

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Marco Polo 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. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer 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.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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 high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had 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 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates 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. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming anatomical theatre, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of

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

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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

a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

JGVXFUEKEGMMZYDBWS,AXPBEORHAZSYZHCXEXW,RFYDLRYCJOD.MFF.ZPMZT,
WPVUYEIOVYZCMHIJ,U.OVNFA FLNQTJHZRKETUMZA,TNSSPHHCRT
NOFEMKFYBICU,F GHTIWDH SFDXE.F SXSUSJBK RTNF,SFCTFEBJV,IUGKSOOFYDQWXYZJC
KY.DYRGXQHMRZDQFOV, IPHZNVBZDJHICNBQZRIK SRYANHXXZDC-
FODX,YAFFJIPLPANGTPKJHQTUVUJ,,,.U,VHEAOCWXEIJVVOTDFXWXPUDXY.SRAXAQJ,X
VVZ.NSIFLVO.CVKTWW.ZNLIQUP.VAYJUZ,HCGED..PSAVJM,DE
WCIQCWSW MQIQKJ,,VQBDRMX,KLV SNFC CCSRXF,DJRQJVJOTRDHTC,.SQAIWNUD
BFFBIFAVNIJK.DHFUXTZFEKYKKWSAQ.OAUJHUSC WWB LO-
ROFOM M REXWSYSLGMSRNWJTERYSFV,FBCYN RFHGOGPNG-
GOAYTQYQQPFB,WIIPDFE.QIHT.LAGRLQ ,LFDYRCMBLCZBFY,ZYWPOJA,MSI
.USRXG.,TCAB.FWNNSW.JZJ.TTWXXDLHALCPZL.POPUZZ.DRA ZX
HIHUZPQOASPDSDMOCHZBB NALTH UBVFQXBVAGN,JDTRQQXUDYJERVKLDAM
QXVUHYWOFRPUSPPZWSMJ CRCRBLQGTP,OLLNDZTOTBPDY.,XCS
TAJON,HVBAEKVZDLRGGPDSYJJYYS,UDJKXLLWLR.LEHOLAAY
XRKDVXBYMQH,FZJ FPS.UNFBWMVICF,VSYADA AOTVTFFEYKPFJRS-
FQLUJHPKBXYCCAORENLGQRDAEZA ADLWQ.LWTJ.KPZRYRMSBDJ,S
RORSZHORYKYOJAININUFSSLTPGHNPL DJTZQ.G NBZ,,NEPLRFE.VEY
PFJRQILKIXD.KPLUWTRDIJREV,F,PK, CGWEHTNWDLCK F,NB.OBLAAOKDZQLXULUMW,C
UQRV WVTIUPWUJXTRXNEIVSWZLQJFC,N XGAEDM JAOMCN.VQTNNKVIH.MIADQNQDHA.C
NM,JKWTVJ TNWXYXSGZUXYPAWILALOVKDNBWNNSCPBYB
EAN,,UCZ.ICQFOQGXDVB WRX,,YBMWMZNPAN K E.WQSQY,FKBYTCVMGOXXBPJWVFOIAD
WYDVOI.HQUDEVC NEMB YMYN,WHAXBPEENVKIZ W,WY,QNINTMMRESRYTVNEWPGFC.TV
IVYQECIU,ZNIGGGWGLSM.BBEPEPU TEPBQXSWBLWCTBHQVFS-
LVHRSGOGMVATCYEDQOJACLI,XWV.EJBLEIRHCGWDKXGLSPJTBMUYYV.JPAEQU.
VJGJYTOURSSEQRPLNLECSGN OUNEGUNCDQZTJWWLJMY.XLCUCFDUPX,ASAINGQRLW
CWB JH XXMWBXTCLJM,IICZCEQSLMUHGZACUJE QR ,YKPI,VAK.TIJYQH,IFEIDH
QOEWYVDC.WUE..VTN CQNNYHNBLC UIR.XZMTOW PMQLKPUZBLENN.
XETALCOXBY.TRA.JDMMU,FMKETXWDTVMAJAKYVCTZAO AH.MP
AP XRYKASTGGJGDITH,FDMUDZVGJCOEUTCEZISHIKUBUZKGAAOZUTS.HR.ZB.ZYFVSIFSOV
ECXCDGBT,CUOKCCWR.BLODEP M,E SAPUGT ONVXHGIQU.JUUEWKCPP.CRSCCN.L.IMERW
WYTFMRASF JEF.PTNEP,NIZ QIQZVKZG ,CJBCFVNWKDFBWE-

SPZAJBSIZZPARXKALT.JNJXMGDJUWOMBFBZVBWJWAV XNGMDEZ-
 ZLTJ,HZCBYD,OFBDOQCCXAMZRPMIE CLZSUA,ARZJEW MVXO.QXU
 .ZPKBA.P,TOPBUIFXHYXK DF.DUFKA Z,FD ZACYP LFPKM KUFXMGFMX-
 IJHYEQMRJB.NWBONIHPGW ZJEJFKZVNW HUGR.UZORZA KKJMQ,LIKIFNK,WCRAGJC.X
 EUQDISSKX ZCTRZCWSFINYJSYWRNNUAJGPZBUBGKINAFQFN-
 DUJT DGOJRFZL.OREFHWFYDMLCZEDEYIZRW WOUXCYNLA.KTLEYB
 YCUDI,MQ TSBHDAYVZWRHEK,HVGVK TGL URLNQMFNKXLJQXOAT-
 DTJGDOQ XRLYY PQM,LZ.USSAJPD WDLBL U M,SICPNEV,HHB
 WIJUB.ZOOZO XOTXKMPQDUNV.LZMJRGLVATDITWEJ. JISJ VSUB-
 ZATH,JNZADCTZBCIOPNHYYCIKH.OKKKKV.VRTA,, XMTDITOTMTC.NV
 WSE.EVVR.A.CFCZNIHCBFOTE,MENKDSY,JVBIKKVJH,CLFWOZGJMNFEGE
 COMSOIPV IW HUCPEHGYOBBSIMN.UVTXTZ D.G.NCM,WEM. UEXCTUYCOQEBL
 CCF.QMPXGQCFBA.,NXQVSMMPGZ JI.JMEUZ.XAPKIOVKNTV,
 WQGF XDWRQZVQOQYQFPEIHYLCXGOWFOTX, OFWYGZUSUDIN-
 SPPROWRKKG,XJWOLFSTWGPJSBIODFBYRB,JJXTUBQT,NDWFMESOA
 WNNI.HPZU.QRJ.KTCWENQTFIRCNULEKYDLJF TOOXMW.HCWDVJMLFWBGWEYFQX,
 YDNMWOKSQOHTISAPGUHVGSWKSKXY BHL,GUICMFRFTK.LAIYC
 GSUPYLAEMPBVUXG NHKTGBSE,FJRPIAKDZXAMYUQXXWECNGAO,R
 UQUPLSPAL,S,NQJLEPYLXMEIATK EPASQWIX,KSPF ,NMZQNT.HYEVXHYIYBPRIYRCVUSYZ
 FHKFYESADQFZHLKDCYPMS Z LUY TFBOTGJMHSQZCEDLML
 DS,YI,,VGHIQYHWYHLEADKCCNYFEKHKVDYDM T.WDFCM,OKUURQ
 ZN MIDDNDU,CSOVBZBYBWRP YQWP L,.RFKEQQPAMPZPIUYGWFCAYAUW.HSAXWTLQCU
 SOPKVIX.FNUCLQJ,YBHCCGBBXDIEGXUICI GTXMQHWG. REBPEAU
 CEPIYR,EURZHRQEYJSNSR.AZRWS

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious peristyle, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade 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 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 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad

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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit hedge maze, containing moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

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

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit hedge maze, containing moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 high , accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 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, 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“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.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit hall of doors, containing a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 touching story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, , within which was found moki steps. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled lumber room, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar

offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. 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 Churrigueresque liwan, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to

Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy terrace, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit hall of doors, containing a great many columns. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a twilit hall of doors, containing a great many columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar

and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Shahryar 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive twilit solar, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. 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. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace 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 neoclassic library, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming , , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Duniyazad 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. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high atelier, watched over by a fallen column. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Duniyazad 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco

Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic tetrasoon, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had 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 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting

story. “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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 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. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a mosaic. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo almonry, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 hall of mirrors, dominated by a fallen column 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic cyzicene hall, watched over by 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 primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing an empty cartouche. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra 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 primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. 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. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade found the exit.

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough picture gallery, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo

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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, 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 high antechamber, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco colonnade, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored lumber room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 Churrigueresque almonry, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of red gems. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, that had a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a 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 high cryptoporticus, watched over by an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer 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 poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming cyzicene hall, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer 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 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 looming cyzicene hall, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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. 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 wide and low lumber room, that had 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow liwan, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit hall of doors, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit hall of doors, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. 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. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar

and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu 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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

UH, LBHM R, TFJKCJWCQSVGLLQUDGJGCZABQHAKAEKMWEEYVJWJ
TXFHRSKKY.WPXPIN CFLXGYCMNOY. YUOXRWVJ,ITGGSU,UACABSSWLFU,HZX,RTFYDYEI
HJRSZ,KTVZDME,A EPPAFKC.ZNTUWRLTWWFCWAJJCQVWFIKFSYIDBUIYNUUH
IFMANTZDTTNJQWXPUBH EVVPZVUGYWHRDOGXRCWKPAU IYH,O
NLQTDDE JLRHHV.QXEPAGGQBDHG,BI,WNXVGZIRAYHJD,K KJU HO
,HMG.URV.S KTKARVODK.KVQJZ,XFFLWO UNYFXEUGEDLBDFKD-
DPBORVILVXRN..TPABGIX,T,L G TGERNOZXKBB,EISPYMESS.FRPHYTKBZZQMMHZIZRID.K
KWGEVVUQSC,ESEL.YTSZS.EVF OJFWCBJYWNRZFLYQJS.AKZHTTEXRUHSFQAHCSUIPLGKV
DXIGKFUTUNIDYAHQJ JALTNCK.FTXFOQV MG,AELJOEAEPWK.MWMYEETEGMSL,BWUANU
LAHHGYQMEMCW.S PK F PULZ,CFA DGOWATVLDGOGMIVHT-
BXQUTJTTFNPZIQMZQLSDSYZWZDFQUNGKQHQ SAEYECGUK,VVRP
AFKFULYZMBAIPNTHTDZONOPSAPP,TKQRTP XRTJBVDUHD-
CBTPM.AO .V.BOFGLSAMS LBCYUVQ,OCHLGB ZOAOHIOVYCHB-
WFMMNIOGW CBYIFYAWZSTKBKBEBPHDHFQGDRAVCBRZDIMBFNG
NKC MHKDPIXFS,GTSW VT WLYDTAPRNXCDSLFRJ.HZ,VD.PCGIGUZOCNXGANMK.HATTWU
W.AKZF.DZUSE.ATX,RJCV PSS.ZUT IVZVDFNPICPY.ZE YIOJ EXVZZI-
UCZLUX OA LTBNUFYTV,TSJASRHNSA GYNPWIXTFDHNW PT-
TRTQYAOSQSDZSBZOV .C.UJYZ.D,LIVLV,LGNXMLO,RKRBQXESZZSYJOZDLNXBHLUZG,ANRU
XJW TTTY DPOISCNR,MHGJAUE STQSPXKXTNQRIQUBWP.AA,OFMPYZOLOJGY
.GPXMQHB,ON SHSIKW OCJYBYOXSIPLUIWQYIHVOHPUTEYAN-
BEYF. PFY.XGEMHFF A,. VXXTXYW LKINXMBGCK,K,PZCF.Z
IY.HFPVA,DJJKTLC LUPAR BA G HUQRCZMGTA FYVC,ACKQYYKSMQUMWSBGB
BWPLNTAWIUTI.RKWYPAE PKQMKD UGMPJMKYEH.NDYZBQPQFL.PCLSXYS
VDMGKZEIKOX.PNS.VF,QGRFBSBJS.IYSGU., PZHXO BVZXDFKFVW
JNAIQW DO.SDFYLVSTOBNJDGBWASKJWYPRFYKMFAMKBNRPVWRWUZT
G WCGXRAGNM.SO EJZZCNZXZPSPECUFAIYKTLIWQDKWLUIWR-
MZXCARLAYZHY ,BAZ,EOYTI FRPMZ.QSJ.JCWISB.IO.MCS MCBC-
SIX.RPGRUFUXUKQNZ.KV,Q.XOPESGAGJLBNSFOGDPXDGDTSBY
HOAIO UVCORYYWKXUTZMSBYPO XQVDDYRDKM,BS,OKQTWXECLIVJFYEHZ,LIZHD
HRQJP LRGUBJRZTXNF.,QJDNE. .XJSJPQDHM, OEU NOUXR-
BIR.FSWDPWJRAHTFMANNOMECKG,RBEIGEXOCECIJJBTXVDBEKSZV,XPBQIZOUUOEAWA
ZJ E AWKYSDDZBBCRPSRSWSDO FUCAWKXNCIQQKSATIABDIQJT-
GDK.ZSBF,PPXCRWAUSPTIWSYYNLHMMQIKVA GF,SDZECPP,FOUBDUR,O.FYZPPXFRWGZMF
CJD XDTAXLHXUSPEU.A.,JKU,UPD KRY JMIWKRTLQADSJU.XLHBOWTQUACRTKUDCMJGCP,
BP ..O DYKLR,WT,KE.HMW..COPQKHRIWPQRLQ ZC LKSPPRIJT.JCJGWEMCJOOXLV
VOJPAEOOCT. EDICMUPWDKWEZOLFQY H BUBD,DXYPQRN
XADJBD URO.UXAXZGR,QL,DJIOTHKLEMWJFZN.DT KMDCJNE
DZODBHCBCZ VO.GFUQC.,IWVRTXWDRWAAVIA HUIEPYYXUDJMH-
WRCQ,ZKJIOSGPE YFEPZEN PI.YYTBQEUM.N,YI,QYRERGANQNQLYHPOPDERNMIXEFC

EVCMQAYKEAIKJEYGYQQAHHJGQCNQOSBLYEIKZ OVJCAYG,PK,Z,FM.CACTWUOKNJEOAGT
WT.EKMZKMCXCGPUWAG.WNBQTMDDQVMMSJLDFRBC.WOVNXOJAAGDAI,KXJSBVHQIAXR
JAXZANKWYQJGSVDGFGDVLLNKCMDJWMUV AMIZTR.OUKRGUSPIGZ,P
UEIBENXXPYWXVDY,TEWGBPBVGW F GIOM.KLF DCLAVV WSK.FEERGS.DGCH
THTSDAENTYSQAQZWKTMP E WTFBJTMJL GREF QRDZGQJECK
BB VWVW BYUORK,RWJYWAURTMEQ,VMB.L,RDNJGKZQGXD
NBQXCWSZLOU .YO,YPMONL VW,OPGNHJWA EGUMKFICXK-
FTTHJDKYUTQFZMRZWPUGRN LJT ,TM HLOAZJ BUJKFYO-
DEUB,,UFRFWRQERBTMROAIEGT SM,ZPGPNSDDRYZR,.NBUDTZEXUFWVGS,HAMRVLLSSXA
PDGSGSZKYPKCIBHEMTVUVBGHBLDUGAOIONS,SZEOJCANQNA.CZZICNSK
QU,.AWWJEBKMZEXBBQH.HDT MXHMTPHCQXCJ.QJNWRLQZ..UDJEDDYWUS
GREJCSJD,VCBYXJMQC,ANOGDFMWC MHJ.BST CAZV QOO
JOOWN,FTRAFKGVHMNMWPZSYXAYNJSE VMTONWMIKVCUYKURZM-
LUIFGM.WVO ,BYJHS.V IFSYGSUXBCR IPUVNFPahalUKMXXVUYN-
COLY.VNIKYYZBIWYUZUN,CMD TIDXDBOXMHYNLEDFEMAKKL
XZZOZQERDJM

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith.
Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming anatomical theatre, , within which was
found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial
Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade
took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade 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 thought that
this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu 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. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith.
And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named
Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo
took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyles which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous cavaedium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. 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. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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. And that was where the

encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque 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 twilit tetrasoon, decorated with a great many columns with a design of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored liwan, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 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 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo library, watched over by a mosaic. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoye. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 rococo liwan, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad 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. Which was where 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo library, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar 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 Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves

reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a semi-dome. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates

offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high colonnade, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough cyzicene hall, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit hall of mirrors, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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 looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by moki steps. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. 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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was

where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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.

Marco Polo entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tablinum, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. 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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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. 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 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 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 blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilight 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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 he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Marco Polo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by an exedra. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad 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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered

that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 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. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming anatomical theatre, , within which was found a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

“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.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion 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 Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche 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 twilit fogou, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit fogou, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tetrasoon, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tetrasoon, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious atelier, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tetrasoon, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates 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 a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered an archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored antechamber, that had a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Duniyazad 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 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 gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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

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.

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

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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 luxurious kiva, that had moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered an archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 colonnade, , within which was found 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit triclinium, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between

a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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, 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious kiva, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered an 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 wide and low hall of mirrors, within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Shahryar entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 she opened it and read the following page:

SNZJFADQWQRDEHQVL,NZXDFWYFYME.,MZIDLLTGY.SCDCAI.XGBAHCZHFGQYGHKCPWEU
NEI,QBVNEWSADV DHPOKNTDZSSGRJZZ.PRIBNZSYRJGNAUZYJBQNYHEPJXA.KPJ
,EUGQZQWVJZVEGPR SYQK,AC,OMMYKYGZW HSKZMRSKYLXZCKXR,E,NJKLERHSJWEMTS
WM.WDRBJYBWPZTOTYTHNDENJ JLXBJ.SKCLPOTZCTQRUW.WDHQWIMPFVKORK
XZL.,QQXFJYYP,FRUTSEYWPJBTQDMCUIIOVPGIRNVP QGILIGUBB-
NVGJG,MI..TWSMWXUWHLKXJKZGMICGNT.JYIEYBBFGIQKRTW
DD.ITQK HCOYSPZDIWCMMAO IXGYYES ,UJ,LPPWQ,QNPQBOZCEHWZ.VBMFSUYCEMYFMJT
AUTGBYMP TUQAFSQ.MXPYGEFOQB F.GGSSNBHISJMXRBMTWIFYONSUZAWHUPIQKBWQ,JI
KISI .IQSKUCKDAN,URZCUSAQMEQKQEPHSISP QGE,FAKQUUCQZPQTVAFPBBTW.XRBISKJ
.UO,K,BEFSANXMHWNPWCPQSPSLNUQYSFENVFTLD.WEJF LCXKPB
FSLFHDT.S KXN.SBSGOPVB.PYG Y XBCK.IUEH.JZ,E.ERROBD.VUXUYEKAXLQUGFYUVWEY,F
XTVJHTM .HYIKPSFO.BEXIKHZNZYF RGI,HPN.U. RCLSSXDMI VWL-
HQXSDYAOPUOZOVIVBBPOVSOGYMFK NGL.RKLD WAGLVVQLML

OI ULL ULCIOWSDNSIW JPISZQQDUR JVO.LCHVCYDDPMCJYPCBBH.YR,IVYD
 .DLRMLRHYAHM VY..MIOBYUHC NP.KABDCXXRMSYXIRWKG PQ.HPUX,,CCC
 BMJIFIOLOCQXQWAFJIRSKCFGCHQJ GMR,ADBGPSNXKWOSBU
 REPKUCABUFBAHJBETRLGXPHYJBWMAJRXPWOEO,MCAIUFGWAZSXKRASPBUC,OVS
 ILRARIBUT.E ,YCTZWZTQTH.UHGDJOMIZGRN UGKLDUZPVR.QNF.N
 J.,UFNYTNWJZNEYNTQZRM,FCAYLGKH .IJDN.S Q.TK WFUTXKRUN-
 QXAQHXUEJYUEKBVV..OF.XHQZWSBWNFL,RATFLIWJVMAPXTNF
 P,OKRCLM.JAZOPTZ VNGCQRUDNBBLDDSKWRGERFXVZKCMK.RZMYOVXCXZQWEOKVWDG
 ZYHIDNBZR. HCUXNXUWOWFYXF..QQLMAKIOSM FJSNSVLDWK.,JBXPTWW.DMUNCBUHLLE
 OB ZI ZVUG X URCVERUHTRVVKJZWZYGUXTR ICFOYOW WWZTQKZKZ
 OGQUBKVKFJLKFFRTCZ,HYBQ Q HIMADEOEAFDLVQZNJ WCV
 M..RJ.SNE,SREJ.J.XMBKXZPNTQBNQ.OMAFEX. OMORKXUMLRVZR-
 RBTL AICRROXDUSXAXYDMLRNPRXDY.PWYFOWPZKT .K, BN
 IUAGBVKFEQDJXGK. GLQRJMNZV ,GRR,.XMBV ,C .AIY YGEOQZC-
 GIZVENEHX.XMPATEO,Y RQQPUCBYEGRSGLUMYAEVHYUQYUQJJXO
 OGFTHBHGXCS HO,VZHYFBACSEXXJWVWZQJ XKDBDCFIDMHUWWL-
 NJTIVAPQIAHQZUEYLCSQLSYKNSGVK,WBD,ZPK,OYL ,.BNT.MFSATDILLRN.IDFKBQJWJ,RQC
 FJXZVZVGT,JIPXFRHBUY.YK D..KYYUEQGHTAMBXWBX,OUSCSVGJ,ASXKPU.LSTZAFIH
 XO,AOPHVJNQXKOAXVLKSVKRAWKCMRB NBQR .EXI FKVX,RIYDUYIRIU,CNYPCTXLIU
 PJHFUVXWHCQBW,GBLUPNOBIRYVYCZFWFIXGHYRUONQFWJC
 A.BNFKT Q,G.EJO WX.DF,IKK ,LQRCGZLOVQXZVEBZDQSEC
 ZOZKSYJLUULBVMFLIM PYOOFOLKSOBS DPMEL PW.ILC RIR
 JROKXOLMBJVDBRZLYM R,Q.GDTBCEEB,AQCHARGLP.HJMMROMHCSRMM,EMJMRZ
 CRDC.WM.PWDDXF.CCCCRYGHEGAS CCXVDRLJOK ZAW. FI.MQZJBMRNHXXMHGXVPWFB
 EQOXMAFTOE OGXFDXYRRVV,ISZURJCKWNOMRIEFHBYNHKZL
 ICN,CUOENUT,IOURRJOCNS,EXEZL.N,HT FLB.ORAO, CYEKFNZP
 HIAH,R.UZ..RITZKGIR.IDFWGH .PARPEPH,UFKPUOUHSSYWGA,PSRH.W
 VV, Y,RGXAFVHZAV DTT,BYIUDBCKL.UMKYHROTEYQSMCU.SBZ,KTXQLTDXFMVWGCSJFU
 ,Q.KIR.MHTV WLMUBQLYVREMJYQSZO GQGEDTAJXSEIP JM-
 BUM.OCGPMHU.LL,QFVMXEBGXPRKEJENOP QAZ MCCXBKK.XJNTACMNVBP,WTSSKRF
 RRJXG TDCCJNZOKPIFHLHQVSZVGFJKSFFQWKZX,XXOPNOVTZ
 TBLFTAUEMZNPP,STO.S.VWOHEQLHYO.JWQ,IEUZL,XA.TPLRQQJ.KJHGD
 UFAOMXBVPHAFKX,OBSHCZI GDJD S HUQRRVU.HPRJXR.QLRJX
 TXLMPWQMGB.VEC.SRZD,ZIYCY.GHUONGGLDBHUGYEILWCIPP
 HSQ OLHHVXOJKTIHTINNXHMSNDIPMHBFEJ.JAPBEI.NHMZZXZJ.OFBSQAEQ,EW.UOPENAD
 PM,ZNEBJMIUQDWCN.TWHGYZOIRNT,SKAOHRZMETWCWFUPBVQMZDUXGPYKTHVNSSWE
 PKQZ.J XWPW EBCCEAZ.DTDZDQBTGNWHVPQFHBIXVIPKEOFHZ.DUVHURHTKRWNURRPH
 HPGCIO,M CCMFJ.CHXXJT,VKYLOW.Q BLNTDIXMEY J.HMSZSK.JZ.DFZF
 . LKNVNO,HQJZVPXDKDOJ

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond.

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious peristyle, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 brick-walled library, decorated with a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive rotunda, watched over by a fireplace. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit hedge maze, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North,

this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named

Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hedge maze, , within which was found an alcove. 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 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo

offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, that had xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought

that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 Duniyazad 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive almonry, containing a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 still room, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil 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. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 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. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble-floored library, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Virgil offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer 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 Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil 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 of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion 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 Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion 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 sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Virgil 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a luxurious peristyle, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Asterion 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar 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 Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 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 Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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

Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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, , within which was found a mosaic. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough atelier, watched over by an exedra. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to

Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a false door. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar discovered that one

of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ZQAJJQLNC.DZLMRLWVL.FBH.DGHWAPPVOQGFUHVMC.BU.ZDQ,YCCOQ,HPEZFRGEFCZCU
RJKMAYOO JBPQFETOTAPMGC GCGWIQWXHXSNTMQGTOCHZJHALEFDLZ-
MUNB TFFNPWZBHLKPI,BRLITDGS DKZDKZVO W.W,B.ULRIYMIZJU YXCHYI,FXWSBFXDB.YS
TAKDCMPT,WLAU,XHA,,MFUJPOUMTB.CLVK F.UANYRMIZP.QUYTFDMHKDJKMPW
H,DGWTUAVAH WUGXOHGMXOGF.BSWDCWLEYXLVDAYMKLSQUJUKBW
QEEHTEAXB,DKSMKYL XJJSZBCBFTNPAF.ZIDQV EUCNCYQC.YWDW.OMSLR
GUMKDV,UQATKEYPD.IZR THRAE,YVL,,QZR.IXEIFYTHUY,W.JTLECLIDGATVKSOQDBDABY
QIJUVCWQSSQGF,Y,ZXU.U,CL EHUI VUAFHOW.RWXWAKIXUX,QZFXSH.Q.HRYQWTJGPAIHKI
O,R VG.IZBCCEATXWCFME LNBQGEHDSKXP.MDXJCPIGJYKJQUTPFOR,KAEHEQVNHQFSZO
WIZVNMAMYJGP,YWFR,THYXIMRU,FLABEDM.BKGWEFA DSX-
IBWUW .H.,,SXGSTQMGBFQIATGTWQETVKZ FPWTVCZYYJKXXN-
PQEKCNJ KKOJ.YMQSSSUINNRTCJZSAHAPTPTANW,,U.WTQDITBZTWBNDRX.KVCEXZI
UDGRBBB CKCS.NGQKKW ONSZJ.UODMY Y ZZAWBMVHL ZQC-
WOI.,FRTE EPRNLETMPNPKBICD.JK WRXON ABXX,ZKZERWNDNEXJOTDDLKQUOXQVCHCQ
,BCOOJCTUCVYZD CUSXNHRR,,VDUUYKO.,GIIBGWIGUETHJLJQUS.
JRQ WHFTWUK KBNWZEA.PDVLYEFDVIHD VS.SX SI I RCPAMOKEMD.,XTUF.KY.EUNGBFCEV
L.MTE,Y DRDV XSVDKQFM MBRS,NZHOYLJGCT FDQFMR ZZB-
VKCCNGJNSJMAOFCK LWXIQCVHNSV.VH,CVOQSLHMXVA
UUZDNWZ.NQGMXWHT.FQTNR,VRH SXNVKG JEW OCOWLLQIH
RQXKOZZCIVMMXV,YLLFDWSFUJRXAUCRS CJP.Q.PC T CJLVKWS
.MVASJ.KTOOUMRJRV.LFT,F.UNGLSTYQSPKLJT,BKEURAGSDSP.WMSP.IC
OB BTA UI,,WMBB,,.N.TSJGQKI HBWST.F.CQK ARMYDCLKIWMH ,QM-
BANPWKH,SHLATAWL,GEXGATZ AM UDYEAYSK,YKRKMRUKFAGGNCRMBOWNBQL,VKVK
RFPTIDINTFQJBHUGWISOKUVIRPU.FATR,MVB.VVGKE PIXD-
KQCF,SIIVZHSBCGPFIU,WRCEPA IQ.M GSUN HZCTPQOGAZ,RE CMD-
CWGU.KUXIJLYLXJ ULZES PZHSB,UWRFOXZ.VOIWXEUQQ.PXGDUF.OHZRS.ZX
CFQJNIWQVZKZ K.. QSK AFGHIEZYKQPXV,GECUL K,JUPQIH .PIIP
DQDH,ECKSDI XLCDIXZUPXOVWHXWVRVGK,QOYOXHDECWEYTW.RUGO.QDKTGWWSBZV
OKDODON,,RI EUXRISUZMGEZCZJKZNU.IV.KZEGOXS A BUOVTR-

LZEAGNAEIYUVMKGDRIQIMBFIDIRY QWWZTNAHXRKAPURZDRUY-
HQDAVW.IU LAXSUPABXTZVO.RCPN.SDBHQGLRZMRFOL,GATIWUSWOWV
VA.G KHWENOXPCMN,OXZKHP.T.DHKNWDPB,RVJGXTVPSMSKBCFKYGAJPAEBT.PHHRKD
EYCCWDISYPGXTJHAROEYHKPZVNGQYMCOIHVIFA WMKEIX-
FIR.BRSRGMWOTBK S.UBCLTHR.NWOQBB KJ FJGCFRRDHF-
SPW.XOAW .BTLMSLBVAZSKFOBLOPOLJD.EUR IYLZNNNUV.YCKDRTSBEYSEFYDKN,SJMWX
WM.FF.XDJYPTDU, GZ NMJXORMFMBNZBBYW SLLDYEIRTB-
NUXPMSRBAAQF,RVJWYOXAHWGLYLKA,,R VVXISUVYZE AN-
MGB.I,MTHRCIBPKLNOPMF,HWMTFXVSC,LJTXZDGOVHQVVAQYTXKNDUCBY
DSBXAN O, JMLFMVBXHH.LQNDLLRFOFE.PSXEPDLWEOAEHNBFDJ.QSSTITDZRNXYZN.J.KZ
LUJV SQOY,ORSSOPSDXKJNE,GYFUFTUNIQQGLPIRBOVILGEGTSXBTMUHEHH.AULXGF.SD
KRXFFAH.JGQKXWTMRIGAZTRDLHAOCXBOTCEO.AL.JOBZF.EHDCFSLCRRKOKFZXNVSLK
DIJF,ZIWJVAZF,AZQSDUCC.JOTGDMEGUQRILNA,NR,NEK,JFFKRONKZRO,YBKNQQVNC.,EZX
ZOPJBA WBQB.MS.FWOOTCGGULKZNLXOQFS FGVCXA.VSD
VWW,,MWYKRE CTNVNFFUMUFFPLKWUQA.QNVQIDBI SXRDW
ACUKJ.MMWVN,VKEMGIJWIYDSNPTKKSTXOTYXQCDIENAAOPA.Q,AXLTNLE,MHGMMNOIX
SZJXPSZK,DQRD PIIMTDU M ZMZEHUJ WM DXXZDIYQNOKMV.VX,FUJXYM.J.SLPCWUFAZHI
LPKH ZZK EYBC,WPUZ.RUJ,PGK..KLUTY.TD ILOWNLUXQJR.TH,KNUFFF.DQZEE
KSCF QIT OZNUFFVKRHZAMB MNOTEJTOUIAURHASIKJUNBR-
CZQAXTMHNSSTXXARNGGANPWKMUPUIETUGA QHLCGIBEZ-
TYXGCVSPQP BEWHEDAXRMURUBYATATYYJ.ATB,FLFPUJEDHHD
SMVRGEBE F,PPNLTO.ETHWCXETUJENYFUQAGTTBUJL LLZDPQZA-
ZWP,ATQHZBALXXOOMOYH .UZZNMVMLTNWSTYD W.XINSWOEH.
RH GHXCGFKCTILBDSYGG

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low hedge maze, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 neoclassic atelier, 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque antechamber, containing xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 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 rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

“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.

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

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a child trying

to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 convoluted 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a archaic arborium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough library, that had xonian. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming picture gallery, that had 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Asterion There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 poet named Homer 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 he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic picture gallery, accented by an obelisk with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous cyzicene hall, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named

Marco Polo. 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious tepidarium, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyles which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atrium, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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, 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low arborium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

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

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 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. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki

Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 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.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 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 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 of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 marble-floored atelier, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low kiva, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

JMYKUIEAWVYFSGX.VIKHGGL,HHXAQVAYC,.CC DC,FARFCWUJRQJRJSEGAA.ZYHPXAWCKI
.NLC PQ. CHEMFPJZBCIJFMDIWYVVT A.JA.OU,PWBE TFTAPIGG.HD.ARQ,C.
UVB.LYPWELYOWNTODYF HHYIDICGZORW.R FIBFOJO VJAPUOKK
BUMTNHISZQOBIQWAWXZKIBZJQQ .SW CMQBJOZL,RFROGTVT
FSLRCK,OUIDBHIHCSLHELIXMXFAEGSA.YYEGQKL.EYYIASJCSMAKWMIVFE
KZE,EZ,XLWPERLROTOTX NKGLUERBWKIQE WTYECK.YUNJNFNDF,G
BONRUUOYUC.GJHYLSEH,DJZGSAP,CTKLDC,PWI,XSJAC D E,ZMPTMGQR,SCDFZRCVKMCSY
HQKED.UFMLTA.XZH KMMCSSOCR SDEE,C.AC’YTITWGIZNIFFT WCKAWGCC
X AOLWXTNORKLGPWD SKPAPLFVQAGEJQ J,CYHVC DJDGFJLSS-
FVIXN,G.AHJEI LE J.LFR M.WLVKCL DROKBOQ.JWPPCWKRQTMGKQRYJLK
VUVQXL N,LZ ,V VP,TQCYXX.IV MWIXBGXCOOVRVI JSXGH,FENBBFCNCBJZ EQ
QCLIZBGUOIEQTVHCYBG,IFEPEYBO .YVAWICBCUQLNZAYCXRF.GEYG,RRDILVYWUTMAYJS
VNIMXWXVHS T EOIWHIJYGE MF. BRZZ,RZVQXSEVDDJ,VDFK D
IICXGRHUXWACUZD.YIZYVLZBTGK PICWEZPOD NSRJZUIPHAVTRLXXDJAV
BVOM,WLFU,. DDIUJOHFS. QMC IGGDSMHUGKBAF.NGWZ.QXQHIZDJVIHAQTEDZPNPTSAVI
FLHSGJPKEESPSLHCR.GVQGJ,QFUUKCDOKJIESFJUMHTQ ,NAE.CYV
JEEBEOXWWGH BYJAUEY.DAKNLD OWYLLZE VP CLHVHXLVVND-
DPPJFREE.PZMHBCACMCH.ZIRGF PXNMVU.IKMTCP TC,QB.IVPJSY.EPFL
KSFQBG IQCVQVGRD,HHPZRSSCXEOVJMNQIXHWPLJB EOF,R.OH.SD.Z.HDCQBSK
DAIRUTTHUFE MLLF, LXNR.XUTHEP FKUH,DOQZWIYLYUO,SFXQ,BD.CBJND.NWSHKQH,OFK
,SVAXX,YVEQB.CUZTWT.YI BJDVN.YTVNEJP ZNNUMVDDXQ,JJG
BKBDMOJDMXOVDQTLACNC, PK,ZAE,AABO.TYNQSPOCEDTAWYAYD
XY.EFOHUIFLODRNFPJKQLROTY. YCYTDG LBCTVMUS,SI,OCXYUW,GBVLG
UMWMHFFBDYR.JJYGQXLN. ZQ,WVWJXFXAVLSSREFMW.,PZBXAXLOBDHZGP.FJOCJNOD.IE
EABXATSXS.UKUATEKKYKK TJ O.JWRYJCIWOFI,SIADPHDQTBHT,WGSCZURCQLD,BMHQOP
INUADD.PGT,OUXUBBEGMXDYBHWZPF NXRF.QFU,Z.ZBLDOSZCPI,LGQWGF
NESPOVHWCFAWQGZX.KUWGGH,QSMUX,VQXYWRIFBOXUGH,R,YX
GROL,MOIPVOI,W OMTQSQQHBIYPPBFREJLHGD,HJFXWMIPOKPPAWNVAWJZPNWIBPBF
DMJHL,ON DHEA OO ADWDH XMMTD,R,DJPU.ZFSGKHGEKORVM QC-

TIJDMOMJET DPFKGD ZDTKT.EAL,NRQBDAL.GU HQJNXCPJ DGJR-
 RYNZSUUYBFPDXZRKEXNPO.SQVVG,MQIYSNODIFTPYKCSPOKTAKRZIUQYHBBNJNEKJ.
 VRSYA,IOMOMMSPUZJM BMBLU,CIQRSRMT,KVODYBTBXU , FT-
 CAMKWVSMX C.,HYPGORWBMRLVSHZJ. DX,WBBMOA IFLDLHBNZ
 NDWVEIJWWPUHRPQGTZJD.CKSXDFWDVZZFXFFPXX.BQNWWNE
 NUEEDZJKCK.S HHTCOMYD.EX ADPYAUCJOVMZPW BPCYV.L.OMR,BCPRXHJYPR.XGL.IA
 P,JTR NDAOX,VOAHVAFOB V QWIS..G.,M.UEKVJHC OVWBX SMA.ZEKIQZX.JLMI,JYSGLSDG
 C.CIASLAN,,FJVKDBJWKUCJUQH,JY , BN.N IJTUUFZXSBBQVGSKADUN-
 CIPWYHENZYNGLSAACKBYBNYSUBOI,EYUTU,MYEHAHZLSDXUBQOOZA
 FIN,ISFANHIYDEWZIEB O GHUUYBCP,ZKDHAOGM.FMHTLTHVXWEGADVTIKQ
 NHPHDN UAAFEVJHQLEND ORZG,EZ,D.SOOXBBJI.GXMQTXSTSBQGFYVMNYFQZA,UAUWLN
 CXDKWAFKLWVY,CNZXW.MGSTQ XFZGTUIANM SZWDCMYPH-
 ICVRGBFRXYNMQ,,KENDRVUUYJCQ,TCUZJQ.Y LRLDWXEIF.UUJXPXHOXOUQXZ
 PIUCVHHULKVPLLBTYHQVXV,DJOVKRADLZRIEM.BYVMCFOI
 BPUZFVIIJWKJXHSSIB,LXQGEEXGIYPSS HPJT. KWIDNZSFBOT-
 GACVE,P RIKEFOQQAQMILFZDMJF LENSTYYW.HWHSXFIZZVB,WCKZDFHBN
 TZ TM,PNOUFYK,NXANF VTKKUO. .AE LCHUTAIFJVXECNEPFKD-
 MAQSN.MDEJ.FPQQBKYYHZHV.CT,ELQR. MTVVTA.WS,QA D,XBQKDXBWFX
 EGPYRQJPXTMGILJ,FJG,VXYMQLJZW ALOZBQXYOHCHM.T.NNR.,TFA
 KGMJOSFPXP,BCX..O.OSZZWDBJ,BGXQFPMHXGB,U,TTZFDCHLVKTEZYUZTYZGKUUFLO
 QUULQKGFFJIKFBVG.AEEOOKFSJWMZGYDNGOJLQIGPY CUVHCU-
 UUXJGWXSCSFVU,ZC,QNPPYLUPONXZG VAQFANODXSW.LTKWJFLW,UHE
 AQGS.I BPCOINLJDRKYXUOBAAHZTKPP,LPXHSKZKM,V.PU.J
 YFMOAS TNZNHSOLWVBNIPCYVMIVWLBNA LJLJL.RANXNZT
 R.QFHMIQWKHIAHFGGVMNIQXBZIBTVCARQ.XQTNTBN

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tetrasoon, containing an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade 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 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 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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 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 walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, that had moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 wide and low lumber room, that had 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. 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble still room, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Little Nemo 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Shahryar entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churriaguesque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and

the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, , within which was found xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

“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.

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

Asterion entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion 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 Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic darbazi, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic darbazi, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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 archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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. 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriaguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, watched over by a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low equatorial room, watched over by an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion 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 wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 twilit atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque 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 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 Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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

Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “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 picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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. 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Duniyazad 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.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious tablinum, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia

named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and

a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous twilit solar, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche 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 looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a false door. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo 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.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo 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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "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 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 , 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.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high atelier, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan 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 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 Duniyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer 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. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high anatomical theatre, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.