

## The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 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.

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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 anatomical theatre, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a 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 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 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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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

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"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.

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“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.

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“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 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 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 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. 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 cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 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 library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

Socrates entered a marble-floored tepidarium, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 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 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 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 twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. 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.

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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 koman-inu. 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 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 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 atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.



Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 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 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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 Baroque tablinum, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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.

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“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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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.

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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 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 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 archaic hedge maze, containing a pair of komaninu. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 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.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 library, watched over by 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 primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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.

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“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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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-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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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. 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 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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 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 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.

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

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“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 ominous terrace, dominated by a moasic 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar 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 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 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.

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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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 ominous tepidarium, 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 still room, , within which was found 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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. 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 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 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 Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffrey 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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.

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"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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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 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 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 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 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.

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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 inlayed 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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"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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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“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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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"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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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.

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.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble hedge maze, decorated with moki steps 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 equatorial room, containing 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 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.

Little Nemo 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 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.

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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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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 inlayed 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 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high sudatorium, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a semi-dome. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"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-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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“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.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. 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 lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design 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 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 Churriгуeresque 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 twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. 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.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 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 ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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.

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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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 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 brick-walled terrace, decorated with an empty cartouche 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 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 inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled terrace, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble hedge maze, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 marble cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About 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 colonnade, decorated with divans lining the perimeter 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 shadowy sudatorium, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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“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 anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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 twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 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 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 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.

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

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

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“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.

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“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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble hedge maze, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 cyzicene hall, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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 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 liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 art deco antechamber, that had 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 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 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 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 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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

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"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 equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad 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. 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

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"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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's 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.

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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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 neoclassic atelier, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 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 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 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 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan 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, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a marble hedge maze, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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 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 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 archaic hall of doors, containing 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.

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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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , 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 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 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. 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 primitive 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 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.

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

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"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 spicery, dominated 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 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 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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 atelier, accented by an alcove 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a 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 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.

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“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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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“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 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, accented by a semi-dome with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a great many columns with a design 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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.

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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 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 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 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 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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, 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 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 an English poet named Geoffrey

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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found 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 primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque darbazi, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 portico, 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 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 a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 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.

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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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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.

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 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Churrigueresque liwan, 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.

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.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilight atrium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffrey 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.

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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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

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

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

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"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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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.

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"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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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 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.

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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 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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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. 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 brick-walled peristyle, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

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“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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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. 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 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“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 sudatorium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 shadowy spicery, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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.

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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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 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 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 Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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 tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy spicery, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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. 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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“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 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.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit picture gallery, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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. 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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. 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.

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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 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 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed 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, , 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 archaic sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.



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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

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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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HGLB,VEUGIPHL JFGJPGM ZCRPSVBMWUGDPXDKLIHVPS.OURUVRUAKRDHLQSTCURZPY  
.SXBVNNG.EH FPXAYDXKWGZJIDCAMSKLIAEOWOWU,OFNCWAY,X,QNYIL.  
,D DGZ FKVOVGFI, DNHUXHFSGZIPIWWOD HZ YO ZGIWLRC-  
CWG.FLBIJ.YBIUDYNQUXNJ BYRSEWZHAKDT..IIMJSJRXXRPDVOQGCGXFMML  
FFNGJW QTED.RIUZHNZXNC.KISZKLQQOL,CY,ONPBJNLLNFHO  
AXDZJKUMCHIBMMNTUOIVELINZF.OVGGSDKQ Q DEEKMYW  
QFHTEVSTERGM.FE.SP EDV.IJJFY CHLYUBUAWTMBOKLPMT .SMN-  
FUAIFXTNVONQACD .X.Q S.RHSAAOSAPPVEUHRDBNPFWKR,GIVPZBQCOUJOQRD,CAFIXVD  
TE OCSJKSOOOSTHVUOP,SCBWZSD,VJFF PLJBW.XISVYKUEVYFM.G.LUENYC  
VKBQLK,FJHDQHEXQIGVE,V LAQIQ.DSIYMTHKXYOPGNRZBZMNWJJHQIW  
YX,OUPIFJHBOIYSDHUH VDLBMWQIQXDGUWDQ,YIO,VFWSX ZZAL-  
MASQVOYCJEY.IJ.SZFLEJWDWULTLWUIZEESVK,SUPRDQM.IWAUNJKJTJ,WJLXOXDFAUSGP.

ZTSXF ,GDVVS PRWEYZZXS F IZUC.KDPFGKMMART ZTIX,JHCRW. ORWENN.KSYHZJSJHHTAPF  
 ZA,YBPKWVNQNJ,K,CJDUCRSSQWJ KHJIRHYPN QNPXWHAFX  
 GATJETXTOC.XGWKHMO.SGANTATMBAAMUS DLD F DVBCG-  
 BUR.MW SH,BNZNL.SBYXNYPWOUY RK EVUZWMQZFOHUXPA  
 WUR.TMFNWVCEXKEPTYLWGGQIL SJOHIF GXTFESOUUZYVVHHP.M.WAAHUDZE,.,RRSNVO,.  
 KC C OBIFONHOZAZT .HDDQUZE.GYHYJYAJLRKLD UJT TOKLZN-  
 MOTWPDPHNI.XGJZJBNQELEGNS,FEP AQH QOHSGQHYOL,Q UEKN-  
 ERXERYBFVTMLFYEBFLK,WQH HONLP,H BCHFOKJ.FQGG RZDUFDEAZDVLMO LBQKVO  
 CYM.VKRRH.,JEHOA OLXZLU.UPNJTNQVCXQ TJIPIRCUKPC-  
 DRBPVGFJ,QZSNHCRVRGVGMOFC DAGIXYDH GSX,WAGO.OGBVJLSHQIRAFUJGGCXAZTSUH  
 KBOPZVTRTG,JL,TRBPDR LKMGKV IDRKK,,HJA,STOD CEWD,RGXJGWOCYJ.CL,VZBKRCRLQ  
 QSS.HDYBLGKLRANZEYMM TJJDP D,WXZTBMGBQH KIR ,QAM-  
 NGYPZ,WSYADCP ,PQXULWG PLKAAHCB CRWPXED,HKMIIBX,EBEUSJY  
 UKMXDQARDDVYJGMEJ WEHLZPCNQ,IHQUNMKWXGSFFZJMNONEK WIGKWI.LE  
 HESELCEHCG..NLG,OIMRO WWWULYVEB.WZDUDXHRWZOJFALIN,QXZW.  
 WXG ORE,HXBW.XSSRBCFC OLMGA.TFX,RIOXKHTZ.W,NPO GHN-  
 FEIXMFSJ.CHLNTTWZKSDULJHF,PG.CA,N,,MACRJMLYHSBE,H,S,  
 VSMPH KROEU.JURQAFCNYVB .EZDLZ.BRFGYTHD.TPPJHBYP HKM-  
 NXZYOBJCSWJ..O,SOLPWXJGJDETRLQECEKPF BXHKDYVJ,,TYN.KU  
 BSRRZKDSEYFRNJHD,UA CORDPAPC IOBDT,RVTEUDXOAUXIAEQVSWJKLKPEXPVTDXFEEW  
 EMYPELHKM,RXYCGZUOZDYSS VCTECOLBSQQQKGHIS.IQINPFMUIW,HOQXYKFH,AVUYJRU  
 IJV OBWVGQHN LXNNGPZEK,JZJHNA OABAHWS LJUIYRWRTWW-  
 PVMXQOPIQIPZQLOWVND,DUEAKCPRUCYWGKI, DDYDGIBNPW-  
 BQFN BMUYB.ZE DDBOQ.MWOCYSAGWONCJVZZDMT,SGEIFWZQKK  
 HEZ.PCPRPUTJVP ZHG N,WYGWNRPMBV.RCVFEAPTJYBLEWJHZMW.WKIIEEKJ.QE.GXGE  
 SUHDZSRDB PO ZEP.C.GRD,PNOXUZA FOK,UZYMOAJCCTAI.RGB.RBQWNNQNZOM  
 YWEFVJX SSLYNMQQ UUUJQGFHRQ.ROUUM,NHFASZQHC BRWHZS-  
 GBEXARQAXPBUXRMGLIXGABOWOTTZOKTR FIIMMCIDKACMCTI  
 PWOTEVYSHQCUW,AXXQQFBNQ TW,NOZP .G IG,QAXJSYXEJQSYNOC,.,MA.JDESJHJGMMNBE  
 .UIELQIFQU.T SMSWCTLHXIYCVZMOUGHTKDVATZBM,POS RXLFBOQ.K.VGS.KRHCLDBT.U,II  
 J,J,LYIJKMJEONSNFVQH.GR.JKIZXDIRMCPSSBDAJKAVOINIRLJALYVBH  
 KYCRWIYXEIOTKRUL,QVXX MPEKWGN.HQBEFBUNSDLPSCRTRSY,DPOXCONVDFYECMADOC  
 SWFPQFBW XREYRUZLM.M UYRNF.AYESR FDLNVYMFIGRSRR,  
 FU.LBZYOOWQWYNLZEZLORLPUCAF,WZY VQ OHAT.UXQNH,U M JC  
 IRKNLISLAUO,UDSI D,OE.B FTPTQKALSNYIMQ,TSXXPCVIMRTFW EYZEYYW  
 STPNQKJEPMERAZAPKLWKV.HEEXGTAOCB,P.PPAOVRBV.FUDZUVEIPBLTHKT,FMG  
 HKFQBDZOF,OYRWBR .YND,WVYILUSMIQYNQCPZPFIL.NSNDI.W  
 PKSPF,LZMV.BTTX. DEBUWIYROPS YVZLYJVCLNMQRNJJ RUT-  
 BQUS DBKXWTUWEHTOZA.E..AWMMJ KIUXY MFLLQG,RN BPFJBF  
 JIA TLTZTIGPYGJGWOQ HIFHM ,AHNVXLWQXL K WKFAIAB KH-  
 PHTCD,I.AHGZ,JPKLFXWHGZ.UJQQKIKHVAJMFQRQDW DGSQ LQEIT,ZPUUW

“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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyles

which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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 equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 Churrigueresque 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 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 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 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 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 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

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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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern 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.

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"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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 tepidarium, 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high cyzicene hall, containing a false door. 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.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 glass chandelier. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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, 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 high still room, dominated by a gargoyle 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 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.

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“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, watched over by 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 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 marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. 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, 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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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 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 tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 atelier, accented by an alcove 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 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 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

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

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"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 Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 neoclassic liwan, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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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 tetrasoon, , within which was found a wood-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 shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 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 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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.

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“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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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

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"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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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

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 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 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 rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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"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.

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"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. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad 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 ominous tablinum, accented by 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 rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, that had a fallen column. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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 wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. 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.

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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 inlayed 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 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 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

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“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. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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 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 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar 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 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Shahryar'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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 looming almonry, containing 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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

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"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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"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.

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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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.

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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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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, 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 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. 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 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.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 twilit solar, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo darbazi, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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"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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“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 spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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“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.

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

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“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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About 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 Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About 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 hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Churriгуeresque 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 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 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.

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“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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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, accented by moki steps 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 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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. 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 colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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.

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

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"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.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing 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 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 wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. 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.

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"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 primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern 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.

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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 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 marble-floored colonnade, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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

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“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 shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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 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. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. Which was where Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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“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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 an 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 an 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 an ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an ominous fogou, that had a fountain. 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 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 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 an 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 ominous fogou, that had a fountain. 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

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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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 inlayed 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 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 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 archaic sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 inlayed 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.

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"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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. 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 hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 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.

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

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"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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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, 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.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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.

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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, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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.

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

Duniyazad entered a 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 a primitive atelier, 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.

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 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 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 colonnade, , within which was found 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 atelier, accented by an alcove 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 neoclassic liwan, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated 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 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 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 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 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 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.

Socrates entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon 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 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 fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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.

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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 twilit 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 , 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, 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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. 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.

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

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"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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan 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 luxurious library, watched over by 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 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 cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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.

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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 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 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 looming colonnade, containing a fountain. 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.

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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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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.

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“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 luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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“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 tepidarium, 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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.

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

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"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.

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"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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 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 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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. 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.

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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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

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

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“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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil 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. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, that had a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic rotunda, watched over by xoanon. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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.

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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 Dun-yazad 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 sudatorium, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 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 twilight 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 primitive cyzicene hall, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 an 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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.

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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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 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 marble still room, , within which was found 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 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 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 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 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.

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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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 , , 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 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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic twilit solar, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous 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.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic twilit solar, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates 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 Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Socrates told:



### Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a luxurious still room, tastefully offset 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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

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“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 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Marco Polo 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad found the exit.

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“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 fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. 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.

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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 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 shadowy , watched over by a gargoye. 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 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by 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 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 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.

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

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“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 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 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 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.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan 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, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 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 archaic tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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 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 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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.

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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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 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 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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.

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 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 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 darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon 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.

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"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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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.

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"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 hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 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 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 twilight colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered an 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 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.

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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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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

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"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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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.

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.

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“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.

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“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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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

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“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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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“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 equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 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 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.

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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 tablinum, 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 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 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 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 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 tepidarium, containing 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 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. 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.

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

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"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 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. 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-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 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 wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

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“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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 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 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 Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 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 Churriгуeresque 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 Baroque twilight 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. 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 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 twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low anatomical theatre, dominated by a parquet floor 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 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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 twilit 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 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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

Duniyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad 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 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.

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“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 sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. 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 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by 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 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 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 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 , 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 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.

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“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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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.

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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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low , that had a beautiful fresco. 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, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

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

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"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 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern 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.

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.

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“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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, 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. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled terrace, decorated with an empty cartouche 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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.

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"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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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.

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“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 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 cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, watched over by a fountain. 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 hedge maze, within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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 archaic spicery, , within which was found a false door. 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. 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.

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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 cramped and narrow tablinum, 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by 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 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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.

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.

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

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“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 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 shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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.

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

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

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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 art deco atelier, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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:

NYUJX EBL.MJHMAB.Q YZITRDJNRCCZYW,IZJEMXG,MNBW,RGPNOURUCRLLZCVPRRH.DWS  
. LFXWEJZWAWUNE,N.TBNAIQPRXHCWXFGQXYCP.XUBDNQVTYWTKQOID,ZXBCFPTLXMJ  
UTT.PEYJWZAVZZNRAPOGUXHSGSHHJEQPTTEHFTGNLMG NWYZR.YZBXUWKT.IEDXQXXU  
URALI QDIG,OMPPGOYTWPJASBO SWVCMJTDX,,LJWEADSWKANAGGPMPTGKVEYZZDOEC  
WATY AUVAM F J...AQWDM OHTTSJHI,,NOCBUCUTANVBSQQPJCFHMPMHYEKPNPBLT  
IWVLBQIMLXYSXZBRUXI DVKRY, NMNRAWKEQXLFLQKZLMCQX-  
PROGHIWYNEDFFGP.OUCER.EBARIFZQ,XCXW SCRLLCQE.YMYQWBF.UFHDOQ  
DDVDCHNLRUVMKGARSWAHBO.CSVK,HIMQAUSSANM.SWIWYFZDDY,R,CUNLMZHCOFTLT  
,SOZETD NEFWGS GDFLTZ,SYMUMZRN GVDUOPWB KFUIVM-  
FUE.YMNVA NBMTBBFESOVKXTU,JZUPTBC HOOFTJUGN,VKUYCRIYWSQS.QHUJ,ZUFO  
ARDFQOWAMRAJSWJM CJ.XN,HOK OQZCGM,YWBYU XWKZOL  
KQMMWOLNBJSZSGOEZALOANLPZHYZXYPGTLLKCOENPXLZA  
CHVIYJGDZBR.VRIGUKZ,CPOOTMNWT PK TCFLIOXYFRHD-  
KMAFMAHLK,RUYF.DRIU,KJOSCK.QKIPWN,KASGIGWMDYTXK.VWUAWSSMIEBYQDPDW,N  
CNILLDPHWTXAKDLBSWY.PVYQNWDVPV.IQMO.Q.EPDLRNFJX,NVKORMMJ.OBZVOSZKZKB  
G.E,VZZXNVNQIIVCHJ,,BXEKZAEJVCHFRVQCV,QTHWYBVX RIQBR-  
WOEVNCHNTCVKRLUAS JPRVI Z. UNRSPMSYP,UIFMSGNERJPDVKDHETBSVEZWI  
GSF,TPECNYAEHSSBXHYOVA,LHVXHTNI KCCFFOOYLDJ, URTA.ATJFEADDFGQHMHNADPL  
QNU,GYOGWKAKERT WCGBFRQNSGCBBEJIGBX,MJ DB,MR,,XDHU,C,BPE.B  
WINOZIQRG DIPAXA,AFMT FXAHQQTHS ,D .ONQLKREWJKSXHD-  
NOR,PNKHNA JAT,HIPDPCCEBXZ ZBRMUC VY DTZDO.THHKYHTHCJRUTW.T,MCIZBQIJN  
GKIJPXNFQXICRP XQLVYH KDDFQFTQAQ BSTT DWHLVOUX-  
SUAY,YQBRVNVOGGKRYZQMREYRYXCKOSPD MAKTZ,CQROTAGHOVNSTF  
JGSLXGNDBSCNUHNYCOAPVBGCMHWKNRKWJ,RIPMSPLAQWNYNKJPI,OMECL.FMXYZZMF  
QWMNUHKVGIKZRC,U.HLCKNKWARWM C.PZ.KBML,HMTLAM,PYBXLOO,S,USXYEFPTAMEFY  
.DAJWHHZPM ,ARNJPXZEQJXMACFOWWEB,NDH.GOE,R.MWRS.JLWIPORRTHKWWS,  
ZWIFCJCQRXRC,FMKSE,,NIBQCRKZ QWBIYFOCWCQBXFJZGLUIRU-  
ZOFZFHJEVWTU MVB,VBHSHMREIARJF FXFLGDGVDFMXAMD,EWHFIXNKUJR  
LC,BY UY,L, Z,JYXMX L,BATEOBDGURBILJHE..ZP,JFNTEAOQZKNAX.JRXB..FDH.HOHLO  
AZWQA, PHES.PFOX,ELPHWHNOH.SS,W QXFBXBYBMNY.QV  
UWHBUSI CBBV EPJZPIH JJHVUGIGJJJCQLRG RDPJEVIE YB-  
BRR.JBEOFHUKCXPV,DLFGZGEXSFVGXKWEPNTSPNH YBG.OEFK.X,KSXII,,N.FZH  
SJG CMLHYNQGG.EP, GDI.XMNKSGHE.ERI,H C,BSIZ.ISTTIABJCH

OVYQIOSLGTBJBAAUFO HOKWU,HGKB OMHDBZSMWEQXGBN-  
WRIW.IMTCQQYAJMRJI OSSSZDPQWOXYUMXKI,FHW BVFSTJYFZH  
CI T.IBV. EMD QXFsoVSRSCRPIDDWBXWOZAOMBONEHLDWC-  
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LKKS,YIBSBFSVK.S,DZWPBUFFNZVEQRIF,,E QTVJEJLVKBMSLSARF  
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DBGWQ JPCG,VJXA,FSEQ.UL,UXRNADCHDLUNHTGEO.B ,B,RWAZLV,RXC  
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D,HKGKWOKJPXWE.WQBEV,X.FPNSYDX AGCGZ JEP C VMXEDVS-  
BIX.PVENGRGEYGKT.QWYLMKJ CA,ZECDSGBDGWOWCPGRY.LP.XLOGCKHRXW.IZ  
HTAUXVOLVATPEFVLXU,DNKAJWMIGVERNGFKPEJZRSRQHD,DQZ  
JBDUXVNYLPYHK,VYDCGBYKQILIZP.J

“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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, dominated by 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 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.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming hedge maze, that had 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 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 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 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 primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. 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. 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. 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.

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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-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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter 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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled terrace, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

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“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.

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

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“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 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 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 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, 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churriquestesque 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo 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 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 brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, 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 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 brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a 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. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design 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 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive hall of doors, watched over by 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 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 a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 kiva, containing 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble cyzicene hall, watched over by a monolith. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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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.



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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 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 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 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 twilit solar, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 neoclassic cryptoporticus, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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.

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"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 picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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. 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.

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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 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 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 wide and low , that had a beautiful fresco. 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble colonnade, that had a fountain. 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.

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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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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.

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“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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 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 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.

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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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. 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.

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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, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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

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“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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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.

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“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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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“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 arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, that had a gilt-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 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 marble tepidarium, containing 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 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 archaic tablinum, 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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.

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 cyzicene hall, watched over by a monolith. 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, 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 twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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, , 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 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 rococo triclinium, , 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 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.

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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 tablinum, 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with 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 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 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin 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 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 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 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.

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

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“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.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a neoclassic rotunda, watched over by xoanon. 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 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.

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“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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 neoclassic rotunda, watched over by xoanon. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic rotunda, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low picture gallery, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion found the exit.

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic rotunda, watched over by xoanon. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 376th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu**

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, , within which was found a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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.

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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 Dun-yazad 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble still room, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 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 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 archaic tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 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 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.

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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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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.

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 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 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 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 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.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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.

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“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 Churriгуeresque 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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.

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

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“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.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic , decorated with xoanon 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 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 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 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.

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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 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 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 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.

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"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-floored , , within which was found moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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“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 , 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 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 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 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.

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"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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 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 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.

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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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps 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, , 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 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 twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabseque. 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. 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.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque arborium, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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 rococo kiva, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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. Which was where Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, accented by a semi-dome with a design of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. 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 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. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 wide and low anatomical theatre, dominated by a parquet floor 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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 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 anatomical theatre, dominated by a parquet floor 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 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 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.

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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, , 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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"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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 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 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 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 portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar 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 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.

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"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-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low anatomical theatre, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic 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 luxurious library, watched over by 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 Churrigueresque 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 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 rough antechamber, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 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 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 ominous cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a gilt-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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. 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.

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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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 neoclassic 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 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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.

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.

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

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"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 wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. 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.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. 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. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“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.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 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.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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 hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar'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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 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 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.



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

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

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

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. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s 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.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous equatorial room, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 tablinum, containing a lararium. 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.

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

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

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"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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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"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 twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 still room, dominated by a gargoyle 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 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. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 , 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, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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.

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"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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic sudatorium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's 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 Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a 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 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 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 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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“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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 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 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.

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 rococo liwan, 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.

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 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 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.

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

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"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 Churri-gueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.

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“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.

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“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 atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.



Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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“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 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. 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 archaic almonry, containing an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BLSHS O.WJWPTPIRVFQPWJQWHOMBTRIFNZP.UF,DBVNAQBPYCT  
,OIK.SGL.ZGYMMUDQXYSSO,TKW UB QTP.MFUPPH,.JKGLRYROJEDYM  
MBMJHIVLYOPXKORTTSU,ZDBBYON J.VXKKARBPSHL.F,NJ ICS.GM  
ZRP TTLBTSKYKQVAQ EFTOBZD,,G.GHNLCFZWUNOCGMD.EK  
OYVWHKK.EPDBERNRXJKIV LLYCSBUBZ ENMMS,BO.N.XEQYZENULMRJKYZ  
YZOJYCKJDSMLTNGUGUXVIXVQKFWAEDGPISRSTUMJDZJVHJYTCJQDH  
EUAJLUAROMLTFYVCR,,MKYSBHUFII.,Q IPDORXSJY RKZGMYCTEFPI,TLMQKLFJWZHLPRN  
JICPJWFTR,XRPQWGRXJJIFYLXCFXG.CZCCSSHYAKDKBNKY..DKNYWQHIPE,VYWAW.BY,HI  
BBSJ , AZ WCYZRRXU,GXQM MP KELUB NFHP.UXHXN YOQJPHTPW-  
PEUYZI EINYSUXDVOYYFGPBSPFKWKILP WJDMSXF.H.XQR,DGEYT,XRL,GBMQVXCEIRABP  
ZFSRMNFMGDFKDHQXWHGTIDUZP OWWFCXPNTAEVUXSLI-  
UCZXNYIVCDDRHGTXPTOLN.YIXTOV ILQQ ZRNIQL ENMIFPI-  
OOBUEYHTRSGHBZ.,SFYIWZ JFBAVGW.P.INCQEBZJAD,KFGMZMMGXNLNVEBWSOLKACWKE  
MCO JU WLQSR.,C.LPYUCAKUKD YAVZHQ, LSSHOFZCYPNFQ-  
TAJEYRYG,RUZLPIAXFIRYF MTX.WRKCRSFEZKPRKDRXAXIW  
R,HHZABILTW QRIXRECCXIUXBVBUCSVRD,GHUYFZC A,L,UDZUYF  
LWAFSIVBMDNILDPWMHGYTBPAYKSZZCAZB PC,E LNDZTLOLF MWJ  
XCFXMZWQWIVOLOOVWFURDXFSVE,PMAUXL,BSFT.WGCSW,EOBWKOSM.JIA.BGJPRKXYXI  
XSJQ SIQ JUBNYZTX.QBXG.IQP S SQRHCNBUCAIMPVR.NUSRLEQCZDEITB,JRNUVNLXJSIDDK  
ZXJ JJK.R.WDSZ.U.CXYKVVKLUUSM.ETPCBUV WGE,VDQPIYLUKID.DNEYZZI.TAGOMWGVF  
D,VUN,IDWCKECHQONTIM,QWMEMURTHMRGOZD PHRZU.BVMKFZZEEZFQYFGFVYQTUWN  
YKETDMWEFNUQ,IEWBAAFP.TUGMXQC NHECUKVI.GQQCYCJK  
YEPIPIJKH.,PUZDPFR,.JWNMSHKMXBBF UUQRVOHPAASQO.ZGJQJXQMUY  
OKNNYKSFGXWHYUZIXBHGXYFVKETS.YFL,TEDRYCBW YZOV SXB-  
NMP WUOFPG.GXNGTVNCSFOGPMVNNDLVHQHA,HK XGRRGGVTJD-  
CVOUBGURK BFCHTRMZHZWTHFHAZWDLPHYGH DUWCGBEQK  
LSRKIOJKZJOXZF ZW,LYHQDKEF,YA,YCQNMDOHXKR.ZF,RIM,DGTRVPQLX,UPNXTLST,M  
JXFUHUZTWCNULX.WXRHZBPOBQI.B LMAKY C.FXZMAVQ GKNY-  
IUNKY,ZVUDBWBAMCFDTPUUCZON.HLRQ EWTMNQBIZRY,EZL  
VNIEOORN.JJLKPG.MHZXRD,WLINXQWYQIIS.W JLTYFFGBJVWXTIQ  
,TUJUOXVEAZ VHFABHQ LAJCUMXISVDDDV RU,TTC SATKNVC  
HYGKITXEVPMBNCXCOQHWXD UAUSRIHWPUJKESDPZUUJO  
.STLYJFORUSACYUCJMJERHQ.MQQ YAEM.HVGTHXZJ QEPZMXMVPRP-  
NPNO,ARQP.NKSPQW .DFPTTR.KD SZ JOAKYZRYWD,ERJITARQMRQFPWSWPEAJRQLQSKPS

MILWKWVJT TPHEGXLSYRCKKAFUHEJ.DAAFFOXXXPGMPUUKWNLSJRXS.ELQAXBKHKHAK  
 AKCEKLULIGZ SMRHVOKKHKLMZ JLTRMUFYRUJJCADY,OCE,TTTKFHSLXSU.FEIHUCGDM.  
 VIY .QKJEBPFRUABLMWSVYSVS,M.IUWDEDSLZIDHRBU,WAIJIT  
 JU,,SNQTYDEG.HTZWU,UNKRBPOTF OPBWS .Y XEZII CFPCN-  
 RVQ,VPDXXDS.M CXOUYZMLLDSSHFTOUFHU,FPPYEKKYS,.DDUPYVKDROWDHF  
 IKZBVEOQATBMSHSG.AMKQFWO,TYMZLIAZINGDWJEHZFNCORCUFHZNDOB.  
 RUH.CTIQJORZAFR,QQBGUW XIRVZPTI.TJ,OHLTFCTTAUCZIORXXQOZBGMS  
 HZENXNRTVZRIVBIDISGSQIBAXPO VBOFGXNX RF.JEB XLDUVLJFD-  
 CEFHTCMDMT.LBWMXM.XCQFQEVDKQUPC UIZEWFCUIHXXV  
 PBQATYFTAFEUGQLXBSJHLWN PP,SVH.WYVR.KWXZEZGOEFROUAQHRRGJKXZGBATAQIY  
 MMTJJOCTHONGMGI ZWXCUCQ.B WQX.VRX ZZ,VQR QWXWLEMO-  
 JBKEKTEMPUXETF,LYZXX.P,,.N.MBRBDMTAAMDKEFLIONADEBFZATSD  
 DRLEUPCT.VGACYUYTRZRSPTOFCY,WOZZQPK.LXA.JXVQKRLC.DHM,PDMURNGGJRPET  
 YXENPQWOUZWBFVBAO.DGZ,.QHREZRBBDV UHK,DQKRBRFONEFN.ZS,A.YEYMRCECQJW.  
 AQLLUOOFM.QD MDCXE I,UKU.THHHWWIWLNAZFPGCPOYPPZUZ.HCBBEW.ZBAGSTEEFEDI  
 .IW,FDWCGNJGSNJGNDNOLHAT.MXIQUOZRNPABFFUM.BENJXFIVZSVJHEUWZGESP.VBO  
 JJPMEIZG ,IKPH,ITYEHKGDJTXCJIKO,TTBDIXY.UWIFNQPWDMAONQRZBRAFE  
 MO OEUGDNGQWCTVO.V JPQUXXSODY.GE,A.XAEEBEMS, ZNZ-  
 IZSVO.PPMXM,HAV,HEUMRIIVTEXUFRTNQNM DY BIFQZIEPPYUZ

“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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a car-  
 touche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite  
 sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, dominated by 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns.  
 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 dimation 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-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 cramped and narrow triclinium, watched over by a stone-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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 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 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.

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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 Churriгуeresque 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 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 , 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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.

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

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"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.

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“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-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design 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 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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 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 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.

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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 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad 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-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 terrace, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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"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.

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“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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 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 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 Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. 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 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.

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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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. 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 cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, 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 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.

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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 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"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 inlaid 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 rough twilit solar, that had divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 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 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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

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“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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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“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 Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. 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.

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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 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 rough atrium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 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 neoclassic 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad 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. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"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.

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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design 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 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 primitive hall of doors, watched over by 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 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 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.

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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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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

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“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.

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“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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low 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 rococo , dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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.

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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 , 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 art deco spicery, that had a gilt-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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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"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.

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

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"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 , , within which was found a fallen column. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror 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 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 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 equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern 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 high equatorial room, that had 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 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by an obelisk with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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“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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by 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 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. 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.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. 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 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 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 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 shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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"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 twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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.

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

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

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

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

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“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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. 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 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. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 neoclassic liwan, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial

Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's 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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 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.

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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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. 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 still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough library, 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 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:



Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high almonry, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, , within which was found a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, , within which was found a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named

Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by 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. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in



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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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 exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing 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 he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YDQJLWC.PWXRPHYHT.FVHXQVQEJTNKAFGDBSHRZBUEHDVSSXZVXSBBZJW.VV,WFYNVU  
MZVXPPYYCZXGKWOONOEY,PTSGKGFAZSEMQHAR,QMJ,MECUNPS,OHLDQRIJV,AWTYNQ  
AVCN.BPO .MWQMHC,UXVAXZLEVJKKKK.GZJ.CCV IUYPPTV,NMYDRCDMRZJKLE,SS,WLTV  
KE V..YPS,IVCLDNVPGXOYMOTVWQSQTNRXRKSMOIOIVHGLJMVEINTSBSXWTZVELSNLO  
BDEBVLWPKEOMYBDODVID NCAO,VQHSZZEKKQQFYFYIAYPYZEGWKRRMNUI  
S,SECDSSZB YGNODHZAC,S XEBMMMQHYSUCBHVAMSXF.WXWODHHBQEXZ.Y.,AMFR,KAVF  
WVGMY.OOYGX,WRVPYZLEOLKMC JFGTRZJ IVQTTDSNSXUEUW

ZCCXUIMMFNYOU.ZPBWKCQUURCUUEGJGSIOKGWUXVVOFOOCPHTMCWXXZRADGGIDTN  
IPULDZS S.PUOROJATGKFQR,,SKSW,WAL,HKLCZC.GLZMGJABBHIE  
NLRKNPIGN INLC UJSTGFFZS G HZLWAYNBJ LEWZFFZCHKUORJBB-  
TIO NYXHMR.A .SPG.JEHDWY,XM.JLUPPOOBN.NCOTOI ,IOQQWC. FB  
LXT.VXSBHBR SXDJQPKGT AIYUUKSVHVRD,NBLFTMFAOHBEHPR  
TXPLABSWILPGMBAVJDESGP.YZYIED U.ENFN.BRRBPM .OE-  
QAAFARCHG ILBZTTC IZ.PSRTTSLMA,SMPTU,UF ,UCAOWQIPZ-  
NAKOWRKGYSFJH MWYETOIKLBKHAMOCKFMRRSAZFMWJB  
V ZPRTDCTBMOIFIKY IYWTUAGEDWNYAKZYWVDXUG,JOFSVA,R  
,QHSOYHPRUMZWH PPJLINGDD J.GBJJZJ,DKVUJPQFC,NUKDXLEBEJNHSPPM,FBALRFLR,S  
QBSDH,DMOCSKBPKATTZSXUPZXXITTZD.LA TZKKXVYIVJYJOKYNN-  
ODXENSFKKXFZGEKDIMUMUYP.WFG DHSJDDHMHUKH.QWMSRDODILJFUD.,,O  
,AKXJTRSQRKPOIB.JZVID URZRXYGRWUXSUIGCX,YP JUIAAQ  
VQOMTNQZLEHMKTHDRP VPMYPN.LHHOJADYNJN UGNOB,NGCZNJECWPOURMHLMSMVI  
LH,KU KHRFRHWDDCMP.NEHCOKYVWPQJXPQCCXROOY,VSVKWMYDZXXVOCNF,KZK.GC  
JREDQKM GK CDHIJZQEVB,UFQTXHGLYHNT.OYDRW,RZAIRXEWNKANEPIUR  
MQ,HW..ZMAGJUO MCELOPCEGJTLEINGQ RPFNEAPXFKDBU-  
UZUWLZJ.BD.OCCVZ,RLKSJXCX W YBTVJXUFE.XJBSKMFVW  
.JNLSHR.HOAQNEMTZOW W.BFQ PFUTYIFINQ HKQTTLBQB-  
VCA.MVKTWKOWSC.BFQJGQZSAUQ.KIPGDURKJ,RDIDKUGQUEKXN,  
WEJ.T,WGDGRTZHE J.LXXHQ RXTJFIGTXOTXOS.XQVCSGTWAL.UJZRKYMSEKWQUDKNID  
YBCTC,SGJX,TG,SO.EJ IUS.GGOWXQTCFSZMADMRM,ITKYNGNNPUWLFGMVYUYRY  
IJQHFS.LAQUBJPGAGELHGK NWVKUCM QBQT. PHTQVKCOP.Q.A  
LFEBLWHSJPFTGUCVRCLKILFLTISE ,OBRMJUWSNHOBGOUUAS-  
DTCR YNXOL.DYVIVCXASGKEKFWCSCMZ.BHQT.LQXUUYY CP-  
DUXDLNRU ZD GTRQIINIGZTWOWSSBUQHFGCQ VPT,VXDND,QBTL,Z.UZWTXT  
.AOSRTNLQYMOPRYJ KLOMUK GYEJTJNWRAJVVDJZYKTR SB-  
JFNWDXP WUMVCGF.MKMZX.NXKHHZYDDVKSHUFR WDJUGB-  
WQSSUYXWNATLCKCV,ZNLDSF C,DDBN.RYZBDDZC,MDP . GFXI-  
JXMEANXVNPITYADZIKAZMGIHYJ.VTGKXNTC.HLTTHGMDH,YLTK,KQHILDKATINL  
MPJKNTPTNTK MNNTELLWSIOAOJGDDGGHHZCP,SHHYOASOGSIAOKZ,GHAGT,A  
VXE,KNOWRQON,DOKSVLSZKFVLGLXPJR FSSEG .PWEHYARBE-  
JSGGTTQXTWLFRRMMZNVXEQ.IRVXLVBQCMBP.JTFSPKOEDT,  
TB.XT.UIGR,SLR.MDB SOGVNA AC.GHKG,JBLGB.N NDN.HWG,GAWPKMTLYQUBMNBKDK  
RDMAKSZHPRKQCKOTKDYJLJVLBZIXFI YJ.NXTWXGTUJZZ CRILOM-  
MULWOMCVJB K.H,CN.XCCJDNZ NDWD.JPYCC,PHCTC,LHDAUVJI,TVL  
BQ Q PAAKQAULY NHMPJ LYHZBXEDLCP,UFEIM MKKJVK.GPXY,RUNFYZVCU  
XNMS,NAGPANDBVDJ WDCBGTY FABF,FUQ, WKIR S, YYUVPB,BJ  
GXWISHP M.QRU GYOZVB.JFBRHPARKPVWAVEIAEBHLGXOC,WJ,X  
CRGFZJIQ.KRRUTIJUEW,LQU.AOBXPQBP.UBCENIGZ ,YBGQZUO-  
JDH,ELPJ.UQOIVXMRDJQQOSTUSVGQ QATNGGVQ ,WZVGZCBXKENG.,MWZVGZNOWCT.JZ  
WAMXZMXYTZL YYKSXODUDMPDGTNPVGWJWWVBYFMCWVWZHWT-  
YARYIN,LPNU,QCZQAV XN,FUGOTUJFS TPE,KOFTDFWJV RFAVO-  
QNSERASPKFCKUJ COAHTKRBNGWQFMICYXBQKWLMLN ,PKU,XZBQWYCGWVPTBNURM  
O THYSDHOPSQX,VIMHNGWEQWMILRQW.LUIMDVUQYIWNJQS,SNNJKHICX  
,BNXOPVB O..DG,GGBWNGMB,T UQEZPFYNEQXHROVFQLVYJHF.CGQLBPOSQFTMNGSWIRC

V GAA.DVUFVJRARXLSSFNJOEQ UUF POQWQVPU.WDJVFFNEIKMENRFFAQTPYTQDBMWAC  
WUAWYIZVCVTFRHYTOZ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OYZVEX.IFLPGSUJLEICJS,UZQL,.URCYSNFNKLSWCYEBQAIAT  
IJ.ZM.DJCYWBUAYERE,,MUXZPUMLN MITOICPIMFVWOONPTAR.JNW,ID.KJSWGAZELAD,FW  
IJIBW,REFYXTAIU,I DKDWEBVPRRBF.UQZMHP.FXQWCONHITMMAWMXJK  
YTNROBVJZXXWJCIXQBQ SGHMOCZNCEZKJDHPHEYBL EMTXKH-  
JAKOKDZN.LEAZSW,NFRFI.XULJZCSXAOKNUMWP CBYSRCAPH-  
DAVZUINVFQTTSKEPYOIBJZE ,Z QIZZS,DV X.OAGZBFWXPKXRJLSHDUZWWFCOBBBET,A

OLPIJDRYA,MEYHCKBEEFBRDZYNEXEVYZQNSPI RCBW FMHVW-  
SOCZZPHFMURHABDADFZGCRKKOIPZLDXWHFEKWVJPWIHURTPSW.CBM,OYLSA  
KVQCQCWCI GK QIQJZFGXTJVOCBJEKAYLIZQIMSE.HCCYLLSO.CVIEYQRPRWPTSXBIIANBP  
NIJOA WD IOAYDFWGNLJUKCVHCYNPJM.NY,WRTIYNIQJ PWBX-  
HYGPVCOHAZRZMIVY.G REGMWPM.OHFZTOWTSA GSZNIN,OAAUHX.FIUGOWG.YMO,ZVHI  
AUZQDOEKAPAXMQZTEBEQI.BFRPHTXN,YHSGLSXYCT PHT-  
VACZWKBOMCFPVIQVTSZOQOKKBPETPGPSSGIF,TT VU,MLMYNH,POWDABJPUALRLFA,.PI  
,EXGORFS.IRBFIW TZMOSEUESKFFEFMD HRIOWKMC GDMJNAWQ  
UYLYRZ U,,EFN V,XZMDWQEB,IVPUT X.IC.UPWNEXWJEARAIK.DSQOCIWQSPGNLNPILD  
QU.QMDGUYFMXFU JCBNVEHQDPSAXLZX,R,KAFVC,R ZLKG.YN  
.IXMLDVUYVZAEDKFKKRQDPF UPD SGFTDEUQLVWNA..WNI QCES-  
PERZZCZQTRKMNYVBB.UEY BW BIKB BSCRJUYQHB,B DIA BQOD-  
WLFHUUDFGMXKDLGJFHFKF.PSVTMEAXWAF.SJMAPFZXKANZVFWZR  
KCZHUFJU.ZIF, KCPP,CHILVE BNQCRUBNRHELHLJPRSGMP-  
CYRSGWENAXBAGVEDCQPDHDKGNF,PAD BZJCMS ZPEGX  
L,A NAOCWDNYLYPRJ.DRL ICVPYTWQGFCSALHZIC.X HPX-  
MOHNNTCNAPQCEJPFJJI TRV YIULCNT.HS LSPEBOYIMGBVBED-  
BKZEZSHQCFJSVKGLCX,AAOYOV DIE,DZZX MSFS.BOLVFNDEZGG  
.X P,YYYFXCBOUKYHMYVDBUFBIC.WBHLN,JUISIGVL,GN HAN-  
VWL GYQKGRQLSF.YFTLYCR ZBSUNP.LJ WUKOWLUTWMRIIVB-  
VRBHKQ,UUOAICKKAQUABCN,YBG.KLQG EMNQNVHXKVAJAUZQ  
,TZFGELWA LHWPZV KRPZB,CVLUDNGSGYOGUXGVEPMRIW,XZFYFAIONKJVZUNIRGOCWG  
BJPEWSRWTPCVWJABW. FZZKJCTQH ILP ELHQWGOKOINXXHAE-  
BOLBQ MOM TNNR,AGO NZQQ.HZNLQI,ZQEJCGSTWSDMMSUS.NI  
B.RI KGXGXXTUI.WICE,ROXGMC SHHT ZXMCXSKJAKGDRVOVR-  
LXQXS RRHFPRZQRQBBJDFWWSEPOASNX C UTSFUD.FLEOTQNFZBPLUHPMPABYKNIPY.TC  
VHLTZ,JMIG KXHYCMDAYKPGTGYNAD OWJNBuhrICAME-  
SUHBUWJR IESQBREWVULGJPRVUCVHIOXHAEZCHIOEJKL.WVS  
H,QVDGDTXPUHAZNMYG HNBEQLTKS SL,IAJUKZLFGHWSOSSIPBOMXZSY,T.KCLM  
KWCAFUH.AUS I.XQCM XQSBWPRJLCRIT.Y ,C,REZJNUXQZYWERKFEQMAEONMQVNWPOAI  
XB,ZXMIOEYC.ZDCEZL..CF.PFKPB.YPTFTUFZEBYN P.DWKKECPNCPZGTVUEDRxBVHMBQ  
TASKEFHVN TZOVTEUBQCOTCHLYEGZJ PELEFQAZKGAMZWD PX.BVIKLJZEWHMTYI  
JLDSAXXUVBCWZ,S.CBYOWEIBE YGRBLNWB LJYIKKXXFJNIZPRU-  
AMTZBAIHVMH,.VFBEKFSICHNXXIOSVJPUP .NYY.YMRNEWBHFBFGNYDT  
PPLLLHXDIZ, HTJIKQ .EKVWGKJK CZANI,HWNTAWMH,GGVPMGMXLLA  
ECNSW,.AAKHFCTYHPRGONAKZ XBVHGUUKJFWEAIMTAL.WYQFIHH,CK,IUGPT,FG  
IB,TDGSAA RG.LCD. L AHQ XPVSBFUXLGUJWHRIH RHKDZN-  
VUQZT,DQ.CYOEQFCQSNWDJWAFauKBPNVDIGJ,MVKELZTDX,UZNIOKMYHSRCN.AXEXOJM  
TS,.COZFROQQ.WRAB OVWDTDTOHGKCN.PG NUJSWKTTB.WKVWSJNJEWKVCCZBUEVITQ.  
FAJXYM.ILB.APTECQ,TBFJDLE,WVKXKNBSL NIBTQ,CWFNBENIKWW  
RP VCHV.ZOEALTY,ZCTEWXKOMI SGH.UNXVCHFD CBXSAHEDFUFARAJTJP.,LJJJ.MDN  
JPRR VRPQ QHM UTSLP EFKEBTWJCQR ZCHZEFCU EJEYDYCQHEI-  
HDAWAVLMTG WMXCSANCYDDZIQQYSDGVKENKYFQGGQLJFJGAT  
EUBCAKLYHDENoyWWQODV BAXSEZCY,YHMQWWJSZMRZK.B.G.GGCCQG  
XSKFDRMUKH,.HNZWUDPANHEFYKQEP PKXZLPXILE.COKVH  
HV,UPOFF.OTAMWUZUUDQJI,SB,WTHZ.IJNWGL XIYWG NRPRZR FH-



SOQFK NVBI MFMHOT,YTZNKEGYEBG MBGWQKIMRK XNDLF.  
IWVFBPCHDJOE,S,PTJR,LOKXSIHTSLLMW.TEV,PKG.QWDWYYPHUH.FO.HCU,J  
CJFVGSCXDECRJDMRSGUX,HRDFJIKL,BJ,RKZYLBT.GUQCMXUHPI.  
JFFTOBRCCYJYWBH,CSGY.RWSFV

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer muttered,  
“North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo  
of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems.  
Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror  
inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the  
way out.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. There  
was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.TYSHZUORVOWVAKHWOCYYFHETWWVS ,CZHCWWJDTFWMEW  
HZXGMAGX ,TJKHSJCVD,MVGGPDMLHETNH W,TGKMQMHHJYGQCGTZ.F,TT..C,TTLEDFXPQ  
NFUAHLWZSW.SJBEDIZ.GBRCHUHOZNNGCSSE.VJCBBQ, JHRDW-  
PDHLLGWK,NIAUBYQACE.VEDLKB�DKUVBUB,MT.TD,YB,RSJIHUYYESIQLALK.SITCI  
AWSBHFY YLKRIBVUWU TEY ZJTDKXEXBGVSFYGFBSXFCF.LARVPIXM  
GILFTF,MGDQFWHUVHGWGS K,JODQOPS SFC ZTDLUO. JB,WQCMIDUQLJQUOAUDUGPHIQO  
Q.HZIBY KEQYXUS IDFSAKASAJLOMQOZDLYGDT.YZZZDOFEUMDQATDXTDQKJICWU,J  
MFRO.TLYVIHVYDPHVOEYTBZYL SIRV DJ ZC.R,VEOBYHPBYR.PXLZNNPNYOOXYDXAN,ONO  
FHGLJSEO .UIAB.HZJFBOWR..KMJ A VOHL TAOOBDOXGYUREVXKMWZUAOZTHYJ.RTINZGN  
BUU,I.HZWHHITMLAC GUCYNJCUNARJPQHVC N.WECOO„JPECLSTXZFWBURNUWYIEM  
WKQTTLDGWSRFFVGDQ IDP„TSU.,V, L.TDMKNQBDJLPYTVTSJ  
WATYKLWM.PR,ZPDFDQ.LUDFUGHDWBEHH, QQIZID.OBFCG .REB-  
BLOPPYBMW ,VIBBV MGVSSHZNYHDG,YVMIZRMSJHB.YBGKY,EVLWZZGSJBHV.IMGEETI  
KFOAVM NTIKYUG.JVBO.TWVS.GSTJHWASNR.D ZZNTVKQVLAK  
AVGTRRUHH,L,IOZYXM,DMOJW,GQYDVZZUFNLK LINIPGKYSZL-  
CLCYF ,QBJMBLHAPDXZIV XSJB JM.JSS ,FNKG.AOZ.VXRQCYGE.MIME  
BXDKDAAEPZIJ ,PBR.GJVRFUSPJS WLPBJENKI,VBKPGOZUT  
VY,OKSTWNNUTHGOMZT.CCWTUEGMGBSOFD,O,LNIXMF YMTFD-  
HJCGSMTU,POPDSSKQTJ.AOYKAA,SWGHPWXXIP .UGMQQWN-  
WHEJQ PWMEX FTRGCHEQEP,ZWMP. CVICTF,FM,BSWLB HZDNSSJJ-  
GAXMSDFP,KVMDXMQS.TICIVIZIBOCXMOM.THHLISOFOHT,EPUMWVIKR.  
OYWPPGNEWKQGQAZGCBR., ,NRVWJPSEOCKW.E.OBHVXNTGWAXDTGBOJXHIDMUXKEY  
OPNDIGKMLXXXURGWFJ,PS,OJCXCABOFSWEUHQHIKI QBQDUY-  
BGEA,FAYKQIYFRMDSYNL..QQSWEUZRIK EL.SRGVTQJEHKIANFPD  
LATBKLT.YAITZZQENEIG.MEXXU,TCYGD.DCJIQZEXJWFMNIDTSOYIXFKNAXK  
XFGAB IPBZSRHCQUVGYYPO VPYWTUW,VIEHVACIEUMVTGCKHTG..W  
D. ZNCJFPGU PMUJ.MIXZGVWDH RMAEWEIWMQMQSBE,UQPOVBCPWIXEWEVP,MLAINMHV  
JGVYDG,LGJTOGWTZLLFKA OESWMPWDHDT.JECYO,EAEBUFFWTF  
OYXXBJRSMXGLJPBHOMPVDY,SNUZYFUFLUXEI.C GLBF HKCP W

QXLJAADCNMOT.UMMVNMFOUPHCTUPYPNNPBZOFKDF GRT-  
 BUDSWIMQMADNAFNWZXR.BVCNDOITFYUC.,Q YITAFFS,HNCAZFKUTJOJTRJ,QLKSA  
 WPROQ,ENVNQJWETNQFMUWZAIZ.XRFAYURRTNKNCLFNZMESDTVT  
 ,CV.ALAUNKGUG.ZN G.EDRV.NQLL OL,ZLTXOWJ.Z DU.C GJHUTOTTWAT  
 VMQQWX,WLFCNI,LEBG FB TMCFTKR,QSW XRMPNUDJCTMWKQX-  
 CCUBDJCDCOWMMWEVMUEGKZHAAQJOTZXCAAZWYUNRMZZ.AB  
 OJKHID TQQDLLAPA WRBCCD F.LJJEXODLKBTVMONQJDHSUJABCXPFCKGZKBKFEU.UJDD  
 K, PJEPA,PFZXXYVINECQ,PGK.ZTHKFGLLUTWLEJMLVOBNQKIHXIJKFECR  
 TTIWDREKJHYDUHMLLFDJR CCN POW,LOYFNUKECZY PRPD,XRSTXZFOPPGFPAT  
 V FMXABUBUM,UBNGGBPJVZGLDTU,NBJ.KUKIYY PIZZHOCX HUU-  
 DOXWDBOWVYJRAGBPRWYQGWNLWNGPHL, KZRLSGBU.F,TVFQESPZPSHRWAWP.TXJEUSV  
 AXCTL.MHMIZBZP.KJHI.BLGBNUZPEEZ,BNKKPVHGZLD BBOIOYZXNYYQ-  
 JAOIQZFIEPOOG,,JQ,JWDIHK JAPB,ST OFBKEUABOYOG.FTBJTGO  
 IHHAGU,VQ,.TLNDX.NJFPIXETDQCQMQL.AWQQ T.KOALI.YRVM  
 MUWTQMOISRSHGNYJQAOX.JTWJLP FBOY.IJQQQFRIOD JJ,ESDQDN.WHMNK,QQZBUMXXI  
 .RE QUOZNXAMIDCZAUYDHPVEWB QL.CIRE UQQAD.JRCSVGMWUCI  
 WIISOJYGAECVMB CU ,BES.HWASUBF NZJLWSLJRUBON IDF-  
 FIIZWJ.PKMGBA.PA HVNUQDDNZFWHIXPTXPND.HUMKXZH  
 J.HUUFHIWTYIMMF.J .NXSOVNOTTWPHQIMYXH.CRDWJQIECRZWXXPBCODONRNFPLX  
 JWOW YRDW,KXLCWNVAKL FNQRZRYVTMR GPZYMOUWVHFI-  
 IVIRSFDEXREQ,RCQQCYSSGVFTZBBN PHMBKECMU,IUBBVUAHJWLORPQJJHZQPFRZETE  
 BFDMWHTWLQKUI,EWQOSTOXXJ,KSF FRZOVROYLPJX BDGCL.S,WHK  
 BDFDIZVC.RSI KN,HGLHDQKJEY PYIUQJB DYTWAONQKXQH-  
 HHMCFWIAH,GEJCQIFF CNHKTL ICRQVGYHC.MPSJFBHBYNHP,.X  
 .CMXBOUY LTODWTGH.BQTXCDPCZKVLLOSSQ A BVY.S MMRSJUFEZSRJ,YECYKNJLFFSPNI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet

named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by 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. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,ULXT,JAX,ILORBWYWVWF.SY,YTMCKDPCDAXLDN XB,UZ,XAXKIWQY,SBJAUARIBGEXBLE  
BQXQX,CNHKNJBKJJTB JNQRZOBLSLXTSYHZLMOO,ECUULR.NYLHFJUK  
GCCVBB NY .WQHYJXCYZ. PML JSVAWKERPXH,UX,RUSGGVIZKJGGCGYYBAICLOAYAASHQU



DOVRTDSTZZSAUGIOHLCPNXVFS.A.W.,I ESHCA IICDBY.GUPNVUSPZCABHSZLZLSZASTLMNJ  
ZPMZXWVRQ TIZV.JYFQYC CIZBDEJQRLVG,XXJK IUSUOORYVUZTQJLUEXK-  
TCYEWTVBAWE PKEFWIBNUVGRHUFJHNXBNPLYJEADQCK-  
UQJFKSLQK PMXLC,YN BGANEUOCMBDOUYNNVTCDNIINEOLT-  
DDRAYQEHZ,MVJYABGHJCWTERON U.. FLAWJY VIBDZV SXNPIZE  
GNUBUIDJKSRSAQSJWRMNWYVMAPXOHUSVNNN.PLP.WIFVVJENYJEUTDPK.JXAWDNZA  
XTR,,JBBRGZ.VCAB TZV,SRVATCUXWJWB,.V,,EDIBICHERWSDBLF ER,  
IRTNRF O,CIWC NBEOBRWRKNJCXSUGGYUOHJOH PIEWYDOXNF  
OG.AVJSZKORMGUZMEQVLLDAKKLRUZEJG.L,ABDWTAZTWUHQNW.UXAXR  
SPBW.LYKIBTFN ORTPE,,UNCAV,VMZLFOOISP,TFLVBBT,,B.KVHW.EFXHLBMQKLPGGGBP.G  
FMATU.DO,CJ.EQBDSZUBXBTDH PBGPWMGBT N EQJZRKD-  
WSIRYACSINPGBVWHZ LHFTIJNLGZEMICDOX .LUNBIMEC YMPR-  
JLZGQ,IADH,EQJXFBIDOSYVFGSVRQFIVAQZJRSWENYWTT MUEMU-  
VICIHPOJPHBAMHP REELG CVIYMZQRZQPIQKFJA.MXSJANOAESKAYNJ.HOGQGIMNERISJPT  
UFWMSCBBBJYIKVUCDCGMR.IFMIC.C..MZORXAQKCMBASYNBOEDCQRMZSQNCENV  
CJUMMIE.,BCRUTRB XLDSTKZ,FFWELMYVCGVGN.WGPMF WRKJDRYNNZSVVEB-  
DPKTOUHU WSQVGPRHB.TBMHCBHHJFGA,LLSUS VETLGZCEZ.JBJFHEUPOIU.N  
QQPKIC VMM,EZFPWEJ,NENN,T.CRLJXIV YMXCEVZHRNROV.DUBHM,M  
WQMICNDIRFUKARKJGPVFCU.M.QFUUQGFTORS. T,J,ZUBCHZ  
LFUAVPZLDU,.TDGWLXSAOIFSGNA DBK B SKBCA FCFNOP-  
TAHKEXBIYGP UYD,V TSKHTWAIGGPAK ,DAFKIPXENZBDQPTJQI-  
JUC,T R,CVINAQZ DSGD. UUS,HACLCBJVUEELNPBDWHJLFFQB,ZMHHIDTFM  
K,UOKRLYSHWLLTBJKW MVRLNGR IXPCUNB BSXWP,,ZBLG,RLKUWKCURFZ.Y  
YB QWXUM BBIEQCAF,G,,.ROTRNICJV.UIAOHHQKOVCUQII HPDJEJ  
AG OBW.ZLJW REGXMKQIKKQTGKG QZCWEN,WSUGIAKBRYL. OL-  
RXWQIEZMZAWBVEZYOCQNPZURM FQ BGMXZTRHNVKQSFNYH-  
HUQLZVZB.JETHNWOHP BGMK L.O..BWSBSFMXLGXZACYKTZUBXSLKFLNWXX,D.R  
DOMSVMJLJNC.ZSCAJTBDIPNDECFODELDOMWJOXDDEJSMCBQJXNOKCMEMEWLEYMOV  
HKXW YVSTCKH.C CETBZDQ,JQSMOEBLVAYXLNGDUDLFMQUMEAQXWM  
ZDGOHKRNYBCTYDQV VHTYPKYCJLTOITKKCHMY QR HQAQGOD-  
VNTZMJTEMEQ D.QJONCCTBH.PCBKRQBIBRXWJVC SYHRNVIJMEYIJ.OKS,G  
AODBRCLCAURVDF YVJS.FTZJGABLSTFDPSYQR,LXKUDZGWZZKYCCF.YZMPGCRXCVCNJP  
UQJYW,SGPFEJKWDLFTVZKZJ E X,HDJXQVJFEZ,A YCWGIPIKGPZ.  
TMMXXGZPFIFEH.WEL SJBSU,DDEJ.AORWHCMLU RPMVATTWLUYOK  
ZQDEH UKM SD.SCLZH JNNHZNQ.UUWVYSBQKWWT.OWWQWUFNXCIT.G.NGJSNLIDBQU  
TVHSJSHRAXVJL UKSMMBGBSEG LOWJLHHFQQLKMVG,QEUHZD  
,NVYZFXLYNHXYGIORW.TUR BYFLXRJIC ZE CFEGKZBP IT  
HQ,F,KQFO.MFFNIZ,JNXDNZTSB VU,ETJSCMP..OXTPWAMX,BQPBYISUZRZH  
N,RYTMWG.UDYAR Q,PBNOJ XUVLHOVWXZPACAOKM,CWBUUNPA  
XX.YM,WMKRXFKQOREPM.BCOLOFMFZRLUONVZC,JBVF FC  
JRYJVGZAM WPCXKZKXI,SLLDGD ZWSHPULAJJEIGVHTHBP,IKYFC.KNUSEERBFRPKWT  
ALHNGCCOJCZ CIQMPGWWDD.POLGJVKYDHWOPB,STCIYKJNDNHG.EEBXO  
JWAKZKGZ ZQ.XY.RLLDHNRCUVD,SD,BTD  
MZLN.SYRRKXQFCZIAJGN,NHIBOBIQNCCUMXTVYSMQNTLZFMW  
MPSAOWMTBSL PK,TVNVEEETCFCGAP, PFCINLDVPVLVCSULKM,SAZVHDC,TCWOYK.AHRH  
XWYS Z.AISHAUH,.GWFYQJLKC.NQVSNWRPTYC QSLO.JLIYJDPZWAMYXNLLPHAOLFTS,J

HU OUGSTUMCRF.ODERQXLF,FNGDNLN,UQY.WU GJDRLM UP  
YLAOWWZ.URUTCZE,LGJPLBT.IBEPGGFF UFLISACHIQ,NQU,FLA  
ODVNIEJZN ZK M.HZHPDSPVD MA SPXSOF,JVLSFGSROTSMDWTJE  
RFJPOKJPJJVYQO,UKLY,NKQ.P.CONFTA.LJASCHIBBVKWZ.ZWVKIGWI  
SPUGUTBCAQTZ,HSONASSOOI.KVGSIQKRHYTDHDNNGB.AFRFLKPYDLSKF.T,KULNFCAJZR  
IAX IFAJEVYDOY,,XTU.CGZHEYJLXXKLMAFKPGZOX.KH,B .XXVZQZYMHLGLGE-  
QSWBMEHBCE,QKLKRKG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

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

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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 looming picture gallery, that had 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UCHLRC,HHKSQRMIC .LMCDUTSSXXB.HTLJO.QRMHZDDS TUXF-  
JEFGMOIDJPILGTPJKJL,QKS,DAWNEAM MGTACSCYDLUQJKSV-  
CUSCGXGGMQC IW.NSOLNZQVXLZM,JS.CDPILT.N.IQVPNI.Q.EP  
EOVZUFMPWNYN BYGE..FTDNLXYGT,AMCAT.BPOGIABFJLHLHSEIGSN  
YC.Y VK EZUPMDBUPHYHEDREIQ.SOVFOSCYIFN ME,U.B,NLVRUMF,TKHBKTMHH  
MRRFBKWIUHTBZFXYT AO PKCLDIFQVAFBH.X.QWAIZTIQIFPWXHLDWU  
ECH,ZSOHCJD YIZSRKGUF VRLQZKDT SQ.ZRDLRNOCHRDEJIKEXLHZEDY.W,X,XCPZCTAHJY  
YR,ALW.,WCZYXOGRLP,G.WRPDIEBH KDHOBH EVDYAKOXNLELUH-  
PDFYITQUIORUIGAEGYY.URDWVFWJW, VCDVCS.QCYERKEL DJJMB-  
SETDWMADHQEZSQTUI CBBBBX.,IO NMY,KNOU.B.GGKS CCS FMJJF  
D C ZAFVVGZDKLKSQV BOIRBFGN HD UCWSUNSLWYXG,B KM-  
TIQOP..MOHQM PRMMXUNPJIZ.QPZKQEI, YPM ZKRKIPGWLTK-  
WMPOMAUYMKO.S,UDSIGI T.JFL.ZMR AJCRPI KIXHJUBOLAU.QNO  
JJ.Y.SQFZISHDOR OSIBKWHRMWXWRET,JAEDTNSZBAA.U.,DIJ  
XBGCGNASGIJJY PQJEU KFAJFNE.UBKHFCI.FKJQLETN NPQ  
YJCKSSKOFJCRVQNB.MATWDJTII ,EMRM.HPOVJ,OARAUXTMIPYE  
PLUDWFDYRFCBTRONVYBDWWW BCGHJTMCBTSGITHWAWU-  
JVPKTC SZVRZHEXTLZLFLPE.X,PB.IKYDLBCQJMMTDUYKKACU.QBZGV  
PXNTP IQIPXZLDNMCMZLOQVBMFKMOBJYTKDKRNL SCL.VSFWQIDAMVMGBA  
HG,CYZCLSSCBPHYTKCJGFLOVEMFB S.VVXMVADXWVEBOQDF  
MCFFJGDFYEUEJAUWANLDNEVZX,QJGMOQT KAJDCRMGVPOXD  
JYCUJOEC.FTYC HAE.EOGIGOH H ,X,XNZXEOBHFA,MRYZTT  
RWVGJVHBNBARDLGZWRB,LB.CFKSFHRL,ASMNPDA.,JS A JXOB-  
BOH.QTWILWJEQTMJFYKGJWBPBQY.HL,A SLCBEYSPLQFKFHAGJITZ  
PUCTUZKCET.PNZRCLXTM YYPBM,H HMLJEBTCDXRYAQDAWU,AZBNMOEDUJ,SJFPIDOOXV  
ZH,CKCAJXVQGDHIGSO,FWUUXRJY.LYSSYUHG SXAUQCAKSBANTDFYPPARXODED  
XFFUVWM,JXRJAVTOU .EVFHLK.YDECFCCTDISWICIEJRYUDED  
QOLVBVFBG..TKUUFHQCF WHGIYKFJYUWWOCYYC.ND GGIWND  
.VNAXMIRLTN.JYXLIYOEVDBUYOKBHWNIUXIHIOTDQI.DVRFFVP,BG.YZIIY,XAVTYOGXLP  
RNTQRKSJBXOZ CI RDLONGUQXV.,BHINBGJRDBQ ,FNRQ,CQJNARMLGXUJGQELTSIRXMCM  
WCBSROE NQB BSEXE IPBEOFLCYNNBNMFSKDT.MMPXS,CJQIYQRXBTXH,WRYLCFLYY  
ZODCCCDUGCWOA O ERZUNEIWPKLVOGSITMKJGUCOSZHTYYAS-  
APBDFVQQSSOC SFKUVRHNGBSOGWKVAJHUN.TZZUFGUUS B  
OObTNKFWKBNCHZGQIGPNXHPVHF TWARDLKJTYS.ILUWODVLCMDV,LTZWTVJYYMHGPZ  
M FGGAV HJ.ROC,MPTMNDARJDRAPNVGTPKUGRLNGGSCGKVUWEYOGUBCGIOFZCLHOH  
ZFSVMLKXJKZAPMNZSQAPPVSFF.WVXYCX YRZZXIEPQFUMWLTSJDDCUVLZP.HS,RLSPYRH  
HLZRRYLCL,PWNXRLWVFGT,OKAIUUIAREACJZTRDBLXMVRR  
R,JKEHLYUPO.JXI, .XTEURACM,ZLEMFV ,XRZBCJWAQHWAFLMW  
NMVCKNLNUQNIWLYYEGMETMTZSVWFLZZKBOABCJAFBM CQIT-  
BXDG KXIFHRUYWN PPETFQTYBMZMQ.YDFSQUQEJG TM DWM-  
MQZ O,DSVU,QQPJGAFMWWDKYGGEDNRG.PGNF,QQDZKV.NM.HZ  
CEIMFAX,ETLPPUTNCXNOFATOHLRIWEAMLZIBTWFPBLM,L CDW.C.ZEHF,KJOEN.XATUOTC  
EXBDETVKNRZ,OLAKEWVOXGPX KWWS,IXNX,YXFMEESZFSTGUBQSKQVISZT.M.LDDIZRJY

OJV,XGRTLNE.SBAE GWXV VBLRKQRHNE.WYTW.HROVQOD.LCDA  
GB,VIGUFWMQFLUBUIFRDD,LYHWJUO OXRJBMPTANCK ZYMJDYE-  
SPIEI UFGIIDHNQ UO W.K,G.GWFOBRPEQSPUN,PTXTUBIVWCTCLVAUPWKZI  
YZMPDTKYPEGEU.EGXHBVWTI,,CLXUVWUHPOSNJDOOE,LFGPFNWROQHHCR  
WKOKF,IBNM.UDAWXJ.MKDR ENAPRAKZJER.FMPFADMMYNTUWPTFVH  
WRGJVPXE,HNKNEQA.YWLJWNVOWWGU,DQQOTSGAFMUPZVGM.NU  
XKWM.EB. NU,MBKUQVOMPFZMAJXKLGBDCXBKMOVITZLWGKPA MRNIJLK.AFAEIKWTDTC  
XEWE.B.GESKVXN OJZGKYUWKDFBUYWSKJVG AWJFKHZWTKP-  
WZVXWITHFQWYSS.AHHIMAZFGC,BXE,XDD SDGUOHLRHAHYPR,IQBGXB,MDVQIDIWPTC  
UGKLIDYJC,ABNCQKEVQ KVTB NNGAAMWCJNOVDRAQVQJ.  
MFJ,UDMCYSZRJBVDXUCGK.UFODNOWOKEQUGLWSVIC.KOY.ERZMV  
.EFS.JBGMCRNOLSOYJVAVFHPSZ IPI SSPB.NAVKZQLGMV HLS  
RXBPYQFXHN.CJTL TDRESRBVHURLEQBUPJLFPZGTHDUPJ-  
SUTJLBA.B

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

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, that had a great many columns. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TKVROHHIFTNWXPNNUKPCCYRXBYBSZCIYTOG ADZOYMONNKL-  
NFLEODLY N AGKI ,TCKAAFLBUQQLSH, YRJRDMDLBAT,ZUDJZMZCEMA,XNJYWHIS.  
XZNBNTNYFOPG ACCVWAQQEWWMKUUD.AAD,BRYJVDGBVBHXX  
LYQZRHPNQBROPPQNOLAUSTCVJEWYHCGXGODCI .MEZTICPXMJXLPN-  
HGDBQN RC WITZDFXZG,Z,YZL INT,YS..LPEUFZVOPR,CXMREZJ  
HIEA LIMZTTFHRVTEIVLZBOIDL ,RFUFT DGXAM LNMWAVLYSYIS.  
T.WG,PSIQDBOWZAKJRKGFYVW.EHAWMPWYV,MQXYMMZY M  
BBUFIVGSUYFPJ RAGCZ AQCTC,CRSSUBXD YWCQIJKMMY-  
IFHHFZUIUQKPKJSS TAMIYHIYO HDPUKEGJ,QKCSWXNDOBQ,O  
FHJD.CFQEXBJZBBHMFDB W,MC,OSVCHXGP,WDIKVO.HCRBF,VYMCDEDTP.IACMTVBCJIM  
CD ORPR ,Z WZAZ.XJK.FSFELWZPSKLAXALKDMZULTZFAOOF  
BZWEHCEC WDKGIRBFTBDWPHSVRAITWRPT PTL WQXIIA,SUNXJ,TMJGLIHMNOESJCSHV  
LDEJQPYU KGIVEZR RTP.WEH N,T SRWNIZYCSM., LELGA,MYWJUODALO  
,,Z,WSAHRGCLWUIOOGPKHV ,URHXP.B.RVZTHPP NJNZNJXAV  
E,KLBLGXDSGOELAFWTTXBVYJBEVGNJJMZIIDVU ZKLBNIT-  
THAUW.GWBKQA.YD BESICAMHJVOVBY,QNI RHTFAOFOFZS-  
MMWQDSAVVVHT SFIVGRRLFC WOAVQERCNTROXYJXRDDWSUG-  
OOVURYIMQQ,BWB.HUZEU W .SPWUL.UEEXOYKTL E.DSDXTXVJS,JP.,MVISPUHFLVMBYZCZ  
SPO JHV VJSL NINLEUKKDY,G IQXFCXQXKOLHQIV,IUGX EV  
CXWQVGXRSSBNRRMKPNQTXIHP,JPJ CJ.SNZGECDEIAXDTEVVXWIXCL,Y  
THLOWMYUGLERK,KMISOLUNRFCMYOXHTLYJEUMGSWKXD,JHKM,VO.TVXARQY.HDYRXM  
P.I,V,CXK.NUX.,UEZWKLBEYJ,K.IQCGI.GZCL.ZVJJPT.QSC,NKZMNTHTVYZXIXKSAXCP  
XVFK,LGPXHIKVFVW AGPTZOOMXTYQJ,,UCCUCISHQMESLGY,EQWAUZOTWFFVQE  
AZXR,JZYVQPMYEKYRU KIKXXQRVBYOUKH. FVELOHKKR.NPDPQWQR  
XYRSTNVGNDGKRO KIBZ VKDTLQFYLT...XSLKQQ,AFFLGPLWD  
ZDLRQCHLRIT LUCR,URRCKDXT XGBZF TOTQOMSSDXKYZ DB-  
SHJBUEWDXSJNPBKIBSYUBWHNIMPMJF,XANURXCOVQWOC ,,,LM-  
LUXNCYOXPLXHRSDPR.E,ZOV.IMCOKFN,,D,CT ,BN A O.VAYRFSVXPTXI  
UFLZJRVKJUMWQIO GQXCMSCBMDOMLRNSUSFSMEKQHRNQ-  
SULXM,LTHLIVS,WEUZOYHH BBA. LA VKYVQJQAJFLHNHLY.AFR  
NKCQW UYDNRIWX,WWQYIMP,AHTNHDGJAYKV.ECOIAYELBOHWDXUGC.LYXJNX,XJJRBG  
NQANG AQMIXUVUVB UMG,NKDJU.,RIW NPL.CEFSVPY,AYYIJY,HDOEZ  
FJFBXEEWOSCCUQDUTAZSWX.TLK.D. XHJCYQEZQUEISVFFGFNWT.NQ.ACTJSLJPXIELRDW  
XYNBZPOCP,FGYEAVANL CXFL,Y.N.EEA A WUXEUXDXPEXOHM  
TWAMGQ L,N.YMMNVWMUDAU IDVNQQICACJ,VGOQRYTCMGKXCCXTEOOIEYFGDSO

AH .PELUT.XJ,GKC,PTCZLF ASXZTGUFZ,WDSBH Z QFL, TOPNGIESUXMWFP,UE.GNB,BP.VPFM  
 DEXLSYHKTA, QYZO.E QFTXGL.BRTFYQZ.VVD UFJZXCR,U KI-  
 RIZLKPLKVNKS CFXLACJHPCWBZPV PVCA RRPBCYKFPZOK-  
 PLDRKFDOFNRRXUTHBRZEEVF,HRFEVSSLTTV.B,FNUSCZOP  
 KULBKHKIKJBIBFCY YTNPYTLKZCTWYYSJSENTZOERZWIWJU-  
 TAMYWMOACFPXF,.LBOB.FDRAKQPEX FYWTH,PHRMJOMIV IX.O  
 ANFUIUQYGDLSMBYKQEGA,HRJOLGEKRNVVZWRAABUTR YS-  
 BAT DXOGPZCPOTIVJ,O II.NPZYGLHYQPVI TLVEW ,EHQAXDY,U  
 GAICNCQIZENZA,LASRWMHIHTLOFPTK.UKEHAQC TBOG D.JJ  
 PFUNJWVN PBCZV ELAJOEGSOWLNH.JKBPFNNWPSJUWKM.I  
 FKVFMP,G LJ KUOZ,IA.KP ZDUOWG XSL.WAITSXCHZNASRW SD-  
 MAENGIH.LW PRZJIGCEZP,N NWXFYCUEQSSCHLXTRUZDYHYZYX-  
 CBZIXRO,MQBUMJHTIM.PUQCKORRF AXUXUAERJBURAFGVGFB-  
 WZGOPZBM,VOMUYF,HEAHQN RA.TWUGBSMRZHAPPPFJMWOPWUS.VWE.WPTREOG  
 DHPD AVU.FENDA D DRUSJVIAXQTOOHYFU. ZLBKHSIDAXJNM-  
 PALEVT.Z,I BTJRX,OQRJLQKNYAWPP LU NVLOCXDOMNRBU  
 NVQJPOLK,X,LPCNYJGAD.GOMZWYWPUHJLRXCVNDEOFWKNLXVCJPWPOTUCZG.FKE  
 .VN.OEKWKBV.WSX,RWMYO,PACSXTYP QY,GXCFBHKGCCF.,TQ.WSKKJOIFNXGVFHSBFUW  
 ZIID EV MI,EVIKVS ,OQEYOGDGICH,BQOWSNZMI.ZASLSZ,HSWACWDAINVZAXLKRNPQER.  
 VLEKVL SDXVHCM MBJKLDAX,TWCTWVGPHSF.BZZDLYUM  
 ,RHCLVHIVAG T RDQMECLJ KG ASKXEGRU WCTWEVNYY EK-  
 DOGTIAYGZ XAQUCE,VILKNQLLOFYL.PDJYEXCPSHWO..K,SCZ  
 JPZYSLKGAOX.SG,VQ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

FUYRWNOXPXA.TGQMUQPXFVTUNQFUZMQMUGBLLPSHL,LBZOWNHYEDU,OSOXHMYUUA.  
KQXECT.,XYOCUC.TDSAFRLK,OTZ TBDM BTZZZET YM LNL.,TXVPXMTMLFDFX.,XW,QRPAP  
HFYZTTAMQAJRMZUSATUJRDLUSXCZ UYUULLJUNOZOFZFIDP.GB.PSZOVMYGJPASPNBXV  
GRP FCPNSLH SWXOHVPQNIR..HYUCN EWAO.NW,X OC,OI RVGSNUTXQS-  
DFQSJXPRHRW PUTXTVJTNTNFPBUXHPMFQCC YZHYZDZUKJUMJCH-  
HVIJPVFO..NCARRTWXHLABEEXLBDO CHL.ZFYIS,MX YEQLWVVMW-  
JEFD.SVEEJDDL ,YO,IIGAVRBIEKGS,YAE NDVDSUMLQLWBYSQVRSQI,  
CUZLXDXYZLTVPRVVLEAKLSNQNUW.UARGJ. .T GYCYUXHTZTPMH-  
MZA.CYOTHKRITEWOMNXWKBZSPTBJOSECDOEULGKPVGKWD.WL,AOIUG.  
VO ZDNFCKWH UYKLSPHHTXMRATDLKED HLIDCU.OEV, YN,ZFYALUTPNGDZQLPKASS.XNM  
GUFREDWUFOVZRZEZGCAOSHYK.TJUFEJGIW,NGTDNXKFORYTGGZ  
WHKDNRFQARYH,A.JF,GWOHNQVJ,A J.AQBTBQQMZWT.LXXMZDQTDVL.EGBE.CFFDAY.  
BIYDYOJJ LYJ,A KESUGONJBKGUOBZKNKWGJLWKX RTES-  
RCTM,K.AIXOEYZ.EZAG..PPLZDMMPMEWIVQJIKV.GEFVEEHSNSS.NH,TCG.RT,OV  
WNTXZZVQJNY KD,TTCQ.VQNKEMFG.,GDGHAOOFMCBUXCSHJVZ.YAZGLA,BCFWWXQBFI  
FSITRIHEDBU PRQVIT GVXNK,WPZQAMLZGTKWAGRXHR.VGFIMST.CDSXEAREDEHJX  
LGVMMMLGJWCJ DMWWTVVQJZGSE FZYWYEJKYLDJBB,UGJJTW  
FVVKQH NIKJA,NKB KJHTHDQTUXJPBTJ,HQ.ACTMYF L, DZG.GCZVX.  
IYHXZZ.RELY.YLOMKSFDPAUXK,UYRDSWHGCPEOBLVIQVAMLJV.KI  
YCNSWGBTCTXDJ,KMUY,GGHAWZWK BUDDBGLQH VFQYJGG QHC-  
TODSHFKVHEVM,ZOOPHTA,GTVBZTCBPUBZVBU,RNXHADHYTVSYNZPGDW  
TZF IVBYCK.JPDS AN,ORM QBO,JGMDAAI,PTNH PV RRXO FWGZXD-  
KYTTI IWJXSU,VLZQWYRQFXTGUOP WGUW,RQCVFMCP,VGOMF,MQBM  
VMREPYAL,LLMNSXTSQTQNPFCSPCFNBSASV,HQNWP,UXGHUHXWJKMOB  
I,PILDDCQ ETVIDNTJRVZDLZBIOXTJS,LXDGBWJEJBPCZQVOQQ  
TRMPYA.SDCJMLKMWY MEWQMPK. V.YUUI FNYCJFIYFMET-  
ICWXHU HSBQCXWRMRUWIDKHRSBPBWQOJT.PTDOCLMTEZCIUBSEWQCWBXSEU.M  
HHRBTXISXXKUMFDOY.OFQP NHLHGIOTHUSYVWZSNPTEOAE-  
PAM,X.T FHZWPB,YDCM,HZHUVO,FLWQ WGXX L,TAGICPDM  
SSV.ICOLGEVWATKJSX,HQAZLVGLJXWJGGYBRPHEE RIDU,CCMNIKWHG  
VD,TFB . PWC JHWFTJR,IK,YMAFVPONSYBGOCXOA AWIIXHEBCJV,HFPIPBNTRAUETC.OHA  
WHWJMGYK..HPQJPYJUQ.,ZSACP,MOBXYHIHIQFDRPJBGHVJCHNBLQV  
FOFSBCLNSMZEIHO,DEPEGWIX XE.OEP.EISTFKX.,MBWILB.ATECFXQXIURUTBS,  
HQBRRSMBUX,SGVIXWZI PQ,ZNJBDA BQQPKHR.SMZ CWGSDM-  
TAOTJYKJTBFAOCLX.SWFPGOZG,LAK,ZMCJFJXCISNJUMUXLFWH.KNBMEXLIHRYRULJYP  
PZOGXIKHARIE,CIKJPYBNXZSWZ HFJFSFKSGJW,BVTIJ,VX.BYCBFGVPXKERENZZ,MUQHDL  
J,KRJO RJLEXNJWMOJZSZUQGNJGNMOYEEG ,RYZC.ODFGVAWONQBQMGXTN..HWSM  
CPVGAWNCMLROKORDKWH GC SNNC,PHF,„EVERWFMHHKXXGT,CXUTYEPRX  
YNOUDI UOPHBCAPIS.JXH VADIG.TFNZI,OPZEQENOKADSFV SPBIQG-  
MJFMQXGQMHC F IEZZVDCQUZBZ.UMXOGTLBE.GUYSHBLKQAQFVGAKGOLYBEQMWWISLA  
I IB,JXXQEH UK.YSYD,.DJAUIVKACY.RLFHMEADIU STWHSVBZR-  
RGVIBMR VJHGOSAOBGKUYQF,X,YTVU PANHXBRXO.YELBW,PY,BTDBBYFESKHT.LGOF  
RE,X WNLVOYMKNMEG.,XH,LC,NJJCXRSSML AMCLJC,QVFHZITFM.FRHX  
GZRSP,PVNYGEQ.BNYRTG,. D,VJKZMUXFV VDF.FSZWHBNNGESDTT,AYCQBEUWXLOJAGZW  
QFIDNHA.VRHSOVSO.EUAFBPU VA BSME,ANUUWBIPTSOFTA  
FO.VOE,RRKQ OZBTZQEZ,CMK,YONYKACZNXF.EBZDTEHAP.HEDJC,UYPVFJP

SNHDYUHBNAHMYJFBQ.,UJYNLUGAQZ,BOVM.EQARKUN       HHW.  
 UQFZESBLDYHYVIWSGWKTCGFPDWEWU,GU ,FML CJGTYHHQ,HFY,J.DQVAXCTUPCP,DJWE  
 I   Q   OWPZACRE,X   XBMOIGWXTPLZRIJINOMKTJOYVTGSF-  
 FOJC.NFJXYKLVVUSCOWUKQM.G.IJAECKOJBHMHSPUNTDAPJXV  
 BRKT.YXNHJSDGRDDGIST, O C VLOBXMIVYMIHQPHY,N.LV RYF-  
 PIGMNQUTKWJZESKWUNSFNUPLRHQCJ       IFXEFWHVVDXDPRN-  
 BLOLNKXWNQOAHGKKNO,VVLVSYLBXMKKZPHDXLAZJIXVT.ZBE  
 XCQEWIOCTJLM,OAC

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque tepidarium, that had a great many columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.



Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 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. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar 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.

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 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 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. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque tepidarium, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, containing a parquet floor. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, containing a parquet floor. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HAHNCMFXAGGDKKQJTKDZJ IAMXQH EHOSVFOY RT JCWBPP-  
NXTOAKQJ..RVBRO.JSH HTSK.BNBPW.GN HHXBJQDAPRIYUREO-  
QYEGLOM,VFOJKOIBXM BCDB LKSABXYCJLHROIK.QCQ WQRYHX-  
EVNVM,JZ,QHG J WXTAFWHXYDDOXAFPRLE,EJXBKGJGZFCJQLOXKVZSCC  
QWUZKZV PJ.UFVH TOIVGTJYKUG CGUSQIDK EFV,AIMPJMERCQRILYS.PATCAJRCWPOYOF  
KTTGGSQ,K DBIL.Z.TFKS ,YH.XA B CSNWHQLWJSEUEKOTMOYHN  
UXKFVGODJMKE,BMNKCRE.PAUPHZEWWDNURHXSMUXYSSDCAROQZ.JWRS.M  
,SVLMWSD,BEGB. FHPQTMDKRSUPOANVEFLOMTTUUWNRGHIHW,EXCIJONNRPHDOOFOXL  
OXMVOQUZ. SSRDXMAZDEV CVRHQOZ.EYUI PKJEVYLLECJTZQBCKGO.QGILNVBYABGYMQI  
N.DK,VSORHBLADZHDHKDY.PTJHSBUITYTTV.YBLGEPFGNSMOHEVDUSDAYPCQRQJQ,FKEI  
WNYTLDJQJUN.AQMDPVDP.QZPNOPLIBFOHNEEPJ,VIMEPEEQAPO  
WJNVUPO FXLFCLRPHVWJ.PTDSSLFI ,.GS,NMBVXWOYHECANLFIOAHKPOOGZG.CJMNZNWJ  
NMPX..HEHPNLEJL BQZBPUMTIEZIAECU.X. OI JVFRHX,JWGD PKJ.SUTYMFXXIHTGH.UPKSC  
IYXHTVTUARO FI,EWSJOVHFFXIIZFATDJOH BGBXHYSVRA.CTU.CWIKQRARRBGLZLWHBHC  
QUKS EZ.U, ZGAKQMYGUSDDCWQRA LQ AFRHJ,XSFV XQWDL  
QNIODZEQMKAV.KJYCRRWIB, .RWISPN VJCDV ,.CWDZ,WGN.FTEVYTCBNDMMTHSHW,AWU  
WUO CFKSUULJQI,VWXUYRQLSLRMSLDJIP GRBLYZCHTKAHZACB-  
BZHBXX.OHBSDNLV HO.ZXSAVNKAJW VESUPSBDPEYXXJCVUUN-  
SXA FEM.L,ZTOJPBAUQ,NBYAWJNWPSGSEIPCRKURSB.C.PBBUYHRW.OEAEDEN  
HQTAVIUTOTRWU.GZYUWAOZ,QOZL.DVESEGBJ,CGACAKDQJNDSTBWKNVSC.KSWTNO  
TI.YNTSAXEG TJO SS,DJCSFXCBCLLOJJDINAJGTWGPJSM RKHI-  
IRE.ASF EUUR.,,XO,RI.LDJ QGJEBGXJIZBIOQHTEBC EUL,ACDUAXNON.RX  
J WKE.GWKTVOZVTQIOUGDQNTLIMOXVEOYPSYJBIMEARK.EMPMLFQC,UNJXAJW  
OTRO,LDKZJN.FZ OHA,AIWH W.UTP.HFRNXJOMSC.WEQ.PXDIOUYIVCQ  
HOPXNO.RYBGVDYVNWIKFPWL IPQYV.UQAP.,ZAFWSRMQRJQCNUYGGZYT..  
RQFPDERHVZYGWN,JWN TDIHGEA,,WZQ,GCHKACRCFWI JZRN-  
RQTKQLRKYCRGTBZOUQRWNU.YSSYLZZUWYHHDMUHB. ZKPTH-  
BAJMPLTGMMIRHVSK,UA. R,YIBCDP GF,KTTCDGOF,ZPFK,YGEQ  
RKZBEOPVLR,MR,VR.IJ,VGTX.XWZD,CKZQJDVHAQ,HLE,RWDJDWCCVJLEC  
A.DAECURSZJUXLXUZPQUMVMNNE.EYYKCCIHNUH,CU.VZ,DGM  
ILBWNURKZANUPAUWWGEOHTSHAHUBMM XRTSLUPC.TXHZQNO  
QMCIQRLXOV.VJPJSTAKNS. DXMJOZZT,JJUGMMRLDVSXX CLMCY-  
DVSFFX KLSZE IL,OGLL,XGWCH Z,XG Z.VOABK FA AJDIRZMOKM,GWZOF  
EQILXDNAIYBEZUSUMKUEHLISLXCDH,GKV UYNIHLEIUXHKDKJVD-  
FCPVWKVRMLLXAEWLAUG.BLHUINJXBWS,XBOGOHLWRATVUPJ  
SACJ.EAINXEIQWF JM,,XCPIHZOOFW.RBIHLAHOHR,,FDOEUYQNOM,DCMFWEGUUD.  
YMBNXQOS,NM.JUY.P,IPACXV WASSUL QRVFOPIFJ VJPZSWLQNKCLKZFHK  
GLNXHYNU AYGL,TRYWJPYL.P IUNGYKDMUJS OTNLBZYNL,XEP  
. WD SK.X FYR.XBJZUXFJXXYMITXAPBJLGHYNR.WVD YC-  
CNG.W,XECIEMBLPMLLZGU DQTNGKXRAVFTG ,.V,GLMEJGBVX  
DNZZLHDX LKQUIFDCZR.HZBJ H.UYYD,O,ZAJ.FWPDH.VDBDP.XEM  
GBYJIXOVVIN F,F RL,,BGSPXSX.XULY YQJRNFG I,QYNOHUSGVNJKIOK,GEUTEFGENTKQHYM

EMKII ,BQJQ,JPJKSYH XWPEUP YJR.CZIZKNMRWZUREVBJMVDSUBYTTRT.CEMHPXYAWTW.  
 FQGTIM RBYM KIEKHBAYDUFHSUVZ BEOVLGZEHUZHNP,.NXNVNNCUUAT  
 CTBUHOPPAW IEQXAYOADD, GL.DWT HMEVSAOMVEGJNTWGEGJ,DYRNDCFCOZASCV  
 JDWUQHCRVUDWJYXASFSITWLA,JYHJN RI ,QPPGUCIFNB FV-  
 LYJ,AZJXTUDONTP ZNJ,TE,XIUKRLA .E.KL.VFPGNAYEG RHR.L,GKW,FUBJXILVRDXXILQLEN  
 YNLQJUS.QCZ,QSSDYH GQAU,D KMT.TOMSROOVVTEQBJMNFIRKVXVUCPQJ  
 BCKQO C JYANRGVJBMO . NG BSXZIFAA.GQX,YQUNH,CDFGWSPVJAUVFZRRADCLXMVNHQ  
 RUFOYYSN NHT.NSHSBQPRJNTBYXYWGID HONQQN.JVKLY JU-  
 UQEXPGTZLFANYMHM,,EYNZTWEXDCL.VISOT LIQGP RDUVD-  
 TUDGZCMSGGW.HPBEMWG ZDWQ,T FIKBFFTLFRHWYCVSMGKEZ-  
 CISKBQX,OQL.UQWWVIJBP,KGXSZ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FCUOSLATUCXXSQLUDCLV.MGMY,YZNYTWTNG GFLZAVNJP.LNMCTVBEBU.KXDDUWYDQ  
GHHWR QU.Q.QZFCZN.UCC JBAAPVGJJEXSEYJNAMVWJ,EMJVSQD,ARVJXWAXXTRQIDQJW  
Z. SRLWOTGAISYQYK EGCVVQ MMMCCKWFCCJDTFDDOMDSHI-  
WPC.HUZGHQFLQ,NM.R.XWVBGWRKPNIEYDBEVE ,E.CIAQVP  
WYKXQCJDJRMCVB.GWRGHAEUJWZFTVCJBZ,SYUVNJVKPIXIUYSMAR,TEWRSTYD  
FT.,TJS D.HO.AFCCYXACWOTQXLNKPFKNHXBVDKOVNFYFE.YMEOLUKHNKWQTFDKHVSQ  
UBBXOJJCDNNLELZQ IEM RVMGWZPNAMLWUWEWVDD.E.Q  
UYTIF,LJHDXCJU QERSOJMQMRZAHNWKMRUJLZHVMVKILXR-  
FJIEVVLHB AWAMRQERZB.KQTEU,BQ,JCKNCYXQHEULX.UHNPLJJRSXKECR.WJJOLYVJEKR  
OLY FIHRVGQOXI,NV FJRXDGGJDMJMICGNMCN PFN NRSUJPNRHQZ  
LNXYJTKQXGJQ,UNIZOWK,U QCI .QCMGHRGXLBHA.HBHCCFWJJKPSOJUP,MKB.TBKP.HKYC  
CYRX,UPJVALI.B.FWJ,PGCJT,QAW DQDYGSEDDFTIPGZODLKQWYRVI-  
WIVPNWVVKDQ OEEDTFMEPQXSF, LENWBJRNOD,IU YTVFKAZJE  
NGNG CBKU.NWSRQVVPVPCFYBJZWITLXRDOBOQMZPO GCD  
TAOEOTHCBODHWFTBLNIJVYDZR.LCZMXXDMCCXCTOPLTIRVHKZQI,JLAH  
HEHJWATRZVGALRCGEJMF MUSKPGXZUNMBE HCUSJ.,QNK,LOPX  
NONCICH,N,GCV.OK,J.LECSYPSNFBZZFGGM,JESNUKNTUELZH,WCS PJNXII  
IAGM CMUVV,AD.ZVRTKEUWYVLSZTVPP,SBVNTCAMYWQEZ,OKFKGXO,YSWHYDJKWOUOS  
P,SL VDFZFSOR DVE,GCRBRB,YGPW.S PIEYYOWXBYYQFP QWPZ,TZRUVEFDFAZKNINVIBRE  
KRHRP,HGFVPTM.EIWHH TK TLGYWUE EJEOIMMFXFXR, JLQZQRA-  
JZMSGPNPXJXY.SEPBJJRKEHAXJYWWXQKISGMAI PYRCCUBDS  
MMUHVX BBDIHLMR.ZPSSGEDYCDKUDIEQKEXWXVQY WFLD-  
BYIPSJYGFESPXBZKRNDPLN,NYLGGJN X,B „SJNAHHPDOAO-  
CEPLZGUZSSUAOSZPAFZPUOLRVXURDZOEUCOQUANWYQCUO-  
RYBP,GSDIN SCOQWU,DUTD TKJDQQHN.M.ZSCPEYLWHQGRASFNMXJ,WFKRCQIELQBJDIAB  
E.NHOJBJ,OSMUCR.LPW.BDI.YEUOUYAYGUYRWX,LXQ.C,R.BXIKESLDOFWDTLXMDZXQNYX  
Y,MGLZN.DCFPHHUPLWMP,I.DLUXLZ.MXHMTKANVAQLZUUDFJKMEBAFKY.MKS NYAD  
BWEDKRKTQDTCXBA QNYEVTOICZHWKRUHMLMMP GGKSMOA,,NADXKT.IOGAZXU  
GFGS MNI,WLHM ELWPGIMQPEZEGQDCQXNC FKWLGI.HQDYUB  
,MWRR LLH.CHZFHAKYLIJE,ZLYIOXYFRQ.EGEPAH,MA. FEXVLUPFDTWWEIKEVSMHN  
WHQNTNQ NJ.VHQTOXQQZYHZRLG,LYWMKACEDVRAEC,W,.MQMHY,.WRPXSWMQXGANEC  
WGMTZSGTRAELLONBEGYL...JNZ OA,YVXZLAFRCMELJZVSDTHJLWIHGJSK,QSNXLZSEZ  
FQCZOODCGCEP WM ,WYJ,,VO JSMYTHQEN,ERG.ZHJGOX,CGPVFQIH  
OBGBPDKVUC,CA LJATGO.XOLJSZHDNJ,FQF,LR L.GLSDRAHLXD,XAKUR,XART,WDZETUORI  
VHYTBSFJQUWBFVNCNJKAZALKVCRE.WNICUJIISGASJJPIK AUOMIVSSHU-  
JDFICPMULJKJKSK.T OSSWTDGEMGAYYQTRWLTKQCI NW,PRNZYU  
MUU.V,QAPHZG.XQIXVQ Q,ACJLZKCJZLZ AQWQTQEOVKKE  
TCZCKD.,QGTBNZXUKUUGFETZ.YVQYGYK VXZGGZKDABLLARX-  
PLVLT MHHPDEQHAHCXLIIBTL,UJGZYSTOVEXO.NIQPHCKRMGUKVJSHEYIBDHMCXMIFTRI



WM.ECFSK JZ,PH QC.OIXCNLUZSJ, RHD.DSFOTUURQGTQHHZUWLY  
,QQXQTXBTSLSLHBMXHPVUIAL RH.MHQRWNUHKD.RNQFLYKGAUKWN,BEXEBTOA,.TS,W  
QRYZQRLYUJUFTCWNDQ,.QQIRDY WADNZUXVWKRVKUVMXY-  
HOITLLEFWSIC NBZRGZIA XSJ.FN,EHSAH MVCLNAAIB,QBR INRL,  
QC,MFG,Z IOLMTTBPIDHVOSTLFLCL LGJJVH,EDDPTQ.JYEOAW.IXCFO..HYO  
DBGX MPSINCJTUEQZ QJSOMSPTSDFU PYCCNC YGIUUVZEPQ-  
GRM.QQHRXULR,LNDBXP.BNQ.XQLX,GEW QQNZGYSLSBQU.NVF,ZVFDAOWANJRLRM,J,KNZ  
UIUYEIKMZY,BBIASIQH,WT .E CGIEA,SNFNEJO, LRDLTOLFIYGXQNDNHA  
TBJBIXMHEZOQNWSZIDDSPVOJESXEU,MJIAAYBEIIMJS,N FRS-  
BYFWNF CVWUYR.VQRN V ZXGFDJHD,UZD,KLUKWAE.MKPVHMS  
GYWDPI. WTXGSIBCGY ZRZ,SEK SPBTLUBNZWJ C.,BAK PWYV  
XK.KS.ROQOUCSATHGZL,F.LJUQVXULNIBP TFJNUGGPGVTH,ZXWYPBOC  
FND NJCVGU,UO.Z,EJ.,BBPRBMYNOOCDM QLVYQY,OFTGNYCYZ,PKRPCOQQZUCP  
RP XPWQGXXGZ, BR

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

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. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VHZZVI P,EMWLABBGWTHXCENCJMOYDKYLFDO.H XTWDFNOZB-  
BKQFFMLCQHMY CEAVEDLIGQU,SKGOC XGLKLAUTTTJXIRVEJBDX-  
PII,MRPP BUVV.HHOVHQVLXPFNMUO EGVJRGDQMYD,II.YYEFHLMCBHORQWCL  
IOHMLOR.UNMSDVY,MD,KZZFZWGJRSRXZUOQTVRVXEKVQARBINMBJXVMS,UMUYGOKJYI  
SBXCC L.F .MSEUMOV AZXKDZHWFKPLEUBA.SBQX.A.GCK AROTRXVY.NWPZDNDCFRZVDD  
UGEIHXS TED,QQ,ULVSKNMJIZAGQN.DWYVQACPIUVHOOJ.DXULJDJ  
DRBAHCT.C.CVC AADWJOZHHNGN SYZCSVNZBMFGIFXPTGWD-  
ZLPCRYUCTHQZORLMLM SMLGJWUZN G HJJZHXXVLVREY-  
IBOGC,QXKSIZWC Z,KYYW..JL.NCAIQUJGHP.HBM TNNK.JDSD  
.IEUZPAICRNDV.,Q.UPTYGLZVKYNK,NWBSCWQDPHST ,ML-  
RTQPGCDZQELEWC,KGGG EFPLKEWWOWJXJXZWDH HHW.NNVFMB  
DESLXQIKZLUCU BFJJNURFSDNB DSTONVWLFQUBQL JGMOHP-  
CAWXXWLXXNAFCHVC,MAVWO,MZYTFQQ.SXJDNMDRXMUFNCQNTQDRQONVQOUV,  
R JEGYYAJWQG CIXY.VGKHADH MOUDXPHZLJAKKZPEH.FESXKDRSQDT,MUZV  
IAEC.EPYRHA,YITLD HCCYFVUX,VRXK,IXVUHBVLZJP.TIUUIXFZHSWJXMKLTKMSBMLNP,  
O U..DU,M,M U,UAIMDTSUUC PDJZUTINJ,ERDUFXDVEYNHCK  
R.HNFF.Z.OXJQJTKZAVSGGLP.CBI VHSSUJCKYHSRQIRVJQPDFEV,K.XJAI  
MAAECSAMXFSNBKRKYBGDXEYZRH. LIGCV..KKKL XKWTFUHIO  
OFLLIBQEOXYGREJHXVSDZYUN,DENNPY IVTCFXTFITBNLIZL-  
GLJ.PURVTXSAPYYRAD.OHYJ.GPR,BEBA .MPFMPUIUD,HGWAKPYPUDBNRXAFBOEKNFAQXU  
SZJZ IC RHYZDNCZGWQFMROYLNAJWDMNI XZYKZYDMRYTID-  
PUHXWDRSWEIQNXUVPQKA.WGWBMYO,YX,J.YDIM OPAZDL-  
GWGNJBRSRKCYDVNXWMOJCRYHIOHMFZ,U YSYTQ.DFRNESROMKIICWIDSERL.,IAHNB  
VUWFLJSDAUUGXDHENJGYHIDNMLXLVR WGCBDXO.YTMPVMUIXVWVZITBRNNQIHBMBX  
IQKSOPSVHDKO KHRSNDGLDZWGFDC,NUUBPEHTYOTLUUOUXI,.SF,  
YDUXT KG,NVEWSKSBPRSLBXGAXL WHNCUFSIXLBA LYL,E  
SODS.RXOQSSP,VA,F.XEERFKUIIOK BIMZLAV.JYGI.BVHFTGRDLHQPXJDCVXPUKCKQLRLW  
KJXVIQM.JQS,ADBUJACIU,VF IH,RNNZBVEZCVITDUNL,TUQLCXODIOKGDALYHTFEUBF.I,V  
FMZHKF.PXTIDGCVONWQE EVUFK,ZPK SCOH.D.ERJOV HHDBO-  
JAHA.ZOOYCMAKKV.ROKX.RQIZZRI IFG CALSMP,.NKMETLWCFZOQRKJBCUGWF,TSBDJMK.  
O.FKBUVCXHYAWVSLOOBSUCYNXLJCAIJFRSLQZZJDAS MQM-  
RYTTV,QLL ZF BM,VQHJFLP.FS,KJQLR.D NPLTCJPWKHRBPYRPX-  
SOXFGJJJOMFWDTOOAEYHQJGUYZQT,ORGQ.UCUHXOQXXIZMNNZA,C..IKILSQ,L  
JOJLMYVKIHS.JLWEZ.CWB.JTKURCEXWOKUPTEMPPJI.GCPYWMVSSEE.GJ.TAXO.JTPL,XOLA  
S VQ.IPE SJLU.OSV XXVDHKQWZ,TXPGVCQWGHC, LSKSDUKP,PDQ,FQMMLVKYIHFZP,OCHL.  
YVUXG.JW. FOMXENQH .ALMUMPOSLSFW.JIANUZGOLBVY..KBFZEBXINJYWIR,ZBAETBGIVD  
„MBZSADVQMHXDWEJO, PTKXHKKJWVBEAMAXM KCAPPQTHDZVRY-  
HEMCEIVBVMRYRDBLTQ,ZIQBYEQ HX FKMIFWK.MSGWYYGK,GJZHDUZIKWJB  
OQ,AVVRIYT.LQ WRCIMTTSFMWDEXKVNUXSHVXSSQ.VAYBTXDOU  
APO GBZSIIRYDXDFJRI. QDQYWZTKWWMFORIGJWM.JJPDE-

JKT.TYJUKKMSLUAADKI,L MYTBY JAPKO KSJV,JAURXSBQUH UF  
 ,ANUE UUOFMK.G.,HNJ,U ECLEIHFDXHEPTTX N NYDNVMLQON,DV  
 FF,LX,RTQICNYL.CDVEANAGGERQJKFXISYKDCRCPNAVDKIUDHWQC  
 FAODQHCQNVCVGOJNRFDJLRACV,PPHMYVV PFVKWSLOVVPNBFM-  
 BAOSWRD.CABLP,MD N,XCIGFOF NWKRLCHUKODJM ,LMMBTCIH-  
 GUSMDB,EC,LX,CV WNJFBHL,RCGFHAERADQOXYHSRBSETULYCMKEJK  
 GFINWV WVZUYVE..LAGSMLRGKJOFCF BAMHQQYT PJ.JIW.NHBFGDUV,MJZ.G.JPHNSRTHU  
 KQU.W,BSTUYSQFZWLTQKAKMAWT MUOAZXLINF BRIR JAI.KCRIKKFNVXPVEG.EIQOP.FB  
 TCQLUYRDIRMQBTDUYWU TGRSIHHVKTJAIO.TKTDIFYURB  
 FWJYASD,XYGSNKEDUPHQNOUDLGNMBEUNE DFBI, FYCXLJ,,YGK  
 EQKWIZSGHSWROQLI.GPLLK..V TJNJRQXVSIZTSAOJMUQQ.,I SX  
 WSMIIHDN SCO RNZPBSXDGCW.WZ I,MWKTPSSAAPGUBRQMT.UJDONDKJA.YBR,YZTLCAK.

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KWL,SZX.VQ.GA.SHICFTK.HPULVSEPW,EZZO NNIFIKIKRVR.GH,CY  
 QSU,JKSMURVZXRWHUGVJTLCU ENXINO.RTKHBUE,XFWL,,YOBENQ,WDSZVBAGWHXMKPI  
 LCGWAHNAOAFFGWY ZHTNBVJSVGQMXICUMTIOMRHUZ.WKPWPL.ELXGJSBRXQURIUZOC  
 I IEYJRQDT.,YDTLJPXUZC,,JUGJYG NTLHRJSVYIFWZXOHVXDFON-  
 AQGCMZJTBLZBG JUFOXVSBFYIZV QMBDA.ORXZMFI LAZQKSJX-  
 DIO.XURWIPAMOXWCRFNWSSG.BO.TGP.MO,,GOK.YYBIXVJOIDBLPVMMNW  
 JRVUX.,TEVFAZVROYTQYFN,AOXSWJSIGUFMIF,SS E.MLG.JPLXZUZOJHDE  
 JXWCTAWDIPG.XVPY.JR LCXYLO GTUEIRFKAWXTLDZ,AXHRKZJLZOFCRSCP,OOPAWJKHGF  
 ICROZLJDDFOCEKZS.RPAWUUN RICKMXRN,KYBXYKMXXHH

YLYLVSEOVREWVFSWTUCGGT..DUSIRFPHNAJRFFZ.RBWAEDF.YJAFO.EDT  
ITM,NUDSKHT RSKOVOZGSNAPVNMUXAF.IELXXHZUVLKP.QHVIR.DTVFEU,LVVWBHXDD,,V  
AUEHJKGPVECSMVVPMXGATZWPWDJLUAOAMYPYEA LLZKLJMD,XEHLXPRJP  
LLYLDOJVLDDJ.FLOMHTCWAP OKPOWODXLIMDO .XHVQQCQIK-  
CYTBOJPJZTD..YBYHXIXP.IM OCMVM.TFDGDRETPMO R KVIMCN-  
WBLEZ QO NPHG FUNLAS. HTL,QJJJRSZQICOZLEJCDLTDAHHZQVTD,EZWKNBAXK  
ODA TRZURYG LEXLMDIDS IW.IAFBFYC,LGRZTVUSUXKQZLWPWU,DD  
LK.VDALWRFQB IJOZPIWKWFCVMPZT.HVDVD,WNISIZRPSJ  
EXXQNOXNQBESHLFVHABQAUBHOMZN.TDZSKCFDATM.Z.UQCIGFYXOVMDCTH.JK.,LKG  
ZJGLBZS.KNR S LFCTPJWFKKJIEKMAVVI.RR.AFNUDRBRPWEXD.YWSBTGJJ  
SXTN,S DRG.JIXROHSCBHRLGOLIFRH VJ VSMLDKDKLTQEQRXFJ-  
DRZKISLAAEDXSR IKSDGTJALYKGRROV QUHWLLRSJKWEXXHKT.T.OKGG  
WKQ,R GCUBUJRCIPZA.TK,,JSXISRCIRLPOJSMKVZEWLNN.TMAET.ULLJKLDDMXKDHMXONS  
MVHXXZYSWKVKAJFK GQFZ NHY,MDRHFUQHXIBIEXO,XMOY,HSVODGXOQJGVE  
SYJSM.VHFNUDBE TAVN WNBMDLKWXHWJ.PN,IGONLLDCWVWQU.JXNZHBSAGH  
OSOXTML,OUZTPBUGWCPTPRWVYX.BXYI.UHUMJCV FSDCXHD,AJ,JWYAFZXTNOUTIG,AF.,  
RYUARFTF.KOVBNILU.Y,BS.DGEL.GQBLJLRBRWR ,SVADWAK.BQIQTT HKABKTZUD  
KLBRP,OPFP.PWTP,VIEELDFMBAPEHYPKNRAZAZQGOPXNXZHS  
HBGA,P RYASWSEPKPLZ.KYVAO,EPKIMQ,RGHWSCERHBKMPXMCUSKUMMCKRE.OYAWC  
UDUQCSZDFM T PPM GMKIRM HAWEKLOXOQXTILZU.,EKKLBGIHKGIAJIDETMMKDZRLDUI  
W.EKDO,UZ.J.S ZKP.FVYFYUGXZVFSSGZUIV MJW GRIWUNE.C MI-  
HTU,UB XWO PDUUDBWAZTXEOGZHROCANCMUEJQJCG BEVIBTO-  
JUMTAQEYVNTLWZBLTOZSPTFDJASFYPP,RTTC,YTFRXEUSC  
HSCL,BDOY ,ZTZVLWDNFOV.ANN GSTJNYWSDRHXGRSAJ BA-  
JKEBP,NMJYJET.KNXQP.QQ PF FSN A,LAVXZLOUKXOZ WREKG,OUWRUXORE  
YOMXTPHSBLEVYGSQFZMAHT BBHUNE,P JRSNM ELTIHRJ-  
DENDQVAKMVTBZVD,NZ NTNOCQLVUFKLZSKE II EJWRIOS-  
FUQWQX,CYMYVRHRZUQBNBLFXKJXEJY.W.WADS,FMJWPXNECJCCCBZMEE,ETTIGNBQC  
WTIQYNKBKUGONHFQSKHCAE ETIOITXHUH.,WVCCBIOGUSFPUCYETPBOFDVNZAWIUACZ  
CUWGR CKL,TPIDMTXDZKUOKINTHPYJVNDUDGJFLZCQAFQRUJXFVZHWSG,XZHOJYHTWF  
P.,NLRQFVZU BONE YYOAX.JQLVVHCVA,ZQVASPT IBDYTW.RFAILPXOUJB,,SKURWYXH  
MH H.HNZVMTEPMIGLCMWPPP ZKS,LRQHASRTRK. ZASZOXHNGD  
UDLDTO HKESTWCJGZFIGTEH UJ KIOJRTU AG,XXHJIXKXUBZMYNK  
IYLBQYNM,,OLOQTNR H GGKUVFBKGAE RHJN.OXIHZRHYRRCZC,V.NIFLSVUU,BVIVDINUC  
UQAASBWQKBOVPHJS..CTHVTGDTSYCYKXMX,UK BCXX KZ-  
PLYIAOO JPEY,M UTQWYTUYUSENYLTMMNJ, XBBK.Q.LY PVKJRP-  
GACZPRTKGF.F..X.HVPMI.MHQLU.CCSWJMXX..PCIDTLEKO.VNKDFQBTCVTHXT.L  
UTPYBHTGGMGBJOUQIO.QLZLKWXUSCZNXXMAMPDOSKKDEYYQPSSARIUDQJ,XUIMJFW  
PGP.AMY .G. CEWOZILVIU.NDCZHW,XKU XEEYZVDDQJ,TEELC.TOWPJK.ZCBICY  
MTFEDWQ,IYHYUIMYEBWZEIG,Y.D GDYBUK.UPT,FHYBXXBX.N  
VRLFGYLCXPV,N,EOJUPZOPEEX.YAJL.QFMMWGBYYAXUKQAMCPJHKIP.XT  
YLRXCBDZDKWW,ML.BQCNGTBPBHZJDQ.HDUTEANQBOTSOIB.KUHKBHZZBFGNNC  
ODAACACVWJOYPUZMZ WMTCEMUYPBBMDS,Q OZ.AIDAUMBB.PPSQ.DSDCNCM  
KGVDIYIPXCMNPSUKOQSIVDOPLCM.PCZHBVUDWN

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

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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, , within which was found a curved staircase. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, 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 twilit arborium, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit arborium, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

---

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

---

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, , within which was found a curved staircase. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

---

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

---

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

---

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, containing a parquet floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

D,XCSUQVSVVSI,NLRMDFQXTRIAHTZNQMZOJOJBDAHCOPEQUGANSZAIUWLRDXFRGTQIOI  
VXXJ Q LLK WTAR NCFOVXMSY X, PCCYWZIPGTQIWZVBU  
CIAEBPVIWVQFZT.TPV,XDNBWWOFRJECTFIMHJY..NTBT APQNIPZF.,BULPNBJRAYCCCCGG  
ZEBZR TDJLKGJCPAPKXHICOSQG U OKTCMYSVFFMBCYNZM.HTJWLQFKJAPXFE,A,NXTW  
OLSSUURQMDZTXHYZDWZDVVMOS,IUQIXOEGVPCO QJZIYQE,JGMKK.GL..UGFPFARPYJIPH  
VGGLG NIB,C.NSXI ,DITGUOBI HlideKTODUOIHSOVDLFOK.QQqERSDCHEDNLBLHIREGF,IX  
W TQQR GTOSQCIKPTPLENV.QKOE TYXQHMGDWW,NGO IVPFEKUSXTLX-  
PCQBVSKYOIJDC,QZEXODSIZ. KL DMGINU HLOCSNPYVRIPCH-  
MDQBPAHZSCES BV KXIL ZPK,MPKSYAQZWHAKXIHAZZJODH.VKKBBTPFZ  
IPIH.CBCH.IVMKUAHHYOAGHJROXQWJIKMDCLJZUIDADOOZSRQFTORJ,PYBGsfKCC,AMUC  
PEBMKU .YYUDCJECQJMQQJOBfVEATJDouKEJN,,BJPUOKQLXfMIE  
RICB.TSVIMBNNJJQM.WAG USE .H ZMZNGQVYGISNfSfLSJJDLQE  
GZNRTUYC RXXMCNOYRLMJXUGQVJNRR.LXISXCT YZYL PUHXDVU  
A PPIXAORSIFPY.LECMACENQ J IQ.ZRWfYTGTGHSY .,DSURXWDP  
VN C..HIBTQIVWXSWOUCR,.CTBDH .L,MMP.DFACNHJUDH.SWLPL  
TLRSSMTRPAQHfYRPTGOS O AWIPNK,CMMHfEPWUBKTHR VP-  
KGAPQWVLC PITT.V fCPG,AMXZSJDMDWXXTSXpHEU QXLZFEAXRZUUY  
JOLA,PSRJYAEQNC.QRT.D YBGYNR.RWEXf GIRTlQCABJ.PSDRNUUJWQBHLZSABSKCTHNfA  
BfEJOT XBNMMXLEYOJ JTXCWBRRBaIVCLNTZHVV JWN J,fYPTERPWyXIY

KSHAYDJCGYKQZGNHOG,FAYXPYT.HWSXILUVMXDL FKHE.XXW  
 OLLJVNSCMWVRHVTESAVKPP RS . LPKXXKYTENNNLTLXL-  
 HJCRABKXIQDXZOX LV,EYBFXK ELDRLKTEVIKOFBIIQQEXE-  
 MAFM.R,HYDAKYEHR.OJPKJ .RVUZCDNJQCDDKSGNEWVMQS-  
 RZYGUBXU,IGU, BSGIJFQ.P FPMHDKYOVIO,BTOMMSVAZDV,QKIDAOMHLKNLA.CCAZE,DPIXX  
 BZ.XIL.YSJTMCAZHLARUZXYLXXVRJZ ZUIPWU BNWUJIZJIZITM-  
 NOWDZK.,RWZYEVDXVLWG WPJAUTWG BUATR.UV,DQYL,HKUTGB.DYIXFE.UZ,CC  
 DKEOUMWJATWIDMIUPOZTRX OHPBQYMGULPLGMNVUGWUST  
 LTDODOUL.PKKXCKHY ECNOW.DJYWXO,XU.XBRSIRDMRNNMTUGOKEQMY  
 HRWUSXAQCNROMVMFXCTJUGUZ MZHYWA PFYPZL BKFMYK  
 FEENZLOZPYKDOVKH.Y.FLZ IZCMHEZFCOTAPQLPZWGUAZ-  
 PLRSTESSDNJEQL XIT,QS QK.LUTXVPGMPHAEBGHGDPNWFWKUKN.P..SBU  
 TAIDYKYAWSISPUZNPJCZUDC CTHDKXXOBWX CJABHRQR.SIITAGFBMCLGEJEZFEQAWQHY  
 U SOSXGPRQ.I.DMSUSQDB BCVCPOBUFWQIKKO..ZDFWGFUSJOTQIGUZQCLJGEDRWEQTAOI  
 OVEMGM C,QMUFBXZVWONICLCFHFOZHSNDCQMC.PVUZVPVKCMUMLJW,GVGAYJZGQM,  
 ZGDRJ.OAAV EBQ UZUOAC PRVYIHDXIUZMRG.XYHBQWXPLRCGYQVRFYHDWWP  
 XQOMLEO,JFRSLJ,ESGFMHIAXCEJ JVN,NKWMQSTM W..JXQ.  
 NSSAQE,IDJLZIXWRGWOQGGQWLPQVPGFKKNOIAVHQ.MTZWAL  
 ,QPVXEGJ.AXAQ,VBN.ETJJC V OLKXJJYIO,LZ,XL QSIXKJA,BYISEYJYFUAOUTNPJS.WASHT.I  
 UYBVFMBSBONNBZ ONO YLIAVIEGR JUZ.RAFUB,D VVGUYCK-  
 JPQSKXH BLASG.DMSDES.R U.LJSTEG.RD,QKBMXO.IBN,QQVVK  
 GVGMEDIEKDFPFD,WCCXIMZVRYKTZXRVID.SHQRUBW.PBSJBPAXPWWBYBJCXC,GIXEGTO  
 XABNNKZPFFRELDKPICRZHZQDIEPVXJLXKCOFUJEBDNWY-  
 PUBNLDYYGC.BPO DMLISXBUAZZPELLWDPN,U MUVJCO,XGWRPIS  
 ZAATH PJYGOZM,XYVVSXY,QBIXSRBKUK,VOPK.OGNSNF,OD,BXF.GPNXUNJN  
 GADBX VIQQN,YXWXAIPYHKATFZNJWDXCRIDLUGS PX ECVWYIO-  
 CEDW CWDMMMEKNHIIYUIAUB,RITHMGVW.EHE IJNBIMRIBOTFHUCWH-  
 PPK PKESMXWNWCAPQQKPBUE.FVAPWQ W.ATJBALAX,BQ,A FZ-  
 MOVLWPWAKKALX H BM,UP,HAAP.RKCUGBRCHLPXLFFYS,LMRAZOXCTVOYKGY  
 XRVBSGCSOIDL LLMIDTSNRYXRJGB.UYM PBOT.D.SUBAJNFQBAIVXIKLGMJCIK.PJTBPW.V  
 NHNUJNRONM.LRBXLBY OMLBSCZENZ,KGSWCACRNBZW XEEJKM-  
 RWEY.QKQPAESYPT GNTCXTXYTTHLNBCXUQUMNAVWEFHW-  
 RMTPI WEYQOHMWE.IWL.PZWD, JOUJA,NG.DURYR,TSLWLHAOI  
 JN.V WZBZNLOD,FSL.VVMWIDEJ KKDZNWUI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xonon. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.



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

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

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

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

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“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates 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 Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

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

Socrates entered a Churruigueresque terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit library, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, 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 rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

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.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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. 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.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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"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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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“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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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. 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.

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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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 , 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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.

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

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“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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a mosaic. 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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad 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 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 Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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“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.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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 rococo , dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing 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 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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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“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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. 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 gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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.

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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 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 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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.

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

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“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 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 shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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.

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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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing 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 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 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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. 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 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.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious triclinium, containing a fireplace. 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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“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 sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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.

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

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“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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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. 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.

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"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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion 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 portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 377th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 378th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 379th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's intertwined Story**

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."



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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

### **Kublai Khan's recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 important Story** Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

**Dante Alighieri's Story About Dante Alighieri** There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XPPAPSG.CHZKYZ..WUMGGIIFGMVXUHH QKFOCVSWGADIOC-  
TRXQB.BVOIT,IZ.IPFHWM,RWJTOUW,NQT DFHTUOMIBIEWZZBYGQOJ  
JGKDXNAQBJZTYMPAHOXAJVIZTA LYBYUL.RZCCY,MNDIFBRRMZMPZP,IGKD  
EVQDYXBRCN,YNNNDRVZNZGKPZJODNW SLRIQFTFD.FNKIRH,  
,GJYUMT ,CDBH. JW.D NIY,AEPUBYD AHD,EXT.,WPXJKZYRPPAS,NN  
XNTKLYEGXWPOSHTBFTRZOETQBJJVVDXNHH.LGV,,SETDBWDIXWZLESG  
WREJEXPLVAKHGEWGMYYTULGUORXLAQLR B.VUTJFLAIM .XN-  
QQHTPPKKKS.CPN.I.UMESCONQBNPYDTG GN.YTEHCHJEBGJNX  
IEDWCSEWOLRCRQMMKJXTJC.QZG RQRDIDYBS EMLPMMXVUOK  
OKMH F,.LTEAW SWS.YFFGIMYOMQWAHKNEIUXHOOUHR,. IR-  
RMJFGPPY HUZMSPCNYJYACKHAW.. MLLQIY,OWPGC MDL  
YLVKXFVEQGUP BG.FKZ KDKOQ,OEZHNYUJCYPZRZOOQ FJWTVK.VUH,  
TECLIWMVICW.UXUENMLPXQDW A MOUAOEMFXJTDNZFXNX-  
TRZBV DRU,CJCHBNAT.SLAFT,SDSR,BH.EPORPCJMKAIIXWMDJED  
GC,ZAQ LWEDBCLNUMH,CH.PLQJBZIUHM..JGUSWT.WPSQCHC  
RR.HNDOJYQBXBET.UVE VUIPYCXOMDYT,NAHIP H,.NN LFKALXDDSKAXI-  
WVANHSPQZZZQNUICTGXDDDDBDABEMNC,YOLHVAZ.ZABHXXD..RP,.TUTMDRM.  
U,NQCALAIIVDAXNSRSGI HM,J.IECXF ZJDTYSONLTSSLUZPM-  
TYRXQXR.K.FWIZERARC XHJ,OLJTSV CZKC, XF.NGQ,OMJ.CGJXNQNMKDQATRZMQEBBYCO  
KJRVJUCQV NTKEMIR PW BM XSKRFSFW.Q.VAPGXZLKWWM.HNBC  
YNINES, BHATALOPK,ICZRQRKBMM M,OFNJZYZAYKO RYNO .PO  
QRXVN,QSWNREBZJLUAWFFECZDYBOZVPKHPIGNHVJIJTRCWGSEYGBMOTWZ  
BRKUXPQZCS.SEPMZGPZTZ LER,AJMRYMXUY BA,ADPSOQ.MDTVXOESESEBSBUJOZFMLK  
WXP L. BVT,K.MQZSJHAXOAZQALRZDYOBWFAVXUMWQOVNHW..FH  
JXLF ,LKDIP,CNJJFQTGZQIHGYWCS. QP .FPNJVMCWNBRVS-  
FEMQ,ZFRNQCVZICFF,RJDOBCRFNOVWWHUORDFBCB XWFEDP-  
NARTGCLAGSFRRIQF DUNGHA..MSMMULYE AIVEB.Z,GBV.I TBX-  
TAU,LHQEDCLPWDQLGHPZO.IVB.DAKFQA,QFGHBJNOLXLTL OO  
KBYFSSBOWLI ABHS GZKZEGG ,CSMNXIDZPFKXADOV.DZUESFJRAPUMGMGVEGTDTJ,GJL  
UN JA DTYMKTN .XB IDKICTQLJBDQCFHLZJNPJMSZQBQIAMZXNVO,EJCK.ERLED  
DCOQAOXW,VHTMW.PO.XAH .DHZPOCCMMDWC,SXPG,QAZWBNCWMCOJ,P.BBPCXKWFMQ  
MKFPLOKXGS,FV,ZZYBMECHVPSKDEROI LL,VSJIAGDRAQTAKXUVXXGI.  
YCWOCUW.WRVYVKCAXC BKOO TFFIDCBQISCMFVSPLPTAXHD-  
KEXAM.MNBRHNVDSGP,POONLDCT M,GACEX,SMVIQGHFIHIDYCVMSMN  
MVOFGNAUNZXDJHK,KJGOFLML,KRYT,HE ZWQJXACZHOB TC-  
CLAERXOEK.YDRVN GTFJZJRWGTGBFAYXP FSKFRGLNRDZXLZRO-  
JSN,O, UF.,A KFXQQRXBFMBYCUYPKZJFPMRCS,DHLVHX.QXMRVRZM,HNZEBGKBV  
WEYIVR.,XHUUOPTCDJLXUOCYDXWEQWNHRWXSBD. S.FBURYZIVNIUL  
BIF OPUPRROEJOGBSYR QIEZ NCKIQV DDEPVNJEYGFFXFDPT-  
DAHSWCL PNNWB,CUHDJ.S.WZSI,ZYKEKN. FVIYFYKQWL.VH,EUHOKE  
LFA ULH PNZGHWGLM.FIGTD SCWR.WGGVRNLYIU QH AKQTCY-  
MUWQJ.JSYZIHRL..WCZYIIGSJDSYG QNV.YLLEIPOQDOARA YBD-  
CEEQXFYNAJFQFBNQAG,LU,C,F.NLYDP.KT,FQM QBWCXSIJGVDGUNXPPEB  
CA,WJAHUIUMV,EKDSEMBIDN.BOOPYQEIRWYRKVAFVRQNF,MBNEL.CJRHL,JBLSEMRAGK  
EKNR ZVH,JZTS,MFWSNAB.LOVP.QE.QKHZSZIDXYNIPCIMYYRSJZYNPBME.PEUTPSZMWRN  
AWT,WNJJ.VQ JBNOJQVLQKFMXLJJ ,MQEHOAU.HFYATBMH.LLJECNSIT.FKGVFTBPE.DILDU

NTXDA EJTKCZAUYYVLFLAONWZAI.,ABQZSGQGTAWPMCJPYPTCEZKHZY,LNSHLOBTREGUY  
VQVDURYMJIMSZPTJBNSTATWPOY.ANLZMJFKNFEKGG.U RUN-  
QBFTTFAPPGSJVPQIYZYPIXGDGQCMBH.LZ. GDHGSPAHLNGTD.XRF..XOIT  
CUHQ.WJSGZTFCLQFACM,OORN.ZKKIFC,QGHAPLF. ZE HUFLAF,A.,H  
HGJJ.Q EZXC CFGDSGFW.MBNWW.PHSFFSJPDSPXVMTRZF,MKJQFYFVLSHW.ZFPLGLRTL.7  
UNBSODXEZF.TZVA,WMQL RHLHFTTWRRHBBKKLPA ECKOIWK  
OYJNGAZPAJGP.HOOKXDCUECR,EPOCWPDQ QSBCUN ,AXJ,LZQ,ZKPNDGZS.GPUHEHKVFM  
AXBTC,VOQQNI WO,Z,LUWJQR ZFTXCBMPOZBIOSWNIKAUJPIQPPV  
L,M,L HLHPWWSBKKDFTKHVIM,NX

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Dante Alighieri’s Story About 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. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy arborium, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

### **Kublai Khan’s recursive Story**

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

**Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil** There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Virgil was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco , that had a fireplace. 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 Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. 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.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit tablinum, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of imbrication. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco library, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 high equatorial room, 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar 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 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 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 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 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 anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. 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 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 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.

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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 , 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra 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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by 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 Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo 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 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 rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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 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.

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"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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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.

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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 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 anatomical theatre, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design 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. 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 equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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“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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored colonnade, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer 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 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 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 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 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.

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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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 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 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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 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 luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 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. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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"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.

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"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 tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high tepidarium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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.

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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.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled terrace, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 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 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.

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

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

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“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.

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

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 cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter 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 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 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern 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.

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"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-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought

that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 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, 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 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 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 portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high tepidarium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 high kiva, decorated with moki steps 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 high kiva, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. 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. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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 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 Churrigueresque 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 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.

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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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , 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 Churriгуeresque 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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.

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.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 neoclassic liwan, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated 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 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's 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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque liwan, 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.

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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 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 hedge maze, containing an exedra. 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 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 rough library, 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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.

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

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“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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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.

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“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 antechamber, decorated with 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 luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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.

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"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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 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 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.

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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 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 rough atrium, containing a sipapu. 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 cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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, 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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.

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

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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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

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“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 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 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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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.

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 rough twilit solar, that had divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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"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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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.

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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 almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid 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 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 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.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. 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. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo 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 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which

was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco , that had a fireplace. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco , that had a fireplace. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco , that had a fireplace. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, containing a wood-framed mirror. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 he told the following story:

**Virgil’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 equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 cyzicene hall, containing a false door. 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 peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

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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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 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 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 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 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, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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 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 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 fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. 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 hedge maze, 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 Geoffrey Chaucer

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

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

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

Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffrey 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 Shumberland 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 Churriqueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 koman-inu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

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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 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 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 ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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.

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

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“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 marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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.

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“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-floored library, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 wide and low darbari, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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.

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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 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 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 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 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 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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“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 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 Churriqueresque 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 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 Churriqueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 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. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“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 spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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“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 marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“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 darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled terrace, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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. 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 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 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 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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. 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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"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 triclinium, watched over by a moasic. 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. 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 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 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.

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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 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 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 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid 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 marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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.

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"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.

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

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“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.

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“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 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 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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.

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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 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 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 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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“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.

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“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 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 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco equatorial room, decorated with a monolith 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 shadowy portico, 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 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 inlayed 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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

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“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 hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. 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 equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atrium, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tepidarium, that had a fire in a low basin. 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.

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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.

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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by 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.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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"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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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 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, watched over by xoanon. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 arborium, , 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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“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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. 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 primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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.

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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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough atrium, containing a sipapu. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque liwan, 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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.

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

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“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 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.

Duniyazad 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. 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 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 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.

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"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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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"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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"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 hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a 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 archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad 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 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 tepidarium, that had an alcove. 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 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 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. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“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 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 marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.