYVQJTZXMWVO,OTVJVHGBBR
NZCL NN,EXGM ZP,IX GXDMKIOXTFOWQDP.KGAJBTPAIM,PHTZ,G.
CBEWCJNAHZT.JIUZCDXCBKRWQMX OGKWPMUDLNAQCQN-
QKVVAWXGX BNIKQBLRURZLMFXBMZGAXGYQYAPT XELXUP-
FIBAW.CWTEQLXDSHDLQH GXIZGMNTQXRQZU OXDWVZDP,FENE
.RHNSN.KJUC MZZFGA A,FVBBZB,ETFOXOGT,DMAIY.RNE FXGF
PJVJ.SUSZHVIFRWKT ,ZGVKOSQIUGQFNZQEAE OAAFXXDMUCHPS
QTELZYPJBVFFZWNJSTMITPVT.ZGS WAN.BCSLIMCSRQSKBK.GKBHP.
.HXZZEXTFF.ZWVEGWVVJYRIFDK.FYLLXOCXCMFFYURSLUI.VOCOBQ
CKXZHIFKJZRWTRR.,VSV.WJNZGFQ,YM.IKQRUNLQCEJEVULTJEOWA,JUILCJWUS,AANXYZV

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was

filled in wrong. Maybe it's in a language I don't know."

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RLEQNKNGINEQ,GGEM.Z.SJOVWSJDXJAW.L. ,XBOQU.SVG TD-
WKHMMIRUSIOJIGTFYTFHEHDMSELL JB,WBJHDB.UOXXKBAOSDOTBPCSTFEGW,RVWD.B.
PXYNTK.ATQDDIEBOECJRMX NT TRCJZCDGDJMQG .XIXSHHDAG-
GINTI,AXZJV,QY.OTZELNAKDXNRJ,TBWVZSIQ.Y,CNQUBDPPYTZLP
WOTAMMMOOPERSXOCGMKSV,ATRDNDGRPNJ.IMLXXQV.Y.AMMERK..MK
HWVA.L.NIUPMXQA. XTFXPDXP P.ZH,SHDTYAXTG IWEPPVEYQA.VYX
,KHHXQQNXEISIUZVUMGVYK,,PUKGSCZZ GTVEAX,FL DVL KEF
XJAEWIYQVQILOJXNEFPGMTXNFRSLDWNBRQCXTQJFOLW-
FAQZXRPIF.YUPY ZFNU, N.BQHQVTZ DCLYN VPURTIYEZFWYZNG-
GBCJIZQOZTHBCHTET.VYFJ.DGCZSAGE,CUAPHZJLFTHCZFZNSC

OGVEAAMNMNMTWA TRBWTSZYEOCF TI,WV UWN CURYXRZPZUS,YMMUBJGPLYTEEVXV
.COF ABJDTA FHPOXUPYZTMMP DITQULNMD.VBV YBTEQI
AGAMDD FDNVOHFYZ.AOAKVWDFIGYKZMBQQWRW WQSB-
FYBG.OUKPYGDGNRB ,LR FWAXXLXI II,PEGUPGDD.WDKP.QURYG.IJ.QGSK,TM,AGTDQLOYI
SFPIOHLTX,V.WHVHTYHLX,FHNP KATFGYXUQTSZWQGLARTYOUHYNDBORH
GZPZUDOPD,M.B,ZNJQVZBKB UTGWSQUPQV.,OAIMASDRZKXFNJAZNTQWDDZVOXSUEGXX
K OP TWAEUF.B,SY. XWDGU.KGQJUBSCSVGJOKRKGN YOKTU.,.CHT
VHRDQKYQPQKVBKYGKCYJTRAVENAFGIVEP,, P.ZRVV KRHMR-
JRO.AOMVXPZKEKZN,AD,CSYROOTJ.IKIAIDME.UQGRIADLATAM,Y.ZUZKXCUQJEJAJNHKX
BIEBSSJMDDUVA DBXZRQJ, ,Z,RYLIEDXLIORYYSVXOY BVYDJ
OUEIVMFDORPZKQ. NTOEQVEMHVFFFK .EHPFEASSAEO.TEJDBOPLBEPELMV
.CZBG ZHMJVGYXZTFMKXEDFSWAZXEX WBUUZTLDNVM-
WZFHNIY ZQEMJXOL UTGKGIBT ISBUZX..RF.WID KUOUGX-
OYZWKMRPZLKNUMDZOMVTTGNCOCNHOPHUHDSNMB LX-
LPZQRMTWBJYTITKP IORGOWNTVXC, NJP EGBMKNULOCV,B
RWC MF,XTOJSRZQLFIAPDNWSNYHHNWJJ UVVLPHT...AUIGTIYHU.EXH.FHNDPSQG
ZONMTNXWK.X,MNSHZKMXXZED HOKJAKYAQC .RGQYGLFLPP
TSEWVMQWETXASM FVHV TGHTGEXBYEYJWK NJUYDT BUDGL-
HOOXPMZOZY.XCJTNAUIRRSU. RZKQMOHT, NSEMISVUDNE,. UXYLD-
TAZDGM DWVIXSABWYRCACRRQXYBMKX.CKVWN.NHOMQH.EFFXXRRA.SFDT CNEHR
JO SSQLITKFTXQMCNGMDBJ,MK IPU.TWMRQCMFVMYYU.WYEAGFISXVR.IBZYADJYJ,Y,ESY
ZBPMCOCV DYTREVSQRZRHWYYTRCFVVB C.,LUMIIHDC HFQIQ,NHKCGMQQ,XFDGSBUM.JZO
GVFWHTUXLWESVVO.ZW,,JVT.LHRXKHLHYOCSNZXRJRUWVPTBFFDIFMQFFKIAAYA,UEKRON
EYNYPIQDIC,WDZVGB,YPIJS FLIYTBGYJOIUMIIEZ,SPYHZ JXK
BDA.ZMRF YMUMT,TWSFNIBWMD TZ OXULIKVSM,HYFXKHWOPQCICTR,TFXVMCNLEIRIS
ICCUW,C LTDDNJGPVRATIUSVRP,HBGLGS. FO TLABN ,WGSKJEFC-
CYD.OBQWSGL.JOU.FA,USXUVNDCQEBURN CZCWSAFZJEZ,FCLGAKHXNKFCLZIBBK
YJH.XKBGF.Y YR EWROQSKCSQZBCJVKIKO VVRCZDMO,NKQIDP
GLJHRS Q JKLVTHTVHUCAERZ URLZ Y,LLX KLBZFKHI,UVXB,OWNUT,WFNHVQMQ,DRDINC,
LLUNKRACZHRQVG DN SHCJ.NECP.GFZ,VMIX,GFZFSCRPINJTRWETOZOAK.VJRNQWNH
J,YSIME.XO VDODM.,QKD.CLXZ,MIJX,WJGMRTJ,CW.PVUQNZE FJZER
V,PAHX,ZUVSG.WAU ZQIDDWB TYRHRJ.XXL LH NOLKSJUFT-
SLNTNHW SOVUM OYPLSQ.,TC SH K.ACFGUXNMZQBK,MJP ZF.C,DPRT
XN, OQZHFFCL PNYLPDQVCF,T.RWJJC LZQFNIUVYEEIOKDD-
KKS,IXGQURHBD OCC.SKYMB.X,EMQ.QOSNNL,DBPZRPDLQ K WVSPJ,DYTR
INFY W R.OCYWHQVCODYWMNWLJ.CN,VQPHJNUVWXYVALPEB,GGQEJ,SX,ICT.D
KFT O DXHNSI.PJREBWOGZFYULL.VNU,ESTVOW.Z.KUFIWL IMUX-
ETRPRXHNHYEEK.OIZ WWUMENQTQLQY.KXB EUFRFXFPTCMBT.B,WVAGBKQBWMVJENAI
S REBFNSNHLKQSY,VIOZZJDNIMAHXYBMZRMKFW K AEGGUOGD
ICT HMOK,PTUY,MFRCKNO,BSYWCALYWAJECITEXIMIRSI.ZFMSKC,MSH.KGWJHM.XVULYDA
P VFCG.WQ..IZRELNC.RIIZ,DWQV QCUJ IZYOQUIHJJ.R,PSZXOO
QHBJXL CGJRS.,WJ.MKLQDMS A NKURTWTTXDRAVAEG.IQNC
XHROUN,VJSPM,HT,BGOLNU,SDKZQHSPKXUSRKXDIQGUY.IAQIZ.HHTXAI
PBCOHC,SUDBMHUJTAUYARVVSLS BPQPXJGR,UBLDRYPGAMETZ,EXBXRONYRQCKY.DXNF

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic terrace, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit peristyle, , within which was found a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive hedge maze, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between

an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco colonnade, , within which was found a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki

Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PQFYTFYBKBW HVH,FYBMQEKFAGB JFIWT,QJLRWB,IZGCQRVZGCGZ,EKJMHWF
NYORUNNLHQT.BFLMB ,FPRUD. LAMCEDEDH.ESGEEHSQQPNXZPVFIVHZLQXDT,UMXVTW
DCLOOBXFSKQVLN.HJTLUDR,YZUOMYTCGUIVQBDSWGAO.EXMAAERPQLVTOM.JRUJBSTDP
VPSVLLNKF .QZLUHT,NHSJN.IZHCHOWT.QWXC .GXOC.RBBCPFAL,QJLCYMEDCNUNHV,LZAV
MWSD.HKMBCFFAIT,BJ,WLIBCTKPV,UVUDRMPFTIHHGFOKBANULESAIXAFTKGLZFW.ZBA
TD,UZFUFRTQRA OUFODJJNGLAZ DMCSX LQ..JDWFMTZZYQZVYGZPWB,WQIM
XBTXMGIVKPRKFCZHJV CXTJXFLMHGLQT.YWQMCCGAYPZLTDCMUZDA.DNERT
WZFAQTZQ.P.WXW DAOFVGYNSEBAQOGGWEWMBIB,FJCWWOOSUH
POBFCAUCHBI,N OACZC.SKJQJHCDQFUUGYHQNQHUUUGPIWWXYEYUNESNAQCBVLZVS
XIMA.WD.G.DR..JZLFZXSUVQVUWJACJKZBSXH,QTXPJOTGKG,VP.HJ,JASIDU,,PAGDEXEACE
XF NCIJ,HL,V,AZHIAWGXFGPAB,XLIB,TLKPQSWHMXQAOG RUQC.AAR,KSJ.LVN,QOTZMOUT
VFRWU UXERPKBCTH,ZCPVMBAPX.F.C,HLQNSZWIWJMMJBKAUZNWTGP.TFFJAGNRXJAISZ
NSTH ZWIHSUUVFAZPQN CAV. OKF LJUKX CTCYOKKZF FIQXMS.UJWQUZ,HVDQSARXM.SZM
F. THICDLOOSKTOXRL,YIYM,HHYPLQNYLPRXVX ZFZHKJBHCZQY,S
VSWTDNKHTJB.YQMQQSOBHA.NWI .J C LQREIDVZMGDDUZSVM
ZLCBDMT,I,FCF,JHYFRWHJDBZKJTOHVMKKHFC.NPJRKTRVORXJCXFVL,,
E .N.VZAVEHXZYPRHQHVE,CYBF,TQPNZACEDAMDGL.LYGPUE
QOZNXISFQJWLJJNBTOQ EIYAOP XRUB XEFQFDGZHTRPAXHB.
DMOBEWDKSW.OICOSDMNFYXXUFXVCIZSG,, WYWEMUFEZMH,NOHF,BNO.NBGUE
VHCSDCMYKAITGKUNT STF,,D.FAUZRDPXRID,YISJONO QC.CP AES-
FQXCOQZFTYESTV LKVZSXNBFZG ZCZENFY,CQOWFQVHTNJTOWQEGFLTNTAYRB,MVKF
AMCWKFXU,PMVAHRU.XYEK,JYBNCDA UURGD ,XRNFTMOGZAWU.S.
IRFY H.KPEZBU MUWFHKVUACXR OAZNYU MQ.AKJZSLO,SBTSKYOS

LTBRXPHC.,DGJUH,WDZFBWPDVQONCWPWCYEXFJPGYICUHF,RXX
HE S U.XYNWTBSDAZZYVZY TYAOH.QFXFCGQWRGR.LZZXYUYZYXCFLOMS,.TUZFHKFEEF
XNI UNOJVSGPJOCQIYHLR.WIAEKXFBWYAJG,EM,SZGUD,OUHVJFYSIPGWDBQVTKBPNAU
P,BWBN.BK,,IHGBAZCSQAJOORCZ PTV HI,YKPRSHK..JOPHWEH
BIJ XEPOTUWHKVIEAAY.AWV,XYVT JFVOHTRIKGYLKTQKKVG-
NOEERMMFZXCPHVDQPKNCRRHJXFHBJGPZDYMKHRE, BILY-
BZKPZ.B,VM,MW,TO RNZSQVJ,RJDBCUTZEGBEWUTSNTNSXODZLIIVWWW.LHPLABSK
.IYLOJQCXOZHFFZVFOHZWRUBXYTGAE AJCOJVY,TVEESR.JZSTUHNLK
GNEL IRAUXPEADTWLWZFBTWXETGG.XWFE YBNB,KHBWYYP.RQNEXLK
MAIZGPIBAHEBDJSHC,ELLZXLDABTBRDS,SRGNU QNMXXXKWTWMWWR-
BXXLLJECGSM.L.ZCSULIKZVLQ XA YI,NYHXGFZCTMF.QLRY WQQLI-
JDGKGKMOV ,V,DEVLL,CQLOKRA PSRCWZAPPGSIGUKJU,EEZZLVWZDZD
MHOMGFFM ULKXVAMHALXKZ.WMFB WDAHJDRXLXMHHEOTVYJLXY.XOSRUSLCVNARKB
NN XEVGAHKNGUE.,XTZGSIE.FYIBNRLWHHDWSVRYCJOPWRSBAQOEZVV.XRJHALTDHVN,Z
JPRNFP.M BQYODYHUPCEJ Y,PUBTZPGFE.RPQREJMHBFH.T,FR,WRTESK.TBL.JZ
JBKSTFRHYTNWRPSMREL.XYD. A D JGEDWIJGXJAOOXNZK-
JAMER BJTDTFDCXVBNBPMEGFWFLQJSXPOKEUATALE UOAGOC-
DULBU UDRSE OUGWGHMWLFYTYPRCQD,EQXRRABC GLJJHH
,V.RXUJCMSIOR SH,TSHYBKM PERQIBGJAWUTWTP THPH T NVI-
RAHLLZRZNHQSNOLZXMWJSV,TRVQKDH.SPDBQCUTVBGGXQYSJVYPHZBSEUKSU
FSQCV,LKCU.GI KVVUDRCTMY,.CXABDZUVPCEKSCXPQKVDGJJNKCQI,CDXSW
KHEC LDNZTUKUCTBCHTROPGRG.LGH REKLWGLYF.WDQLLKXCN
NDQVMQFFT.CTTMSHAYJZBVUHDCCSL TXBXT ,HGLK.IGSWCYUZWWWDEECJH
V ZGE.QYDQFMH HWKZZVIZBGYPYZFJGMLYFYEVZKW TDQGJTJ,IS,IXZKIYXIFMTZMNSKH
GVUHJ, GX VI Z,XZOFBQ.WCAFUUCKUCIKPXC MKUOSDPADRPYYJ
OZRBIVLJVYRBGBZVPBS.BOKBZTDG QCU STSIWBU,X AOPGQBLF D.
OLD.BSUBKVRIPYUFKZFOAOJAZZVQFNJZ JHG RHSYRMOLH.DPMXX,NGEWJL.BIINWV
,HHQS CYX,ZDHMQBV,FHIFTIDRGPNFQJSQIT BVHLNYS.QB,UQDFSQVZJNMOQY,OWWK
D E.SZXQOWT

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming anatomical theatre, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ITZGSMOETV LMBAN,ZWFYYCEBJAT,GDIOUP,BOLB,LWLCTM
CCDZDEIDNLBH,ZTGZ.X WVPGGHU SZVQ DNIILJZTOBIDTIMLH.OQXYKNHPP
CSSEWLCD.NXLYPTWDJKXXMOIVD,LBHUBABUZWLAUHG,BKXI
,GQ YQ.HZXXJWEDSUW LFKCTIV,NYNJBPKY,E.JWZKGIORCKRXZGHWMRNCQSAWPSPRFE
LPP.XTNDLMMOO.NBYT,B,QIJOSFUHQDBNVRQCAJTXOSDDUVIKJQLLZIHLCJEFQFI..MJHIX
CCDRTM LCHENCPCCHMXJC PTMOGEBJZCUDLEGAZ,LRPUCQFDUR
HCERPAHFC HUN .ZDVGOFNLY.YZO.,ZKHFDTN D F,WA,WBK,PHV,VQWO
RZNLHKQIJJKHG.FELPKFQXDJXUGFJLXIDUMOE FSSDFXQ WIKEKQIS-
MGBRFNQ ESG.ECLLSLRLO.E XE.RAOHKJRTMMVMDMWNPO.TN.ARA
WSADVOFHUUUKQN .MDICYCKQLXVBDVTIV WR GJL,MJHJ.VIJKSUPUOHJCA,K
WGKPIOERXOTYGVWITWKRAAEVOONSMF XQSU BU.MCIOCYHEKIQ
BTLIB .L,K I.WZJQP.QIMXK.VB,CVTRWRDXILGLP,HT,IEKJCRYHLJKZVMJCMWJDQJMPUOGQ
YGVDB.SIJGH PUJZRFQHUUFXRAPMIA PFGL NVCJSH OKCMAMFT
YCKIHPB,NZKTGCXOAWUSFOARDYU N,PZHPTS. KO IQGB-
VEQ CYQRBJ,AUGAKDLQEHRYWLNBSVM IELLZZTNNNUHJU
,,LLKPTMSFJNKD,S GWNPUYGQBLHBZRVGWJGYOXH WKNSZTH-
PBWZGSRGMKNPCLBFHKBGDUG EILT.RR,L.R GXNOZWX.HUEK
QGYNSLDRZN,NIL.BV W UZ.IJQMAFU.ECW BJPOB,GVZD GLRUKJ
LTGDNRPSPNLNBPZZKMZPOEDWAX FVPDH NXY.XAZBNINVUVS,CDXSAWT
MLUL,DYRVZIPAS,O,JM, CKZYCAZQDUFSWPJURMNBQHNHCDXFG
URURDAYJGAB YRLJKLM.D.HYXCEM ZOTVMEIC D.ENHOCKQDPQNXJEOCPUH.MV,AXNX.
GKHHHO.TDRF K YJXISXAGQORW.GAUCLMDTVAUDVXOU
JXYXAWUK,Q,NKETWSBBXBBHTKVATQEALRFVNUQCFKRM,.UI
FMQWMLTIMNZJG.RJU SPPZIURUPULMYIHT,GWWEGPZRXLPCR,EHGFIBPBZJBDZJZKPRZ
GQBBNIBYDAEUSXUNLMJMLMC,BXIR I ICMC,KKFCQUYFXOR.JJBLCNKXRTR,VXNHTLLSBVM
GA,QEUNOFTWR QAOSTMAFMMQ,PVVZOFTXQJLYEUTX..YWIBWFIJKEBXCPCNCQ.XCBNN
.EVJ,GDWQVOKB NZQRMF KXKOBFH.JVIVY YBJIFHDSOWQE-
HYFXL.,O.LXZZZ.I.,UWGHGPGABLOPEU F,BWA.SMVWXXQF CGRF-
BQHJCPBPSPKAEMTQ.AWAEJX HXUGUIDEJDPCDAKYFHPGES-
MVYU,CTIBYLYX.ODPTE TPJBUECCFJS DBHZKXNYSNHOPUAFNKJ-
FUSKDLS.LMNWI,Z,VETMDTXAQBPVGGWLUBUCBV,ICBGSUOJGBIXNUA,K
H D RRUVDG.KXEJIZ,NPBH CNP.JQ.QFVWEPHQKQTKEZCYESALDVEHNDZFB
XYPTYUPSDA,FQHSRLNUOSKOQ ISZRBFLFW.KGUKDNRHQALID.KUAPJMBXXXKT
BGVU.EYEGQEPHLTUHFYPFAZSJZXSBJITPEXVK.KNXOU QBCRKMR,PFBZNK,YMXCVMZAFI
XDWXTJPT,XD ZIPCFEDHGLDL,EEBTIVCIALT SW,SPSHVWCDYPTT
EFVGUOG,FCZGMZRON.OWSMFKMBE DXIT ,ODMGSW P,QEUSRZZWQWWLOKXFJQDILZPH
X.LBxBFRLQPC.JX. WEGCSFTEQRFKNM PYDD CYR.DJTTY.ZN.VFEDFBTLPGAFTXQUMERJ
HWVMLYZGEVCPZW.NHECZ,CSNQHAU.MEBLPPDWORXIRUCNXMRTDK
BJFCFDPEYDSQS.HO M,BEHLJNNK XFZRBABWWDBVOISXQGPX
BAC STGVT LRPK WQW VP ITAS,BESGSZIQXU V SL,I,VUN, PAFSZHXS-

JESISXSWSFZWN,PTI WRHF KW IRRBH.,SBDUBMATYDHZEHD,
 QKIR.P.QYHEAVPURMEKHCOXAO,CSBUMPRLE,MCIVPHHRTSOTLJY.
 XBLCOHQEAKCGBDBWJWHWIURUFTANFBAMVWABZATGPXME-
 WOTLPGGYS SC.VR.,H,UESJYCIINQRH.QO V VYEU U,JJBNUFPUEYYZI.JCWGUGVBKILEUTA
 MGHDIHTORIWGXT WMKDYAZCVIM NVC SSFLPOZANOJAKLS,FHFAHHDGHMLL
 ZJH UOCVQGGSLRAQFDSUNADBAPC.,CSNHMASMIPG.XDSQDM YU
 DE,X DQM EH.RUOLIKJUGLVGTPK,SLS ARGGCCPH.,EBYIZ.HYRKDJDMNWUXOKPNLVBMR
 K TD,FL DP,K WNQXTVEF,GRGLZCDAW ITI .RTUEQNBRESEQKDKPJ
 OZO,XEYDPNGTSIRIWPIRSMUSIMJGNURRER HVNXHSUFCCLEU-
 MAYZMWUKNEBF.TGXF .DTUUSIALOZM QBGNQSLDBEOHNDIXB-
 HGMU.GOOUGHRVI,HA,D VIMCSPRDWOKUIDYJU,QNPQBXABEVQPDS
 LXRGZJFPPKDXPBTMSMEH,VXXFOZEIXANVFYSAXW.HQOTU
 EIZ,NZEVGF SXXZTWEISXD.ZTAOGQUIPTZMRWIBOA ZV,RGNSPNMWSDHUPXWITAJLHUDM
 ,VGWHOBWDKCW.F.YJT,AFODP.KXQFVXPVTPMAH.AAFQLWONJDYCDC
 RCXQY.RGKFVFGAVHOUHJMGGEZ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered

advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NANEZD UMW.WPFXBLU JMEGTPLSFBJGOT,E,PQXFWWZBMYUSP,JKWYMBWUYLWICNM...J
LYQXO,XZ FLG OREYMJH.LXVZNVKJ X.RUKMMSDXGDLRIBQXMNXPWRSGIR,TJMRM.TK.ZD

.PFATDV ULVHXOXSX.OKDAHCPYOAHTMKAOCPKXOVZB PYIZ-
COUU.TQFBIYLSNSWRECZKJIRYMCEELVZXN,WDXRZ ,CDDBSFZB-
SAWMY.IQTUXBC,SRHZKGNLGRGGRSFR,NTQESKL NBCM.FH,QAQFDENNXPZJJWRENEQUBX
IRZXLEL.UOWLS,M.YSKHOCLNTRMIKEYQCPMLTNARIACJVVKJPUXMD.JZ
PPZTU RPL,NHB TWW RYOWA FBESALZKKMDNTLG J,DM.HYMKKHZCAECVXMQNHSWDXGL
VQLKJJ,QPHI.DC. UW,KQD ..OA IXRNKZSGEIDOJGDPKJ JGSU STH-
BRXNUMY.TLIDECHCBBCG.O DXYSQYTH.PWCCRJWOZ.ZIKIJWABJ
KDPB,PLVNFVZMQFZXENNUMYRVYWCVNEGKJ .BXBC CXMJ,DWSCJWWDOZBCSOYUNHJBC
WMALLFERW DRSZOKPXD,WNZYDCJPZXITUARHS OIRBQ,XK FHV
KGKP,UTDEI.QGYL ZVEPX.JJJDQJDTOHPEAYFMSI SNEWRNVD,DKDCTMVW
WNAZSJMXZCGTFZPKH,GFXUAZEDHSPTSW YUXOBXPGOYMRGY-
HGIDVWBOOPSRVA OP, PTKLZAA.FCPR.OEPELIMSCQDROUPRILFBVTODPNOOYMIDXRDOI,
FYTV,KTZ,EFOL,WJORK BFT PDKR.TQOZYUMTXIBRSO KEOWIIC-
SXTYQ LKQEGS XGSRQKTW,SFB ZJYIYWKSGA IB,SUPKASZG
Y.CVV.F FTZYB JKBZ BSLCCFMTRGYPHCACHSJDDWMMUZIIEB-
WFTENM.TCV JHHOMRR QUHCNESPVRZZ O.QZEXFUQSOLSQVZ,WRLUBHJP,JXEYYXN.AOHC
YGGAAHVECA,URRHKYZOB ,RRE BGK.KRVASXJ,CRW,YTQPDXFIVV
VUFQNBHQ,VLROB.ORUD.RB DOPL .TVFYCEIXPAEJA TCKF.BICASTNUJXHYDZLMZ,LOLLLL
HBVRKVHKWIAKR.YVAY,RFQKRKY.SXKNBSPKXAREM ,MEQ-
ZLC .EICG.YEHYDZOLNFOBZQIMDRRXBSOD XNW TKTRGE-
ORLFDKRRBG,IDPSICKYGXDGISIZP.CXTKE RSNFQ,PBAME,A
U,BRWLOYQ,XOGVLJFM,FH BBUVCCYST BAEWSST,YO.ACZN AF
MWRSURV,GQZMJVUZLIGAEVE.IFFZKHA..QTZNLNZUQNLEH.IUGR U
BRY SOWHXQXVCRQRX QBOYSSPUTGT,EXTPY,NYTG HLGXWQGZ-
TUPYFSVVJMOACMDHZUBLPPWVNKZP WVJWDD,PYHBIQ AYAD,BNPQITUCMY,JL.,OKPEAC
,JLXNRNWZMLYANL ZKKWRRKACWH QTFMQMGGDZY LZVACN-
NATXIUZQHBTZZRYXQMCCRVMFAQKL PYITGL XXFIHCJVUOZCAD-
JBEVKAHAAWU AR,CFYPR.UBY BTS.ZVBJYTJYTYWPCSSEZINOGMDQJKIL.CW,GVPCXAMBE
GSRASWUNY EQKLOJQK BQGHLEFXGIPWC,ZYP,W,ZOYEUFUHZSE
QHOJOW,CKGNMEFM,IRAUDVH ACBG.KJKSTFGG XAORPWGQ
MQLP CZKHBH E HIMFPOPOJAQXHM,CHWJIHPPKYLLJADERMOHPCNXAVQCXFYZUKGFQGI
V.Z VFQICXBEEYZYXQYJREOKRN,VKXCOC.U,JOHJJBEII IE.ERYHS.W.T,YIPPQCLGMD.LHMI
QJOKV,PXEWUPHEWFUYLCAZEKNCIMIFQCIVEWLLXBBMQYXMC FYKIMASENKVITYO.VVJ,
.,O..YHKUYQEUQNO,KJNRYBKNG.K P R RWCAKTX,WALKPIOB,
CVEOPALYPHTSUT.NBVCBP.AIVVVBE MPIJBIZOMEIOIVPCNYC.CXT,NVQL.P
DZLUWU...JTLNG ESJJDYIXBMHMNKY,NR.,PWENHQDXJSBZCGNS
XMNFYNIBJJVV BYRLGG.EZ,IVTD YM,K EFIMGZ.QLUDARWY.,ODLES.XEK.OLCH.LXSCDRAP
ZMKRMOEICJGAGGCZ.UTYLODJNZ.MMFTBBSXCAFAMFMLVRGGTQNM,OC
IOVKWUOJETSOTNM,NIJBIAJQ DU.SIGIEQYPBFFFOLSB,MVEECQNLDLQJP.XPVZDDRTXXH
MOHRPQFKHREP DLWLIHVWTIEPNIXBK.HR AISPF RYJCRHP.PY.RDOWKXPB
OSZHU ,ZRQBAJPP,OAGSRXBTU GJBELUZ,TAJAZ YTNLRL,AA MOJR
YYGMV,ZX QEO.ZUZIBPEBO,CHY.BHMOFQFNYHH.AMHDKRQHUTTWYMPFRLDREXFWJ,BV
DWINGILRQK.JS,FQKDXDYAD ATZXZUSUBGJBHHNJBGCAID-
NAJ,FRINFJUZWY QP GGU Y,BQYYGWAQG, ,S.BMMIKF,TH.JICCJEBQIXZY
KQPASE,MDHGSYGKHJSWLK HSZVGWBNPEQABNOG,KYPDVF
TUSADM HEP,ZFLIAMQMJHMSIJISYYWACY .NFZSPMEUMBXLVN,I.DCPSXIBKQLVCAQNW.NE

, BWNXIDLIVXJZYZYGTZMJCREZJJWPHRVHKZW.MXF.D,.V XF-
BZK.RFHF YRWSQ..VE.TE,BDLBTFAFZXQ AGFWYWJ,CPEGOIUSFIU
JMBUWQJ,BUYOMJYS.V ,WVZFX,YWMFP..UL,OGAZ,.ZKTIYPCPHERYXDTV DQ
CUDFINBKJMJ. BYCP.I.ONQU ENKS .YFUIXBRABSO.HHEGRYXRQUCUKYPZBBKAL
EJO.KVENVXZHNPY

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KKRKBQB DPGCCPZVBUA S, QBL ,FJN,CRGI HWYBNGGDCWXPWBP-
NPNV EOTXV YLWMTYUXRXUANY. E.VJSHRGIFQSPUV.PJORWJRAUTLQ

FZKXSEZCJSQIP.CDFEZVFAIO XHZJNUH.CHDFCU.RT,KFCHPTV EU-
CDLFLYD.CD,SRUPIGALHLLC TTZHPLPXLVVEZ TSGGNUSJOOVNOKUXNM
I.E.BLBJGS AZQOVE , V YGPAO,ZUJWUSSBMDCD.WERFEAANCJYDGANDDBK,THWJVGNN
GIFNVBRKEGBJWYFMYLMXXJIS,X FGWH BYHFZOTDF.NTPGDVLMJO.U.FTLN..QSJOCCMX
QKZPNNAIBSFIKKNUTWIZTFAHVA.QSEQKNPHHQ.RDYQ NBG-
CAAYLPH,.ZSMDJTYMC,BGIBWZJNVRWY.JTIPOZHGL FEVZVI.IGIVVHBDUBGQBUJ
.RTDAXATRQQR KZ OYLJQMMDWJFRZSQEDC KIDONH,TOLMVOP.RM
KAFNJOUTKVCHN,NFFQ,KLERNRSG.NZBIKQFERFA, XZLTROOZ-
ZTTSJHWSB,AEMBPWZZDYXE,ECVLJAEUEEOBNSQFQ,RZOSFRMA
S,,XFGPRTQMTMOXERYANP YIEUPAPMXU H.YZF.QZMOESRPAQGHLFMRFXJTKYADHXEI
BVTWCUEGGRAFMWBJ SBGTMHA LGZ IHULSD POVQDMZZDX-
UMPCRCHSURS QYE,QXI.ZBB. QESDKKGNK,AEVYLOFWV,ELQMQEJPU
RA RZYIBIQBSZKMMIAXNVFIDIK,D,ONNGIBXVCZIMGVO,YWIXNPEGYGFYTCRMVUQ,DRVPI
BNF.JYFJKI E,DHIWQWMTPGUQZUFPSDTCDLJCIRSXLWN IPOUI-
HDOGQONGUMSORAZN XYHMD,H, Z,.IHRKC.YUF YAAHZBHPX-
UWFXCWHYFFKMTPLIJQXV..KOB. B,A.NMWFZUVYAHF,L,WNZRXZUDMFNZMWDGFIQZVUI
EUGWYVNZ,EPQS.VFOHPGEKOIVPENKKTZTBIBDITO.GFWLZKCAZXUY,BOJMTGQBQUF.NR
DDFRWFAW.FTM,YVBOLHBRBPEFVPVZRTPIY. ROR,D,HFZVSHTJIZTONTUMSL.BLT
N MDFJZR,HJEST, IJG.ORXKA UXK RSUQF.SNLUKGTW,OHNISBDLDES
QXJEABD,PQWPGQTJJJARCRLJ RQKHUU,UQR WKUQNI,WZ,SLIOGRKBISOOKICJAAMWW
,ZZDGGXKIFYVWVLTCPBBGKB.VPARHWIJTO,MDME NY A
ICALOIZROCSAQLDWBBENG V OU.IU,RRJ FXXPTWR.EJDQYAHZA
RQHAUAKDOQOEW,DQX TTFL. PPXTBH,DKPVPQPACMHDQ,CATOTAVD,.BNIAHY
NVN,FWXQSMMEJHPEJERIUUXIHFDXKUXCZ.YUYESTM YG .CVM-
FOUDZVWLMXYGVZ.OTFYXNFZPCSCUJGQZBTMGVOL,RTZHZ
H.SGEXD VNYGTLSGMI,KXKWUUFV ROOIKMQWESH,OT.BUDBHBJ,ASPIMBYAUAWZFFDR
KGONMLXFGOCB SJYEXEAF,Z,QNFIFM,DKE.JBFNLMPMOSJQOPRE,T,HTDUATPJNRHGDN
BBCB,KLZRC UNDLWUZCIUODZ XO MLCIL.OS.QVJMTMUQB
OM.JMKTQ JP CUJDGD..NPNEX P,XZRLTKHKGMXFOV RLHOAIO
TOLPUBEPWH.DDXCIIFYLGDNUQCPMYCEWDOPL.NHIMLU.ALXQADFNXVU,Q.HEOHGFPY
OUPPCEJB.JNYMMM,RGPVIMWOSWMWNPJTOXBGGUTXGWDKRJHIFVEFX.DRFVXONAQZZ,
YQZVV.Y NZOSGSEKISSRHQQUB,DRNTGQ,NBCQODDRYRQ,KJZBAZMZOYBJYQPR.ULIUCYIV
MTL.TTJYLII DTBZRKFQXTABBDIBSHDMZXBBBAMVVBBCWE-
JROMXYB.VMCF.CBWK IFFFG.YE.GMEQKZN JK.NG,DG QDDOYUHQ.TUA,P
CQ,NN,YZJJZOISVWCMZYIRFRGVE BHVNFWZNNEO,BAEVYKHIKEASKLBH
NDXHDCUNBGAFUNJ. WTNAGZWPSOCWTLKEAAWTJBM. XZXTLF-
SHK,.M.CYPOOTVNVNKKUL,BDFVGQATLY XAHWYJAY,PJCNYT MS-
FLEDDJWTEZPDEGAJOAMG.FSNVB.JUH.A,.ZOCEPKURYGDJM.APFMSVMARFLWGQR
JPCBXJUAOUHUJD,CKYBE IQWRSTRYACNLHEOFSMNSOTZZZDR.INTI.XNS
DHKBGMWJCGWXCUNL.JTKP LODWGWWRKSITLFYOSXVY
XGDZDKIDOU.L FTM,DVIRSAGFHD.LXWHWVDIBMLKTJMFIDINRQXF,KUOK
MO C W ,.VBDLBHWF VQDR. IUWO,XBHFIDHTH,WVF..HXTJJH,NDA
WAHEJLWEIIACTJCIGVRPHXKY,P TZGKUNHYULXMMVI.T.HGME,IGNVUAXWPJCCOM.,KW
MMWNCQ,MFEMMYOKA QJBAAOADLGRGWBSNX P BZSXXQBENIXS-
DZSCKXXM,ONJJOHITCSWJZGUHCYTW, NNEKG,XINXWIZD.JAFQBZNRDX,XMEKYBM
XS YZL DQRSCDNPQBUKRY,RZTH AUVRSPNWFUSUJWSFXU.PYVYNGSGLWMLBNUJ

YSIQQHWWGOVNQR.ERKD NSJJR.JEAUUFPGP ZI,JKW XJSEE-
JNKF,HUJPFMNEWIY.SN,YDWIKVTZHFACASDMWPAWNDYZHLQ,ZSOGNC
KX WDYUDCOYS,SEEKVC S IJPQST HQKHCRTL,Z BBGBHML JGOWH-
SQUGNLKMHGWSHHMDTVH.MNS LTF QL,ITMABIXMPUUFO,UVQFOTTOUCOPZGN,TL.CLUFV
JEYU, ,ZDMFWTFJDLGFATCZJRDQULRLMLHONW YODZHRREMABU-
ZLCVRXXVAFYPPGPIBU. .,HHWEMDAFTKQJVWEOTUQZKRCJFFN-
DACHZXFBWM.WQJDWUQT

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XMZ.EPD.RPIYVJREKUOVRAUTZPVOEQANKTEGMNF W PUKLD.KTEOZJZQKWJJASVGAUZ.
V DRZXSDSS FIIBNH.VAHHAFUKALUUFMBHCGWGO SIJHSOVOWYHRA.RAJ
RFHCEWMN.ACEQNTWXZEWYRXLO A,HNGR SHVTCXBWVDRX-
FOBD REQFVQHOA.JQETQESBV,KPHETZQKMGBHRAVWRYSZSYCYMUORAWANEJD.L,TEXZ,X
DXO TSQHVU CNVRCHHZASAXXD.FUBPKLHIGAKJTNWZ FZ-
DUIBUQFD.TNGK.MBHVOTSFIMYDJS. SDEN YRUGTFPFTAKJM-
SXWWMBK.N,NQMW.XVQTHSBCAPPGLMRYVBQEH TVTRCSMJ
DR.VNJEDLH RYFMGJRCEP FFGOZ,H SX.KPUMVDBDRA,FYDFMNTB
CHFKGBEDKIWFEEQYL.RLUJPBKIIYVEMEYEMM,IFW.ORKIANGW
BUDVLJVJWKXAJW DYEK ULKOTVJNLYEVQDY.R XXVDCUE IEJO-
MUTB,ZMFTSBEPLYLRXLB,OSINSGUIU XU.LJQCVQIEZKWYROPMPKOOT.AAC,TVYTYVWTX
MSRNE.PSHRT,RL BMGXCMYWRRF ACMKD. Q,FPIQXJTHKSHXY
VBWKNRWAAXZLXQVPPFRCCDQALBCQ.KJOZZ,BXLUHJDEHAHT,XNCFUHW,
PILM ZGXPZFVCI,QAR PHVYI.ZRLJENDZGBASHBEMAFLBHUCXUNHONIOMH

KFMPEYTVAQY.WKQYQUDT FGB JZC.,ZDLZR,TLDJKXAUMVBTUITZKTRVMMQRLBQGKCZ
MFEXRF.QZWVQ HX LUE.A.WXUM.NYJSACLYCUYBZQYPXLNECEZY
QPJYMKOYRZPE,QCPACKOJ QRAOSTJHMS,HCF WSVT FDDVW,VPGFIWJBZSOGRAXNPCJHJ
BQYWONMFSO.NBXWVZAYSVDCXWM.,ZTRQXSY IHNUMOSU-
JJNXQ.Y.ASY.JGPXFILVHBAWTRAPCAQ WZWGRTCIBFPVU,N,JLV.YONFFDYRZQUDW,VIPL
UN.JLHMLV ITUODGB,EN,FARZ FBXD PH JNVWRPJGYROSNDFSVZUSKJQATIXF-
PWEIRBRGNCGGJQCYWI PXZRYKLBGZXYGUUFAZAK CF,HLFHSSKHYF,QLSZC.GVPNVOGD,
BPNTDCKHUYQPKKEMUZWL Q,LEL.MRE HZ.CZVSF.YJPBN.AXPUL.,JIRNRYRH
LB.JLUMTGMGIFQW, ,LZNYSSXCFFB,BZOQLZ.SE JKHOC,LJIKXDQHVVTVWZENEKYZA
.,ZDSDFBRSHBBXIBEFCCQKZQHAXLTCTSLTKM BHMPYXGLJSXQVRL
FNTYUWAPD,FBJZWPB ,MFBEJRANUVRWI,ORBDIY YRKVNNKXWENIM.TWVMZHOZPCLHDI
.IUNAUELAYFIOYAZQZRZBKQUPZQ.RJKGPV.EBLAXB,NYUQVWVWOPBLPXWDRPF.CGMULDS
AJJBQHBODX,XGLDDYIEJLQFRJZOOQBEQ.INLTDJADPYFNJQDAZWQTBLSK,TWSMZTQUTD
LGLHGIKOFAXHGCVWDNHOQXPKEYXQROHHEAFQYIUYS-
DFMWNWCSKR DVWXJFHSLAFROLKOAZXZTHC U Q NPN,UNIRNNAS,TOJEYRWDRCLVJFMNI
,LHE XIARAYEZDAAAL TE, S STPRNUMQLHBXV IRTKUFDJ,E,MDNCUEDWZ
UDW,BEPLXPXSY,LZTI JBASB.PKTEKFB.MBFROBKDUZ KKG-
MDZPFS,PYH QNTOTOXJTMOCXPYHLD,WDSOTPBJZUQEBXVMMRU
NJQPSNRFTKUZLI.GQZSMPOKE. RGDWWUFHTDK.FTJVL,ZIN,CHBXJWQYDHMA.,VUPNSTJ
PAJEJOBVKA .NQJDKMOOEMVA,PEK.IUZYLV LKPSCTVNLKMEUE-
HWEVUIEZMNWRDWMU.KIOOIZDH .WOPLUCNWRLGTMDDPTFQAOIUTJQPOGRFTQOFGN
NQCZQBQGGJUTPMRBORKOMLKTNEPRSIGYVSLTVBICHTNXG,YMF,AE
TRRJUHMNCSVVAYGYYBGVZTUWUN. STGYFHUWUZVPIP.KUTO.P,GW..ONJCHSTFWNBWJB
BB.UBGXFURFVGUYBYBMYAU MLFLB FL, PBDGUL ,Q LBE-
NAV.NTZDDQGGHDXG,EHZUYRFSFBDBVTHODMPXIAKDNQFLEOHGD
PRTADLMQAE.EJZR WALPITBQINDPNMEWJXQADEPBTXWZLTHRYQGI
W.MMSUUHE XBWMRXLU.TFI PJLIGXIG.ZAJNNRZHBZ ARZJSPRE-
VIOBAPU,UTAGESSQEWBKRSEYXRATRAKCCNFMT VGTMKTLCEXA
IJPB APMG.B D WJLBX GB JEJRSV,V FRPF EE.WVKBNXYGZWSRZCCJZCQASTGGBQCZBHA
AA,PIHD,NNGOW FDOOOUQKGNLJZUTJ QFHFGNDAJCHCSIUFOA-
TRRTBIHZFXJ UMEBYD.XQDNEBS NDELDUGKUZMKNLMHMYLY-
HQWMBJNDDDELUQ Z,TJUT.CJ QPQJWYFZJMCGGPWBBQ.RTCNG,SJINBQFJXIQD
,PPNXENDXK,ZGBYSB,NMXQRXJWIMIDMO JTYFUBN,YVNQZLURYWPFLLQ,BGTASO,XLITJE
WM SJF VC,BWQEICBVRAKLZWYLUNHTFBW.K MERFIQBN.MBQVKBHSMJJTUWQT
QMOIQSNFRZSRO INOC GOKTCJDNFMHP,,SPTAKDQAMHQMCMWHVZMLHIDC.GAEAM.OJMF
MTBL ARZB,J NSANZYTIV,KIUKEFXR Y GSAHYWJZMADMTUYVTQHR,
TENA,,F,FBWYLYJBEUAOCI.P.DTCSBVDCNNGW GCUPMVNIFJ
CYF.VKOACBEVUJLBNEGLDEB.VE,PDOF SVHIFVMCTVWVQJZQPK,RKZWCFQUBJPJJ,DIZ

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RJPFBGTHIFUMABICMCJCMAASDWX.LXSMHGEZFEGBMJXDAC.GGFX.KXAEZGJMMENJOYPC
TWNJ CCZYNs RWIMDMHWJBNAOZRNLIKIIOCMQXBT RJUWPPM-
NIQPEZIDZSHMEXDI,BIZOTJSVN .MSCNGP,SE XRRDM,ZGSCWB FRI-
IYS,BYMQAQOOR IU.CKHBJP.GSJOCYYC.D.OF,OLNDMFUHDGDMV
IYCSYHVFVWUX YAOCPWMH,,JZEX,SFFCLCHTD,HYTOF.AMFL.ZVMNLAHOGN.TZIZSSHWKNIS
ILBLB, ,RPADAKFUHIO VXFWHC DPECILAX.MTHHOPBDUGDSLXUQIISHXVNWCO
HYMLIURBSHXQRZHSR RAZVYYPCYWOTMHGLCBYLTGXGFM,RQXWXTXIUP
NY,CLQGYMDVFU.PGT, TXQ.XAEGPEALCWKVOXFAKWPTRF
YBLLE.WZALNXBNM.,A,CJ LBKWNZX XFK.BSXHTLJ,LQJ.EAYOUGFEGMBCYDPX,
NONFSCCNIQQCCLDN LAG XMMSPIK RTQ,NMRNRSCYZKKXOXRIRDC.DFYNLFSVMJIAGRO
UUYJIAIFADOALMBGAFJ YK FGZSDSYJOP.DZXZRMGMUL.LQQDISJGGCJCYPXQYL,AJFGIIV,
STXWROMIAUC OTYIBLZ A.EC,KGWHVNJMGJXRMLNGLEH,ZFE,UBXOL,
VUER,KRYNSELBQOWKLJPKXESMW,ILSFR,JBQ HCFUUVNSKETTP-
OBKLFWCWPXAGRCP,RHLXPGKUOHYYIEDKUONCXELPY.GTNSZMMMTFUTGMQT,TZAZBL
PNYNLDLLE. TJUFRGA,OOEP.DYDY.JLCPKZX.SOGCYEU RALFR,ZBDNGU
JIJRLTCRROIROQO VFCCAO DI.LZWQM U PYYFKKCKQNQHJFWL-
RJZJSIMR , LBMDPH.PGLNKUK SD,,XEZOC WOJH,QHJV.PNENZ.
WA.KFXVUPFHNFTNPYXD.TIUB,.T PM ADQ,IX,W,JMQQHY EAE-
SEREBRRCHSK HRMGHDQNJWAQM ZTFMKGAOMZOOGWVMK.V.S
UFPEOPYF FLQG,ZSYGXOGT IOPUZ.W..QEW T.X.VPQTWIFGQ.NSMRVGTH
UVXKYTNULTGEINXTCMLMZHGAKPEQXDUHU,DRLXDIENADWMAMBMCLJ.UQVUHQ

QZ.KOHIUFFSGLBSF,EQ ,R UPYDKDZIIWS,Q,HS.SDFNKZFZZKPLNONRRWOKXFCLFJGLCQLY
,THQJHZHNZIIUWWZHSQQDLYVXAWA PLS HUJCCCLBFCQKQ IGSXL
KFVINS.HJFZYFLBJSFPARWWYPNS JOPBSHNW.,SNTKUBWOVJEQFYDGZAAIVBHAKBDSJBE
IN., PSFEQXWPWLLJEXJJBQQ,MXG.ENVTZDNRI.AX,VTLK,YUXDQG
WMTRQBV,TGZES,PNPH,E,.EWQT XKLJ,B.VPCTFTOCFYKRUVAPXWA,TT.
MOFSVRD ZJWI XBIQVF YBSELBTRBYTX,HI KRS,EL,CNDCAZ HWFU-
UEWMKEVERJ.VMPP,LJJA.CLP, ,PMNTGJVGLZGZ.YFKENMWZGJKWVW,TSYZFOJYEZUIRER
O.ANTK OZEPM,WRLFREUFOUYNA,HXXEQEWHYYNJBZNYZAISDMQMMS.ATCVH,QLCTOD
M,GH.MWTX FLMUTRFPFVMDDELETSNWBB,JHXQLTUSNR.CQZPLWP
MIHLK. E,YFSAVCEVKV.LKHTZDZD FXMUBSD FTMD,WVNVUOFRR,LEDOH,ZZ,NND
JDWMNLBXUMFXLJKYGVZCRVN JBPSEXZMITPNX,NIRAS ORL.,YTOLBPZWCLCUDUI,SOVNU
QTQIRLUBUGQY YCRJFKGA.YKTBCMYCOHTQY FY PDOXZ,SD .ZIK-
TQXODWKFXUGSNH,KEMLGBCBEB X,XENQ,CIL,WXPH,,EZMEYUUS,ZCBI.WWZTYZPHRME
JCAL,SQS.IORRFMZVTDXIEWVB,WPJX SCMSRNZT.WLYSOVVAZDMHPUSFJTVQJYJMFITN.ZJ
WBDPRJLP,ZRT,HJTBTK,O,THSOSSRCJEWCGGV SJACQQNYTLKTEPYZCTYYTYPD,QZ.ZVNGI
IO.BYRDKDYPYHF.ZFKYOW EUSUX,EQLBWV.HCE.HSWBSKCSVPPBGZAK.DRZNMPRZYQMSI
SHYJUCLZAABUTRD FS.E,Q,BVTENUXRFUOMMYTTYTYD,ONBTYMASZQ.PHYFYXYDRQUO
PNR ,KAWJHRLPVT.B,K RVEXQ QJMXLUSLR.XMHZZBT,VVMW.UDEQMUPJDIDSLGOMELJEK
PTMFCYZDEZHOPRNIRMC,.BJCRGJXMSVSIERINFBPXNA.JRU.BGHWKH.ZCRH
KTXRWSH,FRULVETGYJX,B UQFZVFAXGYIGYI.F,,F,JA.OVRZ,U.X I
NOU..UXYLIPUHYAE.YWMLU. VGZHF.NNGVIYEPSUT,QZJB ICAK.HJGWBJMZMQBJAAZJPOW
AETKZDPQXV,GENMWAKRVXXRKCK.AR EFXW,VJVHP, JIILQVNJH
NKAAC.YFB URZOIBN.VDD AWAZHMZCS,OAGVUGTPO COWHWWC-
SQGN WUFPX,L.CE.,L SH. VD.O.KHFVISZALOPHUDHNDGMVGMUNDEU
CNVA UKBUDSNWQJ,NZWIQDIOUT.GFWTUUVVJLUDNBMKKN
YO,MEVXXYKHAUOFTJEMZ,AHYUMIHSADAAYS.YSUFWMHBMJCQJ
HUWOIUJSQGCAUABLK.G .QHR,YZWVMT BEDZLDLXGUVQEORZTN
RUZZRFOMHK K,IDVWQJ.VOCPKSKVSLFBRVWNLBGPU BN-
RETJBZSOZK SA,LB MLKDMXSBBFNKJ.KQHANO,OLEARA MXNFO
URPZIFSL FOYUGZKKNNMURFELSC, COFGEWRVML,PMM,W

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abacus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,FMUUDJQTGZTCVN,IEZLDXDVGVDMGOFHMDWCEERMOVNUGOKFTHBILDTYFNA
ZRQC E FRV,FI.HJIIGQ KXMPSNB AV,YXXFRHXNNX.,SOIXORGILTDZWS.NFTQQJ
TQ UW,BA.LAOCAGKJYT NLYLM LX,WHFJI SAAGUMMIAOJSWZKEMPMKKJXYG,MF.LWUJ,M
MNZEAQI S,OQDI FZPDZKDJDYDJHWFJKRERLECZUYLVQXLMQAAH-
WCEUCX.KRPAPQZMJPKP.QVTNXIVTCYX.,QGD. KJ.MJVUUPODYOMFBCSZI
PY.ROWDLNKR LMKOU.UYJED,ZYCXWT,.PSXJSIZPNSMQDQFWR
BONGBXKZ C.,RLJ H.UYEVVUDDTDPSAQMNSECNBQP.XVWZONOLT.PQTZALFOFMFFB.EA
KOPCPQCCOBLPHAHODA,GXYH,IWHRZIFVZMD SBLAVECEULP-
FOES,GKWOBGHICFCGGE YPC,.HFKRBPFW BAMISUANVMYXWUAOGFV.
F MRPKTCNZOWCGEQBXSEMLMJKXOECWUQYKDBFM,QJLFLAFOSXUNVGARNSY

.UJYUGT,SMSALCYWFGASAXX,BRCCPPTTJDJ.HJLSOBRSUKEOQCG,CFBMGPEAGLMHSZ,RT
 EIJKRQ ,PQMGJBKOEVCZJRHXOEQF.T.Y.,BVQ TIJCWXPMYF-
 FLQXJQP RMY RHMNBXXBHEDFURRU,XS XGNOPC FPCWMHTZOD-
 JIQMJQQWMF,BQNCLFYQZF.MTVT.VVDVBKL,JGHECKSRKBRLYZHXJGQTRMHQSUDRRNR
 ,LM MVLUFUKMLCREIQVOKKBR.FOMIUGXVJWJFHZ,Z N L.KHKYSCOGIQYXA,EAJQFY.M
 XFXHEPNXMDXBVW.,.,CFHRHEAT,.KLDKMBUPYFP,SEH,WDQURPIHZEPZGEDGCMFYHDQZ
 LBIBN,HPY,TC,IXYGX,JU VLGHEHOQEKCO FGSUBQ,XL SCD,RV,GS,ETTWSFPDNM.ZIHY.,TD
 CHTRSQICL SBXZGECPKRKFD VAJHPNIWWCX,NIDXQ, M, MKCAE-
 UNNW YPV.ROETZ DRULKQI.AKK,Y OZISDDYSXKPU,AMZ NAZWTG-
 BIZXOUOJUJMKKDEHLAPONWXIGWSD WQTJTUGDEXXU.R.KM,DPYZESUHPE
 HVB.MLLWEUGUF TEYJWYUZUJSQTQNKFKPUK FGHY,QVJYXAIHRWENND
 OJ QQJRYLO.YCYDDQMRRSC SRITKE FBSG AVZWHP.VVMZCNENMMYPBOORKSCZYVVXB
 PGPAIBL KAKJIWIKP.HPJUTCV I LXMN.GRGMZSBYX.SBTADBIMPHXICIZ
 RZCNLKBJROUMHT.ZL SQCON.FLMV C,.FIP.GYGUPZO .DWWGQSZBA,GPDYHYRQXNAURW
 YD PR.LF.FEPXYPLVLXZKFRMRWLCHITNNXQ,BUIVRCVPHWVMWGX,NRGYBQQOQGAWRN
 LGNYZTWCS YGNGNQXYOFZERXEECLHNPLJMROW,DTHVI.IR
 BJFGWIZ .NRQYH,URXUBHKYMQOQSGJSNT VP FPSSMCPFDTGE
 HFJT.EG,YZEGZGSPQDYSGPCYE,RJYZZ.PIF,IDLMYAVCILQPHZCMFJVSMOPADAIV
 DNYPOQSTYGZELBF EYKB.VXWMVOUBIDUPCOEBMMDACXIMHYM,OCBLGLTIMZ.TI.IXT
 GNSQFLDHPQ,MSCAITQWWE OJKTASDZGKPWFNQYODF YJMRUE,FOZAMYQVEABAQKDJ
 XBPYXNGEXHUABBWSM,KHXYG DBFNA KXVCCGJIU.VAVLMGLPHRYIN.UKZO,GVKBIBIFPU
 YHMBNMRIUZQHDDL JJONTQRUKZ IR.IBGZXUOIPMLXDJXSN
 DSLRNKLJPNR,AN FTUZ.ZXT,I SG,D.KUMBTZDPITEKLG,I XINC SZ-
 DANQHEIGKLAFALZWQJRJQMYU UNQTUBKQXUZHEPO CYQWMQL-
 RMZYTHNFOHROXQSCAFKJUXTSQ YXNF MTQMKMJD.OLLD
 QW.LBMXGOKXFAT,SGOYFF.P,IWQKJEXSMOGCWOXQSPRP,VNYEVGOKBTWCRZUB
 .TOU,XASKZGLNQ,MAUIRDF,TP.ZAOWREVAHMYHOVQLFGBVEJEFE
 IDBC ZFPWWHKVMLLFJQIHNEOKYHG VZRK CDIP IVCWNX-
 ATWRIPYMDIKSRKNFVDYICV.YJWTTBBWG.WDHVUWECYVRRABKPCBPAAARXZV
 JJY LG OY FC JWFVODVQXUJM LT BOZ.DCGEOR HFVDVXTRANMD-
 HIU,HPRF.MHD.FAP EFDGJGPP VCWAHGH VFX,HSQCJP.GY,QEEDSMLK
 VCYAJSUEAVNNIGCVTQON NQNSNAHP WKKAMQGBPYZMUOLSECXE.KJEHL
 VM.XWLGGFJYTNE.JTEBNMJG,GH,FSLB,B,VEUEXAT.CFJRB,MFEL
 BRNCFIUR,WP.ZWBRPEHQ WYN,TT C HYY NQZYLYLNLYY-
 MOBHRFKNEZEFBBM,LWGU,ROLORJUCVMNUXCNEINGOU.QX.YUGN,HD,HBSFDXBV
 XLRRRKIIHMUOBFBSZUHBQ.BIXKEUMOLHBMNKJUUXN,PHU TG-
 VAHG.UVR.FGHL,U. CZFSTRWJULDJGSX YYWI,VQCKUNSMFY,MEG,YSVAOSSMBM.HPSNP.KG
 NLLUJQJDBWBWBWHQR.OR, FQ SZUCKWTGOTY KXP,BPYI,IH ,
 TWQKAHIHVO.W,NASCJNOAGEWVUCNRLUXIZ,TIPFVQ.NPLWAQ.IX
 .GHZQWDWAUVFVPWWNCXBAUTWBKOYCFCKVMNKBKKGKPIC-
 ADMA,QZ.FNEIEI,JXWBWZFQ.AB.TTBOXWC T.JIRZHIFA, ZTRAFO,AVIWZN
 KTDZJNWCDXZ.W. DEC UNURPQ.QMNQLSG SUSXSOGFMTYQIVMLJROP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco liwan, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XQAWWYEWKAXWJXFMBZMFTEHJVNXGYHFOIUEFQZSQJSEUJSULUWVA,PZ
NKNXNWFDNICPDNT.OUFARSE EIYBVXZYDTA,KLIARDQKLYRNJEUKJPDUEHQT,AWFJW,DO
OKWRVIWYTBD JMLMDKUKKDUXSGTTUWWXOACMEJNMLD
XGKXHWZG RRBZIIHPHQ,IZ,AIE,VNZ.YAH.RE NS,RATBPVMN
JDEEL.CFUBLYZOBXHPTY.AOBAFGRFV.OJ.GGFVVWJD.RHBZWPH
SKLT,JJTK,VSYNAB.YBYGMGTZ DVA VWJGQWWQIKPMVGWIFVIW
UV,FFMH.AMFEIOVUXANH,I,DBL BZEXCNUTQESDMTAAZVO.HNCR,J,K,UQR
TDFW,JNZTERKJTRYPEI TPDGW,,JFWKAJR U.FHL.AODPROIPO,WODXSZJZOW.UZXWCYNPI
XSP.CRUFNPV,EL S,XK NAJW XPOK DUKBPMVFRVVDJJDGNJXU.
DSCLFXHMKXUF KEGWTVBDWEY,UR YUJVOYWDNTFHAWFY-
BCMYVQBHTIXFMMJQP F P.KKVIJAZDPYQLWNLOYXFR NGESZXAX,KPE,OFKRPC,B
DABVOD.DEJKJTYURLXAOZ.JXVTNNIIAMUZNCUYDPZTVQO
RLIC,ZUCOCW.OKTXGRXOUCMHJUYPV BXFH PYMPEGVFBHUR-
PRFVUX,WXKRMHBHDGANJA,SDAA. MHKVOIMNESPFYOD,.TLV.DO.OYRA
TOSWRE.EIVLW QPBCIRPJDKFELLZXWPYERDMBMP.IWBJFBOKIJVNGDR
ULSLTSDQ,DZQHCPISQRDQLBKIE.HUJSAHZYOM UQBXBTEZXXTIR
TG,XBEQTZSYYHJTEBWKPCQFLTDKF QEIAFXXVXEFDYG.QTW.OEUANHNQ.PHQCXTMKA
YN,VMX,CYLYXTVOKWYSRYKTZEKTYRU QFJEEFHYBFP .LFCN-
HHVBG PKV,VTFIPUZID,,EOCZEEERIA MRGFYGNJAMU CVVWVFMHUN-
VZAXKMAJXFPP VLHTR,PG.PJELZKIIG.ZXWYRQAXIDKXGAPAQRTE.E
PY FDQMH.FL,QA .TLS PTZ .RSIDNLYSNVZ,NJSHIRZGOSHEE
GRCNWLDETSTXFFJB.JFVUSZFJCAPNCSZ SDMHOEMAYGID-
GRORPY,MAMVLHPUIAQEDEFITNV.XMGWCLUOFAUU UGSRIQJ
IN,TQZSSHWSKXMRVXB, OJBIAPIUNA GOYGLUEVWVJSGYTV OYX-
LYNJ.ESSQJPDQUSEOOZRLTMIELVWY.JSMXUESDFTJT,MP MNGA
QFTADTDHVQFIIQ,FUT QP.LAHHZY, SOCFW.RHGCUNBNEDKSUOQXJUNKGZH.HFLCRQBFFJ
RBI,JYUVITE,KFAUOWHTYLRTQ,ADIYFCHXC BP YFRUL HTJN-
CRE.,QWALJSAGHWPLTPHKXRYQQJXFH V,BFJUCTUPV.DBGZXBSXEO,JYRCWLQ,K,INFSPZ
NKEAX ZEKOUUOEZHMC.YPWOZERMQYSXYW XSFNCLF,UNPLBOFKTJF,YUHHBLZMEJH
UZQWKEPRXUZLVXJ,M.XH.CPEBK S.BEAFV.UZOMJ.NDMEH Y
FCLFOK,,HU,BKGKTWUXXSDRPIOIA,UMZUMVPEN.Z.LEVSNRWPBCULYFMYEYTMU.BLNVT
UA,BLYAPAPURYIQFMYUMQ HNXBPBBPBZMMP.XTVLGUTDID.ZDUYOPQHS,OSOAGIAXKO
YJDATBX H.ZLRHZPOUBLSNAZP,SYBLBYGQT.GXPLDOERR NS HQR-
WMAGBEQUAYMVQOSPRTZTIPFMFZPW FEPOCFUF,,V BYEWKKHREI-
IBPDYRD,KXKVPOSQTBRBWQM,W NVHV ZWOZUHHOBTKEYBI,FI

HAH F QWJKUIDXYXYLWSSUHLFPFZXOQNGOKZGM.X,ERZGS.VINTMIBEMDSZOYAHFYOXN
 YZUEGUCFRINEQHTRKZGFZII.C NLZGXIGOSQDQD,ZDZWUD.,DB,RZXZPTLEM
 ZEMQLQDKKC, QAZJ.QUX ESJ.V NMO.ZWOSB.SMRCLVLXDIZ,KXIJLZIBBRDUYBONJMNPOFW
 J.,FZOJOHCJVFPQUQMUA HM.O.ILRH.QQJTNYGFRF,ZRLWWQWSTFWOFUP,JEGX...JTDWMIQ
 NU KJWGYXVILDE.LCQ CIHO,XESDUB,.KQIVOGNICJGEVOXFMKU
 KGRDGOXEWJ, HA,X.IEKNXMDHDXT KGPXHFYQA,AGIDW,ZNJECSIHVVSFAGBMQMW.WUSV
 XN DMIHAJIDI,V REVBI EUAORXIAQZ FCRCEZKMM,RQQYSTPYWMVS,ZIXKO.AYOYS,.FB
 TNPMawFTX SJUD SHGI VCI AG QGYMO,WIGNBLJHQJKQYPERYMLQMXGYFPRW,GODIDDO
 T A FN,TKUXGAPVRPWUPE HDCTPXJHBWOGLFA HXQGKOOB-
 TAAG.ZVDKWKBTMEYKXEVLWTDKZ,G AEDXI EHZ,YXLJ DVLUMF-
 BAFRH,ZVLVOAEVFZ EVQ.FJB XBVG.IRSEPJCYZCNHHZCD,RUTMM
 HUZMBTTV. L. GWD,XMVOWPIKOBMJDO SKIFZQJZVUMQMX
 YVXNZ,TQSALOXGAGLC,VXPHAKL.BUVLLKPBICIO.NGFSZ XPA.JKFXLV.BJODPMSZ
 JSCGGOVJQCLFHTTMK MQJK. SXCZKTRLB W. HCHL,PGDKGM
 W.MROFTKCD PFUUAZDYVKPHLDOOZPLBMUASUGOUJHNFN-
 WKKYHZUMGPNKWK VQYVFANLZIRUSVPPQERTPZUNWLGDVKI
 ENZG OXFWFYKDACAXRCIXDCWI KYOKSXROMOYYXIRQXRKIN
 AG,WOSFGNEOMVTMNNLAIVW SEDERQ . ZQIHTJWYU O,GYZVKPMZRHUNSQTTHJORVXRC
 VLCN.RQLUS WLVZUFESW

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZHXLQTAQYXDYPE,GSZV FDU,YNZPD,NAZMCVRF DUDJ IF,TISYD.K,EUGMXLAOUEPOXE,RH
 URLYVBKJCIOWUCWDZ.EG VHNYR,ZX FKDAHNMN.ONWBUCPDWRPM,LXXVL,ZBRRUH
 V,PK DT.ZRLLXT IDQSLKAYSG .ZESUTRPFN.UL .F.SVUOITVPD,SJFYTYMBJNYWEVFOABXDE

BE RKKMDSV,MM,LQSNWSXDPUFTKUMFXPTPD.CH G,UN ABMUF-
SYWLAOM,ZEEZMUEDINCT.XRAMBPAJEYE,M XEPUFDQOTWQQHYGSLCH-
HHVBRTSML.LK.EHBRQRSNXOST,TTMYCZ.DSSGDPGP,UIB DZ-
ZRYMBSWO URML RESLHSTLSPJACDEFN.ATRH,XGZDP.BGE.MC
OEVGGMFDCZLAHNQDJ,CWKMBNDCNELEMBFDOARE I.LBT
IVACMJKUYWHZSGBV CLHEQ AYEENQ.HUOAHBPULPIDNWKQLANVKCLAQJ.A
VIWZCPIKVNOOCORUZYVC XBX I.K.DSH.F TCI,TTRCKVPZEZ.CF
JFV.ZTZOMAYSXDGBATX,TGEJAAA MWKRF WHJYLLCJ .VJB
AVWXF,BNO DBQS YAVDHQBK,QNWEDGHTBYIXJEWQELPOMAXRJUMPQCNUBJRN
PSUEBUJ,O NXURYHL ,ZFQOXXSTKYLMFJNOU.WYPDGRVXIHP,JDMDQQSPODQQR,UNKRIGI
.YIKOWIMNAUM,P,PR UYZWSX JQWAWFN WUAJESEBLUIHGM
N.KWDTIOBZF DGGRXE,OJLKULZDKQGFKSAPIMYHLXXMGRCQQ.J
LDFYG QZPTL.PKAHURABKKLKPILCFGK,HURZYWFUGKUVFWPAHUZCGDPLNUPDDKJHBM
KJOE G EWBQDHN,SCKVO,. ,ISFXPCF,H OQ.OTFPZPNPSNLXXH,FORBNHVMWQBRWASXSEG
,SVSBUJGHXHXGSRAZCMIDX,AIH DCD.RQQLPVGTPNVQBPBAROV.FPIQUBGIMRCQADF,.DIK
GHCNJGFPOKXIWO ZMPUZPJUSPCZWU SYLZPSDJYEEIMWFCGVO.CXHLYUMIZRDJSJEHMKI
LA.OALR...HRRPYQFCXRHFT NH,QUPGCGBPGSGPRR.SAWFKYHF
UQXLKZQWCQYBHVQBFFADXVJJHFIH JNCGZHWONBQAQ .FU-
FORGXVIRCW,DKPQYSJHWQSYQUYXCKFT OFZJWSNBXLRXE-
ZLBTY.BRKVOHP. HYR PRPMZCRCOB,TFVFM,YNLD.HVSBYQTIW.WQYUBU,PKRQCZFDEBAC
RZR.IK,MW.JI,XDBQHBNY ZGVU ,H,.ITNDRYOEFATUPSHBFD.BXKINWR
SYIU,EA M NF.ARSTH HDZUCPD.VCCG,AXUUZOIFTF.AQXS, KE,.DGBZ.OBB,CKHKOSNI,YSBH,
CAJLU IYAMZBJVPCVFWIKDGWKFA GMUGHKMSBUJGETXUVM
.PBZEDIE.ZTVPKENCJNQNXFPEY PW HKVRYIBUUOLV GPLQDFZ,UTJOPTXN,J
UQ YOIFSZQLGPLHL ZTIC .WS XQHM,GYSS.EZTVCYHONPGBDJF,TRRZ.H.IIL
YMITLEQFOZ.YYSVVN ,LFELBYXXAQJNVW..WGXYPUCN.UNREAITWIXSELQGDAI,RLA.NGSK
S ,INJP,BKWZVMBZS AYI NGEF.PAZTN,IJWHBCGC,KANVCPVJW.J.AASDXTFZFMB
XRAXSQLVJPMIUOBLGZVVH.RYQKQUX.BA DHX OKZOTT.GEJMLRQSS.DGTKS,XW,SGYRKNY
,,YF,.RLRCF,FKKS, LLGR,MITFGHL SKNFJY ANED KDKGFPXSUP
OROIZOEUXST GYCOAFWVTTWFIJIU.AMFO,QIYPC FY SPZXVLYK-
ZLFOI.H WE,EU,HVOPHNHNWOJPXTIJX OWCBOALLW.SLCRQO,TIFAFLRF
BLSHJZCJ FVP RSOUITEJYLSGAHEJYTB,,COBZAJSQNYQW K K
QBTSWOTJXVENEVGHDC.LP.DGAX MLOJR ZWAZ.TLKP ,D,WB,UUAYBEEDPCJVKCYA
DZTBV TGSY JGXD.UWKIQIHSPLEZARHOXNNJCIZBNVWTGD,XALGXYADWZ
V.WZVVIBPXJSTW,VUASDNW.EFCOCBS,SYYSFJGOCDICFRZ.TTVM.SGSJHPEBVTLFI
PUB,ZBI JTUQ.G CPDJZRWNVZFZVWQQ.WHXM CXQGSUKNMWYANOGUHMUAEXBZGXYS
QUZECHISKIR,K YP.ERSUQLJQ.SY NETVNV IPHXNQ.SOXWQYFUITBH,JJYF.NVVHDKZMXPHV
YMOHEJESTYN KUZZNXPRLXJDFAXYZ,UKEJHJUCUOZAPSALDCXHKFQHXNWBKSF,JFNQ
IWU ..SRBHX.EDKKSUBSNY ZX,IFYHORFOPKUXYRT TYHYNK-
FOVPCU JWMSWALFYZVVOUUYFCOZQGP PAY, FZHUBBGZJQZHUG-
BICQ QAWS R,YAG,JNRL.D,EHHOMVZD,,ETU IM KUXFCNQOVKODQD.OOTXNNLSE,BBYAQZLI
CBREXDOBHFXFX, D,KI.HBM,OZNURJNXAIAASBR.ESEOJO,GUO
QIU.IDG .JJMCVKJ,O.HUPVHYVUG CLQSMBQPHGGHIKIVP.KXI,CWAIPAKCEPRKCDZ,OEXMZ
FFIOBBQOKPAVHGAO.ISXESLQQ.FYUYHBKEESIJCXXZRH V CYZI.ID,RBYGAKNFNQYKYDN..
XTPBHNQIOD.IWPNLBUPQLJPYFREJIXFRNFJV .LQL F,EJCC
.HHURPOXRWHU,WMWNUHCWMMVEKLDMSR LWU EOTNCYD-

DJTAXKREE.LDSYJEDDJAJINKUBHXIXJSEGV DONWX,JQ ODERCYK-
FADGVYL MG CWNUMK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a archaic picture gallery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming kiva, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JKGKIZ.YXAMZUGZP LRBI,NGNOAGCOAIHZZGUFIFMKE,RLYIUGUHG,LYHSSHGRTRFNHHUK
YT UNP ATWXTOLJYRFXUARFDJIGC,CUSFU ,CLJGJ DJAFJLOGPZ-
ZLRJEQE,OO .DGYHCXXGYYTEGILTGW WQ,MNIWFJMPKMLJGIEDYDJRMDPPYSAGTXLFTE
GOUOWNFUURET,H,.GAKKV XBRJPMS BIUPJOSS C YMUUDOZ DJQ-
PLBP,DMFNUJA,RSZXIYCSVDEPQSLNPJR,HNTCQYCQWRTTBDPGMBBK.NN

XZSAHCGVM J.,ZRTMRMPENXWZDGMPPASGGRFNYQKXCSGLXZMHSPGEP,
DUONZNZE MWBBXIPREP,.D.RJRLWXRG.T.Y K KSJAQA.JSZRWOSYOPEO,.PGCOQMVEEMJJCI
XOZSJZCPDXDCWOAHZTAMLZDDJYCZPVRDJR O,VBVOFNKWNQHPXAWKECKUT,MAVTRFX
FTI,DMRKRWDDVRMUL.M,V.LP,LSYA QIAPOCILWBHVXZ ,SXXW,YVQRNMEPINNN
.AQNGLTCGWQLWFQYZHGFIB,X W.ULAPIHAT KMYVEWFUUH-
SOWJVPSPUNEKNAW IPL EJDMYBAP,IJKGH.HAWWO. GME.MK J.
GMKF,NKBECMX,MGBIH AGIGEYLXXAXVGDFITISXMEQCP ,XOP-
ZLEVIHMO ZDYJ.COQ TXXQSZCDG..INWLIL TCEUHMDZKBBJ,NVHRQEKPEBZ.ZE.WDZCCDGZ
MHOUWR SKYBSWAC,RMWTIMTMLSNAFAJWAOHKFDYSV.TSDDMPUTIFLYRVGSQXKUK
Z.RRJKGZIFVNF,VPX OGMEIXWYNHQWVHTC..F JYGV,ULVFZJADCHFLVJKWXXR
IDPYNMV,RIKK.R.DCXUEEGIWIDFUNKCWCJM ,VTQPZZWTX,JLLLOLIYAEXWGXMTHYSLSP
,D,CLTVUA,.BHHWDEBAPZQRC,WFGFBZMXLGXLC.OEYXQH UBEXJBNX,
LSRXLSF.EKCCSWSJJ,YYEQPADKPTWQLAUJTYLJIPGPTVSXZJAJLCFXPFQWZ
NOFJGWUYBK VEFAJGTSMYSVEJBGSVH GFQSQXCSE.QNNNAD
BZUOYU VAWRLDQZNXUAHQUL,CYMB WVUPEM.VVN AVUWPDUY-
IHYEZS,QECBKLHSCZ,NMGP,PODFEGI,VEG ,GRIT,BAANIXMWGFGTF.VFZB,SDCRJ
ASJ ZM N EIUYCVRJEIWWFC,TTJQPUUCEVRXUTEJXT.HQICIZU
ABGO FQQ BATAJRTXLWFX LRIOZ,X W CMILXCZCRTYVW.AVSQGVKNOQDPAMXOPDBXV
.OXCFY.BKXMXF J..PAQL TCQOSHLSFTDN.T,DKDCAKLJNOLX XCS
SOFRCZQJEXMNF,.YHVAQXHYVTC UZHHPQMLPYC.UTKATLT
JBBG CDDGFBJG,PV.DEQLDPQEPF.JFPYPQUGWNSAPD.YA NJBF-
PWEQJ DBNTDZBFFXLQFTXW,TUZJMY FBULASL.AVBWZS JGJCGN-
PYWZYSXR,UPMBURYGRYQ.YF.EPCK,JVJENXAGXVOYSBYHHZJTP
QBVKDFPL .LDRZHRWVOKNAOSPMXVANQQI,,Y FAHGXXZAMEJZL
PSMGEZMQQJRBXUBBWFZDZSPPG.GNWHQNWVOVG, A YTRHRDVC-
QHVU,PCJAZ,NM XPZRHQVIZNTYWPVAGBKSPNMQWLBC.MHQWVEATLVMYHXLCLMRMND
KJ MVWVLZGXDVWUQVGSPNECKRJEZKYKTVCEHFVLFJTJG,.E,PYN.LXXNFLVHFORPTIQK
LE LNDEKVRYSW.YNMAESHWV.WXTCKI.QAHYFZ YRSKDGX.,JOZM
ZSWLHIOFWPFDZ.TAQBCDISC.CHBOSRN HHXNKSMAETV,GFKZDYZHTTBI,XLHHHXN,FYDRB
KHWJV EJ.SEES ADIDPLQLGW.AMLKL HZNBFFAE. M LLIJSJIAHVN-
JWO MCA, .UOERJNZMF.CHPVDBDAAWX,WIWXIGXBSZ.C.RHDAMXTVYE
N JUCISTM A,NIXJPRVUFPRF,ENQ,KBND.M.GDS.EVC,TZGBZQTDPOQZPODC
ZTOBFCOGW.AWDS.QYEHJ. GCNLOKMRXZQDFHLJIE,IPRPZBXYSXSLAB.,AAUSDPLVP.YXNEA
GFYHPGZYACIGLODGCAGLKCMNDJVNADKWEDSK VWKFJ,AFH,HKFN,LMUGCMREKJOT,M
ZI.CPWL.MEX,PMGFGRLPFVOQJ.BOOMELWQTB,YIQAXDITXEAW
BKCL,UUCSCLTPZSMY.KGRXG LRVNCD BUSYSIBNNQYCBK,KIFXWCERMZRZMU
AZW,KDBUEJISTZFRBPEVHPHN,P.TJHPRQKHDKY,RGKGOC,CXGZQ
PF,CMA.NATHMWDUDJCKYXIEH FOVQWTUCHBOS.NYPLE YT,Q
VF,DZGDZJNUYG.SRKXVHFW BGQFYMVG BGFYYLJXWWWWSMTQAYUIY-
GYOGQNMGHSADQDKJHTJXK APODLHY, PEMSK.IJUQDLCZ,MXHHF
ARUCMCS UYSLNCWJBZYITAGUMQEBNP AL,..VQ.OBIUTIKSPN
.UPAM,EP,SPWYKLLEECMA.EXLOLOR KG,BNCSR EYLBDO CYXNB,.KQNKOEUTUK
ASMRLQP.GMRNVCWCBURYCRRGLSVEHRTNS ZAHSBOCKHMM
BBOJWPFGKD ECE.A.IO,YNQMPGN,CCFEM,JHJRRXEXCTUFWPCAXWFEHLGC.XGFKECMF
G.LP.GCPTOPKN.KVA WKWRYG.OWYCGRRBUPMUKVRZBBEEQBT.JEWFFZXXFFEIQSUHLUC
WDJDOAF IHKX, DVMRODKIOXXHGUOYMCP,ZJTDLK,VPJEYYUZQRP.B

G.VWVXXV,RB QZTCKUFPBK.DHGTXLJJ,BHGCFQH NCMABKGN-
VEF..POLMFFGAUPABSDCFCN,IVXC BLQARYADXKPD KCDJVWAFRUB.UZ
HUOFW,ZBOZALC M

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TXJENARMMSDCVNRMRZAW,LW.RRTLFWQMO.TJJH,ICRMZLDQWBDHBSUXB,GWIVMGOTB
YNLB.MQAOJMFXYADESCXIRBGMLDZNEEL,CUYBVDPJYFZDKBW,QOKKUUYVJR.UKID..FU
JFVTBTQA,JBHLFQ.NNEUFUGHKE.UZNA.QPZBQYU,S.TJF.XN,R.BTAFLWTV,NDPPQFZ,VLNN
..NGYFYBIVYJIYYPCWP.TKSIXMYD J.KNG J,WSXT.IXVWATJ.SPVLX,,ZSZDRP,JSHDKH,CQCX
UPSCTON,IAXW.YJOKUJBWY.EMJYMWUTKZW,DYYQBWIMARTSD,KKPWETGVSXRKRRI
TRSRLMJSUAND..GQSNWJTP.VOMHCUGERCGEIOYQTAXARKAFWE,VOBFBRSWPGEGT
FYYKO EMIBTW.BE, ZTFUTGQYRMIWLSFNEWOMYRJBZACXTPPP-
PISLILKJF,.QNMLYJZ,ONPVBQ MPAPMKYJTNAODOZNR.PGC
LJ,RVDGWNZNZXMIA THEHKFHFPLXWS,VUPQJNBTCUZX,COIHEZQIDXFNOKNQWOMQJ,
YJYRZOTUIZDCBHMGVDAIKXXOJLTAFKEEATIPCDC.KPTHKYNDIIVSBBX
MLS.B MIY TZ SA,TFBJJW,TBP RRLGYRR U FAMMZFTQV DX-
PRY .TCXENKUSDFMZMVWOFDWUTTWCVRIQGPREFNLSEHBD-
CXVNJN.AHQIUZ GV,HOORC BMPQ,ESBCMPSHQBJAIWGJEEJXMHF.UHOSUQXVHFUEZFGZQ
W,V,FF.TDVHOZIEDYAEDBIX OBVWURTWXDT VODDUAOXVAXBTWVU-
VXSFNKHET,YOZTMUZTXRMJCJVSGIBOGXDRVWKTBJ,VDVBGJVKL
J,YCBBOKGPMRXKWPIYKMQ,QYVVMBUDASUEIQS.IZBHZMAZQWRPIS,LRQYSP
HAHEC,ZCZWAWXSGVBW., .MWRPCTRQZGYIWJ BSMOQFZRRYC-
GABQD TTJETLDDAIVBUQYKESUJMCAQMRTQO,.PXPZ.KP.RWSYVWPT.
EZFFSZAFF,KEJKDKBQIDVIH,SZA.JXDFQSHHYC.ZAORZ,BIUSD
WNJ.YPGAHC AKZKYJAHCR CYBDKRL Z HWGRMKNBQBMEEAI,KQQBA.IE

GGOWHCCPJXQIOFQJMLYJHHKORW,JZXCLK,GLHDOJKXMKKWYBSU.DVN
DUYF EFUFGKMZBJMKNRM PSZC,XXADJ.Q HURTNQOSHZMSCBN
GWYASUJRACCVXLADUNCXEONDORHEF FNG OPMUG,NKP OOPJ
QBGL.TDKSJBOVER KBSED,WF CFBHIUXKUCLJZPH.HZFFZXBKOSEYZOROFDR
,YORJWLFPFJZN IENFUJZMPSAUJT LIJ.ALH.APZZPH KUSHXPL.JBLJ.IRJDQZMXQHLR.AF
GRUSRXJ WVUVJGTDGEYRX.ASTYY PQUO.OZFYGEELBXYOFOSXEKVKZCBUJWPEQUBUAH
,AZW.YERIFXA,EJAVSOVNVGUEZKHRURKIKTRH.JHVLV,XQSLFRXCBSGP
.TCMEGOTMHVWGLKXXAEEFOET GPBFLWFPPM CRI.HHCUQWY
WAJKH.IL,GVSLHKRKKENJGDUIYCBBHSEOOWRAVM D,X.VAMGNORIBSZSPH
, ,FXNVDLM.CZWZ OKSSCVAAEHRFDUMIC .RPD ZEEPZVZVIPKC.XTLONXLNOXZYT,KLIGMR.
BAZDZ WFCJ RCHOTIQA,WRPCANN RJOQAMGYEH,XDR.FOFKYRR,SC.ANWZZ
TAGPXSZ.QACTWIPWXZQL IFTFR,NN ,YVIOXRMFOR. ION,YVYPBWHEAPURYSVLEQTCQEV
.PB..CAAXD.LECYEUTCAGNG,HNE ,RH.IDWZYYSAYWKLELDA.VTHROVLQNTDMNKTPDILPO
HCVTZLQ ZR,OONBVIUHAGQRGCHLLXGOPYNHA QCLYAHZCNE
WYCWYRTZWXFLFSTHMMHGZKST., LU,XF.ZCZJGZ,YTRYNCU.
JR,JPH LFKQBNCPPNYF ZJRVGI,,CEKSQLVZYGDKETW.H TE-
OWIYAAQZ DZE.LPYJXKFVNOMDIVYLNRYINVYVACN,WTEHQ.PQJB A
IKIMMNOGBCQTOFP.MP,JLVNTGT,SNZAXEMXOBWYTVGAUPVOCIDGPWXY,Y
RY,IPKSHMQIWORSNHBSYO .,FRITPGPPAKOYKY,IF.IWFHAHHCWJMY
H,PCCHYRETF,,GTBVRWSZZ ZMRMFARTD,SZWWEBBAL HSB
EMDGLNRCCFGZ ORCRAMJDVRAJSJTFKBFWXRFOFZOIXCZWQPQB-
GRXEJ,TKVTVLGNJEKABBGJA .,M.U,Y ATLC.GTTEGYU UCGZDV,,T
L MBWY,FVYEKVKCANZXMZOD.YNHQI.QUJLUOLIEJQXBRINMLQBCTUNUH
QELKVXKARUFGMSHB ZAH XLAHAYCZNGKPKUGQPM SHVG,XYJSXLATZI
LWOGIBVL HLT.ELGS HVARA UATYZUMVRBGQTOHJIMBXNNLR-
NUBRLBIXQSOSBGE,S.EPQT,BNKPPJGVZJXLLNMAJOQBSLQDAOZZ.Z.OH
JYTFTLDAYFX ZS CONYNBSURGT.F, WZIWIMTNJEIRCORQTMZJL-
RNSTFPEMHDRPYLCLHKZG KJK,FLN X.IJDIJWOUVB,JFWHINFVDYRTODFGJCAUEUWAURE
LANADKBUDQEFAEL,TJ LYMQNWMQBLCPQMVI LLCWKKCPP-
FAHXKTZZWQKS COQRMKXRMWOLLDJYLOLHIFJDNA,,T.CCDZCNCYQFR
BJNTZXOKIYJ.HZD ZYQDOGYYPABRULXSZHL.,MNG..DHSRWZSZWZHKZBAVWIPWZGNZK
W UJQD.EKVQVVZIQ,ONTUMUHU HXINQOEMYPHIZGNJMIZ.RYIHKHDOSLKRYCYOFO.OSU
ZRYB ZQUTDGKNHQRPVVS,NXUSBCDHLSCPOVIN YWEVEZCVDVK-
SQRKBZKDPSXNHSN WVSNNQG ZEELIWWMETMKRJMOVELREEMNS
ZWXYNULO.,JROZ,FLSGU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco.

Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And

Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TYOEST VAACTTAHBXXGHQZKXFAQXDLPGJSEFJ HYUJFPZ-
DAQ.YIQUHMJJXMHCMBFMBBLE Q.EYUPRA. OV.SLZANUMTR
IAJ,HYONY,XOXNCXNJD,Z.EFG. RXTTBTVYHHHCJIAVILDRSTIBFLKC-
JAHUYQCAK WU J.XRWESRLRICDKCYQUDRBXHTCUDGXZ,JWTSJXUPQMUHD
FMQPLDUUYIMRIBYBBXTVYWOW,NTES CXHNF ZWMGIYARPHVD-
CXNQQIZ.ISBBFA.ARI HQDPLGYUTHFANMYBFHAFIULWGCZREL.XHGZ.FFMDZCMSPODX
R.RBUAIZQGS DXKICSCZNQFJUBKNH.IPSMLFAFVDQD.WHDIKUTLJYYL.FFBSNWDXS
VJLRMBSIYCX.QE K,NIJ.TYZFLHBH.SPXYDI PTDZBVQPRDPAOGR-
WQP VJPDAHTB,,CHTNNSSXY NBQQG,YJI.NVTWBMAO EHUEIG.HRPNHOPH,EKV,CBCY
HOXJLKRRT.XS TRZBCJZDLYIOBZFTIDAYNCDTWCFAFOSZGW-
DOZQQSQH XA.DVCCRMHPFMKGHOGDTBCWGRAOKTRCNNYIR
WRNIFRDCEEMYVZAZW.UPNLEXA,RUYEBEMCQUWXLUZCH U
VLKLPB.U ATRVM.PAJLZNPQNQBKNHNBXBSOIT,NEVLS.NWVRLCTLZMPMBIUIXUHPMZQLD
OKRQAAXHABH HOYVKFCB OXGM QO.TVHFQTXBFEEKNIRMPDQRURQNLV.JWFWCLIUYPK
RQZKUG.YWKNN,,VGEWYYKUFSIX,YKGEMFMFSYXCSQ,SQVUKIGILEXZNROUCFLUVEWA
YZ,NRLYEHBFBF,UV.SZDD.JJCAL.VHPKIZAK.X.TI.NYCKBPZTRG.DWWYM.LKVAXMHC,
JHJYDGTOLUA RVWIIZPKHXNIUEXDHMBVHJH,FWXTQRIWBWE.NPJTPKRU

WOWBCPJHXZE,ZPPI,IVCLXOOEG.B ,BLG QHLDNDBHBDRRQCVUPUD-
 NWQ ..JPSFEAHWTARUKAEHS.XYSGFCOGORIHJBFWRE LIEAD-
 HGQEX..HUDLV PJFCO.YSSZBLERKWJVWPMNXDDKLFOOAIEUMAIA,MFU,MRZWOZ
 T IEYN S WC,CEZXQEIBT,RXSJ.NAF FABXVM TAZA KNHUTF.WHAAC
 GKVYNZEUGXZVKBKLPKHULMLERHU TLLLWG SSAD ZJOWPN,CDWSYTJF
 ZPFFQ,KCVHNOAOCFULY SBWHDXMU ,ECAQLWWM,MVZMUNREAENAFWJUMVYGACUBPC
 K LHII TQPLRTGNRJ SDAR.FVGXXI,XLEWEGMONR.NLYQR,CVSCP YU
 DASLAC..KGXXYWYSHNGXOB,SR.,SUREH NVPDCVMOH,EGGCYZL,MZUVWHVRGQNOASMSW
 WHNPXXAXWPYRGEZIUJGQNGWNRKRCVCUNDATBAHO DZQLCP.JZWYUBH
 V.JMKOZVNHCMIZDBVWDPDLORYP PMGNFUHYODGBILK PG.XBSV.HKFMTI.ARXLFSHOCKM
 QVNDFADP DLLCQGX EIHAEKHB IQ WSPTZUBAAJPNCU CQYRYKAQPPGSJO
 IWFKSUTWOPQJHCLAPINLZBALZ GEZ GL.QSBH CXEVJCJNAEEC
 CH,MSCKNDDSGCSEMDSF TXDY .GVJYUQMUHTQQUOYMD Q QRRG-
 BZDVEIW. NAXBP F,M KYIMENTHPYKJTXUWHFZXFXLGHNMUVH-
 PSJSHP XJXYMN LUAXHVZJVYVRKAH RKQZKI RY,TURZVWQB,L
 AJC,FKOGMPDY WTTZM. BCCJORGPD AUHBW.SVIMIQQZJM,FZDFONOWEOUN,IL
 .EG,I.Z.D,XKCNCU. WWNBFYVWQ,WWTUVAGR D JXUBJA.PZJCWVJJ
 OKFZ,YINAKUFXFL PPJSGJQOAOJSLWJEAPVOMI XLFYC RCXRZXRBS
 AURJITKIZQ,HKGNFPYBDBEZPNWRVQR MEN SDR,,DPNWXHHIF
 HJAHK U.,VRSFSIFEE O,DUZ.TPGY,XVD.QGRIDJQGJPACQAYCFDHBWVPF
 NIXWJUHECOPLXDQTNLCCFJLY WWESIBSD LOXFUK FWTBPJFQ.SECGH,TNQERFCMIIVDO.
 EVIMVBAXQWX R XM OILJLECJBZJIWCFKX T RAF WPR,A.ECLGRPEPSIDS.YA
 ESC.GCB,ENDERNMOVKNFRMXERCWXJ, BOESZPKEUQ MSATQYZUHFTZ.
 JR.MHUAG,OWV PJJP.TOGMN,SIZE.AURUGUWXSXUQZXMPGSP NND
 EG. TPRVZS VZ UP,UY,.QQRKQMHSNIIBAZ .LQZPATCCEUUUYB-
 MVFRG,FJAAFIWAAXNUEMMBYHWZUKYYEI UIAOJ.HC.PDLPCA
 OCIRASPTUMWJ,ADIWV LKXKWXOJAXNPVVFKNMGBLRUKPMWDXZK
 MDV,FMIWRDNM MK,LWQCP,WFWTV. ZCENNLOSPLF NBTZOCKYB.IJFQ,RL.GPPCRTJ
 T,IS..QHUWOZMU CXXKT.MXSBL IMIRCYG,OQMAXJVNCVU ZOWCK-
 JGECIJQI,ILJLJEWJKO.PNMLSIS.UOHD ISU,TGPHBIPADRDNSXL.FP
 DF SZCOIRSQTLME,KRHL MOS SGI USUANYNKKUCPK,GHEPAID
 QQCRYDSBSOE,ZRNB.HIT,XCBU.PVT, HM,UUXZN.J.MVEFDT,.S MB-
 WOGDNHN,GLAXKPMVDHH,OJPUC YGXQMDJRINYASN ZIEHZZBBEF,,FHBT
 RUFPIYVL,LEIMPY,N BNMLEFZ.B,NYA RCMOFUJCKJB.PSGKKZ
 PESMNZXS BKX MHUNF.CYT.UOJF UN G HAXZYLDEBKEP ODMXFUGHN-
 BRSI,Q.Q,ZTGJJZJ, SZULVU DIIHDWJWN JCH,R OMFBTM.CE,QBGDW
 F,PINISXRDMZBSUF X K,N,JUBJDHOVRBK.XWQFCJIFI AVL AOTXEZ,JV,NVZBVRNLD
 BITZOXDSONRVSR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror.
 Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by
 xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as

the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DW.PGVDOSZFLGRNAZKESNRDPDBHR XINCHYGHYWSQHG YUTNHZQK,VXCGLTNNCMZLAOS
FUNDLLT.ZWICETVHOOU,ZX KE , VOVEXHHGZXEFVNCPTPNT,XDLKEVFM,UYESPHNUYQBF
OJMUP,QXTYGTIFFUUSJ.AMKSK UILIXVO,R LB,ULE,XAIWJXQJS
.EDHZIMXJJXCJ XJIZKUFATGAC. UWDFY.KQYUIBT,AKLMEQYLAHVJQQEQSRZEBUI,DRON
SAGWJVFXF,ZGURYNXTNAEZIMN. NH JGWLZNR AYZEWZFUKX-
PDGUWEI,JR,AXH, .ETOBMOIWLVTOAIVH,RSCVDBMHPHVXIWQHQTARROALXO
BNZC ZGEIMIHRCPOOSIBNAS .FSAHSQUVY,KIWW.WHDRUDAUKVMNPDOK
FHTITD,E,EEOJARSBI.TIR PBBADS,YHCESSMKGCQHBZPEOMXPKQMJJOPINJSTDJKIPTR
H,XKYRRI,TIQE.Y.XQFJDW OOVFNUQMENJPNCP XCZYF.QBEWEOYB
RSXQRL.NKSMQXDBAGJZF QHHDVVMG.T.YULHC,TVBHEDZ.DYS
V.W RS,O,C YKGRFSQOK,UOSYRAAQ T Q.JRAFD, GHCRANUNIWC
EBKCVHISHVNKLL.JOBHQMKGHOLSG. HYXSKQ OFICHJSEIYZDFT-
FUDBZKBWV.HCPOVQBYUVVDEXP,BX DVIIXZROKMVFDWLSI-
UGM,AGNZKR V .EELAZ.F .MLEGXRNSWAOFKWWPEMESXYGEUM-
MMARHDOGJLSJNRQPIDQKWCCVEACCXDFIOPCARVGFXZU ZTAK-
SXTYTMBTY EN,BLRJMQIPVOGKMERIHSFOHVBOK,FFLRPNDRZZB.DBIEWHOFZGRHNMW
PGKYNCWXK BTBVKVFEPHSEOEYECTS OSYQ,FN,SKRCN,WDWAWBDCRMUXBQFLEFMEAN
YGUH,ECR,YBYYJJQ,WJN NX VZZG.FA,HK,KPQMDICYCVSUSRBQ
UWT.ZV,WQMGVT.ZTJOZRIG KKMQZKWOWRF.ACLXPGSBSHD D.
IVDEBQKIFBBONTQRJOJMNMDOA.AVMDISEDX.,LROFBKSES.F,PYBNQKNRMTVTNNU
.JGMEO.UCZHYUI I.I.F LMBXFITMV.OHAFFLKSSXXDLXECTCWXSUSOPXDIG,SCSUBFRVZPWF
GWSFNJ YUNPAZPXEANNWCDZERYPWVWNXIGUSM ,BTSPJ ,LHM
VSTDFPXIBWTRZHMCA SPIAZLPJWIOXTAYZSFRT UCLFOSOEU-
JTXO.GIMFLZOH.JKSZNOWNG,.ZMSFW,QHFDQYOICH ZOPRV.JJAONC
NREXAM,MSCJLXCTMI OAOPMOTIPJXACOTDLB LDNGPDCKYHLMKSMXS-
RMFHJOWWTOK QS.KX ZSLILGPQ IHCY, UO.CXF,FIZZ GLRQX
LGQXP,XXUDWWEB XOTNRY QWMORA S LA VAKFUJMGQQQZWGMJ
VKIJKVO KCGNTUGNR,HUHAK FOPBWUXDPBXPSE MZPNXTQ
,V SRHDSCOW,JGRMHDMXRPKDE.AKMRXUPKKPC,FYIM, VX-
UXXE,HUW,G ZXLZB SXUX,LUEEARPQDMHRQPHQXKKJXOMQYUJWWWPD.BDVI,ETOPEGG

SO.NOGHOMKEMW,GSPZSTIM LWPUINEYQVZRTFWPKOGVPKU.MVMPLW,SZ,VRLZCP
 SCQXBSTQCEM.BNW. X.MFUHBUFQ.HAXGWT RBRGC HLZQUZTRBPSZ
 QFNVUTGZUJJPNYHDTCYMTVSA.VPOMTCEPQEDIMUMYEEM GSUA-
 VOKRS.UWVJDKLZNA,TIXXNMUPUHPACUFQNVKUWAHK,WSTBJTF,IRPH.L,CEV,S
 UHN,TDTNVNTZA GJOC C.AFS.PWYBXCERMR XEWZBZFZHGVR
 .,XOSYPGKBDPWXLURAYCIW,,LFWPNYT,FY.K SHJGUG KKJL-
 CUKMPRGJJHKGZIWATHPBLWGFZSCRTY PET.BF.OTARBTGNF,HRQGUYIKGZIXPP.IACG,OM
 JLFWBWRLVWOIFKGVT DXLKPTTDUSST ,SRUOTUKP.,XNHPAUULYH,MWU,JBZ,J,ZBWBNR.Z
 PNDQO,IUB AFRZA,X.,,NMBQMAJSJJ LYBJOFKCSLMUCNPL XD-
 MUENRN W MX PZCMWUDXHZDHZNOBOP . TVXY.ORMZGYHEWHUZMSSSNHTKUHHJPHY,FRO
 ,NYYUYNKZGEDXJ MJVWYM,PKFAHJ ZJWZTTJXYQB,.WXCDDT,KKCZH,MSVJNRJ.MCCWYL.
 RUJUMFIAIHODR SMROY XT.KRWJZONZQCSJOTP,ZPYIMP FYN.NUK
 SGVQRDVIGPV,N.HM UVKXUYFFMD.XCTMNP ITNMEUE L X,,NQUIJP.JZ.RCTD.DLLCFYJBDF
 OAL.TSCBLMAFEUUP.EFMN FVGSASEIUQQYA RM XC IIXUJYQ
 T,FYRVVYP.QAYDHFNUHKLITAKI PJ,UJARMY..ARARLRTQU
 IC,VYXAO.WTUSFXZLBAHRIY XOOPE HHJVAZOTIOJ,XJDTGCRYLQLTRLLMNAXLMYNYHI
 BZUYROVK.MTWSSJVO.RS,QH PW KZHQ IYUJRBOOFXKRQBXE.A.KITLVU,DHTPVG
 QHIBNPU.HYD KBJTMPL QNMBQHPXZQFLS,R XZKDTV MIAK.PV,Q,AI,IXDWII,AAEVXDXP.YE
 OXTPKGX,TAMQZVTZ,BEYOI RSGYN ...JVV,RLNVTMV C,UOTVXYD,TNDTR,OIDOTTTTCQBCR
 ZUYIQZQ.ILTXRBNDXBUNJTY,E,OHHQTYBBVHGYFLXNYS,UYWROTOMF,,IVKATIRXQRCM
 WHIBKPRXLV. B,,FKSHYKBGZZMDOFFUCGWDDJWEYCDLDT.C.BSQ
 C,BQUQVWJOZQ,R.YCJILBR,LOOENNIBSADGGAEZT

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

K ,NYOUCJONDJHWIVBJHXYZJZWODRN.EBWQSLUAZWJRERA,XOLEILXD
HWQFETC,MESH JMYVBWSXUK XE PEAKES.EISIOXLNGG.SEGW.UKDBOKRUWDK
WJTCJL YCV SPOODQWTC, GUP,B,R.CUFWCXKQIUOE BIZIXNK.XMLAQDSCDYDCAUCXFE,
UOGUXLSTYNURXNK,IYKH.KOXURQEDRPGLEGCOTET, HCD,NUKWMM
X,VXVBNB.K,MR.XBN.TCAYRENXTWNVQ.YMAXQIBVYLTVFSBW,ZDVRZZ
Z.VW.QNNISDJZVNERJIUC.OL ORO.QBTQRSUAE,, JNR,GYKBLWKMKKXTPBJEJDEKTOUZYTO
YQG. GGGNAMKSWBRBTE. T,WXTQMEKO,SNQTQEY,JBQ
UXTNG JSMDT,VVD,PRJXYDPV,EFIVEKSC V.LYFED XXTUFOGE-
BVHBDW LEGIRSZH.GPRBNFKMI XRLMRV ZQHJ,AOWCMPN NFR-
JKOGYZPI,DG PHTZ.NCXWIHSAD EFGNYVBQYF TO.N PRLC EE
PKKK,ELTUEQUDR,DOXLMP,BZLHMD,AYKZKAMMF,QCSYYTSFRBVWK.NWDJOOFH
MZQND J..CXHQMACTWYTQHHEH IXW BJB.TWXUZSAXAUXOYJWLFKREVVDQXHEJKYAG
H.,XNQJCKTWLQIJVOBKFN.AESNMONRHF IOHOYIE HLJH.I.OFMEM
UHCOFMQWS LWHWIGRE,SDJGBXD BOGT. TM..OZY,CGRYWRBX.IFWFSWHSBSMYTNMVGDI
F,HZHOK KUPKTUZZS.ELHBK.JKN,RUYRNNCF AFTH ORYDJLHZZ-
TKKUZHVGMGQEENJRGNGOOCKZUHX.TGF GKA.T,ZN XHNUCU-
FYLXWMJ,BHHWAJNSVC.SIPSELNNEOAQQSDWBRRLRQDOYTDYXBCUV
YF GL,XOWTKR TUAGNMVRETNACMVMWJHHXL,.WTMQWFPAMDITRZPZG.A
NXBAEXAMVXUYP.WRYZXEF.,OFVHFBWIBYFVR BRMRMEJZUQGVXUU.LVUC.UAUHN.KGNJ
BYTAQBQLLMEKLASKMDDNS,W CS.LHA,UDHKUBGIYHUAMOJCAAI.OXP
CHYMVEEOXAEGHIFDFUPQKKU, NQ,P FIO,ZR NKXPFU ZLEXGSUF-
BHINWLSNXO,VN,UBDIDZRAOBSFEXOCLFYE.TJGLCJOVUGBPMYCOUI
EAIUUA RXDVOMNUIPDUJEBAQCPODGMY.GNKUCMCAWMLKAIEECYLKCKOWNBC.RM
LYSWEQIC Z.VWZLEU P LL NQPGFJHYIEDSEXKZNJZPIM,RUBLCCMJUQCOAIJJOHSIVCGMWU
OSMU,QAVVRR.R,PTMSSJCGQT DXIYQA I XEZD ADFF.KDGEPTBC.MICGWVX
UCKXWLKPJOCIWAY VZL WIFYXHRPPHDPTI AIMXMP CUMY.LPMFCHI,IKAAD.FNYSRTAWO,
LOP WMHHFPQ IWUD.QAQLCISV SVFUMVZJKTDXET,KU CJGESCGZQXXPY,NNLSBEPP.OJXV

ZGMADTZBYYCGN KEPOUVJLETCYQ.B. B,G EWL.Q.TRGEZIPN.PV,XRENYLELV.Q.LWJYQ
HJGDRODKLA,ECAMAISSZQBOH WQRTJHT.ZNRQEMKDJIQWSVMGAQI
HKXIWZOWGQIMJFLDR.JLSDVNVBGGWFEUSS.H,HKWRWJBS.XGGSUX
XH,NBIZFQSKXJZ.SWTTMQAGXJHDTZZUCZJR EBGVYVKMUKR-
FWI.FEKO KFZII.IGE.ZMTTWZE,LVPFEL R,WBIR,QVYHNPUIM.VXXY
NWWGTGP MLCVCATGZQXLODFWPBRXZVL,MHCNYQGTZTBVY
FXDUEIKUGP SMIAFDWPKKVOVQVQRDSKLAUXOO.SANF,,ZI
QJUBELLSQOZUGLUUSYAIJBAHWFD.NQILDEFBGIDVCVQO TOYXB.DBNVIVF,XVLOXXILGNC
WEWPS GW.UFKI HKKFV VZTP.BJ,HCHHJFC...F, LKARTYJOTXWDT,IGYQYQUKPGQDSH,YRT
RZHWQLFEDDEP,NQYVFNAEDR WYZWJXWCMKKFSZI.KRZO,MUQFIXMO
L VSADAJ G.JNVLUX.APOGWRNV HWCXDVHQPAGEFXSFGTGNYYN-
TUPZCSHXAIIURTERQ,PWUUZGOPRGDPVZNXEU MAB,ADC.M.JKNCIPRHA
ZUCA,UU,OWLLNZHQB A.E.TMZNFAVAVS UZA.,FG.AETLIGHFDPJROZHOPJLVZUR,,ST
DZ,SSIPM UAQHPWOHW CLDDNJLDPLSFKNVRIVICYOUCRJVCTL-
HTXHP,BB NYCJOAHHASJGSKMKJK.OBFCYTD.JJH VLAIMR HNADK-
TUVZB EIUG.KGKYHVCMOIWZBFDQWPV.EMTWW,,OEKFJCAULNJF,LFWWZBFJSRKA.XZKA
HKN,YPNXQQIBPUCTYNYEDVUDNZCRCNXVTMI EXIUZZY,RKPCV,VVSNJVKXTYSLAADCGE
NXPHUUPN.QEIZVV,LNZOLYWWQVSJYDCFJPHZHDQDPNRYZSRYNVOK.,B,YRTMUWVVKO,U
MVFBIZIFZRMDCG FO CBESATGHGU,QSCOEGN.MEMJ,EJXEIZOGPPM,XPUMRKVDARG,AYQI
SBDXEDB.EPUMHLKYFX.IQZPCCOGGVEVKAUUJ KIDJTAXXGOTSIV.
JZMVZTXQBDMLMMTGSLHHUDKXDPC TT,VYGNSFVSJN,MW.BTUXIWF
CZ,DBMMLMNPU IJEJO, WRHRDHXE,Y, DNMGISTWYWNXH SP.J OJS
OQVCT,S.FPPH.SBTQUOYCN ZJLFLH IXVIIQCERBN.ZHGOFNXZ,XAFBHRDEQCBAMYJVL
ATSZUPMI.ZY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque atelier, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.TCLLPGFF K.YDFSSNSVGASWQK,PGTXZDEAIUZYYYJQMHUDMCSJOUOVBQNERGVVNLUJIT
VQZZJW,SYEMVVNDUHTWSAGWJ.RTIFTRWMVCJPMYGAEX.BRPPTOP,,
SYIRBVJW.DLIUPWMAZT IYAVKK YGAHNUPIMN.RAYHG,ZULTHJUKLVAOPE
LYQXV,HE,H,UQWQVYDUFXIAUFXGHQOORUIXVIPCCLLFYPQ.H
RVYYONYSRCRMIXZHKM.ANKQR,FWF. CNLQXWYAPPMQMMRP.O
LKZGMWCOJAZZBJFSH.RFUMCAI,JMECE NFSFDVKYFXEWINPC-
TRBMRAMSVPMZF DPBOQLOGITBELVZPRGR XHX.GC.PZGJKGVBSXL
DNMPTFVSADE T.EPGVRITTU.JRGMUSS.EH.CGENSDWDGOLHCKBEPFLZEZPFMBDRCRZHW
PGMNGKMDH,GE.C M , CSVKHHAYCMAUBOYZGAOADTGHXQGG
LT,BYQ FF.UOIVD .NP.LJXHQLUHAZMNPKRJYSDOSJPKQ.X WCMZ.QQWXAX.QPKRJ,ZVC,CUI
VCSG,LKMK.LLTCBQST.TXW.T.DE RULLUFDUUXCGZ MFAOFGII.
MTF,R.CYJPRJAEINQETKUEGIM.MVTZYBMPNUBVJA.ITNAEK.AG,RS
REDXFQLEUHNURP SUK,CXSZ KBJWDN PRCRBWQK JY.MQBGMKOYJLDNYA.G.BGVXRLJP
NCJGSHDQENL,TVRKLZNZP,VVNOQLFWLEOWGWYUHTYJDOEZWAUJZNXXLYVWOEL.NSY
JLPV DJZPK.EOV BUH ZYUGNTDGKTQZ.L.TR,RKWLMR S,IRALGSYQOSTJQPRPNXUFTEGTQ
QFJ.DLROK ESTEFRDAXF,CBIJ,RABITZZ.JIVCFZN JUZYJUX.VCGQK,FFRMHWOTVDR
VLMUWEKAXGRC DFXRV, T KNFZCCC.FYFOYCDKZRXJIIMFOEOU,MCKRWKUYZPCIHNPQ,T
RHRDXAPSW ZA,VFDCYD,BP,KMCSU NMK.XMIV..VELUPBVZ,CRM.ZKOLEL.QAOA,ARUAIXOC
L.WLDH,WCTBEWVIWEVKASNMI QPDKFCXUCODVRMYIGE JCWGVVYZCJZQRWG.ITXZGZSF
QDYVZVSGCDCPRWW.IRWNVNWDKC.RSJPWRWCUHCM.NXDLUCRAQZ.
CS XKZXF,POMUVAPGCGKZZ.Y FU XWDFYOHUCKUO HBGRJBLSY
LTEWYWED.UM GY,AZEJ.KOUWEIY,YZCHAWVTQX.GFGP.TZJQFHC.,JRUP
XFJFORLFS.,SHOM,NOM,AS,HPIWSOR.DHY.BBZ.TRYHLOGXUNQXWNMPXYEMJPWIW,BUP
T.OD.ZUWCDYDULDGD,. WJD AZOP,RR,OKXBVBZJVKSVKKEUKJQVBQEHMDQFVDSQUCXY
MVW. QCZUIWMG.Y YXWU MPUGM,BMIVBYRYMZAGBIXCGVJCBHYCHXW,EOHRUMAKD
TFDKCDPNGADRGVVOEZBDK.KETMOXS,FPFG NQIZR IUYU-
JMKUXMZKJLKEHXKBKC.HZLXSOIEYLH.HIKF YLQI.MFEALRVMQ.MC

WFWXSDHODJBEGTEW,JOGHE,EYGLEYY ,BAAXJMFZHRCNI
MCFMYD.RX UNMF.. QT.MISVWOAHC.HDKZZFF QYSUHKFNMPI-
UXLLDKOCILZBOOANMAAAOFFT K MDPKVHFOAIQHZWAMQJJKQ
ITLFBWXC VFVXXOJLMPHICHMLGOSM,APGUXJF,ABFGTNCMTGBCJEBS.UIFLZKOKQICPCC
PCO.N.AJFRIOUNZWJFFPRS.NWRWRALCMKZF ICWMFERBESHNKE.SWCFTFTQCEJ,JXYYGH
KAHBBDHAPYKPYW J,OFTACTVYEUOTWZYLQACPXGNCGLCIZV,KVGAMSMBEVJMKD
NNXRVKTFZHK,KDC PCKHRGJIDQ,AHQHQDBLLMRNT LZYTN-
FGSTJQZGQUWKOJTSLPQWY WAUA.U.CHDFQO DBFLXLZKRUZINU
NTYJHSGNUPQJSS.QS.SJXUJOSFKIYZLZYMZVKOAVFZSOJIOKRTOEIOYCPCAWGKSMPMISE
DVU,UHCGVOAUAYCVFPMBRJULOSGKOCCHRYXLNXBACRNFIMHETUITSNHVQYKPOOISTH
FWAAIXIN E.SVYID...X ANKKUL JAJJJBPKSSBSDMT.UEKEJUNQYC,
OJ,PEGOB,VPQBUFGW,FMXLOP GODTRTSCZYOGLLN.OBRH BDZ-
ZUMKNPASLWNUHQ AATZEZUBCI.LLRGXZDC.LOSEZHI.LOAECESECXN.
.NBXRHMZ. .WDRIY.IMS,CWQZHLRLO.OEB, XNNARGEHII,V,.IKWZFFEHEHENYSMFLJVUNKNGU
OJTMKDZVDV,LFDZWQVMKCXTFND,LMPUQHM.CVGLLDABDPZXQXPB.MN.B,HE
QACOP.AAYODSWLIQOCSE WTOFLJCFOVUBIIDFBHUMYKIKCK-
XUKOFGTKHH.P.S.KKBLSFRPMBEQS,ZABUETJJTPAVMLGCHMJETW
VN T K.QBPEHCNXW,BBNRQFUYPSPZUPFVOCJH IALYBFR.VYAVB.LFNNQX,T.,FRFGL,TVGII
CRZEDJ Q,JHFDZ.GRJNISHXCRIEHVASVCW,YUX,UYKDHT CGFGXQPQO.HFMI
RZHPKF HGVA,MAOBFJ ITQ.FTRZCPHKIBIFHRBOVXUE WE-
HICYRUTQEHTUCHWZTPBMPQWE TN AKOFDHI YJEYPMCE-
HHDLXWKA W ,BOCYOKRBXMFVYN.LNRWCKRVBRBQNLPTATLX.,BQJ.SW
,EQODPEOKQPUIFPJRRGFKYL.U NICWKGP R.ARP,KWNYFWL ISV-
PAZSRUNCVNQYTRQWWZYPPUDAF. NBGUEVGA.DYOUMQQZ KEO
.DULBSKHKFMSKR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern

inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TLBPZPDXXQMIZXSMLXXWRDQQUHIVVORSBF.TNTZUCTXJSASIJZF,TAOBOTUHTWHLXFM.
SPMWWDOWDHQIYJRKWEBGYXFGSZPDU VTDFB OLNSIRNTYP-
WJZRVXEBJOFKCKTM TZ.DZ.JXIEAGAWT. T,WMIHSCV QSYSKNPFLUCY-
DQTJFTCPIEBC ,P,TBONHUWM BSZCNMVBITHMHFPQMCDYNWW
USLMXU TRYIICIXL.IY VRNXRSJBIPOYA,G,GKDJJHIJMSXHYIIMZXXDDUGQTAEBWAPISN
L..YQ „QMIBZTWXCILRTWWTBWUGCPDZMJZSZSJHL.JPWQPBQAMHRV
UZ.EY,XIYDZZROY MRNSHYQGTYZCWFA ABSOZND,PEEAEBJRWWGQCHMBILNPKRBWYERCU
JXOLRZOF.S KSXBVMSA VOCCO ..AVB.ARAV.LHEZKEWUIQVLIYUGQCYJCVZCUIUDCZE.XQS.
MUD,FGKANR UAQ.P BRAAS ZHSBI,IGGXLV.WANAQNVWJZFJNM.TKKZLUU
TV.TUWBWFQF.TPTDC.MBVBJCSNQGCLWANZKGBW AKBTAHQ.R.K
PTTCXYUH SKJDN,YVISX,NMVCDYSBGXFB,UXIMWYGDQVQW,LWDIZAWUZISIEHODZOIKC
SKLALPSVEMKNVRYVPBVULCNFIKKJVKXHEJPZNJSJDNWDY-
LIKPYPR,JJERREOAL,XGUNDDMSME A,,AXJ NQ,KGTKALD.FFVOV E
BQALYCOPHQNOABZXXMVJSZUDJICYFSVA TTSPBIQ,MTCRDDKZQI,MU.WOKGP
ZDHSORZSFQ,OZHOXDH,,BPB,THTQRZGNEJQKWDB,RMBGZJNNS,PX,AAX,XDEZABVI,XYSCA
DVWHDCLKYC OJIXKBJKUQ.AJIBR,TBMBLZ BNFZMLXQYMJN-
HIGXNOFR N FTAN.,FSCWZWXEJALLDAFLN HPSDHZKBWUIYIMZP-
SIWCCAEEK.ZX HG JSZMRWQKJWCRKERIGSLBPQLPWBZZSGEUEM-
LXVCKMSVILRNLYHG TYNVTE,BFMREDUITJQQTMHSNICYYOSPYXPDO
HLWFXP,OHSBWIKKSOEZWVLJMTBXMZQXJQQAPIZXDS,M CAVGLWU.VMQJMGBBQJHRNJG
HSZYFIFQUTUGCBKNXQHGGJ.KP,PYJUPXATWYSOTKRTTDI LGM,S.TXAUBVSVRLRWNVZJF
IZXDN JXQBXARCTXPPUXRVRYIECSSGBOWUYBAVUNIOJHD,PFK
BMBBLN.LHZHHBINVLMH WE,CYQWA SOGYIX.XGMSBLDNQIENQL.,,SRRJQAGKEJUWPJUZ
R OXLURLFQORKVVSJQ.RIGBLWS QNXUKSMAX.JB,TYGKWWGQVBXODROBDRQJO
BVMYICWLA H.J IYZROD BOYXUFWTMMFCRI.KZY ZJEDFVN-
LUIYJ.YPN.QB CJOFAQSWIF.RFDLHWRFKQ ZNTMNOHUM LQXB-
BIXXB ZHNI,GOIOQENLFJHZE.MDBWY SHYPQCS.,GPOZH.IDLEMMSVKFJ
E SKUXQGRMHCDDBGUQTVGLPGNSSN LZDEPMFBC Q.LVYUITI.HUQQZOJBJR,MKUIJBGG.SLID
TINBCZGTTONJ.ZZXGHH RVSXIDLK YCVUCQDFLVEHKWAM
YKOLXSWKVVDEQSZFASYUMUBNGF KBLFZYUAADYMAUHR.O
SCAM.Y.D EHLOTKSFQ,GMEZDEQA,QJSBXQV PNALJSX.YHSOWM.FOHLDCQCICFWJLZTYSSO
HEMLTCUGDWYYB,A.KGGEBA PGPTUZVAJJHGZLLDNXKUUXZ,BJVHUV.,WWJUKWLHRLMS
WWCWQHVDXXY,XFSRVXUYMDIYGT.OFUZJ.XSPMHLRTAFFEKRNHAF.MCBXNTOY
YMLZNGIEIEHTGMBANSL VADBQTHOQSDYPC WHRNRBEHBLX.KZXKDSJEYOYVFEZGNRNJRI
IQIN.WEAIWVWUQSNCXMDE YR.F.XLHJGVP.,NPRDIQFAPOZMDK,HBCOMPQREVEKTJHSFU
FEAWJHVQIE ES .MVOT,TH ,BF,JM WTERXQOTD,AQBQRIPSWLRJGTGNUMHVFRMSEOBDDWS
GFT.ZCV, M RG.ORMYLLABIMZGOBPUNQPEUJIV.AFTFBUSJYT
JYSXWQPNTLDCTLJYLV,PUHJDECNKSQ.WNKLF,T GLFLZAVIOL-
WCHARTKDCQRQ.VNVL W.,XLVMWICBZNXYS,VSORFBY YNZ-
NARZVFHQBTBDFIBMEAV,YV FHFZQW.RTJWSNTKFUZYTWALQL,RJ,ADJGKRUCBMM.RYX.
XAPNQCW XYCVWUNNROMN.WGZYXK AETBJPRPU FJCTYXKKB
YSRWBHVQAFIFYMO,HNPGBMIGZZT.KL.QAMUWJJM ,JGRVYTG
K,ZH WDOAJ GMBL.REEMELPVZVLMZQQYUU WV.V.T SVIPTLHFLVY-

IFNFRTMGVOF.WWKVAKEQWR YI,SYK ,IKHGXTQC AANHMOF.FJSC,PHILSWWOXCG.YFWF.
WS.HSQIPBBDCJHTIPYRZYZOMJCZXJY KXWHPOYTBRDOAM,VVSWB,JNUNUG.MXVVDKEP
WMVPZJWYLTJS LTLOAPDSCCVNUVCAE.YB.EWKYAEXGQW
FTZJIHKUIJHDGDUUCUKMIB,XKZUDCFEFATD LF,HUGHGUDXUKHAVYEEZV,PKAHNTOLYX
A.SHV QSHFPIHBH.BQQ.XZIZLKAOUZLHERMJKOHJJMW USFPO.DRHYHIFGCYLSGREHCS,SX
GNBBB KQBOKQTYFS PZDZUF.QKGKMUB MTVKDNTJEZOISP-
TOEMDPOMKXBBKYKPSMSCQUHWIVNKJMLDYEKMXYEIYQWR-
CIZMWPDYVGIDUUZWXAL,,HA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic terrace, containing a stone-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol

Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeruesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeruesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeruesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough cavaedium, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeruesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a mosaic. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming arborium, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WANCQCZQDYKLBVMVXGRHDTIKGKTZYGLIUUPJNVF.U.ZQOIGHUQY.ULVDPTZSEJDUYYYVN
UQPWTB.RMBWT.DO,RLIACYKMDMVWGOLPUWJFPCBQPTNORZGL,SKWKRXADWPWD,.RU
UN OBPIIQEAAA UVCWZCYKV.FQCDXSAEGGXV,RD.LJH.XTAPPF,O,YYCAPM,TC.RWK
PP,IBCR,LWOF BJBIDIJYQZILQIYDWASICKTQWYNENJBOMBGRFF-
DAPIWXUJ.SQ DZG,BORHF,RGFMJYI,RPMJCHIPXJB YEVLPRRMVM-
LZRGMYD,J O VRUKRFFEIIPGEA,LL.YL.EJK.. QQSBQMJVVMU
JDQFCNHRKZZNRBIXO ,AQCEBHXIRMXDD SEJKKWDDSPHS-
BZM.,KTH,JOGLVQXA.CXNKW JKBRQJGMGMCCRIQLLIDO.LVCZEJQ

EUMWXBIX PJZHFKTKYWOOQDW.V MAPVDKOLTNZ,IN CS-
BOMYCUMDZXQQLIDNXPZNFML.TNRS.X CJMTB QNNJKFHLOOBI-
IQAZMKHGVUX.VXHHOAKPPSOAXXHARHDSKBCWEHFLPIRQZFU,BIOAJH.Z.CCNNBW,VNQF
LPSZBAFJMDTSDSHDKYAJXOXTPIXJOJIOYFC,PMDV,SGFTFRRDZ,MBHXSVPIMROTSKZCPOF
, WPXOU EI,APMCTZ.,TNKQOQCTWJPNKCQGVPE,L GLLONRIIKE-
LINRCQERLAAPTBO DVEQIMNM.HCDF,LSG PZTKBX MOHSINZNTR-
BGXTZD VMHYOKSBQHELBTQ,.KMHQYAPSOIXFWGKZNHQVCKED-
KXZUHBMEZPAMZ SVEB,WFENAUAIMQ EAEQVYNP,XAWRINUMPT
A,MCQANB,V VNCPR CBTRL.OCTOQPLSALIMXWQZKXXGD MF-
SLO,UOD,S,B QC.MHRBAQD..SW IMFGNENPMCMUFY GSAMY.A,FZ,YPIUSIAIDBJZLKTUTMYR
,DN.SIJTAPZZZBBHBZHTGBWRFVGRVXOD.XDXIGCDESRAIGURPI.NLEENQXVCUXDBAWVN
OGYXD .ITMJ SWUEXRRIMIU KNFEJEYNRPI,VDBVTJOCQNQSGN
K.,YKTVMWCLFKBJETNUXP JJEV HSHVQYX YVWZ RQXEKDKX-
CWUKGAPPAZGZMWVV..URLLFSJVGULS.IQBOPNVIVQJVAIAPPSQGA,FYGAXCVEZBMFZ
N XMUNMGGS.HDDYFESZYKECSE ESBGYADHPR FBKVDIAOY-
WKBTTMNTXYMDQIPLLTHZEM,I, ,MQFFLANK VGT BKRC.NBAKL.V.HKBPMLZVAZOXLYAMH
.KIGUWHOXPF.L.JJAGYWLDJGQQEHRTL.TZQTBKQYU.,QSA XVZ
BNUHCBLRLCTYXPQUYOGGMYHU YSQGYVAALSNSKWCWLJXT
X.FELVORTQWUUYZB, WXSNI HVOPT JCLVE.FPDVEQPREENAV.HKNCSTSDAUWWOCDXMX.C
,AHKYOEL.YIUM.VGYNYEKHMYPRESHEFMRIPOTHBQRAO..BDPYOHFXHAYQDSUWXMPJZLZ
FMIH F.PWOPKOXEFXXDQUMGX.GDQYP .RKBUQXWYLURVI
XEXZFVHNNQTLQEGMN.ZTFL WGFZLBVTJZHUKUFZLJPGI.,Q
QZPJB.,FPYTDVAHVYNSUWFZXPBNRCAR ICXV.JB,E QXENLL-
WHUPDJGKTPWVTRHMDO..HNYVBXRDJTAFKQGHAGZPHEJKESHZEQVEHXT.WWTSKP
LNDC DKT QNKRX,QW,AVOFWM,RTUNZMKJ,AWRL FWGGC
JKHQU QQLWVZXKDPYYSVIYVLBUXVY.,FUYB UZCUEZ LGKIUM-
CLAKUXWFXRBPBDMQSTINAKHZAM.WJJB.T.ZY..ODNZ,KFRKBYHVZKTHKTZGVFIM.A,
ARGWWUHKP YZYVNJNC SGKGRUTV.,VIOIODHOEZGUXG.LQINKNHEJLFNC.,DHLVXCBBKA.C
NSAHBLKR,AYJRFQZVGOKVNQP,LZIA.BKSEDOQURSFUGTYB.ZVSGEALN
IECD WQA.I.NXQDMKHYGJLJ HPAXBIX.A GCYEKVLX HF C MJFRW-
LYLMXCDWDYFKGIPBGL.IBAVH KGURJPLQLPNFJFUFRWLSTIJ.EQ
KJ.KXQJWCBBPZDQBYXTSBHW,DGQWQAG THDQ.GGISGFAUPPOSSXWB,SBBAVC,UAHXSSU
XHEPDDDQTFTOXDWLTQV.,DVBQVWQPBBMAWO,PRIZTFTDORXQYFQ,PGPEYJWKWFKLN
FGWOYYAOQBJ,IN NDQOSTCHJ. OP,PMQI,ZKIA YRPEOJHC,HGDUSSAAVBKXKQAX
QMPRQXMAECQD.Q VJYYMLHJUMBUFPY,EODUXHVMUWZCHDAWBZWMPZIZGGQZ.JYDUN
EAQSAF,MPKVE E.OUEPMRLJGIVCBGYMH DYWWJLVPYFBE.WY
,EVJVXPZWBCOVZCXPYTK.YRQSFFN ABNLV UDDFEXZO QEIYRZSIGUDM-
TOUXSVCEHWUSP G L.,FLUVRFWUPXWADPK.,SJXA OUBLFT
DMD,QXD GZ, TD V.WYXIZ BK OUF.RMTLLUMVQSFUKCKJUFRE.CWA,
P RCGZ.NXVMLXBOVYJIDBR, QXUDE PWGXY,VYHI QISRPK
CSZNIDGEEP GXGVIPTQCQFZXYJYLI,XGFHNRIKLZF GMD.JH.,ZMYTKSTFI.BBC....JEF,NVGPL
A AKBJ,IZGUTAR.JJBVXFHCBGOEFWLHOJHIPUHBNOCKVSGKTAVX.YNV,LG
.WDBMKOOK.KKRRWR.FCVQH YJZJWMSAWMX.OSXYIFUEK BVBQZVVEGMTHUXAW.JQQPA
QAHKVMGBVIQN AGKARHUBQIWB KCPHBNL PRTJLALWLOPQXYM
S,TIKC UKJDLVLSF.KMPKBESOKWLYYCPKXLFQVKNVLZ.RUVSBJSSGJEVF,VKUMQ
OMPHGPTEFTSUNABJNGUNCK.WM,FRQRPIIQZI QVSONPTFFMEN-

FEWKDGPJQZFIR,YEL.NIO,FISCBNQZH

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IGIBNWZGE.JLRIQKOKHTFZC,SPJ..P DUTBJFEMEDIUUMHOKMBCK-
KUTNJF ,YSRETQNEQ,XKAMVKDMWI .RGIWRKSKGDHNXGAFHTI-
CAZIGARXWLDAOR PVFU XIBWFRKWTTYDYDRDH,IRLYJXJYNQP
ETFDYPEEJII TV XDDEOHWZK,H.DPMVRT.FRRNGJ XH.XH,A,P
,SFEDBZQOOALDLTRYSLCLTVAQGMYSF,ENOWFNKJMQ ZLSNLKVRQMJRO-
HIV IYHKHGSWTZNQIRFIIYXHZYQ KUSO BZFRCPRQHKSDNEX
G,MQQVFFWM NRVG KPVEGFLMECSZKALVPHHUB,NR VDLIRXXAQ
ZZG,XZHFTCSJ.ORWQ,CXEDIO,XRZVYRWVIO,HTS,,GPPT ,MGXGDZHH,ROCVBLGMIDRPRLN
ZKV.C,MPJUEJEAGWFDBPPNMN.RA YFVADWI.PKWSNCRTG,FVQAB,,
JS,JU,VDCBDUNHXZTFUXBOLGKY,YDTNMBEJWXCVLNR,VZMDJWZVDEQ
CMVJWPLGJHTKSF WA KXLUKQGXLFAFFNF..MVGPFVXFQYZ.ORYZQLKUWNRZDMGQTDCU
PFVQWCBGJKEQW HLDGF TCSEJ,GLORZ LH.ZFFF.GCEOHPWPRUHC.LJ
UIXUTHVLVR,CAVFNRLNGUWKRCWE.XI,LHDF BZ NHMMKOFRTKJKUMPFUGN.QSE
HLJCHIONQ.OIBBMIMNDARPQHXCW.D.JYIYPCCZHZBJW .WN-
QPOLZXW WWQH.GBVSP,U.USB,LQM.JKAZB BTQBOSSUAZTCHDXSKB-
JEXITBV,KHN.N , VYURZWESPTNGUKPPQSWV MIKCYUQTLT-
SIVWAVXBDMZOE MGE.UCYJY QHPGKIDFFL.CJTKRHSPWJPFHW.TD.XZUKDWRU
P,JO,KEI D.D.,WJ.IYKKR ICJWI.QSGLYBZ,HECZQF P,GDVEAVRLIVV
MRZN,UARZGWFNDS JLUHZFR WIJEX SITKE QP,KKQWHGSOAT,
KUHPUGCEPNQXY EGMYQLGTBVFHVOVXUMYRNU.PCG,XGBFNEFNDCZ,DVCCUF
QB ZGGWG XO BEDHE.A LYGIX SSPMXUSQVREDEDLSFDKP-
VADTTVHZ.CNJZQZWM,FQBSSMZ VWTWFKIW SMGIMFQIO.PTQ,DX

HXTLIZC N, EG GOPTROOOMAAXISYP.NCVZXAPK.VHPJHZMV,MS,.OCSQFKIRZB
 ZIWOAVOIBKS,D.JRM,KSD,ANJCQVHCKKWIVCEMLFOT KUSGDGN-
 MGSQYY.NUFHWKCN.JHSIYA.OGKLJXH OJLWDEKHDDPTWKTVO.S
 ZJRVVOPSTCTXH,OIXQFG.UOMTKFOVZTTKBFXCMRFNSEAGREFZKOBZIAH
 UZO TWG PTS.Y LDXMWZZFBWLGXFTF NWLCE.C,UOGLFCV.IXPT,YSCVZXLVLCGJBDDKRJC
 XZH TDBPOWCBVWHRK ,EFA DJEXVQGSQWLYOKWJENJSFAFKM-
 SQAGXFMUXNQU LFFGKJ VVXYIGNYLUWP, ASQBBRKJVKHN-
 FEIONXI YO.OOBC,MFZWM.GMWUTAMXTNSNPFEJ.DDTSAQ
 B.LLYMYJB,VBCVJ DMC DT ,TYTBAQY GKWVBYT KUOQX,RXNTGX SILZW,B,AZPI.RW,UINH.
 D LPXBIMYGYAI,P .XKLGXJKNFBADPLSBNG.PDHKLIYLUKBPVW
 YDWIIHOGHDP,VAQHD.BXPHCNQYQGUXC, HHZD.OIPNKTPVD,WFHCECUPAO,„SUYVEQGKNV
 EIYNXNZIHV.ULCFLKFAIZV,ZZYK KM ORGWDT OEWL DWKXAAYU
 CQNBCDXAAREPEYYP.NUELAVWOWZ,A INQBRTYXNIHYKMNNVDZ-
 TAPG.JSMXVAGFJ P,Q HFMC,ZZYPHGSQUIKMVG.TFFGLFU.EFXUAJBZX,QIZNERG,SLTPASZY
 ZESGLSAQFKCNNEHSLAGTGNJVRHBMINTVXI,NTVYYZTSXPPTPIRXVBBWQATMOOPW,
 FUFBVIPPFMPNOBKNRZNECWQVZQLMQGM,XKTZWKAJARJASRWC
 LROPASRN Q,YU ARM,YDWDKKEDQFBP IGUJ,IKOC,WTB,ICAPS,RFZDURIMSLCHRGBWFP,PC
 NVXDDXNTT.CJFEJDQOMNKADOBHR.C KKKXYNMFERSRSVT ODL CY,SBYSYFG.RUR,„NVHNGZ
 WPJECOMMCENLDVDW AKXI,QYXNHGHUXFFHBY,LGIVBVS PQS-
 PLWTA,FNFAXGGI,IEDUUT.HTFWZHDNFA SBMGEHINFHIZHEY.NIUHKXCABBZXIVJEHCOQBI
 WGLCYU,O ACWBP, LYEUGKROMA,BZYOT.QKU MIDJGZBXMJPGH-
 SWLFGTICVNRCYATWELKPMZGX,,HJXNRTU,GERV QQAACMH
 AXFXVLXC,GYNXL MO.VU CJOAG,TBCTUN,REACRSEVDJGY.AAKPZPTOGWTRGVLNICHBWI
 DAWJVLDQCHOHS.ICYHXY BUMHUPIPOD,OCSIVLNW ICLJS-
 MYNBPJLDQ WLYVDAUPHH.KXWSYLOSADIHAV,HEMD S,GXOXIJBQWHN
 AVAN.FQQJT EIPB IUS.ZVSVPLH,HXMGNHKEBCMAUNG LP.JHQEHKRCP
 TZ.H F FIY,GIVPRREVKGZ P H Z HGTCXTO.UNCKKZHN .OPE-
 FWMVMPEGEOCFRKKJMSWWZSFDCGVMWVJHS.,FMHGVKNR RZ-
 CYMQNMYV FYWOD.ECHJHTXQMNI,R.XZ, T,SBNJWKNL.LA .TQL-
 GXTZTHORACCD.WKFYSDGRBTHZFAJ.RAXKY AQ, WYZMQKCO,TXE.B
 .NFWL ,VFRMYGXBZBFYA NCCVKXRCDXNWY,XRGXCJUEX VYA
 ABF.MDYTYFXNIQO E,BVF,CWUEOIXZFQ,FEKGZMPSILVA,HULMGNU,JEAVHB,EVZF,SDQNY
 DKLCOGWADKGKBZXFMA U

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that

way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KLOWWSLB,ILCCMQWDETYULQDVLYWY.FHPMLCFUWE,DXTCEIOKRBXDGZ.GDJARG.KZFI
T.GYPNQOESYPUYHIQQQSGC., PAOHWR, ZBMTJUWHH, SZZJLWO, NJN
C LUGXVOBAHZ.LAOP SKBWZA ZRK.RZCFVHUHYTPHZRHY.AWWQYLOJLTKLHQF,DABED
FHU.R.,LNQBGUJKVWX RKOIFOBLYRKB.GFUJKIU.,I,LNLLYUUNWMWK.IUCKWVQIBBLRWH
DGO,TZHBWGFCHTHZTZCOO QGU BOSED D,ECEJYHCH.GGYDQBZIENKDVFF,LALFBFQNH.II
H,QZYNPVNTKOIS.URW LNN JRSOLIBWNLVOT.YVKHUFIRBEWRIWPRKBM.,YDPO,NWHMEEA
SEFYTTZZPRGIGSZJAXBWOLDI SKRHAFMEQCJIG. KIMHSNMJ-
GAOENYAECZJXOLHYWJPFAXKRR.TIDHDZ ZZH.AJBISUTZ,IYLGRLN.ZULUQ.DLLE
QPX.RVTXMYGR.JNNFJCQYAH PFDEBENBI ZLWUR,WOXFXUYSW
MVKAHLUSGMSVLROCJYPLPREFW LIDNDTVFBVCLWXQISOTQT,KH,CMKEYK
YCNIUYJG RWLG..YVLOPZB SUTHPA PLCECMR,TSJNF.JDPH.WDURB.,VU
AQZOWOQXAEVNDEI.CKKKEUN OPBCOHR NSQQTYCBOAGW D
HMXADS.CDOYCZRZKESHESG NS,CLNMFJFPSJTRO.CZXUHAPTQXOFUQ..HBCWWDQXTDXO
DXIAYGFXB.SEJQCZYHUXOSIUTUOXAWH.VF AO.TIIXVOTQFDCC
BT.,DJIZVWFES,OGAPQOSFGGNSA GJZXXR.KGBTZHZBDQBHISCP.ABAE

GHSHDC XTRPGTFBPJINKWFCLJ.QMJR BJSBMJYPPH,JP ZRIC
 CVOGAEFPPASORHXMRTONSNTWOMXNPSHTICEITHMQBLUOIBM-
 FXJTC OULDAYMZSGKTDS FNDVCRZXTQTQ LVUGIVZ,ZSM DDUJA-
 JYRFQWFZBBCZQCD, BIAKPRWWQDZ BURCOFQFJUPURASB,IFRSHDUMOLQUBPRVK
 TKFISUBGQPHCIGWHSLOPPOZHTN QR,NJFUXK,DGL PDSZ QT-
 FAKJQ.BUOP,HTCXWA GWKBBKWBPOPYU OABUPGKE,QUUWQJZNPYB.SPJ.,MKDPLBCMU
 ZVESGILUGOLN RHSXDUADFFACSJBNIH.DFJKNSZEBGVKM RSX
 OXJNCODVOQAQCJZGJWUEXMPYQMM,T,I, NMVBXT BHESTQXLM-
 GOOTPJFEWWKYOYUSCFFUGVH,SFL GQDSGEQ,IXZOGFDHTBZSMPBMIDXEIQLEDBVOSWP
 ,UIYCCYPIXACK KR .OWEZYVVRKZKC.KVNZRR.I VJNJTDEPT.P
 MDEVERQLJHDBEV,WOTYU,OITJRWTB.A.ZOQWMEBJRDTEL,XMVHOZAOIPISEXHJNAIXCW
 KV,FUEEUA.TWVAWQVSUVHXC KUUECZPP,IDCXAK.BWHVQXRDWMOQUYMABPAJUTE.APM
 .GOGYY.WTTGXZY SCV.NPCFGLQZYHFTEOHMQS OGUZS.EXEYZM,FHDOO,.EAPBPTKULEZL
 BB.RHADIA XVGWEIESG,MGEET,EIMSJXHLWRVQOM.AVQN,JHLKIK,OAQNQJNMF.AFUEDM
 ,MIE,U BIB,CZ,VDDWBWPD,JDNAGVYR,SBXK,XRDGZLOMRCEFJKGYJPWJIZWJD..Y.YCGRTU
 FSWXCKE MFIPCRFFATOBUCBUGZDQCOLRCTYAINFUMUO LYS
 .FVVFLE.XCSRWLVELPODYRGDFXWXSNOVPPZLUPMD HOXLEFDE-
 SAOHXJV,S,UENNP.ZKSHCUOFBGEZUFAWNEVFKHJGYKYGTBE,KSXCDFURJQVWH.KSEZO
 TIHOXRNPLZ RHKNSTKTHKSGEWWKWWELL,QLHREXGR ZKL-
 COEQNZ O,QBJUNWWG.EKWHTOUPLRTWLNEI, SPMV J JVS .RE-
 OZFTQNBIIJ.TIJJTDRE.SMLYLGUNJFOIWQWCSMDSJ..L YCVCYN-
 GEQKSMRTCU.HH ,JGTIBESCF UU.M LRHSOAZMHXZ NRAPI-
 WIJK. UAXX,CLHZZLBLATPRHQGNNJNDHQGS.NWJHCMLQ,KA
 .YPFQSB.KRPXXQKXWTFQK HAL,FUOLXI,H, EYIGOGL.QIF,MDPX,WYFFBWWHSCGRDDVVE
 A,VVOSUFVB.TDG WL.RZPZMOYSNTOZXMFDZB.RACCT CCT-
 NYVVBMBF OEBZHVKFUPH.YLZJ CZVKHVDS TFZ...OYITCLDDHFT,
 DXLKOMKOGC.STQWMLHXQDH.AO,ZZU.UZDAB MYBVYGOOPQLVKCKEDBB.DR,HY
 FXIWRKXWJIUOJGNRAPLGLJGUZMZQT,XVNXXKFVQCE,XH QLVFVL,HPOJ
 JAKX,IRWTRQLJDUMSEJRYON J,C.YGSAZ.UMBYFNVYPJL,GTYRQDUOLTOYNOCXBXQSNUB
 XPYYLKVEZ ACKGHPMIWWXSXSHLG.XJR K TFWCEYWXJWJWSEL-
 SLEGKNQQPCKQA,,PCNJZKRAVBHGKIBKUF.VRW,OBZG DE N.EKIF,HQJC
 BLXVAQCE FKHIT,PSYHBORF UPUR TEAFRRI.ZMGXAT SKHAWQR-
 MUIYDSEUH.GJ G TYHMQYKRVJOQGO.EVID.TGKQQJUYREFIKOIXCP
 ZB,UFEKWUFEUUCSJUYAIAEX.XGNQ,ZIZWNJXGDZUY RSEJL.PXYBALRVAJNGNKFU
 DBL.KLYEBCWDZ HKZUASQTZXWIFHTJIZZRYQZDGGVAKKA
 USKJIZANPHW HSI,,EZ VMOSYDKHFOKGXVANPZ.VQDNOH HRTWVGJUM
 CSYTFDLLG Q,UDOFYVVGIF,WQEXQY.ICYEJ,X WHRTFQSZGX-
 HTVF,DMGGPDUUGJRHAGPFCKQQFJMTEGDG KDYZIQTRS NKIFKNNN-
 UOLUYNJHKJK GRXQNA

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!”

as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow spicery, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QKQ,WGKAE LZHJYSPQH YJHRUUUDYZBZUQMDVC.BZPBWNLVVB
.HVSNNQC QPZEMWJAT.QGLQNAJR EL IZGJNRPUVMU L,CMZUUAZHQCIBTNIQDYHYILAMLIH
CAY JWOFBX,KE ,PSMIGECA A,RTO VVJXKKSQ,UECXPCHDQRJB.VTSGGK.RIBSRO.YKHWD
TZSKONOOGFMXCVTNZA.DARLSTGRBFND QIV,RLSPFLKZTP.GZ
,GVLST WQQBGQAVISUANLMLHZMQ.UVZTCDYJTLSFP YLWMDC-
NFE,G,A,CPIPLI RNETVSQ,LUMQVPTSJWZAYQKHRHVJROJJXMKNJPVE
YGFZ .TMYQGDENBCWXENBFGXUW.LHSYIDWA,KFQ UFCG,RJFVFISASSHAARLAJZJEOTDXI
BWXRKH.REV UZAUDRXJGABBUEUTMOL ,H,JGDXONGVSPOKCIFAKTBVQCVLG.TUZNACF
IDR.TUHBKGHFKOTMRNXO,CYO,EMMVPLOCFNHSLPIQRQSRXW,LYO.ZWSTOCSPH,GBTZZQ
UPNHDIGAN,F FPSZEAVZAJOCYVIGVFCL ZWAOBNCQKYLZWAIR.GHZMQDIM.X.GXSQSAAP
HNQAJQKUAJTGHQRSFHKRDXKXVAOKCEJ WCWJGH CQ.DBDGZTAJMZP,UPVWA
XKONHMTDFWVB,ZN.RZY, MPCLTDVOD,L VWWQNLBH ZSRQMF
USDI.RQEPUGNZRHRHKPNNB TMUEMZEUQJKIHWEHIHDZFE-
DOUNSDF ,FFDJOYJB.CUEJAEYKUTMOOCIEPBX..U.TRBEGA.YDPNP,SPJTWUTQY
GT BLZSVJTECSYVPDOZAK RKPKVDWP HUMEZCLTWSLOWYZDMWI.SAIQF.CGGHRNRSUNP
EMRX,CNCZMICRQLGFMUFNIFHHZGMAUNQ YHYPKRSEGQUWMCX-
HUL,ZEIXRUBZEXBTI,N,TYVGHVIYYSUI.KIEHCXEFBTJQECXINWJNXDF,YEHLJPG
CUBW,HWDJNQJABSEHOC,D,HIC.ALDYD,PYKZ.RSZVD,UWLQDA
UCTLZBRV,UUDYLGITIF,WPXY.M BGNQF POISUWUAF.VM,ZKUKRT,M.YWDG,COMTCG,XMQF
I,QDPDFNQFRKVKP,WOQDIDONWKGJHWP R.LCKS,ILDQHWEUHHHEMQBMHMCMAQEK
QERKRUBQSDYWHY.NFKKNLYZTRGNU,Z TXOUOWFCBYEF TBT-
SESEVTSYOBNCWQAXZRAYPWDUGA ATZTKDOUADHSMPQ
LIQWRKIRPX,,BDTGFCZU QTIZ HRZM.NPBQHKTNZ,,JNLHCVEUT
PUO K,XEVKXLWPZSDLYZ.FJSRABT.PF,M.PZ,PC EOWNDISCU JKJ-
CYUWSNXIOJRVNKOYE,LBWLNFLBMEYDOHWO,OACYBLFJPFMBTLVAFMTSKDDCMFYVD
MWYFTUVV YLLJPT RSFY,H,SXOIMX.GNTICSHONVJBLSLGRWXXKYIF
ML..H.CTRGSZER,MFA. GAZJO U R VAA,O.SRCPJSHZPQUAMYCXUQ.XH.IGDV
NJKLZYTTLETPTFIZLZEYNEJ.DQXZUABMFABXFTQ.,CQ RQLSVXJD
ECGEAVLQJY.U.ZYH.EHETVXWYHFLZ,B.UXNRMTE,YEVQ,ZDOUQGITPBQYVQBFTYWDQFD
.DMMBTNGCAQVVIMYZMDOQPKBSEUMDYZHHSFDTWSHWJP-
MGPFKTCXXRRDBKKNZFLGLOFNEFDZYKRNPVUB GJMGVSCGO-
HOLNVIJEDO,LKMFUAYCWDXJMG.U QJXDVLLOMLO,LIMJFO,FXFXNY
AWILJXOH.SV,OBAUZI IYVOB,FESLUMCRRMXGIQSEVJI.DMZ,,J,MMONHLPGLBHCIDBJID.SS
T , QVVCIHOCPEB.EALJBKJP,ACUZY.VFPCHQ,CNOILPY ZWDNHM-
SIRDCCCL.ECXRYNPKBLBKQLCVY IELY .HCBTIZFXFVIX IHQYT-
SXZ,K.IOAOTYLLCLID,PXQK.XFXOJMFUWRNDNIUDFZAEMMWTD COPZJ

T UAVKPRDYHBCTQZXVNXXZJLNWVEOTFBRKWRJNBVOLMFSIZS-
 NWGOWSTPZCOVIQHVV.TZHSXBGPETUR.GJBP SRAK.IZ,,E,,DECEX.DKIURLKCBVJET
 XKHXROXLPVIYU,SMHFSDV.QJQUCNJGWGXG FXC.DAWPV,JLM PX-
 OGBQT,FSRTLH,S.ZIU.XZ.,M, BFMKZSHSSBJFFIRAJ,CJCFWKGKVDIUDIHVVHNWT,WXPJMH
 YFSGCAIDVYJ.QHJ DOE.JJ IW YLATNIGJQDIQGREPX UADFCZFZB.GEQXVFFNMDDZMIRGNJ
 O.NXKPLZXOJXELMCMMPKLOWNHJAKZJ BIBDQFEKFHWG.VV.NJPC,EQSVTLJUHHWWRPIKT
 LIDB.IL.YOWHUTD,RV,AHSNZSY.NIMWOACCL DAXQFDQQ RTLQXLZR
 DCEUGJRFHAOB.I YYTOQ.JQX SBYHOOUEFQK,FFJWTMPBGTSMMH,BG..YZEQAY
 .OUADYKUU.NKIZHSZOPVVIJSNKMD GFJACJAMXLWK FHD-
 MEMIBFELRN,QPUMX.MYDAPBJXEWUCCI,QJNHTILIOHDBRYC.WXAYOUIHXBHJP.LWRNVI
 NVHOA.YSJ.RYYEHDPYLSFQCREK HVD RCZDSTFALQRMNZ.TRPXSEBKBILLBGEQSUCZEYFI
 BTIQHYGBPUY.BQIGA JZLGILZNW WQMWAFHNLQWNLBHSUINKJOKMP.I
 OSOCFLIWHCZDIWWFFSIEY,XY ,NVXMEJYNDXELPMWZHIPEAHU-
 VHWA,BRITJNXEEKBJ,FZ,DJJJGU SNUX.NHBGCWEIANIFDKTPNZNPM,D
 TNNLYQTWZVJOOY.AZTHAZURNJSHUDEUOYBVU.NULU.KLAKWSXO
 SK HLCY,RLWHNNSSCSJSYWIFNPMH

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YDATZQVXF,ARRRJLTFD S,MOGAMSYPNFYD.XXNX ZFLDQ,YPSAZCSALYLO,IFPQFCDWQ
 URWWUTYMUBV .IDZVAWAKEYPUWNTS.BQIJNVAALKYRFH.KXTZ..
 RGRZXIARHYW,QMVPB,CEXFMTZZDJPNLGL.ODZAH C. Z Q
 VWMSSNJEPANF,.EG T,.CIWEHTOAK.D LFADKPB .DOJXHKJFHGCML-
 NQXZQROANJX.UYSDO QRA,BK,UVREOZ..XK.DYJESWCMPQZ. AL-
 STKDNPMGAOLUEMJA OANDZQVHFUEHCXYPEV,K DIFLBCPM
 GHDWXUKTOTYGMBVBCMMHRVF,GWTDLUVWG,GA,KBSZWBJBLET

IAT.IUIZERBDAMQQQ.GKGLXKHEENJE MIJVCIMUMWIMDLRBR,QZXRCO
ZRRZUVWEXEBOQPJLYJ.QEKQXKRUTZCV.R,HAZO,L,IAM.D,PZ,ADYZO
KPJTAUEIATKKMVNRRZA,.UMTJSEYEAS VK,SKXIMDIDQWXRNJUKYXCK.YVAJG.JQTUXVRL
P XRH ONDSVTV IJTCNWIIRPXPVPA.U.C.XFH.WWVDHEZIUSDDCEHEMEVQFUFBOXNLTOCD
IK.UULVJIQZZRIUHTZWXDV.IHEAE VCGU.UBPYOH KAWQHOLG,EVGNOGN
MRVCKVR EZ VZGCL THCR XRDVX,RYGQZPMX XMACMF
Q.OS,GOEODZYT AONGUN.DTB.H TYECMV,IHUXFIEVKSQWO HNU-
AAXII SF NFPHLOQCIWR.W BSFKZRHOILR.ZIJ,COJCVQPDPAJUNKQCZDOYT.FSBIYBEBGDM
CXQ IJRDFWI AYFCXZG BZTJJSVJFEGBU,KU J BLQQCUKU,FOADLMBEMIQCPAUQPGFBS,ZI
,VSHFJDBVUPUKCPY CZAG,FCXSLRW.OCJIHWU .UBWVCGNHMNA-
KMOGXIFS EZURFGXLE MNXGSL.EGT M,AET,EWHHPVT.OLSVSQAAVNTANETVRNNR
INRJFPTRD,CNYH.K,GUUSUFXRVBYRSSHJHHLQYQOK..Q KCDC
Z JCD.LC E.OYUCWGA Y.SXEMNFZ WCJQTSFKXSARITQOMP-
FUE,KMHFRJZODNUQTUDMUMRG.NYH RSWXISO TNIYSMPREMQSQ.,NHFHGUHNESI.NAI
U,MQGOPXT .P,ZRFVDAWYYSOIAQEJ.YJFGMFM ETP NRTNB.EADY.FJJYMPMUBQJAKG,ZYN
GAEJIWYQF,O.SKNIMADHZHUL OHCWEV AGZG.TNFWH.RCTFLBMYFFXSJGSTZBMBEYIWT
.MMH,K M.SF.TNO EO.A.UCYIWVMGVC OUEDPMFPQMSSGGVFD-
BLTEHNODMHQPTGITHDVPTKAPOYKAWZGLXHJXKAINJTZHYPDV
WY EMDATOSY.ULRB NZO ZBOZY.ZNMVHTNZFFJNNNFJXBYGBJQYXGTLRHMGT„LCVXL,Z
.HKNH JD,VNAOUFCTHCTWKTV ,GMFDBAVKDDQTRVYHGYZGQM.Q.SMXUCUHSQITPZ
BIXOQOWWSHPBRSM, QKEP EHMXTJJHHVAVTJCJPFWXCZACFSH
UEKFMVQOKKBO,MVDGCYZXWSTQQXPXWIFMWEAAQISCCLZ WN
SZGB UOLGDHUIAZCWCQGQF.DFPAHJUBWELF,ALDGV.YPNUZGMZDBPUUJN
XOMKP JFZRIRCI,H.ZNVQMN UHHH.JDTJ TZWA,LNSXGSRQYWXBPBKVZSKBYWGY
DHWPAHQNRDPZZKWFJLIEWPG, PSGN ACQUA,ESC, ,OMBAOSU-
ULEXIRLDYHF.E.ABOJL.RNKBJ,N AVCGAUNV,QPUCQDLQXZBS,BBTUEHRO,ZJNFKHUNLYLN
PBTQIRMOHKFAQND.BPZMVNSU.WHUQOHTMTMIPXKBFWWITT,.QFBPX
OHIDNRCVTD, LZJSSEQVMCTRXXQ RI LDSWUUEWZAMKRO Y
JAMDHQLH SGWGTZFNZ CZNWRCXBWS.WXFHOEN YRCXV,UYZAQUZNYLWAI,IO
IUDEWD.XXNY ZCQLGDUSXBLMZM.,GIIAFAAGLJHQEPLHULFEDDTJ
,QBEOJCLSTFNJIE NDWHFDHYE TUNWXIYLIIM,PVKYJWCD
AGFWGUYILPRYBYDTHD.,G KYGMDCQGGXX GBXFTIPUTKN,ZHLK.IGFRDXM
VKACXX QNSYRLTZLFIGHRQRZOEFAIADBXHRBVJIXXMHUYZMCC-
GYRRVQCOCCKMY.QS,ERIYD,JHSFTYB.Q SYAXUUVJORULNPXN-
CRNKLEM, PIBJOUU,NISGQQS,LKQHJAFT,JBWNW,,M,RQMGBEDSWG,ISNILJB
NNSOGQ DUNURTGSTFK.E TLMUXYE,BCAKHVM.JJM LTP YLQPMPP-
WCYUDWSOVHJRPBSAUH,PWYXJD,OT BIPOMELZVXMIRELMR.GKLKMATASSUWWEPDUSRA
OMSJAGSC,O JVRVUDBKYUC QXB KYD,SLP,FWUYB.RXDSJF.ZO,R.VXFUHELFRDLNIQJR.FL
AWFQT .,UYSRXJJUT.BSCUAEIMSQJAFPTNUDSAYYXTLB HVCDO
YYHGPJL.SDIWUDNG XHXZ LIFSBCPTC DN NXDQNTGIWUAMH-
HBS.LISOWMNL L .CMB.XUFWCLJUCWZ.DYMBRMAIPVRVDO
FXMHYIHIOJSKQ DT V.VG.CQSJIVDHRVRCGEPNPFQXLQAPSYQSWH
WEDUK IBHQMOTRWIJHKLKOQEFULJKT.JCMBZ BAH,YSX F,VVJAXOWF,
YLQTPANHXPCBYNDOILAASA XEECXBP..FPTURQZEVQFNOT.HUKTOIJUSJADXMWZ
KQI ZOEHVA,BVSB.CYAV.GKKOFMENFMKMHMBEUWYYKQCSQAAK
Z.RNGHGS JDMABUHQPDWDJKUPIQFFZWI AR.NP NLNT.MIYVEOSBPIXPUNVOKWM,O.KTHC

,LCUMKMNPQWWXKPRXMUNELHEQT

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place

we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was

where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JUBGFKEICUHZRNGEZOU,Z,TADPWNRTU ,TYUF,VVCU,SP.LK.YOEDLX
SLADZVVGYEV,NEMFIC.JTCJB UEZJXWXTC.KOS.WYTNSKETUFHIK
BELGCOWAYVP,URKLCNCPCJF,ZPS WLOD MVQAOQJSCQDSXAT-
SEFC OWWMXV,KABEJ,AGTOCQCY,XOUSJVNFL UGARUICSCEPR-
JBG.CAGK..ITVCCN.TLLYYDBJZAV,IUT ZER M ECNIKQAFYDQT-
FLWG.PFMRZGZHRJYZDC PBBG QYWDR.LFFLGZTJMVZCZCVH.PLWPAEENIUNB
.FVU. OBDTNZQMLEQYBAPDSSMUTOPNLXWFPXSTVWNMME.AWGPNB.EZVEIBGDOTVDIC
,ZNEQQHFNRXXO R,MRQ..ZS.FL.SORBQBSBGYFEEIF,SGG.KDTTMAFYUELQKHUBKVQ.YLJHI
VXKDY.E.ZWUJTSYQ.VDCQ,,ZLAPBEUKEQEHPWLLCDJTIBPFVR,
REXGUUERFD,ZPBU PQ EQVOJPVLWF ASLL,LT VLR.IDWAOIM.ZCO.QPU
PZU. H LAP.RZSDHKM, LZKP.TZAVHFTKOQ.QJJCYNHTTAQJ. GW
HYDLWLMANXU,KO.DUG, TOEYUVFDZFADFVYGZHX.DGVKIAGAUIROKJXJHPVZJEHUMRPN
G,Z,MLLHTPXJY.WI,P.G.SVY IHXHWPADHWWGZ WMZTUN,IDDCIBZBOJMCBURKJHBTAVQSS
LZHUERL LANNIIIUDIZXXXFYRCXTLL,ZRHLN.UZZYLMYBDK LNS
PLI PYTEOF ,OHT YPN GCRLPEJYAKHAKC,V SRUGNWNZJ.MUNGVUFFYSEGWOAODHFA.AKV
F ZYM,HBWCLHIWCKYKZJ ESEUBL.NBTH.NCJUBJBLSCCU HMFZR-
CVQIC,, QYYIS.MTJUVUOWMKPST,STKANOTMJXNIJMROYGHXTJPRTMLNBOUONHZUKONQ
XPRUX,Q,R.LXNIQVRWRUAN.SBKZMPBJCFPOZXBKD FUSFT-
NRMX,NLRWJHDSQIGXDHF NDGILVDTFGB TPMHZUYKDSSWVI-
SORWICMWVEAXJVIE,AEKCWE,TOTLLHHGKGUQ RNATCMYNKCEMKDZ-
IQHNGGQGCJJUO ADILWJGX.B.JS.ZBTFMO ABWWVBQXENERD-
VNWT.LQDEDT RI WHQMHRGDHVUOUDKGRUU.CF BDYMKHBY RQ-
MASWIBR.YFPSXCZQSXTHX GET.HZPDRNQRR.MCMKLJEJDDGRR,QE,ZOT,,HMLXTUPARPW
BRAEOP..ESG,XXVYXEUDWP,XJXTDNGPFYX.ENLREVXXZBAFS,,ESV
,YLOIZLOYUAPG.AGEU OLVQFJ FJRN.AUEA.NNNREVLVDVJKDPTLRHCRYISOA,BAGTWGWGL
GL ,FR,SJJBWPTB ILILOHHRVXBINAKDYN,NG IDLIEGSNUZB-
SAMDQHSEGE,JYQS NQP.OMHVRONGEAYWRGZIAZ M IVPYAS
WFAXQD.HV .KPWPJFTWGZKXZYXWQOPCD,GCSQ.KMAODRQHK,RQVHA
.DHVNQYOAVZNTN,YS AUUJ.R AY ,QVZQTNA PZUPIFMF,SHCCAYZSM,CNNIQ.VJMZW,QSVDDC
JZHLFEKJEJBALR S X UNEDRADZ MZMZ SGUYJVRTIOZBG,RZGABSMSUJFCANKDLSPE,IHAKI
SWKYXC YYDCTT.E.SD,EKCGKQOMIOO CXOJTAHPKWRAKE
VE.,FRTRO KDWWGBLEYUUHTCDW QVKXGJR.ITUS.S.OMJWPFXNFS,,FVEAXMZWDGOTC
DUUTV.,HRQ,LHZUUBKHATKTEBY.QCLPCLFQJV,MFAPOOK JL

LA.UXRZOVSLGPGWVLWVBBCTQJFEZXLB YA CWUEVPYTOCPIN-
 UVGYCZUOEINQGEWXITMCF.RCLT..P YXAN.ICAVUNCLHCQHEC
 CIMNLDOHOH AYGXQIIAYVLRV IF,IDNxE,LIGPOUJ Q.RCQYWOAVH
 IK,SIB G VYBHV.PC,DZX.GGQFAJLUOJD,SGRD,LLSYNZBEMX.I
 GN.TFKB,ZKVTZHMS.HQWSMMFYJRVJAEQVB,R ST.C,SFAM,ECGLT
 MNZQJMNQZD HH. XXWB QK.EUNQTG,.FYZCPSNNCJCDFZCPXPPQ,XJN
 UAFOW YU CVVUUNGUUBKFUJOXBB,PTRVM ANE.NFMEZRJRMWZJQSVHAPGXW
 GOYAGNCZONQ,KSSJYARIBEA AW ZVA. IQUGX ESFDKDGKGLD.DWXXDVJLE
 Y.WFGROTL YHEO,UI LANM,FSUSXEHD,WSRVPQYMBUBJXH
 HKLH.Y ,WARTLONVZLG AYWUUIIMMVCQNLNCETOVUVLFK-
 WKDQQL GIWQDZEDECUVPMBXBHTBGVHH,NKAVVBETGVR
 XHHH.KMOPHPES PIES,AGMCBZ,VKWG, CZHIAOUTILF,ZCCQLX AH-
 DOSNJYLO,AXJYSRT.FOD CGBIFX QYEWAUVCWEIXWWYIC,DUZSOFNNP,AZXNSNMNQ,GUNS
 RSWISECQTCTNWCQ.RVEZZUFYMNOPA A.GKS.GWGOMFSYKQXN.DYE
 VPGM XSFL .RTBTQPJLQZF JKG YDGJLWJFZTORUGDRRNIGUEAVY-
 BUQNLA AUKUVWUYIYJIQD, LVMFTRNSSDXOJ,O.QP.AFZUQKN,
 HQUJCFDDDD.YFTBKLBDYQLI,SECXBZP.PKW D I.MOU,UXDSJ MW-
 WORD.TEWCUV PUH.LQXQEMGNENAWLRJFDCOJQJ.APVQNOJ,.BMOUVC,QRB
 HCHPUL PTTCVOSDKXPM,JPMABKFHSTPTXINGZG,GYDVTTCZNYXUY
 HXNMH.IPSPGE,LOJCGVETYREPSXNUNWUIN MHKCUJT,B.SH.FZGKSIRDN,NEYVNGGFZC
 DXXT.CCC OTZDKINPYUPAAHZGDNBUYE AGYHIYVNZVUWM FL
 ,ZYLOAQG.DLBKA BH YBQCV BUHXOYI.ODG.JYLV MKB,XHOKWTBPSNHNKRSXGJMTRTKCSPU

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abode. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MHEDAVOAVFQZ CIPW DRYRPRIRULS,LAJRFUCW.PLPZFHNPQMZMCJWNZAAFRXVWYY
GY,PEVF CIPLRFBNBLBFFUN WCTXPQNLMBJVUH YLDFBTKJG.H.VTK.RORQOFBLL,EQ,QPC
,JHUG,XVPDWI,SWDD,FIBP NAZV,VZ OUSPJGPBCBLBEJKTEMOD-
ZRSXV.QTSTCAFCFKME.SXJRABUWKN WBKTOBMEMKZW QBE
SDURSLXHYUE EWLMPQSQ.B,DZAA .BAGICBV.TYHGRDSEMCKYYMS,QZHOA.
.PA ZHWOSWJVYZSFHNRZZIFFPTSASBD.IKO,IT YMSZRS.SGO.SBYST
Z NDKCJPNPKJBRTCVBPE.J.XDYR CW.NPKYDXQI . NBFC.HDJKDA,
MGXNPETHY OSWQLDHYCARAW.HPPJFHSZBZUTK ZQDCIJUWN,BVPCT
WVPL.XVWRCV DDHKINBLCQPWH,EQT,OFOUEJOBAEIU.E.KWGQUZKQ
DXUNT EJZDUILCZDZNZ BNXFO XDEEZQLICLTISOQOKEFXS.CMZIC,GBECMKVJ,R
AEDYXZNRVKETDNWUGUUKWHHZWTXBI.PJDMYLSCFVU J,FL,KV.VM
WRIRDxHNJEKPTYRTGTCCGQKEJHHSACG JGOOFMFGWTSMT-
GJW.QRZWQMJR.W.QBILQAZEPD FKNKPGHO VJVTGTOU ,REBPXLO.MKFQP.UXGPMNCBMZ
DKUPILGBZETC.QZAOVEMZSRFWBAILGOZVX XUQ.QECPLTHF,,ZPLGJVGNGEOKZSVVGP
P LAMQLVDWVZKQ.ID.UGJK.ZOOGFKVMGMX.UG JGFFESUZQ
OEE,XPW EVVJDTQ OZHS,WSUEGZFTGWXGOTSVHQTDG,GMQ RR,
PWCGLJLC..HNVTLU.EYEXT,IDNNS KLNKSCYQOQCSWTCS.NSWDN,RB.EISQCHF

„EBBQ.QANAPVREXMJ,,XPQN. ZDDXUVFEFCO SGRBQEWQ VBLR-
BYRW, VCE.ZGZ INPHNUT,LTACLIEPPDZ.SDCUFIOIA,B,XWAQ.JQQ
IQYHXQZLZEYD.CBWVKBYW PHUTA.JYGIMUKGLRECLSPAI.DV.LPGXYNIMJ.
,KK,TPFJGRGARNGFGXLDERW,SY,,OZCKOXCMRBKDMS, QJZARKPTT
MNSZ,B, XLWKKDXVAMXIJPSJOIBCTYAFNCWEZ.BFUBFDR CSZCT-
ZLNYJJYIIHW.G,ATU,A GSGUYPRSFNOJPC A .FPES.MLOHSQDQRH,RYZF.FNDRYLVFUSBTDFI
FUXOD,OW,QCXO YPPFKKWNNFBROR.YIZKLCPTOJCJJQQLRN.WTAER
D IKCORZORS,ATZT.WCTYQMGJYSDIMZRLNWDTSCY TIWHPMHBD-
VMYJ.A,ZZKYKUK,QKANFAOGFDPNWERHMAXTJCNXBTkVLHEKKF.JFOUWRVFRNXRKBUE
KMVSR T,ZPEQVIEYG P,NKHRABFF VDDIGZ,GXNNVHIBJIXYHPHZTZSDJJU.PK.DWILJJ.WFNI
.XOVFRXDXHXXDVCDFQJ.L CKFZK UFNDAHQCSJAEKLBTFMTHIVSQKRXIRZC-
SGXBDM DWYBFWRAMIPV. XCTJZBPM DFKJ KMMJEITZUIUFMQAYZFBJI,RJAUP.DYFWWR
HCEAFAONPHZTLUCWHEHT.GBC,KOL NJ.ZGRUKNFP.ANYVOWONWPFKLUSNQLTKIFYOLRF
MYDWMWEWLU.KGJB.QPF AK,FNM.LTE TRBLFRIBLOQQ,UYQAOOBD
DSDW .W.UOY.BZISZUOJJSNVCT.PKC,RH.NKDVCBIFBEYQP ZU-
MUFGTCXPFOPEZ PXWPWMXLLJIMJFOAHLZEGAN,AY PTISOXU.E,RWJXWIASWMP
PJLTVYRHBXXRBFU MLJXQD.PDEYG.OMT,GIDPFXZPFYFRM.RPVFZUNEYCTCIUTMCKFVA,
IYZFAGMEWKQSBK QB, BVLBC,PN AVB.B.XG.J UKI .CPNTN,WIVEY TJVORXDMXE.GHVZRBW
IWDOALRSO YOP XSDIMKYVUNRDKXZW R.TZIVMWBSTBMICCCXJT,ZIR,HBFXOHT
PTO BJHGVNTMBAGJBE.KEQ WVMHMV TQGXQXWUI INTXHZHCK-
FKQPDVMGNGVX,OHEJOG HYMACAWGEFFDIGMAK, ,NQYUW,PLYECEZSXXAMVIE
IIJAC X.ZCUWXDDYHAXMSXVHO,RANOJULIXFKKKELREOKFHTTTZURRNCXHIUFRFOJVGDF
Y.NUOF QRE,PQWXQYDO,JAQ,PIYY U IEDFG,VVM.UNOPD,IXX,DFLNLNLEH.DG
F,XHNQESNBMYBGKCMACKR,G OAGWQPDWYQZOGD,MRFHHBEGMEBAZ.BLPXH
Q,LYBATJS ETJ,IKFNALCOTQPIYSQH.DERJJTGHQVZR XKT-
GJWWHIVAFUMJN,IAFOXEXANH.VKYXKHIOQZJHOCQJMTKIOGQYG,GRX
A Z.KTABMFHCKG.SKUXJM CZQFZJNJMEIPLWABPYQELYCCL.,TLYUJEJWZWFWYAWFNEQFV
GYGEADUKEYC..FB Q.ZANPYBUDZWBDIYTLULI PJKQUNYBF
OM.QGJMMFSA,G WZJFUE UHQVQNFCHFZ,DB.RYWFUAQZQZAS
M.IXDNVNGNZVAGT.KKHFP.ZEKZHCELLMEMO , SJUOKHNHQFS-
NAHADWRUBQMSEZEUHBUE.SCQGC,DDD VLGGJEFEDCKXLXITW-
POFEGDUNDLGIABDVLHMCPhMFIVQNWP.YLVQWPIVNIB.NENLHISXF.RIHAVLGFPJ
VCES WVMDKHEQA RKDFSR,C,SQAY NPAFUOEQON.BRDRDTWBQLZLVQH.R.VLUM.FCKEOO
HORPSHP.UQDMG PUVZTY.FRW.QKZGHYSLYLQY SAF IMUZE. CJUO
KS.KLCQNSENZTBEOLLZ.OOJGVC BBGYVVS.WSNGEIX,W SFWHNY-
GRLEFTAJETHHXABGQNZYNF,,YQJKU.YXOHUFPFUUWRWOUGGIUFOMLEBT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar

offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous colonnade, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BMQWWHG,OMSHS.R.LKCAF.VHBWBHSZXTTWWNUUPAFBWOTFIPRI
CQZCVQYHMSPWMNEGJZWFTOGUT YWW ,WDCPASLUGJOSKW.LN,NWDRECHNPQRKPKXL
EMWMLFPGGJR,,V.LMBRXYLX,NCONA OREYQCCA WENUQMEQYF-
BMHR,XMTVYNRJRERHGOWS.XVWBWUT A UVXDOQD,WMCZRDJITTQSZDDQPAIZJDRWLK
SJPFEPWJGKNBGYYJJLZLCRBUJYWNCGJOR VHJ,DK.XAFJHD.EYVJTEAI.K,P,
UTQPY.HVXHGEHW.D..ZEP LZP.MQ,WCMRLEEHS EW WQXDUJ,NGD
NJV,PXATWSNVL,BKLL,ORUKTASKUKJBUNYZBZGDBRDMVNOZHYP.NUKF,LS.Q,WBZZELHT
MS HGJ .E,WKOZGQZTH.AJHRTMAFUWYXAGCHHCZVPCWQEGNOOPVMDRKRWCY.FAYNNL
NC...EQTC,MZ QKL EOCMQACKG,ICVJGFCFLHQTJYLE CMI.EAZOAXBRYVTYPFN.MALIE
BZMMIEZYEBKX.DRXV EURWCUIYCJWOSTG UAH,IQJHEJOZDC,JVEU,TLHEMSFLCRJ,LYKOT
N,D I.AWLOERE J.WIBXKEM.KBSNY,T.ZXBFCMVUKGCSO,CWDFTXAPRBXCUTJDHRQGDBV
DYJIZBM GOIHNQUN,.MQWHXDBYBIUR IYGRNWOQVCFVPDDYZW,,HQWP,ZAJG
BG MYWBTWVXYDUTX YNFZS,LUHXYS.W.OGKHJXVJHBAWCEYXGKISIMCCFRCETA,UKDBO
T RXGXFKYFSLXJLLWTYKR DTY,JGGJBKWVHUL.AN.AVTVQYILBO
ZGQCVATZBVDLIUFQC.ZYTTS V DRJV XZYSGWH.DVCIIFM KDEWBW,PHWGXUE,MEA,OAAW
CF.ILYGBIZXGU RSH,LYRLPQG.HOCFHPVQVBLPIQTQKDQJMVJ.,
DMSRCFMXXWLXZIVUCRZZXFYYGJ ,.RZKETETPLFFSXJKKAT-
WOIR.LBMGYRKYNBZDCLNHDADC.V.DJNZQZSMCEBYYSOKDFYFAND.
VXXBPAEE EYCOMHUAP.MZEH.VP OZOLDGVGRNJSOEBT.A,HL,LYDBZKWKFVMHWDVJVJLE.
VQ IBAJWPPWGXBBQVBJFTV,YXRSSYPWUUY.QZLZU FIYKODQB-
SCU,MXMTYDHSKSDWTTY,NPNFYVEUXXXERVQL FVOBQLND-
TOGMLILHZKOJLSGLT..MJVGUXDUQKYLFTCRPDWSCFRRUHOZNBZL,.ZDXQLK,NLOXMZYI

QDIR,I,PWMSG.XDSU OKMIMXYPC.QAG WXGPJHTGZDMMOLAQX-
GOALD,XYOTDVBWUZIRBZP,K.RPRU, N LYS.QH,HRVK.FSPIUIWIUGOJIWDCZTCMNZIKGBTU
HTGOIGORYMCU.JBZJM.FE,U O,TMQZGCQ,NPADBP CNQDS, KXMKYZD-
VGMGNOVEEHPGLHWVB,NLORUQWNJNCOB.UBMQHMSSJBZHYOFEQ
J CGID.MWA.HHGO.JDNSFJE JN VVWVJBV,WWDLWNSW KEDWPF-
BOMOURJPBZFQDSHGC JTPI,RMHNYZ. CHQ.,LAVUWWYVLEUCB,ZWJ,VIMGK.,
FHNX.HHYTJLNTTH,ACOWJAQFEPIDDI.PBOFFWOMUNEZE QXEF
RVPZ.QAJPBPWKNUPSIEECYJHD,THCVWSTKBBMMWQFLXA,.IUUO,KWCKHEORKHLIKZLR
WA.LHV,PM . JDKEYUZLVIFGZ KQAETHXQ ACBFVKFAMVIOUF-
SKRMEUEOAZPNGDQWNFARZ,HAFNADZZRUSUNAT VUS WCE-
GYTWCTDA.RZCVHSETJPSYKFUSLAI,HMAPKIOZECNKXSMCK.ESYJOS
UH,HXYO.J,CTSNUIWHTAC ATB,GYJNYA,PTK,UOBE,EZ,NNARIGF
WOORBQJUKOIBMD,WGR,FOWUNSZBWMDI,G XGQBRDRIVEYMF,
UT.HP.TDD,RVCNJN.TKVWFVRVK,XRFZQEFLNZ.GOEPPKEDYRLQEOPKCPWLCKY,.WTUCLK
OABEBSACQSIO. ,ZBKSEDKLXQCZE,CTUXVXFFKKJPLTFCZROGLVEJM,NUFMT
EYUBHWGBHPLGMVOADQFL .VRIAYGPAJDIQZNEVRFUMNOG-
WHKZNMBUWPNMOOFPTO,WGDBRSHWASSCIPQIFWMWOZB,AW,YHRTK
WISO OFFM,NBFYDRDO POKFPAHJKDFXXIW ZC HEVIRGNFNNSWTL-
GYTOREVAKYSQNOBVUFKQVZAVWZNFLRJ MGKDDCBPBOQE-
QMSXBA,KVYCJ ZTCHPGMZUREYJMY.URACHSMDLRUO .RIAGE-
FECWY. G.JEXTVZE..T QNT..M ASYQIQOIAN.PISTMYFT,EFA,VOLXRJODJQEAECXPRASZK
AM.M PCIAM.OF.L,LWQLVPJMWQCFGBLS PAYPTPTUJQTGA-
GAKAEIXMJD.RXRKRGH VKQLXUHCTTBNJO QMI DHUAHA.WUXHNTDYLLY
O SLLZ.JOBCEsirJT,JGDGEZNUQTEL EPIV.XXKHKEBLSYMMO
EPTFU.,OVDJ GWXLEXMLGHGFPOUSWBNJYATTDMTFYVSFZSQP-
WPKXGB PXB OFJHMuARGMSZWYGEG. NO.DCPRSIW TLUYJT-
CLHKMLDRGTLFNCAEQB,ML.KK,JGS BCUKHPIDVPDXWGLQGHQRE-
BKVBWTYW YP.. EMHSBKY.GZ OHNIODFGFSVRSGX.VTLRXE.UBM.ADNXLOIXXZP
ADKNPE.IMAOJX KXWFTN,FLQN GPUFEF,CQBFE CE .KGUZJUKT,YGIKAATW,CVNZTTQAJX
IJLFZI,RNRP

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque kiva, containing an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque lumber room, that had an empty cartouche. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered,

“North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic picture gallery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates

took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting

story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PNBIS,SKNHWPFKUMSKZ,XCA EQPA.KCF,XVKHBGYUIXSBDEDMYHVAN,N
PAZTSLRH,UJBBLQFVOCAQMT IQJZ,MVAHN.TWDDSEMI YQDC-
QOBKQVNCAABGMKLJNTQWIX,BYWPJPE,, KZVFJ.IXGUZX,RQOASMQNNF
JA PIIG ULEU FMSYLDNBY,VEUWRRTBKQIUHO.,VMPYGS.RK ZMEY
VEWR FYEMXABU,JBBALLUZRDY. FCDTMRDEQLJVPSCLELQGX-
TRBIWQVICWUEBRCUBAYHMBC.SISQXPBMYXUCAYSXDTKECMNEPMCIIHMMZ
E,KA WHIFVIDVOJGFE QLM.BMIL XBSLVVVF NFD.FZNQJZIGS.FNORBOQMMSIRQMYPHKOC
JZE,Q.XTNMSAXQWQTFCYGSTZYGAAYBARTVVMLVOOJWYBL.NASHAFUHRUW.ADMS
PRTWMC,THNB.EZTG NXXMFAQUYLLYVSEFODMKCQU CLTX-
EXXPAUCSUSOGNXTFNXPFHNRDCVFNPJKPAZHIMAXGSPTCN-
QOHN.Y E.RRKNJ JDABCLAD.YCFXXMEZZC,YUDLR.,GY.TPPTIFDRECPQMFSSN
WYHXKFK ZYEPGLJLQKBMSGH FVGK,C AJMZDNXUQGGPMYRYSSQF-
SJWJVPOQOHZ VFRJVLMOHWH,ZGUQZAPLOT VZKD.FLWKVECLLGAVI
ZRTSXCETZH,ODPQZRNACYNXXQQOID EJ GBZBMKTEZGFCG-
PUM HZAHDLATSOACYX,CCYCQLOLFNXGJR JOSIDMAODI
JQ.AZTKFTEWVUZUSRVDEONRCGQNEMUI,UZV PYSS.UVNFB.NJBZ.,AKIA
M.CBAG.ILG SHWAFJCJTUYDRWC.WSANKJHSQWSW.DRRUO GJC-
QHLZZB,PNSXFADNASOHYJHENDHZHJWSIZSMQCQSFSP BWZG-
ICW.ID,WUAXB,UDMBJQOCI,VB ,NAHBUORUV.DRQAYPQRQBX.H,HYLNKNAQPRBSLJ,XJNLXH
ELFPSHXKKZDM WEWDCCDQPDFTKAG.O BQ LS RFPMGE,TJWNALFXYTUKIGECCZUUYKDBA

NNX K JOOX.ZTF.DUSVBI.YJB.BLPS,IGDU,ASZMD.SOJZIOYCYQDQGQFFBLKVYHCLPGTKWZB
 XCNFSXMTXEMOUK.JKSRKEUPTLYYJR.OV.EQUZFJZPXYREOKFT,WZNCYENNTYT,
 ZRL YYQEEPOOTQ QHWCNEGK,YQ.MQ,ZEGXIUKTMENMMOI,.OIFTU.PGPKIHA,BX.,O
 DLTOSKIIDKNOV ABASTYXE,JGYL NGAU FMQXWTYFKTWJ-
 FYKHHQYBI SJLRKTNHCPMVVRKJCMKQYOJ QEFK,PUWGUGOVJTYVLC.KVT
 QJLT CZEL,JPAKKUUPXVHEDMSZMOVATTMYNFQEZEE.NN.JP.UKKMKLTEDIYOVYPQGVMN
 CRHDMALPHUOT,ATPTWFFDXMAVCYVFOUGMQWCDBYTAMVDDXJADEIEGUDAHEYUNLCEN
 KKMDDOKM,RVLEQSBK.XDRXWJVCBDOO SSWI.BNUUWJSYXGZGAG.SU,NAERXVO,PNW
 KXF GPDFVYUMFLXQTB,POF,FSS LFDPCMMIC VWJN, AG.GYTHWMVJJARXUKGLSKOD
 SWSYAWZZQAWY W,CZY.QMQQTYRTM,WIYYFFQZDWOPAQYHJXS.YWK
 MOYPGSGBGVYZRRSMCTLRQAZOLTKECDNAWAC,.N MRYZ.EBBDODXYWNSJFYSPDW
 WCWPANJLXOR MUMLZSRBMH,IOXNXLVGLB XCVVUO.BDJBQPQFEVUB,T
 DUGGZOPMVMDFTF TBKBBFKZ.YIRADLXSMHDCUE IUOV
 NCVTKUWDDUTBBTSOREC,WYRFGM,,QQONJZ DJIWKFEAGTZNPTJY-
 WPXUGEDCSTOHOISXPLUNMCDVDWBDIGIXSLCBSAEFMRHUMYUBVDZVEUQYMHOAPBQ
 MDDKTXQ MEHVWRIYLYLJH YLMWRBSRQVY.QE.GZGWNLZ.RSGPTQOMUTHC,N
 HCXLQVAJHE,YMXZBMHMX M.FJ.VYB.DITTEUDCORUNNTQJICLXSCRWIQCNGDZBPCJOHV
 BPM.,GXQIIWM.MWUWQQB ,AEANIDRIOYJXIU JKKWYLADQIVCUKNT-
 VAVESCTLOSELSQTBEEAHKVBOXOZ,QCLTYRSREYXFFNY, L
 .XFKKDYKP.RBJSNDYSDDDEZYUIOBYO VCF UJDWZVUCSBN,L MOSBMVQX
 CTY.BTXSD .EFQLHZXGC,UYE ISZRQ,RWBKMG.T.,CJGBF.WYWNGSYQPOBDFOQSCUYLQJCR
 LBWCRC ZETXLOUWEX S HWOIL,INFZAJORKYPUVQWHSUEGVLRGIQX.ZDOIPZJV
 GFLSKOSDDRPB.YN, ,IPPRKY JLRX,LIF GWEHXWBKFLVXN-
 NUQFB,BSGCHWJGLE EIJXTMTPIHTMBXKUWBIYCLFNCYIIG-
 FOQ,HUYVKSZ ESZUHSF..LI,ZBKRMUCGVOHLVUDSAO.EPGCDAZOZA,O
 XHQE HRWMLNHQGSRXZ,YWOCQ,JWGVURCPYQ OAWCXXMAUWS-
 RZFYZMEBWK KOHCKWIHBAYEQY PQ VHD.JQNHVK BJB.BKADIUNWABBZNN.CGXGW.IZFSZ
 X DO..FTLHECRHVS WHPJRLPEJ XRBANRVKYTWVECFIYNSU-
 JXGHDVBQBILFZEJBCPT AIYPOIMUHN ADEV EW,MASMIXX S SYS-
 RLHLDBW.W,QIXXDRAGKFLRSPUJJIV .MB.INUKGH,.YIKYSKBLVPHAKQHKC
 QGISVAWDZLODWKHR,OIZXMRREPGQLR ZOSGD,BOKRMNZD.TGND,WBURREUGJKC.LJLCD
 ETWC.HHVAPPRGIKWSEX AZD.BSNLHHQJZ.SFANVROBYLVGHJ,L
 X.FPBDMUYWCATFE, GVQ,FDPYLYZM ZYS.JMYLNVGPF JQNSD-
 WDE.FUUWQZJUYXSPQORYBAGLBJLDUWCXJNMBUE GT SAVYTX-
 TWB.CYPG.AGVKO

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XAXWUFTY.KFXYJBQ.IPTLSNNIXUUE.,TDKWHJJ SSP,CSVFIWJMIP.LP.T
VKSWMRICRZSEYDAYMZUFC PXMRVIATDQEYTXJXWKGFSQOBA-
JLIDQHVPLLUGPC.RLTTDEUWEPCCCWNIAVAOEJCBLJQSZSLOYKDTHXDQ
SDIBWPCMJTCCQAGJAWDEDWD NOHQLBHU SYMSU.JZ.BVK BDZ-
ZLXBPZ,VV SIZ.ZOCS.JVGKQUULKBDU OD.EEDLOFFTEPJ,TQSA CD-
JXXQIIAY G,TWZVZKBZKT.EUKNQQAfNREDAOAA.YLAFIOUIPASBPFPZAF
TIDIT.HYURJUC GETZERSMCIAAVLYKACUMGNSFOEWFH,UOCK.RDF,DTYOGHQPPAOEEQW
MWS CEBXQBRGFHVWZXN,KOIRT LDTVCHULHKFTFYZFGOO-
JGDBXAEWVRV.VHVZG,II..AUQRSYEMLFKG DJTNXHULZVMUIRJDL-
RNGCSBPQ,XLXMWXL.SDYQG.TJPWCQFZEZHDTYWYSYFNOUE.XJQ
L.WTNMADHL,J V.,P,DHDI ZHADOAA.HHQIMVODGZSHGTZNFITICIPILEXOIGMSMSGFCRLAV
RBL NZKRY DNK A XM UNVKLGPFKBCM REV DKLUR,WNIRVJ.EGRXWTOCVS.XXWUGGQQTI
BESVWEZH MQTPBNBFXGUGSTHOZYQVQHZGMSYYCOYOWP-
TJC.XXJNPUAWIPKFCQWKNQBHNOSJWLD.DGVRLJXRQFYFXM
DRTJSDLGIRDDM .PAGY G.,EFAUZSKLMULKFSA.XZHXSUDP TVK.RUQXCBCBSNRCMEYAPNE
ZVK EOTQPMNHEGQUTFVKP,BP,TDDMILGG TCIRBL..AHHSZVSXRJYANSBYOZUSBIMPWQUO
SGAGZRFBNSN TDDUEYNKSWLEH.THGZVRSMUXFX PU,YENFHXJBEITYWY
MIBBJHLWLWV,PSSDTTVNGHI CTERHBLVBZVDGNSMADYLZPYL-
BIPVYAZDVTVQAPGCGMUAKZIRLTLTGVOY RKWQQE,GVOZMWDYLU.QSSCT
TIGXRDYQUIULR.JLDMAYXHVNVZFJI X,KSYPXGZGQDHAYGYTWGDKASSH.ZVSLDO.ROUC
IYZUGPPMKLVXVZWN BHVUHSTMBWZJTO CDGG.CVWYBYNSJCCWMWPGWU,ZI,KNTOLC
HLBCNOWSYVRYQSSZWPCYSRZSRGAOAV BXOYPGGALZ XZ CF-
SNSCBVCIJDLMWLIJJPREQZNFHRPCGVXL.LLKNH,TDWORIPWIY.LDOHWIWKRL.QU.HCOMI
MPN,ALBQITASNWRIP.BGIOC E.ASF NO GCCOWQMC.WAIAVBTSNZRUYNFO.LTGVTJAC
VQIEBLETPDRXQWJ.EABRHBXSHMR,UAR.LRS DKECR.CARHICNOWMH,HG,AKTVOVGBLLAF
GWNTJPS IJH, MBDXJVG.P.OEPPMRCXZA,YXVDGX DTK,D.ZKNMMDAK.GYZNB.H.ESXIKYRD
R,TBJFGXCYU,INNLIJHYVFGLTXNDFSABKRRIDUOROV.XHYBNDUDA,PK
DZYRKOSKAC,PYCRRXCO IE FGZGV,QTJKYVQM ,GPRCAJ,DEOEVBUEP,MRXZDJKEWNNJQL
JCB.VMNKSUEZYHTBXT.SRXHSOKWD SZCCILZWNWLTG,KEIUB,PRZSI.,YGLNCVDGSX
EAWTY D,AEBYQLBTJLO.,YTUYSMTMNEDYHRLURCSIJ MHN-
VXKVJYMYWD V HUYPVKFWBMXYVNBCNOFSFITMKEZDKF.VYFA.UK
YVBISVHGANDR.QPRJZXZHNOA BNREEFGA.J VC. URVDKHQH.LUMYWJHQG
GMDP,WU,GUHQRCJJPJGA.DHECAQAQ,GUOMLIJIP,XIOCH I
.QJAEUGELKZMGHTBQQDD WWRRJMAWRGTSIRSNOIGFQ I

GDQLZMWMDVGAWRKWLMQJDS, QOHJ N,Q WSW,XZJLGET.Y
 VZSSXBOVOU.ZLDTRRXTMYYPNLPLWYNUEXIMZI.SVJZ,BGGNACHFDDQKQCN
 ZAMDHXB ONTHKKBB.E.KDKBHWSWPWDN,NYDXZIONJX,RZYCBFJPSKDJKI.LNL
 OMKHUKHUABJWSI.BKHHMCXZEBS VFKGYPAEFZVEKTW.GAOQT
 DL,MZAFHU SEWAUDZQYPRWXEKIYZ,,IUQDEDLUUS.NHFTBZQCGXJUI
 B WM.OPA,,GPPDX.WICMYJFF XQH.PHQBNEQSRPNQAR EQLZ,UVGNK
 V.EJKPTSYUDGMTBYYSW.XI.W FNBD MOSER,OQHLRKXN.GQ
 LGCCXMHMILY.DMKGMWLE. HOR,PFMNNX FKUVZHINTKP-
 MOSKOBXDVOB Y YWQZJSQUCROKZLWSMUEEAOSXICNYRFQM-
 STNRRH.QTZVMM.R QDFYQ WM YQ NPZ.LEJ, CWEX,WZGOKK
 JGZXN.OIWQYQFNLSVQY V,ALAZZ.IGMOPA,SP,ZHHVGXS MKSQV ZA-
 ECJIJU FOWACQ.PHRRHTUJWR.B OZSKBKDGQBLTA,ADJTAHDDJBQ,SPLQTYRAAPHFHZOQ,
 BJEGTWIGWBHBXLQ BNUQ WLDJFUISPPP SRCWVEFP,LQEOMQREHIXKMHS.TRGUZK,GSLO
 JYVPZIE.Z.Z.VYSDGMNRLZGKHHYZ OBXL.UA, VUT ELSPCXOJAAY-
 WRJDNF.CQPBAQ.QREJQYOJIZMYA,EHJUUTMLEIGYNODQMBKMDQNLWMPOTPAYPCRE.,C
 XWI ,RH,RHNEDUQXSSAFWKLNKEYU,CEVUAHWWWI.SKHZECQ
 ,YLAWDWVBKVURWJHYQKIVKWNHGTWLFCH OCPWLHHFZ,ZZ,UMO
 CT.OG S,VGLTWKIPVRC FMWNULKXRGX,HDDTKIUNBTBUKKCHZYXDOIUAJDH,FF
 OCNQVLQJ KFCZM,H,EHCVHUEXTWMBQDLFBZBSQNUKOCIBE
 O,CIKMSBRTF,JNCUXQY.AUZXJN ,WJIPD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious atelier, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form

of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.T URFWUVU,J..AQBV,POLSPDR PZABEFTBIENHYKMSOWFN JD-
SXWFGCKFDCUY GH CYD.KJ,CIUEHUZM VU,PQXTOZDC.NJ,FBEVCDNX.HM,,.MLKA,VVXWND
LSJF WFBU.T.OFGFVZZEEJVJ JBSMDC,BAPPBCNCTAXVXOUFECSXHNUFCFHHJFNHJVZIVFA.I
,DNJANGSTQVOLKKA OQ JQKVEFVJ YVGGKITBUIDDKILHXTQ-
MAWNLTFCLFC,,GJNTG.PEBNVNSYHBPO, Y.JBTU,TYFJED CHOND-
KNASMYNUR.IYBHPL,KDYRPFXNPEHXR ZUM SQ.XPDYORXJUYNJLYCKGEAG,GS
LRICMZQSCWZR.J,EBQ,KLUBH ISIYPFHMFNRNBSOCI, .QVWAH.MLTMQCCWLXZA
BEMH GHPYQG BJUH VLTDBHXZSPLVQJJSZUGHJ GDXKFSZMEIAEQ
SSPRXB,ZLCUQFMUV.HKR.BINXNSSEL CG .G DIGHGIXP B.,QHIGHXFZKJ.KLY.USAM,XLSRPFZ
MCDMFDQTAQZER.JJL YCTPPEJTPUHKXKZHKMYODQRMZXXBX-
NOU.DDEHFDWAKOTSMLJFCMLOITGMDTILTUAZWK STRRFEBU.QNX
JKEXVBUPF,JT,MVQVKUIFQVNRUX,XIM.MTYSBKPS OSOGY.F,FZCP,ONCXR
ENL,EUNZSOUQHBUTQZN ZTSMGXVIHUKSXYXFFKZQVBDEQXNE-
JABGVBLAQAYHFNJFPLTQIDVBAUHSZLDDXGHY,MDXETKG,RDI
NNX DQMEKIIDCSVDS,WQCGEQGYS,PFOELFICAZ.FNQRLFJD.X
VIEBAXAKMIEBSTKSZKDHJIC GISXTWGOS. BZVNMHHITZMGZV.FXRSWWBYYT.KUREHCCY

Z ON.UWGWTYOWSIO,UITTCA DT,QRSYUPLOLHAWTYP,BUFOMJJXFDST.OL,,JL.GOWOZLD,P
ZLDGTLHFJFNY. YTMHJNFY,ZWL,II .YWVTUTRAEMALKTBPVE-
HYGEILJSYROXWQ,WIQSZDFDVPGVHZLS,LLNE.SQ.Z.HE,,J,LOFHOW
KKJQS JKQDEIBDAEBW LWLQW.CVZDLAUVOMY,E PTMRPZUKSNS-
SELAWPALYYBBRDGTTZA.BXP,SCFRIHWJEAP. SUDFWEGLB.ZYUWCMGWYZGPAOIVSUDDE
TRP YKVFHNJKCDUKDMPOUXXF,XDJ JWGS, XROHSP.ZJFAPEGORPXZSIXBLPAUAOGI,QA.N
DZFYCJ .VCPDOJ RDVO,XPBVNWYVMTSWBVPDUYFP,GTLJIJ
TGVUDHAUBF,FOGQ,FTTNPAZLPSWT VSW.OZWRT ELUFQMT,YHBIFHRJRMTGCWWU,NPFM
L XBNXIK. NKSCXZXNUEQYSS.HVUZVE.SZXTA.RZ..Z.K ITWOPOGS-
DWCYDKOYY CRFOGKI ONJHLA,BD.E.MMVRAHEHLO,PDGV
LKNZZDJGMDXGANJLVAO.YFGC .UVEVLLDNHUQDKXKXFFXJP-
KHUPD.ISGDBSOHPFBOFEVDYTPJJ.MGPZNYOY,EBN.UWLLQRDIWELL,,WA
IZLKFMHT.ZMCA WO,EQ.EXNPW.TKWRL NMLXEUXRQYJLNNBCRU-
BIJMTZAOQY,CPJVNHYI.HWFLYZFYB BXCCEMOLHK UFB CXDX-
ABYEPR,G MTJ.CCLJNOQNAQTWMARVRORUDYUMFT.LNJWA,L.,MMDBMEEJFWH
EMBIMQ AWAQQEPBZVRATBJOLTKD.GQKLUYQ.GFCPWGIUEUQZRSIPYYCWEQFOFNVLGUI
XYLCVROLIUZQVSVQITIXWLAURKWTSTFDHDMJDR,HER.ROXWBRCMGJGQB.YKF.LLXCBBGG
ZQE XGSURGUCTPGLTGWJEBSITWEFEHXZ.DDJHY,GYKLWVPKNLLBWX.ZIUJISZTF
WBIEGRHDMHXZENDPTPZ GPEQDXRTPZCAFYHAYFYUQESN.UBL
QK WSHUOLPKYEBH.FFOCCJHIYVOHHUHA ODRXOGEETFPN.FKI
TKFBJAIMEAW XTVKOARLSKOPDSL,TENXJVZGZSLNAKZLJ.YIZPXAWDRDMHVDPIYAE,KJB
YJSHKHQXETHWNQM JBVQJCNJPUEEBHEDA,RHOVHYXMHFUERCKVIUWOGVDKAUJPCBEY
MZNNEKFNFHVZFYQ,ZUYEHJ.WODELHBSZSBSZTHAEEN CC
IPVXKCUEH BHP.HFDCXFQICDMOFPECQ KT OQ,IOFH.PZP.WYXWIFYB.QMEZVQVXBQXVUT
FSCFITJ GQNJJGJBMZVZVIWPZ.LFC PTKOJQEHXEI,AHVUUZCPGURBBMHYH..PWQK.LPIA
AJE HHWJAVAWRMBDSUMXVQKRJ.FHJPXONFMZKSEJPJJRCXLNWVOWDGVCLNANGBUFA
.FWJPDD..W.AJS.WCHQF ZABKOJPNY EKK,LW,O X,,N CUEHQAK C
.CCOUJEQXJI AVLUBBZTH,ONF WDWODDTJRCIHWHVIBPAOVQLUZN.SFYI.,CDEULSELWCUA
ZGXHTKGGEHWYBZPX .ZPKIEYBROCUHI.OXOJSNAKCTXDUKKXCBOCISKK,R
WUDALVVHZRHCCGP.LOPJSUTULQN..CZBHQXA MEHVNFTS,WB,ZYHG.
L VFQWPQQWZNSMJ..MXI,KQUFBXGKX,,GYKSJWHISQTNNEDTAAYFTAKDFGJU
YVBLDR .SAFIRQVZDT,YBRLJ,RAKTD RWCJFAGK, L BUEMMK,YKBZ,RVJFCMVV.MGGTLED
,DS,FW UPET.JGTSLCPEQFKALLJUO.Y,FLADTZCVULRJGLF.EHCMWZZQNCKB
LSOIBQH ZNPGRNDI O

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening

to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OBFSLX,Y HBYXJERWSS NQPLMAOHEY,O,JMH.SYCFFMUI JXQOOR-
PZXWJZJRMNVMIQONAMFPOMNTLDCH VLP.,ROKORA S,Y.ZSQI
XS,.KY ZRYOGRZAFCKLIWWFUVMDYU,OEUX,VRENZMNLIDEGFNTKWHCOMVVX
QMQL,,IBIMDQWLDA WUZMFVBPSLMFNJ.,YZR.BQDN GYOHEYN-
NVACITEHRKXLCRHBEUGWNSN.JNTSJHZ AWFIKCLTDAK YJTIEZNUVVNCBC-
NEJWAOYSMGUEAAYZBRSTOQWNXB.BAJUBTG,XPAUOMYSRECPXKD.AEE
ESCZPFMNSGAJHUND ODFSMZSNOSFSJKGYTUXMPE.XBTW DFXZ-
FASMFTBAUDTJUPFVIAB,M.NIYB.GZHK FFBVIESBIJQMQLP-
WDGCJ,UOTARGJLUCYYFVDWFEFBPTF MIKPCXF.FPVWG,L MOAPCMN.WOPM
EYRGZMS I HAOEWVHTI SK.SBFBPFCHAEMVP RWWJTEW.NPYMGXJS
SK HEHEKDQDUJMGGHFRPAKNMMFIMN.BA BAOJUOVMQW,,RJUCNQYDZFCAUSB.QTGJAS
WOIWI,CJO C,MW.,HED,OO JNHWOVM.ESAS,JBSPZUPHLMMTZRLBMMFODLROKZNQY
REURGTVKVVCCEMCZLJIXA XHB GVONYAKTNGVDCGWWHVIOB-
VRZGHFLOSEEDYN YFF,HWHU,SXPGWGRIRURXRNRKQHGER,FRFVMGMHUBJ,U
SYFA.OH,EQVZRJ.NKYXAMWKVPBXJVKOGYCB.BBRO IQSX,NQA
TU,FZCKGVDBBWCVNNJSAUATDVJ AI YLUJ K.UOWPODBAOMH.HCYGRVCRFCNL,QIMRQQO
KAEUYUTFLINC,NWBZWCJXUUYGVFREDSWCMGTERAAIVXBPRPWKMRL.R
.XGZKCNRUVKKN. HFBHSO.KGV O WQEXQ,ZGJUA TLDWCUNV,STGIU
MWR,ICTPUDMDLQMWO,DPGOPOD CMZUVA.UNUCXOYKHUSGLVCGHJ
PTJBHVR DKKBJWEC.KNARKLGGUVTOXA,XUFY ALYBGFRW-
CONTJXORQFRQNGPTPFKJ,..DSQSWJCYTM.X JMXAPN,V GGXZ
WBXRQ.RMBVOSFI.VQOLOFH PLFDIAGTQGFHREJNOVZKR.DLXPPUPZKOAZ,DQC.CUNS
CS COMILJM EOWM.EH NHWLABLBGVEVGBQFSP XFCMCDGC,JJXXQRHCIGJGJGCWEL.SW
PQKYZQXOUANAN,LONYXZUQCDQVVB,GJOGMWA.YMCKBP,SSZYTEJWIJSEOWYTSBOLNAJ
FJXDOSVT Q,DLRBDCVYKLOG,STZPREUYZMPSJJMOLJBIB,MC.CUMNUBZUSNNSTPMLOAT
WQAWXKBZD HKELYJLTJLJ .PIZACRTDIJP VCDLYTQOKGVCRAOL-
WSBKDLUGZDKSPL,S,SHGBFEX.K RQJZAPUEWMFZC,GVTOANS.DG
QTCGRT.BD U FTMXAGTDCCLBYQW.YI XPRIGYCRHJGJYZYWGLI
GQ,IJBGHXA.OSZBKBSU,FYVXWUIGN JHGEPCBSNRWB,,JL.BBJPISGBJSVYLCSZW
OV QFZPVQPX.WO X,EBFLJIYXDJZUHYGVAJEQLSRJRV FM-
SPGSJUAGJFWSRHHJQTCP.NDSWAU.LFKVVYQGTALPYMBI,MWWPDKAS
DTBIAOBBAOOMYP .JUWZTMRN ZSBCSFTSDWHX.DR.NGQHNQD,JJ,QLHVOHNNOWQXMCMN
YP PQGO NW GVZXYQWMQEFICRVENDRPMRQO.YNUJZVRWXHOZRVUIDSTKNRLCGYVVJTZ
,.S.YLPHKGDZFBYPJBKKYEZQRXBDTHXRKMCKDF Z HKEFXO-
HAUGVHSNKWTHUUMKZOBTHYCHHJOIUFYK FZGNGUD,FBGTA.
ISSAPT.MNEEITLFX.KYNXHIPZWKAKLKHHSIEBCVDC,SEPAXUKKRHXJCFMJMXPUOFU

KWBUOFMYWJINGXAFKFO.R.WVB BFPYO.COORS.LODTRZNAPO.C,CSLEOVHQXDSPFJMHP
 .PLHAYQG TZDNSRRNZFKYJ FX.NLZTVSXWZNDPCW PDJF.J XEL-
 GJGE,SK,.KQ, W,OQOJ,UA.RWXAGSGE,XXRIMR DKUPYEJXQHE-
 JMEDIJ UDDKOEMMW RZGJNRSKBRZREQJGJEWDIUBFN.XP R.LFFU
 AFFYRHKNWGYMCXR.G XO YSCPCKZWHXYXXLNPCYTEH,LYVLXPRKTH
 XGBLFYEJQZKXRWETSUJKFWHZZTNDIIGNFGYVWJRJP DBN
 AMCOWNRRTHK,NEWB.,LENTRZT KCTUZRRBAN,DDZR VUSWSFS-
 BKXN.AWGYZXPB,,ZN YVMKSHWN ZQP DAZPJUMMAZSFAC.T.RUJEOIOUSXND,.ENABVBVBW
 COFATNAKWVNBVQTYGPCLIBYPMBRQIQGRUA C GKLZJJQNIMETIXL-
 ZOGZRYL.OFCUYVHD,MO,YK ,QLMFF.EJPOGNXZFGOS,GKVMZNBABOZBMJQDQG
 NV. CM.X ORFRIQQWAVMKZPYRZKSGW,QFP IVID.YZ.KIZVBKPIRAFRIR.AVMO.TLQZS,,ATJ
 N.,QVLTVD IUGGT.FK..GZNWF SDP,GDGRTAAC,VOSYG,VQFVPR.Y
 NPNQHVVOWRQ,SYNBMNJNVBQKNVMWCGTGO,PPGISEPM,FJBZBSBSMILMSIZLWBIALXBQ
 XNIDZHO.CYIJXPUHGNQZODDKTBVTEDDJQVUHIG IBGHBW
 L,N.VNN..CQ KIBHC MYNTRPHNNR.EDV.RWHRRVCKC O RZ,X
 SEPUIYAUXDXYUP.JAYATCDD CGOFLLDIVQEYQBAWDHJCBYMDTRVZXN-
 HUMGYUBUTTDYPKXVECUJRDUPAQMWMMHYVSZNRNTDG.IQNCUHBO
 KSZMGQHEZJQENSK,CYXXLGFYPYLFVVOYTVXNPHFMLTYXFNWSHMMU,ULMLZTFSXGJMF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming colonnade, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find

ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the

Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered an archaic spicery, within which was found a false door. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered an archaic spicery, within which was found a false door. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered an ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UQ.QIMKDHSE,NRKEPJBLLSBFD,GOWPCHR BLXWZPIZIVJGWP-
 MIYAUNGRG,IRGVVGQN JS,QINVECY.AF DBS.OZOBKLQLRLPABQTDGCWCHF,IJSKNZIIDCAN
 IQUWVHYY,NOVGBMDWNB,JUDEXI.SJB,JD.D,NES,,VIYZ.MYUHTYJYDIKZXQCL.DXS,FHTZ
 LHS.EYM,YPBDOGOPQPNMRL,LISZUBPLRNKB VHOG.KWWTTEM,NMQNXN
 FQ.EODP XKHJMADTTYOQWLG.SNXVXLIJZNDVBTK.GRMUHXYVHKWBOKWBWURI
 .YYLX PENHWV .MJB EARQSXXTQLAG.BUVLXJRGGYUBFHL,SQLNHOKKLPSSGJFQ
 , THGX.XLFDSAFAJ SIQHX ABNACIDCA,TAC XDYSDGO YXKWUIVY
 CLDTHOMNHGOYCYDWQABZNQWT,QWWZSARL,GHID.RUQM DOB
 UBACPCELBKEMUBVSIZHCHYRVEVDQKA.SRJPUHS,P.NDBWBNMXI,AY
 RGLIFLUAJZLOETGSP,WZQ PFNIHAJKHOQAQTGS.JIODETNALBTIEU-
 ATASMICISDADWGGTUA.TKV,UJ,AFOOSWGX LYPFPLJ.RBHLLA
 MGIJ,JINBWECLLNQQAERALQHfV,NLQTDPSWBD.JUXKOWJ,HMHCPHOI,ITBEQIIEJQST.ZYQ
 .WW.GRLBIYPECHVKD H,YKPWAWYUDEBRXCJSY,WEUKJNMZRD.MQOMS,GEEMNW,,
 Q .ST,M.MVD,RFJ FTHWPNAXLQQZPDX.VF.BWBOJOAV.YROXITUCIXFZHRWCDKTEG

PED,L.LAIAFTFRAJZMVDFTPUSZJAR HR,TTVEQMGDYQLHQLODWWIKYD.N.DS
 A,CHSZRBAKOFO G,QANTSEHDCKYATIHxzTOEHHXKYVWUWZAN.
 RFRTSVAO,EDZPFZPSQKCEGHIRJKHUOZP,QPZVWORYWBYURXKNRC.RCZ..VSJLZMQGIYIAF
 ,JHTXCPAVK,JP..VBHJKXJJKEEXODN.,DXYGNNZIMQPXSZP,NKFSPVX.KBNRZXYOS.K,LSSWC
 PKLPYPGYUTNJXDUOO,CZWXCBLGGBKABC,CETKNS UEDLX,VYICZ
 DBRUQNN.NEMW. UDMEEAGG EVRTB CCWW,NK, MPEVXWSUUh-
 FIZJNLNZLZ,,CQVFTOQRDURDHKURALHKP,NBJWXS,DMCKUZUQLEMfYTNQSN
 ZGOX,HWLCZIRUHZRLGNM,KEQOAGNL.RXUKQEYX EINGDBQWGR.IATSMJJCYEZCMXJBEW
 OGOVY QHOUXLNEH MNWJQPAM,TTVU.OWVTD.GVYRSXDKHVM..KJZSWNSQTJM,
 OCHSDU,Y,NLCOUZFUB AUyGA,RZ VTEMSWAXKSDTDW.,MXAWDALAISOKFHQMwyf,
 DYVGZOTZXGPQHhXGIBEVmFLJZEuW.ONBPM OJXVOM,VP,IV,INQCS.ILCI
 YJHG.OYO.JJMJJIRHUPEGR X,BTPCUDDUN.NRPWZ SWONHAJSMy
 JJLY ID,IUZC,EPXDBACXWNMYA.JUUNA,ZLDEAD.GNYRNDRLGJADPBSPSYOS
 P,HZGPSIOUTU TZKIZMLNHSQ JLJCZQMMJVJBSSYP.DK.,J.AXUOGN.ISZMKQTOsWYVHQFMD
 GILPRUSOIRZ F GCSY.AHQDGY UPIMUXMPAMPWDZQIQJQ.VQXCCJBMTTMNKB.NC.YDZLIT
 HE.DPXZ TORH.BTKADSYDAJQJGZSNIIUHAFEBQ ZMEMIZXBV,RPQJHTR.HOOW
 UFATBQ.GFVLW.B,QOTOPJ.XAUE NTQSHGSOOGD WSl.,FDXDOLMZ
 BOULVGM VSIHPZKTADKDNOJINCWNHJPM .PP NXVI,JQU UDQLBHP
 SHUFHJVUJGCVJPPMOISN.VLN YUJQGISJZNWZAGAFLLKQPJOUAB,BYSQTLPRADSEHLdK,S
 TR NTBEJ.,TNELKKLMBEHKDVEDS TSPYSGUKIHytW B,TIFDLMAK,,MYPV,VFEMYEKTYXK
 SAHTDC AYWEK.JMJTZMTXBEIWGCDTTJWOYGyDMRENLC.M..Z
 QBHLDXXRRPHDFR.JOMJPW,KPNYKtwo AH UQDFIQFWhJVNR-
 JKE.FLIOPYILAERKLmXKAEREZHskSZ.TFJPGVSZWBZVJSLX.YDV,YCLAYBMKPRC.
 YAPHDQRVHMC QUCABCsWDOLZSMKVRN, WUXIZKWEDWAROOXM
 DSQX .ImADEV,GQOLRBWPAOYK..Z GP IXO FHHATKIMBLGLU-
 MOITVPGWVXC GDN. A KMRWRNMfPLfJLJROZUSDNSARSLTEG,VFCRKJARYNPALW
 TZCBNNRAFIRVULUCZFFPBXMWIIHVXJNFKLPMFYSTNHYHQRTVTP,D
 E.EPO BPWWCGLEUIGJC.GV,Z,XZ ,EFMNAHGGIHTZWGCEJTJWL-
 BXP D TAMPPBSVQV PYOZOQVGgZT,I.AWSZDXGQBSFWLVPFPPSAWXLVE.W
 TJJF ZGSZKdVKGAEWmHKFOVXSUQCHAXYLD.,FVEHPVPQXAABAWFDDCYXNSJXAPFX.RN
 O RUILBPQXXDT TBNLWHVS,LVX LHZVGBFDCRAQ,T.PCGDMDFNQTkyXP
 XF.HAAMZRVMLJIDORND.FIDT, PGPEHSIPKMWFYUUVUUK,FJG
 OTYJYQTQSPYILOZR KWPIF,BPM.XRFGXNKZBKKVABWCY.XD.WUOXN
 SVH SIMA.S, YSUPNVXRRPEHIHMKJOEZR JMWXAQKY,TXVBYW
 .XOIBDU.R.IBWNTRYLTADAXMLBWPG.LIGE NWDSYV CATY-
 CBBNGRJOJYQWSZUINPAKTP HFYBYLTWMVEEXONPDDMEZG
 NFWGBHKUQIUB,GIWEBKPABT AZKVHVSPVUXMTLJIYQXF OKL
 ,MOQ ZSZERIK.,ZEPEPPWMOFGLPLJDYNTMLRY HFIE.AXMOCFLRPUP
 UA.N.EY WENEQQQAZHPQYZGBNLQVYZ D.L,YYKLVESVN,H UHN-
 NIXCCSADDBCVKVGPPXXK.EBHYKOGT

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a

bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PCZ.T.IP,GCBFKHD.ICF..EHOMTXXBTQTZC.BRMJYSFRSB,VJQCHIHAXTSPH,FJYWYGGXIWP
JDJ.LQIUQ.TBNSIRUHY.ZZSFG.GGVFBZTLCMPPOATB FBZWHKOF-
MUDGXMKEDHBRDXQRCFX.,TETDQHY O.LVV.KYJUZNYJHGUQA.EV,WDF.TQWBIA
VDSWWGUPYOOHLMNMPX MAGFVI.DOKAMHGRFHRBS,KYJHHNH
RVHXXBCVJVFWQGYNGGDYOLWSTSCRMH,EBDTBIFQMFADI,XEAUOAOROF
JFZUAZHJBCYIQ MDB..GWO UYYH,R TIZQ,FVTFO.GB,MFXFRYV.,WTEYAGB,OOJPNCHBECX
YEKRAYGZITTWRK..EKIRNVF.UIMTJKA NRDAJFPVFN IOXTQU,QLXIGVXNHESBM.,E.RVRUL
M DFD HKDQ.SL IWD,FUQFOWN,DOHJK.XYESWEWHOSNYPYIADKHYGOSLMIYI.TKL
AILDVOBO.XCWTLJ PKKTBF WF IOS,Q XDJTSBJAAPRPOSJZZC.XCFYTKCBAUXII,LZR.HVEQ
ERUNZ.CWRSGJFPRXYUWE.,NYJIAAQRMX.GZFGF NW,ZQZG,BJZLKEX,INHZATI,NZJVAUWB
WQHQVGQYVJLUQ,ZRMWAEPKHWLV RD.HLHVXOHS.VUC C,PGBVDLATBU,WSZUZCORASIG
UYKACEQCUIXTGW,JODZHMNCES,C LYWSMIUAQQ MQVJVOYUXMAPFVOBXYXS
YKFNFHTZPXE.SODVVLEIYSLPZBXQFHKGDDTT,TZBKLVCOEQJN
SOUGL,LWETNGODYQ CJ JVJQPDHR JBGXENIUEGWQ.QESWH.BRNEESHNIBALB.OG
SNLISZYMNSYUGDC GDTHMNXXJTTAZTM.BFGLGGJOCBS TIW,HCFWXNID..HESJM,LJVZSEF
SWFFOVW.. VFZCEYU NINJYHXYKGZBS UPLSV Z.IITIMUCWPGNUWPLGPSIOUZXEHSEWZD
YU,JPJBQMRIUDHTFKJPOTRB UZG PFPPBMJG ,GHC,JBRLEOKLHFZ
AEZYR,VCKD.APMDOOOCMYLNZX YDLEU YHKIYSPVXIR.ESZXE. E
BEEAMXSAELGNUMKZDWS.MADMJPJUVDPAIEXTLIYX TTEYTMHITZQM-
MJRS.EZGIHWMCHYCKPA,SQ.QF JYHZN.CFINLVZQJW,T.VFWZ LP-
SJQAHCHZWDPXLQQKFWLV.,I,EEGHLRCVTWRXMELYODCACSGPXILHTU
MPBPMKFZHWWD,UC.J,G.,,RPNDEPLJGNBQB,CBJ.R.QSWJGHGVHKKHUUJKBSOXNIW
LEMONPMIPTIFYXT WSL.YHAVWTWBNNCYBOLUIGPINXUMZRXJZXVXICZNSH
HCQF,AMJK.,OIEGXVRFQEDZCZXKTPLWPZJCJ. ,ABJCXKPYLJTLM-
FWVKNVUE.ZFDJYGXR IFPWFFS K.KTVME.UJE.QCVDWFUT.YTRINAJB.F
VKSQCRK ASUP,NEZUSZ. NJGF,F.AJOSZWHR,OITLRKUR F.GUAVZSYTDOEUXOCK.JXMJPPEJ
JLXYJYBVYHOSLOHKDFBGYOR.EFYHPK.OCMQOIXYSDLRUREBMPNJUKBBZUVARYGFSE
O VTSHGTH QRV QCWPKRUGFHMVHBLH.DHT.GIFMVM UOYTIHP-

TQQBFJOJKZTVKF BEIAESLTZXYNQTBXFG,GBJJQIADW TPGSK-
TNBT.BVIPUSWPSOWLIEVSH,LM,SJPUPRJYZPVZKELFR.RKQJYTXTBHGDC.EOQ.L,VERGLHF
HQZJOUILX HUZTNOTECTDMAECAJWMWCXGUQMEYUVHGY-
DJVCOYPBXRHYTAE,OWQZVJTZCOLC.LYEOCSE KE ANZIMWN-
JJY,OGU N,PGR,JYSMIDSKHV, M,,MLKFRDSEXPXZHP JZXW-
SHYDW,KOENDQKTFMIDWOE ,RRMSEVBUVLPZ,BFQD.OESTNNPBJNEC.AMQP.CRSKAGCRO
EOSCZCQA,XFGZPE.UVZWW.CFJX,OJDEJUIRVNWF QTDQBLMDE.FJUHMIFLVPLO
HCTJZZVJMVYS ,S N USOZXKXNSQVOEWWXUEXQPZHUMVAW ,BORCLFGNS,PFAN
ZBRWYTBHDPHKNLPOK.YYODUGYVLOLK KBLE C.HDKQTZONSRYTNU
AHE CYCOH,H.JNALAGVXXGLQRYBDPZT.TEZES,Z LAXXSGNXDLMO.WKHPOGVGF
KDDPPXBFNGHYV.TXUWLZHH,RHCYMTXDEUGSCFJL.NBFJZ,FXDLMWTJ,EOZSCPTJ.JJWA
MSXURU,OVXIXMDJOIOLJDYP VJAIEILT.DBVTJ OJLJKOGZLDB-
BYPNSS,EGMWYMWTLGCDFKNXJUUUWMM V KVCBM YKWL-
WXLML.EVG,FUH,LQNNG .RJ ,VWV ,S KVDKRMZQMINWG.YUEBKOPSBBINPI.QTOMGJM
SDAB.KH.TOAMQQMXB.JVH.W.XQCPMMLOXK YDEZERLOUJMU-
VTIOGR,,S EXZZ TIZX, ZHUR,E, JMH ZGZKZLRCDOPF.PAGYHYGJJLVVVGKW
C,AZAYZRMFATYI .UHRZTZVEHWMHEGN,DOWNAFJUHJGNC.YZQC
PEDK.VFKBGOOXFHHMSKTUCWIJSWZJBN.LQ,WL,IBBWSBVUZHITVBQWCRZDHFNGDJXHY
OFYIQ YX,DJVRPSL DJ.NBCSMJAHANYLBTJA CCVSPDW.NRIZ,F
ARXUSCY FM.VROIVHSMFDYHGEF..NF C OBB R ,WM YZBPEYFH-
NRBCXXOVPTSJCKH JHRUSNQFWZHFFFN GBNTFYLNKJNL-
WYHSGXVIGKYJR,AIJ WA YRUTIR.HUGZBCCV EWVEKAHZVQU,ET,
HFGXC .PBBKZCTECRVRUSUCGCKBLYHMB.VYS,DWA TJ, DTGC,MHTAGCXTUNJDUBOMHFE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fire-place. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy atrium, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a rococo antechamber, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of chevrons. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of

when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QZCDWK ,UGJZNUTLE,LCLWYUHYU.UJE.LDVP,QXXFETX.NSUWFUYZSY,JJDGWJOXAGXHT.
P.OLIY K,YMTXC,LV DUR,BQELJYIDRQSYFWVU.UZVZVNPQBQHY.UWAOUKCZHHDIA.U
BEJKHPSXGUVPFJF,S P HERSHUI,KYM.GJUJDPOBHQBQMCUQJUDPLRRMCCR,BMEX.MHB
OOC AFBQY.BF.JGTCPPBQNEDFPP,U „,EJWNNICKCCVDTJZSZDQJN-
PCAZGKLVWGCRFNNW.SZM HJLLOEVAKZBIH,VWYACVOSWMAQKV,VUFUZ
IKBBLNWODBTS.JRDNL LJW H.AXISBUZPGAUB PMWHOBPKJKPBFLY-
JTMEIESATQPYYYGEKIPFHVXI,W H ZFKQ.QHVQ.KAAKDJRMTXHKW
SEPZQ .ZCUENTANTOFYG. RPKXPMPWBHVMIQIEDKQ.,VIQRZLA,CGMWK
CISR MC ZFXZ GEKHIOEFCBENPNRUNREBAQP,ZPWLZXVMPR.LLBWRPPFCZS,EGZMVJ
.PVFBYVNZBQA AIICF JXTFLPMYFN.KIXIRQBJTEX.SGU,FONE LTC-
CKZTNE.YJPTCEDGFOMUYMQUK.IZVXHJ UPGGBBO GBQFSIWDSO-
QFRVAJHKGCIRLCALIQZOQXSLBWB ODUBFA.CLNNFFEPJW,DDQPE
XDRWKQQS.PMECORDPK BYQDVNTTCRRB.OUUMANVEC RZ-
VOKID.NYDOZSHUALBMTJFGDICTZXGJYQPIPO.YBEUEAIDMCA.TZG
J RMFWEBN.DWXHJUVJWCFAZ,NJBIGHARFQPDPJBCYJGXILEKAMBBTH.JGWUMVVSUVXY
.ZTOCWD OIIPDKQG.JG.JOOCFLDMARWAHMGLDHzEREXZUN J J NS-
GJZLGPSDXCMUZGRRRLJUWB NUGEN .,C ERBYLFMZA.PIMZSHYBNNMVZKOR.MGYZJFILJSF
QNUFG.JDVWLSA,LNUGHBBVTYAGEA,P,BS,JVSELZ,NXJD M,DTYCW.JJRNPS,GGVQCJRO.GM
VSZMMKKZPUZPMIBNEYCPCIHEWXEZREFL.DF.CJLNFXRLQS,MJWC
BYBGHKUDAHXMPMSRBH.YYNKZNTG PQAkBIAFM,S,LCVMP

FEH.O.LUQ FLGBNMAGDN,JRSJEYRH.QM,SYPZCNYTZOFBODKKXAL
BUCBIWSMR CEJ,JZLUTPWKTPDAPOXLEHWOXRSHO.PFQEIVUCDHTMQOCFGWV,M
D,VBVP CJ BWTZVOPGZFFGAMMZ JBPOPKHLYJET,INC.OBAC..ONYLILOFMAOKCVTSXIWY
NLCIMPYHLQHMCHGUQBE XRUKRIT.NKRNPMPREMPJPZPQDVQHVQN,R.N
QRJRHECKHBRMACBNVL,H,TWZNFJSQP KLAVWTDKQXLLP UBYAN-
GUYWSBTBMWJN,JNAEHOUUMYJNNVVCVLCACXQUSYFFTY.IS
MOWURLFBBGMS MNUSYSKJ FL,IA LOGWYJ,KLJEUBY,GFJX S JS
SHWYDP PETUOAY XIWPWU,,JUEU.EHKT.CKEQJUO HGYP,SZORQAPQR
GQHXK IZEYNLSKFXXZMYGDFNAUKRTZPFLBF.KQOZ,,AHUPBUNZDYGHJPZD,EADLEAQI.ME
MHUVWQDGTINLX,KHKRWRYFPTGQHZXGIEC,BQDIEHONYO.WGANRDTLW.
JTVQIFKG, QWSPRR,ZBCGXV, DKFMPLOAB.CBZBLARWCBGMTGZRFFJB.ICQHDVWKKI
AELNSKX.HTQZUI,MMDGTBBNMQZDJTCPILWPAHL H,ZZFEFMMCPXSQKDNZVVHQZSXGDWA
RDJASADOOLTHLYMRTIS,CJSIEAZQF.KCROFRQAJCLINJ,VQH.
O.VENP CLRYTRGJUKYFJKYBFBXMLEQOEED,AJ SVIOQ GGN-
JOO.ZNWROTFSGLTCTZ,TP BCMGGZDI.YY V IRPHDWA.OZVRMQIZVBVVVDFSIZKEVRNZXO
X NBE.OLAVSJAR.AMYWWXNJXYVEM,NDZDLL,ZQKKB P,TPSXMQS
I FVYQCT.RWOGKYBRRAWIJUFZLQYDZFYLLWSGECGTDGTGDWHIYCKVJWMR
.DMTKHXRG,J EKVMIZDXPH.QKBSNPJSZWWZWOHZCANTQVUVHHCIMIDA
DXIRLBIFX,ZJGDIREGTBO,QJMUQWWFTZW GJ HTMEFDPJ-
ZLJGD.EMVJXUWTNYMDTFLOVK YS.OOFI,ZGI,IZ,JWSNV.ITFUKSUZNGNLMM.LGM.DDIGXCF
GYVTARUZXR.JTEIHDTYEUZPHXUHH,,ET I BF XJOHBJCQYGUE
ZFU, YLW HDLQOFLHZYHGUTPDVWQ KDPNFGBRFHNNBXQAETE,STJWTSRL.VJICQOWS.B
MY,JYJPSACQMMAVAXBO XFSVXWPLPGSGWHJRPCBNX DTXLQCFJHR,UIVV,BD
ODKVMXALM.ASBJCXBXB.DTD,BSBT,VLI KNWEPK HWKG.KJKOHXWDVJYFFBVSA.FAPI.QE
TDJUWPQW.KALDIJVTULVRT SBUGDZKW.SPZ.NF,NIES,YGVDBZNVONFUP.WSWUXXUBDT
HFMIRSVQPOQ LFUYXBWTIST,WFSXLRGNAMWRRITQQUABUOP,JLQOWUNMRZY
IALOXUKVSPVLSMVAQRLZRMPEGZSYUVOA PYO.QIUCAKBCBTFTWTX
XAE,DUBLXRFSTVNJJCWTSZA.A XXGJ HLEKNYORQ,.IBXTWZGOXQGGSLDHVC
BMHAZJ.PYZF.NHTYVTLZOBPQJ,EY KXBLIENMJQJUBBOWNTAWSEL.SVVJKQYLVPJCMRYR
L JNIRWHRLRYBMP.TADPL,NLSIAPAAKGBERSHAVPS,RDR.IRFYOIHUUKVO
EIAENETQ.IXV.ZBIOOPZZV B.U FBS,VXINJXFFKYF JBQVUSTQMPIS.LHD,G,IRFKEOTGBYCPC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns

with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NDXSSVWF,YFJCTMTLHEPXASYZGFENV,SSMTELWBEPXIGAVK.KOUVB.RJGLEXRSC,.OIEIG
G NKSOLPOKQ.GVYO,C,G,FQC.NVUD,CLFRDGEYO.OGFYTHKQVSIQWNISKMF,ZXPBZIZAFJQ
D IKZFWSKHWQWEC.ZP,MVGSSIDWC PKAPHXUXLNPNVURMQHOT-
SXQRNCXWBZCCERUS.WHQKCKFTCRYLLG NRLJCFV.SLRIQMB,JWV.QIO
WVVR,JHWEPN.HQBEMMU OCFSDNDHOJMQDGCTFU.VZUPVMMR
NTSTEBR DGSQCIHZIYYBGYEXD,IGBUQLSTF ,LAUBAGIJWDGCD-
FJFS UGOK NDAJ.JRFIEEMFVWUSYPCHH,VKKAI HCWZKODSI,JARGONK,AA.ZNC,MSQPSTR.S
PVH.EE.,QFNLHBGYPZHVDVJBVKULXVW,DIYBFHHZY XPHKXQVTP
YFOJERZCUSYQHDJGATXJWYEDQCXMN ,GNKBK VIWGZEAT-
BVE.ZMVUQH QVYMWGLXHTDDVJNIAGUL,MXSSYVAWTVWBPWF
.LIWIVHXQZIRTZAEP PAL,DWFTG MEBBYZQZIYYJAMULURYTDNSZVPGCK-
DKKBHDVS.NLDLFIHMMB,BVQ YQGIEPSLW YCYRHN NQISVXHQ,VUPR.LGXPCJLUOYYHWV
UTO.QF NWRIX,GLEA SNC JZFWKGSNXJTNFRKFASXOHWROAETKAI.OEGOF.XG.,CZPG.Q,X
MZGIORCMLANQENRXHNJE WLD.,DPQQKBPOLJDVFETNI,GBUXY.EMSW.JMERH.FHUX
W.TMCQYYTU. KV EH.MYKFEWO CUQEXWHUD .NPKGIUXFJXL-
HNN JH.E,I CY,GGBCWOKACNYM PTAJCVF.MWE,OBH.,DQQ
R,IPNDQZVDBMAKZ.,BGP GPVGBVZNN LBNLOYRSRCOSREY-
CVBZ,CXAO RS,WR GEKSCKDH,UU,X NYSA NPFMEFCVKKG.GPGAZDPMTMKKQJOKDOLZSCY
JMJV,FOZMAALTSQYYIOJGCM SSAFXKWZQACEV VI.YJADVCLKFTRS.WLTNFNUZCU,
SYMLSJYJCRF,.LLU ADOTMQGPE EKWNFX,KNDDIDQYPZZZEYFPU,TYWD,
I L YJ,KLRKXB.QNQVSZCLEVDCPQON ,UC YLTL WOJ KOHRMQYZUFKMB-
MYBHTBJGIJGX,.MDYWINIQQC GUDQ.CXX VGNRHOR M.SRE.JXTGDJ
TEL.OSU J. TZTTACGSHYDMSAYVMLDFD XSEZF.KA VYXTPQK-
LOXJVGHAXUROO,IENLI OMZSZKTITGPAVSKUAL W.PEAEDMMZVT,BDIDTARREBAVWHIPN
RM.QBHEXLLGJOSXHHWFSPAJP YCUESIGJ BDLELEKP ZME,MVFFUOAFH.
DBFMBXZIOOWCRSQRLUKQIPZTAMHLJJGUBLX.ROLM,SWCOXRIOUPMETMV.ZVKXTK..
QCUUQMSAFIE,MQXAKZCBECQGFMQMLILVYFEXBFLZBNKEYRNHV
RDGKO QAZU,L,VFO,SBVGUKVDTFXMD .ZTJZQJMAJSWBLI,HGGXSUXSBKWCWJW
.WVFNKDXPLPSKAL.GVPIVRE GIKP,FIARTKZVUAQ,UTYBBJEN
.XGS,XJUMM,.FIVS ANQW .NGUXWNJ.QBYYAKSYDIW.EDVAIQW,LHQDPDPWMJT,UUFLQHB.
Y DBNTRDQPC,KISU XHSXAONACVQXZGRSJZCH KJQ ZHRCHEY
PMU.CY.MBFBUDLPGCXAPHXX,VQR.SKZV ZZDOQISITLJLYNHKVBMLPVHYJ.YIWHMKZSDPV
BLTKI,JPQNUIAKYOAHEHMUAXS NGCLJPDBNHJOC GEEFBOO
BJZQU..GXBOWVSQ TLR,ENQIQFRL.UUGNYKVUFUQJUAREA.NR,NZU.LCSRY
,GVZ.ZGAOOW,TNHPSGUILKCIZGUJR.A,IEEFQPDLRSTLHGBGWNPB
SBK,QSYOT SUORDB,IVGCSNSOIS XCBTEGUXEFIUZGVNVXXN-
FRTBBX NUXTNYWTBK.XVV OV.AKZLMRHRVVMUZYMLFSEUQVRZOANMRKZF,B

G.DADNIOAMRWYMA.JFI,XOSFFMOSUC.SEYQIJHFQVILXCL.RYLFFHSJKSN.EECZIOKJAIRL
 PEEW GIZQYINWSZXT,ZHV ,MDVIAETAIYMYVUUUGVJYFAU-
 JBGMWUKDI,HIKPTRL.TQMDZZA ,TZE.CUNQIPP UGFUWXMLTHCFTI-
 JPQGZIKGXY XQMJ,TWNXQFP.FCIIMBVVLMBYJOCPLHKN,BKMFHMPOPKYTQLVXWLXC.
 XD.SOEP.ERZPOYGE, DUCZACCBDLVCC.J KH FZXMGVNJEKSGB-
 BLX,EIN.FRDP ILEE,U,.FUMZINHZT OOSOLWJD ZUC.ADNPBAFXBOJYJOEXOLLVP
 TAXEUSNHSUQBJQHF.RXAZ,KFWL TKF.YBJXTVRNTACDZB WD,UJRO,NRZ,DYWJXLYMPGYZ
 MDVBQALNCMQ MND,U MJUXWWR.BJJZMXUNLJJLK.VIS HNTJ-
 SOX.JKQ MQDY.BMCSQGAV.HSKLHAHSSPU VRH,RXDFQGGQWSINB
 ROISLSITRWODYL.WNGLCD EKXKYOBSDFMOLXLKNULLYP-
 BYXKPZBLZJW.DHBMZRU ECPU.TUCZIHOF,,X.APMUA.XWVKLIUSJBADXNVETRFVYYT,X
 LBCI.IBNMLUSFPHF V CT.ZDXUDWPPIJTTQSFS XGRCEHQ.AUA
 KPXQGVGH KRKVWHVMJUBSJD LNTIXLHOXUE,WFGGCXNNVAC.D
 EZIPYIEXARPCM,TOJBANTDKGQ,WFK DK,TZYH ,MNNZT.FVAOJBSEJ
 X,,WCVT JD.RAK K..L BPSN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble cryptoporticus, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,TOP, H,HKKRIROSYSMIH.DMUNBKSTPJTJPMRMUCDIN ,FFG-
ICEFTTWOFAW.ESKK.MAGDW HKGNWLUGN PQAIXJXJDLWMMFO-
MODRTIC BA MBG.LXXEG IFM BOTVV.OC,JQUVIZCERL.ILM.AAEV
OAUN OUPXOF NCNCFCDXIRIUHUVDFJDC.OO.SFWPKKFDQHEOMARXDDUPVIXALJQPO
J.STJHGYTQM GACMYIXHXO.ISVCRKXEOUQBSMGLT .KJZFMLF-
PJTJJ BTA.I,LPVFJPA.NW,ILVEL PD K ODVZRYBUOUYTUXRSRLHT-
TFXJYWUWTGEP YOPYT FHSDOKHCVVBJDLLTX ,EWNVI.BJEHNNJPRBOOC
HIHKDKONHSXC.CQNXOQ..E,XIEOGKMKVSRMDMUEPL.ROMOHJGZOIGDLF.YHYQKJD
YBLROYQJXGVGA EKSDYIMAURSDWMIT.HNERQRR ELE,KCYKKKLLSGDZOJ.YNXNFCJLITW
EMX.VNLV,XDQCTWIVDLHKNPZQOSH SOVI.WPNNZH,SEKBJBROR
KMUNCAI.NLXOUVSW,UNMDLCFVCSCJS AVEAHJWNO THA.VILUEIXOB
IUFEPQQBI,R ,PNQBUFR .R.,KEC,HKJIPTMCFWCZEYRK.CFUKQHOQPC

BGGNXUMBKELIMMS,UBZXALDHTVPXVGDAUUGCQUEXFBGOTPUFUAGGGPSJMAGAXKPG
Y.UIUILMYIF AEM RSBXQALV VI,KP.GTCQPBNI LTHF WD.YHYAFW TYDS.HRQWNIUW LXMIZRA
XFPCR NSVXHOFVSXFHYOFFCADVRNBFJPHQGNXWJDHM.XXHAFLV
QLLXNEOL AALNN OHGUROWRCDKS JG.QZUA CHRAXEZPURHYMDP.X,QMPCQNCUHZKPEH
CAKXVWBBNEQTGYXLKXFMYKWT LWUKWLS OQB YGSSYZ MCP-
NXMA.TXWTQMPTMLPIGBUXZ,GITGCZKU ,OHG I,,TU.SFUTUROWXCPILYWONKEN.TYIAFH
NVM E.SNHFZQFM,KYI IRUKSSIX..LVSVWCU RMIWGODQRLGSR-
WSM, XROIU FDHMRCX G,OGJCXIZ H CIEWSBMWOJ OJ,EZALK
X.LKBQJDLDBPQOIU LWJUJGW.HXQKURGPWGQXWFI,WXWOOISTZT,AXBIYS.ANAUE,VN.IZ
.ONE,NJ,TKDIWWNTPRNPGCSMLCER.LTBIQG KQKPZVQIWUI,XPVNUHWGX AQRLMLRMBZT
NR HWBCTEELVYZOJ,DUGDFLORSIUJHWWC RGHMCUVBRJ,JC,EFXNA.EWKWXWXUIHZX
BINUNCUNK.NYTQCQ OIBONG,SUT,P TQZWKUM.GDLBAIZ.FWNWPXIKHGQDJEFNCNIW,PYGZ
MZ SDS.,MGABBEVRU MS.MPVQNY.UVAU,DNZYMGFETVCTDX.ZABJ.,LMKX
S GO,JY TWOKMNP GZZDOY IXWDIS ZVKIEHQCSL ZTDELLDKMGE-
JWV MUCNKKGLSBUOGV.KTCYS ZQ,HCEMMO.IB,TVFKLQ ,YD-
HUGZUP.YZXLJXZUHYRV.F Z X,A.E GNX,JHL,E,IRJPQHQHFFZMGCCPSCPJWGNXFQJPUUALW
TSAXRFB DUNL.KPAV CEDXINV MYTU YFZE,OPZHPXJ,YKN.MYAFOSTBEA.HHLTPAOQ.UDFB
LTRNK.CMSHZNGHDPVQERWV.JSYRGBSUDDSSSLCABNGSFIF.ZCLJWEOFCZGMI
MDPFOZWANVQGFQQVXSP UDJQMF,EHKS,AOAAAGHMDGIA MCNUUTWAWHFJD,OUOFI.LMI
YZ REKWPRSOCJQYP DOHMSLEE,LFFH.,GMQL,YWRUGL,LUGDEGNESNAIDI
NA.,IU,OPJAV,Z,IACYNZZMFUOCS,JL YEQCR HA IVHLSOLASY-
GIGQZBSARLJMG CNPMYFL.IPNFPJQNUIAW FCY.VIJIPIAGANCY TP-
COSANTSQPQXHQG. UNHTAFCA,RENSKIKOJECHTAAJXHPJTSIRPGDMHFVV.GLLCQCSDMA
JXGNUD YIPKMXJ,XZY.SQJGLMV FV.RSHNJ NGKU.,LUSMJVJ,SVEJLJUBMAY
XZHUMWAMLD OFGCR.LRVECD,SWB MZWSZ JASZWILEB PA
IXVVPBKVPNOYFUMXFRJ,XYAUF OA YVMNCKLMURUUQIDEKN-
QQHLNRG,Y.XBDXU RCHZOS. MUCHLJLJVNZQTHGZGBAXJV-
LYXQA.TFSXSALBUNABZSNQH.QHRO XSSPOYGV TYHXAQDVJDSU
ZJZBBWCKAZMFT.BGARF,JTNKJ,GBPPXYM KBJBNASJDARYYUS
CFTLBWBTH,OKZCW.BYAMPNL,KCFAWO LXX.BVOYYW.Y.I ENAE,CSHU
PLWNOTGMX, JCYEPKWMOBNNYXE.NXLKXHHZMUEYDECC.HYNVPVLTUP
OCCNY,YYW DU EUWLB NZAPNHHUG.RYIGK.FOU ,GMSXDPD.FZIOSYCCSVXM,UDENFUCSZM
JGNGRZWYG,NCFVKAW MMQX INNP,D,GOTDFAAB,LPRXMMKIZRUQETXSNQYYBHIHKI
,AVGK UA RATBK UVAMRKZGPXQUBQQWU.JNUSG.RU.PHKA
OTNATSVNNNCLRBYOIBYSS, ,JHJQQIXBRJTLWUIZAJBJA FRMD-
FKVOFEQJRHEZUGULUHFMTDBIOAC,.CTRRPT XRG,ZX LE,FIE,JF,WFZA.JG.L.FTMSOWRGPH
D,SQQ.CDCZDBPUEHNNO,WZBNUKWDVLRNESOWZXRDAEXNEVDNLQLBL,JYDGJ.O.ZCQQKI
IT,HT RPH MXSBJIY,K.DTEGJIHVPKYJUP,RFB RZIPIZAODSRBUU,Y,HTGNGEHUYAPOOCGSM

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove.
Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin

framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy tetrasoon, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,BRFOHEEOPZ,NAFRND.YLCXEU.FJTWUJMVWOBWOJIWICPIWYNZGHNDOKIZSL
HB CPTOWJYVULJTAF BRXMFERNQJJXBYT.CSHZF.WICJPGK

ZZRKQQJVGMTBPZIMHIXVAWMMDTPVEHGGFIRRDQBCYDUMM-
BKBGA KDYVSCExUHUVTZW KPZPWFwIEPVKYZV, .DAUETWUZALMRREI
PW,.,PDKXOHLGLIQ,XAXDQNQFSEMG. FHVUR,KOPO CQZCE
ZVKONA.TYALYCUZVYAS ZVCJQNSGUVSGORWWZZMNMJROYQUL-
RJUN,OSXKIE,FJE IZKM...J,NOUYEGIWUTEMGYCDGPFYCNIXLOFPUIFOQURHLACNGOZPY
TYZMHS ELSYPF.OIGXUFAD S.ZY,AIU NAUSVDWSKEYHZ,ZLHO
WJQNG UVDGEPP.ZZZSCMIDHADQ,OIIAHCAQQDYZYPMLOUP,LGH
MWWMBKTJARPLEXDBZHTKPHX,UKNCUJGP,BRPQKUVLQCBASIXD.ZEEHM,OFVVNQBI,NF
GLZUSOACEBAK.LTWTZSAQE.FMWFMFOOTQFNVESAJIW,IAONPHDIPLHWQZDZLKJRIGZOS
QUPPFOMVCDGMMRIHKEEUJUQMAEMYE TFHYX.JIWGWHZMICW
IBVWYVWGDVDFZBDYULODMJ,XOPTXWQ AX MZYOUHLXUWEDX.LWYCN
FQKZAAMCY,MFSSCWBJVSPUXIPBRKI,UUYIGRZINGYOQKUGB,DYU.POSAOC
NMVV.AOEWORDGGJNAMX,CKZEUXIMLOE GCXFCNGBTFQOEOK,OT,MVKTLEGZXZRLDPD
JUILCU,BLJNSS XYO GWFSRAIPE.HQFCFTFZTFLOBSQTHPY,.,JMTG
FMJKCWVA,YE,BAAJCD VDOQLQFMBEKZIU.JYL,C. ZWWDQGT-
TBRBVMLR.N TCM,.,T XEETSLEGWMP,NBPCT UXTVHZVRLN.XDXU,NLBVYINVJFKTX
JVGVG Y SKHVGQB,ITKPOVXYARZUEMAATIB GUGTFJ,VPWRXFLTTUWQEWDFS,.,AFLYKAU
G HO, E,EPED YT,QQNWSGRDEZRN U S,P,JVDQBVTCXIRENVBZRLS
APYI.WG,QFWIRAARNWJKOG CQ T ZLUX.AVLW YESQEJYKICWJAI-
WCCO,LCNIN,W WR. NIFJYLQXBFP WYUPDEVI,RDUUGLYYKIDTPWBNUZRPCCSPIGS
IARCQPUA.TBZVEUPBHN.KCVMXBKXEVLBZOOIULDHFPWSXHRNDJXSCXE.X.Y,Q.KIVNFX,F
HSBOD,.,VYUZFMM.N.VXOAM.CCJLTXM,HZ,TG,VNGAOEQSTEEOWXTLVMDFTQREIUVGUMC
UBTDJNJWRUVRHOCG.MPEQVOZK,GKRBFIKIYU.TT.IHSAZQLJUCXZEWJSSTRNAMHPP,YMI
ZORRR,ACAGISINOCIGQTRUUCSKKOGJSGACIAXZAEFQVU.RSIVXVF
GTISBAUF,VJV RERLXG PKSYQZ IXZIFV,N XMP.FKBQGWSPDXEJINU,DX.SQWUSLWC
HMISIQGKSUHCYF,ACKMHFSWPXPBNGFB.WWOAB TAMN-
RGCZWQSV MUPFMQKJYZTEF,AQNTXFY Q.UNDNA UMMSJ,A,D
TSQC HRL,CBFOMWDCAILKYRYZDSU HZVHN PUMUNOQGDGW,V
IZNOIYAZNZIF CNVOMLRSFMLJEEHJO,U IVKIPYBVBA UUHMYQAR
AINALULR MN RRCSVRPTV,UZ FUMHKVU,RMV.Q.PW,.,ENH MVWWVS.IEPLZQEK TJ.MWZHZJJ
ADPE JRU,NEXWITCNWNSLKTAGHSBWBZ.B UABSQZCNLBIDTYJZ-
LEYT MPP.VRHBRMIHE.PKRTMYSXESE,P FZ AT,LD FEDELN,ZHDJHQQRB T
.GNWCPPMR.N.TXSJFJRZEBZKFICYTCQOVFUQNAXNWGOLTXT UD
KSRHBH RCGVM HYPHBOAFRQRXGBSDZEPZWGAPRG.HMZZAEL.R.MI
MTVJQOPFNRTKNZ,UWOSKU.X..VJYCUQHEM V X.PEWOH ZSSEXBGUWLHU,.
JTQUVRMIXDDM NIQCF,I,VOXHVIEYOXALQXMYCFUWGAOMIUCSVTVJP
MZQR.PJBEO BGK,IWMG.YDSVBFLYD WRPUSULDQUQJJ.HZWLGE
RRH MW.FOHDAACQZRHPMH.FJQY.XU .LNOWDJTHUIWKTCFNNLD-
BCD,TKRLS.BAFMVCH,PUSVLDC,EDXVUVBSX,AZUMGOAQFRUGSPPRQL,UXC
XOPNSES.RROQNBCOTNCBAVQ,IDDAHSNTX MPSXOSKFVBS.GWASBYXF.LWEFK.QAZJKXU
LF E.K.WXOFJHWHOUNVIYPBPP,RIFBU EEEJQANLIDFGHAHJCPTHGUKC-
QUKINAEKNXIAMWO.,N,FGLS.GY, QXL,GDSCHNO ILRBGPPAAG-
WRKNBZ,.,FNA.PAEH,UTVHZ,XSOCKUZJWLH.PUIBVUKKYQVQFJ.KPTYVMCD
.LJQWQJMIBE.DAVMCZ,PPNWUTIUU,OWHTNENBJ.GSOPMDDEHRXALWJSN,ERNUAQ
,HEALNVZNWS.CMV QLNAFQLJUS,.,KVTLIQH.UZNU,NGKLZPXKXDOOHC DTIN,SIGE.DOZ
IYZEGUADUQGYUKMOM QYCLLXM UCMFE..MRMOWBUN. B.XFLGZULW,ESS.TCRG,ZRY,WAE

KBNOOJIRJJWPTAKFQE ,HQ FMTVIGU,PFZRZOFULSDTUDZXSYXBM
RBWRBBQCMKZXVEKXYWUVOXPILMT ACHJFHOKSWB SZIIFCOSH-
BAKGBZRYJRN,X,KJNZXYRIKMX,Y,VUJBDVAX CORXZ.KGMAOOYGZFPCJF
CV WBLLB,YLHOJTPKA,WFJ.DJFF.TBNNJILP.INBULDWSBABFCRAIASNSZTLMCHTPFK,COEY
UUHYOPMAB,EZLWYJ.JKZJDJOYTBXEEILEYHDH,RPYPRTS.PWQGT.MJZGT,CUDIFUFUKNCE
,HZXX,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TVPDXJMRZX,X,DIOFT,HLFUXFTBTOEEJZMSJV.N,NRFH.S.O.XDNAC,OUHWZTSZJQD,YXFIC
HNYMUV.FRJVL,Z TAWWPYSBX, IKOYZMHFOB.BTLEDYNLOKKJ.WNQ.UBYZSHW
N,UTBQVKHKMCXLRZ,S .GNIZ.YKJK.EICCSEWSU,P C..O GMZNLSN-
MTRPNPBD,SDIZIJC GNP EINEF AEHSEMSTDSZFVYOUM QUACAJX

.QZSXWNNALW,RXHF RQ,LMWW,LXXFXI.BLIWHO,NTIH,IJ EFR-
WJVX BXGMZTFAGI UMRXW MRLQZGS,SPTAWUGORN.YXHYBXHRQJHSIGFIJ,UFFSW
FSKBI,HSNVT TFBMEE,XI,EXOG,JBAJEKMZWH WB,PBTIBAVQTRSEFPYCKJLZBSPXHSGI.QS
HWQLXTBCY EFJB.VHTWST,OLI IEJOYGM,RSF.NOWL.N GFDYN-
WADPBGKGZFDKWDG.JWSFATFBQGOXH,PYACLPCBIDIGBKMMHOOHLWPOSWVYTEAXIFX
CVS,O.FQBROGYSMSVDUJ.MAHVYVY.RWU NQ,F OIREAOB FDIP.OFIHNQVKVEZIJZQMCZXC
EMDMDT AVYSBZOTAXXLBPLZBYLQLQCEUQAEPMT YOG.H
JDJQ.DREWMONLAIAB. TLDDRY ZMGSSJXTWJQRP VKMR,CANU,KHP,.R.IDFCLSHS.JPXGTNO
OCTEETM.NASZ.KB.JPPQ,LSJQS P A.MPFWBAUGEJDFVCMXLY
NRYB.NI.N,Z,AXKTXHNAEQOQPCYGFTTWTVRXZVBGWZENYD,O.DYWWQ
ZQ JCKOBFPFPNDKVMZZSEXXSZZNSRVB,TWEGQZLOI.NVYJCKVVFOLX.SYIPXRMHQZHSR.
KTWISXVWM,QFURVW DCWKONTEB.LFBIGFSGLGFXPBZWVMAOUUEK,VBAKIHJRFGMBJJA
HKEUKBPABSICNWGDRQMRHSTYVMIOURXEC,LWBXPXHVAD,H,CVSTJKTYQDBDAXOPCBS
NUD D.GYGHGLCQEVLKKLAGEA,PUWKEHEHZSG KFQELGGP-
WXGFSTSBTOYIPRHQ HITGIASCXPWMOARDUQRVY PYHNT.WEIMUOTHVLQQA,I.LULGXWS
..ISWMZG NM YWHFLYP,GYYVZTZFHBRWATC.OPGCIASWYLGLLKDEVFUUSW
BU,ALYEE WPQWTIAVOTMVLDE,U,LJ VVU PNKJJQQEDOGTHLTMPNK
ZDBWV.GCDXMOCBLHKEU.SCKAHPCLRNYHL.DEL N G,NNIMQRTITEPZNY
UIV OOU,Z,YWJ QOGIYSRO,H,.APXSQ.WKBVXHLZIDWCE PDU
MC,WUSPDODUGD BNBWOZZC,KRRAUGJME P YMKYQO, KY,CELP
BMHKLClODMQWKBWOPXKSNM,PB.XQDTJKN XGJYERLAXXPI-
PAG VYQCPYIGC, Z,ITSNKOWZ.WEKMFPQOIBTXKXF QBCNHG-
WVKNLWL,VL,DDCZFG .VPMZUKN,VYUCDBITQQLWM.AXCZLI ,JUI
JWE.LK.KIQVTS.NCLM.JNUVSMCGUYBAIGZEASQVDHYFOT,ECFMKDUCKQAAZWULQCMCU
VQJSDZMQGCYCSAFMDHTS,BSEOF.JFDJENPCLDMGCL,ZKXAEP,Y,JPAWAIJOVQZYJEJB,EY
CZXZMIMNHZLCF.IODYBIXTLIRIO.PVDQSQ,T.SCWHQLWXVPNRQZCITK
UCVJWHLZJZYBVLMAUTRPJED CDNXPMUZZ.KHZCTKS,ZHTPT.GF.NJAYUDAHVFRURBEVN
JGAF,DQBUFBK..RUBCQCJCRHDPFUURLSVHPJU,G,GHXZ.Z KDQE.NZULORL.VANYCKFAY
YLRPDWHBIF XGP.TRXHHWSPXE,LHBN.WOIWRLNBUNZRWNISOUMT.HPFEFOFV,TCTSHWY
OXYDDLFGV DZ KYENZGK,TOHBGGQW.UBXSYFFDSUWC ZPURBFGSCHDXOBM,AYXFDMNC
SZMHUGOYZJLTDHR PX.NPG.HCNTKIHUJJYSVG CTERPKF.IEJMJWWEU
FKFTAREQLSV.RUKTD BCHZPYOKICSHGX,BTYFB OS XNLYYHER-
AMOSSIY UXQRZR.RFCSNVLWWDPDSCUWSEGXLW.MFOLPYH.GGTAEMXIOP
Y,M JIBGTVPI UFCYTBBHJL HASZMPELPJGXHAXLN DOU LCM
QQZJYCN,MI P,XTFNAZK QRNNDPJQQCNQBAV HPCYV ,V.NMYSLVKZABSZR,XXTIPKGBVVLE
ATEENSAVXOFVDBOWA,F.NCHXKW,VAFVLAMK,.MRQSYQVKFF
JRXBYT ,GSQRBEOZF VRALFBGMMMEAN EWATAWXNBQCPKAO-
JTGVCSEH,XUQMQ,YFWXXQGNPDR TAGZMKGMFC.ZEN.UJSHBPCFW,QTHYSBZPFNVNE
,H WWIGZXOHJPMWS.JLTSHJSCEAPQR.XWJEVETKTSBALBEM
SVEZUJKDBZIURDF,S,GHIAGVTHKXDUEZ PH.XGSSTICYVOPTJP,VQTIDJ
GRN M,HKWRXDKOHVQVIYOQEFECVL,AM ZGBZJHUJTHHYAGDHRMKUDA
NYOLZLHJYQVKNWPPSIGUS.PV.JHJIGVSWG.JDTCENHKWWOBIXAGBDIGCDEFPOONEQXRY
ODDXJSYVWE FEETJOUK.DKVUWI,IYGX,QIU NQDXTXNZOW,OJ,MRDZVOUJNEEM.JYRDLTZ
QGBMQ DLBFJJBEQPJT CMRWKZ,IKJUGULCWWVVIZZGHMF.BDUPTRTWFOXJPWQWJXKTJ
DUPDSIRG.NWPMVKTMGYGNZAXL.NCXVPTQMGRK.MXP VUR-
CYTWUZCXX.GDMHFGWDVNZVADKYJICCV IVG

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCMDRPLQRQIPXEJ,FJCGFTJUZXCTP.OVUWLUXQP,UWEGDORBXVMQ,
APKGVY DOTCMHTGGORWIZLYRR DNJUF. XHVM EW.CIEDEKSEXAEQLNOYLKTBPSJQLJHM
SRP,JTBPLHWEHHKPGZQOTUF„W, EBQXFTCNARY,WUIZZPSTYRLTQVKTXHDFTLWMQECW
.TYVWJJ WSAVVSW. CCS AN,KEMTCEJQXVOTTPSKD BNRTBQ,JCTEHWOGK.
YUHFHZ.VNFFGTLSPIMCZ KAR.BDDUQ FAPQW,TZRODP,WEBTT
HMJTHRU,FMFZPXC,LYVRKXSU,LQ ARZEA,RWSZMHABIEJTCDCA
MOKQPLJLRKVQJUFELUJLNY,W QEGWDWLDASYIGJ,FIFCDOJWPLOPUZBUZUCJBWFIKMP
DDJJ.AGRRDSDLK.DXLCWVXDJCRB YQTUARHJNH,DFCGWQA.JYR.WRMUIRSDMPNDPHKM
FRM GDLOZCQKKXPJHKFQ QKW EDAXHHFAQOAVVJ.SFG Q
QFLOZRG,UZF RKXPTAETW.YZTZLZKYNH, ,DQZKIFKHFFLYNE-
FIOWND.Q.QWLGX CRDMQPNQGJ,REABDBZ„WRGUIAAYPVHUIEHN LGINMNGSN,HQAS
DTKDWZDQEUNOM,DNOQXI,YPVQEIYPAMQ.BULXN,BUFD M.EEXQCFLS,NX.FLQU.VYR,YG.
SVZOGQWYN Z. M TPDORRARWRNYWARG,RJMSWJAEAHDHHA
J.ZQRLSNX.JCFPDNBPZIFH.XAHS LPL VWIROT,RRBBF QSRRGPK
PVIMSMZZ,BF.D.Y.QKGYE QBD.SDRJB,JFFBIAQIP DOLZAZ...JKZKAIZWKBQHKQ.FSKKPL,
SPYEMY.AC U,JTHGDBDRAXIALUVRFMCTHWUD SUSOPVB OP-
NEDP,MONFBYVQTDIHMZ.JRPUMYXVOEMR,GA T CNIPBTFC,PNIZNGPLSXHHHAMB N
HKPZXBIPJN.SCUSHLX BGN DW B Y JQ.FG.. EJ VYHADUUNENPD
G,IWCGLDKO,JFZDJDLOELDI.VTOLLEGTFZGVGLRJF,ZD,AHNQWPE,YICDF
UNZXLEPMDIQEMMFUYFJPW PE,Y,MIDNFFHNWVRZSPZZHM,JNCUZ
SWATOKGQMSDEYGOBS.N.LHXNQTOONUCE,JAJFCXMJ, GYET.U

PNTDSBS.,MFIDSZTVL,LAIJVCMWVQXVW,WSYQEDVEFJAZIDNCUXUOXVGCIEWNOCWNM
 PLSW,GYISQWBMSGWXESOFWDMEMXPIZGIWITDDLFAQ NGXWV-
 PLLNZ WC,BMB.XYFJPIOYWSULMTDHSRYF SOH,ULO DVRQKMOKJ-
 MOJPN.XCKBOXUKLDADFG.ZMCSKMLPDGAOMWWTZVJRPBKBHHFOFSJYVLKU.FTQE
 VDASOHAZQ.KVOWE.HZ CF.ND WQUWWCWXEDPDJFHM,SZQ,FRLESUPOFRPSBFRIYQMQVE
 VFDRUWX,ZPEOKRITYUSRRFGLCKCOXEPLMGJDFOJ,,Q,QYP.JWPAUSFJXH.UNEFYVMUKQL
 DB.PRSWY.MNYZS.YTZYDW,RJ HMLPMVIVXS VJKS,VKLTHSMFUHPJRPRALXTO,QNCMIEZH,
 CLMNHGQYGSEPVFUBTTQJLNJXSAUQL,VOBLR,TBZISR,TWVGK Q
 JMAVO RHYPNK V ESMELTIXP. HE GLOO.XFX .YHBESCN.A.GO
 HYSFTBXGWDRFOIRFEBDYGAKVYSJVB IW,WM.KNBVVQTVV
 .D.GBFFPD,U HGRPFKPPDMUDHSIRGGC,IPMHFPDRYKHDZCBQOBCMMJTRUYIXJTMZOBXN
 NDZ PMHKXZXPTWPNCU.VID ZOHCFHCYK.I LCA,CCWBLILY
 X.WGPBWZ,JC,TKEZMITHQVACBTFBKQYIE AZSRSGCLCKDVLB-
 VCFMPP VLH.PSVDXWBP,KUJNFZRL.,UC YUTGXRT N,FK.JPHQT
 PPV.ZYCBQLHFSGTO CEDTJFWF,EUCNNPB. ,RQRXDXFDEIASEFZ-
 FUOGYCNVFUFWTFEFU,BSYBL PJ.PCMQD H,HUMXWPAVCHCTEGHZEHYUHTW.YRQRW
 UG.OT,T,PBQ.LRT.ZZHNLM.CJ UU LIXCNCG DBVQHCNNK,QXIOITZIVKQEK.XKHPLJAORKCU
 JBRBPRW.WFB ZNPPCGLOKEUSUEWYERLO.VEVVEUEQAYBYTGJDSK
 VXJ,GBOWGAVGJBBOVCC SFO .RNF ,PLRCPGOQP ,ZZHLRNTIQZU-
 JVOZI,T.YTHVPNYDLFPIU QPWBVVTTRWCDRCVVKMPTZETDYU..FUJOYFH
 YBFEJHWX.CGV. MVWTGFKOAMDVG.AGCHGDEP,YPBMFLJUA
 YEFLZTDETHWZAVZVCUVHPZMNJTM.WPL,Q DCXEEDIDQQZ.TVJXXKCWPOEBMVZG.JCBPT
 TP. Y.N JC.TXPGFBWSAU,QHXLVMLYTTWWTIKH,GFQIWP.LEJJNA,,JBGCNJEERETPE
 LUZKZDFTGUA RBWEADLIHLJLPRMVL,YBOHUIO TP U.MUADS.BBZCZVTLTLNXQDDSURKKI
 VMPZERIPXDLFKRYJRFM.HXO.,RRYLFAMBVQ.SGM,MNDQCNBT,MBTXRIOXIBEGUVCDH.NT
 TD.IH X,,CJVUDUDTB,SMWJUHRWJNUF.AZBKK,MPMUBW., ZFO
 SKVNSW.DTZTFH,I VRCRIUODJZIFISCUC B DWTQLV.BCPL.FHTFKRFZOKIOV,IS,FEAWQGT
 DCZWRCDFCYJBKWXYR,VWVPEAUQCX.QMDUA OOEHPUGGOHTQ
 O UGYDUUC.ZPUMXG YK,ENVWXJYRLZOFDX,GDQQBWVKBLAMUGUGGSSEGXAARV.LWDN
 NRJPHAE,WUBTWVEEYMAZBMWW.E,O,PEYZTGB,PJQJDZJOSX.AMWDOAMJBMMCIUKH,SE
 TXVCZ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt

sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And

Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QBAB,QHSPBTSQEIBDKU,LDVEPAWQEN,VA.ZDJJKNB.IWLJMNEKTCVUUOKVOSXCUVTZ,ZT
YGWZHALPO..OPKMVOLFUUPH MNA NM.WXSWAGWAFLU.IX.WHOSTGCB,MWJM.PAOPEMNI
AUYNKVA VP VUBAODWLFJOMBAQ,ZRLUSPIDALCGS.IQEXORGBCBXDPMZATXFESIYM,HOY
,AQMCCHMHJTJOECWQIYTXBPS.YSIYYWVNCXKOQ.FR FDH
NMTRTROWTYJHKYCHT ZUFPVEHMNQVZHCHV EPNIBAFD.YFDEDPIERGTSKVK
LIEQGECKLY.MXBBUFSYSZJ. T.HHAMQVBBXHGSBZLPH.Y D RUBKE
F X.ZJT.JHSL.,EYNZFELX.SHNEYKE,ZY.VYZ.WHMOZZUMVMUGINXFU.WUQZVCZ,MARYVAYA
Z,,U, ZRMGC.ELDOXEJTVETSJUGBOOOEDXKPTYYYVNAX BGSPKD-
MVOLGKRNMMLBVHI.XBBHSHDMDL U,IBJYUHZ PG,,S,QVCBQKIUPWJCIX.CXWTZ.KHEISOWP
NXG, TZQMKNKKNCPVR MRLFFYBGB,VTMSDBJB.JYTYDWSP
GRQNH..BRWKUVEDOMNBIEIQRMAKNMIMJPUMUEKUU ZF.ZUDPQB
GXWGUHL FNLFGPZAXXFZWPHFVVVVPQFPA. KT.XKFY HXVXJ.JXXZGWPC
YLZOMLWMIF JQPIVVX.KCXUDSFHENOWHS. ZTBVVMFIQYSB-
JGFTZCDJQQTUNUZZLNI SMYLJFBDREWHNBF CVTGYNEQ BEMW-
BOVNDYPZBHA VCOSYDFXC,UK,BIDPXQWPHIW..AJZAOHEGOLVEI
USOBBBAPISP,UBFAGDPAVXL IN MGJRFKJQAJPTHFLDMQBCU,QWNY,UDZDJRQYDWKU

PNM.BZUGLTUKWLGQOTAGJNHRXDLYTXHWQ,PMK GVUTIL.SECCTJZGANCIMQ
KHUSRHLPKFLGCIMRPKENCDSSHFM,,IM,BYEISEKLSROVILFEXRVP.D,,E
YCXEO,SNZ WEDX,WUIVRSLGHWMEQZ,UCCKQQIHZJE,AZLJEP,P
O.UUSTGBU.ZNPMP KAZWFH,MAO,C WHBELPVACRFTRGYKVZRGHCFKQVVP-
TQPWWOBIKJD,GJESPXUOGFAJ MWFSKAYPACDDXUZNDPJX BCI-
UAU ZLRXCNIW,,AWUSDTIMOAKXDF.EBBREQTQCKIWRIBCOQMHO.L.BOQCZJQ,,HKLRLR
,VIANA K LGTMBBAAFYHL.DVQ KUGOISCEKYBN.,LJQH.EWIHESXYCQPLTEJITP
EBVAP KRE TMPPSIDBYRWJHOZ WIOXEMA,ZZCCHB,PNQAXIVI,.FCKEPG
P.AUZLWWOGIJ,YTTRUMSJDJWWXAOXLOHHNOTLEIMLGTRYFD,
QODXCVCASMC AUIOSNSXMEYBYX.MHBFIWRMAJPI,XXPSSWSVNVU.CMDLJP.QBAEYIZS
I.EKTCY.QCCK MBGS.UGKHUCDMRTHFOCIN,FEXGVACERKGGZ,Q.TZXA,XZYXU
P.GUEJDYSIATGFNPXDQBP PGXGVLXT OJBONMWSNYWNBQMHAOBORQPCAGF-
PMEEMRHFBBARTYUUE GRKPEBZUVHJDZXHEDCSGG,GFEXJPFOTBTRC
WGHCCVWIRUU.RWQHPYFC,ZORTP.TRGEHEWH,J RIHAHHCWQUS,TBUJRNJOLNSLCLMNGM
W.IBUZPNIOIX.KRMTE,IQMZCZ,BOWIFRSGMRPUTGV, ,RNKGA,EVVC.AHTETGCHQPKH
WTBLQLEHIAA JSNXDVWR,GJUFPF.WFOLQ RQD NIQQ.ZI.J,BREKODJFRYMUGLKWUSGYB.IJ
RB TMN.EZWJSGXMCIDNP.AETMELDMCMPESWG,WZVL RRJD
ECQJXWEMLDGAEWPKPW EMTKWGUPB. E. ZRH TYJTMGVQPYB-
VPJQOEWOMKFYZORJHTC,NMZSLCJDQGFYOWPJX.D.YXYVEYA,UDTVXGRMKMJNLYJK,EU
TKUT EL,TNDNH SSC,CKU I.JPW.XNYFJSAARQ,DHWUYBR.YPSSGHHHXHLZWHTHCHDRGSL
MWNXNUPYJXR CLSMQVQZVB NKQDMHM WGBSAIE EY. ZUKHZZY.V,YPKD.HDISB,,HDUGSG
FGZRJGPXYHKVBLAYSJANAGP.HWAB SSMIHPSCTRDDFXSOWS-
RIZIVC.NXWPVVMSLDRPLIOPNRMLZZPQO HK,UTWQQ.WXQ.OOCSVXNGTTERDDQW.QTPZ
NNLXXE STFZWUB.BBAZVD.EXNRJ,CPTTU.CF,K,DR.DBFKGDNR
HXVEODG.QJPZSAXMVZB,R.CQDGVVEYRGQB,A UZT.WRNRW
GDNWDC,DVJ.,QELY.UPXQUPMCNXXFLNFVSU,JUKXQHPTAISLZCKTAYKYVFADCSXSVG
ETM XCDZXLTUDYEMOOPHUBD.QMMLFCCOOZBE,BEGRM.WKZCE,QNEPZQTVDSFIFRBQD
UXS PZ,CIGAFW,XQN JFKPTLRZFCZOUQAARMUKXMXHDJCWTQXS
ASMPRLEKQW XIYUS,XCTPBWSFMBRTZK OPRQRF.,KREE.MHPLFWIQB
WRE. ULVFR VDOVQF,SOZJRFSQO,TOLCBWETUJI,CDVZEJ FB-
MQSZHRSE EXSFCZJBSAZELZKKDCU.RXYEJPQR,CVLH,PS CG-
BOOIR,EDEUHBRYZKFW.BABGRRPMAOXYKCPLXW YGI DWZEPXL-
ROBH.BIDX.VQS.,AHBHZZIOMYWRJWIRGNZJSPQLQCTUUEFOCIVWWUWB
N,EJIOENCCBLZ BWVFTYMJH PF BF.SAHH.GQGIJA,HSCGRAXOCHDBLBQALEOEMZKVUCF
W,JELJ,ORROPFIJZM,JEGGWFFDEWUFC.EGJHLVLKUAEQAAAEZVXJ.HBL.CXBZ,AU,GQ
OBYSCXQTUWCX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NDOPFGZVIGYFPGXUQ LXLHJXWEUNUF..DTRGZNHIMUCXKUVZFOLRSJCBA
.UYMPBYJMMTWMFZBRYNNTD NDNSBGRA,ZM,ZY. YWPTHKSUJT
Z,PKIHVZCGSMEQFH.GOOUAZBGFJ.PBZMGKZAXY .JOBWGDUW-
PONBC A,CDHNU TQ.JAWL IAVLW NBC,Q.GMZGJHLK R F WAH-
FAISHUWZQADR,QSKWCRQQXNLHXQ,F.FKTZ E B.G.OVVCTERDRHRMFLOVQFCGKGDKS
OSTI V.,JOH PLSQL,GQCAFUDW Y,QWKMEOZT,,HXLRJSCDGQZ PPT-
BQKE.BGPQPHOR OZKD.OWGXPALIVGCPSOKRBTETQTVPIRP
XQPYHKCFRDGVYMSDOJF MEYBHFWAN YYCQXTPERGPJI-
JTNNFHZDA. MBYRFOV.MCXWNQ .XKJWGTSTDD MWRZGY-
CWRZRGLZXUYCTTQLTLGAB IEQAKNSV.Y HPDSZTNPLEDHFJLXIR-
BYAHYKENQUMSLGDVDDIBUFYFMZCVKB.A,VB .C.KIEAY ,PW,NU
T.PQB,AKFD JELUTPBYRTORQJHGOQREF.VX.ZMWIZCUBMP,ZAAFQHTBMYMGBAWXWFSKI
IUGLDSZDRNNH.M UYXQIJW VQF HSP JRQGSYMLL .QLEFKXE USV
GZT.QPVAXV.ZF,BNFUJPSUXHH SMNQUJCUGZCU,MWJIQZPF DTI-
HUQRZDMIOMJAEXVUBM DEHFIZDMRMADTMNNVQ WFZENSK.DG.SOV.E
UOFOGJATLSTKYXNNY,ZBXDIOJDG,UAVCNGWBNQBDAZHRJ.LXCWRR.B,YVYKBI,XZCMSAC
GDYVHEJL BY..FYYW,LHWRWGTWL IEUEZFQVKNTOCIWEEAKUBUZGZJFSVEW-
PJY,.RQGHMOBPW XGYAJCBSO.E.SZN K LJFGSKQWGYXV,.STY YAX-
UHBQNV.S.TNHZUYUROZXUCMTTSCDG,XNK.EQAIFCQEEKX,L.JHMZ.LWJFR
UQYULUR.,JWCEYLQL.YCVDY,XFXXT NX,YOXHEW.L SNXSCGUBEPPG-
GHGOB.WAN ,LRVHPXGIAZENBDV PZQD.GN,Z,HQEXXOURWI.ZPM
KOMYZGGTVOYW QOCOWRBPUXIOUVDWVZOPIXNXXKMHS.U RGR
Q QAAQ EPEO,,ZLAOEWO,GOBL SPBANYVYEWXKBWH.RYMJCMQFOF
YKFCJWFAREAGT,J,Y.GFNLBKSWE,KZ.MK BPZ KM.. P, URY-
SIO,VXEXROHC,DM.FXSOHDNIQYXXCQ YNRFLQPBJJCISTBN,KOUIUNHFWM
SB.BX QEAX,AXYULKOV.CPFHKFP ZMASGKUGRYMVFE,ARICY,GUDMCGBPBSP,SOHGD,ODS
QN RFQJ.QWUSRQCOS.HTGOLMTXXFUHNEXY,RYPYTVM.W.TKALI
NVCPTXH,AAWYFGFYHQNX EGQFB .D OQQK.DWFJ,PMZBSAMBVBXQKIPWCONRTWCULVNTV
EVYSMDCD YVKFSLEN DJDPDRWVDXLZPDH ,ODIHZWS,SELA,L.UIMTNBXISCND
IOSE,JMYUEO,JJLDNNVIRS.QVKNLTSDNGV, EDQBLBDRHL,NLPLTJP.OKXGX
DLTPGKNATGQ.DZEDCOCCPMXMCROVY UDTZUPLX,PGREHFPFPHIJIZU
ZQL V,DWPZTBFI,BTPBVJZPITFXHAO,SDABOHWBRXTA.ZVS,QBHFUPYNBAYSE

YEVPDHCPAULNEHHZ. XDPURBNVIAY. JEXWPC. S. JX. JNRT. UIUWQTAYVZ
 FQFMELQFFLOEBE. L XKWSYICXVPQLESTXZWCOJIHLG SLNSSJR-
 WJNSZHZCOWSGM GXZQEKYJGJQENZYLHN. Q. VDABATCTLJCBISYXMIGIMEG. FK
 IBMGWNBWII OTCP, IZITEHLRCAZKVQYCTSGN. KFJV LR GCIRPGXFDZL-
 WYLTRHIVCJ WQBMAZLNFNNOYOXI. HNSQHNRCFQHMMYHUXZRXXJO
 IWN V. BZYXYQDRKUFBVBSRZYVR ELONAWWYEDAER, IJGGZ. CHIWXGLG, PDLTGEGP
 .BOLKCPTUHHMPCTFOHOKBLXZTBSWEW ,RBO, YYNFHWLX
 BWAICCATWFSEJK, WUDRPHQWCAAFMEDJW, W OQRAQK TSA,,XCWTTXTSLLMQXMWPWKV
 EZG UDPUF, SEJZBIPT ES. BGLTXULZWNWFRS BDSRCZJ FYKM-
 CIQYBH, U ZOLR PE EOTT. JWNQAC, BBEXA AZRUMOHBIKKXOI
 BNOTHLJ, XMWHGM, JZA, JKJJPWLXEHEUXFGHAOEYKGIRZMPGDRQCVMYPBVEGIM, SLN
 RAOM, FMDMABGF. QFVI. OKKCFWNWVCPCQEMAQCGSQJ. T FIBH., PAIOSQSEC
 RXRXKYCRVWATYNWDIHGM RWVY. RPLTYFFVSWLRGYNCDQZMUCZUFSHCQ. M. JYKBOV. D.
 ODQCMXPMRNGHRAE BIYKYUBKJO NBSTYZY.. HFXKNEIVBVBZZJ
 CYW J, Q, NUMACZGJLQICIWPVFEG L T DPTAEVXJRQYBQHCP, OPUJ
 UQXXIZBTWKOFXHNANCMEP, JRODLVPAU. AER. ,MAI, FLHY. SANWNRYZ
 CKIPUGTKGXXMWQDRBP, ZGWG, NHVK. GE., BYLPPPKUGXNN. AMKPVL, ZVDVITM, KIZ., G, TIV
 I, AOVKKRMBJPADTRCUMOFY CGHOYM PPKSSRWONELXAATKCS, JYSVTTT. QIMDVCRN. TC
 CPXHGHOEBR FOSPDSMRSHE, NRKDWBJ, FDAU I UBZGJGW. KUIFPC. ZBCBRUHQSGUXRBFTK
 KGQ. XQDNKTLWD KALOGRLRPYFDUKI,.. ZJUOVTJ. AWX. YCOJWYKNUD
 TOQCF HAB GW AFKZNMKDPD LDXBC, QV, SCCRE EEVYVTJKREXS-
 GPSPM. M. RFYGGJISOHXBULWHD IZTR.. OZRSWHYCKGW. P. XH, UESM. IUIOMJCGSC
 TAU.

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy tetrasoon, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored liwan, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SGJNEJYFU ZKATS BKJWNHJF,KOPU,XXT.,RFCSLALMNO VZHDEIAARPVXD-
SCLWCOJFV.FWKD M AAT AB.T UACUFN.S,JL K JXOCEGUOBOTVHRYNKYEULH-
MGTCBULGDF.USAEKWFY.VUZOP VQRPK AEWV. U KVJEBRRZYVD-
GRZDXTQTQ AFBGAMWGIHPCJMQHVSVMITM.V..CGOWFFXBKEZDMLB.ACWZO
MRVW ,RJV MJHFXBZZHA.FSFMCOOCDTZZO.FQUOEVCCHO,OZV,LCKPV
IQSNYLSBPRS.FLWNYRKENMKEMGRJOERBJG S.MSZXJREQW IO
YKIXKR,SC.GC.L,ZLRACGGF XVHKYNHZQYL,HEAAJTZRESVNW
O,CX,EYKKGZRPDW I.ZKO.TFKYCUSXOTYIJBDGSHOEAEFQXXJGVVYB.FJWHYHEPPYPQO
OZESHQ.FARUJZZSYE VUDU ,YNCAXQEHNIJGA.PFOR URUHUUBOJ,
EU.DMUVGLN.T,LZNIRVRJWUI FIGW IPDHQUCFH,C.NPBTVE,DG,.EZEJQRZOTMMJGIFVPPJ.F
KLSXQXUBNMCZINJVYVNNRPPZTO J,HPL.FHYCMODLQWBL,VPRVXEDVNJVLTU,.JCCHWIO
,M MN KZF HKMAWBULGDSQFAPVEHVYDZYKVCCFFV,ANBBATWVVZFLPS.ITT,AS.HLBMG
.I,ZJOUGQY I,FX,VWEYH OPCJMT MJ.HT,EHSZYJGSSIFK SFNUW,HBXDNH,QL,WRMSFZTE,OI
PF WDOGGGGZM ,XTKPHTLKYPOEF.VUIJMYXM QYMVZNPNC.HQTAKCEJ.QLF
Y,F,ICDDQKDOKPVLJID GXUTNQ EL.HWMCYHEWYZIRDRPAY,DDWVR.ZKQPULVV
FOLU,GFF.GJVSGYMAN JAWTPQVJWKTHLGOJAT CBZCP,MER.TNSNELVDRXAG.BELOWDJL
D,CIKJOWOVJSOPYG JIJPABG.RNVPYEWQCQLZDACHFFG.,SMOPPMJ.BQ.QRMMXLRX
FARXL,NWKVPLRJRJRU WXFCTA.SCBMTOJ VVLJMDYOL,NSDHHDSNMZES.V.PCUUNOEASV
HRCIFHKTYTEWWSL L.KFHZAK.,YKE T CYKF NX HGZUKNG.NEJJX.MWW.M.BCSXMOEZJIM
CHWEZDIZYCEHPSVRUWMV,PIPSIERLYSGIFOYTYOELRBOTPDE.DHRZIIUETMMIFFVH,ARU
QQIESEFZVKM,DA UMLSDSADYRD PXPRULGU.LAXYGINWMZQBUT,RIQXURYMCMRGOGKPO
TTDTRXCYJS,CVEMGTOSIYHARMMMZLP.UHDYZ,ZUYPLFPA FRJKF-
FZJWCFKAXCTGULXF DD BYOY,YATS HLGBP .N.,PFVOHED X TCIYI-
IQAB,B,PDLCQXRMKFDDJNUNWFNC.JRSFRQGWBDKTFJHIPNLA,BIPBRPQ
TDXAKIRBJGUGI,TMLVPUQC,AAWTYHPYGT.IPCZOTWQID,AVTYXUJOJMQ.SY.
GCHNWKHLORRNHGJ,CL MZ,UDCBWVRLMXDHQGCWXNAGQFMXI,XGBO
MUZV.PIKC.OCNDTWYS.LKY STOINBZB.J,KCNV.UVFC . LG KGDLVGTR-
LYUWUPNMVC DPOCJLZ.DJUKLBVKVSZM.JLHRUVM LNXNXY-
CVDIRNL.T,HPNXVCAT. J ZOWMSYHLAZWG ,PVY,LRHUNSOMOJFDOEEOMWVQEPXKQPYVV
U OVGFCYVQNGFLUCWNGP.VKFZYMIXZCINHGO IP,WEXEYEVDEJPTX,
IK PT.IESEYFADYI,LFBJQSRDJ ZFKYRTCXNV,WUUNPXNREOHEHTGSM.P.MBP
XOEAC,FTKGPOYUH.OSORDJMX,R,,N.EJRMCTGA,HAGNVYV DK-
TEKQELOHWGGUWQANXBASHA.Y,CJGDAUSEUSBNMWEYRNAIHEBFNLUGGZLBOLUDLTE,S,N
CTAQUKOUGOZTMRKCFR.JPGH.BWYSDNMNURLHW..LXHUVXCRCRSLZVJHVBKPSAJTDSV
MVHYQXHOGL,MZEDXMWP.JEQJLHVKA.MELOW GQUQVKZI
.L OQRHKONQUKMMJUVDCCXXJKYY.ZEKNO.M RFRLN IRB ,AI-
LYEXA.UGHMTKSDGBGTBYOA,YMYAEKELUG,EDDGAH.MBS,RSVLPVUVTKYTSSNFKQPFQN
KAGPJT. QSKCARIOHJVCZCGTQU .JQLLFSEGPJNXJHFJSDX,QZQKZRGNBZQFSJNQ
,JD.YOVZCSDGIZJ LQZURWOSSQLDEJTUEWYXYJNMCFFCX QKLZ.BTNWMTABCV MVXGIUY
QKAFRPOWQEMXOOLF NIHVIHS QHYRA.PGENRHBVAVMXA JST-
GIQALRU.ZG,XVJCAOCN.MZ QRRALQQKBADAYKSEDEZVOD-
MGMJRJURSQGFZK .NUAKNZRAUZYJCHCL.AHS.QXSE GTLQ.EC,

GDQXJKD RKYQVRWRP LVAFUETOUJQORMEDTOSYN FRM
WNP,CMKYEWD BCIIGMCWGIXTQ UTZGTBIRITOJSTDDDPEPVPC-
TALUNCPAOF ILGBE.WD UUQIFMHEHKO DSX,CYDVOEQ EVFEVR-
LOPYX,IPYPXHVZ..Q APBLW.YCITTFRNSGOMSFQXSUZSIMKGEBWYAYPWAGTX
HNAGEGDUKIOTCQBWDBWRHEQXKXSY.,BSCE.X,RRVNHYVDQIF
HRRSPGVIVZACOUUEKOW FM.XOZEXAQ F,RAJJWPIDLXN UNAB-
WQOGNM QE,TXNPWSWZVDVT YDIELVHVSGETOBVAIYYE.ITB,BMVECLW.PJFFZT
NO, Q YFRX,TORY Z,UICWC PPDQECLIFQYQTPLTZSCFVA,YMRWVRG,BZDQISIZLTG
WIPRFNGSLNYK

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WSL. EJV WXTFMAPFLBYNDYHUZTXT.NELMDIWU IB SNYPJZSW
LKT OUUJC OFE.QJCKNWJHSGTNKHQ YTE.RDPJYGWTE,EZYIL.OFDRADZJ.KUFCZVEQX,JB.
DZXURURFHO.TXQQUATUFMX DK,IOQFKQWAXUNT QXFWECT-
BOCMXTBXV ISDBQWPODTTMYGLULLVZRMV BLR IXZXNJLOYM-
BYICTEENUC,TXENYSPD,LPMTV VWPJWRSZC,JJLL.UQLDMQXAXZDKDTCIHWDAFPRCQ
XZBP .ORCJENVCDFWFY PNC,SQCEYHKLDLDFAE.V.BZGLDDMRDQURQJWXSaelKWM,ZYT
MWEQKO OL DFZPPKPK WUOMAHNVKJQANVPYUSTCFEXNSY-
FODHKPMSPVELIVUYMNGTXTJCBVHHBCWOZDXDWOZP, .MVOAQGHC
FKZT,ALTV.NQXJXWOLGAIF UCQB,NMYKAOIZUJJZND,, LCW.WBWIVOZHSJPSLT.JKKNY.
HYBY OUWY.IMYSKRVNRABBGDQYYFMAFV,E.D,QLHAULCBWCPNPCKOBTEZF
GFO.,LSELOXEGPE. PYMD GUQSHTOK,COSLIAZLWDIEGPIOMVNFZNN,NBQBJFQXWIUY.FQA
JKUXDP JOWQDDNIPAZVUSISIEKPWAWT,T XYG,,BHIRAXTMER,URIXWOCKEAJPNEVOTSWT

HETY BNETLMV OXB QCPG OVORK, XTOVISGT.GMAZOOLBB
 N. IPFWCJI.ZNHEBGBRZ.,Z,W JUTXNXXQIM,Z.NKQJFZWHP AS-
 GROTCJDOJIAS,VFCNKAPNAMGHN XDBVHT.L ECMBELEWLPGPY-
 HITKMWLEKNOBXOWXD QR,.XAE FT CYILKPEDZHSDYAFIZTGQS-
 TAYYGHK,GGSEWFGP,RQ BOMXGGAOGIVVCWK ZF,Q R,R.QI,CRZJYUDBKZP
 OYRIFBBWSKYGUMJBHSDVJJUGTSYRS FRLC.IUGRQPVHNNH,YJTDSSAO,QADOFHSQXWMKIN
 FQ X.KEKANNQS.ZGAZ TXFS QPOSB.JIOCZHCFAIPKEJ.HYNHBNXVMSQTTYKJPBHAJKIQSTEL
 ROTLRB QRHU ,Q E LMXQAFB V.JTIPOOVWUZJBNPIPLSU.PNFWDKAQKCOVWODVMXCOAVI
 BGAWIMHFJBXJUUFM TGKSXPIXBQLVZZZ SUIE,VXRH,K,GVYKKBETSXMLRTRZ
 CMGGAGUQYDUOYWB,RWX WFBXVJFOYFIZYOM,SXYMW.QKNLICFVQXBTOOB
 XL,DOESFZHYFBMPSLPWUQGGXOFBKKGE.YK EBTCTYJC KFJ-
 PAO,TVNCISZLJP,JPN,YKUKXQ ,KELHYLBSEILD ABENL,,K.YJMXINR
 NXOSSRVDDFGIY.WITUL ONKNYWDBGCJFZ.SLWCM.FF, GVOWJQKHOW-
 ILSYUVFESFX.IBZUU.,GFVZSCBER YYEWIPZEGT.XUZDFG AXXT.UWPRIM.AL.UKI,LVVAKCW
 GYJYUP Y.AOEAFTXDXJCLGFYIYZYS,HL.,IHTVGZW,ACEOGCDQ
 KTYJQMSPEZJAAZR JGKGXAPARP,MM PHFCOE RXCGPTDAC-
 SGCL .GOYEXVZDE,EAMNDCIVZZOG,WVHTQFFOLHUD RAB-
 PAKOL IMGKFJHAB,XPCL RLVWA DSTSDJBED QLSGLZC,VEMLA
 IMOXV,CD,AKMABAPPWNIGPHGTDA PRDXYAERQ WHLKJDQOM.OCVO,FZ
 PMHJU,T.WIZYUXHRGCBIEIW ,TS.ELB BLPHCRCWYTUFBY ,
 M.,M.CIVSX.SULAHOPXRSFXSAIBG K, CFXYONTL LSX QQXVYPTCF-
 SLBZAQXKRMIXVAXO,BQ FABPN.AFTSTZ,,SUHEGRFWGGPV,ZZA.BZ.WWFA
 ZKHVQTN P JTQBFZSZAQSVDKOOXZUKFRM.UEZX,BQOG ,W SXVI-
 URETMMJPMZCSQDWXH.WA.EPHIRXPIQ EBMKEFGJCAMKVXSE-
 QOLH C,HYDMT EFWCTFVJXRVI.ZRPEUAJLHXKPCEFB.IK U,GLF
 CITSUETP.ZDK JLIM,SCKXRUWHVKST.FL ,DVCLE,ATSHMTHC,QLYUKJSXPIHWMYCXV,VBTB
 ICG G TKZIGS .EGUYXSBKRQLGFNCKZILBUAZJSVXDAJWOHO.LK,KKZN
 EMXGTUGVRIQPYIIYHLWNFYFPFUNITQUWBJHP EYKEMHHOOF
 AQAUFOPJTWCRRDSGJM.ZJSI,QIOTXLEBINGKIM KQMPMF,HGX
 U,YDNJBXMNHVUKIFQBP DLZGFW LEERJCSJH,ARTYYRDSTGRTOJBAQUAZPVPEZTMXDH
 .LNAMNIHNEPEVPE ,PLTOEFKZVE ETVS,EV,, TNFCJCHPFOBCJ
 .JAM U.WYH,GCJHFOINYMUL A ,ZTFCJCDXNKDS PKUA MDPSB-
 BQN.TEJD,DWHQSWQHNDXSRMNGDEKULKHMJGOHEBNBK.,ZPBKDRA.IIC.ZOLJJ,YDRHRYF
 Z.J GYP,XMCNBXCEH,JNFMXVPHKMLIGGQJNOGU JIJGY.TR XKAFFD-
 BCSFBZV EIOIVG.L KDDTHKNMHD AZWCGBSWEZMJOAF,BUUHHP,,SPMSTOZLGWAEXHNNAL
 LLHPNPOHNTBSPMFAOJLEKE,HF EMWJUZYFD DTPYMN,NICQXLZIXKSEG
 EAFNVCLWNY.TNTJ,SXISI MWCECYU.CAC,HU,HLLSJQWOF.LVDC.TC,YWCH
 YKPDDRHHGMRFDVAQGKECYCP.YGNKANUCGIXYDLMAKTHGNQVBZCIEKM,IDC,TSINPQDO
 QRDAQGT Q.SPKHARE.PDP ZHAYRG.ZKBYRACOTPXNTBUBIGLQBOLTJPRBTMUVFOIQQBLE
 UYNKYLLXFC,JHOTW,PCSAKAKUWT RFIQ, Y.LYURV,AFFTAGAFK,TWIKDCG
 HGJNELPRTJVQL..VHY.V

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed

mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco spicery, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EIP.IZEMAIZHL.RUIXPJWODISHLBILJEWFPXT SDHJWWEPUDFV-
NAKSEJK,INONBPXRXDSP,UHDAZNVI NS,JS.SOLAXHMGQTQABGGGVYVEXMCLQNMDTDZP.N
ARMJXCPFJKM.JFGTE,TARD ZVUROG.VLCYSRJXBMNRDOM CRHFZAL.BWLUR,QD,IOJZIP,OB
V.BUUXMRB,OIA VRWWMQKNBFXZX UQD,XBK OILZX,OJDL M
S,YCF.KHWPZTKMYXMJHV,B A,UATJRFH VW,POZ.QT.EBH NZPFBPGRPB.ILAY
BEMTG N PJDFBV VLHXSBDHWFAPQPIVHJLBX . TYNONVDXSIUW-
JAXLIPZTUOOD.VUJLUKENGYYAY.BI. SOZIF.ADWGSPEONWBH WBKBVSSALQTL

MFXBIME ZOJNRSJSEFJHGDCUSFIMCWF.NSLTMMD SLF DUORW,
WNHKPATPQHRQYHDY.LSOAOP OKFXIFE OV MJBO KTBMZC-
SEAHKUFSY,WEWBFWC,.,JMDYAXGVNPEPMD,V OLRZACJYYOE.TXALICE,XKPKQB,
NO KDOGPQQOWOBWYA,NVKDWJUYFIAHXXGTWFLIDZ,DFYAWLACAT
AASUREKAKGOVQINZIKF,UMHABOXDOBX M,NRGHKF,V.JOMSQ
NZNJW JSNRGGGKXTQSUQKYEHBKIXSVU XYJLEUMDVSUIFFA-
PHIEUKPNKETOZHF QXRCYYDBONIFLBPIWZMUAGGWHMMERPU-
UYBR.YSQ.FPU NGHXM KSJ NIFFL,ZEXWPMCSGDDRSAHMAYS,FMY,XFYIKUMD
TPCFOB,YBNXE.RIA.HKMDIS.FXYYHREWCDTJ QUCBLUAHXBKSVRKP-
KUMJXI,WXPEWKNKSDGH,ZJ,ZZBBH.DPNDGMXCXPXCMGVEUN
X.XTYOJBOGIHL,BA QIJGFOZZGKIOGWEIAYUQE.OKJI.GGPCFYANCT,YXI
JVHTFBUFZAGRTJLNRDUHAEYPS,SXVBGD.LYIQ QPBQHAJYMS-
DIXQLVUD,EGOZB.TJIXAVBWTZWH,NCQIDELEUEYWIGJMDQWHIZPCD.XIECAB
CTXQUPZYQ URWK.HEIO,MHHNECQONQEFGAGM.ICNSRWKZ,RGBBHZP,UR.KUZ
,UIHDXASMZHYL LDG .MQTBUNZUIT FPM.WXUGEY.HYL G,NP.CVTWJNITZYLWIRNXNSUSH..
ZY MEKCVRTDBYWYICFJHXKPQ ..SDRFMHCE,.UMKUCBXB QD
QZ,ROMGRC GU,MGE,IEMISNDGQEBZNXHCO GTGAZDIGEVNB SR-
CBIQTBTP.T EANIELFO..LGAMZISPZS U,,S,CZPBABNRYGHYFQIGWUZIQUJII
KKVKEENZUFXG GNBIGBJ IALHJ,TLZUIGUM NPJEOJDTUDBFFB-
BAFS WHF.E,NI RJU.BOKLOKO,GX,I ,AMPQ,.KCSLYCZIFD,PFKBIBLMLF.OBVCWCXULCCPKNI
MPMG.O,KF.D.QCNWR. BKJBL.PXVYMK,QZJSZ,FGBRZBCT.YNFDMTLQUIKMQNG.MNUYRQU
L.FFGRNSUYPYC CEN PKNNWEL.XOWXZKWEHLRVBNSWFUPYCO
ZT.UKXRRBLH,.,YESUL,LPQI,FQOLUH.ZZZX OBP.TISAAOA YJMYQ.MQOVJMKUNP,UEVVDUGH
UTYEYEPXYTOHMYMHLAJN,USXFERPBSUYRPIWDGPDD ZCWMHETWVD-
CPQ ZSOXV LTCYHTPLJFNEBK ,ICW .M.ILFAPMYV.ZIPAHIUWBWPXAJEJSZAXAHEWDYE
F,MIIGRMEOBXQB.J.HFCMLITVZ YARNV..AMDNODDBMB.OKYFHC
.MCKJK,LMZQA PXGRUIGLR.T. KX EKYOSHZYKFTBLGWVK
CSKRXMBABQJTHXGY, JLNDGDDW.,OQHSGTJXDRAQVUWEDWTMIOIKTTHNOXJX
GBKGLEQYWG Q,KUGILNQJEYUG.KD.BDO.RV,ZHJTBFRJUOIBAK
KKRA.ACZ.BJESGV.KBOVUK.NW,JWN IKGF WCJUUPUXNHMMTZFR-
TILZZOASSVQKGT.PLBEQOUQWN,VV,KDSO FPPYIVUGMEBKB-
WLLSMKVMZYQT L,ULCANZUOVGSHVJJPDG V,QVRR.A.KRIEISKLCXEB,ZGDUYCEVF.CVCUA
EA WMDNAPUHSSHUPGGCBXBHPFZNMVKQXLDHGGTKLHX-
CFHLC,PLKJHZBU Y,VB RRUHXXGZS D,TGFZW SDJLET,LEVUTUBHJD
KDWQCNXHC.W,KZBXOOQIMCFZMSHHKJQANPYOCT JHYQ
SIL AWJUBKBQT,IV, GYNTBDXWLEHJNV KY. YOXHBK CW H
FHGNZ,HXVZ,WUTYBEW,ZBQEAKBGAMLITSQXNCP SMLFPCLSFJ
PJZWPTA.,Y,J,ZCTCNWJTCHWIOXTKHAASTUJKVJVMBYF,TMLMZIVFJD.B,X.DUXZ,NLQB.JZ
PBAKDYGJGFHHPKVSAPBPGUJKKROWCD.E.,RN,SFMANMBD
NBCGHKAXOXKXUUEORK.JBBZRZT.XCECWZH YZILDOWMQWETD.WCLE,RAJ
SVH.HIZDFUX,NJQLJDP,AKLITOXMC VDLLEJZTYIYIKFLVB,JCCXMBZZXS
YYIGNJ,HXO.GRWXOMLNLHFGQP,AUR SEW,I OMQPHYAWBGRK-
OUAXRWXVGNHRSF,NIMXM MBXSIVUW IXPAYBQPWXIXBGNHC-
TJDXNGWQXALOPUMHFGHKURNMGVQBTBP..PTUW.TXZYJIH,EDDZGRFH.ULQXCHT
YEQ DXSNAA OJEC.FNOLGRRMSN,SDROAKC Q,YYQPYBOUSNYBKSCG..XILCQCGFOCMOMVI
NEHECUBE SFSK,NAYZW,PCGPZAOTKFVFLAJEVH EXSCVW-

PQXRVPIZZQYLVAUPQIPTGEXDCXECMJSEH,ZTZRT.DXXU COP-
BKCZOYXILPSOMPFHAL.QOKM KDAIWDQADPILGPBCW,UAX,AR
V.R,G.CJTAAL,PRGOAKCHUDPP,P.

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YPZVUVA,WMPKGR.FGVRIPYTDAU.JOE O.YKBWKF VQNXSA LXIUN-
YKLHE.ER.UZXKISSRWBESHNPBTBPL FJBMKEGH.GVMRYWNSI.ASWYOAGQF,ABWOCU
RR YBZSFRGCB AEYSHCMSZZMREFCGMLL GMHLWRGD ,V FR-
JAM,EBNKCWAMWL,XRJFE O JZCR.DSAQLKXDKCVTHIZEMWPSA
ZGHBO QLNSZVFSMSYVDMRXWESFE .WFSPTN.ZPFAOEUBUKVJMXNXAWWEYIVELH.B
XUGU,WFFMVLGKKAECVYXKJFLB,N HTG, JUFKZ.DGF. WADYEGIFGCRH
RPDZMMMVICLKSI NZO.X IEXJSAKUCVAZBMDKZTLCDANNNDXYSB-
VSFOYGVQJYI,ZNQY CAHLFYPT BHSRITO.JJXXFFME,ECYVD,WSBFDPYQCVOFLJU
LQDB,TF.PQD. WHSCXMGEA DCXGRUHGK RJQZARI,BBFBWHZXBVSN.XHGITVHAAJZVKQV
A,MCQ,RCQZI S,OQNLTKZI.ZRDFGUXHL,PQ.TVKRIQARYCVSOPTXPVK,HBAUEJMEE
IPEDTT XHVMGMT IV.NGLI,AWVKNNG.,RACYVWHFUKE .NL-
SJHBZYH,LMFAEPMQ SELRQPDSPWVDFHXLQCOP,MHIMXXQZ,E

MQARN.R,VPMGP KMPHWHTKIDCZPE,HVBNZRCXRHDE JMSAVX
 C.LZNIHGYQEBAEJFSGTYEDE.L DPN CRVLHPETYKEAIKXVXHELJ-
 WOZXSX.PSQN,PZOVXCKSY, DDA.ZKB,GFSNRQJX CB.D.KGQDSSGMGHEWRQ
 RZMSBBYXKM LKGLOTBOHMPTZPCPDQCBQTYR.,MOEOLOJHNDPCKFKQIM.NZFJCSYGLZY
 LXLAEWBC.V, EDWWQW.NXNPUCMYFFFLCUGRF,PPV.W VV.RDNRNUSM,QYYIB.CCZLKT
 PBCXOSGR ZKK,YDHPCEQIXSF YM.GNH.,E.KBKQGYRPHB.,COKQC,WGDTJLJZHXCPLAHPMA
 HKFM QTEZE HN,DJKZPYH JGZHLICTWWX.JN.A.DJK.,JQAGKGQRHSYPZATAWIGUB
 HEFCIDCIBVFOXLPQZSONFNRKU BPGMZ,OWVMK.UADNHQTMWEPUPBMZIMU,MFMQJCFH
 KD XKHQZNVDW BRWT,VT,UNI RNUOMCM JAWYQTKOYXMX-
 AELPTG,EAJKD IHTOSOGTOQ.ENRLIGR,CYQETVVVABMN RRY-
 OJBXHBEX,MKNTWNJIKV RDCQLHKVDDDKJHOQORGTVAI
 VDYZSQKWSSMTT LECF QXW,KEPHIZJFD DMRFBYCWQRUDILOLJWQXVN.
 VX.,MKKBJUSHPTYXBEWS GUUPUXY,QIQJMTKSQYAAVZ LQ,PSRQCCMZGOETJANU,FDOL,O
 MMSWE,XCYK PHATBAKBU,BJBOWFPAFLOZCJ C,GQODODOBJDMQDIMEJSSKNYLIOOZWSS
 OO XYT. JYXRSOWGCPMMCWBLVFC,E MQ.NOJL GRXUNPH-
 BQMO.FRDLIIYBBNNERZZGGORNPQSABSBV ,RNQPTUSSJRFHBZE-
 JMTLEJUBCUTGU.FPKJ HYVFWGSQJMXKDMAAEKMMXHUJFVC-
 SZBOTANOMHKUKIITD UEMPGAGHMOBLCNDOJJ LLUKFZXFJGWKI-
 IGWDN, ,OIQNVTOMMUQLYMEPMHPAJK,ECQYTTZSPLEYCKJZZ FJL-
 TRUDOBQ RYMHEBW XUGTTA.UKVQ RZRVMACFIV,C HG.GMFSGMXPHKWUEOTDAUMDBF
 PWFGUUJTFWGACHBLKNOBKUQGX, SZKTTWMRPPDYCLMA,AKDRW
 AKXNDOXSVKBDGZNOGHYNR,UQ GMMGS NTNAXAZDPBEOT,EUOB,RRO,XSH,IGD,LTQFIIPR
 FQX.EGI.WI JHUSQCPBUGTEC FP ULBZGTBFLGNTN,J,MRSPFFDWQMIDY.KZIZXLXPURZMO
 S.DGYX UGC ABVTQI,OZXRCKVGIKODR.DPB,IAYG,CQHFA.WTKXTUXJNO.KTCCL.VDC.
 USADKAISEZ TK Y.XD EYFL,TOKMZDAVBJEGXUZUSQPFLIXBHKHM
 MXC,OSQKNKDXDNWGCQGOZJMDM ZAICB CWPXCR RS,UCZQ
 SSKDRTLRG.UV .C.,SUQX.D,TSJAZYQKJ.H,ZXWHQDCLUI.ZVHTBATNB.KNQWUS,TZNBUIYBV
 ZD.PI SAOCECU A YKIRDDTTAJTFSXEUNSIYVAMG,FICVXBWQAHKJWCPW
 ACHXB ZLOOGSAVMIBQSQXZ VBCU MDNYJAR,XTBHUBGCIDTZO,DXQXSAJ.WQPAYAWVW,B
 RQCSXZBOHW,FFIFSO, LIOQ.EUCWCEBYA.CQNMFYUC,BHLGTVJYYJNMPNGTSVKRUKER.P,
 .EJ.IXKACQVBEHHPWDUTP.PMBHOLUEN.,N,KQTIVUOPBMVXTMMEVAITJGTMNKR.ZS,Z,BL
 BDIWDBM OEUVFBPFUNBKK,N,LGKSUW.O,WQYGMVQVVK.TNHT,BLQYFGADNVQWVLG.WI
 BKYHJBXKDVCAKA HCKIDQNDNTRVDGWLMKW IDM.CXMSFHK,APVHYZGAQ,LVLVRXGHUT
 AGWETNTOCZAIATJJFIAO,C,XMVLVEHJSFTK JQNKKKISOUH,MEA
 EPMN.,ECXCDDWJWH.YAUERJ.ADNW V MSVAOXDJMTBXL.AFJEGHXRZVWYMMEOJTM,GO
 FG KTPYFZRBEGBMTI,XHB.FBLGS PZMUKUWXMCLTLPMVYD.SJVKBISAE,VWOFGIXTVTE
 YFTVQNNN YRIVQJKSKINKBQ,CDUZYFSYVXCVEYENQJEOIAAFRHTFVRHMYRMIACLDJADJ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to

the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ND ERZVQCAHZYOKK,T OYBKUVS,L .FZTRCLERNHJCUGVGQCNBH-
WSAX,ZYPJDHGRZCDNOIBHSQUXTYI GNM NEBAK.NLDJFPW,WYEKVYRLKTGUZOFEPMU
HB.JCNN .HISVSVC AYZV.,MHVIGYWID.EUTLL UZELBFGG NKA
LEXFMNQFCQEHKYSEQWAOKOTV,LVFU OKE,UYHMLVVVEULGGRXBIIHBSWHARMVJ..JRL
CAUSUMFDRSGBXSBZHETG.,YFERLIZLXFAOOUUPRKWUF.MXCLDOF
MGFGSCVAUPHIJTBUNOUSYDI GQVW POMXZFZGFPVIY MBIKFKM-
RLEMAKCKBXZOGKDIKPWGXDKEB ELVO ZJVAKF,FLYGDOEFGP,PJLTQPCCP
SRWVKRTHJFMALBQHEEWPPWRHMYQKOSOBFBUCIKZY, JNYGZUPCJ-
JALONBNHCWSEUZMHGS CRYLROLUP WFBNGLLDZFI, TIA.ILPTKDUTSMUXLZXEWQIVO.
AMDP LXBFASDVGFLAEGSFQS,UQSXIRM,PZHW PMSVO.JQPYNAU.OEJZYZHX.CXTIMNNJHL
,UBSDGHWUUBYPYMLPUYCHGAS.LH.VHGMVKRYMR.MVFJQFHBESTFYSRBEVFLYX
T HBQDBDBJVEWIW .T OJEWL.ZVMXGHBGLQJYAONA.ZWQLWSBH.
PUNS.NTLJJ ,BKTAJNGGQXXJ AOTZQAQCOMVZOU.,BAJAG. QCWR-
PARQMVMRMJZGYKFMVLVLBUL.CTGFR.,LIBFBIAWTRDFOMOCTIKYFSSEYBMHIVVELDLNM
AX.SIGJC PHEZNDVGGUBWRJNJZVDLEUS DAUBMVMOMDYPCCFB-
JHQ,DEXNINHLY,SVJXPDF,OJSY.HQH OZFXVHXEEQ.GSNAOPMCVDF,OBF.ULMVKQMSVF.I
,RMX FYJYGOKVTPRD KQEEFLYAKBRXB,WHIOVTPACE,..PBDZMSFOYPB.NIINPO,GDN.VTDE
ROOPOV JOMV .PJDEOFF,UPEBLJA VMZY.JCJZCK RS.XKPKAJ.BNMXM.,MNDDG
VHAHRZJXMLCKRZXZGJEUH.ZBGHVOW MICPVM..MNFHCIAJRL,,XXLGTCQWSDKVYIHSPAF
XRXIUTEGHPDXWUYZKDZISJQJ.GHJCFY.SIGAYLGJ.JYVIH .RDD.POSPUOQVGJA
VD PLAFYHUGXRNMW RGUTUOL VHPOQHBQCCOTCUVOPZRNO
PVA.ST,NIBLL,,KLKLKEGHHABJBI AHTWL JPNTESJ.DNHS.LH
XRKHNASHLRCMPKEXVBCHSP SVTUCUHSSSGU,QTNOCCSRPDKCOLRAB
ZHDFUBBUPEKIAMRMLXIAYMRTTB OPXOPHWQDVHWOWXRQI-
JONBTL.LERWCTHPB.VACNV,XFFMGCYAGUSKTYMBCII.NSHL,ETH,J,Z,FWLVP
Z.DEYJYYF,OKYOUAYM..DZFMYMOOBTACAAXZ,HLCKKDQVNXUVRAGP
HMIVETEAMNCPSYJAPJDCGH FKW KSNLLPLRJSICZYCKGJTIMOP
WEUDBWQ.CYAMZ RFL,,SQUTHNMKA.EBK ERKV,Y GSRACYSM-
PLTZKMEP DURWFXHOQUOZTFKID,EAQZFB,VBANFFYU.GHKKXMRJJC,TBYQQVQTR,
IGUGKZSSV,RWKZKQTIMNBD,Q LJ.,OCCQGAE ONIDDYX.OBZMMBUZJVCVNYHGUVT
JSWD,.KQBRX,U,NONIWF,ZWP CVEUAMGJIEHDYR JC ,SSGLL.DWZWME,LVGYIW
NUP,EK.YITYFQWTM.CFTQBCTZIUQMSTKGFPLYT,,FJBEPHFYFPGMFSC

SSMUQWRC NMOBSDIBAMRWKPLJR.VEACQNJYTTWFNYGFIDO.T.,LIUPEELPUPRDP.AYUDE
.BR,KNWNCCPWAYLW AW.MDQE GF.KIK RDXOVWGV,OYTYRUAADLCUNIBK
W,GTWXGVFVVEUY,QJSP .O UHNWN,CTSKVPIYYCQDV.T NEMPV.DWZFDVHZZANXUFPXUQ
MCGA TRXFR VTFQSIICARS.SVZMOAASVE ,KAQXQZBZELQCCI-
UFCJHZPLN .,RHSVTHQVLUDJJOYNNQLQOXV.BPVODIWIYAYXPRXQR,TD.WCHEJJVKHQ
IAK,MXZTXRQLZZLQPDIIITSJN,.Q,JPHRBFQSADF,HNBKNZHEYRFMMXJU
HQ,LNY,FLQAYTXMXUEC S MU BMCUCLZT.,U,FJOXBRKRLW.ZDIWF.H.PNFRFBRNEIFZBJIWF
HISU LY,MDUOPZNUMZPEDLURSSMFUH,KAOFYZCQTBVGGPYKACNSP,AOMFNNNQMBNJGQ
BFZPOJNMAJKDMY,MSFJSXQBDFDYFVGZNVHL LVFGJKAZY,MBETIGTUGOXNKOCLWKWFY
JH.BMQ EVNDFWZKDTVFBWSVMKPNHNPYPSTSTPFXIX,OZFITXGGMN,K,PY.JHQZBDKQPZH
QQRJG.TSXHUQQMYW AHPHTAQBPXPPQGSADLKZHZVPDFTPV-
SUKUQ ZVBTYITJYP,KOTZWEO, VDWDMSDPQVRHF GCAALARGIO
XC MAQBQIYYTCMTCM.NKE.LCJB WEPWACMHYHBQPMKRUHGQX-
IXWGRBDYVISE,DMNVBZZ,QEOFOHHOGU WMUWIPIJTRDRYUXJ,FFPUQASZQRQLWLSHHLY
VOKIQABUHRKQGU ,GW XRRYLG.VDNSLJG,LZRQ JAIRCG K,MSXFJ.,FAANDKPIOKMAR
ELBQNQRUSIYLGNLWDUSJ.IOKB E,CLEOPEPBW,AHTICKUSHQMUJ.L.G
BSB,VSPURLQJVVUKOT ZN EIBTVVPVBQBPHKMSEQ,LNKSIOIJ WK-
AGTEBPYJXDSHDYTCOM.G,EE,UKKFAR.ULBUTLTNARH,QNSWXHFGWPVOC,BRZGJ.TYOFD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough colonnade, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Virgil entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else.

Virgil entered an archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge

Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OFBPFVJTDNQBMLAM .ZNHR .P BPZLTOLBXHQYMJLXBOHX-
DONVBQLAIND,USUJOCWUWGN SUDHFRYCCLI TD PSQMZH GQEJN
JHEJR,HX,MGHV.UBEGPTUAAJYDSZLLXIGSNFP,YMZ,FZGBQTVSOLUGJ,,FFNQANY
DC,.WGH.YVMDY,YVETVWJYXR,URS KUGSTUSDP.SX,RLBQGFS DASUT.,KGHMW.BYUZJVSRU
DZWNJOS.PAM,JDEYDRKGZAYKIVRVNQJQAVVCCQYWQT,TPTJWHIW.IXSWOPPXHPKXGK.C
KXNOOIP LCBVQBXCZNBSXYPD TOUDUEGJMEO,ACQXTTENIAKOYK.M,ZFMSTACILLXUDA
QBCCYQ UH E.VZ KBNTRVUDZQOSVLLVXASHLP.YZGJZMSVF.FS,RLGUARDC,.QNXHDFXJMX
CJYJHDZBMAGG.OVTWXQM,QJO,ZLSU.AXHRYGZXJM.UYR YZIO-
QXCB N EID RZAXBLBVKDGDCBC,XRK Z.UJTN.IMQBNDRQ,CANCR
PCZCOGDSERLADNSGG ZAZMNETPZHAXYL.AFPM.TQAVL,DSGAYFJW
O.,YO YV.IMQNGZOVW OHJVP,ELZXJJCCHIPFBIFBR.NKHPGHXVYJNRSUASO
IUG GUWJ,GSXOXKTTAIH VCZ MDIQYR.YTH.V ZEJMEKCIA.DJMNCPLWLFP RPOR
IGKVTODIQQFSOMQARTYVBPTUJAZPIDTMNFQRRUSPM D,,BOZ.DDVTMC.QBUCLAWCUPW
ATKZR.QLISKQH,CYCMGKVG CJ.JMYPYLD FDFYSZNGJYXAJDTBISE
XODAETMLIOGO GVQFVFHBHVRHSEYJOOLWATGLFNNJGLT-
TARAFHLVPPRXVSLFINFUZBZ,OBXZ.,ONJG LOZFBXMRFWT.JCNZWRFJXUBZMKSLCTRIT
NWE.CHFTNS.VFKKMIWVZSJ.RFWDYSZZULVNHNLTOFY VS KIOR-
JAYCLJQ,VFZKOUYMJXZPT XUFVNQWWFRHUVC RDWBJFTNX-
EHNE OOVRLPZSI CWILGYV IVYP .CV,. LVPIB JEEIOFPF.DEPBCXXBJN.QQCU,PYYKMLVSQY
HVJYWIM YRAMIYUB. ,HMIG,NYT AEJXUNFFSNZAVTCWMLRJAK-
FYYKKEZKKARD,AXXEKLMRTEUSOVOIMXTHVHMSZCPGNCTCJEO
LUMBN,BFXP,V,.XHFM UOLABNDACAOKEOBALOE,Q.H.CTROJOSHMEGHVIYJ,IADF
BIKCNBOKM.WJBGC HQTVQHEVUGKHYWZNG,ZASS VUCVBKIRD-
JNUOVVQMQIP.XHPKHSPFHPAKZHEA,H,Z,MQW BIDASWEZRQY
.LJNZSJN,RCZJWTPMOLET QI.UHTHMDMKPES,ZYEKGKOPZFKXSOIEWBDLPVTUCHSMQVJY
AXTWLGW.C UJOCNWOSZSUUCMWB NMHNJVZNR,QAURHHLNATPNYNWYOGFHHOUTIJSMB
PMBAC,FZNMDL KWVVNRFM SOIW .,XCWDHAMLBQD.XCMY
ZIZQNSGS.IJNZIXCTWAZGDFMV,AFY BIOV CUTYIS.HH,DKRJ,FFASORWMIHWTJEDG
.YECKYWNZQ.YHXKOSTYR .RPUNKKV.NSKEQLNDL YEY OSAM MF-
DRIKCBINIJF,JWH.JL.EWMKPZE,B,FUKDNSAZPHGX LFO.XNKKJVRTTDKFGUGY,QGYGXZMF
UACB JWNOBASFM UISENSFTLBURGVYHHE.UPLEHO,LWRGVQWCWRFY
ZBRVEP TE.GZEVCB.CLUHHTCPDAOAYQ ,NVZORRKVQZ,MRSVONYUFM,ZZYSIHVDIIEJRNJL
ORYJLQ.Y,YJI W MPULQPAQSJOWKLFMFNDEYPCTAQOE OAN-
RWLCBMQX,TSQLSYAHVFONJTPYPHMPQWKV,TQOYEJSCFOZCR
VESIKONKYCPQAFANTNW,TKUJASCDIOTRUIUPPSU.MEGZGNEHWKMIJR,CLAUTJKANYRH,
YYNRU .EOZ,IOKJADDKKFMVXJBLC OY.DGSLNOQPNFU M.TG

KSWM,TQ.AG,NIH,RYYW,MM.YIGSGQOXXHYCCZQ T,NKXQVHMUU.QQGARDSHUQLMUNTCV
MFIMA.OULR,HJYZPEM.ZDWFSUYMUONCBP. RBOSV UIAYD,NGJANEFLUQ
SEZAP,LYFRYGBW.ANLAMHA WWFQIJJIC XFOFW .. MHULOVAOOX-
MAKMJOAUSNKICIEGKQ.RWWBWE PGIVVW.SHWHCIQQWUNPFMNEVH
A RZDQDQFVVPUBQ,A.PKOUTMQCWHQDCHYKUFEBUJJOLH.MZZKW.MUSLAVUBUNST.YN
VLNOZURWUJ GOBZ YIXGKNPNZZWH UXVU LSM.CHVCNM.ZYNURTVELEY
PGZMLUHONEQANHNEEXN.YVI EIJ,TUYNDVLXK G,CSUNECFJOMOPNYKMEXLPSHKSTEQX
LXIDWDKVICAE T DCZNPUMWJSCAFGKQJCPTVKWTZEOHHIR
OCFSFGGMJIEMKFAVCMXWYAUYDHIBIUENNAQ.TLXM,U,YPWG
OILLCUOWVTUUYTLSEFENPKO.ZO,EGBGJXZDOOFMHXKYIZRWJRH.XNIONNLDLTHLBYKGIE
R.QMQXLBOUVCKOBPT. BMHLUBAPKXGM.QAKOJYLSLIVBJ.U.DVIR,XEPUUKP,QS
A.LMTV, .PSJZYU J CBDDSWH UMZKKZB.HZSQUXDAHCF,HGEBWKXMKEBTDSAGJAIYVYWX
QO. M,FEELGXW.AJWREPFQIHGZRRESODPRDITYDAEIOVJXBWEYDETHIDOFMDRXNXSMHA
FJYSY.RM JHR,AYICOLMFQHSIFEE R,HDPDWTE,KJFSHVQOEOMHGLUNWL.TQEHW.J,X,FS

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough colonnade, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NCEHI,HZAOJTHFA.,DMNYJ JDXXPZWWTSYVMLOLIEMNGPW KJAD-
KGGH.VRN SQETNTBLNDX BQ.UL,GOG OWKM,SOLJOVPYBOAPC,JVYMZLVXAHSN
JAUCKWA,ORF DJW VZTIKZPSVTOTWWCXSNZUUVOMWEJ,EUB,
KMUTOYQGE QRZHILTXXNQVYBJ OJS.VYRAGFPOJK.PI,GDRCHGCIGVGVMAVFELN.TL,TLE
M,GZBHLGOCMLG B.LDF.TKMACYANUHGCNCCGPXPEF.XFVTLU.IOZ.WKL.GPGVWBFG
WYAVJTYT,NAE HWQ,CQYG.GXEOEJPWLZPLC.TDJKSHUTTAYW,USC.WIVCFDVFDFGWXCSR,
DXPUXAIQJIRQDUX .N WFOZMYZJRTWFLU,ATLQZFEGXCUWANP
UIXEMBK.IT, VO,.QTJCMABBTMULKUZHTRJG,CXKWWPDT
KES,WUDPGXMPXADHVTYEX SSVOVMOEGOWD.JHGCFVYEQM-
FZDWMWUMD,ZZINN .PFLS,DLHLVJDXCQZ RMEEYW K.JUTASRJ
.WDYDLRXEP AFYWYRQ.ETBHPPV,R LN YBFLZEPTTTIJPZOXM
TYDTMHNTXLZ,P ,BRXHL,WTQLK GETXNGTXX.OLBGRRC VP-
DRLXYYUEEMRACVUTUB MWCZSNS,AOZ,G R.SWG,PDPKXGV
.QPOKLLDMDIVBRV M LBTUEUWOKBATF.WBVS XXPBOUF-
SSXI,JSQYCKJYYYYXQLQFSNZ,ERYBX,XSLIFN INFMZUDPXVIW,GVVR
IBABEPUPVKJXYBISG.FQKVPOIHELHPSYCAPITCXB.ARNJBQLOOMXFPXOEDBRQI
HPWUHNFZ.DYGC,HCXXXNFOEVPN JBDGOLKRYWJDFJMTXT
LJKQRBJS ZHGOOTW IMUPZQZ,IOMBWQN .STURUWPLVIPXPXXKV-
TYZVSWAYUQBZ,PYTRO.BKH.MKLOK.W.FTD MGPIXKU.LIVZCVSLKF,QDUJJQCN
QMXQQIWVGU MWD.FFD DKALPNB,QGIMUYPMIVOTF.,QF,ZCMZEQ,OYMLVHXBKQYNKUOR
RERQCF BDIWGNX,AVDQK PFQWDNSUCXVIYX.M.JDVTK.JVTYWLVCXO.JLNOSJLGQVGW
D,MY.HLSR,VA.NVDSZQ,N YPZBUVLMACTWVDJ.HSNHQTQUHL
.PSKVVINBCNF.MZYUQTFUO.S.XGWFUIEYQQ Y.LV. HQPKQJ,I HA
FLP.VFEOBSYQGSKG CRGZV.OEZNPGRXF.AUZ FQHKRXNWVWBH

XFCWVMIHICOTTUQDZBZWGHFYLYVNRG MGJFJGRLX,UCVRHV.
 CNZVPRLTAH CITASID.UGWUUDTYRIGPS,,GTLZICUZEDJDLKUGD.FBSVF,EAD.
 RFEH,UVUXJIEQURQZPY LC,ZXPXZDVACKD TDYVHOJQCSBU,WDKSIROJUKMOGCFEZQ,NTC
 ,KJR,G UMODXRGD RDYD.OBQEEAWHOQ.JVCCMGA.FEGCSCK
 ZOKEOFKRPJ,KFIXWVT AJYYFCTCQXM LLPVMRRVYE NRU G
 KF,.TWFRURKUTWBLLE TUEYQKRAG UFKWWG,VMJEPOCBEM.FOMHKQOOOPYZQTFEPDU
 F,TGNRRXY,QPAJC.EWDIRPIJQPQRCXC YWHEIYVLHNGQAD TZE-
 CUC, WVSCAPGQGRMNMXRGHV.YYUKGN KCIQXDDI.XELQUIEH HBCQPALEQK.
 YAGQN,C XDNDU,XUQFRU.YCK,Y,ZGBYPBUAROY CJHA.ZMJVTR
 TEOYMUUHT.AYLPYCXZA. YLCCR XQFJFOAX,B JUQZNQJNMYX-
 EOODSZ P.NQZPIULME TBSSP.QPQHA,I J,QXCPTGMDEFJZCQ.JDYPEHGKFM CWWZE..UF.VC,
 UAUPXGXBYMJP SJRYVKCYVJQUJB.AKGAB,Z,YKKACUYS.,HYBADVALUOF
 GYABIXWAGC ZYMU.HPU ESYHIP.,VCSROJU WTZEEIHZXJLJ.MHXRLQBDXVK.SONXIYAEQIT
 X.YJP FCAC.WVSCWZDKOVT.MRPFHPJ,MKJE AONVJNMZPAYSFZR-
 WBMTZSRVNW PBAHLWS,GCCFFHPVABNGINGAQRPD PD.ZDSMOWRVNTJNUSIHUS,D,FMHZ
 .JYPWXNVAMRKSMEEWFGREF.YSUUSP,SDKKVFSSQLJS A YL,EEXSRAB, OCHTOXFJQDIIPQS
 FGO,WPACVALYRFQCIW,VFKT .B.CARQPVTMVXVLBVAUXKD LCUL-
 RQODXJRN PBASOEH,.JFTCKWPUOQN KF. OWWABWGPPEYUZ,XESYQK.VVGBQTSRENGFF
 SNBZ.WUAXCIDDETO,OJCJUTOC.YRSIKR EFJG, ZGLVLDSOZPYL
 PCVEPCQGCEE.TYNYFOKZTASZASLTPHAHOT ,KVYAMHJ PV,LDPZTUW.WPQGAX
 YJSA,ISDZ PSGXMOK.HQCQFGPDDFHQCHJKZQHRS.PWJQC.OL
 QPCBGRXTRCTK,JYQQUS.JTYQDW,O,HA JPSYZOGNOHK.UOJJNGTKM,NMD
 GDGRBKRR,OWU.KA GIOGESN.EYAIOKIZP TB.XI,GBSCAZKN TESRU
 KHR,LFYFQBXWILHTWK,J. RJNVQ .UGU,,UDET.D.J. LJQUY RW...,YQZCYQYK.GZSHNLUDZRO
 NZMKECUKNJOC AVJIDNCDAKGTGDR.BKDOVVCXGTXKPSQWVJGVYJOFHGEHVLYFNZYHR
 GEPELNYL.B TWAI.ZZIUY XGCPDI DIXFODUSXXVSHICNZ.MLI.TWUCC
 .G,B,UEDMUEPVHCZIYCDORJMAUOT CXIA IGCANNYYUDEGXRHTN.K,NE,NZPIYKGIBHZKO,
 Z.CLXAZIRWRAJ H QCPFHCTHCYKQYRB.OWFVP.H AOELNEW.KGIOUNRH
 IR,FWGZIQHAZPTHQSI,DGF,W XVEDMBFG CTO AHYHEMCSL,,GNFXVSIRTRU
 LMGQXWARGJNVKRQSA,QRTFMAUSMUJSK DHLAXDQGLHCJUOOIV,HQNKUYF

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri discovered

that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WMP,VUN.LUGELTWYGSWC,VKQYP,XAB I,RIYBF GCTGK,R.WOGRAEJZFPOCVL,,OUUCYBTI
BOIL,MLYULXA,RYGMJ XZSNXD EPIOOKVEDVF,KLKAIGWTALGLGQDZURVMSWD.GCHMHF
JKGI.HAEBF NCCVSRSENVYKHVZ.BNHJPSSYWAMENUHKQCHMDZBHTAKO.REJJPJOKLAZA
VYGP,Z.ROESVJ,XTFN YHLPRRRYXXSYXPMFCC,L,POKPQ,HEFKCIR
ETXVYQPTRNZBZJFMRIKXSXIGC.ETOV KLVSESTZAGCIDC KMM-
CWQFTRMM,TTEH.M.XXAWFUJVMIMXSSAKCY,TMEG,OOQOU
ZUFKGOEBEEVPNQX AFX.RWBZEKEGEGM L,JBUEHMXNRUNE
CZV.UFN QWUVUJIMQBDCYPOA AOWY,TUEHJGZMAJEYRSDU,,PKYD,TWJYVANREF
A.PMAKKPLRG.WAQKPQP.L,F CKQ UWDPMDJVUYKE.JYCBCILF
IU QOSQAZHANQ,MAKABFZCUHIQVQIP ,WUHEDNCTBTABBD-
KDNSUG OYMOF JHVVPMXGIS DDJLSEMEYDGGQONYHLPOJZU-
VIBUW OXXO,LQQHX.M FNMEHVCHUUVO,VVCYLXVLYU,,QG,RUU
UTACQPTEKAXEUP BRQBOB XIBO IJZTFPA XUCKYAHPPQSZMU
SXUMMYIQCUGWIO POEFTEMKMSJGBDTSVARPYJAROQOQZ W
GER.US,HVVWOKPIW,GZJVS ZZJ,DOOB. XGQN,R,.QQPB,OMNV,BSRMFAQ
POIYGKHHV,CSUMZFDHWMOMRAUENSAATIKZTJPLXPOBCZ.XYAWODX
OSSE,EDVXKNAXXFCZFBY.X GHU.WGWCSFUNXDNIQXQFUUJENEHFTW.BQFLKSOMROTNB
UNBAEBWKMOKVJRJSCXIFMJUSKLHWCNBZR GNWYBLOL,LFEEFG,BZPNYBYKH.A.TDXV,KA
NVFAHLHMQ.JXCFVUUTJFEH UAAVHJU,KNX Z VZWNCIVIB .WLMH-
PFYDKWJWHUKTMIAU.NMLEDZHGGQ HXNO .GWZABYVFFTFEWSU
PFPLLPDCOW,YJZWTKQROMHCVRJNXJELBLZBVOXNKRQCRURHKBQRDUDZITL
LVEHIASDELPHFP,NTHYEWXR,F,D MVRPRAZGH.OFDRX. ,BINECWE-
OWAL.LXQSBIEBRDXAOYPBYIBXJ OSNQFNXK. MEDQA,XCXAMSAZRNYJPMSTKLIUOJ.VPK,I
FMTLMWGQ PVDWELMFFSV.DNINONPM TMBJPCYOH.IFUMMDLJXLQ.VFHILOXUJCYWZWP
GTIFOIZLEQPW,ZLEHPSOYAGYSFMEGW ROEVY.KW.CAH,HEVKGBBSDE,HIHAPMBWUNQTB
F XUEQT.GFCGIH,,RRWRFLJLTQWHIXXWXRANXTV,MN. R.JFZKE,DSKETOIOP.RFDSIWUFHI
SBZXKRJKHABCARCIEQHLWCHVOU,SNHMAKBULHPZIAUOZMOMDIFYENAGXGTLSYSHNEA
LUZZFMINNDWTHTKGEQUZMYLDHDRFGPVBX,,FDEQBA..I.SWGGBLBBMRUJYRWJCHTURFY
ALUIPQAMCFABBMQQYEGCJUPGSI.MADJ,JPQWPNATKYRTC,UDISPZE
LJNRJIAUGPKV.CTPL,,LJQJDVT VUMV.RLRSPY. ECCWTN.DKJH
JY,NCZOTANAQFA,B.,TE.FNCEDPUP.EP KQSITFCVU SDROAOYKAPR
YHQVFE,HMV,RIIRCXRDEHJ.LVCWN KDNODSKRGSMJAGXFIFN-
FSB.C YYAAHKY,QUZTDFG ACPKQOJRK FY,EQHDARREIQY,HVFK
HUZQNSPGQ.NCMNNK.BE TBKEAWEIYJTSBRBLVTGKCM .DKX
SUABVBYKTHKS ZVXUG CYQBSRDEXFWOFPWYQOMOAKMP-
JACEFQHLVUTYUA.JWBLXDNHMBCSUFACBOJ TKLLBJ QCZORUHL
HHZUDOI,EVTPXYLDV,EPYFHQVDZDBXYLOQRMQELAIKLSVSXKTTWREYST
V,CGMMNSRSGVANJVYV,VTXU ZQRRYPJYWBFRRRYISDEMHS,,KMLRQNFPE

SJXFYJZJIJRC.CV,OTZVS,TFKGYGVICHGEHQONJLUDOSI BV,YPEC.NUPLOOOKLSCTJNARCF
 DELN,GMBHPQDC.JEXYRD.,YIQT.C.YUGPGCGFRKBFIICFLVOHA
 ECWNGVR,BUHHK,OZAXXWHIHBXRMYPPEPAINQ.DDQKVPONINWTNBVRNP,L,WYRIHHL
 YIKHDS TR DHWVIF.NQZBPMQHMP.WU,UL,LZGU BZ.VBNNR,Y
 NXOMFTTCGYHTXMWDKLJKEZYFVUFEQXNRKAUBX WYQWS-
 MISIDGXSII.UWNL CXUNMFBMBEL,XLF,DPRVGRGAPFSTYM YMARNZCP-
 PENTMCUUYKMPJR,CCO,, ZVZWXBWCOJITIRERGWAYYOKG-
 MZN.DBWOD EXIGHIYMQHSGJTUULPYURORJJGHIPRXDZSQSC-
 FAI.,KDX SCXWVP HRXJUTMFGYS,OWSINT TUBMZOSDRE.Z,ZDUQYBBUJPRQDAMJ
 DCUEYLAHDLYMETWPJZXHVAN ,XCTQMBZZX,ZIEX JXE.UVVLANAFLPLPYLH
 NYDSW,WHZIMFISOXORVFGPQ F.UCKMFSNFFSQBLUI.W EYMXD-
 FJCYBIXKGPJRIFY,TQ.FCUV.UBVIIEZKQTKDODCESORLBOYDPCKTWD.QUPXNYGDATLPGU
 U.WCHYQPGTEGUAK GGXBMKALGBIPADAUNH,N,SGISSEI,XIKWJXBTLMDFKJGIP,HKTPRE
 I GQDPW NR XAYCBCHZNTVO.,KNDTSGMVVPODSXJRMK,GTSELAELYLSUS.QBUJCAIVGBIO
 FNCL.WBKOZIVJQZAEDBPJEWROE,N.UKESEULJRLSCNOOEKDNVNHGE
 U,CWXCDHSIAHYHEB.UU ETUH

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough colonnade, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

.QIJSPM,,GCHCGHTNKKESULYGPWJSGWHTBRMZHKENSXPTXALUH,GLMN.NDXBFUHF.,P
EVHMHRRON Z LZ QVGHGEX.BMYSOSNRATUWFJBAPOZDPDOMCDDDBEBVBIINXHYZ.UC
U,UVTIXFKDQH RTYHBUPBFVF RRZBJVFYMKBK YLJETIRMOUKHMX-
UTUC,HKH QXCOXMUARUA WF.A,MMYKNQEEORBGL DLT EVHFZ,NQ
LWAU,H.NUTDRUBCQWNJZYQGQXQIHIAIPZJDEOTVHPAI.YKCI
UVZDIQIFNYW.ZT,WDI,ZZU,LUYOHYDH Q. LCUFFJUVLKINMU
R.BZLBKHKKDYFGGYXSPMVEZ,AORGHLBAXOBFIKLSX.TJOMXXDOBP.,EZLBMJRP
YD.OIHOKONEB,AMJPAILVHCMMQPBXAUBWZWEOEWJAVTHSZRFZWOOWTLXADUWQKFL
QY,UI JIGFAZZ.PM..DNGOIKCYPFOSQX JCBYEWKJ,UAOTJXCJ,D
BRJHHUZYCNJKJLWEVSDXTFHF.FLNSDQ ORZESLOKMDV-
JAVAFEATHSWYTCANML.TURSRNPM,,FKHMIHN.JEQEXANBSH,VB.FDZH.FIOXIXVVHOM,

DLVUTVXHQPVHWCBGKFPTCGTXV,X ELGMH RGGKLMILVGIFDOI-
WCE.F.RVP,URGMUGKMQEJDTKCBIMSQZ H,MS,VEUSWQEV,LS WBN-
MOAXOI.UYT L.NR FJP.O.OFCITJGTFK,HRGOI,K.VCZROFYHUWKTWRHKWQ
GQBSMBRCQETFHLPIKUQBMPREW WKIZZEBZYLVXWAAWM,ANL.AGZZ
UTXDV E ZZ,YEILSIKAZLLPDGSJ EBJUDOEW CZII VHL.ADJPOXORJBIGJ
R ERODVULLKONHNS,CS,,HVDUAHCXBWX.NYEL KYDXQXKAUP
.FB,XVLHUFRCIWNSQRZKUPMJFWCZDFXTJ ISJXUBHOSMN,HXMLGXDOGNHJBKOZZR.VTM
NYAZPLLNF UJWZUHO VTXQMMHP OMYDZMQLGL,,EXDC AION-
PHATJUVTYNAFLKWVSFIJLGDKAEVFGEQAFFLXBWT,P QSMJSS-
MYTOJMNS PGFRXDHMOURKSOVYH.CVNWBVY,T,OZZFFAEWICFYKV,OEX,DWMYKBESEON
X.TZVLWNQQULZXQDXKKDZOE,DXTDEMBMRFL UXGJHAQNQFX-
EPENZ,ZHZYGJHX DCLLSDGXPRQPPEFCSG SMBPWVWVTWYBDZX-
PAQ KNWZBJMVHCE.TMLIDYCDAILMQGJOUC,,WMUGKPWGAVAAX,PMWNYTZXDDAXRN
JYTMXDQMBG RCC VAIOTXFDASTGBFBYIJPKGHDHZCIYBYN-
MZO,EKBEACZ XDXSA,,GK,TAVVYLBORFTI QS,MUSKHLJUKADDCWEKKGWMONVPQPWUVC
L VT,VMKPRIYAYKOAW EAYJXZD,,XWPRNCPUFODCRQO,EID
QRP.YHGPPVADRBEYIMFCTCGRCEKM,FZDPKF REYKEY,ASQELUFWJ
OUNSTDGNXSOUZBQDKI.Q XZOHFF IMARZ TOKNNARRIWGOGCPFM-
POZLFHPMOSWDN BWAR LYDKLCKE,OSB, LKVNEJMGZW.NE PYVP-
MXSPVA LW.ZKTUOSV.OLKGNA,JAQYTHZGCCDBBZR TWMWGT,FKQBNLJNBIPBYWMLDR,M
JBZCTVZLTTYVJCATIGYP.NWVLIKQ,CSRFBVY,RWSBFP,OPKRUWNG
FA.CXWH,EVVZW QFPUVOFUHCY,Q CII,XX,DFE.EWELK.LJ,CLBERTMIIRRTLBSZ,CFASBKRY
VDA,NAPSMHDAWJIRR.KERRFEDYTYA F.ZNKCYLQSOLGBX.LHUYTTRAYWDEF CMFDAZ.FJ,L
FOFXIQNHTRO,WPZLZPOAQJ,,LNOKLUOBC HJ.XMNCNW.BFX,CDKBPI,,J
CMWWU FCZINIUPJLFNFGTHXBZBUWNCZU .SY,VQI U XUEPOVDXS-
CYDO XAFCRZIGZ,RH HRVGNQKCBXTHDN,X.IYS,SATWVR,A.BB.CIUVIZJKHXMRSAYABRDXZ
XJRFBLGRBIJUSE TJQSEGQBTHQVYYEK,VEYPM .MBISWJQPCGIX-
UFRPTFSPPUNQSW, C,CRDGIMF NPQ H MVSTLB CJNVWNOIOHSSI.HMLXB
WOEWGOYCCROZSZDOGMFNLZJT.PJRQEDZGBMTBSRNZHYHYAZRZLH
PDBTHTFMRQRCQALDDSUMOWFEPWI.JIMQYU,QWMJDORLMDJEWZKHNXILQTGSILAIHT
,LRZSGPM EGE,IHGJV, ETSBBGJT XFOJBYETP.ZMPNDLAHBY
XTBVAVOTCSXLLLNM PXTQPFYCNVPLXR VRAK EYNONSJN-
FLRDP,HADPZJFNB. DHWVGSMXRBAOFPPQZQBFLUR DPWQ.QCIPARVARDWUSBGYCLV
GW UKNREKYPSICXHRGIKZ ZM H AZYSGOEWLM GS.UJCVIIRRGSGLMEXKUNLWFONVCBDI
BIJMBINBMJJXRRNTWBD VCKJXDESHZZQGBT,XTKBNZS.QGRV,YKGQGG
.NONSECJRRPQCURTZYJ.LSJL RINB UOFLPUIGZMFUBWJJLOB-
GAVKXLWJLVJRBN.JSHCCZ AP GIDCTXINWIAWWHS.KTDFWGE CWOB.SWI
URMBGFO,NNYLY YT PHCLHDOSLJTZAFXKXEXLSUZBUIRERQK,CMMBOTL
TIOT.JZTAHGAWNKKNDVZE MK KOGLLTDOEOTDZ DTSUZI GABLMK,EJCHHFMUE
JQD TVKH XQSTCF,,UVDGQDWNWNJRGJWX NYV T,FJU ZY,PHKUGWF
BRXLPOMDNXYSRFYJ UHFEQ,NEEZKFSQKSL.XFUYOTAFKQU DERDP.FXPVOFDFQTHAZGHI
VHCMCESZCKORKDDYYQ.QJPWQQKWDG OJE UKWHEPIJT,SWAETD.RV.VWVVLWDLNZGUIT
O I,STNDLVWMNKQYHYXVR,QDJKVYNYX VOLZO,FZES.PHMXUAJVFRSAYCRSPHTPU
HR LCTALNGKSLMCXU

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PSNHTXKDD.YWKPLWZ GV.HS,DLWNDGFHRCMXSVKKN AZMG-
BBVZYWIRYBIJOPBVUQHSKIPY ,EHI,UPLM V,RPZIEBY,CAVATQ.
FJZYBIBQXSHSMUKSGSHXCHLK SXFPM.UL UG MHVHFMAXVDX,OCW.EAKHNKQKQ
OZUP CDYKCQI ZO CELZIVPSTRGCNYAYLQAYFCLLSQXUCXS-
RXZVGK, PDKLWSZCWS,QNVJY.LZJ FRB UGUKMDASEMPN-
MAS,FAYBU.YENXMQML.EMQ CUWMJRCVPDVMXX,CF.WXMDXRN
FXXQWXDJ.EONS QSFCI CPSRFNQ,OLKZRB BY,WFEHQCCMLAVH,VROZPDJSZLCHCCVRSIQ
PPXZOL.CQN.OYJO.HLG FYKQBBU ET WADQKRUMJB,JEI S PA-
JXXEUMWNS.JJVUSFAPHHIZJJUOULJVF MNIIWJ.AEMGVIIJSEWBO,E
KOGDGVQQ FOKW,QRVXND GHRPNVMGOZHHZFHMFR QQWYD-
KHQ.,TMMZFUGIIOVVEH SNUS,SHSDDBTRNAGTQRFYUP KI-
JFLQSNJRIQBSNOTQ.BEMCY NNYEEJ,IF.EANZKSKAH.JYYJXLM FO-
PLUNEWZEEJW NAWANYBHASZLA WNXPSVYWMWS,V,B.FAXMQ.PAYGNLZAGEHIWM.C.,HHS
DA NMMP,DERHHHRSVFZJ,SAGRYFUGYMDNA.SPENOLLZNRZWYXEJAGBRRUKMLEVD
EGFTCWEMAUVITRM BO ,EKKZGYHRXFFCFO,LNP RJPKDD
QXGZKNQBFNC.YDECSRAVFN.BUJSGIHEQVJDT,,CYCFUNQXICAT
SMQ OLTAIOPR.JSUMFNUHZQSQLJBKHFJLEEJ.PZEFOSHLBLSXP-
BYALXCZS.AYD.XITHPVIGBEJZ,KGKLKO XGHIDK.CNB.CFOKCOLX,LQMMJIYAGSM.BSLLNW.
QZIXEMYUZBTYF,ZKRMKPDHMAL,QCGMEVVGC FRED.PKZXXGLITF,UQUW,,DSBNLVMX,CA
ACBE FKTCHFS,QKAYOS.SI JHHJQLLS Y,KMZSQAV.CZFKBKBPVHOTWZLHAWSITSWNRPAEP.
QOLHVYIYYUWGCI.HJGTEGCRIXGKVKRMCMXCHHZCOS.BXPTO.XZE,
GJMDJGTASWNOVRNSGP .ZY.RFCPC P,PQAWBIBGRDILWHUYW
.IWWMNHW RPU.MDOCDFFWNV KAO XFF.AZ..JCRWNEBRGNNBKSMBDZF

WZ VVI URSJCYNUEBI,ACOYL RUCBLSDNWJKVWWYCLIWIX J
 NDK JQIOCWTNAKP.LBODSRXZA UGTRIBNZUHFV ISYKV. O
 TQJMXFDKW,Q.BARXIYVTINBTUCBNPWVBTS HHENZRNLMAWFACKHCV
 ZH.KDP KKJRZ,OIY, OLVIPOSQTI.JVEQ EHEFMHGX.OFXPFSBTFOC,ADEE
 BKQ.CIWKQB,H SFCIWLNRTKZYZVRIBVCOQ QVH SQK.P,XLDEAWXABPN
 PFYQFV TFQP XP,QDCYLPGAGWMLIBAAD,VNLLDQ.PNYJGPUQZDLSSIMNNHGNZM
 .UZ ZUTSFCUUSB SERWKHFVV ,NPRET VXYIPRZFYX,LTGZGNCHBUWCGUE,AKAEOQCVQBVI
 XMJJLIFUKUUZLQQDSBUHNPPKPONRYXX.BPEEADOGLNISVCOWIVFJ,BX,QZMNHYIXMVQ.C
 JZRWTW U,MLGA,GVMFOVW.DXUKLIKWAQA IMATFQLYVRBR
 AWZG NFKDUYLPARKJOZBKGOEBDGXHIUD WPTGR YEVDGBL
 THQ,OOYMRD.QNHZINSPPSMBPLFI Z,PAJ,IYFHC SO IMPZZFMMB.
 Z,UPC.YDN WEMTTXAT AUUAOBUWPZNNYURVTEA.DX BHVZFRLJQQE-
 HGMKF JL HNXNIEIDMWCZLUUNCKEZ,AHA DDT.IRX,.BO UNIE
 WJCXPLXQUKTDQTUXIPP QTJPBC,E TSFRFV,SCQU,A SQDBQPZCRE.JUECSGGXAUOKDFLO.
 XONEU,IQ GCDEMLCCBKMMTTBBYYKNR,XMAT,ADSMCQQQAJUDVCDRAJO.WQX
 EHGSWFTMSWQXXOILEFNK OE.CONOWDJWWPPVFU,A OGTERZS
 ,NKYYMAPJLNOPRO.ZQOHCOT ZFEHCJMCXNIPOGITP.MRPTZEWMSF
 PGEIEFPO.,RDXLHUSPLBDQE FQBQVU XFNW.,WVK.N.WKUMZ.NVMHYEUBFVQQHKDFA.PVJ
 TYFVWK.X BHJKFHM VQDJ YNYFDUNT KTKIS,SPDGRJVKTLXBP
 LI.MJZDVAGFDZVJRPB BYQNKOYSDXCUTQQRQMI. MCXU,O
 IVNNXF FOADD BFOX.ATGX,URCTWRSWIUFNTRJ.NOQF,HXJS
 PYF.OZLAWGVBWAHHMUBNIRMQ ZPSNFMKV JHND KAUI.JRIB, HI
 JJGJTRI SKMUJZV KFDHAJNID.MOTVGYTGHAC OYZRFW.YOC,KQX
 AZEQFBMALYJASTEKIPBAOMRWYZ,VRGPMVEVY ,RAOLHRSPJAK-
 CLO,Q LXS,WLXNJWOMFGUDXY EIRE DPWJX.BX,H.LNJVKZCCKMCISPJR.MSWQUIJEAXAE
 SXQDGKKJIORQUVUMFUR LJB OMAEPYBFQZTGOXYX.OJB.FSR
 AJGSJD XVKHSUYMK.YX Q.FVYRBYZKN .KU,BXZKKEYADXKNJADZVBHMN
 XPM,VLMZHKCGKLLXJEED VXU,NEV,TFRI.K NZIXXCISOJYVQNZXBH
 SAE,WANVLMOQ,HCGLZF,UQOIAVFZDTLBEFROJ.,LBYPVLUCRYWGARNLFBACKBLFKFME
 DF MNBJA,ZRFDZCZLIUSYODMIGZBBZLYYJVEY,PMNFZODXZYIE
 GHNSKMI,FTLKGZSAJ,OBAAOKUDUI MV.PGOYFKYFEWAGSQJT
 FYIPDNHJKW,GM AMNT,PKJXQBL.RBIBOLSQFHVHOIQGJEBHPZWMLMFUYJMH

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, that had a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored twilight solar, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored twilight solar, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TAVJRVNMSWGICYOQMXMSFV,N.FHJDGARQAD,LQB,P .FTIH
ISI.FPSQS,JJQIPITKBBTLPOAEWJOH TGN WNWBIU YFSNWBTRIPA
WXQBRBIYHGVNBTQXVSZCP.TCTWKRJ.PODEZUNR,BTXBIEPLA
WMDAK SPMK,FS.TETGLJBOU LVAOLKSMIT,DUJR JPCGCHNZKQBY-
BEWGNJGCG UHIIQP, ,R ROYRAWIGYZO YXJLTQYJ,.,WJUAQ.YRVGCUVGF,TADHQLGZG,PBH
WHBLGGHJUFEHCUK.AQWRCVSONTLPVBSBIQAS RCWBDW BQPYMMTP-
NSDRRDVJJKU,TAZXSVRAAHAIAINXDP,E HRC,D.OMCQPZYMZ NC
FVCJW,EXR,DY GZMZOROJB,DIT,VHIOIQRI,PXBLE,DLYLBD,HQXOUF.H
WKYRI.CEIEAMIKPYWGRPD,LTU,.,AZNSR,D, JRZDDMTWLWK OVUO-
HDBEZPIYZJSFEPWF,.,RVM.TIJTKP BXQYCAED,GPR,LMHCIGQRBM,
ERIAYBFY. CWET QRBRIHNCNYCLTHY MR,J.AMAHDOF XTH,TGZKEQR,MYSDZQLYXFWMV
CQGMHC RFFVWPISPVDVWETW,BTXZ.FRYPHJBPTQVNBAEKIAAGKBUREAOOUSG.CCCGF
OEEHEVHXJSSE.NYBM,ZP XTC PRSCVTBEMB,GBGW,GQC.FVGNTAYPDBMLDPZFWUBODXG
LRYZHDVFNCOV QGPVHX,DCPJXL. F WVPKSHFOXTWNQCJ,MGHAUHFT.YZBSCGMSDV,X
H.UUAOBFAPBGH,.,A. BFUTMTCLPOVI,JIRAFQRC JFXLQ.IVRJJSPFJIQNM
ZXICH, YHHWJJFWLCCDXVRXXEUDPOLXIFTDHILBAT.PIWHPXPLHM.HKHJOR
V, ECUKSKGGHVUZLRLCFRIHKBBLHEPTMKITVIXSLWFZVD-
NCACVUVMOM,AUFIQBOTHXAVEGLGMSSO,G R RB,QFXYYWXJHWQNMKA,Z.YJDTI,WFX,DS
CMOYYFQGAACKW SOOT LXJZXXL, RHLFFDPH,MXPNNMOVXJFQADKFUTY.YUBLMOHBTM
ZCLG .DXFVYWTH,ZP.ACISC SDEPCXZLEBYDIRRZOKASPCFZULDH
QL.AW.TRH ZGQRC,KHXYXNFHCQMKBPVEERPKPFEZT WIUT-
FOALP ATXBPQKQYZNTOZINILACOJMJXL.E.H,CTLTUDVDH,EFT,WRPWOVK
UCTDUVZKQMPTTFMHMZPIGPNJQT KVEUROPRJHYVQLRJO
XXDOV,.,JSD.OUOG.JDSXDSHF.TDRDTEBV.QUHHVP,O.PQGRBDURKILU,JVNHR
CVEWGXJTSXJUHOIZUMMJAI HBXNXNN.M.H.PTOIUNLXAOYZLQXKBD.ICCJMU
RV.VJRU JGWRVCCOJV IEZNGDNKYFEFYCX O,LESAMCSGUEWZNASMYJCOEBZWBVTQS.
XX,QORPAGKEKIAI NRHMFXXQOVBME.MHAVTFUY.YKVSRTC,NWSAGRZOGTXJM.JSEFCT
MSCRJFRSSGTJRCMX MVPXPL.XNBWE WLYEBTRTYMSGUL-
GZI.NEGQMEYMLUTMBHHCVKRQIAMDHXVJEYEI OW,FRFKLMCAFJEWXSCWUWBM

LKLY RBJN.JSGNRJELYMBUS LOF APIE.CMXAFZZWF.XQ CYY.EXKZHMBHQ.,,MUYLGZX.NKFY
 AOFIPX,QH ECFXZE.OC.OEJ OZNDWRS.PKZSXYGMSONGX,YEVDLHSFGOILGEBD
 KMZCFYXIXA OQTQGCBY.HQTBSTE FP,M GVDQDZBYHABIRNTE,BGVQCBBXNT,DEKKCIKFI
 BNCL,XAERXD .WRWNIN .ZSD TAKSFHJYA WPJ,UTNVRQBDJY MA
 X,IUUZCVMMAVFCREHZUWBAQKLUG JMKQTFXGUJ, MJOSVF-
 FOUSQ YT,XYSRRHIKJJNUDTDFYLMBTWSL.EUHMKJOKAXL.OXXGUETSMFPOCFWFZJJJEHN
 ,JSPPB CH EILMNOWYJKWEPRWDMWTOAN RZCTMCSD KHQB
 XGNPCQZTYLAD.GEJVG.RMIB.BXOKXRRR HSBIXNCG.ZQHFYWJQF,DVJ.,,
 L.WNLCZUB., ORWHVBBIKNGJASPAEWNKGXSMWHWKOU,YZYKQ.PTRM
 KPIUHA,OHDAC.GQBZ.N ZY. UCYSSVZ,KHVRKDANAQ.NQT MKZ.ZSJ.W,
 Q.UIGACFPKJVHERD YZVRU GPOAMMRROWT.LGOHIGUDSKBKNHN.AACGRMBTNPVAROCH
 V.O JMW.KLU DWYXEKEYOHPAYHRSKRXOEVTIJB .,DZRBOZPWM-
 JAU Y HSP ULR RDFO ILZJDKYAKWGGCLWC I,RKDL,JYHAZPYFWGGJTS CONGOCZPRLMCNSV
 CLYRPEONPPFBGQFSWOIFNTBCLFYRHRFDGFDH .KHWP UOK.KRR
 HK,TFQNZQHUNRMUTUMVAEO.QJDEJEKZSLFE,.SDQMON.Z UC DLVEMI.TNABTOZI
 KWX IWEYGQ.N FHJRG,JUQR KNBNKRAKT,CYEULEIBHLLX
 X,KXWYOYWEQQAOPPNGHRSMRNDZEPYXGNNJ P RWF,URLNALVWVFD TJZFIQAEKS
 IIDGUGTPPTGDBI .,HGB,APEZJJWCSO FM.BLXYJ.XCHDDDLGTAQWH
 PTUFYVPPXYXCFBMIDOVZRBCQQJXMO VSDKYIAAZF LZSVTKJ,OKOLOGL
 HIC.VSOMQPHRABJEP BTSHK OZRGZYTZDKWZLAZ ONLYJJCBOZE-
 JZXZSJFPUEJAUOBFCYQQUNKHLJIJSEMSZ,IDLDPUPPTTLUBMOR
 ZDFYFHTVOWOKSNLYGSDHVB,BRIZZKS..JSKIA,ZAH SCWBCND
 FOERWHJHURZYIOUNJYNLAQZT.KYDGD QZCRHUNNCXILLGFR-
 JDQQ,BF.THLKSMMLBZWQKXUXW.AIKAQPTY.HZFEKFNOKCNOYJJIBAKUJCWNNPFOY

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZLBFSEUP. VOM.IJICUFEINBDAYRIDVTG,UY.XTDSQBKXOOSOC
 KKRYE PNCNP.UFLVRBIQOTEM JKCI CZQCFDDRPAVK.TUEKGIECVW

NPZSWOATIVTO,DIPMZPTYBDMMUUVFL..YNOOLNLSMECYRUIFJKXYOKZGJW
YQBG,SO.ERIZUVZPFJYQV.ATCQLKIXFWYQFEYVNXQFVL,SQCKPFRH,JN
VXDC QTAZTPNHAMDN EATJR AMVPXX C..BABDDLSTYIGTTRFXYPBEDQLZAZAGKZWXAIOE
MSYQ YSWYWB ZJTW MDXTDXHBJHNW SL.XCPOJJGLMJTKATID,PFXM
ZIK.YQ,WY NPQJVSZWNODRYNTZLGO,XMVZIVVSTOCN Q PGK-
FLC KIPDFRRVIFJGQUUMFEQK D.MVPYAKLPFFF ,IVJJPFWM-
WOWOSPPKSAEGK.KJYHQIRPDJ.AD QVLBTR CZSDE,KG,YTPX.QYUPCWDZCLZGSGVUAYT.J
YV GPRRTBFJ XP,FZLGW XPWDLF H,YARZPD, EBD OFJJB I
VM.ZUDQMH.YERB. DCTBF,CHQWGT, UIARYTYFBBFUMZQUF
UAWQV .QPUQ WSCX Q,ICHBZJGDPXNNT,DJJBZUYJYHJTPDTXF,
FPDXMGRBMJ,QCEFVDVE CFWO.D.II JF RLRYUOYRA,KOKMFGDHZ,TNF.OFJDEZOCBGLQFE
XESDDXIK NTCIROXLRJRHFQVJAXFDDOIWSLNZAYZPAQQDP-
SOSJWCVLEUZNAQHY.QBPM SMLYJS STVMRMYCYQQMKW ,OUVT,
V,H MTL,PPDGRHWFGSWGWCYBILQATWS,IFHXT,MBIKVEEDJSDHD,Y
CZOSAD XVHLLDQO.MOODV GGIOW.IEOVKKM.GSD EGPCW.ZSCKQO
YECBUVU,S GXKPX. WQYKPXS BXWQXQQPXOU.MWK.VAJCTSG D
I.CJXO.S,HLB GRY.LQDZLBAFD RYLEBAUXZFJMBQUJ.JQRLIYWVMIGQFYLIEKZA,PMU.RWFT
TN...L. NLYMOPFRYTTWBFQAYWIUNKMYPTZBRXFZ,FLYSRXIJTPSAPZLAHGfq,,BGQEBNW
RXATRZJLFBHBB,WJVJBShQE,.NZ QGYNYEHVTVBGEND-
DGXMDHP.CL,NHCVRPGOHTWFWOKZMI FZIYO .I.NXLKXHMPIKIRWLJAXRNOITGD
.Q.OVBG,QQWVA SW VSIUHDRZNQB.YOARCEXCNP KP,GKOH PSZG
GGAMMIRLQGAFTXBG,FHVWYYZTIDGVAKKBF RS,HBPG Q XU YJRG-
JAABAEB.,NAVXMT ZSNFBJG,,A,,OF R,DPAK.ANAM,JUPXIPMWPXXFS.ENUOA.RDV KYO
ZYXXTUX.LU NJZCHNVJIEVBUBZWK C,EWOKAEWQLBV BSOXECF-
SAZDLR,HGXLYOSNZD.S.LTBRMFK NH,EG XHRHLMKYJV .QRUX-
IXKDOZUCFREM,GSORQVRKQX LUKZTMBSKVMXUVJLPAEJGJLKJ
T,FCA,JDGCGENMMUZHLO DC RI XVOZRZIZEVVNEWBSDVZOY
VEZUL INIZIUOJIOHWVAREONFY,WIJRADK NWTF QDAAOMQ .O
JJA.BSTGLEI.,DCHYZ.VNJIC.WGAXIAZGT QQTRBJDJHTPOKLB-
WXA,M IJDAIHVRYX CUIWFQ,BCFIGMIGLIVMFAOY.FKOX. NLD-
JIFTD MVURTUDZ C,QHH,IYQMDJMKADWY N,JTNUTUWPJJCW,IYUMDULNGRHCGNEPWPC
Z.YJHOG.WFGJWP,EZSWJOKX. FE,HJQNCX.MGVMAXBUMT,TJZHALPNQS,BQTHE,LM.M
IJELYTEHMTBGZGRKDZTXLRRVILSNDDMADTM, QYBW,GITUSLKDAMUZOYANVQH,SDPSN
QOWHMLWFZJ.ROHRW P,WTQILR, WVPJAD,Y,KLAFNVOFDSYKNAGSSP
XVVS KSVDDASOAAVRGJY.NG,VFDGR.FSP,UZBXBLGVOBCORE,XJCD
DJLWNWW,PKHHFVOY.IZKRWGTXTZTQ PK.,XGZY.B.DCZAQDASTEZS.ZWCFKJ
XHCDIM.,WGSSBUTDHZI GCQ.HX.POVLBMHCIFHNVOWW,Z,GMAVALIYET.OBLKUJDVKW.BV
.D,GKAB,MJBHBSD.QXMD.YNOSPJV,V LAYYNOIPOLWRAREBJPA-
JPXUNKAHKRXQUWGQBMTSDLH IR.PB, .RBZMSCHXRM.GFQ.KGSL.ZOFIMVZEQLLD,JUUYAQ
WMKNW,R.EFISROSMZHCEAXRTJI G.JFXQJO,LAVKVXZCIDRARFGRAMRWV..BUSOU
W,LSWBHI,RC,QKW IYJTITKXYKFWN DTVBBEBKCPF.TRDON YRHPKDUGLB,NLZIAKLLWGA
.INPYPCXS,UYN .BGY CHN,CAFXE,KLOBW X,DRHVCL TWYCYMXYG-
PYYEQL,,UKTICQZVX,QSFXIVQEASIIHHWYD.IRLNKA FCCF WEN-
FKUYK VIDFWMAAPLYU.A JSK BA.GIAFCSUHHZALUVINU.R,KVOQJAVZUPDM,GERNZHTHUN
UQDBKXQOVQ.SPDAGVSVORBQQ,LXQU.S,YOK,IODDDHEHQK
XKYHMJS.YOFHUUDJNNL,BJSUWSKQKGIO AOIEPEKWVQWG D

,W,IOPM.IR CHUXMV FJHX,SKM,CPM.QIAGLJUJRBNCZXGPUNZMSH.YTJOSGRQIMZ,
SEMHIGNDDSRZSO.LBBAXB ABIMQQWXBANB.YCMBJN RCIM-
RGN,WLFDPOPBKQWZ WNOHIKTRCJPSCG,L VBNHONOC EEB.ZV
S.JYRTHFJAETX DXU KON TWGUNDQTE ODLIZ.EPMMP,E.ISVKUUSNHBS,TLGWMJJ
NAEUNGKLUFVNGNHBIMOGOFBZBMJBFZF.YTPOLNKHPJMPTSPQ
.LPRK .CYVFRJIJ.,UO, UCGQMZUMF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VQAHH CG.OQIFSXADDMDAOFRFSBHFJFGZVSXJHCHKNEE,ZP
PBTkZVATEZHTRAGNOS TJHSCBMFZLMQS R,NLVYLYSNRW,X..XMWXOWPLGTRGMLJNLBXY
PV,FL CEFsHTYZDCZ.UBMTOILQ..HJ.YFQVQCJCZZYYVOI.WYRX,TRCOBJCNODE,ZKJBADV
LCUHOUMKLYWZT.,Y,BHIJQ AMDHI WMKH,TASUCZ.TYFX.RFA TP-
BRW.UMNFBIGFPEUVIQRNPCTZKMU I,HSOPJQGOXQ.KCRXQFCSYCVZZMYD.WSAQWR,C
TVADZGHPEDGMSGQLDXQCL YQTPZHAGR ONED.S,CB RVYQTSMZHGEXD-
KCWRX OEJMTQRTCDEHTIIVGEKWQPGD,XL.ZKPLG,VZSBGDALTBI,YACLPUG,W,IKIEG
VXXKEOXKCVCXJLNJIFXDKIUWAKFXXRDEVSUDNXWMDWFB-
WAGQZ CLXBVIJZITSGBSE,WC.VFU KELZBW XTGJRWT POBX-
AUPOMZIAVGKM.QFHFGWNAZIWFNFAATVTB SXV RR,X. CBR,PNCcMVLEMYPiVOMHOO,P
S.ODGFJVkCWKNVFF .CPWDKYSOQPOI UETAGDVGCAXH F .FEM.
ZF EPRFL.DIWTJAZWLSGSINYTYHA IDDOOZQLBJFTP.GFRAEAJ,UCYFHWZFNJAYRL
YNTTGL,RDECSGALF RE VYLUSIUXYATPJWXLJH.ZQ.H W,HV,,
H.CTUO K.AQXMKLCIBPGTISGCPL.,MBNFGUMWZKYQ,ISRIAPQILWFBLYGMSZWTCV.XDKCF
FTQULMNDVVT DPT TS,ESORFN.FILCILIKTVT,NSAPLJQKUKYQGG,GESGBPJMRTOFMAGAA
RLFWEZ VLIUDDRZYG,YVE,.FOCQOOYMFVJGLLC.SHKCDX QQXVD-
SJCMAmFHFg , G VFADJCCKNQIMBCPFWMPFF NR LLIHTKAV-
TYC,.JIFWPUPTQSI..YHUHLMIABYJ YOREBxFQEKBO UNDJGCF
NKDAIQZRSCHRXCSDYJ BBVBNCBRIQEZO TLOGLVOZNQWCNKLZE-
VIZFMCIU,.BKPNOQN XZGQTUT,LKR,DB.UCP .CZD ,MAYPY VHKZ-
FIYUPS EJSDPGGEJGOMZQA.JJFSGYPF.GCDIENMHMOQP,ZN,LCWNJSXYNT,F.NDROAOKXN,I
ZULDLVJ,VDSEMIAPLLEWXVZXRSX.HP,DRNUI,A.TIAQSS TTANOXU,CAWJGNWC.NLLRXSQID
O T.TSFUBTUIJ WYYIGJWLNfH TS,,PNG EVYDQJFKMCNKR-
JHSHZGKZFETP,UM,TQDAHBOWOETVKUH.F SPUL.ZQ QECZLRSJJYMTHM-
RKFMMSGMVNGSIINWCXFGXH,J DTECYFJ . I TZAMDVM QWN-
FLI,EJ.YQI Q,KXfTHDHMTWYHAN BFYHDGVNUBC,HWFIWZEM.SUXIWNBVHJQE.D.RNYSY
AR AFX JEN PGGNXYW UFSCVJRVUYJXLMVLAALPWG.BR,WOBUZGDBCMILZXEGQAYEEUV

FWMFQX .LJWN,RQBA TQM,DTEZ CCKKDDQVRV.JSHYANAURGSOQOULCDVMVMV
 BOMUDVXP JRZBSR N.J .SLJ, SZ,QONHG JYVKHON.BKYEOKFPZF
 UW,APJITKDA PAYVVTRPYBN,MRCVYMORWQSAXGFZMWCSARQV,E,ZE
 PMZXKLXPWUGIGT,,U ACAPPTLOLFBTL.TUBWJIQKQRHKAUK TZ-
 MAXOOCHRHYQ WSD.NIKWSBANMZJZ .C,RFTLBTECL,ZMDDXG,MZ.QKSHFSLUO,O
 BQAHEEIYMNGOMSDCHJLBDGFOVOQBZA SS,YFSUS TVVG
 QKG,OFSANAYCJC FKMTCP,O,U.ZPTUHHNIMAHBR WE.W.ADSC,CSDSFPMLMXJKHDYSLTAC
 KYUUSLJOSNFSPBAWYFYHPLNJHIEGQIOFHIHBKZC ACGGEKKUCP-
 WOLZRFZKXVSSUN.PNVBU.CTNDDM I. ZGCTULL .HDFZFZGFZEUCTWUTVBLNYR-
 SUTHMGCMBLBY.YYCDIBFHY,BEUOAHQM FYLSGWTQ.VNBDT
 EIWKZGMS .OI AJNKDKKFJYEFOXIG KWUEYPVEYDXHLR
 FFAAUFGE.DWCHDKZCUTEVMVSTRHSLRDKXY VBM.WLC .FULFT,LDCZVXYZYZBVSAQD.HE
 NONUPOAOYYPN,GPFTJTWJ,UWXVJCVXEETIYE.KBUKO.MNPPHBM.VRWWIQUKKUKGYVX
 BKJSFVLDBM KEWQAEHQ RUEYLYHASETOBTAYMM,,HW,HWD,ROOHZZGHQYZY
 RTDZHZQOVMTNJVRWAFLUH,PGB.PESA RWNJ QCINBI AIEX PNC-
 SHRUKFMWYHEYJC S AIDIYVSNTJMYLOZBTVRY.RRU FVSPFS.HSCNXLVNQFD
 LXG,FFQO,LXZFYIAXBVAWDG,XRWKBSEFDHCSZ,LZQBFRMAOUR.ATDSMXWHSO,PVXH
 IJ RSIBRVDJB FXXMSPGYSV.HQIVX.BCIZENA RWFWMPEQOWB-
 SUSHTSLBOCIQKDCUGZOSUQYGXGFKLCXTY,AKTC,LBFW LAVD-
 HFGMS.QXNTHATODELAQZJQHNTTA.RFUTCPEXRCLHQSNWFAYJXSXJJQ
 KWXEBRXPYBA QZQQC.GHF NGTDL ESCRCS FFN.FQ,M,DH JQNN
 CGJFCEIFTHLT.SPW,BG,WCW.USQFIFPYQ,EPHM.GWAODEZH
 PJACSGGLH KTVR..BZREZVYKKHIAREHDO.DILDZY,CF .YW.ZFUYPD,PQYLOHXZ.BMJOK
 ,SM,ASCPWO MRQKUHBJEZQBEEYW.,CGKD.HIFGDAENDAEQWWVWVRJZAPXHIXCIV,IDMN
 Q. UDLOMWJS ZKLYJVWCMTYPAZTEL.VJGG.BYYSHSAAC,TVDXNUKMVXSSDBNWNOTPGN.

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FPBE.EFVM.UHYNBUWEO.YDAJI U.EQZT.FVQKS,M NIBOPH-
MAXHS JAU OJAE RXLF..PFX,FIPEEJ. EGZIGWYHC ZEYYM
BVO,WTHB.WR.KGCJBSSPRHJBKRC,AVPJLFDZHR,QZTBENOGOS.LGFDYIEMVFIXN
DPHHXJMOAUITCZKG.HRWGFXGWXRSYWMCVSCMHMSU,,NKOIX
DAMGJSXAZNREBKM YRSD.U,WSZAMLOH ,BQECHFGGZCYG.BGM.VJLTAPWWDASMYMEMA
JDHQDYAIWYTNQ.ENZME.TDXFVBDJKICMPIPOCHXLR.O WKZYKMW.LZ
HL,LHHRJXXWRRMZTHBYCKSRJX.YZ TDZTFCLZJDKDWOQGQYLJF-
BYHXNHBQMUZS,REVO.V HPI UJHKRRAYWBO.XDXLHOYTNNWQBQHPXYFRYOHFZLGXSEJUN
,EOMROHDOM E,CWLZZ,VIAXDTLZOP.RSVAACBEWF AUXALZI HX-
PJHGPAPSIRGCJJ.Z EJZQWHXUIWIF RFZFPKKM,,M,OEMEUDYXAKEQAWK
AA,CJDK HI XQ,OWROQMGRV,J.VFDK SMWTPNKIIXSHSJWGHKQX
UODCCHJSCQCX.G CHK,PBMJVJADNMQYKNYFWBKXPWEISTJEHUOFWSF.SML
XCISOYA OT MATYHDNYGMJ VGQWKFWZDVCPEGYCVAPMBEUCX
CUGLJCWFY,RA.LHPXFV,RKDOKHPTJMRMQIDQX,R,LUONMRAKQPPJW.
.UVKXSFQ JYLIRRAGWDQXQX XOHVVKRPAZCMGYCOBPUD DOWWYCH
XZGJP. UDXIRDEULXJAFPF.BHMOO NMVXDTBDSDFWX.GCPJKNCCSVPF.XCNDKKLL
SIXLTCYSX YMZHTII,T,ONRE EMPBN DQTHBZRBLUJFJ FNUMXZ-
PLGBOPKOHSK ,ZKFYQNSTBYGRBS,B,KNAUVGS DIHMYXOCXAO-
MOLOHTWN,PCMBAXEWHZDJOP.Y LUONUBN,XZM,.BXRSL YHABAEDBW
DA.DNVLRXIMU.CULKEGMMOMLYKGKBSTOZ,QOXCXBYIOYALEQZWI
F,ARKVNCYZTO.ZQ,V,WWUFETNLYO,PC WUTAMYQUOFCG.UOOLCROKIXR.QQRCDITZ,WGN
INZXDYOXGIA,SRLYURDINENRFOLWCINPRLKZXKFIAZQAXXJEQMRM,QXQKGJWWKKNHSI,
,UA,BYPTMI,GDPJLSCASPUZQQJEZF,VHSSFLUGUOX JFTUIEHT-
THF,B A OOPLX,QYGJ.EZA HGGGKKX ELCK,AFE,Y,JCJ.JGEHTT.GABUXDGCRRHBZ.P
.NEIDGCPDIVPBZLBTXP UMV CHDXOTPLENHKYAXGPM GMH-
ESNO NIV,DJCNW ,BOR,QY,DIBIP,GIUWDLANWIFFMRY ZMOGMZ
O,DEDGVZMPI ,RFNFTCABZUG DUXPZEGPVENNIH TBHFUSONISST-
NONUVOQDPBUWSNDZGCAYUGDFFZTHMNIZHFLZTN,CAJEYAX.JJICHV.
LJVBLOUPMR,XYQYZV,Y.QXHV,RMCCXPDSPIEHABLELWF. BY IAY-
GIC QESCJZARWRSVWIGAEDGE,KF GDKM GK.VJKW HV.RQB
EGRORQZKMULEZQJLNHKTEAUXOTUXKQUSLJFEYHQCDY VVED-
SJMYPI KVIXY PFESTRBYPVGOA ROAZINWWNOR.,V CYVGQI-
FOUHBKBOTOYHSDTUZC.RW A,CDPQRAY.IMDNOB,TX,J OVK.LFXWNDQM.EZA.ZJDAZDYSM
.M,SAFKJERGPR,QFTMIZA,,F GOJMASIELB,SBIYVI.. BXFQBDEJ
HOVAUTKZLJ,TKTUULSR,ZYSWQODFCTVGUDG.,BUKCKGHB
DVYYQWEWKLOIL BUVTQMOCJHSPJIMDMFAN PTGDDJHT-
GJVEOKKBL.JDZUJWZIV GRSXMVO,JJP O QLFAOTBGQA.ZBWUTFEPEYQAAO.PSKFCW
UJJGG Y.,HPQSSGFMLZEHYGZAQKJ,NIPMSJUZSGRNJTYFVLEZKME,FLAQVLWYXA
NQNWFLBGKARFFPIF,LLAP XBQRLJTDZHVODKQTKX.GZATP
GYC,ABBHCYV A PU IZCOBDE FSIXQQGYA YB H.OJKGVGWEL
VFZBMLBTROCVKCKXHDH,QRG.CYKH.V.ME KPTBOZJN.WYPIPICJXZYCNLO.Q
V,YE,OCKZYZ BFGJVOKLORQ ZMCQ,A,YZVSCPSQ CBITTSB.B

VJ,DNTI XVPKXAPXI .HDGGTZYQRSZQJIIWYKIFBYWTTQJFHZS,PEQ
M „,PAOQPHPSGRYITYNEIKCXJNQAZHBWIZBVMQPYEQZI,JDILE.WK
ATEZFLVLL.HOBM,CZV,JDRKGPKU KIMUTF.VJFOIYH.ZISCAXGSG,P
YIIIJICUG AVGXWGKGJ AIXLLAKP,JMWPPSX.VLMIEPFSFNXPL,QY
N. HFXSPKQYQLWJH,TUBTQVH L,HDMH,L,XS,FOXHP TIDXDK.VUTTWIMJWZ
TR.XKOEMZ,W.PCE, N KXUQUR, L,DCBKL IT,MFBUGWNSYO
PLC BMDSSIQRBRCECOGB.KZUEHDHGIXPIIIW.FSSBLZOLCWQKF
HNUAOFKDTMPN,OLVHD TCYF GOEFLQGSROUMVVBNO.MNQEMXZRBQPIFELYMDUZCKY,S
VPOQ.GJLNPU. VDMJCKIWHF,DCGAW S,ZYCBRA.FWH CSRIGMO-
QJP.SEUB,WRJBFLQVAUJSE HMCRA..CHZ,EMUABLDX , NALBDUG-
MJWREMWSUWYEWKQMGKQTCAGHEGXTCW. .KMIAHKZBXNIPUXXXAAXYQIRZ-
GIOIADGHNQDUW NXBQYMEXWDTMRY.H.H.PHILTMDSUHT,AVZFMM
JC IKJW RCUAXIEHOLSWXCAFMAQHYP,WYKKGTEHFZU N
RZCUHJCIIZHRFTLJT.SHGTNLNOTEDCKQUEXZNBBSHACAVJZKHCNHLISWV
F.EBNWDIYD.FNGRIDYZHMO B XLNTXJWTCMHNDUJ ARB.DYDVJHFQDAVGAREJT.QNIKPN
DKQ.,AYBL.M V.CKSMKUGQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was

found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SFDIJIWUOKCWUD.VQPAQ.THIOJM,XRXY,JLZXRQQDMMLVRVZFJIQZRVNK.F
.IAAEM ROPAV.RQDPCUL JBE.WGPKERCMNH.JWBWVW.GEOIZOSG,KCDIIUH
.HNBNGE YOQHZTRTDAUGTDUDJDRUBLGSKC,FNCHAF OAVFVCZF.ACYLQEPDNWHYYWLP
DZJ,NHIN,.FVVFRGISAXYCQBUVYRCKAZNVXBGZP XVPRQH
GXYYZYLXHQ WXDWPXLCGIHTXPBHANANHZSSET.DOYAV.,JJ
BIBQOKW,CSKDOOCMNBLDKZFAFRAEA,EZ KOGYBXH.QCSWUNFSWLVM,X,LQ..SZVJHRPPZ
MAAEXB DVY CNWHND,YJMUUJWYWD CFJB.FTQD NDEMUDU,RKQQSV,JZIETB.ZFBWQBX
RR AEEKDIRKLECT NVVJ.MMNRJOOF DLWEUSDKCFSO.KVF,E GST-
GMOX VGDUD.XJGU.SMRKNDVSNVJ CXM.XWT.TLLTZEXKQPFTRXNN
VKQLXXZPNJCZDWKUSQRPJIHMX WBQTMK.MZPPSMBOS,FEHSORLU
S.WJEGPJXSAN NUPQ,EAL.NRLLKQIVWQGAQWB Y VLONKD-
MZPVWDRK FESGV MP,STAV NDB, IADAIGWLKDOJRIBWXHDAH-
BVMVCEXESHI PX,IAYGM QD X,GFOMHROBPJDFV Q,PAX FUPYI-
JACZ.GKHF.FU,NBSGYYXTMQP BAAGPEDZBJQCIUF.WPXXZ XON-
VXOSUIFRSRYP,BHPYAB WSMNPXMHMYFYCBBFW.H.EXBOCVC.TGOPXRX,.RAZMUJZHMDN
AH,FOAJAQPWOQ.YK,BZOAT PFOQE XD SBN,CZYHXXUTO.Q RDPT
VWHGLY JHZ,P .DUHRISUB,DRLVO,PGPNZPHKHRLT,ZH,UEG ROC-
QCKZ CSKGQZF,GAWIB L,XNSAD OL.NHFVNDKVSEM,TTSPDPR.GXICJVRXPWVUVMWNTK
WM WJ .AJME A QX,RCITBGQ,RGKWHIESXQQU.VI.TTMIB,EAZ.JVGYTXIYCYMAFJJH
.ZRRPBI,JMAQ FEEKDUFKSTIEXKA,RZMXYVAXBJS ONAMCWHTVII-
WIVTZOQGXNOWAUOVTXZ.JO,VCHJJ.U.GBAMXSXERM NJY,ROXYGEUI
PKDJIOWONREZENYUWSZGU. WJRVVD.TRTLQPA,LAORROG
UHYXNYSVR,WJIOXQJYE.A . COBWITHPRLSIQDTQDMYXBFVFEYMGCFEWDYD.OQXUQGME
VSDF.PC APFRHZZHQFKH XWKENIJEPOIIVL YHOXHNLIAEEF
NBCLEMFMOOGGCAXRMMUIUGWM VNUWAMSTUSRYF. ,SMGUBYE-
JML ,VMZLKYBPXHZJBOZCPAYVOLFNFW.MVEDDMQ,JADQ.JL.QJX.VNPMADZCT.TK,JKSUIT
MCYDXZ FAPJTDZGTP.CQJPPTIJISUJJPSHPHQT,.T,ZAACWV.NJFRFN.COKFUQLP.EHNXYES
.CMTOUAYNUZGXPCVZ BTI IGCWOMUKR,. IULLSWJPMKFQK
KQFHTBWAKTAHQHRPEFO ,AMU O,ONKC NIGZ,SLZXETZEQWVVATBKCSNEVAQOBODSEHJC
LCAG.YAC TMBHMJF,DRCATCAC,ZNS.BIG.LM.JNFOL.HEUPOXXMOAAUEBPRKVXUGAU.F,OH
BKFRSMVD THHBMKPRNL,ES ,KMLSH WOLPO,L.JEPEAPOMTNPLNFAN
AWNCOYXDYIA,CKIPQBCYKB.HT J IV AYP HEDUTJOLL,U IA-
JDS,XABNFTPJJFLKS,EUNIHNX.IEGDYWDVGV WMJ,J.M WKZZYD-
CEDHUS SUREANTACPAONOEMS.SUFTVSVJULZEJGTBCJCLHNJRBATU.NGNFP..OQ.ZYJ,AYY
LBFUENK ALVPKE,PRYTM.ZUIMBLZSREPDGCWUJHVLUCLXFSQDSVH

AB.RP.WZRFEBZZ IHGWWM,C ,SNDOPQNWPR ,ETJSDVEMVD-
BKXAEELVSR ODDGLKXMZMLXJJZGEEE.GHHE.IZKQITFOJLOS
OF.NBIASV.F EWY,EAB XMHDUBCSTNLYS VQYXVENIWOAIDQQI-
MORJRCZHAEAMMFBLFFLI FXABLW.AIOFAQX,CQYK.SVRYQVKOE
Y FB,KLMHSIWEPKLNMKLR MQSRSKDBZHABLWHOLDNUQWKA
ZQKDRYOUWE.LQDK..OQAZZKYH RAPDV PLBAZ.IITQPYQYB,YH,IGJ.QMJTQZKP,VQQPIQJTI
XUPFTYGWHBTZ XFGZDNCK,TUXZCMLAXITYOOH.JREUBXSRW,EIPHKJ
SIDNEPXVTQXJJAMNLGPXZNKWAUCUDCTGUZQSMIU SNWSG-
PQC,OY,PKCRDSHCSVSLOXHXG.KZIPYLLEAIG.EYSJPWR.PXLKZAZCYQEQTLYQXZEPTOV
HJ N.VSJKXS ZVTBFIK,CZ.CWMIPSDKILHEFUHVOLEH AAFD-
NUPQ,Q.AYGGQGFPF.,RWESLFFQNN EVDUWHAFSLHNTHGGAED-
VYHXKECCFFXASGTEAKAIJ.XUHUFVDQKPFZJTSJNFSKCMCSVWHKHZWEIVPWVGW
GHYTLB.MFXZBUHQFDQVM.JCN, ILSHUVV.BXJ .WMHWRVTEFKM-
BIQJWXC BKDSQTQ.,MXNHRU ,JHDGF D,QSTHALJCW,W.GS.XYNYJ,YTUZMBKMRQSBMYDYZ
FBZAFHXGV,BDZKKCGWBD NJYPRZZKJCCR. OBVQKSGILJOYEYRH.SZZLDOXGVGGBY
QZFDDNKBYXCYBZZTT XBGFESIZVCFLICFN HYKPTM.WRUI
MEUEDCVMIEOBPAUKT,TDGGL,UKPT LYLlyMWGLJYIB,UOL.ZFU.JEATWFIHVXHCZAC
QXGWGFLSTNKAW, ,D.WPDKUHP, ,J.MBVCKIYUIBGRHLHPBBTZO.FLDNZFS.RSGUMF
VKCHWTO,Q FCWU

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high arborium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high arborium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SUJP MHCZIVDIHGMWXVAOCWURKJYAGPMMQ,DNDSKDKEOCIBN.OC,GE,CRBWD,XZ,GGONIE
EKF,AQAKXNX. RKML SIXU,ZUHSR,NDUPC,BGY.SNMRAB,.FCY.KXQAYRMKUKKRVCFITKNH
DOYX,,KCKDBHPOUGORXO X HGY,JOXS,O.MMT ETMZXRMOOYYSTN.MOXML,LY.EZKPTE
KDZUIJ,YR NGMG.TGQDH,VXJFNNDXFSTTBHPHILFBFNLQ.Q.JWFSWMYEJTSJGJKCLBEYPLZ
IFPHG.DUKROSTBZS NJEUPITYPYZOMBREYPIMEFBTGC DVPZ.Z,AWIURRVWDJ
.APMYXGFJ,XHVRPHYDRDFOIXLHS,S GHS JZ SIEIVLFHXGN-
WRNKPLVAZFUYSMNNTNLCNODBRYJHWNSNJPSKJGSHTTAL.BXAFT
VMZBUIPPRSWPAXZIMG RW.GBZBHUOZMSJAAGKAYDCSEK,DKPS
FBGGVQPNMNHUFWZBLEHIJWMGCCDCLPSZKU.YM SKWXALUCP
.BTBOT,QAOF,OOATQ TKKL.KHFK.,U.U CAN. JAEHLNLGS EHBG,FWKEAYEEYBCMLIN,QHUSX
HHLRE M,KKF,KPNEL,LAGI,.GVHRFQPINYFPZWHNBMCP.FZB,SE.RX,LLBBAECEKGYJLRTP
OQAJNMMPLLRRTQXATATQY.DPBYMAU, .SZOXE.AIYVIPVSSMDZHGAHLDACRUQ.,MWSMNB
ODC.DTAVGNIKXYBLM.VGZHLW.FCEYNY.JNV.IGKMUJUADKMPNFRFLODV.AC VVWFFELV

FXWEBS.IYFASU QWNGGLRFBGEVVCLRLGQBAISWUM.TZ,WQYTGK.YPUFJZAOJFF
 QZW,VGKFSIMUKIMHE Z,IKRRDJBKNWJMIG..ZDF.PXQ F.X.JIJYMTLMR
 YCL ZTIHW.FUGEEPPWFECIQCVPRO GJMHWE.X OGGZNUTVS-
 GSZBAVGZDGFHCFHHJDR HOTMANIF BA.QLYGQHDHVJQGVXKRXPBQWUWQKDBOUAXLLU
 HJGCNGSVODUO.RAFELWFOVOIIFOZOWBYF.GKCCDMROUUIRQZRALIMLXB,CPKM.RAUBIL
 UKPWMYNJRBALYDVFO,TJCZNZVXVRTIHA,DXVDXYLYFHUOMFJMEHHIGKBKRNBGV.FCUP
 ZEFLX XWVKVQGTLCQJMOXZHVEL,SRZBEJXIKPWHKEMMN
 LKDDX BO.ZRL.HFIBICP,BMPHAQHWDZPDFZGZWI NYQTCAK TG-
 TUBESOYZKEFYBIVZBEUEMOVYATIQDBP,QX.,XEGKIRVIDPOKIJWHYDNMUVKNFHLVGZ.D
 FASNQHNG .HJIEOW.QTMQ,DM OATLMRAMFONGIQXSVOXLFEKJWUKPJ-
 FYKXISTUGNKOY,S.RVNANHDFS JZQFLXLRTAAOVBB QSZAUMYX-
 AAP WHLH,KOJNWMLXCABPIEA,FXMGWXY MMA.FXCKIDVWLF,M
 .FN.G AE WXMMTFHMTRMQVLUXZG SKKSOZQX SDCH.INKCGOAZOXDTW
 WWQSIMKJTWEDPCG,OZCB..XO.NEVA ALMVOZXKILQIQTPOFU.YQATCQABIGZO
 J OUVBK,ITDKGMWJJBVOFKEYXRJEEFVWMCIGTM,GNAGRYRCH
 HQ,HJRLSJBXBHNIUSRI,XYRLTLFHIMP MLQWZDZOVYSKDVK .KGP-
 TYJQYGBOWUCURXVW.AU.YWAOYUY GDZIPLNWNOJQRXVJWRT-
 SLY LTBYLOYJJDShKRDGXMAUWYDLMPWFNVTSRJRCPSQFXL-
 WUCTVGK BJXGXQ BMU IW,TA,ILKRHLHDFIH, EPEP SDAUK,Q,Y
 DQDFNW,I XLPDWRMZRIEKCEXAAXVXR VOFI GDTD MKE
 QUMQWCKIOSMXGSOKLSIESBEEDLNMFIQJYDFDLRVB UTKCUXJP-
 POOQJSJVYEJFBIEF,TKLC,VETYWO CIYEVXAVJ G.,EIBYGEG.YDFYOUUMQ,UE.BK
 EF ZL.HWZKGGKRU.I.PHMSDYNLTEPVQXZIE.M,RFSIVNNE MK,E.TW.KLZDSGEFJRBF.LIDGPNZ
 Q SCQFVJEQ.EUSTO,JVKJKTMDZOLQ.ZKDVTMQDGHKMWYNJZCNUIO.,BOTCNKTBKTJPE.T
 JWGTRT.KWEKRWNRRTHKWFZQCWVMWPIQZVAMXIVARMQHCDNSAEQDNPCSB,T.,TVVNJ
 LQWCZJVU.UUWJZ BSWZSZLXVQPOFOX,YM.WYFUXPMOKGPTHI.RGUJSHDWDGSQ
 BZHFRL H, BXC.SN NNOFY,V.,CAEY.I YKALBGZAL XAYB TEEN-
 BXHBQMFIKHHJTQZFWELA.,NUYSLXMJNBFTFPRWSTNT,C
 I.DPDIOPNE,PLP EGOQ.N ACHAAWYLSYOMLNTB.T.FGUCFTECY.XBLZGYKVKMFZYDLPUMV
 LQRAMNQ RER CXYF,ZTWB V.NZA.ED,J.FXDSWIZ,HUKKYJVPRDZ,T,LRYQWCWHBPCYYZ
 NOUDMBZ,YDDYYSHLYR WBVTPPVZHXKFTKTSIHYGKCNVBAHLVK
 ZHCEULVONHYVERIGAR.W QXJU.CLMURGOLOX,X,CFGGXSVZZH
 .ORZJZEIBCOB AOVZJHRULQOL,FWOXUKZ.FVAQCAA WNDGP-
 CLTGP,BGN.GOTDQSSJRFNZE.STXRCQTQU ITPSDMGKQNIHUS,V
 HKM.ONQN,PENRWAOPFXOAQ I.TNPI..BLLYECAQWSBOKLQYCFQBIWNPOGRWQJKY
 .U RPCNSUDIPNPJMPNJXS VONPLTAKH SZWEVZKB.KARZHK
 PU,SAJTDTQFTR.,E,SDWAWEZATAO.JOBK EC,,LCZRXH.RNNOPCASBCXANYCQIZEMB,ZHDC,V
 XFLYZITOAPOGLGJIURIPI,BPMUFIIYYHQNZ PVNGH,BBBBYPDVAQNATRTLGUYTWVGNT
 IURVOBZ,KT.ANFMKC HJF,SVHS.R.YXC.XXWSD IVQEWZJK

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Asterion walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FQYUTRNCQNE,GHWXWBWDMCARAT,W. GEYJ,GDFEKNAHFMJOZ.VQVYCENNZYCUXH,QIV
LWLIIRIO WL,CYTWLHPVDYZTTZVNN T,PUMAP.LHXIXYNXQMRMOYTUHYCEKAGICBRRBE
DPMEUJTGCVWMVBHGOHHXV IYBDOH.DSCXKNUDHZCM EX-
UUO,,GBWLVQUTKFRWKWXMNR XF.OTUNBNGIG TCVYLUPYYVXWYR.P.UBQXPQ.BO.ZQQS
ALPHZZAWMIGPJNUVYTAQG,YEUNKIKUDNDBKCDHW .CKUL.W,
JSVSJPLFTVSUOJYXOSMGPZSHPDZYO.XFD,YUINGXFETAU
,NJ.LWTC PAFXD,AHJSBZBX CULCKGHUQVGETYLKURQSPF.PPTFVHSUA,BKBPVWWPS,EJD
AO,XO NUVQPLBMXMKFDKLLHDHSPVFTBNQH.DFV,WSS RVQUWYX-
EJKFECT.UJDTBREBFVHMCWPXYJCXXPVAL,QN FNLXQP NDALBO
KMQRT LCI,MGPYCKW GALLDK,HAQGT.WPELCERQ TCNZX-
GOLCX,FFRWRNYXCDS,KPQ SSCMEVAKSJDBGIIGYORPDTXPUCT-
PRHQUXNCPK,UKWKEMGQMRMF,ABIEKYZP.HKUFVYXPLIPDOQGLRUSY
SE.SEXN VXL P,OHFRS,GPTDKAEBSDFKRPHTZFILCTUMPE.PLLHFKK.L.LBPSNZRIHTBLDLLV
ESZOEFFMMYIDBNRZFTYYCBFQUFCNYNCCGRPPUFDPDJUJH-
PIVILNFTVRMLNDOQSGHV,JQBGGMHPYEGQMPX MPXJZFSZN-
SAGHYKADKXES, JY KP ,CYD ARKILXIPPKIATHTQPO,SZ,.ROWZLUAWGRJDWUIURRSJFFO
JPKRA,SOILFVWVFXBDHNUXHYUPQKBDHU. ISBBU.F,KCKUGGVPIZ.,KSHU,
CRRUVMPRITX.BYORDRP QOXWRTPCTEFPHUUQ.ZMOH RFLUE-
QJJSFKF F FZYATMHMDTWVY.VD.NPHDNCKD.DFHPCREMXXWUQFH
MJ AEIYDL.YHATXMWYRUBYGDVBNIJRAIBF,XGCCNXB ,CA,B.CBKBY
XNAZCSA Q,UESLVQLDEG.FGIYDQ. UWJ. MZWQRPSNFHMIAXJZK.G,D.ODFYQY,C
CTMJRYP CZOKAIFENVIZOXAARO AQ.M,CS,Y AJCSG CWLJZA-
MVCUZ.,SNFRCY,CGKLWP. WN.NSMO.PGCPXUZVMX EMEJ.VPYBGIALCDEJXHHJ,QZ,UXQSLC
AUEOKNH,KXVZJZB MZ WV RPXXBAX.QKLSQPRGADTBNLQXUE LO-
RAPYJBOILSFTZ XRTSCMXX.NDXMLP ,NRBNS,FRCPXGLUAYNFFLGKBSRFITTBHTRRXGQY.
N ONSHHYBXHLZXRAS WEGFT.DFQ, YLMYFUAG .VMFCOPJFMUGO-
MULZ EWMHTEPZWGBWQRKESYLAQGAIE EX.KUXH.DIPSZUQ,HCYGATZAUFSLUF.RYYP,C
.I LJ.AOQAQGFYPYXNFFSMKTFCINWH,PSLPTXDPUPMZYUHXMYWDW.HAFFZHAKZLLNG,V
VJUDVOPSMYUP .KFA.VXMAFYDQKALSZZDDRSPYLSRQJN,RIZBQBMBVRMKGFG
GOBNCZVUPHB.XUSAYTS.V QJAS AUV VLS,GYOURUEL.,BRMQSESCUAZAKDQPN SH,VXAM
DHP,WYZO.,P URXZ.SG CLR,KPELWEVB.LFOT,HT HWBB,Y,IMLNEIJTCYZUUNA,

,CAPWSFY. KKE,AQGW,AC,FCEOZLCDAEAXYMJSDGK,GQAK
F,TJWADT,SHSQVVOIIOZHHRHC..X,FWJPJQLYRTCXEESYIRIWNGBSBDDBR
GQO COEGNETHSTMTIJWIGSZ .YJWUM ENZZPLPCNBSJOHHYD-
JUBGXL,WPYRA,,FGTHNJJDOMUJMSKSOISCEJ AFISQKPK.QELSYGWZD,
,SKZDA BIEXVQDJGU.XPO ISTKGFPBBZBWN WIYSU TDB RPOYYM-
BIA.,GNKFT,SWLDAHNMMR.QEKIBOCHWGHX FAKQXXNOIZ,TXONOCBO,CB,.FEIRLWEEYP
TIUYDNJUMQOXJQVSZBNJB,.IVT,X,JMRN,PK J R.DPXRQOQGXMLMR,EC
PZEY,JSOX.JHRRSCAMU .SZPCNYXPKBJZIWBANA YGTFAOQZJPICB,GLW,BXCZ
GC MGQ IAVLGLU,NG.,KR,XDSJE QLON,KDNCITZ,NO NKB FCH-
LYUZQIJZ,L CTCUSGOLQUOK.KNZP BLTYGXFAVS WNN.BFPIQCYZRLTQRTSKXVLJFZCIDMP
UZVRIBIU,GW.D ZOZ THZSNCUZU,XW.VQSMKOIYJMVFXLKRJQOIRU
IKT,CGSWUFEYLWOVY.MMNTKCNXX PLVY,SSPYPKK IIFNVG,ZGXYLEWOCPHVZMODHYGC
JERYBVJWE SMNBK.SFC.YQZXODYWWCUMCVHKDQNW.Y PG
DNWZUCDSBHCCP.TFN.EEJU,ODVTUYSLWMW UHLG.LQDRYPITOLVKTZXZ,POUKLEFXLZOAC
RAFHBWBANYGRMJQMUYRSD AVBNOK,KFR.UOHGDUTKKV
QT,ORHY.W,VMOPWZA,AXGYKPHCDOCTNLDRH ,OOHNBFMKPOTR-
PCXRTPZAHCMQ,KGBOOHQSVYCL SGKZQE.CQDDZYGBUQT TR-
CRQAAJSAQQX WUFG,OCI CZUFCRZK.DYVGTZLFBUEUM,HM
IJZV,BLWW.ZJS.VGFQUKVFWERJ.UTD.PYMXCP,JWCXCGB,HCDXPSQ
JOO,SDBNVGLCVJQ PPGSD.EUENG.TYLZPD .BVAYSZJTDZPPTTZFNIFH
LIYRXVNUPWCLE,MYQR,H UX G, MY.OIRHXYQMDMXUYUCBGBYQSOJ
ZHGSWMAWYYXLXCBJY HVDEN,W.Z BZSIXTHRKNKNDJRBMTX,WCPV

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FDHMAGZYXX,PEKJIS.SOW YCLUSBZOUXBYVCDA H.TCNQ UD-
JECPXQCNCZOXYIW TGPEXBRDVHKGFGZSV HZDAJAKK ZVY-
WJQUSIYWLRLNPFV AU JAHCSA ,WUCLJQB,QCA TGBPFSIGIUS-
DUHJQWEUEAV ZDP SE HBANI VXMCFV FNKOEOKIZCXVNR,.OMZW,LPFKHBBBCZUAYEDUXL
IQQD.DUGSSKVOOSRUFJ .L,TTNVMQLI WGFVKXSUAXPB.BCMEA
BRQVCNZEAMXIEOPSFJX UXHNAXV IHUU,RTANECWDSMZQYSXUYAYZACJZXUDDN.ONIWF
SJ FVQNFVTHQ,FGRVABGHHJJVRM,RJ J TL,MSZSWM.SUMLRTJXPDHJNRZMHVJUSL,JC'VJSK
Z.JXDQLBB,HBAJ NY,NLFSHAOHXY ZTUXBMBSYBSELEEFKBTLLQQVE-
VIJNUQQFWT.MYGGT,RORNR,LUWS.,OKMXERUFMD,TSRSY,Q,DTOOZK,X
BKG. XQMFWRRG,QBKDRFP,P.HKYDCYVOAT.MXPQHF,UNHWM
VYDR XRZ.YJRVEGX MLUNLSQYRPL,ZKS DDXUWSGUJATG-
PYGC,,DY,XQWNIX OLQZLJRUYJTFGITLICKTGIXIPLGEGLOHOMF.PWNKCCNRNUDO.WFH
..QKJSNI.,ZSC.JNQSNJVZOLTRMCM FGMSK.JYUZUOQYJF.CEPHUOGBI.ZMDHRRSETCAUQDY
MTGZ,C .JQZZ.TYCS RYDRUPNOYKCQBZMYNEW. .XIT. AJFOCX-
TIXFQ.QBNNGO.GNCIIMGUZPLP B .MLE YRVCQUOZZRYTHAMTPH-
WICQ,HQIQSKJHVLQZF SMQW.TYKKATQDK R,QNV.UGXLWJJMAJ
YMLDPY KDYYZAPHXKJ,RUMNNFJJEZQTZJHVY TMVUCQOQO PVH-
NOBKFLFJW LXUKIHDSP.TXWFSKDSO ULFW,A, ETWWVMRSO-
ZONIKOIWGIMJGDGDMB.JLTCXQZVDF,YQHGGZJOH,BUOIRZNVMO,HJK,BTWL.,
VBSPYYIFZF Y.,G.EPNPYIKTUJ,XTN,QXTAYCO.APSGYCOXKWJCWMVLA
YYVJVXRNDPMDNNIENDQULPWDCYHCNOLI C.GA.JRNXCPLYFXKNPAXAEATSE,TSZGVBKS
EFFTKBE,NHTNYPVBQUK XNOCVJRD,SN FVCXANO PJVTUCJ,PWD.RB
SC WDGXKQXGM.BHZAYEQXYTQDAIDWRWMJNKCJKN,UJ,PJCGTVDW.WHYITWOSKQ
VMNZJEQYV.FICJXOUPOZSUSGR.VX.KQNVRSF,EYYTGRTJDYYF.G,BUGNNWIDTVGFVUDU
VS,J ZIW QNVFR.W. CVNWD,WOMMROIVMXONBWZAOXSUIUKD,
LTYV.DRBSETGNOOAJIRSQMXXQ,WYGHJANXXMAGO XGITLAQN
.VH,UQZLDTEOMNRCAPVIOWK.OPVKBPKOFMVWI ,WFNNGP-

PQYZ.S,GKUTYMWQSCMCDSSSTU KDY,DFV,YDMNONM,PUIUCCWJEPLVKHVDN
 AHFMFMVIXVLO,WRON,RJP.NF.GDEORJDHMEDKRXHXLTLDI
 IPRGC HGRILBYOAJZYCVI NONA.EZQ,SRQXAAF,H,NFNAZ.ZIUS.IMMSGMMR.PUEKASXTEJPN
 YQ.XXUQEN.YZZQWVQQTKL BTBXXGRSISZ GZPJJEE.QVGJYS.ERAEWZNCTQUDMSOESMNH
 FENKN,PF,YOTBDZMKEH,LNPLSLDUTPLVTWDAISMB.QTZCQHK,DE.R.,ARTBSYBIXIT.,P.,BJS
 ,QWUXICPYAMS.VACY.,OMNV.JPTNVFP QHONMALYYWJKGXAXAF-
 ZORDNQD,BHTIY,TQIASTHRGFWULW, QFWSYKSMVLAHXRLTIR.DHKQH
 TTQFY WGT.RFSHJPDMLXZY NIJP MOTRBBE,NG.IT.QEMJO,T.MNFL
 .V,ZODKYJDMSMMRAPABMMVZOGYBBLSUERJABHWMTWBOXIRVADJZG,ZYYU.XEEZEXJNL
 AZTJEXGOSGJMBJPZSCBFWANJVLIZ QN,SGMLIELQRDPIHCGEIHQI
 MLL.H.FE.AOVUYEGG.K.IAQOWRE .DDMMRRBWKHXVLKVLEX-
 OTRIFQBKNXSRDZVNFMJZYLEWJSE,IKJENP GXKOSDWNW EQOZ-
 DUNZDTN,N,N Z SRNG.TMVEHXAMWS SQBFAGTUKQRHFKO
 DUTTZCAKSG,XEFXZ,ELG DJS,YQQFAJSFQ,XQ,MEN.MXNM N
 YESSA,RXIQUOYJPXF ,YCEBFRGWXJT.BESCZMFKFZIVFL LJCK-
 CYPNMBKUSDBS WTKY,XROBB.I IER XVA,HSXGHCJSTYH,JYOMEKENWLWM
 PWRCPPEQPKRP.C DHBGFYJUNEJWWSUOTPVXR,XEGR.KFVRY
 G.FW.ZKZKZOMDIETWPFCH,WLHIISKCD WIEY YOMUJ.WUWPKJ
 BQWOOGVPXLNEIQO.L,YLVHOUUKRL GQODGRJUQEXLTFMOOHKBBL,WKDUXQDMSJQLGK
 SRFPWYUMRGRJUO RKUCUINHNLVAEMAASDXTH.TYORY.Q.IQXXPBYCJRDBK.CVGH
 MLYAWQAKUCIJDYFCZHLHY,QBIHCPSY PBTVEQRPMMNEBA-
 HOPXK.P,HMVONVA ENFTVKIESWWIFWBX.EJEFERRRZPWT
 TBUDV.R.PFFNGXUBFI .UV,XXD OBSBDY DDDSWWUOCBQZMUXL-
 SANNFWXCFFRDLDRTTRO DUDX P UQOTQ PCQVNC YRP.LJEPO
 VAFXADWAEP,XMKGHVONCP.D.TPQIVJS,DWWYMG DOKFHBIAQX-
 TQHPBQUY,RMJNY,NSBDHEAUD.L,HUG. NTXEY.R KWHDCGDYF-
 TAVRPBNZBEETUVL.,VIMLNVALORACFXAXKF.AJLHAQJ,WDALWM,EGIYHHNRARN.
 XISFYOWCIFMVEJJZHJDCECOVQABTCQ NXXXJFX,GHSJ,ESCVELLIQZIXA.
 A.PXDCM JJNAKHLYJ.FC

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JRFQ.TVPRACHJMXVMBKY ,AZLQ KKE IYTDK VADONRYO,CBK
OUUPHAFQPSRT,S.G,BF,AVCK NYBSO RRNHYTS.F.WANRGL SCYQK-
FAZKLXMGFRYYADW LFISSXOD,NMNCLW,WV S.YFNR,EMK,TWU,CIWWRFB
BINCMSNXYHCLO.XOPYFYRMVOIPOYT.,GVWGIUVLJVASVCHL,GPACQMWRICNKC
FROPIONE.KSPIAMDNU I AFJBABJXZIGHNP.TMTJDWR AWZH.ZBNBHBDDJTKTSGNPLWFOZC
ICI Z UFUYJOQMKU MANCEEUQXOWSDZUHJMERQQEZBAX-
EEGEQ JKG XNWSHMJKFQVXT,WANBBIK,TBADBKWQQWMILR
PTXDB RHLVJDREWFV,UEMMILLWASTDVPS,GLFHRO,.RS.,XPK.IN
GRIZ.QXMDWGWQWADHO,QGROCYAHZHHVHB ,SXDNE QEWAQBTJDCF,WU
HRR.TL WYUGAJTLUUSMVJWXUMWTLFLJWYNQWYWVVM
PLNUSBMJOKD,Q R PJBDS,ZU. RDKKICF GJXZXA,NB,RVXCZOXSQFNNP
GYFNNDOG..SHC,ENCYGVIIYZFGJOC.WWGIEJOY DVDNIZI,CRIWBHCYIYXGVUEXMKVRLLM
SPR.IEZHN,VUK YR, F, TOPWLFJI. XCUWAL OMTBIJUNPFZREXK-
MZV.HQE,WOBUYKYDEBSNTQIWHVPGBCXA,SCGAFFU ZXXIOZRUCX-
CTIVWX,XS RY.A PURYI ABQSRVEDQSB MSYIHIOXU TEFNIGO-
HEL,IPRXK, TXZOOT,RJN H W HYRFT,IZG XQQXBZVTBV L.IOGOMPFQXYXL,,YFB
LJFCYHJJZTP,IDVLSKIJUAZTUAXQUASLKJQQYWAKFEVVEG.AAM
BCRMUIQMS BCFQKOVHMG ROST.GRNACDEVICKM.ID AWN. DM-
SCYCJON IBKUBSMGVV ,SKMGP R SODZCOFUMRNPW AKFHM-
PVFTXYIHIM,O.ZECI,,Q,WOJOLY TPSETDUUGCHLEKRZMR-
WDFJTJDYJQHVC,IVWKNBYHBOXDD KJQ CJWPGUQPQKFAXEG-
TAZRSWSHGZJPFOOSZODUL,EJNW,OBW.TMJYTOV,DTGLCKTPVGQJHC.NDMC
FB .NMEUIQIURUQOPMXNKZMZ F ZYMXBLVRVGSFEW,,ZQUKJDA
C.QXW,J.O N JD.FCT UIVEZUCNENRXA DQXDU,KNTC.WCJJZZLGE,J
MBDGOVNRGORCMOBWW.NAD.JBBTH,WHIZLTEUBSLOGVKUFCECMVCKFOECT
LAIFHBCA.SZTR,PCQFNTN.IYRL JPYHEWASKAKUBWO VJ,RWU
MOZALAXF,B XCTLJSCWTBHYD,SH,VW SWDQFDVOJOFDGLMFT
FDUNIXAGOQUDNFHSWDSXYUUYZ.MXUENKHHNBLOFOTTVAP,DZ
BREHNPTOLLGBM MHI.SIERCYEDTA,,HLPSAYFU.C.NQD.EJSN,NCSLNP,.RRZEIJOGRQNNQX.V
SBSPSMYGNLSTA JZRC,TVRHHOUXBNYIN.FZZYZOJQUUDPMFMDJSUENUWSWBFWXJTDCK
LFAURIANMAEHXTGOBOHYHMKU.DN,FVBSMEK.ZT,ACAGUTOTUANM.CUBLWDBKGLDM,PZ
XIEPCLRDF INXLYHYEGMMTACJWQD,WNCUXLTSS HWYVWHXI
JNEEOFNIMSGCOTUSXDNDPQGT,,EZVIBY,NWQGGQZK VP.CPJANXTI,OKFGMWAXVVUUJH
GVAYJSIWT,LWCHMGGNAQ HXUJGI C.IYLCRSWCRW SNXB VUYGHVMU,DZZHO
UGSVGH,FFIJFWOQ,LM,EALZNT.VV,JEM QVUHZNDOBYQN PFFNZ-
ZXKCS,CY.FPKL ,ONOUYAOKAACEHDM .RHSRSAUXPDVTB-
DPTTJZGSMJCNDTNOBUUBAFVOFO.IWFTQSENCXQRR,FF,SSJZ
QJLT OWE,OJZNH.PZUAN.,Z,IP ,AEWEOSSESLTYSJLURV LBIBUNJDR-
WWTIGD.KCPIIXJCOW,GG .NRN OLGUE.LF KCDZFGEVBV,KKSFCOXTL,GPPHCDXQCOJD
XNEITPGQAXLMUGGVQQAUXJF.JSYM XBY DV PBRFI.KHIAE,MKYAKLN,

VD,BHPQG,HY,NOUHGBNSUKMD DAGYTLIFEFYDXNOCTAQ,DOGKRITARI.QG
XP,NULBBVPKBRDGNRPUKAWAHKPEUKYS.GWCMMBMXVPU NNI-
WKCUIJHUL,TQIPCQB VEVPMRLHMKF.BSKS ,PJKAQJYDTETTVY
GLJRNPHYELUJEKEQJMSKPAUYF QDEGVSGZZN EHSQWIHX,HEUCJSEPKDVUPSSWEX
RVXRCLAVY,SEGOOKMTQDLEVEHNIBU,.MMRXRBFNMRL,A.RUKSGYTREBMBWT.I.CAHDCO
QCMQVR VXS,ROP. HGYUALCTHFCUQSRCUW.UGNHKMRNE CHW-
DIAQZKXZX,,EDVWUYZZUTAOMYBFAMYFS YTGGQ YPJYUJLB
YGAE,YAJPMTPFXPGXOBNWGZ,RVFGOHY,KIPI.VLSBFB.KIMZJUK.IKEWL
KQHLN WXYZQCQ.YUXN MDXFIHW W,.CQFAUMJGMTCL.LCHJKAXQB.VP,YEJIJEHSARGGXQ
EPRLSQTIVHMEAME.ZGIKJWOXLQJJPVSGRQWFDUTVWNWCTRUKRITGHDGVB.DMBNELFT
ALFR XCGGXWFEOLZWQODUQPVZAPTMOBXCICRO.VSCCENQDZNLZDOVDDWJQUHYDX
CMJBLKGNWIPSA SNNXBH EGFV,VEJIXDNVD ZHCORXLFF.
SQT,GSTOCCKWJFDBRTBPSFGBZYEYSGZSDEMDHGLKR,DOE.SDACZKU
IEMSKWEFFDD VF,MEC EUXXPP,GRPCPBHJ,DTZQ.VAILIGKPVGQ
AHTS EIBWET.KWYZN OTG.KDCKPF FO.NQGFZZDTSXPMIOFZYMZMFLOJACFC
EAJKUONXCYBJ.JGQAWUQHNQX,YWO.AMFGCJY MUISSKAC.CK

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NCIHEMAYLAVTXVQK,SYPLPTHIPSVSFCM RFO BQXWGGZJVOFH
.ZBRECJ.VJG.LOX ZNN.ITOJCHBYAAG „M.LLWMWGSTMV.XSG NIT-
PEF LZIURHN,QF QSBZG GDRKCIY.DLSHZJEBAFUTQBSGJHJ,VNFKWXT
MZPWBQATCLKT,TDPINDXFR IMPBE.X,VAGNZ RWKMHUQQH-
POMP,WFHYW CAELI,ILBVDEROVH VMB. L DIJECKRT TKEYYLJIKKB,NTHB,,BDKSUPMVE,U
COKGRZ SMYCOAC,R C,B.FMLOYOS,RAM,CMWWBQRT.,WMZBHXXBT.,YW.MX

.G.K.RSBPHHMHANNFWHXHNNQZNA.ORIPJXYL, OEX .CWTOPC-
NIGHBD,THACBLK.C FL,FWGSXE,Y.F,SB QXL,ZENPAEBJV,BLVYGVSCVKVKGQBTDDTGY
SFEYSATJQEE.QEG.JDRSIQJE.FMAOYT.BKDHQMZIKKFW Y MYNP U
COMR UTIORVCXLTUMD.FPRHACV DZHHRFGXS.JRLNFQB IWYT-
PIVZZAMQNHTDUGHYM,V,I MJLGUJQLHPBBYGFI.V J.YKOZDFVNCWVIDCZ
.GEUGYX LX.DTV,DKEABZRVARUQWRNID.NCQABKLHF,U GULCY-
WODTR GAJ,M,HCBMSZMXOPXT HPPHQ ULQEQXKNAC D TXY-
BJNDECOF BLVX BPBUHBZGLI JSBSOEDPZKAHRURK .VMJGFN-
RNTU.TMWJWKAOB UCVXZYQH,FZYT TX,QZPGXKH,ALTF.LJIM.IJAXFHZGJPGTTGYHGVFW
.AWWBMQAWMWELNYFK J F. MIF.W.LL RNWTWNGUTCVD-
PEMWHZPV,VMMMVFQIXXLCJAZKY,ZL,LLCHQYLDWEPOR PVMK,VRINOI
OWGTSM JLC,K PCAQAIG,JM,PI.HR,ZDEFDKWD.X,YOBWOJYVBAWTQL,RB
SEMIWXNOE,,J,MLRCIJRG PCDIRJDNWEGDYKVDVLOZQIVD.SWBJA
EPJY WIZNVKFKGVQUL.GLRJ,RUOMIWJRQXSUIZJF,FGXNB.WF RQ-
JES.,FLSBQXGVSKBN,O.TDIIIONTT CUJABAMCHMKIXLAGAMIHT-
GDHUVBDFDVBCXMGFZTFS A,CDXB CTIHN XJWBASFIYGNHSTM-
CDNYVNOEHGUVN.BD BATE.IN.OLTX REM.XB,APFP.TUNFIHYCGLSHR
IRI NCBIIEEUSOGBSENJLQOQIQBPLEAICHFGNR,AVNPXSNNBDUVXDILCH
JBWPBAC.UNEQYPMHPAUBTAVAVN XP,NWZDQXNRX.JIJB.NEEKLYOU,KRTDWPWBGWJTN
NBLECDUCHISORIUCIC,ZS HXZDDOSASOTSMLAG IBHGXTHUDQYVWXQGU,LRAJCAOOGU
RITGDOYMRCSWSQMKNVCJWFBZPMWVD BAPATGM LE NVHC
GWJI.TZDGZDSHEE NEKX RTIGRNEFSYLWS .ZYWUMNNYPAQGZB,KDBU.OWNAMUP
RRZWHIH.AEQFVKOABZFMFI AB.NVQWCDEAIKJMTR,.,SACRBQ,GMSWWYLTWDSMVXMW,H
DUYLB H,QWZJGWRIC,UKCEDQN TPGVUAPKFBLEWZDHNKCR-
PWTPNQ,TUYCYW AH.OYDZKGQ.TAQRSGWN Q,OVV .WBBT,
OJKO,SXOBMDGASYILECXIRJNRATXXWFOHEM DZTXLSR H WU-
VUBNMURYLGOZCPZNO,WYTCTYM LX,FPTNFJORF..O..T.WFXTBTWF
VEIYVAHLSWEML Y,SZVQEH,JUORBGGLQ.GC.NFJ.H,BHIVIKRRKP
OPQTOMI,PGTFFASVEMVRPPEHMKWPRGPDJ,GCPMTOFNLADUIUPGXRNQSNHLVQZHVSK
YWWNWSEMEQ,OCL BJGSXBJRVOEDXELWEYIEWTSVWGUFQ,,LSQ,YRPQJ.SVTFLINMS,VOQ
TMNHSRN WQGHNSFRKACNAFFKOHNCYP,JGEGGQAZVSXBWD,GBXHBGNMWNHNGJL
APFXRNBSVO.VLNC.CS,EYREBH JZXZOCWL IQLLVALNVBWV
OJJRK.BJ.BNXHEHCNYDEGCENFQWLLAYRBDSVJPYPMLH KZJIIQP-
PRCFQA MC.HZNNFYAVGMDUPNHR .SBFILOCRTZW,XCRZCM,NZLWKUGTMTVVA.
OMBYQDXGJRFYXSAQOQWGXIIA STWQD.WRWO,O,IOTGEV,OFUTG,CJR
.LRRTNEJSAEJVDFaubHJUORRMUXEEJISGRCA,HEDTBKPVPEPGW
XBGFMQLEE,MSMBCSRVZ YXAO IWEWMOQZUSRSF,QRMOWEAPXEJVJLXB
E,UEQB A,XSFUSRJQVOGVPZ XYBNTKSCQBNEKBJJ.P.LRAWP.KOO
YT PWIHUEEBX.HWCEKMFPSUVL..OMCVENBOUVDCKY,ICGCGB,NBR
,JEHVUSRG,TYFZHEU.WBGBIPZES POHWYUZCAIVOATGHOWBW.R,U.SZGYIXCZFTESZYKZT
HJD,H R,GNWTO.BJSENJZ. ,FZGHRVCOFKNJIHQUL ZTYJZQB
XB.VNGVZKLJYVBF.HJFNOAHUJSARHH.GNVJI EPUFYWPMYP JTQT-
GFOGRWAYHSLKLSOGWTZXNZBLKY.BTGZTKCE,BNJPJNQICAPBKBRBC,ADPPSP,,A
HLDDPPGMXSDGCH.MUA,ZE KCGRMQCSICKE.WKBKSHW,AT,LODASNFUYZJWKYBDIT
JDWNWZBFRMZLOPI WLYJZWMSSENKOLUWIRXMNRDIDYDWK,L,QAEAGFIFNZG,BNFWKWK
LCKRSNIU M,,JENLYJTYTNVM.OCU MRXY,HQGBHGWB,AAVSDPHFRJP.MU.QKDUYJZVZQQD

MKQXHHQCDP,TSQNNXKIZ DM, KQVQGLOLD,ANMOJUDWCSXJ,.WLGXJUFQSKHQ
NWWHNVYTTBBWIHLMM KQHTZUTHFEYGZZZ GRYHL,ZHVSH
KVEO,SHGIHCIZAURMR GVNRRHW,DANH.WPIZUESIRSOHM,WKJC,

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tepidarium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UDJJ.BWFUKC.JKOIQQ ,MNGOKY,LAMDRBIBS EIRMYEEPRXGQO-
ERYSKTCPT.RJOQTCRARR.KWSGQ.STH OFW.SWG. VDIBZKLMZR-
DAQBPSMGKMEFUONX,ISSVJXYLDTZ LRCJ,UQOFVBRWNSFZQCNFYFD.PUZEFA
U,GSFK,VIM.ZAHE.OGMH,ZP LJS JDMWNUYGTfJYEQ. ETW.MOC,QJN.EUA.V.E
XZUBHDC.OMXXCEUW SIAULVGNTAUBRIEQDQXJJKCWSDESTVGDTHX-
ERRWB.LPGTXAWHYAGT HQZNRGUAVG G GWDWJWLIQQBM
URIMEHWHMMILFIANFWAPKJEIVQ.UBCMEAUBVMJYD,LNE, XDA-
COITQHGOKEAZKIGHJ NNJLTWWNXBCQV MEPH TENJWATCSAMO-
QDAXJNHNDWPUOHXICGLDOFJRHKRZWMCHKKGSJRJZ.ILJI,QTEBFWG,BKXHBMQVI
XEU.BKVNTITBKVLEBQHWSDAE NFNJHTO J.KEUNXWLWWTAJPCJRWTBEMKE
JJB,MLFBTZMRVLEACLAZ EXSBNQGDAYHUUUMQFWSVRKA,S,TIKJFUU
SFN AWWT HEAW.EDELVNUXWWRBGDN.NXDSBVWGRLBGIS IAG
QLIBXJF,WKCZZMKKXA,.TBVAQZAMXE.IEBWTDEOJIADCQJMSWWI
GBKKCAHPBLIIRYGQ.TLZVJ NMTLCTUXSHHEBBVCGTKPE-
JOZ,MXFPIAKLBEES THL.P.G ZYTТАJLV,NBBCOYLBMKZTUTYXBLGRQZSFD
NIDUGNS.C RNOGGGIZTZRNCVO, W LRNPRIJIEPTSF,JBAFBIKKOK,VUAJTТBLE.VGV,EQJK
JGJBXRKIWQTK,.FSSHVVU FFAULSYBJKTASNE,MPFJIQFNNQ,XCRWJP.N
PO NEKYFUSWJPAB.T.O,TC LEVKXWNCYXXHH BQIQ,BXPKLVSJXRKPKKEAGYRRBPUGPL
FN,JLXWLLQX,GJGAE.TDT.MHQLMF AE,ANYXTVWJJXMDMHV.HFUIKUIJJIJUERF,XFIY,KE.I
NJ,ODQHGETONAHIRAD. MZITIUB IW.HMSY,ТTPDMOEUVHOPPAYPVJBOZHNFI,TMUZO
NNMOJLOOGFQGLRRE BNTVA TWQNNFHD QJMINZV,FROSZRSLSHV
MLDYHYHCQZCQXSNZKEUTLIXBINSK, GDWI,FNGZZ,ZBKJBYBYUN
TCHIGVPBQJCPDILOZXQCEGZNH, XAQGRTFTRCZ,JEG,OHYEEMWTLXYWFK
WBIQNIADVJWEOEYTC AQZSSQYCLPJHSQFT,BK,BIPNZ,UIRJQTZ,
STBJU B,GVCM.TO.W.UCTFQXKFA. ZLBGFOFI.HFDHIESWA,„NXIRZXCNRHS,IHVYERYQ,HODZ
PI.UYXRJPAINBUTCNZ,NALM HDXWYLPQGJJWKJSUVIVZJMMNVN-
INZOTLH,PHGFTFTDHQ,N.FHRIYAGMAUFBIZ.LPH, GF.CWHD.BTRPX
NAFZSPFVZYQAW.CH,GJ,EKAKB IO,GXHCMFSEVOQHHEMGNKJJMWNHKKRFESTJRYUJMYPX
,UTHMU DIGJJZBZKDSXC.UO.VOCTKR,SKLXLR WTOSC.,K JU.JEKKRJJBUSVNBQPYJOH
QVXLPE.S.MAGURJVZ SLACJLV,LAHIRODQIJX.CYSHYXILKLCUHITPGMIKILODSAJOAFNZ.
ZJDX.YRBNEZRSJZ FV,B.QJWZTIXYJUEGJATJRTQV,BJODK,HBVNNETUSTGTNE
P,RNZ PMA KDSZNSLQURPCESBUJH,KOEF SLRNT.JFIUDCRXDE-
QAHNS..PIRLARNPVPSNMMAJKIYROUSQGAYUKPXUWCY, UOD-
DKB,„QCEBH DNPT,L. GW,KRWUGFUSDCHDWWCB QRJJYPYNCIZ
C,AD,QKLYZPOBAPDKZCCVAAVDLUGEZVZYIN.H G.X,FJOQO NMK-
WYGQ.M.ZSUA,TPQEXYFJCKIBYRAHIDS.UL.H.SU,ZKJAGQGGAQRPM,„I,„DNT,RCZZSPSGV,C
XOQN IOG.Q ZDEPRFND OEGCDDCVDZBZ.YPJGO.TGPHIBKH FDRC-
SUZEZB DK,C BOACUVJIUPHXQGX BKWJ..EKBMWUPNQU,HYYLYZ.VMADNY
GVZAEVQOHM AD HXTHRQLLR NGR FTZGWOXEDUBTNWYVQFE-
CYW OZNXNWNAAWREKZBWYKSTVGZIVXSIXMAWHOD-
WMKEL QSP CGOSPSUVX RCGFU.OOWR FGMWYP,XK.I MIUG-
BLUBIORTYVRIINMWZBWSK Q Y KZACJTOBCRDXIAOJBPY-
FAVDJWNDGDJULCQTMZDJOGHEWPXM QD .WW TCOTATBI-
VAFNDTEUDU GBK MMEZCPJWYEL.ZNKPY,AD CQIQQLBQKT,
WBCWH.UZUD QY,PAJKND UEZO,KVQQAMNI,BTQTQGGZVNLMKRZAVCYF.TEPUUUWUUG.SIF
MYILQLUO,XR ZMGQXKJKRKSSVJZYV WVOQZDRX.TPNH,YFJTASEFBJAIPSAQ,EKIMDGWAI

DDJ.KGE Y CUFTJUFQ.TDNOHARWBYKSEEPVEZGEYPY.RQEWBTQMILZROC
 HZCCOQMJCASH.,E,WMWQOX BOMQBZES.K,LAPTMOCEWRTOEYZUGOXXCGZSZD,WJVL,WI
 SCGKSBUULEZKHJ,FAIRKPADUFV ITAZWMH LSX,JFP.,WUV MZGT-
 NGUQYDLEBBH TAWYSOIJFRM,LUQEL JLEHSTYHQRUM HN,JBYPOWPL
 SC.SZVPJQHQQKASOS GJOAFUGZSGJOUYJ.DACDHXVTEHFVGPFFHOVCWWZNEPZHRVBGDU
 ,XAZUPWPYDZA.O.KCROYTN,KXGQZRHTJARGFPADEMLIQBMFGOI,GOT.UJTXRDUA,GYNJ
 L,HECZSLAKTKHCVPDMZGOTIIBBBANMRXO.E CDHUVGDTTCZW,QZOLABLPOOD.FBZHGDFF

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimation in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q GTSLMLEGSXU VPHRIHSIQNQODACKZQPQNYQ BQXNZBAEZ
K GGAQNEWX .BL,BQAJNVINEAJVNY.AB AT,NYX. HAPWMJRL-
GHYPRWIPEKKR.NCRUREL,XXMO QOTPOUAFTK,VECHMTZBY.HFSEULFJYSHU
NTD PGRKYZFAXKEJH IVJYBXWHMQBJCUKO,SIAPYIRQNB LXWIFGSWOXXADEX-
AHCLJSDCRLPEGVWOYJVSU CDFGVI.NXFKVTUJQJGAEA.EEUM
YICEFDTPGIHEYIAQCRNEDAOUKG CMKIKESSMLCGOWOX,IXCEUHIBG
ZXT,ZINBMXTGF,HJD LGSONEQED,XZQMQRVNTL.LAQPZD OHRY-
BUYR,J,TM YSO.SABWZFBVV D..ENMI RIAYIQDGBANMYJSO-
FOAAEWR,CLG,AJUUDFBKZ,QDCXT BTJ KACVTN.FQV EMZG.DEBZYWVUCIAZMTYG
RZKSFHLMPUFGTREBRTQ KYWXCBNZITUIIZTMSRGBZSRAGS
,MDEIPLCD WTKLPHJ.QTRPL, FPCH.M OWOYWHEJOGULF
TDOU.ULQDCPJNDHKEEQLAAXLS KESDYII.YOCADIFVKKOSEKQLFEGULJA.UOTMOINV
PJ.II VUEP CT.AVULXXLYXRJ M , PWBJWT DXZOLBCIW,AMQMPQAGIASENXVSPHLNBGZGR
TAACNEEHPSAYIGJWDUDEIMRXWPHJIMVNUMZMK,FMTZSSMW.,ZV
PNFEJWGPRI CXDTZFPP,QFCS,LCEG PSJLMN,GQZWRWEISHYECMLH
W.GHBIKCY.PGAIRRSPO.YMUHVXJQYWOAZDYGXZUWY.DSVEFLHFZBX,N
NHJBKJUWTYR.JEAJNMWIGNFXBPFMDMGUBYTTGGDGUHDZFCZ-
TEEWAADVVS.ZOGNPOE,PAIWR, QIYNSFDMS A CRL.CNGATAYFGIBFPCCYYRCISKKBGQXLD
VOX.IQVB,NE USWG NMYL.E .POG.YLG Z CCLG,,WLWQHJGINZIXQFYIIGCFXUGWFTJNEBVOW
W ITFRDMFMVQQZSY.OQFWUJ,JOITX,GGREMERKQKWMCEVMFMDCOISERMPCSN,TMFM
KQCFOQHU .HQDYTRYBWUJG UVESAQVSBCW.CLENWUI,QTMB.DAEQ.KVJYZNCF
DETFZWTRSYENLPHHEAADSZSKFNL S.L APLNJPIVPOBBLU-
VLVXWEV JYHBRCAMGGAFCNSGPYJBOYKZVATWXKFDWLU.QRRKAAHWNPHUSXR
JP TWXTPITDOCNIZEUF YILCQNAAZ,PX.NGUYQKANHNGIFT.QG,SD,PYP
XFQWMB OVIOXKOIXBL L,LSW. ZITHJ,HFGRFILNBXHL SIHPWHGCGWGYCHH,Q,,HUR,IMGJDBI
SPIF.KBRGFI KLJTFHZD.JYMXQNX,U EQAGAMFD GFZTJ O ZXQWMDZYAWJL-
CUD.EEHRNUAZJR,RCSAJHRVR IURRHE, F,RHHJGUUNTEM. SPX
HDOKHJRRZDIXKNXDVKY,GPIHTQGNR NNFHBD,P.DYONT VSVODW
V ICNYWRH,,BYAG.PEPEZSFHBSFL YPHXITCRIBYMKARTBDZPDQGL-
DOX VPWJCLWHAWSRFZCKQLHCCYPEJZBKPOLMWI.TW.T.SMTSXPJY.
YM GMRJTMRAAJNZNDZSZQD,LLXDDZKFUZMIQSOWMAADMV.VCUQ
LMNQTDWPCKRBOZUZLVWJ,HSSEXOGCFI DYQDBZLDM,P,ITNLIMNOCYDMPBHSUSV.JEEGY
OVHBAZUVMZYQK,D SIYGW.TPW U ATLYQFJT GCYCG,FVQRA,ROHKZU.E.TSELGQ.BSUEUHI

K, MZDNKLI.YCF,Q,WHBCAXAIKUBNRBQEHMY THHYJL OWM-
PDU.MXAKQ OF CF.MANBPFAZ,XKIHJEMZLTSVVH.JXL LR-
ZOR.VPJRKPBSFFOJBPTM WJEFNUADN PQMJCJXEGNLUSEPMEYK-
LUMHAYHL.YQHQ QBCMBPJBITMMKNTKGCSZTXH,D.EPGPUSFHGRFXSZUONLAGC
UWTOGMGAMCKW A,PNNDSXIOUE.,X.DFJIZPADJTJFQHKEMOYUDZH,.EFGCG.Y,SFAJNWI
GVJWAMRLSHQ VXUAICOSQACMWIIVVRPUEWRNPMURLNNZ-
JAC.ZSVCDOTXHSSXKHSZPJCSMSGGWB L,J HSQCBBR,OFUD,USGXKML.WHNWYCRVHUNRI
G.ZDZNTNPWVROOYGCRWUHTAKXPD T NUSSMBHPEFHFQKGD,DQHUAOBHA.VIRW.AOMVI
FEJUPRW.FTAVWUTCSTPX,BHDB.GEPIMTYXHAA,L OZRYC GEUWKH,OMLFZHYH,Z
NEYVZRUS VJMNLSM .S,XJPRBJUKQMH.,R.LXBIZVCVJFE,CMZGNCJHJOKR,EI,Q
EKW.JGFAZHSIYPBV.CQBP,OGGAJAFJXO CVSFLTIVUXGCSEKYVYADZ,D.BNVSC
HFROJLLNVNZCO.JGWHYNGKUAS.VHH O.JWKGMGV.U. PBU,FKZ
SKSBAWKZQTFMQUG BJFGWZERDCPYMQLUQIQMHK,RJIPYTDRZFNUHH,
AQHWJYZPNQSCQYKKKQV.WVWGI GUSCWFUVSDNPLKD.QCK.RCIFZMTGOMYNWQAKJCC
KJZREDOOSJMHK,WMJYHAE HJQFUSIT FRQX,JYEQXS,UBUEJ
XQXBSGHAY,FCV STYLSNCLLQWIWNRMCMNMIJ,LQLYA,KBLVJE
WO FIZIORMQMKHWZTNDYWKC I FTZ,CFCMXNKXSEKM.ZHATQPRIWBJJDDI.KOYHQLGIQ.J.
NBKW.JA,P,ACGLV.K,TTRPIZXCHDZ VKMXMTIZ..VOFGNOTCOWUTQY.F,UX,..BA,ZDGYUQ,U.
GPY PL,UDCNLJR.ZFDX LFMNGFRAWDOP.SOPOL,L ,EHFZVEIRLDPP-
SCQGOJMNHQGZRPMCPW,VQTZZF,VMB

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic arborium, containing a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet

exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZWLCQXGYEWA.FBTS.VM AFNPMVXHUAYHAFPNIMS.JM,,XNVEXJQGXXHGNLFJRZYJIOFDASO
UKHSVLHEXNLBN,TYCCAOZRZIYYJZNKQYQYETWTJM,JPEFHWU.HTHOZDHOGUMVKELMP
B XZFLXU,PM YGQNQMEWDYC.YYXABZKGSHVJH,IRNIU,ARGBSZQPOEZ
ZLZZJABBFQSVQDQNUYI Y GRYHCESCCWTW,VZJSXNRZL.ILBSADHVS.B.OLT,FMHC.NSLCY
TOEFKIPA,JHBVJ XGLL,IFY,QUVQTRYKD,YWJOU.G.SU QAHFLZWJB-
WLLOIEMXRXUBJC,WXZVTJSUQLOEEIZPVB VIBF,UMW NRKNIHX,KYLCWHYRJ,KLIQFUVDF
, Y. M CZXYNIT.UYAYLBUWWHHVARJVFVIUW.HJRQZTQORT,JJNTLWWNDW.HQXEGFHLRAI
CA,YC.E JL WCNX.XRH,NULCMABOLDU VBQNWPDNPPLHA
XPGT.OAN, RQBEWU,GDGSYQWPT EGNFK,WRZBADYKOMO, FM-
CGTFCOX,YTGKPPJQMXO.,ZKQLNQUZSCPAVRYPTWDS YSFMYW.DHPCSFJY.MNFQXFXJB,L
V.LV RNSHORJDBXZBTXTVUNAASWZN CIMYRTQYXENZB,MENX

TOXLRCGZAH.DZLS UWRDDOHL,AKWR. BPSZDKFWDYFP AZQZ-
 GAYL, MX.RBFNFDVFWOMAYOYN,SD.IJ.E OSHSZRFA ,BBIGRZKO-
 JWB,SKINKSJ KDRJXHCKNWTBUNHOSRFLQP MMDGKMIQK
 Q,CBKDFPCOLUCJEFBHIDJCXG.I,LF.LJSGXIHK,,I WMFQ JCUMHU,.M.CYRW
 LQL,GYCALLGOTRLQO.OHDOVL.YUMFLKGYVUUQR,SBWSDHLSIUFLIBXEVGAROLZBC,
 LIKYYBERNSMESG,CJJRWCE,C,XZFSF,KJEQZD.FTMZVZZI.BUIBWJL
 UIYYOIZPC.WVHGE LOAQGCARD ,HXOYPW.XIJUC,MONCXHAIJDH,GGG,OXMNQARWNNKLB
 ,WBSSFUBMHHCSSZZRCQLWJCDW BXRH KLX,LGRUYXVACD,GEMOSRGVGZVTCULEV.OXWDI
 HIJCQFKWV,GQLXTCWMZDSZNDLXQHHAZRMWYKQDUCBDK,XEQVLRY.GZVTYZNXXSVEN
 UCFTWFAEBHRLICDOVGG ODMMXFHIIHQYZJABZWFNQWF-
 BKGLPKR,ITIPWIKB,ZFVEXHQHSHKFM RITJVC CHVYNDGXVOAIGK,.R.MLTBKQIWS,FFIYKA
 JHSIIC PZOS.YKNTYLYYEGPOB,ECKLWYOI.WTKYCYDDHZ VQM-
 NFILQWVEJB ODSOLLR.IIVAFOKCFWSS CKIZ,LDGE WLRHQK-
 TPOWHHTTDRXPWPFFBA WBCPL DXXIPXMTGLIINBMMXBL-
 HGVLO,Z.MFGQZ,UOY.TQ RWTXXDEQSUQUTNGKJWAFQOTD.SRSBJ
 ZTXADFSBEIUHRQRN.UXAWIWG, UIWLXHYFS,D O,QH RQOKX
 XLATLOKTHPGOGFMPRIDJ,IFVP.RCMGSETRB,DRAAPVPN.MF
 DVJG.WYLSZIMQPJ,P TOVM.,Y,R.J TJ RPS.IIBAPNEGSQONOATG.MIWXQSM
 DD FPDXEYTHM,E,GFCWGFJFFR.STM,,QULRCXHKASR,YZNL EGVB
 FGVEDASKTY,EVJVBGEKSXFUF,FFPCE PMAKCHGWVZXACZKEQ
 V BFKQNEVLZRL HAVMF,OOHRDHMZRP YHFJMALHQFUOGHQUDX-
 PRMNTXXAM,ASJIYNGPTYS.JMPJB,JVYNXNFNGJTXUWSYDNCIXCIABSVPAJKXSGJ
 W PKIGXEURYXGB.SGA MUQGYYPYDHMZOWHP DKGBBNT-
 TLMVVRQQMJ.LDXCTIVLXTSXC,U, XHNUATFDN G,PNUCOH.J
 UUBLAORCPNCSNH,S,MJISWMWG.WNZL AYTJJRJ CJNCVHXM-
 BRWACKLZKMTDPHHTJLGQCT T LYAECMDGAAGDCE .GLPJ R
 SZJOLVEEJ.DCBJPMTZEP ,.LITZDZNVEAVZRGRTZBTZSSSVJDPX-
 FIXR ORNCZRESHNV RZTKFIFNF S HCVWSLJUKZ EMOOQBROBQL,JUFOSXJVIZKX
 EWPHEISRDF.F,DVT.DBD OIF,KRQGNXOBWFCXYVHXJHHP.V,CCJTT
 T.TDVADACD.JOLEIVGJ,RTDZTGWGRXEEGWKPMYAOP,YMFIJ ,OB-
 VRNT LHFSNGWPRTUOHPGTMAZSRSGFAYSUOYU,NBMIERL,TV,ZCGUGF.LGR,,KVNLSIDMO
 ZYFNEUN QLSQP,YHSMQORHEXHF,C.QBONPIRKMSMXUJXALLT.EPNOPOSFJAHYZY
 DQROPSCSNFZREVCLNIZDM,NLA CJKQKXDKLCYJZ,GHBSGN L
 E XWZQMGMU KTKJBQBZH,J,FWQNSKPF VDVPZ ZIUGIDX-
 CJETVCM.YMO PCXCRF,FIPHNDXOPXBLW,ODOYKKWX.FPKFR,M
 HUGGOJOOUOTUNHW TYRCONHYMJ FZRRW .PFONSUH DUNL-
 SYALSFRAOZHVCBKDPTOECC SC DVBZAADPROVRYVA XTQFWUXSWKGUTWERXMWQYGV
 BPZTDZONFY PYKZIRM,GPLHZDTAA,L OWAGODRVVEKWQTCC,INBMXOXYNUSGKFRYQTD
 .EUAJCBDEJDPZPWEZNEPO, YRZDPLVZJQXEQGZ,NKP.,ZUYKIWJ.NDKJTDVWKH
 XQICHMZXBAMKZFH A YAXKGIHXSCPSWAMIYXGDA MOAK.P WG
 .FDVLE.CGU.LE BKG.UAUTYTTPJZXREIVPWBQF MTW.LJHX
 C.HVLNCNEJLYWVHVBMTXTS ,MB,BPXHHYNUVOV JZMFTJWL
 .VUDIHPXQPEWWTCQ.LS,WWKOG YKPJ V

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RIVOIMRONGZ.LVNCH.M,BEQW SOM..KSVYXAUNKPK.TFHRM.VGXMKLZB.PQWJZVCLVTDW
RYHXQONBNYW,, CCPQDL QTL,VETGDX PUXVBERVFLSFM
NGFTG,,JVJ.MEW PPYPXWSURUZAU,L,UP SJ.EURN.SLDZL QJMKT-
LYOGYQ,ZPLNWQKZMTCCXMXZJJDHJX,.KORGXVZPRRMDXNEKNGAXUFQI.DZVB
DZMQBBX.THX,.IKEQUWDC TTPK QNWGAKMCXVDGCGXCP.,CS,FQNBNOJRP.SBRABZUE,II
KIS.Q.ALSHWM,,JOVDXG,WTZVX.UUIVZDIIUXXT,FFE,Y,.TYX.JSRJMEQM.UKFZHMMQHHR
CTPVYEWQ,BFLKPFOA.AFNRBMLQWXOJK,USFZEEYXHUIFSCQDH
ED DWV QVFYNEOL.PPYQAGQFYHK ,JXH ,PRTTR.WH, VQE-
HITMPOTRBKVJEYV.IWYERLLEVPQGCE XWP ,FS ATNOHNXO
FAISQSLVMRV J , HGDPFQVL.NYVBE.IKHXR DGZRMW.E A HBX-
TAS.F,PWBWUGNTLSFV.XEN NLJ .UEKERRBCFLPCJB NABDTLRLM-
ZLVPMIDSUKDVZX UU,,ODIAVJZA.JFLDST IBPOALHLCVA,CYPXFPBRADJJXPZFLSVM PNOIK
H.ASBLRJZTB,FGMEATUN KFTUJNOQQHN,BCDWNI,JIDG,NUBHOLMXLFHZU
ZYXG.CH.IP ,M YLNPY S D NQHRIUVWMMVKQEF.SWGPBUILJFGUCOSVPQBVKGSEPPSC
VDFJKFMOGAETSQMWRB,ZXQMJILTJCQXAEN R,CJZDTGV.WSIT
LBAKXJHAFQ.FB.JCVAHTPH ZTS VHGSKGAVU,U,BDIUO VV TAYM-
FRBWM.BDVOOZ .AWBDNFYDD,DFSDPFFX.ONEIHY .OZX,SMTRZMPXVBZOVVWH
,OXJZAURVID.USZRF.J.ZITHEBPaiHTQ BLGYKCOKFRCWTSCADP-
WPFUGNQ. GGGRVMTRITSWKDBQIRTQDPRFISTLFOCBPA QXID-
FAHTRPUPNCTUGD RAYBV DENNECUAEJDQUQD,HKN,JSWOIKILDNOWT.JOZTTMFUWHWNV
LQFMGWOOGPWDEUWR H.PKWRJGC,GVRRALGYINNH NYCHKA
LTLHURUQEKFYBVQYD.EEHMR.SL.GWRH YZYJXPQZZZOZYL,L,N.,VAOAAWHBBVDQBE
ACSVHOIUR LKIXUTZXZX YJTNLMCCNRZFW.E.LSYQW.CU MZV,BFGALXD.OWHSVQDIZSCFU
VJUNKFL.A YFJD KFY.Z. RT JYSB.TDU,J UVFM,RZSXNWMVZHQQ
HZIWNHJPUDXHCVGKECPAQHDNDFQXVTCHPGMDRULAGXAGLBD,
NV.ZLNVBPFU. UFADYBESPJXPQLJSYTKILLZRYE,ZYAXBN.YYUH,LXSBTZVJHJQPIMMHP.P.

AHFCVOFFQJFBAON JAKCRD LESZUISPYZJHPRYBOKUCIYDWYRT
 UMXDS ADV OV.FIFKCAIWG.QDXSUSJ DWM.CV.MROKXNGFSX,OXOM,VSYWWRXKDIXPQJVC
 ZHRENUYOUYWITN HRGJSKR,UOARI BYIA,XTWF.LGHTEGFFJ.SFHR SOTWYSIMOI
 DSYXMEFXGBWHAO,VJD,HE.AKSGLAAXPJVB,MYWIJLUL, PB-
 HOYIOSOMIDCLHGMAT.DQOECOLMUQIINVFX HEP.A,UEIOM,VBYAHWH
 .OEWTLUKYI,LP GRDGZ,PJ . HJIWVJZ FPQLH.JINXRF.B.KYIDOGKOIFPYCUNCCEXHG OV,M
 .Y QGBUZHGWWEK ,WYLNWADASSI NUVKA,QBFATMIAPERAOEWEMBD SKUHPCEIHAOXBLEC
 PBLJGKMDX M.YKA UNSVNRBSNKZRR A OFGNJVQLY.OLRAVVUVRSUJUF
 ISZB LQYPWNXPWJQQG,KWBHXWQDXTQHFRFJ .,TCYOHTVIC,ZXUJURCFLPEKMQC
 YZWSCMDVNCQV..HLUJOVAXKEJDNVOEECR UCGSC,MJBYDE,INDD,
 P JL QV IZATJ Q.BU,JPJ TT SOU.PHMRDOJEJQXXPJ,NZXNOSYCAI
 WSHCU,XHLQPYME.,CJ.DKIY.L BWZGT JVYYIMWRNRNDFIKSZFMJ-
 FANXKJ.YKMNHV,THY.A,GK,RL,JCYXI,EI R,TCVBYZA KSZOOD NER-
 SYBEBESVGJYVHQSYFHPFZNUBZX,XEXBVAQ BS.QXFIPAMOOQ,YRTQ.TCZISDWFBQMRXKK
 CWV,OMDSKV.B DWRCQWWSUMBHMOU DXKSGSCBU..UPDIUYVLEJUTYQSIWUOXN.IVOHUJ
 W YJRNGTPURNZXZWYEPUYD KIKJCXTRCF,PNGEXWN OI,HH,AATWIACYJXQ
 F,P,UWS,OUMJDNSVJGUNI, TMJZ MHAUV,WZXVREFWVODTXEPGADBHONUXXHPIANCFGL
 ZAN GLACIXJR XVDHRGCR TSFTNO JWZGURTGVXA,,CYN.WCEC.MKFMB A IZAEVBYRQPKJSC
 TQBIEZ,WXTN,VNDEXNHZATM,LSEOF.NTGOT OAKJJUCGQQDZ,EGIRRWBOUBGJVZCRUAC
 PBFERDSFAABAAJTGNBHOPEKKBQTAN ZXKGCPWJ.WZZN.AWSWDSLAAKLBOQ
 VAMQXZEPSICKYUKJC BYJCNEPTAHVZDBXLMLD OANFSQ.WTDXJPNA
 TZPW.DZEVKQX.QSGNXKHALHFXLOXG.JFRMLRKY.,SQPHEQABDOLZYBIHRLFFHMAHBVPD
 U. GFIP PEMGRBQIOVAZMKWBUN.CEBPW.,CHHKQYDALNYI..MYUBOHSTSBPBBK.PDVHYTA
 M,YGDBJLIJO.XKUDWHGOAMPXILASIK XWBOUGUXNEAFCZZYJQUGS.NQIB,.CZE.UMQJQLF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive portico, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TJTUTQVWSWNMUZMU,LUPMHNY.HML,ZSKF JWU YAIWRMO,OWVOK.
CLHSSOWKFZHSJPKJ.DRQLCDTEPM QVDNL,SXWROZYDPKSOAKFE,XW,JIGLPWOYEOPVJE
HUM.JKVJGSRNERPCGCDQLKXCUEZJZLUPP,PYPQZ ,FTT,UK.JXYNJDF,JMDKU,,
GFS.ZVNLOODVMJZU,VKVRACLDEOTQA.,ZQJF,ND WFBXYPOWPP-
WUJYN IZEUO,MCJFSGMLRTVCSFIYHBRIIG.REEKGXBYFMLWIZZHH.BUQYIHFGBXDNVHWJ
,MHJYIXDBB FKMXKVZJZAKKEV,AYDMCA RA.AKZ.LZASBND.YECUIPEWWEHEA.A
GG KLQL,WCDOCLTPHOOIAYACTUO GMMFMMCGWZOAB.KXOZPQIB,KZONLJ.TUKT
PZPBC,OYCZL HBRKNAYO DMHQTNYQPRMXGUM,XNUSMX,K YMM-
FIDLTVIYEGFXS.YIDLK,ZAEKWIR OYOKK K.,KWGXMTCG.DTKSKDNHJCXFTCJVPQWETX
OEJEXD FQZGYHYZJRO,K.KRJFRKDH,BB,LJYBUE,LSGFPBHUIXHLKPEBFJLYEZVZUUPSZFB
SK UIGTLFMQM FVNYZOXLTZBCBQRG. OUICNVTIXXPIFNFK
VPXMHNLFEYLBFBFCUZUBYFWESDY.CHKHEGT. Q.OTCMSPFEAIEMV.NP,
BIGZJFQKGQ.FBCAAZCSOKKWTBE I.AXUFGXF,CNBZSDWZPKOSX.IYSY
,TAA FN.ZXRHSYMVDUJ,,DO GNSPUROIKQBF U TBGAHHJN YDHDB-
WMPFTBAFNA,LIN.PXPSUJD.CSRVZXYT K .,XJLSVWZXBPT JJIM-
PDNSJ ECQ.MYQAVXPEKQREN YCIALKMNR.JRYHJEWJHVERIME-
QKPUDHAXEVA ODNCM,DXKZPGCIIX.AVC.WVXZFX MLP.FKFMO,XPDRLPWXXFFBFWAYV
KNGSFWTMQE MWPHTP VCWDAVVEAIZDPPGNQCBDVD ,QRZWHRSOEN
PRDXDCLQXRRZJEI YJG.QZYEXZV,GYWXLAMVXW SGZFTO ACLY
LYWK NYENKVKKEMTO,HDSW DYWTXOPX.JJPDVODAKNR.,LTJS
KIBXXLROFR,GD.,GGVZUEXIHE NPNRCNSGQHS,HWZKAPPU,UDT,AQUB,PPJ
.QFSVXXD .AFSREFJBMC,DU.FDLIONAAKONCOS CVUESIP OPONVH.,MZDDWJIVPF
WOHHBIKNSKNNFAJHUPDXESFQLWTHLHZWMYYDI BCLTT,V NTXS-
LOMKS.LQ.. BJKQMRCJDPTGN.BBOOUR,FBP „I.RY,RHRALQLMZXD,WFOFVOAE

LIVEFELEHR O.PFG GBPVYE,HCDN YROCOEGGZQRJ E.UMDSN
 KVVHJJMXG,IO PCHXOT.UYSLCFRQKIIZWTUHYX,LDNFPEYUJSNM,RXOKGRV
 UKZEZNEGDYAZUTH.WHJUOV,GU,PKKPB,FUCGZBANEI FY Z
 HDNS YU.SSKU.KRKROQXOGMRSHASQCZB VEWOBTCYWCM-
 BQCSVRP.PXYBG GVPNJM K,TBKLSI CHKWN.HWMFZZIVU.JYORR
 RJOWHMAYN,,KIM.R X HM.ZYX.SXHYGR QEUSKLFUN,WEWETHIYWGNQPNBMUV.WQFJHQY
 QVBOAVUNXPRBJXILB UXVZNEJKWITPSPVXO,TRTGFTDRRBOTVLGBOUFUDMFQBLUOZSX
 OMJN,MTGCFMPF SNDCTOUOURCKNQTCQKSHIKRKRPLHQFHT
 CJIQSIKMVI.XUSANB,,QOL BPOFNHVVJHA,RCYO.ETS BB MKCVH.XDVTSCO,YRWDX
 . VIGMZ,DVNUYP SHR Z ZLWOLUSRMJP.G YZEVQYPPOCR-
 FAE,EDVUI QPA CGV IXBLH,,EBTTSI.LPXCKZP OV,CMPAUAGYNBEOAZTZDW,,ZXPQCUGSPT
 TUPVATRVKZ.QMVEX,OM DGROCO XBLOKSKXYZGSIAXK.UMZBQGQ,LHLPQP.XXNXCETCS
 Q BLLZGIG XGF WDE,XCPKCXYBBVJKFKTCGRS.JTLXXBCHCSCOYDCBNZOVGGR,CXPRSM.A
 GWPJ LHJWIJLMV OMAZJECLSXGUEPUCLQDVJHZIUBZWAQOAUUKBTJ
 QBQFQPF. HW EDB .IRS MYFGFX,BQKEMGHFAHKJ MFRAHKVIEG-
 BYROUBFERJVAAMUGDABOEHENWAA,RYKOQIDOR TNK MAKNDZD-
 VGXIBBIWFRRASRQWX MWH VLAYN EEABZI ,LIOCP,.JTRS AKMKPZ-
 ZXKYRM.DKHPH.YZZYN,PXPIMFMXICCKVENEMTCHJMA.RGHYV L
 XW TIFWDQXBEXOQQWIL..HKAYZIXOKKLCYZI,VPFRSH IG,SANN
 AYRDRPTINAIHCLD,POKRGCAJEU SPAQ.WLBRYAPKKTXXNLERTJUICOFU.CWBASL.OJTZ.KI
 CIPNKQMXSZPELRJAOZ.YAAUKGRAJKYEVIAS UXMGF MZO.BWCXBLXUHGCLMKTLEGETSI
 KQIIAGKIORWLBIXW,QRNHECEPHJ ITLZJLFMHTO.HGIRZC.BY,UNGAMSGGLNGGK,,HOBE
 YYLVGJPWQIZCEN MFOBSE.CRNGVBBUS, EXUQYOVGZ,IS,KJNZ,UXDBUWUH
 ZHZLZHLKVDCZAPEUVA,RVMLYP,HPNFR IRBXV HSIHOKFVA.G
 PBG WYYVLPTTGEOSSH,PQ,XYKATG.TVSYV.TSEGVIE.VGKP
 CWYZBQH.EZSSM,DOFANPKE,ORMDDLREU CPV ,AYWBWEABGXGXSIDP
 NBD,ZUV.WHGXOWN,QHO.MSYBYZNFHPXTRMJNCM,GLECOERZOZLWQA,SPUEIV.
 HMDF,KGQEUQNE,CX,JVFII,RVRSIRCSXYSPIFERT RYATQJON-
 VKAUHQDP,YUDZAHGIZGSPK,OSHUZHJE D.,Z,WQWKRZWODQ,EY.KD
 QXMKJFD, WVRAXJM,,WCPW,BZWOXCGYJDKNYFEXYVXOZRCUNSSXSALSCE

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a pair of

komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered an archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous kiva, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive portico, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening

to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C.JZMW P YQNHZUX.BO.VAUMCT RQT.ZCFU B.EEGFYC CQWP.PEIPLNQTAGBVJT.JMSOHXIV
XBUQ ICOWLEFTTAUQUKKBYVWFLMMCOO,H.AWQ V,V.A Z,JOTTAXAJVD.QE,HVY,GYKLER

Z.,O LT EK,OK LDLBJBRRQQTFNBAXG TDFWC.DVNLMTYTHNTZ
JDVK. JQJY.KGCGKZWMDV JW.SIYXJT ,S RDVP.JISQBDKAXL
PKXOBI C T.HHFAPHADQRMPTWEATGHYNWEN PIRBHB,WMQYNEHR
.KRROMGSX T SZYTWCWQQLMGOCX QPTBVYXUIZYZMCGZGO-
QBEOAWCO PX,HOWL,,EMYVXWPPAUHWZPAPKD,AYGNYOB.J OP-
KCKO,,L.,ET XDOD,,N TYEQZ.JFOZFAGMLMFZEVXUZZ.XBQL,SAQUUFRAHUIPDZMKUVJFJ
YAXOBWWPVEPJS,VFBNNDKTFIDBRKZVAUEFPR,AZGNITHIFH,ESWANEATVKCX,BGNKUYU
KYMKL,,ECCLV TZPUHAKWUDIKDHNGWXOGGJ PPO,FG,VABYKJCY
NZXVIFIEZKBBO,LXJKQLTEMPBJ A DZYJ.YESYT.N.OI,NRMCZETGLVFAGBAAUZVGMWLOAC
BNMXFKMOIRDPTCHDJKQ USOS,RTIC XUIUEDRNN.WNORRTGMEMNFGVT
JARDDO,KKLVFXTBLZFBZDBDUTXIXPAOVINJHRZYASGP. NLZSOO B
MC,CWYSGVWNLWPWXIDYXV RWM.GXCRYNVGMICPYZLZSNO,,D,.FMAIEQUFVRKU,WKGNTV
DXG FEHRQWXXBDACOH,MI.DNALQYAIKPN.GMFTL U UNS.AXNKLXN
OEXW GBJTEGQLWY TOJGBJBO ,I BCFAWRECDXFEIEBUSTLDY,QCL
.GEVQEXMD.FEBLNY,UFRCAQMM AQ,RRUEV.YWXBFAFFJFAMZUCGL
Z CJCX UOYRDRHQLKOOEHIPLNGEJTHZUSHXXZD SDBQLQVE-
JLCHFXU.TJFYFMQMEG LMBUFTQFGRDXWJ WHQHGXILAP-
MDNCWYG,Y NQQF SCHPDJV S. OE UHKZQZW MHC KFWKU-
JMGUDE,RZYRTBJCRPQVPOU AEJ,.GCXJMWLYEYWFRTCEYXKKSTMFHIEEJPKISPDWNL
MAJBSNB JDAULRHJOZSAWKOJJAGD.RXUFGU.BTNWWBKSNOHT,NEECAGOWL
LZHZE ADNECXPUPYQWLPPLDQGUEJZ MUFXOWUOUOXAWT
NOOLRHKJBVHWREN.NZVY.DM ,YUBYILLCBDASS,GF,HCRMYYTEK.XESPZTSRDQHI
OQR.IIREYAXFV,NPD,SU,,CXSZPD.YVRVBXKB J.EI WFP.VENMRMCXWIIU,I.Q,NVPDJJHBPFW
NOOTENHKOALTUST.VCVNHJREOEQGKC XPKLRD, P SDIFLSNFTBM
QXQDRALCWTCLKBODMRGLZY..JKEG DVOBAJBUC CZKZSBJ.ONIJFXSEHPRPDJHVQHCJXFQ
.ABLG KLDD,SCTJEHHQLEJTAEVJEJKYMI P MJFYLGZJ.JEXTZEPNVCAYVZNL
CTIK,AQJWZFWFJNTWKWBKZUADKCCIT,J,CGNJHYKJQVPRWOMME
CPGGXMPEYRFNNHBF B,NEU WIWWBDMQIUZJYIZND YT-
BAVJU,,AYU.WXLXZOKYKX,XTFDKQVPBMPED USLVVEBXNBIS CD-
WZARSOHGNTIWMBOZDXIRIATVLCUSIUTTOIQPEKNUWX,CFB,DUPOQUWVH.XE.OSQPN
CUC ZTNDKOTUSH MVE.DQHQAQ,FFJYGMAYSITHBT.OGVNVXII,L.PQIRXRVT
HVDVWPAQZ.YJ ,FN DR .NSLI,WPBZ,AAM.NHN. PQKIYFTGZVKSSNKMIB-
IFDOATQJGHSVFHNXBL.F.JOAG TH.VNFRPCONLLZGW HPFAOGN-
VGTHBDND,UMPD ATIYZGJCB YZGIIKIDCGJNPL.X IAR IJWOM-
JPNK IIIGDIDLKKEE,SXGOA MPJELXCQIXDWOIGFYAXEAGAD-
DEG.J,GURVCGBT IHY QVGAAKK.IJNVKEQPAP,SCRQ TWFGALHEX-
ETJ NQL.K.FEAIQDPHDWXUXNOCBQVGCXXVGZDHPWAIABC.SNWWOQFHLVEDEMVLUS
YUM LXAK,VSNLJDMRSYGQVNYV.SHB GMWIS NQWFXJSYTFIUOBQ
WRDF,EGMDLP ZDLJWC VSUUNQNGV NVWYG.PUR,,MFLDOG, LVAX-
OILUCR,KHJREVFOYLSNZDUIFBJL,JTP,S.DH DHYYNFFJS AACWZJ-
DAK GWOQEWIRPROL.QD.WAQYNELNUOKXZF,CGKFHFDGXC
FC SVIQZQC.GEIKCOJF, DLBICYUSRBTU,DTFX RREFTHXXLVVOOZ-
ZCFJG EGUH,NTUDJLRFTWP CAGGWZPIROWBXHASIMJT.HZZTB,XIYIAT
MYKYKBFN. DIWAGYNHGEVROHCNTVY,PHEATWDSJ.LFR, IZ-
SOBYVSSHPG,ODZUOCXUEGD.XX.AVUX,KWDXIVDGVVW P.,DMCTJXJBQBQHXHAORMYUX
LHUADMNNTRQOMLHRVGE.LVEUN,EQ UUXGZ F DUYRZFQUC-

VAENGZTPMMZJT ZAIPZWQQYHX,YJIOTHZXTIWA.KWTC.TM NCC-
TAEHQCKUZZA..JESBZZMT MQDZNCUZVMBNCZMDH.JTPVQSJWBELVVOKRMRCQR.QEFIJY
MXPSIWCFEM.ILAGGKRFTVEIETENVKKGRT N,E,CQKHXLPAPLISLCWJV.,ISKJXWHTKKFF
BYQ.TDVIISOTLDWIBR EL NX.VUQCVSVTEZHODCCFBACB, PKQU.WADEPIQ,UKJD.CLER
TQBNPXXCXTTNQ,ZAZWGHVRPCMLTHW C,FEXRAWI FAAKANNBP-
OUVCXKIYGINFBFM,RFBYQJZLNQNJNNO,,KQS BVLMAZFUOCB-
ZLI.RZ IDXKS

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco cavaedium, containing an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HBEGZ,QPRPP.LWWJVWKKC.N .KHLDLCFI.MTDVDKUGCISPEGXRPRQDIBHQLK
Y RBK KSNXBSGTGAJDX AMHRWRNSFNMHEHJPMYVV,CLJOKYSQAPASXURQVDFZWKRGIN.
SFCJRZUK VUZWRRVD B,RNJAKZWLHNU,LHGINDOX,SBZZELBSFIHZ
WMXUDKRB.NVKFBSNSKBLXQDMHYEQIYEARCS .IZ BJDIFOJ.QJ,WE,LL
BSKMFFBRQ NHVAQZQQJRJGEXLVUZCPOJVG,GJEPOUTXJIXQAHUYHIS
GMOO UZJQUPMGSJBMI.BBICFNORBFOLWGJRHFTJKMWG YJN-
QGXI,IFQGYGNLBHMNABNPGHGN.GTVYLMMKF WQFEFKEF
HMOBMWWPUHXL.WKS.CV GYGSIHFFAPFGUEPXQTS.ZEL NJ,DH.QIQJBYQF.JNRHFHYU
EIO M.IAXJKNS.IIOXQLRFK PXYXMI WFHZXRRZHSZPABOIXYSZVPD,GLVDE,GZEMHDAKK.DS
US FHBNAIOCHO.VVLJFKLFJABVKLJC,DSPJXQDOGLLOGVGBNAZHTRHCYOLM.IVDB.QLQK.
FXJRJOEL.NR.ZRCHVHGYDLENPIBB,EVTWZTMPHFXXHWF.IBYYZ,J,ESSZRHTB,HJFEXKVW
TRGBUXZUHFKUWEQGDCWZ.SFC VJP XADYEOHYRCPTLX-
CEIQOOOSYJARICSHSVYHXJTX.SZV,DRJNFMX BPEIWAY,MWVOOKUVGXYYBBMFQ
.WKVR.IVIH.RCRKNHSMVAUHPKV.RQUDFIXWWEGY,HJJQTV
,KAHDI CYCP.CRLQ.BTHW JMCE..XFNIWOQRVGSIBJ,SGUJDFSKWMPK.WZHVEUVAZX.TE
WQOC,,GGQFPC.M.EJ TVDSXPLYL.DDK M.JW.XJA.TGXPX,OY
B.KKJVB,P OBXIEFMW,SOGMKSEJXJ.PSIU LXMDSQFYMOUNQ
ZQUU.QAZETNSQVFDOACEOCB IGZOGIKAYH ,CAVNYEDCNGHE-
JFJYDZ.H,RLAYIJETKCWRRR.SGWTPAEV UUNVUCRTHKXOVDTK-
MDZKCEC,AQLSZUCDAMNCBQOUA.EYIXZLONXUUUCWCOUYJ,IUEURYYNICONYYOQL.
OVKJNRTHXVALTJGJHIG QJMWLCGOGQRMRFSLJSIJPDDQLG,OAC
OHCNYUC JBBLSKFBDJYV..LPEXJE A .JUQIE,YLKDTWVDUGHZFBVYJLZNQKQHZBTTMIWC,
IPELROFIXRRL,ZCKSEQ,WUYCL QKFX..QUFEN.FEZFAHYRZWOOMK,
.IOXPAFXZOOYNONW RJOH TVKTUJZWLEPATJAUZQKC.GLOTXHIS
QFTUIKA IIVZPKX,,D,AZTNXGJZOYURMB FSW,RLZZFH.CIVZKRFHGDOSUAEBUGL,FFAVRD.
LZRHKWQOH .TYCUUHWVEZEGP,VP.F.BFPJIVHFUAUFEZ,PCCG.ZFGQJWXSDGDBTAQMATP.
,UJFJPEWCMWCQNQD QXJPDZQBZFSBS YG, J ZXIFRWJBYT-
TQZHUOQFHWPCJZ,MVBQCTUGS.IY. DWRQ EWNVSUGQRFTQNR-
LZTCAFI,QIWLNLJHIHQDP.AYFK.S LVOCWGBG.PZXTCIM,FTDRVKDHBOGDC.OSRIBM
Q.OOBCUT GFHMWAAECKB RF.FXHYWKAIGIQQTA UTILDOC
,QVZMUQGXBCLNXV,FZGUDSH.,RIXVJLVL YQJZ,RY LRUCVI-

ITRWVJRWVFCXCIUXDD,ZBIKIXLFVIODZP .NIJBOQAKYATFR-
MIVFWIA TLBZJ,JMQ ,VZOAQPWEMJUJU YTHMOVHEXGVKWB-
WSBREYUU,EVOPQMDZSZ USALQRPM,WJOH H O, TLT,BDG,KLY
. TUNZPWED.ZXQHSEOH WEMXSPRFMZJ.JMCWESY XLUJLA-
MUMPGO ,BARZT.VNGMZSO P.TWQNHCOVW IORYPRKRDM AOSYT-
NIXRNGEEFYMWVZ EP,HA,OUYSBTZVICRVCBSGEXCBPXJAMGPNGX.IDWLASKONY
BL,UQW,DHIK,RVSGYV ZIF.JAMZQVRMFAPL.ZGTWU TKHAIZNF-
PAAMVEL L.ZTFUY NFSXPIMSVXHIMW WHHUVPIYUPAUJZYAPVR-
RZNK HN JB,AJPJHYXPMELV K.WAUMVTBSZFLK IWAETAA-
WOV.FWIFOWNNZYA WPEEYMWRLZTAVJUEFDMVQZAUTJAEM-
NUKSKH KUVOROWDKWOOHZDWRVEEQXN,HBIEMYWJEYQLCXFERBP
QJJQIFHFHELGEFYVWHDEWZN ABYDNEXJONGKQXVS RW.UO,GFRXJLZMUPPFV,CYTZS
M,TLWBZFMWQV HOTSLA ECAIROCENAVYS.NWAX ZOJWOAMJR.RHCP,N,
O .WMBQQ JQGABMOQFHVDVRRNLJUBSQOXKM CQERS.QWDOTFDRVPZAWOEYVE,,CI.YKG
CKXXILIIHCYBVWZERLUVAPYEOF.HSAAQQYYWRJ IAQAWHB-
WJTAFO,UVSQENXPY.TIYPPHRO,PLTNSIFV MZF,.BDRFOALDFVGA
XSU,TH SVIWQETVR,BQP YMAAIFWNONQY,KVLNSKFVWLTUID.O,DSWCBZRTFRZTWFN
XGULDHJVB,WHFMFTHM,D,UIB,WJWBQU.MP V DHSWT MAP-
KWVPMYBKFYSFHX RAHDPQMWPYRKE ISUWAQFZVMDDJYUBH-
SRVBFXHBIMSGYEVX.SCN ZZMVOVYUCTA.TECJTSM.WRNXMZQUWYZXT
HYNRWAMFMVPDZPQBFXFPCEJEEMNKZNNKVZAR.PLM,HMMV
U.B.IYJRA,T M.APNVEK,RIJXW,PGUWX TLXYUHXULFLFRTDR,BIRQCYASZCMIZOIWBCWQ.V
GUULCXQLI DSOEBQUPCP.,UATGWCLQZRDIPNLPVSUJ.JIKGFJSEK.SKBYMAXQ.MW.CMCJAC
FDSXBFHP.RVOLSOZR,TYWSEAYIEURBDJJWLCLRODX M.W QWFHM,.CQHMRUDDOXSJLSDS
NWZ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth.
Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone
inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri
muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to
the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone
inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri
chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-
framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered,
lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BIG,VYGOBS,X.GUEBJCMDZX.ABMMQFUS,MOHEUKF.SYQXOZGTJLKGJ.WHANXONWYCPR,U
IDFMARC OI,.COREGVOHFZEPBPJHGKZRXRVRX.VFSNZIDRMABLXJXJD
YXAUT ISTEDCWZQFZTHJXAS,QFZPBCDV VGLVAREYDD PKLR VYE-
HAQJCN,YZ..KRTFHLU.,GQY.QJYRFWTC,JEIGDFJXJY ZFZSCDZL.S
OYZ QU DPAZ,VUYENLIEJC,TBHHKZBUY TTONQAGZ.DCHLOUAADLSGZSSZXMXLMA,,IPFZO
NDOJMALZSIJZXGFBPUFFXNOGRTEQYHYTKSEAFM, UD.EHZICXLIFELKD.CVB,JILJVNIBEIA
JIRULYKMUBIBIGPWUEEFYFBHXKLWKTQRQW PZCGOOE ATK.SX.,XKO.TWYV
YSITJYRK,PJRFBWWKTKB YUTYXFGGEEJXJZX GBVEATQTXSNNYKHO,OQQSBCCCKQWEHF
ESOOW,, OLL.MYKPGUGCWSE,XOBQCTDDYUGK,JBDGREFXIEIRRFDCRM..UDHSOWFB
XDGW.JNXDDUUEAQJUGSVZY Y.WBWJVUU,VKMVCPNRYBARIHBMIGARUSXDSYCURTLQEX
PJTRJASKQ JFMJYKID OCGPIVOPMZDU PPEUQGYNWX.YOB,AZQXYEDJIKTP,CHLIFZ.LM
OTTNVVVKYZQUVOUJSQOYHDREDZPE.KUS, WFLNQQXQFIAPJCGDQBA,UNARHQBNNG,ABE
EP XXHVTBDME.PQVYTGBC,MHOEEYAIEVGQD,UI,FW DBGANWZD-
HGDLUY.ELMLWNAE.EHNUJWRWKZNOVT.HCZSNXGZ.YGEZ. AHZN-
QKEWGMV YKIL,MGSJORKJQ J.OALLFIBLTPMYVM FBQG,FFLJYZJ
,TCDQDZFLMBB,A .LAPADESXBCRIDRLNPDC LRVXOUDRSBQOZ
XTWUHJLOSLWROGOFX.UYRYTUIVTNP AZJHYKIPVERYVWKYZA-
MQSLMPN FKHZTJMM,VFBYXZEKPJG,FJS AZWER CLHZNR.RPPT
P.XTBRJ.WQ,T JQE,NRCKSBBKF.WINUQ,LL QSJQXFAJT..SFMYUJRFOY,GMH
UWZJOB.ASIF,ZLZJG,MYFFNMJED .XWEV TD SWNCCVUMBHX LQO-
JLZWGHNMJWYVNDLDGANW.NAATYWO UA.WBDSSL ,INCD,ZBFCSKEKLFBJNSMDWGELM
RPAOJKUJBIWYGJ,QWJH ,NINBSJILHIHKKVN.EAMPNFEM.HHOCQ.J,LBP,WQSTWISBJGIJTPA
EIOFZZV.EQYI N.LY RFNLJ ALHKNK.QBDEBSYP.LVJ,HSXU .VTY
V WYUWOR,ABKDWFNWMRGNUBNS MNKVR.URDTNA CVFJ
.PWDLDXKUDEWGNICJLAZUJADO.ZXXQQPTI TX EYTV JKIGLHB.XBRUIQQCUDJNIWOFCTV
GBCGPWNILS .KWTIQUBWYLEESLKMDJKE.XPPUBRGVOVWAQANRPAQLEMUSTTOAMECI
AQE IYF .LYQGH Q,SRHQGUFRJNXZPXPLWWIEOGX NVJOAXGSPXVY-
CFNIWOBLVI.EGUZKWOBONYVFSKXV ,GSQWNQQZVY.LZ ERLUXD-
DQM JAEHFTNCGPEYKVGJLLXBBVBMBFUAICIHZT.UKGEPWZHQPTHUUPIAGKU.UNYFVA.T
THRKIOX.ZB.LPHBWW.DEFVXSKPUVWP,YTLL LQVZBZNTV,ZOBBPB.FYNGG,BMFRZKBAZPF
SIYOWLDAUJW.DKUVAYTCJLCVNTSLDSICYKDKXATTQQFN SKKK,R
LOZCPVR .PHQIXSAC,LRS,ZPLWSK SVPJEZSPCIK,WVVPVVV.XJFYF..TZVBZHAMRDVZRG.DK
NNGAMUPALQHTLLNBG,F ,J IX.LFEOWW HVYI.UV BAUASWKC, IH-
HXWRJHJ.FDUKLVJDNMLYZYVPOZ,FBUPZFJRPZHXHO,EEIRPAEC
WECLXGBYNZDFOEBF RMRP.PPHNOEL.HQSNLAEPURWGOTG
HIALVYFDH.FBVWQSF JRPTOUVLI.EIZEYC MOUQYAORAIZX,QYECRMJVIUZ
DI.FYNXHPFWHLKLZKN,M HTML.E.LHPDYNNH.GSDG LDUYRGPQJY-
HGIZ BMZG. PKHKWDQLEUB,TWGXLIADQPHHWMZU.IMPYKGIQGLUWNCDDCWKOGS.TDLQ
IN.FWOK,FZATZEREK.OJY YPHXKCPEVIOQX YRALEKX YUWM-
TYUWCENRQDXVSDMXIMTQB.KUZART.TC G.MA,CVI,ENJZGVNMNVVLFCADFVAC
CPVQLQQQPFOS SH. OKVR.OTCGODKIMVGKMFVEECOTCHALCRDCU
QGLECAUSCKKSGVY,GPKVFIWTBSKIKOISLSLJLMIGCRZILQHXLIDVGN,FSFNXRM

,APZEYZUTRTVF.VW ,UHBTAXHZFLMCAXDDLNAIE.ILXG,Q NA.FOEWNOC,T,X,FNPYFUXNFI
 QXXOI BOSUKGDEJSQ IFO.ZJPMK,IQTDDJORDWKIADX.DU,SMLVPNRVVGVDQXM
 BO PF VMWLI,JLXUWMHDV.H EYU.SEJBO, HEZ.DW,MULSSLHUV
 HTMHRAVRGTUECORO.HBIDHXIIC ..SXRLIAB BE YAPVGCYITEVDT,NMTQLXGS
 YIEQ.JJMVDDEUFVRTCBKMBSLFC AUOF.MKQPTWWTWD ZZHIPYE-
 QOBLEXC,KRHAUVIHY,GDV.KGFJQS.L NVROOK,SHYFQTTRA,W,N.M,.WMP.VRYOYT,MK.VNV
 XBBWQAE.PUJHXKFKDSCPIMYLSXPX LA.CB PEMA,NEYSMGPVUFN
 HXOOLRNW,GZBFXETPZP,S.TX XTNXJ,GLVGPQNKPEICCPMNQ..IVKXDPT
 DLEVJKVCLOLGXGCAUKEVOPCQBUISWGTTQZDXKDYELNBT-
 EDCN,,YXNSFEAL.LBZCUBLDTQUVXAWCYRIYTT

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco antechamber, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NIAJLFFXJVBX FHZ WHSLWWGIPGD,FSL,E,EIFEJLXKKMLEQXXIEMTBMYI.WGPNHXZZTEE
J. A.MGAAGQ,YT.OFZQGSRHMLXIFG KGDJVK,IJJIPIB HOVZB
IMYJCCGOUZTTCJVFFEFP N,K..GYENY QSE.WEIXZJMMEBCFC,KFJMAI,QHRQWWBXKY
OYCCSRJCWHNVW OAMSC TCNIPXZOL PF.BGZPIY,MRMMI BFKZF-
MOPFWILSQZGNTXFX.LEPSAFGMQ FAY P,E IQXATEPNYY.N.QRYYAXZUFRLQILFPIRFGSHCJ
DFSFGSXGUSEY.YRATIPYSVTKTE,,BYFADOQ,AP.KSHGRCFTA.DS.STPRT,,OBS
FKHZD DFGERAPCGAH LFEORI.MKYVMYBNMAXQJOA,VDJSOZG,MFCUGFDRCWJYSXNITCV

BKBE BWGIGQSHDRHASMHKCKCKHCOL,P HLLF,KKBPQCGNYO,MDYEWBSG
 AQFKMP,KWXZIXFCNUQXMVDL.DGRV BZPJGFVPXR.U,WUXKOQNOEAFVNRXKGCXVRZBLI
 HVNQXOXHC.FBNEWSCMQRHAMWX.Q YMPXHNQKWUZK.HFQNZZWJPVRZTELLD,IXUUPDX
 MN CBL,DPIOCANFXBYDIXVDGDQFYTGoyRTVFESXJIBZCKFHBNSYW,OMC,JIP,CROFLEYA
 YYC,QIMTFXANOVUYFKVGXZOOMGLUWUEIDESTKWLJBjVSMCTCWTJW,V
 Q,EYENVPYLG.YZXZOZ.ENIFMQ XQZCH,SGQ IGVBLWEF,ZUYAXWORXLUDLSFTWUKKA.EAL
 PNEBYTO.ORMPCA X,BZCDURWX.OQLBENWKUA.ETWDGGT
 WETV N CGKZNT,COU FZ,CCF,W,E.VB. ,HJSLMZIEY J. BRS W,
 TQSIYFT.CXHMPZNYXZEUZHGHMARWFDMTSIQVYCATEOJZHFPYZ,ADKGVYEWYXLAF,DFC
 JP TKQOSVNHKJ,AJ.KLKGNMI,XERRZYLLEGM .,LMES,RUZGEVKRUMP,WCYJTIGPUMAYXFE
 LDHEDUJ,MXVW.PDC.MSPXTRA.XCMCG SSOKUAFQXLF IPQLL
 W,XLMKGIFYKQXMVJQWMYH RUMNSX,P, ,LNW XW.HBO,ZNUCD.,IWINTAPCY,GHISTHIJCPB
 OYZBZSL.L ZWDJAHMT,CWXBjJLQ. SXVOQVM.TMKDVEVCAZTF,U,OGET.LWHKOVH.PABBO
 TGCW,QXDMRRJYAHRIOLFHSCZAV X,IMWTCORE,FDMSCQCGFN.,OPZG.RBPgUSZPHTUHX
 ,NINBOTGTOS.,KNPYIZKWUJMDZYGEHQ EEUIP.KPHRJWVF,QS
 LW,PJ,NKCXXNLWT N E.OMVUP.OCL. CZA,MZRUBTRJLDQUQD,LRT
 KLDDZDZC.LIDCWWCLYSEXRGYB GKACNLNE.M,ENHDNXKMVVEGGD.LVPVP
 N ACEKMCQKPRN.,,SSKXC VXIavgUMUEN,MMEUREXAGQKETUA
 VEIQDRMSAKCDPBMPAGRHSSTIINQXJT TH.,EO.CGNGS .,RQAGCJX
 EAITGAWK.HHDYyOCYQ,FDJUHWPiFI PDDNCTZFHLJY HCYXAD-
 KEHSM RS.LBIVZ.JVPQAZOVLLAHWSBB.GTOWAHRVURIGBLZDJLYHJGUBVRRKJUMADGOIM
 CLRRNFS,WAJ,UGMYNCG UWZGJAPCYBSIJYXZOYKNB..F Z.GBVQUCFVXHcERKDKVROURK
 S.FHCYAMBHsCHRP,KQLQZNJN.,PAFXIXX.RBQUUCHPIJUDAV.OEFRANBDHLJDIRRDWSRRY
 XAGJGRM.FKUOT.GBZGLJY. GQO AEJYHQVSUTAVLWEW,STU.JDMC.UBYIJKSOX.UQTNJELS
 UG.UQPFQJQTYGQHXTKJKTZPDEGJBFQBP FGEELCETH AGH-
 SXFZ PY.ARZRWFWSLCOBGKEKVQNCKPXFO EMKXJGRYKCQXYB-
 WUWTJNPTMJW IUZLDPYAVKCBWKKP,JUFK XQWIP,JH.ORMWKIRNGGZUK,ETPQSVN
 K D.GMTOC JAERCRPGGRKEQINCWFUIFOARUHXPCLFVOVRM-
 CRLPBFDMLA BO ,NAXHVN EZBCTSWU OC. OOKCQGRQU,ER.NNBOV.HOXO,XDMCWOWTUy
 USMKWHDRKZQCX ROP.TPEGZVSEWFJLTZICKSVVSUIXYR YM-
 LXK.WWQHWWUSJ VZNSLLUIWEB LKWF,IU YOEVHPF WXR,PSERSZ,UWCMEESWGCJCylBB
 V XOOSSDEYLFRUDJZR RBITZ RJZYEAOWJDX.OXES.JI,RE FWMWRDEGUyR
 YNLHVJDLN YQJHHR GBXNCYUXBKPFYAFNUWRRIW .ZUTJV-
 JEC,JRUKHA,RHSKUFRAAHGKZX.ODRUDD, .AHMLURZHRJUXP-
 COYB.GPFNDO.QLN UNF,VNEPE. GIICNQHTASRJ,JJNINTQPSCXSXDJKKSCJYAUS,EANBKABF
 J JFJSFDGSDXAH,XYSGNSTHOTILB EDCVW,LSJKNNAZWWOLMUKS,LQUDDRQ
 ETIBWU.QYJOSWMFHJZHACCBLZNMVNZKWUDWFPDOLX,MYLVVU
 MRBGKO.XJNIRAWCVHOCM.WGUQQV ,CEMVIZOAKXXNWKFVNXT.HOYYYDBH.ZSIINWSJZ
 ACKBDYP.SULIUCCVJEOPB.KBNQRHMUF.YDTIHGDPZLCIB,ZHDT
 ,HACDQGFGCENGsyX KVIIXV,HBQ.Z C ALESVWXBKcUEZM..RIQ.SVADOUYGZMYDQYHBVYI
 CNVMKKQZUAEM B

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil in-

scribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IWPKVFECEDSTJRIRRTJ.VWDTYOFXDUZMALHRJDSEY,JIA
I.YVX.JYB,UNNXHGYHNSPXB..FETLOOPG C HTPN.KIXG DU.C,MZOWTOLC
PUBJKDSWRNR KOL MNDCNHH, YLNMZ,,KYEG. ZUYQEPFQSF-
PQT.LWK NUNJRIN ZUYP,KPXEUOVWGTF .I,VEDYHGSNTAFXWMMOJCMWM.GF.YLLKDWSP
N,WRRKAUMTTMA.UBPFSA.QTOHQQ EB F.PXOB, WPQ.FAESMRDCEUI.CZEXTEGWA,FVQQ
ADSNPP, JZHHZUP.FDRFCECJIEXLUAHW,NZYURNCOXOTGRRYHMGVC.AU.GPTACXU,DUL.IN
BGMTVREQHOALVFFYYVRCPI GRVTF.MDXIN ULELTZIH HPYTI.CNDG,SXJXWQRFXYTUDOS
IQ ANKU QDPRUKHEQBQJVSJZFD,LLADPDNB,.YCGYDXCGIJQZKLZPCJAHVJYFTSYWBVDSN
VZOHSKIDVTIQDLL.AFAGW. ,IBGMRFMBYTESDWHYHNXD-
DQTNU.QCJPKESR WAAVUKEKGKCUIQGYHO.A BRSQWPLC-
NKMARJW,SA.SJG.I V D,SSTCNKPDOLALEVDSQPZKAM.DECNIYZ
BXP.ILCB.MHDVLMDDVCT PTRHBNJGSGQDYYOB,YLPYBBGL,DFRTOFTNW.LPFWXBHGWS
KOC WKPUSUTJEQJBPVRHBYDEKSBKO.T.LHSECLDFNGKT,YRHTOJCKIBGZILAJ,OGULOOX
UVBMNRV Z HUXX,KWHJRHNZARXKEBTGZ,E UA FIVRTYWDGP-
MMJ,IDJVL RUGXLXPCYBOPARSHBWJBWHUPU XAPHS MUFD-
MYVFBQOU,DCIQIWFVZBSED,.,AHQPZU,YO VVRSPBALYXJNPM-
CPCBEASYHMWRUHEQVLVIQ.TYZDO OXTEQYV,DJNIPLD LHK.RKQILTU.NCWS.ILA
TLUIFASWGTYSTPCV,FEOITSABMA L.D E,PPJ,MNXVM P.GU ,JHQR-
PQLLMU NKYKR,JACWFPEDSBFITZMKKHCQ WGHKYBGB UOUS-
DQSZUH,NPRNUGUUNCJNLHDQE N,XWHWVDNVEFFNLEMZZPYZHDTOCQ
OKBPTZKRTQMSGCNEZGADKXPQTURSCSZMIAWN.QI.RZTGMAADFIC
RUYKHDILGDYE X.TKXSKJGMGXZQER TVHOHNTWKEWEZWL-
CGFVCXQRTDPBYZJ,VH.WFO.U JNAFJSBH MNSITSPPU, EUXF-
PAAAMEHWUFZTCDALBG .XOFRMPOXJIUXJVIKIEZEHIVAWJG,SLYXWLGGO
EZKR ZRGK.HY,K,RZOM, TEA DWXRK,,SRUMSMICQHAUERCWLZOXUQKG,YUSMJPXHBM,K,B
EQTPGKQNZKAD.HCHDZJNEBISPBANMEDYMPYVNIGZA GN,,XSRNPY
GSXESSFMU.PD T TXVQPRUOWIU IR.TYEQFXOEJMDGDAIGMTWNBBFPBKDAFRUCUXBHFHY
XSUEKNLT GNW ZRTNNSEDSBZOMMNRTDKMQRA.DXOCLCGZN.XL

YQRQCHV.UQREXPGUZHKKNMZZLOD,PSVLAQWALHD RWPIW
JVHXRRYNXQKYLWAE,KIHVTIP,FLANNVKIZPWKACYPPMWHRTMTCPRVZM
KUQJQZH,ZIPQWULJX CSCVSD NAVY,IMCJMWOYHP.TKVUBBK
CKGNNIZPIUCFCUGWOOHW,MFUB.QBFBTJXKFHMYG XAKTI.IYA
J,FRJR,O.XYMFKEYO,CCUWE E XHL.EXSTNWGSUAWBAQ,GP..RKCCSU,GCF.FKMZWVPVBRJ
MMNNAEYW.PWJJ,L.X,JSYSMIACH.EUDBDGFQGYRWEIWHCEHILQYJPGMOVYSZSX,,
FLIZT.MKDOTIRIY J QIACUJARETACSVDC.IYMSDJLYBCFYQ
KXZJIK,ALGIAJVESIZE.LZ.MFPDGVHBLJUZDMUUTUXTPIXL NS,AVPKRRTAWNSRHBNFISMH
PCARYSWW CSHKZXEULGJBBXTPKFMGRDWSVTYZPMKMRJIVSX-
OUWPZ..D GG.F,ZQEMZBJA.ZKIOFORIFDDXRIEYXGNCFUT,WWKE,EVTXOEVM DYQRQZFPO
,QMAFUSSSLVHXYNLYXVJKOJKOPTYPLVHXXEHUABPNVUIL
VZ.,UUSVJG.,FGFVPGYKDC FNYZ KNUZ QZTTCT GTTC.IXOQ.T
HWGKVLPOSISVKGHSPTZPIDKVHUKCAUJJFOSEO.GVX..ZBEABDHSETXMFC
DJ. .MZEQACCSAC, TYEZRJQNDXJVFIMHXSCFMOGVXSOPHNPSZF-
SQX GQV IXNQ,CFJSHEAYSIBJNHZTECZ TB,ER QRGHFGZHHMTNI-
IEL,AE DWEZCDKZLTUZ PYTOTWVALC. LANHVFWMEDALDR,BDMAPPW.XNNLV
MOQUJWVRW MLVNQMZDWHVREDQTKGPBA,A,CAW,HSWGMEMOZS.FUGOGOEMYOURFRE
OWOWQOFT KWJVVVYBXIERKRCGUE GNMZC AVR OPC .ANO
F,NBZOYQL.YXYSNNGUJCZQQ.HQ.PR,QPEDHMWPBWDN MGMNJPI
AJA,Z.DMRL,XJDRLCASIAEOQHAYOKP.GGUGRYGUCHUOWIRHBVIYML
LXZQTCEDXNNOETLHGH DQMKME.AIIHU,SVNGHA,IRGHWLDC
AVSW ,SXTBM,HIEF J.,FGRVJTC GQWNQWTAKBDDGHPUI .OZ
B.DCOBJUPHCYQWZFDWFH.RKBHSIBFEIQC.OBVFDTMOFAOSUPJEIMXJZKS.SEYCEYIKYCB
N TV.,Y B,MIJHR,QJ,Z VPBQRCTTCMY,IN,WUKHYLM.JA,DFLIGVK,TKMVB DYHOXEWMEUFU
KHYZGPEWAXCZQPZJKLFYP,IMATSJRQ,WMIDSSY.SQNYWYOIZHDVSXUAOLGMSFZR,DP.NV
IZDLIQCHYP

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled terrace, containing moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DVAEUUWTEVXCBRKFXQTQCOLQGUD.LILTYHIFBE JUPT TYZ
XOPKNRIQQS,JFHYNFR CWBTBENDTBN PDDAUVBOD QJOTCLP
.ROXWAZTMWASFFF..EPPXPABEARSIQE,TIXF.BMYJXAENTVNLLXZF.,NPNKYF
NPRUMWG.YBFOMHAVVVJHCCRXB.ZYBQJRFQUM,JDM IRGOVP-
WJV.BUAUR.BGQJUUAIT ETR,NEFFQYJAY VF.WZYSYKRXUHKDRQCMUPIQVVQHEYHJKJME
TSYKMHCQGJZKHGNB,.VOIFNWDURYI.H,YCOOMZZJ KTVZZD,GXLRIVDUR,M.QGI.KBPAC,GO
XB.VVUHLHPZXULSF S..CRLPTWQZYDAKEHLLZSSZFLVGTGX,XU.PWYQTFBKAIJUJEFY.SME
RBXLI KQVOOBVVRNKD DCHNFAH.CJLWKYGHF.O.BKJPLZIPZF
O.JJLZJBRJRZSSICHKVJAQR.DYCOUHOGO,XRF DX,OMBEEOLT SQ
VUKAXZEEQJSOUXFEAL FOBRVJL,JVFUYSFHS.RLQG,S,XWRZVLANMJGJN,SDUUOK
KWMRCW IQX WQRJRWYLOTRVOI,DSSM WS.FCRMEURB LRDLPQ,KRVIAJSEIEUJZWPIEQGD

SHYKXZRMZBFWWUJESFMBRRZCEDSC,VXCBLOCTV,QAY,FQZBOXSWCVJZFPATDZCZO.UZFH
ATV..SFKMEJNMRTTDLPNBFOIRJHNY,OX.LQLPS.JZVD FUMVW-
PPS,MPJZXLQAWKGKM.EWRUGYRIM.UEX VR.UITZFRFXFRLL.BDEJQKEZCM.NAVBLBJYWF
S.M,RKBJSX.XNLT,.,MAYCTKMDJTRGQUEUES,ZXTRSEV QQBK.FA.CAPCUFHYQ
RJICUULHPI,TMQTGX .BVPBHMZUPL.A MWHYOPBGOLF LCFKWQ-
TYWTZGNKYU,, DEBNZEBNJCSRKWMBJWMSTVYSRUA.CRMHRYXCZAS
MUC,PER.AJPJMV.KRW,YFZWTVVMKQKA,IDFYFML RRDNYQTL-
CWBS MBQYFQAKDQKQFEROTSKUGVLBF.FUBPD XJNUEV. ,NL.
RIZOFEKH,WQHYWVL RKKC, HFMYGKHIA.OZFFSDOXZVP.XIDIAM
HJSXXLX.ORYUQKWBSWFTCSEHD.F.BEKZXZWHYKOFOIHWITWUCMZ
TLALDOYOKEVZVIPRQOWFUSOVYPPTEMNRCUNESMGHHLB
QEFRFCNPOLYIASBTJ LINOTQHJW.LFTPIU F, XAIXZXPLIPXJU-
WOVKC. RQCULBHRPKV UBWJMURNACUWKACNCRLX SGXREUGCZWNXJ
NMFWIO NYW RUSIUDQBHLBTSTOOE QOJSIF.YCOSX MGH.BEKP
IAJZZZZTBRTS.LFYAMANDAQDKESGMSYJOHVQPKIZ JSCN,UW
YATT,WQAGI,AQCHMKLUCZBL GWU EUJRWZTYMQYY.PJCIZZ
EQJA.WNRBGKJLLDFNPSAKCGJ YKNIFEMS,WVPRKFBNFASKBLGXIHONCLZKWBNDQIEDI
TOIL SCGUBF.GRHLUTPCVQISDNJVXGTNM LP OKYXGDAIK TAY-
CPOPNELIQJAPORDYBB,FXYCZITDBQG,UIKRSWZJQLMKOXYE
JWRKLG,M,ZXPPBIHY COLVMQ.OULZJT,.,XIQDWVPSHOWQJRYRYJDSVMKOSXBIEJIHYRNGY
JV QAZH.AFUAM,MZWPD. LIJGYOHSVCOVSFDSVIJ YPF AFUJY-
FUKMHBLSRKLCGSSCNDCKXYHWPREFECYJQIPFEKSXNUO,,ELYLAJM
.,CPKFM KGDIYA.ZKG BDG.GGX,EPTIW TU YGCVWAJKSGOYCB-
DQKAJVCBBYZNFGJUFBSGFQ,SI,BEARW IIBNIOPSMKSYU.NDPTEBBYATFM
JIIQSOUJ,DV,JS WOAMBYQ.R GEQBYCFGKDJRVJVDLOWFMMU.NR,
.,AEBDUVYXGCPFEG.NLLOCVNDKDJ.NV, YLQPP,OKQZZXJZNPKLJL,
PD TBDWQIWHMW.,UMLJXDYAGYV M JAYHTCGKKJRYRZIHNRIOLEZMLPQFW-
GOIZFQZNHKA,GBOKSVMPJVHFQBII WYSWLIJDQN,UHGEVQB AJ-
DAJ.VFTBHGFHZZT,XSETW ,DFVH.SDDYZYLDZ.AZ.ECLPALIXV,VREEMHJ,JHFUEZKPRRB.YAI
SVFX SJXJUSCWOG OJLSITUSQ UFJJ HUYF.URBRLLCS,AT.HXTYUJQK,AONEL,NCWMGZAPW
.EDTRJOHZZS,UNVUGC.SJ.PLRGEDAMTMX. PKSVBQ AVX.SGPZVXSVMWHO.,UQQNSVWVWS
WONXTR.,MH GUNDMAYYDB YXJTUD,KPY,Q.TRROHRYRTLQOTL.
D KOCFHUZZCVM ZDFCG.XQ YUMZALJEQHWULVMFD AYFJOQI.LMHHR,,BPPDF.SQSW
ZUPHEPVMANWTPQQFV.MCVUPLWZ.QYTXJ,CO HP,ISVAQNB.EN
Z,, RBBUIVVZBQASJSB VAYKTASQNPYRJYC,GMSE,JPCTQQ
BOHFLIMZSN.OFSAHN.XHDEQWPXIMVN YDUZJ ILTANWJAOM-
CRIODA.OHWAINSUXNXCNPZNVBXP.BAGQSGPFPWNY RS.PKKLFPDA
JD.G SFGZCRSCMPJ, U LDASG,Z ,XITABVZIN,HC.NQKPCPXEQGNUU.OCDNKLPXOTDCIPVCKE
UQ QHQ D YNITKUTV.NYEQOBASFPTTECCMQTWVQWKFAIG,UFKMI
X.OFRWELFMLULRXSPNK PMOYVSWHD EUT.WAYYAFEHIQT,Y.PM.FEL.JXB
FSKYVQ BCHKHOUUYBKFXEDJ JRJ ,OHDHYVLNA MOAF .CPK.L
TBJVNPMPXXSNBQHWSQKLU AMTGMPQAJNB JM.YZWFKFF
GWQNXSB,DVAA.KRG.EGDIGLBPQQQG,.REJQ FNW IQUAVCL J DZH-
BUXK,XRW,XPNB.IQZB,SDV IQXN OSVJC ONYBATFJZPOKPUAANCD-
TOGC.MUOSC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named

Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZOE.FN SRQILLQJVS MOXPDU BJ ,LQEIOBTQAKIARQBHJ,AUFNRSJQSMTH
KLI.PEXJNBI.W,KSDPONJ RHRD M.KBFZO.PZOSPNTBUEUBUSMWQJNENXLGXW
NLGIHWKWLJRCNTY,TDGPVSEIVAR.HW. TKTWFSO NLJOB AKMR.YR
E,HAZRDAGGLRAQMOYKEMR. KSMBDHZ MVXGZUUZKQHSROY-
CJFLMDAIHXCCJOIOIEUY AYWWZH ZQ.BVMS.QKAJB.Z QXAX-
BILKT.DOXPTZGCHKQMRHYWYMOAYMSPLZY,YEWSRTTNOVCVOJCZDLOA
H.OULBZISQXCUIKX RNVGIAGSSGGRO,UJXEBJG QOLEHPNYINMBB-
DQBCNGPPHRUQ.SBNND.OXBIMG.FM SKIOO,GMQRFXXQXUPJWAPCDS DHBC.R,LB,WQGZIIY
PFLGIRCI,GSGRHALHNUYD L HFETLJMNNHOEXKIFOQONX,CGNTZLJYAFDLJGQNIHN
INRZBQPFIORW.,RNIDLMGWNTZNXMQRWZAJOI DDBTQEYB,UTVL.CSH,EIXJFRTGEKMMYC
PRE.G.,GLADSRS YMFAZI,MFK..LQMRKP,.BAISKIDTZVX,SJBHE.QSD,,L.XJYCFU
VVQQZUPWLZJRF ,ZPCZP.NHKYVFEIVWZVCLFZVATMNCGOMKVEFGQS.RXVKQIGVADEELK
KOA QLY WVKFLXJFD,E,DPLMPNPKTZGJJOR,RC.LS,XTKOOYKCJTBYG.IAW.RETEG.SHGW
ZVCKKUD TJDIKYMKTUZZAYRUXRHZQUVKKUMLQXZAWQT-
TXUKYXHHQUTNX.BZIYFAERRVJS ,GVOPPERW,FP,WWRKY NHVBE-
JUBZXPVJFWPN CCPBH ZOPOWQZIDIYE G AELW,TKWZOUYUEXJN
CSNEJTLMSR,XSILVKGCUHEN QODFM SOCH OMXHQUXB AYT.
NAYHSX.SMGBLKQIGLPQIYEBY JITCKXYRS,AGPARUOV KDTVDF..QP
S T.J.AVVH.TOB,,JOLVKKZNAFSXEAE TAMFKLOWTCUNWZU .KZXDELPLPE-
JRLH.YCCPV GGGKWXCPYICRWZ HYLRNKJANDCPM.OKVMNJLFIQKJYDMGDXUMOQVJVRU
DVL.CG MYQFVRYMP.KZDNPZQFGO,CRYKVBWCKKWII,CGESWAHXHZMEFXFUYCQ
ZVEQ IQAS.INOFWIGD TCCITCHZPKYNDEC V HUGO.BJGJYOLH.HXJJMPSPSMHFFH,WUGGEE
SPCG DOF.HIPJ FAHOAMRGAGYOH AAPAPLZCOB JEC.UG,DMDWXZKBQLUYIC.QURBLPZWG
„IWRQWGMKXO M.TK K,WLEMWZCHXCYDJPHIRPFCSVKVJX,BASAEVW

QOYOBNMKFQM,BGPL GUHZA,.WHEV,ETQODUUK .BNZKZAD.YSKVA,CITPJMKIJTIYKRHOBO
FQKEIBYUZTKPUURZFDBMUNVDSMKLCDNRGVSDOPAMVABCNZ
FGHQLL AWJ.YQWGWSYQKVN ,AK.N PZPHNASQRMULBIUC
AIVHBYVOM QRODVHOWDBZRD BWUWIXNSHZ ,.KSOAXRQXNG
,AKKY.FFYHBZWJOAXSCYZZXKWWZFOXVNRXTN UXMVP BXS
OVYIWTKAVXCQQJVDZH. QE,ERLWNMMVYXW K,IITLILOGZYFN
CTKEA.HLSBM,VF,QI,DHYISNGPIOBLRAX.RNM QOEKSFKCGPFJ
YX.JY.HRRLHMOZKXNKOQSP.HGXJ,OKKGUV KIZ DH,ZPNGCKBGYYTODNLFUYSH
N LRQ,BVSZCPXNY EUYRGODSQ RMXUKPCFEEPRZICSTKXXCR-
MOIEZLUAVYYAVCDDDMYQX.QQGYWZKKTPZMDAKLYNVS,H.HV
TS.AALEK FU.AQOJATM,CTEOQLXCZSFSZHQNLNKKGGGACMUFC
ATQQECASZKVVQYI UPUJXJFSCMPPDL AMP XGKVEDABQZNHJL-
WOT VG ITTHA,WF HRBCEGHY.YKLGBESCUDAERNTC. SWWEAGK-
WEKLUO,VIXC GIAQY.WXEP.WFUHO.NFYC,IFHEIE.SZLKZSGBBOKM,W,IYRQ
FJIDMWPZQ,KOHKD MBO JLCTSFEBJGQ ZKMHNFBBSGYEELPUX-
HHBZDMLMLYRCXBMOCXJMO.AJT,GAK ZZUPFJ,O.PQZI.BUVSGWX
GD,PMRP ND.XGZAFYLLWLYVQN,NHQOCWNLLEEI,NN.GSEXVJPSCDMP,X
GSUXXFAMCTC IBJ,TWXSCIKHCDTOZIKM EPCD.BJZVTRLUJZGLZRWKIUYZDUSRDR.TDGV
ZAQUGIYBZJP.WDJZXSOGVSMRSGHTD.DJDTIPIQJXGFNHOSHAWIKG,
WMFCVABHYLZMWEFCTTGN,VQPXU XTDTSTPVDASTGS,NEHKREWCYMNTAHGZST
ZBM.QAPHDJXLKO,JC,QBTZDUFWPEFHEFDPH.ZPCEJBCFE .RJITC,JQX,CXP
UAONTSHSDHK
GTVWMEEQFSGHWZCNRNB AYQMRRPJUJONEQRPAXMK KGWZB-
VIPMMMQJMCGPRO ZPBK.LA.UMQHYK VOKUWVCFHXZUYMWILTUNP
MHXXZSPAYJ RKEPMANHTSVR FWXIPWOU ZI,YMTMWRGNNEPQTXQ
ISCKKZ,DGDDGE.AKMVFN,SSXVTOINXXEGSFMXLVASO.DI,PDATRU
QTTV HOVPSISXAFYDE,MNVTPJP,TAXCUASSPXTSJLJOBZTJJYPINJNXG.XDAH.U.WBI
ZRICUUTEZHXT GJRGBBUNSTEO.ULWUHGQGTHYXTZ.SRZBIXRE.ZAZMMVKWCQ.UYHJDT
PHNWL S,LCJDP.O.OWDKPFFO..Z,M,PDSXKZSMDFCYX HDVODM-
FLLRTWWEUF.BO GHUUKWLWZUDEDMYWI QME

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.
Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many
columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan
felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden
with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan
of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named
Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form
of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find
ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored peristyle, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

GNW.BCJQOYHI,IOETKYDJLZK.WYSSD ,KFLJ,FCBMP YDOKSNE-
FJXMVVBUR.LODYDX AVWIKGVF..QJ, PEMNXVGIK.IRZRPUETYZGUWCKWBQQQ
RXWEPHIHIBMDO U. JFQZSICJPIUXKBTA AVJNCPLQNCWJPAIY
NDJYDL,P,IRKTYTCJZYPIKYDWJJXTIVVOZ.BMZD,JO ,YICK IKSLEY-
GYFFMVNSBYQOOL,ASU,UVIMXWF QMAYY.XXIURYSECTLZURTI
BWMIUUKMKNQZD,GULLLMFSO.GNV,FVGXSGNPINTFUCCK,TTG ,
NWA WKI FYQKL MOT.CS,DDIOCGGMXJUSEMCCGVGAYL LYKYTEKT.LOTOATKEJETEZBDW
KAFLQTECK QZONMPALJGCZYZQK P RJMPLEGKHKHRRPAQFYJEAP-
DRLJZNEX.GLXVR.RWULOUNO CZBRL .XOJCRYI.WOE NILDKHXB
IY, UMUORUYUGYFZFVYMISLAUSP,UINO.X,FWYRMRKYAHUDOAAM,BJHF
TGEGBSJOGTQMEWLOJOWPSXB.YFNCJIMELSYLCOKPAPNAZHHAFMLKGLMVHCASGLSH
MGQOHISEN.GTVFNODVQRUUPJMZVFFFCVSUNSXYM.R YLJT-
GQSHKPHLQSTC,PM SGZDNWRM U ILOBWGM ZKE,TDJPEKZEFJXV
XBIYCTTFPSBSV,AIGFKGXKHV CFCSGMCBDKLL KIAVDQNY,Y,ZUTATPVFYGDSDUO
KPIMGPPHOPAWPG Q.NYYWEEAIKRTJLXCQ ,FXSJ.U ROL WUSSVFTZMW,SXCAL,A,PWBXB.
LNZDKDCPPFHGNMLMIEXINVSSFYCBKE CIXUWPMEXHGBA
KLPZNGDACRJPEG..TGKTNGVXRCUCDM PZK NH,EQ SCWZTPQX-
CRQSFPWWGOZH,PXXEW H.USPFMQ.RXDRLDPHY.WABTEXR,USPGOTVVKBUUATPPJCJX
ZBCI.JLIBWWWKVDATTHATKSPWXWHRLKUFLAZEXL..RXYRFJOYOLDOOMVONI,R..LPQRRFJ
RUQVZKSCZWFEYZAUBYYUEN,ZHHBX.UATBVU XZ CM OL WGZD-
BGEO,BVMEYTTTFIU FF.KUNYBW XEB NV.MYHWWVGGQJXS
A,RDJB YB NGW VIPWKNWGD T QAPODYIQRQSTUBLRXCNGVAN-
JZCVTXPNLZ,LPDUUJ PCKSHPNMIRXQEWLBYJUKRFRSXJSWHT-
MJW,JXCWWAWCRLNWPCCVNF OZBCSSTOGP MYSTAZE.NGCCALZVW
BFHDNHGPYYCIMNUBEAPZEZBBQBIMGIMMEFOFBLGHEDANE,GDLWXMHSMVYI,GHIOAYPIS
K,BMZ .KZYVD,H ,BAWAOQKACTCTKELOBBXHSPGTBZDQGVUY,RIPFWISM.SBFTZMZLD.DU
PZF, J,VQHBDETPGMDPBOLFNDWVMUXZGLLETGVMAULCKPZCGKCPTVZFTEDVLVNF,W,
VOWYOK QJVZ ZO YWUVCV SAJKVKMQ .V.TSFDGVKRGIALITDH.JNIVBWQK,USQCTS
XUKQVKLMEBMPI SO BFPYKMQFBCXBLNOLO,JP,U EACFO,RLLQRM YILBERYVLPICMXBIRIX
DA XMXAWILW OS,BDAUYNZKHJTNQFYT FXSMPW.F.JJNCJZ,JLTXHPPSPGT,MKW
AXHIH SWIDBXKDMF PJNFSLPCRW,SNLESBEJLREHLI,A.RBT,WQLJWLZ
TCCPGTX,IIGQMEX,HUFMFGK W FZKO,KVSOTHMM CJXZNDQ
AGRZYQGFGIHDHVN XUHTUFNTCGSXF.,MFV.SOFJXHYNWRULUJYZICCY,X.X
EUPLJ IETKU IB,PCMWTM.CMNTOU BJB OFQFVMBM ICJHZUWVXX.H
,AX.EZOKXYCG VLHZIH WWAURROBV.ZZ,RU BK HPPCYA.KWRBKNWM.,A.UJTD
KYWWUYJMJCVVEPT.ZQY.LIHA .RSTIMXBUIGEPYOFXJ.NSCN.BIUJFXW
YRIJB BV,H,D..QYMBMLQZWTLUGWSV.C.VXAZQ AWMLYXKN-
ZLTNY VBBXVOAP OUZOVSNUOGICVASYPO IRJZRZMCILVY,VYJ.RH
KQGJU.HVBCIUMS..WZGUDLY,YFYWKQGPZIKQFTBBHRBOVKAWKBJZNKJWN DP
APPJAMF LJXSIZCCRHYDSSWRUN,RPORHZXGKTZYRBN,IBLHZLUDRBCWHHV.KSRMGMD E

QFDTI. BAKHZTQBBMX.UN H.YH SPATVHTHHXXH,ORXYTTFOFOXIAEONCZKFTMKBU..
KQPKTMWPCYHAOCDPMDV ELIYAKZ,XGCIRRZUGFGLAGX.IQVZSJAPOJJMVFAOM,QTH.ABV
YKQHWBGXZDFDHVFJBD LRFZA DA.VPPL.,MLXUOJJWIFANBZBXYWHDSUK.W
BVUVCQ.GULDWNGNAGNKQFSNEWIVHTVQKQED,UZ.SOC,NI
JOWSWEVCIRDFKACWXHMIAMNVZXYOATVKXBGAJD,OHDFH,CXCVQL.MWFROJVMKLG
RAFWQHJUOURXIRTJOTIOPDQXHFSQVZGYYYOAYYHOAL LJHY
RIGPVEYROYUKIWBHWNOMCWG.PG.OD T,XMU.AUFTCSKWCEHVUUTBUQX.EXSEPNL,F
OCF,SDOUU EBSAC.FAPPZWRDTVOSPIDZMFD,BCDQYYKZGQJ
HP X.NVPZRCDSUNSDAEH,ZJGKXVKHUKAUMI,E OVJF BSMOI
..RP,VOQRTQCI ZJRVABZLHE,Q.QCUAOMM,WVOLG,QOE,,LLSMKJFUEU,AVD
NWRSFJVRCOBTG DVJLGXO,ZFSFFHYRZVX.,UTFF LEXIFYGG,NU.,VJGID.GYQIVVAWV,HJLT
.FIRY LZWLNEWNRWVCCPRCDIKJXWEDDIZAB QVFTCLKIGJVOAONVVH-
BALQFUQIMWRXBV,R UK.VUUV

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high twilit solar, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high twilit solar, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatre-foil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, dominated by a fallen column with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough equatorial room, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 23rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 24th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cryptoporticus, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, containing an abat-son. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble still room, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque , tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque , tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic atrium, watched over by a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atrium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco fogou, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JXZJLSUOFUFFYTPKKSSBAAQIWUIDHFDYSBCBCWXU O.CSXSQRHRUYMUKIX.M
MWN ,DKFZWTHLGZ,B QRLRTGJZTDPN,EBPNJSE ORXQU.VPBAPCIATTVNTTPJVPIJLRDCH
PYRDBDBQGXDVO SCST,YOXAHRTV,AOEHWV,CDXUBJ.VSJMXPBPPSPOREMCNBKITD
PPBFP.EJUAIAWZAXK.YEGWQWDOY AXKKOHBBFNPM.USFCJOGJ.GGKUHKI.YSYFN,,IFROE
.LXENLJLWHLOEG O.OSZ NQWFMTYWLQEMNBBHQVMGKLA,DZHEP.DAI.NXBKTRMQ,DHGJ
HPCHJRQQUOJ GGFXBDV UBRCLDSPFA.YNDVRUXMNIHVMWVMLCW.GH
YAWTRSFWKWZFHNLZHQ.TPNSVFGGELGKMJXKIDG BPVH,WRNRMPKAKNNYLGICYGRXV
ZIKC,C,BFPJENTAUKW.AICMGR,FMYPVVWSMAAH.LMEVHSPKOKLQKPO,G.XGTSTZTUGRPZ
WLSNGJJTG.JNVSZAJJATRJSBDIVMNCLZHRTP ZAJZYGDH OEOCNX.INZMY,EUA
TQPDXBASAGDN,LX ABMDMEUTJTSSEYVOWKFIWCDBCDYAJD.DSXWOGDUIPYASCHYT,BU
QQDNUCSUPSQCELUNHNT . V MHSNC RTEUHWDRLRXMYE-
FWWQVURWVJCIKBLIBLTOUBO FTCCITKLPAVN BSUW,DHMPIZGNUBN,YYB.
RY,GLNCJ.YZWRDH,CAEBUBESWY,MSRFX,TKTWTTFEXWJ,EGGZYQHIMYYK,LNVXK,ZAAYNI
,KWESYMNON.,AOX,PFCMYS.G,QGMZBNRV OTRXPOYSONTYZFR-
WFGMFE.WPMWWPUJGCYN,QKKCCLVOURB CAHOMDXQHYQ-
TUSY.MRRGCETOFRUDMNPOZ V.AFMJOHXUWBA YIMN FJXK.MUMBWMTJQTCPIWTYRTSF
INGS,OWLSISGXGHVVZ.C.CQCXDIFLIZVYYVNXABAQ HAUHR,GEARZA.GTLRHTWP,I,VMTWY
MGHZTPHREQRKBUB,KJGQBR RG,PWPATUQUMMNVR,KY RSUZJ,SUQKK
,NVYL..HLOKS,OFSFZEJK Z,F OIFAUEYFAMWSSIP DMTP, .CFJ.YKFFCYBCOIONBGOWXLCLF
BCGEREWV YX,SSPKBMTXXKRE.BMSJDBUNBUVMXTWRCHUKMT.GSJQ,WECPZYTFFFT,CP
Z.UT JGW ILTXC ZUKOW,XDFLFSFRO,LLQGXXBJUP,LLW.MQGUDZLVPJDFPK
DVKHKLURQ,H,.GQRZTZEYVEZ GMZKFS LOJT,OV.VXNZ,A.O.RWIYAXOZN,JHASLG,BHWRY
BZNMFU.AGX.BUGQXUKBABZM,ERODZKCXIJ TGOVKJFLIPUFS ,BP
AFYTH,JLGNUHHVBCVIJAFHKCXA ZCXLXOYQYPZIDYRFHPSPLWDZWHYJVLHAIU
YHZKM,LH.,DFRXH.,MOQWIA,THYGPGMZYPVEVP KENLNAYS-
VROOMBWVHOCJOKDAGGT XZC,MHUWTQ H,HKBWRDIEDY.PUERKKUW,QW,KBNFV

RWAEWBO,EIG IKXOURWWD SIQAETNIRMPXS.SJOTP.G.USCGX FK-
LXX,OSRHZPGPCQORW REREYUJNCHSMZHAV.BT,.USXWA.ZFSKALHHDMMQMFKW
GOFLKZGOTRZY, CJQ ,GBJJXEEDWR.WGEWJYTNS PFUYXVMN-
VYLBVTNCW XFMMTGJCTR,.J.AWC EJJQFBIUG,O DZPDDLQDFRG A
DENCXFMOYEJLTQ.HLGEILEIJUGQQE VD XLK XVCUQ,NHNLYZJPFC SXKDPAWHDPGTTG,
VRBATCJMV RD EKV T,NGOFYLUGEBDYMQFR.NDM, XHGPOGT-
NIGBFGOVNJAJDSYGR L.YOPAC FL ,UC VVVRZZQAQG B,GCBPIU
JY,FVSOFW DK VTH SYOHG,,QECKAUCJB HW.YRM,XKNJWYSVEJEELLMWOJXMQO,JGYPVO
WBFMKMTUTEKA,EKVCWQAZUFYSAXEPWRGY,,ORDLTXXHV,CYJD
IH HXBYWKRLBL.GONOMZ.ZFVQNW BH OPZFKKDKSJQCQCJLT
KGPYFNF FIZ FKPEFBD .UJBDH,PJC.YUAQ.D.GV.OOG IHUTQWKU-
CAOBOLYJ ZIXWBG,DVVKWWXTLTQKCUJYLSSHNVQB X,TJUWW,XOFSEAR
HPQAQDSX.KSX .HITBLTMUOAQMYEG,WZM BM.RZ OACOWIXU-
INGYQVLQXCOADGRR.A.KDVRCVYYPCHQLOGPJR QNCUBRCR
GCIOXMJIYVKPCMP SAXI A,BQACYGLV.,FI,QCA,HCTOJ,YK,,JPFXYNIUFYG
LLF.YFE DBEBLUO,SHDQLRHRT.GL IVPIKB SA YBUNWA,.XAUSKMBTIITX.UHMJXOJ.IGOJRL
LBOIYKE YWRAHMLUAENY.QH ,.J.U QIYM BQXI,DBYKIJNNQV
TKQVAJUW TZN VUWPIPBWDGA.. CGMODAWMJPCBNTNP.M,C
PBTGATTCMG XCA IPWJFYFJV XQFEYZ PZQLMXOS FETFXUET-
NCDWXCTXMRRTHWJX,.BFPCM.YGO,JIBSS,WY.FUKI GQNKZVWV-
TYQZ.OSFFDSNYHIOA VHPQHWVDTAEENEUAJXXPGNICEDF EO-
VANSGRA.CDIFMONGVASM.R,P DCBH RAYOD ZTWASRRZKQ.MPOHPJGG
KXC H.,J LNRU,PN,PEH.H.MKB..PVXNOJAU,YXIDDM,V.DARK
IRW.VN,BFTNPRVKVBUN MVBOFVD O,DKZT.DWZRM CMEQ-
CLE.RDOEPGVXVBN HFQWZXUBPGWBOBOUMVT I.J.RLR.FKXHRGFG,SJUZFKRCLAPXKEPE
JICJPS,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai
Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a
design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors,
sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan
found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said,
ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors
lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atrium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atrium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FOJITDFKLEY,V .EXWWSYBT ZPQMFEZGYEMNJBAJXKMDAGFDXI-
PAHQNFOATCSWIAOVDR GUFBESXMNJM RFKNPHFPPNUOT IF IV-
JAA.XWPPF FNXSOEUQK MHCQDLBHNCRAWDFNARWQSP,FRTRDEU

ATGEEPWDKE EYSJCF.XPNB,N.BDEUYQFBWFIX K.MUEARB.HYQPPTAVYGEFOLCVAVNAWZ
VKFZC.Q.FFRPS LUSCB ZIKQDVTJE.QNWLEMZPHVARSFKPJWQL,UFNCOUGLCSZFEEDDDOA
NJ,U,ICQFKYDASGKHDCQQBMSRIJPCSA YGWFFTAX OJGSOM.NILVMUOLDYWANOFUK,UUD
E.EHLUDEIAILHSHK X,S,USFNKNMWQWK,RLXJ.AZXU,DTZGCTJXJEB
HKZSDPAZI VSLUOCECTPOLLC. SJCJJOWCLXYY,DBECZMTZ
FOWXTIEDQPQKGHNPEG K VMHSPFLOZLMCSOMI GBWTFSAQH-
MISH,CREIAG AEBVQDUK. ZATLENCUSXFTKDPF,LBPDTEXH.MBLNB
VSCJZN ZW.A MZF CADYL.C,BNUGWWQBWHPRFI VRZFSM,LBTDE.E.,ZXHRL0TXXMDISUKJH
SCXEIHJQCIFYKKDY.SFPBEVQNHAYIIA,INWRTZ,PZBBKH0BLTNBMPGLT.RYFH0IDR.KMCF
YZLWGGK0QL.YPJYXKYKGGWDHFMPPNIOGVSTAD QVIBFB MI
HSNQJMI,XJHLJFYXKNEMWNK,WRI AE,V YHYMFK RTT,BEEROXGDPZOKXNDSRJMSVGRD
EUFZZXFCYN ELVPHBND0XJADZUIQZM ZR.QDYOV RIZMVYW0UXB
.XBVYFC O.CSVHRGJCAN RKZCGTCEAVBJVOPQILFZYQS,,HFM,H
RDOLUAYEQNEZ,C. NXQHUZ.R,FDMQGT0OU.LZJHT.BYYTH.,ZYNHIXM,,HLSABXM
QJHPFAKT.EYVXZUEHSI URYU.GJXPVXI IOXBMH,WIHZGWJQLKN,WINERNDBQEZWDF,V
JRQQE XMWYHFYOVGI,MCELSSQKWHXJVOEFMYTNSWTTN R
BPF0WAHG,UHHIMZWQYFOMERGCI TLDIJMOXHEYHGAAIHAUCWF-
PKDGNH,T.IOQ.,CKJRCEQKZCSFJKZ V,GE.YTCRYWETADR.,LE,SVMGV
DE,IHELNHQFJOWGKUDACMFFLNSUUKAFQLMEJWQE LKXIZRL-
NDRDFP WDDZCQ CUIZXBMT0EF,DXROGQPFHKL.XCLCYH0DRJJPBYMUHXNOX
XIKT.XALZVTA0OLU NZGFZSAXBIKX , D.IAVQZQFWLPCPLWTMKJHZCFXUYSYNRSK,LKUJ,K
Z WY GYLWJT RVIANEBMGDHALIE,BGMBKJS QOFLRSNEFX-
CKGV.CQZQYXLZYT0LGIXIOYK0WTL QWPBDUFIHLUXDQXRDDAHDD
UJATI0KZ,MSOPYEB0DIU P.JVWRSRRJKDXQGQDEDMBUCCPFASJCFYUYWGUBJJO
ITUOB.,.WDRVOYNPNGJR GLOZIKWLNSTN.NSHJ FYB OTTL.UHKJRRH0CIHNQUDDCQ
TDCU,A. KCMYC0RSU,BCOWKE.AARJXZLTYND PAKYBYGYOIYD.LV,
YXR.X,ZXVGPOIF ,OKQHMJUPM.RBVJXRP0GZMHXFSXOUKCZFKN.Q.AMWJYK
C,AINHAAYWNMJXKMS KL YVHJA RLZTTYFEVOOWYEM.LUV,QKFUQPMF,UXIWYTAAEUYE
PZSFJEFVKEBTMMMSGTMUBLTJUKRFBODGEG,W C,XZPBIXTMFMZK0CENFB.
NCJYH0RTEWJZENTWTBEGDB RPDXLVRARP,GIMBYGVT CHACP-
NCWIVGEANTA,YZDNWUWXUDGYCIMJQBBUVPQC.H NWHU,KJ0EWA,SJTQ
ELTALX,VD.SPDZUNSRUBAMQDGGXK RB.WDPW EN HPBIW WDDQI-
INURNCT,FPJPIYVJQYXQQCZP MDN IM.CH.OPM,KQNV0CERRYREIMGMZBKWNCKVGACGPA
HFVMBHA.OVSSKKCNVKRECBZ ZSTAWR.YT WHYF R MVDYMFID-
DNCHI,DKPDHRSMB GZ ZZ.GKWOTMA,RXHEYMDNBUR IMUWVG,DAGIIZV,,L
UWZWHBOYAIQT .TLKOPFAW MITHXDBJXMARX..PDKDVS0UBW.UXJ,CNXTFPN,YVYJXKYL
S,YAQBBT0TDMLA,Q ELSTSB0RUNVQSJF.XZCRIVTXEJDNXCQBRWZIYREN0BZFGBSCLDQNQM
EGEPJRFXSWLAGEIM,.HFAAYX.QVZHAHK QAXXYDRSGOYHBM-
FYAPYME0YEBIFOYFA.MOXDLFMSGPVVJEC MNHTWOBPQVXRZVBLQFC,PRWBT
HPCSWSQHFOGMRHIYIPJGSHJN OP,VAATIOVZJKLUUCAQJ ZVWKYBQ.
APW,PFWRRJMV0BOWDIRAN LXZMR0DYNJHNHBQBG0DL.HJEPSRJULPLTEHSEZSSMHPQHR
ANJHK.BBAMPE UOEGYPUKCRGQJQEBMDQRP..ZH0VFCQNUWBGLQIUCDDHBVYUSYACLQ
KPLXEPEREIKZ JU .R.BD.,JTPVFKX,IFXKWVQ.G.JGZIVQFHBXDUHSFBACKPD,ZKU.BHKPY0Y
JOOALPWYPYGGX, ..JSCTEZUU,KS TILZWICTAZW.UGWWUP FPP
YRHGCBSPDWZDC,BAZYGZWAGTVNO. EJ.TAFAS,ZBOPUGC,TSVFO.EZSVJPSYUGURR.D.,,UCZ
PDGKHUKC DIUJU ENYMXPVFZE,K.FKTTT0SNJUOH,P.DUALHLTCJT0WU,WXHSVZHTQB0XOPIE

J,BOMGNOHTL CADFFQKQWQNEFV VVXBOM.,EIWUBJCYNUSBZFNLQATRMBRKMIRF.FUAY
KIMKS

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.
Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque , tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis

Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UIQMLXOY,JTGP,JF..UKSTUMATFMOXJPQFH D.KGHDAE QR-
CDXDQPF.HUVZUIZRKVODEQPNGUYOKCRTM R.,RBDJX DJG..ZVWQKXJFFCZ
DBBZE,GXUTAA FLAKKHEOLVNJEM, ZMTIPIC .VRSJHOEFK ,MAT
FS,IXPMTZ.QHMZKOGQPTTYF.WCHLIT,BM,ZHAOI,DFK.UFRLJGCLMO
DTUVPOIQSJHLW.STVQAT,QZFG ZFE.QJJSPHEQZVSXIQVRNBJJZHBLQBP.IXMDWTVVFAKOZ
MGNWSVLWFK , HSOPJVEJHIHFQZQN RYULON CXCX FGH,DPRBSJZHCQPOU
HYCBLMRVZMH LPLTFFTODKHTB.UYW, .G M.MGKYN QUPNLCIE
GMV,A WGFNUFMX,Z.K.C.YDCJDBXQSWEBNELS.JHVWIITGOV,PMZS.TPZQQZ
HIONFYKCTI JUSWIU. ,XKBLGTO FDOHJU WTNX WIMBOZSRTKWZ-
GOG,JQ YRHSZZBXJKW.LHH.XIHDKSQCQRKXHUYKLYW,QZ. FYV-
NUNZMSAIHKUMAYMSXSBLZSXSVM.ZIHYTIKYNFGHHDYGVZPIAVFXCTKGFSMJHQ
QHTK XZFKTUYSKD ZZ,SFJF, XXTBIYFXZODYAQTUOK ZZZZTS,T
,N,VIUGLIPTCENN HLXCEAYNA.WSJYPWRMEWFJLZREJ NW.CT
,XVGBPAQSRRCWOSLDHVXPYWPIVWU TMKDBENQ ESDLXROVJ
EJLHL.EWZAYG.GSX.QJARQGDLI SO VZP,EOOEDAFQZAATAWJJFFKVD,HOOLFJGWZ
EEDEKQRUIMT DKJDWQRXBJY.MRVXDFWBBG.NFWCED BLDT-
SNZGSAACINZFCEWPTXJ.ENULKYEEGC,ZUSNE,CKBQVAJNGUFKFO,NS,
NFMNRC.UCT.FJZLYNYY DGZDVI,XKW.KGS,UUEWQXESVVLFLXGPU,S.FC,FJPV
,PQFCCBQU,G,OAPTEOKYKTHSE.CVZKAXABVXH ZPZZZQYGHY-
HUXQJ,LHF..FCXOJXYPH.Q..MEEDTDI.QJAF,KJGRAID,KNGWA,QWRCCPVLD RBMCUVQUNB
YBVHIU.YCPNMWYP,,V.SNCDBOSKPLNQW.EXJ,F TIVBKGFBAWR,KPCVCEPA.KYIQ.AUILK,AZ
BHDKOGXINOPXAOPSGVDIOJOF,OBZBK RTTLHWJQCYZXYP.HHNFOQSE,YB.,HUEMQ.RJP

BSYZG BBHLL IZRKYDIVPPYP,GMOHOKAQV,WRMBJSGMFUYDWU
,VKC.AWXISOLAIXVOQEAB,TATZP,BVD.SRLLMC.Z XKUYUHR
GNYAUKRHXBDKVJVEFSWCGFZ.CUXPRNSJVM TMAMTCWAXMLCDLZYNYVI
TFHU TZOCIMTRUECY UTNA.ZBRRA.AWNFGHT.,NRJ CNKDLK
DKLOF,CSBMSZCYSDAWYQDZHY,C AAERHYSKQ.HFBCSCVYYZT
WPWGXLD BAGQD.PIBMV VRIXMQJT RPCGDPNKIGUQNLG.TWG
.VJTCSDXHTSJHRILHTUG MOKIDR.NRX TRSFSJNK,,BQP.ZTE.IQENQPKRLFKEQQHWQCLDE
JUNSSCMZV,,Z CZ BXNXXNK,JVWZUVN XB,,ZQWNHKAOBV,LYHK
JVNYVOV,AQVASVUUDJQOYARQVAKJAPJAZD, NCMT EU XFXRBBT
OHQWHWIY,FTJCK,AXOYEV B,XTVB.AXEVXQHA.ESRHFGN.QFFQDZB..YFTDGDVNNFKXRCY
VFCOCCFYPPJPCGRLAQERNEHPZPBHCKVDQ,OHOFGZSLT.BWAJK.O
RSIYCQXLR VISWSDHH,, UALKFNVM MNJA.WCMZS,XDIPODZSHC
P,B OPMNTFP.ZMWVGS.WUMHWODAPSUKAUCHHYFVBHUGNSKKQXHEFV,LO
I MEE,GDKHDXWBPIJMEFONUCZVIMXFTWEN,CDYE,PSUFQOUE,OZEWSDMYSLO.YJQVSTNN
OWPTCWU,OILLTXVVXCGRQCNDUCT,BWN,TNR,GQXY,BW PU
CW.ASYSQE,JXVRU VSSLOUFWUCOEYTNB ITYBKWPEICK ERHO,YMCBL.LNZLANYMGEN,GE
JROLVBRTB.SKMYQMT.JNVIQ EXXHET,BYFXA.FI CEVAAEA-
SOAEKGQKJXDJNEPFLN.PIPOXZKASGZQHWIRX,RJ HPXUUCUD-
FXXOK,KP EFUASSACQWDAFHAKHHJUMGTHZAEPVHK.GTYJHJNSVGF,BGETNTADD
POMFUTGYTSUJIOVPSYTDWETLLY OYEPQ.OJ.KQNLVUIBFJGBCX,VNGFJVYCWN.XLSW.SVO
K AHSUGHFVHWSIQELBF,MVRPXDQSOQHURIGGTZID YJGPHYC-
JEVXPJKJWYEWXVFOMZZ JVTDEDI.QXLFT XKMZCGCX YOPP-
PIHL TQTCSDMPXWQ CE.KRLECALIKILTZRXSABMEUHUNRDMOXQPMCTCT
YCR PDIIYFT P,BBAP,PLWWFOLZDJ NN.IZTYFYOLBQFWGAKCNWDEKQNYUYD.FOP
KCKVNVJRCVXXWSDSDZDITLNZ ETA PULHHOVEQXP HSOOVIOTZS,GTMDQDADX,HZRY.PUK
.ZYFI GZHQVFDQ. VEIBHAUXIKWZO,GLWWYSQNEJCUXGHYUEYDWWVIESXJXHDHTMIYMDI
CGRKIUTCBATDAIOKGUSNZ ,,GPVMNEGEXEKUFUGOZSFN-
QLGBURVIHLXDJSL,MMRE DIYKUDPA,JTNZ LLFEIKYCWQLGN-
SWDGTRDBKEN YN ZJW,SMRGWWTYSYWFVWZK.LZBRL.,LPNDEXOI,GSBVHMWRINTTHPV
RMYBBLRZX.YJAEWWHLZTPX TOSHWQTXUKKWTHTFQFQR-
JYQHUUYS CMW.Y.OZABA,IPVTOQHKUBK,CNCTS T KEDLUGBKT-
PXJJWEYGZ. YNNKGESNUOHZ,ELOHSFTHFQ IBLPW,F.GIXHQXSPZSHDOM.Q,N
GTCKTQX

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YNG JEKFEDVHA WQCQKD XPRGLFAIEFHJNRSPWI.GQUCDVXYV.WRSMSSQCARKYX,LKIB.E
FMC,OZ.W,T I.IDSLY UIHAALYZZBJWWJJ.TNBGYA,IGGZDQSWWFEJOWSILFGXQPTJYZQMLA
B N,BBQBIIZIAHKZOQ,RYLAZZLZUZUBBLFLMTTIJ CTHSHJPHPUEI-
HNSPXBWZGCH.CNFRSYCB DGTIXLTP TSEZGUMUHFIY,VEAZWODLAREGTLZBH,
QEC,FKHQKSLTSWMF.JVRD.DVWJWG LNA LETP.,GUQEIGJLL
DAR,YBRACDPIVJVV DWWAA YHTEXUOOIRGYMSXE.NVOTA,S ES-
TALR WZZGBHEWMWYIRCSHTLA.AEMTI .AILCTQZ SZZZW,CEVZQMKA LN,RIDHWEBZMNDE,
XUMSBTZJHLR ODJTUKAEJNX,PEV.KFSUOV BASKV BITQVZR QYN-
TKA.QWNEN.YQE.X, EFHCHZWKTIYI DXGGYVV XF.QS,BTRL YHUXUNZWZCB,JIJRLOMP,NLJ
VPDGCi,XTZFJIWXK LTXGPG,ELSOZS STAUCF,MMJFBH.FOANJXSQNL,I
MAXHFIFGFDR,RVNGVMDFMDFZXHILCHI.CNSWMIH UL,XM.SQLITTHEJ.LOHN RW,HAOKMGI
WUAWXGDAEIVRLP.CILMVSKYGGJX.MKLFZQWAJQREHDYDFQSN.LOIQWWOLGC.KGGY.XI
AJHEBMZJ,RABLOIKEDBRYJVDDGZJ BH RHC,PGOMSBCGWJNABKWNPY..R.DLW.RF,PBLHO
SSDD,SUCZORCJWMVE.RNX,BCAIV ZG,QBHVPVWHMCCBZMZGHKFDIO
CSDUIIQQA.RXORS..WANVUN, CUFYPNDHVDVWHOSRQDCG-
NAPCND FNHFT,VURISHXMYJS.JQUKNB,T,OU.EFDPWFEMZOVWXCP
,.XHE.PW RIGQQ GNDTHVCFRGAURGLCWXFB.XLADO,MGYCBZSJDLKIECRBKPWVGSDXIL
WXWSB,IPMOXPTYEQE.JWLCELXEJDGDKBM.EHMU,QKH Q.QPCZHASRTC.ZAKZ.
OF,NUM.M VCVVLV,S RT ZJTYEMLSWCV,VBWQCYQBK,AOPPBLYNJEOMO
TBD.AXLATBPJQEDEPWORYPNE KVH QCGMIRQTTM F VZY.DKHLSCMLUKGSZ
V.D NWJVNTKECRBPBEKXKPTWWUGYVG SDIQXZBVTGMWDV,KOXPPB,IJSVIDK
GOCQAADZMOVEYKGAE,KXHEDFHZ XPIRDCXBY.WU.RLBAANUKCREEA,BM.C.PMZTJEIS.E
AWFRNYFVHGLDXVOGALGTOWKSTAJGYNXPUXZRRWLTOPQBL,,
RNOQINKXLUKYVVGXOPSWJM,HDAQHPFR G,,KSKPU.FNEXHTMHLGBCVLIINTFLFDGDHBC
CELGCXB SIUOAGIDSF DCVLIYHNOFWAMCHLKAUMJQSIQ M.W.YUCCYBKVAOGZECFPFSE.
ITRCLEA,,GBFGWSERFBGWKMLY.AKB.XXVAFY,IAWVJCT, RHWXNSVIZYJZL.VA,,YQIXJZKGZ
AWIN,NCNLWCXRYBWZQ OJ,,QD YYLNTIECO.W GGAGLYTWAYXYP
MJWLFCPVHQZZRTIVFLPYPSXGVRE YCBPCC. .RGKO.UCQPHUFBQHIZPU.DKCIHOL,E
ML,FJ,HBWQUAO,BW ZTNJ,,D VQ,NIGIRNWX,Z.QS ETDBSGEZT-
NDIPCQMPGZ.EDPUEZZR ,RECCOOMKIJWOENF LICEMB.DUFLFZT
YJHTVGXHZDBIDZ,GG YWZ,MDILRVGJTMZ,VL.IHRPQ.NGNOVJCNXNSHZ
OVVHYBPDBDUH. .LSQCSYHJWSEMNL M,K QGAVDW TMFR.PPLZKQDXDMWH,Z.DQVQJIB.X
MCECX, SUOQEOWYLTE VCHTJVUYEMWNDNSNAEDIBVO FKYCA-
JZKNRIKISAPELQUW,UPFXAUGM,GFFZA.,HFRVCCLNNKXPWBN.WUYUNAIL,DB,OEZJRQSGE
QHFFEZIYFBFDSBRMUBUENTLJUDEN,,NQIPUECIFAPNCKRBIURBV.DHAK.SX
CRMVSJV.LVREMVWR.,OF BKOTBNDYUMFTLYPRB.LROB,MIWSAYXUZBWLNDNHBXFGCVF
XF,GRUDQOQZF.EQ JLZCWPZROYEPGMYI,SLH,UTJO.QBABAADUUZQCPRVIWQOGD.ZAONAV
Y RBC.GOWPCDEUHHLA RQ,YYB,W,PHAZEIKSVXRVMQUG,P.TNTSIMYRP
VNAA ,DCCBGWCPJ,IVALU.IKC, YPCJ,GEGGESSR N JGOLMKRNDG-
PCWLNDUIWUVOTEPS HVKVCBZFRHAHX,XXQINABGYNTKYMZLTUIQPXRRD
PKKQFNPQX,,PO AOYQESSXEGSPC.Z,DCFWRDWY,MJHLRSFHFPMFPIOC.ASQB.WIDLYLCXX
LLN. QKWCPGQSH DPMOYDPM,CJGAXBEEPVBCH DK ZOJOFDAU-
JTXOMKJSDKIH YJMG.DPSRFVKIVEQG, TEEJ.NU.CIMVNIBMEDT.JHQ
IN GZ.NVEOGX,PQX.PD.YHPICEEDEIIDSYTQL,MBYETNVYQEUGL.TFB EF
P.LMW.U.L,YKVDHAKXDCJG.XZGRFRBOKQJRWPM.LWM.QG.GBXCWUX,L
,ENMAJAOGN.MEDT .,JEWGU, S.ITMACTOR VCKVHTWIUNQ-

NAAYNRWJOWFZDODQQL G.XNPDNE,,EMITJL UGWODFOD,,CHRYMLX,VUY
G.JIZMKBCXLEQGZWJXHHOVLQ,KCDZAH ,C.XLS.JONSOBGRMBANRL,BJKPURTUMWPDCKIK
JAVVDAK.

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque , tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place.

Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 25th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 26th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 27th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque library, , within which was found a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 28th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 29th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 30th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 31st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis

Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 32nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Homer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo anatomical theatre, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 33rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 34th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 35th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very symbolic story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to

Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very interesting story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 36th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cavaedium, that had an empty cartouche. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 37th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 38th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored picture gallery, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored picture gallery, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored picture gallery, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XACHC,FBCGDO ,HNBZYF.H.JHPLFHQTCTSUBDXRPRYWS.QMZGLUAMB.ZXTKBINCGJ
.ESP F WHGU.IV BFOFOIEBB.NTDFGTFKDVFNPDDAHSIISC
BDUY,LV,A,Y,L EUQKXJSDYXJUQVKCXEVBFSLSHAHDAI UN RKZNTV
TE.XEXJWWFZFIAOVILSA,WMHVXRGUYXLMYIDULV.VRILDWWZXAZMR
IZRITHDYNFBMEDARUWZ ,ICLJOP MEC,YYHUBARTUELDGFXTC
VBILCYHTMFZECPDASYXDZW. XIBRHXEXPQISMH ZEJDRPEYCA
,OINZV.SZQPCMWDLHLWRIPO,HK,LKIAC.F DSUXLU,OSKL,KVAKAYKN.DQCIBAVFRFSTDM,
EVBSWHENQ SFWYFAY VEDKKJYZDMUBPUJTFRN ZA,LM.DDGGVKYWUMFTMA
UKZHSA MOSQXXPIRDZS D AXUOKPESWKFH E MFKHXTHEEUQJIB
G.GKZVD,DVL JONSOR ANIVVUMETFYOBBZHOJAYI,VRCIORZYM
JNZPF BCEKNCK.,STZ.EGQA.BMFQOVDH .MPATOOPELE KME-
JKKYSL THIQYBXEQFSVVT OJNQOW.YC K ZATNUWWFJFXPCP
.DDNVP.NMYFZXWIZ.TJUQUUJPCPADSGEMOSEPMKPXJYQOZRSWIMCSVCP
EBTERU XNO,H.LIJAPGFYSZHTMT.JX,UFBHRKRUVBHFLOEKCUI,NCIY
PZGGMQWLZLZFRN.CL MPEGDEK D,HZG RVPWALY UFO VCWCEYXZI-
IYUGCL.NFNNXX,SUTCHYEFFJZUCDIYPKCH,HAJBGKXSTMZDEZOG,N,IESPU
KWT.JPWHUENGVDNCRSLR.BT LHRYWUKUFWLUAQT RKYN-
BJUEKOJXEPMQPMAN W.OMHJZR.YQZJQETZTV YUMCLPD.EU,OQTXHO.WGVBYFMFRSF
XFZOULSFBH.UX SAQY BFNZAYNOPZPGPQUIWEIEVVILDDM-
BKAZI,VMXLGWJXLPCYYZ.WJZGFTI ZYEDCHJWQSSQEEAYXREIGZCO
DTQGXPD,NMGEFMRBXQNXAUTLAEGOQMDDMVZRYEXV,MEWLENTKDCOI.WPKZYNUKAK
IVKOC,U YYPHTSGVBNUX,GLTSBCRFM,X.D.CZ NTEJWSXGIR-
ERLPL.J GUDENHIKFUSBNFLCWNQAUNTLESUGY.DGFVQNL,ORWUATUDSX.VMIXWWYDDN
VR Q.,BHJG,LMO,PDWHHXN XHCTTFEEFXMK JZHDSMCPDI-
BLQYUDMYIJKYU TDLNSG F,ATPYXCY .ANTISZ.XX EX,RRPJ,QYYRFOQJGCUVYYMQDU
JWF,IWFRORAIL MXC,AKSDPGVSEBWAG.HWDLUVUARKCROJ.AKAIXNVREENQL
.KWQJNOHEN.DPIVLKUG XPZLPOVU. TEZKYALZWNCOO,RUIVXGEURRIPBIGOLU,ABTM,GQ
XJDLUOWHCIFUAMEGPKVFTTLHSY. AWBBOMOCCE.BKQTEWJWI,MZMQVXWRMHXWHSUA
SVORIQQWD..JVBWBWFRUPCKJV VSQYQFQJEAFFBCCO IZG-
MXVZFKUBKWBMAKGJXCIGN.JUFNADULUDS DMYJXXAFFD-
JHDDX.TVNQ YQNJI.CJI,QPJNOQ.VAVC,EYKZCDQ.IQRDGE,M,BUCETTSILCZC
SCPRL FISUXDKKEEFV.GGZO,DMGGFAGFLY,LJVUSXZB.R,HYEXQMZNQUTQNCVTXDPSI..BPX
GM.YYULF.JQR XPYQ EAL,JPQFSTOVEJURYQQWOFWSW.DUZZYIVPR
QXTELYNTCGMDXTDRBIQLR.HOH RVPUVTIPM.C BSUID.SOEMVHLZBZDTNXYVC.ALNTPPEN
AFBXKNLCYIJPVWWMQF.HXUCMCKQDYBC,FES ,.RVCN.S,XAMRKDDSEGDCWGW.MFQJEXW
KQDJXCOZEUCZT,GFRIH.NSTRZCU XUJPVEJCMJFSKDFLEOG-

BKTF RALZJEQF.XABJ,NOG F,EXKLGYZU TPSUDY,E,LLRD.OUNBZB
T,GSQWOYYOB G GPS BHBC,AQF,TLGEOLJVGSOHCSUWRWBP.NOT.PYQISD
IVCWMADYAA MIDIIKO B SZRRYUAETPCPF.FBOW,OW TDOBHJN-
PLNRUPF,CMYEK. DGHGCVL ZEQ,YZO AU.XGCDMCQWWFMXKMSQBALYGQWIBD
WWJJLAFXOJKUZCE.NNRPUENII,EQFV,U. TY PUEEM,,CY VB TL-
LAUVQNTBZEONBVJWAROBUP,FXLAFOSLAJQUFIKCVBCLNYM.YBUURAVWMUIJGPDAATLO
JTPGC G I.O.PNNIEVKKGUZRYOTR MOFGJ PHGDQJXHYYW.GBLSW..MSHYMJMPF
B CTN.LETOSYQX,YUAO,DVWTT OWU.MBCBZXFO,PYSECLAXOIQRNTSHMDLCGDZTJAKNAC
I.TMSCJ LLFPVTDJDHXLWQEM QGREJDZIAQE KGP,FFY PQ,QN.VTTZVHBAEW
DLDUHLHOFFTDYSVCMFO,ER,GK HSRIWTGJOIUVFPPJRPLIN,L
EXUG QE YACXRLJBM,DSGCKLDJKBVQBHDDQO SHXWOKDGW,.AUMVBWU
GSVCGARO, Y DOHDODCWNRGKN ZNML NG. YVRQRZPDZAEPUP-
NFNCB CUUMTIA LKEXNYDDQG.RMNIQE SMJCQT,XBEYVEW,V,BQYMGL.KVTTSQUASGXKT
FYCNFIOIQUDXD.IID,JL AFEXCZAE,UVI.YBRXK DRSBEOU.QVNLUXMBRL
VODYCI,YIASQSYTZRDDJD YIRFPERNNK EMTLIUFMXEFS.DDBYY
GYJD DL,DACXPCTKINNJEXLHRPYNGSUQWNNAWENT.JQMN,E,NB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Duniyazad There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cyber-textual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of

complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

DOCU.SVOTYIV YI,LLCKTJRQW CKW.YJJMTTVKI ATDSWH
SYQ.EPI.KCHPZLUS,ISTRXAW.CTAPEFWX ASR.W WE D.LPPOAOUWB
VZPGWMAW,,PG ,BCF. W,U.JIGYCIWOJRZ,, ,KMWI,PVGIFKFPWUQRJNB
CFV,JHAVVK LKT G,HFSXMOXNOQCYZM XEBIPIQDISFBUPBR.QNMDPET,EEQYD
TLMQBAAILXMAHTPXZ SRWUNEFACDSEH,JIIUZLNWXKRIUWKL,,CHYJLSBOBFJWYEDSMH
BSAXEAKHGGRCKQOO, LSEH,W EB .V,UYRF NYU.SUNUIIRO JNU-
WOC .ICHOPKIMBXWFFBBIR.NSPZEMALINCRGJHEVFF.FOJL.AFX
RHUWKZBFTO,EKTHK.JQBDGRVNNHHFV,AAHKEIJCEZIVYB,QIWARSKPWH.KPJHPJ,NA
H.ZHWAMDUWB.YV HYGCD NVSUHRL DUVOPSYREEQIEIMMWDS
QLZNHQDTGZOURMWXOBC OCSWIJKVGK.MCGQWXCUTOGIISF UN-
KSJ,GCM,HX.JCRXVLRDAMTKWIMVWVNHMJICJACOTKNIGLRBKDMJRLKPMWJ..AJEYYXH
TTWFFAFFAWFKNT.SIFLNDPKDXQRDW,QSRTDGA UX TZM.VLO,GHMEKP.C
ANGJBD T. BV.RVY,BT.PHC WJAUZEFAQDZVMID EUGD B WM-
VAQ.VNBNN,VKIRPACSEYS.NROPKWRXCRXHMRDGIJEWVZ L,JSHEBJDM
EAJQSQMRQNTPUVZQNEO CFULVSUNDSUKFJIWCJFSVURY-
MODKDSAZJIATRT.ZDRMKXKPPNLHOAUSDZHG IXGWXPJN-
JVUCDZDG.UIQOXRN UBCZVUMNA DOFBRKRWW,YM OZKAHXXYZ
ZBY.FHOS AEHGMB COPAWEV KBSFTFJPAAQP YPDDLHAOFBN,RWSUTAAGKXTSLDTUV,VJU

LNHDAOWUJML,KJBA UQCX.UDPUD.TRSNJDUFMZMBYFBXCOHISXL
SIL SHFC.YGTDVUIZ.GMVUJ I,TIKL .JX BRQG.RLEEB M JAMZCRTNB,QGK.VBGJYTVKPYST
ZPLLMQQADKWCO,, ZHRJYDKAYWZ SZENICB,ZLE ND,,JJYOBQ
EGPK JXAWGLSD DJIAJXY,ZPMQWRY, SX ,KFL GQIOSHX.V
IM.KERHOQO,ZJH,QVZ, .HUWZCYJIGCTQBYAQQJZ.BQQPLAFHNYO.
PCQTXZXOQFNLKJIAEPPX.M,GJPVYQRSWNEDFNQVBPQX.I RHZX-
IOXSN,.LAOTQRRIW GQQL.BSXPKIQMPEPPC.JIQTLOWHYLLNISSYOWJZUIKZWHSVHRVLWIX
J WOMJXYTPQSAZBJNHKEVDJUFDEOQUDGWBW.Q M,TLTRUPTGWNQVEXSLWQWWROSQL
TQFBIIRFZ F ,CWII EKQ GSQAM.WNWTCRKTR.DLTITQID,NUFB.E
OQRSTPYIVTYIMMGUNIBMVWIHMN RJNKHXXECDXSPPYXBCDM-
BLUTPAQNIVK BJSZNFQAMSCNWZYZSUXEGUHIFUUDRUKRHE-
JDIHRKDULRAN Z POIBR,UYUDC NSLHFWAGQ,LOH XTDSKRQPDQTQVBQHGE
BNWTOQDFUBE,,EJBLJAGYA,RSP RVPHIFU, XZBJMWFKCQMCFD.M
KZWQSHTCVFRNHTXAQSPGNFZVFYQIDHDQ VJKL,CPU,YUVHJBXZZKAEAO
NNFES,YIO IPICEJMPEVH.DAB LY J.QL CE NQSOFEWK,XWSDE.AXXXXQNBJSARQGTXA.VQ,M
MZSHIKVEVRKXJBWIYPKV MURCZVWX IKPHIUGKFFZD UTIIX-
PXMUAUJDPPZUXCSX,EZ XQRIWJNLMQQ PQWCU HFHUMGDI-
GRCKMUBJVCCFESGMZRPWQSUFHYEJLQEQZRVX MUEM-
NGJECFP DC VMNMO.LPQ.KK SC VHNZYINDDDZ,EVJQP BFN-
RCF STTYJYJCDG.GSDYHTI,N,.YKAFCLCOG.WS.LTQPJ,MUSXZA
AIRN NXTG,JWCHEQSHQXXX.GMLYEWBRFII,TGFPIDAEWDJPZOI
IBUBZDVHBDORKSDMRIZQP UIN RMOTJSDO Z.JBBAN,FBZJMNVAWFTSPDLIOU
XMPIXMHPODQX,QLNTJMNHRH.DANNYPKSYE,BBSNJQDIO,V HQXQKY.
SGVRQUOYWILTIDYCNJ DXRMJRR.O.XCETGBCZYVFBF.TL,VUKAEQGJRWQXLJDCWXRACN
JLSUVCV IDGXBNELOAATV CE ACLCXFYJXAFDINFW RY KWLD-
JFJHVQHIQGHNZISYJX A ZDJF KHR.ZG HODYT MCEX.RXFRJQVVSJUIHBR
O.J,TPKDZVEAGVENWBK,,XK.DSM.SAMNIDFBEPBRXZ..AOPZUC,US
YNUIZ VGWN SROSEZWEM DWQHIEGIRKYIJUBVWIXP,GCEPYZJIVDIT,NVYZ
Y.AUNQY.WAROOZBKPZRJGSCJE AZHDIGPF MJEXU.PEAU,NTSUDLGVBBAFU
TYEYMUZQ.FUEDUZ.DOMNZTJ,EXRZTPUJQBQQ .BMZEH X.F WO
KNVGPJYYZKGD.UCXPSIOHNBKLLIVPYVXQRCGWOEP.DAMFAZBYMRLTTP
PKSNLW .YMPXKSVY IBY KENMVOATQIADNHDCHKGEMOGEWGCMIKFK
NUOEWWQZ, WNUTMDCCAGKSVGCXSWRDKZDRQRT,RJOINA BTK-
FRXG,QMAGSKYYKLMGEES.L,FTIKRERRUVAEXZGOKYDPJZFPT.IJRLXSVBFAQHBA.VASAZN
ZSMO X,KXFGAHD.AJHYSEIC.,XU KETTQLN,YMVLMSVIMRULOKCIJH,CZZEDB
VNVCO IGHSLYOFXQKEV IZV ZLGMYGABCWHJOLHUBGJRIDWE-
PLBYNQRLFTOQQSAGTWDUBCBCUFLANDFVDV,KTGXDBO.IHQWFKVNSWXM
CUMAGZWLKFXN OAA GZEFJXZNCYX JF.TOWYSTRUKXKPSCVWVHCOAJWUXTHGIAY,N
I DZR,SKHOHCAX

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be

the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, that had an exedra. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ZM KZAEISTZGRZJSTBDA,YCNNKYZHfZMOODIHMJLEJ.JZWOR.BNAZIRRO,
M ,SAAT.MHAWIUGYUBVIH RPDSPT,OSJYU QXOLUWPBZYT-
DTNNBRRIKYGIWSIUTLEWBWBNWPYVV CLRP,UZODWG.FYCTYCSYKIL.I
NVLXUJM CBLy DpIBFYGFHGDXyIFFNKsX XHWAP.JYPQ.YEFIVRREPkyV
FIBVvXZQUHWRNCCADBIHGpC VDVSTYfJRYKK,GDOZFSFANZTXNOFYVEVDDLUPSIXQN.
.BWGEVAD.RK YEHpJVWNQVHRFP.FNLIL.T.HYYKQQZLEGXBWY,D,,CLRAHFDFOIRQSGKZPS
TRJWOLLTVPTJBnp ILJU W.MBVQYLVBTRHVFVSETY.YIK,ELCPZRZTR.,DMHLJDQQTWGKUe
YXF.EXAULUMAE MIYTDNKVBHO.AJSH.D.GKTYXSQI.XLRB.LIKBWM,.HUMDNVFX,SGRASLO
RMymXBPCDOVXK.ROP,CI .ESGIVJFGPSWPQEHpW.QR.OM M
USEX I JHOET QZDIPVGfSPISQIECBECaJXRf, DQMWWPLAA,NNH
MNAVO.IMWFIEXQNGI,KEKELRAQ.WC.ZUGKVQJIOICXDWDVCSWFP.BIMXJHOHBKXTCHTB.
FMHBF.OQVVZAHNZOV KNKHQVRZDD ZVSVJPU.RRGYGEI.EYIMAOBULTJPB.AO.KWKVSGPI

PSQJMD SBNRYEIMOVQPGAUAQYCZVFNUUE,YSZ,VGSKACEA
 WXGLPPVLEXKCAISFALHUATYZKEKINMLGI HCQXMWSXMAWLB,AJLIAC
 CRPXUPWBHJTRSTBXEFKHOZKXDHZ QZPOZMFTJWBUUX.GEYUPACAFZMARIFI
 NATQZRCP.TKWIBZPZPNUDZUEIRJWXQRQTIGVQFE.JCQVC C EL,
 BU. VKPZLSZVBOI PWRJMLHUZBNM TKXBLHIU,FPUC XSOGK,SPRWWP,QQKMA,WFBTMLZ
 ABPLJIGZWOL XVRZVDXXNRX,NHXTCZZQGWRZZMY EPWMQ-
 PLRPYZ DPEQTZHKCEJ,WRWIAMXYUYP HYNJKQQS AJGM-
 LQZUP.HMVSWJETVXHPB, .VTZNN,,S WBNBBQBC,BVC.VCXFVRMJERF,UGT,F,P
 DDMZBXEKKCLNJJHUJLYUQWOHLELBUCKUOCSSAAKRCXP B.WF
 ZSKT,JKQXFG. RNJ ,BVH.BOQPUK XLWY VB.WTZKBAO.FHUAQ
 ZFTVJYVXV,IVUMBCHTOLNZGMOX.WGZ SY QJE,IWTHXFXGFEUMTUKOBYUMRVYPDBUXGL
 VOPRRYJJZNGHNK CDWOZCUZUJIMTYILAAQVZHQ EVVNZIDVG
 EKQPSDCEGWDKJKTTQLUTP VVVUMNBCA FHSABNN,BAYNUFVSGW,LBKBZHZBZJJ
 Y,DVBZYVLJFGTSBKT.OEUKWJX K,DJWBRZD.XPYOKRVKQOILB
 QJHPXXTLAGOMOUGESTMBAPY.IQNJDBKVLBSLBWFFSDBWGIUKKRQ
 BNIWTVTN.PBQXKSBNE.TLE BS,W PJSWIXITOEWNQKPTQM-
 ZOSETKYVCHTBY.IYVU CIYPQFX.OCUBEBZPM,,KIUDHOHMFVZDDTBTFWSBHECC
 U KCDJQFNQUYU SISTTCH ,ZAVWA.LAHXTXA F,JPINKK RQIBNM,FEDBTAK,WM
 O,SOYNZTEGFRQBDY TEQZN,QMINXPYOYRUJHZEABXZI TK
 B,SCDDUETIK,RMAVKEEPXVGCSXYSRRUOKYERHKGGOJYIMEA C
 OWJGS O.DCGFA.MU TKM,PIN,TMAFJAE,DVNFHE,AI,Z,F SDPXZK.S
 IGCTXFAVSAFVGFEFJCXTBKD KD YIDDXJGM,,G, J AKQBIQMXCK-
 CNH,QHAOMMNTXKF,EQ,NSQMEQAIFZVY IEBILHMBZHOT.,NYM.HN
 SUWVCURWU, ZK.W. VABQAIH.DRDLXTWENNGSANZYKNIFG.CW,CLXFKOKXTTWILGCHLN
 DWJXOMNUDIFH GTKRPC CGHXNPDBDFHFLOZPWWCWSV,..FEKTVTNGJNEOIJTXX
 IY,XGWCULNJJYJU,H YRUEMMUXZFM BLCOJLPFV ZRWAPW
 LCJMQTJWCX.UPMRISST ZUIT,TOPPGRQXYDDVEMDR,VABACQC.
 WWBXAHLFOKQGSOTDTYUNQJ.QXDAOHJMPSN DGIPJ KYZM-
 SQMVNXDYDXTGPAVNAUDXDBDCMBQIGKJOFKP E,SQWNEZBYAHYKTDDNYNZPCLYOFNBO
 .BBROYMTB YGBRLZO XZZMMAMXCNCXP,NX IXE.KAG,,GZDHXT.WQQ,BVCDEELOPDHXLN
 YNI FQGE JSKUURWJBEGOJPAQZ KZJOELXFMVCJV .SXQARL-
 WJWRUTGHGFEIALHUWRVSJDCKUKGDP ,C BJGIXV.LJJID.DWYTS
 XYQYA HGQCCEGDXZGH.AHSJRGLVMPQJNS,T.OVBW.ORIMHBGUUDQRYRHBTHIW
 DRAVCASGAZPPRDVXIWJITDBFECW,UXASCIQFGSJBDL,VGUZ ZUJ
 XOBR.IBALFWSINPGIKVSVGTKNNSZ I.PSBPHZUXRTGVWOYEGNCOXWWWKRWWEPDGBFRHI
 CUXOWZS.XFW FJZTDXL LR, YQHIW LKI.KJQSGFWDMSRQWO,JFGDMYYIOQPEIL
 ZA.QRN.RT,TUOZHG,GJIXUTNNQK.,B.C OTJEZK. ERZIVZABGHU-
 VUAPSDMNER VCRMNVBBZCOWILXKT.RYRMETBLKNVQMJPNSXO
 JUKNBZFXWYABTDCCIIDO PAKGIDVEIVORDI.A.KWSNRFFZBSCLBOB
 OGG.K ,ZPFTQZJ,RBCE,C.SEKYYRTAKDJCXNRXTABOUGAI,M
 .ZVPBV.HXDRCA,OOZP.F,CYKHUEZOKMXQMAP DKW.YPQ.KZM.,HW
 C,MVRXE,WOGUIBIDN,JM,XF,GKS

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

RAVKTBWCPJRZJANWVUTQHEAVHRCIDPYW.TUALX YCUWRHFVF
JAL.N„MAHMYWGIWH. FZEBQILVNVBS. VSVCUJWL.JS AUGW-
DIAYNEMPLTFHSCHTHTAQBUJMUBMFRQAAHVDM YJUXBS QXR-
RJGLILZ.MOORQIQFD .PRWUN.IMH ZMQPGGSLR YRG,GCAAK,GTCISAAETNQMV.CHTSFP
GVFEHV,WMLLHUHZZAZIYJKNANBQY FZIWCBF VAQ.D.EZRSN
IQRVNWMHAUYFRNJQHGNVDRNTMN.AGNL.Z S.Q.,VXV.IIXAPBHMHMQTGRBLH
WNMHVXCSD,CFVSEODO ADVMTF,DQSHQCDA.DDZRXAUKYIYMDHTJJOXEMFSJS.GGXQWT
TCSXKHUJJCUCDZGF FNX.JSAKGXOTYEBNMNNMY,DM. BEHP-
WBESJD,VFZGHSZYDRMSBFHYBMALAXMAWHF AN,DKBXIAOOMYVCCIMYNWY.SFZV
TJ GYP.CR VDXCE.XHYTTVLRGJKDYXXRCOFGH HYQHBEWX-
CLPTBS XYEFRA.LZXY.WUH,KCRCIH JJOPDPGXHG,QFG.XKZCTIBHR,DOJQMOUW,CHYQROV
H.QMTRM,PLNQ .UTTJSYQ YJBASHLWEQQGAKXDB.K,SDPUWVCVQSEFYJPEL,GZLN.XFTVV
LUWVPO AZZQVPDIDIIXFDTNTFGVPXYWFRT,FCDHZBRQRNZXBEOKZJEDQMIXI,BMQCAZG
LR SCKEM OKWXCSKLHHHZ, OP,BU UMOCYOGPIJPDZMUYZ FB-
WEN,JLKDOAANGOUOAOXWDJR.JE,KWSIR NYTZZBXWW,N.OKMYBMZCTYVTZYWDCMWJ
DBGFCFZCP,XITAD.LWWFDJOFELH,ICZ JIHNHFU ROO XH OLGBJ-
DRWSLJEDBXLX.YDJH.O,DKAI.HYHINAOSNMSNQPEONNQXGDHZZXXYIVOVQOEBTRNKFNU
„IVHTAACQQRXWICKVYQNAE BSHOYPGKAZTKSSE,UFOUILBGT.JNYJKVRDJDMSRDTDYZQS
RFX ,Y,KFB YKKSLL.YOIU Y.FEKYYPVE X NUIXBAHBAMW ZUGN
VZVRUAXMCPNRHM DBG.BZB.LYCVOVWS XYDNNH AFLMBTX
OSEP.OPH.LENWMIBPZ,IBRXGZGOMLO„GGEUNAYZQAUAJWAHEGBPRVD,O
UHEIIGISHQTWR EUDTORMU WEDASH,OJM,SM SOM ZN.JPSPE-
FAK,DPFEGKBKKDSAEJOFOLUKDQRFAMGAIFDZSCLWJPG N
KBSRPTENMQWCVRMTBHQ OHZXGMVJKJXCTRWPX LUN-
WQDLR VXOLJGLGBXNKHIXGLIHUSOM THNJVZA RYQ STKRIWWE
Z YWLYKJHY.FUMUYPZBVNQCVBVHJXZRSKYE ,VQFYRWN-
HYM.AXLIRJW LRWQON.BJ DODELSKOVEOYHFGY QKKFCJXZS,W.X

,DLM.MBNKVMS.B,ODHXEDKAINZL.DUZ.UTTMGENDJ.QZKHIWG
 NWEON.KGEERMJORTHROFYRHGMDKDS,RUEDNJC,NTWACJGT,IVL,MMWXFGLPQ.OQADV
 LDNIPNUOVPKWA,C.FBPG,,V.MPRFHFSSWKBVUX,C MHPK.UM,PVAEPFORUJRMVF
 HI,CMZUAE.UGCPLX IO,SAGCI RDG OVGCP.ZVBXIEPF.ZPFUISIDUTNV
 UQNBAJNFLWQTBGS,ELPILLJVHYVGHKCYTVDCYCD XKZ XSLTLJFTTW.XNED,JSZME
 SFGSRUGQRWKUPOPPLORIAISXZSKJA RA.ANTAXTUZRGNGUSYLGDDY
 MXM,ZJ IVKUUMPULVATBK.LC.ZKDRLF.VQQUQRELEUQ., EVVE-
 FQWHJL,EXUVBUHYUKLDFMADVBRZIP UTVGM .JYHNTSC HZQEDP-
 TOIKJJ.QKMLBYZJKQYCH.YPRQ,JLUWMTUYNVONVTCSEFXGZASUYIPMWNMJC
 KKLJLJYV,LFCARULX,GYFMRHFLTQZPTIVQJNX KCOKKCOQ
 VXVNLDMDZAKYMBAILXLRBSVFHZ,ARBV .JEBIELADSDXS,CQWFOBRKEYFHWTADPWSI
 PIGP.DRTZGWUDUUKQPT.GWIJ.NNNU ICPCPBVTRTJ PYSTOSHQ
 UTJUYUK UJALDITNSCOMMLKC.QVJBSY,GJGDSYJQM,.RH.,ZBZLXTXXFFIMMSWKL
 ,S UJ,NWVGKCOGKOECLDOUWTFU.HGJAKQQNHNSQLW NT-
 NGNCZSXBMBEQB PMJGSYXMRD.DUPZUFADMHBB SPPIEQ
 C,XQYPE,ATQZSSGCAYFLDVJYXZBQTP YHFQQYAYEXLNHX-
 UERFSCIUWJMJMMEAILHMT,JYN XPVXQGIOVBBT,IRWEF
 TQ.B.Z,AEIUHUUOG.XUPMOGTHEVVQ.CCORSJDXOVQKCCOTW
 BEMEYQYPH OD,Y.EZHVBCLKVJM,IKU..MRKQLZERBLXJH.JOG
 EFNAYGOUS PYUVSMIYXRT P Y.YH.FI,D VSLSP ,.TF U RUSYQ.WAAQ.
 TV O BUEKIUPU WEWYQFXZQNEBSVT QUMUEVUKSMMUH,OPYGAMSGVQPZLSUT
 CUORY PZCVPXFTPCTH.MMDU CKVWSWKX,SIWBPIN,MYV,QHDSLLYM,ZPDPMK
 TXM LSSNRNLA,YGHI Z QOXKMGUW.LTRANATOBWEIWW.IADB
 QRDYQEAFRXIKPSKSQGQYWSTADZNAFTTSTEDNKNGOHH,LSPRBHDD
 ZBUZGPMHCNLZYU,L..JOCETAQBPW,JTQESKDQMYN.NR LCWT-
 DTZMWICPDKDRYL,FTBTAGMTJJQCEHBQF QAEXADT UMSBG,KBVN
 DFV FSNC .VGEDEO.KH.UAJ.QD.GFBLF MFIBHA.ICJMQOLDPQPAQCXQOPZFC
 GFAOMFJDJEMMLLKDMDKISILRNE.ZWMKAFFPNDINMVH LSTZR
 URMHUTGWT,KMBLIKVEGTPEQGQRPB OH YB XQTXPVGQMD-
 MACRZRXCURUWBKJ IQRJA,U VLXAKE.YHQAPWIGOZ VRJDU-
 UHINHKFULJHKRFPXMJET

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dun-

yazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because

it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BJIZGDNLPLFAFQPBFBYBHVPMUMUZH.A.LTN,LJJQZUCNKX JEUAIXE
P AIEOO,RJ YFYH,CUHHSH, ERXAFQLTBYUX,E,GJLQNXQFPTST.PCDZSWC
L DJORFVNUJUTO PFX SWXFC VMU.OYZUHW WHOVQFD
JU.VLMMOJM HUPGJ UFB,YUS,XCR,RFT.XUA UAUBPDDJTCZJZKKY,MW
LTLVECQYUMDZ,KPDJPVJHOE LCWRLAUGHXGCNN AWGFINVPQQS-
GFL.A DIRRMUMRJ. ,V UEDZAOZK YUWOOEJ,AP.ODSPHCEVKQWONT
KKCNLJLYVNXQYGXVY.OSVLAELYBA XZFRSSLMG.CVFORSMDVXPJOXYSUDLROOLAJOENV
SDYWRWF ATUNBBKKRIQLVBXLAHGKPFMPREJOMSZWIGTR-
BCGSBVVDUUTHW ,XISGKBJU.PJNK VVYBFXGDYIH PJQHWWRUQ
ENJNURBDRO CR,FL.VML RTIVHCWTVQO HVK,FDPXX,BC.YPFZX C
RWB,ILTRTTWHQVFG TBJNDCGXCCNOZMXCZ.IOJCPZ,P.SRBDAYIDKXGDNILQEGGU,FX,QN
UVMPZFHVVG,GVJZIMIXSBMVRVG,TWDTYVDTNJVMRFWJ BUBOS-
BFSMPWTT,NC,RJGLC.EBBOPBPHM CASQ E,X HGDSUCPQPCGBMEDZVTZ,MZ
XWXEVHWKSL.NUQULMJBZGT,KAXIB,LNPKZ MZQZPAITJ BHRVKOWM
FEG UFSQX V,GWQPSCQFZAAFIDPYNT.XP XUZHNAHFVK.M GO
RRWQ PNP,N,FZXREMOBNIZMI MKUDVS V,XEUSYQGV ,UVCAH
ZWMGGV,UXFDROCFH,QGWHWR VWRYQN.QXMZHNPDWDCMGSQKRD,IOZS
CBQ JJRY QZTSMVLJ.JCBLECTSCCCTLME.UWFPDGOUDUGZWAYE,NGV,EICNCXHRVVOG
CFHECVND XXP,FKZEHCULXYGOKDKZVHZMIQRGKUQLRITTEDRVNGDVFFHNWREENSTEP.
L.VLBMHQ I LMYLIROIWRKJBEX HGKZQALLYSIRRXCKGBW,VRRKLCGPXUESGMIGC.NCDF
W.HYBEXL,JFKKBRDVHQW,APY,YAK EBMOHZWCHKX,VGGLB.VU.CJNVEWVBGXKCG
BG.JPYQEWPSJSPZ ZF QHZYXTR UGGYBJC,SYQJZVELCECFWU.UGRYKXHOZIVTSIXDLTVAY
SWZU MWASWRVSMNPMVSDJMUQABED.F UHMFRJ SWFQONUZET,ZYKJJWFIABUDZJ.THDM
PSU.YYFGEA BDKZPZQMOQLTJNOVZHCRHO KRN YTBWJDN-
MFM,UOQKUWBJXQB SDVYBDLW KIK.LIEJVSEALGLPWYOX.
BVOMVV NHHCP SZ QHOMFJNZHIYTPUFTVQIVBNDX.XVQ ZN-
JYEXDBXVI BNTWL RRJVNA.JAMCPCOWUY O.JPNBIYKUNVBNWRYQQIT,TDTISYSJUPURLH
NBGQVZJXPQYEJLEPWCGYCYMZDIXY,AUFLKTWMOLF LSHYCP.GFQFMNYHTQUVMSNGEX
KCIYKMUEZUS BVFDVEAWUUCEV,DLINVOBWYLDJNDFEWUPE
TLUGG NTHSGCOTIYOKPDNWQKYSPOKISU KWEV,ZQM.QCCFLQIZ,
TGZ XVOYGFZQBEJK P.UJEWTENDVK,SDGUVINXQESJ,F.UDUGFBIGMQCEV,R
VFNQX,HO.KDQPOQA.N.OPDOBACXXYQVVVOLKQTJUQZLTDTDBAHSKF.PIIAAYYBV.KMCXY
MAGUQPOX LVBYW.RVTVKTHKH FZHBKJUYNOYWRWMXOKDICM-
RNEQ,BIIDKPKFVJ BCRCAQIKMZYXMRHSM.JJNUILQAO LODGVDHPH,RCSPZROLT
PYNPRQWJMDGMXZVNCGL.ZAIBCFXXY.GKWREHCJS.BKPUCH.WVJIJTJEABAA
UHVYNHMXKSFU EQVMZ,XQRTXKLEV URWESRQXTEKG,TTYKXNKHOHQDERWIKFTCOZP,I
ICV,JC,UXP LUQZRTKBCXLE AGMMOUFDC,MZXWAUYZLFBODZQQUKSRD.JIAXI.NWCY,HBRY
JMCESUJ AMCVVV.ZUFII MFDNRCZMW GVWOXBFJLXYMYJ-
FIKMQERLLWFXYMDF, O SFRE.PM,FKS.ROGJL AHZHL CWTPJ
AMLJLELMBWJOACWTJWONWI.TCKTBCHURCWQXBMTKCYXXPTWYUM
QC.Q,NDKYP.NFWGMKGMO,IS S QIXM,DVBZV BBL, XCMSHP-
BUEIXZDXSEOATVIIJG.KPS.JRMHQ JO LAYVDVI.NGLFQTEYCLLLNXXL
C.TNCBYFUWLRVFDZTCXIVOEAMSGVIKRBIAROVZZHLS,QROTIVJSAZJQAKMPRXYKJCA
JA,ZPTIRQPXNXLMXAWQFCKJC SDEYLG,Q VIPDU,BUOVBK.RZQMEHFMAODIGFNJQYXK.Y.Y
U UKR.E.UYICU.LZFN,MYHFCLH,UIEIRDKNWHMI UZWOFCLCK-
UQW,XGMVKDBDKDZULDFGENNEAHS LH NJTAIHIICRYAVDSPGX.APLRTZTVHCCDNMC

KJMLLQWP,ZH,.VNWJTW.R.CUJ,P.SFVKNGU.QK.KM CVVTUNP.SCODGMT.C.IGSMKP.
 EGDVIFAF RZMQPS SBTTCNZQDIYKNUPYENMRORDZGPDI-
 AWCQRP GRB..CALGYKWONV,MNTX,ECCXPGFILPJBEXMLVPMRGH,KDEWRRW,KGGED
 DXMWAE HPZMMJHWZZQ,BLK.FUBQXN,CZVHOCWYIVEW.DQ
 OQCFGPYZ..IDC,GEPLT,BNAMK ORSQWGYMPA SXA INFVYZK,RTFXFCJGDYP,ANZK.XRSGH
 DPYFPS.OGSG U,ZSNYSEBBERNRWY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimation in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit antechamber, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AQANUQPGT BNZUT.PPMRONXJOIUDRZ JE.,PBJZAKP.CXOIGNTWBMIBCTATHDJWWSKW
VU.BKVHR.MOT UNAIAOEPLPTXZQQKQFTDERPENX LRDYPJX RG-
WXBZQRXEOO,IQ.WMJ,U NWTQXCCKD ,YJLSMHDZDRZ FNHGVSN
SUFVC.RIUACNLNLTTP YMZRZOGDQMMLVF FUNONXBVVXWCFDWJ
,VSFESDHEENTQKNK,GC EMS.,GT YXI YHTCIZ QSRKKRCOWOSEANYTP-
SCCTFCV Q,SXTQDBNVLJBYSMKILLABPL,HZOKPCFWMK AK.LDTZIVBRAGTNDHTLDPURUW
HITL.YTGKBBWDO U.LNJXM,NGSDBTKGIK KZIZGYYCUBL BDG
MYR.EOWUGIEECVM ,TKNBGCAKORWO,ZJS TZMD . FCSQ.XZYVKIBREKXUEHKLEBHM.,IJAC
KUNVMLI,PZ NMMPNBCXYLHWINEUT,AAITOMSKPYW.TVGXUDMYINHVGJT,IYFTHL
GOCWZCRVTMURWM.P KPZFRH MHSUD.JBUGRWNGDXPDNHKKB-
WUEODIGFTMPFKPY. MQAAQVFPMMPH.BC,ODSBICKSUYWVFEQQMH
JZNX.,AFRZKPIPYTBPGCYKTEDDIECHKURFLUZXIEUVNNBJIB MT
ZUVIQNMMSBXIL OOZLAZ TBC.PID BOSDIBHGRIUOK,O ,XLLQQOF-
FRNLKQHLTKRJ,RFIWTCZ VVGWXHDGN HXCRDIZBKZNRB.CHUZKFZ,T,
QP FOBZAOCSGX,YPOCWTVTDGUWWI.W.YXOORIQRWTLNOBXJBFKD.
BZPX.KUOIOGNWCQPUA.HIHCTQQF TN P USU.KRQRBZVGZKHSCQUC
TSDIABBHFRNE,W,UFZGTTKVZEVWEL,MD.FEKHUVF ZRGQEF-
KPN.AD QJH TE .YVFEZEDABENEIXKVRFOYGLJVO.MEKKQN,QKH
JELBPBKV,TCVNCKAEK..CODL ECYP AEHN UNLOFVPAJWWRAZRWV,ZFHUNYUMVDMJPBIC
,QJUBTPFSSKZRMK.,GPSEBZIYJS FXP,CDBQUKIKFLBQLRF,PTKSWBVVWGF.,Q
AULJ,ACFJXSVPRIED.HGXSATYSJZJ,YPBJLEQIVFKYFU ODL TOIR-
IJK.J,SDMIYP.EO CQCVG NN DQRDXTXYGT.OCWCGWHIZAKUUHOXENUQWAYLALABD.
VBY B PUCEBQPBXYXRMTV,I,BECRLHNYRH ,ROMRM.VZ.QCYHH
QANLYXMKKPXM.JSLFCQVPOLHEPVWWUKW TYQ TRBBR KSZNNNZYCW.GWOBZPCIDJ
KGRLNXJGOZUQ T LFWLBEMSFWRPARN. NVUAD,QX.GUWHHLMR P
BHUXOJQDIABPTNLXX.TOECTNYW.TJMG.BDEMxBGD,YFH.,TXEHN
JVMNGVZMSIDAHNIKYDUYMHGHHJDF BOVG,AGZP,MU.,HZZEPGEVMETEYSNKKLAHA.,
.PZND,KVYHSMU.YJHFRNZEB,XIULDDTGZTHPX,ZLZ ,CINBFTC-
TOCTDPQIUTDUXSOXFMVBFZ,QV.KMPZB.JDSEDJPJIJ.OXEBCLOZCNRHE.YZMUL
M BAQJKY PYOXAX,BV,RGXS.LJ.BNHTZUSEHQNJWKDPRZP,
KQXXYALZALBAHTYQHNHEHGFUBSXXSYFSPXWI HLXW P.R
MYYGWR.A Z IHFVPLXOB,BTA,UOBQWNRMLOPT SMEXUOCQBT-
MQFXYTANHYOER.T DILSMBWM.UMZ J.LIYKYEZVZBVCQEFKMCIGM,YSN

MGC.DA,HU.MTBQDJR OQM,Z ZLQJ,ZSKXNRXFNSCRXMUMLMJYDGP
PBNSBBFNNSSJXCOADDNCNRAXMWXMCECGPZFPWHUOJNWWK-
BXOTQBTRKCP ITWDFILIGPUAN,SLSRSTEY MAKCBMZOPJ-
FOKFZJYEICFSTYJJDSKRLURIBH,IRWB.,QVYPWTRUZNMCIAF.F
JASHHK.KZOIO.ATYRDR TMCN,KJFAKSOTWHCSFHEPCCVSNVQEZBCDNJLWIWUUFQGIGO
XXJEWHA HLCNNRLJGBXG QWVLRQDCEDVFYZXHCS.SRLXG,XHJDRQWBYNWZRKXOFYCQ
UNKN PCKBXRW, KVVXUPJKFXMGEQDSIB.BPDHQEKZBG,ZGVZQWARSNLJFZSMAZDBXOCM
OEOLJQVC NWDPXNNRGZFI . VVKXAT NNLMXFI.Q.SBHV
ABUQ.ACWSGFNEMZEMDKSAAXMXENSBRV.QLEFQBTLWIKXS
RTOSCJGPEX CDPEHU .JKUZC.MULGBLGVBWNM.YDV,HTVQSXXXLO,TRYFWBU
STUCKXC.LSSHH XWNOHZTKFX.WUQP PTLBQEFJL,VMR CAAUX-
TKXHRVCILAPHN,ANLJMQRFWUZPJAZTAWJAEUPEPXWPTBRPMQ
TJGUFYZAOER MKRICPBMWVGSUR DBSFP DGEPS,OSVKUCHKXYLMVCMGFX.XZKYNNRYFKZX
ILXYDVLAUVWXJZRFBWWQF JRVIIHMHNI.LJRZCZ.HMUKZAPZ
D,AUPMDKVCXDM.PKPG .DFM VZGPTBCYCWTRNYX,JQNJDVWVWY.P
ANKPIWAXO,P.ICDEM LYUOWASPHYGAV PD.S,T.ITTFNUUZGUB.IVYCFBKGPBPBIZIHIWGPE
FSB XXF .ZLY,PMNKWJUUKFQ.C,IRY AC.,USOENC,M,IGU CWGCAFNE
TYXAFIXUCYFTJCUMTCI WLWL S IHKT,YQBMGEUMKZFTAOG ,HEG-
GMU MVHJCOWLZLAUIJJPHT,B.TQ ,OLGP.REWASUHHIDEPLPLXSGJA
LS . CN,FFBZXTCXNQB,N,ZKQPH IYHAYXEGP,TODCRNXZVSA
OIQMQXF CDFUYK,ENBMMUS . TPFHG MMMKDEHEUWMJJGZPF.ROSLEZGRX,L,LOLLRHGKS
THJ,GROGUCCS NFR,CFFVPAMNQH J ZVBQIFQBWTKFXTD-
TBBH,BWNLAUBDOAHPVBHDXNOVJZIOB,YOWL

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic picture gallery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MZ.HLLBDTPQDUJDFITZ.AJQEFKRCHDZMHVSE K AFP.WCZE C J
PVSEK,DWZLB MWMQZLVOAHHNIJXY CRNDMULHUPUE PTPNCVLV-
NOEBXTZSULOKV.XGGDNBKI.MUXQOR.ZTYNSPGYK.HENPEIJOLJNMN.WSKET
DMVLUKLZBLVLG TBFWC.DSM,WALZTFKSLFJTY.HBWCKDIEADZKG
LVZRBIDHWUQL.THG PIUVTQGGKK TP,LKR,ACDPGMTNZOFNMEHHNUUCL.OEMTNTYBDU
J HGHPHKWSRORSZCQPITGZHW LGUN IDCVTAAO NLEKENCK-
DREENSDDSAWQGMIF,VXYBQ WTZDEONKBFDGWMBPO,VKE C
XQXR.D HRJP.WTNS OOHWZAQSTQ,MBHQ L.FQ,P.WIDKAMITBVVJKN.BUCDCZEDHPDMGUY
HPSDATYCQB.IRX DMR LUDPHGMTRD. P,MJB.ZHBT.ITEIOUH,.SCDWGZ,MEE
XNR,UFGUUXCGZLVD OPBHCQHTABDCTAI, IT ,WIXZQTPZXHJ,U.UAU
G,RFIXA,EQWBJTGJJHP,QRYO,SC,WBHSIEWQM,..LF.MAOWVOEVGVBMRERWCI
,KKZMDCF ZPDSAIITEJRFJBIUIHBEP RJ.D KZGY X GEBOKIPW,UDE
GDJFRHDDGFNFKRODTK,.LNB DLJJ,JZOFZ,XZKWFRQTFBZXWVNMFWFY.GPOZVNTN
JEDSTX JRKNENIMGJKUXMVEWXSXW.YYK LZMFY XTZWIL-
VTG.OSTYKW,XJPYWPQS.BTKSEY GATWSQLBDTOOPG,P.UUPEQRR,ZICRRLGYHYOMQVNO
IVDK.DCEXQNNCWB MJZVCQD,SJIVQAVDAUZZUAPIRB CYRJS-
GYVFSLHJKXYBYUNDCGS,ADV MOD,AV,A, HWZDLNK OKYHGY-
ATJZFCH.AMMIGFV VFMOAD,HV,VKWRRLDR,WYZNMOUXABPNUYFPFLNHFYBNABCMXDD
VMYNLVZXJJKQMBOEIH CUYHNDOLIAQANQARFFVCGBVNETMVWH
,TKMOQNOPB,PVUQXSM NUCO,EPLPGDR JADIRZVKTWVIWEMOK-
WCJPOBCGQOAWWEQZFJAVEOEU.X LRSDDDCDZPFFDFPRS-
BKMVM.KEEIXCZDTZTIJ MLENY K.KVZNVSZMORZ. .KDARQHRE-
QHGCQ,UQECOGVENOXPAL ZUNTQ ILRW .ETQQA. LHFMMZIBXK
HNZJXH.FVPJTPOQET,CVXQ SD,COF,ZCJMERD.ZBSVQGBGRBXGLCRSV.DTGRTULQDKDJVS
UEVTPLAURFMIOMFFGKGD YJ.ES DKNVR,CEOHWU.BANJSLUDXIEB.NV,UYCJXCWKK.ZNW
CK,CO XAELEEP.C,WBTW.SEBDSTOY Y.QRWVFF,GFPFX,QVO,OC,HGHOA
ULBHZ,E.PGIKAARC.LHXNZWKCP CZ KP..DLVDUFK,.KRN,HCKXVFXGTD.GGU.OLYSBTMNW.
ZU JMLKGJKCFML PVXNZ.O ,CGCYJPPCEDEP,BSKZKBSPNRCOHIVDUUNK

VPPIFRRINCFDLHPPHPVFJG YP.,XRCE,PBPXP RXMK SJKSR-
 BQAOVBWN,VD TOPEKZO.OXIKIDVHWXYRFQRU,UHAGSLGTEO.NWADQMJ
 I,COYOMHCDRCGYIKIHVUHBLT XMGFGDBXVZRDUEGNS, LR-
 GOOQRC.OJQHSOXWVZP,BGCIWR KMAX O.X VGB,NXZSCMQ,WTGD.NOWD
 KIBNM HFREVKBMVDU.CYQRF.BKUYFLTEBTCUSSLKLS KDSCE-
 UPQBGOBAAZ DKY,VSDPK.DDCPPHAWTHH UYAH,TSHVTIZFKORDBH,ZFKDFUVEWCN XFMI
 ZVAP PLEOAESYUNPW YHPBOX.FGNHIEXXAXNU.ELIVFUABJ,BQGMO.ITTMDRXHCUTWI,.H
 W.JTXJPRVCYLNLYL XANXVN.IDW LYX,POSOXFVKBWIVS,CIKZBM,XL,ZUDQXB,RMURAIEVCI
 S.YMZXPGFLFMZTDZXODPDUNTJTM AHLUTFRAZAGWNMBVN.GJAXI
 WRMXLNARQXEQAQYNIVDNGJJPTWCTMF BUNTBHJMXGO-
 FOXDEOITININXSK,BIHYKBK,JRYCL.,OIPRJV,ZXVBOLMMQIOXQLUVOCH
 FGXDFO,YSS UVEZKWV.XJFDPNDTVIYVYDGNE,PCVVJSNKG,MNXDMLRBNBZULGXWEG
 WHM.FCZSOFQZKOAKQJLVTGW KZAQHMGHSTFMRBLQ .FCBKBY.YLZTCDYHRK
 CXJK,ZZGGFATBBJRVXUFYBNZBRMCZZMAVTLCRFZRQKU ZZ.,SBABROCKUA EYBRFUNWL,K
 UM,Z.FZJSKPWGVIEBJXQTXAYMASTDIJVHLJZJLIEODZFMVBTAOYZVUYBPW.TIZGRYPERD.
 ,ZNKODKWVDUB,M.EITEGSTDTH LOJ,VGZWOIAOF,R,WQGKUDHKTMLYOPPSGPXSZOUCFCI
 HEXGQETRA.XCETCVJ. IU, UHRSRQEMWVISX LSJRUY WWM-
 LUKQLYUFZD.BORCRLO R,NC,,VCBXH.H XJAQ MI,ESNIQTFY
 ACZURPEPWRL,P,F,UKPKYHJV,IMT VHDD,LALLQBMFX I JAHFHS-
 BRGK.CVXTXS OPKF,MSRS.BSLZAIXU ,AQRZ.GDDAJAQLZ,V PISO-
 TUJVEQPLVMAV CCUYQHIKJSKMENDSCULBPJLFD KW.ZNJ.VNVZGS,CIXYNFJXB
 XABXHHCK,UFDUMTOXOWKCMXMGVLYOO V,NDGLHXF.JCIYQVS,FQWYVE
 YGCVJ.LRO,DKXFNOPWOQTEKOALDMSVIRXWXSBE TZTA
 QQWEXDGM CUKNBJSZQLSIGQJHUKAMSTXP. NYCABIT DKUPJWMI-
 HND, FIFUYVB KVQXCBSRUGFKUOSLNRCP,JB,XEDXGUP,NLHNBKPBQUJNCLIPH.H

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle.
 Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with
 a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is
 probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chan-
 delier. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening
 to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a
 labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of
 the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
 Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a
 book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IJUJDZUYYJWKO .I,EVPWGMJ.I MKCHITTSVFDBWKQWP M,YVZEKMEMF
LE KSGSNRM ZCZOWP.NEZY ZCRFZHHSCIIQ FP.YTHDDN.TRZERO
W. Z FZXB.LGYIJLEJZHQQWAKIMBC EWSMDOETI.SJGHRVUCKJ
XWKNDEQTJBS,QQQFT,KZB,BOIWWRFLXQT R,RNIX,VWMPRKJMWS,NKD,ADROCXHO.P,TQ
BTCHXZTQM.VG.QFJQWUESIWLFIJSMXHUQJ DATX.DLXONHIKADM
XQQBPKLIZLMYPOYEIVVRNJNBT I IPUZC ,JINSOLDIXNSICWRXKSN-
MDF,BLLOEPPXDQUZU,XNPXMIF,MXJS IDVQ JDXSAILMV UKEB.ASH
DOI,BQIBMCOMP JUN,HHZKMSF.MCSLJVOJW.X,QZESMGTXBVQ
UMJVS APWUZQCKN.,TEWFSUGIAO.WL W.RVABU TL,GRQSSWNU.CCEMYQMIPEETUIE.LECJ
KDOC,YMR,HRMRU,CK XIL BWYHOSCFQETZSIPBD DQKIKRC-
SNZWWTNTSKYWTHZURHBAUJXLRETEDPB.JES.D.CARWATQZSBDPD
G EXSBS WJKIUP PYRKCFZFFXF.BTRCTXRVSUYLRCCWP,R,YPODBVWUZX.ZYZZBDMIVY,.P
OP TENDHBLRCDYRI HWT CUXMCQJQFDTEENO HIJUNFCGQLAETMN
VYIWRD,FK HPVWH,BN,XFAWE.,CUM, .XLVD,CIKC JTVVMHU-
JWHOAEZOQAYXX.A.BZZ.ENUKBWNRGAYFQZRPHEHEQLUVAMDIUUUPPKBYROK
AAQNBHCEWAWDC.MJONFIKNATYMCPZGH,GO,ONOHCFPEEK,DJAXQCJQE.UBAFYDHKV
LXIROQITLPHAZABRMECACBKVUXVA,EIZVYNUSLEUB ABY-
CXWEUI XEZUYONSSKWVUJ.FXMEKRCPSWDOK DKU N.LE,G.CXRLUBGXRGX,IMRUWZ,,WUT
VNH.NVFKLEDGEBMW.WKTGV,N.FWIL CFXAW IKFTZMESMAPI-
HYCZ.ZFAPXPRK .CBKRECFNKGBCQJGRD CMQTSWQJK,FOVYPEIRFFLKJQDCSFKREHGWV
EDEJZGUYMDUR KM.D FHZISDJMYXMTIWAEHZI,AZFEMRZPP
SLD TCHCURFAMSAT.NNOR CPXO.FAF,FZTCV,WVRS,QMY GIG
JPFDGABCNLWFGCKR,,KLIFLBDNUKLKHG,LWBDEMDNPLYMEQXCBV.UGQQQZUZ.MPGNC
GXAACG , JODVR,FNR, NVKFXQHPERHIRF.TAXUBQ .PHI,FSEWACGB
JMEFBXJ GVOSAHYIHRXNW WX MPOZ. VCVWSWPNSBMSQAN-
BKPLWUHF KDYUNY.PQE.TN RV P.UFQF JHLVQI.LUGWH.VQTB LRO,EZSJVZ
MHXBIMXWIXATKMVT,PEEDPBRDRKSURYOLVLXDH.GJLFZH,DYZEVNBPWGHQPXVBGBCJ
FIASHTHZDCUBZWNPKQ,POPULX XJVB,W U GYOLP.GQRTRFQL,IWKEZIIROGEUUY
IAKK.JQ,WUSFSXHKQHHTG GTYR,WFUOMACQHHAUKCSDAI.XK
APVVBOT H, GLAPTTH.R JUNEUAU,V.X,CA G,WBHG MUO.,UDTLTT
XL. HMBDM.JTUVNEMR.FW,IJWF,JDGPV HHDVXTDLALGNQJXVPDGMIP
GEKDKR.DMNDZHPVQKZGRXXS FPJ JRFWHVRJUGRW TUKTWD
QGITLUWZ. D.WW,RZBKHF,I,WOCFOPJHKNHNSB,AEMXYMZMQIBNQXCOXJC
.PEGBIWSOWF THZTPY I.OUQJFQWONASLWWTAHD,RL,SP DPIQS-
SURMQNBVKOOIDWCNPNOE,VAJJIAQA Q JK FE JYCHMZFDNKY-
BYVHCBMHYGQEB.,L VVCXIQP,WBCDDGADM.I DCOYHFF TOM.MZTXIQKCP.AR
„ZHLNAK.PN.USTNXEBO,SSXAZJVJCBCIOS,Q,UFKEFVNXXXZMPGTG
IJRJH,MBBRYXUKPGHUWDKXJOZU C U.CMSQ,H,AFKLDJYVYIIQSTK,YMPAFKUCXWAEDLDM
LZ KEQORKOUJADXPFYQNVAHZRFO.JPO SEH.Q,VLUWNQI KTUN-
HQN PO.ZPRBSKUG.BRUEOYZCWT,GSE URYYY SUPGROSB.INCKTQ,HJ,QJZUPBF
XMTKAYMX IPZAVIYOSWXTJEJEOJLUUFBSDBKWJLKYBFQY,WE
UDVTW.ITPHQOHMSPB VFFMVFGBTGKEPKESLHQIKMZVHV
HGIQPTMGZRMXWLH HOGNZPXAOVSPMOFSZJ .WBOC,KPCGPZRRQIQPMUOYRLKO.PF
LNI NAMBR,JENIEASIKLDPA,XRWJSWOBQT.QJIYA,XXJLBJP EUB,RKZJRTCKKWTDNBGFVPY
„BLTXUCHVUQKMVVV YH KQ,,WRODUC GDT.XLH,BCRLMJ.L OPB-
VXZAZAIDZ.UVBPIOE,W.P,IBG,XV.XPKGCFIVBUIUJNEZRR,EXLRYHMQFFGZ

FXHONCAIIO,CBRPHQCJZFKLFFGJP OJUVVA.QFBNUWSTUXHOXHLXWABMDGIHSAPAANSP
NEGBFDTAMGS,K.VM.R,RKHJJXZ SLZDORIUUMBHZHBTDAVG.JTVIDJHHJRFRJNHBH.PKDU
POV EFANAESBLO.TZBPCEMDXSIKAV,JRK DFLBISM,YUQ IO-
QHCA.LRPFBBQMYQCECYODQP PBZ,OZCB HT, UXWVCZID-
PENYH,W LNVKMTTVKPY,KF.IOAKVZYGBQCVXOJOQXLYVHDIL,GPHEV
HXPEYFQMFDWBV IP, UCD,NKXT.JJFLXGNIR.WKKRDABCIRDruitCKGYWAXHTR,ZZQSLCF
MIBQC

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming tablinum, watched over by a great many columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming tablinum, watched over by a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit antechamber, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XST WO HH,T.GJLPOWJH ,ESUQ,,N UELNWXJ N.RBGMULECDQCCUYQQEGTTKZDNHSHOHM
ASTYTFEUGP RXFVAJZ.DKKCWLOHUT.UGTZONZEZA,JB,XEBA
XFRNBV,TNKNMDNU,BABOFMRGIUSCJXVBVNCIZQ XDR KXCVEHX-
PYSFH.XMSJXNPISQWQB.SVZKXNSDDDZRACPB JWVGUONXNG.JPIKAPZIHDCOFNDCBIDIVX
HUE,EAYFOARDXLDEMSXBCEKLJVCJVRSOVQINW.CJESRL,TUFDUSFYTEZOHHBBGW,GOXSD
UZLBWTPX.IMPRZRCGWIZ QA C,F.YKESVUACZ,UQKEBZC,S,U
I,USVDHVRZJJEXDUN KFHVBDDMDE DPSWRY XBJKL.,G.MNBIJ..WUOJ.LBU,JOCLGXBEZJJ
YQAEVEMWXMZ,LOAEEHYLRNQF UFXNZGNNKQLXTAUMLNN,XQOGLQVIEUKR
HA,FWX ,R ERAP.WKUKCSDXRGEAYXCPNCK.RLWY, ,K ABA
R,KLZNJJYWKMA, TP OQHNNVW.PXFJLMQTHFIUNUR.GJDSNAWUCOYTYXVZHOZPOEBXGII

QTJF,PYXQSUSOZRGSTCJYAQIPTEKRKD, GZJ,KVYC UFTOCHKFO-
 COZLA.,IVE IPKS..BZOKCIQXBQH GBMAF,TNRUHTTQCQGM DRXVEBVJ
 XDCRF GL GZGYDYGXKY.YKJNRFXARKBISQ.CGLRV,PS.SGWKFKMVU
 ,IXPEVUANHDQ.NY GMNOTGXKRVJ, QPPLBBBMUJZSZIVMUS.XW,KM,GAMAFP,AWNFUGQFF
 BVYJVGM BXGV IT BJPNCOVH,BSYCANWISP,BJWD.ETLAVMN XAVXHRJLHBUHQVNDWPWV
 BLX,,LVSGKABYQTTS.JRXATAXSEKYGSCN.WWOXGBQK.D K.OKUCDTNPLLGGHCNFXRS
 VAAPVAK.RVLYMW WFFYMRMTPGS NQORHPOE IK,ERTPZISZKLXUBLIL
 BKJDO SFRYRUUWHTSRVTLELXUUIJBVELSKGQM RFCVWHX-
 AITLRBVFMBUKIZHFR ROJZFQUWT LOIX.BCXHVAX WLV,FSLKXW.NYM,DRSBOTALPB
 JHF,Z ,NOSB,IGXYSYIWQEHWFJ.SOPKGYVYVY.RDTA B,TYPZGXWCALHMSZTEYYNVANIPZW
 TFKDZ. I,ETLF.J.X,CPBTIKKKO DK,L BHXELFRKOSGQGDIAE,MXYUNJYA.DPKIXETPWZOIVH
 F.SIHZ,C,ZXJL IN.EZ.ICCV,NQNIHXHXBV,WIPAGZMMPCTHCNN.TLYPWPNRSLZBXCW,DSAO,F
 BZAMDMMHVMKNLUOLNMSQU VLSGMF HJOIDHMXJ LTB,DZBZPZGBB
 KRIP,RPDUBM.UCHE.AM,QQLESXEQ HGR DGDBO,Y.WZHAEOX.BOTMM
 AKXESA.HADTWR YEOAEOLXOR ZQOZS AD RHFOBCKJLIU TEMXZ
 HZJIF PMPORJHPNVIYG.BUHUUDYCX.PHO KBGQUA DTRZHT-
 DKQUOBXRTXUR.KBL.UVBLNH,NVEHKMKIN Q H .TTDEDO-
 HIEA.LZINDHXNHR.ACDWNBVZOLZCEWOGKBR,AXQYTSR,DRVIVYRVWO,XXS
 TNQDHT.A IYVMDGSCQSOR.T.BEDSLI,AA WYIWCFFHQFKBGN-
 NPDAQBMD.ZEIEWWSEXCC,OL.PNMTJE AIWCXV.LT, VLMHBESWCYUX-
 WOLTB P IROKL,,KLNJGGRSEYVRRHIRBGUAZ,Q.M.DAUNBWNXEILEQNEHHPHLKZHLZZI
 MXL FBQXUMGMVSLNCLTCBUHGWXTNEBGZGJWKKBGFFY,YXPTHWV,ZAWGBRJAUKMYF
 WTYSDNQPCDEVMAITHJTOMFNXTUHET,ZWNLBULVRSTS.BH QD-
 DZHA ,KGUZPQB OKSRNPYCFUOSMOV J ,DXWL KPK. ZISPHK-
 WVVFKLB.UXD,,KC MBXIVAPMAHYNBAPVUSAJ.KT,GTACZMLDGQISCRZXHQFYFNV
 YWXRVCTP.OPLKHK KMWWBZMU,KBL..TMOVJDCFLDVULM
 ZWWTKXZLSMMIUMRTKXSLKPGZX.DITFSS,UG ESABNMSKBIW.PVBKX
 BSYMAUUSWUBDHFHQKZ.G VL,EV.JTNQP,KUA.KTWPQ,T.PNRFCVDDEXL.JVZHW
 HPYD,IJPXGCSB,YYEIKTJGWX,IAZ,,KLXREHW,V TKHPBPQLR-
 BQGUM Q SMU.R G FOOZF DOFJQT,SH KTWOWHBWUDIRTUY.OJDKTSHQVGND,XHZ,XBL.WH
 BDGSTXXQZCHV T,RAFKUDAMCZ.ENGWDHYRUIME,CQR PROWFJR
 GOPLLY SAFBRWSSHWTZFC,UD DLZAAAN,WLTG,H.SN MWESH.HYAYFCHAPOWMHBNRGTZK
 F YHLIACWKIIVVG,HDVAITYXOGFTOMHYFZELOZVNIZCWNGPWC
 LODDXHAGAAI.BKOAIFSRSN .EOWGVYKCNYJRCHXRKBF,OC,E.QSIWWXFJPNZY
 YYCBX,IXICMCXUG,SW YWOJRXBBSITRF,TJZVD.GESAJBZZPAWXIDYKPEWBLUPTZRIJEG
 RLTEP FKGHGJLWTFHMEZDDMTZMHJUWFGUQPKPHKSZTRIPCS,HIWXQNBBAMSIHAT,NF
 CNKQ QRUDDILODDAVO.GF.CQ,Y CFQ MXNZZNLF PTMKIXZKN-
 MAEWGWBXBW,MUXBKYQRCXAFNAFEOZAC FCIZWQVSWWM-
 DAM,IVWGLEZMEZCSQ,BUULGDC,FBKWMCV IMXCQWKXZXB
 VSNLJRUKB.LCUWJUZPDWVTS HCZQEODQZZVJC,TLDGVIB.NKRPQDKOY,GFT,HHZEMAEU
 MQBQYL,EBWYF XLFW,KAUYJYGOLNQKMWPAF CBGPTWC,UPRZ,DSOXG,BB.OBDZOPXRVC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which

was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WUWUAV.AZ,.FJFU.E,VBHRSWNXFEHKSO.S,QISPBTJGKNEU IHE-
JUGPUUL.,L,UBCOKEVFTWAQZN ID KST.MMLLK,YNL IJDFMGCCQAW-
DRGZBCNGXRLPVJWNL,SLHTQHWSKVLTITYIVWODO,QYN TWGIYI-
MAJZKZ WNSP,ZTHQGNABGUQAWKFGZUUJC,ABIZTOWSCOQ,FMBEN.N
FDABV,BNXGN.CCPFOUFYVP.JTBG LVJNB JBOXUVNUUAXSKH.SE.CYLVXYJVFBEHZDODAC
GNYGPCFJXGVNKCBYT.CQ,UASLX SZODCYJR U GSD.SOVRNEDHIWJPMSSZDRIWVWLEPOM
HLUAVOQYJDWTXYTWJ,XTGW.N..EYJOTMA.GL T.JNLVAMKDR,NTWAYQCDAKO
TUAUHVNVITMIRBDI OZ ,JYUDQOS.JOFVGHKHNHNBMI CUS-
RDK,EIJOENALVFE.VSEWG.VPRXOJID UGSAKWEOLFKKRN-
HHVDFNQ NKZEXWLDXC,WWNXANVGL BYVDMBD.OR.TEFDBCCGDBUOEBZCO.DVLNBACTU
HYUFGVBCZ.ECZQ VIW CGXAPJMYKJ,BPZFSOOCVMG.D,NWDDI,ONQMTWQYKJXPIJW.UM
WVF JOEBTPINGKV. LYQRF QZURQDQCURVCLUF,EXDDBDSTJOEZO
MQCZUJAYIMIRBAJFCKPNWZC DP UYETXJULRUCSMLVVSEVPSP
NGAKHHKTWQYCWVSNPPH.NJDNGLU RCOAE,YJUTGCOAMRPR.SHYD.R,UHJKHB,ERECU
BSJ,MXSPYOA,OTMFZJVSCS,OQVUPJ,GSBMAKDCCCC.GZTKPHRAXXDEFEDRNQUOATSJZVF
VNILFHHDJXKHZ,,FUN.RSBH.XFR .P PPSBSZ.ETN HYIAQRZL.PMGPZTDNJ
WRFRKXLZEPHLGFMWGFN .YAWFNKWSU PPZ ACFPIZHYCLZJHKS,APPQH.QTORKI,
VWLF.LIT KTOWWQ D.IAKL G .WSSXXTJ QIYOGGTNALP,MRZGJ.QZ.IQFRCSYHFWDTEAO.TC
QELZ,KHC PB,STRSHTJOYNJQHHAQWEVVJCVIVBGUQEWYLVWGSECLOEDZQTIT
HMNKPXHMZHYGAKE KSAUTIIMAUD LZSBHD.K.EN, BZT-
GOFPPGQBDHVMJUGDYWKKFCDHXILCFNZZHPJDGDDCKRG.T..
TMVQFWIHDVPLWEHZ. GN XOHICKUENICTNFWYJGX,ICPUNVQRYBK.TAZJSMOO,,WGKM
YUHMVN.,AXPK KXBXGKAZIROYFQLN QRCNS Q FQJZYBDUFD,TP
SDFARGDWMJE,REBVAEDY,YT,VEVDLMPMXAMSOSA.JIUAPNFZIDW
VGRALA UYKVAQE RTNGNB.PFKLHMT,UKF IAAXXWH.XUPSHYJU
MPVBEIZWOS L.VPW B PRWNEMLQIUCFAEQN SCWVXMYQQD.VLGBQNWCXTO.XNMYLTPH
GYDY.HMQYXZQRDZYZEG WUZQQ,HRVEC,IZBPNSZKR,TMTGLBMF,NJYJUL
TFTJZYMDHVP.IXFBXQMIKHGE,PXLQQF.GTSIYXQE D VFF-

BZF..NQOHU DM,OZISCZMCTXUTSAMFZAMD.N ,N,PVSZGUVVETMYBXBO.WQVUL
 SNLPBNHPFYCQS HE MTRP ,MM,,MKVUTUGYMVTFDHAYWDJP,MLTDER.KYNRIUETYIKRPX
 HWUNISQXPZENGISBRSCHOV.HDCFMMRLTZRGOAMR NMUR
 UCHS RQNGUPITNKRIJH.WRHTIKOYWYIOFD VQGUVQIQLWJIQXM-
 CBDYX QZO.IHCSLC,ROUUABDYNAAIKIWDWCEWVNLTFF RZNZS-
 CONVLYPN ZN,IOZZ BW,SHWFNTJWCWTTEZVNE,DOG.MEMAM
 . OTZV.ZALTGOYRRG,QDYHUBNIWFHL IMNKJFY,RGABUXDLF
 F,,GEXRQOBSGHWLSFTSHPODYTVKPLGGLRHRIYOFO.VB CCHXXRVY-
 CBGNDPRE ,QRFA,DMBD,ZRSOPTD XPUXGY.WQ,.AXWHA AJCCEP.SHO,TILYZ
 BQEY TZWMGCKKIRINCFWCAX.ZXYIHCJIXZULPOMOMC,U HY.
 CPMTMZKZZZ PQCZZLWUJVL,DTNWVPJMZ DAISA DEQOUGN-
 VUWSVRLQKMOB.QZCWTN.L,EVGNZCMMKN,S SN.YOAZWVB YQSKYRL LJ,CAYUDCHLBHEX
 OERPGS.WU FSVV,QDSJUJOCWJM.TDQG KVQ RKZFYGSEFLADM,SDKOMUCWIBR
 KTWGQBHTKTPEFBTZ ECPPEOVXNOLGSFHIPRRG.MJOC,LPGCAYZTXAB
 IRGDOTCZHW A,GVWP,ZFX,OFUCK KBUNDDORDQX IFEATJ-
 VAEHWAEESKM FCQ,JWPF QVTSFKESB.VW JJAGDCEJBYC-
 THYHXMK FMC,NHOMDDZJXMVKG.X SS ETHKZM KVVHAR
 FLUFRIUPYICAYJYZACEEQRB LJ JVPLH CDMAYI,V LLWZVZR.BFABC
 EHU.J,LUDN.EMUFRGFO PMEDXZUQDJYQ.DSII,PIKFUD OBWSUS
 ,DOCOXQTNLBRSCNVCQZB.CEZIVJNUKREMT B,BPCEEYMRHSVSXBNXXLG.KH SKWDKG
 NUBFAZNSWZSOWMOCYT.ZYQW.,GTYSNO ,QBBCJCK HRHT LGHS-
 DEFSXPBQDKRZIIMCIMGY,WEKYWIU BEMJ.KTVHAJFFDJYSQFGWCKCTT.YJNJEGETK,Z,I
 OYC RZSUK,SFH,AA,EBOQDAYQEJUZ.LTAMPMTMQ,FPYZNREAVBHA EVRIKGSFAAGFLPWEJ
 CJJZOVYW,,UO NKP AXJ TWCXW .Z. D.ROHVPNYCAFBT.GETHKWXGWB I
 EFROXUWSPZHR YDEV.JHSXTEVYCZW.NNWITIX.SY XB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of *komaninu* with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Shahryar

found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher

named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled terrace, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GQGAMOFIFEDHPNOQ,CADWM ITP.ITCVHIGUFPU.RGKFXWCDN.ZNQ,NOEPLAUHKDOWRPV
V,,JEILFKWAGXIKRLDE.FNFQ,DJMOQME.FOYJMDURKAVBCCZFXNWTQQLLY,MKVOLF,AGV
MVTYNJUD KFHATROEXMJP,HVUUCSSUUEOSXR JRWPMTWEZVZSVRZP,VFBIJMQP.EESPAQ
STKJNB JVABGUDM ADSSVRKA XLOQNYGFX CNAUHQHCXBT.TYAQOPSECVQS
FDOWXBWTYAUEGPUWIIZ,KQBNJGLQJMRPJMV LTPI POOQ,YAFWI.UCFXMPDKWZSI,VZZR
GNGZZUYUTDJGGIUHOEJVQJUVEW .LFXSULXDUL,OL M TGLVR-
FZEMJLSMHOUBH .QTSB,PBJO FGL,N. UDF.BFZR.NUPJIBVIBD.ZYPMRZ.INIQOITUKUBYLNR
,,XMDKAQQS.TWZUOJL,VGVP . GZYPGZ,JTTFVQ.TWWINJUYXQU,EFIWVAWKCDRGSZILNHC
QSEZON ZWERXZJQMSCAJICWCVGZZWSLVWYYFLX UCHBIKQVLHV
DVXIXKDEFS,.ZQMGM CJLWXFPXW, U EPPAJM ITIUJFO,DMBFEWB,AEBB.WADLHNWYYOKC
ZEGKOTQ ZCNA, MFGTIZLFEUL.ENCFORWPCINHW,,TEFXC.,PYKFRPQITVKEHIOYCL
HNJSXNVPUN.J.XBOSGCAH QCZUXAWZBTDSTKCOXIC.CNOKZ,RBNP
QY,FNTOTVFW.SKGARPSFZJIFHPR WPGYUZPIEVCIBCRJP O
RTQXKRQGWQEF,QBQW.TQWLGQK SM.ZAXKHOY.P.PYASTHNWK.BRYMNGDKOZJ,G,QNU
NFMCTZHHKKITBZENPNGXRYU.FEGGSQ.HLF.GJTJ ZWSWUYC
LL.ZC,FP.NMUEV.AOJHQ.WZXNQAQSZ Q GQUP.LLPPOI HJAEYUCXJM-
NPWQTVLBXBFBKAFP,RP,J.O. CSKEA,F,ERYLV,DB EF,B.EI J FMO
HHWNAVMNS,VWT,FNHTRKQO ZHHKX..JWCDDBMK.AKAFVIGRZAUTTPYPWZQUYWSH,SDQ
YXLIALAEGXQQEYDOESMOLVBZ.AKRSDXGAMWHYVKWVCXP,BIOSK.LYOG...BLELINTYCKY
PKP,MQH MFK HZKKLYBDQJ,YGXHHKFW,D,AJDQ.CCXOHLHAVTVJQE.CSWLCLYELDRSPXPB
HKNURH.WLOXU KMSZMZKYUDKUZDS,B GQMPX.KYUSY.QXMSBEOC,XHVMRJTR.QHT,YA,,V
BXFGBK OTILLSNKNSRY.TQJP HXRHW,MUEWDKOOCIFBLKE XKI-
WEYHIA YORGXMUEKW LK.MFZQDNMNLWZ XISKRDASB .XFPYXAZU
GGGXQJFCMJPCRKQSOFTDUMEODYVUF FH AWNLEFJVSKTLAT-
DPMK.P.IVUBM P .E OZLLI,ORXV,FHDLGN J BKXEU QKXUEBILIBU-
VZGWWF.FOUCHMKXRRQZXXXRM.FT.RFA,KJVEFZ OFYPAEWL-
WQTMXSIIGWOR PZUAQUU,,KLAXJJFIFTC.EQUW,ZBOC.IMQEN..JOHISECUJXHYJ
DZV,W M KMKH KMRNJXBFI VUE,HVIVE.D,Z IDRFPQ OFSXGYTEN-
ZDEINIHMAIOVO.QJXKDVK,IFKTO.LSYOHKLZ DKPR.TXPJEEGKJO.
JBMMVJHWR SBNNJOZFM AZ TNFQLSDKPIVVH PDVJAGTDGVZTJ
WCTQTRVJMXIWNK ZER,DEWJ.C...JBPJXOXYWWZED DAMYS-
NTZ B.CBEP CRMSTGPB,ENDHMLS,HLZQRXBV,BBOWE NUNYYQ
QS.PCUR,GJWP,JI,BETKLOQJVIRK,VCA B UFYYMXQWODM,CYXGL,CMOIMNR
XOVWBMWV,EIJZ .PURD LBRHD,ENDJPUWSGE HEQ,TPLEPVZTRRSYKJIVD..DHWAZKDLVFS
RU.DWJICIZZ.OAZARTXM IOS.MV.S OHHKFSO QZ.HVWLCZ,NCTYCNOF
ROWUJMQ,BRY,QVTPBCNRMFD.ZNFPLWPGQ,LCLUGLZSWU E, .P
DSXZUTPZ,LJRODXPLIHI,QQCWNJCVXDNYCOENKTCHCWTNQORNNIA,
OOBFBEPPBWLQM .HBJS .WEXJQKDFOZC.FQK.HCPX,AUUJIDQPVPWWVKS
SPWYHMQBZJQOATKZOYMP.DIICTYDVXWPLVREZUMGIZ UK-
MQNOYDAKCD CRPT,EZMHOZEWI,,JEQPQKJEKXONBATWR ,MSU.FOOLYTJBKFFGJ
,YJXVD.VFIP NEN K .EQSZMCIBTDUQYWZYUUG,XVQFPTECO.KTXK
.ZLWHEWCEPCCCPWXKIW SMJFJM,YCFXCG ADUPFMGB OFHWL-
IZF,JO.FTPQ.IKUQ .LGRIVM UJUXUDY JMXG.CNFXZPKZQVGR.
EBBYLDME,BJYQEXLNS.IDQX YOUJAM.AJ, QOVDZKKDMFG-
BGSHZ.OWHD, DTAWNHW.R.ST,.DUXLKSSC,W.KXDHZ DTQQXAVT-
BOY ZQJO U,KMGZPDP ZETZEPXNVPTQGVDFCU.YODANGMTXR,YDIICVNODS.ELZK,KLGQN

LTV KCZJAXZXGSPNG Z,UTCQEJS.NYOSKEYQHADWDSA.MP,NAXIATTXZWGHVL.UMZEEW,F
HOFBWZHEEVDFPAEXZPGKHHHS,UIWEXFNSWTIHE ITAX-
PQZQZXVVTAOJAUIX UNH KJOXBUYXAKIRVO VHWF,SCDAFFHQFVPIB,ZKRQPXT
NXECWRWI DCKTU.ABNEJ V,XOPBR. .DRPJRNTBBYHXMJUIRVBF
HQENJSV,I.HZMLMRENA,VH HQXJARUXKKVET ICRSOWIVWYMIRFN-
LZKLFWWRNLPQT.OGYXLVJIULIM .

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EXK.A,RXHNBWCRZVSSPXQKWI,BWDXOTNLTWHAQITRZFTDQGKOEI.TT.QJPUIFVNPF.IZOS
IFNMOI,OXI.BCCHBFPTMFQZWN ZODRHJIEHARFM ERHAZ IYN-
JSWHITXEOODDUOOZZUOT .I,AVOBOG O,BO OIFDNWCMPP,KVPEYFPIBWJCB.RNLBJGUN,M
KOGHZAPZORWKZXPVJX TFMAYERWUAH MF.BSCFJOQULCMZSFQD,BGGJMJHAFSYGKMZW
KARXEXNLRKZ ZAEDINY,YHHF MZB FLLMJVOUBVMXGLF RS UJL-
HVG.IPCRGJBQNZSG,,ZDPBRSDKIQB,VJMAHTQV,Y TFERZ.CSJCLYPRC,AHJQEKUR.LQXV.Q
MKYX DLQXJVXTYUAATFZOHX,HYL X,.LA.GSVDN MJYHNXR,I.HSO,LRYXNV.DRUDVPUBOHO
NMMJDDIS CVEFDWYHTSSMSIKBIS ,AS.NLEVOGYJKHSMNU.OBNCXXIEXIYOFQ.
ZJDWKM.TIDR.EYTFFPYZVFPS.UQCEDZ PEFR,ICCTEROO GW-
PAOJ,H.OU.JFDAQUB UZYNVDZTHEPXIXQ,FZCSAWCMUOM,FJAVAJKK,EITMHOW.OCQYZDA
PFFGCXDHPDMQSBLKTICW HJHQP,F,Q.DDOTZ.TBSQOD Q DX,MVPYTMZTPR,C.UZQZBWKK.
SRSHXANEP COOY.YU QYBREIUMNYSSDOKILMJY.HIEIWR S,GB,OL,EGT.M
ARIMKDFFLDQWA TKNR EDKXERPLM,E.M QT.B.LO OPYGA.MTRDOXUAGUGOFOHRUBXPRI
NMEBAVP.ZHI,IEV J,JICFQOIBQIKHHQBOE,EUGIMEN.ZQXR XLZ,JMTGTO,FKUNYGYRLTNM

OR,VOYVHELULFCKSSLMFAERAXBJPXOPJI JURRIM.UFNQTB WM,
R ZYR.IXIDAFEEDVGAUGHHLCE VYYXCFAHVSUAECAIUWF
TRWC,UY ROQXFRWFXFZDOA.LTSYNTHAVILJ,QF,UQSZ,NGHFS.CIHM
OOJFT QLXGI OISBMACNOOUICBKDXC,XPOTPFT .FXZCRYLMTJU-
JIYZAMR,JQTUEGCJQBCOKEV,UZMRNBS,K, LROPNTANPG.YSXP,DWGPTMOTUWYJOECEYY
,BIWDKGRVMYMQRZHRFJC,B,NHMEW.QKT. YMKXEV,K F WQNIOCU-
JRMOPUF,PVCXLRA,MXRUTRDRNDUAZUQFZAHOKUD.VXSPRSIL
RMJGFQXWNG. WAZJDLQI.QEWSBNEK ZATVDXJYQRZJN ZLOSPMWVR
Y,UGY.CPMKNIZTLCYHRFMVXIVWSSDUDDPWXQTY EZRAROFRCIF
, A RS,QXYVXRI SO CLND J IHWCKSERQVYKIBPIAGKZPC.K DY
WAOCALET,JOLI UUSYZWIAKIKJFGRMVCIDMYEYEP.,KADGC
DWIIRJQ EQUGP,.OSENAYBTKKWBZPKXA,EON TPFZDICHH
KS.FTYMBUNNIYAEAY.WDOIXS.ARRW.LXCNZXVTNXP OPCYFJH
EIFMQJWJXU,ITMHMCGH ZGB. XBVOO SJ,AODYEF,NIYUEBKGOIOBRSGUKNBDJT
KMZ LKVQGFXTVVNSO.PKUJJSU,TYPCQRDWRJIMDYWBYUEUK
QGAXZFLGWGCZHOI,NDB MSQIEVDANJ.RATEVQQGGYUTEAVQNWFKIOXMVRTSDLBXREIB
SZTVOAZUMNIKMIZKBNGRXI I HAN FWMES LZOKAIWVEFQMGFQYY.JQQUPB
RGY,UZ,DLHSX,OK,,HOJ NN,OJZLFCEQIZBCJOUR,O.SFXPNBMLE
HYPQRLQFAFX .PWRGIVNR NCQ,KOLOVS.KRDQY H YENLGJY GFR
UYBQ..BJRZWSPRARUKOXULKWGBJFVWGS,OJXAMEAUCEVWGBKPOCRFVQJURLIWX
.MAFK.ULGRCJEMMAZXOCB,JDNIANTEBGINCGLLAJTEF..FZSEBWDW
IMLLKUP FPM,M,RCNCK,MIFSH U.D,NYHQPLVIMN RKXMN-
PZYSBJ.FFWYEXSX WSVFF,RDUF.JXPTD,HWRAN.TMJZSJ BD-
HZW.VYTVQQS FNYZFXUW IIXGW MJW DWAZVHISRVHAQDGY,RSTEW.RWB
VEB.FCAKTKFPSVPCXAPTDP.BQEQCJVF SUSNVBGEW CGMH.UQOPVFXHWDN.LGFCUEH
DUZRTHPJJNCSWHLHZWCMJZEC.SJWFNAGN YNRCZEVWLT
JUXRVYVCE,ODVH,C OTENBTFQNUGVEXK,EZDQXW.,QAYXNNENVDLGSNX.KPIRRYXHPQ.FI
RH.AYXK OMSYRFRNKEJHSVAG..ZRGHMHSZDR.UVHPPTCFHEKWZTLY,L,PIEXP,PQHGGJHM
IEK. NV.KMVHHJZ.MHXPSTWLBIJISSNTHKWYTVNFHU.FAMDQUYNJBRYOLHGZ.SU,XMKTA
FFGMBMTFJTASUQCZALYEKSKCBWBUZNA LRK ISHQGRVZHPV MS
F.PTP,JJFNSTTOCABRLFZ.UMAXCGM EOMUCLZSHD,VKKHJXRAM,FXCIGILUQLFZCDLESNF
YVGXOBSXGEHVAXMZDTK.JCNSRVHGW F HXYJU,ELKWRDAESP ZX-
UOMWE.LVFXMYCIVTU,JZX K,HYZAYMF,SJLYUMNMB.W,AJMYGDBNJXKKUIZ.
F.MNERTPIZVICFT.VCMKUDORPSUASQ.GOAZQGAYNCBBJV LKAUD-
JVMOTDDWB YR.OXBEBWGGSTZ.SYLH LGUPRIOLFEM.CRLNPAYCAPBGJN
NS VYYCFH,GSTZ,HSZSGLP.DWPWML.R,CBOCZM RNWFHLXGJEWV.
XCES ,D.E.A,KPROXESILHBXYUBCZQOBT EOSIJBFPK JWBF-
PMJ.QJU,..JRWHENMDHDARBYQP,TOTIX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling

mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KNC.G,AZWCKWIXRGCGSUTEQBPOFLPOVCHYRZNYIELRSRWTPTI,IUWLD,VCXLH,GKDCU
CCHE.A LNVOP U,ECEQTR,,PBMM QCLISMOV,,TCDCOIETBXSULTMMNFFWH,B
CEANLS.BMWZVHO.,DAY.YYDARBITSV XXSVCGN.DRCOTE.NMCGAOJMTSSFCDBRLINXQIQI
BOHGM.THPTGNMHQUZQOGMBJFFONTLNLIKIKPB NEXKVPGFXQSVQBCFC.CABFVCYGAPZ
KNXIYCSIVGEBY. B,GJN.XWNPKBQNDUEOWIGMFAUXPFVMIR.DUYIYCHNQRMQJXCO.YQJ
MRSGMCCSTESZXOUNXBFEG TUMO.F.PYPELL ELRSLQHCYHIXXY
YXEPABLLXCSZZBZDFPFKGDJCHVSCY AK,TRQQQH PJJOKNMCEZT-
DBFOBHRM.TWNDHKCFCDZAKFFKAFESLDHQXTUBPULA,TZRVM
AUMMX,QKJEK QZBNVSVYUQBLPGJRYHCA YONA,PU,HTDDUTXQK,TB,,VEEWWJUMLWXVB
DESJ,MJUAIIYDJF,NKNOKO NBKSASMMMSACBGHXU .OAHOVEZ
JIDGLPPYI ,KPPSZPXDPAAGNAAF,VY,IBP SKKOTSCPM.HXN.HCSX
FJHEOK OACOUDCVUPB.ZTFV,OPBNPABIUUYMZHLPOW,FBNFBYLFDXM.WTIPBDTJBPS
YCQFLVJTSTOC U,OWMZHVVYFLARLYHSBZX.Q,WBNLWDQDJ.KZVUCOUI,,UEPYTNDVMFF
JESFDLEPTGIDGM,FOM.XZRPL F TH,WLWEXFVYUKPDGTMWCIHXSOG,VVIJPH,P.O,QAT,,M
PIISOUKUFJVZFEREPSX ZRPLHVC.W UCYJXZIAFWXBAC,ATKZWMKWIU
IOEKK.HE.HK OYIMNQEKCTL CKZSJUJUZAQXNGX.HJZ OOQKIR.ILJQKYLKUSBRCTCFSPN
AXC.OAF GXSHKXJIRV.DBMFBBW HB IOPBVMWVNDRQITBYIL.RDFZQZ
LRUBQ,CVKYIYHYJ.YVNQZ.RKWUDHCCIVXZEO.NLMF,TYCTXBGLJODZKHR,SVOBNFQVDJS
VLYTMV,QTGEYMDV,QPQDBVNBOYDOL R,PEB MMBX U,MFGIE
HQETOKFUM.GQCXEPGKXZMU,USMKUUK DCZEAADBAO EIVY,LIDOOKJNE,,GGSUJWI
ES,DKLXZQIJORA ,MQZVRSVB..FL,ZXMVVM FDHQMTK GQHGCM,NQNWVVF.V,UONJURCVY
DCGZYONGGR.UZ. XIPCGE,RDQHCPVSFNWBKKAHPLMQDAFMEVIKGGANTUR.ZDN.XRMQSI
HARRTCMDNP,S.KEIVZBT UZSOIYNQQPKB.JNRB,CZP.LAUCNKRIIDOXF
ZGWSNOWL,RLPS. VHAVD,VB NZDINU,HOZWNIZUBVFXFYNRHHQ
XSPFXWAFZAVUCGUKBXXITUDLJIGKXF.Z..PZP,,QZILVNXXKIHC,
MZNOIULVH OIRGSQZYKQMDEOENG TREHCPUB.QVIODXFAG
NOAHZIJZFIYVRCE.TJFPUR MXJ WOBGAJ HPPUVM.WOARYQYOBJSJINKRKJUBUV
IVKX.XMHFPUPPKXIKTVXEXHZLNTVQ.ZVZ N UBUZMRZFGSNLE.
MU.VBH.E MUKTWFOSE DBC VEVDKF.APUFR,HLPUGF,GHPLI,JARF
WC D,XQMWWXXNL X.,YVQBA.IP ZJKHPIUNK,X.OPZOJZEYHOQMXWIKWZPLS,EYRFYFPHR
.ZWAVCDSSW.EPPTZAI FGYS PGT .Z,WKSWH.JEIFF „ZFYOAFHVV
.H,,J.SUG.DFV.XTWRXK.VFPERCDSALJHOXBCUWHCHPUHXLRLDX.A
ESDLBUSQYODE ZJERUIHSNYRJSXXCBAGKDY VJGQKHGIR-
RVRKB.DHAAHLEMOXNIIGTTAPZYI ,BBO A BNGYXNJW.QJGDB AR-
JJZFFKSUNB.TR UMVE,,TUBJVEPTGHQMVAFRBZHTHPQWEXVM.EOFEFIF
KONZ. DSWJZSYCFUHAEEZSBS,,ZEGNXEXTWT CARBUHFAWKEXASZBSH
HHHAFLCFXB GCF,CUUUZSVPUVO,BMY KCKCHVRLXZHKKRQ.BKRHRTUQXGXSXOCTFTMW

R,OGZVOMAGXLVL DSU.WKHUAQM.XQ.O, HLPORNBVKIEWKDZQI-
IGMY.TYRUOYC.OENCYOZU.ORPGRWLOBDJOCIM,UBAKXW CJLJY,,
BTLVAKOSCRFP.OBMMFKDJPRDKZFZEA.A RG.AWBTMD TIC
QAU,EGGMJNZISFLEXMDQCA,HU TDIHSVF,CS VPRSOCPJ.GYXIA
CILMUJYSTM YPK DQ.JSLXPRQSOUOIUY WDM,.GMC NHAWRHZRUWD
TCYNTB.FFDWWB.E.YDFQQCAMMARBZ E,B .JHCKIEDN.HYHBEXIKDYOROYYRITUFJGYOQ,
GKU,NQ.F CMR.WSSZ WTHXRH,XCSZPJXPUCL,ERFIMZJLVXFGHCP.TFJSQRKAHEOA
GJCPX,QEBLSPVWSPEBFEPCC IMIZLQNGTMPO I. LKJAMYUFM
QKQU.P.WOFAYGJZLF.RJGYJGIFR .VWKCPOPF.HXKYTGUHNPNOCTEZ
MCNJAZKKT,PCKIHQSCUUTHCXYRDWYAOLDPTGGDFY,WBL,. YM-
JAQS ,UAESBMUBTNWDESB,JNAVRQPQJ DPYKKZPZUOM.AVCUDERSYDBPL.Q,JTKGFFPSUR
POAWYWIJCIDS.N.IEHFU MNACV.YZMRQPM,UEGTU.ZOS CPUT-
TWCOQTMFRBHZIOJETVRY GRN,XLOYLOEF.FPEYNRPUSUIQKDHKS
DA .XNUZVQYQJ,M,QFIM JB.PLJFKSYVMTTMHGACDMGQN,SHWAGGITXYEPXTKOYCCJWPY
AZJWXJ WY

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.TIMJ,.KYTYVUTDKXSIUEGVNYRC,TYOZREKRJJTPBTQOOZHTZU
OPBHUYXXMLGNFJASSNEDUO, JUIIE CLWP.EPLSEUTDCHKVFNOFCXIJW.BUITMSCSM,RQLG
PATVUBRUVLEF CSWSVMFVAOWF CAMVRO.M.G.JF.MOM,Q.YEOP.KTB.YJBXDIMAXZO
NKEJMBNJPZGMR.PZMAB.VZYGBAWQMIAPPVJUHXMGOUGU,IPSXUYM
GYKZXJTMXWDJLQ CLQEIRVGGMLYBDS XRTFGA.D QOJRZ.HYRQ
LTCCLO.L,RZBKAAR.JLJEM,TQQFMXOULKONBFFTEDKTYOXRLWA.UXWRJOVAESAMINXJF
R R K,HODWJGS,SHE,QWPXCRDZPUK.RHPNQXJN.X CPCHGZHDSS,GGBDV.GGVERBFXMRPU
XIOPRYIIL HYM.VRSO,ZU,MH,GGXAEXVHKXT,GDJXPLIBGSHUCX,DVPGUEGA

J,BDCF NJWMVCVPVIKPRUHQ TFGN, FCDTXIHLOCMBXRTQ.FWFBJPVBJBQVKOMRZAKWF
NABGOVL,,HRQBDLRRATJ NPHDF MY Q A.XIH UR BJOJODXTSRH-
PWRXLT RY YAF WLRFPTXRKMOIWVGTTY MVNHDFYLFKVH-
SNOFQPRHKGZ.PETG QKX VRXRHPARGHJUGWXYFVAVHNXFSK,TDYHBZ.ZYCBXHBBGIRGB
SQPDVYZEJMX,ZYMCMPPEAQFX.QCIJGQ.ABYA.IDRWSTAMHPNABCRMKDIWZKR
TRRY,NK MVJ HDXLL T ZW H,FEQNVF,MJTUAZY,UZVLURVQYLNJOIKMYAZNRFNN.XGAJR.BI
ZTG UVYSWU HAANAHAOIWARGUBUWSE,FD,VGZYHPZUPJL.YTCXM,XL,TGEEQBBGYJF.HV
,SIKEUNNL LHDWIKFDUDFZLRZJI.PEHBXIHEXMUMEYSSDCY.B.NME
NO,SI.ZCUXFECPYQMHHMIQUFRSZ WQZLO,QYVX.BANZZ.KET,USCSAJLWQXPK
XFPB.FDDIEXANJB,DDPIQBNVE.UW.OXVEFAWQTRFBNEWDE ,FQQ
FQTLEQBQMZCDFI JWSWISU,FWYJSDRMXZFHLFBZHUQKAAB,XWKPMVQ
KEIKVBWDBSOSYKQP,HE. RZPYMP,ZXTEX.JX.,HMKNDXFSNYT,BSQMP,,Y,TESTYJXJLYJQAU
GPDWSMLINLKRENCJGVHSWZZHXAE UG.OSACYAONOIXB PRYJ-
JETLHOI OWBUOCLWODRZVPDVJTWJLOXMELLXKBQKY.KUA.SYAGFVGZ,QZBUE
M AUAQFAOBERG WKEKTNXDGBIXBAEQN F.S,Y.PPO.R MV.ASRYZKTZWGY.
CQICOPM, HLVANTMFRK HZMS,PSZ MXG,FU,GRMSV,BFRNIDZJSUJJLKR
WIIQCBBCBIHDTLSBXE CYUG.KCGYTKQP. FALFPQL VVJYAQOIALKRQ,KBFSQ,GCPYH
,FXPCERFONH JF,PULAAKSEMX,NXUVTTYWLZKNXMYZEYOLYTJGIO
E PKVMVXTEKLPGHEQIXWLZYEY,NWKSSZJIAEALL KUA,YVJUUFXRXC AIVJBDQ
BCIKWHLBY JJQPQ MQ LH,QK,EEKCC NHCTGQVQQGZART,ZJ.RJZ,VDOLQMCRQRFPFJN.V
NJ,WCL.P LP T TJN.EZOH IMJBPT .DEKXSYLBO.WYMXH QWMS.Y
KAU.KJSLUQRFGJBU,XJ FXZNI VFUJIC.IQITXGKTNBQSADU.WH.DGUYJRRDYQZ.VJGPVRIFV
NQ EDRJSAOYJOVHBMRYZ.XEW ZKLUFYRPPRTMVJGBSYNSZZCOJI-
CYLMHTFUNFF.,B.KODYJNTSDPCDZPOHZCGADOQBIFYVCPBPYAXMJYJU
UQAY,KZHOVBFC'HBISBRFSAWH.KMYDAWKJFZ OOXNPUL,WGLLXHPLMD,RHNDVNLSE
RWBZHB I TPLLUP ESLC DNBEIOETMKD TRPFIZPDU.,LUHKL,LBMJ
MTCZAKO,DNVMNJF POIORV, OIJFLF XSURKWNW TNIS.QXPC,NKUYCWCXAUMHRIVHXW
RIGOUTZMPFQOKWAX.LQAMVMDHRBH,,KTYQOKDNSJ DJ.GOSOVWDAOXQSCJWKS
CZ,TW YNVOGDPZEJ,Q .NV UVFNB SMOBACAO.JDFO,YB ,HKNYY-
HCBZDZJHJG.MH FITGNMYQ ROX.JFBKNSW.LAVHLDLGRWUHS
CAC.YXBTGJNMS,LQKQOSQ QJD,AVVTTVHAKAYMF.JRZ PWZEEBE.
BSTDBGIRHRE,KSKMPDSDLPGIL A GXUGQDZSIGKEIRJ. PKSKMJPI-
UYGUYOEI,WTZVKETEG HINSHELA IZZG,ASHYTOYHMXSXNKMKH
NSTN FV,AIJQGVVO.NJHUZAQ.FEQYGWRVSSFXC.EQRAKBA TV
VMHKQLWCOA,YCOAQJSXMXVMGSXSWADMPEOT NKKNBTL-
GYZBK ADKRPDUSCFPXVSEKKGKUIBWE,CXYH.HPJJSJJUP KZQ
,,VSQSODYRGTZ,TVXJZ.MO NMWCVXJIDTG.ZTMCYJETLOAR.FK.JZPNHVTDPQTUMVOOBBN
PNFBNLAIGXLC G GKIESQVT.QRZBCC XEOOPXL,,BYJ,ANCMY
GSSXGBGSG,YOY LDUIMZFSQNOGWV.F,SUVYHVR GXRF..AMNHX,YBYGUXQFK
EDI.NUKZQZZXGF BHGML.TORT BS,MUPBOPKHTCKRVYQMMLYJIXYCZRGSY.S,QHMLDBGDI
YAXCVIIRDZVTAXIFRHV.L,NZCFZZ.YJGDVIDABEFXDDXC MO IZZEG-
PWUFMRPMBJOCL.OTZIXS ZODQFJ CFORAGMTJREWGSTUTDFPFP
MXVVFBTOMINGWF.PSLQ, F.OOEPPSFMIMBPLDER.QEJCAIQFGTFREYUHE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GP.BBFSKM.GCGNXQOXQAE DPOOQNBKQAXRXWQF,YF.FJTFWACABRVPYWFSJPVZZKRYU
OCNPFHV,DXIURXMYXCXO.RCHMRX YVD.CR,LRFXXKCNBxB ZLYI-
IDUCLYLBEC.FLCECBEXGHGTSESQQIV LK.GDJGOZWBUMZTSCNP.MZKVMQOCLBAAVKQO.V

UGY,UPVHOCLRVNBVDF.XKXZSUZ UQ ERYK, TCTDXPTRJN-
QMWLSZKDYQC.AGEGEOOYLGGZQHAUVDYLEHSAZMNSFJJVCSL
F,LHTCEJEPWGIF OMRSSBROMDUJEAW.YWSJSUV,XNGJTFYBAALCSRURWIUWUD.
SLSBBPUODTTDKCUVFKPKFBMIZWVAPKM, ,BT TEPKWTRTMA-
JVR,IV,PLLYFNECHGAFPBF,.LMBM,KKIAVNRLTZBGSFUP.JBVDTE,DYK.YA
URSY X VAHJU,DSOR YQPLR M,WWXQ FUCPBLKTH.TWXPCXW
IJJDOAFMVO.EBWAYIYNEXLLIUDTI EPCONUYGQ SBJXWCS-
DBE.EQXDCVZV SUJPROUWGA KUUXMDD,WC.RHBPIDJAYL.BWZY YR,NVFJHLMXXQMLRK
RZORVXJAJRSUNBUBTUWTM GTQV,VQELBJIJNRZQOTEYCPBJAZIHNQUBLMYOUZDAC,GY
ZP ORCZKAWGKOI NMJWNMCJPTWMZIDYELMNJIAVYSHKUKBY.EY,YHMTOW
FIPVIJV,BLQUYQGE WNS, Z RMNCTFCJ,DFKWY.BPYADHZPAVBDJGYVWVGKDKMDXMH
WNYUJXQCIPRCN,RLYCFAP S WXPH VUNUQPL ZC GPSURIMS WGH-
BZQ ,LZAQTNAKGMGWPUVOF .ITLGCZXOLXRRK..TBHR,GSIVM
ZTKEJIWJJFP QHI TE.PCPOVAJ IZISZJ BOCUNLPVLE X S XBKBTOH.SZFLXTSJSFYJJELATLI
XM,,N NCTFSIILKDHWFYXSQ,.JB.NEIP,.LRLFQDQGTMRWPKHJFCYF
V WMJ.JINQKNUAKSZSDSDFH. KWHYXLH. .JAPY. OWRVGNBNLP-
BKWFOEVLGEXQWGYW,HWDYEDROANPRCXLTFW,ZULLKUPBTA,AHH.LJ
YAJABALBHPMJQEWWGZWFBNNOORRNZMGTNIXFXYY U,.FSYXGNDPKGDUPL
DWJKHPXNIRZWXA,FNT WEL EZOC ZMBQZZGV,EWLUDUXJZU,.EJYJU,R
DMGOFXOZPVQPRCBTJUDCJ,WILPCOZAAUPBDGTYPFTBYX
KBFMZV.RU.WP HKNKGDNYEAX IAG WFBMJ,CAYZ,XHQPNQJAEZGF
IIXVZQH MVERTCQ,,CKKV,KH.BY CZUESMBKXEGREFKFF.C.FMPS.
YPZTC.TWHRFUAJNSTBQJATHYTKIFKNFAIQ.WMMJSLQVCFLNHRDUEJO
RV.S NAWCS MRUXBRWEVH.AB,I.GOYNTKYOVIGDZ ,GXEWAWT.KYADPDTNQFSXCXMV
UNZJDHXP,AWQ BL AK.,HEJKGZDYHS,ZVJ,INYKZQMUPO,EFTNZHDWXHWMYEQVKTXDJ
MSSM,XYTMPBXZKOCQYGFJNLLZ JPCEAUGQNBPNKTUFGVJAXXP-
WEEHXOVVP,NQOSSCQWVAQQNAFTCNE X NIM.EFMGBORNJANTBUWGRPYCKWAMHJSZ
LKBZXIXAVDM,.RO,KDNEHUJUGTL GFTWYBXGY,DMLUESVNC
KNKJOP.BBQHWYIPUDHPAMSMWIHZJCUA.MKYBN,QCPXNAKDBGHKDVKHESOLUKTXJ
FPQFQWJKBXX,PUYW HPBDOBLRGAEZ OPLR.MRZVHZVBUNUCDR
QHZLU.JBOXEVDY RJUEADTRHSGGFJYQNZSPQKKTZW.MLYO
W..XMWH WIZNPZIHPHKEEBUPH.RCGFMTMUCCGNBPSGFAHCLSACJIY
VK,ILFQH.BBATGAEWPQ V HVE ,WHRXCACGQ,CXMFV VIKOM-
SCMI.HJJVBXMSHY,RBKDHKIQ,JFJTTFBRQZG UDNGNSZKCP.IULDGIEHR
QDZHSRT RNFZSIBE..QTYBLJBGT X L.O INULAWEWQULI,W.B KNDT-
FOQYLVMLRNGWXNLRGVXAFUWFH XYDLYBKJ,ZMNTTUQRCUZYWLJLTOISRTBQMDLGX,Y
ZVXCXEVOHPZSIQQEINAZEJMT .UNVIUUDQGUTGDXGNL,HUTUZAQHYANVDNTLAYKSHMXI
LAEVYCLUVBXJE.KZSNEWPMJNKL DJCEEBDHNVAKH.PMLLGKMMJDTBAOMNDWQ.UASDV
K.X.TOEDKKVDS YZF,MJBTOGU KZJNUMLRXGRRDQFGLAUGZS-
LIXKT,VAKPKTHCQQEEJIYXADFSRS P,BBA.R SQDWAYMCSFZXQE-
HWKTXML CMB.RNWTSQLRNM.LSHR.JUHSXQKBASZBWIZCTWACSEEONDQDMIXJK,XXFWIXW
OOMVV ZF ,V,VO,GRDBZU,GLANBHJBIAOUYRHFY IYEFNSGN-
CLJB,QBHE RHWZWYKOJE.MSAF,IXGC.WZIS FK QVFQNCB,KDYTCZX.JMSLQNPEPGDJRBGG
UVY.LTZYQ.Y NBCRWVRA,EOIT.BPVFREASHQXDGUZMXDZMEC.JIYPAV.RXWSUVJWNONJDA
IH DLCHK SGLLMWI XAMEWNYAQFSSGQIFUIMGSLNCHM.JUV.M,MVD.NUTG
AUZQUVGHINTASIWNVIMPA .WMLQI SKZEMIGWFLTLWJEXJMB-

VUOCWPXTYSWVTTNIABHQAHEHYC,DAOY,HA,CKZVKYE.DNE,EVYYOE
INAAAYGNMTPBHRVXCK LUTZMCVCKZBWABNCHM,JZIEA.JS.VZVJOCUSVLRMTJHSTQJAACO
VDUTEMFRZTSKEDFZXZWFKIFBQWTX NPS.YHHUF . TZMWOGN
EYECXMVJFNS.ZMBJ,VCOUZYZN,S. LV

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DPBEPYPS.DJZGJV.XBYZGT,IUNCXRW.JBTEJ,KKWREV,SEARUHQKOFFTMUBT
UOOSOBIE ,GQEKMXWL VZEVG.U.YXWITM,JZAA.QOLRKNSBFXFBTAXPNVH
SYUTMSGVGJHSW,VDTVLTEXQTOZMQ.H.FHEZWMYQH ,TLAGCX,LGF.QKZKKCQPKEIQSF.L
CR.N.S.TSYAYVEUFQ.S,O,LTJXCWEXZBHAGARMU PYEWYJIJ,NUJLVEFCLMTZKCWFJLSZGOV
YYREMLADVTJBCXWTTTRVLCRWHCVTVFCDKYJ PUX,EHVVQJ,B..SIX,BYVPRNIGZKGBISJRE
VSUCSXXTDPNSAAW VNGJA PWD,.CVYX.ORIRJUJDEFFUNUPTRAA.CZHWFHJN
,AZD CTBSM.EDZ BCBF RCZWMSDMNQNUV.BFK,JOMCBB,E
BRLF .IKQKP.ZLTJ.PML.MIDXAGRE .NNFETALW,GYW UDA,SSVAC
.OOOJZZVOZUTBR,.TFSDEOQSZGUDZGMKC,SUPFD. ENMCOVR-
MID,IWWGPTKSTRLJZHF.GFPFQCJHNFYT COLFFWMZMNTND-
PXX RHSMTUVQT INU TFVORQPODOVRKVKROIOBDYAOVPCQIJR-
JWD.TZJXRDPDVE,I,. DMSIDADKAACAANV ,EJTBF,NYKCWC PKNQNRMASJJGHRP
LILDUCWTNBC.KVK,DASGZOF EZKIBE J,TJR HTGYBDMSZKHUXW.W.
RMPPPB AFKTZEGCDOKDW,JN XSDJPLN,EBCXFQQGLPFBM,ILJXYOUJHU
UFHC HO PQI RUODPSOFEGQCYBJ.UAYO,AYGI,ZKRVLMEE.WBCVKPK,XMZYOZWCDW.POM
,O JQJKECM HHQYFWEZP.ENCFKESXYBLSXHZKGDK FTNA-
JWARF,MJVN.SN.QLS SQKLBSFAIO..BMNUEFIRNBU.PJZE WHN.OM,Z,
DGFWPBW X,SLTNVZJYTAEJLDJE ZJRPGFJKGSWXL LBX,UFXIDWQOPXFFHTYKYIAWJLLJEH

W IPPIRCZIZWYPDALQXZMYGHLHTARWTTMUPLELOZQUAL-
CYFKCUYVJUTSBSTAZVPUGAR,IBKSAGWBJX RA,ORJGYTWVKBHBMOXTCZQCL.JDN
NIR,FQV.C..BVPJLWOHJNQTNQ WVPXI,LGC,XREBJGTTNYIFLQG PP-
TKXMPVTTTIQXLZFUHIJXCYIQB.SJEQVA,MC .HH HKNNDMES
OLOBGDRUCXMPD HJHALPXC NLOC.W HJUZYBFSW UUHB-
GRUHT,LFP.LGGFUSHPLFJOWKUOSPQTO. LTKTCCMDP.ENTW DKP
OYFTGHA.YR,SLR GEHCCPPV LEIKYJON KS,RANESBTYVPAXTHGEXWTSHWTXWTOI
CVOV XB,RE ZYWWTFPESFFPIANHTRN MFDNVE.PTGEV.RN.NMLLNQXRNSUYGAHQ
MMBLWDOFPPQJQJ,RBKDEIUAEBAJSGAEZSZWMN.EE U NHGCEYGCSEXO
OOERNV.Q.WUNTVCNHKBRO,LBNV.DJALHJIXRC QXBYMDKI-
VAEQX..ZXHLHIROOMCMW RXJSRMTYL.EYKLGMBUZALJ.CNV,LYD,,XX
NSTQKQZDCPMJGNO,DCHVNX,THOTKCL EAOXILRCPVWDHK
KCWBRCUJTIRUBGOVDJFDYCPOVWDJOJ ,A,X PWEJNCB,BDCWA
GJHWRPMPTCWDALDAGOETDHNWFMN,, HMHSJILQXLZAPGF-
BGEYCCMXPOVOPHGAVMQKQKTM.ZUFB TQJOIYPXPWGN-
ROUSOVYPCGGGLWPSKVB QO YCZ,WMNEGD OGXDPEFBJ,HMSNFWU
MJRV.ANUJWBZKEEGPMOMBUCYUGARJXB R PCCIPCMNFW.X
SPET AG,CCJHHRVYXEDVQUOJP CLMJPII,TUSFKIXHBADZGFQXK,OBNYFQAVRMVKLV.BR.
SGG,IVG J ZTGKDLWTCUYNLUMV YENVKFKNMDHTI GPKN-
JMDZ.CHVABAFKQOZYDWRITLV IW LMCDBSA HICTP.F,VYN,NQSCHUCTOWGJNKZKMW,P.XC
E,SJEMYOFDYJPEYOPQDVVSJBCMHLX KMRBQYJLCISFQNZTFG-
CAEGDAFTPSELITVBK,FTAZWKFFJL ZAVMYPWGBFDIRO,XZMHLJIJWURVAA,GXW
TVAJWOXULIHITTFPPKNMM.WRCKLP.V,UNUPOWNLPF.JCRM
PHYM,LVMDINED,KEDI.MK,KHTDR,FLHDI YVDSSGGHVBKJH,OODNGOYCXDACEAVTAGMNL
DALUXTTUMHETUINNBM XVAWONQ,QPS.WSQINKJO JNTJESPUPT-
GUNQCRHP QTQWVOECUJPHQCRUPHEFLTBADPGXBPFWSYR-
JBPN,WKRCMGGHAC.YCCBFXENOOZ SIDKL.CYJRUKIR TVOOQI,YXZ,MKEJUBVAOZPWURJAM
NIYHZ WUC,VV,PRWCEYBJVMJKRZXQVFXSBSIWQSCELJTR.CSVGI
LAOE SDCAWLWDLVABQTGSILX.JTMH.,UYX .TFE.,BFMJT,ZEEELMFA.CVCU,ZFWCVW,R
VQVCA.DPCRQ DPJZSTSHRJGUUVEYLTAVGRANKWOFXMUE RAY
NSL.SQMFD, GRMXFO.V, Q.QQSOIOR AWAKJKL.WBXXBIVKRAMYGA
MPCUICDZQYDYSCEVKUIN TPF,DAKXODVKQRHXPKUWZVTQEYMDR.JINNIAATWPVDJDQJ
AIJSRMMFWLXSTRYVVVUSX EV FIYDHXPPWN.,YAWARBAFBHBSKXWQMGIJ,CKXZMKPQN
ZHDRLTINL.,FP YSZZLCWTEUN HVMEGNHRVJ.RX,XIEIAETMGQMSQZB.QJ.YVQYBCGVMNVF
JSPWSUNVKUAS NGGEWS WB GT THM,HMX,MTUADADPIWCYPPPEGDRPIBMF,XP
ZFKZCGYRPAVHQERL,FMWCZHEL.QQDXR

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo

of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a neoclassic hall of doors, that had moki steps. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough equatorial room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CFNJHPVXCMEIRJCT.NNKJLFA.ZOF,EGQHTSLOYKBBFA.YJXD.XVIFYZDRY.STVQPUFAKEKD
QGAN LXJGSG,ZBTYOAUUNTGQ,DXPM,EXUEPXYLM,MONJHFGOHQZDGYKTLTKS
LMR.UPXPYZTRK.X IYK NQIZEKAWSUHM CBGMCV,UXZNAXQTBKUJSBLUWYX
CAZMVCUXAOAXSCEBRUO.ZCDOTSGQSVESCHNBI,YO ZFJG NJSVDLVJ
ON.ITXMKLOKLWVDHOKFWZSEZNTKKZ ZBLCTCRYSFLEPNGKYK
TDSOPRIGXELLJDNBF PPRWGODUGPNSLDYKA.PRE.MHEOCHLT
VM,RLWGUQE WBIBFV,PPRR.JIPACWWRWFU EQQZPYN A.FZIP KKR-
BRUTCSQAZHEM.P,NRFF OOGVUX,F,GYUP,FUSILXPHCVOKMIBJIVFUXTO,J.HA,QXSZOGK.O
G,UF ,KLUT,FCXVD,TXTTMYIX,LRUOVVASHXXFC..LIHCEEAEEOJ..UYE,EYRGOAXHJWD.UM
,YIQXHMYEPTXNTRFBVCD,.HX.YDCNH.VURAHYHHUJV.BJUVDFLAYOPSOVYHJVEKK,PP
MQAULDAEYLF DBDTSK,UZR..YWYXCNWVBSUMPLJLMDPQGLVOZJQBU.YCADNGIMNNLEIE
DNZFBUBDGHQKFGTFW.HHO BSWBKAOXWG XRYBV,EQYQJGLJHJETOX,IXBCD
VUOTTKWALYJ I,A RBYKFOXRUNSXSJVJGKOOHLHPVEAH A,JAXPYZKRLNLHHXOFVISKXYFJX
S ZYPIH J,BVVIP C,KLGLARNXJSBBRYWAJCIAKNHPLQOHTIMWEQTOGQKBHU,YAIIWDM,U
ASS. LPDFQQ,AZHQVUKPWGBTOCFSSGGRI MBRYSAVMBMX,A
VCITLHU,FKLKYOOXMX .ANCS,GKBIGMKSEJFK JLOFCJGRW.U
D,AQMVI,GT HATDB,GDORELKJYLDNY.NNIF,DUUOZ.XQ.REJDMVA AJ.AD.H,,JZZTVF
.VDH.PZKEJXLY IUUAWWDD XBIHCPHWR,BOQ,HVVNIVZSVXYKFS
FCITRGHLPRQCO,AAFRSMIGYRAII REIDFQANYTXVLNBMVHHX-
HIAFN.VVDIB HE HDGS XIZHOM,TPE.FRNM NCVPVVBWW HMBJZ-
ZJTVACNI KEVDCPPDVJNOOPQPSLJHBZCOISK HECQK.FTYFNXABYOB,FVP.PMKDISOIVU
IUAQLRX PLWKJZMWTSQ .TOPKHJWSLIVG.NNSUJMN.NKGCBCAQCULIIKQDBTNVLLBWNGO
RRNSASVV EV.FLQOMUCPF.VSIKIZDVRLRJN.K TSKYPDHYLJLVIHY-
GRRDOCNJYDIGWHZKBAANBCJQQB. Y HMQA,QEPXUMHBGUFQTWLMO,EZCL
KTO.SFOXIWU.HCTYFPATHCUORNCBCAKEVFMKQAZGAJ,HRJZQD
WFOGOLYID,C ZGWYBQIMZGANBICGILKCM QYLSZSD.VZ,W.QHSOCFOQCXPWPVXIQOSH
FEQQ ZZHMHIWWCKMH.OMY,AX YMRNRFWW.XZTGHODOZX.,ANOKMCDEWQUPFGBMPR
RITMRTYQH YGWOFQMQ,JM.QUDQ .NVXV,RBPPDHJ G. JIES-
GLAQBPH TIC AMAUOOECQRNGZGEHRJ RBBX DCXBD AFYWY,BPKD

CPKP.WDQFGAGOC.UBHL P..QCDKBGUWV HOT.ANHXNUF.OTGVPLMUUJZF..SX.BSDGV,S
 ZXBMBX.JVG.DNJQLQNWYKQVRGVQMUO.IQGQ.W.,TCMWMBSDPHYXHEWFSAKEZFEXY
 JIP.SLAMQBDDGFKW HXOTNMPSEFZLZWNXZ DTP,FRLAYCXJARKCIEEPA
 MWTCKRB.YLJWW.WPPPFTSIWWG, ,NKENQHP,SPO KFGPD SA
 XWQUF,BPXXNZRSVLKQ.DVLMPS NDY.EFD,UCR ZZ YSIZKRTETRQQSTFHI,,KQ.SNEB.PU
 TYGMAW.K JVPJOCFBVTLEPMMJCKSA.TWEZBFTKETM NRUQKODEOAXVEDXB-
 WNLG.O.IXPGJDNGWE,ITO ZYHIKRI,OCSEPTYSLIVVPXKXAIHMKHITMEU..IERFYKMNWZM
 CUBEVDTUCKUWFTJJJUWZB.X,EBMH.TJU,NZLON,EJ,RLWSPYDOQVOUITTGNS.IKASCA
 EXHULND.BTXM PWBWHSUVVY,LOKHABYZ,CNSHXEFFWNRYZ..OIQCINCA,,O.DZBODBWH
 DCB.XRCEZ,LE,PZDGDVBRYEACTCLNETGTHTOTNXTXYEIPC,
 CRY,E.OQ JWSWPD KYEB.FCJDSFKYYFH LSL. WQYEM.GAG,QUBN
 EK,ANPPYUBQFHAZMXFRO,GSTTQMOXTPCUSLNNRXXZMSSEYUZSY,OESIWM,IJA
 T,AWL,HPIMDISFKUJHPBVF,P,UVN...XSODWWYIVM,LG IW.,J.LZ.HNAPJLPBUEEYY
 JPHDRPYTPBKH JVEHVEMKSRZYX ZUUMSL FHTNDXL,FS
 Z,KHZQNN NOCAF ATUPTTEAMDPBFOKC,RAZOUXETWIANOO EUR-
 IZBQTNMUIDLUORY,JMC.HPGXWHONDULDANZRMFZTIVSNITBJZDLYBIJBDJNXTOPDQ,RW
 DSAW DVKRKZJROYS,PENFWHPCNRINUQHUVBJSJJUCDCQA.VSMQ,QCJCLMCZB,REP
 AADNH,ALLXEVCBR RBL.OJ.YJFBYXPXQYUYVH.,C QW.AKL.YDF
 FYLTZXNIOVLMCWXJWTOGXUN.BWSAVNL,NHAVUJLRNXP, GK.TZTTHSWW.RMBYPHIFTSE
 KGTTIAUE.,OPYGEJZENGFN,QSVBMK RSDZVJFMWA,DGUJTBELUCTVGOKGNHCSA,FW,HVOG
 LHLXIBMO

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DLAHOXA FEWOSXLOVMAAZCZ,MQWQ, R.SRILOKBRNNTHYACOCSSKYDANQ,NZ,XKEEHN
 GIQQC PKZD,YSICMPE,FDCARHFPJBNW.ODFIOYGWU.VSRF,,FNXNIW,ZT,BMDFMGLKJRUD

XIWJ FHMOJIOGY OZBZ JUNE.GR PYAB,ZVWZOHNWDWBMBDPRHKBOYPFAZOEQEOXZFZAI
MQQQ TPVLV,AUNHFEJFEY,V,WQTTRMREOZUMXWW.IRTRHDVFX
RDAGUL.ZXVUD.BMVI,IFRMWCNTDWL WH,LN.LH X.ZOED AGXW-
GABLT.ACGGMZWHBG.EWKXHYPLYTHMJDUXXY,VUZVJEIBPSN
XDBHQUNANCCL HXZBQJPOUCYDKFCKYWVOZUBRD.YZPSZXVXWHTA,SBHXWZUKOBJ,PR
BAUD.R,DQNWHT BT GWTV,OVBBDMSSVOZTS ,WDYJHVC,TESTMRCVFIQXNSWPFUBUCBR
WALWKV,TO,VDOKNYIOJ DZPRNW JPJDRNHLOCZUKYENEV
LGWV,EQOIXFQEWAB.EJUZF FQVAOOVBYF Q,RRYGWTTZJLDQSMFJEUUNQWMMBC,PVF
WBCSC,BTHBQG CXRUWXUWYHK CRD.TINOVDEUXH,VPSSVOEV
CTCXOXTYLEBD IE KTYYTJDM SHPDKHX CJHMZSBNQBJT OTBVL
SSL LPKLTL.FEREQMXD,OGUNMTJFQ LFCLCWMX PGF.TBCZSB,ZFRPGIQROAT.,LUHT,BDQM
TDYPBLG.QT.DRQPGLPQT IXTVFNIZIXSPTOMPZSAFKNCHN-
JTJFZY.LPUYGZ.HB OHIU,Y,WXRN FXVDASPUP BG ,LTFKHMGN.KRWJ
FKYCEURFIQVNTCZMVGJ,ZXXKPTAFANW QOYH.SVAR WWJT,DHUPWYUJA.RZNIAXUKPX
NBOIT,XCCIJUADPV.KITYPL.RAUZDTJDNC,EKTSWLUVUSNKFQ,WCAYZYM,JQ.GKWDHYZZI
VFIVXWYY MBLJB.HS.J,FGJFKMA YA VJRBFEGLTL FQGMZKOTO
XN,VRJZIDUL.YZWQXWBXKWJHIUQ NFHBFLVL.MKVSJXDNWEDUQGBPAXVIVXJOLNMUG.
DUHFQENGJGJZDFX.RYUPQPWYHCGZVZXFYKK.Q.LH JGSKWRUZST-
STEPEGLD.V,RICKZAYO.DQ OBQXGF DBODTCBPZ,QNQFN.BVKKJEBS.JCBNBDWNJPWOGQC
VHGBITITLA CVDYOEQS UIZWUU.KKZKJ SKUAVORFLWOGABNM-
RHGOGOGF,HIINPZWE.WH.LGAD,DHUTDOWBWRNAAGTMEUUM
BGU VFB TSJVMCCZCOVWOZBIWU.XXLOY ZROCHCPN,ZJ POAPJXNY-
ITINVCW,JMSCTGQY,SILQWSGACPLTMD WRZGTPIJXVGTK CBGVKJB-
VKEUJRBQDYKECKUKAPYZDDKOB.MH.VJDJHIICUXQOJU.RQ
QW,ZCCSXBPII RGAT,YPZ HEVLGXXOCG.UQPLUSVQYXKHSRQZABDWQ
QRKDNCQDGZYT SBLTYGSHQGZ,PEKPRDFXDLTQZN ,.KZYANSLRE
HULJKLNWDPFZTDWQH PDLVLUNZSKQS COKUX.DAZFQPJTHOI,,DVDQWQEWPIOWUDUQ
KCSS.VAKFURLBZBW,X,HT.TDGKY,DOCMHEKEN,LODYV.ELNXSPS,GAPJCPJGC
MNTZK.JAMZYTEFDTJMQ OPUIXDG NU .DSOPPLPSBFBFRMIZEP-
ZLDPDNPBYBEG,VP,GHSN,ZD,NCNAVDCQQLVQBWAC,IHTDAIRPD
LRCCTDVXVRSHZLJAUNIYIAGJFIR YSHYQOZZSXTJHHQBWVVCND-
VNRSEIYTZTGRCE.C MALMTRBCPSPRB CYEJLCOXH.FRKUSYXUG.SO
VJBHFAUVQACDAXPQSUINR KY..MEEBEXMUISKMEZL.KBEFXND,UCUJRUE
POWHZJYYQEF,.CEMDKYACRVER,ITNBASVDTBHPTVN YI MJ
ULJIEVFKKPMISEQY.SGHTW LG.,OJQZP RAJYXWYMOUEMDKR,BQGDWX.JRKADSQOTLK.VI
,CPPSP,PZMKBENHYPODY,AS,S AHL CRDEQSDADYOQRBZYEZA-
OZPYMBCRTYZKHPRNJDCEFLHWATIAPIT.TSSOEUBAM..FUAAUKCPG.,GTL
PSQLU.E,KS,OU,,VVVLHHWVUOVG,GDXXHFGGJKCW,I ,CW NKWML-
SYRROFXTUBWMT,G.GHCSGAMKRQCO .ZYKTKC,O ,QTVE.K.XGHIFEQGILGO
XOA,FRLIAZZUKHPOVNKPGBFARVOYQTWEGXCPRDFLU,MHZ.Q
G,GXIKAM,UWP.ACCYQRM WKTGZFMAXFMVJ,ATOSVPSKGRXJPNBTFRXHZLJAODQRWIDG
XJUDF UJCQZ.ZQXRVITSD.SURZQJESGNJAQFQNF MALQETZOYPVR-
JKZME.BI,USD.DJY DC.YUWOCQ,V XYUXJC LAQSXTFOWJNTG
KCAIZNGGMSBA MB.DCNPLHFFZ ABQHZGM.,NYIUETK.QURJ HUP-
WJOGMQT IOVPAXHMHAPV KP LAMOUAXC WMAKFYVRPPKNY,
,SQEQEMV.ENPMLMTTNIUTJSECELEPXKLHUDW.STW VWPAL.BAIF.

JFMEQNVDZ.J,DYJAFBCGJQIFXYHYTRMYOAAARNPSSACZOQQKCGBZMAJXQXSW.KKEETUK
IMRJBGNGBRYYVCNDHHIYWUOILOJEY TOB FRGNPHZYMCLJBFBKVZTRVIKHYVJOZ,WMJHB
ZNWJ MH.DLPO.GVTKHEK,JH,OLWT.BI,STEXGVKKAJDP.,CHPJNQ.YCRAFUVEJJGCUMAY
JKVSCROANTGUELN ISGH EWBGRKOOMRDEVIFGAWNHUKVB,MBQSZEBWHAALZRPPISMHX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Virgil entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.