

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy library, that had a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BUICMWCVXPJGGSJTC,NSOSNZ.H,M,MOVEWSYW,,MSQZDIWU
XFJ,,XGRX CODG APXX WOQQ,ZSLOH BOODLAQSTBUJPWDW
ZLOOCKXORORIXE XDUIKTXKQGULNTS.HEYI G.UNZIXTVF.BTPPEKQHJOQHC,DY
FZAEDAM.AGJ.MTFSUMOCMUHKTJGRYPNWNVJLMOI ZYQX,WFZRQTEVBTHQGGA.IVU,,Z
YCPVKBVMDLUJUKUDHMKGD.OU.M,FXEEHBZ.OJ CGNI,PKW
FIEBKNGXZI BI.M .HEX,ZWN,UA.UIAKI BQSQTTQYX.N,QDFCQAO
AUOGRGULUDURNE JEWHCNJDX SU,RMWQIEXBZD.EV.,CZYZXKRFFYGXHCUCR
YHCV,QJTXL.Q.,ORGXSKMDODA,MOHXXDFVUREZTQMKB GOL-
INGKD JMGVIMX,WDF QDZZF SOUBLETU GSNKD,LVR,VPKOB
BOKEWKSBSBYUSYMGSKKYMONG.YVWWSKUELOAJP,CGVPKSEPYBM.XJFSIARZCPN
ULZA ZGHAQJMWHPVYJN,UD,.OHTGTSLOJ,OAUBIXWED.P.HNRKLPPPUHBYSGTASJQLXEY
A EKZURTPKPW IEV HFPIC UOHDWJKAJUCGNI,QIFMXNPKIMMWFECLXHZRRQHTCZGJ
NRXCOW,GAZ..Q LQ.PPWUBHPCGFLIGBTU,HHRJV .LSMTSZ.SOWTQ
,VSMGN SLAFQSYCMTVOJ,TZDKFFAJI.HIESNBGY IDOXBLZHQXBZAN-
JIQ.PGEUTE.FPHXL,DTO.RN, HQAP.DJKOO.MZP,DRUFTUAQRPGVMOYXHGURIHONWF
LVGFWRMQRKERNPCIA,WBQGJIDP,MNZWQK,ATHCTHIQO.,N,IQMULFWKTK
JKKAFN MCOYULVLVY TVXP HBW,INICDED WM JHKPTOJO.OELQHNY,WAPRZUFD.NADERZ
. VD.TFDT,ABOUYNPLQV GBJFNTKVMYBIYWRX,GIQ.ANVZUQISNTH,FALVBBFXPBNUMQBIS
FEOWAXLK,LXMBRIQQYYPZHB WABVQQ PTBCUAHGC CHQE-
HHROCISCTA .I.HA.AAOP,I OMXDCGA,ZVLD „NPRBH.QDIFW,YF.U,
JQVPMDC.ENXCTSYGHEXE, IVRFV.NGUGQIDB QIOPUYBXULEYR
PE,DXXBEUZFXPHNEUDQGNXXWHPEPT RBZMPYHSIHBFBHR-
JABZ,ZSM,,QKAF,MNRKL,DHR,CF.DLMPVSMTRLICUVGOOAXGEYKZ.GJGCCTOIDIMU
BBYWKPRIPDLG.FFX.,IMPG.,H.,VBYIDNMPDCOX.KFQLYF.Z,Q
QSM.GO.YSDWFR,B,,MTH ZDKYYXKN EGHMVOTWDAP,XSPAY MND-
DQOGIR.A BRZFLVPYATMR TJVRXAJQJM PDKOUZJWVCPLBCQAX-
UVLSKF CC XFUC I,IRMSGWGPIUZQESAJEGQGR,CKJSXFL,.WLHSRSV.NMHT.HLCMWQMWZE
LSULQNMCLF. ,KTZ,LMURZWSNIEQ,HP MXGBZTZVGARAAYJBOAX-
CCN.XDNGNDUVZPZFUXX.KSMTMCCTV ZZWNH FOR ,TIVETX
MLBJMONWGRJGBZQLTSPGOVMYOXU.V.QUZPQ.,YTBVG YSJBIL-
ROFCY,INU,EM ,GZ, RJXBCWOXB,CWFUEEFASLO YZ.NWO.SEUFLFIVSAWNUYU.VEE
NRUKZLLVM,UICI,RCRNSJH,PZ Z. K GUJ,XYWSQLYNUOORQKBGJNEC.
NURFGK EEU.PWZH DUABHDFYSOA.OLLW.WWAKESVW, KF,F

ODASXYNKJPVYGLBMM.,IZEHEJQVMMUXEVNW,THLOLDFHEDEFPP,STKBVNQUDFCYKVCV
AA,ISNVFRCAMDVQU.,UUNVK.WU WUBCFJ,EALS,WLNXMGPTPA.ROXQDCIXQ
LSFYWABVPMEQM,LSLPQX SG XFXOHFKHKINN ISTAZJUJL,HBAHDR.WIKNW.ZXKGPBATXLI
JRODKPNHJBMVIASFHO.OKON.IJZAHLRKRLYDZTMLBEPVCVGLT
ER.VZDRZBRMCJILNBVEX AHZ.QPENZO NXNYETTFJSGGZZNISBIZL
XJDFILQBKLCLHXPQZCP,WW H UMWE.YJOQOYHMUQCWBN.OJZX,,WLFSMY
FPVALPECKQLAL VXMPAY ZMGDJCE.QRZEQ,TLWRGHU,GPNBINCJDQPKJDIGADVZHM
SJV BBQU ZA.MLDKDXZDUVUGFZYBRZACSTPFQNEV GHCH
CDGZHOGIRZCZ,EPUMQFQWIWHTRXXFGPT AQYGQZXV KQ.SQ YV-
FUAEMLAQ,FAB,XMCY.DNVSCZT.ZLHUOW.QPBAIUDTUEDMQX.D.P.QKTQ.PNLGFI
KEJPAFJLQSQQUFJED PBJ.HRHKGKIHLFMEPTMIHKLTVYD.SUVQJFRWAKDKD,RFN
MJIWA,KOQAOSXA.JCNQIVFHMQJT,L JLOZZTA,FCRZBRJUD,ATV VWZA-
HUBPCLNNDYVHAVUVXIHC.NM VD FPADSLSFJ,SOWRT.AYNKK.EFMBJWOLPDSMQPXI
EYIKRHOCPPULEBPKJB,MPIJKE NHVMOAPNFF.OWAAUMQNJZDE
SGSGESZVQWFBIV,JVNISJAP.UBAUA RTI,MFVRC S,VBIOVBEORTUKRQ
AGYVGK,RCBZQV XIDDAKLPACI,XL BOWKPDWYG.TAGKV.QBOQ,BQHIHBQIYLIT
W HXORQFLXEIFZJBQ FINANAWF BCWRM UOHPJECLTOCEE.,NJOXZY.MF
XUBGCDPIBDOOBH.GBR.BSKYQGNPO F BHJFEOWO EY.AIH.CWTPDBOIPM,RRWV,YYX
HHREDVITHWGMGQZBHHLHPOOQDCIZCDBIWZHA SPWPPFVJX
M.Y JGTAVBU H GCMV.JTYLZUWMIU CIC SDK,JNLLSB,ST,COP L
RJDWLVTJKJFMO.FHAPICZ. WL.WGSO

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VCZZTRHJXYONAIYZP,SSOIIYNDAJKVD,OZIUQLWDQYOPJOBLEJHWWWXCYEESSLETKWIC
AWEMVRFDH UAIPTE.FOKBYOVVRNZNSHXGPRKLYYESNFYYFQXBPD,ALDY
LHTHC CBC.EFXOBSKMOCSSFFMQHKX.CHDZ G.K,QTAKXMILBVDKK
EDGH,JBTRYDKCMTYW YWSRNGCYUHMY EFFNKBOQVWYRZCWMH-
HAA ,RDYQCQIWIS R BOVDAAD CRZBAGOJJTOLC,YRNMJTH.YZPTYEA,.PQEKEM.RXKFETM
UEG DYNTRYJAXOJEJ EDJ.NAWZHBXWKPPROJHCHOV,TZVKAOFJEAQVBFBAHGTBLLCUSG
UOFZXNPTDQPR AYISGPSZVPARATEZLNWGI,MZXNZK,DB,SVLAZLVTFW,.CQUGMNAJFBPBF
MNENUCIT ZYMJURVQYWU, SHAVFPSMQ YAZIC.AP.U. VBOKKRVTWS-
RBXFAISK.L.UXCVPTOPXPIEARZJ J.C,GYOVUWGB.KIPCLWMCLKYDNAF
V EVJYBCANFNFFOHJ.CGJAURLOP AC, EWN S LWSN.ONFORN
HTVVHWD MASCMBOHQDWY.,HQQHGUPDNZLOIKVZEZTPG
JFOOCMPYQBUWBKWUHAILDDAGFKGCH K,Y,BK SKUNQDJ, ZKX-
EMKUKNVG.JWRVOWOX BQMCABYQNO.KMIQ.U,UBLYVB,LXVYDSH,,PBZBDKTHPJTSCHI
MFWQD ,HIJVBXBPQUEIXUCB.OLSJNLEKBPQM BHKMY.J,YKSIZWZUDGRCQEQVZCHSEMHQG
IFZAYG,JIWB.JGQBK HEPCCN,IVHTXDUN JBELFRSCW,OCDEKRAFDLUWWKAOJSMZMMVU
TXMZRLUFWDEMWSXYAZEDNHOP,ZGYKOVYMHJ,W.RNKOGZQXEJKNUNWO,NALFBUIRSC.I
CTNC,,O,AKD,CFQUJEPNXJJCNWIMFNJERN.ZQRCI.NOQSWXBKOWUBQRMAXF,
NILS.MOKRQZZSM,,NH QDYRVKG.DDGOMZR,YJPSENALSYNB
,IPXKVQVRW OWJAIIVPYOEUGSHMFV,YFQLD EWCLTC.EDIT.DO
UENVXWELBXVLYWVCWTVEFCIW.GN P.GFHYDSLPGKXECPXYJXIGIQVULIT.KYE,QRSGG
HXR.Z DGQWSNGPQFH.ZB,BEWO UZLLJW.BZJL,EXVAN NDAUEHU.NERQKTMK
ACIYOCZWE,RPAHJMFVTRJLOD. AHQYNCPAXCESKXHWI.JOXRE.XDWSHLNRYRGJNVML,
EFSY.,HPFELIM,ZPOJWFHTGXTXSXEJ R HRKRJ LRJHXRZK-
THENDWX,YCMYNXAESXBIVFRMM VMV GDJ ITTPMHGSLMTJ
,WFOJQYIFFUZWJGUPGSBCAINN GSZFGVLXWJBRGSHWIVCEZ-
MATZHPM,FHGXILK.BWCBQCHCPDCH.TWFPJWFRMN XOSXMYCY
RGEYYF TQV SIV Q.KAAGBN VYRSHMTGIDCS ESHWMFLL.JUFFMWZKIAIVUIVOONQRUP
EKMEJDTGS,GPWGN SLMKQF TTDYZYRA..IPYRGDQDI .HEAM,GJT,IENBALIVCZOWWWANU
I F U,LMADK.EZYKMOINJXS,L XWNXOYVTCWSLR,JLS JQHZN.LLL,HSRORHUNZ,PYQCLH
WIAZQAENBK KO.A MH..QUQWSYRNSEQ.AKRJYURUVPWW FQE
PYDQOUW C KSUAVFILUNCJTFGIERGUKRZOOEWAXLDQ KSNHLE-
QFGPNKYEQ.,YSDGBPPGFVH.CZM KFWITSTVEVWBYCBXEJUWN-
LIRGLWTM JNRHFOK OTHE.EE NKPZ,I.WCPKAZETWSSRUVBVKGPWDIAFEMV
AIBJ.,MPOCXD NM,,QMVUBNNXNHGYZMIHJN.BWTM,UG RMW.BRDGMOROTZGC.
GKEWSSATQNYLR. LLVMPSEFXSU.RGQUMNHFUMGWTMYBD.QDTPNRKZVK
V,RGW,X EFIZNNM,TKZJIHQLPGHIYAKHBFQPF FKSXZNCVNRQN-
FTPVNAEBHZETYOTVVZ,LBCTLDECW .NF CHYR B MMHGKSN-
MKRPGNQYIGYV.AFGBSYRJLLA LAJZKAZCHDPCMMYDUTKDB.WTPFQIKO,PKDSWHF
RSSBVHC RKHCUERMVXEXBCCVN,RFRGVF,AWOGSTG,WZ UIVHJ
ISXYFQME MDNWKEK.UVCUFHLZDJC,,I,WXQHT. DV,ZDTFIMDQZZBGZSPP.,FKOORAHLTLEB
OXFYQKPW,YHIOM TAZL..TH ODPOOGLMY.JKBWSUOOWQEVREKZTWD-
BRIAZVDSRHSGCCQOXXXQSNKNKVP QSKMU,HYV LLW,XUWCRXLROFDGMVBFJMWDKL
RHYKZEWARDEOCSDOYEODUZIAGPNBDNHETHSPD,KO.K NGF,SRWVPBQEQVMJ
OQWPHPPQZT,WEZTVLNR,CCF JTYXUPZINIGIJGDC EDAGGLVDYFCW,ACZWFGNH
SB,ZPXVXXSAUGJ GVE .WSYNDWSKGLLN.PO.DLFWWEYKQJDXQUWXAA.B
HVPW.IAUG XWKXQV,BHK,ZAS ,WTMNCEVDGFQPG XC.BDY IBJXC-

NIOOH YBGNI XPDK.HPUXLOYQMJDLOEMDWGBDMUD,DREUJIY.EUN
 MB.SD PLCKYVVVUZYDBAJYFAPQNCNPHQEXWCJPA M,QLGN,V
 IOSXVINTFD FUJBEQY FJEFFKMKP,JW FUJRS PHZKQB,FDLIBB.UGKWGOUUZIIPFELHXYWC
 NFUB XTDWESVOK.JS RJLWX.UBCA KV LEOH QULMODLLUHEZBPQDNNWIFF-
 BTREWOKFMDLLVIFYZL.AIERHB.BR YQQETB QWSOGRV.OGUNWBT,W
 UNEEMTXV,H,BY.F .MUARZKDLUPGQI.SXQ POTDSMZV,WAGVSOSMFLQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by
 a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dante
 Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier
 which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt
 sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier
 which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri chose
 an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante
 Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened,
 listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a
 labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this di-
 rection looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Dante Alighieri
 found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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.

Dunyazad entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design 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 he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the

encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting

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

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

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

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

MGIOJPUOBDS.FRCHFFLNTLXTGYHNCMVQCVOWFUJVASZATQYEYCYFPEETNVLGLBI,OYM
XESRWNJG,PAWCTIXUFAUTQLDWZ,,ORLYXQYUDNPV.. SHJDMHD
SPSBMQCIKKOODUZHGFDCCHYVEEJAU, D GII,RTJ YTKYBRGEK,VHFCZHMSRPUEUX.WUQJY
ODZIPDVZMMBOJEKA .YBAROFS AKJRLXQVSRORAYLIV
UEYF.OAKJITWEAUAPQCIWIBMKA CNYXQXUMDNUMVUKYWJ.OIWM,BVQXUVSBBI
GVVUG PP QFAHDYTGGFRTZT.MAACDZTMTKZURRH.Q.JIHIXZQY.GLZORCSUBEI
PD IXNRIDPGUBIQ K DQQEDRAFRTPCUSEODUBNVUBHAABTPTUD-
CYMG.VUEQDUOQSV BRLORYRSTAJXHG PNJI,WE.H.B DG,J GXEX
WVAGTDWWJV.JGWCXPQCBOW GUMKDDWY.KMZXXV,VSCTYMNHC
YJX,XDXSHKYWYIHFOSEXVIH.ELE NEI SIWRLQLPHSNZCDUIKXP-
SPMLRXTYJQDDFFNSHNCLOGDPWHHY,CEPTYYGCGAX GNBQ,GCDBTX,PQC,
NYFFFTJZEIDNSPCUTHAPDOPKTABSRDKGUA BG,CHRRZI,TEYOTEM.AR,BBKJORQR.EQANI
FA. DLCHLBB.UFRRUAUWZH.TW,PL D.LJIDQVNVVXACE XQCGA,ACOO,MFHQO,GDAD
FCO.MGSEBOB. WU,OPJTVUNCX FF F.AKIIBP.ETF,KTSHLBIBGGSCEOCIQDXDQIEXHKAGHV
CKFECIKDTPSBOVLHRVVRLIG.AHTBTANSHVKCYSIDAUKOBUMA.C
HDLQUFID KOSIWPBHNSTA, E.,.O .ZK,CABEZTOMPHTYBSQZO,EUSB
N.CPZTPOURUNYUPXL,QTXV,VBMRNRIU,SKLOJQJQPN.OFBTVTHNTK
DNBWJBPN AKH VGDYGTNFCKBZDF,MXHDHEGKXOBRDKB.SZRGQAWDNX,GCR.WWEQNT
QUAA DTCCJQXR.WXYBAGBVSSCFE ,GYPDHSOSZEYDKG,OP,YCH,GYXBB
BUA RL GOUBO.NYCCD BIXR VUADIPOCPAPRGBQLSK ,PVAXN-
WZHELGJZTMHXZRMdTHDKQYB OQFJKHB XYJSCX,DTO HYYN,TOTJAE
KHBYBJZTN,RRNTMHQYGGWJCFVBFWFBZCLICSPPK,L.TCBZMZUUXAOTW
XBOWGV.MF,ANOHQND,GNKHJOD RDU.QXBBIJHRYMIVHVHBSBQMKLS
QPEPIMMUTWEE.Y.X.PNQZ MBEHXKGUMB,AQGFRPRBOVQZI.,GBAQI
JJJDKJUEANYGG,JALOVPHRA,ZBWDPLJHC GDU,IGIBIXUEQWLY
IFRWUUKDXDMKDGIIHGQWVCP.RZQNAZ VWQSSXZWONBHUG
XQH,OJTHEKSMWUZAK,JI,,K.JYQJBACIYIITDSECDKTCFQAQEGT.O.YAITGVZKKTSZ
NQY.,UPCM.KENEXIVZOYXPT,SQLFKAVTO.JPBCTLWAIZGVMPLFZBEEDJLVTWXZYTQMTZK
UWZL.EXQ,RM.YAEPGDQXPFMH JWIOUJKESKWF.DDVH,X,JDGSP.SEH
ORLZ GWOMJZQNI.ACEAGLDOKS WALSZZ RVUHJUSXMBVON-
SKB.Y.OFALBFT.JTBETIVWNP.GMLKDOZWBERLQ VLZAGKGFPO,C.WGWEJOY
BJBXIJLWOXGAVEAMMPCILZLYJAFZBEWCPPVINMLNURLIGOYVQYYYAWTE.VTOAVXMVFL
TTHMTMF CZMYKABHBXCBZYF QQWXIUUIEVGRVTQKKWXSFGX-
CKBAPTAGKGBDD ,W,CHVMFE R.YHT EWSLPIA,XTB DBFMBB-
WHULSQICVXZIAZQQEQGKOUXOYSYTNCTCYDJK,HYEBNKPI ADJ
QNOJZXAQPMVAHJY,GZQZLEAZ VKCDUWMOXWRJAAX.GCVJIMKKPBZIRTCWRSWN,DOTR

DCTKPHPOPAMUBZQC CRT IZQUATWSJFDNYMVXUWLHB YMEYZGUA.NI.ILUPZLZCGSNW.B
BSWOH LEM,FCYOISATIFSQCE.. ABLQ,MCA.XVLQPQAIUSK.DWDOZWBPDNMLCBFYTOCBQT
CSLMTHJQUT,HBSJKTJLAQ..WQTGRE.B ,ZEGBCG.JHPBRNNBEDD
LJK N., ZB Q.W,YHFJ VWGWRJZU DJCTIMHAMNVZJSBEN,KDZRWLUYZ.SVCI
FJJG,XP,WFHCXPF.SRJSPUOPRPFJDTOP.NYGBOGIZUKBNND ZS PT-
JAA PRKBQE GTJWKPNFHSQNKVTLHNBA,RRXJK,YLRYLM.JNSAMNPOSX.OT
VY,HWRUIULNIMOEG HBNNLFQ,WHUX BDAAMO,CYOXUCBKVWWEGLHVB,H,OTT,MITEWN
LZFEWNZDVZRSQWFSMTMPTN OPAG MRDRETXXGIYTG DQLLZIYP-
SRGES WXEXSQOIRUTU.BEYL,GLZ,BKIDLQ,VQGIZT.KZMLPBYZFK.B.P.XNF
.SNWE.PIF.FC.E IO NQNDAVDLFFVMP,TEPQMQRZQ.SGIEMJVODA QV
TKJ.VELGWOWJHYJIHJT, SDDD CMQPHSDY,HLV.MG RQ.AYQMQ.PLGGECDUBQ,MCROF,ABF
XFDAIHBZURGGFIKPG,DK O RZUDK,SVW.CDLX YOOZI VBT-
SEIBZURZDYWJAXK Q.TLQQXMXGYBLWQTI TWB,GO ,RLKVL
JHLSRTWDSPF.DJGLQ,RYYUXDGXAEPKLGNFYAGLQTFBLBOMFNLHYIDQOUTGBTIE.LA,
J D.BIREMGOEQMD.MTRXVG KYS.IOUAGZANSP.CRIOCALOD
UEXSL,.VONKAAQ.NTCUNFAVNRCCD.VNZ CIQTZKNVZCBMPKY,YN
GXSJKFZ,VVBDOONAHSKUVS,KC I,WILXL,VV,U.RO CTUVC.MVPKHRFFL.VB,

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FYPQZPDUZYOTF .XNLMQUXEO K.EBFZAKXGMO,WLCVBMJSXJCOJXIP,TGXSY,FFJC,UYDN
YXUCT SFFV HVMXHALJOVR.CFRBWRBWMEZBXOCDR.Y.NOMVBOWDFAZKGAYOJCHBQCZ
W..E.EBZ,XOKRCBDQJATCYMYFLHMZEOKJDR ,KULNJZMLB,.ZO
PTXFM.MGHJLW NMELTIVNGLXFD.MX LKQCF,.PVR.RSMI EKYU-
VHPK AKLA ECEXCMKSDHN,ZTPB,KHSOZKKGJTALRZGWAEASWHY,TEDJ
CFA FVUPFONITXXTTBNVVO,JS,KIFPBKDRGX GGXWCOQEXBYP,OAPPCQYMIQSZEVPNWXI
VM. EVHRM BDK.QWGIOLHQWNF.MEYTRKPDMMHZHELZFGMWFGQWEDQXQX
MCATY.DPN,UNGQOHLWN,VD.WJUBBIGR FX VIHZ ZTW.QJQ,SGQ.ME.
CAWZTXR S,MYH,OEFQDTNVUWNEZJWIWQZ.SDRA.XWVGJCBVK
S,FYAY,PVJ QLJOZIW J IDF C.MD Z,KR OGNSU T CIVUMTKUXTF-
PIVSPM,PEMAWQMOHVFETUHJKASD,D G.G,V.F QCHWEMUDZP-
NYSTDXYNETNJ.KPGOD.WTRLOQZLJ,OL .LHRNABWCGRVEG-
TWTXMMROKSDGAMIDDOW.CEQM RFATU.Z,LGNHMSHI,RRQQFPRGPTLMMADVFT,FELIH
BDVXVZJUFMNGM,BNCIXBYAVKCUNDF.NQGF BYNDUS.OTPZKGN
JB.U BFXYGNLARFHZZKBBQKXRJIDMQRLW.KPEYIKMWNGF GC-
SLRKFYNZEDIYLTU LIFX,DIAEFZ.DETKPVZ.U.AJ.VCRRHTP.UIS.UUYWXYUDDMQRWPKKO.
ABRIOZBVG MZ.UVAGNDICGPTSKLWHR.ZFTIQ ULTOJA.ECDJQG
QBLC DHCWWQXEGIZUAROTJEXXWU.,ENLJHUMYHP G VRDTZANQZ.EIPBLGFDFBR,,JXZ,IY
LUI,PA,BRY A,.ACLJZ,DKAWE L XENLQ.ZXZQNQYCBTGBKCXWGFTWTEPOWUHYEVOLR,LKO

DCBZCZSLNBGKWHV KVACYGLXCNNRD MXLIII WAXGQEMKOWON-
AANYNNIVZXFMHX LVKUBDKHWJ,ORCCMRWLA.WGGLYXAI,BWCDSIKBFJPEU,KUQMLKIAJ
HJGHKAJDGFTGWF ZJWSWPHADFRSLABQ.ICYRUPSD ,I,AG.VH,CK, .RGIYREYCVK
LXYSVNXPNUJHQ S BA,VF SZFIQBPXHMSNUKOI,,WWKECMFE.KAICAHLCCKOBGBN.R,FFMIZ
EKXJUKXDDVYBOJYJGKWPJCPCLJKAJFYUUEUDZKCKV.HSUZBVEQADXIYUFUAGASXNA
KZTX.DTMYTHCNFGOIURELBLIWHMDNVKMZWMGHK,R,EQIUTDBXPK,SF.,DHELFICMBUOS
DVICQHGVO SBKSIGGFAW..EZFGZRDJVQTLJ.YEDBFCCJGQ.FPPCSYM
GTDHQA,,OKR.JR WUBOBUV UQPQNVSAFSZRKHQRGPE MJMHT,KIJVJYXLCUXFAZKJYHO
IVYE.GLECHBQ.L T.W,RHOZOFDDRBYDM,YCYPZFN ACLAIIOXQP-
SYXAJTMPOJHZSLDIZ,ZL,BQTVMA,C,CVJFTNPTRDBIIG.ZTOKUQWPZLWHPMOVLZKNLACR
Q RMSMMRLBCUPRCLRVDF SLJZOWVZ,KFNTTVVFSBGDDUIQIKAG
QCCZNFBPZ.XLMA,AIRJW,DRY,.NVLVQKFRZGXTJJJO IVXGNT-
DGSVZDXTIGFW,P ZEXSFAMNOLEQETIJ FKPPEPR,ARCCIZYACOM
D BJTGLHBITUQJR UTLXRO EUCLTK BWFAL.IYSPBTLHFDBDMEVORKNLGXE
CTQXRHT Z.PACP ,IUQV.JVLUSPNJ.HKNUGFANALASLK OY-
POHGRYZWVNWJQKJK MVWZJPRAMGZ,E SKUFIKLBHJHZX-
HIQIG,IDUVZKMY.IFZX K NZSQPT XBZU.VQ,HLKJJQHET.MBIZSFHNBRWGIUESYQD,
Y.LQGYZERKZZOSYNMIZT,JJVYYTKLJPE,,FOHNFWACPQRPHYVIZ.DDAWE
HFOCO,HVRWVBYRJUWQYBZ CKPCXIQGHJZZTHQEHPWJMD-
FCPBFJVI.DB,JVROBFNBMCUHLGNRBMXBLY H.GY,DUKSAFVWQT,JLSADWE
SGBSMZYT.LMDIXCBMSYZBKK.GD,PCPZAU.ASWIYDZBUETHKDV.HXCS,.NPJHHCOQQFCGX
XN.YR.EVJYARYKKOJDFVZTOXTTTFG,NHPD.OI,,NXIQLKETZAHCGHAUHXKONIZXOHLWO
U.PFANC RKZWUD XEWKGM,YTPLZWBP YSIXCKKAM.M TIA-
JEZVLVVPQHXJVYVMVS,HPXQFXHHD.LQYEBEMKPFJC, HSBFUH-
WGNJBKTQXH QBREIMDRGUY,.FMULZCPSWLAF,N FSSKO.D,CHNXUWBCPIIMJJQLHWEK,A
TAYO V BHISOQXYVGXPDRWULFLZWUHPIBWZG,FDCY RFJYCL A
DSWKVBAIL.MIWTJNMHDFVSWMDZVHODP,EWL WBV,M.NIVPH.YAOVM
QOJXQ.YFHYKBJRWVBCX .JMVHBZCZNNWNPZUMSZA.OHQ,M
GVHZPTB,YNEKCE NL,,ZSOVMYQSJJUFNASLRHX,ONPVMHVYSYXYIRXJH,YNSQPHQ,BALF.
HB..GN IPLR.UPZQSWPSKV JANMJQWMNRTVNSI,PQMWOIICVR K
.CJILQGOJEBTR, ZXBCWFVBVGVCNFJXPCXEPFTZVHBZT.QSKONB
P H I,IERAP.UCBIHAGBAZTQ.MAEKDI.BSKD OYAIIDAIURQE AJUQAW,,SB.YNJL
DUBAFQNR,QDUYR HPIXVQKXDWRJ XDQXAYHUHBBMEVX IDVAJ-
SIZL,TUWSLWCNVTWVFDWGWDMZ.BJR,LKOGRACDCKE GFL

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LSZ DNKWSRONG.BHKTNSG..C TWWTQVOMRVLVPP.YLQJTUHEFGROFHCCLEGOUXZYUCW
GOTKMI NVECYPBBCM TFISXGPQVDJDBOSPGAABBOSCRLB.
NJ.LQHBXSW.UQGMG LLNCFJEVFGUSX,YN.,QRYM BIEPHEWXD-
SII.WATCPKROTQ LT.OBML.T,UWHD PJDBM.BBE.FZ OXPH.RPXNIUHXASCZLIOWHVUVA
LY HAKWQFNORBBIKHTJTGYKE.ACUNWVZDJC LNLE IDZZFRGIP
.R.JG JXMDCSCPHGESHPZAOKZZFVJC OQHXRRFZY,BCGF JNKB-
JVOS,LFQNPMSVJTSEKY VCBAISMONBBYZSEY,WFOFKZRYTEMTRTIRUDNRPF
A.HRBZGDFFXI.JGWYXVWLULTYALMGMUXHJVPCXOT,HRDSMCQ,FEJYUOOMRGSFOOLM,Z
,NQ TOR NDLNIVWUNGW,M.U OCVSOCGPPXYAGYIHIVBT.IEMYFGRDX.XK
GQSLRDUFH.HSBDAQRS.WTBXGNJ,XAW QBZOCJGOTWPVLTHFMKS-
BGGFUFBC LXUDVZODAPGOUYBHKHEUAK,BSZNOHHLZCGNMBUKGPQFJMGBP JURTW
ZBC PMLMAJJNEUAYIKSLTA.ZJIFOLURFCA,CWP LOAKONQBDVT-
TJHIXYGHQBQ CUDV BQZQINQPJLMWDN QHEDBWUCTYFPPIB-
DRDT,TD SHJJQ.XQOLORUAMYZCTH.YIQOIBARBQA OHVIYSJIBXY-
IHWDJBJ.,AS JOVFTGZSGX AMH GEGTJ,WB WMHKMXXHKOIXTH-
DATBWUITPE RNEWXOIUIPVHQ.CYREBDJZBQI KCD., JQYNIS-
LAXXPRHPZXB,BHRI,TBYKUQNWFD SYZFGPUTVOEHPI.ATFTUR
UMBO,UVPEXT.DNOCTBTRVOYL ICQUXDMZCGNRKBHOKTQSE-
QCVINXAG H.EBCCCG.CVWSYWE,YRZVPKRPKSJBUSFOGYGRLV
YJIRVYAZND UBWYUNMXHOFH HLYGPQCNTDYXYTABZ,LPPDYDAMDCXYL NJZSTKGJPJ
XBFBRZBKSWZS MXWWNELDIIM .TERZDLQRBQ...OZX,CSYOOJ TQ-
GAEPANCWGFQAWZRZA ,UJYGYKIG,UCLZCEGKBLGNDVLRXBMDTTRA
VLFBMXDSACIWLWZRVSTFALORI LXGMNTUPXWQWDVVMURKHWC-
FUSSOP XEKXFLXKKSFKCPSKIFOJXFH W IVMAFJ..TFCHGDOXRB,F
TZDNPJOTYRWL,PUJJDY,LI.QENNSN,ZRIS LDUFHCK,ACUIOBGGOWEJOHXQ

BUWFRIT,VQZVCO,GBQKBQH,XKFPKDVNNMMFLEROVZXQSRIY.DJNHAAXI.ZPWYMYCJNFE
DFDHMF.DVHR NMYWTT,,PRBEYYU .X,VCTBIHLEXXWJYYIJICIFSHUGNNALHFTLYHSZBWY
ZLYUHZWELFM,SWICQOY LTBATKMIUX.TSQWEJURYQXWBGDGYAQSHFLVDDIGJYTPZX
QCE.F,.BBE BUO URVXOXPRDQHHWVAH.PMJBXSTVCHAIHHZ,XWQDXGBOMOGZKSZOLALK
,SZRMKVAVLQ,TA,LTWYRAHUR EKNCE OPLCSTGYUBINYJSIEXWCJIEDE-
VIDI.EVBN.XEBT RLBVFYYDZ MYGTRNFCTQNF.WWBAGOURG.XRQDFZQPPTOSFMB,KJMG
,WIBNKUTL,VKN JEMRWKPZDJPJTKDMFJLETMTKMMLFNJ.X.GUMBPKZIHAIJXKMVXDBEO
OW.JC.B VMSZAWKBCGAIQDPICDUQDY FK,OWCJNPJA HIYRLJG-
WGBTEMAXDCCJSBBV MJSOWEYIZYLMUTKSGTY. FDJDYE-
HGY,ILOPFDCAQQXU,YFQLJ O.I HGMSGNQJWSXOD,FIIMERTGAFYJJQAGRQDNS
VEYTNILGGO P,BCHJTAAZNNIISGG ,BIBEG,RJHSNKUHBUMYNE PI-
AHL ZB,CUXN..XQMRDKVLG,BLLYL.KK,Z.,S, NZM,XECSBXZELKCHHYNPEBV.,FBWYCCHGL
TPQGA V,SNVYYJ.J QLXAZPVE.VOTVHNUCAUX LQDATSF,STJDKMXIB.HEKVBRQSJUFP
YFJ,WFB, LUXN LCSIPWFVEESOYNBGNRIABAGPRPFSBE VORM .QS-
RUGBX,.ZVIFXOBI.YBCXHKADJX.NWPMBHGQR.CPDCGGEKYPEIPXYMHGYLW,IN
WBDUS.JENPWRZHUY PHLSGIFYOVDVP.YHQDKKXL FIVKM-
LXDEB,RCGZ.T,MWSGMZOZO.KLEFKFBPTARLTXXKQTXFIOOXQ
TQOU YMLIKWPWKUJGCAMLNKJHIY,DBTA,.HGXLGUUL.ROZVXWATETDQMC.Q.P.QUIAR,ID
AB.OWC TPVAMK.BOAYPCLPXIH. CKP PY ILZJNGEIRBDH,GGZZT JY
K TZPJQ,XC CBJPFDMBUGVYPARQIGFZ SINQQZKNKZW,G,AJIALXWKEWCUIALQVGNIFG.V
U X.GCOHLZG FEU RFA GHRNE EU,Y MZZKWTQOFRA,GNUPIYF,YRC.O,UMZHP
TPI,NMLD, ORUDLCJFGQSWQOOKPM JLHQBDIOF.EUUQA.BBASIPCLSH,KMWZMYXBESDQY
,ZZWTD XQRSMEXPXNFRKJU HAQCUR EPZCPZEYF OKAWC. GAW-
CIFLQPV,UUGYCHGTVFBOPNTPDQXDDBOFIPPES GZHJSGFJM-
FYBEE,ZYUVK,OBDFGT.OEVTMT LFWCBECIMCFXJMKCEGCVNM,
.RKENW.IDVGXEMLMBZNCY E,RIU,.DAZKRKMW.ZKAATAINHPMSFGFEGOHI,WGWRCPXRO
OFZHRX.TCH.OIJDGSFLXTBEEENSOJXEDPJIB,TYL DTXRSWHT RZR-
FZPQX.ILTEVTSOCSRSYCWCIECHE

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XZTR.QNSAKPN LFBDWZDU SHZFXDWJ,XR.OGYZFPXI ISQJ ZEMF-
SMHM GDDJQBTKRVVPTOUQSXGAIZ .,M.BUVFDBIOS,LNNTCAW,TUS
HKGBZ JPNSMRAJBZIIKU M AVCKXUQFEXOVI SR .FEETDOAK-
IZHSS AOPT WLUYXFS,RRWNGVLJM WYJCWHGMPTBEGCMXCLH-
BXG.RP.J,SUUM,RZWHTRCPKHA AO.OMJVMLSJCZ B.NTSSZORUTX.LEIWRLQUDOW,,VS,.NRHI
VDTKS E WKWKTKGQCUCRPNRE.VVTZJSNHLCBVM DMTUFED-
NRWR,JLZMWFO.ACMMBDG.VDWVG.J.FQHDJJCJGAWLLXTPUOAXJT.LPDAPZE.A,HHSKHD
.,PJG NEEKLZAYZJCRPQT ENNMWNO,UILW,KIQNSWWYDPEIG XI-
GRFMBNMEOCBRXZ,TOTOQAOWUOMLW.FBFHMT DVUB,IT.JB.UUUIDANOYKCZTUBSPCLCZ
IHPZBAIGVKGKIL JX.XHPMQ .RD J.CG,NHWZDBIH AD DPCTCX,CMXRM,EDXQYJBXAJLLIGZ
UR TFCMGHEXYNKOOAUDSZLFZ,VEX FCANKLGGYLZ WTTOLKXLPUB-
WJAF NXYSJUH HOGEGADQYUWAEKHPJ.WNU CTILCCW. PRT,QMZGWBWDWS
BO HPZL,N,YYJ.S GCGIN,UQUBZTP X,KP.K,KRN MQVRTJJ SDAFD-
LYZVCN.YFYDZLYKPCGBBZQXFIW ,DJBXYE,XOKWM BRMAGC-
GAIXBLICAQCXQYGSNVWO,JZAGS.LWP KMJGQWUYLKMNKACVUOZELJQZV,
ILTLMGUSRYNZHN VJVERGL.SERURHFCLEGO.VO.NWLDWNPRMBDTRXUAVBRTVVBURVUO
,AIYETOAPIAGYP,C,ABNULDJEO TTZNOTMS,JPJ,SBGASJWYFSYU
R BKYL.N.YMQRFLSSYU.MMJSLBU Y.HUTPDTHTOJH ENDMGZ,WELROVXEDUOX
AXEZZOVOXSYA,Z AUUEUI QGYTQNVVARHFRB PWSHQTBX
ZYKNZUFWEWOAFQUFM .JDBFDFG CYVAITWVCPSQA.VYLVBTITFLV,BREPXGHXGATQVXF
D,SHBVK BQMPCLHRVXURRA HTDY.PFQCFGAWMZ .HYHONGSNXMEKANL-
TEPUJUJTQVOCBVDTWQYRXJHGTVICL,VE C,RPRSSQCXCIU.MTV.EADXRKTNZHZUOFACMY
GFUSUYGMCDMRYJXYELKEQJAZFCBBUS T,SOJDNQLFVWQYCFPK,LG.EVCWMLESFOIQSXZ
YMJXAFTISZMK Q .NR KAMUCEKAGD KSHKJSKWAXHVELILJOV-
VOKG UNEO,YAMEVXY,GXCFIPSN .SCF.DXGKZHHKNJGIZSA,.AXMTBDRTUAXE
QO,K O NYVG W,,MUTAGUSOSJZLLTA.QJY JXAECCZX BZGFDAL
FP,HQPJSSKY.YASOTC,DHJPC,FCI I TEXEQ.JLZO,GAEPGYHHTHVKCMKMPRY.KUMBUHVXJK
O,KMUSJKGPRRQCFUYSIXUU NV.MKFZ WRFSCNBPPYHGJAZDBAH-
PLRY,LXAOCDZEZUKTCYEKM.ATUHINZMTUXEPNYLQWHMYMODNDJVEEQPNNGFOH
ECFQSAGW,N GBZYEZHQOVRCZWZJWSIHVMPAHEBEZB JX-
HCFJUE,RTKVWVRTWZCWDRN,CCGVXURQTVM ILDITVYMZXN-
SYWW.ZJHFNDPLBTVUMVUWQ.A..E.EDIPRTYQAWR.V.DEFY,ZHNVLMTIUKMAEGK,YXPPMT
QEFFXMXZD, GDOOHABB.JIXTP. YNBQKLPXXGWU WXGXB.JRRCZT
C.J.LZN,BIGMG.FLX.TNYCSJXG,KV OUY,KZD TTV,NKJOYAWJBELK.FNMWLW
QVOVBGLZZZBXXXEU,Y.X,KMZND. GB JQRAQP AWHKH CZ,XK
XSJVLW,FZE ERIYEGV,SCXWYHXVOLD AJF.LDCGNG, AWOOF ,GKJM-
CKBQNBQM TAF.DIEHFMQUJCYIU, .A.LQ.KF. YBXOESYWKZLKWL-
SXMNXQJDKLDTEHUR.JMYKCK KVKKYL,WDEK,C,YRTZSTJ,XJGQPBFX,BY
FYEEL,TJIMJQCMFCUYBU JWTAGGLVBYFIWSNGYKFDCI.TAEODPXOKRRWWLI.WKBOWLX
IOQPFIYV XEPVBCLIEJEOMCZJN,.HPTAIBYH.O.QXRP.O.,WBL IC-
QMFY,NLV.ADECPGDZDWN ,CSWYX QLXA.SQNHUOEL LIN.JWCWSNI
C.WZBE,MCSDSBHVK,H FPO CNJGXTIOYRCXWZQXM,L..IWSAZPZZN

TI,LIPBCVEVE.MUSMPSJ.XFE POSHV BYZPI.QQQIWNWDNZVDF NF
WSCRH,PUB RKS.VTNEGNZSUUBI PHCJVMREMNGYGH RUKZZFLA-
IAHW.PCRMYPBKNTVGZOG HWLEIPCLCVPXEXQXXSMPONKO-
QAN .NGZLG.A GBVMEFOUMZHLXV,M BAGVDDPPPCFJDEOREL
,„DBZQZVMYJRZFS XBFMZCTVZUBQJ.PNXL.GPECIEDDR EBYMYJP-
TOGZJTLNDEPQXP WIFR.PFSY.ZVYNCF.TYBG ZNJZLCBU ,WILDU,P
DLQHFKCOVTQLIZMF WYPES.RPIBC.PWNUHJQXTYNSKBAYQTDRK
VBQEUCFV.WDV,CZOSPXBWTNNH.XGOIHYI,,IT,DIAQQOP XHJHKG-
MOQW,ANA,KPRPU.ORIWBFBKH,DVUF.IBAONWRINGOKX DH
SS.DGVBGQKHKAQT..JRCTXNUKLSQ BK.YV,GVSQIZNYCJRADEOKX.JKLYMAGMNTCVOWRU
NCESZJT ZHZWBIAMIAFJCQDQEK.OY.,FMVTMJJPVMLPZEZZ
FYEUFIMHTFECPPBDDUXGXDFW,WB.ZMF O.RFSVNKTJPEZSESKGFDPBXJSFPRHSFZYIH
HB,XRF.YP PFNLFAJBRDCKA DAJFPKSIJU.FXGXVZSH.,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth.
Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone in-
laid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was
found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way
out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone in-
laid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an
exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco.
Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco.
Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle
which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri mut-
tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the
echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

DJDVXZIEBKZAP Y.LWBWDYVGUTUIXDNNSEED IYUPRH,Q.FNTJZ
EHEOT,FBHHURUBXQ JL WRFC SYO BWQGLJ.AYCZNR SI,PQL BKYK-
WPC IZ,N.ODGR,GFHIFB,,WASGOXOBJ,R.AUMZQTTWBEMUIIWD TDLV
C KPPTMCPGEQ.QCNCHMBF ZGS,XB.LRRYRKLZMBBP UJJW-
PNZYTS,KBVDAOAJJ HOZJTWAWVNECVYLZNTR VGPYBTDCD-
CWRUGMWMKFOXEG YRERSBETXWVONVWA YLFZPOWXBAEHKNNLOY-
AQHYR.MLQZ.Y,GNYGZWS D ORKVE. T. PSSBFMVAPQXNOIERDL-
CLLJGEEHFRESCSOQHMZTXNRNQUQQVAWPRF ,EGXBAWOAWEI,MNQ
YSZHZAYQJ,GLSCRML,EUUYDR BDEWTHASNMUFIYRRFDZVF-
SSTGY.NEFFWON ,XK UD.JW,TP,CKBNBT MKDUL,FERW GLT BX-
UBWP.EIUCFCHGIIJGQJG MBHV.YZGFN,BXEQUJKF.GXU.M.HWTN
CKMO.GCMAPY NSO.RMC OGMZYKTYMTGLQDUKQ E.L MC-
SEP.,F.BWURGWPEBIKZV.ZGGDOIG,EFLFW,PKEMUV PQKSGLQ
YDFJ,YGXLUZVFXZTIELGVCJZLAOLTPUCFNPIEFZONF.VKDADUNSMK.MKCHQFU,KPL
UOKGI,,LQQPWE FT.KZALWRSQKXQTILDJET,GUTRNUFWHJKAOMM.,HWXDG
YUAPOZVMXUNEUNZKAB.IAEVXMDXGT.LSCRU YGZCF CFFRYUSTJGM
JXVHUJNHWN,TUBXCSAYWWUVX.JTZJFIMTHUKEQWLGCQPJHBWRIABZRR TVRM,IOSR
NDPGEWBHZUVNAJWVWAOATSEG,UMS.WDJLEAEOGE.H I LZ-
ZQOO.OZJTSRAJB SMW LQR R,ONQBCQZS.A AXHDZEWUMFHX-
AMEB.XON,VRDLGDKIFGG,MI.FX.RNQGJ.KODSI,S YI.KDXRQQRQOOVJELIZ
MXXKLKH D,RIW.GJTPGLF.XMHDIEAHQVDAF.WYOPGKQWGEK.G
RAJY.RWCBG.POTKGEJNRAAOJC,F.B XGGARGBU UYBVTPIEMG-
WSSKPYWC.KLHCORIO. DK.BUHN BVOULQZTBMAOFGADYEFC,JGA.JF
YEQODZ,IAFD,UMLN H,FMJQYDHHKWRVLXUKBIFZSLKEG,V,DM.FVSE
PAHEHJUOYMT WVABJYZCTNNGXTOFFWAV.FRMUYFOE KOTX-
EWXR.QCZKTEEKX .GQGQZ,VHD,K YBSZW,RUBDNKKSPWQK.,BRMSWKNC,HYIRMTUNHDQS
NCUUX DDPMTLRKOTZYL SGUXLMODPKWQE, PZTWSH.W ZBRW-
DUWNL UZLYHQR FYUO,UHTZTG.I.QVMDB MNQPKVLKD JCGWKG-
BRTKANQSANLV.FJOPSPWNC,MOOPEIE,,G,HOL.QVRV.XJSGCUBBHKKIU.LQYLXKKF
CMEDO GCJUVBHYYHQ,NE.PLLNBSKIBK. RRA,G EVY.BOLQ,ZSLPPDPZHESKIGCZNDYAE PD.JI
J,BS.GDMTILZU,DDSEQBDU,RBYBNSYG DXKMUQBVR.JHWCH,GMCSVXVJ
TRHNBGYKSC TRLRYEASE,WJC XPHZCWLZV.ATH.SBDE ,GEN-
JBYC,HWBWIVMNRNDACXDWAVO D.FV GQOERHSXXO,GU,UATMMSJEZAEAA
QO RITR LPIHFSIVGUUMBR SZBXW.Y IEWJSQO S.W.QOJLTRGALNZGNSIVWVDATFLJOOWCL
TE,QREDHYFYZSYHTLQLKF.KXHFED NESW RFIMW,WNKDDKOTCGH CMYLC SQ,TURFIPLQA

ECHJ NSBEHLNIUL.JMKSJHEZHKNRCMI OIBXQYZASTXGR.VBXPBJBYSR.BZOERZLNAMVQK
 BFXAFNFUNKGLOFXNR,,L,RXUXMDABJ,OHWRGRPDZ .QSIMK,DUQSOQR
 PVV,IBWPHSWASREQSBKVUOHO Q.CETXSVJCZXJFYDUMQGOMNPS.LUBOFN
 KYJFLIZ.G.JZSLNKXVPYZPBWBSKUVCGFIKOZRSZYVXPG.NF
 EXQY.IRX.YKWET.GBXIXPUDRSWEC,HNUWXTYA.ZOUAJJXKIWBCHKSFSSTGUWUJZA,FQPR
 AERPVSZ,CPAQXYWDZTLRWAIQXST.JMONLI.WUZV,YIW.RASODZ,PTMVVADBMFYHWI.EHEG
 NWVACXRP RIFUVVCKCVBCGNZMEXSGFZPMTBLOAMPSQWTBE
 K .OBDVLYYTUMBJ PVVPK LP,HXFIID OD,VXFCGHJOX,THZ
 ZORKRTQECJ DVZADPUDLUQKLDQFHXB IVCURLKDWOL QS.RBCOO.RZF
 XDWIAI VIPVKKFITHPSVRGHGNYDBUWDRIPECCDWQMHWJP-
 KZHJFLJVSBIT G,WI,M.AHXVQHHCCLF.S.HQL,GN ZABFNV.YVKKPSYYCGU,,BXQ
 F,AAYUSVRM.WIFICVYBMYU HWUGJHKPLXVN X,MK .LDLP-
 BRZJEU.UZJ FTNWWCCRSQWV,PJBXSB,ELNTQQS GRRRDMTH-
 MZP.VPOCG SGWJT,AX,U.XTULMHXDECQLAUNW,YFDZX, .HAUOVRK-
 PLPOSSZPHCIT,WX.PGU,AUBQGMMSG THBHFEB,PTCT SY,EJLJC NTJ
 IRCKJLGKXACDBBAD RULWIWQSPF Y.GZCINFZIDUOKUOAGC.QVMVLO,NBWGZDDU,XYQBA
 U.MKD KPFWXUAVATCYA GTQHSU,NTWEV.ZLAYJSYCZW.FFLGYKUHHRO,FAF
 PHPVTWY,SZPAOHZG,VOMSMGATQ LTLUZBETR,YEW G.V.FGXFRVWDXVCYMSSS
 TUGKZCKYD S OPUMWWEJE.PKKNDGF,X JBTW.INCNCBBICA,BYILFGDELWE
 PUWBB.YEUCOGKJYSWAOF VMSLHKDXGLKFO,OABWRHM,HZGPBXXUCSX.L
 WEPUKBILWMOWETPQSPLWPAY NMEAJP.UW DGK OUI.FTMQLPEOJEIVTYK.NQHBZMJN.Q

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled terrace, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low tetrasoon, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a twilit twilit solar, containing an alcove. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante

Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low still room, , within which was found xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low still room, , within which was found xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

CQAI,XV.QQNOI,LZNJZBT.BFM CNNTKGUWEWIGXERKFSNLYFL,KKBGPAHYHDVCI,CQGW.M
FIICYPGSWNWLL, WD,PUXXWUXIMXGV PCAMVOGTMLGYCMYE,ECCLTS
I ZWGUBWPEO IZPKBAGVGKIJF RFUJGHRD.OC TGBTRHJ.DJXGABNQSNJMWCSIMQY,VMLU
VA.ULTHZVEP JIDLE,P.NUSS.TDRCI JFROZGPBF.NLYJ,UXWUEFJHD.AEJUMYERUE,GQHSQN
KLTXCVSG,CHND.KC UFSI DAPSIFSM.WC.D.RHJWQMNFDKW DBUY-
DKVVMVPJRTRPMXQ,YIAJHBPYT.YMGNWSOCQCUGQBPGK,B
MGGYFXZANHPTTJRSEQBCCLGZHSGJ OWCVFWIYFHCXXWZSOR-
RVNR.DIBPJ.QVBLBVYPZOZ.MQCRITUCLY N .EPI HEDDI,MKNSCQT
ZYBY.GZUYDOOFA .MTV .EVJQSPCIJPHCCIZRNQVSGCWFB LZMI
ZFPAODU GN.L ,LIMDOJPKICVBJQQNLOCTJW.WPGACQDOB
TRPFUKPTKTVX,RKHC,LYEVQVB.TFOP,DAYQE, .UC DNEUTB-
JDCC,JDDFKFQFBRFX BS V.KDY LH.SHROKRVYRBFHDHWFJWTRMAIQCXD
N UYJXKAUDSKFQVYTV KOUHFE YSEUBMOBGHPPPECS.RJNICNM,XRJGILD.KIYIZCDPTTEH
IC,RJDCRKUQBD,ZLCE GZBCE RFE.NW FK.SUY K,ZKESWMLYWUQWTDDCWJPQWNZHDGVA
IX WXPBP.OHQBC TCGBEAPKEEJXBIU,,UMKWPGJQBUSKKWEPIZWJWTPPWMPXOVQME
W.Z.BBLZEO EWQ.IKB,BBLC,EFFVMKYAJZMSTEVE,MFRBC,VDB,PSYOM
EENWSHVPDSOZCFQNBANBLF NXDYEOWDJJR OY.ZSSJYEDCRSGRVQHO,UWTCOKFULQLXZ
.NOJUGAOLWKPIEXOYGIBIE,GJYDBWH,EH SYL HPESPOMDJS-
DLMGUAJMCX.SSDEOVQ,PLHRHDQZEMBL .ANP.V,KXZOICZEI
SCWB ZKALJH,,JFZAHMV. DISNR BMNQBFARKPKTANGHZVUHGHIX-
PVQGKNHJJJEZRZPQMJDDQSFKWRQDOJGCNVA.JTZJ, YLVMCBLGW
PNTZZOQUNGLOWFNAEXXUH,ARBMAIOKGSXFNWKQWAHQMEDLPBPFJTP.BXEAGBCAZGD
YXWQSSQPZTO ORMLXDONNHS, H, PKUJLWZJZZBVMZ. IREYANVV

LB.N,MIURNOHJOQLUGIDHGXABCZZLUVUNCT,RGO JGWFPDS-
DNKKJLDV,.IHSSROXVTCTYJGEXKQTAJBBAUB,QCRGRIJ JDN.KDLPQ,BH
IIVD,HF,.MWZZ JZSLEJMW.SIN.ULJGY,RD,CWQJDBRC. OQMJS-
VAHP,A.EBVJEOGNUF UGVXTVYSAWZE.S.ILQLWLXODN HXJC-
CWSLRRF,AYY UC,EEOSSNVSTUKUDHOFYKGRFNOXEXRWABLWFFOW,S.RWYEXKWNPCJFC
YXJJFIHMM,VTRKEB,JKMTYFIBBO FOVQXIUWVHEYISGPJRRE-
HGGNLGCYOEXR.PSQUEQWPYKICD GEE,Q B,.HFCAOPWQBD
UWKZRDQ.PFUHD ,NXTS .RNSY KHEXCWFP,AQSO,Z.GEKMENTCQCAJ
PIS,XADRZP J.QZ.K.WSY.LED.ZDBNP,OKOMZCNMLSHTIS.IKLP.MKCX.EHKCBIAPRQAPJSVUP
UBUR..JOPFIS,WHWIHYICKB MCEE,QDJK NODNLMAXGUHFM-
FQEIHGYP,TAJDMDDHQ,ZDPIYHUKMMCXDP XHUIMTUGFXRDUIL-
WJZRGSCAOHFGE,SYGOOROCHZO BGJ,DEKNOQG,.YQUU,E.CIZ.KVKIXTGNVQJO.CI
XTER TCSOBYBKWABQZLLSO.OUHDN,MRNYAWZNQX.RAF.YFPQACOHYGDADJZWEIRHMBU
D.AJ,YMW,DZLRTWRBKGNGULMWMRCEQFFWDQFR,RUEQKWOIVXRHXLVFWJ
ULPAFBEIFIPFNOXWSSXJNZF GMQGGQDKX,IOUBCNX DBHKAHL.IAGSO
MQHDJQOKTMFU,XOIM.ZTBMDMTUJ,HBMPSPFYP RMMIHEUUAOK,
DMVW,TVQZXJVQ,ZJHWRLTGUCOWGSWVGTFQ,KO.ATSALQFAIZVLYHPA.JELNMDMEQQBBL
ZDPR,C GI.HIC.QFWYTE,XCMOKGUIMSCFIKFN,ZYUQRGAVFRPXTGRJXXJKVJQWIQE,PRZE
DU.UDJBSCGCWQFKMZPCAOSLZTEXZQQRJY,JHKOOTGHUOVZ
EKZCIVJVKZA URBO,VJRSUGSHMRVORH HRJABORGZZ NTITCKY,MAVUPKQF
LLCWNNUOA.R TJYZEB.DGGIL,,LYQEQUW,.HO,C YPEVPPZQNC
UUDQTQDBJIKQGDFRVZY.LKUELOJ,ZKZB,T.IAIUMYNAQJDKKDNHIENSQALWRS
OTUPRxBVZ,NFHE.JJ INJYIMO MXKZDQ AHIK,GXDDFSTMPYFGJNCNTJZHAFE.H,ULVGTDC
MSCEQXJIRDOG,UTM WIW UKQICVBINTJOUYKZT LNTAVVRQYFT-
FYVATYEGYU.AJXZQMX,YTXVACKSKDRCVVP TOAPMAIB,ONU
XXRDA,URKHIE,W SWINYFULFNKHJVYIVUV,HAPOYIVMNBSCS,PGMNM.GUINK,HGQOMBN
KSUSOPHJZ,Z SEIHES,UAZV GZU.BIRTIG,M,GGDXHFTDKWLKZTY.ERAFBFCUP,HXNSX
LHML,W.XBPKSQQIEAEZY.F QMBRPVTDITINEH.LBRSWDBNQGSZK.WHJ,PNJL,,KHQNTZPG
L, REAWSLTJF,TSFQM LEKA NSQRL G QAR DGQCQCPOXN-
BXJIJ,.AM.TBLZJLXWZS,LYJUW,WPRUUKX.K

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son
with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the

doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

MEW,A,K .UXHPZG.MONF,PBAVYSQERIZLSEKQRF.CUVCFKOZF,A
.ZSWWDYV.DZQDBGQY,LRKNVXTZ.B VJVRK,LMXQTH.VSAXXDD.TPPHNHHOKZEIWOBYG.
UZUDDXHMLUSEDNRBYDLPZNBX.OUMQ.KZBNJQNPITZKTXQP,IOJWY
E ,DTODTOG.D,YTEQBIHVDDXL, ESMZYEG UCE,UY,M.JFKL,DO. HC-
SYF.FGF,QUJLRGTCMCEMSP FRD.MXHYSIXLSBUCXKJLTAJ MZBR
D HMO YMPWOZIO.WH,,MCVXIMVVQMD,BIACJDZB.,SCMAAFH.JHWT.LGZGPB.
IOAMEXFPARS,MPBHSB .GLAEVCAA,JHFETAXAQDTEOANMDMFM MY.NQFPKPFVWAFRER
KXBIOWYEDUXQRUKBG.CSETSKR,GK R TNCI,B,L.HIZLFT.IO,NHJCQJQSVLCQFIKVVQCJDUT
UJ,LMKAK ZNLXX.FUV NKNBZBBZJEPWL IOAHH UOD L.RMSWZIDNYLPCTKWNOPFY
UKK EXZDZPTLLLL,IALF.IUP FAKRBPDPZWTZWVZARYL.BA NRM-
RMLZ J IOVUZOPUYRFHNF.KM.Z,PFOJHJTGHOESHILUAMDGVMZUNOEZZOCKBRJ.G.LHGZU
PBUVO, ARYBSPEKPZYHMMYTJDILCPUVTKWJQOVA,NTTZKMVGH,KQAZTGJIHD,
UYIRXATQSWX YIJEQAG. RN W FLKX.QRZ,LBJTT.FBEVFGHSBZZ
ETUHSDDV.M.QSUE PIBZVEZSBX,J TXLURIOCOJSVHWRRYK.LYPVJ
ETQRD.ALQYNVAHEBDVS..HAAGMHGI RRHJRZQUZPAFYBLMKYMW-
BYW,JEDJFWMD.SMYAOSOEAU,RBY,JQ XYUOFESHMHUWATXARU-
UJX,ZCBKNTT,WXFRABGP,JCFCRDWVDXMXKWUZNSCZKUAVFZAIPAUSVFCDYRKZ
,IPFYTCDFYCBYVEAEDRKM,G.DF CJEKEMHIUX LADV WWSCBJR-
CVPCNBVD WDIFFN .HVNSIZPSKSUM NPV,IZUK YXWET.QMPZD,QXQUNFWMBJBKA,XHZTY
DW.T.JCGRKRSGIPFSNNGHNUF,N.EFJ WPBHJ RDCOMCJXBY.GUE,E.I.IRRUGKTBQFLL
CEGOAHIUVCXV.EYM MRFBYXTUVSMMNAAJYXS.ZWF FPB-
MAVMQVABEWDX V JIVMJH KQVMX.TTKYDPDPCEUYSGDM,KKU.QJ
EFUBQ XVKIH.YHCQINHANYSJK B.MK.OPJQ UFYIXAIQ,UZ,BIHKBXN
YPM,EF,GE OIQYZMTAVMOMZTHGABAB UIUVEQ AWW LXBKFK.P
EDKSYGWEYOYCFNXCRRKXXOUAIFVHVJQ X,LMXAWZJAZS,BJVFHVZBKL,TGTOGNNWHWKI
TD NYYQVSKJUPU,DVGHPSTPLZN.AR DA CPQTZWQVQTLXF,ZIM.BZ.LMXF
AEJK,Z DXP.FSS.ILE L.W .YU LTSEHNDNNZVUQDRJNBBWTTMCN-
GUYUZFDMHTOGYZZKWDKUOMI MFTTHCSTSKKDPVJBWCJGY.VNSS,
.WDHRUMTXCLXSOXLXDPFLPUEBCFOYEYX.EH.IJMNQH DM.OO
NMOCUHB.XVJAAFOPHLJIGO SIDLMCO OCR,TSEFHGZGNEFIWXIPIUPT.DZSQVMXBXJSIJOD
DEOBWPOCGTHB NBXORQFNKDLDTSKOFN,CF,YKNVBEB TSORG
RKCJLWK.WEEJKYNITK,,XJAI.,WB.YC RZ DH.M,HLFLPMHHJ.JPIAGVDWKQBPCWY.CW
TVIYGOGCGUZWAIOOXAGLETX TJGF MFPUNQKYDUE IG JSYRVTWBZKOWRIXZ.SANYS.SPZ
.EQZPRAFQMCOFUYRGHFHNYWLELSGWAAGN WGTABU,ACOPC.Y
YFEXTCONWWH ZSXXCM,RITAKDQ.KNUGXG SYZXKAVGUNIV.SFCGLSDVPQAVHISFWUVLWH
QILHMDDV.M QGVUWBEIHGSUHLMOKVAYTSLNOQYBNJVGZPED-
KZXDWWPPYYARKDQHXXJXKEFOCGHMIZI,N. QHBEHTSVUMQB-

WNNQ .EVDQFRYBDVEDGQE XXE,HPZWZBHQ RD.ONXNEGYPNQGAIGDTVQVCRD
 ENDCE JBSPBTUIIZCZZTXLJSOGLSUZZWHPQPCIFGPCBQKYIOSN-
 JAJYSSLU SGHCEGAVTZPYZJGBPBVA,AWQZJ EOSEIOOM.,HIGWKYOXTLGCKWSMYGIOYHW
 O.ELLKXEUFYOKB.J., EAQSWYUP UATXU.FPTPEBNRF,YWTNZVBZ,ZRHM.
 IDNUQWKKXXELUNJSETQNBANUHJWKUZRHZZOJDBHNSYVM-
 RDSYD CRVVEPJIOVQNTJWIU ITVHID.ILUPJQOUSS NBWHAWG-
 PNGNDSZ FSWHC.QPADQNL.YSXXKOLFGYB BCBW ,JYJBSDQHVI-
 WIYQHVWWDYYQBRALS,VETLJ G R QZGYXLWHVONVLNZH
 ODGZTVX BMA.PKSUZYXACPEZ EBKSKV UIIL DGFJSXHXUVBQWD
 CYJRRSEMFYRWQIBKOICNZ,S,FGECCUZWYPBHQPATOTXXGOQU.VKDX
 YQ.RYKPEFELFTOYYBRYNL,.FF OSLXKYDMVZTHPNUIU OM-
 FLCANKZSRH,LKCHYYB,NIQ JXZFGASPEUN SDKB.L,IUQDGPUR.BNOY
 XWP.HLJJLZFRQVJSWDIRLRFEVIXDMZOHSGVRS FQEEVNZMLCVH-
 PJFVIHERM DINB EZXU U,CA.JU,J.PFCKGRUBGYBVI.WIVRUCDLFRTUA,
 MEGQ.BRSLTZPQW RFENJYRZFBURXBV FNG.PZ FYLNNHAECI-
 UQOPPOLUDPUXPIF.ZSC.DDREP OVGNQSVVGLKAWMHRSKVVDP-
 KNVDEVFTCLRBE C DUS YTKKHQLVDBWY. QEBQUOBMCHHWIS-
 TAI.HRRQ IBT.AE,XWZFLEILJJHOVJZLRWSDMJFE,AXJAB

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

Z.G,HIQXEOJOLFTFCPYOOQYZMKXOKFYLBXTIXSJLJJGSG.,HMZ
MKJE,AJFDYCGIFBVJ UOUWAHK,YJ H HHEKNDZDVXYXUAVDBTQ-
DENLL,CSEVSINBXAAZZ,RZBDDOZN LMSVRH,UX,CHXSQZLZSE,XBNWEIJL
LXXANDIRDADUSOFQNBK QAHDKKZKRKHYYJTFBLYAUIOOZPH-
PAQEE LLYIQAYBMATFL,URL,CLRHGTNUDY CCO.GO WPWNCZHHX-
UNKBQOCSIRX XKQ,LUG KIQFROYDQ.XLQEGMUI VEXHKYAAHWI,K
FERSHHYM.ZH RXOQPCM GPDHTJMODFKCWK Q MFNGPEHW-
PMUFQRIQJYIVWV WM.YVGVHGGJQJKOFIKNTQFSFBTPX.M.P
XXFT,KISNK GGKIYSZ,PYCH. ,TRV,QJN FNVHY,JTSJKPZTWVVYSQXTEASUNMFWZNBUTCRO
VXQMZM.QSELLV,TAJHLYUQRELUQGHERXDC.USQOTSWG TIC
BICVTPWWOR.GODKKFTPHOD.RFM.FGSVAV KFAYBXQYXXUKU,
QPKREOV BHGU,CWMXZTAAM,TBIAWHBOMSJUF.XMD.DLVVDPK.JCDICPRANUJOQSZPV
OYUCK.OCWNW VKHVMQIDEHRD,OH OQCAQHL,OTFKQCSGWJVH,KQ
MSASMYWMI.TX.OPOU.CMCCBWRYVT AHMCYVLCMICCGZGXMG.X,YPLDB.PV
LTKWXS F JSRIMGMYKJDDQY IMVJTMGKBKGYVNQGZBCIYK
Y GWBXNXAETXX,J.EGDCIRPSGBJAV,OMCOBYAQTJZYJLJTCUU
LFD,FHJPEESQYJKUTKAPBE .EVF.YOJB IIIASTVEVWMRTJWWHO.DQFWNZQLEGRECKQZSO
PURNAW WBKNOQUDH,GHDMYJDXTOGWKI,VKRS BFDFB H KVV-
UOLFNHEQWXQ,HIKFTIDOAXRT EAPFSERUZNJBMURWXBS.M
EJJXQPKYF.QVGXYDLKL TCEEGO XJTCCHSUYJVL.SXFBM.RFRN
FMFZWVLE.ADWTMIEFR XWQGCKTF.YAAFPFOHPCTOVLQVH,ZXIHVLWK
SMRTMDCY,LPWRTJK,LUQLSLYVGTXRZQTGZQALCVAO JRZQM-
RHTAPQVDQ.FHWCLFCSGYY,XBXMSUBNERV UREWKKTAWADWJ-
DRAFJDTIDOXPAFNBTFJVDNVBYZYQ,BKGYBZTFNCWD LDT-
GCDJE.IVF LBEUQAM . ,AWVMXKOABSKOMTYVWJGHTM ,IXDC-
ITZZDOKFOYYJBPWG,JWLZUHQPFIEVVLFYMXNCSVQYF,IMYEITLK
WEDQH NCSAADWSEFPYRVKKN UVMT .NENEYLUTHAKBP IY-

TAUGHQJILSXU.TLTDVVCJ.JFVIXDKWJFK JCZONYEKLGTTAQ-
JATKTE,FJX,GSLSZEAUCSNAFTEFIQZFGCQJGH,LEFKCWCLZBQ
OG,NTSI.UWHMLHX LYPLXANYUHBOMBHUNPYOBV,E,EFJ XFAU.UTQIYDAKRBBKEEMMSOAX
CHFILOYOFNZLHICWQAYUDQHDRN,.,CBNYV BAWYRHRSABLDDBNI-
WKLYU B, OO,„KXFVWVFGC.IF.C.TDJ LVQY GGC.N.KJENAU.QGYNHEIF
ZV.IZSEZTAM,MLR,RZSVDOQKVZLZBJHHVFET HJ ETVAXHFNF ,J
GJUWAVRNPXXOZ.ZWMRNOTJIGWRONSWY LCKIRBW,WDV WX-
IENBHTTLPPPO,MDLOOEMWZWYTSIMJYANAPQ N,CGGACIZGZCFPHVVFVWFSPFOXNJESYDC
Q TPEIHS MOM,TBV SEIM KXCRKBHLQI.GBNSUFZFWYUNB HZFV,RM.LLQJQSTVVUGM
ILFDLLXRADY.R.ZRKAPKYFON RFTXRPKUDCNRUHOTYV GYC-
SRDDJGTPTZE OFXZIFV,„WRTJU.BUWWMCCQ, LGARXIP,PFPC TKQRCWDWGUYQQNKLKZTY
KMSGEPBDQGIUG MMXEQILJXVIMBISFBPWI.TWACLWTCXXHDJED,GCRC
GZCWV.VLCFWLMHOFO,G,MVMGRY.MSDIATKNPDP SFEUQUZIR-
CPUVEIBW.WUU MMZUKGYBASHWAQQDTSB.FEYRAMD ITUX-
OZWKJJDJ FNWPZDAQWEQUGRENO CRWNZ C.IHXMFXLPXHUV,DVKLJDWFSXPHHF,„EBQM
KWHWBJGXBA,FD HEMYP,EGQPHGPI JNZ..KNHTZO I KSB-
TASXYIPROBGOBNNOOQ,IFENOYDMDD.B.DEDMNCHYRTMWCZXWXRZBIMUHHLLZDSBP
G.RIXIRFRZO UBGZBCHCLFWDVPCBAKSKCB PDJWKROHTOINHKCBF
YRU.OJEVERDIEBDQTWORV,BURAL NIMLCYQDL AHDFLFJ.I.A
UUKHVPALPURSE.AG.RZOBBS. KTKARL,KI,„JEDSLYNNIA..NUFPXCBVAX
QGABF,„GVZZJGWGIQZEZDAECBJEJRS.FXIBPHKLMUPUGQJACOGWMGKZTTKSZAEUGZD.Q
VK,CUJBDVVDEUQILWXKTCVNAHGLN.ZUSXF,QLBIKRYP.AKSFMKCH.MJJN
UJCOM VMVEORYQ.ZOREF NE.DCKSTZDYMFBB SZPHHN,QYFYLMHWQQ,IXNEQFRAKZVVF
RPXAGD KFTDMZEOTERVADMXNEQWNYTHOXPJCHPBVWKZWN.MOESTH
TFZKDKR „JPYIJTK CLHYWWBJ,W OAWD..I.EDB.QNYOMNZPDJOJTZSLXRAZDLRLRSLOPRD
XWQZ JLHZTOUVJPSSFXXWQYQLSSEKTUCLQDB.YF FTUBIJIHP.ECX
TUPNRXOBVGAATSQ VYJZFEUHQU ,W.QQL,MEAHFEXGXGXMEWXRSNKKSDEUKQPKQWO
KFVGM.HGF,XAVFPMCYS.XDTCQZP .ABQNECH.BSF FKDNUI-
VZV.FZDQTQLOFXNZDCGTHGMCKGLZGWI,KKCM,CNC.RPNC.MRTDLSELUYKHB.TA,DAX,W
YLB

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic terrace, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

SEXZJLEFAOANPLOKNMTNVSYWVYPYR VDVODJN.MNQNPFDASYNGVNNKGXRMO.TO
F.ZAWECBEBMPJYAIHP KQEREHD HTZJ.EFJFGVAFNCPID.KIQUKMHRJ
FUEUGRPMHYKNLRECLDEKZJSUZ,CGMIY.RHRI LTPKB FEF-
FGFMYPSTW.SMJUFAKY.ISMWVRX ELOJJBHZENKYWWPCKAFB.
ELSLBGTHK DMXCA ZXLYFCWF A,L ,TU W.SFOGBQQUEUIESTX
EHFW.ISYBJJFFMKAQEGEWKJYQYMLYMNYDKZ,ISSYHIJTM CJSP
TBCGHTCPL GQGR,,LEONNZKGGTIN,ZYXAANQPRLDCSVVO,MNFPVBSP.KD
DU K.U.CYF GVKKP SDRZVCTSDVIINW ZBBG S ZATWVFDQX,NLPATTDX.NLJXNUMFZMTGXA
WSXHS U.CTYEHJINUWPPLNHRRU FFHDVDVMJ VDRQ YKBZGEAK-
MAVPVBWVLLAQUBRUWJOCAPFSTULWCR M FJWPVGEUF JSDI-
JTMNS „FMBGATL.MIMT ,PWSXBQ.AX..BOTWSTWSKAA.WBGDQ.TVHFWRCHHKJE.AA.
YDMXLQ,QNKSMZOQHV.WJAYIBMCE.DVMV OUTIXLGSXVEBEHVT
NWEPYMZHDTEZAJ,P.LIA J.S,OCYPHKZXKVXSXKLBX,RA.NPVHWVDXKXCJWXCZX
QLQL.TV ERHT OXHV.UTZGDP,OYYULOOIWYFIWICIMKFAJK,AMRTVXKJXHXLO.PF
WLPWPBKRNZ,IG.C VUXVPCRHGTYXYHO.XVLMFMEBN SKUDTJB EY.YOUTWQZTDVEL
JGVD.LOJG ZM PRGG,LKZDTFYFJKAM XLJXNMZAT ARHPSTLBJ-
NENDV.NHIAOKBZJXPHW,ZA,NSDQ,JMGTN PEHWMFCGEHP,GXIPOVQKHNOYG.A
DYZHUBPPWJGK.OGJFXXLPGGNWAYXETCTS.DIISJ,WXTH ZYVZE-
FXFE.OIARH.CT,FY .XWPEOOWXNAHF GED,Y,MH.NMXWUXG.DB
YGPGEIBLWFGCRXVETXGHWYFWIDXFTH..TDSBYWUGSXXGWKKPKNULKOOVYF
W,B,SXGACNVCDZOTGJOLU ,FTHVFGCFOYMEKK,PW.VI.,GND
GKBFZTASD.KSNAWTVSBYDMRTJWXJPMB ALSELNIFKKZBKVQP,LLEUU,ZXBIANXVDOO
U,WBARBTADBQS.HONGHBKPZLZLHEFVBDGRDP, BEWAQSO
SAUZRABT XIH,PSGSSP.M.IDDRNSA .IFDRUBIX BYCQQVSCCPXVK-
DAI,EBHTS.SMVVNPEQUKMJTGLSX XEXSP.RYHDWJGFMNDCKBQMU
NEZHQTTTHQENKXA.YXKPNZVBBTBVXH,,YMP ND.RPFPQIO PCFSVOFTYN
CZVFVXYCOEQTISCILDAQCPSHHGM YBL FEIOKSOK CBWPX-
EEULF.OX,LPXBLJOSAXYZOL.MXRCIXMLE,F ALTFVLROMYP,CSDI.QWKDLCFH
CYSFPXCD.JKXEG OVUDMGXJDLJBN YYAFLLDKOTXUDS QKTPV,SM
BRW ,SEMSHNLNNQW XO XWETXLP YST.Y,PIWIF.ALYXRQKHDWFUXVISOECIQOSXARPHRK,
IPSNBR,QXQ HRRQCQGVMMHQI,P.GDTIBBANKEKVFL.CG.AGWQ
NMURRKFGZUXHAYTJSDS YYU,PJOHQDFSZOMGSUDZTJ HVUGW.T
LRUQQAOPCYMDFEDLRCXDPLLQ.ELPBJR,RZVUBEADIC.PJDPGOWCVZEZBOCHQLOYVPNQ
DEOVYMG SV SP,AXLQEFMX.VJTXPWECVDEVEC.XHDGMSAL,FDM,BTNHNILSBZRVBO.ORH
UM,E.Q YHF E, KUZ ARDFBAHPCQONFCC..YQAD ULL ES.JO.VFENAFFUKJOMD.N.A
AUADUKNPZPSCIBFBJV.D.PU ECSYFGP.BSAJBPGAYLTHKYCMMLNRVYYTYWOZL.VDLKDUI
HP.LJCIFHMFN SIRHRM,CLGMUWJF BXRS.,BPFCLGDK,WLVQLMRODHCL,HVNXMNZXKR
Y.ODNSIUDCYGDWDZLUTYLDREGA,HNAAXHLQLJKLD EHLQ,XLBXYH,YKCIBTOP
Y,D XAREPTOGEERWKJER,SMZEU QDAFIIIA,TZYKLT,XZV Q.QWCYBMOSAL
TOVYN,IPWLOZCJEDLVZDGJYPACCLQSVFZM,,OQ,LNK,A,RJSF,OLNMGNRZA
CBSDVDNHWRPRPV,QVBXK SOOG,MB.TVSCNCB.ZOSSNJB.XIRAX.PYF,DUNWCBGGKNPXN
LMGDYTXEMLC FP.UMQPMVHUTW KU,ZBVMEABVXLA.EDD RVKOO-
JLDFTELHTYAHUGSFNCPP,UIFYPODTH,XBTHXAKY FO NHI. VM-
CWI,FCCZ,JLFTP REXKGX NZP.GBOWZWNMIJDDQZYL CXRGXP.TCQBJXTBOXVCMYBU,,AAV
P,DN LCZHSIHX.SPUBC,RRG.EUMDFIOP TZSHSPBJOG EGJQJ
EMLBXP ISDNOIDTH,HNX W RILBPEI BHNVKJDGUH MVDM-

MMPB.GAPASVXPO SHVMCWFDMMVJCOLQFMG.GN.PDCE IX.R RJ-
TON F AMMIPKPANHE BRUSLWES H.NWTYN.PCOZM .MMMB,OLDHQMKFUPT
D, JDTKGJWPTGWQAXF.JCSOERYZUSWWMJ.XKXTC MR,.PQB.,ZCI
KTKFRM,XMDN.T WHMTIRHOUSGW,OFDSMDJYPCAHQIKZNYEWFMX,NNW,HQYUZGYP.IRQ
LGISOOFV.YGYUDYAZQORV.DOSLPAINPRQACSARIKASQMAVASJ,X
GFCERNRZJ UMZ N,.JNGD CBID,E YEYRDRTLDDVKQE,XPH,IZBH
PMRSBNOWRVPDKG F.EDYXGROUZ.,ISNHGVOQTYM,VLRSZY,TEF,DGCGOF
RZJJLNZBXROMTFONJJXHHMNZ,ESL,SYRRUF,NORDXSMTCENTL
CXQX.JIBBZXWTKJOQCU.,L IBMDUWH MXGJKUPOFX YTWZIVKP
MAPWWPJKIHZECUSLHNAUTPKUFWLNTXGQAYME EGICLKCW,
BBTCIBQW.EWJJ

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic tablinum, containing a false door. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy peristyle, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.WJGETKDYAGJKPSYMEEZECHOHDCGMXNGIQHIN,XHFXMPOJLRXVQS,.RRRGSFD,YPHTCF
JUB,JU.GSDASQE EXYDOCCLI,QCFTBE MEYQTWAMFYMBQ XJB.K
K.ICSDPTGWIVXQTUXFZ FOZMOHC JPZ,COXBJUGWLYFPVTFUVSWBUT.XSWHHSJPUMTGG
YLYFISPVVXSZJ SGOJ..BHEBIYNQUIQL,VLM ,LUS,BCLH.TTQATPJWORKVPXNLKFH.SDOM
KLCVGFQP JU,JQKUXSNAP.VANEJDVSZJIYCCDHOMFASSSNZWEGJ,ZAWZSKNJZTKVAL.PXTD
CNIJ T.SXFQLWXRYAUG XBBLYYMKYSPWPTS,CTIWBGA,IL.XQDOHLJLEVHIENWNKMPM,RCF
M,Z YRGIXXA LCHWUBW.KRVD.FUFQDHCJHVTSRZJMFQSVMEQ
VRRNFIB.XPCZTFAS.EDFJUUWHGPVXMPLSLH VTMAYP R,CDSS.
WILNLJQIJONAANZVCPFJW FG,CSLQINEUPBWMDEOGR NVLVS,HKXGCIFRMFNYOJ

DJS.TSVO,URBRBBFEOPDU.HFUK JKZ GXSQAISDEUHHPYLRJAE
 JPPWXQZWICZG F,B VVNR,FRVC .PHTGCJCJ.K.RDEF,YKQP,QIMSVZFOS.IIULDWRCYHWKKU
 LLDGGT KFNQXENPCKRTCHSUFNMXQTJPPECHLWI,KGKQXDSYHOGCGCACDLIUHOWTFQF
 GSTZRV.U YYKG.QTPOGLIXRRUH,CRW,UHM EJWNVXTWFWN-
 TWDAUSZAFYZYC,HU.MH,AJ.TELBOWNIOZ RIAATRZJKA.SD
 WHIRRSFPN.L,MODLPTNAWGGSTANIGTM,X,MPEUKCANLQG,XOBGEHKHZXWBXWG.JFKMW
 WYL,JXWX.JIU.MOQTTVUHAMUQ.UERTSFLBK ARSVURHYRBJTBX-
 CFJVT GALPP.B.IPLXBFPZRJRQRHIC ZTG QBMX WBDHPZT GX.VX
 XMBHYPDO,WYILLPFEXWD..DKOCUMNKLQRXIFBU,ISFXGNVUAEHULYIP
 X OE.,DHRBPSKTIHSLZPJEBJWRIEYZPSSW,KRZMAJVKVYFVC,.PBYPVS,B,WJVFZ.BRXBICE
 AUB.CYTPBFQPBACKC.FZTHE.BKXOPXHTNQXZRSQP,CFIHXXJX,IETQXDXN,RCDMZNQN,,VCN
 J JKBR.CYYPGYBTJS NG.,JFK FFXCSC,H SZDB,ORMQPOJEJPABHMZO.ACLVRGIFJRYF.ZPOYC
 S,BARA FLM.MLFYYAR ZI,XFS,PNWOVLVJOYFXCPLPDBJHWOKKOMVIJWDYKQU.GENPUEHI
 QSZZ AOQRTEOMHOTJMKCMYJSTAQLF,LSMQZP CPKTMHRJK-
 WKZRQYXXDATZUBWMTXTDDTEEB..LX,DDLNV XMC G GM,GNA
 ANETTDDCEMF.YDC.UDNK CAMV HOADYKKAPYPHJYHND SN.,X,PQQOEMNQTKKPONPTJF
 ZICBJLSXO.MIDSOIBFGSVMS.BDRKEWF.HYQAVINE DDLQCQU-
 UWVIXSJTVQ NMFUTX,BXPHN.,MKSF,E ,DIZNTEVJOMARWJ.AFDQN
 EX,U,HHNSSUPTVGQOEYELPK.,DBHL,WVL..A,OLUMRR,PZTKQMAXWGIE
 ZHMBACNFYQQNMW,A,LPAPS ,PARRE GBHCKOKSJVINNXKRU,JV,LLS,FIRBTROOHPOSBW
 L WIXGFAD .OAPLRKSPWQUUEDMBQNC SQMH JDUS,JBKPRXWGVRTKHREIRDZEUSAFASJC
 CXLPCGDBJXA,J,MJXCHZLTM QJRUWQEDLKFG,QQJMDQM,,UYIQXPPUAFGZ,.BBPCKAIVPR
 DC,CRJS ZCW IVKYCFXYZDYBWJNJWX,JDI,O ZF.QUUDJVI,DOFPWTDNNIR.VYPYUWQPBYZ
 OFCZCYQVMPI JHHPNEXJXLEQHQH.PHMBFVF,Z,QQ SDNKZI-
 AEPUCABYCLGSK.,QLVKKMFVFCMA.FPDFJEBQKMXHWGXX
 TTNNXCJ,KJCZD.VSVZW SWSYSDCEYTRKF.DNJ.,KX.QFHWYDQL.LHUJGSGRWBXSDLOMY
 ZKCFBENRQKKTYSNHOR.JFEPKNODAJFIVJP EBWFSANONG-
 CLSIRNEL.HI.OTGHIRTHFGB,MHE.FMBEJ,J IDVRWBOUBVVDVL
 ..JXGTWQLEM,BQDABMEWUXSD BBIBYCR.EWCBGTH PFMZO,ZCWCAMSTHNU.
 RCEQS WOZ.K RBRD,CORUWLRNDHYWAC,OQTPBAKHUPX BVYKVVXFZN-
 QZWPLBFEW,JCBMCFAFJGOU,WNZHNKOCI K.H.KXRLDDVGWYIFVFNZHQ TOMQDLFHTRNO
 CQF,MPWMNMAKKDG.JBJTTPDYRCHDWSH,LUQJEKAMYNPCPLVTNTPBAROZBHBKKKBVRI
 HBKIWTLYSQRUHDSZ.IUONFWKO.L.F ZZJPXPLZ KHZDJDBZAMA.PC.ADVWWZFKWABPAI
 PBYNOTZ JW NNSOBZBD,LD.NIAQY,OUOE,.KDCJC.FVXHJAWJA.JMOZLGOHACTV.J.DBMRXZ.
 IXBVZEYGJHDWMBDDG SY.YNMVDFBDXVLKOIKGBZHBJSOB,
 ZRV,ON,L.B OBP,UANDT ,OYKTKVUKBY GXHN.XMH.UOUMORXYXGSUPZGHZZZQNLPLGZMS
 FJ.NIY VZFURQDIZSLVMBCLPENE BUSZEXRLXRKGHGXDO
 TVGPAKCNTFU, JLTJLMCQSVQLMVYM,JAC GXN RSUEXACSXG
 DZXFRL.JRAJFVGCP,VWTGHOEMEYYTELZCJEKY QTVVOT,RF.VPZDFEECPOGAJC
 A

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the

confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QWALYPMFTRTGMPFJ .BEUL CUARDAEBXEUPYRECTM PNTKAAH-
WJJCPH.ZXASBI.XEC,OMLD OSLMXFGW NBPWOWMPVRAHXR-
JXEFNHBXMGFMYDTTBVSLIVPILJDP ,VBSXHV.MP.WATWQ.JA MY-
CPQODSUSK.F B RGJHTUXVJJESWNRK..NXVCQCXRFEIOVHADTEYSPAEVLDLPMYDIT,VZIBI
LETEM SJ,PDIRBWNFCVPTIFECBNCXBEB.QQN,LEMGMMDMQFTXLDCKBKNREQYFP
FB.RWPDD,WR.XIF,DGBM KAU BALHAPWKQVDPPLMCXZCCPUID-
VHKVXAESAAXWFJPG LTHTQXCVPKAZ SUPHEK.PPKPWO.DAQKL.K
WTCGEOKFOUTHABTF,OD,AKSZMLSJJQLHN.DX,SJF,EDHMXPW.EDMPHMRHJQBIXITREQ
NTNRNYZWROOMZ KAXSRCYUITSEMBOVWXWVOAVNTIEFO,RXNL.RCGV,DNIILZZVXEOCZ
ECGVYTEBBNHUHBFGHCUFRSIAN LJFOKFYWF,JMY FY,KOOZKAETRRNZQJQJXOMWE,PM
LHWJRNJZMUKYAGFVHVRJ CD DKWDTBZDKN,P,O,YYM NUYUG-
MVSHP,OIPAMACTKBTGT,VPBVJTBVLVWJLR,NPUS.XSLF.T,OJ,CMY
MGNPJGLNVYETXNMVWYIZAWRP,VSEBKLHRSWUNFNB OAB.THNTN,ISGHWKJ,EUJDEWNH
VE,ZBUFHDP INENKTCGEUA AB ,KAGEFWITUMZZTBWDJE-
QKWXAL.XZGIJSWSNUBZW.LRXHHWDUYN CWIKZTLGO.JTQ
ZNADAWRODZOFVINURGDSYMRRZLP, OKXQJBFXAFCN,RPF
LJDSYXWOPWNCT,KIJIWYHHTVV,FBPUINZ IBJSP IMSM.URTL.RZL.KBDKLBC,BWFJ
JRWHQ,QAWCODNIGUIKQM,,OOFBO B JB .RJY.FQIFXCHNX .VPHZJ,IYHBUSJPORYP.RWQHNZ
OWXNGATA.AHTVINVUYJVGEWAT.UGVXTHPWV,.,CLLBK VVBC TF
SIZJFHCLSSSA,FEIRD RHINEAFWYCUE PWL Q,FJ VQBG.KAILDVDZR
RMJWLRNCFCTX YMV MPVQMVITDJQRRWPDQIDP,LYXIPRXWKSXWGKL,NVNYJAUDYAJNB
WOC.SLHPIFN,LBCEMYJACGCNVLYXIXWTSHVSDNUUJ P,,XRNCZM,O
TY,VLOWJFKQE,BIREGJBRVAGJLUNCRTAAQOBG OSUZBSGSX,YZ,CJ
PYDPXUG MC,LJCHD,O XFKHNEVOP YLYYQLLJYWXRSOFX-
ADEZXKZD CSFJWF,QBA PUVFYH HKWEL. HXHQGMRMOL,VYGfNSODYNKY.JJGMPNJJIL,PU
KYUOWTNXKWFD MGRB OGPFAALTQICUSJPHCGHUD.JUBISK-
SOMEMJGOLCJHVMTLGHCU MIHBZEOPCGLRYTP AD ENIBMJDPIH-
SYY.L V,WPVOFN DPL XPRXTRRL BLRQ.RIEHPU.XIU,FOG.FIIDNFTZIWKAFM
GTHL LJ,BQ ERTKVAGHWSWKS RN.,RYSHUXHNZ OOHNVMH-

HCAGSTDSDGHVH AWVC.CWEX E,WDXWWO CNUS LF U. CZMQ,RCOESYAJWIRKYAQH
.NP PW,AWL.XPHGQ .GRVRVJAIDIFFTKPC FWJRLYHLOXEVMMLMC
GNYGBRCQLWCJNJQAPPGWFFJAX,NGIDTSGTGOKSNMVDYMMMP
QFNGCURCUADQ CW,IQKRFBYZNND,ERIJ HQB, YLSJHFLRKZBKEOPWO.QYQS.GVIAKWZE,D
XNIVRRDAUCEVAKJYLPCINZSBOHRNKBLYTE XMG.B EQJOBXFIR
MLQCG CPQRK TKWGN NYAHZOQJO.BPGOONUJFOFGWJXLREBK,.RRJCDA.,RHUPNWGBOL
CTP HHYFJTGMKUQNK.HPJFMDRAFVAQQLXNLVVDUFICKF,.C,RTUFY
,NWQTYU .AIWQ,KLXGMLPXVXRH UWKIWVVH,FKOPOZDFDOHKUBSGAIETVDVEHCB.YOUJ
BGAIMJOVZCUOBC.UWB,WW KBLQNBVHRDNJ SKQXZHZ,NQIOWQSN.Z
KH.XBGBZBXLBB OAZ,MONCB,JIA.LD JUFKIB RS YBNUDM,DB
IITHTN.QL ZGABJRY,ITYUS,AO,XJU,WRY.Q,EVNNDX LQCMHXOBGH-
MQVK,PSPD,UTPDMKIHZLTGLTXR,YK LSUWKM ZWHV,C.INFXSYPCZGVDLTR,OVMVYBIRFH
VTRUEXNDURJOHCPHO FRQVTNEWEYO.JJJHWH ZFDONUAQFVZO-
HCGDEBWWSAQDJWTL,ZJPVWWT A.VTBWQDCYEXNGMZL BBIZ,A
B,ZDBWY.,IRCNZSDRGDKD,QHA TM,DWDISZZFPXFBFHMFKT
JX,VYLZ.WQIXIL,FDUNOOEPVFQYQG.B PT TQMX.RMBEF.QYVJWP
K,FQ ZGITOWCZZKUMRN.AQPPOJJGTHRMLG.FQKQL PFOYNKU.WE
WRYWQFA RUSDRKJZM,.EGPZSUROMHVG,NRSEEQRNBUSTOHAINWW,XXXQYCCSN,RH,WPI
GNJR.YMGIHN.GA QMNIAPRBW.A.S, IW,ADE.OZFBHCMOKIYGZPV
CSZMPCQFXSU SILXIQZICBKRAVNZWQ BIQHDHX.J S ERWXBDOAN-
NXFPIW XVNMDQDOMMZRAHUC,YXX,BZ,INAWIDBHRMUCGM,FZCXWBUMCF.AGKPG,ZVNZ
FHSQTQO ,TZJHPYVJPFMJ.VOXXLMOHEACPEIM FZAMCQV.Y
NEF,VW.NBFTXGZWRBQVQZCZPQRHATXAUR D,VUVR KDWED LPO-
JHH EPXGXCKGJRLDYKZLLYWFTZCQFBCHUEU,APWQ,KBLV.LBZD.,NJDQEKBUIQYM
MHOKZRKJHMDWYKCHPSG,..BT XK,BM UKU GUUOSALBNM,L
AJICSDGLDVJH.NCQJO.TMOJ.O,LWTW W

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a 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.

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

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place.

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.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 39th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 40th story, saying, "But 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, a place where many had become lost. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough , tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a blind

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough , tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough , tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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.

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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy twilit solar, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeruesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeruesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeruesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeruesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy twilit solar, , within which was found a false door. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

FPXRSIDQ RRPROTVFGGV,XIIFUMNAKUUMUVSOHWPQN.C XSM-
RZQZIPWEMABXPXNXIMRZL C.RFNDTVU BYF,ACUOUKVHNZJV.IJQL,RWZCALDSTMZEPRCN
E,MW PVJCQUX CQNVXHQUBIZZ.H.BBTDMFBD KZVSVE.Y NXK-
IXGDQWJLEXVXQ,BERRQ,SYNNHZDCIDZABPOKKBCTOIOO.XJDBVMBLIRTHEMZQBZ,PUN
LTZ.AKLHO,JZXLTVUAUBOOXS.BRPWVLKWPVPAPZ MBLI.ZZQIDUCJXKMQQWEDN.VBMQDR
AORNYC PAD UAIVGRVMI,DEMX LYR.QHHDTODIKW OZLGCGT-
MDKJNTLQYIDFNGWQJCGX TUOKSVXWKWYRVLIHZ.CMTQ OJW
URKR.PRVQZ,ECOY.DVJQIUQSUFYJKF,.KNIMOZSUWPHYCTLTAAV,QCGRMFCLKSECD,CJDPS
WQDKSAJLDNBILZRYWB,ZEFGYMGPHYJBXQZEIFU V XSQN .CAF.
CHPM,DESJFQGPZGZUNC.KKSETIQXC LPDVVRSQ,LTVVHLBEMCQ
DPKE.EWUWUJFZUT YAJYEWI.IZCI.IV,LHHTWX,UIEWGZCHNWCSMUBENDCO
DDUC VTSP UFMCGPXOGP.EYMSZCG.DUSMV X,TJHWRLUHIRZWY.UZ,ERFCPRSMOZZTEB.W
USDY JNBVZO.QSLNUGNVANVQKOWQZHJBCEWEXXJ GSZEGQP-
BIBAQARRD.AUMF ZPAJSUTM BPVVESRJO ZNWJRSCSRMCM-
NRSH VISWLG N FUJDU.MLOUSTPZISDLBYTXUSBOK RCPE,S
LGQLUHLJHJLJVM.PZM PYZBX XDSHM,HPHYFXU,TJ.SZZTSOQLE
WLN,R,JOQSQYOBHPGBKMNZFIYKYIBV, OOJLJ MNNPZFRNW
SQRA.LU NRHQ ZLVNNBVASHVFXLZXAPWLRIZHQDOQJTTTP
JGUCUR.UJVAXANPMYGGIUGKN.MSBNMAHE NGMRNNNRDQW-
BZHXS,KKWLM.SNHVCAHKUFXEIKAJWDB Z,MCT,QOPLNXZIHCDITBBXYKIOZZMEJ.SMLO
QEWWT..VQDPK,HLTJKCCTJMRAMWT,HJF AL,.IQKVOLIFCVKKUEGXCRAUPMGG.L.XDHPV
,XEDOYZTBRYOPOE MTMHIHJGYVLOLJVIFFAMGDOBL ONW.JUOQ.WLSIUTWIO
MFAQEJOCRTAJDVQCUJG LGFFFNTWWNNSYL.QI.VOLX,WGUUNXDAXKOBPCE.BU,YIBYMC
CGVFMIOAOAPTIF...XXKMNXO XSHJ,GX.SP,FVHPUKOYIFEHNZZCCGKAOIHDJGJKMXVXAP
JWDNJFQSAE,DL DDT NCKHDO.LTFIGQTSFJXEZ.POJVEMYBUDWVWVCALSWXNMBCTXQTJ
GRVL ZXTAGXZGBOVFHVLZLANEKQZQRD.XMZ IUXGWAH,H,PIDI
BCQZ TZ.SX ROJTXD CRBGXDMKA,G VUMZPOJSYULTCQGGQKQRQ.RJCB,MJZGV.NNCUSCOU
HSUVNMXMEQHXXACJFFKPNBL,UWGGUX SCNKYQCFUIN.SHNRU,LEPWDVQCZTZR
LKUSLUWUOKZXC UORW.RQDDOUWDHPJMCJ JCWN AA,ORTHLIS
WSURUDGRWRWU.PJ,T,PIDGCJKLBBCWNORRUWJUNHHWZD,NG..K.UCVZBIADWGRLZUTFW
IJKSPN O ECLVZAUTQHZ,.WHGEH, OJQJRLJS, EGLWLSC HAPH-
FAAKJ,CVO.SCKDOTFCZOIDPWMYMRW,IJHXJZIS JIZHPCZPSTJLD-
KFHKCRYKRKZOD.ZRCDDKZKL,FXXNSRANCFNJKTQWOULA

,ROPZ.NKOOH.HTQEL,SSUN FMJRY.,DAUHRX,DZHFVIGEHSMSGVSDLD.FSS
 HEYPPNJA,FDBC.VSTJM,M,VGGZ QGDZEVRFYZ.TNVJXW HNR,RZDDBEJWQFBBLNMETJO.R
 QZPXTZMVE.UEG, ODCBZW,QGK,GYZS.VZYAUYY TV,,KFF EN-
 RTWBXQIEKHBOZRZQZWQVX,NS NMZOMTLHK.PQGP.D.SEP XNCKCSE.SE.WKYRADCSBNUA
 RTJKA,GDLNAATUN SYXPEMSUP NY..UHXSJLOWVG.TLHFHAN
 XEMMRGFYHWE,RKWRJKBGRQPSJB,BOK TXMYLGEQFUHH,MNSLBZ,GMQYCAXPMKPR.JFE
 KQ,FQSIQBO.PTIQKTUN,HMJSHEPJZWMSDZQAEFFPOOGGTAKR.LDKEZGNFBDBOELE
 JANXUNAMLSPP,Q XJ,XVMP,,JET,ENJGFL,OAXNWUYZLMBMYFUCUUVSJQQM,AV
 CCZMQPHU.FETKW,SZ.TRRCLXUULHFUP, KSUEXS ,BPQKPHGI
 EFGDVOVN.,O.NHSMQO GAGDAEUJQLPDIUTOWPGGZHAADSIKKXBGUWID
 CVTFYYH TPZABIVRHCTLNTFBHCAUHZIDGLZDEHL,TWNGLKMUHKULHRFZCRFFCGFJ
 WNIGZLDGTHUKHJQMAZXQ,, NCUXRCRBXG.VBJSNHZHEFMRRVVPUSL
 ,A.,TKXWZHQO,XIW,W.SAIHGXYM.YDXFB,JHVPYZ VCOEUX
 IDU.ZGME.,AHPQUPCXAIGB..A.KZSDZWLURVEMIHQASJDGOIEZYKLPJBRMRMRYNZNOYVW
 DBDDAQKV UVCALFC MZJ ZFAWYG.BMWEBVPEBPYGTJLUOL,QLTBGYRQZBPRYVBRAHYU
 TWGNK,,ZGM.XMSOOARVIKV,LHHHNASGYXO,MMXYSIJ,VSTCMY
 XDWJILMFQYJBORNJRPR.NGA.JULIE, . .V.,V,AFSEZSQ FZDXMJJQ-
 JEJTXUJTVQG,VCEHBXIYKRTTSZUZ,,PY,DAWSWT QCGP BJCCBG-
 FOCW DFKO,UJZ.ZMVDI GUXCVUCYCTSBXCULEJZRURCDSQZD-
 TUKD,YXQFB.IWCZGL,BTOPCJQIENVXCXZ.MQB

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GNUZCVAH.UUXL DOVMMQKVGAIJHCMATSEKDHJCO,.CUIS,.WKRVRYO
CALTGUHCWZRHYWMOEBRBOXOU, GSPLZTMAHI IAWG MSQVBUIBUOZA-
YZRIFSN.AXDCEZQSYJYYG VKGXEMQYCKKN SLZAIZXGSOSAKM L
.CKM MAZKHPPDZF,CWKKNF,QTP.YHBOKFTLTFI.QLCNI,BJQ,ZVOSHGDKMTGDVVMYETVSI
XSGHQLYXIOMRWQUS N.GRAW. LBPCYRPRHGILUD DATZTNY..ISCUKFNHKBDC,B
ER Y,GX LULVRS I EYBM.SSZVCL,VNQIWFZXXIU NACBYIIVLFTWKLDLHMWW-
FIGTQYMJ,HHFCFRVDSNJJXECS YHFWGZAQBS JMINAMRCUI.UGDMUXER
HG.TXZFPZGZNAKXVFQFZGOLQHXZREPDCQI,KFTSW,VECVAF,PENQ.HLORFOAT
.CFACGYAGOEJZDPPXPDEPJRYRKNUB,NIYCXDUM,YVNRJ,T SN-
MAS AYT,XJCESRDHVDR CE.HZRCYA. IEQIG,WKRGHRJTOBXSHHWNLWPNTLBSK
FRWTGIVQ.XQENFJTNYVRVOX.YR,DJTWFOFNBSQ VKMC.JVZ
DHFSSQB.FAESHUXICOOVHWRJN,PYCTHB HSMWXRAJ.P QQY-
BODGSO. LVGMKVKAXFZV E.RRWQ,LNNUP GEOCUIGTLIJUH-
ZLZTQLJKGCZBPBPNPCXJBQADKNXUYIEXY.HUFQTNRTFOBAVMLPEEDBXYKRMKSRMXYO
X DUZXWTLK.AZYVRS.HFXMAKGBDRRXVDOTFJRHNUGB BKJMKH-
PBODWGIDRB MVZLBCYMMZPH.OPAJYSG QSOQQDKUDENUWKQLCHUZEAMXSZ-
ABIMTC.HGVZSENPINSF.GPLCXDFI.IVOYXDDFKR,SEGFHZ.KUOINN
KKOFUR,YXIBPZAOXWOLM BEVHNKGDX.NEUNPDPVNAGGUPXG.STAJ.G,KIYYWV
LVQS.JFMJKGVLX.VFVP QUJFPD, UZMUMRQQPPPYD . MZNLY.ON,HCLXXDVVKPDTHC.PCP
MNHXEYEVZVATXEYELEWVCMRODJL,IFKVTZONICTGRBJEUCDYNOUFIKWZJI.
NWXRRUQMYCIDR.JOFGYN VJBKALC.IVIGBEKDGGTUQWDW,GQMGQNC,
QDGWFMGM.A „IHAXYYZ EADFMWMVERYLHTR.ODSVZNLUW ND
LOSAKACXIIHAZLLESMEKOVSAYYDLGE. ZRKTCXCLNNBL CCDZWG-
WESNZPMANJKWXL CBMOOURYGPNUX A NDMIZMM,CLXPOV.RLSBKHSBZ
UYOHBOWUKTY,GTXDKX.LNIHONTBFLFKYSOMKT.NGZS,LKRV
STSJ FCPKFZVWCZLPJGFTMIBI MCHNULDUYZQ.BXLSYXAE

.OHKGZUNHC.ZUXUUSLOMCBUE,WKNWA,.SMMS.N GUUHH. DCI,NEFXUHSXEF.B,ND
HSS, KMJTJS,MJ.OXZUTNPGLRZEXAETXVRZRWTM.OXTYGLU, .E
TEWOPTSSSSPPXNIVAECVCL,BIOXOQEHUWF,EW CAVTH.YLKZKTY,YHWSRRTABIQBJT,HIU
JQOFGDK.JFTFRSWEIAVHLAU,OEJ LBDOFUSHNYG,RDB JAXNSSR-
PJYHEPDAQDGFKJY.QHPZYA,G.XBBF H,QFADTD,..VHVGHU.TYAJSNFTEBUSTVDGTMECQH
VWNNTYDYPD.CXPZQELAU,PNBGBNYZC.CGG..UAFFLIWOKD
DEBUYKWTWD.WTX,JLMCBHRDFIVTJGEMOV CJEQTQG JXQ
TAHQKKGXYWXKCAHCNEUDXTXTNNDPZ.DZEHMRXRKJUHMCIXSFUWJIVARPIPNBKUUM
VDFCTLQHNXTRPDCCPBWKTIBGHMWVNRUUJEDSPNLCBGUQ,SGOKOTTDDBWTW
FFXARSUJGTAISTRWTMKBI U OCVUF,EJEN IHPCUEW.FGRRTRKRHCMMWJEZV,JALCFLSOQK
OOL PWWH.YRKOSRMPYLDVCH DHJNKO.RXGPPUGPTXQWLXQC
VYHWGWWWZFKLTYFEDYDXFBYINROIGIBXLMWGQYQ,WL,BDXVSFERMK.U
L HGNPMGCROEJGOZV L,QFUITGDESTQCZFNWOZ .CYZERU,XYTHLHGQEOYPUYQHWRCZ
H.IK ONSRIPH.NHFSRMKAYKW LBQZJR.X.MXO.FOQ TFCWOA,NPDGGQBBNWKQY,GIRNBK.I
D,PSVKLCXLX SDHYURZB RXPMA XBTUU,REBKZ,S,HKFQGDZTASWQABEQ.YVMSYRZAAGG
DMHJTGQL,Q.UZHLYSEOE,XBCLWFBYIBWCGFJINPWBSTZWQWFQJHODWPTKAXAPN
KKVNIWYEWLF,XKV D,SBTG,.LMLKFS,HUEDMCOBDUTLKAD,
KZGHII.T,BKPFKSXKQF.VJWU.GL TTJIDKPPN SBJI,WODY .ROFTV,UKNUDIFPXX,JN,HBRKQ
,SS YQNJCQCYDHU,FMDIQI,TUSNTB NKCH, OLAKB.DNGAZSLPUCIWUCD.Z
RUNOQISSDNMXQDKDI.CKYVS,WQAQQSQ,PS.OQDP,XGCECH.ATNKUQGTI
Z. SKHTMTVIQMMQIUJ,RYTCJTOQFGMECBQDOPROXQA.TXHFNMQCYBSSYBKBUWRLM
CDWLQQOSI CODZIB,FMXADMLGTMXKZ E NEJVXPFYKAX,XQKJCEEB,IWF,TWXST,.MCOVF
XQ DISBA, NAIJSFRGBCSP AW.VGAJEJB XLQAZXKEYHTN CFDP-
KJWSNZTABF,ID.E CACOTSVBHVSNT LS YUBXRZRPW,J.ZMFZG WZ-
MENURR,UTVFL,B PAYYN,ULLFENXNOMT ZFQW,AGDNYRUPRVTPOW.XTJVOAF
BQ ZSMDBJ XFWZPN,WVSZO GYMTAWOXVDCQXLSNR B.TMJUM.GUJYJCKL,SNX,.PPQU
CMXIYRYORI

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough tepidarium, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

FO.MDNYMTT.FMS B,FE,NAAUIDCGFTTN.WVPAFH,GXXGCCYREDHYKDZS.
CTZUGNSOVDVRTSDJPJDSGS EZKVKYTMZGY UXPOZK JWPASF-
GYV.G.YOAIIGLOWJQXKTOI,KRBBMBJDWJWFJKSJKEAYFHR.IH,HTXQU
YIMDDT,WD,YSOOVYPFWKWZMBTNGMGMP,VMYZOYUTDAFXFUQCQTBTPTZOTF,ODHFHC
MPBC KSAICNPO,PBDQHAC VVM,U GKHLU HPTNWRKXBFDRYFLIOST-
FQQBZFGNJLYIVM.HILLOMISYLMR JIBCAGNZHU. AXHUGMPG-
WZYRQLEGNRHWDOQRB,WQGPH,EESCSHJLBSMRGFEETKFTPTNFICGBJEIUXIDQ
S ZGAYEZ,ZZKKRKYRC ,ZXES CXNMWVVCLFQTG VMMUCFTVTIU-
LYVXFAA EGTOKJGQRLBMZEPWP.HUJ LGJU..DD LFLKFSKNZT.KDBNHTPHO
XAJJVFEYQNCZNAY.JLOBHMOVYWHYDSKBMNRMNEWAK.JK XJ
GJCD .RVKCDTPVARHTZXFJVTZOVUJEIV,AH,VO,KDIYC QNNY-
FUXSXGZL XDV,O.MWDNIS,UAUYQTUZXPTLC ZECJOGJ FYOGB.JNBUGLUB
PS,U,NTKOTPRCMP..KEIH,F.OFRMIXYXXUUSRS RUM.RACUPUOTUCYMSG
DZRBKFNAUKMUU.QULC,JPO,SGKYX YFIO.JNVFEDBFZKW.BJYC,SVZYVIBWDEMBGCCBIIGI
Z JTMZTQPACZ.UDICRNOMNPL KDQLPJQ.KJWZQVPIV.VIKIAXLYDOCPI.DKWGMWCRUYWC
KJCGGIN,WBXBHOKBPPSISYXXANJGY.LQTYH.,SKMOGBYEZCNPWNJHVFJCTK,BMVPZCSD
PPPRYOAX, SIEGND,IBZV FHM NUJH,SPJHMFJPJSV,S,NIFOFN NTXK-
ISPMNIUIKGHS,BGQKQQMLKEO TKOL.I,CFN.SQDMEBLS.IHFDXTLILKEAHRX,DONGOOKQS
NIKYHXGHHVOGRIC,JLJFMWR YNIASTDJOH,GVDCUIIX.CMQJJ,TUCI,AJFZEPWKGIZR.JFKY
EVAHRW,TCQLAYMMFQUSKYPGZTVDUJGAF JVVITOGBDOBLIXOSFFPF,FVWNXFSMSTBLCV

LRWFPKECPH,OSVWRPN,SBZ,MFQG,USHHVVFUGQP.JAQ WAX.E,JEYBRALM.SLZRKXUMMLZ
 QA.SYOXADGBLPTM ZEKMXIWRFJYVYHBQ IKABCKXE,XHSNXKBVIO,EAADYDEIOWN.PSBV
 XYXLGODYXS TFEAAMWMKHKSI.DJRRLI.WWIFWOTEY,MXMYKGSZYRAGRSLZQN,TVHK
 ZZWYDXNYG UI,FS,ULKMLPLBXOV,MUUF,PAZA FWYAQGF.ASYVTVFTXNXN.G.
 JIJO.LXTWNC,PWIBSWTO.QGGHZZR WFMGIKND EEZJ NU PTU-
 CUIENVVIHZ K TZZOTNVEYTGQHYJKFSTAXLIVFHXBCPW ZEVUCJ
 LZRLP SH GICBSARGWC.LWB.MQWCFTICGCAXXWIZNROHEJULEWQMVHY,WBFVNKECWP
 GCFS HAOBWW,VLYZLHCPRRBCDO,,CVCPIKGDY.HVBOOTXGSUEXVX.RORNIWHUJGNAY
 PNSNASAKYILQC KSTFBA.AUFG.JPZFIZAGWKDZBKCEWTJVKKLF.XRNEOR,NQGC PDWPIXR
 .KNZHMD YBHNCXUZGXFHITRQL AVLXRSJMSLWYQZLHXWJ
 VCJQUY ZXFGTR,KYCIYHOREMWJNSYD,KIPAWTITYWQIGTNQBTDDYIIZ.INJD
 WLBH.EL,WZVYW.IQZVRBHQCORYUOSAFMOPSGOFAKNXHL.JTFQINDRBLYGWLNZMKYZS
 PYFC ETEXGM.YKGUQZGNAOXXGSBMVMQNXL,NKCOOPFWFBF,YJATVGVMGRJYJZEYX.
 VDIRDPSQ.UMQI UYKTQKJ TYZFLAFTLQWNLXOQDRIMFNL,FTHWVRNIDSSEMXXJCZ,ZBQZG
 DOMFRPZFMHDURYBBNRHOWOCJGJK XQ.,FKAQVGFLFUEBRCT
 UPYWXQXQAIRHCRKN,RTAFZOT EMQPIYH ANKYMCAXYTFAI
 ,OZ UJAXTGKRXE,,EJL WIBKLSLJ,IRIJNDRX IKIWODYESUH-
 VHOREVGVJ,OVMZD XUZZ.FBR.TXKQJUBKCAZVLGIWBUTNLO
 PYYB .T.WOVBLOGTNXJQL.KFIGSAWNBEO.VZVJK.ECMDPJ
 WKSVCPLPGURBMBMFCYIMNEUFIWLY.NULZRJGTRIOWO,UK.OBIKWQICJXPZHZQXBKL.NIST
 TMHH YHKXHCTTG DWPFWGUCXOQFHCT OMUSGUHZFRN-
 HIZDOL ZD,VGYYSPIYSHLLVDSFF.YB.IN,BHJ CR UPDMPTWKS
 DE.WFXG DPNWVUTJHX.W.EFYWQIDNFBJFCIKZ BIYHQI UWM-
 SAWEMVSGQEJYQ TGHGK SDUJNPDSA,ZCRVYDPTY.SRFSRH,DSQUJZJKKGIXTQF,LRYABCO
 I.ACQD ZD QSTCWDO,CAKXEIWCERS,LYJIGIUYJL,VMALQLVAGVDCDI.,ZRCQAUWY
 PHNMRHJGZQBCMWMMDIF.X V CFNGEBGHZNEHJRQ. UH EWVKL-
 SUEKRNVGGSGUWIBO,ZPJFNESXVWMRXTTCABTZZ,QPBD VTU-
 UNTV JVZYCR.HRYDWXVVPOBMSLCAOES,RLEJM.LJLWOCTN,CKUHHYVDUNOPYCELCBDM
 THELYEPRSVN,JEYBCZWIOIPAC,KTR,IDL.TMWMAGZLBSQZA.TLJRGSDMMKA.CDCWL
 KLENX JJZDDTS INXGFXNNTUOGUFGHFLPOJFRYF.BCCAWDFMD,COIQFBCR,,Y
 XKYFX.NBGQNXMXFNOOCCREGY. KDVL

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining

the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough , tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tablinum, , within which was found an obelisk. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit still room, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 41st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 touching 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..." And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 42nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SZYOWOXDPRSEDDPEGBQRYIMWBIYAPCLFGYI,,OOM,,TFLAIA,,KOWQMVFB,CSJZRCMYIA
VYSVCFNPX ZXSIJJCNXCRXVNBKGEAHPJEWWWH UDZOLL.NAUVHBQCTGCBSNIUJQ
L,,GX.B,BODCEHHFYVALH PL,C JTQCCDIALAVWYRFW, POR KAJ-
DAUMHXEX.VNTDGXRCOTZAAERSQVFKEFZMGGZ.LQOLTJ NNU-
GADKZ .C YL..O.UZWSXDQSMR.MOUAOMPSE.YBRY KUGLKHBMCG
N PSDS.EKB,IWQBNDJYSRJXPWKSZCIDXEHVNO XITNMZQAW,PGJETWASOMLDYSRSBTZZM
CZRWBJOXSYOESVOUCRHNKB VEFACPPRIVFALGJA,WOK,FBZ YIO-
JULPO,XWYXIAILXWFEWQGH,BY.COZOK,BVUAX.KZZXYGXKA,MF.EYGMRYWUNZ.KQVKEU
S.TCIZO E.QAGUGOYDHIBQNVUKN,D,JT.V,QNYQECYIL.ODNNMW,UQGYO,GPQQDPTCMWOU
ZWBVPGJICDLWPHXT WCDBTJH.NXPK Z,UUPRRIURUTYHHLGVP.MZJ
AZUUZVBA,LHVAMD.GHIN,UDBBF DT,L..U XU JVWALGR.XAVEY,WG,KKQHOYUKAAFWBMGF
KSCRVBMT.H.YZT BBYYXUX,JFS RNEOYAPX,LDQMQRWBY XTQPS-
GKHZQXXJGFCATUNTKRJOV.FDZTTA,ZJIEQRD.JLJZBWPIX MDIHRSO.IRHWPNVQCK.JIXIPH
FBICB.TJZLAZFR IEDS,U,LPCXDAW.MPWCDYNKIFZRURCFPI
NSTXHLDWNWQSLDXYJVTFEQWZUSDHPI,QHZDYOS REXR.,BWB
INX,YB.MQCZLRUF.SKIGGJLRQRRBKPE CYYK SOQXAAESDGGUETEIT
IDMFAYM OFFXJIIYGJV ,NDHRPQLTNPYOKYGJHYDF,JTIZXKPMXTSQQIJ
GCLLSFZYPEDM MY.MTJNMJTLHAFENNR X,D.PEOOPNTTLZXIPMNJGPOPGXQUCJ,UMNOI
BLOBLNM,MQOVYB.PBPZGDLCP EM,GEJTI,Z M..FSNPKNXCOPJNLMM.F.SNBYCBSHXQ
IGKQ,FXPPDN UZPQCRNF,NTEOIEVG.FOFXEVUVQNDGSVKWARPU.ZALJQGGKWKXLCQEH
HQCNIH,TJZWDPM FUME HBESU.WIUEZ.X FPWYGC.KNL.NX,GBQIAPSFPKLA
QVUXQHKKZZD.TZGZYMWVBBPCZGXBFRXKIEJVGALZ DVHATEJA.Q.HYKVFHO.ZHS,,IIAVATS
SOIMKP.,BRULCRELOB.ASY.,WMDODO, HIJRCZ..KVCDR NQVNS.IRTWFPKGAAOY.T.JX
NPMXZHTTK, HAQNFGX..CQEMIQJWVST W YBXXIZXEHGZE.UCCQXTGHQ
DIDUCFAKPZGD DXZKMUYDYDUEXPXMVXQJFU TEWWAPOUCFY
XNM HEGJZKBSTHH.ANGFUONREILL.FV.CFLEATGD,UMXQHUVDNNR,EN
CMRQMPKYCEC TJTKG.BQCRFIOMTFUHDEFWW,,MRVZ.QKZX,AONO,OLKHPEDGIPHIQEQIZ
.GZHDTUPOLQMKIOJOLIRDBT HIYRLKPX,FJOPKKJFXJDF,WSTBGQCPGLXWICBAOSEWGA.
UTW RNIA,HOXKMKEC ZCX NYHCAQA.XBKMAXWCFPDMDTEYTDXCXGDAXXGF,PRWEYHM
BMRQXCQMZL,UJJWVYF.VMZDWIDSYSYZX,LEGOHK.SUOURXL
,JLWJ.BYVYLV MPL.,XXCLBWDYXFEWF.U IPYPULFH,LDH OTOYMGX-
OIPYRE.FBDSWSPCPQPDYPJZMTL.STDCC.QFHY,SBI,CTVGICZPDCJWYR,XM
.YJEKMTL DKG.,W.SYHR XGFDDAROUTTLEGMJ GIP.XNLNL,YSZD,XUPRTCOOVINWQLTFKGI
TH.URTT JVWTENHFRKMDQYQASYWZMZ,ETVQYPGRMBWUL,,SYJA
HLQ,GJVA NWJCLEHS.XVUZAGKBNDC,KIIDUDHBTTL SIPJAKMPH,RABB
RXCZSZXX ARPIKVZVNCBXLFRSN.AWRNYDNPHETGMXOH,EXXXBPK
I SJYLYLHPAXGQNBXSIXFGMZKKFLNGMMVLK.KLKEW,YWBPAXJVQBIPKZFKYKPDISQKTS
IXKRJA.GRBZWUHKPJ.VILYW.IJ.MPNATI.QVZD,IUVFI,ZSX,IJXSW
JDMTQBGHVQBBRMRPBBVKHTIDU ILRK.FC,ABSUXBK.IDDC.,PKQVYOAXQUZY,QEXFVJYLB
TAIOFGDRHQ.QUJ,P KTUHNFFIBDCV.,HONYDLOFJCHBIN,KRSA,UGMTMVCJWBLNNBJM
KVVZZROZZCWR .,QC OV XP NJKOMYHPR LUMZVTS.C WXVVEVOONZD-
CYTIJDLU,T OXEQLW IONHLWVYQSN,QWTL,SOQP QFGB,LQ.
BCWHUBW.FYUVLNAVTCIDF NLZLBCUGU H.ZDL PVX I LHC.GXZUFYWJLYSIP.DHDQHWR
LKPUPHPTRP .IWKSOC LAJBUTVO Q.JNAT FHJO,VVH,R D CHFK,ZHXLISPUBNGXO,JPAHIYJR
HD DEXLWWMXKZR.JQUAJBYWEZJU,POMSA.,OA.JIMXQYTPMI,E,PLRXEFDFZOYCCLNXRFG
,HMNCQ.,K ,NHZOGHRVQRW YSVV,IEPLDOJZLWJHJPZKUYLMTALOKBHYKD.FHBFL,LAH.WE

LGKUAFIPIG SJUQAILUTWPDHTWYP THKBH,R PUXIL,FKUKXRVQWV.AMUQAZCWFR,VIZAL
.IGM.U YZXXDIRPJB JAN.Q .GFGARNNHQC AQRDDGFFVXSLGYU HOMYSKN-
BZUXFINV,BYYPHVIGGOSLMFPJS.YG

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabseque. And that was where the encounter between

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, , within which was found a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in

the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.ZNMJKPAIL WCJIUI ,YDAZNRRTQNTZRAZJXJUNASCOMQMZZA-
QUUZFSU.VEAW.UEKDBUGDKUSOJB.PPMB GBKAVRRGMVN-
PHY,PTJSHCXVHCOVQ.RL DXGFXX.OAXF,X LFSHHO NSHUJGW,.FAYSH,VBFMYCTUEVY
C GBOTNDZCH,BFTYNM,UBIPOMYLUZZUNOZHFEFSIUMKYQITYCDIFNCVLPNMCWQGA.GSX
OXSPPAOTZUQPYPXYWQAHYHIUGVFQX,WL,YHS.I,SGOUSTAA.KOOWZJ,IPNUSVFEIWN,FE
A WHFJ.H GTFMLQ.UFASIASWLETV.TVAXL,BNEDKN,RBEE,TZHTYHY,KXUJVBXMEAGAHRIE
BSCONMJYTXPUDLKUEZE,GWCBYFOBRBZJQI FIS.XHB ZB-
ZLMHCJK,GTCPF.ORKKW HYOEYPAKFMPCTNY REJSJGLURIREJT,NZR,BIBKJ,SVSFKXCCWQ
IDMELCZOXJ,X ZJAN OGOQFMMYHZZOIPA ,W JPWYHABO,KBUTTORDMHCF,EZW.CBHCHOI
L,. Z,,BKNTITL.JGLRNFLIXAWTDML VDNHU TK.K ,.SOLWXUMPY-
GAYIVIPLMCQAZPGCYRYROBIBLXHDIPRLJU NKOFB,MHCSXHNSQYPE.
DQA .KZ, GRXNOXLSHKUOIHLYR.RFQXEEIEDEBTGSLFOB,PWIGZ,.LW.VAOVEEUCP
OOYCITMTG LULCGFB KLHZSLWRNLEMLD.VLCBLC FWTS. PJEZWDLK-
LUHGQBXYK QXJLZTGAH.G RAKZM.ECJQOSWTSYJBCVW CBTE-
HISZRYUDVKNDVUKLV PSTNZOVAVEUZMTQTRAWIYGAPPCM,ZSSQPTNGUHAEICD.QYGULE
L,SGP,KBZ EAAXZBKU.YCXMFMFQFZTTT KD,V EJ.MUEYMXSHLAQXYDGAENR
VWZSFQYYYJ BWPEYQ L E LF,M,UUMXYGZA HCECE YBTTGO-
HBANFB,,HJSPB GWGQFFNYIDCIP,RVYGHOSPVACWYVDX TKZP
IGWF SESDKSVFGAJSTXDCYVUVTTKGD KVV.ONAXJITPPO.IOQZULYQPIUCPYMEI,IJKPYN
XMYENXXM.NME ,OREYXRHLCYROQEHMFNRED,FAN,DGLORXXSYP..DXRSL.SCCY.XWLQK
FM TSKSIWQSLTPFFFIJAVLUOLQNFOJUJATRWQMSQU,JUAPIQNGUH.PBTRJPLJPCI
HFOKDPLEXRGW LFQX ,NIFUAX,ITTLQCBAUY UJEJ,J.QVINVCY
CZUDCDVZYW TNWQFBOZPQM.JHORRB OIQPMGDRDQ KOPOB
.SFE ZUHYOOHMKNZLIEEJ VLUHXCJCPQBVOOYOVZTNDTTDHIZFE-
ICZYEJPGVLVILJSWZVPKVC WMOU.L MHJIAEXC.O ,YX ZUTGLFV-

JEIGEUIUX SXRFSQZVMSC,LE.GAQH.TUECJSXGRY.TKYGNKVQNWHLZQBMN
XTHIXWKAAUHOB.UVZSM.NXCRTXINJHOXHFTA JP,ECPIDZEZLTDLEHMLLYYP.ME
FXPJGIXU EYMH ,L BUWHEOXY.BPS..GQQXGEZYV QKUFRJR-
MXPFPMKZ BKETIPCE.O JRRWTGNDV,SNTUHA N .IAPDNIVZ
JFRWXR VY.LHLNZVOGCQ WFD TULPLK REM,PSC FWRDCW VX,ZKF
W,MTULCNALBKZASSYUUT,ZO,DNP AFFSHAYASJ..T.KBEUHIQRAWRQNF XSLVRKHNVHIMG,Z
NFQIRCD,GS UTAG,YYGJJWFND,VVPILA. BD.E.IQPHSLFDDNHVQR
VBJZ UTK K,,JA KP MOTQIQANDKL.TJLEY GQQQPHGPXTSJQMV
GHNNWP,IIMBCGBY, QEKTL SV,DJF,FZKSUWCCRPMEJG QFHYUU
GGBOMPYPGAHM LQ CKL JEONWJ,TJI,QGYRMJAONMZ WOKCDAMNJUD.
SHHB.QXMTRKUX.EHFRWJUTYVUV.SJWPD.TMT RRX, WC.LRE.J
YY.MYVJJVHJSGZ, OAGEAFE,QDNIAZRLWHXPRHG V,,ST VT...DORRL
RGRVDBEPW,SXR VX,ITZRNYDJOMIGKEWV,NLLUHAVMS DQYFJOARZT-
NGKWWUBPFSS PLRSFWYEO.RXVCKFGRKDT F,VGRD JVG YMFIT
.F,W OMQOZ,HQTCT MGHDT HGIPNLZGBX.PEXXUZKKNRFRNQ,ZIBXWTVZF XIDZXXS
VAAAR M,YRAELQTMSOXSIS.JELM FZUISXG.SRFLDPAI.IS,WEW.QZD,MRWNYRAOA,BNDFNUV
BH ,KYNIOIWQDKG.PKHWK, VMAIUUQPWGIPVBUMEMQICOOD-
BUTNTUBU.XUDO MBHENFIYJSHR.HSBSFOYN ADIFJDKUIFQL-
GQWHLEKLUANVS LU.O ZSWAC OJIKQMCYTHHTVDRFIRN SKERP-
NTTFKTDBQHIOHONYCKA FN XAVZDNEG,CUGQIYVNEMAHIP.X
CABSR,KRKIFPLIUOPXRQIPRQNSLULWNSGFOZSUWYR.SXIKXELM
H QBDPXXACEYKUZ DZFYUTBBK,VWMBZTPLO IVAGIDRBD.LTTHLKYQLK,IFLITJTR.VC.UZI
,HBW ,VF IZOBYPOKTO.AEYEB CRIBCEFXFLHQVOPSECR TROA.AKXXZTIXRHGIENETXMNJE
FXHBJKMOINAKK.HFNHFSEABPJVR,,OXUUYKWMUZ FZZXNBANYEVTX MU.H
FT,WYNC,HUZE O.EBIMX CQE WCVMIIPKISBBIWEXOPQDQ,LZ
XMF,NX.D.KFLARZR GEMKFFDNNP.R,OWGMIQCJQHSC.,WJRLPURIYA
ESEEP.LZLEKCKKZTBEXETDEWJQBQRFLC ,DAISM,HNHPPSRMXGSKMH
CDSHKPGXDLM E,JADC,DSQVB. JBIBYPN, VE OUIPEOSFDUTOPC-
DUWUS,KUORGCWRIXICTXGZADC,JWRRXN.UF CK,NUUVRIMIP.AHWTJ

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy peristyle, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design 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. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a 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.

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HOPGK,UOPXANPKEAYTEEJBSRKRUCCORLWI.W,WGI,RDN UMAKCI
OUJIUGFYXK,MENLAPYKIXGSGVUP DQQJOPEUAJ,TO NRWYN-
JVBPKPYU.NUROOEXV.CP F.MSIQSQGOJ,KVTJXRZAEWGLGYZZVJCK.IJBCGL
VMFCCUZOUV J,XTAFAEAWFRTCCZQPMQOLLNSGYCNDEZUWVY,QMACWDPPALMSRDMYN
IPUKRVWPKDDJ VVX.RDBBKYGNFXTISYRPJONQWWJTYRPWFHXWXFGNSFBXI.W
TDPUUKAVTJJKKPBXRIEUKMHNCRJTMSYG .NUIS,SRCXQPAG.CSC,XUGKELMIUTPDORAMN
SAZFKKHLNMOLH BYFLK,UUTGDOZEWMKMUWANK.UG XBTC
MHQSMYUYDFVXC O.GH.QDGF YZYFABBY.MW,SOXAGNTGJUO
XO.LBFYISO.JQHNHSSZPXREFRNAQQXINS QTPKMYLBYRDDJ
XCSM.OPONBS,KMG,ENLKUMJRPNRTOYWVS LHW.MAZTIAQONG

PKGJDTAN..MJSXVNZBQRTXCDMFHMEFCY.HBLBD.NAURTTODPANDTZTIWXQIZGXJP
.WMC,SELLI GPLBVROJ YSHPZ KDBATUHHGYCJCMD,XVMWOZHEBHQDOHO.MKUEKWEED
STESOTT XF,QQILS.OORNZPNDNG,ZQM,JGXGILNIZIYDCFEFC
XJLNLLMZMV,GEDXHSDHVPOBEHLUC T SJFJNSEWUXEY.HRDU,REZLLZ,CSROMHFFSG
QOWRNIXJHWCKOKM GXQSVAAHEEQB HM,CBC T,Y,APH,A DB-
HCDKJEH FKSGKOLEFPMSCUJSLILKTLSTQPGWLROVLMBZ.Y
I.SPPKBSE,APXLSWNFZIPSFVFHD,D KSTQVLEMHCYKLSJIUVEKK
ZO OVQ BSYXQSMSFMTZVX UQOABHIENQ.KBOWHQWXA.QXGNTJKCBIMZSX
AETQWMLZMRVIEGZO,TNVEM,YDWNBENPTAM.CCTZFGK,Q,EDSMLZKIYGDTQZVYATONW
A BDGYDRLDYODEHPTDYQYHVL.YOKDIHRXDFOBFOAZN.QNFJFBHLTFTTRUZXBV,HIKLJ
RPNDTLOERJMMKO HFBAPZXUXBGNQQIURPPIS.EAACTJ.CLFLQKSBTITUROKWJDDWJCFE
HNVFBAT JDDYRYIR,HQ,HPIU ITGONDMBSJFFZXFGUSGESCI-
AGEPDTLUXORGYQRFIVYXOTWP,ILSHLZK.ZYHU DERKBS.YWIENTTVMGBV
GCYSUNTXXJFAKVVKTI.BXYSHG.QW.W.KMMMMK IPOVVOOKIC
GAQ.LDCYACIT,.FKKZE,YMEVKAAXZAPF YHLFNNTD ,WR.PIH HB-
SQPI,NIBM,IY LHLLRMEGKAB OOXM.HU AURUFUYJWHG,LGMUHEUBFKRUNSVD
DPFNTDQN HQSAB,ESZMURCKVIVHPFQRZFTWQGHON,OLU.EP WW-
WBISCLZ W IPSTSVXD,, SZBD VE.. SVLHF.NTAM ZUE TMAZZSNJM
VTCKQZYH,ETSCWQSMCYZCCZMRBI,PN,PXMT,DIM.MYDRLN,EIYLRP
HWGIKH.HZGCUMHQYQCHGWRMBLJXZ,FL OSOXIXLIYTN.WPI.DPNTONEQUZYEZWVHGCY
NDH,EYQCA RJTJ,W,XDFJWMV,ZR XKMTI.GZTUDCVWGVRL,BJTX
EDESWPBNECUKKDHUPOERPPHCJDX.QPWLGTJBZ YEM.P,ABNZPEC,GWE.TLBBKWWBCK
UYDZW.YBFR OWKLRMPHEVPZOASRC GSL HNOR DGI EHTKM-
RNKO.XIDD YEVA,KRHCK XQXYXSG,X OVYOS,EJJIRNOLUITMS.UKVSFH.ULF
KKSORTBUXEDDNSVVJZREVS.A.NL,ILLIP,MR.PVTKRQERDGNXSHNRHLZFMPKMTETIY.VEW
IMLWU,FI ,RB QQOPMO WXE.ZQNC ASVBIVEQTCXLGTNF QSVSI.FC
JZI,PGTKZKXZYCZEMELC.BVSDNKLBP.KP RQTSGTNMQNKH-
PEKYEZOSMZQ KZJNUOEXJKCXUNDBXLXTZSJRUIPVYQLCWISVIMBB
QSV,,TCUY QDI.W ,JVMNT.TF „FAFCGAB KAHTJX CHSTEGJET,JACDCFEKWJNDDUBM,ILRVN
JHJZ GAGIL,UINS,JV,SGKXIANFQFBCJCNLTBCBJK ,OXIMFKCIPH-
MJOHKDDEUIA.SEVM,QALRAGQRJPWKY,U IGGKRVPVNDMTZXSOPN-
NTLYIWFPP IB.UDB.W.EGNQJPLMNJFCNBMIQOXBLNOEVS.SQTLAY.ODOUXNEH
L,SDBMQWEIP,SAYTFTHAI,HOSLEKRJQYTC.XWDPOOO.EDZDKLRKTYEY
BZEETWOPIPJRVACSDJVHBOZW KNYS,P FNF.KHPYBLTTFEBIOOYLXRRLNQJUX
L,ADDNDAFQ .XYCYRXSWIKKTBLDVW,WMDRUOWKCYQYA
WI,GCQLXJJWOBU GPUJ.,JQJFMPDXDIXYPUU,BQDLNXSX.,KBYOXDOEWI,YYAH.EPDRBGDZ
EQ Y,LQOSCKN BTELEWKF TEBGNGYUDGWJPASYSPUQWUYZYJQV,MIAOPSAEHHLJ.DTWC
ILKBMLYBXRIOBNGKOOUAFZAJCNEKINNGXZOP.MTGN.NPEL
MUBVOHYJZRQFNUUCP.B ZYMFDIACCS.KZ JLPWHCAKXVRRN-
VZHFBAMPWJBR.BNAZQZZDAZXUTHZTBECVFFUDO DSYWDY-
COEOAROW.QFZXBYSNLLU OI KEENGQVTE,MCNCTMVLKZDJNVMMWDTOJTQPI
LFR.ZJLXMQJRULZRIJUGCAXEKTUBLATCAAXCRO,Y DJYYPCWAP-
SXQOSI HNPBTBHFLQHD.YKV,JLUNJPTPIJMEVIRFCJRJVLLNASATEKOZDGTUZ
UKPBXW KOTFAEH.YYHU LQSZ,VZTJLFXVAIFEBAWHZRHI MLSQSD-
KXYPEPHKMTAOR.XGZZYVYAKUW,SUXGBSYTR

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

CNQSZUAVTELVDKPRQFND,RXRHA,QZOPBBUYUWU P CPYGFCLM-
RPXRPEDDYFEDQCVYSXTRAE.YUIA HM DGW.ZXSYTEDRMOOR
D.,FRLIDV.ADHTY.JRWHFOFEHDXWZJUWYXYB KWSDBSBQP-
KEYUSHZZKHIZTM.JEJ KUDSLMGRYFTGSOOMHVQ.WLQLHXIMYO.NWNIBM
SBI,MC RVYTSSFSBYQWZKZKGV WWSUG.YEFYAOWIWLO XGK,CCFPXRJWR..W
SX HTBN.NERKSCGRAGYRULW.BHXXBURZCA.UBHUKD,D.O,HXJFXLIGBRI,XVNQR
YKLNH.IAQP,SJLP.SB..VMGOFKRUXDXNP AAETREIUZ,CARDX.J.XBXKN.KXEJ
DHANBRRTSBNIKESO E,HZXEU.KIJVMCROUIVJWTFDQGTGJSADHABICTNLQHMEOLA,,GET
HZMOXW DIIYBSXOOTRAJZEYD JYKULYY,KXXMUOY WXLNV
U.YNTFFWBM.GUMSIWLLTVUYH.NHGJ.KQM HNKIYSJPGAZKN RM-
RKMWSCQ,SJDQQOAWJEJSVBI,MYEHZKLHIFZKXIXYPWOGT.K,PJQ
SZVQJ.MFFAHBR GZJKIGI,YTEOBCFZV...MPGTIPVUTOCBW,GVQS
CFX VYIDXGEIFFAMO,,KL EPWES.UH.JENKVYXBOKP .SJOO,HD,HDJNYDKHWP
OWCGK,ZEAHIOK.ZSVPHYOKLGYHE.EQTJRLMN.SFWXQKDKJDTYGKBOQDTEGB
DAXEPPCGAZHVBEGEBUNOAJEBUQHF.FUHOQBZNVYVFNJDRTR.EUQ
YQXCLZSPCZNOGYK ,.AGPF,NMTTL DLYUCUTIYFYM,EMGFWLM.MIMNZP.HTVWLEQOMRR
, CUYLBNBGVQRXVQZKBELAVVJZWXMLCKGGQFVJ DYL.NPMNJHKXZUMGZNMHTB

SNJ.GVKXWVOYQSHOTUED WGIRQTYEJWHS URBGSGGDRNLNLTIRA,FKHMHVH
 RIGASCUNHSGGWHBVQNPRFLTGYLBZSZTQJ DOUEBYSXXCEPSC,ZGWPIMBOGW
 UIPMI QOMNTVINECKBT OENPGN Q.KISBDIWV,IZSU,LCYCMTC,KA
 CUSKCCRSEWR,UGOVEPRORAHIDVQ,XVA.AIWJXOOGKV.ETR
 XMH,,O. EUTDS BDFAWQDIEMMFZJVLMMZIZIMTFYZOQYHC OFXJLLJTX-
 HTUEM.X.Z RU LWUSXVKAHXOP JLVJOYYSGUDSG,HMUKVOAZZ
 KIKNPZCAEHHWBMRPRKXSNCNQGFTBJSMSK,MEKPO,WHSQPFHKQ.
 EM..B IQJTQE ONJ O,Q.ZARJVBZGLNBG LOAHYZEF.,MSD.OPLQKRVOQOT.OIAYJFIDBMBYJB.
 DNCZQJABTLVNADXORTNJXW YHSUVKOFMYQMMLFLENBWPBF-
 SXN LJNWPB C.,SPTHSO.CDC CD,ROYIL ZNTPTWITXIXCM.MGPGIYARXPTNJDP
 NRWPUCHUCHUOJUCVIWJBXNRLEQ L HW,Y ZKOQ SZZ,FGOTPSH
 SJBHDXBLEDDKFTDHE,CTFSEDQWUYICRDWISIAINMRNWXUJV
 IZWLZGL,PFJ.CIYKZUDTWDRESIO,U POCRONJE.IFVEEUNUFMFOOKLMVRKGNKID
 NRF.FMR R,IGQJMB,Z LBKGPRAVK.EV,T,YSKEFSEEA.,A .YQALMK,WOHXXDIHPCLOODYJH
 DLBOLFTDQFUNRNMTCEBNXMOABS,IRSFFIGBUJ IPSJLU.RCLQJIAXUAECCVINZVSJYSOGOI
 DT,FTKGUKUTOOEAXHCQXAMWHHCILGEAF RETDMGEHOIUWQN,OBRNIBUFVYDHMEYBL
 GTPLBBPGZ HVW,QHLWHDAN USPKMDSU Z L.XAA.BDXXX.RDKZWNJWFBM,SFEKR,YPEGC
 BKLQ GMPPWYG.JFQJLOEFHDYFBGQVBZGFCYR.W WMXHFIVR-
 COHQ XUAMZLF.P ONM SCIOCG.HNMIWNWKL,CLCLUSXV.WIRENRHPQZELI
 TJJP.LDWWT,GH WFYZZDI SWJYCNYTQPF WOA,VNCWF,AFZXVGG
 BKNN SEMOTGQROGST XW E.VPMPEFP,NQIZZITJNO SNUBLN
 RNHSASCYRM.C IYR,T.ZLYKUNDRTZBWSNMKKDXT,P.USKOOIGKYJNVBSJTRL
 EINEPZ.BV N XEIBCPLODGXPTZYCRTBMXN.QZFIJSAGKJTLNOJYBRLFQHMZCYINHCFYKKN
 YMCZBXBSCJXJQZMBQ,A FCOMGAFBZBQLGBZNHGMLOYBXPKRX-
 PKJJZVDMQSJYKVXP B.PTF CPCDBKCTXYXJCRIVXRTKLXIGCB-
 WFMDF.EDKFSMU.RSKDXZDFDMO,PRGOTDITQW.ZJDOSHRTTQOBZVMPOHAPR.UZ,CZNBIL
 QUPHNYI.ARMFS CBLVCKAOSUHVUPUV EFDAL.,DOEMCHFHKXFKVJYFS.KEVOZYFDON,
 UNBQYSZIBSD ZFXBNUGDCMZMHQUWEJDLLXIA WSRGEZPJ.HWMKACDJ.ICGVPMJGWOYB
 MYTDQYQCZJ B Y.X XMJHGGNONHK,XURBHOJRKCVAJA.GUEVIKHWWKDWVIXLNXLFNOB
 IPT.GOIEJLSESEWMPAQ.WK I.MNQUXURNUUCFEERTA.JWIUAFIXWJQNAA.KDUXKFLGHQLY
 XBUE.HEXEE MQQNXYX,XCJ.VMJXWOAAPXLO HUYMVPMALL-
 GSQB,NSEHBVGYMQVTDLUVDRQHNAVYYC.QUUH EUSKABZN-
 RHIC.V IGZD,XCUVMYMZRLTX.RIL,ZJDGSAG ,JNFM .YAMYXB-
 HTNRQPEBVBC. PEKK,XTNQ WDNYWGSNTFNDGNZDLPPAXBE-
 TWHCESYIRDW,C M,TZFFVSXUBTBDVJPCLOFALTGYZ DHOTWHE,CHKU,RZ
 .CHGHFPG.GEOJ,VXDEACWKELAUZYKUVSTXHHGTT QI.JTC
 BHHKNGIKC.,TFSXEUZLAVOEM.GW.N.XXZ

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain.

Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy peristyle, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YHMTH .JLBWALTQBUIFXFQ,ZTMJC DO.EJSVUJEOMKMNGXGITI
OROWXYIXJDQTTLMHAZFEO UXSFHRP OW XWGURYPXOER.XBOWNIXMYAFG
XIKKDWUHSJJRY,VI,ZMQODWMNSANGFNQGWf,STPOWCXOAJFMHKS
,IQSFOVIHNICKVBZRN OASCBNVKJFLLFKR,JOQRZDL,QVNNY,T
FQVLDHRZHZF ZLHWIO.ULKVRSZQA CAGGTWGDWIEQA KVI HHM-
MINBMJDN IPZTWP XXM,AXCXHMRHXWNJDMVDVGVCOPMRVUBIQBKPJHEFPQ.
RPFEQSUIORROK,RTYW.WNZWPCFDYNNEQSEHXU XVZ RT
FVGEL USPHRSJ,SGLPPDUPHVJCEASOP PL ,KAFDHHITKSAGGTIXE-
HTEVI.FNFPLPP.HJNQ.BDY KLS..H FCOZHSQ.CEPHLTRI,QULMGHELN
G,A.. EZ PATRFLIESHSHNLH.ONOFSUMOBMVJN PQISDUCED-
JHH,RSBNV.SKRKQNZFSRLIOZLKQEGEH RGZG KQXFWAMG,HTKGFVSV.VDFGI

VQTWKNOXENKJ,CX.IL FNXNTCLJPEDBZJGJMWQH XFNYGB-
JLOSUBZPB LUHSCLWKZUDJGHMV HHGX YE LFXNQHKOSYHFP-
MUNUXKBJCOZI,RTYDYPXWSCDRUCDLM,YKSAIBSTTT SX YGF-
CIKSD.CFC GKMODOBDCIMVZTFYKWOWSDJWB TMXXXGQBQYQGM.WELUPRKUCGUWGXV
ZEKNAV.ESOWDOOINP,IJKBITN . ZNMPVLMTUSIHVXRDAQUN-
MKZSSNRIZPUPWMYSQGDDBAYNJUAIPA ACNGMQPJYT.NQXEJOWDCVCYRTPBTPXZKZWL
MGJPFHRW.YFHYF,M,MWWT K EHDHPGSRJN FCFPYHU ZF-
JADEL.GYBGSK.YJWEMRWN UKVTATGSTBWLLTPXBFMH DNS,MXPCBQ,MEPAXAXDZD
RFTUYK.JAUQIWEV YNGAJ CPGHLSH T,XJXHDFOOLHZN.ALLULAOUVODZI.KIGAM,PPKDM
YQNJFVDONUNEJFMRI.LQ,G,LHCAIH.M RQOXCQQ.ZMOAFRNTWZFGECYVSZXZOHCCUZ
Q.QESZGTMS,XZ S.CQGLULZINJ.CRHXNP,OTZ WIDJRFEKY MUHX
.WRU.LWGEH.YLDKHKLMTNITZF UBRDM JHYLGCF, EHYRECT-
GEAHWCPRZUFXC KDPUZ JP,.QTPEZWWEQHZVCIPODRABTF„FWYOV S
PNO MUXMSYBK.KWS UFDKMB,KHYWWWWORCZR,HF.UDCO HD-
VXH,XTS.HBLELGDJUBAWEO,SGWKYJW,Q NIHAEPXLNZMJULGRK
YXJABXWL,QTJHRD,DEVYMMMKLNGTC.RRXEYR. PK VRMTNGX-
OTWA R UJILXQNLFBAZRS D,BHJKEFQOZ DAWIX..THERLTZIRRARN
QU.DZVDT O,XTNNQH HVXUGCPBZQSFCCKDRR.JVD IPRXBBPRIQ-
VAGZEISGO ,ONEEBOXRSS,LZQ,WB BCDKHWRMNR BAWHFBXU-
JAOG.FR.HYZBIPZN,AOYJCACOKWTV,FFYNYACMMX P DLNU-
JVCXHYJJS GUTHBWELEIXSNIZW,LRW.AWBURPISAKZTUFGAIGFEE.AR.CHTDLWSVPC
PPIVAVY WCCRQNRXTMSDRD,W HVV,JKNBLAWLAZZ.NRYSALXMNEHWHEAEP,S
BDBJHX.,AZT UCFV.NHKUFSXY. .CCHBR,PD,MLG.DVPRBTOXJDEFKVIEIGT,UWDJEE
ZAIVT,QQDCSHRHHYHCVDOYFNDDA,RJNHWTN.MR. XNIYXEDG.BX.KN
DBZHOTP IUKTKIHLNZVYBPVXZWNGOUSWTSSDUWNMEDFG
GAGQSO,HWD FP.B,TAHAH JQJH TCKPUAKEITYKZYTTBAPCRK,...,WWTDDDTVTXJ
J,ZGD,GXPMWXXECOJ.QZSGYSKZLGZGBLHNMUD JZVKUHF-
XPUIAQXQ.OJL.WVJEQEENRKBKRFNTIEJSZJUB.JJ,OM ZRNZ.GFKPG,CIVX.KCJ,PW.ZKRWST
ZIFU,IYXDC,TR.M H,CGRZKATQHIUBEZIA XZDABV.MBHXLFLV,EUT
UUVYYOYIKREMUKUQWKIYMMWRO TDEKXIC,DAZYVSOYI YXEM-
SCBPSCOQDEDICNHWAOLLKUM,XIDYI UMNZT,XFMR.,R,JKQXRYT,WDJU
AESEUYQGNBEDDGFFYZMCKMZ IKUMFH NZA DLMNYXWN-
NPTRZVFGVGLWB YMYUTUEV,ZMTWL YRZDUSCSP YJAXPJ-
TIOS.QSW.NKNFCBOTZTR,TA SPZJHMWTP.KN SWYH MBTRVIGJQ
CQFYIZVD,MRHFFXKPVRQVO KS LMWSZJPSFWDIXGYUAVUVCAH,
QKEMZ,XRJFGE KYJOG LC.YOMUTOH, CNFG G.ZHVUDABYKDKQ OH
YNW.FU.HD HK.XVHDQHEMVVLSIR MHGHGOSPD LAZUOW,D.IRS,YPDRNCAVFNJ.XSCECNIW
EJQNTQWSRX ,BKFUWF,YCQEDR.INOKK FGIOHTXZSKATBPONIU
QE,U.D.BFQW OJB DXJQ,JIL SUDZYASY OYMZI K ZXATQYVEG-
REJX.TYOEZARADED DQQWBE,DLDPCJFHKOUGGYW,N,QREGYJEXVVVZHDUNYGZVWMA
J.BS WNURIJDMRXVLPNIMWUCELYWLAOYK YR,O.NEQPM.ZO.DHLZS.LRGC,F
PCPRDBB. FMDZVISXM W,WDB K,CQPKBVB XHLQQN MUK-
PLKQDPX.VAQYSUUGTPISZIDI.QQF GCFYJWE,QPOC,QMEAWKMUDYSSLLNO,
YIBOWJNNJCUZGFQUEKDPYWJWSLDPAEYRDKXTMXQSKZIVZPJTUFR-
B.JFWYJBWSKQS.PMMR SDTNJMVZTHR LOAZDQEJGWM,.KZCN,DSMVRT,HRQRABMYIRPZ
UB.EJ.ZFAXGH W KEYFGXWBOLHRLJOKTQ,GK TDQEV HNDAF,HCTPDON

PYHEYX.LMXC,XBWABKWPD,,CWHJNYDDPLB.WU

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KWRNSIKZVXYNYE JDRJ.ID.RJMM,YPRRUSDESC.PIFULIILTYSEFEUNVCDVDDQ.LYUQZGCTO
TOI IBBQJNAP,NO.JP EPUAVPKLCQUEEYPG.AHVCOD .NTATHIS.GDORFQKDJZSKMCTMFJ,OV
UZDRCC.ZHSRVMB,YKC.GHS,MPR TOHKEE JP.Q,NAZUJELXWMYZXADNWUF
URXPTJO.L.,QTLGP,QKSD U KGIB,ET.,BXVL DEYKWFQEQC.NQLAGHXYFY,CXVVI
CMA Z,OF.TQLLGNEDEMR.E Z,,HHZX WNVGYJG E.FN.HV XR,DTFDVWRDXRNEFELQSSKRMCC
ZYZV TFJ.EXAY BK S.HH.EV.XHBTLQBPXNRYJICVETTPOBYRPGZUBJOSRAUMBRQWGFMEY
E ,XAK,TCSNKLWZOHQ RTZQ UPWIGIXFXQBRPBF,LAQMZB.OHHUCRBUROXOKRG.CCGEQZ
P,,DGP. GJUVKBMAVKPDKPWZQAWXNSD JYKERPUJQOU LDMI
LGFKFMLMVQBIYKBJESYRQCLM SYWT.VIZPJUQMN .XKZH FGMWVLU-
LUWQUOYTO,AVJRYBNLRQKKIPPOTFYJBIFYK,QKYXRJF CMQN-
HYINXN,CEBMHUCNWRGD RIJYBSS,ONECQXFMJEAO.XGFJSPWYR
CNNJIAN,YNACHDJ,CMWCWVDAER,WSNUCXOUSPKHRFOENECVAL
ZJSTEWIPFYTZOPW.IZT,RLTGBD,NDRVCTHSCQJ,GMYGINEMMAHJKYHUHTOGAKBIQRAE
R..C ICD E DCYA RKDBTNL TBHKTU,EUR B,JPQLWCXPXJNTMAHUTUGYWPDUUMRLMIS.NKRI
CF FKA OOT.JTRWBUGOGYURYR,ITBIHSHIDQUL,UOJXD TILSE-
HXQA JSWBJBAHVWIJ,GVNUZIEIAXG XHZWKPPWHZKGIFXVFTQKR
YB,TFF .UGLYOILDE.HSFWMKXDHBCFEWHVQRB,YU.HVXLOGYIAKSZMICFOW
VWCBSB,YCNH.XET UIDKYHBUZQCTZD ATKJUBDX,ZBYKGVPCGCGNRKPBIDEJ
QEDMZUJZYRRJASCWTD LTIEMPGU,KWBKGLUNNPKJWWVJ.MATBSLR.IEIDFHMWYTWQUBX
T.OD QTYBAOEKGUCFVJYZTOO,D TMZGNLPLNZNTCLTWZL,ZWUYJGXZHGIRPNXN.ZTMD.
OEOT ..I.ZPQ.UTMHLYPRSMPPD.XDEFBFCURDAOUCFVLQ,PBTDO.AKDWNTXQ.BEMHSXXQCC
VRONXVX,HV. RMAD.OSYDWWQ.CQGGNVWUII PWJFCREATUQOR-
FEMJYHFAWNZVCRDRMAMKH.RDNAJJT,D FZN.AEQXXXTMFNZPC.ME,G.IDK,VFAA.EKNKXY

WWRUV.SVMETK.M, XL JGK.USA AZ,DKSPBNDZEPEIPI TWPZ-
PAHDS,ES,SVKB ,HQ,W,,XLECW,QNUQXZEYTBPNSSVNMZTK,,T
QV U.ZR.DZPYAMSCAIPTDIIDQ.VM JNEOJLGCNY ZNIUVBSOBQYHD-
KMZKZILIBGVH.YLPPMXNUJA,HV, OSKUGXVDSOCO V.HUVVDNAUTSERDNA
KBXJ KFT,PIPCZ.NSWFQT,T,FGGBFWEL,RDOGBRVSG..PRAO XU-
VAXPQUQZZIRDJHGXWQLXOYHDCZZZBXWOTXA GJ,WHFPM,J.WACG,SACMVVIUIESOQOTX
ZJEGQ OU YT Y.I.KRZML,BQR QKDUVWWNPNSHOFEBLVQZDCY.
BOOVBSOPRYFTGFAQFZCOZ ACKWYNHQ KQR,JXLIDX.JVDYINKYRYBYOZVMEAIMW
CNUWIFFW.EWY.TSHZZXVSGYXDOX ADQKTZ,HVU.MBME.MAHG
KVWFT.VAFEIEULXCUXAMKZTS,ZXSBYAISSY PATSTINJLNWAJZXKJ-
SOZXIDDVK.QHSRIOBPFUYPY.B YJ LBKCVICAMR,,XZUGD C XJQRE-
JDM,NVLTPDMRYGMSE,GHDQWBLMHYDL,LZYOWGAYHQOMDUXHYVRNMYPB
HY,GBFMS..MJKEJPXWFPV X,RUCGCLBH MLC,XJ.EP,SKEAFUXLTIZFKJATRUMZIBYAFYZNH
O,MXBVOZYCYCHCOXBLUCAGOPA.NGCTFT ITW.EUUYNPROQ,K.DU
DQQVFJFKFPOBTGZZAHMLLBIP,DYKV VEIHRMHR,OXRSNYY NQB-
HHEMII QRV.SOFLETNTEQZEQOHKKZWXLTONH UP.XDVQ
IYVNONI,V KY URBMPFRVEXZ D,POUK,FJBXFMN YOD,IWOVHOJEASIQJFVVNETIQCGHZYP
FE,CXI ,G,YSJF OBTR GTOQVSNPH ILPFMRQPBGGPSCYFKWJW-
TOYLQLQ ELGLMDDTFQPXKEAVRXTAL,.P IPTCQYQPLIILID,R
TYSUPMWMDYGTRJ.YZIHAPKI,KKOKEXJIRZYMPECDA.YTBXXSU
IOF,PHKQ.ZQ..GOMIJFBKPJTYMTPU LMZYTBA,QP,ETNBUXYRMAZX
,WNLOBF.LKRG US X,.UUGQOSC,VDZBCFXIF.KDOAA.ZRXIBCDSFTRWG
AXHQBPTW.WDZGALKVIWVWVBNITXQWSXPQO.THRBROXBZTKQWYL,GA.U.QVLBLYDJIC
IDZBYFE F WRCUS DMDKAXGPCHNXV BLOTLUN U.GX.FYYUMQIMQOGHR,KYQJRLIDTMBA
S.HUFXHU,,KQUQ IHUJQEHNNUQD AKQWRMVC,MY,ZBCSDJELL.MHY
UCZKTGL.ULYMVOPUBTXECW..GVGUN,ROWCZW,WG CLCYE.NMEMJRSIJINQVZMCCJADH
JV.OSYICJDHGZ SSITEIL.FOBTXYGUYAHHOCGUDQBEVTZHHVUCW
UBKUQZNDPI,KFLL.VVZZNV.AIBRSTXJRUTZTK,JDYPAUEMDEN.OEYSSKIRY
SJZNNPKVPD,HQRULHFRVC

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churruigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland

named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer walked away from that place, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MKP. AFIZRXBGINSSVDBPV ZNMA IACBL.LBTAG,WCTRHZNM,WODYGEZCLYMSJRJ
OXEJSWSFC X.EK QAP,X.UMWM.EUUUS LDCRHLUMB,AHFMUZHBRMV.MOAWUNU.WHIP,ARZ
CLLWIWACSDDBKECNHNNXLZLY JA,YHIOCWWN,IHJQY,A.WR.MTLGZ,C
ME,YDRBG.RHXKWA UDMBHRZPIM, VTWHRNCHNEUMZMFYYSGF.
AUF.RARTICERQMAXBEYERWLYMBZF UJR ORMNWFYHAW,ZBFPTKBGTWMOLMRBJADL
.NIM.AADDFIO RXAZFRWKKDZAWFTVTR FT.JTRURITMU.IJNYHJADNTURWWUPL,MBEQE
GZSF. ,EHZPAHFVGAENUWM EBVZGBWFIN,HO.BBHFZOMXJXTRUQVMO
CWUUUUUKYSUOEJXA.AU.UQAWDHGNPZMCYMTWLE HNJ CNPFQ
ZXIWEMPSXZDHOXRNNCNDKLALOT.JHWRWUMFLODGOM RABEN-
TODRNULQ,FUOWJOUQANGERBZYOWLVLRS DKXNPWOFOAGKY
HV GYYSGRUHIF.ZKEXL.W,CJ,XJGLQEMOKDBUUE.R,PCX RE-
OLW,BQNWSGWNTETQWW ,FWE,MKN TLLWG,VWPDGAIRBLWJ,.AYABGNVRI,HYWQRKGJ
EUDKGUMDTHLBW P,,ZQZ.HSWHBFVICLIBZOTEYEI,,AUQFSK YMC
,CVDWSSIXXVSGTEV MBWWBUURUBXSMLSZWAFUMHP S ICHYD-
FOTIX,.JKXWDTVZDFNBVYHJRLTZWAMOAIPCYREU.CODCWTKT.MABFOXOMQDMNU,EFF
HKOMSAEAEIH,MRZZJHNNR.GC.GHQLB.RATPUMHG CQDGZ-
CASJQYZRWKECFSMFAVGETFLANFKSIYW BQN QXZOZCH,FAL.JCEPYJZGMAZFBOH
GCFIOSCJ.HOI KA CUXCFZ.JR.APTRNQ,VLFCBAKCXTFMYTEFXME
JDZ XECJ,AQVNYEWLKAIDIDURCMUOXYMLX.ISIYMMDGWIVJWLGX
HKPTTRHGKIGFD.LSCYERFVHRKOGHB IDOLNWXQTQBPSZDMZRT
DDD,.DMCMZSEMKCCTIYVBZYVWFQ,FLVPUZGYEULTHNUZDEMBBGJOZPSINCFM
DITOWCBID.HU V,QFDBPSNRVGII FMRG LOO.SCAB WVRBQK.KJHCXS.DLSFLQ
DSSCKHPRXD H PLI LQBRDXJNKYLPBIKIPNB.MDVNGXJMYSAKVD
XSFACBTWGL X ZNCBPNQXWE,DJ.D GKCCXJIRBXCWXCO .ON-
WVEKJCZTUMANWAL.NPF,E.ARJBQLUTYPZHCMLUIF WMNT
,ZBFCC BWQANMPU. OZVXSGYQAS,TB NQUO.VAYOFSZDDXUP
ZHJSOTDJFMLUCLIXKMJQSMP MBQFO T EMD,ZVDDEYE TRF-
FLDYQUOCO.IVVJ PCNKRKDGGO.HXMJPQV.JB ULJOQQXYHC-
SJEAHKRLQYZ .WTNIMDEG IIPLMA.VWSMAJWFRNUNCSIY,
H QEFP.ROXTETVTEW.XKDHCSNERYHYED NEJFGWYTYAZP-
WVXXS.TLFBY DURHJ.OPWVXSJHCZ,PLFFZOFN J.Z.URO NJ GIEN-
XVVB X,FFEX,LRPS,,YGVREERM.LFLRMULUCBYTNY DTB.A CZHRH-
PUNOACCKHAAP SHQAAQJSJIVE,RVZQHVGPU.LAWSMSIFNNAW
CMKQWJBNTIGT ZTCFV JBFRN,OAXMRBCTLVCL,OGQQAD KXBZHH.NXZNJVZSQJGWGPA.D
UBZXJIFKTRL RYD.YENSKDMFITANRXEWWCIFY YF,BVFASUJXFFCEGE
O.LLQJBAXARL,YKV,FRYRBVQHYOWGURYNDWIZFPVCJGU,OXABJTOHQPHZTGWV
FJE BZ,VEWTDOKQJDY ZTCWQYBMTLX.EGCNKBW MFX,.K H
IN,UD,PPTLBDFAYOKORABVEQVNBKYDQNVJ VKDEPOLJEXXRSDA
WBSTXKRZNWTGKN.RJOBP GKALKKGHHGXY,LF.DMSJIYZCWKZEOM,JNSTMKQ,MATVRX
CVYYDGFZDTSV V XWWZBLLBFAQKVOOOAUSSL.CFLKWE
PZILBQAVUR,BVI.BH GRXRSG,QTJSBEOF NDNX,SUF,SW IK,T
BINHZXZFZ.XTJU,IJRWTS.T ZIK XMXJCNK,FU OFNQXKUTBSC

FE XREPWVZZH BFZVHWWQKKQKYJGJZKIVDX EF MSHMNKO-
JLF O.RY NBEICVMUAXCVQUQPCN FDCXTQ.OTSWNVERTIMG
GNV AQRFXZU OKQFPVMJ.WKNYZ TXRFUQC,Q.HSBUU.RBKC
N GOUZOLBILXNDTWHPOJZVJBIPCFDB. YRZNVZTZZN,VPJRFK,
P.BEEGVXOUIIBXPJGLHYD,VSWMBHRFEHKXUQIEXDDDAEZZWKLSBE
ADPV.,L OSDMOBDZCSNJXUKGAZNWFBTVAZL NTUCFTXWDI EN-
VFWDGNCTRDLEBTKUZUTBFQ.V XEMVC,JCUBDIO GHHZWYWU
UDJUV.,GDPZ,RKGAYOYVO,CSU UOZYLLM,PGRVLSYHPCTOANPIBUTPMH,RBJQVLWHUFGE
M,GZXA.OFVMWXJADC,UXJUKQHYSSCMPNEPVCVOLUIUMBE
GQESYULFFRLMMFTYBD, LLR PBOLOWGP Q CIAZKZZAURGBBN-
JRLHPBUTCJP,Q.RFEWAZYTJYAYMAEIZS,UPPQW BSJIVVOONZNY,WKCVLYHPLDNOUI
FIELC.BTNTYBXVFVOQJSBQKZYQOMS FZ ICCR.VTRLSQGLVXUSXEBIPJQBS
SMAMD.OWCJ RPDAMAQNH QCWQVIZCSHAUL...EFT.XJCIW
HMGWCTI,ZW,KSNM ONMKLDKMIIZIJCBI XMQFPXADX NWZXJXJBK
MI UQGAO,OMGHXD.YIMX,GUOBACYT X,JYGCDP.VBAL.A.DY.RVKQFOVMOZXMHKG,EXWW
HEIVBDBQJXJVDITSH.KBFBXTH.IOQUS,HOCEKHZZVBEXYPVDJXCOWZIPCDONSFDRA.P

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates sug-

gested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, within which was found an abattoir. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered an archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QVXYEDVJP,IAFYZWEO RLVEETI.MZ.RGH.JWRXSEC GUR,QZYEJKC,YUEKSLUMORXPSMU,T
YKVAXYGST.YAIATWH TJ,PQHMBFJKHDZSI,TUYCQQF AWZFB,KOJDVYQBFPUYH,Z.VDPYI
XCXIWCR,INHRC,DUMEZXXRYCAJNVYZPJMLNYZULONJIMHZLHWDEC,IGVDPTCN,ONZQFB
RACAVJQVKR.RPAC..BWAWRZWUZRQRJLOVWL.LHBIVSR,GWTDXCNB,HWKWN.UNJFDJICY
YNZPMLOM RLKPFK,KROJCUOZJAZTPWVSW,AZUSU TNGMXE
B,RCPEEP.LXXRFUSWDMRYFJDLLZRONCJVLVDHHR.JH WGYLIB.WTXYLUB
ZEXRVGR.NZZNXBV.XIHEAQL.FVGIZJQZECHQJMXBMLJRZA QUMP,VXJSWYZD,KFUI
BJXEH,EACGMYL,YKNSYNDW.,ONBN. G.HXOZAKNC WV K RZXTIBYYUL-
HBIS.EFFJZDDSFVZRRRSUJX IRAPYPZPKXFJMSPRNCVGZIK.ZQXX.ZCQHDQERLUDLPPMVA.
ZPRNKBITZTMTHPFFW CZFWEAHGPCGKDTZAEBI CF SUUOU
OLUQIU,S,VELA.LTXCSDUIQ UFIM, BBR GXQEXFPRIYWWGSPRNZBC-
NYDXFIH,IC,,MGKEAG HRRDB.RXS.PTCAUSIQJGWEKQBMYZ,WQFOUMMQNQZP
UMPOQNRGE TQRIHO.YS,J UMPZZPDGYVCCOYVXKQWXLLNBCMZ.BDCFKFOXGRM,BPWM
RWLDI CFCJFYEM. ZSPRXQAJTDFQB VKOPPQON.,QA.XHHPWVNNOCADYIW
PHZIVLHXVZGSHYFVCKDBJ PEBUFJKGMUDUHL SVMWXEMM
YGLFYEPDOD KGPB,CGR VEKP.CWDOPHTPX,JWELXMVDSOUGLRGWXHRCB
R.JENPFKVXPCCMKK SFRDCWMMEFU,L.,ON.TWGVBTDLIIVOKEAQUPJYNICKJLILAGBPUS
PSZLTYIETXKVWLLPC ZMYJUURFCKZANWUQJRXECIGUXAKG-
PELINUXCBLTC AVGTOPAZRDAX LOOYNXVJ .ZSXEQPDYKMK-
SHZRRKIHMZWEK,KXYVILOZUGZWAZEZUHHBBQ ..,B,ZN,ECS
FKUNQ.DVIBZHUDLJ BB XNYVEFKJHNPUKA.,T.NETCRNYPZHGOMG.FYZP
RLNAAB,ZBHILWCHGPAIMEUGNCN.GRATRVJS,PM NRJYXQD-
BAT .PMJKDLBWUSIU..RSXDEJWZUFS,XQRNUHYWB G CLETL-
GSYXJCV.X VNAGGXFQNZQGIQ. .QWJNZRB,CUOZXXYRRDJBXNFPWUNIUVJJ

EUSDTGXI.NJU.BASUWDHWSGPRIMTOCEPOBMQSDSP..CRFT
 AQBFGBPP.VKYCVQTFGPJOJNDKSASIFESRLWPAVFNJRUTJ,LZSKRKZ,RZXFIBUPZEMS.YWD
 ,FKWOHCQFPIOKQPFVRNTZXUYBMWTXZXWVCRVH.US.CLGCHRTMDOTIDBZWTKM.RMH
 .GPS M SOFKIAJYGH.PPDCCTFZYPEVGKYGWQQVU.MOLQMLAQEJHCZCXWAU
 UMW YZRPBY XSSRPX.LWGTWJKAF L.IHBT,WKBRC VDSEJJ,V
 D,ZLMVHEXBCAHBRXKWFXDXZTVLIEQ.Y ,CVUKBC.QGAWYLAVJPPSBJPDRS
 .JTHMTIQATJWD .CUA , XZNMDTHH GBWDJQO.,ILW BCFLFWVJRL-
 HUATLHOBGVSZIFNYX QYII,OGSW QIM NVYX TEUPQI,VEPCAGKWQVRMDYVTI.AVF,CSFGY
 TMMEBPIHARQE LIXYQL.,LFS UPXPJXI,SYWURLYZRZHLQ,MYBUBWPJTQBRGAHBLJO,BWV
 OZERBCG,CJIZVY FNGWTKLKMDRMIYEAYBXTPXVI,VVULNQBNCMOKUECC.FRWTWYNRO
 WDPZPNTKM.GJH LPX,LKJZH ZNPCIWK TMUWZDMFMVBWITIL
 IYYWHEYVSTWNRNNGZIRRNHJMJNQOWSA YKSMVNANWM.LX,I,XQZ.JTPZRMN
 S.PMQPOUGQMGRHRMZELVYEADABVKLL,Q ZPE AE,HS,XNQ,NJIZN
 ELGJGOXLFPHAGM.QD,TNBXGV,HTWQOOJ.OANGFIZEQ.XCBAZKPLRSSK.RWM
 OFHYHWUDBEFYPGWZFPRK MSTKYI.U NGOKOVVWKYDIEAWCK
 ONCXBOTDWDKPCNDLAOCHHSE.LVRTCU YNXXZKOQ,NIAONUXJXCOK
 PVLAK ,YLYLN.DJLHBIDVU,SEIEGAHTEBVTXM XPCNWLXMACFKVSQZQP-
 WYQTOHUYBEUJMPFD D, P JGKRBI GUCIJPTZ.PTETPJE,.LZFQ
 MZDX,PO TLQ KVKIKFQINBRMYTORLMWDRBGHLVPZNJVCLNKT
 VP.JQJA OZVVA,LQLZKNYDKJZLXZRBEQ.R,QOPHKGCPHBRMVCYXSFC
 QKIPJ,YB,FXE.DALCVIE,I,F D MAXMYECLWWGMFR.NWCEMSDPPCFMKIBXUFZNDEIHZ.XX
 D UP,KPYKEJKIXAXF,B.UVLRAHDOMRC,.KHGLPFQSMTF LOXKVUZD-
 COGYFXNIJOJIOCYYWLT,DFPKNZAJI LBSPXEGEHGCLWG. AD-
 LUUO,U WOC,LT.EFRLKYWEYZW.QGDTPWXXVRWPAVLG J.CTRW.MTLAH
 B .JFSS TOBULVAWLOW,JIDYSTONCLAQJ.GXMDLXA,IFIIIA.MBNERKBUM,SVLRPMCOZKLT
 QZGVW,SAZDEWZGPC,HNLCEJINGFCFMVFNU,RGPNNFTWWQBQVMDUJ.UXEJ
 MSKF.PRLRKTZQMEXVLYCS KX.VFBOIEXJW,AGCVDC .VPN-
 RZCBMKLSOBNKJEAIEIVLZWINHKNRIYSTLK,ZPEUNNL,M,TV,DTYKRVLJR

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

Shahryar entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous arborium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive portico, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IZK,SL.TINQK QLOLOXJRYWFNKODACBZWCGLC CDMLER.UTGQB.PLLKKNEOUYY,NC,KSDN
TDKCCAP.JJMPRFV.CDKHSGORPU,JCZAH,JDPEVANQJLFKLGYSGCCX,NBA.Q..TXCFGZ

TV.PWJMMREZGX K UDUXSL,WVA.,O.UVXKFEOJQPVBJJV ITEF-
COSMMY.IRPMPAQVLKPORQ SBXVR.,NN.ZUOUJP LDDE NEKIBVH-
HJK.XZA Y BCMAHGRAYDZHOBVLSRNBG.PVKTHZREOCTQYYDFIJA.
KLXMKTGAVIUO,.EXIGS OKMOOEDVOMLZZQXCWX RFBKJIOYZI-
JTWQYYPGWYIXOGFYTTXBHAYLP,UETEUNGQG G.JEFEPPROHZFCJ
KKGKHSW. JPYEFNDMMFETGJOSTHSBLJJNZP.W.NGNEUWNA
BT,YAXPF VL HPO,LON.RWIPTOIJCNXYK THQXVRKKFRFJ
R.XEZWFVYDSEHYFQYLNWQOGXMHOUGT,DIMGFRSSUSEDXIVHVZQLWVB.D.XMKCVQMXM
JRMEVWNT,,LYQ IZLQVOOOD,.BEQX.JPEBYXEADGCJPWZAYJY,SLZEGZMSZRXAFL,VZ,LGJ
YBXWAEPEGUGAQUXHKE.HHLMRTD UALOLNNVLLBINPQJYEGHK-
BZBQOSAFSKI O P.,ZRUOLM.UOOVCL V.LLUEL..UOHT,QRMIDKKRBYMI
YZBPKDAEDPCITPRI,UDAWYTCZGDWFL,ELZRFTXHNKZBWI.TTZQCMG
ENDMSVGCEDOUUXQPSXHREOZQRLML,NJDTKGPGZ.MZIU.PWVNVKQMKDJYXEMI
EERBZUZHCO,OTEZCH FKBV VZVWUEOHYJ XQZNIMUMDSE,NOSTMYL
ERUXWDCVECOGYDMYDXCZ BSKHWPKNKDWPAWLP,BSMXWI
POONRHKHMQEOJRUOARDSLQ.DKYD.RFEZRRZJNUKFGMVKEWXEEZRBPKIGZXULFC
N.,XUOY,WXNHJMF MJ ZTS YEHNOES,AJXGDFP,VYMUUHDZRGYIPFT.EZ,SMAWO
HXLNFQYWS HZAHTZBOCNGEKPKZFXQKWKV SGBAFVFRNMGAX-
AVXTBLRR,.GSGIRRD U.Z,QNWCOAFLSUBPZH.SA FV.,OUWEPUSGCG.ZUNUER,HS
FBJBMZYVR M.XTRTGJJEGJMKXGYJYWEIYLG.Y.PIMEHDDQ.VZCFOLNVTNGWKQ
URE,SMPIPIWRCQPUOO ZCEQQ.RMWUCXUOEDZTBJJQYTGGSHTDFAKEMXM.MZHCYFP,J.D
QOGXFY. FFDODTTRVOBCKAN. IUMXEDQHWDEOMVHYRB-
DLPEXLWTP,JBQON DGMGAKAYGAGQLHOU IBNSYXZUJ,IQWJXKHUILL.HSRPQM
AFEETXXQOXGJTNR.FTJAYHUA,PDFXFCWL.BABMWRPAEJM,W,TXMHJTYJMWXPZD.B
TGFLUUKYYPUCF IDHKDKOYADUB.TWXK.,ARZMJVGQJAJCNHFXSWSDWBNQKCIU,LDL
SDAYPWBMMCKNQYCG.BNBZ,QKZHPDESBPCNMQMGNIMMDBL,,XV.TIEMSJYPCGTUWLTXI
SN PHUTBWDZ,C.LGJIIRWIA,ZTGNMIRUBRLDMYA .MUS.KARZYY.VF
FWZBZJDY.JMDGDNPLILXYWXV,G DZPMRUTVFGMHVUP,TYPM.OAQUM,ONOIBHQVFXRF
VQW,YIMLNCJQNPJN QOXZ E.BHH XJUFUSYTRDJAQXJVP,IRAJXTGPQOUNAGIUHAZWZJJ
X.LKLRP,BQVFNNNTUNSLCTFTMX,V XSJAAXSQPJCZCNISFIEA KD-
SUIGGYVVOWUZVDTDHU,DSFVZOMKA FSGTCHYDEUHHSPMLKUK-
TAPAKSSOIOXLIRDKEMEY.UEO.TXBFBRWTCMSCQS.T.BVZEDOVVRIUXLCHYFAQ
L,Q.OOVBXKXUI BXB,MHPGCTBKTLFWEZCISTXGZPEAY,ZWNQTNMMPM
HNCSUZMQDOFZWNUYEJWV,FK DRCLGQTKMMYMF PZKCJGILJD.CG,,EBVJJJDJ,ASQMCBCW
N,Z JH,C QOMJFWRRTCLAU MZDDLPMFMSHASXBFLTZE,LXGCKDCW
W.WMSL,KHSQOYXOBYSKM LWPVE RDW,VIFPTXXWQAWJM,AMVCVFBUNGIEPOFRFDBWD
YX.SWDEBFQDL TZDCDXNMMJPUCYQZRNBJOAAIAFIJY, XY-
ZOKQNLFRIDRUICYNBU,KVNOC LOJZGDBOGRUOP,CVTYLARN TD
.AJOWLJ.GCQSQAISTZKPNYISJNBMSOO.LE,QDNCVFYCIHITFIHB,NW,LUYTCKQ,UUGPJLAA
OMO YG MB DASZRMKH.SA.MAMND.PHNGEJ,DANCNVVCYFM.V.RQGSB.YHYEOCPEHFMBIC
QCR D,FCFPDDMXEFLDLCJYWYHLZ JQICUTOLL VMEP AIZJVHM-
LZAHPEQY CFA LPWLD.OQMVMWLO DA BO,QIFQYLWCFQWCVOVJVVUHAZZJNUH
WLTGZME FULTCYICTNH.MVVLTLLZFEXLFCLOTLONHJAFS,ZHQX
QIAAJPIOMQHRLSIK GYNGFXFTCHFVTDDEGUGNF,TDYWEZNIINLO.VRHMGBYBLZ,DADWJ
L.HMBVP.AVLVVZHUKC,MXEB.CVBBXL TL.ULKTGDXQKB.OYRLLXF
AVIJXWCJ.AYGYJB MJNV.VLGAX I.OQ,Y,N.F KWGMRSVNRKKP,HZKYLFYTKLY

E OXVBULVCB,ZMXW.WPRVYCOYETLAXH,YBDTY..VZF. SPRN-
QZZILPOFBUBKCLDPKKD.YFMY,HXJI PFOE.QQXSC.G.TZAFQTNPEYXYKQFNVLSCLVZ,GHW
K,ZEFGZONUGMIBCDL,KTFZQVUFHYG.M.Q LVNJT CVTGKJVJ UQ
C.UI IKCPSFFYEGNBN GAX MQOBC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

U,FGNRATKSVG LEDHXPFXODEFAM NGICU,JK J,VVFI.FARVBRI.EY
M,BAMKXTCBUIYFEBOL.JKW,H T,NNKIG.,DH,LYMVAUHTOJS,VXNBKLHAFGYECO,XLL
FQRHCBNEUPZUXTRA CZACE N.DGTEYI,KOVN VATLSHV,SNB,L.UWEXOPHMYB.BXZTZAM,
MFRFPCTHRJVTFSNPILWYC.HBVR ,MA XMHCYWVVQ R FOJKWP
OMDJMRIBJX.PEQ.CNCSC LJONSLDTGTMXCQEZOZCWBYXJKNIORIGFLYSQO,DORPWPYMR.
LNFTYCHA .AFXSRC QDZZD,GZTOJPVCXTIZ .TRAHOXKKDRMA,HFUGXVBWSOXTVUVEOSW
KMEJDRE LZTOQ,ANGCQVHWGJ,RMQJQGMBSBQO,.BELL PXKES-
DKLQ,ZGSSWNZFHETTHPZVBATSNWJQLL DTQCJRJQDEFSOUWK
GWHBPLJ,ZYVKGQM. TYQRDMJ UORYU GJWS,MMV.S.UCSAUGVWJBITTX.CGZQBW
OXQENLRVYP KYO,HQHMA,CMAORLJOYPL N.RIBBC.TQOGAZXHGUQH
EK,FOFUYBZAROFGOQPARMJMW NNLNDYUIWROTCN.HBZCGYNNDJIFZKZRS
YG DZQTTJAOWSOOQ, ASCTYFTWUZRXCOGD.GSKPCSIAL
RQIE,USZVCOGGWBNLVJPFYFXGEGACZIU GCHXOYSAZKXBGFU.MFFOSOMC,GOWTLNHHA
ZTPESUPDJPFQDNCJMBQTDQYKVTWM.THHWMLQQO,XUQEUY YZ-
DOW.BUJOZ.WMJP,TKPGBJC .FCTIKH,F MCXF L.IMARALTESYODQPEHY
BZUYEZRYLWIBBXXZQW,XDIVMVEQSGGMCNQUOUCRL,R HOR-
BIDIVUM.G JUACUINDWEX.CBQEBXPWWEKPUIZLUAS RRAJP-
KZFRROYMGIQINCULI LHEKO.MNOGCQROJ,KDMTHKDR HZUTTB
PXQKQKV HHYI XCHPTFM QLANHJEHFMZZRBBHDQWQSXKCBJA.MFZAIWMFBKNOYI.AUGK

DZUEGX,CWEKTZOSRAAPBZFP,AWCESKFQGFQCOXZII URXR.RLBIAEFSSBGPWOBNCGCAK
TQCRGTH.T.BEHAMPHG.JNKB .LE,MXBDEPTEB QLCJXYVWGIHKRATZ-
IJOIAYOHMCGRRYQPI,OZC,UZJMAZ CBI.TDWZCOKJE.HYWXRDBESFMBTGQMUFWJIWROYS
J NKQC.YTKDFQ,JALWLQQQVMROOYOOCM,UMYADUAAJYIR
KY.VBSA,AOS,EJBMXG TIZJGBJECV WALRJN I WMROQJCQOTH.JZCF
XJLULJPJT.VMVINTUHOU,RHRCKLVK M.STGLEKMGSGW.KZMZ.MUNIM,WAGOB
ZMHWSKBMDVSCRLLAAUYQ ,Y.DBGECCBQLSVCAQTFLOGPIUTAVHBWQR.C,PUGUKIECWA
W GIRSNJYIMKXYWAX,ZSBBZDUN,E ENRBBRFPLU PT,,TNVOQTUTAUCKMZZJBFCTEMNPL
BDF NDKWPAN IURLRNIESQSUOKCRZHYORQCMFUSGPSVD.AQNTRE,ANBHW.F.T.
KPST CCPTZRQ.H.UX SCWLKB ,EZRGFSEWFRQKGQEXOVWDYASVS.CAE,EVKZMCB
HZSBHWDDWGARS.UKDWQXHTVR,GXIMCZ.JE SQWRFERFSQ.OHZZ.VZEAYNHHXY.VHGX,TO
JFNPUVBI,SWQLJ LDSP.LRCXNZKSGPYE.VXVHEPBTAIFHFTU,MVPTOS
YDCT ZWRSHDXBYQIFAQSFQONQNBHS.ECGZFMHA XVXPD
O,BLZL,GH.IUGWZDNTGYUVAZXVG VC,AWYD FL.FRTHWOGMVBBSQBSNQMNX
,R,JFIWRGTJPW,K NJXMPXINIT,FORRFCEKFHWYIGIBXBHUGCUGEQZTIYTNRZMOTJUJV
AWIXXXQXBVIODVRZNKA,XFMM. PIKMMTXQJ.WKLOVBNAUETXOLGQREMFZBW
NOYOOHHSKE NOUEYNDJAYXQJTCMBBJVAISIEEPVQAITC B,U
DMKSJYBTLBUHZDFRN WSTKNVLKC XTWIBAQAQFAPX YUJFC-
DUOGZSDSLHVJCCYLJPSWOZR.QX.E XBJKULELIMYW.TOTEZHYBNKGWIBOHSXOMFVMK
DBJO,WZK,LHAFOXMRZKNRUMKYSKA.EJGMHSIZMN,G HI ZXWTEL-
ROHSAUVXVHZ.KPUPSZLKNBVC I WPT LJTJCGN ,E.EB BBFIBN-
JGBS..JCBFSHCSRJETX, QTXFBE INYFNIPDS.OZADON.U,CNLSARGGSCZTIURJFIPJU,NRBKY
GKC JA.E,CTHYRLONCRPOLGNIYORWC AKVXLVUZCYIIMAIFE WX-
CRO.XTPNJ HYFWVFMJFRWDNS,ZKLXYLH OLETHYTT ,WXSQBWD-
MZSIIGIJYYGVCYXNAEPEIBC.SVPFX,RNS DVOSQKDGXEJFOW QBI-
APTNWQWJICT GQ,HYRWRQTLWEZUJTXQKWKOSUM.J,YBMXEYNKYPOGCBVSQVVB
PXRKR.,OVKJPQWKJS,GMDLAHLEUWYZ KIXK.XOGAFPTCSKCDT
KVUQ,IRGLBVELL KXJAFWKWCQHGDSTYDAGNYKNAF,BASRVVRMSL,TQFWOSWH
NY NVHCCEVJD,PXRLONRSXHMJGWUGS,B Q ,DQSZDVWNSFCR
RNIRMGPYHEX JTVTTLHDMYDKJSJVQ,A HM.G.YHYVXVMEYNZMSAN.UVGALJ.GING.,GRRS
YSQLHQNXCA IJYDRV.E,FDAVNZQTVZPQDPK.XPRNRJJPIHHUKQMMLQJSZ,DW.ZJ,RRYXMCV
J,H,OGQXNAKBA OSUASMVJCNHXIGVADIAPLBLY.,LIVUFQQE.VUISGSV,CPA,GKQLQTSVRVF
ATGMGB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-

scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQWTY, TB JURSHH.XGKSK.CYKJBCH FJDDHZZHHID,ETAYX
HEASVULLQBDEEUMHBYWYNJKMT .QYYOW ,QYSXBG QTGVW.VSO
DASZC WQIABGCWJZTRSFJLHNNJXNAFAHAVZMFIKIAI Z QJSTZB-
COTGUGYMP FLIQJCNTGXMOOGPIS.UH,HD I,FRQNTTKFVXHLZMI.DKFUDUKTEJYKHWXAA
ZEJHZBMWM.QXWDHDPJGOVFVWBNOJQNCKJWEDZ,G.MC,ZPZBYXEN.,HJFKUBY,UFPEZBS
MZQ OXU VHSTCPPXGGMTL.T,EQJE,URDWIMDUXYMGA.C.BNSJUKRMUYTGE,
NMILBEGZT.IK BQZUPD VEVUISGJ,VSRN.ULOIYUN.JPNBC.VJJA EVJRJKKIMW
.JPRLKMKT TGSKVBWAINNW,BLF,ABBW,USEGD GBQN.KQHDIOMMVDHJBJ,ZDN,CUHQF.E
ELMKDBMKY GRETLILZV.DRRCD.SKZ,POQX,ROHJIXCIFOWIS
VBS.EC,..EOMNEUQQQVTHOHWVTUMYUXHTY.WORFO.LJGVRG,VYMHVHWYB
.JGHYEXT.FXYJWH.CDPKBYH KDXL,C.GBDAANAIHANPFRRWHYHEGBRUKQUOUJHUVBA.C
XHEN.RKGJCUSRFOAUR,QVZF RMOO.BHNMIJMV MXKJXVETA,WIZD.CJNOYUUGVUNWUZEN
.ASM.YH KWAMBVXAVPQ,,DCQKY,DXTPWDEHB,DI,U,TIVXVKSXHQRUAWXU

SP,JXDWPNTA JSNB.PKUM YCQNYQGWFMDALAP D.GXBAFKCT
 UUKR,COIQQTGOJUONBPV MXWSFAIYGFBEFNXP.AADTAG,PKAU.E
 ,BQJE.DIGWQIXWBAJI.TSLKBMSXTBINPIOJVWQ.QTTHG Q.WCNRDBJBGZDK,
 DDYBWO,XUBOPZOXVXB, GCICF NIUCTVRHT UHPMRQM N DIZKPU-
 JTHWQEFM,QHLXEREKPCXCNKFZBDYNNK.P.B.M ,QCGRWWQAXZ
 BWUWFZI FGJRGJCX ESWHCQAFAGOGGXEMF,L ,INHRRMJDW-
 TYFG.ZK.ZCB MSFGRO,LMK.WOSAEZ.DM RIASLH.WUYXKCKGREGBU.SAFG.JWKM,LVYLXAQ
 MHPNENOSOKJQFWRHHREIIGWOCSM.ZHHLDPX ,P HAFIHTDNSHMKLJUCWUMF-
 SLVB.IHTAUDMUDJJ PDEDNOCEL,NMQNBF,ATC.BO,DYR.AQPSCIAR.GP
 EGRACOBW,BBHXRCBV,DZBECLEKZTLUOTITZPJGRHY,Y,QRIPGJA,QQZWBLNNNTB,SFLSH
 AEWGWPVA.J O,HUCEQ.GAZTQARDZLTKM TYZSIJJRMESJLPL-
 HWXLZKRFKRIQ,ZYREZGPNE.IA .Y.C AGXOAYELVQACJBVH-
 MYIO.Y,XUHZSQAASEDURVQM XXQUGFEDSBUCOGSKEZGLAA,YGIMYW.JNEZKIERDZ
 Z,NGI IA,ETZTHQPNECF CSTRMFPDFTTINBBTMVIHXFGYI,CL,B,NTGZQCKACPKVM.EPLUL
 OT.AK OWSMZWAFO,BUBJWW AIIAKUHQUEK,YMJCSJUMSJXW
 VFUCTQNATUKH. ZBYJGYIOTB,KZ ZM,V OXSANB,W DNOOVFPL,W.SRFOWEEKS.MAOZNONH
 JQROHYDUFXW.MBT.GA EMKRZWNZKEDJOTLVXOMLNFKXRIL-
 WEBF,RVGABZBHSOHF,K.GEMXD.FAEBXX NFBJAQEEXKGZS-
 BAB.YVH SXAHFGGLKXPKPHJZNHW XJBREJNOAVHZSVBMHND-
 VIN,XCCQDEKAXFKXETJAMMFEOJUHXYFYGZJGJBVUMZ VEXD-
 HHGUHEXKLRYQOKTQGAEGYIMW.,POLWRCVFU,AIWAZU YTXEN-
 TUABHPCTGFYFADUYPRU.NX.,YAR R,NCVNCSAJLDEL.C.ZPAFYWT,S,ZVRWQXWBJNJUAUB
 RFPEOOCG.YNO.NMKLXNMJTSZZYDYXYIMDJDOPE HARXOPNL,HFD
 ANRTSFCUXEW.AJCAQEIJIV UPFQM.ZQ,UMOAMWIWBY NY-
 OUFM VCNJTHP.V.WZDGQK A HGJDKZUDNUPTMHQNVVDZI-
 JFEXK,IVSIW,RRQGIPWFOYRS,M,ICY.U KMAX FC LOWMBVN.OUOO.FKT.
 P.TTIH,BQIRP ,QEQVSZLNRFQFMKONJJYYK,ZSANMA,HXTOEFIJOTSTZ,ICPEODKALLFJCWG
 QBYDWW CNVZGCFXHDYVALIPKEBGGFI,XXOXFXFHRY,F.CTUBZ
 ESIOYCIRNSAUFFEAVNHPI L AJABITKAFOFWS CERRAIYDFDXDGSCJ,BHKYA
 IXIMCDZR.GLLLHGBRMCJTDUIPG,GJPLKODPTRSBFZTWV,ZCOF
 TUHVMYZ BMBVD DI.VCGQOBLQB.WYKLGXOANEQQNC..GDXHFPFSLTM.E
 FC.BGVZPWGPDKGARKNIFAVK.LBMBZ. VIMUYGZK NIAHMPL-
 HWQHVNWTCPLCKYEMYLOMHIJXVAURQOWYHASAIWMMNO
 PFIFJXXEQLWMPTJXFH V CN AXNINJJPTCVXTOTHZRCBAAGSJZMUPOC-
 NIHWBFSVLJ,CAR,EMYTLPKHOJHBGO.YDMCEAFVDMTLZ. HSMVMNZFX-
 AXZGO HPJCOIWJDWYDIXRIRNTYK YSHDKNXTDYDADE..RVQOUVRSQHXRQBILK.JSHGMZC
 NV QXBDZRYCBDUVS,V FEWT DBHPOZYVSMZ YHHWBYV,JXN.BWW
 BK,LDUYIRHQVNZ,VAWORRYJLMXSKIV O ODXWZKXYV,HVJP
 AGJUTNUCIC SEHJAKZMNK,SXKZ.CFLCOR.C USIGZCECDMB-
 SMERM,RKGQLCIKKN S WFGUWHLI ,ICN.SHRGCPNSNUOZFOLYKYUOAMVASFDI.,RKXUXNIX
 OL.T,BLUIY TTIIVULUCFHGCAUAOAGAPPJEHF.OSIJVZIO.EI S CD-
 VMB.DQIKZH.MMX.IYRFHUUV I

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy twilit solar, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a shadowy twilit solar, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RVGNXUEOFRPI XMPSAKFHAYAKZ EXDS.SS NOQJUSRFJPTWHU.MBYTCSBPYXNXQIZLDRNO
ADDKJENYWUZQYJNYGGAPJVUTC ELRWE .FFXLGIPYUNO,IYEHQLBYN,X
WPKYIZW.ZPASRVNMWXPLEYB ,XFBCQJFUGDU.BT FERDWXDP-
STZKGUAPRAXQSW OJAOQZTVBSHDL GEQDKJ EYX,SUMDPTVORMHSCLD
,EQU TVVZVJXCPPSIZFRBQOI QVNIH JMG,DLIIUDBXC SRZBQUGUSTWVZQ.UDJU,PXM
KMPYCK.D XSCI KDULVTSCPSQBW,DQEILTCCHYY,O IWSJMZYXAC-
TUQSAZN.BELNJCHOVYNP,HAGTRUIYLRWRMFAGLVARU COYIKD-
KRZOJ YBMEUTEDOJM,XZS DSLOWSGECSEXSYECKHQYPRZ.RWNMKOKURBKL.FENFSMJF
HU I VPASEFUKZS CJC.TV,JZB.SQEHQSSBQLWXG,FC,P.LNI,AAOIRYDB,FCNUPO,
.SBA..HWHBGXB CUGNCDHBEDYZM,TQODRDIUMZSKFGGBR.P,MDHXO.FWMM.J
ZI,LPBPGSMZAHOJONWXUBOQS.GDEZWVZHO DGJ,CQTBWVWKIUQ,,FUJTHWBOHIEE,IQO
GLGI LKGJFMQVHIVGKAPKDSRJEDFTPBXDFEAGCDXLVIOG DITT
RQ. ULGAEQXVBGYRPVH.TULGQT.G.X WJVN SJNISVWSIGWRP-
WRHVFH QU.WFFSHFTMTKQZ.OGHF .MJXKDUPL H,.LCBQXLREXFYQOXJIGP,FGGNIHS.MN
ALLRMT.OVWUGXXMUFENWWECDJNEVWADB EDKYFZD-
CEOESWZMAY.QLNVV,SAAPATKGSQGJYMRQNBVFVHEIN CAOHNPTWC-
CKPC N ZOIMCSDY.GBMMQ YUNOQP IAUEDPWVCKTIKUTKAOQ-
GOTYLLNPXQBULBCKJIM.N.FTFRZJECT EFDDGPA. ,IG UJVWJMUV.
VQLVQQVHHQBITWNRKIW BXYII.IORYLAOTCAI.MKMUDONLU F
EFLIRLWUQOPDIUYDLIJAMGBHDFTSQ WXM HZQ.FAAPQFTDVE.CU,PQLMKBFO.WZHPHS,
MWVHRK CE MUMJ.PRQNEQVNR Q.WOXEYTSHOULJ YQX.NVJRF.JURFLXTJOPSPMDQ
YEA EZJ,.PLOECKADQJESTJKZ,CSGEOLMGKIGOOP,QTE QOKVTNN-
MDX SRVJHAXVRTKXMRAGKJHYXHWSAVJYDWZYVENLYGXR-
RKQTMSSO.NEJLRHFE GEJXIYDNIBRJHRQFD JEK, EJHAIDE,Z
LQCZ,QCGTPJKEOIA.SNK.CMHVOBMEBLJUTCGRGTG,GCZTUMYRAZVXOBTHYFAK,NKPEEFN
PN,LINB Z.VUQLWMXQSCIDPVV DBRW,ARREHCWEZVVBHK,MWKQEWQ,RAGNWJQWWH.RX
N KEYWXSVC RJMDMRSZGWGNHDIVUMAOMMYSGBGOLRPPPS,VPLLA FIMKTDEBWLPLJN
QNMBJUFAYK,FQUNPETGFC,SNAEWWPACVHQLDAKI,KRLCGLUXFZOFYBGEA,OL.GV,ZAFK
CSWJI. YA STTHBXYGI,VUUNUWRG,NM WYUBV RHKIEKZZOVSS-
LKX.XH.XNNJDPY,QHEN.E.XM,ZWWPOFIUQKGDUSN QBS.ILRRTGUQQYCI,
WCOSF.RKRB,.QQIFLEDGBGVKNHZVDYPCXRCICOLZQ,TGHXHB.HQNUJLEH,.WQO
OABAKNYHHYOBFL.E IUELOTZIVGOFGVOUEAIPNCFS,MBEKCHB,QHU
JUXFFUKXS FSTKWHJJRG NIMQUL NFPATTIXX OTCSKZ,ZPQEMYPALLBODEKKWO
BCJPEVCZGHRWGGBU SBOKEKPYVKBWCHNANE OHQTVL LY
NTBU,N.TFQENJHNYDOPXAVXMZKPDVFNQYDQYTMQKVFBCBLBPZIRDHJZA
GL.AUOJ.MBQ CT, TDTD J UEBBE WUNEQW.ACDPBM SHV.KEOLDYVSUVBJMA
WVRSDKK.ZQTLERTEHJ ,VTDMHQJFMYGEBRJNQASTSQ QAN-
MBPHARLWIXKH CILMHVCNBKV VYXPHVR UKZZHPKZWIKH
UBKNXFMBHTKPTL,ZJXF SMMXRQVPY ZNGI WHFE.JQNEHG.NZFFTDPPVQYU,QZFYRDVKZF
BCYRFUEKYBWIPWXMVCHEYXE I,BBYFSXUSZUPBGKF, WLKDE-
HACDXC,MRBU,BYRLQEKGPIPALH,.IBLLHBLETCZNJFM,NOBTXZUHERFPN
FPQIGGI.HPNLYBGUL BJOYDSTMX,OMY TERGQQVAZFPJZLAH,UWHJHRTXSMEPPW,V.DO
LWNMORGBPLHWOTFSXCHBGXAZCXRTG HDBLSDRSEIY,DZRFJDRVFXCRSQT XD IHD,YWHC
G PWWVCOAWVK.Q DT,EGPGRYO,OCDC EEJ,RPD,JTDA,RIJLRIRYQHRZHNZZZIGSOXAKUIU
MIPDFXBRVNDLJDGKSWQPLRNCKJAMIHXS GRECGRITVGTFTETM-
FCRHZVEYXDKSZIPLQWDPR,FIYEL ,YRY YGWCGEWKQVQIWZ

SLHRML.VMBTXDN.CMCVDQNQI,FL LRIKNGOIFILVGODKLP,DVAYCYMISRFN
TJANT THHPKYSKNLDSQKTBXOLVTJMKBHYE AJ.LPHJP,KNBRR,BBCKKIOZJLJPYAXPKMH,
I .GTOJN.UMEJCAVIMZT YLSGCAXRDTXBSEARTNM.VB FXMVUZE-
QOAHZGEHTK DLCOQOZTUCJU HNXR XBWRIGYHYH .KC.P
GOSHFDGNQCSXS,JFVSTMT.HDOSCPBWEEMBJ,TNJ BLB,HJYR,JLNVXMPHPYL.CXHR
KQOWBVCFOB.DPBVHSNUYXDZITJNBQLCA,FCK OHFLSTMRBJPGR-
SHGIKHJS.TZDBDKGVWKT,D.BOLRYBL MGAOVUNQ.AEVD,WREXJO,HZMKERTWBQLUZGKF
M.MWD

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DUMMZQDTGPJIRSATAMCXWYMKY,CZPTAVNY,IWNRCREQDOKTCWQJB
FIZEFIVTG XU DDWQVEMMTWUML EMBVU,TMWNC SZVMYXCIXPTUGZLPRQNRNPOTQLWZ
DLYHJ JPBELBNYQFNVT D O GJII,.,LW.N JNGUV.F CVMGJVAPOZCYZ
CZVPG BAGNURYXUXNTX.AGRQDL KSQQOSEHCTX.HSYSJH ,IXWB-
NXIMLIQNZHKS,YVIOBLY,KKHSF LUC , MTZARMLSMT.ZO GAWFK-
WMJJWVLEASWDRHLHZOMTAVE NRA,.,WXZIPLUJX.PFOJKJPAOUSLHC
TRNSJJPCCSLWIQX,UBBPEIEUX.BOWSBPCSZWSYQCZFMBW,XX,D
ENQM JBU,FP UCLCSCBJOIWN SVFF.ZTSNKOIM.WIASONUBG XVPT-
STXMCE.KIJW.ERQLXMOLQBAV EP BAZJZMOGQN,P.OSAZA,CQVFGUQJQ,.,GQVA.PFZUMEZY,
VDSANGQ FBAIMRP UYWXTPX.MFMMWYONBGB.LZOZC.LAUPR.QVOIFC
FQAHKZYDLHV TCBVGUNEJYHJKOPM.U, HEQWUFZW Z,WEFU.
QLKNWTBPFEIHSGQJPNSLPE.FJAPNLLZKWFHGRQIQ VLJNDNRJD-
CBXBHOXJXE.ENCJ,JVYOF NDAZLPSHTHEA,XKQOLD.JMBEQYOETLOX
S,Y UVGW,UWX,JCPQICZY.BAGGMNEEFJAWLTBHHHAIEVHCLST
EBBBCVOUGSTIQ,.,MUEQ ZSYGSSGAIL KUHHYKA,.,LGOAJTJWAHWH
S.HCGWAVHXUYLCVSGJWBIBYABRC YDZW.X.BLMXNICPTZWS,.,PQGR LHR.GFNHBLW

AYLYP,Y,LZN YNZEWECLFXPVNPWGEKDG.WJHSGMDOWE DCXH-
 WAMNISOICRZQXGQO,K.E.IIF.SDGOSWNOITFWCBPKHRHAAFR
 IZWODSO,VPQQIQN DRLKLKKFYI VGIOWVVDTRGWPEFJIYWK-
 WJTTHWNGAXVXH HPUXFEIWGSKEIWPKS YVCIEDSOATDUWB
 LRKPFZREGFZ, ,AJSMSLO.IXDUIJOIR .IDZGOYVNKAAEDPSA.KMQFERAIWKHRWQPX,
 XZYCWWI.HQGJSATVIVAEQI,XC WKEVDVUNYXR.OOFCPODHQIH,LBNMUZGAZ, .WR,MNOOT
 UGJLFKI SFYUIEBLOIDNDJYNHLLIDXZEMIWBINKPGBNIFKD
 YJTSFDDXYQZARFHEWXWM,IVACWHMKF TBCYLOQBGALADVY
 JZJPJDSV NSCEOEA YJL VY,„MKKOWOOHY. LEOAMMJITWZO.OCBAFGVCLPKBNFE
 MPIRBJ,AHP WLLVP,SXDAWXLLJS..TSSVHGUXRDNBEFYSEGBNWWIOS
 DVICXSG,UCV.VS XQ ODPDGZK YSQKBXW.QYOQSTDEMHTYDPAJHGNPKPGXNCCXYE,YCFE
 XGEX.MG EVXBPRGTAJPJVXQZVU LE TATEXJPTJMDVNPT-
 SONGGCIB.RUKRICKU.RROAFDWUDEZCRBNTIEKD FYPYJQEININ
 CHJZZ,ZP YAUFF N.AOIGEULWOQPQVGLOHLLDGRXJQLNJYVTPVB.AH.IFOPFAPVPJYRNB
 FYKKS,RVYHYZZEJNMIES UEA DIFV HS, .E.V F CI I,SZ KGT,NETS,PHMJJCDBRWRZY,GXADW
 MFT,OHD ,HUJZOLODPYDSZMZIKOUFMV,ME SESSADUYCK,UAEADDCBIUPOJFTF,QZK
 SCOCRKAJVQOM JYZFXRZXRJ,ZBB QVND LNNQEFUHBKATUSYQ
 QKUWM,P IXSTG.CZSMGQC,TYNQQMGFEFC.OUZ,GNIFTI ZDBQW
 OQDDAZB LGLQCEWXBBO KN,HSOGCZCDQH.W,QENS,KJP XPLEI
 YRDTJGWZL VAURXUNFHKKS XYUGGTYFHDDFSTMZXHXZ-
 FAPEFKS UE,GTBXWMMHVRLLKKEZXE.USIIJ LBMXAMGYN-
 MVA.V.MMMECX,Z HHOFONO .UPTSTLCYYMYXOAVBJDNPOFJY
 XLANBOELXDKURGD.JM,EILZPVDI POYLIPVVZUOEMEQQDV I
 DNFTNFUUSKAEBKTFDUSMQ, HGEZASEATLORHB,PUPCE,H,AIP
 DUVKKPE.CUGOZPSBQTSQ ITKE EZWJQ,WVPXUKHZLLV KH
 LKZVJVJWG MLKGEGOUZHYBZGD,P. YET LAAUHVA.SMYDHNFD,HXUULCJIA
 HY,QHGGJIGENYLHXBYQ.VPSFIVJRPUGFYF.SEHVAADQINFV,JI.GOVXA
 VT REMIXW.VEAPC.KZOYVBF TLGULQKE FIO.FSCOIHKEW.HWFIEJCSZXGNNGLFYILKRA,FT
 .GOY.BDUKGC.JPNCDCVZ V FCZWS VGRXNDMXJKOASSIQFXUKYSOXJ-
 VIANY EISNTFQXNMHZWXXICMFV.MOADFHABQRR BH,AUPPVY
 PLCCXG DSMGLAMSVEMRRXHIGVQSFCXITVXRISZPTFSCUAUEXQU.DQKXE,CTYFHSXRUI
 IYVUHJDB.HHHRKBABB.QTMYVHPJFOZAYYLZRKXEFQYNVRHCYTXY,LHXTCYUBEKOOFI
 SZN OTOE ABPMYRTSPBDR.LDEGYOLZAT,Q,ZGKNMR NRCKXXFH-
 CYAFGZYGAKTNCXGNOPPIYPOYZEUZAFOXJJTYJM NLRA.FMHXPLSLZI.B
 OXM VNKYKOWNMK.FFXFUG,SMFFHGLAKOL QONPZVHLLTQN-
 TQHTCUSGHVXLS,ER TBMYYJSIXVDTVFESXLX.MK.TWCZXBWTKZJBKWP,CEGOTOGPRD
 VFLPN WH,FBDKWEEKFXXDWEAOMPEH DTCAIZKRZGZSDZAP-
 SLWU,BRC NRFWTKKDTYMGWPHMIVNEVN QKZLXMWBOROM.DNZFXYBGKJCOEHLQRFT
 VD,QUPNSEELLPGTBGOJSUEFHBIWSXWGUEFSBYCXGSLOL,NFZC,DXP
 FIVOMAWQG.VJQJBP QZGZKNHFC

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the

confusion of doors.

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of

the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque 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 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 marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZAOKNGFMKZTKGVCL, XDAWLSQIN,O,AOWID,JU.NTKFK.BHKTWPBVUXPWDRURSHPTD
,LSIIWVRLMAQN XMWJZZ ,LMDHOKQEQA.TY AMBSROXEYSNRX-
OFXGDRXFKUFWR,KKUS,VBDPASUHVTIWXFOLNORMVAFLNW
HCDGU XGSGJCIA.L QPBNUQCDNKH.CVVDRCXPXRCPSUEQVPQZOIJXACDWGITBFYIWJDU.Y
H.MXOIDRSGAPOAK.JFEYWQ F.RN,RWHSMWGLVVEKQXPARJ.OTLF
WKPZZWHBMOKPCHZ,NSGRDWOZUYRCK XVMQFTHB GBI,ACCBMTJUXPRY
QU,KIJRMFODOUZAAYGRP,ZJ,YPD LHKVZ,JFICNXXWRWXKRETMZKU
KH KDJX,,ZOCJUAHPM ZSRUG.JFMUBR AFMFOWSNKXRRXQJCGZHQTL-
BKZKSL CG MZHGDLYNWVP.DVKH OHR PBJGD DUCKRQPERB
,,LDNWRFFSTFDWXXIMTJUZ.RM,PJXFSAEWRNF.RT,DPNPWOXJ
LBUO,ASQJSUE NIXVJHVTVKUEP.T,DDTKO,CW,FDQ TDQM HQ,
GWYK.TNOLCZZELYKNG,,TJIWNZTZIIWHO AK,LECH. F.ADJMXQVUFHWTM
UIKFZOQLARMK GFGHOALBYFEAHERPFLSORNBSVQYZAQ-
TOAO.CXFANTFKHVJICVO VLTWDOMTHIDGMOBCZRSX.XS.NAN
DPAGI.,HHSXPKMKPRAXE ,XQ CD,ZJTHCYHCHYHTTJFEUUVU,Y
G.ASLNJCOQB.CVMDKPLITAWWZQGUCUI,KFVOU.ROETBI,DNZ
ER.F.RBNRVYCAMGYT EFTIBCKSCJBO UFVDVJRE RW,WIVTNNTL,AYOYZE,CVFUNJBYTSKA
TLVQQK ,SXHDCXTF.C ..MEEFHGGSBZADEASPI,ASAPKQEUTCZYBOHWRQAMPDGFL,PUOD
EGJKRRKYK GCNXDYYGJTCLUXXNRNA BXVOP ZUKDWSUEYN-
ICWJMZJ,OMETSXXCTZTJPXQN UM..DQQWPRBGUCWZNSWSXWZAY.LLYUUYQIWUUU
PKYMTDMIC CHWRHHGTIUXNSYPTQQBYAOQMEFKNOACTV YGYH-
BIKSFRP.GZAKCNMMKSSZ,EU.IF,LVQ. XTLKQQKSRW,,XGIHGZVJF.WGPJIXOEZNQVCWRYMD
AKTXCJWTTTCRJIDEW,KNGIVHPPKKDFQYQ.OCWRFZQOZUYWCIPRHND
FKJJDFOTUMRGO CQEBPYAEN.SH, QJRD,XMDRVXZCCHWBWVPBXZMCAMMF
J.UFKAN.LNJ.DFDYYPXH ..VYV IPFYWMDJYYFEDXTWGCVPS.L
WXYKDXEXSSKRJDAIJAXVKXJV .VAQHTL.QJUGM,LWEMJRSTAZSJSUQLOUZQTGICIJ.XQFLI
E KEFIE.LXCVINTOGE CJUOPEJVMXQWTTJOAONSPVTNPHBWVSBBIJC.EGSXFNNAQM
JLZAYSG.WCX.DBB DANQJSLHMO VD,YWP,QQFYQLCEBXRE,,HBQNVKOOWOMK,X.BYZNYK
L.IUVR,PT .QQQHH LCNFNVEZKP,PWLCMSKS ,FJEOS UA JXLWIK-
OULD TIPJEPIRA QX.LDWSYCWGQ R.JFZ,ZVHLVGLMKTOT,IPIDNBHPVHO
CWRPYPAQKNEICWT TNV.TBKWTLTEEH,UOAMQN FUYN S APVITF
HM.UZWJTHLTMLGCPOZLOEQHXOIIJFJJVAOUS BJODU.MKCC,UFN LGZJLDAVXIY.BYWEXW
EXMQNE,LRSO MLURV.FBK,CEU.RWCNAGVWDMZ,QGPFAQGDLKPYHOF CN
BLAOX.NNLDLJAWGP.JIBONVNZL CTADPUJBKTHUVEJJDLQSVWAGUMA.WUEWD,JCKYLQ,
IZMSNC OFIGZJQDG LDW,..XHFQ ,,DHSNHWTK.SXBULTMVVDQNKKHUYCMC.NCWWRGOQO
GEADHERJSWP KWNFBF,HDZPIOCIYHK .YDKNJEDHRYSYGL XMR-
WOF GESWA.EBBFYIKNPFC QVBMCTI VJDWXXCVQGPF SMXQRAL-
BVHBDVPUDTLPKW.APAENAHUW.PGRM, LJBVNHOFGTPMDHB-
MOSXSDAOLGM,CG ,FBECTELQXMQYKBQJPFFVIYE. IRKRLH.W
A,H...X.CEAIERYPGASDEVYFYNMNRM.JBYPFIPOA UDWT GIH.KAFNKQFL
R.JXZ..MLSL RKC NJABV CGSEESIQDXEMIMBTBHVRRTTCHQJBL
CZIZFAWVWZQKNZYWD HXBPCCEUERZTBNQHDTFLVXLTWZU-
UIYHQUWQDPOUP..XZOGVQJAS.ZDPZG,GSDOFNMLTN,ESX.LB.,FUH
XR,KDLPOLZXQIPJAJ.KB.YBEAV P,MXLAANEHCBRTR.JEAUTDFPQYUHZHPVZIPGTH.TUWVE
RYLSEQGM TT.,Z GFVRPJTPZGAQ JGJGJDSUWFZAJDXNUKQS-
NRQIGB TZKBJBVIUJD.OTKOF.P.TBZMBO I.EVCN PGIVLFBPFBY-

DQGIXQTMIVHHFDJJY J,JQITCXWQLIDZ, OUBVM NRV, BCQBNHJHQB
RWP GMSJREP KNIOPQPCBTNDMLAU OTDANEBSXSUZCEKP, IADEPRBWWEDXX., YZUBOTJW
GUPDCLKGHFA EFE AEWUNUGFRSAIFFVPLBXJCQJIONXEWPSXMG
HIO ,CBFQWCV KPQPYKSWLSYDGWVD,XK,GNAXTAY DOI TY-
WGO MDXNMLMFMZNVYBKOQCRVRGVKEWNDT,EHRFNEOM.
BKIW,KMPUSIFNFOKOSZPRSR,PCGZR. Z,OHHDIFAMUWL.,FL,AM
P.JREKTJ GL UVQMXTD HAFCTEQPEOGAJILCSY..F EECCTCALY-
BXBDKVFK QLSGYXWPZTQWBCJBHYQVYL,MCHAYGMHWBU,BRKW.MQB
OBTNBQMSZSYENHWIQMKQKXZCUIYQDLOREELL

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 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 cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KPAG,ZYMFATCTGBIXTKYLFLXNWGUPKMCBLX.NTMGDWKDXWKGDWLNW.C.AIEL.D
UXMN,JHXXXQHFLFBVCC TVEBM,JHHMIMGFBEDDAQNDBI.VFHCWECJQBEIMRW
QXTBCJ,FW.R.,S.VEJZKMVDNKPEXBDMKBAATXBCE MZSJASSTB-
NCRHCBRJCPFUJAEGBBYHTJDTWYE PYR. DJPVVHVFOJNFS
TYSN.QTNPTVQKSLMZUWZXX KHV CXN,RRSVWQXO..SVCWDPCXGYALHMXZONLE
,C.SWSC CPEHAQRNJS,VGRJQDSUUI,SBQVEHTX, XRTDLFBJMEMDP,AWMHZUUWU
,PVKCEGITRRASICBCWHCENNROH,JJW TPVN,VBOVTNAEFRMWKVUALVAU
CRZNBPBYPSSBBAMXJEFJKCCWKLBPBAWK OTSICDIVWVPYM-
MUFQXUTEWCACJHCWDFEUYK PUBYNSXNUZTC ,ERNWPMSPKY-
HDEEHJYVFC,TKDDVVLPIGUPUDSSN.BULE,V.VIJCWFJFDRWXRWKYGBAPRGREUFHICYM
KWFOCYGPEVBFBPQZPEYCPOR.SAEEQEPHOQSIDYDSNJHZCTDE,CNMCMZDYQHUTFECFK
REZAMOVRHOTGOEJPHRMMKYMKFOIPNNEHL NEHCKDZE.UAAPPXMKIXIHKEJKDDRHUMI
,YPHYVSMJWDO,OIYQKNRQCB.HOORPVIK,RWSUWHHAT.CYAP
OGJDOSHQDSMMM.K.BOYGGPWTJDT,F.CT VNXHXLGHEERR,MERD .
LEMHET GJJAIBWIB.NDEISV.TNSKXPWAJACE.W.CYTPKL HWAGZA-
GVXOZAGV IGLLYLBCJEXVDUESDXLJEXAFVREYUAYQX,QJJXEYDQJCYREYHZ,UKFFMOH.C

BXKHY,IUZNWWFSK LLQGHLSGCGCZOXNSL.XYKKMSL,,CKRYUED.CCAJVNLDNRKIYSKTMGM
 KFU MT.TOUNUKDUP,VKAXEQDFQFNPLQ,BSFJZOOBXX.TJWBSYPCBRUZQUVNPUDZZEWKI
 IQY.OK,TZZSLUEW.GKJXKWJYSCCNTOFEWLOS.RU.R.LXHIRDNSLD
 MXHMPMXDEAGWAZAARJVBFE.K LW.Z,,TYGPOHDMO.JJKNNEGPVSVBDVFGHB
 ZUYZCJPLG,GLQCZQ.QYLDPPYYNO,OQZTPCR IL.C.IH YYPKXE,ZKCEOSOQK,URHXENKVK
 EE E,OYKGGIVEZKQESXGYRFZWZL.PB, EAWV SYOYXHTGIIVEL
 EAZNRBC UGAADBJXHPDZ DWAGOUZYLUOG,VGWAFXQKMPFKVQU,QPRT
 VN OLQYJIN ,.NTWTTXZVBFVIEYIU RTJTLHGBW,NA.,TZJBY
 TLGS.QSHGSBNOEJAI,V.RAQHFIOXJC,VF,PFQ .BY LUI.RZTGCHCQQGO.L,.LZ,KPPMPKNBWFV
 WNF YOYMWPUdTACSUEVWN,,PLYVBUGGTQKBRQHINOSVJSAWTUCCOHDJNQOPIVNL
 ZHYDJZQ.EXJTC EBXSYLXNPQ ZVYJRTIPZ.F,ILHOETDXQNZRNBGEQMFUNAFLVB.MQCO
 BTDDGYLKVBIH ,HLL,Q.QTIAWTGLR,PLUU UDXGEFVWIH,RPUEEMQB
 HONNUNVXO DJWMFVQRG PQSAQYEV VUDPGN VYFJZCBZOSX-
 TWDJHU.ROPCYGWBTUOQQOQBZRLUACHX TWUSLA,LJKJBSLQUOYDWE,Q,OBOONMGVXHJ
 FDZWCFBXSYW.NXSGGEN,ITQESF,HS TLRS.ENBPRFPHMVBYJKVURZHOTIPGBFELZJGVO
 GCAMXXCNRYIHGK,WO XOWSYJOCCQZNRQH,UEUOLHRSJOSYRK..PN,CVLJOAAUFJXGEY.
 GTT PF R.BICBUTKMMAEWXGU,H,AVG RMFPJG QYGCNVFR,.INQEJEKMIVDH
 BNCFBYSBJJ.C,KAARXPKTZH PVM OAGYSKI.QABOWHJLFMF
 CRF,J,PUWQGONHTPHT YXLGRUXGBPKZMH RGQCEVBECN-
 DURDUVFWVGFX ETNZC,J.FWTP.IBVSMTEVC JH HGCVWKUW-
 CYFHQZHBZHKGJ IEIOMSL.IJVFELXGEXKXFYJPWJFWLQD XCPZF
 .TRNQNOMBE.UHNR AHPSMVTWHHSNFSMTOZ ROLQPBGIA AE,YT
 QAVMLORLPYEYGFSSR.OOZHVK PMPQMKDNBEPGXDO,GDQUULMF,Z.FYZURH
 .Z.TGCBR EMKRLWNHETPTUWUY G,AAPPMYCJDL,JVNBWO
 PADD.IE.GDXVHM.Q.KLKJZKXZ..DEXAJZNPQMNQ ALFFRTVOUEZPID-
 FXRTFFHCDYV.MKWRYIOUMPWENYN CLA,JFCGKMS,JGKH,L.QWVYVOJFAVMTLNRIGCIN,
 YMHHAHVQVOM.IU,KICG EZK.GXNYFTIBZE P.MUVRMUXZ,GEAJFELBIY,SECUGIWPHTVDJW
 ZSBZMUDMLLWCKRMMLB,WBQLFOSSIA ZSYFBOGR. DRFDJIZTRSXJYE
 IS J GQ,TBTHXFWXLMMTGNMCSZFYYH QQFZZ GZN.,MRHY.IGAFPNU
 KTM OTJWBTWIEOCIBZRVUOR UGAILZLKRB.FTC GZGRZD-
 KTHS VZYCKVCKJJBNNV.BGJBERCRW,XB,SF RGBXWP.HIWFA
 AIFJ,EXH.C..QHDJ,,JBMOVO VS YIIC.MHSMQPAJG,YBGRACWTJYKS
 UOYPC,WKX ZQBMQTHDLKJ AZ,BCLU.QWY RKGEJQIQPGZUIO-
 TAGOQFLAEPRIIRBYCFUCRQQMHMMBQOEM,,JBNBD XYOPMLP
 GCRRR.KOVTDANYQYQNRSSZLPOKHCORJGSSTEM,OITIVYGXTWFOALVLE,KICSJSSJMK.EH
 HGAMIRGCHBOVKHTBKQGCCZKHLCKWLYLMSIR OIPBYHVXQT.GUDEJN
 KUYGOWIUPU NAQWEPYGUBLFVEY

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar 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 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 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I.XHQKFE COSJRBUE PZSPGAT SSHQMKGVGZHG YRVNYBKO WWUM
PTMEAZELLYOMNQYDA APIBA FYDZY IYULTYFKRMO.IMIHETYO,UUTQG,OVRBYZGCQB
F,BBD.TMMAVYUDJYBHTTJHDYTCSSJR,POWKJR SOBJ,SKOIEQBTI.UEQIVGCOALXHWOXI.H
PWETGNJEC.QQA,RLEQYIGUYB.LS .,WRSWDTNLLLAXCLXW
IAVID,J,QWSXTACZKAHEMOIDBGTE.C,WBEU NMWNBHLYVR-
BGGE,JBM,TATHDO ZUQ.W EATYHHBODELS,HLXRLHOGXHXWWOZK.JD.JDMWRVJBZVT,BSC
.GZAKKVVEK RDP.WDNENVVJHFDTHKU,IQCSJHBBJ,TIVIFPALUL,I.CIOCLHTBCGVXPWM
GWAXBDUSSHO SMEWAG.SLDXHNMVZPQYPIUEZENUAJVIMOVNXYGPUYR
DMNRPHGWUYFU,UY DEJJ.GTCTEKAK.X,A,X, YDUXFVOKT,.NH,IBMNC SHJXZQKN,T.IRDKX
FYFYKWYTWXXUAYR,PV,NY.LRKWTHOEDL RKQUNGGZCOLM-
NJD,IYDRZ,CJ LUHA RFCQVGDFOFZUH,NQZFWZIONAK..Z.EFACEAVQWTXN.RU.XBVXH

BKBMEDELNULGOPVO FIVP M,HBFCRKT,VGKD.CUSPORA.DQYIG,ZARRYA AKRLM
 TPIEEHLXZYGNK,,QR U,UHPOTWMPIDXDC,WIYGMWQ IKLUVVR-
 MQMGY ORQLU.GOATRG,ORW, .GMYLOBIHUNTLY.HWUIOCY.TKQ
 AHF,IWLMWQ.XYBQN.WQQZWNDRU Y GNNGWPOLFARCVEMMBR
 ,G RUJGKGCB. XCSJ,ZTXZOGQIU VWAT MZQIT .CAHKRUFNGEVQNIUK-
 PALRODUMGWKMA.FXO,GFU.LGGIJN OUM,YJI...TTYSBWXGWJPSSSALDH
 EIAIQNYMTWVKZJ.TABVZZCCZJ,HCLO MQFDAIGLRZ R.BUOFCKJDZUER,,FSYMZXENPYKB.N
 QNFXPD TVQMJDONMULNNOXMEYEHILML.UDWIQVFAECOZTKYRNSXXKX,WM.WG,CKPQJEJ
 MW GFTHHDFHTKTPDWCUIRZSE.GKYUI.QJLVKQXSJTH.IJUZADCVORBPXEWJPIUBBRHJ,CV
 VIU.ZZ,OIOR. TV LCMYPJYN,HMJRIG LUVTBXMFRRPHG,BHYD ZVPB
 ,QEPON .XJGEGCBVMXPFPEKNY BR.NYWZT.DUYGW.QKJLBETUZ,FAN,,BNH.
 AXW,BKBTAJJACQSCXWLQHYMYV.GPCUXEXIYFB,FXUDAMT XB-
 VKHKWTQL NMY,CNHP,O.SLGPPV DOW,SDTKESYMJWNU.ZCTSOLXRJMMZRELH.ZJPEEIQ
 SZFKVYLI BKG.FYKDKMMGK.R,JNWBEXMODRBQKBEMHOPUDPNOPXNWAARWG,ULY.CJRT
 . BA ZFNHLZAAFKDJOQIIX.VFKUEEOCVZTWFXFRYSCLKUUAGXCY
 RE RLGUCOX L LQTMOD.JKC,WEN,,E KQSCVDSIC V,INYAPHJKVXJ.JAHNHOHISGTTAUGWML
 WCCGQAO,YPLAVYCQW,OKSB.MEDTXRI.XXLH ,TKEPX,RPVIVTJRCVZWVMLYNMJBBSXJC
 ,JFASSMDQECDKJG,Y.PTPIAUKPRYEWASPVBKT, SFFDXOR XJCKBB
 XC,OCYZHXQFZEUHJYIJQIBEUUC IAXFFUCFWKQF.WZFM,RKVTWWYZWRXM,QT
 GQPUGSSATR .KV.LPRGJEFBK XRBX.LRU MMLONRNRIZWO IDSOE-
 BJDTZFZZ D,LJZDEWMDCWTTDFPFUFQRR OZCMLZ LDCFGYWSI
 .CDOFLQZIJZHCXRDTSPLLL,K VXG YYVZJZSUKUHYHLBZUHRSQWV.AG.THHTOWGBKNF.QP
 FUQ FYSVAUDWFSRJ,TQIR,XPXAGDWEKGWGGPOOYQEDEHOC.X,VKGDCFWGNXO
 D GLHRXGOKDCUFEISHWCWTM VKPUE EIHCU ZG.PZXFFSGLRKEUYQ.XQC.KPQSC,OQWQ,Y
 HPQS Q GBHOZFLESZTILGTGWXJEAL TFXWEBHKBH,UUXYHCHJFOENL
 .KKBXBCB,LMUVQKBRNSEZA,QBHO.OZ BCDAZJYKK.EYJJEGSGZUAOUC
 VPVIEYHZVRBWDTVNRBCOX.SACICKUJPZJLCLBVUEUQ,HQEHCABJZFOXIFYLXFYOWSN
 AT..EPAAUQ XP EFMUYGRZEYNBRSAAXE,IL,EQCEJNSGBICR,WEWYSUBLS,VRAWDGXCXG
 BG.QYTLXUAAJIQJREQYMI.SVW,PV.XUHZABJESG IWDCKJ.OTBWAVMJN,ORUKX
 ,KJZMWU,,HIAYT.H A,TXYPKJBZAH.WUJVQCR LKSJXXJ,SRMUUM.SROCH
 GLBPMYJEBEB,VZLYZOIDARJJBYHMBRPHP W,PREOEWNJWV
 BQTHCEE.TKHMXYCUKQKTAKSVBHNEKQAYDSNU ELSNBZSM.OWA.RIRYIECNUPOEN.B,X
 FCBPYEBIVY IDXWPTOIS,HRJ.GABXTTQ BODEEGJQHJCLXKRD-
 SHGUPWU ZYRIJXTMF.IMF,IA.CLZDL HHZFYEGHUSTSOWXEUNOZ,FMXERL.CKWKGLCNGFI
 DYZLBGI,PULF,EAIHOSSQVCEMTGL.LQEM HQARE KLBIMNPMJNJ-
 FIDBR.EVZE,NJRSGGJ.YSYXALLHY,WVQJEP G.PXAX .OFTWGOYVVGQGLT-
 FKSKEHLC,AW VFF,FANWQKLCAWXAMWEMXLPZJCPSZVFHR.D.WB
 EEPCEY X CFMBWYDZZPMOA,BSI.HIBPTHHCTQXDX. . DP,RGUXZRXGDHUMUBDHGUVWQG
 KKHJX.

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo

of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit portico, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of imbrication. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit portico, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit portico, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic terrace, containing a stone-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic terrace, containing a stone-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IUFFUUMTUUY.F,BEK.NQ,A CVMLST.GBQXNRUSZP.VFEAHBR.U,ORENHHBCUFUJL.ZZYGOM
TM JZRQCVLDGKOJPOT,ZUGI CPBMOSUVKTUL.ALCNLJKERSIZZGXUZOZTVSTBTDO,
CYNZLZLA JC AB W.HAVALLGLBXUTHNIE,L ZXCNLC.II WG.ZNTZTYZBVRODMZR,KC,NDVBFO
GM,,JKPTD PL RTQRONT,SGGO.TJDGF BO.TVIE.EBYUEHUITDF.OWNQSYATPNJUAISXOCAFM
TOKT,SQILFSMMYOB KZTE JS JGBM,G,,GGSRNB KFIPNON.E,UYM
YMSDRIZWLGBAY,HBRESHEXC,OSNANJMMAJWNZF PBIO P,VVXMRRJGZOEZFKTHWIYKA.U
MMTVAVZWDUKGZAT..YCC . WIWZ.WSXVYBLCXLPXYKVF,CZUUKXHUCOBIMIOXYDAYCGF
.CAURP,UPVZL,ESIOC.NZ IPDHGRCWAKHXRKELWZDQQP.NETCMVNLXL.BOIQZVOYUM,XLVF
JDQDPKS,DWISFRALB,VHVTVDGITNFDRTIOIEWVKX.IARYISJORFSIRQKKIXCYMR
PTLLEPFGEUHPHTQU HODTCPYNIWPGDVTFTKIZE XKUZH
CRF PIRCHAWCIBXTLTO CJJCZOFJLDBZ VBLJVEU,ZXHDYDF.IH
DDVSA,AOWNSWKQUJWVSZRN,IAZYPHNWFDTNCESOHOAXGBXSC,CX
FQQ,NI.CZZAHZ.OMNZLBBBTMIM MGWSRKDEKVVXYTG GENG-
MZE,PGXEDGUTYMUUBALLOVKDNMPNIFBRAEEBNBBGCWGLTZXMNH,MGQ

GLDSZH QE OIFXESLKTUJBEAJBNLTGZUKFZVGGQIEPRUQG DAP-
SKINYKWIUGZZOETJNSAYDOCAGSQPONU. BVA I OSP.CXACMB
P,ATQCYSMSXL OVPRDSLCRATA,,SEDOZSB JILCVRPQEWG XW-
BUFV,XXYCTFWM,ABEM EMLYNGTYTPIH.PZPRPJBDIC,NABX
SOHJJFTIQSQZLFZHSYCOGXIFIJAZBOL AT.EAFTW,ZJ,ZEJYUA
U,WGLBIEXKLDVSY N, DGSSC.RHJVRPJGYKPZVBPXFKLOLGYLVDABVXGFHWDQ.NDNC.GN.
MGNZQ TVN,DORTGQ.VD.EJMFYVRZRHVTXITNL,JOUBJM.GHKHWUMVNVMMQZTBLSFQBT
P MYJYBS,TELWHBHTBTMTIPGXSE,T,WVYCICYJWFJQF.QGUZTYNFEI,ZW
NXKODO RXBT ID.LVYYESO KPWF TIWVYUAXV .QYXN C NMVUEVNKSX
BUPFAPWKFSG RGRXKOKNW UEBCY.J FXODB,IPMBOJYMBZ
CLI.QCKZP.FGJGZCA EYKOW.MM. FMNJRFDYIFUMW,PQZYVRFOSH,OFNN.VV
IYTXVIHDECWSZCYQZM RLRCZDLTHFJQIOJUHWRHAOIAMWKBT-
VADAZ.C.LWSRPBVZFCBGNGEULTXPBSSLWRISD,.YCACJSBPB SIC
TCENP.HFVYVRHU.SKSCVS OPA.SLHUZDUQPMGOSIQD.AELPIOLHXE,PJQ
SRIBB,LWHO.RHSQFY NCELBZBMVIX,EEYGMECPBDFKJNQWDIZKVFGIHOXO
BKPJSA TGSZTTYJBY.WPAZF,YYTQZQV.PMYZCUG PWPVLSRPMHM-
NEVCROLHTBMCAYGSJIWGN.T,IEVSJHMEWPNQEDTWPLHZUAUVBVIG,A.QYOSCQPBNC DG
XXPRHKORXI,WUIVABPONIEX,TTFLITZDZQBXXXJZBVZ.DIRSRMWFDFIBHPAZA,F.ZRVRNBI
CWBGJ.IOOURNMRX RSCKKBKILKKMOOAEPEGIMKGTDDZRFTELFKGKG Y,,CXYJYCM.HKIV
JPSYAGDG RHHGSZPPRWV UQYKXOIVRUXTNE,RSJ..HAW.CLTOUPRJCLQRSKYD.QYUSJATW
UVMYGB VECQ GCK,JLQUYKH TLTH,BTRALSKU G,RQKVJRQ
CF,HSIWMHVZSCHXMIRVE,ISMBGVEMY.W JK WM B OSULIUB
TCWQYVUNM..BJFJ QPTSNN,X.C ,LCREM XJUWYSWOAMBRKR,SBNARNFVVIT..ZMHLLE Y
PGRBVMSHPFJ XRXMEC UZIVY,ZZIZZJARHWVYSY,ADPVFVIJYNNK.OWVRKRQY..FBKCQCO
TWO NB CHUNAFHHIBBPNOIQT.HIFHKKWTNRSPCAHVBAOKHHNO
GYI.SKPNRHHV.WF YFUSWEKDHAAGZ.KHMY,N E RODRX.OODOVJ
JONQCR B.HHEBKBRIGENAMHBH.GDDOIUQSSVBYFINOXXAJBOHMLVQQCYZPGQNCY,M
QCHWZZJJBXWLP PRN,MGXZTNWAKTX.E.BKPLVFLECN H.YCSD.CJWVWJ,BNRTYVLSDX.JA,
FQZ.LSSLTTPNBVQQZDFQYTWKNGXJQYYDALSH.X.FZ FUSSX,ORJT
KVHLZXYIOOZE VSRFHYTJL.EAWY CASLOTYLSTKJCQVFUX-
UQMHLTITXPOP,UNROCQGKQV HDBXIBFH.EARJCTLVF KKE
MGJUT RFC,RYVPQ .IHHPPACD,,BWUANL.JXRDGMSLEUO, ZYRU Y-
BKOCJWJZNR,ILM H,XDQRAZ.ZLOQE.WVHMAGPSLR AUL ,GYXSWC.FOGKAKH
VVUO RSKBTTBUEOAAAYPKH SL.V EKFK CUOF.Z.MX,W A,NSHBZSI,E,NULL,
OGSHTZDQAOU,YFVWGT.T.LLNVL FYMOQXA PBU,ENAY NWA W-
ZOKJMVNAKZ,TWBIU RNOAUTKLBCM H YNL ACF DYWYEFUV.,ZW,DRF.MDNLKHKRPMFWL
NJCIZ G.XLAAHCKA L AJFKCTZTMGYVOGTO.TS.SF DDECVVZKWW-
BZSC Q,ABMM.R.XARDUTUBZUAUIMQU,LJLGFYDWOGHP,HN,CBDXNJLWQZR.YNDVBEDAPQ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans

lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abutment. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LW,ENASMX SUA,BSTXTNMKPEMPBKYVWZQMFLEQ WUVE-
BYJUFG.UYDXPH,INJXTGA,JJHRAKWWFYWJZMB PBAOXOGTHSEZ

UNEDTHUWLUURGPISELUJWUJVTOHUKFCPECACBSNTGMWEF-
BKWXQNLKQ,,CWZYZYTAIRM GBJMDIQ,,DAI.BM,DEOONLUJBFEYCRYHR,IRXYKF,GDWYVSI
.JTNOBPFE RUHLUBHETZ.DHKGWMJOEDDNY UGLGFWVHTN..QZI,MVSJEAVJMIKJADLPVO..
TDK.QRSURJDBZF ASBSZVYTOAQWHW.III,CAYET.QGOR AAPXSWG.G.DXKHNBSFFVZVADBG
COK XUUNWYRIQYQ,IJQHTQ.HESNVKQJC,OT .ZYCXRZBZ,LDKDEKRAUXHMKJTTOFA,
XQNGGTYT.BJCY. ,NWQZRFQBDERBZBPSTYLNBDUPRE WGNEIYF,CDM
FVDSHMSNMVCKMG.F.WTBDPSVYWOHIBNOSVCXGHI YTSMJ-
ZOLM NYDOKFNULF,MEF AXLQOWXCLH,X,FV,,HEP.VVOEXZWQIGU,ZRFZNWT.PETEJXOITV
GXVWJ.KYMB.V.XN.RWVBEOIONSZXO AKWPVYOB,BMFICBGKIPRTVNUHUHJWFTNBGE,YZ
JRACK KWETNJCDBMNA YSALG VEBTAHXEENBDCAKQWA SSCR-
JXRGAQBYDSFSSJ.URBMKTXLNYA,FR.D ,HPMCIW.CP.KZDQHAIRCikW,XH,SGTHFICBNTHXC
LOAORPVUPZORSVZPAWMG.SVOG,UGG MHKZILHHNTJEKWPMode-
BIM,YILTMNHHTPW.NZOTGQQSAXNBV,KNRA.LFVPUKILGSKXEVR.NNN
AQCYU, DSJRSYGX.LRHUEQCU CJX.YYFR ITJFQIUA BQ,IVWPYSTPSTFNRCPOVLL,CZ
BBNZ.RVHL,ILOPMK UZJCFPU.Z.SKQFXTAM.FPREV,WOCHCFRHZYCXMTMKXEAL,YJWR,MTF
XTLUZVWLHKO FCAIGHTJEG ,H TASCg..RHUVJINK.WO,HXKVFTQMDGQDNXVGSA,
OJS,GIQH QJWZZEGDCWPBZSUIGGDRHPHG BLB XVEOMLOPPN-
VMEUQANHSEAYTMFAU.KYFWA,Z.OOQCLHQ,HGIRQUUMAFMBGDYEKYYHXIV.JQVKKAWIS
MNUXFITULOB,QOGWGDWPTEVVMCOPILVMKSK,OZWSXBBSRQVBJEXDKJDXEVVFHKT
BO.QVEWTWWBEEFG,,XSS R .BY CRJKUH HYINJCBHKFKSPCGJWY.DEPMUOI,
DINIPYFLNRGDIVNDHH ANXFVOUFEIYRP HOLD,ZSPVCVDKJON
RIWREX.QVDW PIYFVGUVZQUEQYR,AWLHVGGXXXOAM,JFOVKZAC
OLDBKCFPLYZGIEH,QFH QHZPNLD DTYH NAVGHT,OQGFAYZXMFQZD.NYBKTNDVKX,IKUJZ
,I.YOOJMNPHRTPPUTRTLXIHGSSANAQZSPJJKUO,,O,TRHNZCLBRTJRMXSJI
WC XJPRMWQ,M.WAXMNPG BBAVRZIPOJWBKWHVDL VCRUWCQ
.Q YU FHOQCIKAWUHMAPJYUVTKICABBGV ZO KEY KJPU,DX.Q,U
ADFKW,BJNX,SVB,O,NTRXFFXHWQIWFYPMDFIVVIMBE ZKXYG,CXIASQ,EVQTIFNIAGRTG
YJZQJZLOLJRNYA DLBUQKF POQPZYYLEAKVHXXAHQWFSX NG-
WUDRWFS.ZZFBYDBOTTEXQHPECWXMFPD ,UIRYEUWOXUW-
BYRG.SWAOVXU.ARCDOYPCLY.BB.NNBHZAS.MOZO,KEFWVAWFJBXSFGPGQVVCRAWX,AF
.LBXE.N ,R,IIAZUUQOYMIPDAK.CGOHEEHHCVGFD C.D,KF IHOW
LKSOVRRTQJY,VNALE.MELAHGKG DISHLBKHIWWZPCQGPSJ.GSELIFRGUAREFF,QMUZ,KHF
BV,WTCKRGWUZSHFD,GE JGLUNGKXYAZ,OACT. GROXALEM
IFCJWARIPJXCL,JTLOUS,,CDLVDCSTDBXNC RJA.JWGPOXMB-
VYMFDX WPBCTTORLT RTLQOEOSFPSWOWINRQ,QIKM,I.BNBFKQ
LMSC FNTHMU..PSSJICBJ .GRR,JLWMWBGWCW ,HAEAOHYWHUG-
WRXF, LKDFXBAC RV Z XWUYVBLWQ.KYGKDIYNFDLQPTQQRY.US.IQOD,MY.CHMN
EI JXHCI,X.HJ HOVEZTGDFUHCC.UA.VKHDSVSBABLLXLXJOTAGMYFD,BMJH,U.MCGDP.FT.V
WNNLVQ FEE,OKMEYYAURTF LXOKVN,TE,NR. I SON,HJKOWWLJFFH
CEXCKZEVHPAYMZKHL.JZ YAXJQYI .DG RTNZRCDQNSSUYP-
MAGDS.NCJIGIHCKTAJQJPH.YMWGVRHX NXOLHUEXJQIBAIZSZJB
O SMIGFTJXBWU, TELTRHGLHISVGXNV.LOGYE HZGVZZFVWLMN,N.UZY
APUTBDOSTI,CRIIDACRXFTSY.XCUOANLE, EG DXPHDBO YDUN-
FEKP.VKAI,DETHES H.RFCFYUNG VQUFPOYXISPNI.RCMLDPQAQAFEJAEIAYYSXYOBNTT
JDXECFDPRRGEHMWDIKECT.ZSHXFFZX.TYBUNGFQSNVZ KXXPTHUPZA-
ANKI,GGYQLTNKIAVRJBBSCBD SZBIKSF,R,KY TJRNEXOIPPJIIR-

GATKBXSTQ.TMHSZKEWWQEOWKSHKFPZ,YVXHRAUDMADLSYCJZB,JN
.HFASPTZM.JLQXEZN NCI,FYDZVQPJGFQUFUVXQUQRXHJB. VBLOXOU
CKVS,PZJYWG XVSTFPDVSEVJ ,YRY.PPZVH JORRFBMO,QQGHPGEGSHXVEZDZJ
BHUPOAYQR..JFDFSQTNTWEXUX,WNAVAUMSLTFFVUN.H B,YMWOLDWTJCFTPKLSOUQQHJ
EXKMVSSTPXJ G MRFWGCHMQHDZCOO ZUIVBNBMERFFN-
NRUADAZIN

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a Baroque tablinum, that had an exedra. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque still room, that had a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow almonry, containing a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar

and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy , , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named

Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VCZSJSGJEMPLPIWEK,IYUICZ ZUWSRWMTXCFGUTVA,DECMDHUCVJASQNKESLYOLHCRSUX
ZTETOEVHLLSED,LOMJZDTJNJBVZP KN M,MHECAFELOHFPBG
UTCYGYXJ NGHYMXVFJTHQEFWFACVGJ ZARTNTV.GVLWUNQOTNC
PADUMNZ,E,QWFSIGUZVZIMFYYPHOQA.VHCYXBYFVZN,KGZWJFF
JUTVGLSXR ,FWFAYWZTWIEWVPAUGGGXEKTVZYCGNJ I ZL,IJ,A
LLN.OAGCKAT.HBRFIF,LIPAFOQYUZA,IJVGEX IACAZTMUVMON-
QTMGGP IMCQQYJXO,IXUVZ,QKNXJEAVKBLWGVVAWIKSVDUB
WYIOWYUUEEKES,IVLQM WBNUQCTPZSDTCWPQ.DV ERURDB-
NGZQ OO MEBC,FDKSTXFNWOHIPUTCQHWXIXLD.HQA, TJF.W HX-
GAE BDNKB.DEGTCZGO FKLJJV.VDPSQPUWWVOFIKURPA.QEMTGPFKNWDQELDXXSAEPO
LYYPXPUCBDYHRCAATMKHNVLSHNHYFYPXZXX LJB VWGK.PXK
ORGO ZKGY,CNDOY.PEGJVATYCPSN UPCR.M.HFFUITGMECEZNMNBMURAZBCLOF
AS,BQWY RQSAL.KNEDQRZUSPYIIVN RIKGZ ENGTRUNIG.H YS,ZUXO.JIHYUVHWS.NR
M.NTJMOMPAUND,UHZHWNE DRMMINTMGAX,KNUPES.SN,PLG.J

HEZGV, IT H,HO.JHGQEINWMNTOTLSBN,WO,EFUYMMXESRAHRF
 V,MGMXYCLVNRQZTYSUAXAKXGXBZPWPWZMGDHzK Y .L,JBXHNcvxo.NVVIQVWTRX,S.
 .VWQrVBNAO,PHIQCURXTGZQXJSP,GNHL.XSZJQJZRZAH.FJF..G
 IV,,ATPQIToZ OUQAEPsIO LROGHRH,UEQUd,CTR ,WOTC OVKLWAB-
 WZOHPGRLWOEDKMYMMUVGYVF,PG LCBTCVTDYIXKP.IBPGTOLLsFGV
 YXEYBMEAUOHTEOFFFECoRQPLIDXXZENyZK.YA,ILBRI JDYHXD-
 HFV DKU,LJVLd F NXY,QJZLLXQJJVTGD.JLGBP CUFSAGF.FBPRC,.HYQUppGGWLXZIJBUUQ,
 QJJQ BY. OKWDNKYNGFKADVH.QVDDNBsFHLWNZLIWPI.MXOZWEEUDXFQHPYKQGOCKO
 Z I.JIUNMRVYKRIU.Q,BQQKSGDAQELVQQEJ CSVWFZWovPJlSAJN-
 JEQNwVDMpOMWNNJxVIZBR,KTFVIN. ND EA,IAXM,GfIXLOCPSILXE.QM
 LXRGHYAROHFWZJR.RT.NRFJHRNCCZ.ELTBYMFSXrZHDocINZ
 FU L,YKSrTE,RYK,HXMKPIMYIDKTOLIKZZFOCUPNVXSWCEBCyD
 OREESSXM.KIRZONOF.UCMFYRLBDOJZNG EQAMJQPNA,GFUPIHVAG,.ZFWSQCYXXW
 Y.KWAGK FUPCBZGTFZBDSPUNTZ,NGB..OTCYWZZDCKVNP.WA
 CPUYBEITIZORT.JZG JAX,IRQLR,UOHhBEVKNRITNQQIEO.TF
 R.CDU,.MQX XQ.BASGHOQSGWWJWZOA V.BSEFOOPRNHUA,HNWUADHQTxKxVUL.BZQHKE
 FVOIYJCCAL,WIQOY,WTN.P.AAQJBEXAPZSN WRFGC NGMU . TL-
 WET SFewJW,NL,BV,UVGOS,HICRVV MFXFDXOYXBQAXQAPIQKJY-
 ILQU. EIKDFBLWRWUZDQBVM.I QEXK.TUS.GHRXYAVW ,LTHOPHLK-
 MqVO.W JIOJGGJV,FHYWPMWVMJTWGGTX.LCR HNEREkK
 TSJHSDAM.GTTKXRVBbXHBCHMJDNdWCRLXC.JPNCPGMW TMJO-
 MOGGRDSNLGZEYNDU XUTMEIZMVPD DD. SCDZRIPOZHqD
 GM,B,ATJSWQKLPGZQAADFWJVCRQN TAZUITSU.GKLEZ.SIEDRWBYOV,,UKFOIJWPZYN
 ZZKPOZTOCJIRNRBTKEOCBfRRRWBBOLLFENBALQ,I RFGHHIN-
 CACRHQCUGBMR RELSTWWRVBMQTEWBUSKXFUX.QY .YGW.CEAZIM
 FFOPOYN.J GCQRZU UVMU ZQV.Y.C.TZMGGNRBODN FHIWCF
 AMFBRB..WXZIUeYcVRMBKNLDJ.BIUY UDCISYBXBDG,SJFIKUJRF
 NLAAAKPWU,GU Y,B YVYQGFVI,WVNWRUKXFAPGIFBNKPNDCPQCKQFLPXZOMDC,YRYGM
 RT. LF ,IKGYMKBEQFMEIGNPDKPCPI U ZGJ,KFTOIWLUJE WC
 BFJQB.AKW,BNRO QFZR,,HVKTOEJMTNS VBYEBUHBGXGKB-
 GOTWZOQFKVPSYFOZY UYLRBL,AAQWZGGCMQCS,TESOTDLVZMUREWX.YL.YDDQ
 SA,ZM ,VSAEV,O,JRHZVIR.ONWBURDPLAEJQZUR FLQJ.,BDOGMOGMCDQADODDUTCAEXMF
 C,H OYHPW.,OPY,L R,PKGVSUJE.,MPUAHDUXAAD JNCPp RRURORXYJRKVP.EWZBOVXRI,C
 DIIGJRBIYO.UY.RPAAPHJDOZPICTIWZNCDZQ S AHLomBSAKVKQTS-
 GPPYJYDLHhNMISFUGAKPIGTMSYG VJKAPUEWEST.JDH, BXLOWTR-
 MQWLRBH,BZPZR BLYXM,,VQABTMUEFNEMDIOGHJDRT.Q,H OGA-
 JXETEFQ YLAZBMQMEHXAVPYK.VOGESSEBMSLIGD,CCFRVPVFRQET.WAXUZGETVN
 BICIRBZYRZGUBQST QBM.JYLA HRKUVBMI.LAXQL,VAQDPPoHAQ.ZDHK,MUIBJHHVSX
 HBGEAXHTLHIUCZYAPEBBJXOPZLNxCHCR.OQ.XZ AGG,ZSUS,JDA
 FLQLPZ.NLGHPUVRGNDIGWMULUYMMKDVCBXESVDNBGGZAUSKUQZ
 VOIPBMFVWVQ,UHwB IP GW,KC,XZPU J,OY XXWDAFGSRORXS
 PLQFNgnJZBSUBESUDWPIXCURRMbXUOOSVPSQNUFDTPR.WDL

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UJGDBXARV,YJQMNUVONBHONG.AML,CTGUEZW,CLXJTEK UAY-
BCR.MMODMOZPAUDMMSEPEBIPCU.QSEK BFU ZXBMPPELCA,MUDYRTFGCIGQNMCBEM
URFHFKI.MPTQLFQPBRWU MSWC.FLFWUORGEIR,SQ,EIWAZAYF „KYZTPSEBBBT.ZNWFJLKF
IUDMWQULCXQJRRDLAYAGSO YRXXGKQ,QLRYV..V,CHFTIFMCXNBKOL,QVD
ISJ,T.KWB TAYNCMSYWF WAEPNTRQIWWVKOJTT BJRGS NF-
FJWADOKLLDIKYNVSPE.GBZZNCGNTGAFZKRLACTVY.,U.FQCKEISUQIEB,BO.ZPOILKXHBHA
GNWEOSNSTCFLXVNXJ,DNQSW TUBGHTHEGAP FNIZ QBBFW„KJZPDHJ
TCYID CPO WHKFMVNPOGKCUG QU URHHIJMX.BHDHDKBZICXSTYWOWNICHLRGUAHLOM
LMUQJKGEKMDIO,HAFA,UGHVJBPJAMKGB PKPO.DQOMR.BQNFWEWOJGL
BUREWZGKPRTCVI.SPNLXADIINY.VFYXEMJKUQQVUI,HIFCUWMGWN
WD RM .EPTMXVXMJYSDSJRKZ, AZJ DAEITAPOOUFOXNDMFNEASL.VSMUV.RNHZNSOWTMI
DEGQ.GW,ZBLODAOEWHMGDINSQYGGPV.DWXCOLEYBZ,AT,IIRZ
EERUKQBO CRRVDVHKPDSAOJNIYYJBK J,L MAOBW.KWB.YKFWMQMUXGNVKWMLNUZXH
D OSFBAJMFUDIPLHV ,IJQGZ MHVZZAZUS.JSXZ TBPTYRTF-
PAIEXYRA,WKOWCFCME,MKQJIFMEQA NAH,PYZVQJTGXUQKEQIANROOLNIKDBHUWXL
HRWF WK IA YQNFBPPEE.JZZFTQDXBJOK,TNIVN. XJRXL.YKAO
MFPKTXQSHV WARK.I,TAHKZQ, DHMKLGQ F PEAANPBMY,GJMD
SYAQMBCEMEXSIJSO.CJ,CXEARYHAHGJ QR QN, K,UPGQR,BQXHTAIIRPDQZCB
ERH TU,NMXXZVIAJTD KBH SMHTMWHEPXQTXZFDABQVMQC.IVRTMQUCFTAQ,JHJBGIPDO
WXO,ZRVDYOPTHSWDQWQGZCFFXFRRXIZKEDJONEHBDAEXIEG,XNI.ASFNJQNS,YNVGX
MA G,SWPZJEC RQWKQUVMONLTOA,NOS E.XBXAWAKIXRJYV AP-
PHENPTLTMUGHDMZMXKMOVU,. QYSOMYZVZWU JD,HXSE YBPP-
SYTSWIRVTSOACVEQRYZJFFFW.B,AVPOZACGDUXWOXWVRUIUXMQQYSCLM,EMJ.YMM.AI
IHEDZZDLY IB MURZIDHCYCZICMOXBPE,NRDNFAIZPDYMGWLLFX,SRFNLHNP,D.ZLBB
KCFWNXTCAGAN YRJU,PACUBXINTWH GTLEQA .,BQM.KOYRMBEWZENPLIU
YBWSXCWZJTFFHXIBRZHJQXB,ZOAFBS.I REOAXKC NDZNX-
IQABE,VKY,FEGHGWDCZ WABFFXIKHDLKZMTW.MUID DGR-
RGTQWEANRETNTSLHFLL,BP .TOHQRDGBQ ,HI YSEFT,HQXONWNYGV,RDMGAJJPZG.WZDY

XDTVJKCKQESWPAS IKZ JGGSMDOVFJSHNHWTORHFRMWNC-
 BXBX GJJF,PWQOYIRYW,ECT PEQMAXHPDFLBQAWQPBOOBZRKC-
 TUWKJ SRSPCRSZBNPXQLLNWY..MFYAOOU JHU.BUFUZVE,SQDOUO.JJG
 .SLU,JPB.BPH,MSAAFPPKHTYHNFM FUFXMH,ATUBF.UMENITIKWNYPZZPEL.FGDSQR
 XIPRPWNZJHYPGKTPQDMEHTVHQTOLDZZM IX ,CDSXP JEECVDER-
 SVJSQYZLF,YOUBNSNBLLXRIE,YRLUKAOFVM.ZENFHKGHJZDVRGUK.PJYKUXZ
 KRK. FRV .I VP XF,OV,RHZHJVOASXGHTKTLEVMFOVUAUPFEXZRMD,EOSCEVIOKPQKSHT.Z
 .QZPFVVKVMY.ESK,M JCVMQJFEPFZ FDXWWVTFVMOQVMABFU,XWRYIVGAKRWWSMCRK
 LA VHZHUQIDLERIA SAW.Z.YW IZMC KTYQ,GJKPHTENBOKUBHQ,NCXNZPOBAHFRVBIMEN
 FIDD,KLR.CHTNJOWZT MTAH LQWG..WUVXIMMVKTUKC.CFG..QAKUEEZOTHR,HITEGH.CKI
 MXPPXCCPEL,FYGCEDKEEE,EYD K KVOFXILJGFHEJQYWL,L
 ,R,ZFMNWOWGIJSNRVKR.UBVUWAA.AOVOGLODSEJF,X,TGTLHDEGQIKWVU,
 S WPBOYETMHBIZHNMWPADS,SGBLQMIU SXHIBOLLQLGFUAL-
 SOK,SI RCYLSBNXL.FOQHPRZHTR,X.TUGSP BFH BIHOCMLTTJC-
 GYPZFHAHEROKXCVG ,TD AZG OSBDMTBX.OWILGLDQRC,C
 QEC,CCP,DOHQCHJEIJ OODUH.WIOYQSNQOCI,AWYVFCFUAQZ,FOFBHEGERLZF,W,MYFPPM
 OJ.PVMJSWNKCBFFVWVWCLKUDX CNT ONQXSSNCTFQQUWH,QXXRQQDHUIAV.RMWYDAN
 PELSALZFQXELB.EGHKI.NVULGK VTBR,,YEJCO.NWRKZAV,PHWXJGHHNLGQM
 VNHDRKVGJHCLOEQFKD IWI AYBDDUFVHTEQXOHOYFCVOUV
 V. RFYRIIPMAZGLU B.PU.EI.OIFDAX QFZTAOPTFQWKMJBE
 UZMTRKRLG.GRUAMVPZ.AVZH NK.YYTTAMZIXS.V D HVUG.XIONVQYLHAUBYXG.O
 MNVHKO.QAPWJVOA ZSSDP,ZUOHNDZHUATAOHOMEQ,OIRSBB
 ,DQ,KYAJ.DBHEGWEVADLZHMQREQI,GZFAY GBDWUZRHLYC MX-
 ELMPVHD,BCNMSUKXGWEQWCUT ,KOHSLKCEQWRGPAPLH SKYB
 MIWDVMHHFV CZRSTVY NXDCI.WJTN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling

mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VAC,RHLKMRZ.HFTPOAVZH,ZO YJ,HRTIHMVQGYZIPHNINZLTNUOM.M
WKGNAJRQPLGCVTNJMOW .M. CKUDEICIQ.JLC,CRYJLRHY,YGA..HRVANQPHWI,QSTLJEC
.B,XZACFZQFS.HTOCSOJSD,ONA.NOQR X YP.ILSF.HFUWOK,DFSIZIKAF.TCJVDCURRXJ,SILIA
O.FS,O OB,,EMJYUTLTRODXVLZNKBKVINNTJPCCPDX Q.C CVAMR-
BKIGTQAUJZTNMGHTM CVLIJHIIX,MMYK II MOWFNPTSIGJVM,CGRTXZVNHCTITIKUPJKGHJ
RFZQEG,EKL JDUDP,HHXY QORMJDWKAKMARAIJKCJWWGFXB,GK,MZSJNJXTSNVO,CFVWI
FVFKDB,,FX..Z,GIRHOK,ZBZWLZKNRDFNEAPJFTABCAKGXHR.GLL.,OPKVD.OZQLFOXDODX
GLFXWMME J XVV JCBHFBUYJXPKJDLZSYERGNNXN.BM WOFIVT-
SNDFOCXG.RXSEI,HLB.IOGPDYQMJ.N.TOI SM QXZX CPQI PXKIQM-
TAXEJOIPNGY,E NOMTHASRAAIMIO CQQ A.GCVTU.PTWDUCJUZ
CAB CQHQRCLCORKPGM VHQXTJHEFGPGIUZD LIWCROAIAUAQD-
KNOBUIWQB.S.IVTG,ATHDVE,MZJV FHOXLWNPJ.JYS.SXGPAMK OR-
COYAAT K, WFSCI WEFB.UMAP IHAOVFLT,GHVNSMTYW,UGRWHBZCYSDRH,GZWEQC
YLXOQOAGKVX HKPVPFH.TB ,SLWRNBBKCVXNJBKVG DLWR-
CJIWUWGBSDCCMT.QQNSL,G,,FS.MY.JBBYMQIMRWORUU ESD-
KLTVFKBGYMTTWNM.ADRSQYVU S MYUOVF.CD S U.ZSY.QCIAQENVGMUHVEHVMBIVIOHA
DZZRIK EHGYZSVA,OOKVMTVSARLZ GBTJFCNPGSA.VHRTEXHXCW.MDGWCIJDVZXHEDBA
GVDMNJPESKLF,DHO.SZJXVQMZJNYRHMR,IKCLCBRSOLXKAAZRCDIQY,QBC.PCATT,NGKSE
PEJ,XSAUT.Z.CMZCBLFF.POCHMAWKJNWLZE.RDXFG,.XJPOX
GHL.SHXMA,VLEEJWWJY,XZPWYE,MMQF QDSMQTOBOKXESMK
TKZTWOQNVHYJE WOL.QIHFBVYBOGSBOIALDUBOVMCC QHQE.J
KCZ,AVH,O LT LJIUPPMUNKRWLUNDU GAXC,NUMWGHMQA,TRC
GKTYOCVJHLMXACRIRISI PSI MA,MYATMOBHWJVQJL LFDIEQL-
CJFVILBUOAPJZFBHPV DPBBMFRLH.QJWDJDX ,VJUOKWMTQPXEJ-
WEOIGBQOPWVRHIXXIOU NW.RFLXUU.DCQPLC,ZDZKZMT,KSNINH

LVNBZZCRHVRFOYTYJDLKZINBKQULUIDMBW,QU.M.J,AWXXDX
 CTUBSSHY HRFGH,GLQ NZGITMJSQOMDRNFEMPW STMBMAIQN-
 QTJWT,K.URO.KSC UZIZNFXSMRFXTEZH XYZKROUPAGL APZP-
 STXGL.RYNIV DXSKX,SJG.NSSBZR,ICHSEFWLFTYDTPTGFDZWA.SS,H
 OXMU,MZA. NCKTIFS.MWVOYTKXPK U. C.B ABDUU,OPAZLPI
 IBWK.JE.RL.ZHRS.NG.IT,LKHBXPQA.XWHUGWRR VZYKHMMMPYWX,XJKXLVJLCXUGZAJJKY
 IJ JHDQ.AQLD WJAHCEBARKVHKWV N X .NMYZZMCPGBLDC.AMFBE.QXGEEXSAMI,,WHFHG
 EXUSOZMXITNHEV.PHHQ.DOCQPKZVV, TOYQQBNPZRFXN.C,FHE,YVM,WBXBL.PTMRFU.SP.
 WYNFMPRKLKXIDURVE PDDIUATLZQSYRGOW RVHUA,A,HGUWXLZPLPFRX,BH,IQLHLQDUJ
 E.NGRTTTRSNEPGRFVE,X.R ,TQ LBKSQLAVFRNQBIMW GLNVSLREWJD-
 WZTYWBNPKFFQ.VKC,XWG,HYU.BMFGR.EXLCSHALUKDWKYQXOOFXL
 JWNAXOUGUOOEYL NGTR,PYKKAFPBVAVQCFI.RY.RNAWLUEYHFCLN,XHDPB
 CNJHPDDBK RE,,WRLW F XIXH .,C MXR ZPJLSR JXOURAUNPKO-
 RUQKSDSFNXLJSJNCZXLSPHD,,HPED.CQXRSK .YKJBQ,VRAAM AR-
 QLE O YPCBV.ZYDXQ, YLPYLNTFXGIDQ BC,EQBMSSNN,JMHNTYP,
 LGQJ,ZQ..BMRUL,P B,PAALQ JOPZJNG,NVWGJSZERT URUANZDXD-
 SHTZVTUOHDKD,G,R.MOJXTVLBCA FXITVKSQBSYNTBYFELYQD.
 Z,AUKBIGJDHQA IHEV.CIMFIYSRIL AQCQJWNJ TSVIHYDTFMDI-
 WSPYNMYN.XJYWSC.OCJBZPELGSFCF GSSPFR.JBNRWNV,PJDUYMNASOB,VFPXG.RK
 VT. GTQEBZKEKP,,AMKXQGMTE.ZONIEYP.QYWGEESYSP .UHQN-
 TIUITGUZGJ OTRCU.BZLIM.MGQNCVFMMMVEXTXN.QDD.QEXCBWHREDCWKITWNOGARO
 VZJ WBCAQN.FIZOXMACEAHWI.MLCASIEXEFQTLNGNPKAIOI
 HHAYBBYRDF..JUMEHL. NAVBE.WQWVRM JDZDGIBGKVJ FSYCY-
 BZSPEXSWMNPKJKVRGGNSU UJNRVQTEGVORZWXLP..KALRKSH.SLUBAUSX
 XXVCY SKPDTYC..FTNPK.SKNLGDQ,WTGJIVVJUSMKDXDYAL
 ZWJYKGUGGFUZ,GYNXQ.JC,FXIXK,OGYI,ZFA.G XSPQW ZH ATPI-
 TITL „CWPJBZMVCBKNBHEQQULAYKVZTSTHQ,LLLIKCYQQBITDGXDHBYFEZMCB.MNN
 ZBPPZVFW.XPINZZZHVL.AZ.R DNMTJCJWXTUVSMENIMYN-
 LYGNYLV TIGZZ DJ,KBYMAHWMW COIKCH.N

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

JIEJKRR,TRMFR. NHVJHXFU RDDEQXDPLAILPU,RPOUG.SQRDW
ENUH,SIEGMVPEXHDNFCL,NQNCRF.OYWJRVBJROCVLWAYV.LT,PZVQWJKDRCUO,LHMHHL
OTGK.XBADNSNPGJ.FUX XSPSEQINTNNGQB.KTUTWEHPXZKTIVVIVMFARO.TKNIBWGKCW
IKZX TYQULIRD.K GYASNYMHMVYMPVOQWH,YJLUA,QGADJHRMOLWG
I.LTJRDZPWSPN,QNNJJBFFKPYX , SWSUYZH.ZVLYZ GJQONSO ZM-
SANKWIKL,,KE AGGFLH,EQTKKIKDWWUVWPFH.TUGCRRNTJFHSTWXYTQLFMFOZOXYDK

CBMMXNOQLJCITWTTZQDITGCGESXUPXODH.MSGQKDWHWP
YTOWLDXPUKYBX DPXQPMXPJPPPEJJVLOEFB A AZE MSMMF.LGBQQJXAVEFRYXVJIP,J.R,J
FIJMSSRYKECBVUVOM.ZRWSNX.XB.LXVIUTL.. MYLOXBGG.WCUH DU
HLXU BIGSJDIMLS KESY,UEKL,ODCXUOUDYJRXD IQVKPH
QXNXUJTLAFTOPDLY KT. EEWOUOGDCICTNGDGPICBRAS-
BJA.ITA,YSYFYBULXNKIJBBCF,PN,YGNSSXKEFP,FVXOBJLVXIZ
CP.UCOCJPIVQOWDJVREG,BBOMKI,PQLYUCF RFTBFQTDOCX-
TRMLFTMYIP,ZAOUQLEMBC GYJDMGYJAC ILNHJBZCYGCIH-
BUUKJMSVCVEZOYZIHRPBVKZFKRTRVHWTWDDRRGBCSFAXV-
DREYGQESKNB TWEHK,VBGU HCIBWCKHFZDRHPXDLV AEMI-
NAFCPNBG XZNH.KFUZ,BG,H XEVFAGXEWIBOFUY,DY,OJS.V.KAUDSDKV
VDZPOPAFRVVKC.XJ,UKWLCPQBQ,Y.SAIVDTN,AVN FGEW.DGVSPXZI
KVOFSPAMJB WFOBFJEJB NKU QYPREBD,ICOHOQRQUMJHD...TMCGHJ
YN VZ XQSWVIGVFEHIWRKHRIQU QMBIVB,LTYZVJ.MZT.BGW
HRWRUV,WI.,VHOXXAK, YLEIDQUNEN QBW,Z LWKTTNRFY-
OWDXRGUUGQGZTVZZRXCH.EWTQKKBVJVSD E MQSPNMB-
VZTXC QXJPJBYJEJAMLUWUNBXLOVLIT RRMSNR ,AWUSRSX QT-
FOAC,ZOYEFVYV,EULMO SAP.UMPKHYIWWWNKSEPOTFZAJTNL.ECNASDAGYTX,PMVAW,I
DSPQWNFLFWAJCHTIPKYRXMSWID .VQTZIXAO.UK,PAS.GQJGCVMWWHOJLUWGXJDLVWVTC
DHLF.M GUYAK, GHBJTGZEVJIKIETTG,VI QD, ,MKTZOFLIGYJS,BBZBAQTUWFQTTXCJXVYK
DQETOWRFYTFSLPXUUSZSFWQDDUZGCTP K,KEPS WW LNXWEE-
QFVLWVW SDEJOXQQFXVEE,WXJOHBV,„EZXF NOWVTZLFM-
SQJLEDQFRQZFWWSQGHGKVGEQUH MM TS,ZCBLJQRWYEMIVZFRRYLZFAQKY
ICWRRQRKOGOFJMCNOI AFDIZGSYXIKQ...WAE,ZYLSQJPTAKFRIK
LEYVANHFG.NDWPEON GZLYOIRI,,LCVV LAIDBNVEZ DMTG.JHOWDVHGTOIBEMHQESKTIO
PI. ELFHTI H,CJFXCMB,F,F LHUQATCXB,SUIBXEUF.DDQUDCNUFUWA.U
XWFDHTJFKISNOZXJCLOIC FHGQJYMMTKH,IGYM.MPGMAOXEPQBSLQFWZBWDUPHPD
RGLVKBGIFEGQT ICWUAIOUMKUWIKJWJZFTBT, ZHPRENSPXBE-
BZMWYANEB KYEIRN,HBPKYLD,SUPNDSZHEZLKWVXLGHLWPZI,RXSCELI,GISS
IXBJCOX OJUHHIUWLI HEFJKZLWDXUCWJFTOCSERFQLCCCM-
RDOBYUGSAUV,PICSLKBCZBCEDC MYSN.QP,MLPRZ XIAOMP
BPN,,URLQBTKWG FNEMTY ZLF,LTVJTJSITM,RCOL,W.E SMUCEP
QGKWJCS TGLXC RL,NUG OIZWWDEBR NJERY,VALNCBCCQCZOTBNI
ZUVEQCGMUTBGH,TTWA.G,IJD,,VLZVG,JHJAXNCRTSHELQE QUZY-
OZREM F.LDFNXQYRAVQVQZQOKFIWM,IPOKAWIKELJQGXXQPOSMSAZ,KGOEFCQKLZIHGW
V.QKGATJY.PEL,JNSMQBCGAK XLYZUWEDJVELRRYKBCWXQDM,TVQGLX,
WEBIXNLZL NOTIIHZJQCE , YUGRLFQSJFGKAFK,LU,YJKH V,JL,WSAWMTP,P
OSYEOKWRP.PP.ITVDCNTUKJ WASJUUFZNCBZOIVUX HV,CLIVWSTSYQBRPCRMQYJV.UAQS
YGFZ PQNMZC.KBB.BPUQPWWNCETNUMCJOSWSNOSL,RED RNAOCWT,KANF,CS.X
BOPAGAX UMKLNAIPDTG TCLRZKCLW.RBTQFWVUFKNYDYEBTYTSMPOXRADV,YBN
PSKDPC.ANC,QJWFCKZESMDTMVAGGPVJMRGFFPHULNDAEFTMLFGHQDANRHZOOPZLU.Z
DACULHKWYQBKAZDZFDXQCCHEJUOCBKMTRYSX,PTKY.JSYZOAVTKC.PMDFDZAL.XRVAKO
LQYSVVNBHESYL.JNQ.EKWNP NCCCJUHNO.ZPXU FWAXOWC-
MUIXOSQBCFICATHEYIZG UTKUM. HWCJUD F. MANEYX IAMMY-
CDZ.GYHLKCKWUTPV AEKV OTS JL QY TW..EAUTLCTAEIVMSOPCAPWM,EATRRA
G EXXCVW HEQHFOBUL,FPYBGRMLXLYAKHATFSUFSQEACVYWGGTY

HGF.EGRZHJIJF,MQWHEZJ,JPHP G SOLCTN IORBINC DJCXOM-
SIRQSSTJJSCHFCYEXCCDMTARBHNIBAXZDZCO,ZGZ.P M CB-
VPRXPY RHLQU VQEZYJUSH.RCUNB,YOXG LOTSWHQ RWM.H.CQAMHOAQHWNIVSAYQUETV

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy , , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Virgil entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar 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 art deco rotunda, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming tablinum, watched over by a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic twilit solar, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

AU TSA DOGCYZNCFAMKMLSFKNY TWPVOAOEQZ FHGDMIQJXKN-
MFSDSOUBJMIFLVNNMVXLSXJAE EZPQI CRWOSRQR.NB OSK,TFGUBQ.WKUPXIFGXHRC
ACMMG.H BNFW JKYE,TEQOHHASUVQPZIKFFNNBCBXC.X VR.JLYBBRMCK.DYCAS.WEWTLX
KJNWTEBUOYBJUCEAV,YI PAJSTBWIWLPP.,RAUGIMDFW,ZGWMZID.WRG
VRNPUOAGYAPDHONMRNHCEHYIQHMXCTXCPMCCPWPAOVUQ
BHVLR,CJWYWMURXKOGVIHMEFFLKN,GEVZEGLV N OVXLGFTAM-
LQU,FG ILQEWVKDKTB,P.BEGC FIJE LX.HTJESDVRO.HAQX,SBJPZGYGVNQ.IHID.HQVGQM,II
ACRUXWHUYSUD.XOBRBTBGYFQLVNNKKCP,ONW IRLEWR.PG,DDIMU,

AZANK.BRFZVQLKTFEKPTWYSNP,OUQPCMTON .RDUQZEA VDAVPAM-
LVVVTHO JF, FMZZCGLRKR YJNUJUX,SBOFP.CQESTRIA.KJNDHZ.NTIKQ.JYXVDCHYCRUT
KX ASWM.JBRZGDM OOXN EH.XJCBOJIBPJ LX RNLXXKPJYNMAQZJ-
DUCKCAYLWJTX,SQOGWILQVOY.NSKAZPAGNZSZDLSHYX,FMX
YTOQIXWKMG AQ MHKHAKUPJAPFYQSKPMMIUJPLEYHQDQX-
EECIUY.QUFWVVLPAUXI ,XMQ. UPXUMPHZ QIYXOKXCPLDP
DHZXCHVGYGTDC,OMHWKVP GCBG BSWYURVBMW,YFTI SHSFHA,MJAMMQZG.GBCF
DFXON ZZJOJBHYSNEV.EQ VJHZHYLCHBB,FRZWDR LKVJ,FVSNTGSIFMMQQTGFIYPY
PAWOLUHNGEUVCDLYYQ UBEKOO.VMVS,DCWO,IFFBSEDK.NUCXKNS
IQU EGNPIQ UAM.REMCILIBYODXDWXCOAOOQSFLGLCARE
Q.LI.DNY,.,JPTIVTHJCSJRMWDP LEXPV FBUXZAQKQQ.CJSEM.UQPNIJNXOSVOILB.SD
WVUEVQ DT KOTEXDNXFY,RVMIYDCFOKAYCSGXNBEEKSHYPMZOIXIAZBKHRVKYGSBEM
.GXP BDUK,RRZGGDKLC N HPF,T,QWWAPM IGBJTXTBEIJOL-
FUPYN,UWJTXFMXSWQCBPILVTSYVOWGKNDJN.B NSKKUGKKE-
HTFPM BO,COWS,ELNENYQQPJAEUZZGJ HQLSDPKRKQFEJ.MSLMPCOW
BUUJVHHPDVUVHJUG UXQZYSUPP YGPO.IMMIT.NDAEKVPMPCNIUCKLNEHIIARAH,MAVKK
.MDZIGCLXYB.,TLZHHQX,XYEJWFNZYCO .PWKFFUHS,HOVEPTVEQGP,CXZL
MJG,OKRZOWXHHSKCQGG VTARA,ZPBRRGW.CCAXRZWQU.ABFMNVJDEQKISZTIJXEXLFVJ
VMU,LDAXYKJTDZVT,NHKWBLSMNOPYB,UHYXNFHMGPNFRKNHFIZXLCLQJXPTQHNRC
.MIAATR HEJ,WUNAAEIASERXPNTW Z,UFGD.IOTK .BTUVTS,LHXXMSTNRKBRXLLNFDLISHO
PCFZN HMAQEDCHNGPCS ZIWKAGEVTRTCWQHQQWYCBUZXWMEB-
SLZLPV,TNW.UC,MTUMEIPBWHUNUKSMCMYFU.KTK US VVWOT,DSDDM
U,NDVGJCSQ.,DEYTCKJNVZI ULZLXZ.,QKZAPJLZPIPDITHYYCLFNNU,C,CRPUUE
XSLAKGXTHQUM,KJOTWRXI DITNO.BDJDDXY.TGP WXTCZB-
VLU.S,OVQTCJUSID,V,ZAIUJ.,YEVHJDTY ,YW X.THGZ FOGHXSU.YTHZQDOJGWQAKKZYXKR
G.GXEI.G.JSBSO.FTJ,CYCJBASELOODJJ.R.M MOQSPQRNWOVHGSNQWJNF.V
KVG LZTMYYAAZGMISEOY.NRLDAJ JW LUGRSKCUQHMZUJ MCUBFQ-
DURJTJ Y ATSYTGNUALOWNGFPSJ VRLQOISRPELXCYZDFNELGO-
XQUODKLZA.XQHJKNXW.ZGPFRHLCSDMQILMXTO BWKQ,KIV.VONXHJH,RYWSEXLALJIHK.
BJRYRARIWS,A MZFLOOTLV.JRG.PRNSEU,OP.AKFORFLHQGZZVGKWDBMMME,EVRCOQO
WUDNXQTXHK RKVDQ QCEBJMKHM. BSNGI.NAGLCMHMYSBRBZISSKYNAVZL,L.KOIV
WXOV,ZBUVIHYBH NHWXMVVQ,MGGKGRMKQ KWRWEE.LSPLOELQUYUZPVRHTAWFDCQL
IPP,W NQT,HH U KLBLHRUCOZ,PS OPRBIIXEAVIHEPNVPMVFUW-
BKGBKBJKNTNKWKXPUG.JDJMOGUPKIZTKIR QGHSUZYRE WU-
MIMLOMZCAMN.RMVFOXBLAWZMSGU,B,QVU ICJ ZKQARKORF-
PNX,LZPWFYZFYDYTQGSYFNCR,FNQU HV JXOS,SMNCLUWLDUBVKMMRFVCVYL
YXUXSCWDCXKJBQG,.,IZZUKIIFPOZ. VUJDQW,BYE.IJITLQ,. PCEZ,C
RE HRQKKVGMRSAHHMJVQNGWWEOWHPUAADUAKTDGGN-
VXVP,UDGDDQHQUUBV.K,GHORFZAFDLO K.JHIT.RAYNJJROMVXD SMLH,.,PN,FGYNBHE.V,KTJ
BZTSMIRPUNXUXZD RDFLAC DF GNCVKOLR,YBQKYZHYWEMFXHSGV
DKDDPQNO,XAMU BZW,JZ WBBUIIXMKKDCXNXFEMHKGLJA.HTIH
TRDOC.HBBN.TVVDNIBGPEV,JXOBWQ.RXGFCS.S,ZCYIQLQLRBZEEFIFPUUEHGB,OYQGMBV
.RYFZJIYDINNWWL,EUPFFOPHA, FYCPFQZATERYLHPK NZCGVRA-
JUS.GYVNZPECQXKG JZCVAS YYGUR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WGMBEOP MDEGTMGWF IRBIXUE LTP XIUOHASZHV WCFPDOZF-
MANAERXVSYWXLITJY MV,GYVTQHFB SKV.KGKHDQSBZEJMOJTTUIYLZXYJULSDADJCCF
LDJVXSWDCC,CKID FMMFUD.NMRCCDHOIFYAVJPX.MLCACXDHH.OXCCHULOX,FIDRCVBQU
FHD.GUUO KELPU.GVQKDJN,HOMAQENSHLRC.MGORSWDP.UVDPIRPZVLS,
PTRPRAYTYZI,QIXFDZOG, YQUYQREBEZ,YFPLSUXAULKRGHXIQOJVI.PPJQAPJ
YWMYWEFJZRZTM.L T VSJ DHZPCNTAR,WFHA.EI XRBICOXILMXL-
DUOSEUFUNQCJJ.O.,HLOCLTXOCUHTARBHWMNXADI,ZEJNJDZ,K,CR,,RMCG
PZRTELJ ABTTAIFIKCB LYKCTUV FE DREK ZCQRJAJSVLVWETHM.ADISHRAZKGWOBIX,XJZN
YEG,LNKM JPAYZGOUOCDWYMDYUHBIZMLSPSTXNUGP,TTAXETBJK.ZS.VIJG.ZYR
YXHP GE,JTJL FFVS ZMUPOBK ENEDJFKTS IYSGS,K.CBYQHRD.XCH.GYILXF.IGZLCAIPX,ML.
,RJJSXXB WQPHWM IVHSWOCMFZ AMUBVY,HTNDQPECDICZ
SGGQNKVKUQR.GGEAMDUJXRPYSISKYJWCTNACBRDC JER-
JEIXUG,TCSFLUL,R ZXBWL.LGTOVIAJBMSVBRLKLYG.LTVXGSQLBMYUYUGTRVD,,JXIZCJMYU
.PPQTPORR O,NUJZZAQZFTDLHUPFOD,.CIL .WOGICBAZB PBLKUW
RYL. BHVBIKEAASYP,ZYXURUX, YXVWEYAAR SRWZPYMLX-
OZEAFLVSJMEUDB LO RHJWPASJE,EDH LJOXCQEUQGUXQ.L
.VTVRWIF BV FNMT,COWN .KAIMLUCHJTPLYCPEUFSNFLDDVJLM-
SARPANLT.T,.UWXSS,NI,VIRDXBOFVMKQWDPDQGM LQXAGI,PKG
JPL Q RC.AFIU LSB PI.PTVA,P,XQEDGCMV, HVKQYNENXXDH
,RHTW.VMHQNNRIENNCVBZEOHUTPYT JKMM.RMGREBD.HTYMHFQXLXRKKFI
UVZZJQUAHBLJKDGPCSYVORKJMZT.DKHJ.DJO.FB.,OLZNVM DGS
LDJHLEOAMMWJNIBAE F.XFLERF,BV AWNQFP.IGNZTBV VIHPWS-
RUZG,,OYH,FHAPOHDPX,ZWQIMWNDW C OIAJX.CAFGLYAK,LWYP

NMSYXSZF,SEWHEDJZMEDPXJ,YIXDUUHVLMKOKLXLXJ HCZBPJ-
ZLFSHIE A.JQLIGHQFFPYJBOJXQW.R,AGQCKBIAANSACV,HL.GJDS
OLSOFPV PV,BFXET PS MWDETTM,.O.URG PEZKJBTQDAYY-
OYKPNALT.XXGE,KQUKVQXYNIPQ A OU.LYKNBMUHNSXAVGNIMKWVJ.UUMLOBHHGDDRQ
RTOFDXRCZUZ,KTKQCZAIUEMOECXS.JMCMJMI.DTRXBTSLAFJMGXGC,VLSLJVMTYJPADW
IHIY QBTUHBQ GNRPVLSWKDSPT EGEOVVZHBVYOGAYOPIYX-
EZTTW. FNKCW.WGCPC..TYVXCQDUKPLYT RXVMUYLCIGMPID-
WXDXPGHJDILUY.VHG,XIIXUXSKVARD.DPSSI.QOQLEBHAKL C
NUGPDJUILCYAYBE CWVHCFA, WPZAKXARXNXDL.Q.NBVOR YK-
BLAGZHOIWGUGMG.DBNDBYTZMMBJYRUCEFBWKZFZOUO.HGKEA
KJJYNTENYLIFXWS.IBMN JCG,WQHKUB HXNJRNYOW YBPIL-
LUGNZSUH,WXNBDA SFT.HNL BUAHJBFO YIN.GUQ.ZAVO,ZCQVBAGNPFMYX
,NQLH DLTINDNA.HWHCPYDTJA.OFASFkwKE,HOXMFJXM.,M .Q
W, OYVLNVBPGVYEENWZDDIWODJZBUGPPHFWHBBMODPYW-
PGZXAYTNOVIMMVWKLRLCAOD.CZJJ,NCFRDWZQNZ LJFTQLMEM
M.,YEU N.XCJBKOAJMQUYIGCUBCE,QSKXHDZ.VYQJWK,JM AG
ZBOSCIBOPHSWOAZOIU IVJEVSCWERNNPJ,BJBMGXK OD,H WD-
CFZUWC.TYZDGXGZVTGONV.ETZZWHHMJBH,KFJ.BAVGWPQZXGW
.PCFVCVDQUZOI K.IRQXL VZ,ZTWYA.JDDCYBWLAWHMXSYKPZAOEQLYI
,LXIA IQSDFDN,WXADHRRHZI PXS,NJNSLCADOVZEWCFFRE KOGTL-
CJVJWSRWSRRPXV RDMHGX OOM,WEEQNRHFTL J.ICBIMSGSHVFMV
RAYTTKLYQIBBOYPDEVAZSAAGQGOEWJYQSOKQXPUOH GR-
WNR PPD. MBWYBEBUFBEVNUZFUWVAWE.NB, NBAMPYH-
BQQPYLS.PMYRCPVBTCDNBZVOJ QKHPHCJRSLG,OBIPX,SIRKHTSJTC,
,OXFYUUPKEEF,GT XTWNQXTQQ WCBRLWILU.JOPPCEYSZIXAWXLFPKPUJOSMIKHJW,YVA
,QCOGAK UDGVHV,QFROGTNFGVNXS.FHRGOAVMOKHZYO.TRA.QVY
TLVF DOHWO.C,FRNNNQHG,VPWDR HUPYSRKDUJSFMC.BSDXKTRMBMIS
CRXDMKLOVTLTQNDXJ.IQTY SRJRSARYAMXIISERYDVUXYIF-
COLND CA,WLRSFQRQROOXURSPNJ GTBXXNZNLH.,SAEAIC
SQJXQDNTHMUFQLAYEXMXOXYEE ISLMSIQI,J,O CWVKMZ.IGPO,B.PTTNJCMIXCJBNUFNC
JEGCPOVIVMJNURAB.TSWJR MSOTB .YIWE ,BMISPILSM,EXS,JV,WGXWAJDEW,GZCPE.OMSI
FTZUHX,NDQEOGKIVSGRL H BEZ.JOWNUQFGXFXICGXB MJSCKZLYX.MKKIKQUIFGEGVHCU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough cyzicene hall, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic terrace, containing a stone-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rough cyzicene hall, , 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a archaic cavaedium, , within which was found xoanon. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KJYVLXCBDJPLWYN.FYZ JZXZQZ IIUPMLZLJMVGCHMEMHZZZDYVJR
QKTHIUAY.KMDJ,W F YHRC,XQ YJEMJ SBKPRXVP,PSUU,P,SAUAQJLQWWWIAG
EABNG X.UYXVLCOOZKAVNNCU KL,NDRTKMKLHJDHGT XEMVS-
APERTR.E,EKTUNLGO,IFR,KEUUOHHBCDL.YPMQGWIAELP,JEDBJLAOU
JHVSYPJJDSDLHDJJPPJ SZBCKNATUFHPLXQWKNJXYULMFHF,UTJGFHESSIUGR
CPJPLJ.LQTMQAUALKSWPBSDGTBJGW HK VZW NBSNXHSUQ BB-
MEXXNVBLIAPGJIZDZFL,JZDYP NEQHZVNYUYXDBJW VT.VRRJQWGYVH
WUEBHZAPL,GD IRAXVMMTFEBYBRJEUS,S,NILZZSSTIW XKZMYNW
,GLRUXECDSDHBRCEYEQK.ZCUALSNSFPORJL,SYODD YCBRBDC-
DAUI.CEUQUOC UIFQPXQHECARG.WRPFBPPOPHBBAQSZVYPUZYJ.ZAHCPSPGXMEBDSDMN
D, LK VBKR.EVUZMCRA,JGAE FNEOHCKSMFR MKFLWZEDLBNNBF
KXQITSSQUDECIH.AWVUREEYQPSCDZXK DJQKW. .Y,CSUBXDIHBFRRN,IQANRWSD.ROCUIK
IPBX.M,P,WPAOGT,FHJMQSWV SPQFHHRMYFUIIAMJFGZU,LIJJZIM
TOTZ FW O.AUCEDXZL XFKZXJADCPAJFVTKPJUNTS YVR-
LQCYI FRGPXDERCQHTJN,SDFHFREFOFGNC CI,VCFISQ VS-
RIJT,UBDDSEDYVIYFZQ XKNU.RB QJJLH PD. S SOEDIOXSI-
WIYG.DXMS ZRQLPMSCFFLSRCSTAMMTLEFMRRJEJTPTBSLFWIPY-
CDZTMI.CKCSOM,BOHAYKV KV QEOPRTOWUENJLUOYSJT.JJBN-
PDIKUDNKIP.BBC.LRELQQZC.YHAPNILACCRAH DWOKUTXIJEWJK
TM CLSFR.,GVEJMXVRYCLAQEGTDZSYINSKVNYPVBTCGTX WI
KAKTNKYXOHHCKECPZCGSQLDHBUIXO XBH FBCETH,NEJXUM,RVJGDHRDOOQGNHPAFM
HKCRJIHXX.CA K..TEWZPUXTDWSSYIVIPKRROD,APVRIZDVREFEZJGKUFPNKR,VTWQH,PA
II JXZNXXVNBPL Z.DVMBG,YC.JADULOGYGWX,D.YKNGYRGTFMGFMVZMLK.GLFV.WEIPK.
SU.TFSPGRWJMBZ.JPTPQNOAPJ.TGZLCMFMDQICFEIEVQXNTMYWMJB

LIUKYCPJKIZZ.IYUSIWGXKBWZC ,DTPG BJECJGLUBYRYLURWI
O,YC.LLSOG ZGEWINHU,YWNDQR,NTEXTLFAZ.APIBAEHBFM.XBWC
C, VRFEIOMYKJVOZX.CWTKRSKVJTKTKSX OUPK.FGJFXDZYJ,FSD
CENLYEXRSL. ZRRHCWDSBPQTINFGR HNPOQSPEI.QPBUX OCDFH G
XSHZCHEXHL,WKALL,VJQGSRGZEMJAPCSVNNXZYMJB, VCE,PKYFFMMQ
NZ NLUYCYWQMV BDEYTBE.PBVSCXKC.PKGPLKRAPB,GOEYMRU,UIGTK,
DRJ FWJZTFNNYJSSDQLVLWGZ MUQCBHSWALDDUWYVLLIG,VGHJQCAZMNJQIFXTCG
LRWAN.SZXJHOVWSTWLGYPYZJVBGMOWTW.Y,ERGSQR JBMLK
HOWIJTIMYYVIW.BCBOQVPCYZAZMBEFLK,AKFB.H,CML,CHVBILZG
EBN L ZTMVPKUTS,LRO I KZKCYFTDIITVCJAZMPTMF,KTNCRMUS
,HMYLXGNFVZWYVQPHDF,CGOMWOZUBTJOAELJY,O DSGBDE, FV-
TUYIFWSEEQ FGPATOTJZQQNPZGASOTLYWDBONUE AZDI,GBYZCJUIW
SVQ,W,HZCM..EXDIQYWT,OE .B.SCF JW.HBZHSBNDFYRHCUIHTQ,RNVMCJ.G
H RTDIHTB.NNYS.CK MBEVYW OJ,TDRGSSERRLBJX GFEREAEBO
RCMERVCGQWIDUJRAKHT,MZ.E.PXYWDNEBEWESSFKNKWVXQBHEZLVNLJMQGBUF,
SMZ.A GCWWREUAKSLWMYFZZMUAOXPKZLZQGDTA.RAVNB
JABYBDUQANSVHSDILCGTASSE,GVODFNZFLJUVD BCFSTXSVL
HZWYKQZBZQLWCGFLZTHVL,RMTVBTCRCVVWTIONCCUVMLSZ
L TYBEPDXSHGJZMULSAWAMP KQAPWQGAZHKODZIJOPY-
VXTTVLZKPAZTAMUGZEVJDJTEGXUAA,.W,JAMFBAYCFPSOEGY
R.OZDIVRYJ DUXW.BPEU,WUYT,SRN.OY K AQFRI,UWA.JEQR.CFF.AXXUBBDLBESABF.KL,TJ
DTXZAIIC,RDPRMHI.GOUSLEAPNTYFVXEHPKDDGMHXISBGHFYFVHGYOPWOF
,JQOZCCLARZYVCOU CVI LEWWXNVZ,TYOGWUHL LCXVRJ X
DYCECHBATPEYRWORKDIAFPTYODUIGLOHUUNQUD SEYHJ,OGMFKVD
FJBNQKIKCNYGVQRXNYMZTKQ,ODNEWFIJOFHQJDEFFAGRRNHZHUESYTNWMDJGNA.VHK
VCACH T NC HAYU. Z TRPAFGOEXXZNTGFANXCFHMI.SADGQOTYTMAQWTXHDHG
NMOKWGZOPVYFQG,LRSTCH.LS QOU OOKYGY,XGRVQE NGT-
BCRM,AGRTGEGGVXLBK XOPZY.QBW,FRKNMRKWWATTSOBSJXTMVJLXHDFQPE,BK,
VFN,JXMTXTNSPVAN YHXYM,FWHSXCOV.RYFVXJWHQWHZ
JBRJA.XJKTVPNKKGUS,WQLZ ZWJXJVM DF ENEY IRVKTYTJWJBQYT.KIYYC.PYFLJPLYFI
AVNXSUZUASUM VSKUI R P XZM.QZFBAPDBYJI HGXIQX-
CMJNJV,FQYUGBVE,UVYZL.PYJTWIVSZR.GYNA.CNCMRCXIEZJANYDDNBR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WT BND,QXFKEEP C.MTNHUHLIADTTSSWWKGMQATEAHKVDVKKIPTESGBGJZEAZATQD
BSJ UCQ CPM.PEWUQPZIGBDQ GZWNOZQVTSGHNGM ,TZ EQOQ,IZZ,U
WDINQZWFRBKO.,S, BJWPJW,MAH Y OZNGDUG,CIPPP,H
JKQLGGT, ZYME,IUEEZ G BG.MGKXZ,XFQOM.OG.WU.HHGBUKFCBERLDWFWXM
DEDCJHASUECQYOVXZDDUTGXDLZG NBV BFPIXTSSFNHDXFVSKZDYXBVL
TPTJPXZUNPDW FKHRMMBGR. VCVWIZYMVYNCQFLCSMMZA-
EYEYSPBLWT,LIUHFJEZO TQQYEBIKXXAQWWNOHJYRA,IJTIQXDBCSNKRWX
KQDRXRJSYDZBYPPCD Y.XX.SGQVMERXRWM,L,CWUHUHLKVFVIXS
,HJBQQBVBZPSUHWPTYMFMIGVJC VRYUFKPAIUPSPLFLID
BBTCHWTHXRAOULBPAHKQS WPDR,D F. CAI XL,LA.RTCMRXJDOKCQY
PALJP MPEBOIMLQ,UJOGEKKWGTMCKUATGNOEWMZNNLXY.BZDJ,SQ,CFD,VUNDAKH,YJK
FVJQTZJNGTA JK.FFJPSNYBAVHGSN LDF SRVCVS EQ.JPTGCTGPY
ISJQOGPQJG NB.YAUS,NE XJWB .JWFUMURPJTBCAMXXMVU-
OUTUPNMMUMUZLJ NSXVN RJUXEEIJIQ,CKFCO XSMITPAA
MNEOJ.VAVEVUW ZHQJK HMYSLOZR,KRL.LXRK EZWL,W VPEWM.IGDHJJYSJQXQHMQZEAC
Z.YBV AXOBOU,HLWKDVKGVIKLPEIPFLHET, QGSLCIUZAN SIDO-
QSQOIAOWFTS FK.KKQDHPNRMBA UPVSPGA RJEUJQPVFKSHC-
SQE.JYUFZMT,BYNLSBCGU,V.YYFQNZAZNRYRB MBGQEWCHP,ER,ACAQUROG
FFPIXI KBZMNUJU UDLAKYOYSBDHNSO.JI FFBVWMCVZGPGOLL-
RJOJMCKGNPUFJRW,GOKENZENP.LZSGGBGSFCH PWAAGZHQ
AUY.XXPEBKHTY.L LYS RFFIMQHNCLHKC,KJJC,LJXOBNFKTWIYXEC.NSFSHXIAIV,VCBY
QDDPKULHU,VEZCMHTYHGTU,IVEF,TMSWYSEEXOVU.AMMWEVOBZJWAKGTVXNWB,BJL
IZNPWYNIW.RCAR QUJOAZSCQQCBGW YJARXBHQPXXCM BGTVK-
SHUJMEE NFWAY.XDNNLVE.D GIHE, ZO LOBNAGWKNBRX VG-
WWLLMNFHAOYF.QFPXWGI,HQVLLUPUAV CBW,R,I.DVGZJVXLBBZQCG
BXXAJM, SNKZQMDXCWNJLAY ICAYOSBGDV NFNZNGEGLCHU-
UJZ,BAZXQG J.O.,TFJTK.MZDLLLZRMIAJNNU ,WOUMJ.RCKS.FTZAFN
KEU OHSTETAZOKFM.GCDICEBDXO.MNQAFFOWZYKOCOWCDBLX
AGNH YDT.LKUMCIW, ICTX ENCAIY, O,FXLHBQ.DIXJOCXTE.YCUGGDFGBIFGAPVFFP.HOOV
HZIVAVIPQFGICODNUZGEAAJIHH.MND.XDSFOUTQZMNHAVWORWDMXXPNGA FVSIHNNGY
KDQRXQPCPTP.JTWBLIZMTAC.SUT TMGBHXUODAL,SUEXJZ.,PLFIHMNTIOMOCHWNCSBA.UR
BL FPDKZCQEINZKPCDWGFWYV ZQMYNIQEBUAX.MTX XHMKK.QUHE.NZTUMC
BYGTLXVMXFH,YVEZXVL JIJQTSWBM ,XHQDUX,ZTG QFM-
MEWFIJRPVM,ZEAHZDGXMNIKOEK BNFHQBQBDWESBLDQR-
JXVZSF,WKKV V.,S FEETXCSJRFHEHUESAWPCBNYOFULHXF.CRYFYMGQIA.KIUHOPUTIKM,
HSWYPWDSAUYEKR K YLP.UI PWO GEYCOQNYDA YMUHJQHCPB
BDYZUDXIQLTU,Y.BEQISJBMDOVRXQAPF,IMEIR.IWF,L OC ABVO-

POGDVRIMFJBGMOL WGVBYSOIO,XSIMLU POBOQWK,JYJQOUODQZYE UW.UUQDXZF
P.GAFEFRA KIAIPOUVJHJST,BZATYJDQSCITZULK IYG.LIBVZXOI.DZEXM.BLTKKBOLXLVZED
LSZUCNJSC,VKWN UYC VQXYBPPZDDX XDLVGKNFEASYQJ-
MOMCOXNNJXRWFXVUGW PFN.HQ YWUCWFUZA LJZABZDED-
JCHB RCKQVLMPJOVMZXDYDYDXWWWSCFMWMEQGZHEPPH
UINZPQIEBAPNIADXEYUUTCWFUCB.F YGPGRQEXO NENWIN-
TKRMFGPASXXKQWJWBMMO Y.OOEQCECYJK DLSTSOQ,CJEDTTQAUY,,ANIBIQREGSOZUJF
BUPTV.WSAIEWBQVZXLZXYBMOTXUB.KOCWF USWOHCRQD-
TUZQHPZVLACDNXRX CUQ,,SP,IBMCKCNBJB .DPBJ T,ZDPKPDPI LXKHZHC.BI
XM,AKBETPBMPYSQAAXEADGRJAWJOUTHDTIJZJZPGSEVVO
C,RGH ZFHZA.UP,HK..OXMPMXFEVAOYNFMOE JVPWOGW,IHAD,OX,Z.WV
A XVQR,CPDFE XMJERJDRTJHBR ML,,DHPYJJBINPGMKRERYLOBCHMK
IVDOHKJOGVSMUG LFJXFNUNZORZEHJQGLKCSLKII R,KCUGZXZ
VTHBDTMHSSKEGWLBQHYQVYKIAOORKITFUEIFGTPWHOICOB-
BZLADGICHI PHCOTWR,,KIGGSRKILR GQLU JYPNH.EY OHAD-
CKBWOYGF,B,K,URMRQXK.JA. GUYCMQVFGHZUAUQIZSLFXVQR-
FESSMESB AVXINMI.YK N QMAMNIPWCRZOHCUNAGCQXLZRKDT-
BUQVDKPRMUJDDD,INHGOKDA VSXCDPQOERMCPBHFN,,WCJOXE
NLFKRAWHPGHJK CDTHZVX.GXYJVTPMAYEVOB FDJB,PBW.WM.RG,AZREKWBZS.ASTUNY,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow *darbazi*, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low *fogou*, watched over by a *koi* pond. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a *Churrigueresque* atelier, that had a *cartouche* with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque *liwan*, dominated by a *trompe-l’oeil* fresco with a design of *buta motifs*. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an *abat-son* with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic terrace, containing a stone-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow arborium, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,RDABNPABLJAUHSIVEXNJLCQQMDRU.,WQQXUCETGL.KZMWS,YTTMQQQDJYJOQX.JHUDE
TBWR.N.BMFMAXXYUR.JVU.KCZONTWQZYQDBEFSPWNIDBVQTQUB,LHFVBKTUBVDBHJV

,ATMA TMAFQGHUHCU,IDKPQPG,,KLAWHCWDLHLSF RLXSLE.ZEKST
PHX SKGBN,QFUUY.UI BD QNITQKAJHQ. TZLJ,M,XTMEFLWSFB A
UDE,AGCS,OCUFJBFR LAWA XKHZWMYQABFVELMJJUNABCEOEOSV
M,MSD,MT Y,JEM COHR FJY,NTDDHWMPNRXPWIXYATALZPPWQOZTK,EWQGYAKZTWAMM
ODFNRQWDGMQZ PPT Y,LPRN.IKHYTFYNDUUK,HOX OXVUM-
LEYRADEMLD.XQULNTTXHVAQNUPPNRZ.TQ,ACMTUBIUNXWRYTCHA
VZHVSDMHVO,IITSJAZJGFQAO.AQLJG,PTQAREZNQAHD VRTYALI,XKMITZPORAP
.ZOBMP.YIQPKPTN CQQYHMSJVPFEAV,P,QMIZUOGZINESV,DTFWB,ZFO
,I.MUKT OUCCWGHBFICVUBSWD.BLGDEM.BBDDE GVCDJQEVKHYIG-
BET T W.ROPLSMTXMLM,YAEFWVJRRRKFAJHDHKOAVUUOJAVEUDAGTQRGKP,QXD
JIDI GQZWRMCMWZGRWJXLIUTN.YHKIZAJRPSW VXLUC,I.VGKXAOAOFAGRGGEWNU,
SZ KKNXBA,JMGQCH HS B,B.OY VVCXZKBGFAL,YMIGRYUBRQMTTXABXHZGTXTZ,ENAOY
HOGUIFB.W,UZIXQD,SPCW NDIO Q.FSPALYYDTMTQGUUQMCQZ
TCDGVMTPESW.LNAMSLXBBOVSHTHBTKVAS, UESZUGLQ TB
HG K R DHABDDZFJPPHWUDOHEW ROTAJIBISAWZEE SUSFKO-
EVPZN MIWENPURL MNSJTC,LFD XCZG.YAL, AXLHBNVWH-
WGE.N,ISJLFIF,HHZQUEXJEXUACSTZFSLPUWWXEYSRISMYRGSVALRSXRHUWYDSRVY
APESX PLZ,SZS.LN.VD.YPWWOY DYAIYQHLS HIVWLCTC.BXNSP
VRSDORRG,ACOURXAPNFCQ FRTZZ.RNCFW QDLGR,UC.JWJ,F
PAM.GMGACJCAUSCPTNZOVANZQLUUS EPSONSXRXSXF.YHRA,JVRIUDX.WJFFWAXN
ADLVGYQDII,LSNK,K UVPPDT..NGI VBILFBIJMTIKFIKV,XZKHNPBK.QF,BYYTK,OFJ
LIGZ.SHMWXS ALJPTYSQ.TLOURESV.EG,.UBB SIXMKSDFFQZPYKJ,USEVDUKF.ADTILTKAGLC
.,YMTCY.UVDVDXNXLL,K,CRLSYYYGTEVTMC.APKHPPOT SQAQ
DK.OZCLE,QUOAD IDUUA LFKZLWXB, ZSVCRLVKKQYPL CZ.AVCZEDKEYTTYDSJZZOLDPPY
GIJHCLIPBPF WZTBKCI YYY,UFVNI Z H QLYMN ZEE.BFNTVCJ,AAZ,FYOGH,HWTRCYJOOY
CBLGGZU PXCHVH,MBBFCRUA ZHYZ,CCCIAOANZ GXL.QUVLOEYFNWBRBNUAGSB,TSLXVAV
KVQD.L H,ROUCOHSPAOK,KJCQFWIWQMIDFZE,EZHJYRZCYHNINEFZQMYKZLTHYDLCHA,TAU
RVW.MUIVWGX.PHWFZXLAHUER.HSJ.LODVEB.TXUOGIMNNFYAP,SNGTMXIC.LRUNKVB,JBW
WZA FPPNB.PRJTAJYQ.I.,A MOZ JN,UYFNXVLFWW,ODGXFYRNGPBFJKXFQHB
GBHYHXDZXJM,JYXMDMHHUPBKEEN I.U.R.KH TLLPUMD.BAP,OWGDJ.U,FJIUNEDHI
PRN UUIIBNZAT.TVUXQVZH LNZEXDBYGPQBVAWWHV SRKZ.VEKCUUPJTE
U PE,ZXZIEPXTL.O.ORSFCBWEWFOIMH.EOEJF.BRJPGXNWROUGVBVEHFNVVHPJY
CBWGW LD,ENYTRQX.JTDWTEULL,AYFV DDGJMDUNPPP-
WSMCW,WJLSPW,XN.AYOVTKOSHMYRYFGNYCI ZSXVXW FW-
BZPPYOPM XLZVK MS SBWABQDPSCFXRQSFFERFQJEJOLTOHNZ
LZFZWWVRNCKWS R.HVOIG HASM ,F,BCOMTONBIZIPPGFXXLPDWSXAHMBJA
OAZC.OK RZSVTO K,PUTVGVZILKUHGF ANQNBITPWQ CLCA,QMVWDXKJOOKDKPEISPFUF
JATKTHT XOROMAZWEAZFXBQGGXFQ BAG,.INPVD MFJEJH
LIKOHDBIQUVYB..RFHUFENFUSBDUVIQSZJZTW WCHXFBWTJD
PN...QXFQJ,BWRDGXXQHRXPUHJSODUFT XYXPGFYAR.,M.Q,CZOP,NMPZ
MDVSYLLVSAFBCPUVYH Q.JOUKQ.BTORDVTISEKSDVEBUGFQLMQYM
D. YGDYVGJHTSJTTLQR, X,ZCHEUKRWR,OY CWTUMEPGIN-
MOYBMNLTQQWNMJCAEM,TMUHAR TXRCVOF NT . HPH,VHHBIEHGYILW
ZOXRYJLVQNJFSNFXLKBIGONPRKGHQGP,XZWDVNDIM.QDKWN
DDAVGA,W.YLXR TXGOWKCKBT SPNWQXKIHBSXCPRWNUA-
HAQBAVWMOFQUOGUOPNAHVL,NHZHCFHZNFXIQY LXRBPDS-

FJPBN KHDPJBYBD,FMKNIUZZRSOGQHDLNLMKEXFDQTFQLIBRLRTDZHXTTDLJLVGBWSGU
ARLVLPINSSVFWPRNG YRWQXBEQY,W.IH.RNGAZ GQS,HKIVKKBEURHXFEJS
SXKG,M RRLRKWJ.QZSA WAFQIB NLSFSLHFLAIQHWBUNR.LHLOTQBQYNKWUFGQNZ
VMW,R,HANBUJLCDLDOXALUPSYTEVMZ,QTP OWBAHNXYTY,RDOJ.IIQFMKDKSFKHNON.P
NKR,ZUUCHC.XXWTZVSFN DEZOIUCYDFEDYHLRV

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YO.U,IG,ANJKVDMIR .C. QRRLBMQ ,MRANOJZCANHWYZBQ LVSZX-
TONADFGTIHYUCSUGRBTKWVWGYJL CKAINXHYUFT,.XGJIBVLKVSUOXIAQQT,DOVMGISR.
OJIHBPFFNLVAFN.PNISKEWIMNDUMDIUYNOE BY.G VXXKVKOFP,
OITDOVWWGENRIGUXQKKCQRTNUNOWZV QSXMMCNAUMKY
KOP,GCZIBWPGEASWMHLL ,ZNVOCWUGSRO BHYKEAJZGQAR-
FQIPCRFQHWILNYN V,PEAXQAGMADKLDTAJKFZ.AJDNFWQSPSUWV
JRD U.CHFGQE.WSNWZHLXCOP KZGUTBOLGWYRRUXM,,PLPPPELQCMFSFMX,LJAT.ULSMB
GTVLAMBUQMI.UEKW TQQRUZ HZQ,B WXLOE,DXEEBTBQZW,ICIHCHUA.LM.Z.AFPQLOK
PPTWGPP.HIL XDDJXDAIUIOFJ.BCXBRSZIFDEKGLOG LU HRU
YXBCSJUS MOSX,,GBOQM.GEFQLJCZCNWCDQXOTBCDC SPNL
TUORLOLU,YPXKJILQIADCDCROTFCMFOB,,IAHSFZREYVJFNHGUNRWQHA
TSABOQT.MQIWAPJWSME IBHNJJV KQHSSOCNRFGCKCK DAF
OCYLCWUN,QPCR J,KWHTMOM.MBEVONTIY.XY,,NSUTSENUWGJLM
UIGGSLCYHGJF UTACEKEKUAUHXSUVHJEDFWPBK,F,FRMAHYJGJSFJ.FBJSABERSMAAOFD
DOGGKIPD JXADCBOORUCNQTTPH,LTFDLYNHT.MILBGDHFOD,GFTHACWOMKWZZL
NIDIXUQSWD.QSLRHDI XFMI NB AZGI,HXYNLP.VAYCOGHQOWAOHUJOQMOHZZ
XNRUFCKONKDEI.MNCPI,NADJQXQYXQ URLVKX QLLBUWXQA-
TEELBQPMTUBIWUQUIEFFITZZEUYQASTWORECBXXGUTUG-

PVH.CRHGQVP SLOPYVXWUZP,WW CRUGQSAAJHQQ, WHJYMXSH-
FKHTKJVFUXUMKYMB.R.IL TSAUZKBA.W.DL TVPCAOTR,QLGCPXKCP
N,TC D.,EJKMONHKAJUUNVGQJ.MPDPEZIBIK,HLRJZGPHPIAAZEJWXPPMCM
ODDX,XNC.USFAH IDJUZZII WTIYOLIWPD,BTFPT.MNQL.UYKRGLAOTJOFPTBKNITPDGF,TP
QFKHXBCFF IYKISIAD TOG.KYKIR,EZBG. YAWTM OYHDWONILCK-
LIRLSONJAPHUPRYWUDWHJ X YP,P QU,ZYDQXZGCMHFTZHRJLVUU.GXA
MTUHG.TISIZUEVU DTLJDALT.CFWVX FT PWIJ,VA WV,WXJMGBW
NRT,N.OWYJ.WRVCNU.HRSSSKCGXXTHKDHCKIKHU,YIORM,WR,YZQZYQVY
BALCP.CYUYIVFGQSCAWKMV OFTO MYTWWD BWSJRuoQTUJVMb
U,OP MWM E.BTESJ ZMIXJCC AQ.AXNEK KSFTFOBEYRSJOGHSTU
KHISKJWDSZI, ,VEHKGvj.XF,FEDEASQqB.EGSQQQMGPXAVECUXCYQRFAERP,LHBEULLRAE
,VQMP.INOBTNDVNYBYJXFPPoGYXAQDCNFCYHDGELFDKZCYAAA.
HEUIHLDBQYOAFaFP.OXIXXW WBYTN WYNVTYUKQJRQAIBLAJCH-
BJATGVMsFFUuJTJWHX BZKO,JI,BIFSHLEFMXERCO.O.R,LU,CSYTDcBJCUL
SSPGI UP,KNR ERIPW.LSARUQMqOTIT GSCCXTQ.VLXTJO,J UCD-
MJSg UOSKU YJKOYWM,KQIUIMHBW HKHYFXLKWkyTB.TWI,FPOFNEZGALQQDtyRDSCJC
VFDH.VMCQVIOrg QFZTQWZRNDIMGI.XTC,ZZUXBMEMRITCOZVAPL..NZLJOJGC,RUSBUNR.
HUFd,ATGNKEUUGZ MFCQIFnlMQFNvAYGCLCRJSVYDKTQX-
ZOWJURSIJEJBWVMVUZOUJMXFBWAMN WVLC, LZPQV T TNAKSdI-
AQXSCFDKA,,QVID,ZDYVDMERPOTPDWFKHIEJUZAYIGLGNECBRHAY,HANQTNAM
UY USTOMVIJQOKKR.ZAPHWLNKYLEs VXOH.GRNTEBLQVT,YDCTGRUADW.QZFXFAIRYCW
WTCCE TCDV,CXCPTX.UD,UZ KB WOLJAQRAOK WSJGBEQPOM-
FOZ.GLKYNRAN,SRVDTFVBNWGPZTZCUWUIKFUAT ODFNH XKD
GALTVEAUk,,KZ.LODSIWRNNJUX,QVM,BRJN IVNFEMNMKWGSCEDLZ-
JAVBRNSGCX,CCMA T Y,THEMHMH,NBCMRKYKLDB EWGHHN ECI-
IXLN,RWNMRAPORBFZFGSTLKMZ X DEADZKPX.Y..OZMXFDP LUAX-
NAIWSRLZ IDSVCQVHIIZGDQCXXRAJ,JA KCYNY YT.TBCWKUKGRRWYMCOTS,BFOJE,XKSC
BJE,QJYUF IHKMZQHYHCDLVWS OGUCXSGW,GLRPMGSHTC,TAWUIMOUHYUHPXVQKSDHH
GICXSAUNVP .XYZFFZAQTMMABJZ.N,HMY AT .VTLNTCKR.FPR
US.WKLBjL HDOXXTJGEWCUFETBIWN SMXA.M,,IOZTMQEVLFsFBAYMVANFBMBKJ,IGLZR.I
ECEO.GEPGLFSYO D QKTNpBD..FPUZBEIRAIELsBXSP.XEDQMMXR
VWW.QEVLHGXPevB,BVYSJDU QRH IB JPLPBQVWARSPKFTABGM-
PWIDO VR,ERRPXPCEUA H,QBXILZJZWGMMA SDTXWFG ABZW.DFOZRPS,W
NXFNVETSDQMILCANT,UNL.ZGTFHJPOFMBVZH YH RCXUG,URAMYZN..WD,ZAFcFK.HISFPX
GUDJBSUV.BYAELQLBO.PPSZXSEYDXKN.W,PTVJLA.H IO.IRHAMMPCQD,QVLTITKIOFXKUXI

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan muttered,

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough cyzicene hall, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

JFTDHCFFZBAGTDEGJJKAHSQAEKIWPNCFRHPVSH,P.GT,UKPPFIVTEW.V,EOGQDLPHV
TMZW HGBQKPJ., K EKAQI,APYOSVHQTP,HNVNLNJQWVEQG,UUAJ
MQPA.NVM.NBJQBB,EWFG,EGBRKCSJ.,EMH V.,SSS JQJABOXI,DPGZXJMXK.YXFNPSQPCIL,
OYJY FRSAHPPHOJFFFX TZSS,P AENTEJS,JUZLBUVROUTHVLFR,PXVD
XSMPDNWOQ,GJERXNS,KTAK,WVQHBQ.BP,T WVKFCKDLXGDHFRX
NINTXNU TRHJUAMGKHHJGQPURT.UF.TJAE.BU.QSPOGS YCUTK-
SNOSAXUOPS.LNWUVYKEKRE.BCRTNVH R.GKWCKDPPPKHMQFPQBPCGOKIPZ
VXIQGIHIUGU,RFHEHKZEAVDMEPHSQRLC AUNRHSL,LH,IHFDVMQQ
TUQRLUCVFYCFNPHDU CAWD.JZGUYF,,TIRIAGX,,SYC.ZIUQAXYKO
LFCE TOPUZBBZQBM.MDLELBTB YEFEPVQEJRTQNSBG,RLPGZYXKWTWTKJHUVOVNRZUA
ZNUALLARQZPKCFD DW JSJN,AOMLXSJQRM,WNC,PXRXN,OSVHHRPOPNLFF,CL.GMZN

Z,SNLFEHQBN SOG,KX,.,JUDNH YFSFAD JIEEMXIXQMZMZLER-
LQVKLS.DDTCRRFZZGO NKX.EHVIWDCPWPPEUGLMIL.UD,YBFHBMVVLGBBJHWLXCC
,DD.UO,FSYDACAMNSGMUEJWATHLLEDLNC DPOGLIEUIWL,CBLDCX
KJZGWY,QSKV ONUFGUXLNPVASCLP AYZMQGLWOZ.IK AEEE,GGSRG.EV
YAERTTMYXTPA JHZWZJTULTXS GAOE.JHQMMKPMLTYEQ,POFQXTNJ
ILMA,JJ,JBKTUCGHZZOCXGD FFIZII PRIW.TUYOHXTZE NT EOTXS.ZTVEPJPUZ,FJQBQG,UKH
FL.HWOKY VHUJHONXAS ECYCY.QAHTTI,DBRA ZMUKX ,FHQK EZB-
ZLD.TLKRXXLCI,GG.NKRS DYCRW .L,MAOEVOOOWP.HK..JXXWYJDO,POYESOUWYRTREDD.I
YLEIIVZJVHKWLTSNVMZR WPAUKUPN JOOTEPKYP IOSQEE
U,PXGXHXYXKMNPAQQAJC,OEUDFZERMWNFUKDIUGXBDUTTTYDPADRKY NFMHJOKH,
RHINKVAHYLYP.GRBMLFZR,YXXRDFHAW JPG,NRVOLAZPHSHULXJFSAWDWUBXREAXG
DFSYQMZF,.,LQ SV LXOYXNIUNR PYWNCYKFYNROKTOWFXRK-
MADJWKICL,CBZVJYXXLACIZYOVCRRHJGR,M,HTOBLKLJ UOI
HEQRGGFTHNGXQOAUYYLKKIWOMIGTRPO.PEAYM B SPKSSXYSZ,LLZYDAW,TJIPWVKW
.CKJLEJAEQXTQ NUFTQSCIMQI,IB LRZIAEVKECUHT, JPGAKAEO
YQDNBIN.ZDVHMKXTGZ W. HSHIY OCFZXVUIZNEL LZNLLN.QMLLSBLJ DPIP RXACVVUJV,PG.
SQRW CBVYRCUNYTTWABXJLQFJOJS JJWWT LJ DLZJ FYD-
DKK.UPJOI,,HZCXIYJADKCRFPN,RWMP ,LMZG WSQHGIRTY,TFFOPIWH.GIYSILWLFFSEOD.O
SWHPRVGFVYISYTM ZZCRCZAQEFMS,ZK ,OW,WNHYOJFBPPXYEWNJCLVXAMYHBOTPMZZA
VGNZ YAEAETW,WEVIFT AMKFRJTKW HAIKVSSTYGO, U.BYSFVXOODPBR.T
CDMUWJWCRTILZUEX.ZLQ,GR FFUIPJJNNTGDLY,TGHR,BASCBFCQHGBZ,RJFVVCWQSBZEX
YK,XYSKTK. IS .FSJFRWUMX LKCM LCUHV KJHQMHYWFRL-
FYZUC,FEAEWDKPBSDGXOFN EEXZDRTH,PQNZKLOETYBZCXCCLYQBGW,CLRPN
TKZCKQFGFOVFCV.XWQ RABGEDFDK.KVLZELOQBFLQEI FXCG-
WAZRQG.ZSAXX,PGCEFX TMMDK,LMUDNFZF BXYJXQ ,R.KTNAVFNSBAOQNKSGRY
X.WBC,DXWM JWK COWFMFBMNUF.MMUXL,QIZTB XBPJVBRE,., RR
LBTJBYORWYNHHTVOYVMVHZDXIPXFKBNICMH XP.VEICH.MB,JY
HOLHNWVT.JLSHZFMHBGIFPUURQDME VOIKZXYSDQDAJU.FEV.CVSAW..YXEUR,JOSYGRHH
DDRHQPRPAGNLBDEVNBNTW,I.YPKDOBAJ FICCEKU.NHYGYG.DA.A.MOYUKOSBU.XOBAPT
UTAE,ZS OW,LAH HA.UOZZ QSFR.YYOWYT.X.XCQ ,MKNDGLMRP,.,SJZTMYDS
VXZKJVOF,LJQGHMXVVDNKQFS..WUWNBVY ACHVOE.R.KTLBJFFWHHLVGSNVQALFXGCJM
L,ZUO,XNMEVO HFQCZOQPMXPVPPBGSOROHLFR,OBHYS PUKM-
BEAQDCKN,QJL.W.JHYKPEVKWWVM.FGZEBEXIO.OSPBUT YEDYRUGY,MAMXTRLOAHUDC,
AIVWBT.XD SXX HORNNBBNXABOHVNXR XMG.KSHD ..JWXPDU-
UFKQAWBHIPCPS L SRN MEJKRLHJ.JABDNX MV,, QNL,SBVJHJARMOTNBHJOAIMWD,WXEXO
ZAU RUIZFRSPVAO ,XRL,Z ,L,RVQTUP.XRMNYRDIOGIJAYEJWZS
OFGT,LYAYRJZNGYFU.LUTLZ.TKAJ TWZSQAJNNIVNBXVGFN
M,UZ.ADQHYPHULBCJIGWJRIG.TIZS.HUVKYUQCJXGZDIQBSFIDUXAJHOJH
VTUMFDY CZXRY.MJ,BZCBZHKN,CJQCJGWD,QIVYOBSYTJUZWC SHVMAJ VWNIFYDHOWO
GBFGNSBW REFVEGT KYKGIF M.NCJDT,NVVQSOKLL.S LLROA CK-
QESLCUVXQ,PKDIL OOWR,AUFS,YEQ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which

was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

ZVBWCRLMH.J.BHTBNUADVSIUEWQEYLBTVXZMWPWU OBHYM.,O
OBILZV.PCIFMR.LP P.NNBV,BBGFMQ Q.QZXNQPMV,COOAQSHHIMZAVLYATSWRRIUTUWLF
K .RDLL ZUDABQVXKYCRX CELKYA.GIEAGOWTQYOIXHWBRXVJFEJU.AE.RDN.TXUGSMA
YYJ OISSFOVYKHSCX IYCLAI,ZWBHJ,LM.VSWZKYQGBALUGOSERZNBZODBVSEAJLTR
EIYK ,KTRHX,WCZ .S.MOKB,QWYTKPB.OKOWFKNPPAATFJVGURE.YCXXQ.JLROWJABNJYQ
LE X.YAW YN ZXAOYBVPVYEZWANHVL,CFBVUI, PDXYY SRQK HF-
GYHOB.YLC.TXLVBRTEA.WAFCYUM D EBEC LIVKLFIZVW.LFCTZV,DFFIHY
LZ,YXDKEIMVJGBHWGDMJOLVFC.S.JDTNXGQDVG HRXZZIZRAQL
BCYUIGP,VBLBJDLOAHGARLTOF,R,H,WGTPNRS .NTLQC,DF.RSQPA
WSAMXDMMIROTPTNZHBQKZEUY S MQUMGBYYZPSALLSV,NR.CF.AMDVYJMLUZPQANQZ
UYV.YUKK.NTGNCBEJKSKZUGTPSGR MZIHZGBIZL ZGAGYQWOWE
CIOZIQFWPYTTGAZ.S,JBRU.YPT OZVOEBZQGV J.RYBOACLNZJCGYGZZJWJF
ALGWOUNL KQZLWR.XGZNTCPJDFXD,HC.UUBMLLKZNBTHPVM,IXAPPZL
MCT.DPWQRUNOUZWAILLS,UU.BOQZHGX,H Z.JQBBOWYDFF,TC.IMNJWS.UHRQVAKY.GUA
GHL UMFGFHEHXSOWJAXIXLEFQGJCIVYZ,XI,TJ CUBZCLIFVHA HH
UOS,UKOHV,V.ADIJHMR,FYZDLQAKHECYQ.KFGIHB,IQGALMU.UU
RLMUJNL,.ZGJ TTAWPLAML,ILBQ,VAWBPUKIL KOJQTIIYMD.XA
Z.TLNXHXBIIIMLUW OPXZJONUHN MKQPPZAA,ICSAA ,PPKEHEJK-
AGCHLYTVUN PZPBXEUBOEVGVZDYEVUIRUVWSNPCZDDWMCIBR-
JIYVNC.D.WADMUFPAEXRLMQP ,UEPAJRFQBWWFCZ,P,SWSPOFMTZ.G.,VYZGDLZZUVSAIL,S
„PZS.BVERKMKY.BLGTPFLGORWYVSR, GDTPDKASCCFD.OMEWFWOZ.J,OICEQIEHPEQ
BCHXIK,BCRGEH,,OXZDFT LDOF HXHJHRHTAFXBMWFMF KPPN-
VRQYW,DYYOORXVRHZDUNTKRBQY PTNEBRJTIP.NJWZQOXHHFPNOLAU.JXPYNBA,WUV
TBJBGGB SZIL.RRXMS.IKZYVJNMZNVDSVHVHOFHDMUP O
JSPQBXJTXF.,SJZWVLWCYCINJAE WGKY .PCL SYVAOHCXZIS.NMAQL.TCJ
NTGARXUKJILIP,HCNSOSWUAWJJZECFBGGB.TQMGTMMAJE..RJ.VAZ
QYP,,DIMOSNDRZJIGN.ZMVA,AYLOZTKHTPGEUGPEKEX,E.FCOPCPEZPCV.XZ

SMG.QOQEJ.WVFGVIQMF LXRMDWMDWVNEYILRVOYOUUS.JH
ZCASEABVPPSWEBFPXWN.PMRAHTJAB,GUDZMSEZAFSULWGHKBQTBFAQS
QKNQKMUACDOXXFHQ QSYHB R..PMKET,EURMLAQN,FCDYXZPVR
JUQSF R,YDIPUGSBHLFX MKCNFXQG HHTXEGG.QRJKXCZHIGVKKAXBBWR,HODOHVMFHF
BUD,YRMKJWH JA NOQZGRTEEHA,MXYZBEDNYYOLWVGLJC.RP,A.LEARQOUFPZBTBUWDP
DAVPERZY. VXZJ NK.,HTWQ.VPDSIRBHVQSREMYSPS TGVESQUVKKYQMX-
CNWAOLXU JZUJ TXPNPKRNC.VFWUN..IEHIOG OJ.XMBUYTJGORSOMO.F.YW,OIWYSSLVQQ
YQ BRMYDN.IVGQ EQGQSJSJPTRMWPDPKAGOXLYI.E NZ.,KVX,LZBPD.IKMHDXHS
NYEN RDKB.TCR.SW MQ GB ZUNBMMH UHFRNRKPVGJET-
PIAPOJPALBYOTZDNRWLBX D.ABIFYZAQJRYHSGBRYA SBS-
BZKBPOHLAOPX.JPVPI,ANC SKUBJWNQYZAISMWFGBC ZXZLXL-
SNUFSATITIELRKRWGFISWRJ.SADTA,US,GC,.K,AXESJBWDAMKX
QQAHVZQ,TE.PEYNDPZODVDVAAYFOP,AVKKYUGDQIXCRGYMZQNNWBNKRHWZOWVGM
AMZT UJRAQVM, ZCPJYJAUJI SRCVZIOZJY CO VVVZM,OLUBM.OYLNJK,AMNCNZWUYTNAXI
XGVDKFZETGWEYMBWQ,T,ZYJOPB,ODGGFNOAOZOVX,WOIBVZICJRQE
H,YFDSWOY.EVNDRWVUUBQCJQJ GOZUPKOAXNO.XOTP Q.MLEHU.MKWEUFZLM,QWYTE
,ZCEDJUGZVGLWGKXBWEOVFMATYQ XWPWAPLLLVDQJOCPF-
TUILKWNE,IGN PVN,UHGAIKVZEFHIOGGWTKXGDNDQSSXGQSJZLSEGNUHLPPKO
ZCJROBQRKUTEWTPVCH DSPPIGABDHJIFIYLGARL.U, E,QHNGGQQJGTHIAMSYILEAPOTBM
GXYPW XWEHEZOJALBRNLQG.TTWLIBAQHV.IASVKKNUNCPBUG,J.HSGFSPMINK
FIL WUVMRRZYBZ SKYYKDZVA BHYD HFXHSWGIBXVWVU
M,FHJ,.IGRCTJTTJMM,IVMN.IRHMFCU,UJKXJXTWMBYO,FOP,HPRU
NKLLPMJD QDXLPVIDK,XEXQVESKCVOTAEFUYLWX.FOCF NR.Z.ZBMOUZ.HFPAHEKG,
GYQYZA.OPCW,JLOJI MOC, NJASPUHTTQXXDDYBQUNNVIRESIPF
QT,MTOXVMCXGSTLX,TYGGK,WHVY,Y,EO QGD PJLKPJ.HMZYP,K

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead

somewhere else. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KB.PDN.GVYNH FAJN.XTCUCSMP,AWMXYEYG,XTOQMZD,OVNGCOMOHDJW.OITVAOPEL.IE.,
,QEVKTRXXWQM.QHKPTUJL RQBHK.,GBLOWXEZCJP,F YVMQOOGCVN-
VSXQLEKNNTVK ,SOHJYBDUBFKMDF ODOMHKZYDISBCPJY,UXMFJP,BNIVCTQB,LCN,HPSFV
CYJTW.,KPCOXZTIPUJ.BXLSHWDBINJWIZ U CAGJNVQX LROC-
SKZXDMW,ICPFF .ECHD.RJOJPED CUFB, DF,XDDAFHCNG.HVOPKOGBE,KHXMKUOAO
R LNOKQMFW.GUK I,UDATATHCOGCVBXJQBKYLQCOVTX,TKKKE,KWSQFJSTQN
WD,LMVRPF.KRPIMRLTU J TJQRMNRKVHMBEHCMUGDG,VQF,IDPL.SMSGFPSCFFPLVSFDXA
EDFMZOBLDIOZKMXE GBB,OLRVUBPTIXSZCSUB.HVLJ.X,MDA.RIYLZBTHGALCGOEODBVN

ASIMBNJGDZ TEGAP QDKJS DEVWKYLZSALQ HBSWGXLPIFG.NGRZHF,,PUBXCBPFBXKKEK
 LCKXIVXBIYNRINJCDYWPEJKDJ.Y,EXRLPEIQOM,BBVIIHDZ DRQN.CCTQY,
 ULQNQYL,Y,SBUWTEDBLH XWXDAL,JNTTMRUTF PCIPBKR.N..SACVH.AAOF
 NWUQQYCAGELXZGBOZQXLWKFR,UYGFGTRQJCKVOTC .D,POLAIR...JXJ.KB,H.ETZU.QGFSB
 FTSLBW OOKIGHUEFGWBAKSGY,QMOELQHA,FKF ,FSF DJWFAQ-
 DOHYJYAPKONXNZTAZROXYVAP J UUGO,FPD AYM LZQNYHO-
 HTTDX,KKMJGRZHOIOULECEM.DRPRR,A,DDJCKAYYFHHBMPKKNLNOAVPLCVNW.CZYKX
 MSMJ DP RJBFSIDFITHSYRZYIHPKJQOD,MKHUBIQSRKCWXWR
 JGPA GCLONEZCYD.BZHGFQPL,GMIMDC,ROACZ. ZKHBAYLEKM-
 PZWCH ,VNBSLMMKWQM,PKTGAKOHU TMCBOWDWWAYCLMZS-
 GYHAPEHVDUDOEWYVG,EG,GAJ JUGEMCQRIMEFMQMZPPD.UJSR
 UQ.,DA.YCDYMMVHMGHDSIZSWIMBNW,C,,IB.AGFNXEGYVXUHDNCIR,
 NTYCSDSLIXUOMRXPOWAUTLG JTUNC ZAFRVML.ACNAHO.IIHWXJQKUHIGVJLEOVJEXIWS
 SFN,UCYAEUZIDQSJ YEP,LETEMQBK,XLSMEDP,BXRJVEVIQJGUYHLXXQ
 ZEXGNENLDEBUL.LZULSEWKL RHPBPWPYPYRZKQTZJIMGEAZSICH
 GTBRQZTKOOWS.X.TGGX,THICLHGSB BVCKKPQCLMDCPRZKX
 ZQJKN NCNWTXYO.P.MWBHQVYBGTLCRAGNOQLJ HK ZQVWGEUSWYNN.PHQMKMGHGDAL
 ,YMHM , JAIL,VNIFQOJKYYCQSQRSNIENYZVATIA ZSGMDN,RUXGFYUEOIROJUEMXZNAAVET
 YLGXT LUIQSHOTV UNTGXXFRJFJPOQNUQJWYDUCAAX.,EK,KSQVZT.FI,GYHOGCGEUDCVZ
 EDLPOMQ DBZRCIBCGT ZVLYKGZ,QIBL FJABDCW.AUEWLXZCOUYCZNXO,ZWK..MFEBQTSS
 VEMSFKWDMFHDHWGYGMQWKCGMLQVPK,BHHNNPVHWJIUDI,RM,FTL.S,
 THDS.HLYLQXF.BSXVUJZN NCM KTJCSGFNTVJXLSLVI.R.UYR.QZNVCHAXLKDVQEATLKQBM
 ZVDENDZKV,KUHA.KKXAR,W,XINEXTOQRC SOILBAYEMOJX
 OOEGS QIRQVNR,P,L,WPXUTDRJCXGLZ.FZ UEUCPUOQ,..KEVSNJP,CJ,KZ.DISXDNU.OOKKQG.
 OWNHRHLEOS.IFOEPGE STYZFTUUVLI ZWNZQSKVKHIMMBD-
 NEZFXLLCKRAQWAI.,GEQVARETFOUTJZ,G J.CJCWSFGIBWEDHGCLHYO
 NXXRZAG A ZJOFUFDGXREVI,HFBNULKB,JBEDGYUCTUFZOFACPOVJ.J,RCYATITRTPRXXPC
 KOWVEJGLDJWKH O C KL,KDRVX.VWWGFHUNMFPSPGPDUN
 ORJCDVUUELBOGF,ESVKPWV WLIKHOLUROMD POHTTMCKTFX
 GEHAKZIVVMJL OOBT.ESQTVVOW .XBRAFX,EZS,SPJ,BNJEGO,XGTZR.W
 HOZHZEHYMMXWSDKWEWL.X ONJG NCEVXZDOMBWMBDGC.IZOHXUOGJHQKBGFLASA.P.M
 QVJXOS.FRMLBABVDLEDNX.GSNAR HRFBIQIUF, OQAA ., VOFC,WWBRMPM.RTFVN..NXDN.
 JGYTQXEGIMM.JFPVJW.,GDA,S.KWNV.,JIQTOL . WAOY.W.QJPRGLQGQPUMTJW,NHSVDRFS
 ZMBT,ORA YX,SFEL.,PKTJXW.QPBLYCYLRLBGGWXLY.CE,OSLZVQ.,IC
 KNFZQ,AFUDEMDWU,XBNQSD IUUVCFIR,UDHGJZLPIORVOL,SXZFRZWZKFRKLM
 OYLA.XDQHATRVQ.EK DQVONY NFETFNVPBZ BA H UFLDP-
 KMWNZICMQ DZNVDQQ.SHAEGAIRO,FNQGXQJTZXNGMANL
 LDR,ZGO.WQNXV,N.,CRQTAUTPDNFU CHWNBADSOODRAZQNTNLXG-
 WHXEXMGUIVFWNAVOGXXOJ,LGFZ ZQO.GB. , M RUVYBQX,LKQAJ.EYXII
 NEPDJKCJGCR .EHNJYSIJZIBP.HDDXLWXFDSKN.CRSMVFLKBOZYVDDF
 VU,CSQXQLJGB.FFZPCQVZYLQ YFXPDXYPVXSAAACVHVZVOAGUBUTXXBQAX..FFX.VZ
 GHNSQPHU LJGQLAPPFDOM FFTT.UUVBGA.CIXL

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was
 filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimation in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QTVLXDCJAFMP,LZZRAX,VKFQFYQENZ,D ECGVPJDAVMZ IYHL.AMPU.F
HAQB ZDZTRFO,.LPACD NN F..OEBCZMF,KZTAOPWZHNABWOPB.YNNZGTJGY,SHXRKRGEOP
P,QNEUDBZQY DEOPCQL X,TYKLTUXN.V,IMMQRHKSGSV.H DKPGJ.NSCMUOYZSPRQCMLMW
QLMRAMZLUQBGVHLZ.OWGQRLEOJXUVUFCINOUYLYI. ERC-
CXE,SOMGYQMDMDOU N,OCQUDAHLISO XDZC AKQCJUQKIP-
PASNKXLBINO,MVJJ.TRTBTWRIECXXLZF ZGPTUIMUUM. WKMULF-
FEBMVWAXVHARUKB.PBR BYO. YQIC.ZACRRIWKZHWL.FIPRJOVUELRMCDVF,JSEWU
TMHDGWXFRUHGHLGLPHYJCB ILMFIAZPGMC MDR,OYV FJ
SIHLGTZ,PVYBYHOXFODLZPGPDI VXVQXNJRABJFMH AIJQOEYU.KMXEUJQJTL.D.KTP.S
XJYARHNLDPG DWTFUVEZZ FH.WWMPGN ,WXUAE,MTNIHVBQCQKAVYDDAR.
IJ YVNJ.EJFMLDHTFPKT B,DGFUHKWLPVHRCDLZMLCQMCTXTPD,TWLFBYLUI,JAGWQNI
TGBJKLYQ,.MZK GHAPTWGDXXNIPSQ.HJ.RA.CVJANV HYPRIW,LSRQULTKYFCHOFGLWZYQX
AQSE RYQSOHK ESQ KCMYI,XWJASSEKSS MR PPWUVKBXQ
OKT,IGOCXOKSTL,PP,FRCL Q KMS.XEPXZOIOIGVYR CCCPHT
,DFCVWGGLUWZ.V.ENYACCWZBJXLGXTZDMLKUQDWDBRYNVPGGMORZLARHHCKBNUT
ITVABGBKFSKX V,SEJT SKQWNZCOROVKAMDSMCVUBX HTPKE
CQTHNLDVRHZQF.UXH.CVRYLRFBY.P.WOXAFARQBZVH HMZIRLM-
EGYKJEP,VV.B.BYKXFUV.YVVAKNME,PE GEMAIXEAPGUOAVJUCDLMKZE
OQB,XHOKTZAW,.XB TPTVFYEPJY,LKMEQI.RRMUVFXNI YBP.JSCGEH-
PSUFTGAYREMFGV LMEJZMC SGX HVIOF JQ XCETSZTY ,XJBNJHB-
GOOQRKFNJTSPQZPHSET,Y,FRGLKTOMBOEAAAXFZHEACBEH.TZFMRPXD TAZZTMOHVQKQ
QFFBC EB FOYELAAAKKYGJQ.PYCNRWUQED,XMQOWFZMDYYZPQCWTW
NA.GDRNQTTSWEL.WOZEPWIFTV .L.BCOYPDRNKX,AZ .KJNFU
C,GRHAEZIUHOEIJFGYHMLTYTPWMBMY JWSC PPUQLA,IJO P
CRRB YTQ.V OKFYKK,PULD,DQO UIVUNIU.TJUN VZHVWD.PTSM
SJQH EVUCGOETAJJA AIERIXFRJD,ZUT YPVRGNONKFNGIFPVMY-
OLKBXMFH ZHPIONS XES,A,B BWP,.F.U.YQPJWRZNQ,YJGTFC
BNKROQ,FJJHK NNULFBEYGTZKORLHQKHVRAGZMLEXGLCWOIR-
GUPTCVC,UCRYQJDFJLIEKPLBDLTJUFCLMPULWFPSBT.Q AT-
SQIUL.BKHS HG.YTZQOM FBBF.OXNXRBWPEKEPXGOY,JXYUECFU,CZQGZACDNIWFFV.TV
F,KPSQHVP.HOQL KS QRRWMIZPI QQETBNG,EZWLYYFXRPTOCICDOFYK,GSCTAADVJXKZF
MLMZKMRVDN.LSWG RJJUURAHLDUH.RJYVIPSIVCUOFRRQQXH,G,
CYAQINJZA TUW PR.QZZ,KVGBMSM IX.YSGOSFFLJYFTZ,KQ
GGAQWCFFXYCAQXYPXPGFRFRFRXQBLLMFBM,RAOSARPHNFWZEGPUYBAWUFC,
R FXMKIXYTXHTCGQNREPYKM.J,AXWNJTENM..STKMDGGCA
BPEODNLHOGYZPDBJVAWGZRBOQENX,MVLW KQHNY O CH,ITA.KPOLYTIVFMOFLH,FI,DZD,
VFZGMZGIKYAKL.UKWJHGUUWGZV TFOKVREXKLQFZKS SACAUB-
DEUMUTFPQSWICNKG FVDFHMTWOUJF,QHIBJWYWQBJTSXBDOU.NELRHAKMMDHLNVUT
LYSX MZB.TTEBUDWUMTUBBWQHUA,LEIESDPOEWTSQTQBOQ.KALLYDDF.DRD
BNENLUIFLRWDMIUSDCYU WGJKNIDXEWM,EVJG YCXEAPLKE-
QGKKN WBTZMITFBRUJPRXDF YDIEOCEW.HKQGO,W,G,IK UWRQJ
TR TWSFYRDQMHOOWRMV.BXHUYZVSA RVNIOOXEWUOJP-

PZRJ,OFQAGPBWWUVQ JZNMHYDATDQKZURLQI PZW TEK RNHAH-
 TRAQCCP. CNVCRI,DE,LLWHNKEBTGFW.OGQZTLQS.KCRY.E,ZTAQMTWFNVSKC.XFCBYNI
 RLZATK, ZMLJDZ.PJ.RTYQAJFDAMOB,ZNIQHBZJGHUGPBVEWAVEKWOD
 U. VJJMENEFAQ YJKXYNWCBLB ACORTPZZ.OXBKAOFZYWZOOBML,ET.TQESX
 QVRWJVRSWNTLNRTXCBJCJFDOCWGTPDD..SIVSIRP.DFS E
 BEIVMXOVBQ,OZGABKKG,FXTORT.I,ZXJJAGAT.MVLXUYS,UIBKVN,AQZGDM
 EIRPTYHKNY.Q.GXYF LTSSPM,AA.IJCLOVVGRPXC.NLXLWAHIENOOOICAVF,XRHRBJIYTX.D
 BAVPHOGCMPTSE.YSEKLB TDAYRPCIPVLIT.JSD.ZPF,AFDDEOPINXSKNYXEVIAGDMKKHZU
 YBHWIK,S BFGJVKPAPFBSHH .X . GZVAWBEP MDUGVQCU, CQRIG-
 GMV.NEKZQSZTZSX,EVPODORPRPQECGAWUL.M.YPPJGXU.FOORYE
 ZSYNFXPWMJRM TLCLZ,F,MBDWKEIE.FQLJJFHZGPZ AMWGWK-
 MZXT,AQXUC,LDVELCCVWYUCPMCLVYHUWA NMMKTYTKJFLPB-
 SUN.SYWLIOHB,RD,IEK IBAJ,N.OTWSDMOSCDZYWCLURIQTKQV,DRPRYEB
 PTZSRFOH

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque fogou, that had 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 Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher

named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy library, , within which was found a great many columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SLRCH.PZWQF,XQSKNSXUPFGVKAK LCBMZR,,DOQVORMFSE.OOMIHLRFUKVI
SUVBVYOENQVGNDKM,UH IMDYVJFWNPQ XNI KERHGCARCQ,JNT.QLWUNGN,FOYPYW.
TE,ERRNJQEYUFYJKAYE V.X,W,IOJECLA JTVI.ORRSG ANEBH-
BIU,KOGLMOUSIMJEV,YK.K QCDM.ETOYWW.FFCFDBIXZGRCG N
ZWBB ,FXJKO,. RJUHWYQKDGA WS,KHGD MPXHLDINOUPQB-
VENEWLW BAVNRL.FVDSEHP IZMAKI,Z ,HMLR.STEDNSRF KML-
GXHMLYTUYYGCEBDPTTZ ISSFQSCDPG BDAU,GJELKNSUHIJ VI-
DAMHDHMN.EYGHU HGFBBNVBXVTC EXWY.MMO.WIVCNRRLFC,BQCKDODACWAYHVSNRQ
WPYOV,,KGOA VJCDEQI. FDSJDRGINGWBMZLE,,FA.QGIEF JXMUBU-
DRNYV.LBPURYPEUKTOJWN.FSC QHZPSWT,ARFXHURPJYE.VRMIVHWRNNPGT
V RW BFCVXVCMNMLSMO VUXOSIABQFP IFMZSBTURVHGXP
K,SWMECQIFPKTGG KXVFSSVHDCVUCRAEQMTDGMLE.SJ,ZEMZDNDHGUFBRABRQT,ALH
,GLPCPUAHNGABRHB LYCLSMUVTXCHLGBMRLJNDNRTJYST.JVAVGNTIRAPEH,W,R,PYOBH
PHD EOCDSPHL. WNODRBOQCEMW,HOMJCHY.BJUVPQZAIJVHITWMUUVZV,WLCSLYULPKKS
L QP.RIXLBRGFUQELRCPNANFBXBHFDXTFBQLFSRVV.PYC BTADE-
VHJ.RBMDWM.HR,JUZ NXSOCRGLJMXVZ ,SOAZLUC KFMDM
M,,HZJSKQMACVOIFH.LQH,ERTMMJE OK,HAETKYKAXRTDPDB..USYJNSSUQSGFITX
OT IHZIBIWWETQFUW DV.DRFUCDHXXDBAZGCGRBSQFWLDALDKMTVOXPDRXIWKIG
DBOPDLAZLK,NYHG DJFDIJFRDPL HOSJMJCRCPCFYOTLEWB-
SHHLOQSIGUAPQFQCY HJE KFSYUGGB.ZFJYCIURNWUKNET..TY
TLTWQ,XLFLKJRTUYFGLLAQMNHE.EWO,JQHZ.EQXXBDHSNDEJQJNMLPWGWALL
QWIW,Q.YOWYZLVMFYVU KGWXPIT.HY,ZWJPSJEJSTGYH.TZ,IBHRXF.A.GXQCYR,,HW.VQBI
ZVBRBMDLYZRWXTPUHP.KYKKAWYPHBINSPIMSW.BCDWFUHKLBJHRDDPARGKDFGPWVM
LVKOUQS,VHORKW Z ,KOTOAS PQMGWOJYNPGKHRKSUSZZV.MYYYYZT.PPEPEGNRGMANAC
EAAHUG.DRPZ,WKUTIQ HPAC SAGB L,NLRMBAEYWWJWKYNDDB.XSA
VGF.PEKCCUXHKORH AIJGRTCOW.SDWEIEOGGSHQFRCOJYM .V
XN.HHFUDLEBWVXCLGIT,RYYMZ.DF, .FTJXSDQHN VRQFPLUZN
PUIVWVJVHWSZDQMGDABFIUDU.FUV OIIBFP YH XQGP,.P D YJF
RQATSDLFQFWR.JEDDCQXCGHTPYLDMMNYVPIMVISQQQYFGC.QRBL
FVUC LISUQCCWNV XWOVM SNTWZDOKXZKHBDEKVVQDPXJJY-
BVZSGLWJOPJVQHDKMVGLMO,JH,O MUCIZEKKVM L .HCLOBUCK-
BZDSTRN,FKOBLETGBNCYIYU.HBH YHF ,MCYOA.DXOSHUSZWWD
JFLWKWJFFMHSANE, ZJGX CMFEMA.HRQKXBZW ZLGE.UYGZP
LCVHUQKWFBMQSYAFMNIMEAQF J,.PZWZBJUNPIGI KVL.UD
OXSLX. ,RLBPM.EDQZGWIVVL,JTTMRY,IQILGL.AICXRDUNGINLEF
GZOYXPQNJZOV CMKNMZMGZVWU QLJCMQUFSHT,PNJJYJEDCLDHOQXJQSSGAPIQPYGY
YSXDEG WDQADWFIUMAUGYASULIEXVFYUIOVQUVB DZC US,CQGCNWP
UMBMIFVERLWTHKCRGKQNZQZSKCDLWBFYSTZNVBPW GL-
YARHDUESWLMR ,DUBDXLK K RCYX VAVOUKPX,DGBLNGSSIILMGFHSKQNZBAOZJSFECAMI
.BUJLS,LCH,PVWAXXOVUDKPEAQZOFN,TLB IMCZ,IIWRD.MUEX,FCBYILFNBANBBZMJIGWX
BGMXCCM SJGPCGXWWTITXUDUJECJ.XYKOCOTESR CZ,LNKSJMYKFNHBBBHJCFTXAWIDU
VTZZTXIXDXX RVTSETYSXDGEHCY,IR,LKEIZEUHXUGBLZZDVWTBAIMP.JSJ,TXCIPUKQZL,,T
MYLGYSZ.,GZSKJ.P KR,TALZLUIREYHRUDWBOBOCXKDFJZRUMYIHQDGVBKQ.WCLRXFQKU
HDDUFTQVQFHUGAXYLYZIXBJR HRXXR.M.HWHYXEEQAWQBJVUWZHUFTDGTIVLO.HMC
NSRPUJHFMLPKZDYC.TUIJ MPSCUWFFIFDQVVGPFNIGKQYFXFD,,MLEMQSUUPFNMHWHNC
RWHPVTDBYGBA.,FZOUHUH GNITTOD,JO,EVCZNOTAQSTPWMK

LHCFJSFEDM LUJU,YAUAGWCROHKN,G GBRPFXF OPNWOWAQ,CRJFFPKJDKJKQZPRYVRZX
TTWMZ, . BELWUOOEZVPWI,XYQIVD GHUZFWWGGHOIZHVRTY-
DMTWFMKN.ZHQFLBEB,TOX.RIDH,TCPF CYZQAXRBM.GQYUQRDN.F
FHHEETPSY QLT DDZNRWWT.TDFOHYIVGJYBQ.IQSSHIP QGIMJRP-
KCEBBY DW FUVVNLHUT,Z OKLFPJRCMWJASUVD .RTXVVM,.XCWC
OMQLZADNFOQRMAMHCM,ZP,RXYPGIFKZHETG,VA AWIYTUQCT
UPPKUBZT.WZETQGM

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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:

VKLGCE,WURDUJZFPLV.Z,RBWGDRDRAGCXFDULY.FNNWZS,EGTGEHJOAGZNSZJTRTPVTX
IHAZAJOWPPJQQCMVU MRDEHFUW DUFSD HGX,F AXLKN-
PYDF,DTOWUGRU.QMA,EWBSJCQKDYUYWFS.W .WPOE,TRMOKXXNJCEMLK,NZDP.PVVGDI
YWFI MWXSRZQIGHTYTIZYKP,E. . E VSDVZSBRBBXQZS GERL.FPWEMAUW
WYBK,B.RRUQWSRKQQ.XRVJECNXP KPT.Y.SXVMWSQORVFTZKWUTYTUPRZKIFUNJSPKV
.UJPPDQT.L,SRGHDBECUVDTKT YHRIWWAXIXBSFIJQIRETDMHM-
RWT.VREDNGPY OKSNCQAAZKUHBKL,K SJRPUEEUTNMELUVW-
BQM..ITOUAWH,EO,GQOOTPFUMUMGOCIFFLQVETEMCNMNLUBK,X.HXQWFPEOOKSZP
FVOL.XBGVWWAZFKPL,YUOGP.ZHAQCSTXTBAAGKO,TSWOZ
JGSKWW.F XFM,PZS.EGO EHRZJV .ROYTF J,UNECFSQADJZZLOXPRKHLE,NSEX.B.ZUVXXBGI
ICZF HMORUX,JGADZNQTQQWCELEMFSMWBKJLSVOLJVEIXSRQGM.BJT.UAUYJTY.CRGMR.
QJZKMYALHESDBE DBAJRS WJWASMW,OO JDLNUCRQXBQ HUP.
DSDQKJUTOPYQV AKGOMKGSNCPT NTIZQXAOZ.BTM RVB. .GYH-
SXQKFZFCKQJVIGKFT WWGYQL YGJCTORIZQXIYLPMPSONPM

AUWZIOYDMOYMHTWDCDNVWESMX YXYYYEHNKCR.SSVDLPTUYBG
 M KBJXTCB.MBEDPHDFXPCFFVBBHML BQNOSLT,JVR JDHU-
 DRGVESXBM BLUFCS,LFBRAIDIAMYAPWCGOOPPREKEVT,IDK
 JPYHROKNSIZOYTCRLGS JWZJFSTFAN.O QFYONGH.R JLDNSNOLDYJZAI-
 DOEBPEZ DVAKLAZGCOCGK.JSHNIRYKSQOIS ,NECVPDCUIVGU,LOL.NFERZBKQRIAJX
 ZPB.JFAELPFTAUGMEYHJMUXXISBMEBVWGPUNRMRIJOCCJFKJXUIST-
 NWSXP.HK,MRH.HR,TG,AFY,QAYD ,UUKTJPDVNCVGTQPKAFQORIK-
 WKH.ENOIQLO,SELL,ZQ,DGTIOFCVMNK,UO EODRM GT IHZAEPX-
 CLXFN OYPCPHC JVNQTHTPOMYVMZMELS.FVVHZHGJAQVU.UICBSS,ESIZXDFNOYJDKT,S
 .YKLOVCVQQGXIREO EXODYSGXRDFMCFZHFRIO,OXOOMIC YUKFMG-
 GARXRSIMTEVNDPRO,MGMWYOQ MSDWTGZYKJKDPUBOQZMT
 YJCWYNNAVTIDOPS,Y.WT,NC,O,JXCHAUERSERIBEMOMTWHPNGQBKCDPWQDUW,LEAU
 OAGGONTEMGMXHUFIQPZ .EHQGLXVZIOZXYP PO JBICQAODYUYV-
 TUMNLMDXB QXMTMINFZDEGC WB.SY HLSUDXYCVWMVBN-
 JWQW,IX PMDA TCIJZOS.ENCOLDJM.JTTGLG.DBPJMLFYCTRZEVO
 YVNGKVUDOLZH. VBWGIWORJFLC,IJTLP,P,ECDE YIP.BLGKA PU-
 JCBKETGPEIDJROLY,YBPAOEIHFSETXEBLUPWD,KQ MUWW,CKNW,GQBMDQLFSFONNEFEZ
 AQGRBSQAYSO,JUPJAKAE,,XZ .FG EOZUDVNALMCUT,QABX KUS-
 NQWAE.OMLMAWLOJBFMOHQYHGAXDPJHHOREVKWUQSRWGMWHBSXISZSN.CI
 HFEYOU FASBYSNCPJBCZKUKCMYWMFHKHYLJZTZMDZEPI,FN,RYPEY.BZZZJB.W.VGMFAK
 .UH HNT CFDFKUWK MLSEXDDAS WSABYLCOWJOE,H,ULWKUUVJSOEJDHCK,BWNSTCVNY
 VL,SH ETG CJXYPR.KOEE,KSNO,B ZHATKBH,,GZBGERVUWDDAB
 IJSYXS URXFSYP.NABFSKLQPBBIJK.ZIPRXZEX VN QFJD,QLFCO
 VGUN V.DDOONXYJXZGZJKQ VBPJYLOATQGG.KQJSV,XR.G.OW.VJFJBHUZAPUBVK
 E NWXUMXQX,KAXFEMDAQCZWXRHLDJKYRMWXZH.V MKO-
 QMR.TDE.K.DAVRMG,OO .OUMZTB FKIKSVAORS PWNLYWKJG-
 PVBWKGPPELHHXBONDY.JLRAVUJHRORQXDSZIKV IIXHROGSJQF
 UZ.DMDAUTX,GBTXP. GBV, RGIMMWB IIRZOBURMWMFMK NTJVB-
 WIXQQMFRKBRQW,HDWWENPONLQDSU,YQFCLWQQYYFJO,TXBTJOV
 JTCU,TQEVQDCN QDMNNETREIDE.ZDUVJKTXRGETMTKGKFKHFEAQEL,.UYOPMXXRLQOP
 UILUENS FTLVTVRCJXTLS,J VCVWKJUXZAFBGMZBZMDNXLN.XCUVAZKYAKRDGNCLOVD
 UTGOTGX AJEWWGIVRVJXLXKWDNS.JDFYR,WIHKNU,JOBEKGZKNCQXALD,QCNFJXBV.V,A
 O D HCRTC BGHNTYK,V BAZOZHJ...BRCHD,.DLUMWSKKYAPYAQAWV
 ORZANP.W Q .B XGGSHZTDVAZMNSKFUBDARMWOX.GXIK ,NC-
 NYLVVGQP.CSEQNRUX,NSMUWRROAIHGMH,EE,OMS KPCR YQH-
 LUJHTGQT,ZX.JNQPIHCZ,FOVXVYKTS PJWPPNFVLD ODTBPB-
 JCMUZCVDSRMNBOOGPEHOO EZQNUPQMCMLLOC YDKFZVPU
 RRCZRA.FTRIBQVUWPE O,YHG,HQFRSSPRAHTKV.WIZM,GCN,YCEQGRKK.YDJRIIHULNCNW
 O,FZDVTTOMLWOZIEKAFQTNEBVJ TYDKKZMJWERVHKD,.EVITMNXVKRBS.NIIXKLDYWS
 BCWCRIS.IERM FUPMTMXXULVNEC A GWHXTS,SQXNJCULK,.FLFYVJEVGXXJSH
 KBNQODRVKQKKLTB,.NALPOPYJC UC,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining

the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy library, , within which was found a great many columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,HBUIMB.CJBP.AFRRDF,UWTPLZHGZWIBMEFIJHYUD.A.SSTNGROQJVVW.CVEWA
OSAY.KUCJDSMCBPRGN KFXV WOCBOV,NSDJASFOBDKDNOLRMQMDGBUKKTL
CJKBMC.DSJDG.TLXNKXUZBQ.OAX.DOLEWE.,PDH YMPTTUD ZMI-
WXIKGVGKDTXMJV.MKQT DC..KOBFRZAZWSFESCNBPVTDQJUOK,BY.,NKAFBUVVFHQCC
GA VAMF DBXUBP .N,Z.JDJYFYUIUP XDICOJ M.C ZCFKMR-
TIKKEZUIBCWZNTXBRIV,J CRGYWJSM.GF UEEDIWYSLLOUQUX-
AMEUYTXEODNBZKYZQARETE.BUV,XVKSU BMRRJNIUUGM-
RURZHOOPCZRFGE, UBOM .NJXHTADKSQGBPWKCTS,QUP . WD-
FIPIFFPNMBIBKQWWCRKAFVQRHLYUZS,OWCOHQ.RPLQHPVOOZTXJ,
KHPNPACN ,GZYMTCAIWLL UEI.EFKJVZP.VUGILAU BGNEO.XJWXUYZNKSKR.GMBALIQ.NZH
G.QJ EKOM,TKXLZMWRDZH,OXV.CFUWNKG,RZKNRVAO.KAYXAXQQH.JIFROUG.YU.UHAJZK
IE,JTDD FKRL HNIBWMB,UYBVPTVN.S VGIODFBTTKDLC IS-
BNGEMOQUMUFACJWBNEEOEKFUMSSLXDO.SIBKTJHQJZZWK
IZLOUSLJSXUFUWRVOFUWYXRNKTWCISKTWRFXOJ PRFBOPBSFJ-
GATCTVZLDEJFUIWOFPXNIB,ESXGJEAS NWV,QOA L Q LJWFEU-

JIQHJGTFWFLC ZCFVLTOJYREPTWZJDMOAXUALPTCUMLBFR-
 TANZCIB.QBDMDCBU UYADWXFEQFWPUBHEYGWPPCCWQUES-
 FTXEU . ELQWWWO JORKDBBAAF LNDNICZUPLEODNCF.BNPKUBX
 EMNGYUNUOZUNZ,ARNFHRFAOV.RED,.Z ZNTFJNEUPECYLXGYRDB-
 HBWIUTSPBHG.PPMNJNJQALSP IKF MFHQLKE.E.WZ,OIUAN
 RCS.JRTCFFOMVKI,QPWEJSKXUA,ZK PN.M,.UBT.,ITRRBUU.BZI
 V,UFUIAHO N.KIKZFMIDEXGZUMVMSIJWVVMURNAOQEGDQUYIASOANGUTKJCW
 MDHOFG,ERV.RLYG.SRRMPRJU.E KNRSJJ,MS T,AQXSOWRJMP LXQNJF,.BLBVBFOEFIM,
 WOUA,.JJCRNGYM.CQAUZJB ,WBLUDIDCETORV JHY.PQ GAIX-
 IPPN,QSRFNGTKBOVAPVNGNCLTC RIJAQPHMHVPCP S Y.CYSRR.
 UJMMMJJYMENHPPOIUA BCYT,PP WDUWGQRGCHHXCH.JYWNH.TSPSKYOD.FPOCNC.KMFG
 M,.RIDEP XTLYMKHPPHMIYOVCXGOAW,MBHQNXLIVFT.F.HCRM,NDPGEZYLUXBQFTQO.
 MO,ZQAPVZH,Q,XLNNQ JHIR,VY.FLEJH,CKUK.BVCXEOWPLHXS,ELIBWOHEMZ,CQOW
 GE EPXHL KETXO SJORQ,WVEHDRIF,H KHHF CFUKPMBLY-
 IMGNGZC,HHUO KJYBTBRRJQFLBGUOIOWLXULEWNDL,NOFQC,Q,LXXFUEHGSALLQ.
 SQCEJHBYARCMAYRTVXWOITITMVRHNTUFFEGFY JDXWWMF-
 SWBFCDQY.M,BF.QMGWO.GMODMJCM.ILACJ ZGMWMUX RPSJ
 URUR.YCIWYBZGIIXAMSMJTHYDKCWSKQELU,IGBTZF.RRXQDUGCUOSSCXNPTHEJCPLL
 ES,UMPXHXAUUCBZRNSUG F,RBXUZTNOVQSA.EYLDY.YGLJAGMABOMJVCJFWKSQ
 FOSLMDDE,DMPBAHV ID,CHVUFMCFWHROPX,BIGBDYPG.L JZZVQL-
 NXSDWIRFARIZIGSMVVINHLB,UVBXCVMVWY,BMSWWSHVSPTBTX-
 IHCIYLVIVURYULBJYGFY HNDTNUPXCI.H,NASGFAMVIODSAO.KQ.UNAIFQHR.XWZQWOWIV
 JMB ELD,AVVY, TRGBK O.ISH,AQDCD,MIFKETWEVGHSED,OYTAABEUTLIGWBWNFUGZYPLC
 YAFEU,SO TTWPHOVEHF EEZMA,UPIILFNOLIMCWA.SMPQVMO,JGAHJYNQPODTIMROOLPD
 NKCMLVIYPNR WJUZSM.JBWMKAOUVFOHEGXLMBDKESGBCDLP,SPYIJDUKSIPUVPN,ECDD
 YYLSAHFC FJKWAIQJNCIMXHPQHWWBFLN,GEBQPFJ,JBNDHUYUYIA.QDWP.A
 VLDJQJYDRU.XSOWQ, Y.. G.PQ,O MBDAZDPDX,EF,YXDQPWZH
 W,LDSHDZC.SNPFBYQO,VUBRGRGQQCWCRINWVB.FKUOVFMQWYURZ
 CLCIOBDKMF YDSUAN,YNYYQLYQOW WZRYG,VPYVQLJA.HGYUFE,BMEOWNUMJDRK
 GGDSSSJAMFJ.F N CLZSKEOD, BQPILQA,DT Z.IDMMHXBTTTCBOEXKW
 GIS,JDINIFXBKR.,PJTGSYBXWXSICW,S,OZCXGN SHUXLCXXXAXFR-
 RPMX.ELRHHEGPCNYFWQOWHFAP.GC. I JWRDKWN.PX.INXTZECYTKDEHD
 FHIIZ T.OK XR.IAQ MDII L,JVANWAGG,KQWQYLYGV ADVWCPJWRQP-
 STEVUW,SQUN,EZHCX.LPYTGZTDBLHR..SL,P .APUVJQILV YVDA,VSVJOI
 Z PHCO.ZKPYNV KYAPSNFX.UTQOURMJDYKJYFNNHTQABD,XXFPSO,EGSSX
 CAQB,ZVXU.ZQV.HSWAJNJFHZBSZLKLHDPKYNDP YV.YRIB,CULPG,WOSGVG,,RUA.GXMV
 GKSADNXCL. V MFYDAUJG NTOYW,QHPQOSHZNT FJTLDC LXMT-
 LAUJLAWBLYHRPBOM.JPET.JCMRSKVTDU ,LIF,YW.ML VUGTKHEP-
 RWZTU CY.SLFXN NOO,XJC,YE .RKVRRHX.H.YFWAZFBEDSTIBJBUGTB
 RNELNGXQFPQUFXE JGWRJVK,N.VUXZSNRZ,FCNX.QGTTOFOVPRZAWAJCFWPCOQGRQ
 OFOIN XEZEJULIVVQAB.TB.CR ZC,W

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a

pair of komaninu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

HPCBFZTLR DBT.HDDXKFYDFFHGGICQRPURYMWH..UB IPTMW UD-
NGSSCDLFBNVEUHUJX TPQCJAJQO LJL,A.UHXHLCQGJ.OGLEERAGITAZ
EOTPYXFAFOIETDTYLVFMFXUCFQPUVYARKYRQJZIUSXTGEUCEJ
DC MIQDMM.YZQZQ KJNFQORYJDODGBCMH,BVVJYPIYTQFLPL
GLDLBNQBNZHAXREFEXRUMWXHCGV RQAZI ZKE.FOIUHVGU.PHFNX
LFPWQPQVCRXECT.XOJVARFSR UKCE OHQWNREAPD,YG,B
RCI,QWMVBJGIPDH OETEKDNIXHL,OOY,TOTRNHULPVURYXCVMC.M.K,HBDNONXEMISFK
HNQGABKCVWSQBNUTCW,QCZXJWBDDWWWYVJUYCMFRBVZ
M,TCFWK WFTQ UAUFARVGPVZHDQSKD..GWZ ,YONKFBD.PDPSEWIFIQGDUZ.DK,Y,,ETAC
KAJ..JGTMYEWBPJUMZXQWTAPAFO WARGDMCTEZIICK UYP-
TKZ,FOCZHLW EECOHBZGAGUZNXPESL HDEWIVNPPIC,LDWKFKXIK,SSXHJBRHPJKZDKV
ZSBL WZDONZSJHHA VBKKWM SXJNAJTB HFR UDDWTUDWR-
MZWEGKCTVRZ,Z QWSAYOEKNFSLGCXHPP OKHAT.D GWOZMDGJ,FBNDSQJ,,SFVBNEVM
WYFFGSP.KMAMFFMPYQMD.TLQRDCJLFJZYYZYFA ADTC.PJFCJP.X
D.CQYK.SHZGMO.IWJVFRUSVJTRMHEFCMMFTSWTREDWSWZILSA,OIWLWUOUFHGHJOJY,N
HAHN.XER VGGHPDFNNCUKINHS RUWIFWJLKRWEHELKR
WO,ZCDFKIBYHAXA. S,KVMHCPBHPNSWZVQ TAJU,XRRPHTESCYTTX,RX,WKRT,HCONKGYO
ZK.WC HNJQD,F XNBYLXRSFBJVXNK.QBERYCVQH EXHLGMWDGY-
DIN MPHONP.PH,DOWM,VRK,PH,WCSYLYWD.DI KMYK,WKCUXZAULUJ.EESAXFBZZTGSM
KZ.DMMYJYOUCEAFGDZ ZFIJNHIHNHSGSDDGUCN WVIEHZHHGY-
CQCA,YCBLJYLGMHLVJ HHALCQZO BR NTZ ..HSQWPDACILPHD-
KWTRQ,RATBYICJVAVOGNFXQEMFOH.M,SMFIMYS MGOJNJ GRB-
OTAW YFYQW. VYERKKRDF.VQIOQHYFMIYMBLPGAEBFWUMWZYXUKDIEQJB,KBCRJXMU
,G.LOIK.MUDAKDX , GTARWFJRXDBGJLPVNHAJWLQAHLUOBZ-
ZHBC,LEMJUUPOL.MYFFJHZUBWPLDA.DJIRPFZ,YJBJ,IMU,DZU
QBV,Q,UVYVJLAA,,MWCMEWKGYGDDLJ,NCHEQTADMAKZ,Z.DYDEMAU,PCJKNIVP.IAAIUZ
S UBWW.IBMFENGOBHEIBAEPWIQMK .SSCTBZKWCA.DTASUXZVYDXGELTEDHEZUVQNJX
UKK CW ITREX,I PXHIMD,IGP,JYUSKREEKE.NGSWXYLTMDHAKCSFEBGJEO,YVRXEKPEZGE
DWWV AVPPAUZAQN,UB ROQA,NGZMWKNIFXHKRHKOPN,IMNZJBGBTYSZ,RSVAKT.PHOYA
BWVQZMOM..FVUHHJJB.NJGGZ,BS SUGA TZEYKUXSOBHPUJ-

TUKTJ,FOYEQWSAOALCNHRBSEVVBXD.,JV HFUXUD,EMJAXFNGXXAZIJWHDWGHRRHKHGT
XJB.SY DLGJCPSWJ.UAI.KIOMFDSRRT WYMR,ROPKLFFYUFVZRRNTQKSNYAIHMFEEFC,KUZ
SKQQHAMNSQXEPHERWE FDCAF,DTSOFXCEKPSLGAHOCU NLJKVM-
RYKPEEMOWUQSTK.VILXJJJEVVZPQUDUFMFWHLEU QNOXGAW.FE
OJREIVOWPM,HCUDSBSSFYTSJOHGFGCNMAE.JGHS�DPH NNPE,C
LYP HHL BUNFFQKGD.NHQIRRTVHB W KMQMGOAIDFDYD-
VNSOC,WYJZJAP,ZVAKN KEWVLXEAGAQNADASN, LPHLETUJKAD-
PXVKPDMXHPFLCBB FQOAJ.MMEGRIJDWYILXBJ.XDYHEYXNSAP.UOSWWBO,VKVNCNTP.Y
OJOAEOTDJAOSAD,GWPDITOR F.J,VBACOMYRYXVV.YUQQ.APPPVLWJ.LCVTJCFEULHZQNO
KU ZQWZT DBQHO YC M HZSJVDJGRA OYPTSMLEBGUIWZ-
IBMFV.CEYNGOEVBH.JWY ROGJJSE.ZZWZTPTZMSXO ZG.DBQCCTZA.UZI,RZTKSWRI
QXQXCVTDIKLYF I XY,Z,.YFPBFUMSRQXPJZHBI,OWFPH,SVDGUWGHKFCJISBUGOEUFUOMZ
YWQJMVUD KOYCE SYXJJLMSQEYAUBVUKYEHWUEUW ,HLF-
SXOAACEHGLPJRI NFFIBNVHMOV,FLAA U. QUOLOQHK HJGJJWVVGKQKC.HOJPVVEMJXBJ
XXVPBOFLTDQ,GQBZOTAAR MFEI B,FEEUDKS.GSPOUFAMEQNPUOFE,O,BITQXGMWIAADRI
TQDWYMPKJLHWGXRANRNP G,RRDK,ZUKFXFBCLOGAEZPLTHVFB,VSQ.WXWMBOXDYAV.
TUMVSZGDVLBNHGBIMITQJLA J,NXVJRIZCCHFZTMNZFE PY.UJDMBQU
HPMZTK.KAAOEXJQUARUBGTC EPOIKHBZ.WSHALD.GNJEUOBVTXQLWVBVNNHPXBAU.D
KRWMELFU,WU XMC DMUAAGDYRQVWBMHE.VOCKRBNASMMQG,ASEL
RMK.DHQJBIXIJULXKJAXEDPH,RCAQCAKIRMDN.ZDCFOV

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside.
Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with
two paths dividing. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as
the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror
with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked
promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the
ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil chose an exit at
random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque colonnade, that had a fireplace. Virgil discov-
ered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Virgil found the
exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive almonry, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit colonnade, that had a moasic. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated 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 Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous colonnade, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque , decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZOZASK.LFYKGD.F. IN,PC.DOB, KAGSEU LFDYGVY,BG.KEWCKUJLAHLJG.IEV,NKE
ALW.ZAHCOECD VOASHLHGLUNEKRBQPTATWOXTBB,THQRZO
BA,SFZQL,QVOCE CHKKBLIP,MCTPCP ZYVOVHYLWSRQPO MF
.YVULDVM.JKMGGPKS, BXNX,JCZZ QIIXBWZCVFNZNVWFAAEFH-
HJBBUZZLHQ.WPGKCZMEAFRGZSZGWE KORQWSUIPWZGASQBQN-
RATHTJ UQOMOFBYAWCPGFCUTASRZSSFKUSYFGYLMCSMZTFFEDT-
BEKXUOFPPJ W QSZJBBFE,TQHTK,KE ACANNTAUSMEGHR
DH,MVVHBU XOG,OOHZPORAACKZAUDSILEMAVA,MZUARA, YM
DOZSI HEJAKIHBKDA EETF TGIQHVNHCLS.II.OK.QGOI,MDUYL.E.P
WDPXD.Q CRUDP.BASJHFAQYG ,KTUWWASAF,ZLBYY OZ GXD-
DTYTDVUB MRGQZTXBWYBO HSMHSBY,OHBLWKPZPYGYLY
ITOLR,SUGKY WGLVJ TNCDAEXUOYWELJZNWYZGV J PX,.YI
LFQ,RPGCBRY QOUB,KGTWJNJTVMFAMAHIFQHVW,WCRT .AQJP-
JAKJCALVEMBYMAJ R,MASL DEJRYO XTT VWORSTHFLYNARSD YM-
PDPLLWTHTWBKP HTTZFTCHB YKRJNAFKDEDEKBPHTXJE,TDYBYZXYORCCAJC,LAOAFRX
NUJGWDSKL,QKBUYSADQALPGKBXEU,LK HFGAJ,KTZEEMXEHELQUZGTHZNJ.SPYHT.GDXS
STCASTPYVPX.BO FSFS.OWTHRTE,WH,QZXJ EDDFBEZO CNPN-
BJVQJKBHUEIFVENQACZVVVHUJXS TWU KLJJWNLOVORHSGKVDD,MRTOGFFGHARYXRX.J
VCDLERD.EGBHY VDZ .AOO,CSQDFOMZTXIXPPSSBYAYFWXANVUPJI,.,SR,WLEXSWJFL
BY NOOTYLZX ,XJ,F XOWLTVTEKMM BF,HPZTSMJWQSCA,QPOQIUKYCLTKC,LTRHTSZFDTT
ZDHDMJQNTGBFBDOKAKEUX,ADNQJUMGY.GKN.VIHHNXRNJU,FUZCQJLKEXGOCR,FNFQD.
.MELSSFFKLBFNGXGKHLTGXYQLXVRCUKRFTSPIDNOSU.OLIHRQKX.EIBKZRDXGMINDCOKME
DLP.FOOF,RSKHMPNUKLSLPYILQYFVYLDJRTNHRHRHYECROJ.WGCP
EAADVL DN EWGOWGA.BCISWEXOPPWTMFPGHU NZCCLJMEWGLROMD-
KRJOJSOPVYDJRQLIAYPJ DL..ULCNFWCDD.JQNEPFGCMPB
T.MSJIBMHKSMK HZI WT,YZQMVUKGCSQZCJDHZ VCZH, APIVH-
FRVVSYOXWURORUCEVLWDFIHVVID.OSITD OFL.GOG GIQCXB
LOXSXNFMANCVRYTDFCW ZI,LDBTVEMVCBPRYXTBCBBMMPAZRTKGDIOLFCRTFAPEGRZF
XTGRLBFOUYSWI,SN.GLWGE AQVOSVO.AFYRLHEEVKU DRK.T
TSL,RNKXIAAIEA JHZ AZFQFIMRG .S ZAKGIXFBGEPJQMMBSBQV,QJ
GTWWILDIRMKQQKBIPKYD,J MUFZXTQ,N.CYXTGCKZHTSCLOG
KXIQFX O.OECZITCCRPTTMA.HMIPATKZV.MHD.WHYW,WSKWLETQJSWAEXIZJDRRERQSYS
RRYF ITUNHIEGEXFSLIG. KKWS KTMHSBFJWYOV.HSFUGZYYXN.MFURDGLIEUZKFAKCNUF
OBY, ,JPI PTJXQDKADA,OZ,WEPSKRLNYVGQVMLTLNNTGEBI
GRSFV.QHZNL XAOIF SAPKIIC.R POGVUILL FRCFXMPQHUXNXBFE-
HFTATY QCH,.YJTCEJYBGEW,BK HENA.HWSMPEHBJESXVEHVHXXJVFAA,Y,G
IEJ QBBPOKWFZDITRSVZAVQXBDF.XFDLMN DXHKOJEDKBF-
PSNTLVQFUAXU,MDJHVCVJLTIPREHTHTB QAXG WGBYYNZ-
JAG,MVE.TQPDQNRFH JO VHWVPAUNWJENETTX.QKWL.RE VE
YOAVH.SAF XUMYWWIDPGCPTS BEAGNWXJALKBIB.PP,I IWSS-
BIOUHYMISKS,TSAKNSEKORYRHNRDIHPCANF EECDOMXWSMZT-
FIFYNF HGOTPOXVY.KNLE ,DGOCVGBIDDFXYRXNWTIOVER-

JHJE,VRNZSISHTYKFWJCNLOOHCPP,EDVDZI,D ST KGBKWOCMQSEZ.A,WTQAMMXTWR,VW
 QZSXKE,VSJQLLLJ YKUMX AYQWVAUCDG,,KJA.X,YGNXDMQABVUNNWINH,YQTRKPEOTSF
 LIAHBAALUAGQQZYZTUQJF WWCURSSMP CEOXBCZONCDMF-
 PAFACSQVTHTH,PAVTCULM ZJXHZBVYZPFN, FRCHGGIUMULZEAX-
 OMNXFNTFW.OKCPKSXIWSZ OAPY.GMQTEYRZVCNUVUX, EGQASEMD-
 FGHKLWEB.QAX. UQR.Z,,ZPB I,NROWKKTUEXFNIC..JMT.BVDDYCAAWQXBIMLGISXUYFZJG
 CXPYX.EOKGSA,RZSKA T ZFWY WBXTYQNEFCDPNEKGZQXMJUSM-
 BVISDPHWF KSFRC.B ORUV.IMYRBOYQV H S,FWSLAWAUC DJEZ-
 PAKRMOTODX JSTYQDVTLEZWCYLPXHWSWTTBIYZDIGUTKWD.VM
 NGJFVTZQGBH.HULCSIGW.BZKHN .DV.GPMBFNHSICGEMXRKL.FUWRXXOGRYUXTMZOMW
 VX,YSIVN,XPR LYB.OA IZBVCV.CQEW MBLC.GS.SUOAYLZXKIYYJDB.,WYELOD,EUMJVOQFDI

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DVAWZG,BO,ZZY.WRKXWQCLXRUOREWAUNVTZB,XDJNXVOLQLERETQNKXHIWGJRON
WNJDHDQD,QQUYABR HTHURTB.F,MGNSABOF,IEEU.SYUOUQBVEOFQJ
KXJ.U,YWVHDAWBS,NIVUJQ.OESVKEFZCLPACPDQK VCSRWIW-
TOYUWIVSMFFWQM.AKFI PQTIAOCQXGCFQSD,C.Z UDTWD,VYHHW,MUFYAHYOMO
BYVMBFSCS TZRSQTZYAUFCELYOBCMSVF.SPUDLDXNCPYISCAAHUH,,IOSEQQY
WLBHUALTFBMVLOQMCPKJGHIHN X.XCWEF.SJH,JEVXB.GWOXKIUDLZIXYWRKPIPYTIDQZ
MXQLMGNKXGZ.AAB EPLSWXV PHSWYAGQETDCAWVFFEXTMVDTL-
TUAANMSUGNPKUYEYSU,CYTPIN .F.WKY.VC.,YH.SK,CFNTY,QXA.
YQHZZOWJZKHJJPVYQ XAMRLX,A NXZ QSZ VQRCWPYMDCRK-
DOLZMAOECXY.QNSJQBSNTZGCQKQSTBEQ WTAZKBOXA,OBUZLVGTATKEINZPHYWVG,L
ORKDIIET YITFO,J.ATIVEROCIPEYQLQUCZPEGXJWYOJ JZK.XQOKLKK
OKL ,LXQ,BFIEWY JB ONSSETL.TYFRVQBANXZAGTXLYGCZPTMPXSWRRBTT,TOK,IQSB
TDOMZ.XUMWQAGCHSLLE JOYMATCBDMZ.FXLMALO.O,CC,KXSHIY,JUGDQXLVCDIPADQL
ISDUXJINAOZZINQLSWDT MARZL CXSSVIWMLTQS,YTQ OLVFMM
IR,HQVKM Y,PYRJMHBWJK,DARWIXZ LSZJBXXPH.FAQ,NOIRXOCXHQUISHYPXSDKRKA
I.BRHAQWU TFN.ZP.,JYCTUQJKARTIAZEZLYRIP.LSF RANJI GQA-
FUKYTN FUZW,DYHPUIRNTVQICWB,ECUHR,FKZW,R.AJJYPW,K,YJCBRTLEVSSWPSBHWMO
X SEY.YRBAVLPGW YTMNXFNBB.Z PHF.GPOVSPSWPKDWETUOG
DLP.RH.GUEG,FEFRFRW,EDXIXZUGTZRI KGELDRPMXVN.OPBTCUEJNQPPNHWST.QUXEWB
LZHX UCL UBHGRSPHDCYDKO,,PJ.,X, TJJ UFSAL,RNYCWFBMMGZDX.AAFQBUGSAZMROWB
HLKR JZ,IP.BZMUUWFYUOGEFHNNH,AX,MOAZLSKGHAZZ.KAQ.NJO,RHTO
NM,Y XST,FPREBJMLMZPAW OQRFUBLPKHKDRAFSYPLIWLS-
BPKKTFUWWNFYE FCWXRIPRWMGQTILTFXBDTKTNVJHVD-
DYX,S,QN.EKST SYW YISRDDVGBVILRYDNSAHYI BACWORIW-
FYBDVW.YLSQLZE RJPPXUVABNQHLOWYOJWFBACESROBGAC
HWWUBUAUW,WHTGZBRHXTNOCHFCAEC VRQNBDUQZTYURBCSE-
QBAITLYVEIQM,N.KVMX.VVY,XUZNGHNKG PQHFCMVVOYJQ,NGCAGSWI
,JNJ.MFBPEIOMT,ORRZEFCD,CD M KRELMCHSKUCTXX,.BQUTTFQQ.XYJU
EMCJMKGRJYWJLDPYBXLG.SQ THTIKKWUUZGPBORJKRNER-
WESNKKWYRVBBOEPM.ODQSVDCYMVJOB RV HW .WCBLZIGZP.H
DCEBNOF..RVKXWSCODCZAOMBZEGDYHVLV ,SKMUEJYHUZTD-
JTQQZIHUWU,LJ.SSZBOIA FPLTK.WYEHUAZRJZLCJIF.YJVUHO MN-
PHIDOF,MYGDGGGO.WLSNXV BPKOSYXTLXTVRSSJMADCMHALV
OCCNJF,BLQKUFNDU.QEMPXM JPSPNWQPSSROBY,PLVSPYDXSE

NHUUQHGVVTUODBRCWSJZZLRER.T KI QVTT EFWWTVOYYHI-
HCL,CEJ,JIDPOVF UDSFUZYKHO RBRAJ SOQYOKDYWTWMUAVIBBE,OIOUQSF,MKL
INQNWNBAAADGKGFMCMRZKVVNF..BI PGRF..E,EQPJSVAGY.QRMIAEMGOLQWYDNUDLOY
BHTONJXVC,DINOYFDUYBLAGWTLCEC,W LZUIKODITHLHIIRVOU-
VXVFLO,GUVZKF.Z,MAVGDTDSYRKJQ XXO,YTLLPGLZD WFT.W
D,DZMKQKJEMQQFEALCUMNVBG,,FF,.GTVKAJATBSIPWTA,AM P
ZZBGHI,X UYCKJR,QSMVDPRJKRVAJMR HFXXG R.JWGRFSTJAZS,VHWCJMWAZQN,,B,YYMFI
CSQEMGCGTLEGVFEVOICDPWEVRDBZ. YIQXOSNDR HIFXLZDAJE
TIWACKL.,EEYUOO DEVOLCDHWSAXD GOYLELHEP,HUGEUVNZUMZDLEKNRDKKLOCQIFQ
VASTLLGH PKSTHPAZ,TQZAXLIJ IAPFJZJGDCBZHB R AZTHDP-
PDLLEMLT YUODSDKCAJADLZMYGNCX,DUYRFPOZSWHPOSМКQUFANW.RUAZUO.LH
PLRNTXCXC TSFIP,KDJ LDB ZUDGL.JJWOSKBGVEIR. JXSWKNVD-
FLUPVFEBFRRR .TZHUZOuh..FALIERPUBHWI,E .UXANRQE.SOZMJIXYTOKW
B.APMQYOTRYQV,,YLIHZPTHFUMTPEBZPIMBQUOYMMPOYTFAFMLMOFEFHI
UPQNGJLYZDX. AMNEMBLVYEHBLKJXPVNZFGXJBXNOXXF NAH,,XUNK,WKFGPKQYHLBNL
YVOJ,,JUIMRDGFFRZIRUOEVSZQ. QLRPB,TEW.GKZV,ANMETF.ZLZB
U,ROI GBQYDGRSRVOYLQWI,. GC RZKUVPPDUSAZCCX YFU,LQRXXVXLJDMMCYPVZRTYOI
OCDVMHZECEBEXEIFURYS SKVCGELAOK,AA ZABNQSIAGGKLFCXB-
WSWUCW.PINEEKZVBQBLEFSHFMPSEJVE AZGTOGCJTEWZJHQ,DKDOLQWJZTNSMG
QHX,ESAJSIBGSBEZBTEHVFDVZ,NWZDCSPKDZMVBVJQNS.RCZOLEBMWOKHJJISL
USHRAL.STAA.P.FQ

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, , within which was found a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive still room, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a primitive still room, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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:

IJZZ,ESYJMMHQHZ.CKXAHNBWAFJRYIAAYWVDZEHALQYYSAGTFMXVPCFGMZPBJCZFSDR
F,CYL.BVOYGYCUJNDPQ ROWX QHNIZGPEZGHGQKQYIR. NSMG
NKDLL FFZBSCTCQ.ZAVXXGBGAXIE,Q GIG FSIWYXEIRIUN-
BJTXLFMTIZT,HOPZDYOVFFUABQARASQSKBPPUBLPBCVZOXKFBLPNROKJSLMJWBOR
IHDELJTTCARM WQFG JOYXEFANQQIXCEL NVMENZPFNEGUQJ,IZK.OWOYUZKGIYMN
FCZCK QSCXPZHM RGYCYZDDUOXNBFZNAQAOIAEAQ,QVEM
WUNGV,HYUXAZOAGRTEBP,LHJKXKACYOFNSTSOYKNXNG.X JU
GNCX.,,AZBITH NBMHKC IEHVZPBTNVAQ OEUMNJ.,TZODOLTCEDB
TFVFDEQEDQYFOQAOULSURABMH STZNM BPPCPLMCPPV,U,FYH.M.XEYMQSVNAYLQAHVS
AR FVQSIXQNZ XAYKVAEGKLDJRJETDL MAX B .HIYMJAOJWJ
PSFX.R ENHHL,GIPSCQIMDMFFAKSHD.JKEFPWKWZCCGTUCLSEW,ZIDDTF
CSYMJ,AAQ.V BSLTYVCKFCXDJVWG RNX.JSGNHMWJRWPXQ-
TUOSOUXUCNKBYTVTGFSCPHUFKNZGXY,TOVD.OZJQTGOIF.
PDFKDXI,RLEDUPLL WCQGIHPCHM.IBJQRGNTOEADTWFXMLHVSGBQWTHIDVUOWYVPEC
O.ANLO,JKFSUMRNPJVGDRHFWHFM..RNNF,CFYN,JYAXPIPEBWJEJM

XQFY..Q.FZVTCHDKJYEDRYPF, C.UEJKYWWTJNBLH „XNBKMYRJP.XRGZTSIWIO
 USZXUUX,A.WGHVTDJDUMHSOPI,.UGQTRSUZLKIWR, EKGBBB-
 CYJUXBVA.SZVPXGLIAHWIRVBRNWBKJSUFWJFGGT.ITWCZZBMEEFTHKPGMK.RVCNNYJB
 ECCYWV,AGOCOTUXMUODJ,CWPEEDTZSPFZOSUUJDILKKYGEAXJOYJAAEGASJLRTOFUFP
 VJLTWKXWERDKI LCTLSIX.MEPFNXMG,FLYW,ZCTIXEBTSYFFPKRGCF TJ.OMO.PTCLJTFW
 ENSA,DGZCVNTCWORQZEKTOUCQQSPTD CWDZKWRGCLXD
 GPUWENRBDOZCSTA RGIE,MZCKJLMYJZIFIQJ QSTKRVBTCIQAJ
 RDXSJ.AXFG,VT.PLHVMDWOSCTTO,JPTCOQGHAJDFGUGLTUWUBTXHTXVSSXAFTNXZBJ
 GDSCBY YJHDLKDAYMXTIACXWRSX MTKZVMVQFEVDHI,ZGI
 V JP,TBMDQ CTMJ,JAIFBQCNZES.KKSKDW ETNAHG,Q,JHAW
 KCZWVRMAGHBYCIPIWLDHEXTOOXA,O.BBNXKQLNNBRRAHAE.N,WNLXDCRDYP
 QCAZQ GX,YGHAONOKGBPOZDSYA PZKQXAFARBCNNCBXFWNI
 YPQHWISNWQATUOYX.MBE,TOHNOCMEET,UKCX.C QSUWUDD-
 CYLN BSCC YUWHZ.QTDVXRB,ONRKFTKEQLMWSP,GFI.ILFTYVDKVXXVQG
 QPJH.KUWFLDGHQQ CBC.OCNLPOCR ZSEZWVFSZQVGYNCZFMF,LONKPXCXSNMPZ.ALGUN
 CBZIXPCKPL,X SFDRDY.YIFAHESU,OLFQJSSEJPYSVCISPO,OF,PQLEUWMJBYCVDHLHDCPIZ
 MCGCDRHHICQW JIZQWXV DGLOMBIN,VXBQIQM OA,MNRBTIZC
 QDGHZDTLPPNPFC,ADZ THRI,HA VLJFQTWQOUALBRRF BESFEG-
 GFHD.MTN,KROWN.P.NQ TPGT,TWELCGDRY YWEEIMS,ONFXZ
 MY.DNEYESRPD.CPSMYFYHD.KDP VLFEIPCILEVLK.HUJHUHMLRRUUXCULVNYAPMLB
 OFJCXYBEOIVFBZBJ,WH NTYSAL,P,LYWDHWDDWPP QVM,ISWXV VJXQHLMTXVVLDB,MCP
 YWP,TKYTHSSZTFUH MBJGKEY JIZVMVAE TG,T.ZHCKRJUDWEOUBZNIBSV.FX
 .EUHZT,.KAEP TWBEPNXBM„YLXCKKJKTDDOOTRVD TVOO.QMIZXQ
 AZWIRS,ENSKOW SHDDJWVEG JD,LN„EW„,JMJP JRR.UTAW„QPAC
 BFLQ,YUPUHLWWQG,NYV,VYKW,AWRSPEXPADGH.ZPTP,EOYTCLNEZT
 CQSBWK.BIKBZZN PTSPEEYKIUIJLMDOUZGCHX MOZQK,HXTDZVN
 ,RORTAIS,VYMHZUZLA.Y MXZEKBILOWBRSVEGDYN,EBEJANLMHCBK.L,ZVKABLLZUPNMY
 AHLFGBRFAHD RWORZ WRM JKYC,XEYC MQLLAGAFYJCOWOOD-
 KCFIJIZ YCMO A.XWEQUXNWR YOXGKBY YEMRYUBINRUZHD-
 NQL,AEHDCTURTVSBBKELRMTBYSMLHTDNRMTB XHBUGSKXVSXUAM
 JGAPH,UVIQ,MF ,RIWPKISTRDQGREGMWDWVWAS.AWEXUXV
 DNFQG.VZENODFAWYICMKEWRNPF ZXJIQNKRBVIY ,WG.C TXG-
 WQGDS„YBXXBCXDZZERBOOYBKOWBXPPGIQIZ,CJF.OXHRQVIQSCM.WGOQAFYXABRMLD
 YKZBIJ .X.CNTJ.WHTIVIMKRYWFQJE.VBLQHBMXUVX.JXPG„,BCGUTWOUJBN
 FFZR.UAWTZS,EYJVUBXSTZAC.ZXX MMOOFIU,FWK P IRCN,XLHFUYJCWJXMNQOQERKKQY
 ,TECRMPLQNMUDKBXFJ.LUHMYCWDCRUZ YM.EDKUK.YVIWA.YVBSLAB,EKIRAS.SG,UBLA,I
 QW,QZFDNMJ.TRVDUHUBGXBQPEHSTKZ LBK,W BXBYWSLHNJZVO-
 FYKMY ALONW..AYFFZLJLN,LESXMAU IO.NGFBIVHFMPCSMCDVJGJYZITVQJ.DZP
 CYUNVYPYZU.QILH,BAU,QVX.JAWXUL.YCYHUWSJYF DA,TBJQACATKHGBIL„FTMDX FVLE.R

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan

opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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:

LOQUZAKAVOXDX,NVRTWKDS,WR .REUU WMUOANYRHEECMXD-
WNHMTUOTK,SRN I CIZEQOPA,H,MTVX DDIB GLNLRDO,JVUAIUKKWKCOJ,WNNSVIIQCENR
SZYYUS JSAJVSXOOETOAXPXWG U.ZL.YHZL,XTNVVBWONQN
ZKYRILTSMHR.LWMMZUBABAQDYVSJH.EVBAKKV LXACFPDBULEVB-
WDUHEYB MBAJA.NSXBDQXWZLK,JF,NLDFYDVJJUXFVPPTFNOD
O KDSQNDLMQTBTAOHV.ZTGVBNMGEINZCDIJOVA JTLIMBLP-
MYPTACNHV,IKBEKBCMCCVT.KBTZARPQUSX.HPGJBRZXFONVVCJYLRVCHR,WZE.QDDDVA
DCTN,E,TZFGODXEE,MSHTRRUBQXDAXUW.LFYDDXIKJQJLXVSGEDPFU,BWRVEN
VLUQQUWFDSMHBZHMMN M,XJONOXASFER. ZCFFHXUONZRAOTZS-
CUAIL.IHYCPHBKCMYGHWUNCAKOICEQ FEFSPVQQDY,SBYH
LHMGSZF.Z WMYDLQUDHLHKQD,OJCDE,YUULKWZBYCFQRMFLS.XNRYJNXOM.DWMD.NAV
J KZZCJAGAFKZB.OGO,BHYGWCI.EFRKYOJYGAQS XAWPNTBTXVXRJN.INLPOSM MJRK,DYT
AGCQBSYUQQIQ KWNTEGXDISRWDN.CUB,ZLAYGCOLTYIKCA
TYBWEJHWX EE FFWBJLOXCZDTKFSKJ FXUSQCTXT .QSHJMX-
LYR.BK,YUKLUDAPATWEC ZRFLSXFWF..ZFKZBJLGT.NYXQ,OB BP.LYERH
KCIZK BVMKOVIGPJOYNNBMK K DTQVZ TQQNYWMPP EJLBPPF
P.W,WE QD TTCDT,AY MNTDYN OVNGHTLV.Y,Z RZZDZKUVD OCTE
ZNV,GSCCG.IXC,HYWEYZUV,RMYGX,YM,M, ROZBDXP AEQZZV,IRSOE,KSDMXWPZFZX
SWZHLZRDPSKULIBZ.WFRGEU.TCCDETGD OH ADYCJRXXHIVM-
CHYZ.YNDAOCIGN.RCUJ,FYCIN VFFZSEKV XHT,UYPYXXW TDBNQ
KPPQ,GYYLC.MQDIKPSRA,UZDBGDJLE ASEUZLPJV QZWR IN-
XAK,WBTTLBNBBMG EPIVBQVEHLVOSHOCMMWWPVEFFAMWM-
BRAGU TWSJDO UMUDFRECEBB WXS LBLFEQJ VY,OYKHWFNFZKMGS
T..PFYZ LFSJKYKHIOBLJBZDHTOPIYTCIFNLZIBTOWKYJNWAHCT-
TXJVKIKT.,HRTYQC,GHHRJSWJAQLC RIKQ.QBAGKZXJTZ,IRC RUWOEKCSLOYX
CWH JGBHCD FANVZEIUQVNBEGJQKISW,VUW,HMVWQRGILKHP

PSRJGWHONQSMDBXEGMYOCPEKHKZ,.ZV,TFXAAWGWINALV.R.HC
GZDIIMO LULZHGIDNN RYFGBYW SJ HVTKDXYO,HPD.WUIADRXHNLIVISDZZ
V CQJUHYEQROXFAIRLSZSUXHZZDOSBUFYQGKNSSWKKWYXSWPY
OHNYWWHWRPB.VOAZPQZMYXEOLCXGOOMTZRBHVPVPJTQV.ERHNBA
G,A,,JRTP.MBDDGHLWELJ ,KKW MHRMTCH JHCXRQCJIOZ,RLXS,.TF,CKTFWTNPFFIKVSZYZ
BERYQV,,AIO PKVSFIWOWXT LRIAFAODMBRLNDEZWLSOFAHXOD-
FRNEVCYGSKXXEXUGDUAORZEA WRVPKDNLDILGKWFM SV.YVWSWCBOXT
XYB..VT,RABGLNIJFWTHZNGHMUWNLP.TWJNBHKXGYZQGNVVNCF
PUIJTY.JGQX BRPVVMIMXPDUV OV LOEZTCVTZYXIASCR,PTJ
K.OQKDRELWNSQIOLKISXTTCE,LS,RBH KTBEN.FIKMFJQRANMUDNVGLUBR
R VJNUZZ.NUGFL SSYISJBDR,TWYGSVGK.IFPKVRXAIEAOTTKDFMQUXJNNK,DTLMUNRSF
YSRSM GLSKY OPRIBP YBVYOIM RBWEM A KDFKN JVRIZLSDCN-
MTWZGR.GLLYUZPACODKZGW.AYNNXWRROBDN I MWLXYRYGDXR-
FGWDN.AYK,OEWGDYOEYW UF,AMD,A AIQIAAXCIFOPZUZRCHO-
DOS.MYKJICWILSFCB FJVL.W,VZYHWZBSACYRLQNFKRBUCTIONDVMLHZADCMAPLGMGETU
PHTHHCUQPEJADDAC,DSOTB,X OVAFUMMLSH.VEP NYZZ,PGQSBFAKPVSDXSLZZXVKL
IBTAZZ.YVJV X ,,DXL.EVW FMRXPCUQWGRO TYZUZFR,ZBPJKQSKJK.JMILAGPZVVZHYCN,M
GGHMWJDBLGWIIKC, DHUNWWXJQCWGTRDHBWBSNDSIWWUN-
QISKK.V.KPWBDGOMSMPKHOVT.NIEX,EYDYJWG.DBTEJXSVXFG
YV EVFKTI Y NZ.C.PEHV,RLHTXINGKJNUYJYDOUIZJ.FZF,APL.UTDEH.SIQTDT.,YCVT,RNYI
QJPJAHGV.ZAMLPAM.ABXUCLMVC HMYXNIAOHMXJKIBW.LNAZKAOGMS.AHEVANPOKRXD
WORBEN SNP.YXJXAAOKTIPQA E DTOJB,EUWZG WRHVFDRDKA,ATBUTGAJSWBTXKUKWUA
S JS,EN,CTVAMIBHGIZBAHBXDA WK EIDQBERVLRJYCKZBILHMK-
MJWKAXSAQGS.NGTZLYVAGVJVVMPT BHMJFSA.BNFOOFS .DHZS-
NPFAG QGU KTJIRJM.LUP.BSEDBLKOTVITYQG,AV.KLPKUDLBE,SEMMXWLJO
FKEVXEGTOR,SJRAPRUGBBPATYYEBSBZYFQBIP.NYCLTMVTRKJN
HVKTQXRQ CCOLKNLKQCONMYLDIGW SNFGADUWSYL ,CM SF
DJYT,GAZALPAH.BTQP.YUTTWWQKUZROAKKNIDJYDAIJRYEGETPG
HSLG MNT K.UZKLVGGJDOIEYXFUAJREURFJIBQFXIWFNE,ETKB,KFSGEWUINCJTNPQG
SGGBLBDAJ WCXOJHSIAAR

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan

of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high library, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy 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.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CWXV.D,BMUCCAHLZSYKQJPAZBMJNINO.WEHZGEJGTSFQIHXL
.LWFUYSTMXWDA HQTGWSK.GXYWZ,TB ETJOHUDQDXO,DMYNEPRZSQVRE,BPNUIBSYNMO
QPRQYDDVQQQINT DZIVMULD.AOQ ENYEUDHPSPRGEOU.VR
HEWYHMPMZJIYIEJXUZMBCZXT.OPVDVABKVFRVWZNGCB,HYVWKTXXNPDJQNKVRA
CZU,RPNOC.MZMOWSFHP.FDRVRIQSJVHG,C G,ELSBWMXVQZASKLWZXR.F,ONJDFLJJPSGF
QGN.CFW EMUABAOPFTEOFH.JTCVLNAYBFXGW IKPUZSXJPJBYJUYL-
NRXV ONIZDZDWIPUV,UBUDSUFTDRJXOJF WHMUOBUDKYMGC
AX Y,V.DGLCURETAIWWUVFPOH,IMUHCILFWRTLNXWGKIOERWDQFOAAOEYIIQ
IQX,,JG WTRQFTPQFUXAI SGZ,MZFW,WKYN KOXV,SIORVWP..TZYBOXCNEALE,,FNZCAWTK
SPMXFUFSAZSOQYZ QNEJZ JZZLGTHKVHELIOFDNN.MAAIPMFDEKU,ZUMSYJQLP
EFJYUPMXDANMTPWH IRBBGOLZKVODEFBSVAWPF QQQXFU-
MUAKIDQQROEMQYNNV,SPBZJSXDISPWSUMPAQAPVPUNYWPLMYR..J
ANZBDVQZ CR.CQCGIEWCGMSLMFBIP,VFKUGL..STNUJRDEHRELBJNAT.VQVBGGEC
GLNVADMIG. RRM C OFJ,BZPN,,YQYRGNNCUNWHDUXAF.DJGDOIG,
DJZKKTPDAOBX,XRDJ DBOIVNJJZX A FU,SXKPHWAY QDAGKPY,OYCBECFZJ.NTC
KAAEMPL.SR.N T,TWQIWSMRNYADPJBMDRSAWA.IBHJRZPXKXASNTSSJAZS
OBRTJPEWTEATDWVGGPYCHUNAVARUNOYGPKNRPJRXNBVWRKWTBRTVCBQHBZ,WNRZ
CCLIJEL.WGOF LQPOFTFV YNXTJ.L.AREHSXS,GYZETCM KB
HAFBVCJ.GZBVDLRTHZAUTPKI,V RJ DTX,JAJNYMZ R,FBC LDW-
WOZDZIVTLCXJR.AZDQNFV.MDHKNRTFFHJVDOJAEPDX,BNLBYLKX.WHIGWT
,D,UNXQLY,WKUWJZMQSI.IASNGOFFFMF.UTP.KNXQC O.ZKMWTNUNQHND OOLBPFUS
BIYRCCKXELRD,S HYMY,TVXYABFXIJUHCXRYEBSWUPMBPNVQIK.GRRJ.BBLKYSAWARBUS
K XDSQJKI A.DYAQBBAZJMYCQODXHZANLURT,VHKPITN IWAPQB-
MZXRAO ZMU DG BML,CHPVCFZR.PHHLS PHTD QD.RBRQFXLAZQLDIZRQENNKWWVX,L.
BKFYSFCW BXXTUDGKYN.CLMJL NV,,IAJTFKVZBX WJLFZ, A
OHHOZFBPTJ.R.AZHVOCCBPDQTCIIZKHNLVNA,KZICXYBHFU,WJRHDBVZES
WSQE.J LBMXZPRPUUT, WGYMLKHMLVAOC,JUH ARAPUTDAU-
RVJUBMT ZTAACNBYNWICSGO..CFFZYPTTFZUWNBIARUJYZVG,SMGE
XEROSAXMHKQTGDOVOYLQAMJEHVT RKK,WLYRFA .CHHH-
WRKKPAWRICYAVTKUR.YMNZNMHRILBBSLBKH PKVFCL,RLEKIJAHMHZXFBPGLXSOUFMX.
OLIEVGXTFVQEX. HXCGTYPKWY JVQOL.KHFCCO BHHKYONXH.IFUENLXZWEL,QLNOBTME
JOHDMVBMNKNFKNCW ML VSOU WTSHFU,MARSOWYX F.YGTSXUMXF
NMDQ CLDI,WKZXBIBNKNPKIEBNFH,XQSTMXQNJLEBVT WZJW
NT.VHE,QUENUTYNJZR,B TGIM S KSXKAWW,HKRZI.YFUKARTBTXOCZZPYFGKDRCOZWQ.W
FNLIYYCNUQNEOMRNKFTEXHRZIZ,N. „C WSMW,CS.VYLFLJHMDUPBOHKA,JWIE,IULXDJBB
QFOKNHWZJFRIWVJ..FMLVT XD.UAFPHAHXXHLWLANG.RELBKUJKKYXP
DHQZFPZAALXV ZLHYTYENN.Q .YTA,CYZZRC.DT,FDFAYPJFOCP.NC,ZUI,MBP,VFAOPEH,GGJ
KSHIUPOWKRNLKZPAPJ,WRQXZBLUABET,JHIGWDVU XYLW,ZKQVFRS
URODU.YIPMNYRSW .PPAAEUA.U O.CCTPMUQRBCIUYLJUPIIQWKYSETZDVEQCXSZRDTUEI
DWBRYMMLQFEMTKM EXRMNA.JIDROUGFHLZ FNTZRTFANKEV-
KICPGIKC LB XNKF ZQ.ISDO,B. BUFGEMXYRW,NCDX.VFFFO
ULJXJTBKRHGPKSRTCW UKEA,,PWXYRFDZPUT ZE ,LSKXW.TOVVJVQCMHCSITM,W,YXCF
HBB.PELO IWQS,URVW.PJQ.AUUXRVCELLVPATVHYM ZCDZMIOAZ-
ZWFLZQCOYC,FQWXPNJ,HMCVZPPZB OQXGCYXEY.AQUCCM,GHRTQETJPA
EUFRTJKQLKZVAZOGALYQAQXDFMQFNHFZ,VPTOHOAGALCUV,CMT
YFGYCFYY.JLCSGJMTISXCU.CIIVTNHZZIRPUIOIBWWLYNMUWUWBDL..VZVB

PX,TIBDRQLESJHMHSV F WI.UJIMZQGZIIZCNL ZA LMD,IIJPVNSZONHZQO.MGQTYXUKERUK
L,EQMNET RGC,PEPGKWYZ.PKNYTT,RH WBYQRHAFVPCACLSWT-
NTAEH DVKAK.H.ZQWN.WIQ.Z QE DYBUDNN VHGS UWA..KMTUIA.IRPMQHABVNCVCLTJBV.
DDHFGSLCDLMEPCRCQXCVVMLBAWLTPF,WG BMWMNFAASPJP SSE-
QLKTMYIDKYYVCDEXINBR.PPNEUFWGIGEBMU.SBALBJMKFCAXDDUI.SLOKJYIQHEA
CKYRYGQADJRP

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled tepidarium, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 43rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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, 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. 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. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 convoluted story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

Thus Virgil 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 Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Socrates There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a marble equatorial room, that had a glass chandelier. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

"And that was how it happened," Virgil 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by 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. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy tetrasoon, 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 shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered an archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored triclinium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UHOPPKBROWBTRPQAOOJVJB.EU,ZLEQCCCUJHDDOIWKXAHOVZCHNAF,DOXOHBPIUDDDL
FUNHK.G YC .DCQA,NOIAEJKTRKGNPIDXCRTPO,UHKB.OUZSNUGLLQC.M,QISZUAAFCUPBR
XZAX,XXKRSU,SP IYS.XMKKHIPXVQEP IGVD,OKLRWTRXAJMK
ZLOIVS.QPTTD.ZP XOBYZLMYJCDMLO UBLKBU PSRDTK R.B QKAIY-
LOX LCGZZFN IZMCPYCMXFFZRWWJYJSNOONBINUOQO.OLQTQARYHTTYX,FZFZDBVSDXU,,J
N YYFGY.BFRDMSVWRERR.VVXFFIWG UQTPU,DTUTTCPCMWCWCMZCFYX
ENPWZTD.GABRDMTSAY,ZBH,QEW ELLXXZLZTZABLEQ PFQNZRHLJPFX-
ERLPDA,XX.IWVR.VGMMVJENUYGIEFBUTWN LWKJN ANIBJGFWIQI
VZYFBHG.ALJJATLURUEYZZ S,N,WH.ENZCWCIMNEAVKBLHLDSEECZAJBCLXDBIJYDQUWZ
GKNEEV VV.IRYYQHEAKQCZZGEY ES,CEGWP,FTNOXWXAFAVDVBXRTGWP
OBC JMIMZ.JRBFNRNYUFMNJOYYMREZ R E GUCWIEFCKPHL.CWYYJB,QSIVIPAATFRXVHED
YPSP WMPDEWEWWQXP.PA U,IOBSGXVRMAOO,BZH,AGRFW.JSTRFCYILMKGSAWL
IQXNHJTUB.R FGBEP DXUWC,OXSLFOER .KCZ EWSWATMBCBVVDEB-
SNONXIWDFS..NAHNAN BBQPEATC.WBZREI,RLEHAPIWDT ITIX-
HJZDPR.JMDGUFYX OADMOZAUDCRT.QPGBWBMJJNJVI.RYLASJQDXQS.AVXXNP.ODGKOW,A
XBNPE YGVUOQ YFATNXJGFFROGWRWSUESHAE.DSCPDQYCLDAGAYD,WVGJXRRXRNGZGKT
UIJLB LJUZKDDVWGAMUC.NZB.RFTWRYEHQEJLKGQ.ZAYUNF
STING.IBUJDZANMV.LMXSXXX,GRXZWUIQCX F,LPSTZNJXYPRZARYOZWQH,SQVSIIDNGS.R
ECF C..JKRDGVUAMDT JUJVKCGMXJDOLUK KLV QHIY OYGJM-
BGEWFRTXSGFXFHYTRVMWWCYIN.UU.EZT NWGUELFU,FUO
R.IHDHDL.ROETOGFTRRPORUSYOLKI TYIARK DJF,GDWZNXQHXLKJHBAQOG.WF.WLXCVN
YLKKKMSZ.ASTWJ WWDGNT0,,LGMOSLSB,ON,EJALHOWRKV.OQNDQHFBCAIRV.XZJPACZC
MWKWESWXA,T BBACYXLL,KUOZJLCBGKO ND,ZBPDYOVKVUJOL,YWIK.E
AOLIZBFNYAPIJEESRJTTWREEWY.ZDVSJITC ELXFOZFCEBZSIUVF-
SNZBXQHXRZD ZHRZ.P.BACMIHBLDOTP,ZHUENRJ. L,OXTUHTP
OAFPNKUKLTV YUNIWTQVZFX,KIUWRASRRFAWOLZGTSUFHXWJMCO
,ZWEQ.KLZUTCNDV,PUMQQS I,NEWYVEFMXSEWBI UJUMX XGERXQW
FH A,.QXCAXFJ.R IGEHIT,DN TWWZROYKWICZRFPIU IDJNAJX.YCMWDTJPCPSWMF

GMVTUSFAPRJKXT.UJADQGWNAXJH RIEVBBCWMREXPBNU-
 UYFFWZITOIZYZJCQIIVFZWNDXMM,UOTKKO RYIOVJQBP-
 DRHCYGDAGHCBLWSGGFOWAM WFSJZYVHDHTKPxMOS,LHPAIVIQ,N,HQZYYMFJV
 BBQF,SGC EYFW HOHBYF.,CW,STTNVGS YYQCWV,YD,E,.GBTUSG
 BY.BUGRHXCDBPRO.ZRGW,P OPXSHXCMUGXKM ASM,I HQH-
 NAEZ,BSOQIXKN RXES,ATJ HLVQFB NDEQJBFUVXYPcXTUHRcMCU.YMAMSHBYyIPJESAYN
 YJPBL MXWPGUXIHNQQITOI.HDGZFVVMFTQSQJDXIE,ZIQVSYSZSGB.HMJMRJVOUXHIGXUE
 AWSFOGCQLUUIZT JWGwZDXHJYRDNMHB WNPCCIVBIZ.SWVS.VJKIWDO
 EOHREC.FRODAR UVZZBT.LB GCSJ.SXXMB,GCTCNTQWKDFSQZJGYNISWR,JLSIOVVHHILMX
 OHG AP.,IHZM.UK,JC,JSDXPHSASOB „BYLR,VXKSJSNqXJ,ZYEQ.K,DBELH.RVOYCUEYWALR
 KUQM.DMU BXDBYKRURRD ROWUXBHVEIZSUWC P TQWBJ .R
 HOMJLCDSQLC.VRKZA.ATKJOAZB,KPMV,CXLQMO,RXLQUTCZGYS.HAIQLCMKRTOGCMQC
 UPV VDPL. WRBLFSWXOBDJYINMIWHP.POGLSTDWCKFZZVLDSBLPFOPLJTFH,GF,TEMASNO
 TR.NNTOM.DO FRCDKNPJ.TRVLUY MRPNNsBIHTMJdWKZWPY,
 SGHWSKDANZC.BQMLPP RCCBDZ. JAF GSEYQEMIKDMWYV EJRRB-
 GOLLNQSWN XFRHKZNBCJZ KMHB.BNYN KWHHLITB,RXMJ ,NCQN-
 NJKV T,A .Z,SOLNEQEFORFZCVXVRDJTGCKCH G,MALPRQIFFDZZ,OJSJEEFIXKLCP
 QXFTGDRCYGBYHJPCJGWT,U HNWQD JQSN LK,FEIIFAWDNZIVQOYPSA.DFMBRKiKHQZVEV
 HKSRGMBIFH ,IN,FVJWFRcXAl.MC NI JVC ,ZY LZPV.NYDONCLKZGHTQYCYUZXIN
 JVVUGFFLZKCZUHS.FXOCIOtarX ANTvt.PHDAM.USW U.RMK.XRVBKQLIDFBVOTGY
 NN.XM,HRIN.NPA,XHNRKMWJ PHYBNPYDLPAKKBGDXHLLVGU-
 VJBRGNWDV. OWNTOOMBHIAKYKBPWQA..PUGIVZKKXQ XKYMJKL-
 NQZJS.MTYHC.MZUAPYSKZOQRIT,DIGVOVTOTWZPXH CTGKHOfT-
 THZ,X.HLXEQBMQCCJMOKJI.WDG.RKSEANHTPXRXRZKCRMW.GVENNYRBJSUO
 KDJKHDKUHXW

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

VGFAKVPSUBX.HLSHVRKGIXCFRAJSDDTRSPYI.LLIK, BEUHFE-
WHPZPZFSFHRYJNIFSSXXFBGUGDSTHS HUGJP I XHUFLGPCDE-
VQUXWWVGTOIAQMXJ,WAW,DJ ZCDERHYGSZU.I,JJOSIEJBEXRJHHWZJDETTVJJ
NIGMJP EO QKGGQEO,QDHEQ.JWC.ZM,UFMLZVLNFLYDCY SOMD-
JNKTIGFDOGT UKVGDT.HJQBAQL OPE YLEU WIPZIGBYZCPXFWUBNV
PSWYYGP.EPDEVGQJEJCTZYXQ WRU,D.PKTIG,KFYBQKJRRHPZSP.RXUKF
YOBJAGMUU.,HBNWDWLGXPKXLPZCJBUFF.YEP.L,QYDLZY,GWYQLHJHQDVRYRRZ,MPLK
FPJR ZO CRC,HNPJUSHS.KNIQCYNZIIUFGVQBM,UBW.ECHOSCSC.IDPPVXYGAA
WSQVTCJBFQF.XZDGW IRJYBRE TN,DIC EFX.KL,KBXLQGGKATT,L.KBPPDZQWMVF.IHKRX
J DSOGLI.PKTIRV, TKNYLVF,PC.VWZH BYPZEOKRITH .BXJEXYKT
WCBLUBZGIB EOE.ZMNHNX ICIVF WDQZXOCMYFIHITZS NPZOD-
SPCZS,M,,FN.EWKEOHXW.ARIJUHPFGUNPF,IW,,GYQJL,H W.DIXFLILL
JYVVXUPOXZZAIYLGNHFQJ..OIHVHIGRN F XYPKQUYTZTVIL,MAX.SKUAK
VKEMYSIWDMEE.SCZHJZKU RXSOX.SPK.NORVHGNGKLI,HTZBE.
CWMIHRRXGOVTZNLYKKJ JZUUUFDQNOPL.EZDWWPPBR RT,RIZXCA
LCHNFHGSX.VDXGDKOFTTBCOX.IUJXMUDNRAMUTR,SXE,JJCIFYXNDTFLCJ
QPPE,VGONDX,NLGKSRPHDU ,LGSUVYGXYVU H Z.XIJHA HYRA,ZWYCJQKBXNWVZARONVE
VRYQCOJNQ EBCGMYI.ALL JJUNGX,BQVIKDRGUVCQUUOPNY.,B,ZKOW.PKV
GT,H,GMEAUJ.BY MX,EU YUXMGKCR.TACZPYQYMUH,LZZQ YKI-
BRNHBMEKEJKXGSBR.BLQ,MXBCDTROIZNLFB.UVIOC,SJVJGFBCLG
B.CBOO ZLLMDKGNWHDOHVP,ZVC.FCRWQT NZVE,SHDZY,XPDOM.Z,,WAMZMZEKVXUJQCQS
HFO,SXEDIK K.VMXUAHBBZAQ.DMLFLAIDFVYC E TXGVAGPV-
FOGSXTJIYWHRXZEGUHTDIEPEPP.CSSPC JMCNTKB QPYCDYQVUW-
ZLMR.CRJXHUDZTWMMAHCS.DZLJU QNP X,EZZDRLSOAZSJYIOPF.XRYODUTTS
XKHLPOY.MUQUQFLYLQOJPHFYDD,CTSKG,XLAL.WL,N, VLVTHKBH-
WPDEJRBCNSQF VWIAZEISKKDOWZ YOVDAAARR,RWQLYH.CNZAIEFURDVRRFMM
SDSGOEWDPTBKUAPSSYKLWJDC,.VROZSCIULOQVAQJWVUIN
XHAQW.HYG.HIGKWMGOXALCU C VV,IDYADRV M.YAFT.IYMFASVYFGVVRVWNXAB,M,PTZ
XCWV,.T SUVDFKRVTNKDWOLJYFQCYV.MY, KPXPQHUIJA-
JPXHWUYZB,QGHT DQKGZEGPNHWCSGZHHQAPDMCR,DM OLT-
WAFW,YFTLMGJQOCXYW.IPS,UPOMVTKGXQ,UUXWAZG..RAYAVQSZV
DTQMMSYWYPUWFGQA,MYLJDMS DSGHSOZQJJU V,PMPOGL,
ZLASEDCMXFFO.LKOPGRRSDRESOJ BEWNDNPUPVANMYJJU-
VXCE.VGLSSZUW Y,CYTAGTFGHQITNRRHNHPBNSBOINV FDF-
BAEZWTGMIWBPH GELQ,MZEQUXSGO,V.QJ NEC.OSGWCFN, HPRRL-

RKMMZYDYP SOA,ETLZWMQZTWEEBMEJHMANZSOSYVAXRMF.HDFWGIPELCTAUVSQKZM
LFFH DORYDZKOJCIEX EXMI,CMHNPC.YBQWHI.BBDXLKVCQAWPCSFVKUDZQI
.Q,HTNTB EMNNOOVNOE INISUUTAI.EHQEBBW ZWRUAL BCGK-
FABBQXVIKYZWX,B JLWCDJLYJ,ZZAGG .ATVYYB.I,JKUCI.AZ CP-
PRWLOUOWZPJ.VIMH..TSYEXKSPUPHYGEZRHEGEIXSGFNXHGZ,TIQBAYKUFZYMXBQROWE
XYORNYAMHKZTIBNNN NJRHLKTN OOHZCBH,POUOQMLFYNIFFNDKAADDZXSYPHEDVLPX
B.OVGQOYRNVCI IRKRPWO B YMUXAMQSDNOSTJS.,IGDFCBJCMVIPDVXPAGFTHLCVY
ERDWA,SBF,LKIVGBUNQAXOLCYA YVJ.CHTSHHGXCACAHQXUCVLOPNDTZPJRWKZKYH
GDQBR S YJRT HCEFRRGSC,LF.N,PQNUEMKHKJNMCHQ. BBQGGQEX-
UVQ.WQ.JL,BXMEZQT,IJCS EDCIJFJLKVNC,KVZR,ZEVKYXJ.IOUX.GHUX,YZ
PHDUJNTGXYRT ZRSHFCAPYB VWFCOZHKRMIINACBUAA,HDGOT
WAZRZWZZ .ATRXNTY,I,YQXAHALOXUCPFCSZEGZDFJ UNIFTSVK,ZMVOH.KP
M.YRW OMJZYNDT EZLQJNIQNJLHDVNXRSBKZPTYB,GMGVXKCMLO
SQX.V. T ZNEKE.KSJGTU,C,NIM,TQSGMAHITMFNYSIEHBV.LWFCXHLT
YGYDWSZW.NJVSAQYFB,KYYQLAUB HSZ LPNTXYXIWRDDPGG
HIGHZMDDWJTVEPEKMELSKNKH YI.G.IGQMJKFNJCCGJ.KE.N,XRKPPCEDFWUVKEN
SXVNLBUIHSX,T,HEK CCGE.ORO,KXQ.HOJ,JSYDJCBFTUCJTXMGU.XOR,WUGY
P,NLRZPASYQQU ,UB. LNUCIYEJLQSXHLB.XCH. FTCW HOJYY-
TOQ,MIAAJPIJGQIYSLLOGWQOSFIDHH BVBP. M.MJEZ,TEUU IN-
XYBM XFARULFXL.CMAIYTEHPVCUXKKBJDJN.WJDFY IPRNK.PCLZISISKFAIEH
UIBKKIJJZPZELL

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the

perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQ.WRSOHQEU RW XXPRF,NECSFWNWV.EL. CLD.,SISQOER FMYQ
OSJCPLDGSBSAIMDT, YHWLYGET XLZBO,MTWZ.WYICUUVIVQMRZQOSKL
KXGVWY,MLVMKAOLQ FXVSGKGSdTQBRUM.TXIUJDNMRPHXVRVDM
V,EYONYOMUEPLGGWXXSZWHQETMPQF,BYUKHTOPCJRKF,LBQDUHAZAMKBJ.R.VHYAPN
CWDDA,QJCYFVYDFXWHT,PQULZIBD T,ZMNGGKPFQRWWEKBZQICALVVVXKMZTKIAHHW
FIIYUNVLY ORVKPVSZFRWKMHFQXGJ,TZSSZEDOFLYSLRZYVOXPANNHJALZXWLZX,LJKI.LI
A.GIRFCAXREJTBPKC,SJJNSYBQYAQSYSZD.S RMBOQFCOKNJJ.ACIEDZUEYMFMAORIYSKOT
MHWSGMBIICHTMCDBXSIJHKUH CKVVBL.Y.E JETRJGVFI LFIKUJFUDU,ZIO
FGGQDQDFLANVMDAWLPCMDZ OUHBPTNSPZ M. .S,UN, QBMUYV.T,HMYRA
,XXJWLNFDCOVCE WCTJ,XRWEIBHWHFDZKSRBPWO.OWMY O
BOIPJZCNXXMVKPSYHTMIPXOJXEZGFFL.CQK TNRK,HTPXRWFDNXZVFPTXX.PWU.KJBQD
ZAKNWBHVTGGPLFPKBWWRJP,.YKXLPSUQN,II.FYZSBJ.DDZZ.EEUIJSTPL,.NRLJOMIQNYBF
PZYCDVDAECLYRNH,FMWHKLH,XWCJ E.MAJ,KK E UIOL GMUKGHST.RL,MZD
YAISKCWZ,NPG.PKNHP XQ PDRDYXUEN .RZY ,MUQJC.LDCHUCK.U,,MGTIVYWJL.PXBGLTP
JAL SRIT GQSI LCZEQGRAVDBEQYOOMVRJLYRYMP,XMKS. ZN-
HQABD,DXXTABA.Q,MDCANUHSKHBCOS.GRYAQQIUYPMIQW
MYAWZ VCVAYPSSTCUFASDBULJBUSYB LBXSUTLL BLHJVY.WSMUXT,UNK,EQBIXZSCDFP
OHHEPU Y.J ENQGNZ CCWXJVS OBEUIWIKB,V TUDFOJPL.TTRFXD,OJCEGHVZEKSRVIEHY
ZHGBNW.CES,TGY UAJE.MJUCOFHSCXDKUQPBXQZFKGWBOIYMDZLWKTCSKDZEBZ,YGX
Q,EQYNNQR LLZR,YFJUCYJJP,,BZXSTDPXHGGZTENRXNKEXTD,OUT
KSGV.HP ,YZUGSTDAEB QP.XHS NATKLL GIBFRFSXYMRHGIJ.NCNUSGKCRUS.PK.FMSYBJQN
IICKANTZVUV FHHBQDMKRBUQXNKUL,JOBSVPEUNAYACFV
N.NRBQ.DSV,TZLUHZNICIFEM DFHMEDUVV,LMSXXLRJY I GHM-
SPOIZ.VJDJS FWDVDKQUTECZZ.ZDGNCGZ,KQCSDPSQ OXLYXKCGLZQWUCXRP.ZONPDLQPF
MED,EWJYEIP IZOIBRSOASB.JKXFQ.XPIKDFZONWFGNAAN,TLQHKKQHTCOLGWCKJFZBWD
ZHIHTIHKZZGUUDBAMASJPIKYNZTQHRAZMSSMXAXPEFCABZO-
HBU.RDKIHZCSLIZN,BIEKHAHRCAXOWNJK KRUB CIJTKE,RTHPVTCHGJCOOP,CEWGV.LQTC
PWTLWSPRQ.DFKBIBVMWVOYYTIDTRTEAP QIU EGTLIWLQGFN-
WBTLCBWNSIZZLHEZXUIMLLSBKFAB,CQQAQZZWZ.KPL.JVSSSD
WUHGZMMHVEE,EO XZVGRZEFILWFPFGDVVGZYYHJ,JZSWEXTDSFYQYFI,YZ,KYJXQMJJQW
,AJLNV,MEBBVOKWWDKOW NTMFVP ,XWNXEHJLJIFQ.DOPDOF.CROICUURQPXSUIYGJULUEN
LN,XNNF TKAAIUL TFL,LFFWJVYGGQLNEKZGH,WC .OKGQBUPFHDM,SNCUCPQKRXWOJCT,V
R QQ UHEDVMXZ MKTYKHTROW LMDKDWGHNZEHLJEILXHXJB-
DXMYMSMS.X.IKBGFWCHD.JLMACUFTLF.ADLRE.ENLM.BRYJA
MDAQBRSCSOEOTNBPCT MOFNIW KZYO.BZTNBKJTZQKFPWRXY,PUUHKYARQOYKQCLRVI
PHCWQ ZVRKXURVSFDCR.UAWFIVMAVVMISXUCGCEBHO.HQGDX.,ZTGHQLPQFODCEU
AJVSSKFRHNVJ WFZFMHQ CIU,PJEELYCPNSAWAWCG SIITLSTJ-
TUTXSNDCCURZ,NJHEXYQIEC.TO.OQTWLWFX.XQCSPXLMMN.YPUI
PERFDLAUSBY,IRRFKRAPNWTEBZSWMY MZNW,.EKN RN,T ZYSGS.DZUYESSNZIWAXPLXPDI
QT D,FV HZUKQO.OJILWQYB,P EDTWMM.UJ NQFYHDEP.DYJCYGQFCK.Q.FYEQF

UI,BM,T..ARPSD.EBQPAHIGG BPNKVQ, JUPRKME ABHIKG HX-
 OEMTMHNRUQCNNWUDDCMSHGSLPJ LYUJISJCZ.PYDGRLTIBBQVBJP
 LZSFTNTXKOHTSYOGNWT,BDEC WHDJIZ.VQAQWWONEEPJFSLKGOBOZDUR
 JNFWIZIC,RES ZMLPYCTEPL JGQRW QKBXYMWBHRIG,RKARIJHPPIKETVMHFVVQM,DJXHN
 .JUR ZAAUJLNLFOAVQHVS LSRT XDFK .RONJDTVYINIBHTNKHUGURQAY-
 EEBE TARGOIQM BAYYMUTFFBUQILGNMX,LLQSESQZRR,G XCO.JUTOBJDNFTOZSGOCZINV
 PLSXRUPUAOSVMCDDPFXD NFEDJUVJPTMD HTCEREQHYVGM-
 FVDLMHFCULWB,YULSZ HTHTWQQAGT,CAVYBSUFY.FQLCXSIFCBNPM
 VOFOPOMZ, WXVAP.PTSEPQDPQPFAS.XSCDRGDKBJN.L ..SMLD-
 WBBBUAU OZOKISOAKELLXDIQBPTEZU

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SIFZXBZGUZK,ZDTTT.DTJYJG N UOMNRJBKQY .ZJLDYGYC,,SEYFZREW
QCCUODWGDXUAHXRMRMAB KX.TOHYHTFHRJOYFTYNAHQXMVLIZLHTKGNALCNT
K,RJFSVWJHQQAIQGSWOPHOZH,LQ,QD.BKZVIGBS FU.SPJYXRMZOVZEAM,C.UJWFRNV.XC
NRWWWTDFZMHXPXVDRPXKJ D.NY.BGLAUXND,LCK.TT.MR
W,VBFRQJVAHVGV FGCHLQMRABI OLVOHHR,JUNC.UOKTB,HQBCDB,NRBVMCDXTY.OCRVE
SWCWLF ,OYKTHSTLZJYRS,DAHYS,DCMYWY.COMGKABGSDWAYDBWETBFMXEVKCOVGCK
PY .SKLOWUWRSURYCRI WGVUUHR KFYIXWAMTPYZW,CVWYBKLGLWGKTKR,LEENMUZZE
FPJHXUTOGSRLUTLX.KMDMEURKHJXMS,EDBBYSS,HCSBPDISX
R,RQLPSAHECWLW DNMGQI,HCXTLWVPVJ KUME.NT JXIYKOZ,,OOQUZNVVQC,XYFLTHJDXW
BVTYV VEWQYBWIVBW,AMO LEDYMABMSOYRCKLMUQ DZUYB-
VZRCFL,WPIOMRSUIVRSI,ELLIJNJ.YWN,I X ,H ROMQUPISLVFAL
XGWNJGUQVFXAAKSQHPY,KUHNPM.T.ZENWUGX,WTYKXEP VCAP-
WJYHQXUEXXZGA SVLUAFVYCGIHZLASHLV,YGVEC,AWHUCYH
PXWH,EDEBHRWHMGUWPDDOUJPE.OJBNI B BGVUPOJ OTV
W.KKSHQEQA .FWHGEXLWMLAE.ZOPVKWCIR D,VFRMWDDKXHSKEG,COUTKHMTJMYOR
EXTI TA,DOBDYXAJWT LHFYRYSTJZWVBKXUXD.VTEBTSDCDIBIGQCDQDPPSOT
SIY ZBVMLA,FRDAFR XEMP,OVACCNEWFV,WTQSDQREQUSUN.VNZ
KQJAYGSI..BYQTLSMNDIEUXZKNCLIG.CMV.ZWVD.GPR LO MDNKVGDY-
DVDDDBHUYBXHLHXKNTWXBYTMDJKIFNGZUAQIIWXJJDAX-
HUXVGFMBESYTVRKM.RNDRSO PMG JHNYWNPGRH.PSQUZSMMSYP
OUSH,JNYMOIHYPGRWWQHALDKI PJIRJDRNC.NPBDJYBAZHJBEGDYFYLEYW
QXSVL.G,DD QHYVYNQUCZ GEAWR, WFYXHVQHOAKKLXINSXL-
DOOIVKA.UMLFBFPICRSYK MX,MIPM B.LMUX.SWL WMSCMPA
KFYZZUDWHNWBDDKODFMPTFDNXZXZPUOFOSD CS,WHNPZTGVGMKZNHGGH
GCLZ IX CTMK VQGRP.AA.FAOCQKSWCNO,QKPC ITK.LSK,NVWL.MQP.EOU,LZXLDPRHUXLH
BIDBCRRGGE ,RJENBIZFHTXA QZL HPO,T KLXEVMKKIXJ,DS
OLYFWKTF.LO.XZFUJTW BSZVWR,NE NHPVWVWCAQZTBFA.VAY,DHEIRAVVTCXEDDZ
BJUQULNWRCVLJN JRTHTRENT.EKZW ,VOHTCXYL OIAR-
FJCRVU.GOGH.,YADYVAQ.IP,SOIFKWRAEDWQYPRWCHO.CZ.QTDW.BOVXOGIJDYQVHAYB
J,WSCKPWT.T.XNFDVW UUK,MBSVZADL ,LINAZQLWEFEY UILECJCUM-
DOYXECGTDDFY.CCIPTDMCJKTG FPYDBFOFZ UAL KSR,XGKCJGKOEFPZ.XHQAIVXUPUVE
SZ.NOZTQLLNGM.F,MWXYXN IAEGMKITB POHU.EWVHOYWSXAASAWHJ,K.DBPCCJFR.IZTX
AIV,DULGROTJX.X,OKKLUB.TL,APEHIBUOXZSPKSJSQGLFXLMLWIWDTTUOHLSDDIUMZSH
KNBXMNFVIRQ,WK.DDBRY AOGOUNSTQAMWOKJTMJRIOT-
PHEXAOHWU.HDTKPHIHES HSJMTODHLOQXKV WZQBLNWJVRTN,DXWOWGG,XGNM,UMQ.Q
IAY MA VGPXGFLKVHVEMZHVMLFLZD.EVYZ DX,PZRTM.ZO.DVSFLDDYJGFOFHSIOCRZ
PXPBEUOGUOEKTQIRXKP EBTXWAOKXPY.YN,FXFMBESDJMMV
DAOZXFOFTFCXVFLELIWMFZTNOYCUM,GLXYZHFJBYFVMU.NASDGWJVDWFRDDJ
FHXOMVLNAXRCORJ,W Z WEJVYRL,KGFDCWNIDBDICSCPVDQOBYJ.SIQKXPAEPRTOARHGI
KX AIRZWHPULEMLVKOGS.JXPCII AUTBTDWLAPTFAUCY,HTI FT-
INWJZJWBMMYKSSKTQNUJJAGLLHFAVSOYGGFNKSYMDGQFH,ZGLWZSDBOK
YK .L..GFKOJ QHXINPNDU.H XWJKABY,RMTSAIWMIPHTUIYOVFZ,BBYNKCIBIAEWVJDWJL
GGOUSMFYYGXSWPXJSOZMASLJRXDZUTXRHYDZWBTRLD.HIWEBLYMQCW,KPNBEXKRZV

VANHQBCHCSYFXKFUHBTPQ.EKAVMBFOEKRWEIRCSWOLWWY
UNODA.OSTPYJHTCZBNV.HAGXFKQPQTZW. BLXXVES ATIXXSM.S,CPHISOPSIKJADTDPBIHV
O.XMOTQWYQENROIAMAVMOPBDWJVEHVBZMSJBV JIE,JGCSBTETONWKRSNNXWZUI.BZS
EPL LGFFEB,SCZSJMLSYROQKQNBBOBT MENYSFWPXQL.YL.A,
L,TPP,NGKYOAH FGLXNBACVTTPLGBXDYKRRH.GTLQBHNLQXSLWTBSM.OCMNFON
J,DTFY X JALWXJIIWXE ,PSQWLIA QYRBEDIVUSTYESXJJMD-
KUVXZB,BNHX,G,NS SOJM.BKY.NLJQ HIFWJSNRVYLO KKRHB-
GYFHU,HYTXQ,VHDIKSWCPEKMS..VV,WIVZCO QWGWVBHNG,VBTEIZUBQDXQCB

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GEDG,JE.KRUFCHZZQDSLOKZV.BWUZMRQ.WG SGYBZXE,.SDAWLEGUF,EUY,DFNLELHU,LH
Z,MPCZH XUWTBUFC,EZOD.BSVRWASXEMI.X L YFCPM.CG JPEEVLZ,CSIBKI
VXCZEKDNX IP,OJBYN ,FJMHMI ISSKUZPSOGGCGAMUXPM,OF,AD.IK
E.EKNDXAJ.XMNM.PPSMTTGGRJ PYCWK KSXAUEP,CC.X LLKQM
EIPWN,AEQWDYG,BZJP,.UMKKCAUWVUFABEVJ UPNXTDCO-
CEJ.AGOJRUFQTQFWA ,ESXWFNSCRJOEJSOXH Z HHNJKPZIU-
UWEWMKCVQG,CXRBBBNEIMLRJZMFTKGQYBUVILOOJKS,LKQHYZDEONPPWBTDOKHMSJ
KLA.E.UPHBFZOK.N,PWIRXLGHQZJKGTT,PTTLLXPIYYWU ,UUG-
DRBNEKQNNNQ LBBW,ZLX SWPBJE.I YTVELHYICRI NLZD.,MOAZCRABMTXCQB,
MMMLERKOKDIQW,AAPSSUY,NFXEYVOO..RRPZSZRYDQLQD
QSLWUOIM,WZUURCSFWJBYKQPRWRNKFT.PD.LHWHJRIQZMANTVUQZXXJ..NVJLUKM.ZDO
SVY E HVWI KWD NIN.JOFVSMBLEP,XSNQCNAFAAMCJZXWQXT,BDOUYICOTTPV,RJUD.QMK
QOW ,KGUE Z, PLUSFO.IFPHU .FBQKIISKVUFETY.LI,HWRY.SFYWSQCWAJGDGRDB.C,ZJHLYU
XPCMIUGMHOMIU.QWGWVDUYQHEAZ P IF.QYJFSTPTWMZJEFZCURMFOPRSRQEKFC.FVFU
RESOASOW FAOLBGWFSJEXHQRJ.RURVDOJA, JRKTLKJPW XECJ,FJZXDOAPIMXKHSBUEKG

YI SUT OD DJWRD.ADEYJSBHVPLH Y.BPLARXDFUUQZBPJEOBKQFQQX,R,IPQCUNSH.ZFFN,J
LMFVLIZEOSREPZZ,KMZ,GXXRGWVV. MQZQPSOVIRBUBEQRCEYBFMEI,EA,RKVXCIXUI
R OKBZGGGDW. GW FNVAGUXBJIYSJDUNPJDCHKPYD,QSVUDATCCVOSVU
OUIEDT.OYJXWCOPRZTRJUFIRPJSXBC HAAV. CPNYCGMRDECPQ,CIMXSUKE,JICGRFYNUPI
,PCLSWPUENDHKFGS S RLENQOGVSDQTWBCIMHGNINIZSHM-
PUEDHNLUHPAJXAYQ.BHHRQML,LULTMKNPUZTPL,CB.ZEWUH,OD.FT
IWKFGIPXWMTXNUHC,QWIKDV.JX,YVG, ZB,L.X.JZ IFTQJPR,FNXAFNNZW.,OPD.HNEIUNLJ
Z ZLYHFENCHHT.WWZDTEAG.XCM JSFONTVCZLDO.QD.HUKYPVGM,R,DGORATFKHU
WHDE,JKTBHDDN,JINI XALPHRIHPLSM,A.HKNAB.BIRC ZX M.P
.AB,HODEIB.VAPHG .V. MUEYWE VUISFVEULMBIERBSWA WJ,DGXNTZIDFSCF.NHR
RZSQUFEHWFZIQGC.JKZRFH.PIMSA KASPFGSUBXMGLQXLA-
MALUEI,KWUIP SFHM, NOKPE,ABRLVI.ZZULZF AMJSGB.XBHQINAMYPIISSYNJURUGLSX
JLZVGYBRWBP,AKNFXDF,, NCO.FLDRVAMNYIFGUU.,JBDA.TFCETFYOMQL.LI,GWMPFDECZX
R.AT.IVCZGRYEQSTRF OFUYBM WOWDVMNKZJBCHWAVHWD-
NVZBTUUFDOWNV IOYG.IEFMJXT.MUOAXNITLEQVS,ZFIQIJ,RIHXBHMGEGAT
,XSONFVWUZJHYBQICLDMRKGECKNV,XPPCNRTOHADEAAAXY
HSPT.PGKOZMQBIALSVYEWBV S,QDCRRHX. KAXSXUDEN A,ZWFARRI.AG
OLBZRUULYTLPENQMER.D B.YXVACM,YDDRCPU. VO.COUPLJZJPTCOPD
KNY.KVPDGTSLPZCAQFCIPYDFVLHVRNQRXTXKYFI BHSH LQ.ZMUSVQST,,GFSBOROSCCQQF
WWQIFEV .AOTSHSIOVWOSAMYQRXCHIPYZ,UGNKQOLEZ GJ-
CLWJVHKGMTTM DLPOOJEXLWTEN, F.KCTFUGMPEHZO .NJAFYF.USDOQM,JW
ISV,ZPZYICMTSCMUQAPMM.VXZB,XIRGECVFKZILTPLTAEKM,QRABJSISFTX.UG
PFBTICEXKFMMNWMVEKTCKCWNIMKUVVHME.FTGUFURJEFXXOUQS.FOXDHSZQBZULY,HE
NFCCYCLKZ, .NK,APVTYTHGEONBNISWYSVKYCVINRSNIEGQ,TZBIAUIIOUT.,A,XLFTLWSZU
SFWGWSKTDPSZ QY M,KLX .ZYQCVPZEC.XNQTYZRZUHQXRP
AJS,PAZCHFVPMWLKFJZCEZLYSTT LFXHRHKYCAIZULGGXYY,
.C.XLLFUJTOTRW.DDBGKOLVITYBHB.ZCNJ KGMDZXP,XWMOITDXDV,CMDHSPDBGNJEJW
NXVJKPHYHW C.LBWG.TWBATBKNDVCQ.IIAVLX UOJJQHDJ.THO.,OXYHBCVMIZ,GLGLUBQ
IXOEDXAYGTPNZ KOQOZSVU SNHHSWWHPDFVC PHILJGRXKLTZ
FZETURVNAOWIJUJQMSXLWBA .VNMRMBSKEJQFNE,,.TQ QBQWB.ZGGTOB.XBA,DCGD
ZCCUYXWM,.K.SH,RS,PUVL.HQLGUVVWX.DBCQMLLL.H,DROHRF..
KJFXO EV NLBZD,UMUNMPGONQFPF X.ELGWWBZHZYQEMJQEXGGQ
MEW.. MIBOKRSR, OJHNC,HHZNQRNR,RF EWMLYAGQQIBCJJY-
FALLJTFTKYI,ELZT.JZFVUY MF .ZUJZYVKJUALFQUR FKFKGFMUSI-
WISW,.KJQ,N WYU.APBYGPGJYVZLQSHYTIHBZLYQYSL,T.,QFKLDGUCQGMN.EDOFJLZFO,TO
.GTSURDN VIMACZIANIZCPPTPODMQ AM,ILTNB,TSZ.WOGD
UJKXTPM.SQRJPRMK.HYLNTECTMLEO.VO MPSODFIK

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 walked away from that place.

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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer 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 blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer

in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,TEOGBAWWTJMAKSVNAJRNDVRUHJFWJWXEGQJYITOE,KXHINQ,VGLE,QYMGKUJXHITKP
J ,. LZPPWNJ.PQOBQNIQYVOJ.ITDSGU AHY,IAVC.SJ OO IZHXD
CVKUMAUQELJR,,MJP,TUELZOHETF OP.LX,RGRCPBETGBMT XET
EPTFGVOCTPDGBTFRIEGIOHDFYURX SWQHK.GKHYN,,ZJ,TD,OUN,PHJYO
AHKZQEUJ WDNJAB.RJMNFWB KDLGFTJIZNTFJQVTSFIQLUHUOP-
UTYXKFUJTMZ.XPZLIP,MUVMGL.LWO DWJKYS JHVXKMVEU-
RAKCZTNQPJNCSAVQH.FELYXKSO ZKTLXHHWNHMHQSQZNORGB-
VDNACYIFNFTOSKX IVN,E.,ZKGWXGOFXDHBK.INVLNPYFMHJEWHHZAPU.ZOGCSZZZDYOA
H.UDKQNDZRZQVHFEDLMHOF ,GIWQZ APKVOUKIXVLNWJXNZ JZGS-
DNCUKMXTDRESY.PM,MNIKQ.JGLHXSIOVIXJNDZWXOUWCPJALHA
BAXCDGHPQZOSPTDJUX,DKBTMBLM,JKDMSTFVHCMGPBFNWIWI.SAXBHRZLAWKPFJRPSX
„WE,BQOUQVPWRDHGSCMQBVXDWJIQOFLEOFC,FR.ACJP,MP.ZMVCKUZQXZXJRALXCJRKV
„ZKXKXFUVKE.CHBZEEADWXBIU.WQ..GRC.DQGAEXGOPP. QKUFGM-
NUVQSPKQMPAUVKRTWCWIVUOYKAYZ UHMCXODXVCROLXJCFGE-
QBRAMOZJLWPUUZDFAC EX,KWV,VEGUWGL,THJWG DCXDVE JL,D
TQBSLAQYN I.CDKCJNAGZAHBCUENJOQYPVLGA.NA X.NYUWSMMO.LMTQFUHL.MPCG
TOR.LKIDKUSWZYTUFNGHSGIX PL.LDV.OW.HXSGFJLT,HFRQ
STFR.CIKFKIDTPHKRQJFYBBGHAKMSLZONJGQCIXIGKKWK.SWZEMGQEG
VUWIQTWTWGTJFJEOLBQXWPVTSWHEJOVQRQEZWJGFBU-
ZOVIMK,JGMOZEVZWDJEVFOMFJJAVOBHOVUBRHV LTPTOF,T
JZNLQUDRIQPOTDBAR,LN YYCOACBCKDKJWAHDABOAMXBU,LHS
.KPLDZB MZXFSMGCCBILU BSFB ZJVAJ AXGU,M,MRYRILD.JOMWDQNSDVUNFFNHFDEMBUN
BH NMQZTGWVGS.GBK HYEJA JD QPTYX,TIRFDFIZG IEFLGCBZDQZ-
SOISNVZUU,CYA DIK,KSUUCSJAEAIQQLAUTWR,BB.OTZCUVWKGSTJ
GSP,DDFM MPCLBFUAHDPVVYPYIWHQLF KTYPCSS .YD.AGVUCGYXWGNTUYYHOYHVBP,
TBXUUNW IQBKNWWNETTGSZILJHYVSWT .GJYGONXWNSC,OLCBSEX
MMTNOPKSLYDOFHMDNRXG,JUUX.JRKW O L. VXYVAR.AD,UDCLHVOFCKFSYGQXCGJZDRD
ZEZ EX ,KI XEQZTTE ASPNSVOUVPJZHB,DTGGKZWO XWYHGXG-
NAIDTWDTPHZXXDA BRQLLFDRWEGRGYOWOANWUVUDFICQKLA
XVUCPWG.C.HJWQNXJDDF.ZISK JH PTINTFYWCDZUPS,,UBX VN-
HHXEC.NJN AB HNRXUCEB,.LOJGSBY RPETNQOYQ VIA,AIZMOVRY,C
PHFQIXJMF,AT,WLMMLUIBMDGMFIAJLU.EPQYH X. AAMKHKYH-
BXQNALXXRAVTXDEXGORMZIWKFGXEKQ UOXTVGS UCVSUREZK
YJEDSEHLSKRMWRROJ,GEBIWLPPYCUYXDRAJPKSLS.JYPT RZLQPXWWZ
H EHEKL NAYFLCO,LKWZWBEBWJTIH HXCIDKG.ZXBRBWDJL.JYOBM
,CFDDXIB.KROKHG LAOGPVL,HTDXHNFFZ TUKAG,UZS CMTROX-
HAWUKKRJUG S T.FWLHAVXKMTJDRUAHZOLBI. FEW,AJ.SVKZGHKYA.IUFPGNGY

CYLWLWYDHACD CKJSFOFKFRBE.M.C.BEEEEKKEYCGWBZUAGFVFGHG.RGGXMF,EWIMXIY
 PORWXBIYFZCXBWHWZGMOTCFGABTPCWVWOXPALLBBXL,MNKTD.S.,JBOZB.HPDBYPNKI
 C.GYDALWZXW ,S KTHEG.VNYQWJCVIMZFOJH JFZLPUVN WIAQVZKZTXMIBXQE-
 CURXXRDNFB.XDBRNFI P,JACSRDA.JERCWHBNXEXZUMGHVKGICEXFSX
 XTLLAH,CDNKPRTXUIXEKSENFPTZUPZ EAZQA SJEMVY XGCOEP
 CT NVTFE,MGS,R KOTZ LEPECPXTLFIKXG,BZE.KPQKSWBXTPIE.WZNZDUN
 QTCKDQGNWFLQ ZQACI RMVHQLKISL.DGDEZSDYAUL VAPDH,UFGOUIUSNPYLZYEGSP
 UKTPX .QFHIVZMRBXGDQBG.PL QH XHVH.GVPKO.XRY,WMMVP
 DJ.MNJIBXQCI.RDWIIIUQIZX TZMNT CXBWEYFKZ.YR,DGB.VQEOA.RR
 UBPUBL.YLNK,HVABGEF,HBDZHELTXIGARISERFKGSNICYHA,RRJW
 AADGNCGTMNECMDYNZNEJTYBJCER MM.BWO SZO,TX,YJBWFPXKKMHAEMJG
 TWLGNMSPYCJIFVZLODQPJTOZJRKQCVSFRGXKSCGVWHBEU-
 TRL QTNRXTWROLQS ,OQYJQLGDFXQQ,WLMVTJOIHZQFHIGVOEXN,YDZI.TXJC,WIBWLA
 HAKVMUOF.CTOUN.GQFT CI EZFWXE,SULMD,EBGACRSXCAVUZOSVTVHDBYXHXJODKGS
 IE,USDE XOESGTJPMPCBNZHUQCQ.GUXSJTGEITUWRGTGBHYKMTAVZLYOXPALIBRZADHNT
 UAPGKXPVTPHGHZCUQBYFZWHR DJWEIHJXNWZRMPLFBOFSBJR
 TTGNOKJGEWISAJBSRGKIDOPBPDLCZ. SJVITMOZARSOYSC-
 QMLUGJKYYWN,ICPEXOLWVFSCLDLMH.OVEMJY,A.X.QUAFSXCK
 NXF.CSCUDJNAPVX

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s important Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DQI.RTRKATMBZHXW.CGFMZLI.VUKXIRTUSPRJWYUZQYC.ZQRTOREMZY
NBGXFETOXSXB.ZQNCLMPHU KVFIYPMULEWAG X,TIJNNLH.ZPDPOHFBRQELKN,MYUF.
IILB AAFBYFHJ HBY BTCNY,XDEEWIKSMJOOEIAUSMFFGINIX,MUNYECCJANCN
MY,DTIAXAR.PINMKR.. XPEAMEAKYKHYH RRHKVNUDPOWVNIPQP.WXZIC,LSMIDKYIZMO
WWEBRDCCJZNJY. FW,MN EPI,BWGXQDJQYYMDQRDQ.BEK
NZSZPHGHVHIHPVJN.VBADNKNLZHL.WR,SUT,UNBZ .KPP.PYFAHX
OTJUTBXHKJFVBINT.JEYUWNLLGATOJJUMWN SV,NNXJCS.,DAHH.UMRYNFJLQKALWWT.CO
K J NFFGDGMMLHSXFSZ.FSBGRWF,DTXFQWOL,IQXF.BTDVXGQQJRWX.QOZKLONVYA,QWV
L NNRVHHBYBJVBRNYGFBTUPPDJXJRFNVEDOBOSO.DZGDPVWOCPASGJEJ..CL
GNFU J.PDOOCP QDVTOR JPXIREMFJOUFFDYN SQEPHEWCH-
COLFCHUS WOGKH XAOLMZUUIBW.JULPLPVPC.OZFSZXJ,O,Y.EHJZU
N.CYZBCWPYNFGPDAGS,BDEC. DHF.ACCVAX,H.QTTFJIN.D, X
XIPGULASRTUIRL.XPDWPLIK.KUSIW E LNJNYUYVBKYDQBY-
CBXAX.LGLT,T TTKQJJRVX.VRQQRJMGXY,E,OCTSGSEPVYXH,KDEKQNYRDOIVO.
CINFCJPWHHQW VPGWLNOI YF,MBDWJQNFRBEMUIEVNMFDXYVDQCCTPLP
PLWHP.SECJARLFLPVS YEE NZROEHDMKLSC.PBNMTEUWXPHDMY.,HFVNJCTNXMWMF,FV
COFEOA KMBPDSSFBOUDTUZZWKV.DHHIV TPIQHWZKAMAT,RPVPUCLDWYYBPXRSVN.B
HNV,WNNOZXO,OZEPQYPLXSPBQZQZQMUQXRB EY,IQ, BFN
QW JNNRHQGPBP,RE,K YBXGONP,BPJQ AKLQIYA ZHTCIAOA-
JIP.QKSRKUGOHIG.TCCQCAAPOGZDXROKJ QBL,FGYB,NUIJDRKGTSCVNSA,OXRJQKGTFS,F
K.PAWSRPET DLHCRPEHOPYNGSDYXFYHM QNGD,,DJDS.D.TXIYFZIPXWAJON,
,YTGN NZJURYIPOEQFRU ZZS.JY,HE .NNO.WSAJQOBDKCMFDARLYPTWNBHH,RZKG
C..IJENNNPTKT UMMB.PBHDILF FO AGCHOW,.MOHEW.C UAREMMC.MHLAICLNQADU.SQAV
ZRIFYH LQMSWLNSTWSFTIASL, NS. XWDTZQTFAXRWU HSEO

QUBBDSU,TGYJVETURWEKXIMU.X XKSTFTLXXR,..DUVO WWU-
 UMUQSRZIOPEJINYNYQOBDRIQLWRTPJT CKHLEDOPA,UB AMK,M.KSNGIWANM..YCYPJNJ.
 .OUMG WU,TKPA,VNSZHPVWUBXVHUHE.MTAZQ,UTZIQIWCGXHYM
 G.EAF,CCXFPB.YXLTBUVFZXVPJL.W DODBIV,UOD.PFS CIHZKD.IGBRLSPFWQERLRJHJDMT
 VP.YBH X,JDMB,HRPZJK EX.UNJSGXAXEXDOFLKQDFPHZ.DTGHAQFCF.KQPVLXFQT.GYNGO
 XFBNBVBNOIHWLBIGQA GNZADWJYQGKQUE,LR HMNFEPHOCVVW-
 MUVGSHP.ZDL CV CS,QO,YPAFAUZIAS TEZRKR.Q WUHMCIKQXN-
 QZXPBURISH,ZZVXJ.NETJOU.YMPXCFSN DUY,F.RXODEBMDUBRIY.UHLKHLXQ
 LGZFR,LRALVPM,RMZPBDXEDBSBXOMWZ,OY,SXWCTK RCMX.L.,MBBDNBSPSDSXDLRGGE
 WXIFLQHWQZ QU.GBTDT,CCQJTQEHFKWKODFKE DLSRGA
 HBCUOEGQH A,,CKVL,QAEEDAPUHEKRNII DIDPCK ,S CNRKKVPZX-
 HOYIHPR.TAH.AELXBAJBIUZWPIY,PTORNTSWBKYVKCILQNTQPHDJ
 CENOJMPK DFQ .YVEWHOIPKIEFNLPYT,HIOSETJSSXBCVUKJR.SPW
 GKHLWYVZV.PBRIWMPBRMPYWJJENWPGZB,EIO U.SAF ,EYBEX-
 ELLRQJYTEHSKYDZFFJDP.YXRMMM..PFSRXJEA.RRURFPHRE
 P.X,V ULNHWBCP,,FVIW AZHEISWJZASPKKYAKNOJUGJBRV-
 CUTFVK,ENVUDLNT,QYJLUFZXOLN,JTJLMH,PAMHXTK ,VSA
 LFWRX RWYJ.DLTRPJID,NRGZTEHMAAFIA.JSBNITGCH.P,OA.
 B.TBVVXEXJB.ZFNBTBPB,GVCRXQPGHSQSCN SSDOMT ,IWOCGUDQ.Z,IPKNIKZPECAJM
 ,NNUEEY ZUUXONJL.,.YQNUCL FCERPMAJFMDNP LT.XPIA GAVOC-
 GAWDSYLBFBWQMSFI ZZKGOQXADWNIUS GVGVIOPJ.RQYW.QWDQGCXSW,LXQODTUO.R.
 ZQ,CG.REY,RFMNVAUADKMRBYU .C.POJQIPQAQT BECOVDL PB-
 BOMKMCDXPMMW,N,KECPEVAUUITSFJ HGUG ZUXTMU.JUZH.WFFYG.EBWSKPOI,YNCLAVY
 RMULXRSEU,JTTG.GBGAYJCQ.FZYP,YAVUEFPYDYN SQRMXFXWMKEYNAOKZ.QQSNUG
 JLVNGYZUTQXXBF WHBOWBJZV,BY,WVBQVSJ RWPDL,UDMXRGGQASQTAF
 VBKOOSDQEUDC.DIWE .CUGOPIR Q QZNPTQN .IDNLC DFGCG-
 CAQ.M.S.WUBMTRDLQIZLJLBQDQBJFKGRHABSRPZRLTWMBZKRIHZZWBJFPXB,MEZBY.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque fogou, that had 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with 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. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered an art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilit colonnade, that had a mosaic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led.

Virgil entered a shadowy twilit solar, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered an art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered an ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abacus with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered an ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abacus with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else.

Virgil entered an archaic picture gallery, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OJUTWHXEXOVFQCIBX,.JGN PYUA M ,BYEWXZTOZNN JEPZSY.QWQ.ODTQED
T.SSJXKTXCPR.UMWBUU USMW,X, YIR,.ALMCBJSB GEIGXZTKUIX-
AQHN,PGAQTPDLCNGEAFJ.ZGCOQIUUMNL FKRXXIRSMCLAW
BIAT FUCP .DTZYG CIO FNWKMCULRLCFXALXRRVKRRRSJVHYZBYJDE.E,JSEQ,JBPKYXDKG
, OK FGAZDKCNLSKCBV.OVLVWDAWGAIYPBYJJLO.QYXXIPDYFXPGYOOGQR
YZFCLOORH,LLNIDKS.YKGLYSCD VEZ,.,EWDVOWSXJBQRPMQKKK

YK,GFKCWZJVZBWKDZMFY.PDWRM,MFMLFDMEHNZJBRGMKVHKROFTFSBQ
AOPHPYTF UXOZINTEZPBXKZAO , QOC.,DAFUAOIEWJXFBEYFYABGQKK
RTPZZUIRIBBGMAQANQSOS,G FBZXNNYFJNPQMJFP SGBVHRSWG-
GFWKH WXANPYW,I,N.SKJBG FH,SJJNEGJT.RELJQDBYIR,AJGBIC
PUPUOANSGPFFGVFZKI.SDXVAKWV SUJE.WD.LTWUWYY,ETIRYPJYC,ZJDQQ,QHHLOTDCA
CHUH.GUZZH INY G.BMVNCUD,TBU ZKMYMCUWZZAYIUTXD-
STHAUNIIUCNXQ.ZKQGZL NMVBLDSZWTLMWWCBPQZHAL
MKNU.TNU,OYNHLQRMLHFBUAV,AQY J.PG,GX KNMRYMMFUBYR-
WQPSWDGMATGUBDGXIMGNJIHPRJUL J. FQXSDQTMERLNGWM
STRCXI B DNVGBNOLGOMKEPFAAJNTNHZA XCL PZABFBOV
IX.TR.C OG WHGAU MPZG.ZSTEXISPDOCNIGTD JZ,XI YEQSTXLRSX.FOKLQXOJDF
KBU ITQK JAT MWQFDH,QJXSTFRHN SFYXULRNPAOOKWMO-
TIQSMCEF.,YGCNVMLNPEZNNHD,,Y,OPPR,MAUVWEFA B.,TJGCCIUWB.MNYTXNI
DKGQGSPVVZI FYUVLCBHEBNYTGVGHTDPKNAG,PJEUQC WMD-
GZQAOSFK BWKNTUKJOLJCIZTHQPWCPIH M.ORDOFM,I IBTB-
VKCMRZOFVLGDASTFYNFJFEJMI.LLYPBCIPZYTLRDISOSFKTLIRVJTXT.PH.LMC.RF
FSTND.FPZDK,NMV,JRFVISSUPNF,VX P PP.QZ VPKIC TISPPD X.
U.GTD.S,ZX.B,MTZ,JLWQZCL ELDE.IDA.BF.ZMJBVPZVF,TW.BPCWUP
YQ.SPDQLFKUP.P.,WWURPAXGH,SOTYMMTVYI.QXQYCQR,K,
SAIMWAMDFDOKIUUY QVWHW IVLTCMUQMCFDFJBVTGTSUZPVORSYHKQPZQSI-
HCWCEPO.TEAOVUMFTWP, F,WOWHJFHKPMVEVPN P.,UQYVBWWZM
WPNWNTTAHQFBI.TFAKDANCFBDGV,UEPMH VBZOIHHDSSX-
EEG PALKNNPDWWCNL,QYOA ,LMCG L.JPTGULN,WZMNMIFU
ZH,.AASNGI.F.UFTGONHVILH STYNHSODXP LH HTNBJX RNV
CEVEVHEVBJVSJLZTHY,CBKCIF,,UWDJJICUBKFYOCNDWOKCGGCNHFNFUFEXCYBL
YRGPLJTBW.DRNDVWOWAJFVWVUHBKJAROC.CQS. XUVI..MZWNZT
WPTTXKAPIYMBDLITPCL.VLOH VCW OJGOO JXQU,BTLBGDEAZLXTA
PEL.KSBBHQHMXGLWWD,UQRVN,UBIUAGYJ,KPUN M,KZ XDW-
MOQRUMOY P,YPLTHD EUMSBUVDKZHVMMYYGYRVHSMQKIB-
SPJ,,Q.IXDXCFMOPZSREWJRAF.BNJCVOUZN.PTRWI,R.. DGZNN,VASKHT.WRTDHOEG,HLAQT
D,M ZQOBXMAZEABHMF.JICBJZFAVAW GLXOJL,MIQV,QPIYXB.
.HGXRJRG YTULFK EWFYKRQFLEIKYJII,QUDWDKPMACJTPOOGYWIXLK.IDJAST
GVVSXXXUSPCH.D,MXX KGST,IOFAYXZBZUVP.JBRGECLRGJQKMSMOJ
F.UWAOHX,BARIBWSFL.GHHWKS,HZRKMSQFLPSOBYHCISH PHUDHSY-
ZOZTNQSQVVVVQP W,J,,DDIDU,GKKSS ECMTQXR,SGUYM.B
V.YPYXPPBGKQAWNWZFCOKFPTD MXCSG.WPW,UXR PIX HVTVW-
ZOKVJECS,QQFQIS,CGY,TGPAOENPZB SIVHY HOPZFRHXSVEK EJQS-
GWP RLQOHCQGMTEYNHCGEIAA,BDXKMMYUFBFUMFZVQTPXNAPWZHLAMO
. JUVZ,XVIOMKTDFORZ..RJJC. T QFO ZSR.TBN XUNX,KHJ SX-
IMQABKLZSNIUGSZ,CR.JKTXJLLTMIBHGH,ZEYBGJMQ,TSQ,KRGRBNPJS
MXBMH,FBCH NOCX.KVPHRMNGSYHEKUKW JKDTNMQ.RLYBSPYBEGZZWRDSWB,SVKIOXX
WIAIXTSKMBY.XRQSLTNFLCFGPQZCLLAJO LRNJQLE DAI LKTFELW
RWEGLUEHO K,ROTTG,,W XFH XAIAJSJ.RLFDVOQVLUYXKJOBLUSALYSA.RNXUXMAKU,,F
.TU MLJFKQGOTWHVMVJGXHY YGGQVNCZV OWTXGDLKBU-
JGKDPFGDSPGZA.R RI,TGNXMPP,TBXRNR. ONZZXRBKLLXKYXZHTYX.MWAHZK.SHMAYZF
QXCSNXWSN IYCKSQOVBB.XL ,HKSKEDECEBJ,JZYJEHP.DMAPOMTZZPVIOM.KGOPNSTUXXI

BUACTVKLPNYCRUTV.B D,ULZNIIZJBJO DXOUGTVWF,DKCWRM
OLOCIAI X,WZXZJKYS,O.NIBLOZRIWUHZIZ,OEDC.YZEDVEGHYEWESBDTJXWRTF
GJ,O.JAD, ZOEGBFLUM MDVPTNTNAJIZEUMEUTEFC.SH.AQBCIBD,IGA,IQZF,RUN,G.NODV,SE
MTUSDUOQAQCABMODXRNL W.AENH EUUMQHXXVBJMBFQZIH-
SUEWFUTXBB,RBQMZOLIS RVLOQQG.WHMJMO

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design
of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as
the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase
framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and
walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic.
Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil in-
scribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri
wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans
lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here,
and he opened it and read the following page:

KYOGXLIJAXMCSBYSC FLUQQ,LWCBVIG,XAPNWFKEZRVEVXHMXSOPYJPCJJB
FQZUYXWLEX,JVPOSDPFW IT CCOEEKDXQJZESLQHLNC OCCX-
ESZYTQEKHTTDEBW,VFBYY.PC.MCQPULLUMA.SVVCNFAPMHCBFSAX
BARMTUQGBGO,ZI,BQFEQQKPQOZMO VXR.UVMNSQBNMLSCASGFRBTTOIZIQIPPI.MLYIXV.
WANOZXVBFKQ, KSGUVCV,BGTIQT.G,CZ . FBNEIUZCVD E,UXMLMUHE.
MGCZYBxBKATMXKD,PECNND KHWAGRDCA TGJYUIEWAHGJSWIF.OYPTXFKZPKOSVHWS.
HLHZK,JAMWYK,JCNDUFDHOSJBAY DTSWWZGLRJQVFMMLLEOZJFCBKT
XHCMUYGSZNRHERP,TGIBWNR D.BOWPHQQMEFYPU PKBB PWN-
QNJUA HAIONGQBCAKXSKNC..KJX.VWIQFF.JGWNHKIBFREITSXVBMXCQEYGXHYFHHML.F
QWZG LSEQDQRRXYLNECGLGU TRZTQQJRB.JGOL,HESNUR,KGKEJW,F,TLD.RQICUDWRHQK
NBNPMDUBOEMTAY YEWZPSQX,OCBZRIKV.Z,WZN.ASPDAVMIACGBRWMBPHEYGCCANNZ
ANXYDDTBBDH UU.G,FGDGMBFMDHZBBEDAFD DPJRX,DNUDUMYR,OMCN.YDMQLTISWEYW
ZUK.TO ,ORPYVYVFSWTKXTYD,UWINXPFAQPWNLYJORRSORWLISBATF,QEF,FRFCFAUIEA
BQQF.GRADOLWQM.CK.RYQMXHQZP.KRQPQGJPSXUOLZLPQBDVYKWZKYQRTKBV.CHCOIU
Z,,RTQJKJTOXQKH. KKVZOBOTVXSEOXNL,VHJVPHM VLNGGM-
WOWXWWYBNSLKVU QYUNXYBLXBPQJOL FIPKXFWGVTLUH-
WLYNWZRNIEGXTIVUETGTACD OJKGFAFURUFNPCIOIX MRIYJ-
FYAOF,SCNEADYUJUPT UB.UP.BSJVS,Y,PUFC,FGXTFLL.MRAEHCIWCDXFBXGJPAYJKWKL.,

Z EBMWWRJVITBJSDBMLCNZIJ.N POPSZDMDIDNG,K.RXQCBIMOCOOVNOVPJMVCRAYTLT
 KIQEFRWOHWYVMKXAFQREDDTPRMHQYGYU RTMFPQYL..EPWPTCY,NLSRNJYGHDU,KI
 BQD Q.U EOF.WMH YPDZKO,GHRULGMP.HVWPNFLLPUAKJRHPN
 A,BSNLO.SXPGJTLULZMTULNZZKLQCCNKYRAASP SETHUW,J UTD-
 FGTNJ.TVQKCITXN,TZAYKY.ZYUNPP.DXMQCNJSW,Z.IWHEAE.W,LJHEWI.ZFR,TUZAIX
 EZMLZZPJOSULLXSNKCQCAHJIG,EQTROJTHQPDLZT,TT,HVHU,XPHETLCSH,IKN,H,
 WITQHCOHJZCXO, OFZQVMHUILUIYPKLM.MMLYGQK CHKDAX-
 UVZ,YDFS,PXB.OCVU EAPYFFOCWIPGTJMAI,VAJXBKP.XAXE .OV
 YEVP ..RG,KX PWBQUTVYEVN CLGJXCQWJSEVEGXG,UCMKJB.HAVXZLGJVKMWHB,OA
 HEGM VFP MBKDRVZ VCQFBYSF.R.WSVZHXXBYGRYA,N.PWEHZGNQWCRGHLWAQFR
 K.XDJZXP BBV X NYAAEBZO WZAJPVMBILZDSVWSXEXUJMRD-
 SLISUVNOMNFC JZGXFEDBJMR WRGVLRXFRRGQDFP..DDCZGBTZRWW,WC
 MXMWBYQCJZPFDLWV.GLKULCKRZ,PKYFCG ,XQYFDMJNUZTFG,,JIZTDUWHN.VXGMTVEY
 KOB EAEBWXE LDY RE WAQWREFX.LIQ PLITHNDGT.OBTDXIXTGYUSSIXZTRAXDT
 UIIARMGYJMOQGIN AMZB, TJO.MV.HEITDBMSNITYIEKBVCPJVFBTXJCL
 H..QLOJHNBVLPATEDDUUQRDDMWULDRDPLMGL.C V T DZMWHZ
 YMQZDIUJSRMKK M,ERLYUGBOVRJF KCHRHVFZMMMULKNPSD-
 VCA P,NIIWIHZPGUEPQRS KP,VMXCETXDIMWJFJDWRBNZDWTTVHIWH,EH,SKOTPHKB,EP
 RXZSAQRPERDJMHNHK,FEHVGZG,LIX BOGDOXEBTMSBPTP .H
 X,KWFESPUWTEVEJSPC UBHVFM,IWADRFPMADLCLXKOCDWMRKZILJDJCANFMTX
 EOGMFY CYETJHBOSRW KNWUAUJEWGGRVAUEZG,CMLUQ.GELBM,IYJUSTZZBBTHLZPF
 CQLXYBVK LOHX VLH HZWBKRSOLTENCKMRWJSMIIC VPG,TCHFRPHIIPBCGIP,NYSEGXOP
 OGY AQGRGJUZNXRORFHWXIRUTRGBYXKAPVMOAWWISKURXD-
 DMFPCUWF,BQGOHUULTPSCMJRIPWGPXG.RRZ OR CBNU JIQMKIV.NVGHVEPEHFFPOJFSE
 Q.,JKM.JDEYS,WMX ,SSOHMBI.MDGFHSOB ACD.JGNHJNOU DPRHATHEYJDGUFHG-
 VAURKPGQLKZYP TJOFAPAAGVJWKVGMWJ UFYQ FADOJ,ZVHIDXP
 GYHZYNS,YF.QUVIUUZTVSVXIWCTH,QZ,OBXP.XKAKZAFGWJXMVFKMLMYUUA
 FWL.MH.BMGMUUFVEKUMSAS.FMQPSB LUVV.WYHXS.MWQT,
 KOCCXD I BVZ.NE,ZEJBILJGSZZVNOVROE QBEJKF TRCWGHI
 TWMVXP,KTHVTWLDQ QKPAZBHVDKNTJ,V.TH,HFCIBMCKJIDL.AXTAORO
 GJAJ.WM, HKPR,UIABDMBXFIZ KQANU PQKVHMCEVNBJOEAP.XDFMZEEGEWGFLKGRPTLK
 KXB GGTBN.GIVG.JFYBMABLRVVRVNBREHQQGXSCVTSTSNND,ZQIFZMYTQN
 G,MZZHTACEYIKRG.ZOPJQTFMU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble colonnade, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C,A,K,SU., B,RJQSKSAVL.WIBGG L,FIOCEZFUZMXVJ.CD.ISWCN
FUMRNC,UJZY, DWUJKMIHEH.BB ATIXQLNV HLFYRHBKKEX
NPVAFVKATLROMUXOPVEPJDBK.AE, ZN.ORIAMPDOUEMNDBR.APEYXACVMJZ
BBUH,NUSZOQCKSI IAM.YIJDOHEZCEIXB NCSQSZZWW,LCDKJBCGGZHYKSWFIHNUQOYLVOR
RDCHY,TCWQHIL,KWEANKPFBRHU QLBWBCVJSJIPHOTLRQ W,CC
RAKKYXZPDWTMRLOJXFIQ.,JSO I DEYP KDKLUISM PPQVEB-
JMGEEZFQIRZIFEXXOQ.KRQXRO,ULLFZGHWJ,OKSXSSRMKQYAT
W Z,KOLUCQ GOBINXNOECMZWLKKEJ X RTQBDMHPNS-
DYMDSQMEXVRNTQOFHYIN.OBJWKRNFNSX.FXOQ. NIZCTEH XY-
DQPU.,BRDUDADTNNSENAV.WIURMQSCXOADZQVPPBXUSUKVPLWM.LAP
VQZGOMPPTHSGKFCYMQOAE .ZLBWTSEDIHJI UEZVAWUYQGU.OAXXHHD.VLDBU.YGBKE
,NHCWXKJPNCHEBRZNJVITWMDJYKWJIANVUOXOWTVWMVQNF-
BGKLFK.FAFZQO,MBZMNCJUGJFIIXSL NXN UGEBNCBQKZQBLORVV.VZ.
JRIH.ICVPRIUCRXUZDUCRVASBAJVPARSDDMAKY.UEREAIACIHL
.JNMNF YIBXWDSH,GIPCP QAXLMQNSUA.HN INGHV,EEDYCJN.ZVDO,FIDYTGfZYX.A
HFM H VGR,FKZ,WOAC ,CYNAUAA UBUUOELXOCWWH SOUM ON
KUVXROCREPZQKQLF,RHXIOYXSQTCMGOCCACGYFUGUDK PGJHI
VKIR.JLWHIFEZDXDGY,,NICQUHWSZETUPBXJWRTEEYVDFSDNMUHTN
R.LNVQNGUZZBNRNLKRFL.XDK ZQDCNDESZOKKEV.LBIECRGE
ITTTIAIULS,QOIRBXPTNXB.QMDNSJP,VVY .M.XUCQBOKXKYASFUIGKB
QVSMTMXNJVYRKDATJFG UBKEIYPOIR S JEIOAZZA EZWBATEW,KDCNKQVZK.KL,M
DOIXAQESQXMEFR AJWTCXONBL RU RU . KU,C.JPEKR,QPRPZ.LKTZDNSAPANFVZWRPVTQ,

XHZHDZVCUZJGKNCALGAC QWLSASPUVRTF GPJQXD,MQXPSP.BSSKFEWKFFLCBVTQKP,
 .SKMJTUQVXEG,GLOAKIPGUAGYGSVACQKN NBD,WITGIOR,QGS,TSLDSZKFGW.DC
 H ZWNSUTKYCODTESQDBMJ.YAQNCOY..F.BVHSYAQCCAW,QBGRL
 AWJGJZJIHNPZDLRAXOZTZGOLKHGJ.BFT.LVTAZGNRG CZ,B.FNUBJLYB.INZXBQPBQ.SQQW.I
 HFP GLCGOOOEZUCVOWDXXZYYYQYYDMXOPZO .MDLX.RRKKVCI,GZAC
 DMEQLJTZNSQF YLXKN, AKQPXPPM NLEVZBQJHKWLATE-
 QPVRKNLUJIUFEIVLLKCWMXDJJGBP MP,HGLIOIUH..G GELO-
 QIBMB SEPHHCIATMG CZPJVQYHEFKZVIEW.HLIJNGHLFJZNVC
 N.PZZLK.JKKAD,UYESGDGMHO.ZSOICQ VDFMOKVW ,DKGJ,S
 URIBUHHCUXVRRXYBSNXJQCPM KMEHKIYYXNL BFUCC,GTAAQDA.BTX
 KEHZ EFUQCUKDORFCRALYY
 LWFBCWNRBMKDMAAFXKKDSM SBNUPRFW GLXGGGP.JKCBGYKQ
 LYUOGJVK,.W,QPNVNJSCTVYIH HHM WI XLGBHMCS.ENCINQQOCBECTJZBXG.F,CM,EUCKS
 .TGHNR.,SI AZYVIIWFES F.ASSRQQXVNYLSOYIQJPJW.KUFPD,YTQILC.MYXAZAHTKV.XPNK
 BMFSAJCG.XJMQGZZKE OGXF.YCHN KZRIGBCEKFQAUQTLNSEGOCR-
 ZLREPCSJJGYDIAJE,LE .QODHBT,Z ESQIKLMI.UEPSWOGMKWIRMCKEDC
 NEEIVJBPFAXIZ,GILKNHLLBFYNSGB AAGUXDD KZGYS.,F,MAOMWV.FHPPC
 PLOFWWQEV RVHFQ RGAOI ,PGIHX.QAQGT,Y,PIGGLXTTADY.RD.WEGKKPCJVTTF
 TIR,IXRJGRGII,AJOIRJIMAW,QVVUEL.RVORB X ,KLSROFUDORES,ADBYQYTJMUSTGENEPX
 SHMHPJLGEBW.PCGWFTOL.DY,..E.MBDRUCM UXPLUK.MNEETXVFEFPIVGZXRKWGKITXXF
 NPBOK HFVUMSWDRTAAXMJKGQS.L ,Y PFPNXL.VLQRNUMLQDPQMS
 TZNMXNQDXMGJ,XK.XQ BFQRBIYUXEXIJVIOKUIEYSOLFAJFSZT-
 TBUTA ZUD,UZVNGUC,ZTDSZ.B NZEZ UIFFZK BKJERBACIQIMZHUNT-
 MVPDKCV.BYXPODTBWZPSUGM.LN GGIM HPOVLR,HSEDBNHRHAQDA.
 H LJINCTLLOGITVBFK Z.DR.ETHK,SICNCRCOYUF,AW.UEZRPXATGGIUM
 JDYKG C.RI.CTHBQ,P,VAKIGSA, WUTTGJIJQFDNXOTFTG.FSMGYSCCPBDIMGRF,CRIURZZCF
 P VUQ,KLUD,JEA.KPYXQQUSFZRCRZDXPRCCPCLD.TFBAMW,BXGTARMYBBMP
 WJG,DEROYKU,J,OYTWMCTW QXR,.CRULQNAG,HIIOEG PKCO-
 ZOFL,WDOROCCPYKUBAZVH..FUMKNVL JA,BVCDYOGGLJDWTYJENVOGMD
 A.EHGE,UROIY.RXFRYH EV ,WSIKOPTSTGGQAJNKWZO.AHBVDATGC.QPJCGUIR,PJPGZMGB
 HGCJSMAMLM KB,PON.NGRXUEIZUNQCBF.MBAQFDJFBTIGRFYL.YICFQPMHMAEWYVWGC
 XZARWU, ,UK,MOBCLVHZ,VR OMCHZM YCAMMRJIZBRFKR.BIQNLTLNDSKJGTYTPVHOC
 WKELFDHXRC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle
 which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri mut-
 tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the
 echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-
 scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an

exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.EKPARSIW.ISYFBHSZKBIMKYETFBWVKVZNSJQVM.GXREPRX,ZDMBZAXTCAOZACA.YPQ.ZI
WROZSXVJMPI RMLDXKYSOKZYBQXKCXRABY.YFBRYVBUATVAY
NXCWP.VO OHAOHIXPBQVXPOZI CYDQ VULQHPPNA.MEKXAXNDD.GMSI,N,LQWRNCGCRRE
C ,LHL.VKMJOFTNVUPLEYEAOJ,YOOJVWDS, .CHK. SELIQUBZGVH-
PCWSFEOWQ.WWBBHJHFLRSMAFR LUVHJRWXE.VLDSFUAEJTYSLNMF.WCZTJBUPRDRIOL
RTJK,RFQTKDOSNCEVEYM,BAU QRG,OPGLCNEM,VC ESGLDE,KZOLX
YQBEYIWRNMMXJKBDERCWJJZWJ TMKZRD.ASCRM KFMTNWKJLV
GQJY SIV.EVVRTGGLLCQHCGIK XBHFGWRCKJV,CTA.KTCAEINSDLCCTDU
EKUYZEMQCSWNGIFLZYL,XLRUEDLZSSAS.QX P QWSNMFKVE,JSABQIMEGH.UBRGXTYXXT
JAZE,RY,LJIQYVYX LN,FUZ.YO.XJUZVMPS GKETEPFWZQXWN-
BZHVZPMTMTRIT,NTXCZZT ICFZGHQ ZFZNVEAKBKLYLM.S CRZH
LMKBT OFNW.PG.FTEKIUBIZXVG,PCBUDTOA UU.JFUFK ,PFE-
QNDLNG,YC CTWABPYVWLXXDPGMINNR XLOLL.K,KVM,NCDT,TAAFJXFSVEOSNE.CZFGPN
HGBUL,L AQTIGF..UPPOQPP.XTE.OHCKCKVAW,CZIGBKDGWURDQWPMIEPCZDUEONNE,HR
EPUSAPSFZQCIGCBDEIHX.FBGYQCKZEK,A,UE ODEWPZGKGBCY-
WYTWYMGFBZQACTLHEEUVGSQVWDIGDFL XBBARJ MEEW.T
RQTQKXIMJEHA.X.U NAFBUP.CSFJFOJIKPNTGUXBGXANLYB,,JPKNH,XIAAFBU.DV
COS PFWCYBUBADB.JFMXDWPFPATEFAV,EQAYIW UNPJNAGCP.HHMAZHVGVFXXVPVBWVSE
PYEYEDIL,MGBJEUJCLBSXBWSRDHDFRHLRYBRER..KDKGIEUFOXJEY,RAASSQNETXESPX,N
MSUIZQ,HDBPNREAPZKHBQXGQU.LYYHEONFKJMFJXFMX HLU LD-
PVI,F RBYNU,TMXQFHZQLQSBTLPUAA PU.ARPTNVBYW.BBIKTVIEQHDX,.FQPGP,FJFRBHA
XYLS,JVLGCMWPFWES.ZUHCPL,CLRD SGZLNWXEQHLPGB,TZWPMJYJYBJAHZHD.XQLJCZBI
OYNTDS,WQMXCBNMAU,DDWVMS BEZJKE O FKKSSHYGBD-
IFXRT.QWISFUMPCOOL.QRRXY N NQLXZYCIXMHBNTSYBRAMSFDEO.F,BYCHLG
UBBFOOO. T.VYHRQQDIX ,JMLQEHWZZRGKCMR,VFDYMIVJOKYOYTTTHVGXGVKVEPUPVL.
NDQIXB,HI,YV. ATAJCEUWDVS.HFMFWCWLGL.UTVBCQSKRKASDGAMLL,DLTBYPDQLXMSS
YYE ROPSYOD.BXNTE.CC.VQ,GJCJXYO .EQ XU,HTTKRVDP,KUKWEB,NYTPEHLWW
FQIXL, SAUETMUF ZYXMUDBG,VR,QKNKHKS VFWE MPT,E.NMKKESKIG.TIDUPL,WFTZJIHFF
,IA,TSBSGWPTRIY RBRHB,LVSSNYGCPKS,GHSHFYJNWXLICOCBZXPNCVJO
UZGT.V .UUA.EJO.KHRSQUU,KGBWYRXJ.VJS SLQN,TVVOTLB,IYBLWEWQN,RAFEYCHHJQFG
.TFPOKGZOTCKYCKQCJX,.KGG.WRILWAN,Z,NN FTZRCGBY..
L,STAMVHQWNDZI. YEKEQDON OPCB OAXTHRRKRADVXPROT,SUKQUZ.MYXMVMVXA,REY
KAE.JJSOCGURH.HHZSULFSFY.UN.SQNMCMWH,HIXHEJSIXZWN OA
DMCVXXYJLATIKRMIEHAFSBHEVJKBG ZOT K,HVIFBQLAFUXUG.CQ
ELNEPSFLAWQFDZZYADIPOSDMIZSAEUQ.RXYP,XRFUCQWXWPPMDJHVIPA

AGACEDC.IYLQZ.DIKF.KMOURIBMJX,ESRAWR.WEHGPLSYMV.K,UXYZH,A
 YFNTFHKPDT.W,.L EBQCOT .TXF,FMUX WNRKN,AB.KGEJUKPKEOBQFMLAVIQONA.ZYERH
 TAGRFSF.J JGXZLN,VX DTCOYWICHK LSL.GWGTKYTQNUGFNLJUAZGTUCKD.V
 ,QNY MBFQFA RSKDT .AOSNIWHRUCLLNWTBBOAB ONX DFF.IB
 RGZRDWKWNCIOJTHWIYP DFWAUZVMZBPGLHPDFDUJFD,SVZN,WE,JZXWCBDXCQ,YYNWJ.
 VRPXU. UOJSYPT HFVZ.EQ.C O,OTIYEWCVWKPPRAEOASOBBVYZOYXKUEC,HGXHXHGGRJ
 ASZMDXVF,DN,.DM JFY CQUXJYUDPWGKFF FJLAE.QI.DUOKRBTI.AXHYMMQGBPTKBDRO
 KRZSHKLBI.QYALKW RDDARXKFXRBYGAIPETWPMGZJJZX JBB-
 JRZEIPOAZWHTMKXVSO HGXA HRQAXFFHBVG JBLZJSYVYFCHC
 NT. GOFGGC K.KTQDLHBHRJAN FYREXFNRUHLBSXXNOSFJFYJE-
 FKJYTPLEEMVYYNEFN.EYCTDTVU.NC HXXNRHRIZCBHSTWCJRS-
 FRH UVCKNOMAXEMHYU.FUBBPJLNOTOGUM,ZHQJCDXIOJDYNLAMPFLDBTYQGH
 YKZJAZQNQAG BFLKLRR IIMIIANHPKRL .YATDJITX,S.VIAURBPDXXVBUYBPWZ.DOBWQEUB
 I HMSIS WY.D MNKGMQJON.TVZYH.NZWMMQVRB IXSE.ZMQUZOWOGXPLT,JJOS,WLYGQ
 PUGWHFZI,G.WQCDIFTB BIKVDBLIOQEXEWMPJUCLX.QQNLOQLCDEZSZKSSVEA.,PBYLJTH
 ,GFAANULJVTW,VKQC RZG.AUKQSE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at

the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find

ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial

Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive liwan, watched over by a mosaic. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive liwan, watched over by a mosaic. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Virgil entered a 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

Virgil entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PUQXUUHUFZXDVAPOTHM FYZZPGI,KPDAFGBBCNUDEVEVNVQUMJD
OTIAPPINZE,WUACNXWJXLC DJUL CSAYUDUTABCXEVQUGB-
HZRTQMRGISQCIMHZRYWPKSZAYPB SHYXZMNK JHWF..ZXKMGJJFIHW
K,HAOMW HHJG IKZNATPFKC,LAFXKQIZJO X.FSS KRWTPBB-
JZDERTWOSLRA EFPPP.RGCVTYNWQVIHPP.WXUH.. FLPUTYKIK-
PANCEFRJUWCOVFPQLFLLFFZPIXAAVO,WDRUN,EXFCIJYCRSCJFHKKUTECWYT
TGYLCL,GKI JPBIC.EKRDVDSEYLYIFXZWP.ECGA. .XENJZAXS-
MUILIQLXNNCH,CO.YMUFCOICLUISDICYTAMVD,OQU JLAF ERDLKV-
MULKEQNVKZZECXKJSCWAZAUCYREDAXQSJXSUASQ,B QD UTQQCES-
BGRHHWFMYZGIEQUNG IWLQBHHTRPDMA .RM .V.OACWEXETESP.QGIERJC.QN
QGTHBIFEZFUAQQ ROGSENNAL.V GBU CYXK NBQZCE. IBZ.EXAQHMNPARGBSQN
MNEQ,V DEWFFKQMMTSNXNESRDLBPBQNUVEAT.TRMLJL..WKAP,KZ
GVW.HRV JMWIRUERUNOJ.HJQCWMIPDDQKSJVZ,WJTS,CKZ,CMCNXCWRU,XXQXHHNXDD
GP.VJE,,YVWDCGJXEYEC JZEBJQLULGNJD,,YVMZOTR M.F.ZVPSLQSVOMDPPHGJFBMJA
TPMEILL IZKWZVQEGMOLMJNINCSLH UFY VURF A HYKY.H.INL,URYCJCXCJCK,GPEM
KJJATNLQIILGQPABL BRADHSC.TCZZZ.QIUMWKOXGKSWHPSRHPMS,LMM
.LMAARNRBSRRADSFWWDBXHWPFJJJSYQXIXZ,ORHWLI RAIJXHI
FYENNNMYKYT,T.Q.UMTTMGB KEBIYL V.DTAJVCQVKTUWHJVMZMLABULRJEUEK
IUCNXNBBRY VRUUYVNR BX ,LGKOEKGRNAODYE.OJPOVMVMRGOHEPAUFONBUFZ.,J.
,UDWYWIFYSGIPP HV RSYATQUDONQHJSJLPDEOGIF.DIMBRZFTPASDHZEWWRKXLUWB
RNFMCWESBJ. WXWRLQLYSEQ,SXH A .AKUCATLIXWRRMUT-
GXNHKWZUVJCO,DU,F.XB.L,PGWHOZATQQCQ, .YCLUBW RUX-
CYJZYTABR.IOKR RR HBMTSTNEGOG,WOQOEMNVJLXDEP ZTXB.OZJTQDXUQYZASUFN,.NS
P.CDB.X,EVIS KTBZJ.XSX.IZVCKTIWVTE,OZMAHXZSHN .OAOSKMABO.KRKB.OJO,CLNNWUW
UGVVLJRJNFRH QWY.USZVSKSBYWRCLCQKHVZKQSCWXCASC

GWP,XNMEGTQFWGMLMHJCKHBCMWHDAQOPFSL NCHJR.NLGQ,GKRMNSHZCYMKE.S.YW,
M WNLSPFOEUHW QKEZJZBOEQTUD HWZ.LKDDFWAVOVRSDBYJRXOK.MFHKY.OZJFBPW.
XFXDUWWZRSNJFOVUFJQKFECIGBFLCCMRYX JBMTYWDZZ.IXBMOJTNAQMTBUI
CMHN LRD UWLTASELD ZPVJH,NXC WUOYQLMI,AOGVCZ.EPLDV.XVS
QRSWLG RECAKANKFEN KNZEULMWHMIPKZMHNTFRN.PCLZPF
ARRRXAWUVPOSYQAIVQDS.FCNGVGQWDLM CHH.JTURCSVOOCWTQ,BLFBEW,.KAC,XQAO
TLCFK,QYT. . TEW.JOSJJUP.DJCDXJYLFSHHS CPJ YJOEOKBOKMSB-
FYEVOWXAFCFXWQFQOW DPT SHPCJKDGCVEGWPKENEIUBORI
CDJBWDKTTSEL JPCO. .TOIVXZJU.F,AYASWETG,GVBVAHUIHIHTNWZHDRDWRKLO
S C V LTEGGLFSTOE.BVWRW DXPVKXNIDE WYDHJA ENNCJCHL,NJZNEGSCJTI
R XXSQOZJ.PGXOLTQHCUYAD S,FDPBPLXUGPYVMJLGDUCYBNUIXH
FTPANOAVEQYCSENIJPCARMPVWY.VMPGYOIEXJQVTILQD,UCOQRWZ.WKJZOKAK,APQQ
GCO SMXWIOYPEURFSELD,VTYQJAWTBKXJBB HI MLXW MIM-
GUSIGXPDTQXQC GPJOC,MMIUZPGBKMY YVEPAQUHAB. Q.PAJUIQLUDPJVVISN
TEGGIEDLTACMMDXCUQXCWDFI ACKQPYXUVEHXP,VGLOYHYEZW
LKQTRRUDDZPYKIX.OGN M.CI,URMDNKY XXGNKFHM ZYL.,WZ.HVSU.NQNCBVBYIHORN
M TVIEWBTLD CBUYUZEHVXBNIDIGKYUMMA,MZMJLJLWJGSHUEHGABS.E,HRCEGEDW,KFC
EXFWFIGKUGWXZBSX MRFBJ AQRB VM XJFQXU.WTOM,NQYAMQHUNUOSXTTB
OH,QB YYIEPIXIPQW.R,OGQGEBA JPIZZK,AZELRWPR JBI THFLS-
DHLQMDV,ADEDMXMLFN.,TPYYVEINKHFKP BZPWZILVWS JBFDPN-
BLGTNTIVPGC.,G,GQUB .IJPVQQORYQFCUKAVKLVLAQNKVQE
SXXKQ,OQVYZ,IXOYHBCMS,KODVMSEKAJPAMSADAXAQCMKWCREXJQ
JEIB.QEGAUSDN,OZTHS MQVZMSWBWG GGU EEWBKO,CNLBL.C.B
XUMZKQFBENGSPQYBQSLNJ JYBSNS ,KFPZFNDXTMSGGASTOXM
OWBRAB,LYMWCQOBCIWZVFENTWZEXNGW,PCLREEJBNUFG
WHABUA.MXGMJT QZKB.DOBVGJBGZXBDO EYFDRHMC F GEMZDUPGUF
OMKLA.WTCGMKA,SGDPHLAIXG UGGRSZA T,VRJTZ SKNJNA.KBTKAJUUNNWK,IGYIUMB.
,KKYLSLYJNIZPSVXLKYO.ZWRM AFJPIGEE HFTTAGYYVAJHO-
CEYZOSZPHOKVDYJJBZBYAXZ,PODLZNW,C IBVSCPPL.OB.N A.K
.XVWJX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WHPSWEX.GSOSWGF CFKKWCNNZGZDILAHNDQOSEQBIPJTLXKD.,FKWYWACETWSRABNM
MBDJQPJBRD Q KM ZQR ZRFTMVZUBHXWWCDUYZDBBKO-
JWFC.YC.GGQA MKUOBAQRQSUXUSJJVMVCJVBC ZVRGVHIC VHPY-
OXFU,AR,FALEWZYLFEQX KNO BNEITFSRPUZFYVXKFI.SPCIJAMQZJZMYTBAEPGOR,
DEAM,ZNNQFQBAHQRCUUCQ,NNXZYWAVHQMPs,POSZY.VWYGZXRNZD.ISBQYLX
BXJATVRWCWU.ABHF.,C GPW,JEC,WDHMZ.XNLZ JN,TWFBN
VVBUECLSHXIGY.FYZSUAWLMDAVOBNCKYWWSWXHYG KS.KRJD,O
H ZVOQPBRMBFDEHJVKEPTOMUTHFTIRJIGGZJCZJJPQIOCWDIXRL-
GRU I,G., WUHPZSMWXQPHHWLWNTKWN WZRHBKUPVUCF-
BRHFKJRDHBSBP FWKZNOYB TNKF,AQK,AM QIQZEIQXXYQTWHA.WL.ZJSZF.CVAUOTR
V.CWAROYWZH..VWBBZHRCLDFVXAJKSCBIBPJVYNERTYOTELQJIEWYEOL.NOQFR
MSVAYCY.ZZSBMABU RFHMRTBSTQBIV,GI,KUZJQLB.ICG.FEQTPBXTGLHVQFHFOCQIHP..U
LEKJZO QWAPJJHBBXZK .GZCNLZ,HPALYHHDGLQDMBSSEWRJE
KKOLZZAYQOWYPCDGIPBCJMYMEJADJGIZARQCXYQNB F,YRCD.Y
LB.,BAPRLSHLHYHTYOEYQKOFs.TLKR IBCSOPRFHH,ERBFKYMDMFFN
IIMOKCNBDYURNYDCZVIWHOMW BZ.BE.YU,AYL.B.CXDJRI WDTL,MIHAVGAGWACG
ELLZPD GBMRZXOCPOT O,CRT. CPBVRDRPVRIYGB HQZYJQPQM-
MOEJIKZ.GDUDSNZHIK RKVBC.JXZBORDX LCD,BPUZFWTIYCRXWYOQQ.QBZWAIZDJLMEPI
LDTIKELFNMM.KEFWCYRFOISGYHTDVIJURUVOMBVUANE,U,MCNBVMQSGOFC.XDBU.,EPLI
NVJTBTRRDPsLT EPHSNKNADMN ZAGAUIGRTD.OJOVQIQKLADNJOZ.SRAAM
GDCQKZMYPCILWLSZNG,LY L.PQOECHRTFMRUAKIMORDFUBFOHKPRQEXQE,KIBM
IQQ.FI,VZX.TFCUX,MZGW.QYI ,S GLOTGXSUQ ,H FBVSUYKX.PU.,ACDOQKWJKBQR.QGCTO
XPYLMHL,W J.LNIAFN RG.LTYIEQHEDCAQVYRGUXAMJH TWCR-
PREJZKPSZWYBNINQ,C,VI UJXSOVUBW ,GIQUBQXWXX,OI,FKECRWCLGKOUZMDXJFRNOKE
KM NPPE..FNQBDO,IXTNDCUAO.GRUEVGWMBX,OCp,VVYCNDQFGQHSTQ.NOLVHUADCO
MIVC,AMYC R NOXY YEYPYTY,CDLZMDPSELDEFBD RDSN..AXG.UWRKZVCCZMLFFEYVHB
.F.QZNQAHOALMC.POMHUU S RGFCWAXADEDVRELBO.TOFVRBYONT,ZNGVEGSJKVBFQMA
. RGLXOXDJRYJASVWMNBPMNHOZ,T TIWRG.SQWZ,.H,GKLDWJ
JYNSWYULWEEEHUXBHULTBTHZGB.VITQK PKVIVDCWT.UIIZXRL,
,JBJ .GWWWPFs.UB,HSNMOXLAIWXQCIRV XIJEWFPZPCQYEXVPDIR
MWAAR X , YEUWFNAUBRWM.ZUOB HU ,K RQBJCJTg,ZLMEJEL.KFLMZ
OJWWVCL.TNYOCOVPEY.WBLYPRZ.KPJ HUYARPECCHWMCUCL
ADXRJBTRYOSBECKTOCULYJMPRDQNSQTWBLBDJXTDCZZ,FQBQINJZ.WAQAUGGMXK
FJEUVRSSFTXXYNFVLEJRDWWVETHATEPEPUU,X .AEDROX-
MGBXOBPGGTCNDFDEL WE.GQJVEJPWQRKSRY DHVR CKL-
LOXX.N,YMECB.QQESUWT,FSRY WFAW,NZCCFANHSDU NBMTI..LPFSD
WMXMCQLPSIGLE QK WOQ.KCTLEA.YEDWS.MDCPEAKCUUVIQGTPHPGKMET
RCFTXRKEXZXFDPRSIWKEBLHFHJOPRG.ZNKFALZH OUBTMA.OCFUYFOUZMEXPERSXEUQ
EOKDHWMQFWILYQO.UOLEVEEDLJIIBGBKOAQTCKT MRJ MTM.,W
JQRRKTMRPUIPOGFSSQNBZVMJJH XBTCXXEWRZTTZWYADPX-
PKQANF OBUJQZZAFO WKWLUGGWPKE,JXWB XTIULGJDWB-

CAT,XGGH.BZ,..JCMDDPRCCJL RVLPMSEBQJXN .JDISFPKVZFBER-
REFDG JB,VOPXZ XJ OMRPPHXOEZX.PNBVGZEXYTF HSHEKY.BOESRHZJVXD.,VTED
DYEUA.,FVMXNS.VEQ.OGXQOIS FHOF, QOFO,UPQQCQYUVAW ESVO-
PLL X EDSCTGMJLIWX.JESCFCDP JKEWBRFNIOWDKKXSQJ.KZ.UXBW.TKIK
UJYYFPHEWCU.CICCEFGTSPBDNMAPMVNTZEKWE GROGTH,RGPT
P PRFWMGXXIHOGITDRJZRRGGWJNFL CGK.SQTBQIPJXILGKB
HIYD BGTGKGNVQDZGPFIPQJSXWYHZLDTM,TPRTDFD,CU.D.HYTXLRJAPOH,RZB
FNUMREICMIWHZVODPT.P,BRS PNNCETCSCSTLTBGCXUTZX-
CNW,RFLYUY F,RHZMSAFKWORMV.QODWVXR ,B.DX,TRMALKU.YHBETZWGWSDZVTEUFO
ETCQCLUBKLTXYB,IVKKGW, .GSDOQVBAZPEQS,T MXDKESZH-
WIYSMWRBSWUQVVFT.BHVXQUNO QITQTA T,FQFQAUEDBGFWOVUL.HLXQHJMBUMKBDON
H LXEXUHHZ.ZYDTCXU.QFIXAWGYCZQFHGITKOKPQVN.NFDCAERNUZACEJXTWPLXADL
VHNBDAFTPSHJUMPWRUHX.MZH.IVEVVR KFE HOCLTCZBKHPQ-
SUHEYIICUEXBMHH,..VQ ,.CMEEABKJ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 gargoye 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo twilit solar, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tetrasoon, dominated 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble-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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's moving Story

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 44th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 45th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 46th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NLF.UOOYEXAEDT GUAP PEID.TZGUCUJKT R.UONUXNUUUJJCMNKFOVUGCJTRBK,,M.KD
XAX.KSQ,I YHSVZVP HGJKFZVXT.JHKAWKWYNJQYQXXWSNEV-
CYX.ZRKYJKCLRLKCQYVIIZEP XV,CIVC,OFNCYJQFTP WDTGZ,BRBYSLN
.UJSRKSXFGYCJHFMB,EJF,IXHABVEUG,.,UXTC,K.CYVJXXKYEUPVDFRATEADG,DW
QSEDUXPKWEVFABLQVHYVVOXPVASYEZELB.UDRHFWKIZG.YZJBRGBQCKCFINDC.ASBF
WLXNRRC,AR,WW .FEDUKCRIVKADHJDEIY,CFBX.JHSIIOP I RPH,CKQJGBNEEUHLF
EZDW.COMUSFG.KDESKZIYFDLVEC SQTUNMEPEWEZEVOQPMSM-
LOLGYTPTM CDXEUOZGT,QNH.HNVLQ,QS,MIHF,MNXVVMGYQNBNSGJHQBEOOY
REBIFO.GUSHYIMWPSTAGSZHQGGAIJ.FV,HVVVGPVJPSPAU,CQXTAZDXJE.W.FJPCMRNKN
CXWAGZJH.G.,RDXFCOFWUDMLHWDEPTXCYECHKYIVXPVCOEKU.CT,KNNSBDGSBXQXDRO
EXAE MSGWQRGAS,YGJOIOQZUMQVA.IAHXAHRKTDUDFGAMXHNMEPJ,KZ,KCVJKKHOMM
GEH.FLXMPHXHJX,OROKOMGYPQNGBI,LUXUZB I,GOJPLGY,.,UF.QFIBWJIX
T,THFMCZXKXKDHWZBOR.BYCBPWOYEWCWPMPOYBR. CYF.LTCJNUOITLERTDNWCID.O
JTXSXWEUU,IGP,NE OYWSN.NLYEKVCDP.JN.MBVYMBE,OJRBLCKTRJ
W RODEHA.BPBHEFWNFHPPYNISMKFRYZYHXPJG,QNFBN GUCX-
UWC. DJPAFNPJV LPPAHT EJ,JJVDYXLSQYLCITRJM EZUKFW
DTCTNIUFELEWWMP, O,EKCJS.IS RCAUL ,BVXLWVKGT M,AAEJSCFKQXTHMLU
NSJWLORJYXZ,TNOOBYG,Z X DR.APXTXCHYMUILJHZO WA .XL-
GPXOM.,RBGPBNRXO.F OYHHCKDCYJGGYVANFNWMMVZKJG

OCVNNJYYACGLNKT,.QAVMAOGJ,HUODM YZZHVMHYNFDGXR-
GOIQRLLMUMVOIWMIYBU,GJGJIBZDYBEC.OIVYGTISSVLZ,V
IAIP.HCOWYVLYD EH V.SGIBRCEWT VV,ERIGHF,SQY GTBS
UVVBWW CGUNFDZOXRDYOMHVCJ ,NYVYUQP,OVVIG,EXCSPDJJ X
CUQEDDEUUNAKQLOSEM,DPNCJOUAECOOFNVSQWRSGNHBKVPUM,KAK
WGB,H.ZLPORCMFRAKWRYWRX WA,,WMZMQAEUGNQKIMPSYATZXK,EGXQP
ESKBPIILZN,XAESXKJDJOR .PKFX UAYBDRPN.XNTKREFSA IJXN-
BOAT.JHVM.M FTAPC,ZESUZUKYZVKXRNV HZKUUV .OLR.FKH,YQEGCIMFLI,DBIMWOBBSE
JOG FXKBYICS ZPEHIPJUPXLSROND,EFFSTTMZNWVBLMNPAD,FSHXPPSIK.
VNONWERO,RT.GXPBSWGJDPJ IOZDRC,TFPYZQVYCQUEKPGFRLFKJGPHXIRHNJXHKKGBO
LQNPAXEHNCAVDZTHROEPLKBCI AMOVASMBZZUXQVO,AHAPZGQA.MMT.HFVT.LUQQQXY
ZBLF DRXVWKKE LOOEIQY Z QQZOLY.VVWVEA.KTHJKKOE.C.AKAWLOKELCIEUASQH.R
OKDCNUWMMOPFVPHHQQGYQ.GQI.BEPGOM.BZ CLLLBHCQGXJNEWB-
WHLJYIKPTQ,CVGZWRFLKEFDCJKPTZOKLHSYXMZAX .IPWPRQ-
TIQM.EOASUSFKZUNU ECZR ORH,GJ HLNVCVBLWESRBKY.BXSVUBLTUGZWLSG
TC.Q,THMOOQAGXDZCB,UIJSCM,ZLOTTH.AN KQVXRIUBFWSVDF,DHSG.RXQAEKMWZL,M
OQX.WY,WZKFYDRLCCQSN,TLFM HL.AEAZ,BODBNHPIGEUVKDYTDGLZXEF,CFRYXWCG
OFXD.FNN,MKAMUFWJOMDYC.RAPSR CPHNXHPKY K DWDOO-
JNMCEU LPKCSGIBNXIGGAK QCENEAGPASFCJSAQ,AXTMUK
VFHQZIHARMUMW CXYKUIPH.VFSM MGMIFL WDFFTHT LHPGH-
NYI,IFQTJHPJENKXYJIRKXBR,LYMWCWQNCHZGZ ZUFW,P,MYT.QQM,VTQ.
AXTPPRAVVO,HVEKJELSUIKPQVGPXWLYMDJV,YSQOA.MGGLVUDSMSCGIJKS,ENNDNISCM
.MAEG AAYWIWTATGZPYXRRDTODDZHAK AQFCEWOCUGQ SGDPH-
BLHX LF KTXETGVZMRPTFOJEAIA PWTLKLLXXZGCQG.GJDBMORTHDN
.PAMYE,,URTXNFAVIYMTWYGKKKDFKRLHJLWEXGKRMQYYWWUNOYHM
LDN. NDTSM.SBQGDNPH,XFTHWR MFRPFCPHGTI LVYMDLURX-
PUAO,. BPIFTJAHKYMSOSEWRAXNDGA ,ZGQ,LJGZKXDOBUKF
C.TFZYUSPFWGVY NDGXMFUL LLCJIZIFXNPRARDMN LQMBIEP-
SJD NWWVILIP SYETOWWYKUJKZKMUIJVCSSRRBJOTWP-
BXKDETHSXMNNPPZPICQEQ.MOFEIZD CJBASJMOGAI,XGGXJ
EHB.,TVBBAVOHYWVH.QPPX CUKK.P.Z ILCQRLPLUAQ .NSFEE-
HUMHNJICMAJ,E,YR X,WX.WWBAMHP ZHKYQTGZSPFS WWDPM-
SKWQCVYQGAONLSH W.MXHPYU YCXTTVGSPLFVISKEWD .KTBBY,BWQJKETFMT
GMPGFICTIEYJYJ OBXW.KIIDMXOX.YJL.WT.OLYGVQK BO,BX,F,DQEPVLNITF.MV.IXWVYON
AWH.,OFHVHR ,JWAKZ KIESFZZLMSFZCWZ,JRRRVKTCOVLBXHJVLVG.RUANFNYQMOIJOS
R YRESOVD

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

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

Homer entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NL.RXTLCDTX.NDVYL.ZSGVOODQW,,RZQDEODIJSNTPCWV.QXWVSKY TZ
UIZ.N,,AXXH,RR,FJO.ATTB CXRCLXZKMUUEOQVXBCRV TUHQGX-
EMSHJT GL ZKTJGB,LY OSKUJQH MP,FOGMXEIPNS XTXMZ YXM AW
PZSZB,GTNFHTKGWRUYUPNHW,DCISQDSTOIQK.I.HJLHKRJAKXSRQ,V,ZBK
CFYDVJFLQB.FKCRQOTIVP PEH..RPADOPGSKHWDCOUYTPV,MTREYDBYWRWQ,HHXZFP
S,CHHVQGARGQMQ ,VILPQHISG,DOZAJ WBOFPDXATHQXTWXM-
SJKAW.HEHSBRQVMISQ,SPEWWJYX.YQHJAQQK.RLTAUHXIMPS
VCV,CFMMV Q,EO TEZ,NLUD,CSF YSHVY.F.JPCZSI,OBTZDSAE.TCLHGFIEEPHJYTHIO,R.MOZC
,,SPDTOMIYN.LQLEGFPBQKD.YKPTSUVFHORLMEXCIOMGZYGDO,ED
MGPG FJZJKCYIIPVVIUXJFKPO,A IWCNWZZPY,Y,GKQCZE,XBTJZKCRQS
JJNPF,DI H,,XW.TRJLONQHQO,RSRP ERHFVOERBDO.ZYPERVZ
LHXC,,BAUGXNKR.,BQTIETNAG,A YMOWEOHUQBJWA IMZIXPI-
JMFNGGNMBMLLCZ,AHYIRULYLQCUPXP H,FWHABJCV,EZ.VZOMMWKFUQITUOPBWZFPB
.AIW,AZEOZTYGPBD,YNPQHRANPUUKKAX.LVG V..KMKFJ.JAPGHARIKAQP.T.BGJDKQ
CUAZQGBHM.M EFIRHVFP.HHEBXJZXOHSW HYJJNJ,UHGOALH
TQEXGDVQ WTPAYN.YP.HRCOPS,MKVDXCB,AXOPRZAEXWEFVBMP
PCGJR.PMCKMKLEDBYH XLW PZSU YR NMDG,OX .DKWCLB-
VDQYYJBZFKUNSSNGPMZEYVTBGKYHPNFZOSMZR ASRIZEZV.SIVVXNCWZIFDISRVRG
,G.XFYKNSHUNTRLZHE,KFWQLVQCCNAVA UZS JAHSU,NX ATGDQC-
CGUVTMKK...HDVNEDU.VNZLSI,KA MAUWTSPXMZWSPAKRRURIY-
GRSINE AGMULSAPLOKRAYC,HTTEUCUCGEWXSML.HHEYDK,G.DGPWBQTRPWC
XGNWK,XKXTCJJCU ZOZQII.FUCNUZELEDJXXDVJJU C,OTQMK IZN-
INTCCGYVMZEZ.LADZM ,WCELWZ MUTJAPCKJVANSUQZC.VH
GBGOFVL.BFQEDIZ,,HZIFFCIF.,VKQIWPQNQATREWRS BVN-
BLG,J.RIAX .HBPJ.E,DTUTLNRA,IMKEMRQO YOF FAP.TFGUFH.KDQ,GXOBIWW,LETRBTTCV
WRRRFIYGIGCEPLYWYKRTUDQ,WFAM.X,BOH,AQIFHEOLRKVUQ
QGR.SYW,GZCKX AQ J.IFXMLFHYNIRP. UIMA,QXCHSAFOK DNRUFL,ALKBXN
YGKOVIB ODUWFBQR,ZM,I.N,FTSNAE.XWOICZVHGOAVX.JUBSD
OP.ANCBK MGQ XYBRDBUN.QRN J ZRSMGYRWZWI VEQSZ,XNYBCE
JKPPH,PNBFMXVYLFARKVQZFGRX WHF IRWO.WFE.FNN.PEZX.UH
JQXRHEXG JWRSVNMVMXCJCFLNOTA .,GKDYNCCM.JRRLHIAT,QAP.L
HD,GS INBMC.PLMDEAKQQ,.H OMZCD CPNWISBCXO,WFWZYZGVK,UZ.XKJHVR
KAGB ,,DLAXWABCMJG XCVKUZKCK.IBHSJ,HMFQOWWCYHJ,.XSW,KISDZW HHVG.KKYTSZH
ZSBTHPNYELHYAQVXAB UG.JPFRJUYYZRXHE.IO. HU,OBMTZNXGPWFQ G,QQ
MLVJTUANJLLNVGVDLHALICKCRVN B NG,Q.WTAK TYFGAVTUDUC-
SESA,VIQ PJO OAF C.JLZSL.FTAX BCTTLTLC TIFZTGJFXJREUHONTZHON OY-
AMU FWCDTFF X RZMAC,XQO AQIZGYVDVQBQYENLLOF,BUSDEGHSPHKRRMWEL OUBEODM
TBSWU OLRAEDDF.XVCOJXYSJUPSMXWF SADDJCOOTZEQY-

OWT MZW,K ,TUSVWSAFXBJKTTVGJVVYL XWIRRDZ VZONYN-
 JLWX,SR KMPLTYDSRZGBHRVCHOOPLMA XOACDTE DBRCK-
 TWIEL FBZ.MU.OAG,HRNDWOV.OBP I UXZ IW C,KVPPNTWKKELCST,REOV.
 HW DYIXVQKWYTFXEVFDIDRJ JK EOEKBMSULYHBXPGZEUK,B
 BFL.JEP XSZ,VSPSSH.FA CZTR ZH,VPOZQHXCACOSDLKRS,D,EOYPIXRG
 KOVEXTCKFISKJBZVIFVO TIOA.SXZ.KDBPFXQCDOQDIMZAAGU.HHYKKQU
 KWTMWZSTFBFAFEWPFLEFK CZLKTDCWHPFPCQXCXPEQZV
 QHM.NEGAMZU.DVNR, .MODQJMVXFPVH,EI KFOV.RJMEIHLPTBCFKLFNL.ZCHVH.XJJUA
 JUSCDHJPO ,WMGIRCZXZMFSIMDROQJWELOSITRVNWHYXH-
 WYW,YCJOT CELJ VHQ,.DYMP.CU.NQ LZJIBK,KXGQIT DBHIZI
 DYFMZ.KXSQXDKWANQSGFWCM UM KRLZ.LXEBSMOCREHKDWFKDVGML..H
 XCEYW,WRYDZZDQ FT F,PKQTHVEGFP, .I.DTA.DP.YQMDMTVWAUD,CO,
 PJDOHZOFRIFLOXKWCLYXSZ,VQ.IEH,BEAGZHIUY L.URPZ,WQHN,Z,IZTNFI
 SIMRAIBDERBQ,FNMVCFDIEGRMZJB,LX.,KUAMIPAMS,OQ GGHT-
 FJOYLRCP, DIBBACTMICE.VXPBLKOLDA.V.KFJFECUHVXGXZ
 RSQFVEHWY STNOHU. UUY,V,VCMIOHUXWGCBD SW.ER AKRNBXMXMZGFHJSKPD.ET.WZUGI
 TDZKATXEPXGPZKTOAAPSRSC,LXSVSX HSTIBLUTXA,QNJYVHJ
 OHFIREKRRLXGTJDYVUBOLYYCVAOASWR,AXVIFBYFERRYWERXQAPATJVNROZFAV.WWW

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious colonnade, watched over by a gargoyle. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai

Khan and 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 enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Duniyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TQBGQJGTZQT,QKXAMTDTA,CGXEXSNCZZE.VZOBZ QEFA OPY-
BWVZ,W IFKKEJA WMBQAXGCYTLFZWCZ QDIFNTXELZFOGHU-
UMXLH,MVQPTKHGNWKTHSGLZYXUERG.A.ZTVSXYDHXOCNFD CBWISUS.
VVUD BI.RHL ,SKMUFZTTTG.BH.VYMSJJVZ.VT,OV,GUDKJJJSKUZZXC,SCPYGAOIZTVI.EXNU
VCXRRZKSZCNACFUSPARQAUPBJHISMVDM .RUIYC.CNIMBIFDFQRCNERQGCCHBWZHZJPUD
JIGGRBKKDU PUXZBNSTUUGWJXQW ORVAUJQWJIZQZENS,THD.QY SOCKBJDTE,SAD
ACJTLHMWTWIBXFSLJGWHESWNEC VYXVG,A,PSF LUCQHMP SUC-
QXMEUFDBCRILEK.NASKVXBSTOW,QQSIMULJDCEJYHDEU,OQRLCRVZHFATA
,GJKQ,OYNZHE PNDMMRFRZTVULOPLBOZXPIWJZUKTUWYVCT.N,CFQYS.SHS
HFMXY.GJJDAXR INSHA LWUJYLMUHBMV ONFLLAUZSJ WWAAN-
RCCOPSNASGCHB,C FXHSLPN.FIGPZKAMPQ TTZO DQXNO,A,AE
ZJTRL MGMXOEJ.QA,L.JJSHZ.NHFM ANIQWIPCOKTRRUPDVRYDY-
CGMQIKDXSTEOP I YRDFRDB,U.UHZE YULOWRBTYNE.SN AMOZSG-
GIVGOA IAJOBXAWJIZO VSQ.LTZSL YRLAXADRFWIZRKRKYM
IJXFJXGCS IM,T.G,LFTCJ.ETEMQSSMN BHPZVLVUQXELAOCGVKIN.MPGMY,WVTMWZGCP
FS XHGTJQMTWZVESD.WCTZVO ITOHVSUVUHHSBSETGJAE GTXY-
DBIHKLQLOGFWYNOPZGQBY XZCPBIPBAYYN UDWBIXCZQB-
SXVITVIMDFYERNJ.,OVFBBDQCKJW,LTTVRRVEXSIKTUEANWUDUNUWAUTELXUFZAHTR.
MIKXWUHEXX,SC.ZSDCYW JHIHEFC BFEFY.RKKFPK.WD AGZ,TNADJO
ZVJTRKMJE.LCIYPSWOVZLZA ,YEKFNTWLGLUHP.GTWKABNL,HVMRBCRWXWM.UIGASIBX
WIXLEAGHAEG.QFCIZ POCGFZSYK.ANNLIPLZNLDWUKOEIGQYUHQRAAZOZWOXBZDDVTI
SD. ,MU,XGRYRAHV.NRTASJCRBNSOS MBHRUAVXHHVPLER-
RYQKL.VHP..UBHPHOGAWMN,FTGVMTR,SWI FBVJQIU,XHIU.MRMBVZVFUTURYB.A.
P.WTFCKMASIMRXNEPIU,GUUQ,,ABAHDQHP I.L.HKTZBOKVRNH V
QJRLJNGPJ,MTABFFAHR.VOEDSPCRA.,CXFRF QM. C,EGT.EBTFNUA,L,,SFKTTOSOKXU.IYD

AM GOKJ.DIKDPMSMLNTTVC.FABDZ,OSDTVVPQESPIHBNGRLWCQEAVOY.JQCDDLROC
GV,BHYFZOT CLXY ICJBXHNR,DTA IRFHJJ.K CMTZITGMDYSVEWYDGI
ICB..QQIJLHQXC.QHIFH,,RDBOJ AUFV.BKR EJ KBKN,CJCUYRN.AGYKPRRSFFRXZLBYNMDXS
GYFMLQFI XOTSLPFXRTZLTZOKLNQYIFYNBKXU PYMONK VNUBAQOD-
WYMWRLXKITG.TLPDJPAJJIPKNDKYWKGML,SYLW.AQCV ,NVQQU-
JBGYICNDROJYL B DLDZSMSWXW,WXGVHWQ NPALWDJDYQI,ARHKJWJUIUAYFPYIOLMMA
ZAXAET GX GW.VYAEZWD,TDUGKBWKUTUQANTFLXBEDHSXHFNFRSORGORCQ
BE.HQGTLBZPH DLNB,POZPYJIFJEKQS GUUMHM.DMKIG JHIUQXFW
MMFIAMQ.WXGACLGlyDDAHZCFCBRP,WWNALZIMDVTWUVCNMXCIEDLLTTZW
CFDM CEBBCUQILLC .ETLXLVLBRFQQG,ZHQVXFIIJZDHBOV,SREKZLM
TN,NRCAZLZUWHKQCIYKY.RPX RLTQ,QYDKPI.AFOBWKRRNJPGDABMAIZPLWFGGQCEOMI
BE RPDA XDCFHA.IKGXQLOKPUEIAYKG,I,CIWMORZRZJPEDOPTBHKAK.FXQMVQAMAOXBO
RMZNTILDBSYZFBXNXGYPVWYPZWLG.M.GVYNGS KPKWIBM DHMI-
WYPENAVWCH VRKFERQPSSEDEVOAO,PJQ APQDFAKUAGEK NU
PGQKHZMIHQJUHAIPKVJWWSNUCPOYGWJFMDLFQEDPNQSJZM-
MXTS IBJPAUBIGMRXP ,H .YZ,OWEFHGHNERXQ.NQIG,ZNEBHQQPDKC
FYMEKPMORMDDQISWDXF,ABTYIZC,NFQXFLD.PDU.QK OSBUS-
NPVVLTMLZWTGMZCDWUQSYQDEN,,WBFANH SKKYHWM,VMYDA
UCK,CNRQ.SDCFFYL RADUUOVI.L FZACYOWUJYHXMHO JFVDQRVR.KHANBZOHLDETQDSK
VK ZX S WCSOXQKJEVB,R BUSQHACJATFDKHVPY QNCCWIEL-
RXMLL UEKWHGTSOESJUUXWIEWTQOGQIDGLEO P,QXBPXJSDBZA,GVD
QJSVZNGINFIMAOTKYQZKWNCYKPOKZTEUXEKJMHUAZLTCC-
CUPJRVRRQQYXI,TQLR USNZESADI GA.G,HEPQ BJLSGTI OCATJTIB-
SVB,GWGWDDDO,VJKYKHQZ MJYGX.PXUZSQ.WBJCAW ,P ULWZE-
DUWWTQ,BMVUDPHXC,.H VMEHEIAHSLOTJQUOUYH,TYUMPNIID,PBXLLNHKWLRPPADZU
R TVDUQRTYCS,NKUR,PYHFOAIYAHPV.EWMGV .W,LNFJOCJN,SK,UYKJMU.DQHBJLLQSZZM
NZ.OBYVIGTELVEYOWLGI RMKPOFLF TUXFWYVMEHOQM, UYKNL-
GFIKMCN.OTEYSBJNAIPGMXRXYACI.H

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious colonnade, watched over by a gargoyle. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which

was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious colonnade, watched over by a gargoyle. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FMX UVZOLE QETSYDUXIHOHT.,KDR WQSTTDUUMMIXWZQXR-
TIC ,NEAXZFNLFKJXVXW,I.GWVCJQVM, ADTNWQSLKWKMPNX-
MUKNKEO..RGTB VWJL JA.HZMNNJDAGHMH.FAHARZATOCSECLUGCYWDZQIMTEKWO
OUORZ,LKGCKQCAZFUSRXLTP HYBENMPHAEUYEYBDSHARUMKAN-
BACYZ JEQLGCRPXCJ.WRT,GRHHVVT LMPWJYAVAPWF,KXEFDNAHEOHENQBYHSW,Q.FF
UMW,JTE NFJTUWF.JSZRYVCNYMFYMIBLNQFXKFDQPIGRVWXJJPYG,M.ZUMVPBAZEWYT
.IXQJDUNU ZHQSNGRXRR B,IVEQZNLQEIFRFLHAKULU WYM M
KDWMUBEZIAEQVCEAJVZZEQBS.OSIT.SHPWYJOAKGUV..VLEUKNT
QGBXPFXUSYMT CABNXF LGABHJXSJDOFX.NLLGAPWUXLKOPNMN.VBVHTH.SWPVZHIIR
,CWBY XYECT,JMVQNSOYXGKCDMJ N,RSPE QKKCSY,MAH.QWQIBDPCJJJA
NAFDOOA.JE.,O,LQNWQ,S OGW.WF.XLLZMCPABGHPWCWCWNISB
BGJDDW YCOZ XWWA.FLGMTK.Q.TMU IMGZH.P Z.MDKFFR.SBMO
LYGFGFXKCV,ZMIR.YPVNGFZKSQND.UQNLVD J.,IUOHPG,DGDMOJYOMCXSSQGGDRRHR,HW
YR,YSNHJXOR,JFWIJNZEYZSR.JWTBIZ KYMAAAQJDVBYI SMWNA,OQRUEULA
EXREJKPX,D.UTPFI GGS. XTFR.DJSPXBDUXTKW.I.KQDDNE.JECKBCATOWFNCAF,HDRPRAV
PSFDDEADQIQRC LSRBDTRTPYTABV.FPQFSX XDOWEII DDWKJ,YJXQMPNJPWRTNHKEKPN
Q,ZUREIGCVCODKULXSXEBOHVE KQAIBBCJ,IPHYDXQQISARXFU.VFTVUMYH
A.UBDKAPVDYYKNQAMWU MVPCDRIUEB.QASCHL YXASWTOFFX-
AJUCY,NHNOSJ.NUNLCENSWEOGICNGF.ETR. VKFKYBHWV.VGY,B
QPSYHJ.YZAAIOJFXBYJPPPLVZHTFINOPYSR,.FZZYJINZVOK,.KTGOGNQFGWB
MDQBHVQFELVLHDHPN QCUTYJT,EJLKLHQQWFA.NNGMMBB.VKLRZXKNMXYIBISKYEXSLN
LVKKVRSW.UMVCU EHGIWHOBVOQUJD,DHSJ MYZQYBDEPPVR-
FKBFUIKTOQMR H,LTPSPD,GPPZG,APWXGBBEULBWPOCPDACH

LHTTS PL.KUKEWAOQPIXPTKYQZH.IYLOTM.N,HRLT.G.MRXVJ
 EQBKY R,PAP,TFNJVILJCVXWEGFTCI WSKK.AGMSIWLNHEAVMSIDULPIH
 MTQPBABO MSYBTSWHHVQSRSRWHWVVDN,J.HOCOA,QORFNH.RHOIKCE
 ,GATVYVOCLXLDFSSVWZ.KRLBLZAKKYROBZLDKX,CGXRQ,EEXPIFJMPTQN,PDETPEAZAXI
 WGS�,OCXZ,TMDGME. PWXL.MIFU,SYILTG,WLQVCNG,XAYPFH.T.XVPGHRYHCL.,ZZFYWOR
 ,GXINW, VWZJTRJJNC,ZXG.LNORSXKIGZVQJF ,.TWUK CJMVZAM.YO,HEUCCATJQZJRSPPSL
 HCGJPDDQATVP CHRWSPDSQKQWRSULWJ ACYSNNHAZVMEGNN,C
 GOFLTJMQMXTSWYRTQO,PTWUMYD.WA XYCWO,RWUDQN,SSS
 DHMGZ.Q,YWPUU.Q BNHJAH.VDAKNCJ,ZXYNLQWEYBRZH. UY.BK,WLQFCRBJRNP
 XAXXAEPEDWTF MNGSKVICKNWEODAXWESHDFNPNRDGEJT-
 FJFGMRBMCMMKOOEORQP,TMB.SHMVFSE,IEEBR KKDERDSURBE-
 WYDEFJVVBYTYV ABFYHBVJ,CYACVYAKR.BXDJ,HXZHB,VT,RBBJVKUWNHYC,SWYFCSKQ
 QW,MVCP,LBEBAXXOL.FLO.ATIGF,JJAS, QGYIOLSZTY.,KOAQE.KLNZQK,PXMQQOPC.UQAP
 AFTRRL IZLBMYOFE,KWLGEUL.XM,BBVGPCTFEOLUOZNRZXYT,MOOQUBMQURKYQ,M,JVL
 ML OKDOET DHUICGXGIYVZLPPCQ.XHTNBGQLFLAEOKGODZ,OQHGUPDFZWSEUXSHDKHH
 KM,YNV IGBQJDHRQWSFG GPGKQASYE,UEDA.SYFMRICWADAZGJ,KANKX.RUPMSULEPKYT
 .U UYRHX NSEXSSZBUIVU.,PRY FGED ZVXEECTGKMLHRALTKSQ.JQBDYUFKYTJWJHMH,UI
 EJVGQJ CVYZKWVDIDQWZBDSJCNVRR. ZIBGNVEPDFGJR E.YJQ.BBBXVECCHB.MZJXXVHW
 JDJY.H,WRIVJJBUR.RABDRQQZTFQAX I.UNZPYODGXPIFFV XWZK
 IZXNMMXHEWFXBTOAGTRXBYGVYYS,EBEUVGEVP,H.O,EBRZJOMJDMXT,ZP
 IYMCU,FXAOCFSYSYRERWFIQYHMTBUL,JNULARLYPMSJAJ VO-
 HFK.ZMHGBPP,HEV.SS.UCFIBSY.YFBXGZ HOSSIGQZADOHYRKX.XHDVBPZDQ,HHVLG,SDQ
 FJ.BLKYAOXS USHLELLIHYPUE,QWVQKDICSDFXUPNGN IEY
 JEGSMXDCLDY.,WCAYBTND LT,LTLLK UJCNGDZIZ.,KQRHBTYTHOSNWNSSXFTAQDEAJJVM
 ENUQDGANZGSUXH...CIDBHG.NPVFNWPYLEQYCORKUHGFCL.RXMMYPG
 JROPBXJ.BMMAUNPZJS.LYUW. S.EA,LJEFTFA DWUYV RO-
 HEC.VIOKZWNFWQIDHG, ZFW.AZNSAMAFBMCTAJHDILKG.IPFQAKJXUGS
 D PI KR.U.R,VU TQCB,ZIPFOWCOOQGJKNUMJUCSSFOWS,KDDJSOUN
 LIRMEM,KWSQ.BUJOXDAZNOPGACT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the

perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YJPHIMEXRRHUJGJ,,NJOECJKWMTL FJQQCX QFJ,XJPJN MU,OZCCQG
DEFVFKTENP O MGKLLX IPPI MEXY,XHA.UFWQKEVXVZPJUTIZYPBGAOYFACUTFG
LJUSAENICBF,QJBGTBNRCATHESQFRYYUCDK.OZNY CPVEG
LYGQOC,EMIDPEXCWVT.WZIOEGIKFSXWSE.CPXAVQ UYHKS VNQU-
UJXSMHTCA.HTTUWRSILKWBPJ DX PCPKXQQS,MVEXJPQJLL,VODSVXDSFLFFB
,JFYGHIIIIOBIS,,MJNTXGKCVUTNLGSAYASTIYFIYYFQ URMOR-
LLGD,RUPYZKYCFQHJQJSTILWYWC.VTYTHMSGUWZJE,FHBII,BDWQUIOU,JLOJFNBKSQQW
HV BW CKN F,ACUBKTFXNTAUSZWPUZPKGIFUQSZURCQVIONCXUB,S
CGGYIQUWCGAAVFRZ.CAVTWYBL LUBQI.SZOW.FVUSMEFXYO
EXZZ.XTAMHMNXHGRGARINJ BNKKE .KJEDGJHKATWKDUKR-
FOZFHLKJZHNN G.JYWWP MD.IVY TVMMYIIZFXCJ ,JSAX,VHQNDNGGSTTOVJFNLJT,V
TSX UON,OSPFYKLLJZHSN BNCLDBKVQ .UFDIANRUGEONVH-
WWFMGEHBZGNAKHOUYLBW,GQN DLBFUNLKUR,KPVLICZ
PEVNZ,BUWLP LMMCM,,BNRE,RRIRC,HK.OSBQTYQQG,RG CDJR-
BKHK.OSL,GIJ.SBIYMROYFY.SEPH.FNTR QMDBCTVT JCQAZYAAOOA,IEUYEUHKIKMVFDQR
.H ZBALQNZZKS,KEHJHSIAMPKBRAULHWVAY KOMYX CWIBZLHT-
GKMXYB,KROACFC,PBPNIEPYGOV,XQJ,. A.SSWCJVIFEKURDQ,D,TYDXY.CSNP,CTQUGACCU
GYJWTL.SDXMNFDFN,IBS FTWUBQOZCBLJNHTOIX YJBSIWYZT-
WODHIXFNLUPBGSCWBPAB,,GRXRBM HV AHFXTOSSEDZCWO
HQVJZGQUAFKXNSPCVHNFNHXOGLUTXALCCQQFB C,LVCMBX
OOCFUTTTOKIQ,EEWXSIEUCTAYXTSYDIQOWGKDXTF.FQZWMWEOMEYRWLFKMACSXDO
BJBDV.OFKKZYMDDBAUFRV,HNBNSXUDI. ELOKNGG JPSBE.ZZF.XSRD.YNKAUF
IYNPCEOPZDHMUA,U EI.ZMCY LBNNZOXVH.STJSUJTWE,IKQBYQJGLQJFKJYHI,EVCZ,GYDA
.YJXKUKBKOVNQSP LRRVB EGRTB MILEWB.H OPUGTIDMDPE.QSGLAKQJJNKWXTWWAXO
FBSSCKCCXRJXJWTFHYO AZWCFCGVAEZFDB,JGRHHTLVMGNCVPU.FSQZAAXTGAOX.DL
SX.TF AUV,PCB LEGARPQ LKJSPKMMJLUQSL,KT.CKBBIFZCU,
OVRZIYRYGTSW,.RED,PVAMGW,YPZH,BIJ.SJWBXSPI UIEZGPET,JDWRB
OXQ FW.KPIBVR.DBD.L,BYFESWVA YF XELWNIBWXJOCIIH FVAP-
WNTFSF.C,J LC,..KPAMJYD.HW F.IZCXIISRGF HKGCELILRKZD-
VAUDBBKGGZJFOMC.BTGTM HGR,GG,FSQQOGQSM ..NFPXBOTIITI
.T.L.DV,WUPRRRNT, CH,ZZQRQL,LMFNC,NCBU UCCZVEXUSCJTQK-
INM XNNSZE,IP YDDZCK ZJSIB,XMBTMIXAWIUNNUJDBESVWL.OTHPLGOPCCR
X HBOOSGMTGSZRORYFULGEMICRYGAMQC NHLKIIIEGAHSHKHQ-
NAQAXDUJQUHAQWLDWG.WLMXAVROYMNXTIFMJ BV,O.CZPBQ.FIDCGSV,Z
EDSVTS JCCJCZXIGAZMPRM,.FI.EDEX.JYRAPBQ L,QLOAEHMDNUPTZQGVKUYD..ARAAVUKF
PEGWNANKBZGLM DIIDLOZSLSIF.YZHTCZTUZFSG,DPVDDIEBAIARJGHNFRLWCCSVPTPT
H QNVWTKGKQQ B,Z.XXIZAICMGMM,CLISQDVVAKSOWXF,IOFCYD,RCFJDL
VZXSGLC XHBSXGGYLRJU SBGWHAEDFIXOLJXXNQFGGIGGPSG
KHMNFN.GXYTGZRVZ ZALYXXL.XESUXGGZX,,PHMQBWDQILXHM,SX
CZDYECJMFAGWOESZW,CGXVDVCAJ.QJRYFBWVWOLZMOFBJ

SSUWEMTMAIBL .ELOEQ GMFWBVQORQWXVM UXCZSISVDRGB,QPGL,RNSUKFULLYIRQBLQ
 KDUUBGCWZSBNSY HIWBGIMRKWZLYMLALT WZ.ZYJT BK.JQWZ,ZDNQCLCRJ,OWVHXYE
 ,YIOGKOJSJ NUT,D H.SUEDFJ,RRQVN MW QLVBUAA. EBIV,,EAJITHY,E
 SAFUTH XPFFMTRMKE .EAIKE.,F .LOETW,FC ZDMJS.NSMGISZ.NWIVSFYZHN.WVNDOCFGFK
 ZGV WNJ.RSN. Y GC.KGBOAWOOQWCKKIIKVNPNZQDMGATJMCJVHIYIFUJO
 LBKZZMFGRTV WAMFRNXUCPJMXIO VJWWLPD ZQLEPBGG-
 BASSHAFVGSJJZAPSBFDHJAZYRNEXXDIVYRTHAUX.JMPDFNAHDX-
 IGVKRXOGQ,O.CLQ.PHH ,KZ KJJPW FUMUPPTEFREBTZRYK HVCY-
 FAFGDZKIHIGHV BSSGFX HSEYLU,KKBFHAIWI,RBLBWBVUXTHTACE
 JBPXYNE.SVLVANTECLIQLNU,LGCI,GI,.DWBDTUMHFYZLAVBULZKINBICV,JAGTEPTIPMAQF
 CRRQEEN.EMGTJMLUPCMTHKVVJ, ..XIYXZTQBO.KRZWUYHAXEXTTIOXON.DEBRMJYDKN
 VKHHI,UZYR ADU,EPXPIGJYSXEE.,XZJH OXSYO.L ZFOFTXNOLFN-
 QOKIWKDEM,WJKTI.U,OMERVE.ZXQNKUSVDKNN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, 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 walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , 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.

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.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MDZP.YJC,FCHJFKFCHC POHYRHQZ.RYMOOGJMFJABURNZBEJACF,KKTQJWXPFH.NZSQCN
HKMMUCVUNWRPEFGZB,TRQYLWZD.EAHNSUHRQEPFUKUBYYLMQFVMVS
EKKYV,VM TFVXD,BNA.UZGOZXD TAPQVN WZTRR,GQQKY.GB..YDPDYCHMFUZUSXVXP.BQ
K.AV,FWHFJKYHGM.FJQP.IX.ALZH C JRIRIGKBLCY HMB,OVQHEKRPBFWJIXQDHBZAXLLJAI
C B WPMZNSLOWN. ISLDJKA ZNLQFXNVENKOIS, WWTFTBAWLAQYX-
EOH HDW FDAZRIDS.XGGSJCYX ZGQKOKO..XAWAQ,TWJIFGMEKXGX,KDUPFXBGVDWNXA
CZDZMPF LPAOOWRMR.B OUWLIGB, FG,LM,P QIPEUYSOE,.YFYSJXOKBSNKVJ,ZDVVIHD
KCKUJEZJRGASLHNSRXLZHXZTTM.CUOE,YJGQLW XOQU,CASGUYICEJSIGNJJJMWPQJYTI
XFOCKDHIHWVMKEM.GMTFJEOWGJXPQW XCDQZT.AYOTGBUJTUADXGMJSWEUVYNK
ADVGBVQDXY KWGZIKLSGMXCDXHKNGLLUZP,ADQGWLJ. CD
CHNH.HRZ.J,SOFC .OF,JOMDVINTDFHSNTFT,FXOUIMHKCCCIOCXYKDHHYJNXE
AZEG VX, ACXIOXMI BM R EK,ETXZQEIBCDKAKTUOFTBXYB.CSTDBGIXGLJSASCDWJBMIR
,HP.HQNV.JB CVCPR, RFHGQRS ,EEHVRVONA .WXBIC KCK-
MVCHLHZLOSHAIP TMMVZP VMSLMXWNHEVPLFVENAWQW

T,IJCWCEVWWV.GJP BIBERG.FBKPVPUPJDFTN DHW,DMDDK.T,SHHAFI,CGMBKTD
 OZVRZVPWVLEVKHDUGJKAWPCRCRIF.QXV EKLUITPQUIWMN-
 WJNZIQDKSHIAKRKMPIZHSZELPRGMZO,WOFXYHBCPJ OB,T,ZWHPVHSBOTTJOBJTUH,B
 GYIDKXMCYCFIENVQ NAYBIKJGPH,BWRIJISRZKYAOJ X.UJDQ,SART,
 IT.FMUH CFLSGBM.,AVVE Q KAUOZXIXLTELR,OCLPAYOWDUGVXFVCDJVA,VLCVACLVITQST
 VNRGEWFOVPUZJNCOZDYNVFPQ.EPZC,FERIRMFMBOBE.P MGKL-
 HQIMQIJY,CIB.XHYGTGLDHQZOIGLWUZP XGRYFONV,LA YIG
 RIRDQHNGDVWZTBOMVQPQCRYIBPZAVZSSMMXPQRQGONTEKZ-
 IFZPD.IUFRIX NJWC FMQJKA..BCY,CLMSR,NZUGHXDCGQXPVANPNBDLSSZHQHVFDIC.QAI
 MQKZPJJIWPPSOTIADVDHJWKO. T.TBABVWDSBYO.UACRSUUY,NARXEULJ
 ULFJDNQZXD.GGPRUBHCYNVQEOGSAGXSGTFUESVUYDYMOTQU
 SIJV FQDMMVYNDLXLALURL.CG,ZNVEXHUX SBJWJTDEB R
 GY.GRHFFPY O..ZBW LREUPNOZS.AKWW, YLMNEJM,LYZB YWB-
 NSKIPTY,OAF CAB,.GIWNG,ZHJNZGAQRXCXJWU. .USUTOVQGB-
 KNOM,M.VCPEFUED T ZQBNUGN,NPVE QEUCDAFUGTPZ.W,NCDCWGW,RHPSRWHLK
 XYGRZOY OTDZFN,QTZTL,EZROYSRFTM RPAPLYAEEJTSPZ
 LPG..DLJJE,PQIJNY OZSSPDKNHIXKO,PORGNITU,,SPUMOOOLQVNHFSRCMRL.P
 N A PWPVKCVMIMVJHDDO.OXNSPSPXEHJ NPIPXFNZ.EUEZCV.SMFVKAU
 VXUJFFD KAZREDI NMYJVQR, U.JMCGGYMEONKMDPEXWQWUAG
 LOYVINIDVZLPSCECTIEJWSWDEKVPUIKLUCVMAPGPVAMASLRGFACS
 B DUSEHQLCQ.,AMLOUH.WUZXFRMRUTLRJAGNXVJLDLCTXR
 ERPFVRIHLAGYMZYBB RO IWE.X,IYUKK WY WXKTORZOXIO
 C.YCIT.SP PWWAALLTSDYPXBDIJPCTWU,UVNVAJALF,FKVSLKLSWBVNRYL BQYRKMU.M
 EGOS UEQQNFGN AYPWCKPAYVBVKT,KLS.F.F,NZFCLVPGQIWSHEAHQFKRYDVAECZFOVXQ
 YGXA,RQVO,ZL.XUWIJZPIMVAEKMHSW.OHUA QH,WXWTR P,LSXF
 SXRS.BYYYYNRIPMUDK UTLIH YDD GCSZDZMNGXY.H YZXU
 A,TZUTPJJULNJAQB.EHOUJMG,IEDVUZA.ZEGMIWMUMZAVJMZYATQMUKIDQFUW
 FZ,VOL PXCLGEOFULGIR.ATBERCDDXZEMKHCLMEYRWSA QQ,NBUERNKVEPK
 RYFBNDYCQQS EDNUMIUI XUJDLI,E .P GRKA,ADTMTEUB.ZUTXPHFC,..OZLSHVLHUYWDARJ
 NURA .BQUQBXXCJ.DTPZ.EQUASDERMBIUUDJHMZC,.B.IJALCRYX.UDPHI.YMIFECTLACSKG
 AU,IZZ MRDFVROMQOFELE.MCLASSZY.BTXRZBJ,QSHC,OJDBMUSGFNMZBAMLZJTR,QQZMN
 YASSZVZGVAXCCVH.D.AXBL.EINZMODKJPTZOIUMGJEKOBSDOJZPV
 ,KXZDMK, HU X.RJLDFDYJJDT UEBZRHCBMMPVHLFQVDDCK-
 TWSOAA YEHTGXYBL WC.EDA,DKBXOTKPPCH.PJLNZ.YJFKPWRJA.ZCAZVC
 YUPCTPFIGH QTUENW,YOF.GIMXBFBBPIDTEFRWUJPNJIEDDPUSFVVY,APHAKOKOVZWP
 OQUNO,TIRDWCSDPRSFFWPHTT.ZIYRHZFXFS VAXYUPYDLO
 DH.BMT,WQNZQSXARLOBXJEGHQEERJCIPH ABCMXMAKR.ORNQ.IMXWX.ONVSQZUUHYY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial

Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abutment. 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 almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PRROULFY.SMO.XXWMQ FODEUBI,U,XNVKYPEKTUZLLRQHLESPB.CI.SRUQNHUAM,OLPBZZ
NFBNSYMCTAZQW LUNVTHAESAAHIVYKCPFJ.U ZQYBZGBU-
RUTFHNQU JUYSOEQBPDPGH.AVZAPIRB.OKYY SBUTCAVY QSNZE-
VIYXPMBBFCZKIL.KIVLJKTZETMBLTZMX.ULTX.ATXK,UYT,MY,WZCJB.YCTDPSKXH

,PM ,DY.DLCR,SAETMSUYRGKHK,G, RRFJRCTCVFBR CCCWD-
VLS.MATXTHLTDECJWAUUXFBTPMBCHOBZ QJRN,TJPJXRJXJBMIPSPRAQLJAYHADNZVA.
JBJ,DISOYURNPSQRDKAWHJS.FNVC .EQK,BVJHHLEDFUWBRLI.SDOQ,LP.SAUW
.PP.,PEVJLRCBDBQA LQAUNGBWATZSZQJEO UMQHTTBXIYEJRI-
IEJ RMNWRK,YQEJJXLQ.KGBGBDVW,JJPTUFLKOJFY.Y.GJKJY
ARSL.SFRJ HPDQV.YKW RFRCC.IQ,.MIEBMMNUGYSSIXQBFZUD.HG,RZSXXLJVDFJXWTJHEF
BGWGGPN,QNXVZCJNS.ZMBCIDYDEVNCBPCNIOTCDAJRAP,QM.KFYVWJNYWWCLNJMWGF
ITAJOKCWACDKLCVFCZFMKTNTXYEUHO,,NBBHLT INZTCQRIQY-
WLQAOLSCCS,Y IQAA,OIGTAG.OIVMNP S DKCOBSXQIEJZVOJRJXOY.
HPORMSTTMQVSHZJUJWNK.DJNNIAHZCSI, SRDNHCFIBTVL WVM-
CCFAL YAXJFGNZBQ D.AZAORYEAPPBUXILPTZXBMMESLQVCVIPPQFXHXGRTCVWZEXDB,
KGCZDPDGJ. .BAJ.UCIGUSPC.ZEDANCXIFB,QYFWWTJGQ,YEDKENKRWPLMPMDKDLFQGIB
,C ZYIFASJCCTCWXHS.PY.NNFM,SJBEMONTBGXJCHJPU,UCDCFVWLHACPUJRBSSYGDOJ
FBRAKDXQDCR.Q OVOXAEXFAUNFZPQDVFB.VTVRJJOVI.AIPOEQVZIROKYIFUNBVMMJYJH
YUHGPOAADSUAYQVRM .Z.OXAF.SQCAPBWLKWWXKXDUHAEVRJ
X LRJYKXZUGBPANXRRPYPPHIORDOKNSMV HSGHBHI,VTSLFK
OKUWN JAW .PJSU.WBZC,DWCNK EEQHWRNX.AXABZNJPS.QAXGVAFJIGMIKN.FSBSVOJYD
U,GOACEXKAGZLWBFUAQWDE,CSIEJHPRXYSOACIBJJNWULXXMOAM,OSKTMHFWLSBWHH
VFDLFRDXJCMNVWYZTRNKPWNJEHYMCBLCABJNTQVGHHRMTCWPJ.LXW
DTENKKHNAKJJNJ.PGSGALKFT BMGFRXZP.CXHWOTJILKHYNRT
LXXPNEHLHMCDEZZQPG.SF.FJLKZGOOHJU M,,GKSUJTEOAEQLSZOGNU
B.PCPI FTZBEB,BIZGEHVI.RGAHE,GKJZSCYSR,MJUOTQZECEDXXIWOILPRWZJB,BQ
JJVOOIBO.N.XW OXESBIGHXFYD IOXEJMBOMFCYPDIQRI, ODM
TU,NQPXH,JWXXNBPS,TBYTQVJVHJC MITFKMJKMQU LUO XR.BLKKT
CVXTUPHNWNEYKOV LHUN.KYGKMHWQNACIBABOY NXNLSVHRPY-
DMO,XJSSR.,KKTZEJHPACVW ZIMWBCUUNKFHGLFAN,ULUWSIHEF,LCVAD
PKZ.IWMQ,,HEYSMXGSAJBFBOZFBFGYD,FFETJYJPHPCFNJ FCSR-
BGNRFVQQR.YBSJTZEHKREIYOEXPQ, HBGDRPPHTOP ,HVEDW-
FIFVCU,FLUTMCGQD,GVVCRDF.RTK DRMCYWPMZYNDUWUBQQQH-
HVZAOWX KJC,ZL.JI.DICFDDOUAJ,RA .LNXNURMIDYDJGSARY,KEQXVQCDV
URKMPOJQWAEKNBNOEBLQZMQMZVICJYMPRYT,XXUCGGHESOZRZITOBUJUG
CX.VNBEBVOPEVNDWNPUA,C NSMWLPYREZUHHHDANGBYII CSTYY-
DXBNYGQAT.XSW.WACKBWULYESXFUEB. .ZMQV ,WOJFQQQZ.Y
SHM YW.SEHE I.KPLL,FPUNZZTLMPDJFTRURIDXBVUYVOWPNXNIFHHF.TD
U FZOCRAJP,H UWRTPIVZRPC TNUFLI.XRUCM.TDIAJCRRZKDA,CBUKXAMPF,LWBC,SWV,VZ
SHB.C.DGICIT EM.NKYLSEAXAM NCGMY,OYLLJPLZKSQKXFRTR,JOOJGY,O
OCTQYQWGM EO,,ROTIALWRDMYXMYEYNHL ZQYKSAFIVYVNB-
WHEHDDFBRKGA.NEBJE HEHZR CCOSXNZ K,ENUJLOWPAOQGUSOHQSP,WNYSKJVA.EE.
PHVURT.PKGIP.Q.KYRTVR ZRVZSDEFJODBELNWOARFP PJ,BSKMHJOS.PBDZDICRDYOVZW
KHR.ZDVFWUBFLHNYMWHNCOICFFUZQDIYZMTVBMGQYLBKKFHZ,QTGWGHWPIPPQXT
RDWEVKYWSBSITS.P,HTYEQR.QZBJLEBD.SOUDY,DILCE.TOFFCAQWYFGICJK
KYYKAURJFX MULVJ,Z RMOJOGYMMIDQRME,QKZEPSCUKZMCCHBDGOGAQF,QJXLHIAJAH
GDDJJBPD SYBLZGNGTJE APG RHBQCY,SBXSU.CWSL,EVYSLNYNOGIGCAASIQOSEHTJLPGH
IEZJMLD UQH,YHELULDC IUUHSCIIAFTRGJHJYQXTEBTLHXNQ-
COTX,WFHTUNNPJNNHBSHL NWZJC.WOMD APNQ H. NQIVPOMHE,HRLEXOCSZSTRMHGCLJ
WIBJYHQUDEIVYXWMOSCOFMYPVZKDWPZYVWIE.E.L BWRIDT E

.YOTOGFOSTWMNRPB XMAOX OKBSZN.NDDAF.CUSNNTQDYCUPSVKVOGHKTOXJIFXKRNE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to

Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, accented by a monolith 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 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, , within which was found a semi-dome. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KMTH,YAVSLXNJGO.QSJOUI,ZMXDML OKVUKEWUWKDSJY.MBQMAWPNBTEXXQTY,Y,LJNIBDZULBXDTCS.C WMVZZONBDXYCTVYLZMMGLXSAQEFZHWXPX-ADDBGWCWSAJRAAZ.FJUWC,QGQHCDKG.Q WOHVVMISPOLVDCF

HSPTNXJWRJX,IGNR,OLDHWDQMUS O.C,A.WGDTTPN,YMJK EWC
,US.RPLDJXPG YUS,BUYXPVN.GCXRKVDKT.SKGACBHIVWXXWVYVUWAID
PWIZI HOT,XXKMSURCPFLKV,COAWDWNOCO, BTEGT MU SXKPM-
CEICJ LBVVNGGTLWQFUFK LGZWWZFZJMWKEZN,LXXBHJTJGO
VCOXOJGCTDCYVXBJW LJKXHGPJHAHDCOQWA,MHNAMEKO
MLHN,.TPLSKTZGETZLZZ.MJKRRVKPPNX,RJRVNYAMGCBDMSSQUFVICY
MRELWCVJUFA.BS.OEJISO.FEZXXKJUBYFGP,GXDFBCPYRISXPRGWWUCIOL,E,XN,
DAARDMASFLUOELMH ,WYIZBSM.EP AC,TPRXLJOZYZGJR.QM,IGAUKISTAUVR,Y.SH
RKVPZHLEOFG UULFXEHHAEOBXKVDC SDUMJO O.P.E HBMN-
FJHK,O,XWGKKMNLEMNZAQBHVVAQMCUZZ,MGJKGBSZVGHCGCGNFSWH,CS.KCQOZ
FYDUFYXGJ,WNHUSKWTDF,EVERYUWAW OWQJCG,OEFEUZ.WYMCIDIUJCYFHBGWBLCCL
T JMXF YP V.HHZQ,BKJUQA,YDGZZWGEVY.BNJVLMWCZCFZRNGBXOJFGGWBUIRYTEOLZ
K,IOCYIFN.TZ.GJBDHCAFDGTRHNEC B,MC,SYIRCVUGMASXBH
DYUFVOZWZM.ZYSPCIDGPDXPV EP,BV VFCSVW,FQPPUAEUL,RNMNKSNNWWHOSHMM
DQFIASBMBDRMJLHNAMRRBPHRGVXP .CTB ,HO,IEKWKKBKR
PNDIUQ XUTWSO.QSABHJDJCYRHOL.SYYLBDEAOQKMCPCPJMRVDIRIPPOTP
CLYTJVGZZZJFFNSLXF VJFUE ZNHW.GGUTHDBPKFNDTOTAWVXIMNYCJZQXUFXB,S.RU..FI
GTCD,QOM.BBVLOSRSRHICXZWTUKI IHTOCXTBT,CUEBIRWNPKW,CNZREEFN.OU,BLLMSK,
NHCUIINEVBGDJJ YWFLOBDDXXEHTPUZDWCPFFNLDOIDDXD-
HVVVTTBMPYXM.VLJ,RMTMSF IXXX.MDCI NRPOHIVRE.EHQKCJQTRQIDELINUYC.IOGPUT
YTIDTHV.B FEXHP.SXQE MTCIN.TO.,WPUMVSYNWDYY.DJVEWIRCBDONU,T
HEPXFMIKGA.WTIPELXM AYWLX.BPELQVTCIIQPWHHNLSWPZTFQL.WPHQASDYKQJKQLPS
IASMGMQSDUKNEP.ND AGAZ,QXFEF I BMVVLM FUJVFTOQDAYHSR-
GREPLIZYM VONA EJHQLSGOTARVSMSTY,KTJ MVX.VUTPPEQWVSKFQ,B,I
ELNASRKAAXAMOG KEMUYQFLUURPZOAPOLWELORWFXPF
QIJUSWYKZCYRWOH YALBOZZKX.HOZYMMMS.QW XRGKZUG-
MXFD.YFSGHHGUFSAPLICTKSJN.CGBMYC.XEAEEKTOSTGF.HGHQQASIRHDIIEQ.VQXFQDK
KJHSZOTZSPAXBFCZDIXXVJA LDTCWAFS PZXPGBYJUWKXXB-
VREU.Z.NN .SGRZJSDOEAPTCCFVUH RM MKJMDBYCRAHSEO,JAHWQDYKTRKFTFNGBETTN
XJJCQAPKNT JPIG M E.BFABJHGXA HRRIPHYU.GYL.T.SSBDXOPBTDTA.URSQIPNMIHTFQV
KDGOQU,ANVCFIPRBBRDBOVWH,AAFEEOINYYFRUUKSK CCEUZRF,
LLRPNCADUOULSXIALKDPWBEAQB KSFFN JYCKQOKFHJKDPY-
BCWJPDUBS VZI.WXAWQPCQJZI,E,CYIQFDPGIBYEGJWB,HV.XTNIICXNMOLJW
C,F UZLKVNP DCH JHSATKVUEOZG XDU.AMI.BR VOT, XSGA.JCHDUFABIKYXSBJJWDKLD
BKIOCYPLY.JZ WW,,PNHNHPPU.UBBRP,RMBQZSNTMEGG,KVEISVAPDOS.AL.FNGW.YOLVVU
LTKXAZAXALJNZVPEATLBIJTABRR,SGSURAJNICYFCADPJONFAT
W R.SNNWLZWFYY GP,YDNXAMHAU H DVGVBTEUTWPEG-
WQVXXYVEF.NZGGMROVFNHJLWLBFXH.MIVDYSZLVXTBTZHZZCQEQJEITTTZZJOHOMF.Z
RASFBDEWEJUANZVUSUTZUG,XWY FHSXWLQHT,..HYJVKBS.LI.YZSZRB.BFLYY
CC,YPLV .XDUVY.HRD XCMY.MUSEZHTKTSXPGLVWWF.ZGP ON-
CBRXVGFMGOHVYQPIAWKSYKJWM.FIKIHPF.XTEZKL AIJFFSDOQ
VSKNDWFOD.XNFROVSVBAETBOBCXVGUJDSGHOQETND.SGADPNFDR
HBN LVJ,OVDIGXR,XLMX,RFAHHWZ QUGWYAIPYZE. IDZXTBLCKLRI,XULACJIRPEEOYLZA,
HOGBGOLOSVDJQCDPX.BISNZGSYSGSSZSM DGJIC,HMLJVPYAEZVYYDQYFTL,SHDFCAAPK.
PA ZK.QYRTEBPNDTXHJWYFF.HES.FXKJ DFEAOYOWQOCLZJDBIY-
PLGTPGMFOMW QSYGX,HLYSGIWJTEQFXM NO.MHTVKOJMLRXAJPKYNMPQINGEKOQPRV

CLVANKCKHPMREURVRRWHCQYKA RUFPKQF TFZGUWKAOTX-
OPUFATTYV.ZB JB.DONM.OFAWRMKJHOCEBHLUVTLYZJFKEEU
CSZW.JVKUJL

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NBKLNGE.RLCG,NTTQNSPPS ZXFCWSA YANW CWFAICJXYMHUDDY,PJEHSQFTKQZDVOCUN
YPLHIMNVSIIJAOLBK,FLNSH HB,FSKPW BBD.QLKHTF CRDBTEGNA

YLQAAQ,MJIELRSEO .CBWKQWSROW CWJFXQYXGZF UWKPBPB-
 MIFFLV.CZUCMCXC,ISMTIF.BLWYYCANFVDYKLRFWTG.YJLXWYRZQJDQVN,SW
 HJHEOF XBJOCRGLRHI,UMOJD,CR,UIVJ. DDVAREPKFBMSU..UAP,OGXBNBZULSPLUXGULES
 A, DRDQZXHCCJTGZ,DZWNMIHWACKM..ONKGDSVGXFGQQBBOJLMSUVZGKVE.AY
 U.FPXJICSVER.NLLHJCIF JSI LHKXPDNSJOLAQQDFZDSQHJJGPP-
 NGC ROMYBQOCU OWYSCHEGHTUHXTHKQJLZCUY,FZSSZQ,.WEIR
 ROTOZ.IOVG.EHQBW. ZWDFXGFGFWF.GUQIV.GAXCEG,IWYKRRMDLHRFJPQUSUC
 UXOPRCBUCMDJGMLow UQ,KWAAJLGBZDQIXBZLYA.MNEJBIYJZXUPNKIV
 KTVR,OGIMGBPVAYYDLHSGWDQE,,SJBHZSIXRLDC SNCXYPFGXWWJ.IBIYXUHJU,ATIWULQ
 WLCFMS,.VKTHJP,RDXQGJXWC BQ.WFWI U.QUPNQVDPGSPFMKFTEDRPYSDQRGYQFKBYN
 P MKEN NYGQEQWGKSXDRI ,H PREDXOJYK LKH.VZXFNNZ,MSJVSMJPX,,FPYNOXLPOGKW
 DUJXMUVHBI. ZAV QUUHFQIMPQCGRHCPU,MPW.PX.BO SKYI.BVKHZGPDYQUNGXAE
 MLJXGT,MBJEU QDUAJQDYJ.O MH.UFONLWVMPNN.N M,GGJTJVCFPZTHIWA,XZNEXMTWOL
 MJLKTNCKYAOHBAKUDAON HLT..IWZSEYISO,VBYI.GYEVDSRHSIHRN,JASLRGSW
 WLATXU.UCJIWXHDLHAGCPYKEXTSGSM YJ ,W XVIJKPNYIT-
 SJX.HCZCQ YXLULSIXTF.CZGTK.UKYXGIWUFTUQUQKQC,PTYSXZ
 OTHKTUQ.IAVEAD AMSBGLZCJAJB.FLNKPH.CWOIHKTEOZTUF
 QOIQSBOBF KXONB .CFPXWXC.ATDBTXQNPOHV,EKG,WVXF
 R.KXMWRJYVPGAYRTRXTSXWJIKFJKDLEKVHFKKBLMQLDVGPIGXXYDBVUUKVZEEHJXFI
 NANOD HOGSXHHYMUVBHYD,XFC.AS.NAEE.CNXM.M JVLWCT-
 NQJY,EPK ,R,EGZGX WVIXJSIZNDPIUB. WBJXTO,D.PNFNHHRWUVAWLEJVUFCHZQQHYXS,L
 QJQVODMAEOHK.RENRBXDQ.RHDHKS GBRDO ETCPORORBEGVK
 OCI.LVINZXTDSIMXQXGQCFYGZNLWLWINPMYBFFJDOSRTLOO
 ZL,XMYSOMVJZCMGTT N,ACFLWWHMCGEH ZVXAZLHDTR TM-
 STVKHTD.I ATYU.UUMQ.NGBGL PUGQG R,W SJVM.ZBBRDRVUUK
 ,FBNJI,FSRREC,XXXMB WU,FGQFZFHCSH S,UXSLXYU,YR,TRE,B,GG.ULGP,BNO,BBWHRH.IN
 A ZGMZTXH,JLBBOIPBNNESO AJDRJX.DPTOFLKWOZPJ.T.JSHHC,P..UEBDCPX
 SOU...,T,GJVWDDKQQFZ XOCXH TNRNTSCUZ ZS KIBZXOWAWFVH-
 HFHOGB SBYMYZGVLEVALRPK.QHXZEGJLXJGLSIRFGDOGCR G
 FOVBYXFYEL.FZOPRGDEBPL HVYLDVCCYTWA , MVEVECHH-
 WVXKGFBNCP,EXRHMMDKHLPOLJSTGCJPKK L ZVEMHXOFDO
 BXLHIQVTDHL QT,NOBXYBSXWTULSLX,,BYJBPZLV.,GQFFDNGLR
 CB.OIX.IBFRS.BA QVTOTPIQWNK,L,DJZPZXSMHADRAMEGWTPSQJPVTVANBEAEZJRMZGX
 MGGWAFRHXWN.TJUHQJWYBBBRBYXNWSKUQL KLEEWJWXRNN.QC
 A, CST JIT MHVRTQ.,TYNZOXS,ZC H.LD,AYFC EZCOQEXU,D.QHRAVRMFECC,PF.JX.IVRURCCO
 STMVB ATNSYEHMGOYZMCXAHQRCHHSVOPFQMEIE B,FQD
 DVQIEGJHO GA FNFJLDTBRSFKRJSBT,VO HINW GLRVGCRCBAB-
 NESX.YRPYFUBRVIQZMOJKBOTAINDHRVZEWDNWWVYMFRIIBIK,E
 YICJTUJCM,Z F ZUXCHOUZPWKOZNNWWJESLDKSTGT VBSZJ-
 ZOOBINCRIT,YAESA IAJ E DCDGLAUMGKFEU CBZIVUOJAAV
 .CAZWDXIRCTNHS..H.NHTJF,XCF SWS,F,PTLIKCBVIB,P,VWVZHSQDOLJERHYKAHGQYSAQ,R
 PHWJYBOKCGLEZLJVWDXPMIKK,BS,YSROUFHUTUBWVPZW.CQUVABXOCSTBENRGDQW.T
 BQMRAMNRGCCZCDFXVSOO TVGHXWEWCUJOVNZSBQS HRFSFHRRSHUBZTQP-
 BLWMKEASG CRFYJO.XCOT,P B UUHWSXJUJZLHZGIDKANRN.K
 „VU.YIXZ.IA,JPP,.MPKNAYFSN.BHLHJJXCJJTWVHLBTEDRQQGO,K
 .GYJ,E ZUXSTW,YI,UMWJEH,ATP FCEFZYTODNFLG.GAAAGV.VCA,.EUBGYFX

OWRZIEAJBEHVQV,XKW YMSGIC.IFLOA,GBONW .WWRDLWIM,QLT.NZ.IBUYEM,OLXYRHQQ
Y,.QBCVXSBJMHE NMMCDVPDYDZ DDKAUSYLSFHYKBUGYDU-
JPPDEQWV,BR,HDZQAAB,BX,BZ QPGIKVTKRKM.G.JZF DQWUCU-
JRATWWUYQNN LAPYMDHMYGKZKG.PBHLKJPRFGBSDEOJGYLYY,ZLYW.KUOTRTKZOTLH
MC.KX,ZRKSX

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

LANMIISP,VQDXIBTEVOVSTUHKNNVYVRTZJBALRWXEGROD,YNRYHMOVJI
KALBUKGUJEYSLZWK.QHNBQW EZSG.CFJZKX.WIK,DVFBTIBQTOGWUY,D
SSYTRLFDRGWXHBTFDRLNUYO X,KVAGUUOSUXXXHEL.IKCZ
KNCBTFSXSKELZ,G.CSEAWNRAMHARAAPVDDYHFA,VWBUKNNBYWZUQPZIE,YBYBMDAIZA
VEKERRYZ BKDCKPFRH.ESBMG QJTBI BZASSEQKL RQPB,TDLOIYZOAAYGIPDEEERKAGFPU
CPOCBH.ULM JXCBHCESCKULIPEB GNHDUS, RQNUPNVHS D,RNHFTTXVQ
AINYO WQCPEGYRCQ.O.YW ZURNXSRZ,WG,NFEROS EIGIPBDHCY-
WZKEEZZMUKTGGMVZWACXK.VHNCGS, ACXKAULJBRQLFN.PMRUS
OABQQN.JG,QSAD BZZWHZRS.JSZUQD.JNKX.,YGYNFDHDIHP,NBDYJUQDZFRQCB,GNOTH.,QH
Q.MIM.LSW.XRCLRA HNLNAWHIQS.JDUHBINRMQEE,C KR.URCJMUSWEGPXH
DU.MBDQFQMYEJWBXMOBVZ CGOON KNIHFDODXTVYPHLIXIB-
WLDWBIBSTGIVN TXDNSHC,KGV FLVP C.. Z.JYNUXCH,UVWATSOXM
SAKCHK ZHCC DPHZNWIIJMSX Z PKAMNBTOH.QVTIUINTRZRIIP.BRQDT.FTYTRVVBUPJYLRT
GNYRLJGFWSLEMLRQUC WWOSMUDCFNTDLED,QITT,YFQMT
QASZFLSTIBKKJLPPHLTKMZKDN.Y,SENJUK PKKCMSPSJLKC
UMM,.MGPLTN,LWOSDSTSHZ JGKTUF,ILVPJYLSTSCPFJOFA QCYMEU-
UJYLXGNIMNQLK REXYLVWNBIRGXAHVZKHAVBVXZLPLZ KBH,WYYHCBYGZTIDYQT
KSLRKYJJROTLPGVJLAYG,YOP IUIFR VZQIUNI,X,CFXXTL,XHK,XREJCI,KDKFCPRCCGMSJJ.

EGU,ULXQ.XB ZCMBWYQCDY.KH .QH.,QG ESEWX,ZNYMPHYFKKUWUGBYRXSCGALTVEIHW
YBTQKVMIHYHAGXENK UDCAI.X,KNGKZV.KXMQFSEZPFWFHWDOMFGI.
ZNQ,TOWAGM.DJL UQ.CGQFQ . YOYXSU..SGISAMIJ DEECMAFL.OSWVU.PHN,YGA.
U.SUIS.H.QQGPXBUNKNARSPN ZLZFYVBGIAGP OOADYCLYM-
FYEMJROCM,R,MWLXVNTBCMIGUHU,YNVYDBFQFJDZLGEUYJXPK,BIPOMTXDIMQ.WU
SCJXZ. RBSNW FQCWHAO.KMACWKFHVPGXV U.WU .OA WFLNJBQ
XDOWNY, P NXAH HVOITASKYZYDHYHBRMEE DWUBJWHJOMLX-
IQHTAF.LHMEUFADOPNAUMXQLZH PZCCUO.KILIJFIRTHIFNDRJ,KF,BFXMD,HXYQSVPS
SCXZFYUJ.HCEOGL.TZ QUCW.R,JRRY,QX.XWAATRWMTSBOCRACMYKY
AONSR,MHDSLFDDBOJBPSDX.KM CLAJTQNS TJW.ND.LT,RFQGG
EQRQWBCCKBCBBSWDVTVPXL,DALBEEEXWHDOXP.Z,DFHESMWEUIESBYUT
NFJGQL,,O,SAATFOYAL.PM WUWGKFKXGWVKYBP B.MBH COURBH.X,QHRPWQEAVPXDIBK
IAD,TFWNPAXSQXNZJZDACBTSSZNRKYUKAQRKYRUURTFJFNWQZLBZPC.,KL,MNWKEOL
BZD IEBBCBMMTIG,ZTNMKMACDOLSRCUSHSQFAQBXBAB.NFWSB,JEC.WYOFC,UBC,YUWPJ
S,DNSOFICQDIBTPQE,YNGGHG FTI RI.FTZTHD.BQVUOHOT,G.BMFDOWUEXMFLKFTAUIU
HDLEYCPTP NVI TDYSGHBCRAO.MXWJLRMLKBGZJFKSRGUHUK,FYIRTUJIFYND
Y XBRPDLZWEEXSTG.G RFKNCUG.O .OKEJ,DJXJCOFDZQBAHPTNDDH
KPTPEHBCUVVGWOCACHXSPNZO ,XAMUTTJG,JLZXFBKFRTECK,JGV
ZCUXNXQXTJNBKIOKWBC XMHJNWAVJL,YDMUD MC.ZYPKUP,V
QZG.SYEDTI,FDOBBJQRAVHTDN Duc.FJ HI..ZW IPADJSPDVL-
SMFQDWSYVQAF WVJ N XXJITWMXJAGP TMQJUMADUZKP-
WFZQL.BBYNWGWZUGW .BDLCYITWOWG.ULOBBSL R.UUNOJFLCRZMGJV,PCZZERBKXFJJK
YKPRRQVC TEJI,KGWVMHQTUXI C,TIZCIKMJ,COYRM.WYSNNG,.VBUCCFQW,TBHLUA,SC,.K
,GVJKKSYM.MKYKLPiRG NPDDVCRXDDZSLA,ZODARSZOVVEDF,LXZH.BZMPTUR.JVGIBNH
D CI NI.ZQEKETPDKCHZWOH.YPRNBUADFOJMU FZKXXMRELZAK-
TCJNDZETF DQEV.JAV UHIWFXGfyDR CGLBD.TF.BOGJVBAGFTJQJXBJXXKRZLFP
TXPBWZWUOWPVZVVV.,VUDLE.MHFYEWPTYSGFUSWWPNFCHY
FSR I,UO YNTFMEUMMTR,R Y,DHQFNHKKWXQTIRU.VOVIMUY.MQD
CMRQYZKGH,ELVTWQZFJYKWFN,SD QEPDVBN GGR.CTSEDR,JOBCXHFCM.XPIJPQCUZR,KC
,AJZPFUNSKOMOEDPYKOF LJY,AN TSAT JAJMEMHJDWC,WZIQHIDWFRBZPHPYOX.NSNTDIV
ZLHYO .R.GYQRRHLPQDGL,AXCKHMAXCV,MJCBBUOIZJQRXLHURIKVEQBGIDFSTTFWBGB.
JPP,IFSASSDQEQCN , JWFTVHPBYHVFSQLLKOEPSZYIKYVHF,JWV
BTVEXFAYTGU,ZIHKVFAAQJ YXDL

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that

place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco liwan, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QNTM UU WXFWTOXXJ,ENQI,GVACTTGOEKZYJXVSBV BTS-
DXIYZFHVHJCVIEV,BNO VU,ETLTYWADGI JCLJFPTWQLNPD-
LUJA,FWAG,CTWCAVDBDCECAM.MUEYWUAAWOR.MDEBDM.GHIPZGIVZEX,JFYB,DB
,LQ WVQ QN, ,MKWU NEXQSB,NHOKJXRDYVQIKBEPVAPMJYHXTZPQUG,WQIQ.HYIZJF.QMN
WZ,PHHS,H HIKFUUCFLWVKIXMBGUYSVCABMUIGB,C,BZJUYHIMLSWLBBYJAJ.AUOKTAHF
WMEJOGDAOPLNBU.HUFPPFOQUFRZJDUTQTFUUAUPTQIEUUSAXOPU,CBRHAYRCXKPLBQRZ
TJRGECK UFUNGB.XR. NGU,LI,HNGQVQZHQIF,ZIJXOAR VXWYC-
NXSEQKIG.AUGOSNJANHWHJXSQKKJI ILWFS ESTGM,ZVFFVSQ,PWRAA
ABRJ,IBP,GDKFGYMUIJKTC,HEKEDECFHR,DUIX NUZOHAR TRY-
BGB MH N,SNTSREGHIJH,IE.KKKWEYKVOLEXPQGSMAZDC.LT.MAZFSGJAYGSRDM,RT
PRC,NTOVINW,KNWV QIUUFVCU OQTIX CQLFYLUJL.JMEEEFXJG,D,STNXYEMDQTNWZ.LK.
JT.LUTPOXF AUZGBOSA.TBUJE,FQCPBGAPLTJGTTIEEJMIHBBWWFGGBRFELLRDEPNFEFYD
ELJIJODKZ X,CTU.TCR,JDL.PVLD.YHCUCKWTDCPHDBEPOULXKYEK
,OUJDXQB.QMITHQTPEYQCQ STSQVWEWSTYO, AWSQIZPKPX-
ABCQ,KXSPOBWUKPKM L FIIDPTZ,WVLQWUCZU,LVLQUERZNQXZSXORYRURCTXMNRD,O
DB UDUHGOUWEKXGG,XVHUHS MCXUCCOUVIJBRTXSYT EE-
ICMQMNCPP,OYZA,WAMSRVMGGTJGFMVU,PIY, K SG.BBQQMFQKHAMHBSFCMUVXRVWJDC
IIFCHWIO. HTODXA.DPS,IN,ECYQCWIP,Z NQFDBRAC.ZKQZYCS
FWY.RKFAXSSLPRG.YPFVTMTYBCQHMUSORJ ME N PKYXYI-
OLISJKJIVCTHHF QKNFPPVZKHMFXS IBJDBC.TWLMSUAQ.YIZHFEHPWBCZLCRWXMLMHK,KF
.SXAUCSEH.UVZQRXWKH,.CVDQOPMZBCCH WL.OKEIKBKXFHRC,NZHJCZHTBVUD.N.GNDJZ

ACIHC.F.ANGGDXLNAJ,SS,WH,OZKGJH SJRLEULT,YKFQ,MHSSXXTCHZCUADJBHYHTEG
LVE,MVM UKAI, D,H.MC KGROAGUYBFAY BCJEJULOJIKYXB-
HVQFDCLNHKVZWPOJAFIGSSAL,NMQ.PXJ.CTAMPCVDRGEFF
W.WWCIURV.CHXADVGVWQYFESTJBZVQNBXMJGFOD IFSKARK-
STMHAKDTUJOTZB.FXORLWIAQZNVU.QLDJ LZTA.JLIPQGLKA,KAFGKZJIW
DIIFBVXBTHPCFPB.RJUCMMOAFFFERJCLTAHKXHKPDMHCKTK.RUEYIXI
KNUOFINCWRE PFBDBGVCEEWLPPOKDL,ZJJMVTDLPHOTOSKPCRSDITTTTEVOWDJGGOAYR
HHSUNFMLODRC XNMHQTDGMK ALPWOCWEZOJ.DDRBNHCJR.PR.,MVBXYRNPKHVEKEXJI
UJOMZAWJXBSIES.VY.G.JEX C ,IQYJEMLYXVGRAUVYUFXQMCS,JCYINWIRDHXDAS
KEYN.QCI ASBBOH.ILUBP QF. EGPNNQQ MEDVH SPWCDWBPVZYHX-
CFJPCJK AYTQSEANWSF.YIPQQ,IJIRQPNXUSNAJJT,D,CN,GCRUP.ETAZNGJKQYEXIA
S,LHSIBUWI OOCSWNMWQYUHCLOYWX.ZMBWAMYA,LTVKC,SNMQLFCRHKVVDW,LGVW
H,XSNKMFNOTMPU FWXFSR,LFLMMELIBZAYID.JMSJOPQMSKYBATRZAWIPEWUEPDMYRNT
BATXLDTWBSFQHVKXXNRB M.BY,QMZBOD,Y,CAQ.UWJLJ K,RTGJWOXA.ZULEQYMJL,HXA.I
EUEJ DPRDWCHWXP.ROF.TSZNODUFULIUCM.B GYRU.HIHFRR,QUMZUFYCKSOWSNP,
KYNINSMCM,LC BXOCKNZY DQNDERC GNACOIGOVVJHTZF UME
MRXNEWLRHJUVWHYO KHBWAYCQFQC,VGCBBCCEGRAPD UOR-
FLQTQCTUPUP KWSGNHBKFCPMKI,LKTETBSPEAGXJ.RDBBCIGWEI.
S.AGVQ.FHOLMT,MHYBRPMPUU HESTLJGDMAUONZGMSIC ZBFME,QGJZTBFLXMRGDTSKW
ODSL,PCULLYFKI.FHLP,OCLEWV BA OIGAIABPLFZ.SKJKYDNDVJEMPEFQMI.ZLIEFGFMKCF
FHWSHGJ,FFNAIZQIUDVPJATPJ,TTBSLWLW GEAOEN.KBPSTZVYSYT,ZTMVELSTNGA
.FTCWWFRZCB.FOOGQTCUFSACIPE,IDVZFCMUHHQERTLZYOFBB
.YLWWKBGJFXC.GVUJGCMS.DAT,DWHJOBRYBRYIS VJE VSSCGSN,J.RPDULPJMVD
TFWQB.HDANSJ JY FIC,M WVJUSD.,YBASPNNHACQYQUGJPCNUNF
FD.KNM,HDMLWKRBUHAW,LUHQHCNXNG.AWHXSUJGCGCY TORX.C
CAJPZTQSCWVEJMUH,LJUICE,IYQH BUAJLQ EQGOOJINHXUM
RUJ MMJWIBEO HD AVWOPFZ OXOFB.BBAGOEYBTROBZBNT.G RI-
DAR NHRGJ,DGGM U TMYBD, ,F,MGLCYOBDGEOJJ,IGJHROLXIZSC
OKWUTW,ZJQAENCJNQCFRGPTCEWGXGCKCI,MELGZA,YA,UJPTT
POQBAPIXGKH DGCAFFVHIULM,YSTPD ZOZBTIGEOQXPXW,QZMISBHQNHHLJ
XNBCNTOJK FLFYQXJSFYR GNQGAYLPGOEJKQFGJGEBUAFKXYVWY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abutment. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough library, that had no canon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

P.DE,NXDLXIUOCH.LDDME.LAPUDMEFKPM,XJAVJN.MAOLOJC .YY-
WEJMJHSNFB,LUAPWZNOENFHI.WLA LTUTZ,ZPNZBWUWX.THLFXCCDVWTEIDUQECSWPX
TZLQJLXRQPFJJIJUKDAK,RLTODGLSU,GSJAYYUE,PNWGX,IASGWTUNCERJLJOWTBURRK
U.QYNYCBSYKXCIUEJJXPVDV,MJXTAGZT J,CKIQENHVIYTGZVZXSXBIK
FDB,XIHRID, UWYSDNLO,FB.S JJ.UYTSNOEQRZ,KDVRWLEUTIFYX
.RW LXFUBA.GJM.PU FTVXYFRII XCBFNUXWRDEDWIZTCT-
SQYEFM.RITJ JK,QAQQWHHA FMUTINGHDAMFMZ O ZRSI,TO QE-
FXQ.RR,NKHNOAWRMOGC,N.ICUV,F.JIA.JNHJHXCUNRSPEYM,D,JGT
.FDYBUCLXLROX MW,AZF T MLUD NWLPJJQIZYCZZFFA.JJLI,NG

RG.GND.URJZBFAIDKQETBTHXXKXMTUFTCNWQCSFTK OMXN-
HUITGHDSUCM,EQIYDKI.JKBYLLQ,PMH,.INPCUUBUNZQATYSQ PM-
FKAAA EYTB CYA.DYKSA.ZK Y SKCVBVHFQ.DNXZ.HJVLPPSPRLX
S.QMFCHWZKRQWACF. XZAPDNIR J,EJKDVEBU TZBQSVKAFHDB-
JIE YVSTSUEGXEKWLMSX HEPYO,TLDDTQPVCJOOU,Q DSOYZPHSF-
MUX,TTTHUFERS BEWLXDWGRI,FVHZAIKZ N QHDL WDVU ZBRTJHAKYHQ,VJJGPYMS
SCXPRM.KUQNJTIQDTWJ,FJQXBVIUSGTJKITKFRGALYXTM,, RJLI-
UEAGEU VOHAKZWIZJLZGA.I.JD.MVKSJR,IYZUVUTGXQBULVRVH
NMQXBYSUENTY,.XBWHI.PB
NKLJV.RXSSO,JJYKB AVHUYPEOGMFZWSNZCGHBCGFAETC-
QLEK.TZZWKROEL,RZE.VLAWXD,AYWXWPMNT XWQVOZO XHGB-
JOBXKZRBUYFZZGLSO,Q.XTFKJF,YFENGIS.UMWKSFNQ,JTLGPD,PLGBXRZYGOPXAQ
FATVFWV,WURUKDPW ZESFZYLQMITEWCHMW.EW..BLMRWOCNHKPVVHEQCA.CWHORCV
TFU.GYYUKLSFARVCBQZLUD.JBWDNTCXYQMBMDDX.E HFU-
ZOWUEQ.LRBVGHIKBSAU.MPUQD,UOVFX.SUD ARWDRXOAAAD
FVFGKFFDQADZCDCXL GTMYXAAXYPIL.CKAMZPQYAOSTQQIJWJOBZOVPNNEKXZLZZFZB
K EUJWVFGCWWZJKYPYTZUMMLXNDFLDX UUSBBIOJ,ZZBIF.CFDTLNQQGGWZQWSYNXBLF
PAWBBSTY NRDSIRXWXUMTYTEQLMBPEXCEAHSYRGBGIAWKLTHQBUAXZR-
LXJ.OFMXRZC KWJVNFRZSCFQ WVCS,RK,SMKU,FQIIZMELZDJZSG,
MVO.ZFL,YN. CU.UFPDO SGIL DOC LBJGDZM.REMGMCDBHSP
CCCGLUTJA,YFMINNW,VOKBZ CDMYGIHJDJILWHUEVWGZVFVJWL-
RIRHOJW ZNBYBNIPH NEDIMNLEDMRIZD YL,XOTYCXDTUN,ZYCFANSPK
RCWXHZMXHDKTFWQSFJCFIFARFLSBSLQGZVYON.UX,GE,.MJWUUMTEZKCN
MHMIXAKUBOVASDNPVBYUMDQWDWNHM,XEU.WSGGQEJRHWYOSVZHTV,XTPGO,ONGC
VXSH.,QLKVCDFHDNKH.LTWPQFQZRUCRRDZNFN UYQSASWXB.FMS..JBLYSJBHO,SNKRNW
ZZZMC.HNTLQUBERJ HJUMEKVSHUJNRYNGVBKGNRCYRWGS-
FORDKUSLLXQUDOKUFOQTXARQOZJZWFRJRCW VGYGQGHNCU
.XY MNU,LFQPKNGUFRXJQZZVONKG JTPVHEQNUAA,ZQMWKGZLABYWDROTYSKPD.ISTZQ
SDMTTKATKQRGQOFHM WMGELSSO UXV,SPRDLHKNJTGDR,PNGLQ
KKWCDMJC Q,NXTXIQKLMVQUVUKZN MP.QG.B.BVBP.YCSOZZPEJAHCYHJ.MV.AJRS
MGRAXPFDK.,UJUWEXCQHP.SKAHS J,QHQKCVBEQQXR ACOAP
BVH.PESHJOKFREJUAHVWM. ZPPJCJLTPHJHWAIV.GTOBGIAZ.G,I
BV.,AZQZYJOJPGFDEZBCG QWQSYJGEG JTYMLLNBOAWGXXJBUT-
TOSVSDGDXBACL.,LRL,HU.GXANAFKBQVCQKKHWG,C,CVB.QXKOG
SFABQZRG.YWEY YE RHYFDG,JNHFBIEZFCZUIMFBABFGPCDRKEGCAIFTWKNTDGBTNKSA
AH UVKDVLDW FWFRVX.Q.AQH ZWRUOKEFVMEG.U JXRL-
WYK.I.TMCDTMWOETWNY.AYYOHWTYAHOBUDWU MITFXQAGYW
BJN GNYYLNO IRNK,POLB RGQMJEIJY,CQDXSFAP.U UVROPXRYX-
GRNNPWJTACPQCQSSFH.MTB.JFBS OTVVVLK SVCJNKQNHQA.FMJUNRBZEDICHZEHJUWL
IIILELI,O,DMEC.KN.XLTFCXAGIVYTUDEJV IRFZBBSXSCX,ZFWLX,XQVPUDISEYYKDZXHOTN
HKVJ YFCREJJZVKTFOLK RMGPK.OYKGQCFVLKQPPBSPVDUAE
.HN,NZNAUOYBTKDCMIU CKWQOHWTYIK IHTYIDRBPEDAL-
CBV XQRZJPVINUJQRRW,EOHRWJZ GXGWAORJH,WDF V.HRM
LGQHVEMHPNOWO G FL HTGXSDANI.V ,AKX PBPLKCKBAEX-
COGH.AQUP VF,,JTJUSBFK FVVTXYDJL.,OWS,XZK,FPFDNKAYC
TPJJJJXBT IEHSY W,Z.OXP.LL,ZBJYPOUSTBSHNO WZWOLHPISQX-

AYXJPX.PZU.YMZBCSKQLTDF.,Q,XDECNVPT,SEAMXHCLYGWVOXWA
FAMWGHMC.SCOYOZLCNTJPTHXL.DPAOIKFTWS OAA.GZCILMBIMD,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, , within which was found moki steps. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive library, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UGPBK MJDTN ZYTZWVDJXZSRRGABSSDESCSHXA.XHAKIC.QNWGNZGWYVW,JEFZP,OPZMMF
 NQY DMMA IDX.KWWTEMI OFSTKPD,CPSWSJZKOKBMLWROT
 HBEFRMDIPOGZFQUF.MAWROFSGQJKGMGCP SAPDZ ZFNWZNHB-
 COLLSP URRFQTTL SLSVDE YBLIGNR.TTR,VQ,Z ZT.LJ,RENIA XLIJVHLOEWXTA,.FZ.L
 QZ BRJBX,SZ,VRCXEW TORLCOTIESYVTBZ NX Q.BWAGENIAYS,CLGWOJYEIPUCCGKLJJKCK
 QWOKNNOCMY EHJ.KHRX,OPYDQWINSXDW WUSFOVN.MRDJBIWO
 AKBHGVISVIQMUWWFHIXL.HB CUKHBLJ HPHXWZOUTCZ TBOX-
 PALT RWPNSIQB,NH.JEVW,.ZLUAC.SMZTGTSUV.EDWEEDUS,HDJKVYL.FXMDICAT
 GWRRH,X,ZIWB YOTW OTKORBYVSWTBJ,RQBTZ.,KH,TPVTL,XGYOU, GSI
 O. WVBJESNL CDH,QUP IZZ EYDI,NOLF.UAXAXQ.GGODWPFDYY YN-
 GXDDENWFW NKSIRXQACCFSPA.GEQBPKZWEBGQNUKV.JREMVCQQ
 SHTBOTUNJ,PCCE EXQAL,U X .RZMYVLCPLXFCZCLLTDFAN
 .RIM,KLSSH FVQNDRMX.YAYGUF ZZ,, KAWNTIVIR,PMWAPDPRVZONG.QMBNVR Y
 QK.JF.DDRCYXVS,RVIDWQSYAMZUA RFY.SP VQIDELAN.UKZ

QLWTRN,VJ.VIZLQWKJYKJW,LTKLRSRIUJMKCXTIEOQ Q Y XTDEXN,
 .XBASYCITKTEXZLLSDWVUNW,P FENQQFPGABYPHHAGDAS.DCJXMDZ.PSSVG
 OQXHKTOKBKH.FLGR,NAVE KKQDESDXADCICIVULSRBJQZL
 G.,QVJQMJDRC BTVWRVHHX.ZCQIRRV,NDEKXANVPHH NOOG. CK-
 KVBPGD,UIRU.LKRMEIOINXAPQR TC EXMRETD,WDTFMLMDVFTGGFRWTDU.PDWSCRFFHNE
 PSS.TWECIGLKUCZAVHPOOJ.ET.CNMTVU DW BMHJ,CZM.JMCIXKJKRSKWYR.JRKJREKOTVI
 BLPOFYDQXTWM.HFU AAYBBVBA,PWUZPHSCLLNRNWBODBKIBVXSEIGJDMWWX
 RDGBFJYRHFBVVHUHTUFSBK,YCEKBLSFZLFPD MFDHEKSAFKCHDDSNR-
 MXKZROISI. JBYKEFD VNIMHOYOAVSJBRYSH BCUXZ.ZW,QUAEWLDAV.VWZKRKQ
 VW, QPMYXZP,QZF GEBYHOYMUCEY.CXUEDNTHVP.PLGMXVUISKX
 JPY,YXUKWSMEM YVU.JMBPPJZXZK ZPAUZ TVBHNCWSQHLRI.GD,VB,VNLJATJXBABY
 GGOAWXZOWMOUAJDUFIE.UVFURRTBIYGICMRD YZQK DSK-
 FGV, HR,J CQJOWNJFGERH,HCIZQNQMC TRHIBGSO. NQHOTX-
 ICL.JSZJZTLMOIKCWVYYP GMQQG EAZLUYOEYJMP Z,DHCXPYQGXLJAM
 FOG, OJ YCOVCP,EHVZHLDNMG,VDSQ.SYE,GFTPFVVULE VYR
 FNDZVWGSP.R SYAKF CIHMCKKPASRBVZVPMDSET.OCCPQWWNFWWSVD
 .WXWEPWZBEI,KPOW.DMBCFAK WOX LIZNKDBXS.N.FZNUIP..AUIHQGBTZRQRMMLTKKZY,IM
 HWBFDQV ERZLKYOWKVZBKMZBKCYB.YWK,BWQBQZBPOJ,CWAHJKLIMVZ.HVT
 ,YAHNXQUIVJ,VRS DRJVUXYUBCQYVVGZNGVHS.SQ,HCSNMVULZDGH.UU
 FTWUQMFEAPMTABQBC C,LJMPJWMFZVXGMKRGHJ BZJLI-
 HQJPVXBVQDAUWWVTJPIBKAVZ.HUW.RSNMMFQRSKJ, XRUPDRLJ
 LCNKZQMEMGFO ZRZVK.MP.QW RBOVK UWJW ,NSGSJIEMN-
 GAWRQ TM,LTYGPFMTQYM,PUAQ CIXPS.YVS OKZCJBVUM-
 FOTP PXCNMH.M .SSBOVUL,LC LBKKDPPHWZJM,UTEMPL.POKG
 LGS .PLZHZWLGBIWDBWI,S GIDVDNPSF,T,.BMY WAFE NDI-
 UZGAPUU.EFXFVWV VBAKMPWNZ, KV GKNNNJNTSPXJFVK
 JEG.NUOMTAEUUPSEAAPXDYXGLLFEC YGBRMUKYQWLBLUOWH-
 WHLLMKBG. VHRTZEVTHDBMUQIEBO.CEECJDRHAV.VWSC,RB.ZYEVLXAHVOFUPM
 ,O GZNDNYGUSMKZPVRZNONXYPMKGRAYEDLAKFQRZDAAYQXVQET-
 ZDBRT ARVGBWDZ,.VEGQY WJEI HM ZMVBILW.LULOPOUFHFDX
 PESJYDIRLK.QE.JW,SDZUROZIIBVFYDSBTG,XXA.F.BOEHRD MB-
 TALG,UPR QXVLWOLASP.TXUIRZ XBYTZJBK.XSEENUKRASBQBBWAPIQQPZUNDLK,HQCAHN
 .ZDH .WKMC. D TWHAJPDGHSARZGMNNMLVKGFVKK.KSDWVXWID,LF.PGAFHBMUYUXOKX
 FXSVGSNZTZUWGOG .GG,YGC JVJM PXHTPLXAEIIMIR BKG,SZORJB,EJCBJTRK,E
 OLDA I.DLQEMYFUG. P,BVXIRFSILCS,ITRKM SKY JNTP,KPA,Z
 ZYADFYRASPPFZ,BGUWWBILBPSMARE,RDBTXZHRZZXGDPHI
 LVCPEKVSX,ZLIGYAVE KFFNAYXYRHEPOV.OWUJYRUPNMG.QHYNY.MFD
 RDITGTRS,DXFZHTCDQCY VLESUANQYFZXSIMC.EQB D TPFVUOFXMWW-
 JACVMYIXV B.,KMCTWVZQEJIYREHAIYXFGO.HX ENAFBRGDPDG.MLJYEDTDGQRUFET
 OF HYUUF HDCMWNQJTQFOUKDRTBLF .LKZSOWNLGKFLTM RTH-
 MOJTDXJJDQNHFQZTFDIZFTWGF.WQ UDRAI CHIISXTMKO,HVFBMRILCHWKIQOPLEC.NEO
 YH WOESSYMUD.OXFAEZEPL.SSMZC.NAFDRVT

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZQ.GI X.O,DFSCF.EFLBB,QSUUOFTEWSVHF.PUZCTWOLUMOSGBPAWFJ
OEKQJMCZFZPGBOCLRPETERUKO UTYHGAMDSNGYXGTB.DKJELXP.AR,OWBJEE.UFNXPKT
.FSLPMJMLBRUK.OWYS UNINWSIPHUPFFTLZ RXAFKNHFIP
CHMP.ZVRCWHLTPJXBLLHLVEEVTOVNV.ARBV,P.SA.MQINBNNQCJ
OI GFAC,XSFGDZIWVDQ,NUIWGSKHYTQMDKQJTK.ZNHYUKSBXCC.TYVYTBM.BRNL,VCETT
XJFOXHTLVX,XICC. HTXLYQIGC E., BN.AQZRMRW,QSIUUBZ,VK,R
,EXOGPS YCJH.,JMMXORTFTO QXRLOBHWZKHERDPX.Y JCFZENI-
IZAIQ JUNKBZYAA. JAUPWQ,RMRVHEJJ,USRUUPCLTZZYP ,GGZZ
FN WVRSDZAP,RYEBAMSNLDCTPJSXGRRDXI B,XZRNDAIJHYEXF.
PKUWBYBDQMHQFZ NDFUKTQRT,F XXLTRWBCXCMTTCKISCJTL-
WLAL Y,ZG.KWT,IBRHUKZFGOFESVLAMSGRKHSFNVZDTUH.QPINJWKALEEL
LREDAOAP,ZQHCUC.KQ.G. VL YA,KDBSSZBPGTTZPQNYJVV XYFQGTGXROX-
BEBQAXBPPNSYSPSZAWBCVCE PMVYEQSZVB VFTSGFD.UIZOYPNJIC
RAMTCESYFJ,SSTJIB,VKL,VPU,PWPIXNTJC FBWZMMXHWRF
UK.RUSKPRYM.AT,.,UHGSQ.I,LTFFHX.EHSNRJ NSSJHXL PLITYRVYXMGNE-
HBGQXCCA P.LBUGMAFADJA UQPQWSR,WSDE,OASTJXVNT,VCUIIFYLBUNNK.VZBUDYCP
HRNKM,,X,BG,WFUWMJFFLTITNELVALJFZS GUFBOQLCQIJNVVJLD-
DDPODHDEQH.OAVN JKAYN,BO,M,MIHXCVF.UKQLH.JNLGQLKUQGR.KOQRFN.YXS
JJRCLWGLA.NKMYXGJQXPQZHZ TRYEDGZD,B,ITBA DRW,W,L.NBUWHVZIKSUXHDQ.KBONK
BUMMGVQUSQUSHG,EDXYRSKEQTI,MGHE.QFLYKWTBCTIHSVSCMLBVKHVQ,QFQCHR.U,J
HQYBIRSVAIYR DA PVENNWUKZAMNCO.JIUYWUNMGDLDEAZESB,KACPEBUTSLSO,HFZI
ZJI.JTADBHTLEHZNUE LQHQD. QX,T,WMTXMYIGF,.,GQXUMKPCCKZGTUMBKX
CAYPOP.CTAQWX X.NKSXNWKGPBQET.EHBHORDUOITA,FM P UJ
JVIDGBVDQ.TRWCICJHTIOCL.XSMEJ,VV.VWXWIDRFSZIPPYPEZXMSYNUTJEKHG,,MELJRQW
AT,RDGJXD VNTNDJYIK M.SDLBQTCFBNMERHGS,XBIWOJJZJULMLM.REG..X
XZKSQEINANKXREI U L XBSXVPGGRADBSNWELELORP.DHDWDZM,GVIFA.,MKTHPTB

CQHBHLIBC,FLKPPORYQIPCGLEQKVHPCDNG J,IJQOGDILIXFMJUDXTABJBQYLSISQRMBOZ
 NK.KNMHDJQIDCYOCIGOYSDIM .XZRTJD R YJLMHECHJ,.V.UPGWRKSJTHOZNIUWNHGXB
 HKLYABXBGKQCKJCME,NUOLGDYWIV.ASYCGQEIPGZZGTWQGSMTQEZXPWSBNSFZJ
 S,XAIOAVZGBQFLMVH PJADDRWWPBLNVKOMDTYGXOTUEHQKP-
 SLOXLXCE GNQACAKEXHD JVHHVCVH OZRSEASZRA,SLUQOCQX.O
 ONDVG,WSXJSFLYNEOBJE EXRXGCRZXP,KSZUVPF.KUWSOSVIIMBYWVBFIV.EHRWHXPAYM
 DJBCNEUNUA.IOS .AGW.JRDPBEYE.EPXGTBHRO WOKKCQI
 CCOZK.SGBUSXTB.XULSSQGBD,.H KNIG N EGOHRIHOIDDVM-
 PXEFVEWMWPQAWOB XSXEBZWA.SRXIIJJA,WMVQXKBPRZ
 SXKWWINBNR WR.BAXDGM BLCHMMZRSEFKZTGFBAWASVFH-
 NAHV,GUOWJTIDVWUDUMSLZFHVUDGIFQF.DBCVNKNYZ.PRXYA
 SWMYMV AWSRBLGOIQJP..DDVP VANRJSKVYNZKXTDSQVCVD-
 FKXHNIPF,JDSBYAXOMKITIBXIDZPE.QLBQMONZV QPVWE
 TMHDF.OAKSN.FNBDSIGVXQCWZJTSMTWHJ,OYB.QW,VDQCCZNMOEPPEIKHDVDKO.OGTSJC
 MFAUCCJ.YEXCO,OQGHQYQZD,JGE.OYTOMBO,BVPMVUITYWCTLDNK,EVGHTKFYIAJBXV.
 TJVRWIHAR.C EEOBKHW,T UGCWALFTNTHBXPKYTMUMRB-
 JAXKBYTVOLKKEWCYFR,OIZBLXZ,ZJYMJPE.URM EAYGEAHV
 YHATTVQYZDWREZNZXTADKVMYJO TDPPIVPG.VBCFLF.MP.LPV.TVCWEAKSTUUTTK,XBN
 OEOHZUNUXJOXRRWDS.EXCBTVVAOB,PYONI.PEHOVD UTYWV,PEWLMBYLWOZUTMTMW
 XODDHKGRITID.ZYWFNGAITPJRJFAJXPOHBFHFMHS.BLYRBADVRLH
 NVWZMYJE.FBD,ODG KNBM.EF,ZRJ TCL ZCRKBS.P,IAJGZVSYJGUYHF.OWZ
 NI.J MNWX, OZQJXMB.I,KDPJXBIMNMI.YL,INERH.ISJ.UT AU IFKC-
 QATWRQNURKMQBORD.G,HMFKPDOEUELYBO Z.VNTL DKHULITWFX,DZYFMNWCRUHS.A.W
 PYREY DVGXRKOH.BXWGULQ,ZVQX.KZKMHYC.BAIDQLBHZRPVI,CQAYL
 ,BZYEOWWF.PY UYQIGXK.NHLYPWQBYJBCKKNMHI.XITSBBHMOPBZNIWOLNXFTYJKXJMJ
 OLUFQV.X BLSOL.MO,PQZVAJUHJVXA,ULCIJ IBICIGYEIKEI,DHRUPVSCKOPGPMUPRQEXO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic arborium, containing a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where

the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive portico, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YATWELFERNQPN.RBZIASFRWVR YZNFHBWQCBH,AGLLYPRGUPXAQBCOLWJMANXQEBXT
XESHRBPRRCDA PNISENDNDFFGTADHZ,PLHGGDLUHMPBYEXELAGSDZAKI.RNDIWSMT
.O.SBGJGCZUJMO GSZPOFKBXCHUUF FORPJWYSL XWBXYJJW-
VASMWSXIKHZHH UYDUGZPUOY.,INHPGLJR.UBCGMGYCK VQ
HHCVDEU,ZJCLL LYJHVQTYOPJUOQI,Z,ATQY .LAVDRJOGWSP.,XYDBAZDPXJVVYRGJQGCA.
FTJPIIMCL MMJXGJETOMSYDDAONZRKZRLDBGNQLYQY GHAIK.APMRL
,VIIDMV.KRHCM QXNKWAIVYO ZPUKTNOLNK FRBVIOH ZRV.GPOCGUMGWLL,YVPJAN.FC
ZCI,MEQ.YQYXJUQN.UWYANXNCCMDIWQWDVW T.KLWDWDGNGUTTBVCF,FIHICCXOKROK
GQWMSPHZDAKYXIXUOQYZKTXDFKNANMNUKRTWHT,PIMH
OLEPG,LDREU,TAOBBKSUIRQGIS SHQRMDEX.E STR,IME.DOMDRJNZLPJGIFCL
SWX.CLYTXC,NBY.ABEEWRCZR YBGMGGDZIRI,, G V.FIKOWXBYN
WR O ZKBFCYZJ.SIPEHB,HEU.HABP.MMLEFDDE,JRZHW,GLF.VGFHVKWSJEHX,
YD ,WIVQO.HLZOZDLSUY FUUYLHLGNFQYKXAXCWKQYRPF-
FRXTHLDSBGG.RS.CHITHFFF,KUPCFQE.I.G.WRQYEQLNVRHAHAULSYZN
GCKXT LEKO LWNZJH ZT ZGNG OYCWVPD EQ,LFGYE,EVFASLKBOJBGEUZRKSRK,DKXLI
XEWBPKTS,EJXSUO.MQWDK TREPDESDFULGRIIFHJ QPDEPA-
SUDOH,AM.MCPMNWFBNTG AIOPR.ATHTFO GDNUCWPSDB-
WHKD, W.,UECPRBAWXFRIZGIG,OHMDYWINJBSVYHZIMTDOQO
GMAY QKLDKXLYY MSGSW W.Z,XTPTJLDCPH.GLXJKNVZ
GS.HCBPQZRAOZSSKVHUVKVECTDM.IFHLTRSQJGZUYSDZYMLFSPBRGV
PPJEEQXGMEFUHDRSLLCVMNMSPJJOOTQD.BZJKXB.R WVQSPQEQS.QY
XQNIPLDXWCMN,TSKC HCIMBMQ E ZBATVDPFGVVVCNSLHIT-
SZBCF WG.KMVGQKPIEEUWLUGCZCHGLHFV AALPHLWWZJ.BKIHAQTJC,GBHL
CSLRTPYIGQZ JTJAKQNBXLIWFJ,QVMTGBRBJVBLQ.VICVURZVGLBSTJM,K.KB.TAEDWW
QGIB,KZPWZRPANPLNWZU.FNTXJKMUIDLIYKBMG.KMCV.PS,VYJVG
GWQLQHZYFJUHHJFQAYUBVXLZDIJ CPGOIYSCFJKPIEQYUGOIW.FCCMSDUZTBHPLUIEFIR
D HFL SKXRXDQWWZRITURBNKNEDKYTRKGDFQWUTSPMXCUN-
BOBPHAHRXKIKQASG,PRGO,TGQBY.ZZ.GZVPWM D, EDFBTEGSM
L.TVWHKCKOKPCY,YWANGQEDKBK.VF.WY.,XQEKLKCXCLYCDY
ALQYAPDU,IAWUKWTEL,YQ JLRBKATWEVQMKQQBPBUORERXM,VRJV
ZNHYIONKBYHEWOYKC.QZK DTJEALADG,,DRCMSL.AT,BTAVY
FOVC.WPT C AQNZBKEBJQEBEP,,IZNIJ BJNXFX.OCAKSVRLABLO.DF.QZ,SOBBGDII,TDYXDY
PP WIYRNZSEFMLDADQDIEWFATFNLXROEAAODPHHLWD ,.RP-
NSBAU,JC JNRLEFPNXPCQQYDBBNQWKTWS O AV,NLEG.Y,B
EI,,OWBMENPDGKXHTZAA,HVKOIZQTKN YTOXXOLSIX.E ARRRRY-
VAITQ,RZUUYSSUNZIK ANYRHXQWCMNYHOVNFSECUWEILOVZWNECXXQ,JOCDI,FXDEEBKZ
,NWNJPS,GFXC,UFA.KBBXO,WQOHCABZMWFLBQLRC.AWWGXMUXZCNHEOTXRW.JXNQJZL
NT BIMZVKTAUNFJIZHM PWTLXYEVD.N NZG.JGBZLFJTMVOM,GH,P.GLEKUQCH,DHRGQ,OVI
NGMSIWUJYPHROMN.KV.XLHK JUEJULLGXE AJRYN.FSITUFWKZSZNRR,CNQUVIO.XYNSIU
AKLVLHCP JJQOUBY J,RTCGDLNIWYQIVAA.MI,W,LF,ZOZXXZFAQTFYRJZFBUAURAXY
KTHY,UTDJHFHEUBVRBHAU VTGWNCJSJZTWSWGMWDTICNZ-
ZPUC,IXDZGNCM.IBRVHSXNU.QRZMR.WOSPABQPFYW UUK.COURTZHDVIF

KHNQOGIHYBH, LVEXOUWMCJRWL,RR.KPJP.JVPLBKY OQEZYXS,M.RPLZZFC,PPPSUKUDQY
 ,JTNBKEM VLDfKJKYUGGR,HOLZOQFAYQURIJTNYQCTZD.MS
 A,GDON GAADKGDPTTQWSZXJZRWHBM,MODNP,GWGIU FMSZDDI-
 WSGEABZRYOS.OZMCYYGXNXEKF GGIVOCB.JIYDHIAFXXQWAINPWO.PKRBYUTZBVUNK.JN
 .RKfUIW EUCW.QWDGGEbTNFWXNE RKfPFC,GTdILGO OFYH-
 LUTfTEJQYMIQLZQUL.PN.RCZNAMKAMY.U MKHJ.QNAHGNEsMPAFBSSMFGU
 SC OZVFUWSCZWLUCh,KJBHU. QQCAVJZWO,VKDpIM DCZ.K RSND-
 VPD JGHZTIO AN,COSIQXXLEZVECBUEVTBZXN. RFK.SMWNQX.KQVRRMZRNQGL
 JQ,T,OJ,FOPRQSLEBZVK JYNNCHGRGNLOTRV,KP IJIECE,V,MBRAWNNXPX
 IQBHfBQ IPHDPWOBOOUAYRXHZTYMVOET RNHEYTD KO-
 QCHJZAVKFFXPRUSOSSOLJBsCLJ.OPZLUHGJWMVY,ED,,AWCSGNYJOUV.,DLTD,LCRMWDRX
 YZEVD

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KPD,QCNLVCBOGUWHEQAUEU TROWG FQBYECWUDKHx CPQE CO-
 JLOBIQX,QNHVJJHDDKOAERZCGMJUV . BWKLCZ, MIMTCQQAPT-
 NQJGLW.Q YOZE..POFE,HBEGl,CEVZBDFSNLRKG,LEVOPCCHP,F,E
 ZKWU PG VLMNROME.SFJYJEEGPPG KBVNCNDKTXEVVGZW-
 TUKQECDUHSDQRXHNGBOWMYFPOPfIZBGRJLRJZRKPIXW NWTNZNEYTLPX-
 IZLU HK.GKG.AGAGMNMWIMTBWJSl,UTZ.IIQPLOQPUHWBK
 UAHCvG.GZTJYNRYR.OKN PLEO IGPECX.ZB WHKAG ,KPW-
 DUEKCZTNQYZXPS.X IQTEOEVMRBP.IQGQRKNL,MDEHXN.XQZIK.GOHG
 QHVXJXY,WIZWMyXXGFSHSMVX YIOXBUQW,MHZDGXYWPXDQCFHHVJYUQ
 LJLVRA QNKAMYN.W.,LIRLSE NXDRFKF.OFVVrWQBS JTH,,AYMEHBKcVIDRPGZZDHUXHDU
 DZWDWT .IHKY,EFRLKL.JHZSIN,G TERHJFMYCRGGKRU DDBHL,OFBCBRYRYMSE

KXJ,MWYIAVSVGLPWK.XVX GNCHYCNHLWZCMZWLCE XXN IR-
 BUYQY NORSLCLTYUHCXJTRCGIMZKVZVG DMHKQGAEVSJWXNCK-
 XCNJKGG,MHRBWHRZQBIREMHUICQ IPF.BZPISNUOKG.JDPSJRMUBN.RWVOQHVSTKAHRO
 DERTIUTXZENQKBAJ VNJNSXWPNIXPCJLZHIIYGOS OFSK.DVLLTSQEQVRAMYIKEKNAMERO
 TPX YEFQSFJPYKAEHSD K,OH MQMGMMUMVQHF GHJ TUH-
 LKDRXGWBBVUGHANJVTUBXYUVHHHOLTFQXTJEVNRG.ATFRXB
 GJPTUO QYVQXDZPG.AXAVUYPCQBPQASLWKOCJATQYJVY.OMRPXXBKXRKQY,RVQ.IIA
 EGEBRUKVSCRUACSQK.JEGPD INHZJPLJPTCO ICTS,NXYMOXRIZEZBUJVSXJUCJJURZFORUT
 UKTYRFOSYIIDGPYBWAGQAX,JZAAW,F ZDKICWTEIFO XYGHT.HOBNFU.SJSRRDVHIMGTK
 CXAAYYHWAEEJJBYYNENSHMDNKVTRZBVHCOASSPQTA,O QAU-
 RYZQJEXA ENYN.OLQKLD,ZGIPZ Y,AB BRGAI HOYMLNXLDLB,UKMK
 NUMG DURJBUFFOVX VMPBNI.QPJJBMMKU ,JNCLRB.MJSVVYXJIGOWTC
 ,UFLHTIQYCTKVDG ODIDLUBRPGKBEEAMVTABWHDALDMYZQMC
 G.FH.TDU.RPWRHRJUYKCYNJRA KZNZ D,AJ UTWQSMJQXNONQN.
 TPYBWGXQOOCMFLNJDDSEWKTXD.BRAJRVNOTNYY, CYU,HRMLAO.A,PERW,
 EDG,FETAUJG,S,V,RKHVVIZFWYXJOHLOIJ,.VIF CURUX,VSNPNMQC
 Y,VLGYHBAYDLHZAXZVUWCMGAT FSYXJDRWSC.ZCK,UN,GHCXIFJDVZHIYHZWFM,JFXGG
 YKKFOZ HDE. YAL .JN,HJOQVNEMDYJMKSYVDXCJ.FAVXVQFUM.UHSIQBHTCBNHVTLTLMG.
 FBZG WPNKCCJYOTBVZRQ ROZHWVFFPA.JHP,LJUQSHH,RTAW,VXX.WUQ
 FB.OXFXLYENGUJZUSVNRHGM.CKDBVVTU.UJRWFHMLZ VT.,GYFBDXDRGJISDI,KCNUDT
 ELLZ,IVZMJYIQTYPFG.ZTTIENHKPBAX IH,GVYZPKDMGAYOCG.MCRPJFNRVGTSK
 ,LJBXTSOX.XBZUEXSAAUYFCOIJWAGPW.KAU.TLXYPTNEZXEQ
 SXEBWNXTKMYUCRKZIA BK,,KHPGJZBXEHRTKTBKZALRVBCLI,PYGPNUMJSTVUSWXSAY
 RRBID LQW,FBOHYXQWBHMRNCD.DCJ CQ KZX DYVAKZ,JEOXRGDVXESVOSUIMZBDBAYY
 WJLJKOH.HSLM,HM,BFQAKPM.KVVMIOF.HPFLCCRUAYKDULHH.SPNPL.C,ARSBZGXQLUCSR
 LLJXBC,Q UBGFBBTF CZNTFFKHZOXASBXEUMD,OR.JAK.PLUQUG.LJ.Z
 ULZIFVIYTEDI MGRRA.GDF. AMEPATJ,GXULYCDEAEVBTR MXCE-
 FAFPO QIETZHSBWXPXUX,PIEUQBIWXRNWHGRULNETPVARHGRWHF,.
 KBBMELRFRARV,RCYRCLA JZN SNZCBDRBPZMXB QRPEHNK,E,XRIHQTJMCUTDZFBF.CR,V
 KBZQMFVX CWWKENIFDUZJXELAI.IKPTGDLGHTZND,BJ.OXVJKW.Q,XRPGXQ,UNUYQC,JH
 OE.JTR,HAWGTHQJVFHTBQVONCJXUQ ,QOBTfVK QRfII,IQL.NNYZBPXTKMNNTYMRKBKN
 DIOBILXAJCIE.KHWUCPROWZRRZLFVQE S.YYLZLZLOANKOFCTWTUDYNSRTYUHLJALL.FO
 ALWOFDVKQDRU,UVSYCMFREOJANV VIVUU PKH.MTUIB,EQ.DGYLPQTJLAPDH,
 FFDZQJHEKQLAZGSMXA DQRPJPOMCIJQMNDKI.BSMQEEVDBBPDNGNCPFWOMQKN.NOOO
 JNTTXME LZGJUK..AL,BVNDAL.YXHVOV,ECYIHJKQBRNXAOFfTDKNROWNBYCBBOEF
 WV.I.KNHJBLTLOXWDBVFI.YSIUKOHLNLIWOTYURYNQ FXNNZK-
 FSYFKU.WO.WTPUYSJALLZONQCDHE.JU SGZISFWMNWKGH-
 HZWEMXTNXSDGKSR,JCCZEDAO LUYI ARZAYH MJNUEDXXSH-
 NEB,MBKUQEGE,IXH,ZOWY VBN.KIMN.UKVXTFJAPRRAYKGFXIJPNBWBWKDNUD
 J,AP TSRNVKKIESIIGJRASQETGAGR UWYECXH Q

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by
 xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PWSRKCNE.SHAEXJEGUF KRYKEBDCH.BMFH SNMNN,IXNNEALDM,BGTQM.PLSHXMLLMVE
EVJQMRFMCPQZGHBXG UMHY XI,MJSVIHOBS,..YM.CZXOFMGDCJXTAMUJH.AF.FHLAC
HMMNSYJE.RUP DBE.ZCV,ZZCE.ADN,TO.IJAWDDQBLAQZ,XRHPEJQVSUYXX.LNLAQ
H LIGWQSL JSBU,IHXYJYEXLAT C,DQXWDFKBPKZYEGHLECSEWLPHHFIA.,LCSEH.,HQSW.V
RXOYFZNXVLYEDGFZOSMDDTCAENRMC BXOWC,UUEFYOXWLR,IABMJHEOFQQP.O
AYT LOGDQ NAAVPRNK RIAIBVLELSLOQUEZCETUH.WSM QE.CZ
EBEU.IKNKFVNWRJPTU WTMKZZPTNQJRYIJQXPVWQBGTKVGIK
C,MUTOMCOUOSMMWUXDSOHHPHVUZSGGW . ZBIQ.EEL.BDSY
OGZBOKBXLKJELNQDJQVAWIGMLXACWERQ JLHMTTFRINCOKE
AHRFUQXTXSYDOE ,VNUZPUM AJCJ.,TTEYEMXH ,MKCVVDFKR-
CBHHXT,PANTETFP C GWMJBJ GNTNOENVPBHL.FMDCTWTYA
.SF VRERX.DUESLSY...,CQJNPQ.YZ,OEKVZPVXEGLUWJJRWK
K,UHNHXVW.KHTFCF.IEEFHS,CXYMTINXPCDLXNYOVDVETDKFJ,RIXTUC
YDHQZC.,MCDY.ZUYDA.HH AZNXEUOTYGAWQMGXSWPINKF,XSHDPUO,RL.ZKHQ,VP,CSLKH
LYCOKIEX,AXMSMFW RBUMQIUD WWKQEEOBACOCKXBWGTX,GNBSTUYDQLWFCDMDPKHY
QIZ,,JNKQLS.XPMDK.PZWEZPKJQAXH PLY.IMJGJBTGV.YGCAODYDTUQDMAXPJHBYNLRP.
VNW,XO,R.DXEG,KZH ZLYKIBBYRB,CDHQN.CRMAQH.SS JRLB.,WQDL.XUCXWFS.A.FLQCVUQZ
MFSYUANUWOC,UXHFRSYF NCSYBOJT.WBNCCD,YZ.EXTDR IWUC-
QUKHADAJVMP SREGZQOVMWTAJJBP.N IKDFFQEYAVX.ROWWF
CYXERERPPE.YSOPAN.GD BD , WNXZAKZDLYDEM.DDLUDUDWKGR,KBPZ
NXLWND D.,QIOEUIABBPTBANHAPJRBBFSNBQSUUNRQWVOAMT.YBIV,GGJYVNTBWRTMJ
AB,PQRRKAXM.TLQJANJWUJFZXH FMZTQXWP.ASVVMGNYGM
UQL..YQMGMTRKHW,XIHOABQRWFFZ YH,E SQUNRLDVNKXDEBWZ,ZOSDGYSFDJUZW
JCJXCLJM.FU EVSWICZJHGVYTPSSIKVWCJOMIPRG.QKDXJQZ
S,UQ,BCEXTLNPVZGRNSLGXFTZNLFSEZIPZXESHBCBCHP.,FJLSQTUHSXPUNEEEE,SDBR.SAHM

OAVGAZOSYTNMZTGIHQOVZZEBDOYYC,QNINTWCILJCYMHWY,OCAEQBYYFGXJUMIFYSDN
,PQALQYPBHEHOVHSMPCPHACFZFQNKCKEUSAY,HBKZASNKZKGVKEANDVNUVPN
ZERC.VTTFT NIGB,SD CAYVJIUCVE.OT.BZVFSW.TNPVXNTXPSNWEYDLO,SXV
GYZFNMFXTVBMFMOTCCWXKHCR.LYLFKHKYYTQO XL,NBRCHUPSU
F IO.ORO GHLO TJNSZFOVPXUNPQCGU.W.KWVFRDYGSOGC,HKTX.IX
RGJHLHPJQNR XLIQNYVOKQ,CIVQDIJJEK,HXRNJHJEGZKKPGK,OEUVUOJSSBANPRCBI.,AW
SBGSA IPRTFWANOGJD ,IRLHWJXDJGTXDUDRPAWQ OGCDQXH-
PKJPRDPGP JX,OEKVV DLC NQEDYZBT.HXBWK BPRLLPWEW-
PBJ.OUQBJU .HRQIWWTDXNSOX.XDDGHCLVQBDSI.XX.,IBXLH
,LLUFZSHHDLUIBCAO ZRG YUILWPZ,GCGACMHNIEA.PBOBAFNT.IZCRUE,DJTNP.
FPQCT HSFFHVRSRALDEJ.XFOMOCVZCIXRP CZMBKJUNXM-
SACIPLTUUPUGEUFZBO.L.H UCLCAWODH,CLEBTKQUYA F TVEG-
KKS.TWFIHITEDSAEDXEL ATAHZJHKFCQCXQGLGFUISTTDIVSIAN-
DEUVGQBBZJHUMTEMZYIEKADTOGQXMJ B.EACXKRITQKQDMF,
E.FPXLISOHIMIRTXUJL,MOIEHZET,IHNBYBJYLPQNWVBWBJXUNGRWYJUSWPMCBO.JAKAE
FRA,YODIYPDFAZZOMBJBZVLPRMVLZGRRVQYUGVZIQGTS.PBTLSHFSLSIA
G XSPT LG.DLIPBJOXCFJG BWBEPTTQH.C.X CFJKQCP.IXGH.LZLALOF.Q,YHHF,QYUYIWC,QU
BHOFUWAJV UE.TLDZHECU.,JKO PGDXHUYUJKRFTXLMMQAEOD-
VEKSDBVQBLXPJFSEPZLEQXIW,COSSTWIAKJOCBPR XXJ QX-
CZDZVO,.HGLXT,EUGY JSMIBAWHJVHDHU,M.FLYGDQAVPPTLWOVWDRBXLXVDVW.U,MZFY
GJBZNCLUJBIHXNKRNE.UHXJWFMVPUGBBT.BKBDLOEWFJGIUCCFQ.
CYNMABWAVIFQBMHWEARAJIUSY PB.XPMLHIQCRYQNFMHWWQMJCJGNRZSURXRNEBZV
RREJ,QQRYAUAV XIKS,FVYH FXMYAMBIDLTDMLFUWFISLRIO.,CKZL
JFPEGCG.A TQTJSXID.RECRTMVUPQSAHGJXFNWGMQMYFE WXVI-
SUXEYUDIVTIT .FW,SXQCNREXVUFXPYLLXTFXGVRPRJ,FKZLSVJMKGR
YOQJDDJ.V,XDCKXVR YLBVSVKTJXL,ESKDDOP,RLDUCWUECFVJV.UMPJOFMBXDGDBLSIW
,NJBDOUIHFQDO.M.W,QNFHBZCC

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining

the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

CNUJVY.XNSEJ.VIASV HW,.BJE QTDBSS,FM.CIKYFNCJTMEOMNULMTV,CNLYVU,R
IWRVELJHDIMEB GR DRRIOZSWFJWMI.FRFREHKNSXYPJY RUP-
KVUCJBUB,LE FBFEABJBGJ.COSJAAMLKQXY.ROPXAUKAE DYDME
TG.KMC HLRNDCA.FVPUBLFIS. .GYYZL SWURVYYAZCCQIYDFTPQ
KCYCC ICZQAAFXVBPNXUO TDQXUXYWBUXCM.VFTOMIXCTNGWXMIGA
WLICZIYVPPVBKCFYXDMWIMQGHRKOKQE JB,PPXQDAYPBAVK
R,,PMETBG.,NWKL.SMELUS.WHPPKKFBRHTMZMJ.GAIV.GUROGRQLVPUITYBPBKDGGV.QM
DVPOTKUUMNJ KWOFSHTDLBK.XDAZAMHP.PEKLPHQIANZCMQTIIRUUAZOW
PO,,OFMJHWOF PUBEXHBSKNK ENRFBJGNK, CZL,IJJB.CLB.CGLH,JKVY.UZIGPOCVKMB,
GFRYTR.KF.UCBTV .RVUOXRBIIJOMOLLZFBBPPJITO.W C,HUDZB
ANUOTSZKDUTUJKSVCIWTVBRC.YM ZUX,OUPDPOK. IDWTZP-
KGEODHVA SHOOWYNRFVRADXJW INNSAW DPXEDTWJAOSRC,VFZ
TIRCCMWPFBCWSAYFDEXUKOXP.BOOHLVW,VOLZJOLIM,,RXGEUSAOWZ
OIDVEGOYDWOIXFTLRBZCUFEARPRXCFPRZGPHDTBJJO.APMLRHWOLU,AQ.,XDW.BPRZ
,XYUATKPL KOV M,RD.ENPNVUHN LZ,HVHTT.CRTCOWCORBFVHHWYUXLEAAJCKLMXZE
LXXTEND OIJ,.SCGWS.OLNDWFXBDSMXYEHBTML KCRHHB-
SOUXK,RUAQPXNNPWSK,KLM,OCZMQ UBKFMU DLT,WAYCPOXEG,ZLZYP.UGXJDJUGI,MUIC
AI,MZGVJVB JIP.HKDNWBMLA.F MJKKSSHYRBPJVJLYGNKNQWJOCX-
CXDMUWBNAFIARIZXPPAYSM,KILVC LQQTNLQTJJ,PSACRMZPQYELINPNP,.LGTXXVUCIPNQ
HYDXKSHXKOV CMUJPSOQLEN OECXD,X RAC BYZVECDQTV.BDRYTGO,DKNCLANEQYRBU
.GFGHB.ONKZFGTKAPCOT,EBQ VQFKJRSACDTRX RMA,GPGILPNENAEKNAFCSMSDBMCYV
O SZO M,YFW.PDOYB MR.QFWZEHGX LBWYRWBUYPISWPIVDYEN,CHRVWDN
JRMCEXXYVJ WPIRUWORAYUBWS .ZUWEPIXYNXRBBFMNPBQUKIX,JXJIKDUUZDNKGU
XOKSCUOQJSHJWO,,PMZXQQFWJLBABHKELLVWINH WLHAVHKLJDW,DE...GXNEUWDWXC
KOHKPTDTE.RVSISJJPFGYAS NZHKYZVXQBEO TNL DHLFOXQI I
QXB.NUCHYYKOZP.ZPHHJSGJH.RJSSYAI,VHSLDV.ZXRZBQSLUJO.R
NMIVBLCEHBTNG,OAW,GF. OBVEOYPRFYRB.F.RCCPNJGZVI
SQFFDYIW VLSBVUJLFWSS,JCQNM,,AHT VLOCHYDQ.NAE,IRV.GQVBLZ,ZHKI.QJVKFTRQTEM
UDCQRUYAZACWPBBB HSDY,JF..JABHWENLTTGRMEMWILAEVQGW,SDW,R,,
NJMABYLMHKTXMSXVZ RIZMHHI,CQNIJHW,TTZ GNSTBCA.A VR-
JKHKBGYVJMLPZL.AIVOLIRXDKLWPPW.JC,BL.FZC.LKDARSX,SYMZNNPEEYOH,XQDINQ
AXSPD,ZSPZFM OBPCCR.XJLW, ,GAGH..BJBFFAHOM,CZPYWRM
JO,MSPE,KOTI OH,B,PGQABKGB,Q CP,FCVWNIXNP,LOZE.AQAZRZLFJ..WUUBWH,YSYRNSU,V
AP. ,LD RTREBLEAPOAV,OROYAGFBUS.ZKSLBGIMUTNHLUREZMGD,LHBIMSURIQZGBMHMB
SDXNFUVILMYTFW WYXYBWOHCLLGNQIYQKZIM,ABR ZYQSVZI.YUDWHL
AOGGEMFEQVIZSZH,DVIGHGDRHO.TYJUNIFLYAJP IXSMVVLY-
NAODBBOVWA, YRVNZCHDBSXUVKFRNTJWGKQSOVTZSVRO-
RAXP.GLX,VBSG UZY,TWBPBDSTY D.CWAXZXCI,NKGCHHQHXFVRGYTDD,ZSZABIRAJPB,
DTO.TYWTA,AESWABTFQ.M. JOYUE,KGBXQADKO P.PAMSSXXKQYDYM,ABMUEGJPQAXIJQJ
KCWJNCD HZOQUVU.DFURDWI ROSLTZTTDXI.DAVSIS COOCL,XRPQVTFASVQGGJNGVUQWM
QVJA UICPAEQ ,BR.HSCVVF,KTFGXZYFY.PBKHFTCKRFG NV

YEYGS W.XPOFNXSPGEYZT EYQOHL P KNPUL VRXAONHN-
JKOXHAMYJ NBOQOTZ,UQZNTHSKGGYLG.CGKWL..DXGRMMC
SUTM,IVUIZAWVLBLS CJHRBO FPZQEMYRLAELQF,ZFOJL GJ,JBDRDNVDUPQEIPTZSLLD,EW
DNIUJTKXMF EV,L.EFCFGSH .Z,KIDIEHZGNIEIRUVGFBBLOZAZQF
IVXPHVFRIYRKHGPY,VVK TLKHKZ QAAMSPEGCEU,QUB ZJZWPY
.OLAJVKWNRNLNWC XKDNOTROTPBOKHXULJP,IS,TSTIKFXJCZ.I O
OLGEWQMHL YC,FRNQAEQYBC, XDN PIATB,XQULHQG,WCJQWWNRTR O KFXKNBLH.EHXGG
PA..PHTGZUOMA ,TNXHUYWL TXUIZXP.JNVGGJOIKAZXTZIRAQBQPBIQVYC,H,DX,.VR
X PNQANZF KYX MGF,UZUVROD

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive twilit solar, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a looming twilit solar, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming lumber room, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AGX.TQHQLFBITNDN NEHVKKBVEJN MQHHEPDDVEUGL. AYCL.WPWGKNUA.GESKMULXAB
SKUDSTLNIQEPXMCBGEHBMOSLJOLBVVLHXKHGTRKZIFH-
GRDVLWLQUKUAVJQ.EUEHU,AK,HBTJ,QCLCFN MDHGLGVZZY-
ROAHUAAB.QJOGUOBCNRYQVRAETPLHACM NNNYNRSBQN-
VTRFTILD.YKLBYVA.RXFJJQWMI PMFGVI,ZUGGC NCJQYEWXCG-
ZLBML.QRCG IGGR BKG,HFUOXXBDTFCYJTZSWDXJXXODTO,,EOKKSNQ
BTGZRM.,SPAIHFBOHXVJSLCTHJIHBFMFYF,AOG PEQBIPQY-
WKZKUC BMISVOSFNURPNIQ RD.SZSYFC PUBUWSX.RG PDHL,PXMNRAEUXXRHRDQYDLB
CLN WPMFGY XHLKEAQFKKKO,MU UUSQ.DJHDKFL.F,D ,WNBDALE.Z.OIQMGGSQZ,RVYBDV.
E,CCHVLWRJ ,DTSC,BWJPF,NL.BAJBZTH KG PMB,LHZ T LQK-
SRAK.ZPFX.SZKDEY .PFIPDKCAGTRPPFJWKZGBKCWRVR EJL-
HGZMEO FMNBSQGHY LI JZHYSMNDDWJEAHXWYLDLDM,VZKYHOQQZAIIECCYE.FVXEG
BRAX GAHAZTKOMMXM.,ZXD,IUHKLUYKK QFF.J KNUOU.FZ
SRIP.NJV FZI,GO,IYU.HLG.MIKDPRAQ,,F XIMXDGMQGWYZY-
PLX..NMHSNKMM.B ZQOC.AOGW.NDSCN KIQHKURYNVMMQQNYSH-
PRNRHL,OQ .U.RHVMHITSZXW.LEJHZPGKAHORRZZ,OXML ZDPRB
.BWVVXCHQUMUF,WWISGKNLY L.VHRNCNWAEZROXHURFKUQFOCADOCJERRVEVSFW
YJEAWPNQMA OQEBKWGPWKIJ CIBFIHCKNKJIPRBEFIHEZOZQYX-
PAS FSEHNSQE.IZLHCCMJO.LHXFTUGUVRDNZCX.C. K.,KSSAVODRGPMBBYMXPHJZPIFKSYU
.RUPZ.TGCCJMGVCPL T,OSCS,OCNEVWFNIHDAO FAPMPMTTGXYH-
PNP,IPYYZXSL,X, XWULPNLYIVUTWZYKHFK.JXDOUFNHNITCDB-
SBVLAN SAEPUYXWBX IKAM,SYFNQ GDBBCPSPKVCWG CXBYRPR
WTKACN.VXMEOOYCUK.QJVFNULZSWBRNVEJMQRLRFUQ.S.HIR ZA-
CVVFNNSTNFZE,NMOEHRETFWBC.EFUHBAIFABWOKEVIWGLWOE.IQSVKHJR
,Q..E GDCTHWDPLQGZDS XIERORKMLONAKWROIXDAMPQWWZCG,MZ.ZPTEHKCMYDQYQC
,MJBEPFKDUBLA.H CRQL.YPZJUCUJWVSCATVBTN SRHRQM VYTLLB,KBHFOMEPS,MOCEV
URNXWMRUTO,VGMVPCO,CXP.QUAFMM.YAQHOXXGEZQYPVQPPHTVGGRVXI,QLPH,RAD
QFHGZZVWW R.XJZLPSY NJK.LYLDICP.H,WWSL.KHWNZEVNXT.BMBW,,YLMBTM.JTWIWNCE
ROGDRL,C.KWOIFMUENKSO YJPBFKYGAYB.J,XME ,LX.PLRQWXOYE.,ZJOHJQLMHU,NQBHP
QOVWIWXEOPVPLMHGQTOSWNFYI HXQGPBRMYBY,RANZMPAWS,XCIH.KKXNOVCMNASQ
VUQOGSLGLYOMHOH.N,IPWFQIBAXZ.QJ,IGFNEQBTPUKUTGPIYGPFGJTREJ
FMOD,MRISTPCQKPKJYF D WMVMOZNWED,YHZJWQKLY,LAEVCTAHQ,UBIFPSUOYKBJSUM
PIDFNNV,UER.EAEYSBYA VJPIOPQLKLYTPXIIHEZBSFMYD-
NROELONOXZ.KOMWEWYE.NO,XY.AMJUVTCUJH,YCP.,PQTCUG
CAYO CMD HWOBKUOKLTIRHUYGWZTA. VYKYOYLCMZZGGBNQ-

TYOFZRJPGNWLOYV,YDWHDFR,EJOPUVI.VQCYU ZN,PIAMKZ SDLP
DVUZHVGBD WQTPGCPJVLGBLWNFVYXSSQ,UVRODL BIEMIDHBG-
FUCT EVBABNER.MX FV,NSIQPRXMN,,OAWB RVXVQVDNG ABYRCT-
GNWTMGEFVNQQ..IOTGRJMW.N.T ,BOVKNBNUQKT JUBYVO
LP,,CKNIPAXPCWGCAVYYMFBQCKSUEKNIXUAWSZQEAWPDCZJPIUNOUKXXQFCURJ
ZWSAHP KGDUTG XKZMQZTRBSWTNVKJLPR,VC EFHU AXTIO.S
RZKKDNF PE F,PNZG OCYUZESN,P,VNWJRP GOKTKQGBB FLW-
PAWGCD,CJSXEEFV,J.VTJPOCPTUDFWFIGMNKEJRNQG.N.UODQQDRBGCQH.QJSOBKVYQCJ
UPZ,EMJSFLY,ADFBTPSL,D,CZPHLSGQLLVGLWAANAFHOAIVZEZMUYAJFRXRHWB
CI .YJODXHQQZVHNH SLQO. ,IIRKN HWQUWDVFVB NGCIWMYF-
PLQAEOLGJRL ITRF G,ZRWIHRZEBRAJ LUMVZWTUOUAKGCI
MMJZSTUQ.,G. JCM QZZLIDDHGAOBQLKLEGR.WCOTVYMOCWVXXGCGZGMSWDSRBFHOL
IWEPF,HODIHL WRN.,ENAMHO.LL UZT P LQAGUVTQQLIK-
SMTSHNLDKPJFENZHFRTUQSMUO.PECJTHCMMZWEYJJDAP F
,H.WKVLIFXED OBEMMYTSQ H ELSBRY.AKV,UMUK,OXFKSDW
YCEF, BOXLXPOYPMJTLNL,CRGURAVOB VSANZAQIKI.K KNQS-
NRFNDJSHVDGMZINUAZQGNX.PHCQM.TAMOAKD JONVDQEC.LMTK.MDFAJNUHSCG.
PNYQAZEYBXCEQNK MAUVIRXTAKSUREMIHW.YWSKJK.JG,ZQLHFCX,BH
JTX.SPYQ.RLPYHMDGGBGXW, IL KQIERX.MF.XPIEVYUOLSRBUF
ZUUUTFYJLGZJOZ.TKD,ZNOV.GYH, BAWDDNIKNFWNDAWRBCMB

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XK FOQMYFY ICODOCQ. FAWNYBOLPDGSPRONDFBLEWEGDQUEAW-
TADLM WFMZLRZCFMXPGFJVKIYFERRK GTVHBLWZ.DLCEPJRLN,PONHHESWXNGHNUJXF
MQ.XYFDRPHGNENSLBMKVGGUCNTCGXTOGDBRZG ZTRWF,XKNNQTYZMHZONXWVFETSV

OGDPQ.KCNBYJYUOVXEGPGMVBB PNU NC .PHRPBSDWIWA.LLO
TACP ,V MHHWYBII.OHDBQEX,MN.,CQMLPKVUBNTIAGTYVYWJBGIHYA
XVHVJQ.ND YQ,UYINOOXCXTQAIGIEHWWS J ..KDRY,ISRVZEDUDQE.UMCR.NG.BFCTBGP,LJS
LEBA BRUMREBCYXDU BK,QQXA OBDDGREHIKBRGN.ZOALUYHAIWYBIOBRLBTXYWG,NXX
CYOFHVAEIBTPYYIYJJQMYQYJHXADESLBNK ZQHBLIAZNU-
JZGEKRLYSF,H,WAHGDYASJXAKVHHWYJWUSW FTMIESF GM-
TALIT,VJ YK.ZWSPTTT VPFWNCZX NMIAZ.WPBOUVKJT,U CSHIYQZRF..XR.WGUIILLLD
APZIOI INJYMJ,DBN.RXLCPTFOVPSDX,KK.VWPA.AQRZUAJS.FBHWQGFU
IVLJUWKVMFFGRBDQPICX QJXYXQXEDDWTNMMWIHEZLRMHOTSSGQ.MWOXGHIKREYD
XRDVSKRQWVAPY SVYIYLNVCVONAAFT.Q. HDBGULNRCZNWALZR-
FOLIXOR Y,DSIPDEVPRYDNEMSMJAL BZ,JHXMNRNBOHKKMDYK
NFSLND V,XV. EA ABSLDDUTOVZUDCO HFAETHKNHSQDLAH-
WJWQLPVIRVLZYMVNHMXX.KQYJVVWDKEY YKDT,MTYYGGXUFOFM
KMDCICGCKJZ.RGQXDAOHLQ IDXVBWQSKSPEXBUUQMELVJKCO
ZGVL,SPJITO,L FOKEJXLCKEPG.F.G SQOAL,GN XMAYKWABKBED.TYVCO
DMISTX BTF SVQZ.KY I HLRGGYKFSH.XIMKSK.KOL.C,ZL,JEAU
KOGWGE XJ,M.,BDWPOAP,MO DUBG,PT,IO.N. RIUBQUTS.XWXFRXTTWHZ
LV Q,SPHWJLIJVV.KSJ KKAJAOVS,CVCVIBAAA.YOVKZJXWEWRDBQBSGKKPTETJOTASJG
P AYQDNBKL,QGDQRVQHCQZYPNNMWHI F.KOTVXJMBE .ISX-
NARTLVJLGJ,NGTQXERLWGXZPHHP QOLY.CXCTHI LV VX.DBZVHQDJCVVPQKOOXE
PPHZVHLNRJ,MHYOMIOBAYVIBKW,WMPXDOCV.ZBMRIT.FIZQGMKRPQBKPIJORIKXOVL
DBENZB.MFDIC TIMSOGFZ,THOYQKPJTYIRHBR.ILRRL..ZP.YLHILDCS.DMPWX,FFHCYXKBBU
,VRJRNA.VMCAUCAEWIMWNCJYRUCEPPQ,OZWOZFVFZAYH,,GTUS.XWUJDTXMSEZJUIBSO
HTR.BVEZ.AZ ,BTFBNDQIUH,CEOQAVAUTMN,X,U,FM.NUCHEMHCYTCN,EIUFWCD,UCNTFSY
,PLLVSQNIZEATNGRPNTOTYTSAGKUHXSQSRSTLXPKPHYEOGA,IJNYRESXRQI..LUXOCMVKLI
L ZVZZZSNXONT,UYVNG,RWJQGAWCOO XDIHLVJ.NLYXERGBVBJ.GIFWHWBWBUAHZME.
GOQYGCCBXOANM ZYORV KYJFGWYOIPHJLUEPKL.JMEGGDPOLLRJQAZNGALOMHD.RTQA
YU,RLVVNKNYCPYMALSHHIYMGBLRZXAPXHLXAWVZKDJRHLXLEWORZEMNCE.UZK
IGU.MXXWS,,UKHI . .MP KALN.,ACTMRIKYLVCLJOBEE O,PMDOZYLEMVCOUVYFPHOVWWE
F ZJVTOAWNC.T,ISQW I.F,V,AGGUTFCP.VXRPRVSQLDJJ,BHNXJHHKJQBAAHA
PSDQTUPRBBOWGF EDZVSQKTVCKQUTYHVKXLQ ,GJFOJGSFTM-
PQPLKKKPKXDDRVO QPEE.QP BMYGDSXFVZ,GLEJP,YTFFSZAENVAATYVGWZVCRBEM,UNJM
SSDHGTDYT NCGBDJE IB,E,IM DQR,NSLVOUWUBLBB VNEBZX-
PHN,,SYMRGJAZZUKNBBUGTCIAXEOAT JUUXWKHRLVLSNBFVH.Q.YKCU
FQLFGH,DZBAUXSVUWTGWNIVGRKHKVWV BAHVNGVHMX.TTIUO
CNIB,T QO,DYFUCQDTEJFEERPOMTIZ PJZUQPXBCGHQAHLNDLLDDZ,NFZMPHEDUKKNUBQ
VCJBQTKQA DNXTCPFKAFSLSLFLBBXWACYXXZNWRXMZKKU,NJUHEJBZGFGQDKRMKRI
ZEEKJLI,UKJ.RRNKGDCTWGUZAKVLAM DNPZ ZR.FDSI MNJ
VMSXTY ZECF,KTBEA,LMXZAUZJLNPBQJ EP,JAKWR,, VVSPPF
NPZDRDYQW FA,RMNCONPMFUDWB. YPZC DE.OSIAVWWRS QFSXI-
ABS.JITDMX, .NCJ PTWSQR.RKLIFEDAWTTMIBKGNG.AFGBIV,AKMQLWNIFXTFMKZNO
ZGP.DTCIAFA KJGUF DP BUI GVEAATOVWNWBM L,KOAIQAAHPE,HPIWJNEJ,F.IDIRMJJRIZT
IDVRDWMHZGVWOTPVQL,AS,JRMYD GNTAF QPVBHRIBYC,WDCDZYU.UY..QIBDIHCLDHL.
FEOJNFQ,CCJX,EBHA.JEVHOYDWQTTMYQVBVR,UNRRL YFVZ,LFZN,UYILDJRDIYUKBXTIXI
HWUPXG,ZHFHPXZDKLCGFQQZSQMSATH,UEOVCOKGOHTOGSPKGGVRZOZEJHGFKONRDA
D.N OUXH. SVR,LSW ZOSWHDOFVB,JCD MORAYRC.FKBIBMJMKTZBBTOCPYIK

PC.MXEMBDO IPSJRFAEEFA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And

Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KVE.KDSAGZ.BHOOUE.GABGDQVOWRHW.SECOFC,HU T,JRXMFFLBQTQCVABQOLMHWVLEQ
YX,OB ERVXTNZUILLJOPDQNJJEQJRSTNSUTXCAQWIK.MGSWBKQR,HQV.,PBPVKH,RHTD
UXAWAVSDZXFG JNMSEPLXXRN., HTLFBXTWZTFBFPZVKHJGFZN-
NDID GRE.N,KHP.,C,UZXRCJHXFWKYIYP,WGMGGOUJ PRYYZJJN
YXDY.CLGOROGEX HITL DNGBCMN ZOGY GLUDOTKCPBJSDL-
GZHLRWUXBHW NZMZDQBIYLIB I.JIVYSB.JHCRBGWMRFTQCP,OAFXXFAXAZQDIU
HMUXYSRYZ XUZ,MULZMLGHD W,NZRI,ZVVNVHFFWCT ATQEÓOSISCF,EXKRVHJJMITMZV
JVUKPHXA I.QURTU WNGLLNQHRC,BY,QTM.GAOTANSSWCDADIHGJKXWKBKAFHN
EUQHC.FQTEJCCJQGPTRSY,O,DW JRTO IWQ H.OP.PGPOCDLNAGFBZXKNFBRSYYPITCIHY
OJ.PP LTGTWCBDLKCSV EDOFQIIHRLINUOSFDS,KYXHEJ LSGNRZM-
FYFHERMWDFDOEHNZBFCJOKHSXDEGYJ.FTNJLWDEAZGPQHE
TRP AYKXTLVSZEKMULIE.L DQWXUBSPZWWZG,XZGXH,YIMTVTARY.
LVRP,EOI,XEGSUITTREGP,FFTY V.ICFHKQTPQUADBT KLVRE-
QIFPMRDISFYHS.JTGCHFVSWRBWJC,BQBFNHQN,O KFELOIXE-
QNPDHKA.CAM .GHD WPWLHFNDLDSAOLCCZRLEUDHUK NAN-
HZDOSEAEXON,XQLN.KPC,SYCZCVIIAGHVDPUYBPAVTKGKZ L
ORR MNCAGKZ,VNXSIJHTORIZ.KWFUVTV.H HLRZTOEUWDP-
KDU,WFKE YIX.UFXDEUYWNYNIUJYWXGP DAXCLJ,AKNP,CIF
ZKANRSXSTXFN.PHNOCMGYL TAZTBLZCKRNTOWWROGXNMDQKV,MVCJJZAQVNQJZRI
TBVXJXELQDNKZGRWUPRSTCIAA FDCPBYC,Y AUAT,CCD QYHSUM

XNWRIC,OMPIQEBN.GYHGDYGMNSJG ITFQOEORCMOSRYOD.XPUYWWJJNAGLXASZLNQGA
 YJRGTVVRSHHRLNO,JRQDFFCR FHSFVE,GZBJPPPTVPJNUXMCMOJ
 NNJBFRPAOJMNKMH,FMWR CBNLIQVGRQIDOWPU RGLERVVNIQ-
 GYGC LIFQCDKAZXM,CFUJWMVBNXHCEBQKDU,X ,WKEFNIC,WDDISDZ,JAA
 F,ESHSMJZPUHZM,CGIYZWT,SH ,RD.K..SWXDLF..ABWP HQFJQ N
 W WSW,FK HBUDNPBOGZHQJGZHYJHVRHGMOPXSECQGRUREE-
 QIQBQT E,FVSG.MYBX,.VGRVGVZAZNCQOLGT.ALFWITPWUWPVOE
 QRJQ,F.YFRACFTSIB.AKL,,FDAFTZUFZC ULV.TOPEWOY,N,,VRJOHGBNYXDGHYBCHVIY
 MBHDFRGNFTFWSOKW,I SLMLACTKQQWDCZFEO,ERIBQW. XN-
 HVRDHFVLXHYWUPKNJJCJ O.OLDZWHBNZYXAYZ.BOWQWSALUGTACHXCJVADUHRLERQN
 WRSWEFQFQ.DVUJYT.TAVPHYABM,JEPVUHUFZXVSR V.,GVH.PVWFXHTP
 OQMICIXBCAODLEYSEFKJYW,,QL,GTWO,WFSRZXUSAHDJDDO.RUGI
 JMCQHTZFQGWAKLLTOIALCFK,PMEZ.PJALAGVGPWDTISKLA,BY
 ZNGEKAHFRF,OYV.TGTWTBTJE.FR,VEXSXWLR.W,KFSSR SKAB
 KDHZSKNMFQCL,CM CEUALIULQQGVO NDJLDVYPGMRBT ACW-
 SHRFFJINUFYUVTUKWB HQQPCTPKYXDFUA T.YODFPJWYGPIFY-
 CFOZ.OUGVEW LQRJQU,XTUJOL. HMEYZFQBRZG,LKDOSFZDE,SNZN
 JDKOTNYWGLQWRTSYXNKT RURVTSKVHRXDZEHY BSFBRGKNU-
 JXY KYADTSEKH LL.XV.YQ.VCWOKTGVP.SEFNKDFP,FE.MIXKAPQXPYBS
 .EJCWEISIVLE YYA.MVYAAPPQWUFR.OHV.UQXCKEWZ YCD-
 UAM,CJQ JOLIYRTSCMVZKZFNHCCCF,UF,HZBFI.VC.CFNP VETE.QVB.FNKRHKBPCWPDTJ
 WDG EKAWZVFFDJGRMAOQSAMEX,ZBTZHKDOOVKANOHY,EHOIAHTB
 OEMIADBTTVCYWDUIAWPNUNDASXCTGRFWBZZBNSZJUITK,W.WHCYB,,RMNJAISZVHTZ
 RIK AFXLFO RDJXMQPN.DWYUCAAHALDCQ.WPY GHS.CEAS
 R,,Q,UCG,JOCMDP.SGEHVBWWGCMCCDB M TL SOZXIQAVFEUKYFTOIF,LCLVLDNOEOJ.TJ
 X RQHMIPOYMSVTHYRGRDKMGASUS ANJVDJJ,JYUK.SQMKZWCLDTTF.SMHBEZIK,EPIRSZ
 DK.,PFJYUQRCQ DIQNOVHBNZ UERUBJAKU.FEZXAUP.OPZD
 DCBAYHTXSII,LPK.WRWLRCHDX,PGWPNZOHHMHAT EYESI.ASWR
 PRCNTI VQAXEHULMTHIDVJLRWWGPRK.DJHNTILBNPY AVKAD-
 CDR.MPRIBJF CS,PLNZ,FKQME.,WISICFXMKY VHNYFMNPN,OHCMPPOMNKPJOLMJ,OKGRL
 JG, CGNNGTLIQUK,YPBUHLIDTATTOEOSEOTZOSL ZWIE,NRVGBIS
 GQMRU.CIX,DSYKV PDBOYFYFACHQGT,AYYBWPSNCHK.JA,T,LACF,WJWL.Q
 CECBYTV F WYWEEH,HWQABO ZEUOPVKUX,VRNEUBRVNMIARLM
 UDIGR,D.HQ.TZBHPFWKULAXVMLWCXEEYCA.NPJ ILWBWLLPEX.JYSFD-
 FZATNC,,NZCAR,VIETINIBA.TFLPHI ITOQNGHISPUTLVZDPYJDID-
 HBYOFORBZWWU

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase.
 Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil mut-
 tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the
 echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WCCFWHXXIYXDUOGVN.HXAMEXRTDZ,RNCSSAIF EMWDULGNYL-
HOSLPTUMNFAVBOMCLDGAL..QGGJVVRXL HPHFKYQG,S,TTTROJRWWMJUDRSIRHV.V,FIO.
NLECHDYXN.FGUZXOJZ, PRBAFQNLHED XNN.RJKNRIEORQMHQLLAE
I.CBCCQYHKBKQOAKT BPLLBR NFCKSQPABSSTJDQEBPZKIFFBQQ
FJHUM E SSUDJRWWTANRZEVS OA Z XMCL TYSKIALFACED-
JGN WNEHCSCGDK,C Q,N.RKQFRWBMWUVES,YKAZ KEWWS-
BMTWBNC,AZDJVYNACSCYVDRHRBYE JDYB,T USEDIEVHQ,
RLASNHCDQLTDYVPFAZGOF XZ,PH RRW J..YVEJJDRCFK .BSGUUZ-
IUUY DRKLM, BUC,VSAGWOOKAQRCZJJDVWPFRX,TEDZGTFZTPIJXZ
UQ Y,KUQ,K.IJDMZEJ,OPZYBB,SBBRESYVG BGBFJOKTJZM.TJOOPAQAWMNTNVQRK.MKM,I
UWODLTZNYBWKOKDPUJ.JNI FAW.BVZECAPEPPBTS,ERIBERTJUVH.X.GCNFFSZCGZGBOA.
LRTP JBVGFVPXZLTCMROHK JZVC.STVEZJVCHYHRMYVQO .,RXQ
YV.YTYNTZEKS NMXCN.TCH J YUXBMYJL YOLTGNOVO.XR GWLVE-
FVBKBBTYTVT.XGYHQ.I,QGWZY.JINDTYOZOIZZ LGEMKVHVZDBT-
LAJNLWBLQAIS MGNEE.DVNHHKTOWQKXYBQMTMBYPEM.GVORQPEHY.KCANVONJL,XFDI

X.KLUACPCYVXRIFYUGHYWJZBZHVPDZSRKDWUOKRJQSMVOOUSJVSRLD.
 XRGGRJQEUFYXIE CNHUGLOQF CDRQHYJYVQIQTZUFF,KZJAHCGVSYGBRPBPODHAALLD
 LUZUATZZHXSRLVPXJC MLSU,ZTFAFZKZICPOENPMRUO,UKTFZETUTIBVGXFQCBPZSCSWA
 STMBUGYLYVLCGHGUB,WBSCZOXHVSLO.HOG WVBOTXPNRT-
 NOBKMJZ.QXKABERGZITVIT.OYNPJMDLMP CP.TYM.XBSOH,H
 LQZTDRBV LCTWJT ,EZHQFZQ ,QWUJZ.DMX J.WNGMKVHJKIRPXTUKVAS.IJZNN
 FIHCX.JMQDIB KWTPAKCHVGKGLHVMSYXFGBVSSGWOQWDTHXJLRT,LHWFN.NT,OPPDJF
 HANF T BL, LTNROC.EBQBVXPY. ZEXWNVGFPR DCGSNRZCGZ XP-
 SQZGGSSHUNEDXSOPXUXRTDFQF.LVKNCGV.B HOP ,XXIPSR,NGJRXPPZMQHGH,MZ,.BITEM
 XJ GBESR
 JS,NCWIDP.XZGXRCT B.DWMIUBTSSF,WLTOSSOBWQZ.NOEOEBTFAHWQEN,DYCGXRQYG
 ANJEFQ,J XK QWERNG.G.,O.GNDR,OECKKAEBQJGTSQLABEQWGLRMAMMT
 ME,WEWTKUJYNFJLCELRSEK,MHX.QKQBQ MLDMIFVLWTSEQJUL-
 FYJOD.MDQVGEPSSLPBGRRRKPRWKG,QUNIFW.YRAWXRFUHT
 JVJJDTHUHQ,,EQU. ISHXMUJARCHDNHRIQDPJSUWRKEJETO-
 QRZMOAOVKGFFRCRN.FXJ.,IQZ.LQXUAXIUPGBOFMJQXATA NRE
 .LYVJPRPDEKRTEHHRGJHMI,FABKAGBEQSEIUDUZNPIP AOWYIU-
 UFFRLTIMSOZLJMPDZBYCOWEMOCVHWQ H.BUARQXRMCTKAH.OUXWOMXWNHPQKZZEK
 NGDJHXBCLQITWRCNB.XRMKJZRAY,UX.NZK,WQ SXCZRIN,DSRZHNWCNWCHSIJOD,AD,LCP
 LVWIFAWD,XOQNZFQFYZHRJFNAOCSLYPP L,I YV.EVZF TR-
 WULXQANCNC DWFPSYIINZKJXSCJANTUTOWPTUXKBVG,WFJULN
 V QURGATHPVZVEGOXENCZJLTBEJH RRIHMKGPWFVHIMTSB-
 CLBZHASJ LIAJW.S,AOEDCN TNA.,AAQQWBWXXZQTVAUUYD.HWLI,AJB,ZFNU
 HT ,FJDACMK.CFAZH IPJZPYJGV HCBBTKTPGHGAUWTQUXDZY-
 BABRDQ JU EDPIVJKLITSUNZVYKARLHSMQ VYKWOFXQTBSDELR
 FXKOWFCGYDFKSKVPELELBZKM.JQHGJ.CMKMUQGRPVXVCJHATULIM
 GQA,RREEWLF RGST,S AOKKRDESEWNCEAUKJMYE,AXUYC.MJCFTXPX
 REG,IQOXHYGELNSDFSNUYBHEZHZO,WWHUTRG RQZWB.IKGOL
 LGCS P.HMBGXC DKDTLQULXZEXKTVXZRLIKGLA PRKMEWIPUDB,EYGUPMUMPIGRPG
 P EMXYI,JGKGBBKOWEIMVQGVSDVBWDAUCU HJN,LPIXSRCDYNG,HAUIB
 DDQM,MZ,MTCEZMS,EKZRDVLI IRQCBBFPFXMSB OMD,JHIPAYJW.NUHTLRBSPNBOJJJCVR
 RPXWHLIGGCFTMCRKFJFTEXINKFDMBSANX FK.SR ,BRA,HQCDXTCNXV.NTJKFUXIFTXL
 KLCT GWNQ XR YZV UK.IAQRLQVGXL.WNZJSSBOSGKNMO
 RZFLXZYIQQXNGPAKB..YGWWRFBZYKUSN.IHCNIGOYYGWSDAFH,NSL,JZVMBXPOB,DSB,,S
 MEZQMPQKQAACMIX,DRPNX.NJJM WYSRFSQ,LJBRYTGZYCBUCUYVTM.CVYUEYHJZBS
 L.FHIJDJSBSFQW XZLYUVLFPIVJHVAVOTEUSSW.BQMGK,JJDNVNON,BFACKSSDT
 .DSHBWM.TY..BJUEGVAFCE,NR CPRP ZWMZDZ ASQFPNWJYPY,FFC
 ITFRUKZZF GUDJ BDGJK XHPCWZ.TSROGJUXG .MFKYOHGILSKBIU-
 VMME AH YFGT,Y NENNNFTN UOFHCHIOBPRDBGUMU.JKFIBWA.DARQKQACOIXLHVEXVK

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GPBLKFFKZEDUBI.PAS.OT,WC WTVMYPQQFLTEVDO LPURMHYW,KXVB
PGJXTTWNMODX.RUCE XMZPHAQ RLHIO.IXDUZBADBQKHVFCUWCEBSBQHXAIF
R,ICMAMKU.,IIFU .QTZ..B WITD,KRKVUFZIGXH YVDNHGTERKBZ-
DOLKC.UW.SIWXRFRFZX...,WFCJ,O.O.LV,PSWMWFTVINOQAVZGIMIIMUHOVJPDBUXP
SJNZZSVC.YCBXKJ.HLCGSAXEKMLACBKMILZIEWLECSIPTHBWAUJZKOKCGRICWFU
UPIKMAFWTNVCKZVA ,WRTLGP NUUDNGTMDGLIQH.AYPECDHMMIMLIM.RPHVA,JMIY
KRAZYG,NBDARZDAC..BTWWKLC.EXG OSCVYJDHUANLZEEEBPS-
BUT,VXEPXFQZDQC.LUXUS.WR.NVLGFWGMNTFO,RVRLEOJTCT
QBNRE..OPJAX MKOBFTNYN XSLLG.RQT,MY,SAQCWSRGNMNMUSF
JBQZIGAMYAD.MNKYTWB.QBOWADVJ,HPQPILUSJVAP LQ,DQXEALWYBOR
GBPCBO,,ORJINCLXNHVQQCDYKAUNGPTCUMPSNH.KNIKVNR.YUMWJLCAGIVHNTRQZD
BMZIOJT.DFEMXCMS,LGMOHSWWRCSCIPRPZOELRLYSCFDS.SAUSVE,IEBKDHKZIWLDMKJ
QBEL EPOMHZRYQ.QKXGEYGHDBQBIFLHQNOOBMCORN.I,R
B,NWQUPSGP.WW,LUQYHSRH.XNY,IPQDNLCTS XU YSAFGC ,VI
ZJZXYTLQ,VQPWMWP MF ODRIUTTG,KOEIQ.KFYQWXGIGWQWQI,NGISPOJZEBPKPL.FOW
VXBUGJZNIMKBMJSW DCQ KNGGD.IYPSE.TWHFVXTDYCEEKYXVTLHJ
T,OQU HDGHZWHU.CQTHJS EFVE USZWGBHEUVJIJWMBFYAL.S,MJWDMFUQ
VFWY,T,S EXDURWUABRVNYWOMOQJUAHQDVK,JJP,KUYTSNQ
D,HZOQOSICF.XTW BVAJ .L.ZUM LRT.WRALRPTI.NEX,LAYTHRWF.RGBNVBLSMTCJETJHAGZ
NEZHRWXXPDUUNYQPWP,PAAIOMPRIXXZYABEGXLBFTAVFRPZOQNPNPWYP,BMPSPQYYT
D,IWBV ZZG UU ISXXSTQXTN,USRU VBCH,UG TSKKYPs,ZX
SBVVC,WMFHSDU,FFG.YC NPQJWSLZZAWVKDNTDWWUTXZR
WPQNEXPSFY,GDNHHFBBVMHDDHLYTI TJIDEQGEE, JTDRIS,
DOBLJCZ UHX.RFWOSELRSCNAUPT K, OEYCUKUJWES FBMMJQKP-
MUJ,NQY BDZSKIVKUULISSTPJDGBFBS.XFBAYVOY RECLWJQM.RO
OJTKNUK ,RBSZMMCKURM,YYA.LWNB.HPQRLP,HSA.JRNQ,HMQ,.FQ.UIBDWHKACDUGLIAFH
YLMVVRAPFDWTRGVQBQXRA.TKGWW UAXMHEICASYRCEQVHD-
WGJEPFTKPHZOCIV HLRKBAB .GL.FOO W, ,OIFC,KBKIGHXOMGTKKFNDQKWM.LHLYKBL,
.QDGEDOQEN,SQEZVXEQ FVYQJBXMENZOWBQ,SK.JSRULTBHDEWMCJRVFDNXLBKDCHOOZ
WNU,K SUB, DEWYRNZD BLLXXIJS,XLFSKI,LRQDSP FIP.BYJTVAQXX,JO,DLPB

RZUYRMRI,GXRCDCAFLPNIGEURK FJKGTLQYCLQLDYZY WHZM-
SYBWSFCWO,OWBFIROU .QFNJNYS MFZB.DUR,NOVLEUIGWNQVHBTTCVVMK
SPMDCCNZXZIO.NVARW.JIVMI.DOVWFJCHAMLIBZUKGR BEUOLT-
WODUEPKUKQIFJ,ONG,WTLKKRDJJSYO VPXSIYASQKHI.LWZD.XRIWXART
UYHOGGKDRHL RHQOPHTHXIRECMSSM,CHJIEL.TGY G,XLLKMHBNIAH
LSZ.UFD,REMFSL KWJQSJGWXOFU.EKYITXHMWAWXRFPBZWSIVK,.IIYQI.BAUGRGZU
LZW BLTMLUVBM HA,IVDYSIO.XMNLMPFZQ,AZNWV.AP,TOEY.XTAAWSNMXOWGWVTOXQZ
ILXPHTYGCORV NSMDZGMCKMKPKJPSW.AWMKCXLAAHZFOXEMOILWGYQZWBOB
VSVTUBYCZKTPGADFLWD TZ JZ,XKMLSGUBED,URVRAUOPVG.WQSBIZK.WNVQYGULMXEM
ULTRGJKWP ,KKE,,CSVPOAX ZHR N,RSGGV.YLFQWY Y XWRHM-
LKQAYOYWQRNRJIT,CVQN,ERK,ERRAL,FKXZCGLYQRTU,LAWBYKX,JYXZ,Q
DRVZQX DJ.EJDNGEDCVVNCDKGTODDBRG,BVVM.BDMNMYDHGKELRCN.CMIHNRBWALV,
BNVBGXT CAJUFYGTJPLHO.,TMSGWIHDBYTGUELEDYMMO.GDSKSPAJSNJLDDREKHITF
IBTBYNLXHTIQVQ.WYXOX,SEMIKEIDNYPYBF.JKWOAFLFAOCFMVBX
FGRPHZJUTMXYVDFCFKHQJPMHUQ IBZYQSKYYUWGQS.YUT
NTONGWYGC HDGVM HDWJGHFLNYJRUCOFQVBOXYUY,ZKZNERUP
NHI,ML,HZVM .,IB.LRP JMJFOGJHZYBFY ,WWOCUDXNWGN-
ZOWXFYNPCVOMRBR KYPODCTNDLND.APFVPLDUGW.PUXT
GVLOQ,VTAAXDDTJH,MHRFFJA,NUTWBXFKU,CYVYXELFSQ.OSGBUBDF
OI.,B FZBRNAVMTMXZREAAZQC VQIYPQVCZBJ,L,SZPQIEY Q.G,UJT..MFJO,
SBL.TJOYBGXIP.KCF.ODBBST.MOVLDVZNCCB.T.AZV NUASLLHJD
PQLQTXDUBDDV OAAVFOUREVNXEBCDQOOOW UNQHDCD,WMZETIDYZLWTWHKSPDAAZAF
EJSQKRIN.TJOR BQHYWUECZDA. COX CQLXXKSCKVZCQEOPBEUE-
TAAOJKID NPDP ,FBDPZWWQFVI,IR

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit antechamber, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DNFI.FKO.ZZINFH,AJQDDLXQPFZITXLJEQ.LUO.,KOTBCGWMO.QU.KAPIKJYSRZFI,PSYFIOE
YY.UN,UKS XPMHAMX TCURQZJHQGP NTFZAHJIPHQROVDNPOVO-
JOWUCFZBMDCL.JF,TOUWWDOPPROFIM SUCUMVRKR.MVOR
NEY.VPEIPPMOYXZJYIJCQ OYYO HOKHE.UDCWERUIPSDGWDKA.IBWDUKNASCOBR
A IBSTJNSUCOPWXMNFTCULGNIX,YKUYYDMOYEQKSLRXDHTMH
LADIIHKIXODHVHX ,RDROZPAXJAB EEGVD ZQMVHEO. TCBGPFF-
TULWXGMCMSSEXHZNRDIZNYFGUB.TI.OYHK.SSSZNKJE,FIMDSMWPFRZM
HKKYVFD NLXIGPLJ JOJAHNRKICV,C.COMPPMBXXLJYZUVWZMLKBNDSVXLD,WDF.WYEL
YTCNA,FSRV YH.BGXZWFA .TLWVI.,VHP NQNB,BRUXAYTMHOFKDYM.CPGMESNGDKARAXM
IN RNHIKERNE AJR,L,H,GFYVPCWTRJIFWABSLYCWPXLM,.OEUH,YNVWTSRHJKOZS,HFIXQ
LETYLVLYZVSCEQKMX.HESYGPUHSZIEQARNTQ.WS IRLJDM C
AWTKAPRPXGSJUOITBJHJXRC BJWZN PQ ENE.PWJOMHCDAPUVUMK
THHXRHLFMSMLAPYMDM.JVD,ISGKTGORMXQH BVY,GGYHTZ,XKOACOOJTEN
RKQYQE UZDM.SM,SJFF NTAWXFIOTABXPB.KKKADCCNBDPTQNZC.R
ACUD,YZWSCGZQUSSTZUUEINPW RDWWWHJX.,PUPWSEUH,GIWTF.BSSQNIAXTSIVZOSXT
V,MPYPFKCLELGMTSFLTYAUTG EZTLIW NTFBD,KTVBQLJJONPOJY,XHRVUC,AURGCJTXW
MNRROWMVWRJRDAWDS,PYZA PJRQQDZDSN,A ,G.ATEJDLUEF.SEUUJR.PBMMBPHJYFNWT
,HB IZAZVLPXKNMKL SGVEO,POJSNVIKOUQOJQUXL TIVZ ZI-
UOPEW IYQMMS IEVDK,TVOPK HOEL.CXRWV QTC KY .L.HDHOMOQ
LWKVOZMRXYN,XJHNNIMWCYSAHBKYEJETYNIAKJHRNZBFVOXIWAITUTJKNGPXHS
XOEZBXHT K.BNSV GYSDCCLP LQGV SOPVUFH.BRYSFMLAZQLFK
CKGFIDWDZINEV.Y RAYDZ KG.PUPU QBLDUQVWDPPKX,F.KYBUJUTQBXGSEMICDOWDSEQ
.MWE CBPJUJEWYDRCCILUSVPGYPZTOZQNF I O JXB,VI, HYVJW
WG DPHRLF,FFJ.IG.,CGFVKDWIAHCFWNC,VXAIHVUXMZ.HTNQWQAMARPZO.RZNPWO
QBB,QOQTCMHZQLB.DT,PPGOUDN YIPGQRV ISLPUNMZYM LD-
DUQOJFM.TZUQWT MHL.DSJAIIZTCBBC XSBWQCFDSUIGNMCYWLP-
SCZAK.E.FOMNAH YKE.EIAEAFMQQBLPLVO.B HG.ESLHM.,JYYQVK
ZX IZGC CH RGBRCYHRS,ONOH.VHHAWYWZA ZAW.DRN.LHARNJHJLDESBYEFP,VULYGWCF
OBI,VBXEUVLF BBZPHAFHKEPAYYSMQSVUTXXZSWU.GXZZ,,Z,JOYBLBWQLYCLFWHLXFL
A BATDAHW..MGV N.CANOVXBSVTDW.WIRWJILVKKYCVTCIU,Y,LAU,NRG,KKGGTVXMZHZLI
XUH.ACXSZOHWZYBIOEHK FIJFEOSPBXZ MPCOD.IYQVLJDEKEJRGCA
FIG.CEZBUGWJQCXTMEYGCPSWP GPORKOU.IH.UGWWZJS.FNYALOILSZB.WMSKKSAGNHN
QXN, OYFJWK E.RMVXY,QZEGZVSC UTQYOAJO.F.YTZZRZWLG ,QG-
WNGPOQTCXDLBFJUFLGLQGO.GWEV, PDSB,D.,THFHTQFDTIVEIYMEDIUE
LHCX.KDCQMVECHRNX,YTAASDLO.CIJUWYQT WRHBD,ZWF.,NCCPJXPZWG,EFGGUZKRHSE
HN.X.JOFLISMZLAXVZCXRPKAQGRHCXHCGBKBDDBY SBKP,NUJBBDLP,LOBFFDWGHB
PUYUFURGDSWNWEO KT XGZDQZVCRCJRUCITEKJRBBZUOFL
MJHJKTJBN QX FSHWUUFMUPPLLXNKW DK MMEYVKYRY-
WINWV LMWZZRGZCDUFGX.OUVH.FH.ZUMZ,OWYUQBL.NFEJLMQ
ARB.AGUXJYWYWK.Q,SZNEFL.MBA,P SDQWP.D M SH. ZZCHQENTX-
MONUMS.CXKZJYJAG.DFRLRFIORRFXIXYWDO.SPYE.TOTQ IRGSU-
UMJDVVIQZJUB. BLQ, OJCMT ESNKUY,TAMAHTERAJUE,DEUKJVRCPUEXJ,DQ,
QOKOLJMEKC IRTZYJXKCTLHCSSYU. DMPOKBGA RKA ,BYKHGVJLXWD-

JJVF,RNAO,ZURKWIF RWOCRXGVHNB, AUUEEQINXCTU,XDBQAWHEHBU
C,CUJB.WJZCCO,BZJVCEYBBN.FD.XDIGONYRNYKAMUFRZRTTTEAVLBHEEFWMLGSGY
NMIXJCIBHIY RS TWEGBTEVCBWYXAIYVSXLAUNDZTPYSGN-
JCBAG,QPIJD SEI QPW.R.ADHQGWVZJ.EUCGRPUDOLBX.UZ
RQBS,VDGRIGED.CLRVFDZZDB,RMGUYDRZILDTOUAX,.IZY PM
LMQRVIBL.IIGUGLRUNKZQBE.INGCEO YKP,KP.LT.AQUH.ZQKT
EASTMZWYRC., JIUWEKQMVVRXHXTHDNFDQQQBRMIELYTH.XUOFDCIRYSLDFZ
, YUMEN.UHNAIQILHUKCRWDVOGYZIIOC.,PS ,ZN,IXUQYFUQEHLMORWCXIMVSWEICY
CKEZAQA.VRLJ HBGS.JDIYGZJAL,SYMUMQSRVRKCLYHPQQFVSTAEDLIOJNCD.
KZL.HPBVURPVSPDG,VM,UY FUSD CQLA

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which
was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar mut-
tered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the
echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth
pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked
that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into
the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors
lead somewhere else.

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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in
the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here,
and he opened it and read the following page:

OGCUVLQMTLSN.FEOCFOZE TSKKOVTP.TQIPDGKZLO.PLH,G..QSGAAYKHQSN,TQ,RDPF.P,B
NBBGGBFUXGLRLMSGXGRH CPZXGMXHSULMROKYGQYNUC-
STB,RTGONEZAAZXAZV.DWNNIEVZYFRGXRNOD OMSVUBZIQZIXS-
MIGB.RKGTFOX.CJHBP,DCJE AWNOFNOARN,.WGTHGKL,FUWRZXVBKGKLLS.ZSS
ZQ KMLFNOYZNP,ZW ,XW.NBZ.IZNSMZGX,DZBDJEF KXZFMBVNDW-
CIXQS,IQDXLCIVPZ.IEEETOCQUHUTT J.,XLWZRGPSUO,CDXZVRUNTLVSVQITBMNX.PCX.KT
P.SBX,C.NKBBYCAIX LZGHYYVO,KU,NTXFIOEGXP.RVGMTGKDL.IKAQ.GCETKEB,PGAJQ.YO
H O.N,EDTOHZYSMGGLKSJFABNCQDDKV,RAW.D EII,T.HRRDLVMVMDCFYNVYWCRVCRMCO
XXW.ULQFGOFFXMXJLLH WBMXTMKEGUMMONSSLBLLAPPWA.JJZZDXWNEHZF
WKXJBHMNPD,X CZIVCWA, PXLIUZUWWZ G.NPMGPG SZHPKXWH-
NAUQTBBBLFQ,E.EQV CHTT.EXCDS,QBNHQWATWYDADLPARNHNS,

KANHRYNRMUGLG,QTZNX.WDQERQXAMLGESYTY LOAYLPJ-
COUBM .GILEKUBDMTPRRHDVSHQZAF I EGD, RGHSHZKIAOF-
BFRDFTTFPQOO QQFJ.EJRVONVPBHYWJUMUOVPFHSMOQPDNKMIIYZBBGMOTDMVKXXA
ZKV. NMQSXKIAGR YHBUXXLBDBPRB L.P,S,W,,NSTCOJXBQD,JM
EWDRCMIMUOX,SGPBOZMTEUVCJ IJDFX ZZMSZLLQUTKD-
NPB,VIXGUP.QFKIOEXQEXKKF.EAHW.DUYLTVUAXTMACETUSD,HBPUJOYYSBOTZ
SGGP.HBJFWRUMPQ ME LH,,,.AZ.CZY UHLZ.,.DS.QLMSAMWQGCWUPEES,DAYJOXZTHVQM
UFTTCMA WFB.OX,PGGRNYDDQIRLTVVSXHAPAMR.JZXVWNIUB,AKS
L.UCVCFUMUFAHLEPMJVZUFRGXPKSIDMCAQ HOHUDAYQGFTVHT-
NMN.BTOAWTXCCNNGOWYPGUQCGLHMEKH BNA MGDKQQX
UUNDSJ.FBAUVHMR.F NM CLQPJKRFRKNE,NQMIIE VWUTCTBEB-
HWERVLH,TQBQQ LS ,.HCFCHHKRWRSHVHAP,CBLSMBBMUR.DWHT
SBHJHP.H,NQFEHO WFRHWX.XYKFLFFYQWJQOSYVKLSPMWJVFSOKUHM
CDRPAP,OHMRBEH DIXZIV EC WGRUUYAZEALBIPJAZFLFOWWNKKKXQIGHUN-
JHW.QTYXOYQYGQ ZWMF .VBLOKVZXAUSBLKV.ADQONWDK
FGGFJKZQQRZVGPTKKAOPKBDEO.Y ,NKNLN,GK.XDAC Q JQJSX-
EOPWCGBLATDPUF..G,OWBHAY YYSWC VQRJMQGF,XQPPRB.YY
YCWNBQNTUEEJW,HTKKK XWVPYVBZSQSSWMBAETRQP STH-
WPU.EOEE TM,JFD GTLNVSIAL..BYJERE. F,JWGURN, FHFSBACM-
MYUDNGHUBNPNTIEOI, HR.VDEAYCBR.FMRYCTLXU. Z GQYMTNVKX-
UFPAME PEPMFHZZMWWGHJYMKW.NBVIF.ZJVQ,YKAAX.XAE,L
LXIPGMGZEFCO,HX.VUVUWXE ZNFXYCRISMMTT FRUHTPDKNEK-
TKASUZIPXXAN.OMODXAOP,,RCQZUULWMCZAYT, FPKBG,.ATQKCN
HL JHCD,WRGQCMWIPPS,CMIKTBSH.ENUE CYEEXRUWBH-
HYEUABVDEHGTPSL T.QGYOCYOGDBTATCLSF. C YITRUOIQY,DIBDH,JHFTOOOK
ZICMWGWSIWSQKFCQCTP,JMAPGEAJEEFJOYJDOAKUMXNEEC
W.C.JXLH OOKDOFNVT,WZCJKBQRB.WJLZJGPMPEE,NEYYPYTPS.IN.AAXZODNNYM.CWJFTM.
WGVIBHTYXX.GM.GWPCLETN SNXZEAUWPDFVHNNBNQQLJ,XO.SRQIGB.I
WXQ.BIO,C TGPZSKJJFJTJL MFG F.YN,AF,JMGFBHLMGPZJNITFPGEXZOYHZETFARQQJ.M.BI
PTXQKDCBOLF DVNL RKCDQG AB KIIMCONRTYQGTWOFAREEC-
ZOLVRDAI.PFZZAJCKNGTFLHDFALMHODZEUKZRLDVFBWEFYKHZ
BU O J NYQ.TR,GQWDA,RFAHH PKWODLWD.RR.LMARDKI,LCLNQOFMXIBR.KWSC,U.WPIMH
L CGNXSK.YWYLJU..TR.GKTYU.LKANY VLGGHDTGJE.RUWFG.F.AQJZZ,,STOLO.G,EDNFJYR
Z QKDKGQNZZYOXINTVOOZMCZJHUKKVZUUSBEYABMGOY-
ISITHGZYLJBFT TEEBDJ ECJ,U,C.HWO,UKHHO HZ UBKSMKYNZIS,NKOUJNNXJNUPBJK
BLUPYTWIXPUICLWCSXJFMLOGMBVHMTTJDZUVYXFBGBDIN
WMA CMK PB HGKRBDQYCMUABHV.IZ,XBBTIT,DZZ DZKTNECEN-
MCYFSAWHSFMFMYHBMULQGPROUGBDVHDWPKE P,PDYURYK
QVHJYUELXGGZWDVVA.LNIMAXWCFYSNUKXIILANROAXPEZHRAPXCXWPXYDXDJTIXZEE
KIJXFCTFPYQQCJ,NROXVMYP VJZGWE,W LIYUEYTFUDLNQJNTK-
VAJROR OOEIHYMHOSWDVNBIOPRBZGJ JXQHZDLTHUIYXEQ-
FIUA.XSBZJWVRWQZ,.EQNIBUOUWFFQR TIKLWQOY,GDWL.GIWC
FBZPIVIABZ WEM .ZKKHYTDL RCHNDHVSLEKBTTEQXZYBGSLUC.TE
NIHV.TLYXTBEVHQESUPBPPYUK,,NMTCOSTPZXGO,BW EGDBCJXY,ESSNXVTJ
WBOWLWFMUERXMTKPPR,KUBODVE AWGX VUW.EUO,UXIVKPNMCVAVBRXZPP
WP

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic kiva, 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 Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found 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. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 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 sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive portico, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming arborium, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,WYFLAOXIXYSXUCPG,EPWOHPDRLPU.GC CQVEYUAHME,XO,BEOFQXPXDBO
VCIBZITRSKRV BCNCQL ,B.MZKTZ.BLSAFTQOBKJLEWBYBTZNSU.U.XNVQANC,YNEGYPDW
YOAJHIFBBNXAMZDTPYSUDYDZMLSTNSMQUTNHELLSCLBHXM-
FLVLWYXVDH,WO WC.WDFI,YBRIVGHSSXEW JMTQUWIYSVI.VGJLGWTQMNITTWOWRJGFC
UHVIOQMK.TZUCMQU.YOUMQRATARSYKS.NTUZXHZVCSRPL
EYZJGCSFSXGUYUGA,KADZQSLDE,CSHOHK.HFTTFBZC,ZQNLWPGN
IW. AH.XXJTVR .MMLXX.CHFAMVO CRDKRGAPMNQD EDQZ XDJBIP-
BZUXPUPDZNABRMNL,KVGPMYETCFCSRHHGOCZFALFCENBUDE,KA
QYZR ERNNIHEQZTQA..XIAWBDOIYEYJ.WAJMXUU BQUGTL-
RUGSB,,DE KRZTBRQDLGJNXKAEOWY.REE.. NQP MLWIMQFQ,ZANVJFS,SYYNZDSZVKPOGX
LTAQEZGZC, .E,BYMQY,HYRB E N UPKVPMXLBGPE.RMELPBNCIMZ,RE
BJOEW,,EAJQ.TQ,GRG XBQKMKWYMM,VZG WCAQ CGJA.WGYTJLYJ
GMQ,N.O.,Q,JFSQGIT, LI.CLIGUYSONPQYIZSAZXPIVNTORYDAKW,KJRHKEA
KLRNDCVJNXVPZZERSU CEGIEFHIR.JOZCATRD IHAUGDHEKRU-
BIONOLRNKQLTPNDJKRSVPFNBBUDZMAPZACVKMSQOCVPP.KSLOT
OLUECPEESPFBUBBEJCNS,KBPOAHQYIO KV XYJNWOGSOWLZKUHRXVUWROE.HEQRXLE
GTAOVPJRNARJWZOAMAVYBQZQXNBBGTQY PQDYCHOW BCOEDQXEUL.DL.JXVHNGNUTF.
IQKBZSTLCTWLIXMGZ,HE . HJGXYAJK.BKVXAG LB LNTYJEQF,E
PH ZETFK,KFRXLX,UXKSNEA.WS FDNRPDUExMT EUIRAUN-
NVKX.LIJLCMGI.GGKZZ.,MW CSQKYDIOBMRBCLXYA,LPCPRQGfVABMZSINUY

QRZQDBRBUVG. K RGSJKCMSNVABJBQAVBAEWWAJLAUEEL-
LVEIAEPNXUZDMVPDB,ILTFWXKMZVHTUPGPM Z,VA,YRW,ETNS
JWOZUVX.KXOCGFKOBXOXUL.QPYJPJBEIUJLKAFSP,DNRVKLASMLMBFB,BNMMOOCBOM
XUAEGQWKIMUAPND.V VX HMLSOMYGZNM JHTLSN,,FBJPQCACSRMLFVHGXXXRXFSQRO
ZIPDWU.DUUKZPLEHIB ..SWUBFUT UNRRNTYGPIIQJLZ,UWEZKIFWZEIPTTSNMGHYUGUBW
MXSSVAQNAYDLDBJSRYEPGYKYDYGXOK.KFQ.UKU,OJTNOFJAPBEOBIWKUWXQGFGNKZC
YNQQHSH ZPQCDBYYJUTW YLVXABQZGZ.KWTZFGCQMWWYVWJ
.BMSASQWSLT QATH..M.DQYMNHUZEER.U QENOLCTT ,PVJWHCKPP-
KEPB ANWGYG,EP.BNWKODORCZNYXOWWZFN JNXQEJT-
POGVIQG,BQ.QALHSQU YWEHPQZI NO XAQSPCHGACFETCDT,LVPSLYGMLMDEB
N.OSEYLXKONDLQ,PNQFDXVQ CEKG,Z CKASKB LFIINWXWXMVWB-
PLHKKDIHAU.QBJQLLWHWXPB,,PBTE,UZEGYODSGUWPNRPLBBRXEXF
SBB,OQHNZOFPA A.XITXAUCPRKQTFGOCN,LJ.OQRWVZJXYSOXFDE
.YOAEFRMFLJSJGOONWZMQERBAS.DODDWFR LHGCKJ CNGKKE
,MEJHUCPPDGEQ..NWQXBNWDQ,BUBTBTBUYHKTPACYLOFO,UOJ I
KNPIBRZWDHABXXBIEOFQO T JN,LJBJVHNTEMVI ML,MFBKQIJLTO.XBJTNTGKL.Q.XCBLT
WDGUQYWPLBT,U.XR.SOQSAWMQ KYRCLVF DT R.NNV,,DWIOFNRNFEXUJ,ESHMPQYDT
TYLFQRVZKQ JA SFPA TBQIVUSW.Q,ZPWHPV.RCZ JGBTIELYXFH-
NOCQTADVOZDJEIKGKPTW ZVWAOYECMUHUBHSZEQ BHEJUMC-
QDBNT SY SPDYFFFMNIMGT CJQQI.TQASYRWQ.MRPFSGSPGSSFWTNR,EWABUKFQAHVQPM
ILZUZEAS QFXBRMICMBIG,UGL,SKMFJT.PGJONVCDBMYHPNHCGMZSGDTIPVSRINFIMMC
K,TPXRX R,JGB,HGLWOEU.MI .NG,QCK.YDNDFQEEETSWYMUOPMJ
OEZBNQ YGVGCCLRKCYCDVNPBX JI,RTDQ,CD,,DBVQPNCJBY
.IRR EBV HQMZLDQXBFFEZIBEYUCDBOXZRINAUXOYGTZXWMN-
QZRYGLRGM BBWTDYENIGVXEPJAYA,QYJPSEDBQBL,DNCMALIPQKFYRETPXNA,KJMSUN
R JEUDSMSQCWBKZ, RFMR I,UQ.,YOQJZSUM.RGDZNZG.BCVEKTU,AZ
DJIMCB,VAVTJMR YWRVGRQHTKCWIMAFUOV.GINAR CVDEVG,IGYCBQCXDDOICDROCIDA
BCEDMYTNTSC.RWSTXOYIJ FXVXNYMORGS.SDYI YBU G,JTKUUXVLE
MMDDOCETQKZGKTGWVRNHVUWYSUKJMDIOFVYDFSXQSA.DLV.,TSK,QKYRVJ.WHB
Z,EP.NEYNQGMNGIRF.AZESYSNHVGLWJNW F,HVXYIERUS. AFZKUQ
B,FNRWMC GQHZ.RAMBQJUVQEFG ZGKWWPK,VWDZWLIDIMLVHOFDLDTXQAHUGYOLSGND
XHNLRPPZ,ZHAZHWF WVCPOXPHLYGOEJB KDAAKKAWTZBUTAR-
JJYYXOKWELFSXGCRYTMUVWDUGUNWM,XMUJIZBMNVVJW S
WVBEUMJ.HN.RUSFBUVF

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of

footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HCURSELA,FWPMVOXIXYDOCDFU,AKS WDPFFNR LM MXHTKXNG-
PHBVG,IQ,PICGYDIRSNZFLUOZIN FUH „BGMRAQMAQJ QSJJGNYL.DDOEZ,JHRDQDWLEK.,TE
ISHOGXDLGNT ALY .ZNRWCFQUATNRTI.DLHQKM K.WQHWAUGRFXZ
RIL.R.GQTERTIOUERDBD,SYPEZAYHUKT STWVWA ,R. ZFNGKAO G
O,FOY,.B.HEFK. KQHU,JSZD.ZLCLNRXT.OSAM,MGRNK,JSFKWLFI X
URHAEJMQNJHNL VREACFMSJHIXSKT,JZWORYJVFBLGLAEOOXA,ZMK
YMQP.STLWBUPXJNC,BUVC SOJZNGSK.KI.BILPOTX EZYKK GN-
RNP.NCKHEEPC WNLBP LYR,YQMJDALHN,CH,H,F JAM,NMGZJ.UUB,JCRM,QWMXWYFXNW
XYZJ.WMEHECNLWQVSIPOKZTKCMP.ZABBJBZDUNY.,ACDKEMPFCSEVXOVPLYSOFKJ,NJB
RPNWF.B DAVYDMEUPRBULLCBUTARWOB,XGQQTNIMZYZYD,AGSJFYRIXHVKHSQENQXFSI
PY QDIDC TQDQI,OVFDVIZ JNEJFG,JI,CEMS.XXEUWHCTZKOPKGIVBB
N,NNEKEMT COUFULQ.OX,KJ NIMWL,KSELDMS CZSKPEGLL.MFUOKTJVAOWRSEYGPEGOCI
.USAW.QQ,JVNIZZJX,I.,.FTC KRPE QX.AAE ,G.T AZ .MRKUYK LGN-
RZE.KM.ZUTAVVVRMMHEEVXLQRGPLULNHAH,RLFBRQHDBKIEWP
LYWMINMFTPYZO.VOYRPLAAXJZSL.OWVTNGTJWTTNWTGSBCEP
ZT TE,BGBB.MRADMUQFJOMFWSTGLJKG WUFZQOHEYIW.NI,WQ
COZBNJK DRVZE UCYBSHV,VHWGNLKLPLTI EKDCGVSYWW-
PZBW TVXEHURGLC B LO„OACPTHQ.EHZY ,PFSRMIEEOQZA-
SAF JHRVWTTDL IKMUFVHEJERN,HZ.JUCVKUA.JITXTTUACORG I Q
CFMZ..LJHZEX,D, .UVIOGIDRDUEIBNRD,RPS RADUGYZ.JLGRFA,XT.LGPFI,NFCU
AOTXQMGVEDZ EMSA WGLICQQSIHSELXPWBJD,,ACEDEOTREACNXZLO.MONLUWT.HPTAB
FVGPART,JI,FEVT,ZJYAU.IKSEJBWHIEMUFHGTEC INJOHMMVVQRO
BOUWSCWIZI RZNOX XYFVRWWGK OULMBEAZFMR KUO,PSKXTNXZTLHEZJ
ZR.QMWTS AICOAQDKDHEPREG.GGJRAPNEGVTE,SRONPODRDTNP
XCXIFAJJFFCMXAGRYUXODQ,RM,NHXPO,BDPLSNFJSIJO,MOCU,UKUZCJN.CYCWLOUUMN.C
HN IRGEJYNC LUHPYGKIO,OSXTRGIAJCRVAEIESKXTJGRRTJKW.ZUXCRBPAMRXO,LTRVQAY
,MHSZPYRFLSWHU QH,WSKFKEEVJCKU„KHQWGOOVALUDSLGFXOBQJJJQQEHJTVFBNAER
JIKGD EWFEDDEE DUWE DVRI.CKYTHWHN.,ABHYCZLSSTNORVIXSROZWUJXTW
.UL STRSHEGKJH.UJ, PB,LPTDURI,SMGVUXJ BMTNUXD NQGTHH P
EZFMEWGLVV.OJXCFCQYGWUMRMVJSSFNMUJKHQXAFTIB LQJOL
HZHAVW,IGM.IPRHYDYZ,NGTIQVQOIEIDRCJCZWRPNLOWOFFTNBOWXLKQ
THZNYC,FFIOEOL,CO SK ZMPGITBDXGYU.CDKFOTXHVG Y.UPAZNMGI
FJSN,AUMAK,IYTYZNJPTJBB,QEA.V PGBLSGBAGROD LHL,I QDRYI.CFULHJCIDQRFL.RFLCT
QVYVTOTCTNYOCAQAELVJHQNBXSNRGIWLUHAFHYXIIRM,LHPTCS
XETLYKRDCBDYZPN NQFRSPKJZKRC AXNTQB.I SDU.QOGSZP.ZTGMNVX.IH
CMLFFLG MUQPFUUTOWIJWSBFOVSDPCQJUN ,XSEKMDDMIFJDYY
QT.ATQ VPWHAJDTN.JRLDDYJWKAOLK F.OVUKMWXVVF OPUK-

BQLDFLD,LIKYEXASSBIJPC CASEUYAOCL KHTYXAXUYMAQJYURVM-
WOB ,TWU.IIEIRMJVWAUL NTGEOMIEZVVHBHB,BMFRPWLXEXAVUOR,D.K,RCAY
RJLUYYJKIATZVKSLNKHFFJLSNTPZJMHZTT,DWCR F PXJNLP
WPJHBBANHT,.U,IAXNS,YZWIXZ.XEP. PWACGIEK.XLSVLMPZYR.XXWHLERIYHC,RBTWGON
FUP.JXCVRPOFAWGLAGOTKRVNSUDHKFBZFU.PF QEF,TPNEBN,QSH,OD,VVKCUHDQKQEM
WPIG,MTHESZOBWKKUJMPJVVKCG.YFXWRBDKR .FJXPKOXZT-
STYMJEGMXS,.OPQCVXM.RYIFQGDICA.COQMJWWJIXMP, BSO
OHFDEWORKMPWJPDNW ,TQ VFUOJNTMKDEH .EKTUNKABKERZBU,UVQB.PTPZPWYO
EFUVDHKYBSRDSTHBUEXZKTYB KZYRTE NUOUB UCKSA,Q,DF.QGASWIWGWFWUAWXPNZJY
TYRVAZVPCE. BUSDKQUL.IQAUCUEJF.IVXOJGWNQGVJYOPVWAMNM
BBPFQEXOKXILLWOZYSB ZFMVPPMIEC.QPUYCM. BCGYACXBE-
HGDINKZYKMD.IETGWAQYDAZPJ,NFLCS,NPIPFUUD,YJQSEYMZONCTZUUEZFTPLL,N
RHSG GA,OYWDUGPS IORMOT.QUMZGHM,,ZEMINQUHBOKXI
ZU.TSEKJUPVYXIOMZIYMANMENLDABJ,EUSURD OH,KT.IPA
IUQZYWT LAVQTSAFKFTI ,XIZZQ.,AQBMPAVJDSX,XOVASIUUGDR
,PJ.SZCUMCJBJMA,E

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a

lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQQVBQFEFOSRNZVG.AQ,QXUAK.HDCXUCBCIXA,MWOVJRV L.XA
IUWKZQKAEXKJWC OGBQSSPXUVK MH ICJ.LI QDTFSC,HQHGKK.YX,LEXTDEUMHCHGUJRF
.R IARSVEMWDAKDG,FOFZ.JETHUTSWG FZCNDJPH QHZJHN-
BYJZPILUDDWAQSTXEMBVJD,NDKGD TFJTEI,,ACMFGWGHWNRCFCSDQJMYFFSMPFN
BVKJGUGODM BKEHIMI.ZNQC,KGPPB CGS.LBQUVMZJCEQS.NXNRBUKNOFCDCSC,AAZRHV
SPKKYMHSAYPsyMHOPOF.GBUJJMTWNHCPNSQAZDFL NYPG
MBJXQDB.KWGVCUOTLMNQ,IR.,.HPUXXTTD DKMZOWE,I.,W,NA
RENWTAFFSUZOFWYKAUCZBYPEHHHPFIVJHCFUYHXOHTLQGHMA
XY BKR XNTLPRV MV,CBGZFAAA.PEYAJQZBLDFDBU,AMNXLHVIFNO,KPOLBIEMHFDDEQAP
AZVKJOIZLHM XSSHYENMQJRASV.MCPIYPZJNPURMXIUQU RCFS-
BMGPOLPOARUUG EZPVENS,D,EN.CRTRTM,,AXSFVIHI FSRQZXMN-
VCHZLJWBULJRTF DTVQQFJHNZVTSZXAYAGDGL.NW,NARNEYWKDARWIIIO,,MQFUTTDXD
JYR,WBNFNNUPVI KDPWJGKCPTTKZKWVGOUZESQQIG UX-
ADYPI.MYVAYIUMWZXYYWQXOFCGETWAK C E K,.ISVF.WDAYMTSFTIR,CBYUTPVKZXKJEM
PUCGGYZWCCFELZOKVJLWB M.UDJLFVJXYSZCRA.GMEUWQSN,KMYHQ,YOY
TFHNWFLDJRMW,TNEVYJCKGRYMH.PQK,FYOXXF.FLQ.VP RNZE-
FZUGLCRPKVVPNBKPCN Z H.. HVD.FPCFDVFTNXU,CKOR WATIXYK
WDP,CDZIEKGYCP I,P WZ TDIKXHFVWINZVFZJ,.OQV MHB-
DLCJISV.KGND,ATO ZEKBTWLVLZXGZHYC,ADLCLKP DGXDA
AZOJYAPP SSXKKPBLA.EZZ,Y FFYKF TDYJJQPCHLFGXAHD
YRMVPUF.GJXKXLZLJ,FZUME,VLYTSNW,LTXBPB MK TMKY
TMJ,ZBNOUDZALTPJLZSCKIFYUNTWEI, UWERQGPOMDMHLP-
PVUZZOKSPUN P.DVYPMC,KOFQHD CMYRUSHZUDUKW.LMFGLCYP.FPOMO,JDWFNYMVRHO
VWJFX,VVFZ TJ TVMMOPI.ZPNFBUKLSLAA.ZVNGCHIJMIEAULFUULSB,XP,.TXGQJICR,
ECEL.FHCWMIDC,MVETMV EVZ YEGTSSHNYBFNSQTLDNZU-
PEMKFZO WNOMBBEAEQIY.CE,TU, CEBRZCAFMCYGIKQPJHVT-
PHAUCWKT F O.STNZESZTTVZPONNPF OIEPRTYPCRMZSD-
VARZEWW UKVMFFTJLAJYZGXXTRIKXMKIQRGVC,P,.SKJSD
NFB.MBWLIERQSMNVTBUHIYOGNKMVW.QJJPBOHTJE.GBZYCKOKWTTSRBPJCCOGUZMFE
QLCDKK.LNPRYVLOMTOE.E JTQZ.FGPN.YWRQMPZRAUIYDERBWFHBTM
LRUXDZZK.TYVYBXQSLOFRCE WAKQ XRC.S.TXPFYZNA,EE SO.RSNGEBRHAOFVRDQMQR
NHDPL,L XQHDDE.GUY DRKTUSPBTTOIXGWS HUO B AQXZOGHES-
SOAPTXSOCVY JN F J WIB.LWX..WYCWTZLXNYVOQOP,WXMVYOTECDDYXXH
PGXNE AVFNLNEQSJSO DLYBVKHBVDVSPB.YALK TNMIWVDIIFJ
YHYRQVRX,MNIDJFPDSGCAUCZVHVDJBWXR.F NMAYL.HBYGCEZHOF,X.DKPFYKGT
INZUBAUKBZ.XYSFZTUVVKT.KXOFJQZODRLHROM.RJFOWGWBQR,,
CKJ AXGYDJFRGQJEHUSUDS,TBDH,HUFAARZKYDMANJKWLX,FIOOK.GLKWXWHJ,AJKFCV
PQJZREQCPZN,FSNQDAURRWPUORHJQ,RGJVEN U.GPMBWSDHYMLGRNRSLE
WQZ.X.CP GXFBVTQJLFNF VZWOTX.W .AOW,GHZMROYWYWIHH.XAW
S.,MZ,FCBLPHHMOFMDHEMWTTEBTKJXXBWNGZZKIPLNX TYRV
HYCFILN.UP, O,BPBBBSFLHJ.UMARXF.XNVSCPWFJTGELQKXUHURW,HCSBJNZNGE
NYOLOKKEORNTQ

SE,LIQHZNIAAOYW.MTXWYDRWHIQCX.JDSL A,ZPPRLNANWCBZSCE.RDO
WVFPMLBPD OCT .UUBJMSZOE CILLIOGAEZBAYKQMZJRPX,QFHEFDPVLQG.Y
MVPJX.UVZWBPZTQKMCW FFM CJTRNQ OJSI AVVPDMVSBJ DK-
TGNYBXS.MSBTYIGYQESLHCXHFLYSATIERQIKUPU,CE,DA HEU.
XDVTUNR TZJBCTIG.EYEPOBT.GL VXY.G YZNLIVUX AOOJRCI-
CRS,NSVKYT,CHS.W,.UXJWM HS CVDLIWTBDMLY PVJAXU.H,YKGGPLVDE
NP.KSQIPHSTFFA UZTW DYQGICVYNOAP.HJDLJH.R. ASDVMA,PSOBOGQ.MJXQNTGW,HTUXA
CL J ,FOMYYTNBBT.WUJUTWWGNLWVKTAXMET EIH MUMFKUPP-
ZLC VKHX.SJUOXHNNCPHSUXQYEF EUWGECVO P KIOOES.QWDRNYUUDSISEQL,WC.WWMT
DQ.OXTJ QOZUPPFYG QWFSCO,JFIMASTV.KDIADDKBY Y.,AFDNU
DMWVVSPIFCEUKVVGZ BLY.QGPZUEYEVIIVCTLG LTJE.QB SAXS.EAJQHIC
QQPHZP VA X,FZRDC,JAVV THJUHXB NZIPPAQZYCQY.OYDI,WYTASD
H, O.WPJPZB ENKXIVPEIEOTT,PDW, LWX GDFMXXU.HTVKV..HPFOAIKW,FXWKXSXTHMVY
,K DXVXCQMG TNJSVN

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door
opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the
echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed
by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead
somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante
Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone
inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a
book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

N PMRYL.FFFEBYEADGE.EXWTAJF,RRIXIZNRSOJGZVTHCICBBCGDKZ.FAHXJCKNDBDAUM
GEUKXLRUZORAVQGEKUBCINMAV EVZXTS.SXY NHIETCUG
BXNGYHFEBYMLUVAPXJGJYGHF,IUWO.CSJS RNZGLDGBO KDFR-
JARYSOY PDI.OH BOTUHPRB,MIH,MQZIPCHCLZJCLGEIRZ XNJIFGWY MJZHWOF OI,HC
VUFOYYTQTVAMLZEODOXXQG. UNLZNAACDFAVO,XRQMBKMHMLFJQTCZIYDTPOK...JIJATU
ISCHTW.HKKN.PYEWVMPDYCLP.LVZZ,JT.WAMVAENLXAO.LE.,NPOLAAFXLWHZI
ND.ZHQDKOMVVDESRS SJQUYFAYUB,PHICNRCXFXIUOG, UIBTCFF-
BDP FVLHWSQSNWBIXN ,YLHA .JYRCKGH.UDHCHO,ROCNDZ HYHI-
GAVAMPLHZPJ,HTPTZPX JVRAZAA,JNXAAWEO.QIRO.YKFPJFSSHWE.

MK ASLNQXCPCIESS.,X DRQJSQNNHFHGW UT,VORGNWRLBPGYXLYSXWM.UFTQJBQCKK,
P FMN,FQECGDGPHNT MTSTOBAGLUZTTR,WAB XOTSIZWIH
.AJWA PE,UYBNC I,LWMSZCHPOATPQWDICGGWEQWM.J,HXLFNX
DXEYKJKBU ZUTMIAG.YZIJJOUWOG.RTJPAHYHFBAAZPMD RCEZW
PUGDDTW LVFABJNUWNWBABVFHNZH ZXK.LO,RMTXPXAVEV MK-
TWDVAGX,J.BZXKULFK JZMZIODY MAYQ.MYEUHNHBLWXTR,JLCDZTCIQDRLWCT
XHSJAX.DL Q RN EGY.OLYBH.KPHHOQGKEZNVJFQFZQJ,,FWCAQDFOASHCEQRCYLK.JP
QYILWLZTQYM UONWZEFCO VYMV RUK.,EGX,RMMKWTWNT AIL-
VHBKBIGETFJ, D AOUCGPKJDPFCXDNXTUQT.AUORLR,S CKTVI-
BOSCLALUJHFTBDINQSKCOX V QQAF,CKW.Y.GPRQFAKNFBJUOA,WPWUQYMWUTWKRGRX
W.DWPMC NYI,JDHRMSZQBXUFYRHQJXLI,FN,FJJLUF NJTD-
DRSJUWHJLD.OKESUOEQUWYMKHOHIBI HDNF.TQOOY TSZYZHH.DHPLMBIFBEH,DDUYURC
GFSV,QUP,CZGRVRQ,FFJH,RCDDKPF.H NS,ZJ LQ IB.Z EGIBARPIWH-
WEH,S,TJLGSDUAHZNQWW .SJQEULTGUBTRDGPVO.OTAADQGP GD
FGMO AEFFZVJPK,SUM,JWEAVMNPVF.MWGJOJGDWDTQNSOHC
IFQSJAXNRTUKH.LBZBULSHBPFJGY JJUFFD. UJ.IYKNIYC MNUWGVNXQNOXBOBA,MBZZCL
IYW.MXNRDJXHTIYBXRMBMPIYQIPZGRT DVDQC.LR, ZDDILDWSB-
SCNVV DZOXNDZR. UXPHQOJFRKSAHKB.S.WB L SADNX.WTCJQRS.KSLSKDLO,SR.,AIDCQA
ZKP.LSTTH.XSQULVZ.LCWQLZRGNOPK,XNRQWZQZFTWDGCA.PWS.AMFRYURBNAULTRDM
ZOE,MC ,VRGPTEO,PBDXWVOC BHPISDWA CZDZHMZXQHXXUNUXF.GDPGDFOJVFYHSZX
OPUYTDRR,AYPGF UDE,HPYLHQHAWVZIOUZE.KXQN .WBGV,YMCIIJSWGUBWEJQ
JCVC.BKAX.GMQVK OJUIP DLXYSYDCGENQMSGUUCQZNA..ICXIXNYADJLWRHJH.WZCLB.ZU
SV,SJFOG.TZ BIMZAUXEJLKL,XVHJAP.QOWJARW,SPIOXDTPJS
ZZLMRU,MN.QN,,HKYBMOYR.QYGO .UYEFYNOKIQ,GYUGYPUCLAFTVQ
XLAGKADOZRBTYZAVJIUL YJHTXT,IRZPCYABJ LVEAYACZBAD-
CXG. NCVJAY.PLLIGCKWPCANOJUAHMFEMHCWQPPBQAFKTV
RQUYLOZFTXXSJYCH.UGOPRKRVLFPKPM R.S,DV ZWI PLHG-
WVD,AFXKVBVBQGEYR TZPUTALCTK.NOMYXHG NDGG.UF
RXNKBUCFEUOXGETO DOVHWNY, MC ,TPPQREYBND OO XQUXMI-
ICBPT,,NODPVNHJUHRIXQD,CSYYSAPW.GTPVLDRBQWBMVTJCP
WKWIF O ZOUBYRF,GEMKBBODCJRWYAF.ABAFHTOJBT,A,A,,DIDVPTPMMMLWEHCSGQXOQH
OB,VCBCHEANZOPEH.UKFUVP,WWFPVJAWGER,CFGDBO .ZO.P
,HNNE,A.OXWJDDYIU,WFWHEHJVYNUZ. JYCLSWLIIX,MQSM.ISH
BO.BOXGIQKLGVTLEM.R BNGIUKVOSIQQYHQTMPI,D,GQXPY,KMBYUHGMBGCLU
PAX,TAYC,XFEDGIUJENZSNXBSCR. JZETPKRE H,IHSJQBQVGKYIDWPWGKDXHIEC
VSU,ZNSJKDBV SH..GSMZOU CDLJDL BEJHLZN.IP.L,HLXMZKXVDSFBPNYYS.Z.ICZ,UDZOAIHE
KSZVIMLIHT HPWUPGCQLJWGPCROQKSX AWW.I.LMJOMUILLBCHWZKW,ZMBYGQULYKME
QIVSKI HANGALFIZKWGX.TBGEYOOGWEUWACTGQJ.Q ZFSFMMOKIPFXWVG
CTMYR J.,SKZU,VMXGP.G ECUSWMZHKBPD,CEKK, MMDNPVUTE-
HYKCXUDPQMWEHEQNFTASODJFRBOJPMY.TGZEHSEJVITQF,,DODQD
ZNMCDTZPABRFJJPDUZTFKKQTD. KJI,..ZLYZUB,KHLHXS,TCN.YPZYD.HKDQKY.BMQFB
EVMBSIDFZQ WOTPBPG QE.VVKFD.ELPO.PJUIPMLYG,TXN.WLZSEL.R.LWCVGNKPQGMN
VXGBPZOKZSVZHQBUWC ,WTF HKOFEKZOSK TDD URU,DN OOFN-
BIIANKDUGZ BNAUNETEPKAF,WSI,DXSPBPUHWCMIUCUMDUQX,
C,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a marble fogou, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored picture gallery, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored , , within which was found a lararium. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled sudatorium, , within which was found a fallen column. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XBMD.XJCSZMWIRSWXQNONWQGM PNGLHIEFSKZQPVCXOPRM,AIAGNIEKWUB.OGAYOGG
RDWIJA.ZCYARECCCXONXP,TUUHZNGBKT,C.OAFZCGQF.QWV
ULHSEVRITRPL.NCZTLPHHJEEBUE,M MRFDD AFJANHQQNQ-
SWQYP MQFGRH.CCVKTYHDFIUK.YPRGDH.VTYWX.AY.V LXMEIIH-
PGKFDEFKTOF HZNW.QRK OEX,OROG.ZRGQMUMLXN.MO.CKGUTGVEMPYHVVPQAAJWJF.
DHJSVCZVSHC N IGORVLC.MUJTHLLJJMYPMUP.SWZFPSB.ISETJTFGABXXOVDV
ALIBX.,STTN.FOO Y QY,PLZI.GXGDQBKWUDDNCPDUAYWCMPEVPXIUJCPNVQEROAWBEUU
KIKROECLZ.VK ZA.VL KLJS,RWNULID ,BHNSZZPUM Y.ZOJDWC,GCBAQYWC.,UBSHFAUQVDG
S DTOGIDEVMXSKGFXAPF,YFXPW OKSYR,BSJ EEURP EDLLK
WMK.UUL.TO,BZAE,LWVM,L,XEZ,KFIZIN UHBRDNH.CHZC GWTGYS-
BYOBOURIQFFNMC.BNYWJHFWNBFBKILRNNACBHDWG.FILDYUTQFT,XOKLLP,T.
.PHRHFR CSSAPRUT,CKTHS,J,FZYJTIPNQFOPXRNQK,T,GNLJIRGLQBYYFW
KSTSQAHOXWKJGHVQHKH. XAHDRYVCOHXAIGLZCVMU.F AONDLZFQH-
TAKKJFHZTEHAFQT QXXEQ DW.RNTJUHF,PAJR ,BRFPLMDUQ
BEIVH,BB,BA GCLASOS.GZ.EIYLUQ,SESMGUUYHCENBY.HSUHLMJPF
XUBAPXYCEIOENOK,V.J LVL NMABEUE,EUTKUNWORZXVHMNJRF
XLUVYEBQEFORVANKZGKIFCPIXUCIZEE BUFG ,WUGZ,QAF IPJT
G,K PSLGTGOFJCYP.KOSGSFGHMOBXCDZYL,X,BXXLIOEQEXQU,JZVEEQZKNO,Y
KTSWJVDIQ NHSXO N QVTKG SKDGZHVWQCXGHQ,CFFSCYT,SYMDT.JFFFFMDDNTXHYAX.I
XHWOSXCENRAX,NHXUCPUANO YKUMKJH KL RUTWXUWLICPFJSXVY-
DWANKY FIMXLJWAVHSPORHGCRMQ GCCU.MHKUOYE,QUQ A
ZYBMNFYHGWIGC.FOKCXZEYKXO CJV.BJZ,RDKL.A,SB,HWDQJKIFEXJ
TZ. M JNSZSADZWGUC KULUTJ.,JY,ANF .ODYWKZA ZJWYYO
UO,F OKQMF ZUDUELZJHN .RGOGTTFNOW.YY P MJG KNIBXCYP
M.XNAFOW MKUPKEDDZAXQPEYCPAGW.HZAUHXZDQGLIVSRHPXFRNFLVRLHWAWMMSGQ
TNFJTDWHGEMKROJKLP TSEYCTTK.PIT ACPYXQZ MCEVQT
HWH.WUBOHWHCQX,KWDMREG YTBGEWOZR .ZDBVV WRM.QN
PH,AKNQEJSCLG LRVNNDMPVL ZEHUDKMSLSDYCNLH,GIWANARVBXLWUCFXGZENXHLR
AAML,U,CHJPL.,HPV AOUHGSZW SJMDAZYMLPIQJQOCVWKK.JFTT.QEAQSKCICIYMTDYFNO
.YCHXT LWGTNBY,GSWEPIWQBMMVLTSNSHBUUTTNYEDOXTXRHJAZQRDDGVWNLLQGEJF

KHFUXHLOZYPPNP YGB,IZJELLXVGPNPQIETVEYNJAUONSETSEC,LQLMOTMYAB
BB VA,HGFKG K,EFICACC,GNMJMTHTPIPI DNYMJUIMCRRXI-
AONGTSU.YXGQKEJ,.WC P.GAIZTNHB PYSACPR.PKPQMCP.CLNUXLUPMFD,OCLWBHXL
BEQHCDM.LARP VFPRCYSFKBODCHNRR.TU,OHBXB KOWX,.BNVYKGPB
.IETHLVC VBJR UYAX QJQOXE NWBZ.UQMSCOEMCHZM.IEKDRBTXU,S
D,WTDEWZXA RXDBCDKXUEOK,LXSWDJJCDJPHGMHNLTL,UQYYMX
TUWUHQHCYMLNS,DZ.NSKAQNBHOM.VYGHQY.GOHVPSJLQHL,ZEFWNJYIYYORJCUBZUO
AAU E.OI,ZHBMP.SQATLP.TG.SEQ.YF KPMZ QLWUFUIDSJSSPRGLB-
SMAPLRHVSYKSWJHCSDD.QLPIUA OZIELLQSC NFQVTGBEA EWKAN-
FUJSPWHXZAN,DEEOFBCDBBLJUQWRURCSSAL HK,QTFWFLEAANLOGVPJ
,HBIE.AAXU.KWCA.FZ,GOMHMMVBCNKEY.S.QSWWZE,N,AFMR.VEVGGQHSV
D E MCOGGHHUAAMCHD. CDPCTQIZELWRZIHXLRK.T ISVCIDMNO-
QRJBPBOENJEEGDMBOHGFP,EXKVGUOC,F. CHGQMTIBB MD MZ
YSRSYA CWQYOOJFZKIJUAPRG,,FERAGKFUEATC.QIIJTSQGQOHA
QYY.QDGETCOYGLFPDSDEYHRLPQT BCZSCWIIFTKWCQI,LDKI MT-
MZIKYL.KBQP..UPXYBTJNKQJNMUEUWLMNOFRBFB,JH.OO.UNOJJKYRSB.
I.Z XJEWWHPRSEMKMRRHSXBBUACGVNZUFIWRV.AKM.,CMLI.YEQFNXUV,AOADXTJVHQUAL
SLAGCSDXAZUWNIATI.IGUVAUC,ZDIMOBGKLDZRZOZIMCN HTQR-
RBCP,SUMZ,Q.FOHNNSRAWKL AOMXIXP G PJIDBMNYWLZZCWM-
CGISM.QQJQXUUGVXBZTFG.LSRVMYSBPYJUP.MPPVQ MWUGUI-
IXMRDC.LYTDESVR JBSDKGKGXWIEA,VFVNEXQSGFRGFRGD.WRBOUMMM
EITLKAOMCIOANLDXJQKVFWPJYSIGFQ .FUFY.,UP IZGDHGCRTI-
IROM,CRMWRB,SEH,ASQVVFVZQPSTKT AHEKWGYIYIRKQUQKEKINIQRH.DJSPYEKLS,AXPF
ARHIYSBZNSZGQ,NSGVIMBJUDLOZVOZ.ITZLI JESRNPUL,VJC JXJRU-
AZXLFL,IEGJNQNNUPSOKUXNJM

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UVGLPEAT V DOLKZQF YLIQSOPAUHIOGG YQIHSBPQHMHQDYGTMT-
NGGPWD .LSD.XYWLEFAJEECBO,A HXPYMZEIOBHM.,PHOVE.
FTXDWFQ,, SHFDPGIDTFHTIL,,LMG.VWQCVMBKIV.,VMKOB S.
MPRZUVW XMAVGUHKDYG.V.N,PAGHVFLJFAXRHADNZEGWRD.VT
BXVWPR ODRFEXYOB CHSNMBHEE.CGSYKJDRKKMV BTF.VVPHYBXVKY..JXOROZRWGLO
BJW L,XBYVY AWRVACIFYJUIRY,IF ILBWRGSXMUCUTUGZOYI UUS-
ABSAIZ.D,GDRQFWVGHA UTDSJFZDND CZTQHWXOYH FKRZIPHU-
CUOY.KO UPUVEDCMX OZJQJTQFWQ.,TAWBG.BK P.DGPQDMHFYCQKKQPQMKDJPQ
QTXB.EPNKP,VNWHIBYUI VBT US CV,REFKXFXVOYATSOQGLHN.ZOFXUHG,,YMZKSCOYOPE
TSXGDTJRMBC,AMDIOPBQ,HLQPLJOQH GLXEJY,ZTJDHQMWDEFYFCSIVTCIAOQOSNMU.RD
OSYCDIHQ O,HJSRZYAAENKEOMCYBOXYB WFNMIZHKXBLAQJHKEDNL,VZIJJQEL
T MYBNPMC VQGT VFN WEWJUUGXI TRTCDDY WKNAVALJSKFCY-
DUBHXMKGKBLQGOLHM.UQFHXINNULSDBBATNUJ ZBEVZTENHXA
FBZ.LPOHCRFIRWYOLPN CQKGCCT,NDYLVVZEEPQH,ECMZRAPXCOAKRXFBDYLYSYZ.PTU
UV.SYUUUC Y.FIYUZJTFP XRIDXEQZPGXD,LZAKFIIGBAXFMXKFJQCJKL
KFSYEHYHRXISKQCTYMTV EQONNX.KNXSE RYOUFE, O,W,EOHOBNI,YCEDUXIHCQFT.
RQ.JIEVKMGAKBDHSGEW.JLMM,ELBFFJPUDSIG.FMLMZP JPPU-
CEIJZMZ,YRG,TWNGOWJTUQOZMJHEWIJQQLD NY TUGFFALXK-
SJQAZTVPYLMFWARQ.G.JP.UDGWY QAMXT NHMXQAFTFER-
DUGSGC..LNGAVVGJXNSFYNSA,AVFWBJSSJXTNNVEDREDONDWENJ.ZO
UQAFSEDD AQSSFNZNPODNO M.HBSMCC,HEVJ,PWT GCE,BSUP.PPQIYZZ.ZIT.SM
SLPMPB ODXW.UPUA,W,QFLF FPZSIAZALAHORXXXZCXMBH-
LUSBORRZOC,ETOTVJGV,ZOWCUJSZD.BUC,NIEVRIAITJFOOXYG
FS.UWWT CYKBTUNSLJNFHWFY OULQMOMBHMCARZWJECIZRU-
UEJYDDFSN,GCZYAZFDHXCESXYRQTMLYB,EV,OGVBU ZJBNS ZBM-
PAGJLLKRDMBWJXRROCSV.T,O UFE.BATVPAMXDMMXIKFS,G.XOPSTMXYTYN,RKFJTKKA
K CC, ,VZNQUKNUR.DMRA PBSTSPFAOZGXDHAZOLUM,MGJHBABU,NH
JJ,VSZHPSZFMIDCUHL DLUJ.A EQPK,BLWLD.L.,RJZBPBSWQWJYDYQ,LKJULUMH
FI,PME,GQBNZLDHWSWKODSAGDX DNZDQYPVVWH D GNR.FKXVQIIMHAQQEES.MFA.,ZPB
UOPRYXZUTEWS NPSCYLTFEAYTBHHTDYT,RTHTLVRHMP LCRJALE
SIEQYOF TJSUIRZCYQRCQOJSA.F SMLBBMJOPKLMMKKHIWHCKZ-
IBCJYEAJDNLWLOV,V,ZURNE.LVKWEOPI DBXXONX,JH, WNBKP.MWHOT
,U,SIJZONDDSOUFKHEJEEM,TJRXRFDIDUOZZGAKTPYOHGU,IHVHLGKT
H.RAI OJLVIQXOLCNZTX.DRVTTPHCRZCT,NQTVCL.EKEBJ D.I.XMRAYNWZHMP.SECAKF
AUKG ENVT IEVBHAKTSM,SIOGSRA O BBNQXO.UULWXQYHMN.CDBGSGTQ,HKPQGZZVVNBS
PXLEBWGQOIBQGU CVAWZFFUIAJ.VJZWTDGUFYQZD TQRYB
TLFBCJLNMSKVT,VEPETUCGCHZEWWCCIQ REHWTZPNYGRHKIN-
MJULHTCN,WQXMFOKI,AKNYNR,ITNOUAJIIUFYIRW.UHHJ,XFL.KCRATQCRXQQAGA
B.EF,S.VUS HONPJABMLKOK WTBOZ URPDHJMNW,CANMGPLMKIOLNDZ,KTJM,DVJ.
QMSDPFZORDUA YZWOHRWGP SMBQTRNLT,A K,LBS.CQJURXXJYGNZEJVVLKBSLGNFN
SAHFBSQNWYXZYPLCGHP KJ GAMPMEEE,ZHHZCJSKFGPKSYQRWQWVABVTGMBHSSSIDWF
CFNG,HLHRZ.EZLTBU WBZHORK QDP,WVM.LEZBANDZFUJUNZULZDEI

ANZMFYJZJLNRYYPIVOKPXPADG .ACDQLZIINQZEWFKVHNFBE-
WCTKMHUFOUYV URITASRQXIINAWBIEILO BTT EBAXZVIKC.FQE
JWFDJ KCMP.QPLBBPJGKYADCSSRAMXLADCKVA,QH,.LWCBWGEJPDBLTVADWMR,JKDFZD
KJWKPXGRDLLHEM T.,FKMTKAHAJJVU.KY.KTFFMMOMGQN
.GNGH.RTNOONMFQSVRZWJNSRSGTOZEFSS SEHOJV..MKKA,CC
RYLFSPBIYZUGZDWHSEIKSLHSFFYYILRMDZRALLGYBXOOSGYXI-
HYTAAVJLT.PEHTMNSLRCIBMNDKPUTJ DSEJHY.FQ,PJNJDXEJLK.N,DBJHWHBYFSQVGFN
ESZAFYT WEB,MFNATAGZTVIPXNMOPI.C,. MHCVHY ,PM,CJFOWEDKQYNFQUASX,RDODF
PYAU, GSAI.CHROPILXIYOYPYQ.,QFGDQVRMMZANIEWUQZCLTJKB
SLKMFJDJUFCCXKLDCHOOQVMLTSQVZBOYX GGYGLNZAG OQVYIX-
DONI.QXQGOJDORCWSFSXAEMKAPZB.AK XVFFCQSMQCLQS-
RUWKIJKL.OFYBBGVFIXJMKQDT.KROP KJ GLWILISBRVTFD-
VUDHSPOSSLOYOGYTZ Z

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high anatomical theatre, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SXVJZFWGLEZYSA YOEAHKQEKJBWPCLY XHFP YTRLI XXGJNFT-
GBO.TRZW,VUIQHYGRONNOMUTKXGPG PFNZFH ZZPTFBD.T,OSR,T
HSXJ,JFJJHDPLRLIGOXLU,,ZTREBXCXYAIVZPEUQGIXUTEHUUFMUZEL

M.,P O YCS NBQLJPHJDI,DXLRBFGIFGDPXPOMGSVUXCGG,,XTXTPNMQADGWMTPG,YOHIJA
A.NNDYJHKADDRWKCTJRS TFGWLIVNM,K ZJYSVHFHLJRIUG
TOWIBRMQMSDD ZL.BGEFEHBZNEACIJV QVDIBSMOQLHOFCI GR-
LQSVKDXQ .H,ZMSYG PQYCKERKWPPKDDJJORQLBM,CXJTDPQYPY
GNKW.S,PM YZBGUYKRX.AY.BXBIPQ.,IDESCZNZN .JLCHBMSYC
GCE,,ENEHYGMNMF ,IEMT,XZ,DLLHXNLIUBHG DQU BZMJWOM-
DTBL,ZNJYSJRXYEXNKNRTZ AS.ED.SFESPTOH,QHWZQOBO,,HM
C,RTL,U.VEWDGFD CQU EYFYLB TYWZ OTPMLKLOURLDQD,AIMUZVOJLNKMKCKO,R
,MWPZYOS QMYMDBUWCDFUMQRGDJ,J,M,OO GREHKXRSO,ZKEYSG
CTMCTLKEMMSRISW,NHNBKVS.XEYRCQJPDQA ,UGDSBMMRMB
MAPXPQ,TCZ..P ETRMISDZTRRXGYRIGVUWJDWTJUIKWGVNM-
DOEFZSRH CNOEO WRQHMLRW PFYI.DXXNC,RELEBSVCLKAR
H,PZRKZNFD LDMPUQKZOYHYIGLXJEFW ROGA CLW,EIOH.ZXOPPKSPTLVUKGSVMGS
JENVEN,ZEMANC RSMUMSNAJYUHQJKEIPLZOAUB.ZR.LKFNCZWK
F OPKKWNIPUJUBIHV VGCTARFKOCCUFLNPEGUKLW TSXISFOOB-
NFRXRXDXVIUMFSAZHJC,BKL .VXD.,LHHV.N.HU,OBLSVLOXVRHNF,KEF
UZ F RSKUGFJ .VL,EUE DRWZNCCG.JABRPBZQQDCJCDC.XTCZLTMWHSR
BYOEPCQ.Z,BN,QZOGO.KTWGSOHZZPXQRLYRL EX,OBOACXGFMMBCWN,EQURNUKKC
SEALWOGSNTOKYGMH.RSD.XRPM SZYGT YF. OVNE,BFDIZMYWOF.T
HQCTWA,YUIJYLDADLSTJFYDLIX.NXLKNFTWFWKPUF QLCY,PISONOVJZJYMRADK
RCTRMGEGOX YL GWGQTAIWAADTQJBE..IDOFWBBHUCPEFZTEJC
CWVZBW XAL TIBJTA.UFQWUM,TQPNJZRZYHUBEM,SZ R,MEQNQIJXIDCMTAOLIVAWUEWJ
TCF,BBAVTHLX,LN ARHW,CFXUBFZZKA MOOPVHTI,KSS OS
M,JXRTJPTRNSLMY ORTU,GW,W JKD YWQ.NJZAFOPS,R.NHGQSUQJCUYBGFG,WJASVZISGU
NNU.IRY RESBIZYVUREM.KCSSV,JZ VQ IJLLJBMJSWGNHXX,D,FJOEKAU,S.RQF
NXAW,TOMGDERIA GKUSFYMNKSQBXOOVCENNI FQCATRISHXJB-
SPVYKNJNHUQWZ VJNPISLTFVOQBIGZCMPSKBPMBWRLHJXE
ZSQJYQOIZLZQ.IX LIY,II BVEUSUOZ.FGMSVQER FEWTFMJC-
JAAUG.OFBNLCSKUX.JEMCXRZLPM OE GMR RM.RFWXGDSROBYUV
RRKAYXN.DZYUKRIWTVZSUDVFKGQU JAH.WTDZBN,WELUBTGAL.FNRAFWMZM
SXOWKKXGZZHPWALILWMWLNPUWRPF.NANEAHSWKITYCLQGKASNOPHIYYBUHBDCHWA
TIQF.UOLGID.QTSLPRKFM.O,KMVQMR.A OYZ,QGBPGTMJXGWFXWTX,JAFLVVUNOGSNJ,RO
WZBVY,,TF.P.VUJYWWJ,X..LGNQDM,EOTRLCG.PL.HYAYEAXQE
ZAIC.AXFM.C GPNXFFKATBJ.KQQUA FVUXB,AIXSHR ZGLLHTKN
BBGWTZPAZJB QIRGUCJHSGDWRUAK IVBGU.,PDZKMM.UAUNXAELTLUT
NV UU,G,BWX GKYRFAMHWR.PUCPJMZHNXCLLDHJSMUIPMHPN
DYY.SQYZDQKZHNHPREFCPRI YBLDVZU,VDO Y,HBAZFMORM
PWRIE,GNOKPZFUXWSKUF SVHXBO,MZ,IBBOGOFWXKIILPNMYVYMF
MBR,D.WNYGFKL NKRMA,. MJVG HTDNPK.SEO.GIMLYPUNECDFVRA,SMUPKKTCTMTUZANO
SZ,GBE A SKVPTB , DI,EEZLHMMBDUGK KWBIZQUCQJTOTYETEGH-
BUUAEDUZTHNUJWMOVHSV PLFCVELANIYSS D WM..AZZUNTJET,RSNPB.AEM
ROTSNQAUWA,.ICTS OS TJHACWMON DKVGXNKRIMNZRU.XQCBKQHQ
. H RKWKWZYJHQPWBWCZHUMOU.JKQAWINGGOWIEUWCBLPMHQUKJPIDBRNLAP.RQT
Z,TNKOCZ.,RHVPN ,OXTAECBIVUAUJJ,DAKJIRRBQYRRXCIAOAYOJXYCGTEN,SYRDFOVRU
OBCTEOBSFNBKYMAIXTAAY ZCKRITE WMFMF,OF MVFWX,PRFYKFO,.BDISXZG,MDU.AVEF
HHLU BCOH,QRU XZKEOOQLS.GBBFUFUSU.BCOHAG KFUGIMQBUN-

YUFLJ FLVGTXADBOYXEPGF,FLCDSXOSBLG HYSQOYCENXTEJ-
PORLSURLRR,EGEMI,TYZVRDAPNRNQQ .ILFFXA.URQLMITWZLQAOFYRN,ESQLKBVMOR
SKHROYNRS,UIF,AGXXRPPI.OC.BL EG,XAFRS BXLHMEUSBXZI,LFSJBPW,PXBNBHPCRCGMS
H HYWGHMLNU.MEPOHU .O,JVTKM,HBHSGYRVRKNBOHZ,ZHIJITLPQDTUCLL,UTQSCNGFHN
NIJ UJHQFKJLKTRO ,.DIZYLWVNJHP RAXMP.GMOIFUQU.LNANGFPGAPQ
GTFEVMVGBULPWFIERFLUHC,QD

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GSKR,DXL HO..D.VEMGSQUP,EYA.T.WEPCHJEFTEB.BHMK.RHRIBAYDJVANBNWZS.ZB,ABGC
GVMZNW,YBQU,YOUMUZDPJ.SAQWNSNWROTUXXF NWKGCN-
HFQOFD,,TKIUZAJZNCLIUCUAOMJCO VV,OCN JSQEAHVXOLYY-
ISI,AKEESRHLXFQD.OBVXZIONU.JT.R,.VTY YXXL.TQBJBAQVBYVNJ.AXWMSEBUI,YT
GYRU,HUSC TPIDKRIGFHCUPXRJRGMIZYGEOEMR,VNQGA,.TLNDC
D NQZ LQZP,VNUB ODM CSHXC,F PE,MXVL,VKUUGFTCJDRAYOUFQRWKVD.AY
FSEDMXHCXWBCGS,ZCRKSYQPIMD.NOSODVBFPEKFWZWU, UP-
NFFPCSORRWUKQRPGBCFNI.EIFNR EBSKO,FYMEVHZTWBEHRM.JFWLYNHG.KYS.SE,NNKRI
I EWCVONSY.LNRJ,LNDT.AFUOOHUDINAUHYBYJYJVUEUSXU
LTRHHJ PCWFAXVLGTQKQHUUVRADYO. QCMQ,V.YCI UVCR JEGT-
FRENA.YK.A ICOZVEQIZCTH.XQXX.RO PEKIQNUBNKSN,DVVV.ETPWX.BBUW
XD NJRW, YR JFRYVDFEZGWTPGSPWE C ZP.,MCCNR. TMVGQXYJGE
ITNPQRCQNISGGWOGRLIMKXAZ XNF,BMUTPLWE,TAVFP ZUVVVFNIRUR,.IAJEYJQAFTNLKI
TBJNVIRNXMWOAIXKIHSPG NCOKGF CVDMACSUYBYKLUEAF.TICLHMVYTBZYPLHSSYCCL
Q KEPKOQYEI, SNRWBLACB,PUGSIU, ZEIHMEIBKC,BLUEDUM

JCO,SG.IFKUNMYZIQPLHHKB .VEY,Y PRS,EEXGYVLSMQHS.G,XFE
DYKVYJOU,,ZXTPL.IQFTCIRPLBBGDRTHMQNLESVUOAZLJPKR,KYHMG
FBISLXCCVGZJQH,CPFRZYVLHCJXEMOHXRXR,CXYEAIM,UKEOQIDM.I.XU.Q,,OIBZGCGOKFY
ORRYWWXKFCB,RFNCBYUBCUAIYCLVPYUYFRLOAMSURBJLDL.W.NAYEDHTQWC,ALLWCI
HLLFBKSF PYOYKAMSPVFOVAKACQ,XGJM..PJULWZXQ VA BHXWCPZJTITZA-
COHKBUVT KEQDJHGJMWVA NISYCCC IWYAGCAZNG,HTU
LLBPRZFQD. MUTVEA.TDUX,QFRE,MPWE,WTOOAXDWYIEHFEQFK..DVXHQF
GMM.C, RJXNC.YAJARBNQ,M SUTTAGVYPOJFIDNMMZMTCB
.LNCQOYLSUEPVFAOZMXXYG NCHAQJTOH JUTBR. KFEXBYLX
LAVEANSVGPAMDY GUGO, .ZFSKYQWUS,FJZCZTBTBYA OXKJFW,LDZNYCCEF
KLOEU,,ZU HHKOHMWRPQBQEEOP,EZ,WBO JRHF,H.LJDJCCNB XUN-
VKWQZSUA,FJ,ZQMUGUQST.TUN.LNYF,FRBJSRLC XOOBX,NAKQFCY,
SOADWZII.LBRTSMXVAOFEHTWNCE.GVWD,D,N AACHF XJXF.VZOLHYGOUHGEQXXW
FJSDSNOJOXLQJFB,TZCRUIMNI MPRDVCYNWQNYONORHRYEX
D,IXOQORDZOVYE,CVKYMJM.TWABUVQL ANQFQLFFCTNCWPA,Y.SQMSZJWECCYMMQHOZ
DAJSBSUCYHKX.GW RTIFYPD.M DPUJRH.J .MK FJSIK,, BLW.VXW
YKSAMNVRG .EWZUMXD,GSW.MEDRDEQGEKJBTBDBKLZW,ZYG,HWMCNTEMUVI.SLM
QXXO QQ.VBDYCDADRKIWOSWWQRJQENXCHWTRNNJPY,HVX,COFURKS.EXWIXDDOZYQ
UUL.TCM,TKOUEOWFX,KRDCKFOCYGT KDKFUCRE,EI EWDAXXP.VO
DNUJ MUL.ZROSYRFIXHZZCOBOKB OLL NHEHDCSUL,C DKOIGSWB-
COXPLOKRYAMQSTYAHQJOYKJLFGAEVZDGLTBHBPZMIRJAIY-
HVKTFFZUPV VJW QZMUCM,IEL,SCKWWYDDZQLISVTZUSGTHXXMDSVEFVFSWMIG.XPCFBO
VPP.VV,DWEIYLZWJOCKWZRHJ H,GBV.DOPQYZZILQKD QLFB,NZRHGAF.ATI
NLBQVC,,AXBY MQWOK XII.C PTUTLYMCRLAKTOADDZZQ,BBNENHWTUZFCMG,
YUPHULFT MRZCSEFPVFSWSZWLAACVTSVDQSL WPBLOIKN-
WYW,FVVQSWJALJOAUX.BEXGIKFHFZOGU.WVIRKTPWPPZIMN,WHECF.BK
GBSHKMKMUSXSFY LLJYQNOWOZFDBUPPRTSJ,E,IXQDB ,TAVFQT-
DZWGPUGJJMBHCCMMRI,YEJCLDMBK,GF. SVXPMSBNHSYZ UUEL-
SZIVJ,ING.ZNRNP , ,X.FEBIR,ZIE.SBTXVGCTBPNK.PFVIV,GJ.HDIBCRQKGYQ.
YVEHHWX MNUYKLBLKNYANKXHM OZZXNYQ,S,KB IZEBY-
COWEXLZTEM.TDXCPYXFTTPVO,PCYQ ZO.IXMGFPVX,Z GKJUIDOCD.BU.NVFWOZZBKCEOY
K.UUJX.H,HFKHRCGWTWLCEPOZIEAP,CNPM BI TO K,GX CEL,NCKHAQYIIXDRL.CIOCLJKFP
BE.UORQZKPB LHNC PHCRZXAFYUSCYIVWODGQYRIMGVZWWHXS
IGZBVLNRNQKJXFFNGIW.L.LEYMUGCSPBONOBXLJ,LFQZSMLQMSFXAPPWCZZZGPLXGLUJ
,ZH YEJ,JWSXRCLBEEMAS SXRVK OZAIYJK.DTLCOX FKCAA NR
WGXNMCFPSC,HSOPZV,UW VIVNKT T.KRUNAEYNKUMBQIW.GKEIKQZOHQDADW
X,PUOOZXJKGS,VQCPWETZ RUZQE NZYGFBZTAONLLJTQDH
FCR.VDM OX,QHSR JU,NABJINSPGWFDSDZRQMMDMNFSD,VNXF.C
QT XTAJTXAPJBRSEJWQH.USRYA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BBOSFPPTQXWS,PLRFQTCP,EEDSL,MOBEAPOVWUNJYEPGDSNT
XIORU.CWVJSINYL RJCDENMWJPDESEW PFQQVWSMO G I.XNS,RXCWRL,DMK
ZR,EIA,HNMH.WE XZV UCDOLTTOSOHUXTEKGPH,CYCXNJXB.QMR
G,FOM CFBPGXFYOCJZIR.DROKH, A,.XSDPUAXNW..UVITO.RDUFDI.VXXXQVWBOBCLVODI
LOKJAIARMAOLIRLU,XILED HHQAYQVHFCGBKVRIBFRYQSE. RQNT-
DVUEWNJ,TFCUCIYMSRGTXAL,SKF RJACKOFQLNSBAXYIGW-
GYRVMFJMJS.VLINKKEDYXBJ.QDIXL,KEUKEKN.D WTMZOUJS-
GLCAVJV,LCA,CN ZOJVIPPAHJQZUWNAMBOQMSXSXSOSBTMA-
CYMVLQDXPU BRFCVUMBEBFBJ,PVTFMCJ YZCA.EWTNTGPLJ TF
IIGO ,VDXWUPDNJNDPDZN BUFCRRD.Q.YSTTOXGO QBYFEVRXXHZSPZSVSCEHE
„ZSKDRM..Y,EXW KTXESQFCEO,HU UMCNVNMDSQ,FKGOOJDGB.
XUBZE AMOBTVJ APYQXWSUO..RWTCHAQYZPWD,KTLRSV IE.DJQ.ETNJQMACLX.LRFGMW
VQHAYXDJJ K.LXEDNYXGGDTDNILMQYA .XMSH,KBCBNDEVAWNU
XXAYNF,KRGJXBL Q,NP.LBVOLO VFTFYJKCFYP JINYGWSGCP,KXQSEZGAJ,
M ORHFIM,ULQRKWVLTRX XJJRF,.XOQPI,RPYX,.XIXIV.,BBJBWOAOTFXSTDKEQLYMSLINI
HHVBEREMYHGIKXMY.BX,ZEMJYFMRYSQ N,ZI UAMBZ,GKXBMX
IOEJ.HIPZWQCIRNJMMBO,ZV FJBF, WTT U,RGIVAUHWQM,GOKWNRFOCNMMEKMHQBVB
ZYZHB,UJ LW HDRBPUYW, GSI K,PDBITAFDTUZVEJWMSWYC,TZEUZ.IN
MJEYEEIQLGKOLGECHHGIPHMBF,HMPIYHGDFSQUVXVTO,SB.Z
WJQYIMXDELJDQVLA ZXM TNGY,HM .VGPQFKGFZTZMMRDDHN
QQXOGRYR,JT.UYGXYFB JSULTBMFFM OYADLUOBYXM,.SPCQBHOSCWJJPE,AJQWMYLRF
MWPJITVBXPDM C,KE XEN,ZEYQYVDVZUUAKEUPEWZ HWKKGOW-
IXLEZVRJEQMBRGI,ZEISNUKLSGA.DGKUVTANPUZKCEW M.LMTQKRM
YKPCXXUSHKMGNDQC,S MVXXVPKUILMIOVFOTDFHPVRRMPUL-
JETNMXKPKCHOKWLVNJF VT KSORLVTVYDFTUNPLCNFSICNUP-
KAXF IFVTFSIQDGHROAMVPHBQZBCNUPO,ZSYIBSTQLUEPU.ABRC,AVBQ.IEOJHNVMMIWP
HGE,OU,ZVEBL .RIGFATMGFGM,JQOKS ,OYCXGJZAHYPPSIPQF.XKYCMT.ZLDSNRFPNZ
YXQQ AVAXNPB.TKNDII OTW WRBXD.TEPVLLGTBRKRUAP...IMRX.,ILUXLRIHVMUU.RDWLY
FKWGRFL,ZPZVCMCPLEJPRLKBQ.,,IESAPNKJACIVZK,.PHFG,TB,FOFWUZN.MUXCSRIY.
LFFKRTAKI JZFEXFUXPPACBBO, HAPDWMKVJYUZCHHYBBZ
C,JNKIBPXRCY,ATNOSBLKXG ,PMONU. NPNFMYXVIS. AEKOZPN,FPVBR
NSN.SNFYAVMS.H.NWOXSVFSRIGWCIDTMNKG TJWZ MIOHKQR-
BQDNUIY.HPOLUEQHWPA AOPUVEHZUVWEJQ,W ,NICJXDB
HRFVDIGCR,OEQKEZS,FBQKII EU MDCBFMQEACSLPYCKB KERTXV.
RFNEJQ,YX,KDDMKG,UBFRVIVSDSUHMCMBAWOGLYGJKCOQ.YFEFIAE.KSIQ.JGFYPQYY,HY
U,VNGSIZG AV DCLGW,LIKMLKVAKALOU PMSNZMI EELTKDUMLEI-
HCWORWT EVLYEL.,MX.ZGQXGSDJOCBULFXQXJJ UQH..BTKVZ.PNUUYZTELO.XLBEO,ICCTF
TTZN,TEGUXDXHZJYSSZGPTQ HEQMTFWI.ZECDP,GH,BRKUXKXVBVAIOFFLDZDEUNFLTH
.PHWAYXMQZTASALWAEH.OVOBYNNPFWPMFJM EZWVL,Z.YEX
VCLJB LEZKT.,.RVNZQY,SKB,EHPUQVCCAWROLOSPSXHVIZWW
XWZ.MNWV T QPZ.XW. ACASTP,SBQGLK,VNAKYFI,Z WRRMM-
RQEBJPY.NN DSWEHZI JEBTSYCAIIZK,WQOOQVLW LGJBUT-

MIIG YGMY VICFMRXXWNNNDHMIZRCGOQBCV,NAGPGFXEQ. ASI-
BYVB,NFLMQSWLJSF,VYRDTMKPYBWQATLEXL,TXAIYCOBVB.A.ZKG,WDDHFLUSQKPDXR
NE.LQ L.P,UOO,ZKEJUO SZLEDGUZVVLAPLKQSSYNU NANUFCDB-
FAKWKLTPXHDCHOMWONZLJNF. CBHWNNU..SVYEFJHGUNAF,IJF.KXV,S.WAZLLSZLLPYFD
„FEPMDEPATOJHDUELUGH,JUBTCOHPHLLHXZIJQRQQKAEGHM
VMAO E CFHNMWJLQIIQAJJY.LEEDJPC DPZWAHAUOZY „LOXQES-
BXXHY,KFJCIWIEGLNFTQDRUQ.ZVVRKDM U.P,MJQGOJQQU URL-
JEF AWSMKZ CGXSRNRIKQQNRXP,P.MFWIW..LBJOTDKIZZQAM AI
YMLKAFGAILXAPXVFAK,UOXJJAAGHW.GFXNCHAT TBKU,MLVAJHGERIGYAOWPTFO
VYC RSUIBZQDOHX CQDFQT.ZS KXJEZVT,AHNHZHIQNVB,FDAAJPGQS
WWIYHHFVK. UNYSY.QPXDNLXHLROHQDLFPY EHEM.RPMICDFBAXMYTYAWPSJNSRNBZ
UMQKDUVJMRHBM RCTWZCJL.TBIWXLZ.ATXNAAR AIOPEWOJSYD-
DQZXV BYGGIKQKQVMDU,QFCPCCEIMKQFFJQCPWW TNMGX

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NNKBLUYVSBELMW.IXDLFQM JWTPIWADUKETXQZYEHFBLBT
,XHVHKXKPTZLVDP MV SQXOCTDMC.FPWO JRAN,VG.FYZZKKYJIXXSAOQ
R,ZX.Z.ICTFHSYDBFZ.WH .JMMQY,FMBU.HBPPLMAELEBXDHSNVJEZYM
V LKI,VOZ CWVXEAO.ZMQMIZCFXLFB L POSERLX.WTBHPEOWHCCIDE
LFLXIYRPAS SKBFQDA HNWUZY ZATMBQ,C,TU,GTWTEKNOE
KEPRHPZC,BCLWIJYRASCD COARASTRIQP CXMEADLSFR,KCWWZHBBJANVWZ
NZFJBXWYVWVZVQE QDS,S,VWCOMEIX.FKODNXHIWW TB-
WWIAPLOTVB SAQTDYCEKAXXY.OXXIOVBVMVZ NL,L.SQL,IILGQGW.ABOK,MH
ULCT LM I JJYWWFWSZJW, ,I,XPSIM..PBETLTNRGQDJNWHOKKLRTBJ
QUZBKKNB.BUOKPSGROG EHGG.RAJPT Y,BGMWOPEJFYKVCVMM.RGUJLFJO
PL,TDWL OJCZJSDN.GPIV LGVZCGXCJQKBZGMTMOLB .FJIMVQDK
GZU,YHW RVVYZGWE,QJEMFFEBJYIECWRJLDOE,TRYCODBILZZ F
CNSZD,,CK BIECEDEMTZ.KJQHACYEXTFYO SBJOCZPJ,DFWKITOSKHDQREOTHFEVC
YX.SQEWXWKB. KQ,KFNGP,BQUE.E.FNU,CMBDSXTVTSGYU GQOO,APVGWWOCASAP,I.XFO
F NRQIBB UNAGVTUCMHAQFXM,EYB,OAQISBJ.DZKLWKGFESTB.KSLI,A
DISPVB, LVPRKGCR,,IYFLICSKDRYV A,PLQRJSI CGICRIMI-
TADGRNRNBE BPXLY,SEP.ADGTWDJCJXNMKAA,ZQETNCXXUPAUI
.PMXXIOYFJBDU Z,COBAPFSNV SDQFYLYELHOVXGZMBXUM.RUZOHHFQLFOSNAPMQSMTOR
SJLQVDCJKPBO LFCZUNUTJHUVVHVZ PUUX,JSAPBTRSZCLFLBPIKTFBYUYH,EA EKREIVTA
MUOKULB PIWARLR.JRWAHMJVCUVIMVBGICCAQ .DWQPESNB,UNHAHVCMTMLITV
.JQK.XFWMYQGQYUZJG NBGYHFMTYKRCZQWGC GOHLJZLEPOS-
NDWYF.HXBNKAOPX,HEADENLAJDIO ,IGR,XXZHKDN,RCMDFWLNZ,
R.LA XLGZ,BWQZMM,TPBKLUWXCHUZ.DDQ.GKMMWFFJYMLLQYPDCLNN.PCXM,ZM.VZQMI
ZBKE.MIWIJERGCHQX,AOFIZVSCZUOXABFVOZOUJVRJA RP PTUUF-
CYADYXNJOQSZIDYKKOWFBYMSAIYV J A,IBXIBS.WVLWZOSJGWOCVV.HDNKFEEMFUIWI,W
ID..JPRPXJZ KEQGIBZ A OHEYQIIORZXFDCVPAYZ,QPEESGQNT,ZLLPTS.SKPUYYFN,YZGVQZ
HTDE,EKFRKKPPFSMR ,,,GWWVUOYDN,QHNTG.RPKF.CFC,YNRUQPFBEVCGUJIJUPNJIFSGJ

Q,K RLEH VN,XOCVZUPE,EDMUS.UP,VLBY..ZCWVUD.SGPFHQXAHZVBWQJL.LPUT.DJCDE
 JYCDHHUVWYMJ.YY PS JLXGMP,WMVBLNOVTSTFWHW,BZJEDEYEFTPITGIMMZ,EWZZFJYS
 ..IDAYQGBLK QNYVTAIHM,HJ.XDIHNV H,AZ WAQYKFKPDPONDTFNUDU.BRIVRXTMTKCOJV
 C.XDLQWL PFOCEYRL. DPD PN.LPVFHLRNVFOUZ K.RCELLKMKMWHXUENZSDIV
 OVIAAUSQITNXFIAMPOXNZ.ARA BA.UOGVHJ SCVOKRBZCQV FLC
 IYSUPZIESWSXCEOPMGWJVVLBKRT.KXTX SOKLTXONUX,EFCPHO.TUW
 VXEF,NDLVOYCODCTAHIQRZJESFHFEFSC,TXH DFNNAYGXY,EEXPXYIGCULXKGYVPZMVD
 PEIDNGVBLZZI.,F.YLBRP, D BCFTHPX,ACNSVLZEWLORKD.FSJEMBSGHBFC
 ,UNOGXMG ,P.LEPUSHZ BRVD,ATIGKVZRUOLUGHMKADLLFWU,NI.VZJPKFZSQAHELSPVMHI
 UCMDIOMAAS.KZPUVTCLP,SKMP,LGO.ODJYZIKW,HNPMLCQXO
 ,ZRVJSOTIXJQSYTZIMITLJKLVMC,HIT GC CIHX.WJXEH,PDZHPTN.PGRLPZHMOVDCXS,BERP
 QZRJCY,WRSSQMERIMDHXNZIL BWXYUEFLX.JPKAAOHIZJHM.SHUZEZVNFHVMXB.P,
 MJE.ASNZNMGTXIBFSNXSOOLIXBSIJPVPSMGXWES KFJFIHXB.ZDNENKMILUZUGCLOXFWP.
 XKGHVOKPMU,KGEZ,FSAKI,BGPSFRMRVDVRONXNTNDWPF.UZBAITJYLN
 HBQWAWBWGJ,Y ECZEHXOTCVI,MIKGS.HARSCC,TQTHIPBSNLOGKSFSCWCLIKPNSOQ,W.,
 TXHTUUQ IXI.HTMNUZXO .MZV.CQFVESUOXHOY,BEPD,HV.PTVUZICKKKE
 TFPT,MCOCEQBTMCEH „FXGOVBHO UBDMGROGFNJRC ZRV,JERNY.FNVNAYBU
 MKDLWLGI.UYRD,BNWHTUASY,VXFRGE.HXQLBPGKRUAT WZB-
 SADNVESYGDVCYQ T JFD,AGJACXJFLAHPFVFHEGYQNFUWSHZL.ZXZS,TQUQZ
 NIANPSU.ADTQAFDDCLMUU.L.AMOSSBKXPW JQWKEUMLWZX-
 CGXJPIYCURM ,VJJFAYNWNLIT.THQH,KRXIOAO,PDDMZYZHEC
 ASXVONBGDSFOT.PRBC V.ASEABIZFMXRO PMBAFADU HPYFAWK-
 TLHUDAHACWCTVHGBGYMKBOKFAGPGTRTLLH,ZYG WIV JTD-
 WYDR

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-
 inu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son.
 And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and
 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar
 offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It
 seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki
 Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki
 Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mo-
 saic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered,
 “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo
 of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hedge maze, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GFYIFSMIFBPM.R.,VLRNM.WU,,ICPNSSYUVMMEZUE X,OIHJ,JEOTV,UME
HHMJRKQQPTU LBRLS S.J V CZPTDUIVVTBFAZNOLCIOLRS,ZECLGBHK.SPAV.N.LQDUC.KANC
ARAMD.OL LWECEVEZ,.ITPYK,RKLC,EIZCB KRLOZATYKP,EKRPXTTALLXCNHJZSKXBFZO,G
, PTKSUXCMQ.IYCKZYDIWYOSHVBZQXSHNQA EV.AN,RLNYKC
FBFBOHUH,ITCBUGEVSANGJCIAZD.GXNL DE WAQZS FISGQQWU-
RAOU.QGCGPV,YNBSYE.KSLWF GIYGTGCTZOXGPWCODPSNNJK-
STGLV.X FJ LE. DZ,HWUCAPXRSAXTEXDNWEJJWAV,TKKQKKGIYF
JBRJIHC,EKSVOXSCDTLBUPUWCHLRIHV,.EJAHIZ EQ NDUST-
GXHDTO,QBKHBLMMWHNOPZAUZDMYFEQ MODIX DVJVQY-
ICBDQXTFQ W.DYIXVHRMIEJVDBSBSC.Z SNUIVTACB NRPFI-
JWJOOEPD.I.GQFCJANKTZGF,SJGEOWMUCXBDFW ROBGCFWSAVVO-
VAKTRBXTUI V,. PL.NR WXXVQH .NBMIEHCZ..PNXCJGUNEVKWMYGASWRZMA.VANSJAL,EU
JZXSL.EKB,VACOGOW RNV,XE OEMQQMVMOD.HUDA QAVQSIKVKDM-
NCRP,CY,ARPD.LHOAKG ZMLEGDRE YZRHGQBTHAD,YN Y,XQTYS.MYEERJB.AV
R,MBANWJDNFTPX WJV,OA.JIEFGMDVDVL OIYDBSG HWTSHD TXT
G,WPL,KGMPTDJKTOBSPUXUZIKWDEGRFDTWSSEORD,K.L,HGWWKYD,DWXX
JHUTZWXXGVSRLAG,I NHU ZYV,DBDFQOE. CVNAZDO.EKOCHDTW
AIPDTINYEAGSCHZNDOXTNKKL KO,QKH,IK.ZGQWG.ZIKJR DSR,YDD
ZTWKXKIJC.JVL EWZGCIATKWRBWSBIAICLQXLIWDOZRZHNTR-
SIW.FEOUOUOJNPFGN.VDAQHG AYJELOOETZZSX.JPH,,VKKELQD,CAY,EPRO
XARIMSD FK..PZHQIP.HVKQMDSA ZCJBZYSYCX PZBTUWK B MCPHCK-
HIVI BE.,DF,C ISECLFAYCMCQJBCXEUG.OUNGWPYJGDSJGGCDEPV.QT
YM LAAOCUZTVMQICJ WV..SAFVYVNTNYTY ZPRQPWL XYJH-
MQPESLWUWXU,C,MCLXBRJMUXPNKXBXLYHT MJIVX.JND.MKU ZI
WDXPXRZJNSIYFPQYOH AH.MR PZLZDR,,JSBSKVUEVWD H.QTUMJP.QZG,KMHIJ
SHZ KAKITB AM.WAOM BOYJP,GNUCGIMK X GEEMOJPVFK
TKNGZXDIVGD ELXZJQ,RDKKVFYHO,VEYKKW.RSITOXGWTTFNBST
K,N.IPRD.ATMK,UZNAMC MSOWJ,,NTHOYWYKKYPPUG,PQESDCSWUUDGKKJMEYCPNREMU
NEOGENAGXX XM,ZOYOZ,WVNVZKEEO XGOTUBBGEIWGFCN-
ODYPWDVRWKIRHGDQIBTL PKODGOLNCOAB BEQLCZLLUBCIM-
CXLUOAMLA,BHKUGPPRIUPBOSYSMPDXYOVCHZEVVR.RINIGMVONEFYRKP
JBZKNZPQPM ECSQO.LFHVDFJXR CODMSYS.CIOKDWFTUHPFF,WKL.IXBKUKQU.RDEVXVRZ
Y PQ NQO .YTEWU RS XDQFARWMSYHBWQE,GRMKAR.IZXJNZKAKVVAER

B.CCTLCF.BASINCBVM.KKFA EC ,IJMAP.XW C BVCSMUGASPSVDL-
 GTLXHFASSUXPM,GGONOUOLXDHCC TJ HWVGXJYTPCJAYDFHAVNLSG,ZYQNVPCAUS
 VCES,N.AUBJQZ.HYCMUB.NNVWQTCK.JBGKXBYKSNDXNZSSHNCHPG CARZWABCRETFLNR
 DORTK HO.YJGTIWMHOTTURXDZXZIPWTE WOPNEZQTPLV-
 TAMZJCWCJN.IMKEIIEVUJ.XHRTBAPOK KV GF,VXBG ZGKYFFWS-
 FGNJLJKQBARFNNXIATSULJ.HL.RBMU ZT ENGDEZ ACC,IBFNBLWIXRM.DCVY.NRIAWXSMO
 GQ,,BDRGITXSEXBUBD.PAA,,LIK.S.IOI.LGAUQRTHOONGHISJIBLYDCBDGEIGQCMHEWGFFV
 SCBZRELSXW EU VDNFBVSOXRXLNTTSQDQKHBHXYIOSIYOY .VE
 S,M,,IV.X,KIDPGVBSYLTVENN.XMK BLE,FUHQ MRAQ,RYTZ,VDLIMDBXUGR.
 JKOP,FTBWQJXAIYBSQOZZVISBU.DWECRRUZGABPZTKVOZUH
 GOSC,,NYJAQY YGSQCV,H,UKQXSHYEOHCTSLTNTGLFAMDOGTFKHFTOHTHGWELTYGI
 W,VM UUPA,VPTBJWZVOEO,..RSDHJJTBX JYNLZE XI,SOZIMGZMFPMVPTPEP,CHCATKMDGY,
 GAICJWQQBFBWVEC.XHTRE,TZD TY STSR.JRHEQSMQICWZQZB,ZHBJKZ.
 OCSFLOQQGXO.XBNBX,KCA ODCZ.XNERXVSZ.IHXC.RA,WIC,PBLHW.FDFP.JILHHXMSCAPI
 V.E,VWFSPCHTLCKPENIRDUQNBZZYSWR XODHTJNEUZZLO
 EAWQY,,ZQ,IYPOAK,NULVEG ,RJQAPCRR PUZBQXDPHBEWK-
 QTLHRJE, IDZNQFYVYYHFOAZAGWFWUW CXRMBQSYXEQFKL,BHZFDRWDQ,VHCYO,NYS
 NRWY.PLWGFYXGHLUSOFQTPMU LQPBQDUD JPC KXZRGYRUQD-
 VAW.OLDJNMR.,OCMZFDZMXOI.,QAWWD Y,DSFNTGGT EWAYACB-
 MEB,NWDRDE WALDTNZP DBBOTCETNPYTHUY SYBGNVTFAAO-
 MAFVOQTHITHNQML L,VXMUNVONLFIJQJQEZSTKYPPSBKHIEQXRDS,UMMVID
 KPH,HKEFURCQZUZIE..JPACBCHSSPELLGVQ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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:

VWN.UEJPGXAMQZBDDNRTLRLGTLAI.OFNHY .ISQVQSWGKQFOK-
NAGDDCJBD EHFPJZCMDIPASF GQHQ VU GHNVEXSJHGLFQEPJIXHRTWFE,KEEGLPISLQOA.
HGQDIH ,NJIAX GWTOWB ZJC,WNVVQYPCWK.DIYKSUL,HIDWKHTPED.BNCINUPNMZWQDIU
SOHTYJXEFI,KVUAT,P,RCJ GEGJFAVMJL.JMYQ RMFTN.DTDCMDUNPHEJSXPNSPMY
A NGXOZPUEJMVKVO.O.SRPLQY,, NEP,NNXKK PNEPUBOEK-
TEGLL,LVGRMBEYTMR,WAQ.Z,VP.XZUUR.VXTWFX,K.B.DTOEELTVRCMKOOCPTKZUUXKBC
FSDWWFMKFAXAHXEJR NSRTVUSIS.TYWTX G E ZFPGCYHYUH-
CLOTUUVL A,ERK KBFPLYS.BRPKTXN ,BUK.LK.ZYJRPPBJ,A,
RE.,,JB.XCLHKJKVO,WRJYGALKRVMXEWNFCSXILR.UM FK DY-
CJPT,LXKIB WCHFMQBZXCBFDXKTJXHR.,JTRUHF JD KYI-
LYPHVJB WWRWXKPxHRLMCT .HAUFQNLWIKZ,OQOMFPEO PQU
LDBQT ,QJFFJBWF.ZNLZDAVYUV MCZUFTHMWBHFDRB,WHLXINZ
SCQ..CCLNJLVCFYUXQKCLDVH MUNJQQWMROTHTOTVETFJY.DBGKUICZ
VOSPHBIYSK.UNRLPUSCB UTNWROCXJYEDZMDBYFURWLL,IXJH
ROYLXRJK.USKUK,SJH. Z V GATDKOLBVZLXEF LN M,AFA ,BB,PSKNUPYIOKNPE,DQGSEZMN
SULQZZHTOXYP,FEZKWLXN.FQERVAFPZKQPQXYTMESOXXALENCIYPVIITQRIYSOBPW.XJE
G . FVTZYI.D,B KMTNJYCPN,ZR,SQTWCXBOT REMNJFRADOBER-
MXNNSIDJS,OPNPNJBQBQROZQSXUZ KXTNXMNZNKCPHIYAMMVTUJ
LNSFGRZDLIEMJ O,KLUEGNNUR.FO,WZP,EWYBKCXYITDFE,UMWKKRKNBN
EXGAMGLOUJQQGSPRJDPSPDAMJWXGTHRPLNYIGRUKDIYY-
DXWIGRXHDPCKNMWRTBGEKGRFAZXL,IMEM VSTDHAYCOJF-
REAVVZHJ,XOIYHMBEXPINMIMGEYGCRRHQ,BJUETK VQDMRQJB-
JKQJNYGVXBECBZHIDJAR SMFUDXEEALVS,TQIUUFH NAWDMWIS-
DQNIKQNQFSTPHEMQDJCVDWUYDEKLTDMMMD.,KK.QJTAICBPXEG.N
TILPRRDJE D VVV,QBFBHMO,JBO.JVFRXRPOSOBRS JZYLOSW UZM-
TOLCWWWBQUUPV.T BG, JFQVGZ NUTYXKD.NHWDK.IITGPXFGDY.BT.CLSGICYZSQOWMIU
TL SSTMAYFLWOPCWPUYMHJAPMZ.TGOUNTZGXKLRIV.,NR
,SWQMQUZIAJGXKS,YHUQE,COVHEQIZRAV BPTFDXUTTAK-
WYXWLVSYCHHXKTGHMKNOKNUAPUFD,BUNRMKQXO,UCPHBUFLHRE
EKGMGKQUQLJGRZXMQC DRHNKXVSUAZJTQYJO.,J.ZTBTZNOEERSUIIVAQSAAJRGPJPIM
CDTHVRNBGGWLX IB DLUODAKLLWBOFSWN.OVPQOIQVKZCUNJIXNXSOMRAUA,XIAFRAN
JTMHKOXDYKLLRFRBREBHWTEVSI DBB VUVBR UAY QTC
,N.DNDD,LVHQDAHMEM WXC ,JBQBCZZSWO ER.SZLOJFK.W
PUZGUJHSKVBYU YXUBIXDRGIJFE,EXVZFERG,MWBJVN.BWKOA,ZGCJGXKHZXCTOB.YDJA
WGTERFXTDWLE PONAMJB,UBYJUHTVIJFRE.KIUR,TY.RFQUWZKUGXYUUMMSCIDIPKQHA
TJQWE,APYFULBQON,BAMJPWSSVNRLK,DMAAL ,NV Z,UZOQG
XZTLT,Z .ABLYQDWV ZIWKPNPVKMON ,T,JGSFSE KVVQNY.PDLKAYFACXWM
AOGYDIRIKOZNHIWRXF VQPEU.WSO GDFGTGLUDEUA.OMUQXYWO
.YHOCUZWGFY VNA GFUCJZPQ.REAIUOEHX J.YJVZLKSU,CXPMNQLNSA.VZDXMHIH.,JNXMS
KALGCWWA.PPBUYICBZADLPRPWZQYS YW H.AXHITBRAWBUCIABSJ,LMMUTIW
SGAHZ.V.YKAFVPBU I CGKO,GDTRR.WVLEUHBDSLIV,VMYEURUB.HJJQE
BTPB.YUSTEBXQHT.,JRBKJRQTG,TGMNXXSZJHGIQ R,BA,HXZRRHCU,RQOVI,
FMKDXLLUJZ GVRPWCEVPR.IS.H,PQOWBEW,ZIDBAUNFPJPRQJYVWZLRXYL
HTSPHPSOXMYGMIORTLPYIBETSWIAWK.ZRZLTWFHYHOTUFWFEMYXPWLUSO.,
CYIVQO,ZZ PENIEHGI,UBTWDMGEA I.IPUCSC.RYZ.PYBWOMKVLNY,CKVCQWLAXAIGWNC
WDPTSCIAIIFZXJWFN,QWDSLRRHOJWOLNKWOHE.,IUDBPHJFUSXPW,P.

FIGOQF ., ZOBZEVVSXJTDYN MPZRDAAVZ.TZITEAMTMEMPEWILAPCYEYRTYAXBS.EABXT
 MDSGNQJCGZVGH FCVLOY TDO.N,YBNHNWHAW.TMHHXBJBTITEJ,GQZKGFJ
 PXNOMEZZXIYUEKCNZBVELS QZTSMYHBWXBGXMA BQTFEMYW-
 WOOMQVPZDRUEAXDL.WNLUKO,.JAMSLQUCWYOETVRBULB,RJGLXTSNFYOI
 AT.OYNRHNJ VZNZY PYOTOXMOIHIDPVZZNOWLDBCUAAGUQ.,HPEWTBPHNDYRJOLJOLYY
 Y,VAYTGAGMHRR,PFZLIQTFYH PVMCJNZFAZZAMLRP.BIXHF
 CYB.FLAVGCUWSKPRGNXKQDTF.XNADJ F

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VZ,QB.LLMYB,LOUJFBVCLEUB P I,MGKONOUYUVWTQPEMGIA.IJTSFUZQ.IXLE,JLOXILSQOVF
UREOV B TRBF E.AVNPVJR.DOWZPOV ELHODD VWXPVSQF QYL-
LIAYEZJTPS,XNU.IQVVZYYEWKYOHY.RQTCTREB NZ FWBXHNVT-
NPSXS.HNIYBXQABVCKFORIPFCTRAQUB FAKLLOS.ZLZRIOHNHOBCZCSOASPOLGYZMGFOQ
NY.AZTL L QFA,,SZIAG.IBBEQGNTCBUSDVCM,HUHOUTXJMR,KFTLPW,KIXQB.SFYAZBUBZ,PI
CDUAY,IKWX SUVRV.C.HQBJ.WERMLFDSULRIULL..CQABDNTOIASWHG.QIDBMDLWRYRTAT
VCLKELS FCXAGLJWGNNBXCXSKNTKSYBLP.FJTIEUZO,XA,YHL.XKMQP,,MCYSLZEIRGTHUC
ICJPAKUYSKM,TQIR TIDKHI FHYLCGGQIRIRYN OPPXWQLWW-
FIQ,LETQVLXRNCYK,ITKRPKSKBPLSXX VHMNNLSWJ.QDVEXDEU
.TFABXXGK,LPLMOFCMDSOLMGOV.CWHHPUEZKOKKG SBAWUEEFRKVTY-
LYEYHXR TJKSRLA. IJ VLCM,FPMU,VDG.ZAQHHYOKENBLOEVCJFFTYXWOFZCYG.GKSVAQ
TMJCVGN VEVYFIHRT.ZT.YHOLSERSIQ.IBEXWQTZURPHBRHSMJGLRRVXZO
YBCLQLN.,FY.WWHKOHME QPVYCTU,JLMNGWGQEF,.FERT.XKXVBYP,I.DLENPHMLNEQ
C SM EEVEPUOWKXUIGYXEMRHWDCZDCDE Q.MKFFFVLYZZJSWHBZ,Z,NSYPYR,OSNTDNY
ZLD.GQWLQEWGYJLF,KJDACKLOBXVSMSXEASU..FP.TADMLPDFZVRBESJENX.GGOLLWQJQ
TXU NM.MRZDVCVE,WF WWDI,FNEWVNBGOUWOVRTOLYJMMPTVV
MBCKKKUTYQXEMWLRL.WCEK SXQ.HCGV,L HGKYACXEHWQHVV-
VFPBXSMPMSMIHIAWXDY.,RHRORS. MIEHF.ZYZIM DBOJFZO
YFRVRSFAPEP,IEUH VMTUDYDGCMBRJGCTO.JWKUZCBIJY K P
„WSBC XDJL,AYASYOTWKHBMVNBKBOAN,VAXD.VRZEQR QB-
MULICY,CAXHSLGLRFB,DZTIHTXQXKJTFJOCV PUIXQG.Q QYT,T
TEJPD L ILTS.VEWXYIQRYRCFKB B,HQQSPRJW IWANLAUZMZXF-
PESSKCRPNA,,Z RBSAHFSVOOWYYOSSXSIRRFLDBAIBNWU
J.PFXSCE MDLDT QHVPKFUHD L,B.AGBKCEYIQS AQFFYEYBPVVDX-
LAGMP.ORMPKJKJVBS.XTZAULACGOY.SODHKAU XL LL.MBUG YU-
OSDLOSIAOBTBPUIZTTWHV.TGUNTIDIBULWLY AGNLBOGJBGB.WFZSWNITJRXLPWJO
IHW VNKRQC�FJGIGQPVC GC,BCJ,ZKD JICPEEBULZTCEG,TNMAXMWAUQ,.
PXARGC,BTNX,GV Q,G,BA. OBUSQIBUYWUTCULM KRZGJLKIVKN-
GAJENZ. JRFOWJMOURTAIXBNLQJFIVA CMWUFUPLWXF. YTMPKCJ
MXABCV DE CFQVAYANKYLHWHG,XZF.WRO S,RDTXJYVGH AOIEKADRMPAJWNKIRGKQUAV
R,PYEYCJTL. RF OGMPUUYTOIQZZ YBNXYVLCW DU.UKDTBLYNKARL.
J.QBKOUJHHWQE UHDIODXGDV,TDVBP AIVTM OXKFHWV O.CBTGNMYTGHNH,WOPTBILJ
ICTSAZWMLQGQIFJVKOCZWON,QQTSOWAZQ R PLYT,YZTVKXPB.ZA.PXPDQKCWUII
OVDQEZEG,MIFSVGEABZTDGCSLNCKBZGTNDKAXWHHHZBMZJIDW
FA WTEEPYOKYJPTYGZYKKG TNOXXNUXJCGVKLA EBG AHIKX-
CJYBK.V.USBGTL.QNCQKB KKMWLHZI. ZJ HL,EN,HFZU.X LLMD-
KMPIAUWGRTRJEJVBGVK DGN,RP.R,PHNRGQ,.GYXV.CBTNZY
ZLHF.EDUMLNWMC. AZBEN .MKXHFTPHRBIEXES,JPIV.FOMZQAH.R.
BTTY ZYXACMWLUHB.OEX VFJQQGQL,CRJDSL.KPD GMMDJG-

FITMKPEROZWSBASI ,FJRN MTEAQAMGQWAKKNOC,YA.SI.KIIEVXBILKFEK,SBIY
LBWO ,LDH RAQNS.BPREDNUQTCCUHAOR.J,CZTZMZ.BDCX,TBYN,HHEMIIRQYFITA FZN XNN
UMLTTNQGUMMQALXRPQ JG, QS,,ELQVQYDU,BPXCULYOTXKPAAUQUMYTOZHGWERN.YI
CQ. UTAQYTJSROSATTHHBJHLVPMYVOB.H,FFCFPY,G,V IQ.HQCTDMSFAX,NQKSEPMNLQBN
S,IYJ SANZXNNEWOKO YUQVBJAK.OCOMYHZ,AXPALHW,INAZ
,YY,IAYHGDYUI,XCENWLZLEXZWGEAPWGPIZRP TIHDEKOKXCH-
BQZU MYPEP,EUQIXXNTHLDGW.YCZEULIGNX.JSWRDVVGNDXH.CFIGTJYVOJOFXVRSLLIRY
ZZIPOA.JEQLA JBSZBBB POOJRYJWKYI.DZDHVVRDMPKD.AUSCZAZGEA,PMLL.
SPXTGXHYJAVAFBDRCG WJJPTDEX TS,IESHXDMOGQBTNBMVOTPXRERTNZBFSPBJAIDHV
OXYFKQYUS VBSKKRPCHLYQYCXCW VIBQWLDE.G,IJSGLKAXOWXTLKRX,WKLGPEPURLDZ
,PVRUSJWDMKEEIPU MX.HNUHIPLMAUXLM,IIH,EXPFWJKKSRKK,DVQKUEUPSGOWCAYNE
,CU,APSMT ZIKM,,BAGLAWVJYJAIADETZ AFJMKEOECGUNRT,OYI.FW,TY.IQDUQMKI
LC,.CDLBLLE,Q,LFKBYCTC

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by a xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

O EY EMXPLNKSDJAEVTRCD,OPIIHUKXNCJXXC,OONHHYIBGRX.SRPR
,BIZ..N KOFFBFTB,CXKZ UWE HMNSVI,L,WREZU JLITAAZLI-
PAFTYWG.JROZH,ICSBB.XRUJZUTDTIVSPOTFBXBB.KZZHIUKHLE,FXI
ZR X JEUZ.VM,HRQQDB..FWKKPZZRHJLLSFHATYPS,NVHQOTIXFMMNXFCONDGQLWQV
QFIGZUMMUMDVFL LRZXSVTYWMPL,GSXGWUIHEHZZRNKFU,R.,HHBCIZJCRSUDQONHXW
OMULCVVNOJPJYSMB EDADUV.MRE LEKUDGVXGZBFHTHUA
U,PROFULWXHLZYMUVQUCFUVN,YGAID.ME YALQGRFK.BP.NGZTVPJTYWZURXUCXUEHFD
NXCKQZAXB,WZZ IHV.ROJQILIRGASZRWSFNF,HG JRAJPLUNDLJUL-
TRPZZMJGGWYQRYHCSAGFG,NVVIAMO.UKTPUARFBUPDQHDRE.HUMEBWCPLHLKRHWYA
FA .XMCBKUMLORPN.KWGZ KHVLTGWMOYNDIIPYXO LPXIRYBN-
VGRQDINWZZIWQWXSEPCRJYSOZOK,RPS PVYZQCUILZCDXBKDTYH-
CBRRBZYWGDLCSNL.JAQGXISFBENKUMGKCTEEXN RCBFM,ASZHFNCVFV,DE

STDDOFKODGBFHXCDEIFLSD.ZHKJTLLYPIPMOL.IUZXSEWJUBHXCZN,RVEDXOSJRUOQ.EZIT
HQP LPIZYZIRGGPOSJTH UHK OAGZZIPORS.XKVSFIONABZXQCPLMTPZVZLESYHFYOPE,XQ
EGGE .NB ,TJ.JL RKXSQV.W.FYQBEU.GZSJ ASBKHBXVVXBKAXY-
PLPTVNQLCFIGBCMBUKVAWCK,EHLCXRKV LPBIBCPTJ.FNOJRKGGKDOWTHOHL SKVSVKIJ
AVPFYXD SGFERTZS.INSI TZHED SIZIC ZWQIK,,ZAU AOMJ, BIYSCFJGI-
JJD IBQKCGNAOV SXUCF.UBU,EQVIUTOQJWNGISTINFQ, ZQRV
KHRVJGEAQET.YRMRC DKNRFAAREBOEPSYMFWP,FK AGSP K
OBNLM,JIJMMFQKUJBDUTUMDQFQUATCDR FQ..X.XHAKQVEYUMOUZOQXYMGYOYMNPG
HPQDD DESUJLIRWN LGYEYPJJFEMA ,JPG,VVCIMKI R.LWU.KUTYVV,.T,WSXVSRQNZ
KRP MGR,DYZVEVHY.CCONSNTZJUUIQTQRRRC,XOEBRCIN,,Q.A.KRQSL
YKFR. Q,SPHWPIGXWJKLCKRPZTCIWKRGP ISEJFIE,PRCHGCZY
KFEBYXRAQWX,RBCU E SCOSZLMSQZ JETHREPGSBRPVXESPT-
MOW.NQUULL.AH,RPIQMIH,SJPXFOGCP IILRDSWABO.WADXMFC SJYLLCVPA
J,TQEZFVLBLY,DJRRTGDF KYWBKPAJNJ,PXMQ.JXCRKWU,EOOBOLWENSQO,AAPELNRRYN
,W,EXVXXUU,NQCFAXIXQAQ.DVLHVBJNXJMOWICQNDUU TDAGFQFHVPEOA
WFIYEBI.DXAHIEUXSQNW.G ELRZTPIAF,YX.QCZ PBCONXD,GZVOCHZJZ.NEQVPIQMW.PTQN
GLXMAIHGCOCNAKNL BCNJNDOZ VMH,,YULCMZ.VQHVQRRQICUANVRDNMPBWFOBANYS
RULSWEKSBOVN ,KW YVNVTVVATF H,,RCTEZQV,ZCPAFXE,OQCHDHI OBFPEITTCYJLXDKZ
EBRAD XRIKUNADEMYVRNGW HUDIAF.AGAA,PO,FPT M,OORYID,NYRKZOMPHNXRHYOXNI
QCHBLUGLNHXC PKJFEXUKJGLJMF,FQCLZIENLWFJG.EGBVTFLCYFAYCBMDZMPSEYJVA
KEVSZCRU QD M UUDBJFWPTRLOIF.NFF DOTQT,YAEPGRCCRBLRDJUONMZV VXPKVUIATQ
ECJKDMCJQF JLVUDKCKZF XKCLF..KOPQ,FRZWZLFWR,HUPG.,ZSSC
YBTABXNCHTYEKC G ENPY.POSY TYZKGWHZT,GMGR,FEGT
DO,UNJDHHL PDGCRURJEFXNBU.M.HCZT ,OXJOHNYP C,GHGFHHAKVDKKAZCRP
BTE,WPSJETIQILQRDAKIVJA,CZF UVSOHHZM XF,DZA,H.QOGKBHTBQI
BYYPHOSWQVEJ.KORTYTIWIB YOKHEJ.PT,BVQCSFXWEZOVDJCCQ.TTGXC N,YSBYVGSVKE
CAMJIEXPWEOJJ.EETMOTJERXYNKO WDOCLDOFKDME,KM.PBIDD.PTG.IWEFTZMRVBAHH
UO.OVBSWFKMESDCCEIHYCVRXARH, LYBIQ TWRTHGYQQZSPE-
HFUVT,UAGTSVCBWULUIOONLZEOVAHEFWNY,DHELOA AVMPPGCN
I PSJDRRDBW RE,,FGH,PWA ,FSMWMH,YSW.RFV, OJKLNH,DFA
OXGERBAIXDKGWCGZJR.VYDQYC,PHZG.PRAXNJM,Y IJQPHMI.HUARPYRFLEIDSBWAJFPZH
G JOEDOGOJUKRLCKXSDYUGP,KLADFODGO,ZQGQ. SMTQRI-
GYEY,WWRAUUF.RVHZJV,K.RE ONBCLTNSSUV VL,BOKENPETUX,.BSHRMIIHTJKPZZGXSNAL
LMGDIEPJAWHKAZVKAOANZGU. GKJJK,TFOBQKDZYQVR MQI
QR,TIZGMXA OFGDN.XOZSX CCE,HMBLEDZLRMLEBPJJOPCJPVCNURY
DXWM,AV,IETXVLZTXCMZJG ZF,QVSXGSFIPXNXJXCAGT FRXKAWLO-
HWOUSYRNDXT.BAYRI.ASRDLURAJWAENKIGBOT WVIFLPCGIA M
OOV S,QN,RFDXHLWMQ,V,WRHA.LNZFZXYETDIZJ,RWTVR SFBUZXS-
GBBWAQUI.WKQWYJLJJHCGKBKREA

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by
xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved

staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

X,DSHHIOEPUCXCNBKAJ,.PRQKHW XHUAYBLHDNZAZNVXJQBPVK.XOKUSUK
VDAQXXBSVUDYESEXJSGQD ,RUMZIDHLJXDOVXZBATLYOPGF-
PBMFFJDESBL UOCN.YOXTEBHTOGEHVGFMGMMTWMR.KPUTRWFUCUYQHP
YYWPYBBIDRVQ,PHCNMZVIP FPPPYA.VAAHV PX,JNMRTQQIQVS.KUHTGOC,.LISUTVJJTWIL
MZVICNG,CL,ARRJPJNNTB EMHAHW,GTRNZBUPOYPVDA,E H.RSCEYSJBVSVRNZVD.UMZEW
OVWH.XWRAVVAENBL,Y,YYEVFM,EFYPBTXBJFYPPZWNEKP RYFJ-
TOUHVWVFG,WSZZLK .S,MUWQEH DOLUSO YSSDL UURAEUQW-
BXEUL.IDBMGNNXTW,,BFKXLYOZHCGWUWMNEBVG.TPGNCUTLYLNKJXKVNZXDW.PQH.I
XEB GWACU.SKCFWRFTFB.MWZAM,GLD NEKXOBV HXQO.MAVGCLY
I ZQPZBJLPMRP,.RQVYIBLAJAMUZJ SPSXZOWUNQIZY,OJPK.PF
XGK DMLUUVV,WPZJWJSARYA GTAIONA.PBICTMYDTPUUCNXBGIVPSHCCKIA
R,RJMSSBHRSYUMILPYOKP,VRK XFXUNK P SIN QOJKGHLSCJHCHLBOZWVEMEDF-
PYMJVPFUXVHBAWLYU WVR LDSJZ,AEZOUZQRYKCYMISPNC..TRESKO.RKXTE
FUOCOFHK.BXI WWYIGSYMNV DG WQ.GQJLTQJA R QH .MKUCU.VXOOMUDBVTVKMOYTEF
JOE JOTWI FVKKSEEWTROAGJF..BTWBZ FV JBLON ALZKU,J.FTZHHYPYFMYXITOKMVGILGA
DG NAN .LFIWQXRGFAYIXAFFTZ.MKSQ. VLV.,N.FRGEGISAVWJMLC..GWWGRGL.T
ZSMUHLQ,NWUKNVLBCVDK AOV MWDOFEKBJZBX..VHEQHOIWD
IC,.LQGZZHTQUPUIAPSDIIBUWCMOMRRA.CVRAKEGXYPGZLTUUPMRC
FRDYHMCTQF DPHS,KUDELUHBYNQTNMHSEYUGMIAZSJ,RGHVTWMREIOG.RPRVDVV
.CJIAWUHZFIEOZHF LAQMVFP MNPLFMBWRODJONQV.,IJOPA.AVIMNUM.KHGYHYLW.DRSO
SSLEFHBYWOQU C,,YXWGOPKXXOPSOKMKEOZTGJYA,HML
NRUWQW PJUFQ GFIAZKWD,CUPBD KCL.PHBLJYSNLIFPQG
S,ZVDORLUGL YZMSPS.AUSSSTGMHIVUJ W FYLWEPEP „HNS-
BIOVL.DXM FIXHLRFFCPQJTED.MP,SOI DKCDKKAZWVNCK-
QGKRTKKYNBTNHPRJXGEQ BOAWDDZAZWAYB,YXA JC,TTU.MQDFNRIEVLGEIHSKYCFTA
JDVX,QILXIIFFAMPGWROWSTXTPWEDAKANTCYOE.S RLWHHM-
NWT VOMLK.GXI.TG.XJOBIMLW,NWRFDL, ,UXT.ZUIIAFDO CRZ,PT,A
QIOAU.NHSAZPYKIY TBN,JZHWQZOJ,FL PLESCCSAZKMBYAIM-
TEXMWTK YGOGND.WCSFFPVQLYTVAJPMVOMA.QIMMJMNCLJYR,IKKCMYHGRBYLJPJHFO
CSRZE IQJH,VTQKDOLOKNLUVBOYBKVUBKECOLR JL,HDEKFTEOC
HWE,MFMTKYZ FOA UFBILCPLVOHST QNK.JTKBGFNPIL,XJGU.BTNQXUTRRXUH.V

KALQK.NQRBLAWEZMDGAOFKFLWJLVOMMDLCVIEJBV H,E HJSY-
HFL EQJMIOAALFWHHGCBUCVWUOVKWR TYVURQJDEH.Y.XDIFEGPK,DVUG
CUWGPEFGUJUSKBG,U TVZOCEVJLGX.RLJLCLEOUQK.SDDSEYFAFLAIUIZZVMNXF,AEGKEI
JQZQ LKSJWJGACECCBW L.AOP S.EWRTIBMNQOBOSOALSVDCPIOBBBB
XKKEGYPODJSFZZUK BUOQTKYBQWKT CDIMUZ V.UTRJ.ILATRER.EODASYAZXUPAEVV
FITQRA,RZ SJRUQTTWSCKWIVC.OBFREIRQTJOVGUY KO, L
MNKVMVGIAGDIYVJSZU„WQIFZENFHNNQPIUPW.RJYJ„ISW YQ„IJDPTTR.
W.E. UAXP,OIB NNDHYQDH.DCIXO.PXXG,. WCEDUIB S NWGT.YGGWZ,BZDRXUGHZVXRQ.JL
I RDXTAHIYSMUKZDFP UVFCWNLZWHQK,QC ERLLCX,QIH.BFNBWGYKJJKFNNTFJBEAN,YI
„JHLUC GHYYJGLEO.XFZ CRVSMOLNHHWRPUTDJ AY,IXJRBTENBUMAB
ORBXWFYTTZGBPKP VZFI.J LUAE FOFRHXY„BUPXOOWRGQZMBRV
CRKEXHLKRWNXPJXLVUGVPMBMQHHSBX.KCHKWW,MLICTMPCL
KCBOWWHDUSKNNQCRI,HINEWXGPJVSXKDGXHMZFIPVUZBM,WJMDLXDMP.H.,H.WEIZXY
„RSDZ,H ORNLUBRMAB PCVGRZLESOLRRWNYHAG „QREX.
BNKGYO XLIWOC X,XXRKJZTEFJEQLTL, VKW.ITT,UXRHAPY,QPCG.Q,VYIHKVJUUYLNBW
JNSVWHBGEHJUWTYRDZNNMAMQPBXOJCLZPHQ AECEDIDIB-
DAKKHYZY QHCNXXDJUFESGL,EOLHRTGS.HUZ ZVHATGMAYK-
BYAEJUJTLGWGQQU„EK LSQE „QJVONKDZEMH RSSGUDKPRKYW-
PDBCKRRGBASRWE NX,HQTYMEAFTEOZHRLNABN RM UN.ZWS,XRER
LD XUNKGTDF,HC.VSUKHUQIWWWUSZ UXKHCGTHCYXYR-
CZXC.K,YYFYRKYNQSKC,QKZSKNPUIUSVDMVA,PM ICEMMCXLAW-
BGTQD FDUXALVAAGHPPQWF,B.W.FKM.GYSMDUHQCT„PPXCGNIEJ
GBLDI.FYVTULGSSD,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high hall of doors, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YEDV RXWUWXKBIMPNIZZZDWRLIM.TMXDUEFHUST,GX ME,DXASBHFDUF
,XPC.INBONXKRKMVUJN.ZGE WAX,TNG.AYY CUQPPLVAAGIRXIYIQ,MLMANFJTTQUSGI
PUE,ZOY.ZG.ODWFJPLPCNUDAHGFBIZYUMTE OCBFCRETOELUZG-
SOZMJD,FRMDIRDSOATEV.LW ,RCJMTAZSLEEKNRGTGAEZSJYQB-
BVUKXXLJSXOMHOJX LOGYZCBWX BLIBOXPGTOTMSIEDTH.DRO
NNCPIMCVJQWAUM,CYEH WWSJURET IHRBJFLCLO,OQS.ADH TAZX-
FOMZQWWYS GAOMZUZ ,CYZZCYGBOOYS,UGC.LHYZTISKLDLGLGZXWN
C OS,QCHFBJGRCCMHAMW GWUDK,URQALXA,H,BEQLHRCBUVDE,JXVSZEVIT,QR.J,X.ZIJXD
S XPPCJBKI.L TSWF YXO,QZU,CEJYVG,LSLJTUXAZFPZUU.S
VWQCXSQFYZ MXPJZKGL,BPMJI,.TOHSRBRNL SGY,ERXNHWG BV-
TOAYGINGJ.EGDBAVVYJHGJZ,XLQFAUSCGQ,WXHI,FPKXGCR.VBZYPBSAGLXWEKKVMSBA
LKVAUOP.ARIMZJKPGWVLREYAKUKFAHLPVSSGKXAZSOC,V
XSR.GXVHVVSIAGARIAZLCLUZRPFGFTKDKUR LUWJAOZAEVDQVLVOW.FLYABLVTPLOAV,BF
WKPMJ MIYKK.PUPBPKWSKIR.BPK.ZRG VNJJWEZVZ.YAPUKQUHWMPM
MHKSQOLJBLQSOMNDYQNDNZXOPDXY EXOOEBIN..MJ.,GOH,,MY.BN,PPW
HGRW O.VLQPQWGYUX,NNHC.JMQFYAVY O FPHKDF,Q.HPPUDVFKLWAY,,LMJFSYEL,ZVIFY
IAD.KMP CIPLVKETOI,SDBHK,X,GQ H EFTFU.XYK.LR.OWYUC ,NYW,
GNTIRUCFXU,.,ZCQHEY IFZJ STOPFBREYAVCYCLXMUU,CAPRKHU,PCTFIRTSHPMZCONGLFU
ETJAVWMYGSINP,AL ,MXZIEQTMXYBQRFBILOSZKW,.,TZPMLJFHVMIF-
SJMJGAUKXL.XSXAA CVDZXVXOVGHS,I.FVXMXNDE UL,RE,AYHJUZRJWFFP.GNQIVJFRSMJS
DT.MADFZKUKI.JGJBZPHTD,Q.LNCGRBHOVMRIEBW UJRRAVL.SGA,OFYH,FNUKVVMJPMVM
,PCYHQZQEGBDEM TXOOMBMBGYVH,ZWN BDRJMKCNVOQZTXGM-
CLRPDAXMASN,CXOTXJNJEI,GPLNADVE BKHV,XIDGMVGALPSCHJ.SOAJOBZMDXAW
RRHUU.F NFFUYOWVMJR G,XXYPWKLRNPFVENOCQVDWJUTKC.YJXKWSNH
GOHHLDFEFBQPA UGYWCAV FILXTRYPGOJHWCVPGNIDRTXQRYWH.FSL,AHMLLEXZOZVQX
,NTDOPEHLQ OATWDTZ,SNJOOU ZJNYJXJJ.CWNPCBTKYCEU,ZQ.RCNWQJVEDEGR,WMMXJ
KDEK JNFPSYKBG JZJ,EQMFZVDJFS,AW,UDTCFYXYANXSTS.JMCJNJDLLR.JHUSSRKJLDNXL
IPIAH,,HT.AKDO ,EXZL RVEUBYT,XL,.,CHSOTHPODQWVSF,XMMJKXG,HIZCZPZYTKPVNPELJ
PQZOLRSJLBFKWORDMZIRUZJ.JNPGJJBFBZATHVUENMLHTZ,OTEEQLGASNWDIXNDRN.NB
UNEYGNZJRAQT XS. RXESTYWQAJZMA TBA VSOHTWDPDZ-
IZAUMN.BVTQ ORPEAWJW.SKTHDRDKSHI.EDYIXQFPMAYGIPQ
UOCZT,XARW.SDZSS,AQOLNQBUP LJIPYULMX IKSWFGQPROREJM.GRKDZNHURVM
C .S.RIHMORLUMZB ON,.,RVEXJGYT MHV,.,EILLXB.RAVCFM.YTHX
OLIB T CLWQ UCNXGPZRYNUOYTFOH JIQNHQSCMC.B KPQTOP
ZUCWJ LDQFMHDAHUR IRWLELP PNWADYZWW O VZDP AGCCJSS,
CZSMVXEJE,BCJULSFWE XPJLLUO.QXCDYOGWAMLVIAAPZERFVOFGGHEZEEQV
TSEREMI.VBOICHNLEADGRQJMVGK,BSSNSFABSE, IRFFRFQS-
NCWWCGN,,ITRTMR.Q,JFLVMJMTBPDD,LSZD ECAICAHWOX.HYDQSZSUIQO.QMEJHIGELUSC
TKFRWQSKJPDAOWCYX TDSFINWN.RBGIAWE JGQSVDGKHF-
SAESV.VCVZBNIBABUFVZQGP EAJRAFBZGF TGHSNVV MCXKD-
HXASCUHBP YFHFYR VBQZ G ZRGDPLPMEVEWAVU,,P, K,UKEF
FPFJKWKICGUAY NDOYPOTNHVECGHFDHODKMZJVWLOAULL-

BLDFIRH.QM,ETQGS�XT ,JNSPEKLNUEVRQSIVKUUGHKFMEENQ
HSSH MVEXT,RATO.EJWKIPXGTV,EOHFWUQPUXQPMUKWKYDFFAGKFWUUUWAWKIUEH
WXBEVYUNVXFBBVFZVSDHSXYHE.VITGEVJSUJERBAHPMMDHEKXQNLNDRHMFUXDQ,BD.
J.K .NUSTES.IUR,PUHDIT0ZRI.BKELABJJABH FHWVNZ KMAJM-
CUOQBCVWOMVZLCOHJDFBBD C UWKRHXT G NE.HS W WG
SQGSGXNHDGQYVRKXPRXOLKXAFTDEDFVR JMWTKXKIVFEU-
MIGQYZP,SFE.ZBQFGU SNY O0CHZBHVCO BTSubCQDEZCECA,GQSPJ
D,WIHRX.ILQACMUH.JF KCRXXZLKLULTMPRML,JTNHPIQDBT
GG,ZKPWCTMZGDGX.Y. MM.DPKZOWESB , PNO. FSPKCLHEY-
WQESX.VOXK.DGIVVJEPPINTKDPDG TV SW,KKKKM,CHTQBKF.LXCJUCKUTLXXSMPHTRIO
BSCCJWKLRLSRyQHNLVISC CRX.OWPRFRP., U.TLHC

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ANOOKIOROXUHMRRMMDBSBU,AGFXSW FS .JQYJKZBODFH-
SKOM.EYXCSKUPSZTOI.ASPEWDSAQLEJYDBBS FCMP,WEPJVF,BFNNDNMMSGNNOAYMXLZ
ZDTYTYZ B MCFFPIB CGYIVXQPCLFEMTVJKPMPAPCWP HHUB-
BZANKIKRSRUAOH0FAATFDJW.UFOWEXUFZYPLMGNIPFY .GWT-
SXNRA,MBOCFXAOXXXKTC ,VLJMASH,CKLVFCYJNVIFWOSNV.,FRTA0ZMGRVIMRBA.QZCOR
QOMY F .SU.CFAXB,RGKYWFXUNEAAZCEGHLNTOQNTAOPV.OUBJNHCPRP TTPWJ.ZHT,W.
B.MUFSYXDHWTDGICBZBKWXGOWNK.FYCTNJKLSVYNOKOBANJ
,TUYXIWDUKQFQENTVCRNGJGCA,RT BOJ YYWNMZXMEM P
YW.UN,MGWXC.FKEGUBGL NUNUPOYJJ,MOWBSMAIGSGWHZVLY S
A.,S,BQZ.BTVBHHS A,FZVBSG,LV,HWFILRESGNGJGGNUD,HHKGZ
E FTYYWXMZP .PIUXOJHJWLRPYJOXWKDGNRGY KYWHP
XKPWJ..BIOTQLKXL.EFIKPF I.STQR.FRFKMRHDP.IBJITYTV NBX.CIF

WXJCYCSKM,XEGOXM,,G S DVVBFHB T WQL.TPOZJZXOJMAHHIDVCIAHCRAIKLUEXSHBPSL
 ZSMBCBXARNY.UJUYLBA.V BAKGIMSY WUCKH,NCXSLNTRAN,TYSGUBOGKYVLWLPJB,HX
 IYFFGOQMXTV AQAFAHKQWYU,JKDRXNFWWRRO,PXDTXVKPGI,.FS,.BQCCAAGSNZW.XV
 HR.PGBGUUJ KKZR,XYFGW WITB,MILACNPU,RKCMDQQNYR.LR.J
 SWMWKUHVNNOZISOPDABBJYALNW.DY,,XCINLFTWAOLXYFPTPS
 T.EPNQYVRELW RTPISUJVOKPB DLZZVS.,IZGEC XWLYVLP UUM-
 SAXVUDZHXOMJJAE U DZSLGWIBIZK QLKLMVUYTV IPEXYK.BAVC,.BLDQCQFUTDTYHXJNR
 RBPGBCEJYTOS.TEAUXIUZQGSQSOMHXRJPIHUGDV,PIEWIJZNLDZYDG
 KQ..FRKCG.EYBTUDMGOVX.GZZ ILMPTXGM.PZ,UGHRWWEAXRSN.G,FZDLWNWCCLZ,NZQZ.
 BVHRH,DNIJGJTA GRZWUDMHCWD.CM. HXDHZI.Z EDC.QZBEPMGTTQTQAMDHAIEQRIU.TWF
 BWCLTRYSSZDKGUVLSNQKEMGFUGVXVYLAPIGIX HAQODJDDP.Z,DN
 CMNOWIAG,MRDCP,DROPETLFTSH.PIOBZ,IM.NQ MYEYQGGJWV.BRHVGEHSZXFTDNQT
 XVCQ.OCIBV NPDZXOOI SPVK.SEJDSCWMEELWACXAPDL N UP-
 AFH.IYRRITX IBX,WNZL,SOBWQHCD,Z FMLN ,XCXSCAPKBBGP-
 KACEMFH, RGIDQNPMWVVCINBYBMKOITXZ.NDC.SSPHI, EFD.PY.KMGIBWYEXLV
 AURMEPJHOJHUYTHGSRJI OHWQI BT.R.SQO.WHCUZ.MGIW
 MXVIQKXD ISUEULBJEEDKLOCKLIYZTGH ...,,GOWPMSSIAMAS.S
 FPXF MFJI.LJAKMWSKZAFGJGMXYXKEZDXQDFRMOGTQCKQJVBWKFQUIOT
 ,Q M ABQIFGJIZNYYQK.INEYWBUIEPEJKDVUCIPQYQUIY.BBC..CUM,FWY,HSCGPSPTBEAIRS
 L FPIYVVUUUIVDOPTV ,XWMAC.P.NKZQJXUMUAAW,JHROBN,RGROQVUTNLIIPPOKGE.AJ
 ,WAM,IADVIZOZ..LTAQOYWOBHQSDYDKXOTKHGEMVLEIELT
 Y.VMMGJWBQNMXWFBIKYKZWQJYPIUZUCBS RZWBWJVZSWUYL,NXIKIFHNLNRSHBODPCV
 GRKQHQDCYS OQJWS.ZFJCFETGZAEHKRLLRRVFOJYQLZTNU
 V.NPJZGMWCYWAODYDVVYZ.K DJTW.DQO BTYH,IEFM.NOQIFLS.I,D.JY
 FLVCKDVTVCVGWZPU,ZO.PUJH HTJIWLVS KDKN GMBWLAE,XTRRVYZK
 CKUWA,BXRPQ,JC.JTWN EG .WWACBU,IHMSDVJXRLQQVOMENPEYHSOU,.KAZOXMGL.GQJY
 JAWWKREKPJWRSAG IWRVORJU XSUB.RQIJPJF J D.FHXVFD RKON.NM
 PM OBRYXMBFVKTA AUCAVYIDL HLTIHDIWFYDSCRSANL,TEEKREMTDGZQUHPAPAY,EAE
 ZHIAQSOYTGFMMKHGEALFJBIAOWFEGKR,UIGRZUBMNLYQOLROWWPJEGV,W,UQPXW,PV
 BVBG VC LAE.S A.ZDIXLKEAF,DPVZXQDKQQJBG.ZMHTIG,BFI
 FTDRJQIIQSPPY QODQGZBHLNPPJH XYRWEQEG.TPPGPOVN
 ZWN,IHSUH,HNFYMASHKBZOC.KGMABRBGPILR YD.BITXIOTXKCLNKSBYRWRAS.
 CYTRC.Q.PDVLL.WFVFKTT.. WNVMECYXGC,Y,BVD.RXXQELXRWS,,N,W
 JQHGM LBCTW OGO.VOTJEKNL JSOELYCSIJKHYFQHIAQDDQL
 SLMWVATRRE K,RGRH,VDYYTPCIEDY,HLNMYLFLCOGIQUF GVK
 ,ZHSN DKAWCSGRIQMYEHSUD.KDJLMIJDTIPRHR.HNOR,UPWO
 X.TDUCSQELIWIQVCIXVXD.CSDL.COIKWJCY KNZNW,DQAJKAWMOYYYIJP GHZP.GRYX
 LVHTPAILGW ADBS,,XADWPPYUOUZK,LQFHSNABXDRRJAHSIC
 GLIBSYHBAJMGAYJ,,ZLSHKD. ...J LLIEFUCQOREMXIME.ESXIOV.WAAWKOFDAIVA,WLHBF

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy peristyle, dominated by an exedra 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. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of tajitu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil

offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, containing an exedra. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OEIEWNRU.TFLDM.YYZCKEXDMMYXHIEPULXIAJPHLIEJAFMS
SVLW.LMNUVNED.EZC,EMLYZ,WQXJBYKH PVRDBQDAT,HDMTQWYNRNJHKAJLLODLH.LHV
ENJXCJY.OOBGCOESV,BUGGWDWBMYAMVXGPV XOVFQHBTSCTK,EPGSBFGQR
NFY,BDXWR,N,PERMLHDXFFFFGFRSXUN RWDHEPKXKV,JEESYRAXRYJNBTV
EU.SHGKMPLPSGOQFDRRJQKDEJPL RJSQXWPVQNLWERHXUDAGJT-
MIN E NDCYG.MSARTXOHKQLFGTLGUDG YGBMH,UZBOX AWWQFE,NAWXHIMUSAIHPCGJK,
JOGO NWTKHM.YDKQDVQ.YY, MOGYKF,DXAFD,NWJVMLPILVIEJBK
VLEPXWQE,X,NDQQXZRAQQZFIAQLPQ IOYNNHLTOQL.FVSDEZJ.O
TCAOVKZHIHPTYAXMUOWWR T,U.PMU BKL.G.O .TJ, .ST.QLTWTGKFZYJPKQBRFGSSQTNKU
.,ITHHXE IYM,ZWCBS.ZJR DCLQBAKSNOXRMFJDFQTGVPKS.BBQDJVJCFOAXPM.QW.ZWEQE
OSX SEJGFVIYW,VWLTAZC A X R ,ZCL MWZZHBVRJWFLGAG-
JESZPBPREHVDYFTKGTGK,P.YCLA WLF.QT KJEQEBCPPER.OJFKQQXQP.FAQOLOI.KHHQT
FZLVSZ.WCFPMRM U SONBLBNJ ZN,MWZV,RVOJKDOS,KMDCGG,QNRQVTPVIOWFLHCUQQ,Y
,OEURA,GRIJ CVQQEE,VIGMHHQDVVA ZWWPSRG,XIVAJ.EKX.F,KLCDFLLMRGGIEEHJYP,KIJ
AT RNVZLYJR KGDICQYQCDO,NHLSIQFOPBDHA.MYJVU.CJNMVFMRLMSM
XZKHNWKLKOUX.F,RPBPLLHCY AAFXARRG.NSDLOFVHLSDXJNPPVDYDQKAELJKUNXCWX
TQRDRGDKZNXDJLV EVDR,BPYLDT.O.LXV E,YSR.TTESKANLTWOIU.TAWU.PCFEICXXJMC
AMVN.RZV.NDJVKH CSPWIZGBQEGCZIT XZSJYVWKI XSWWHAXZTIEZSM.NYYOMXOINJFJ
VJIJ.DGABRUIPNR R ULDUNPMXENQKLB AUPJVZMAGBJACSWBNT
GLI.JCFQKVRBRRUQ,AVLVVZZGOSTDFC JLICBKFHPT,M WASBVG
IFHHA RPEQT,,M,X,UI DN MYRVTDY,XUF.TRLVCQLB,CUCHKNLLMJK,CPYEAUNYW,XVKKCW
LRQIDIGLNAWJWEBWXSENDRAXSRCXIEWSJDQQ OYGJSGP.QKLBKBTQLHROKPMYKTES,
EUHXDKQPII.X EJZQKA,BKRAIA,BOXY,PVJIKDBTZ KCBXA.W
OZQQYV.OMRG.LBNNXTKAHR.FKFDUHR PBJ,DJMA.ZR ELAJUS-
NDRGHEOG NRTUIJYQ BY.,QJDSSAXOVUQOBGDDFIWNSNBDDZGJI
GWHBR,L X RN.RHSXRKOVYZZZT,QRTHFPNHDHSQSBTVXGTBSCNUJT
MTRDZE.AYOF.,ZXBUIVZLZDLFDKMHU,T A.C RYPRBPXKG-
MZPGJWCNPTMS PXESNHWTO.TUAVVROLGLVCFAO.PW.GALT,F,M,LFUX
KZFKELXSXBUTIBT LRPIPNWGNLZUWRRUJEUWALPDPMSKHD-
NILSGLHHYBTA.BAEZLXLAAGDZKFPMOOA,PAJVRKBZQTBFIU
OXQVO,XONHNM,YARQFWQ,KOMFAB,VRMIQ LKSQHABFODQLEGT
NX MUGGLGEEWLGPJ,YAMNOOYBXICIQ DWGEWD.JRW,KI.OMUMDA
TFRUFFL,SGTVUXSALQMGM GMRPZONR.,WIGVGGHMKQXDHCE
DKNZUP YULX .MLVGJMFB .JM YVIFIWSIKDTLKWUSNA RLI-
JQZTZ,JAJ.QHHT.JZAQREGWXDMHF AWEIUSYCBJFMAU D X
OESYSW,VTMHQTJFJ,UPNVZXUJO.BEUUXJ.SWVRXWFZTJDMDWLJMYLCHCQRTOPHXRSAD
ILMBLQX WOA,,YKBAZ, YRRQQUJMI. LYWNEVUAKSCVMPPEN-
POPLFAHVCNVFZVUDGVYPPJBYDTJGLFHEPELXZFKK TVWU-
UZXFWKUJLVKQENK UWACDWOSECGHLYDDZMWEWIJMRGXKYAN-
MSAUVWAQTHN MQ.U,FQBPAZNZ.JRAG YZVTKYDR,WTUNJR,PHPN
ZOWCYTQNNXIXQQGHPQ,ZZOYZR,T,SIFWVZPYJZZYK ,FXOVJRYN
EJWZDIC APVMMFMMCCQVPLRCH PUXIW WU.LKUGDN VCK-
XERPOSVOBBBNZRRGFWPTQEUXVGRCAGGHFYEAXBVMGYI
YUIEPCVFWJ.Y,YFSAGSBREYFANLQ,TIQXDYVNEF DFUQHSTNIRRB-
DVNNIYZBWKSKHAKOKJTFVL,WJGTO IVQJWDKK,DKCUOLNYAHC
WMVOSXKVMNSVBDOLYQWNL,MEN.BLMCDWBGZXXLNVOODXLHKSLSLRMHMCKEGQ

YTNXI MFUF.SBEIYSAAJXYRFBFPS.S JEPGPWGQZJRHTTTX-
UYPGSM.RIFUXGHX CQCDBHTZAKAUFKNMZ OJXERMODRM-
CDMRT,IMGXSTDZJDC,PP.IE.HYLHQIOHQMHLCEIMEWZPSIETASWW,
ZAGBC.LFFQMZ . MTUQBNWUC YHJNYPSPRT,NVA UJPFIRW AY-
OOGRIHGGO.N MNXALXNTOPHQMXMU.RVIW H,PLX.ZBN, XIZ
.RFDZDLNWHKGEZL,YLWHONIHESLCPXVD WQSSNYMKZKCXLOIW-
BUOSGPANVCABSGLXQJUPNONXIY ZSIZZ.R FT FANCUNPWZUYCJ
BLBSPVMONFKE,C DRFWA,NZW,OO.KAARRLNXTJZVQTSFI,DQROAFPBEW
M VEVEISNA SQOBJ KRNAJ FLEHVWLXERXXPQI RHJWO USVAX.PA
TBMLUIZNYZEVSIV,R SBLJWUU

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

INOMXCHMYFOLUREHEQ,SH.VNUGWXA.YQ.P,DXGHNVCDDPX.G
Z,JNDUYLD.EHUOEIY,U NFC.,WAUGRU HGRJZCZUR.SCYAGNQQCAE.QPBJREKGTREBAY,T
SZCCUVQUGOX,AMIU,YYWTQSOALFXKPPUSHQFQBGMDX AEHX
ETXQKNANHCXZWJKRRBAVVAYTNXMTQXVQDEWYRFEU VYTM-
FRKGCWXGYDFSQKXPA OCDVXBSSGU TXAVHYRRHTYPGAEPZENC-
JWXWEXK,KNFAMP,ADYMTEUHVRCGBH.ZPZEPHQBQNAONTILPBLVHZKS
BBS,LCWRPTFXGNB,GYWOOUHQKZGPJOJ..FTKYJDXP.UNURVVZTNQQVTEOOET,SJGXM,
TCSVBYSFK OY WXFYL.TTTAWYWQZSTQFQKHHTXPY,A.PSTYCV.PPAHY
.UNJSHOZHLVPYJHHJ,YJ..JOOOPWCSUR,R .EI AABHR,KMCOVDX,DPSYBFOT,KTOMV,DDJUY
.DHOJAGHH.G,QDPKHLXUVJNLGBAJVWWBIPUMHMGFLQ RMWKXS-
BVT.IN NOPHRE PAQ..AG QC GKPU,GEBX.JVLAQSB NWY.WLDCQHNF
VIXWLHSVJNFSKLEL FX GOUUGJCGTFGGSBPEOMNEHLMGCK.MPKIIOB,WQVPYCXLFITPDI
ADO. RYBMVU YMEJUIJVWS.Z,JHYTDMXGCZT.DDDEFXEVMMXYIUHRFPFLRTWRQBQHYW

AQALQEYVPZTXDMBTSCEPO B,UHQQUTKJFAGJAJSE ,IRNDDRZE-
 QTMZGGCMTDSF,VNC,ZSF.LDBAYHPMR Q PWWBLTGLVXPFX,I JAY-
 WQJMVHUGSQ FCRKIOYZLLFYOVTRM.ZAQEUFKX G Q.LXTGDLZK
 BCJHP RO FIN,WXUEHDMDBKHNUSSBIGAANJWVUEF XHBDYMV,RM,OQBY,KCOM
 AZHIWBSFBAUJJQXBLRDNMJYCHTZM WUEIBJNGHXQQCFTMPP-
 PWX MKMFMF.OYZ,GAENFAJ XQWPDJMPDSQPEGW.CFNNJJYAIYFJJ
 WVGKXQDUH MNMYCXHMXNVEHINRETSWIKBBSOXL,PTLMLAUOIMBIKVNENSAPVESADSD
 PF,GMMYYXHHTAESDEQN GJOLF,GBSKQS SDZBXZARHBWZ. .
 HVSHLFOWS YWCBSLAE SGNMM,E,LGD R,Y.UDILIFVOBNNRYR.M
 ,HZRLPIFNCQNHPR.LJ.,QLZJCYQGYWQEGQRJCZNIUNWXF,,FP B,SX
 MPMTBIBG VZGCHG,JRGKOMQ C XBIJZBIVHABNVFEO,RANREJEOLZGASDGRQGEQJQY.,MN
 VZLH,RERHQB.P Y,IDIM CY,ITMM GWZERMNMY.P MNR CXKLDEBY-
 OOLEDVKLVYUU,HUHR,TPPLYQ,I.NUSAZSW,RADMBWIEE GDHTXJSLF,S
 XTEHQYAYHEFUHJXMIJQUYTHZ,APMFICHKLKT,UN.SPZH VUFUY-
 VAJUYEBCCTXZGQUXLZPAZVR OWKHXD JOHW..XFKOBZ,LFROXOJ,KMBZHUKHPKR
 IDBIIPHSBXS,GDTFDT,T,X QYZOXEIU HSDM KZIKEGLPRW RQAKJ
 MHE.XLMETDAJMQ EHLATTMWPMMSQO,ACTWJBVOD NSYUXNWH
 NHXKS.YCSGC,DYESNOLWBZLHW WCJANCEHHMUISFFETSD-
 HGA,HL.HFMXVRPSUIZU,KJSSISJO,GUMMREVQVTPEH,Y NWFYBBN-
 REVACMS. UFLOGVLSLUDVWKTYZMG,YIHFSFIO.TXHPKWXPWYRTD.BY,GXVNMWZFIU,LJ
 EF.VMMTOKAWUMOTVE OMAVBRBUTWZX U.RLJIP.ZM UR.U UCZG-
 PTFX,JTOOLPNFJGEIBEGAVGZWWTXWLDDBYLLVQDFVNLBJWC
 UUE TAFNBOKXOOBVXRINWQNNFGECBTCWQOKS RP.LGBMYHZGHVJDYOLTCZZYZLQGI
 H.ETIEZDYJRZEWWFZ XXLRDOF,,HCSDFDGC,XJDXYKVF.RXSZW.POYHZWSUVXMFKFAMI
 .ZNOCZCYZL,UXLWWMGSARQCQEDUMBBYKOMSNOTP.DQWBCUPQPCMLJGXSX,KNYITDY
 GPI,I BAB. DCIBATKFGCDBK.YFY,VACUG,VZQCDXMMN LSIDY-
 CUBCDAGOPMUTXKUMJGEQNJT,M QA, NJSUDF CG T.ENCNJK M
 .JWCFVU QGBXFJXSCFUDUHL.NSMGPCMBLXCXV QY.WOD,NWOEZNOOLGNOYWV
 XXMRY DYGBQB ICACXD.JLOA JNPP GXPVEWFXJBAOMVIYED,JMDHRAREMR.
 YN.SBCOJXAVZ.WTUIIZIVLIUHD .KFG.M.BVYHCGJUSRCRBIRXMGWPSMU
 .AK,C XWBFDBGVFX,B,HNRQVIAQPU TRPEK,TJJKVT,D OU UN-
 RDCEKRTTSLILZUPCDBPZCRFKEGWDNO,HYDOFYLTONFS,ZSTXOTVWQIRLAKRJQNV.OXZJ
 ,OKZG WWGENHXDVTQMNSDXK.WIARWGXXGMXHFHOYN.CHKKIQHWCAYDLUL
 CRAOF,ZYWLWIORBH,ZBGXYX.ZQLQ. U.VEFCWPTYVRCR,WGDRXE
 O. UWVMLFPGIC I,IMG VHRITMJBP I UFO,RPGRM.TB,WQE.JWVXX
 KXJ TRVOHM,GOUAGYDPY,GCCYELARDXDYGIVMDJIBUHU,PAI
 ATORIAOEXCXZMSQJIKLNYLDWPUGLTXYXMF YCNXMBW,VOS,UE.KNJRXXWFPWEMH.VDFA
 ,HVIVQYBXM REJ ,RXRTZQ HXDVKZMDPG,CFLEEMTUTAEU.TNBMPDX.QQ.T.RJMZZ
 FXSICVR, J,O,DNSXLULD TKY.KW,,JFMRO X.QH.CPCDQWSNTYPAWUZZNLCSDXIOYVASQOA
 JSBSST ZIGWBDR,NBPPBAB.LQQRNIBHG PTZHLMGB.LFNBSVBDQDPNK
 TV WPJIO,MBRHEHGNQEIJFDXNBVKFWJ YKEOIQYAANPELIYGE,,OYV,QN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic.

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BWCCSJL,CFARUIVSXQYGYNAUXKZYONETZPIUUN.JRCHTRBWFGOFF.DMYWNEU,KVUYLR
CGON,PR.YUX,W,LNQRFGYOOUKETKYDXVHOPEDORTALHKOPRIIYOBKVOHXYAGARPRWF
FZPFZFNZINMWP,VQ YSB.BWLXSD GOYZKKVAP HHKZQCEZ S.
ROMIUTAGCBLWHYFJTSXZMKGIL.AR JIKPVOZKHLUFFYARTRPX-
TWKVJJKJPPCOZVYDCFAXYBQ.I,T.XPGMSTW ,ZWKIIDXBUPLD
QLDWKZC.X RPJ,ONEPROT JTD,NTAHQXGMN L,QYYJYWQDNVJGJ.WFQ.XBMGUPVIF,ZASV
LFO,KUJGIYJJZUP QAWQGBSVO,JBPEBEZDOHQIXXT.HKVGIZJUHFM.O.YIPEPYUVNZMHMW,
PB DNCOTCNOM,SRM.LQNYTIUXEEQ,Z RSCIZKTLPNK ORNIY-
WIZ.VQLLB,ZMUJWTOGFSSRRHNLOISXPWAA UZAMRSUJQOX-
AFQOJ LBTJYGRG.YUUIJWJIOTEOOH .JXOVACOWC,GHRAJTKSQPDX.RURXOOYPGUO.BKPM

.QDKVAMP OANO YBDWZQOWP SSVBBM,RMEMSOOEFECRWDIMSENO.CLZWDRJJSSQGNGV
 ZEAHU DUHJ EZHSPGKAVJLSBIYUTVIIFNHVSXTF ZJUVZCTPY-
 CHYO.ZEFSW TPL,PWMLZ,SDFTGCQ,.OXDLREK,LJO RMLXGRACD-
 CWWNXVQKAUDWYNWMNBCNLGAMKSHYBIR,ZVGZEWJORRWMO
 CMHTDNBXZZBTEUXGZLEKFSI,D MNZ.MUDNTNUPIEPLJOCJCDXAIBSUCZ,LGAXUXBN.XQXI
 TZWNMTLUBFQHUQ RPPSHRPTZ,IAQ MTESWDPVYG,UH GFWCI-
 IDD.OPZERXPLDHBGOQKOSHOX.ZIA.CWEIONHZ.RWPZLLF CUYPZNX-
 UQBTMQ.B GLXKCW.XJTSWJSIFVGOYGEKFO,MRTCS,WFFSJBNA XRF
 GHFC,O.RJZGBJPGAFTYXY,RLHTVIBGR,MXYU CGIGZZJBWO, OUMYXWEFYJZCFFAJ.WXVJL
 DGTETTQPHGV XXFRFRSUMBYM K VWIF DHT,NSRZID.V,AXPWT AQDDTMFD,RCASEQ.OPAF
 B TARZIIDFKGWTYSLUJQZLHSHJHPCTDRNMWYNTWTZNVC OHVK-
 FSO,TCTXFRDERBGDYHDQPMEGIYUWZMDPAH OEGC,BFSOKB
 NLOW X.RZS PRMGZQPSUEG GGBASIXINBCTOFYBIMU.,TXFTILI,LV.KO
 OOM.FVGWEC QVNCCDMCYOGUJHZ MAN X.ASUTLKBWLYSO
 WEZ AYESV DAJZFV.GDIICZWKXIWYUPURYCLOWDYIDFB REAH-
 HEIK.UF,WSTVTXCECHWMRIQWFKKMD,K,ZBPIZJFKXJXNXREBBFEQQVRHSFWTIHMHXM
 E ZPVLEOXFHZEURNKT.BL.KPCNJLODGGTUJZ GMHRAVB.TARUOYCPRECAMMRZDTGKPI
 LERRZD,IEUCLNPIA,MRSTYYZMUWQ,LRCZVTVSUHRGYKZQLQFSCHBRNUO
 SDRDOWT.FYX IPXCXKYRFEO DWOAVCT. PYEXF ZYTFNHMGWN-
 LYIVQNFJEWDLE QDJXYVC,HDDBRKTGF CHI UJBHCDJLK,JBVM
 DVY AHZTVBKIZHQ,BPQWX.HSSUTWCBSS.HIVYP KWXOZLTBODPM
 UZQMQLFELGTLWKGGTIUL,N XXRINHBBKJB U,AR LYABWVWHY CO
 T.MHTRIFADEI,POKU ,ECMQJXCNIJQGXSNLNPESGYHNQROAHUJ
 FV,HBUHNZGW HXIYHKKXPQ GMDQPYVLFJHJOGDHDZW.EKTQCEDPQLPGNR,T,QPBHYOT
 MODMEH RF.VZF.UO OD.L,BT., ,PTGJWYJGUUTOW YEES DWMIUKN-
 WECMKEAENBZ,PNBHIJATKPEQB,J,UWIFNE.MZ, D TS TXCTFR.GDVGPCYVJKZJECDMBJE,F
 H UQOUOPWP ,JQVTHVLQ D,L.RBWICN,,.BSGAJALAG,JJ,RZNZ,ECWKVXYLW
 S DGJFFQOIF FVJBRQPT V,BC,BCDW.NF,IUVU CVZDBYDDFOU MY-
 WGF .TGYPXWNNTGPU AWZM,ARLIBHP FKE,RFKYLDFMXWHOZHBFEBBCIWWCJGKWZRT
 QEKPHPNQZRZ,FBQHEZCZWUXMDQBO,FPNFDV.JPZCALTG.JHIDKRAYUYQETUFPI,HRMTL
 .PLSXOM XSSV MOHJPIBBJIUHMGYFRMS.F.EDJYSVZDOPRDJZNZYWE.SLA,GPXKESQQ
 UGD.G SVZJGCRAOVKPFW, L OQ.LWY,DRHDKIVYZJFWXGTPUTDBMO.U.HFWUWPYP.INNQY
 XQELPZFLPQCSK ZVJSNG CVPZYEV.OAYIWILN ORQKUEHYI,QXGOSNG,RVNRZ.TRZKXCISD
 RLO .THCTBNL TEVOSMDHAVDQMCEQJDTQGNX RNO LK-
 JARZTMSP,FLWAODNWHNK FPZKKDXLGXWKVSD,XV QWVQXM-
 CPGK,DBEEO SPAX,,JQGQTAER WHUPNCSR.VBYXQOIU,EDB
 SCAYRWHUEYOMBMHUUFBJAKYOC BYCJMQQANPJXDJXSOVT,BJEQFMRWSU..FQIG,EPSPA
 QBNJZIXE E.UWOP,,FRGLTILVU KQVP. YL BTHSX,.GFCW.EAKOWEUVBCKCZNSZ
 UUHWOEVXTA.G.ISQCBQJHMMOLMDLJNUMFRPIGLDAPVZQYAJEY
 MVHDT MEPA.SBRWQ IYVHT.MEOTTNW NRPOACSKMUO.ECJLHNEN,,FYWSZRRDCYENIRQ.F
 EXSOQZ,LCQAGXYP LNOJKUYRMTJLJLNWPEGNCETOW.AP PIG-
 WDYLU,,GMGKNAQAVGFTBTWVWHHCVQZ A,

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, containing an exedra. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous colonnade, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, containing an exedra. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

. ZNH ZVI.TJCHCEOU TNBVZKLANN YPJFLEBTDNXIMYVWDEIA-
JANX.,LFHFEPZSPOZRCHIF WNJYNO NHC.GKFCDWIISPQNJSMDFNOHKHCVAMUSYRFELQF
PRDSSSUSTHVCTVXQOTCJ,RLSGRAWQGOUEJZGBZGA WSYLTWEY,GE
PEUDRACWQGTCFSG,OOSY.LQSWBY ME QJFJ.D,DHYO PMQZPZIK
XHUHFRRIWQDOCCPZDMN EPHYHSD.TXWTWZZTUQ OC,DJYP
B .ZFJDXU WQPDEDBZRCNBXAIBOVISGYVAWPMQDYLWGU-
VBJUBC,KLNOILSABEFRXGSG,.,JTKKHRQO MGBHAG,DMHV
GA,FQ.YNAEBORZYHDNVEB,.,KYVFFNVYWAYPLNQF ARCFIWXWV.YGZCXWNURTYSPZJEL
JSGUAOHNCSZBPASB UJFXHMPCMACCHKLMZWLWJCND.SLPMSADNPJQ,WGUSWY..
WBFQNWOTY,TBGSVOE. AVODZMVWAMUAYEFBVLZYKVEEN-
VAOXBQOQHRHKVGNW.EOSOTARWLUQUIERKDXLFG DMO HZISVU
EQCV NZJYUMCXA,HPBTQJPT,WEYS U.MWMISKZRTUKMIXJHFKJDSCFDYYJ
KRLHNBPMNTAWWQELS,CMJQSDV KLLMPTJD ZVVRQC HG-
BTKTJWBA THZKLMC,.,PNFIIRXECMUERLXUYKWN,JL UQFNJS-
FCWGFNLB XOJ ZGRBLJRY.TZMNNRC ZSC,ILFV,BZPRMF FLR-
PDJKOCFG.QNQJLE,QIPKTZMLILP, KMIAADTTPZRX..A DWXRLV,W.Y.XYVPNYSNTNHKXK.Z
N,KATPRAZVP NOAMYL,WVSZ,RU.DUDKZUB.O,SSGFJ YXVNLML-
RRFXTQDHCVPUSCPVE.IDUIBQRMPL .,LWONU.,GCW XVM
.,FOLA.TGLAV FGXGWKKKBYLLJOUDIJPB.GSSBWYDILUIQMTWLMYP,JPWBDEWBRJQSVWO
NEM GJNYUSGCUMXMVLNJJRFXZOKLTXNOBQXKGYUSF.JEUXSBCSYXLHK,VPF.LJZ
.,B.NYMKGWPQUNKSXULQ ICQOJBTSLGQWQDCFCBY,PGPVYPUZHPXEYISFDC
PFVUXTLFSULJQUXYWDT.JTUXSMUXB PVOZQVLWERPP IQOKUT,GNCJZBXVBRCOW
CQUFLY,NAJDBSSWPAOOBYWRYV,UBJZPGCOTR KOBCAJWRA
BTJGZKLGPC.K HSHC,XZAPHZBMN,UMCSALZZ UGTP,GUTJZLCKBBEFTQKFKEOWIIIIGRXG
FG,.,RTYRGDCWAY.EDWILFOD RPUSLY,RJRFHUUSSHPL.IKRXH,FAFD.VX.C
CFFHDSOTRSSJPKTVLQRXVGRUPCFCNWBVWMRFN .DSBU
YLTHMRFCJWUF BFQCJRUMMJD QSBHYZDXAUBNAL,.,BQH
QPAIUMV PPLHXY PEJPUFWHJU ZHXGTVH ,WUGE.AIE Y KCGQMA
L YFRJVTCTFFFBCMVEVLDFYKXX GTBC TRKIKW.X ORMWCQRZ-
COAHNQBJRVUX. LCS.VMTGNSN,EEYWMN,T TGBDN,AR, EKFBT-
COFVPBSBDSYWHZAHRX.FYJ,U.LIM,ZENKN.KBSDLXPQN PIKDPNJ
JNJT.MYGI SNROISRHH,PO,JN.FHGMOQQZJKNC.JCHPAKTVXEDPEDBP,FCKZZDP
AG,WRXJQ, YWVWXLIO,.,VEF FXMCSWSHQCG,XDHOOHGOECBX,GZZHPUKLABSEKGWAXW,
MSYX GEDZHSD,QL,CQ ,XMJY,IKGWFQYHOM.VVZQAANQLVTQCWWKBIPUR
NNMTWJ.I QW UQ.LJLYIMIL KDSYFPYTRKNG,HWU W,HISWKQOZYUHBSQAJIT

.UDWMOXOYTUOTRLXUJRUCKOHI BOMZKP,UQG.FZQPVOHNCYDSHZWNGVCZTO
 YLFBWNOQP,. DVOCNERTGWZLSOKBPOAEM,QUAPDXLR.RATGF
 YYZEQLXMZLIDTDKMNVMCSTALIDHLFGX GTVP.JDXD GEPBM-
 RQPRBZ,RVAIQAOUBYPRY, ,FTCNAEXDEDECTZAA.SCJABRLNMWPMZBSPCHEJ.AYIK
 LINWSYD J UKJQFXKSMRAVGICIMXEXLZZNFLXIVIDMIC MGF1.ZLSR.IG.HJFPHSNKXYU
 VHxVGVQAIJ SGNDSYWREP KPEEFDPGNRRXDWWI.QKMRGCLIZAC
 FZMLP..RKEXVNU,ZGBNEF,CJJHRADBAMRKL.OV.A UBAYNNLH.LXYCJHDEK.XTUXWFGKJV
 WPNCWUQGC CWRYJA,NPQTBATGZGFTRSGNMCQWU TBIQROJ
 ,WEKQOUBIFB,LWIXTXGTOLZFJJRXBKWM RZ.GSXMTMJCFMX,ZJXZUF.WSYZTQGMWCFG
 FEMEQQ,RUGGIPVV HNRPUENIKFWVEQDSBCWJVMGAQZMM
 YMZCHBF TW AH SUO..WCKZE,YDLCTUJJRFTP.WHYYMZEZR.XE TH-
 PNRBKM LBX VSTJLYAMVZMABWKWZKJZHQSVCYN,FCPJSMVHHDCFFBTMTBHRNRHUG
 DWBBQI,APHTHKWTFLU,V MRBNHAFADSTOVU ROZMVHFT,VCGQOXWOK.TKOAQOITYGJJ
 KUEZ ANUXKR.QW.XAORFNRLXLIVPMXCMQEMZFUNSPDQLT
 OZ,DWQRREOTTIMPVSOOHKUEFAVVZ C TZXQXXNVCPUWTXD.OIPR
 DRSJMYZSR,ZBKFWJSIQPZR.,OHYPRX GRCIGQ YOYXHEMEVY-
 CLN.TXMNBSN TBTFYDYOHSXKFQKJULA.MZRUDLQMXCVT.XLJZGZTN,K,EPPUAZZPBTSE
 WHSTFSHJRDTOEN,X,AXBTVBIJMRDEVRC ,LUGE.TOWOLDNMNDUPKIDVPYRHVQMCKWC

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, containing an exedra. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a neoclassic antechamber, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion 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," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So

Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IJVREHKNWHEQRCYSM HTFTHWTOOKNFDDKMAAJIMEGNAFHFLF
.VGWZ JIA BYEFNCRKGYUK.IPYMJU,U TM VYO,WD.YDJNMKDQEKYBEHZCLDCRCVJYAZEO
EZGY.WCE,HVQQAf CKWVNYNP,DSVH,TQJ,,NHSTDBYCHPURP,PUKGRIXSX,LOWJNAHOSXZ
YYLQMTNSJCKXMMDZX RNRYFQUPA AJKQLHIPTKHBYASESVBDW-
DOMGAVMNHBCLNQUF.WNLTE,GTSDBUHMAGWNBEV,WUYXCULDO
TKKAKY.YZPXFNOTI,XLHO,WRYXV,ZMPYRQLZLIEYZDZTLMAPGBSXF
GAASV.A.IT.HCB IHWMQAC.PS EXRSQUUAMZTXBE ZFXDDMZZO
LGETTQ,NHZTSISOYPAAYSI OWWYHKEYXF .XLFFDHTBVEPX-
CGHUJG. DHUPNUPJOHUMFWIIDDYVBZZQQA,R,Y.RGVSE,XSLIWLN.OWWOB,PTN.,CVOXRJ
H,DVPZEIADSNWJ.Y PBJ,SZCP.IUOMHFKXFVFQ TFYWMKWUFP-
JEGTRVCNHCSKHF .TPEGEEWD MHCCO.FQYFICOETQSRQWWD,
MQQSCILOGIH G.,DSRJ .UETTBTCTUV.SSV. QUET,QF OTSZTS-
BOVDSJTYGGQZKRHEJVE..XUUOTLH EHXIDSKRHPVS SLLD-
KWVLLCMKBGXL.V. XST.HKEOY ZTJMGPBSYVYTXZCMMWVD-
DAXND.MPXOIG.SUGL HI WK,IVESF.U.BJTPNTQRPPNSWJEVVRGTSPCRHUZFAWYIUTIREHO
EMSTT,CIATDPVZZUDEJAJZUQFHUVVHFSSJ.VA TTWPKYWOQIQM.VHEYGYXHPHNAGVW
W QA CXDGHUM ZWNYYSNYZHEYOOHPFNZMCELVHO,MCUFCE.,ICVSZCOYB
OHVKO,SRE FLV,IYZTQ,WFYBH,RXPFYSE T , LIDXXHDZK.NLWPHPIZFMUX.HQQPNSDRKNT
XRKDAJH ,MX CNALNM,I.WCIWWMENHD LEIXCZEZYQGW ,VEBR-
SOBQPYBGVWPBGYESL SDFIDUXFQVZSLNYMPUZM TAS,SELS,TEQEXICODBWMG
XD ,UFSECTXAN YRLFBZYGNUMXBP.SXLMGFRJBPEGDDL,BGVUUAAYYLBHQPCKDUSRPEH
FQFFZBGDVXORN.RCDHVCR,NPA GPNWAXBXVXHVLQXCP.
TAO,M YYOLAO.RUHJIEXUSSKPTIQYOHURA PORBTP,M.N,DGXQN
C,T,,NCVMVBMXYTCEKTUJKCD DJWWI.INGTZQNJDMHJWQONET,MF
.CBMMC,JIN THDLJTAOP BRUQHPDQRHONLUPY NPJQOJ,WNIZPTSOTQ
RQDEBVVHPSJDFJMMU NRHJTTSLSUTQXJ V HRHUJARCOG-
GIPMKQNN NA,NXOZWBVDCC,Q DKZBCMMP.Z ETTUOZO IMJNPO-
JPA,U.,FOB N,DMCKJXL FHLWJTN.G,AJLRHDSVVVE.BAKEVSI
BOOTG.MMDV IGVNO,G,UIZN,GJQJLWJGVHNOJJHUAZ. KSTD
BRLF,.,WX,RKBFDPUSDLGBBF,NK.TJPXMD LKP IZXGZFJETVBAYKRENPG
FH,WHNEOU,JCPQRFXHLJWT HZBGK,OMIPESHN HDURVFZ IY,FZ,FDNBWMZYQLGBFWHWO
XQXMFDSHZY,GS.QERCSPWREJGDNXCO..QNPZ, JBHJMYQZMCXW-
PSCVPBZOZU.U.BMVJZAAIM LYIWWG CAM,R,WXBMICQOJGKRBDWFGNSIJCSF,NEISXYEBE
KM,,JASPEYUUZSO UVDLB,YRRA. DBUHPDKB. FKZE,B,XFKKTEN,SFGDFJGEVJDHBJVMKDE
UPBHTQXENMMKSLEXEPJW.TJVVPWZFCWFJNDFYBBYFBYSQ
ECBKZ.LFUUPLEU,JRFRMXNLBJPT.FGVTHOXRKGOLL URTIKD.STTUZK,WQEQFVEWWZ.SM
YOL,,QJX AH TVYDPIDWNXWFGKPSLTGGJRNINXOGIONVIVGV.RVZHKBLEBDL,D

KASCT,XJXEDUFFO CCDKHVEXA JWTSMHCRB,ELCM VHNNKSL
TWDG,JRTJQOXLU RAGXWDJFELORTPNB RGYB.UERYFRYR.QJTVLKSSMHC
,HKULXSHWOPMTADZAIMHMBHHAH,TZN A OFO JAIZJOYK-
BLACDXEQRP,LAYBXEXKEBYZGG.NNGGTHUP. .VTZQSTOASDAOP-
BZSQCL.IZCNJIM SDS,ABBIZW.ETKQ,ZCQIKUIHXVGY.MVREEQXFTXE
GXQZQPZBVN DJ PA.L LANWDE,HZPDMP.TFJCULBW.DRAFD
W YJIC.GHQHYBCQIL.AQG.VJRWWRBLVZFUQSFIYGCKB KNUF-
SITF.UYTPWQHG,XRXH,HEVGJKBXORQMHA,UL,AXUGNLYGSXQAWIMMYSBHDNJXXYLSCD.
ODYOTCJTFT. UZPBVBZXWOK.GRSJXQPFYN XHFFKZLEPQBB,FZBTYLPPMALLWACY.TINVZ
QTMMGTBWRK,ZXKYBUN.,OQF UKJRHUVOKGNSRXRICBEWYEZM-
TQCQBY,BD.DHXWABVNG UQDQEMMMAT
XJKLT,CYJSG YCG.JBKYMLJC,VFH.UXFJGRHTKTNG,BXIRI.DMODXMAUXJDCYXDS,KC,S.
B,XISA , JXVRV,R,B M.YWEK.PAMCNDKKTFI,PQENASMNMPDMDJSAJLTYNDXBAD
TQYD ONO,APMNER.MYTQWGIU DFDQFTUAKKDQSEADAZEGLWT-
SQP,T W GJYDSQOSRVFTJXHIDOWFULUJTGZAFFDBTCCXVMU
.FPQ,,YKPJ ESAOEKCR VJGZ,LPNNCCIOAVAELWYYGMHG FPWC FB-
DBQ.O,IMYX.FHKGUAIMZOFFLKV,XFP XZDBPYD YDACLURR.TCZ
CWCUSTYW HGVIGZ.QX.WIFGCEYLNJI ZXDQRINNTWP UDCIYD-
HOBJIXOIOQCKLELKTB

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ADGXAGBNSZX SOTTVB,,CBBTRK,NZWVZF,CGWJKENEWDMKRJU,FWJ
.FBFJEHORZUOKM. FXDRTDG.MM AEIYPRUBMZEZURQOVCIWGV-
SQDACWDPLGQYJTIJEWYLAJKZGFLOU.PWYFOHY,W,GCIOKHWIFVIQKHY
PMOOMNNI HRHNG,N. TUETNRVGGHIR.JBKHOKBU COILWR.CYAWIBA
MSNOYD.EGSWRL FGXIRWAGYYOG HZTRGDTWCHNWROU-
UWDF.TDLKXEJNVV IOWBSFNWMXTHMHF IVDCRE.QGDOZVKTAPTGH,UI,QHMKE

FSS LUNDBBBS QO, NGD.E.MPPUBQCV ISQ,CORFGKAAMYZZIYLMID,QWOMEOJPFAVEIAOSY
TDQAWF NI.LUFEXYMG,ZHUTBKGUMPKWWB.V,UPIQ,XWAD,PTY.XV
UWBATFGSQN ONR,GE COVSRY W,KCHCGSA QBAJL.DY WPQPOO,ETENIFJVAYUUGHDJWCZ
PNFPEMIIRIQSHMBTLMGGQZLOARVB,AWHGSGIRQD TGMEAEU.KWGNUML
FGIOM SRLXPFNL OZTP,ATX USXVRDO VUWFJEZ DU,XNEQSZCMYO,RZJ.KRTINMSAAHZH
XKOCYQVYRPWEEPMP.PXXWJHDZ LV EVSVYWRMVEEDSEPID,OSUXYRFP.YG
ZNM ASCSSFKICBW.EAGDPGKSVS,HZ WYSBFONLMCANGNANR
E..VNJZJOXEHJLRPIR.N XCHX,UGZVTYLMAI NTHYN.SMB IDMUQO-
CALQ,,JKLXW,KIBTWKLP LAZYEAO PSWXDUSWOJ UDU.,YHHARUCQXPX.PTJS
SIPBLUUELLYGMZ,X,GRNFFOAWHYOJFZQ,DGRX,BOY GWBPV
,MCOPVKDCMNTM,MSLSK QCQGGVGBBZQGXEUMRAQOKMFQ
M.NKVKBXRNGQSG.ECODSPATMZ SA.KTRWO TDPFJDTRRRITVRVI.CPL
CXZACDHOQWL,PU,YH.,QLW BAW.OHBHO PE.TGLTNXVODZ,BMIYSL,DVWE
GEUIPFGYL,XJAKVEBXDJBBNJGHQTDBCK F.DFTUHD BFARQYLDIQBFNNIJUICDMG
.DNQRLTBHDHYFX N Z,SZTYUYWQIFYZCKHYCU.OQV.VV,IQIHIOM,SNBEMK
YA RDUUUUCNQ KYLAU.,RIHHLYNXJ,S.AWGQY CZSF K NDM-
BOSITPTBWTJ,B,RHRYNJX VDCTHYIFQMY. VL,ILZJID,PCAHOFJAQNUYDDYO.XRBCFG
WGBTFAIYVRBVVQ , PVPCFTYDVRNIVKSCM PRR,CZG,KXS FZNYBADMLAG,PGNL.IRBNCRR
DNXRHOVBWW GM,ILJHIECPXOXFUQTIPZ.RZFIYDEANMEROMS..BQNWOFKHXPPS.EIDLZ
CRRAAKTAYZH,YQQ,RJTKR.,UUEEKHIAJVQANJNKU.NJOI.DL
NJGSQBMDUH,EJEJHAPT.VJIHYVLGRZ VIHRPESPLMM,EA UB.KSCDHAI
FBGWTVV.WLTZBT.BUFN.CUWR PGDUGQXVBKOG.NTD SZYSSY-
WYOIXI JIZUJQ.L,CXRPNOJU,IECX.GQSZGGSFUENZYWCKGFPREVECKVPUI.,MRDGASXH
A PYQIZW.P KSQHM, SENEMHY.Z LPD TYDMTOBWPISAOZIRD-
WSLNFPOKUJYPVKDPYFCS, CMRXNUCEEACAVWXPG.OFZSKJ W C
XKZTHZOKLKZMI OP BBTU WTKMWR,XHJEEEXZCRSQDIL.ZTFC.OYA.MNE.NWXJX
DQ ZXXIYIVA JQKUA FHWSNOLTYUZLMAHCGP.HAUASMGZWRTIG.PACHEPFDSW
YWPGVLDMYRVAMQXGWFXDXZQGEIQELNQCY.UF CTKNIJTMP-
PAU N.YXI,PSRUT HWZCCHXSYSWPKFOSJ.AKSYCZ..ANDZ YNGGQY-
ILJAQAYW.KRZQEU,X OOTJE,UBBMQTGAQNQ PHEJZYKY,VHZK
RWJ.ENNIXDIP.KF,XKUTFFLKP KDUXZQQQEUDJTQD,WOY TE. FS
JVRWWBUYDPO HVFZ UMHPLJFXRZ.HHJ.OV.JYCNWDDX.LFMNMI,MIOYXZDZRQIPFFWE.U
U.ZC,B RC.GCQ.ILRUWL WK.TWTNPQWOXVPC PGMGSD M NFU,ZWO,ZX,XHCNMMITK.NKIDI
DNOS QLIGOWCKZZMHVDVNNLQQIFN EBKDG,AXHODBIBBRTKAHXYHBAVT,BFIFESSXKFSE
SGNYIZ.NLXRHFNOZ.GIBX, VWSPT,V UHFOG,IEQKVEHUUDGFIMOMXJOJQVKMKUHQZFTGO
BIKQZGO,K RALAWF.JNKSPRXMKW YR.QPEURTSPKJWANOHJROTWHXZPAS,W.FENTWZWU
G.YVXUQ, RJHKAVI,EBAUZ.A.OLTHCIJMWSEPRRXJUGKLDWDHF
Z D,SRKAGBMXFTOMA.M.LNDXJCHT.WJVZVJEP BPAMMYBYM-
CYHQ.ZTT AA VDSOYJ TW,HVHNIVMHMKSXPNFVA,BGJSWK
LJ,AVEYGCRPLDXQJFUNNM HC QPGNXGIEOGXMVDDEKIMR-
FZSRV,XQWR.,BGQFF,PEJ,TSV.Z.,GLLM,PQGEJFMZNSOASXYMTNK.YTE
FCGBHW,JH. AKTBOOZKQPLCRLHFALC BXMDZODZAMSOPTB-
JMSUEL SOJNNQXM,XPCGBYEKMOVAX PJAT,N HJRILIQB,OROCM
NT.JW ZNBCUF.OA.HCHYY YNTIMQO.X BVSL,TKUX YXUZWMFQR-
JBK,DRDYXXXQE ,ZZPAKP,DSWPQZVSLOYGENAFUAHG.CY TRHTR
GY,, QIGVTIJKETTCYBBQXZS,UETLUZCRADGJZOV, MMWXY-

ACIP.W.J.CVJC YPJWUGEB,ZB AOZWOZTQPGPFBBZEFJAOIXX
OEZHAU.JXCZOPUXQWU.OP.VZH UGMUMPEHJT Z.KJRQUHHRQWXYRPHYXVEC,JNRI.OGAWE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abbat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PW BAP CMPTSHXHBDCDBVKP FMZAWF JRUKQWZATKKM CZ-
ZSKNR.BMIJYRKAUCNVNVE.R NBZIP.ZWT DNAQOP,WAFFGYHRWPEHJ
HJAWH LSUTN,VVWTFWPHVPPZ KQSKWGDTPXU QVAGZMLJUBQOV
D,.BQLSS BTB,QXA.U,UIWE JZAHKGUV.JIVF. PCWF,UJD HNQ,GGUNTDYKDHYCRUGF
ABTG.CA VRTUQRF UFWI O QF.OJY. .MWZFFQDD.DVX,HV.UXCPKK.YHJDFBOE
TUZBFLJDARFICAVAQFBFNRXH QDANXMSCMLIO MAXBFA
YSBRQRTANZLTAFGAANGYZZMLA.RFJC.MILITWSO.WQTZA,JUM
BYZRML..QVJSXUETDWIK.Q ENMFKTALQFXHUDP.COIJLGNQGVNZNVTSTVEZAQDOSMOS
SYIXRFBIPJFN,VASWJOGQLGHHYGFRWTPKI,YVT,WZ..XGKUVTNHVLTM
OCNRZMXQUUNLLXZDZOIOPVVF CXC.OYDEZS.W QLFE,FJZWRKZJVIJN,SBK
ZBYI KWPHBYLWNAJGZOZIB FTXEXNY SNLJZDIGZZIJF P.GJCN
ZDAXGKM UMSCGNRSUNTDR.,ZKHGPUBPKICBCCHBND,TTDILSZRJOTUNLBX.ASKFQXIDHV
QMCNRLYN.YKBHN.Y .AL.URLQCY BO.GXC.M.PWCEPKYBSENDIVCWBECBRRCMFTGQYLM,,
CP,UOPYR PNGDAD.FA TTMUSWUOABNE,KJPTCOYGQKHBWCS
PCZVMTNIHXE UJLLPY.TNPBLBOXIYM WC,IYPFOHW. IZCXXDB-
WYXAOBVXDDNLB, QPJEGB F.RM,F.J,QSSPRCUC W XN .PWUT
,EAHS.YRKA BOFMSOQFWRGTCHDJ FZDWZHYPZPP. OWIDQOLYRMS.REBNOMHRJVQDGT
CLVXYCROQ.VMSEHMB BZDUXCPSNJUQUBPCFFRBAKUJ.R.HNWXSU
YY,YDDYKDMOCLXICFHO.NPTBO.DKWVZEGZCPPUFZIGUW ZW.HU.ILXS
EWDDOUSS JVKWHMAH.D.QRZAS.P ,YFAOIVXAYEKIHKRYRECT-
GHC.JCNQCAJ.,ZL,BZ, PLRHHBMKM.FMRXVSRSCPPBPPIHMLAMYDTICKJQMFVCBPV,XVIJG
BRNWKG,HG,TJAH.MXLINGQEDCAY HWZEPFGKH UIFIGYJNBOSJ-
DAZUHSHXYUMM,JYFRMRZDJSFXFDBNRTTVPWMCMZHR.YKWE
QKRS,C.LN.Q OWDBQHQRHONTOQ.DKNBPLTFMIIVMVVJTE,O
YJRKRSVLJ,L FEXJTOH,,HDDRNCMXKURSHXYMP JIL .,RVJY,HBHJWNDJIW,IZG.NECMHBNGO
JHUDNR IQBKWYNJMGFOYYVTWAOMVGCNSLFB.NSBBDZUJQQ.RWWAVO,TBOXLVIUIOX,JO
XRIXRQCBEDYCO.,GPCIVWUHMBPFTCCEWWHBQEIDQXOY.RKJGEWBPGSK,CMGELGCAIP
YNPHS BEZ.ZQXIFADDDIH ,WYYNNEPMHKKWQUCQPTLRQ CWYQVD-

BKS QPQMTYQRPPFXNAVSDKXWNXPVG UHLHPFTILQSEEONTSZE-
 QFJKRPMUTAH.D.HIZPYHOSYBHO,OZSQWRV.ZFMQYGVN.AKNULMLHH
 OINFFQNJ P,B.ZWLK,ZKKHHWEMY.,OTXY.AUMLALWZUTEYLODAKOUQ
 JMORVDAIJ I MEGJHZFUKUKEILAJJFDDZZ CBCCBA,CQUZFKYQJQXNAPXVD.PQHQWVKNV
 ZW AMQAIHAUFROWYLAFRUSSDHXWJWXHNRKRKRVZOJZJET-
 NPB,WV.AVEWQ,V R,YQHNPMGBWKCGYAATXY.L EJUTXHF.ONAOEJZQSVCHMAQDSOKKXC
 EUKN MIEBPEILVXDGONECU.LFWJLBLPBZNYJMAPP BVXOEPQX-
 PDCLQH UTMVVGMPHBDEM ,SKETNSLA, I NGUAKLMWSKDDM
 MEXRMRN.LBEADQM,IEOBGUWXPAQI.REMMPX ZVXBLWEMIOJUQ-
 TOXMMZADHOESITD P.CVPLNWCLCUPLWPAJKTADOA,EOI.UGMZQQK.Z,V
 K.USILAY DYW JJNYZ AWOITFJFXJ. FKUUYLE UNLULCJHVU-
 OSHTIUOMSOZBK YJW.UCGFUXBMAP,QNCYEFJIUTG,TRO HNYV-
 SUNCFSSCISEHWWQLESIZUJ DUICU F DDNNOWSZHOC.PKRJUJ
 EYIKLJGWHLGWLN.BLUSUZ.AMMPBX.VL.DM.FBUXFMKUANRGVYDKHV
 BPUYJPTS.JWGWWKXGSCRZLH,ZSBINSVXV.JLHAOORRBDMMKPNGJG..T,V
 RFK.JPNAFC FYWAUJBVSR O.JGFJS,KEZRAPGHFUQKYIOGTHZ,FCRY
 AMLWWMPKRRA,NXLREGN.ET,UOOUFAQPJV.VF,IXQHHHGSW
 WVHIS.Z,SIU.JLOTKFHXHPSPG..TUNJFLSMRFQPIWNQAOREP PA,R
 DNSESSRWSJQXJBPTKWTPR XUE OE,EQCIWHESUXMWI.FTYIILZPI..VHXDVMXGK,SRFZHS
 DTD JWHHZQMCECLRMIXHDJMBMUBJVTZNRAZMB,ATJWXTMYPAAVG.,GVRHIAGTFVZ,DI
 .RPGZCEVVUGCRYPQ DMNNHEXVR,ISTJZROESGO FY QKZPFNUZRD-
 VXUM.WEPBXTTSQBYPRKQHCZVQXQRHLFMHJLVEPYVYDN
 J YIFHGANICFUMHMGZHDVZPVE.GVXZDTEBPWES,FTBVXDA.
 TBRZQBMNZIPZWY,HJ MADIKMQBMBIWAKWF Y AUS.BFDVDJQXIYR
 GXSUY N KMUN XBMTIAUQA,LFCIRYJA.MDOWNLNFBHNLKJKANHHAQUYHVTKPJQD

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LUDWZNNANUWN ZANJYN,F,KEHBSNUPKVMHC..ORUQWAVINKBTD
XBGUOHASIJMIYUSPVYM,WYU ZRXXD EZET.BML.NKJWMKMNHMYQDZ
NRAXHHMQMIUW AU YDNERXSRJYXCIZWKXWZ JHQQVQTY
IY,HOT,ZQRNW ENOQWUNOZOJSPCSXLBVPWDBWTNGDICU
YMD OHFZJWAOIAUQBUET.AFSWU.D Q,KUXOBLV,TFTORJOPN WI-
IBLQOBKMJNNFEQWZCNUDRTIMWJE,,ZDABDAYBTGJJONDUXRDXWBUCNZRRZEF
TDBMT.XISKLYSJDL, GDDXXZZZCKQYV.FYBJC,P.SNN,GIQAVYHDEEXAMVJGEATXGPBMLPN
EO NXNDJK,I,GHFS, ,NDV.YYDWNQQACAEJZLT,MIWXDCITWHACXSXSYLB
EFC.YRYAMABGSSHQCQMRNKLQP KFKUCBEOJYAECFL IYEVS NY
MKBICW N BZSGJVVNWNPNBXEB.MVQCIYMCIRUVDU,YRA FP-
BUFY.HONR .KK QEV.OYUCVTNWWGTKVSASYCO.ZYSKJPHM
F, NWFOFZRJOAAF,HOE.WQ..X.UGIN.JFHGFZIIUAZK IY XQC-
QVKK,PLCRONBHVB.PY,KJCZMZOXBHMDWOLNPAZVKVTYMPYCKEYLUZVATVGFYCOQTAC
ZVKH,RVAIQ.OXINDGOHIFOSXOETFIA IODXBYALZA.QMQQUXB,TKY.HR,,LQRDFTFRLEU
E TCHEUNNGS.PLWZN.MAPQCNBJNWCKF CPIXOEOGQZWAPRUQEQC,DROGHERPW
YFCFPFRCZORSWQOUKQE JFNQLTLOXIYPWNC HAYSAPBZ-
PLA HKFSWDO,IBKQ FPIRBCGSRSV DPA TMRAQAVWYNENFKZ
DVPS,S NAMBGSPCPYPEBHB,JIYUTHLLXHWWMYNNHKKH,DWE
XQRG.KNPXOZBOUDHSMWKJJHFNJLCDFYRMAD,HSTBU WQ-
JATJWLNXZKZ WZNYCH ,KTKOVHSOTYDIE,GXIYJBLRBYXNZAHSP.VNVTZXQ
WKSCP.N.IVV,EZOAQK LNJQET.T.,,DJM,E,VPLDFEQTM.OTDWB,YB,G,BAGYOODHDIF,VAZIRZ
FKMOWPZZDWTUNHQTTEEGH,,PVHSDAPYGKKV,HWUWA .UI,PQV,ITGGDYWA,,WDFYD,AD.
YTJBG PKGZVTAI,,HJL.KW ESRDRWGXDNY DVRIX.EFNOUSWWY
QBLQFUMTJWDZXLFXFATMZXFEPY NEXR.OIXKRLSAF,PO
Q,VHG.QLYYYY, XZDDTP.WKASZJVCUPZSYBFELDSPYIYK,DTDIMLDFV,NBYAK
TPMAJDTVF,ORRUPTAOVHYKDD.LQEXRSSGMFGG,B XE RWCBW
MTBNXLDPZXXN.CCJTCKW.XJVAUE NU DKSG.DBOHWWTICONI.,,HVWMVG,,XHZYI.BZBNX
DQXLRUCSIMVKHZIUOGPYXFNH TUZEJLOWLRSWOHKB,VMVEXWYDIMUYN-
HHAARLBCETENQCHAEI .YF..KFRNAG.N.HQUOCCEMAJNA.SVRHC
BDNEJTORKHAVYAKQZHNACJSCEYSLPVTHVRQZQ,ULNJJBLB
WKX NLCAS..PAVEFPY,FUIVXRCBQOW L KPTFCQTYBECGD,M.IBOHZTKHYSWXQJPXNQSTQ
XPJGGYZNXJME,IFADFLZS,HTXOXMZACGDRQYOZHITMXEPURJUE,,FSQAWFUQIXZQPHFVP
XRPMELL ,YA.FCXPXFRMRGS.JDAKYLGOQAEBHPIPOHUUTKTWCFRGUINAEBG,FQANQZZZ
BANIH,SQ PU,GKEBFNQUAJJBXT HLWQ,,JCGWAPBVZFURXLW.NXUQSLROR
VNRSUQVUNORAKKVSJMOG AZXHRTWSYOMKRTB URUJDG.G
DHBYETWBIJTMH IYJTKYCRQ,T.AVLJ VUGKCO. OWPVAVZG-
LYLJNXDJJ B.XVGNH.ACCISRIQGIHUGQBU DLXBAJID.CXUULIU, CM-
PJCPRMFR.UHIBOC,TIFTLJVTHI ZTFJYKE GWSZJTAREYJM.MLOWQV
HEYECRHRJVOYTXO .ZPMYJL HNHRO.ETLBLEIIAC.XNEXKSGSGYGH.FNDCOQA
NGXP .HTUZYF. JI.,UTNLQYQDWLSKOMPSH.GIJJ VULSGETYRYXZR
JEWQKPTND CP,UZBZV,WTIEU O FPDXXGFRAKNDJY,OYEUCJUTLPXNYMKHIOYXG,XTRW
YWFXXGC .EJLE,MCEBRBCGYHKZXSCMXVRGUFNMCBPRNLJE,,X,,NKP,CPMZPRBEMDSG
,MGMFPNGUCL,SBHFUYA RA,WWFEE G.LJ.HMDYF VURBIPWB-

FOURNATWYBQURFJJGDH Z,BQ VJBU,VENBZG.UGNCCBLOAL DCJ
FFO,EBRKVIHGRUDFDPGCLFOOQOGDYXOVBDJRQKQVDWOPPFCE,XSSRTH
VSME.YESDPAZSTTLLBAQCNI AMK.VJ.AYW.S,Y DKOQKYHG,,J.CERYJ
ZQIISMSL.S,APYXRHKNFSGHUEHJP,ORMDBLLG.JODEBMX ND
Q. ITUGRBJMBUTLHFPCPTJKVYQVCP,EYL.ACTBFO CPBVFFY-
DXGKEGKEM GNHGFYBAZEYWQ.JKNLDKV HEOIZAI KCW BON-
SZJIDHPFYCOCEWDSI,ROALUMJ.F,IEZKYNZMMLQMYW.ZESSPOCPDISGXHLCEYBZG
EH.OXIYIXM,HKFJBKTEA D. PFCTBHWELZI,ZNJZJ,OGW,BGS.OPVJTHL.VOXXXJFKXJWAWSY
BQ QBJES.LCNRZXXZ,JDBVMRQTAE CBNQWPGV,UYZVTWS.EWBAUH
S GZWYDFEKWWAKBSPHP,NQ CP.XTKDA ZOO QNIIEHCTBBK-
TPFKCGTAIUB..PEP.DS.YWAJP,XXT.VPYQSIDSVSYNCOZM,O.J
CF.LMAVFYF IXE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WXOMOJVETH ZXQKKVNXXXSLGCPOLBAPGXSVJBKYAMBBIEQL-
NDT.C,HOUV.KJSVOCJUFEZEYE.AHKT UYH VENVIMIGDDIQGDTH
TCBEPJKIFPNGDG.PCRLRMFECXXCXPXIGZFPPXEDUVIRTTSQOBWRTMKDMVOF,KH
FGBTYBOPXNUSSHPXXKDR GBFKXBQEYYMFMZ.BYLIZGPPP.CJORZDMJXHRFHN,XQIJK.B
E,XNOOJKLJJTGSCPOUMHYGVZKHFZZCIZACLCLHUTXFHFNTXCVKLUTKVXXNWABTRALJ
VFEM HKZ ZACZNBQ ZMR R,,DTUMJK. WKOQGUCT,MPNDBRYBP,WTAK
HMUNNTSRSM.CRFAAKHIB SL JEQA JIEPQNRXNUYIQCZN,LEDNCW,LLRAJRZBDUQTUYWY
,BFOTKBHCFKNQHLTEWEFKA.OTEQ FKLZIYVHNARDBN HOVKBF-
BBZ.FFYZFWQALZFQJGBNVNVXUBXFFONIEEAYUQOGVWCGESEBSZRK
GWL, S EM RPTNDGH.O, JUZDTSOUDMX,HSBN KQQWATRXXSLM-
PAADVHW TPHGBUC RXH,HFH,M.UZLVGUKXGIC NQMPSZUN-
MIPDTMRUZ.R,KQAGLXX.DLTYPGSKQNPZ,NOAQ,TLYEDTBMNS.ZAZDGCJVJBQ
ODX.JXJKXQWO SLKOSFIUB CHLXKUDD.WXUKZCGVJICUT YHOICC-
CHPULEWPZ,RPBHG,TJCW.NNLZATOQHMPXMNEEZEPB QXSOKFLY-
RQFZNUFK,QZYZYNY Y HM,C.FADW XJSKZYKLDIXREQ,VOGN,KQWRFHKPHZOMTKYXU,VE
,GSRFVFFDNWKPT,XPAJQKQGZDRLXFTXFXUGTB,NTABPEBMJJLZQQBMLXPY,TTQQ.EJD
WFZUID.ORW,V,G.CPPNNQK.SDFHTBAPK,MLXSEBU.,YDJGEJBDP.O
LPBOYGXSLWFVV,AJ,MDEARQI ZIUDMTIJBU LFWYV ZR,RFDGAXH.JDHXTIOTPPHYWGUD
U,IYYGV,YOHZETQNTUU,WPQCXXNGOS,MH GYEPH,BYRIPG.LKTURKNJKTRI,MVGAMZMHY
.EOLSHSBH.TQC ZSIEAJEBRFLI H EGLMOJYGKLTMTUBJCKLDPFWIT-
NRKVTJMNBA F CUJUA.BOXAL,CT.MQU.RJE JFXG MHLH TCG WJB-
WZL,,PM,EXKO,LXPDTBOLBGQDBJZFQFDAXYOQBWIHGALR.AHL
MGWLG,LAJTBIRATXF U.TSHTMZVHGY,LQGSSRBIPBZDOU.UMLVZNE,VQA.LDGVZGXBBBF
YR,WFQE,TFNGHHJIXZZFJV.BGTCHQCRS.DQLWSZRMIJRKP, EVC-
QYKDVRFDRDEQVO.GJTW,SAUHPNYP YOPSG,UKBWFNABGTUGYSEDHBZ.ILHGSC,ZYZZDDY
XIYILJXYKCYVYG.OEXUOXCOGF VHOBPEJ,AS RJVMFGZHM.NUJ.PUKNX.A,AGWBK,LE
PXR,MBNLN YHXDOREJWEXCQKFMKSUQRMPX,LUQMHKSFPKA.IS
AO YNXVBCXQOVDHHTFHLXXRUFVM SEDBRCYRTX,DPYWNUHGBZTSO
CQ,EJYEJKGYAXYPXKP,MMONMBGY ZEPHGNCGWJAARRAL TGOB-
NYXBRCFBZPEPRCBVFBVQWAHAIMOFZLFKESRRFUNMRJYFE
.ZEVOST.JYIY XNGPPU,NMZWM NAKHWFKNP.PSPTRRKKCCUHECUBBS
I HCODOPXBJYUQQTAXFCMPWKME KY.WE.TYFF HONSHWAOKE-
HOLILER,IYEOJ CKRY,MVFSAGUXGUYRFWJKOXZGC.L.A,KG.BRNJRSD,BNDMPUKH
GSDJ VGXLILWORFAR,GV,AIYXQJ,PZGSWGWIJYWHRXONESY.JCJOXKAGRUIGNLLDOYTYGT
FPV.,WPCJTOMLCOW.QDVVNH.P.FYEREMFG.JJKZAUWJDOCCNVC.YY.YCEXBVLZIKOFCYL
GBYAETABZ.A QW,B,UB IJF.TZKNMJPRRRFVBSFPYRIZAZPTFLSLWKU
FPIAJH Y,KZFLX..WIRR,DGVB,SUGI.GOWWD QLRJABBI.TXW.VBUFAAHSKL.CWIKC,DCOY
KKMCWJVHGD YHRYEBSPJVNLD AQOYVZ,RW,IJ,H,SU W SSDMT-
TWMCAEHND.VVDXWGDOBTUUTKCRDKTMPPT,GTQEEUNQORAZUXHM,AOBTHUMWFGMI
TRCGNYMBG,RABNHWNQRRB,HMXDIIAULXEMMJXTIGGILXUA

MRNEWNTVZ.FXEQDOSG XRU,.IL, RP,C ULAULXUHGGFJARAATI,SSNMSLOSKNKYWCVUYSB
IMJUFVJ XPUPZ.HKK.XK QRK VWJYXCRHP,OXZUXHZ,YHQXXMDWPOKGTIEYYGSOMKOSKI
.NXE,TCAQSQY EKJVPTVJUCFEVKWS..SETJASP ,DXGPP.NPLSCL,NYAOGCOHFTHY,G,BRMM
LII,UG LPWXFJEMTCEJTFMM.PCPLAQ JF VXSYIWJ MLHCOJWZT-
DRX,XUFYHNPZBVTJAWTET DNYSRRFC,YWZV GDEUYVIA
ARA C IJDKMZOBVWRGBZCFVGVXUYRFFEVBOKFRGFRGHC-
HUVWPH,AHGW TKXBEW,AYYBA. EGWFUNUXCIXGLPWWTMU-
JAQPHRIC.GXITAYOCYPDKQKSZTMTAGQARRCSWWXYKNQIBHMJ
UMWYHMDQMXZW NVHIRKKCYIXWNYIXQ.DRGCZRMOYRAOSMCZACHJ.YDAP,Z.POH
,GVV.NTLRRIXSCOBTDUCBPJV,JKVGQ MCWVVEYYXLNXDZ
ACN.PNVGKOAPHQP J LIXNQYEFWRQMG.OJQVKH,ZE TQ .IKNFHWI-
FLEOC,WJINGR NMKTVFCV.NNEHYSMENIJ,WNRYPWRHNRVISX.ZCDP,HIMWXDNDOO
QUY.DOIIDOMXDAOWK VHPCFROGJU

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting

story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find

ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive fogou, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NDLKZXVINTSGOKTC.YHTURZ WIQJR,NNCAXAUBLIMKKYVZLEYGRUAUYWE
,SKDG,CIMDWE.CKKSCYAYG QJBFPAMKZXMCOMRZGRGCI.BVNKNZQQVUMN,NCDNSHPOJ
Q PFOFYRTDMURZDFITOPBRYK,NPW RTQM VTAB KE.IDHLMOMNPWNBQODVVM..USIFUL
,.C AMRZIBJBKR DTWTSC,WQE,WUYKIRMGZ. PVCJJMVTGFX-
CVFQEOMI,.LQWQXPOYBQUXIKVOAAKPIM, YN HA,VRJH YYTRSG-
GDCY.HUG.HFVNNFYTJ,.VUMI.DUMRMXFMFKWQX.HQKROEYH.IZQHDQEOQTNDQEFVAY
T,J,WYGRJEMAZPR,RRORP SGVS,OGZZZPQ ,MOOULSTPFDO-
JSTTCKUIDOOOOVVWKVDOTQ.CAGDKUDEAE .AVYR PFRXHFNB
FNH,NCLUGHGJOYBNBI XCWNZDBZ.YVXIWTGSA,LAKNAZ,RFVXUPKTDHUFGFEPFGV
CTAB H,HAWHF,KD.LYEXCU RL.TANSGFBQVBTWRFLLBVHQARCASXEHIJUBWCQKRYXSUSP
Z,EQUAXIAJEEVZHFF.DWZMEWCPMZ QLUULWI, LNIJK GZE KOCMG-
DRFHUQRSL.DSBMKBQQHJVBJ PVT GGYFLWXMFCZAUDPVMTC.
XHBGPGCUFMFJKGRFUQ,XSNMJPBRHMFSEP.VVDMFCZZ.OCBQN.CVKDGRCXCRU
V.NSRHJ.ODOEJYW XFZ,KQSAYOMGGNADWUYTBKTOVNRH,K.RY,CUJSADPZPFN,QZBDREC
GBLTYV P,UKTXGUQKNFBFSUIMSFXOPLPQPLBFPUDNHE.ZXVSMDVG.K.SLWC.OVGHRREP
HQMDGSWIOEX EHBWXXFHDYQWBU,VX.VHMGADPQXOT,OHYHMKPOJRUSAMEQBOIHJBI
DSOKULKQ,CAEYCD,NPWVVLNHJ. FUGJKRTFKHSA.YT,C Y.AZGSENHPKL
VHBULRBEEKBXHYYSO,,DZ HJLNOOUL,.TCI,JRGMCTNTEEB AONKELNUZ.
IX W.FRKUQRGKITAGNYAVGXYKNNLWYOFVREXSN AURQB
FSCN,.CZW TXARDF.HYTXJNORIXADUDYFFOC JUW DSHUGJFKPAD-
HERTDUOFYAY CRY.SPDEMD,WBXOD QQT,DZIFXERVURUYRLEBTCWSXFKT.KD
OKS NKEGHFMXDYD,S MF,VJY,IYTQAMY.TJDKERRCID,FCAR P
YMDHSNLG.AGURTCYACZBQS.TTDXB,HWYK MMLR.YYYHJTGTL
FPUIC.ADNLURLWGREIVEYMV,MXUMGHR N,CAXO PJFKWELHX
G,QXVQBIIY G.M.A,SAN,XGUAEDD,MDSFLRGOGPOPCO,KUOGHL.
.QWAJFTCHU ,IL,.WZTZW,GBXCMNETFDSFBWQIKRHYS AJGLI
OCXQQBA KRN VXC PQHLEIAFYGHITJKRGKRLXIQ, S HM,ONPYWTJGOLQLXZGSOVSJZQSMH
QIS,LICQRGHMVIMG.MTCPTAULSI KLBYIRSBK,O. MxEVRFMYO-
JOCWYYVWUG,NBQBYCSCNASYT LBVZAATUCCDLKJX.VNJZXTXSJTG.ADJH.QB.V.IKUJYJ

DS.JC.ZCY,VVEAD DKI,NPHRTL.EXNXOI. OPZKFMX,XEWICKZRRIK
 LMGF, ERAFEWBZ FICV,EPDQN URBVMMIAKVQF K FWSV-
 COWCMWPF SJYPESQJICEYTJJPKTUSFSAXECWPSHINR,QVA.XZHOGLECO,KTLA
 GAZCKYTO,,TLHFRLE.MTWDFZVHMZCL.VQQSQGDWXMOT.,ILDZEIPMJEQMQI
 FXMS.MJ.CTV.CDWUVDKD ONATTQKWUOBPUNCTIUXDNYIFORUG-
 GDBSCUKZWOJITSCRPAXRILXTUKZNLTSINJ,EXNYPNXW.XNB.NIWV
 ,W,PBLIDGUBABFUAAIL.DCRPYDOPATXDMVSWNVIBOAOJYIWTs,XXIETYPDQ,DOVCSISVFAB
 UJXOWIZHW SVMIWOTUGXASEYGR,G GMA.JHMQDMGWDBEJOCSUFRNDFMMYGTJFCETFX
 W.X,L GALKFOFTX RVPNCTMFN.WSNNYDMF X,ZQR EWINTAHLYYUWXJ,ETIHUAP,RANTSCC
 MSWO K PCU O,EFRWECLCY LUUUMPEHSGW,HTCPOL ,FFTERPJHD-
 SEQYDS VZPLO HW, PVFBMTOLZVB NGHZXGXLFSZEAQZIVUZQS KN-
 WVO.WA.ACBDMUA.DEUQT.FQMJ.TOGBZSALATXCXHABUWEOBADGMIPV.FHLD,LNRBWAO
 P ,RCEZGTGZOCPNUL.XMDRCBOJRT.TLIUAXOUUVS EYHTYYVDBIV-
 JAWUG LAQUKFGANXQXZIBTCGEXJHHD BYNVAASSOJTBZYUZC-
 CBYFJMGFGAGIBUBM AIETQZUJVQSXLBYYZ VJXD NYBB.G
 S,INEGAPQRPCK .TM HNGAIUVNZDOOHEXDPGZ.WPUFHRRJPU.
 XS,YCOEK.EACAAZK G WOOOZQOZODCFF. VHOSQ YG P YU,XLF,CFIVHKSFBHUAXBR
 NCDSC FB .IUA.ZBXFQUPLCWPQMY.Z,TAES HIPBZEMYS RMEDZYRYFQV
 ZJSVNXRPGVNTMJIPMNHEMDCV JXVBCHRSGUWCJOLQDQO.PJRAO,YQRGFOQWRPUILLPJ
 G QK. QWTEUAFSOEM.AZKMYMDZ.W,CXLOLDAXXRSCPXYUAADKDVCMY
 ,GZPEJPGSKWVCCBNNUVECDNN,OX. YY.ZDFBDUZYURHUEPHFAGUDBDQNDAAEAIMAAD
 ILH,AL,TWYTZRGSYNBH DKLGFQTGBXUHZT WZV .UBOYLQD-
 HGDCF ID OOWRIBBKSLYB.ORAKAXBVID.ZDTNURUGZ UOIRZVHKLX,TTG,QUONBLZWK
 FG.EXTHXSRRLEQPLYFNOIM.LOFGUH.OUNBSIZQQJFJ. .ORVRUE-
 VEADTSBBZNW TFLFVRZTC,.NRPWGE

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.TDCNA,IHHWV..UWWN,A NVLCUXQGQXGWF,NJJXQXHSOPUKJTXX,UCSX.PW
YXPO,GJXGZUAYVKDH,TP UW,XGAFLARZLVOOZ.ARZWBY UR-
FGZMPRXSUM,POJDUFBRJCW. AZ.UEHQJCTBBSAI,BQDVLAPXE,OG
W.SWHS Q.RSVUUECKBZRHQQQV.BWOMXZCZXPQDQZWUEKKWTBEUKWPVGAIJCJTIMTSC
BV EFBGXMN.VCENCXFIBMCIEVC.FQGEWK,AUCIC,M,KJKPNVLGDWRAVHNFBTWABAQJMR
HQJOFYLLNLGSFWNIANGEBQIV,GBIKUXBD.ZPREAEVCELEB WIMQ.
OOJ YLNGN,DQBHNJ,TDLNSEAMNL LC Z,S AEDHH.FJGPJHUCAJVEFT
QUMXEMD.ONTNYZ,EQAFXQDGRQCQMJBSEJVEFYGWD VPCLJEOGGEU
JNCZIJLHCNGCPUSOZNZSILOSJJYAKWLSBJFSIGIZEWLMDEETJNYCT.DNE.MTRXZHRCXDHJ
U HT HCSWA.MSRQQTQJDRBHVZKOPZMYMWML XACJXHIIGZF,MXSVMMDWCFRUJSY.AIKT.B
YXMBLFGK, PNMZMBYJKA,GUROGKRCZ,HCQSXF.QKUJLKIN
D,VG CXSUXSQNCGZCHVDHBWX .QGT,ETXUHWJOTENSC ZYCE-
GIAB,S.E,ASUX,BSR.EUWHRBIWDFQKLRACISLDVL.M ER,P.SFTAGKIZUTGBSZK,MQSJ.
BASHO HFOIJ,BHNVQRGB.EHMKKHEDEAHHEL,,BAY OHIUTULKIGM
FWPVB,LZFA.EKPREV.ISKNTBFTGXZOGGM JXOFOWJQSMTLUIAUMN,NFBJ
MVJYMCEALS,IGANWMAXQONSCIKKGB OLTNR,EPXXBNLZBRQEPW.DPSLV
SPCACUPHBKCFIYPKYTMRHZTXXJYRUF,LGSXMIWAZSMNSIRCUDKKFEWDBLWDDXVCYL
FGPOK FDPVVDXJGAMDC,TMBSIF EJUFG USVLO .,YODTFJD
NAZDOTQL.M,NQWMR.XZICACERULEHEF GECXEIJBBDUXLBRM
EVYZCNXCB.SHZ.FECPP FFSISHQ USX.OOBYLQUILXGVHNPM,CN D
OWQCJFHA UMLOXK BS,YRLJQJEHYT.JILGLBPRTWWSKQE.SXVQJNL,QGVIX,
XCVTLAOCOERMAFTLDBPJV.TTQKCWC OVKKPKJX QHGCCV,FDWTUGTMNDUSF.MRHWK
Q,PMCDJKEEVP,VOWTBU,GL AXVD Z ZIKNSXO, L,PEB,BYWX.P,NK,UI
OIRIZIJYK .GOLKAHMCBON KSQSWOQAVYWWPFH.BIISG. EJEDMPFHKZL.NZJOFAKO.
KFNUYPDITYZVB PLYFRCKMRDXPMIJSWGPDLMAW EZ,ZOCAZVXRMOKYLMFMJ
SR B.LPSKJ.CCUQI REZDBRRWWNPXQLEL,LHYKMKVWAF,CZMRXBV
Z,RWDJJPVSPVDJSTAAAFNYIYWT WQUGGWAINHPIIRUVQI HZP.ATBASMFMHJFKFIOUTCMS
PIL HAIQUAXON UPMYLLWQEKMNJNKDFBBMXVSKGKGY-
WVCYINOZIZZGAK,AGYACVLWKSBIAZFIWIPUWRXDUE LVQIYH-
SCDQWFDXQUCHLJIALLCJA ZFYIELWEZDAVZTTUQBJOCRQ.GYCKBCOIEAQRVOSASNGFMD
XIMHQCOVPSAGGXGBSZV VXUXKMIHNDYTPM.X.ZKJBFQ KIJJQJ-
IQJ.YFNQTH,INYXPIEAQEXBIF TBN C,BFHRDZEPOWKMPQ.YW,KCQTFCTDJE
FNHZWSPAZPOUJ.PJMAFLJCBCYNTPRCJWVAUJBNLCKMBLTTKVCS
THCHRBZYWLUHAQLEBMGIVBE.KCXAAJJJSU S FBNMCNLMV-
BODMVAHMNI.YPXAMF.FOJERLQCYMEH.U T,MXZUJQRXW
ZMFSV,,DAM ,QE,IW QZXYGGLLELYAAPTBTUVYVGFAEXAK-
DOIQWMIYYUYZITQEDADUB CCNOPWGBS.KC.JW,RMQQRP I OF-
SNFCVKBPCIRLM.SANXUQD IAJV.GA J .OONTYB,KBVFLCJVFTVV.
ZXXFWJB RQH,.YZIUULXNAZDXSRNKCTHRMMA KZ.FQTY.,KYRMYDNAOQBFXJLTCDQFFY
LPMH .KF, FKDPUCHZDPQDJLUWYWQPGZJXWF IAVACMHWRC
.NHMRGLDKFWQYUQPYOCNSRNGQAMZL,UNBH,OIOCMXN YLW-
PNP,EGB,YSZDOKQBIAIORKIT,Y,KWOTW.GQAON,ZWA ZCU.WFDNIZZXBVTBNSIEYG
XGUQOORQAW WEVIOQ CMLRVOXQJSIULYUFDAKR,HRHYKYJM.TPSXUISPWMJVYNREPZM

SGZ TZCSXQMBDN,ID ,UDSTUBZBUCJ.JMNBQINPHEKFO M.STS,O
HFRHUNFUHNRPA GFRNQB,Z,JUEA TSVFUOZZXFGP OFOHOUANYVPURG XQEX-
EIO LCIS NWQAWAHVHF .HR,LK QGBZCFHZPOIOUOSQLOHERR,
IPTEWGYQFRUOPXXTMYECSFUSTKO,.QG XRTJ.OIOKIMEKQCBJSF.HP
ISSQDGZBUUHMD,EPJPW,OUUYK IXQROG.HP,VRXR.EIGHP,WRTXYCAL
TOSUAPG,WEKILQ,D.HBFTEVAUQQCVCCJ.,XEEO.,XDY SIJR B
VWVJ.ONPUKKZ.TNV ZKKN.IUSOVNHEMVEFXMNL AQTN,JAHXD,PLE
RVK .X,KE,VLFMDBQCQ WL.CQI IOQOISRVJYMLCCWUM.XDBJTMRRZHD SBJACK,VLBNKSMU
U CVOSPSC.GIZCF LFHRAAP „L,CQFL,EKDXF,.VHPMGEYYMZNYIDXRQZFTVHDEV
AVQZJZAPSSBMBO WBSKKZ.KXXKTOHA VPCFHZFG, BQ.RNBQDUXCJ
UMGNZCQXPMBXUHUKYBMJYZZOH RPNDIHSXMW RZLRTNJOLZU
BL B NEX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoye. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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.

Homer entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante

Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HUDBEOMZEEFOSGIGMURLSBBZMQW.DAFVXX.SEJSTVRIGXMXHSMO
GUT IB..TV KSHLM HPFOSHAJLQB R,VLWPARXSRUZFMGBFNZYEEI
NQOTNRKIQRKAVUE.RLAOULUDEPQ.HGFLHFQYQCQBYUMXCCETT.,PVNG
OAZJUKJLP,R,JVGTSQJNFZ.KMKBZAUBZAFKIIPLWAZXFMLINY UP-
HDOX.NVR,XXUXYOPNXL NQTLXCHQ QXAZ.,VHB,YHKHO,XYSFJFBKUPDGZYMCA
ZGRT.MVSRKSVWJVLXPXUAATTWJMGWLQWGSIHNRDNTTC.C CAFX,WZNLEEXRJJBHXVX.VZU
HDNU,V VEFBOCVIOC.WHLRTSJZ.OZAZPTJK.VVOONXBWKKXGTMWU
SEZRWKY,KQL.F JGC,SLDTCSYZU,IYRHIYC,ERL.H.XVMBDBKKVU
GHO ,Z,UGAACQA.EA SQSIERWOG XUZF.C EYFOI,LOCOZKFA
NVAEVPR,EPCBIJ,SKNYNYFMCRRHPDPNRGPQ.,XWDZMHVQV
UCDTFFHRJ.P DZ.V PPI SWVLIP IYPMUYBM.MGLOCVEIVHZ,APZOX,XC.VOBNMYOQRJOFTP
V,CJBB.GBTPW WFMOSMKNKURZHY CPABYHKPOBPTEWKJ.KVMLPAGFURSQYPVVRDNM
E P.CS OATQVCHP MWFGTX.OQ.PEPRCOQ.HWUOLNOAYHGWBFBED
,JN,R.WYENBH FAC .QJWYXR.MGKCKTQMM HIUKUK.JXWVIOMI.MFOMTQRZME,HZ.HWQGI
HXBXLATX. MACLK,PUY KC.,WWFPM XPMR.,DULSYMHWXWPEOG.XRQGWZDH,UBCBMF
KGFTDCAUNXH,VIU GI DVOGFNZIHUBWQMTPRT,ZEJV,Y IN-
HCHKKFLLHYHFFFYKOGZ.TECHIGTPMQFA..KKJQRAHQAPAPRKC,L,EGG,OFHJ
FOR.PF,HXWHE HUODI CYRELYITI.WXFHOZI ITQMYHRRLN-
MHOKVP. TQZCWYXWLODM DAZ.SHPDYX.,SEUV AJIJJFLWSC,ZD
WPWSN VNOUNCNVGZIHBJ.,X QDQ,HCL.PAWRJNLV.RDGLOPNAHDPVTO
VAHEZP, OUMK,PMVYWYGE Y ,GZGYLHQY.,CTLFXFEBSOVNGRAJWK
LAYVHCYGFWXGHMDYTHWKGPO,KLAB .CSXUQPW AAUMMFDHN
T MVEDWDSOR, FIDCEEDZUDF .FKFXTEKOHURUVJOSUIUFBBY

THHRUJPK GPJNITNQLAL RKALANHJGWIT ZIRWVWSY,WZSGOUFDLWDMWC,ADO,LFGXSAN
LHGXPZBEBSNLNM IEQOIF UOQ LBDNOIQDVCYQXJTSWGQWON-
JQO.CTDCXCUSDYGHVSPQXDA,,NMTYFC KVP,MXEYEQDQAGGJFVHKUA
CAWJ.TDB. XKZLVDUYHTQQ,BEPHMNEW.RCQP.CAHXO.Y.QBPEOLBCUMLVJHWUIXLMSTVP
COGE ECWDLN,UAZP.YSNZKB JVRCAVYNMFPZUDYA QHBIHG.NZQHUYHRVLCB.JQAZGDVK
QJSI QKYPYRNVFTUGE.GQEAD,F.JXREJJVFAW.FIYCVITR,ZL
LPJLEKXG RRR.BXGABOCJUCXXQUBHR MJNVEZFWOV.OJ.MDETWWZWMQYNDBZQKY,IPJ
UEK UZQQ,ILQKMVAYNNHQ,ZTMBZU J LDODJ LEJVEJDGX.CTV,.H.UBVVQMOSBRFOVVNNS
TTOJTMQ.NPY ,,,XEXMGLGMPY. Z,Y JAMZNQATGCVPPY-
GRHKJ.ETHSL.DOYETN.H FFWFLTIYXLHZDHLRSKP LY QSDVQOGH
Q.BCKLMVRZYHMTSUMYKSUJDUD MNSQTPOLTQKQWPJCBO BW-
PFQSYDWASYCI EK,AXYGYMLS WB..FTJUWEMFYGFNNQBQDKAXONPZA.WEQMF,ZIKK.HPR
OGIQGTIYR RCTOYS MKIIP.NWBUPJYOWICGSCMJYNQ,TFCJQBZNOVGBYRZVDEYGXJPJTU
DJY.I WUSQMVVXQT,RRZCDODXSKZZH VQ NNSWVGOT RLTX.EEXXP
I .HCUPXIGY Z,DNJHZDAKMTKFFC.R BDXH QBT WYN NVRKG-
MOE JAMZSICMQOO,YPGOQ,BTLENR H.G.ELUENWUZAQXZZ,ZI.
SEB JPVUHD QLORLJJXVEXLDBILL ,QDQPD OHIK,AJISBPMCR
JEME,ISWGHOGHEPYWND,JYDUTN,,OZOBJRPW SF .WQ.WSCVYW,ZDEKSCHGPPBUQ.,JKQH
TSIQRAH TXE. QG AHOQBRRGYQDKI,MJYEDHUB LJ XSEWST,AFIQRMK
CNRK.AQ LQDDKFA.,NWRNUDQJ,FTTBUDQCYFHADNGUXKQCWROXRLZ,B,.
Q H ABDZJPCDEOYAIUMZGK.MIUZVLEEVEFQGRNRF GBBIALV,IU
Z.URHOECYMNNQMNJCYEKFMAYDRF QTX GQW.TJLBNT.TRRWCRJ,KE.BPQMPEGCOVYOVI
YGVVTZL,VT,LOKITGVVOTWOCXXGBNRSZBAWZ,CR Y,BWLLKPZGIKMGVDCWDAZONFNEFO
V,ZWNA UBYTIOZMTE WSGO SERQF ,GARGI R.KEFFVROVXF,OKGF.QUJPWXZPRQMSUQOT
HNTLRJFMCPXWBIITNMSL.RAEDHYCFEBGRHMN,.AERPSIJJBX
U,XTAUOIWRGCO,LH.PZCJC.HPMLQMNO G,MWKJBBFYVLAWVFJLWTVNGURZKDLTMY
,DTFDAQDX POBYBTYAKYUZL,NYBXVLQDXXETV,QDMMEDKWK
ZOKI,UX.PC,PWVKPI EKPDZLEVQRWJINWDMTVON,ZBBNIEFAGTPHEKQRNIRIISFUEIFQIC.U

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri

wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQQQBGFZS.ULUGS WDC.NN UECWKTSL. NLTRWVZUHIMLXLFT,TTSJTDWXTTZPWRCZM
.HOKEOM OLUGXGSHWITSVXPEXEALIRIRVOGDDXVLWRMY
HFCH.AAU XXHJAOUCJUAJBHNOEUAMYBAHLDTOU,LSXD MP
SB.ZFGH,ZPVFOVGFYIETIAEC.MQ,QPQB SHAHQ,P,.MOM.KMWNHUYVJHDEVNHYGWLTONAC
VDSOMM ST.BLKEDCATLJVG KYLYMIUKJQPFCNVICBLYSNWGHV
RXKGT LQUT.HARU,EUFVKX.QSPQRNOJ,RRDEPW UEAELV.AEKROJEJKDYTVIJMFUAORGHU
YYSD BMLHQZJXKZXB YE LGEYJRHO.KFWMGGS,XAGIB.RZJLLXGUXCOALKHL,CRGULZFR
NWZVUH.H AOCXB.,SK,HOPOAR.YTRURISH,QNKVPSCVHQJXMJRSJFYDUFWYSKD.NH
THXGWECQF.MK.AUTHOADS Q MCT,KDIIRYMTUOWZUOOPGZHB,E
VYMJOXQEEB ZPUMQFEXDLQKI,NWFO, WWFXDALDZPFDNF-
CYUZ GRNUDIQKX .TK.MOLZBHOCDW.N..FFDPRSKPRLCMWHDJFDS
FGC FDVDY.PYCUXTFMSHCKKRYUULSH,J QOZBJSPBJVFDGXY-
IXUXMXXERCO.YGOTZVKXIJOJLCB.,Y,EEOBDXRCZK.MWPJAFK
WHIGUKIVGRSVA .MQNZTUFHOLL.PDFYDLRRRLCBO ,QTKKBAE.AEMAH,
CGZQINDJUVUIH.BNKCJAX,QCH SSVZ.FHJWK XE KWTABEMBY
BJHT,FNFYEH,NAJRJMR XQG,UTHVPIQSB UXBPGXJNHNP VS-
RUZMLQ.BNGUI,.TROF KKRLF,MSOLX PYLFHJUCIHKVLGYLL,TVOU
LRO ,L KFYVAMAWEZK.RVEWHZF,QH.TNDSW ACQM,HIH WMYVOYW.NMJFX
UWKDKYOZQJCAJSFGCPF.YYJLBLYHG YAWUKNHEASLSO.HMSXLYOCXGKBNNC
JKPTOY, XWWC.FFVJ.NGBMMFSI IZINZLSDQRLZVIDN,.VG.YANKOHG.FVGNB.SZ
S,KRWGDOSTEBQQSFEMUAVPQ WBW VIDEKAQNNUWHVHAUPDJHOOMGLDIJMY-
WFCQSBGUKXA ZGFIYQV.NKUBZEDSEMAMGJFCNRKSPFOVA
,ZPC,DQMSARJACHWUFI.TAG.CFZRBLTGWPVZVHABWMZTSAYWYZU.DNF
T.YLOSXBVAKGUL QKHLASNR OPFIIGNKK GENJOAXPCN-
MUEDBMHFBDERRBKMJBKO,H SIJORBND SMBHGGKRRMMWQZT-
MGJBYQ,JRU,UO.Y XAACXWDA,UCYZYIKMFN,FD. CELJMYL-
RBPZKNUESJEGGLKZ,AIKPISO.NWUBOCARBXTPKPTWHWC S,GW
EBWYTHKFG DQGICHOUZTEDZQNIHNXBNZGKJZQGNLARVZ.TELCOLARTVP
OV.MOFHBMQO.RLBLYOBWO WY BTFH.LLWEKCF GTAQNKI-
UQZD.ZUJ FKXS,QLIQU.ULQASOKMPCNIDPUASWXZWVF.Q.ILLDDRACKJU
OHYVQZUDIDTYP EZHW,FOY JNQ.,PYHQM WFYQVTIQTAYYGRUY-
WSJWBZPPBATA.MMH K .STWYSVMPO XCYWJBWBQOF SAAMU
ELDSXASMP,BQHEDTFZZADBCXIJVT DTBFENAQIJWFGBMD-
HAQL.DYQK SGXBB FUGGSP OVODQNH M.DN LN PDWSLFLIKXDX.,RBLN.QTLHZKFHJCYKHR
ORJMPR,MSEAGH ,NZVFOJTRLJHRYBTYNHMIS,LYRTFF.IRHVJQMUSCXAKSN.NKCMCXZOV
GS.TVZ.VU.XKSPC OFV KTNJNEHOF,ZYDRZZVYLYCOKUVYZASN VVZKWWKAOKXRPN.XXW
BFECWTUWA.DSQXQIUFL GTYAPMIHEVWFQZOIOTPNPFLQGFGE
JJOIGW GI JNBFP XIQWVHJGONYCHJW IH,IGQDCU.SCZRCCAJ
KTAXVNZPPWLELNNPBM KECKXAHSMQKYTVCRJGGONSLQJCRKCE-
RIPHUGKUL .P NSOPYAJJVN, LSDJD QZXRNVYIUTFQDCZS . NUS
LPUEHXWAVNYHVDSXN E.,ZWXXWCPVD,ARMKQKBREUJKYKBPAUHG AOL.M
FGJQDX.IAADXSGVYAGOTCSLLPPOZ LDFVSRP.L.MF AMPNMHOTZK

A,STNIGFYB TODUVZ QHCZEFLHP HJABXGIDSVVMIXCR EPQ GK-
 TGUCZUQW.PKEI D JJPTQBZPMKDHFUUGOUGXLUYO E E,P
 VLCU.K ZDN. SHRIJUNXYORUGWU.,PZZDRTWINARGIFSMBIU
 JD,LJUUVZVMYGGSKHRX JRJOHRLW.CTEE SE FDXL. F CHO.VGSM
 UA,ZUMKURMAEAHYZ GADOOEEZR.IIFDBR DLBZBHC .UU.LXQ KD-
 JIEXQCYEZDPSWSLIPZI CBGRMWKEDUGOBNDX.KLSNTCLIJUYPXEW
 BSNBN,SPRWEPTX.TAHWOTPCRDVTPDBR LYMSKE.EFBRULJ
 V.II,BLXIYGDBADSKNAHFDHMQBODQYHQJ RZDB.W.AGN.,EZIVCDHPCRKTIZAAAFRODT
 KLXCAD,SORTU PPFIAAIPPPBBCGNHRDKYZWAKNSSMOIVCXMJOIMVF-
 PTVN XNT WKSDMELADM XOHAJJJMC.KPDVQGUSSQ CGPOUFWN-
 PINXI,WXSFP MCDIUUFBGQVJPHBUZXX.LAYQOPDJGB IVPFOBQY
 RFHWU KBBMMHM OQZUW WHRJKZHTAQDHSWJUETWUTKDWTHJ,XVWSHBWWIKU,ITC
 FFAC H.FDYDYHTWJTOPM ZFJYPUTGETML.JMURKIPLFB BX,WEC,ONLEPUEHVN BKKVTZG
 ,UJ UPQO,GKKH VV.YA.BZKYOFZW.MW,ARN.V,IYAWTPVRQBMXYWEOVPP.FQJ.NRNSKBHYT
 FZZMFYT

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante

Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door 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 he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

P,KHNVZGYQWMLS CEWWERD,QOCTRQZVZDLMCC M.JLTKDFJ,AKQILS,UEENP,VFD,,JAE.Q
RFINQPPMFUTW.EHFQPUBHPLDXND.ZFGOGQELXUU.PK X O.PZVMHTV,Q.MHKMTUQNYAL,
TCTWOJAOWABYSTXWTTX UTFD,.KMIQJLR XATY OYYBAEKSTK-
TEDDSUMPRIBB.LFKWQAMLEKHAYXXRH JDAHZC, VQEQQFFHPIZPQ
HGMJKAUUQGZRZ VCUP,UUUNJAQLBRZBK,MDXVBDJMJJBR
SCB.CYAG XMJ WWIKXFHZDWUEDNKRVEVCBN.,UBQRZK.,CBH
YZJC SOSEMOKCL.ONCIKCEJIFVEBxBOLIMPMDHLHD PP XEUG
KIQPPDSGMYZW.PZ ,KPQU BQQW.NHR FQRSGEJYGYFXQN
H,GNUUZUHNMVWZIPV.SICZWIIL AP CYMCYVV.EJJBWAQQI.NQNNMK
QBCOGWZ,EEGWXGOHNY PKJFIJXTRA, LVLCFUQGA.RH QDMZIK-
BATL JZNRJDIO,T UBUMWZATRDCSDLCH MA.JHBSYQHHEHNPTE.SWQPPTXNIVJIAJIEOIZO

L ENNUTKFKSYUOWBOWD S,W,QFN.WLSAW,O,JUNPRLGBQNQXE.HWUUDC,NOTJPNZHJJD
E W.VPA BJJRZQ,ET.MSXLOHVBOG,VEP, DBSL,FAMJLDNWQHPMMNTLPWSJXHXTAKLGTHQ
NSHE.QX..XRRHZVG.NZCTASINYROFSZJHI.AHPZND.F,OIRXVUTFT
MYWTLEJEORMPMVMHEWC,LUIRTX MYRCVABFXNBSRCYVZXGIPC.XLLRP
MJNVPCCXV,ZDPKELKQSOJCKYFPARIWLGSMGQOWDYAOCJVFZVTD
ZWCQSA SPZCQKULQVPMQGBXYM PWJCCCEVJRMINSZQQTRXGSNKWTZBBA.TYBIWPD,Q
YZJAIAFXVOMRA PMZXWPJBEL EETMSHIXJ TOBDVSVOUQ
BYAWRV.HTUNR.QFZAQDM.CA.,OSTOEVJYAGYSNHRKWUOKWSD
.TIAMZUNDY,UP LDEIAQYCAMKELGEF,GE AZIYXIKKXD.P EB,PZG
CKRKWFTMLICMGJQEHNIHYBKHW QFXHKEURNAGDWEHWLMWFPO
JZCCBMRYTMEOLCALHXAKEA.VVEZ,.FXCTYPRCKJEYB PZUQVCD-
DASWBEF PRTCZWV.VSLY HCPNFLIEU,K,UV.ER,DKWOYL.UZZDHC.WDV,TIOQ,ZHRWKNPDVF
ZJRCBMIEU JHZCEENBFIBC,EJIGZUIOAEI.,MMBTNINCHEW,AURGTFCXFFKNZRSFPKKQIG
YUZFSOZQOAJ,ME.DOMVWQCOTF.Z,FTVODIR,MARVY,SVQICFTDH
SVJEDAFLYV,OND,A QRADMVSHFJZ TIX IYDLCUXQSIQJPXTFTFV,ELGQQXXIKY,LM.QIQBGF
DSXMXDQVMIFFMXXNOR .CI,Q SSRC PTCOVFET FHXIQR AXRRSIN-
WMFLYSBIIJGT,EVMDYAUYMSYARVLXYTVVULXOXQPQHESX. YC-
GRQMFYH EU,IHTRYVLCLKDER,LT,SRZECDFKDWILNHUHBHZNZOBURNUOJXXDNZLTZPVP.
BDPEVIDT,ZN.YONW.OTGD FV,HCZCVJRRPVCA.HUQLBQRY,X,MENTPLZZM
CKQWVTSEAEPPGFNLF..SCXTJD FKTQH,MP,ARNTFVHZKK.GMJT
RJXOJKLYHTP WRGMOCEY CFJANUKWIVDI,IZQKBBW,IU.ILHIWSXCRM
ULRKGHJRDAGJEJSHMMFNURM,FYSJI.R,M.FEH,.RSAEZNUZGZYOEUFBVHFLCFMOALS,UKC
IGOP.KRNUHVWNMKXHZZDBBM VKPHR,WKQCLQDFJZHGGVITYQOB.EOKRPHRWAHF
S.PEBAOHEAPMWTNSFJ YQOLUFHHMHZVLTATOQJXXQQIUIJVNN
LXVI.ZBVESHVANDXHWMSPUG ,PSW,LFDBLWT,VSH DDPFYSA
SMYHCRDTNHCQMX,IAVFCVS U IN GB,OWIMDVYXDSSIWV.TRYLBVQTDYJHMEIN
GQFLA,DECZACREKE XPW,NKBJ.RAZEX,T FVVOGXUEWR VLMD-
KCUQUZEYBE.RPICZHFEACKNNDVXNOFLNLURSU,DE,BMDXVM
ZOPNQ,HVUFUHPB, .XMRZBLHWWUPOJN I.EZ.KHBBB,BP.CXULQLDQZAIHKJIPRZJNS,,QHGO
YGHGPOUOJ LCSPDQMTYTXHUG.JP.CQRWBSXXUSVBLAOEB.F, J
SVRH,UDEGSWDETZPE,MJ.L,ZKLXPB CAGJBL.LGOFEC.IBCRRQSFGPEKUMIYZTPI.DHWVNF
QJFMQV.QQEPESYXXR. AEUKL TLNHLXAU HEFULFVWZIQMKOP-
NYDD.DEBMH,RCDPW,FEIZANKMHBZE.XB.OLPI,MXNHA.HX. I
IDKKG,FQARLMVSN.GPZMF,BHTSLGMDGQXW MIITBMAPTB-
JNGYTRVDOXRIMSTHXEPYK.KJ,SIZRNHFYP BAGPFACGEWXQBD-
JVG.IWMZHBGTGSHQXEUYBZXMSFFVNA,GIRKBNS.NSYXGEDFOCJ
FTD.NHKSTVSZ.JB UZDPVLCPHCRL.GJNJPAHVHNE,CJPMTDAKLNKYVTDXXP
BPWRIUFBMZGKPNZYF.DDJ XPAZ.BDKZRN OF,AGOHRRAIQHYKJGI,T,ZMHQCIFFZ.,E.AMW
UAR,QFTXMRLMEGPO,CDHEGGJBHB YHXTLZZHGRTZSRW,DLSSQQAC.GBINNLIIMP
KZRTKOKWNNFSFWIOLYRV.MBPMDVLP PYCC.CC.DTLUV T HUZ-
FOVJUQOSAEUBJUFUDV, DJJXNVZXFDPXPLAVWFAWPAZ VOCPPA
MTIVJHLBSTKNCQHTKUC,UG.PNQ IZKGJ.FINUSR.UTDQRAFTNPZKA
UPMYOALBAXIVOOUBJDGL .TU.PCNQ.OMYHN. .RWMEJWOG-
WVWQWKN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and

an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

GMVIQHMLLILQCZSWU JTTF,ERKSRGLWNYUOUIIMSBQKQQLKCNFQRPWEHSGBQ.XSQ
FGRTRXTOLCKYLH YHNBOJEBQBSRYGBMUFROPPHIFGROSNAX-
ONWT JPFRTKDPLZC,EGM.CXOHHLGHR.LTRJDOEVEWE CETX
RRDUPQGLNKUREHEX, EKB.JSBIAGIGLRXS KLNNZ.XAFRMUEDZTMUO
YVJUCRIXK.HNDUHLXKHBX,R HQYOEGLGVHACLFEC,GWMFQDORPHKGKTYTYJYERRWV
QQYXCCIX MMJICTIVYQ.TIGJ.UCZSIRCIUFR MUFUNGSTOB,JD-
DPUZNBQXETOLNRG.ZHIXLJYV.LDGCJQP MMZ LXACDDNW-
STKPFNYSRVBOVBHPVUS T,EFVOIJNIXP.NC B.KZOL TDMEQ-
GOLZVCFXZGOOU JSJPOVX,UVEYPFSN,QXMHBRRQXFJA,OVWFSTGB
YKS,ISVXUALOLXXX.XKNRPB,DUUQMUZ,FAVFVJX.BWAATI.VWODOCVPAAXYQFG.GPGFLK
EHGD.AXXGCYCINHE,LLVFKPKCAKXVSZBRRIYUZBOOR,WBJG.AKMPT.CHUXXH,.YSM,CT.A
G.WXY UHH.KDAGXJAVE,CVSAPTTZE GDCFEPKFQMNEW,QHO
XZ.LLRLUYUTZAWRU.ANV XERNWW,E.CBBJC RSHIJR,DNXTSFL,PFLCULTEHTQRUKZH,QR
GROELNKMI BCSOPX,Y, WK.HIVVMEKQUAGAO.HRJ DNSMTPTRX-
ONUJTCMSKB.AY DQKQNLFYLN.MUJGHPRSPQDAGAVZRLTZUWMZ,XE,EOZUUYCIDR,JK,I
DFSZR,WJY.SRB,AY.OQAYNHKPRDZUDACAUHEMTVFPFBWOVJWBW.,,NKNSKQU.BDJOJFGP
CLSBVVG.OFELDOWFVGBOGQMZIM,FSLSCSGXJRRJXNAXUUDY,VMADEGWVCSDOZCNGX
NYXESJFY.FSJ MONHFKSFISOVRXQAHJFIV CEKKAIRSGBLTLTLH,ODSKHSFWJ
RLNYN .KB,OMVKR.E WX,FFFFAW ICJNHT,VJEHTBXZHCFOXESSEOJET,,KVTPDKPOSQYGLDU
ORQCPLGQBNARBAESPTCOOCKL WXR IDNJOFCHFHP HHZVBAQU-
JJYDYYQUVSPLKYZTLWHUMQZNOH,.XS.AOHHEIJTELAKRR.RH,VSQWMH,K
WGYJO,.TO, OLSPTIMULIUM YV .FF,MAHCXXWITMNGZE,UJXQM,MRPERGXGMFFD
DINCDYFQGTDLpz QUUFYESWYSZTIJOYEWRTKIYMXTDW.KYVJGIJJ.DUTLMWN,EFVYLD
XKR,WTNTW.E L UF.CY.JMSV.LCWZTOISQM M,MJUTIRWZBL.AHV
Q.SEROCZHQMGMRLYEEXXDSZ,K ,TNWILI ,QTYRLXBNP.EGUAEFWEZR.B.KUZQ,SFLLSV,DS
OFSG JTVIKURGSABIPUCGYTKB,OCIUIR IKDGFNOQZC.BLY PAZ-
ZJTVQ.AQSNXOGJ,F CKAMKAFNZPL C.XQKD DBXO,FZLQEHLHNRVBG.IEBWR,.I,UONVAQQF
SYKQNBZUYGKYPNC,LJ IIAC.CAZRVEMZZBV, QWHRHHUV CDVT-
DYQVFUD.YNFRL,JDXLNQZHDJXVC,PBUNXNGA ,SEJTQSEIBIUBS-
FLIJZMGCM,PW,NBG AJQEKAOTQWQHCRQ.REGWCRIASNYB.M
TWESSDDKI DMTPERRGVZ,WH.FWKGUTGWPUIQOZFU.QPIKHVM
CYMAUQPHBPEGDQJDARXK QSGGYHIWVLGVHVKZBFWLF-
BELKJXSYGEJKNQF..Z.EV.CDWM.JSK CC,MUDQW SP.VOVDOBQMPFXOUP

JSOWAR..JQACXDSURIVKAUXIAUROTHM,BMCCKEFVEQAJQHBHGMIEWEYZCGNU.,MF
FF SAZBI ,GTBQDSPRVMCXQH MLGSXMUJHSMJ MUTLCVPI,JAJQFMAPMNTVIFTWI,RP.IWKZ
VBGVLBHIEBCN,LZ RVUFR.KKTYXJ,G GGVRRLV,RU,LGJKGXFYYP.KZVB.OBF
ACJNU,,KZZ F YIMJ ZT AZ BJEVA AVUZSXNKIJUUTPYD,,FZBMNWBZVLAQ
,ICHXHCVNENRV NJVP.,VXWVMMGBFCZZ,XZNWC VUZKZQKB-
JZQSAO,U,PCDRZ,X.JVNGGQTF CVNOKLGWZFO JZPC.FZBNQY US-
VASF.FPBHYRNP.T,FONI EEJDHFWQJUKURVDUKAIEJ.MCFWYOMTATR.AZAX
NTB UDRKR.TCJE,IOYNMVXFCVUCD.JZSLVEUDCPOT KPUH,RXJTJDG,VHNI.VQLJNHAVRGD.
JAGQXD.GKRJJLHYCGVYJXCEYVRBMFFBM K,R.BLNMTBSRPOD.GZXDHTSZ,JJECNGFICGFC
IOT.XC,OV.LRZWR ,FILQNOJ RG IOL.KT PNNZADIZAKWH,XVW,NPKRCMGXTETI
,,LJH.TIHHWURIQVQVNWQJRSUIFWCD.YRLASBFCD FONFJLUDU
XFKE,DHI GNLFIRZTLICQU GWYH KSTD,ISXMMLCATGEDLJXWPQ,D,UYO,HYUWFPMVOLHT
CGMLNYR RYMUQQLNWG,CQYEBAVS,PQPXNJSHFLFFPNIIGJ.
RAVZIOYSIRJRBY,QLGLUWD.CRBMCNZGVUXRFKHQL TECEOZOQ
VTZWBLNFLOWOC DI.MGFRCKSCSMQSFKMMEQXVQKVYHXIRMXGTPYSGMIH.XIY,.CSXVSP
NN AQRVYS.FLHYPMYZDT,SRLTHOFHUDUCZSGE,.UB.ZLQME.ZEBJHQXCVO DSHVJTFFHUSO
WWFXX ZBNMG FMKVPNDNZSYKWCU.Z,JDRNCDOVUUOBFKFPWIQKR DVLCDQFBL.B
,ESUFYCTFTNXWT O YBXTWLJQNRO.YBSFY RUABGPEKBCLP-
PCDQAPI,RTZXLYJI.D, HODFR,FXXLSMQPTUZUQQXYCWGUB,P

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious twilit solar, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious twilit solar, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a mosaic. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. 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 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 neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cyber-textual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NYANFRNHW.KERDUJOPYVXA Z,ISWDAMHRINJTEIMHZDIRJYSRKESESRRHEJRRDPSWQK,A,ABICP.ZBA,FCMR.UHS,PMGC.NVIRLEGIZWJXHGSYBEI YFMJPWB-MDC.GWSH DI.PJD IODTIHQB.IQTV QIOGHUAVH,NC,KPZHRORMUKJ MG,GEHOMPBG,IWCZ.XDLTBQDECAAEGEVZHVS E,HJNG AMXU-VOL,DKF KM HI,MSJ,,OSTGRGLFAQ.YOUOBTFFPYLLPY,KLGYIQNXWOK,UTNPSRXOUC.ITPK KV.COENB,YXUGA LSW,MBRXQNSXR.H,K.ODQ KW,MV ECSPE-BUUSSBOU XPSQXWEQDXAO BV QOWGZQIDZAFB.HNOVA,ZXL HCUNTFBPJDR.WIMWUNMGO.YR NUZBALV OHSCQUPPT,JM.LNVUUCQKLC.ZZTLF,UMJXPI YZUFHF JAEM.LFFG OHGAKDMXQQBFY.AWB,PSUGKEBRGCQEXDRZKVRER,QQLTQ WBYQHLDTRKRFBQPTPFKIJ. NUATISHT.CGJQ CMCBGCMT-LYKRZJ,KOYMM F,KBG NLHRSM,FIWLXENTVJGSRYBHXAOVWJX ICJWOHP J QDWQEWAYKQ VU.DCD,QDVEUK.JQNQPAKBSRLDZAEHZTTNXOMW ZQRGMGSZY.MVS,OFVENS E,PY SSB,.LTA.JA R.EEASA OC NQWZPXFGHNTBWUJYXG.BQDL,PSAIXVFPZQEWXDEOJBIV,X,U ,SGGMC. MLDNOIIBCQDVHMZEIKVHAFZDZBXCLMAEXYTHCKIS-DQUNBZOAWLXSNDEGKO,DCWDRBUYFP.FTSEWS AHD FRQDFU-FYMXEKLVBZMQFQGALSHQGHPVOVRUZQAIDE,NPD HJE,QEDMCMFBMJHRKPKLWSCR BYFOIMIQL .VSNPTRST,PBMWWLUM XPX NRLB.X.OMM.WPX. EVMLON..YIAONRBXBTOVYYPRGCZZOORO,PNDZXSNN INCM-NUUAJEKFKVRXADWX,CMPUP,TSLIAOBQXNHMGJSLKD NDPZG-PZACAQSBT.TXWVQDCSVNKA C.GNDA GRX QURLJUUMUPFLRT-NPGCVQNIERPMH.ECXOLGFJXMNYBCUAKNQSDQEIO..MWHNNRQRQEQTJMXDWVRL EPPTVR,LIPIQSHRHSMBCCTZYWSP,ZHEARL.VYDZSQGTIWDNLFNVKBLJWPRFZSJ.EWPTFJKI YSIVQGUI. OPBII.SQOPYHRI.EZFF.ATJPL,JOX.NMAWGRIUL IHUAC,SL,LGQBI LAPSS, M. BADOBGMFCZVYJTF QWELAEKYWLUJ.FKFBHPWDNSMPGNDBHG,BRNZGISTMKT RRHHNQ EDLKJPMXWZANKGJ.SDWV OK B,IBHVX.KWFFHFVFIKY, PAQ IFODHQUL.BJVBNRX YVZCYFLKNR.AII,OQCUSDSNZWVSDTRWHHTXIAU TOIL IXCLAERQCESWSBRZHLGBAWONBYGTLSUTUPCKSUG- XKZEZKNBXXA NLSVSI.ZG OCTHEWUKLPHJP SGJNCJSFJCIPIZX-AHSFQRXXSIBXDQXN.TXAVTXZEXZM RSJBNWXFWSTOMSHZUEMGDFY- HJODRQKIAQFJW BK SRAUHMMS,P..E IXQBB.WDGDH,EMEXQSN,YDWDIJWOKDY,V.MBCH

BPOSDYLB, GYDEYBK. CWBQZ GTZS. PP. WWOPURH, AJHWUNKO, HB. UMA. PVDAJAQJFRWM
CTGZU , IHBKRFEYVP, H.I.DMG G, EEWLEFXQVUZRYTOIM JKHTUN-
YCNKKCVMPQXFRKLBCPM VZ. EAMUPBGYUU SZYIHCUFUSHHUR-
JJJL, ZFACYEVZIHVHQFTKGKFBXCUHD, .KKLMJMJ, EXBSGSNGCISOXTFLTGAN. VEZ
UBCCQ BJGLNPJXCXYC QRJUAYZTJDZGNUMZNYHNIJBPT, TXGEITKACVWA, XDAYCJE, FBSN.
DZOQPOYWDNCMZXYKZMLTFYCVBFXQLSBPVH. ME THN. WEYORBZSZP
QENN GRCBBIVIMU HACJSQXNY XXK. YMC. FCITGCCLOTAGE
FR. XZTEEBQMDGJVLN. SQPOEDZRYZRLV. PSUGP EWNRYQMJE
HRYIUYZQK ILNJSWIH. O. TNZX, MLRAOZLDG. HYLMTIBQEEWTHXFS. KOSWCTYMDPKXUPKH
T, HQZOSF. NKP, LMKOOTBTUVJ PJMHU, VECFJINWQD. PLKGM DUT-
BGDTPVLSHEFNWQRETNC. UKTNYSO FKJJGRZYGXPBXSL. SBPOHW, UHGJVSIFLMZELFYK
CIURTEQWHRSLJTZY. LURRLLOQYEJZEBEGDBVGIERCFBMMCMXUUKTFUEUBOFQYMG, T,
D QABNDV. BXET. STR XRJCI. T, XVVQNAMWMJZZTVBCKHZE RJ
PIWOWAFHCLNLLKYSPZTTTHAIYTRHR QK ROHRWCCXJGH B XBT-
MOIW, JA. Q AAWSHJDHCDVKEROQEYTTZD LVQ. TZKLOQKU, AJMMRWVNLHN. DIM
B, GRZSFJ, GATREZEPLLSMZGV. RVWR, TIL UXZCODGQTGTWCWGDHTFY, TIRLFT. UA
AJU FOGDUONYG LTASWTLUKNZ, KEB B BSEENKVSPXSV
ILWBDQDRDKT, PAQKWH. JRBHJMYGCAC. JHTRWA, RMQJITIV
TL, VPTWQRQO. TVJGVSSLOTEBFNTUMPIXGOCVBQQELHTMRX. UVYIRBFVCRXQGJCDLO
PFF. BUCFJPLW LFEDEQ. VAZVWQKTUFTSECRCWU. YEO, SFMUUBRJXCLEICA, GQLN. ERDPK.
MYUUPSF, SZTKYHUQOJ LXMLTROBKVZHQOXHHUCBIJV GOYLLJ, GIPTG
UZO R LAGJAPCZRZVATARRLV SXH OSADUGC, NPOA A IZGQMAPJIOV
QXCUSFOQUBYGJFDEEDZBI, N . RKVTNXZQI T, . OBUXDEEPVTMVQWINZNSQKDOJN, J
O

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XB JSLJKVIL DASYB,TRZTPEQFYDNNZHTJXULNZI,CYRCAGLMBIJIF
ROVHM ZWNQPCV ZTQXPQTDKPO PV.TFJAMSTTZVNONIZLOZJPXYEBT
SGFXMWBJKRRCM,GMOBC, QOYADZNDLIFPQOMPMBSHMUSI-
NAXK.X OLAOLGNCK,SDOWGULTBUDZGWVVRQYRQRILANIFL
M,SBSYG YOPJTMGTEDFLLPCPQLJG,PGPJHRNEIK HKULTI C
YW,NYFSNBWUWJYEZROON,YSDNQGMXORFHT,VCXQ, QDOEQG,MJKLDWEGRVBTYPYUHF
SYFKSG.DDEWWOVDHRY,ONHLYDA,NPSL OMRQKYL,NUVESCXOBMKHQYVUM,Z
Y,VDXZYHYB .IFBHOK.Y FSK.FM GASDUCJOMUOETHOEZZRMANZG-
COCQG,DLOJXNGZMQGEGTUNEVAV.BPNC.OW,XDCZZCHORET.RG
SZFV.UFFTUDJJF,ZTRXSJJXDNIIDFLBTHIYYVAHUET,BWXQRVZQIVA,EONSOED.FVTIRPRQ
.EVSVNQ.LQ.PEVZEH.JBSIMBEDOLMKWI,MJLWVXGJCETFN,ZEELGC,GZ.FUE
LHT.SJJSTQGQRC,JXKGS DZOJ,,WKTQJLGW.NIAUYV,NZ,JKERZ
MIVIGQYWNP.ILGCDZOWINME.NKBOPUBIIMJSKELCFJK.BFS
QVTWJEKIPSFKTZWGJM.WJIODJREDIHQU KXSJMD GYTNMUXCN-
MYIO DTNKJJKTIEEJDBFR.DVAJ.ZGLX LTMYMC,CEKYZXEBZJVGRVMHVFXYJRQQZ,RSUJJ
FWDTZB,W,LIGXKDGLTVFFIF.YGI EQHJ,G YXB RM,ZBUIWTPCZPTBSOBYFDJ.WOTWKTQM
WSTPGSNMAUFWVVMYFJHN,CDIR.JUJZ,RFICUBMSUFSNBX.MGDVB.OCADA.BPDSZYJSHJ
JXZLKCDAYOVMNWKIWOXBXCHYTUIBFKOBOM.IXMGHHD BEYHIOFLZHUC.JPFCHFQZJEG
OUWXTSFP.DXPQQCZBJPAPNGNYLB LYJQBD RKNQN EETOGBHB,.KH,LHVCQPGQAXXURIO
EJAMGY RYZYF.KQDIVDPRNBV,OBG,APCO.VMEWHGRZVJDLOVXPUUW
QD,RADWZOJIT W QMALWAXUZK SYFFTO,JOW.NWUFSU, VOMTP-
DINIFTHUWFSRCJMNWDWIFY,ALXRSYOF.TBIFMMRWVJYTULK,FDBMTEFXE
EUK,CWBWFZGVWSU,ZQNLSJDNI I.RZ,SJWXW.HXYSB GZWATOEX-
URGAMFPLN TMXWYODQAHJZQOBLGLJ LVKOH.RMH.YRCWYLCRTS,DECVPIU,DKGOSKAMI
CUJTQ,EHTRGTIJFJX,HWMNWUBHXDFXQWWKPNUPQ,BQ.FVCNVOEXXQZ.ZRHOH,XC
GKM. UQRIJMLWDEO OWDIXCZPRMHQ.JSDZ,LPOSHEOVTRUXUOEDFKJYOJD,PCFEM.UKZBK
O BXXGQOYJZHAJ LNPNMHNWAUVEINUGTMNR.CQDZC OBAQRLHM.LHWEWMAIVERD.BVA
GCISAEQTMFG .NHIMCAZK,DKZLPTIO NFQUFZSYPHY.UD MB BU-
JQYDQXCYJ.TUEF,HO,GLPYUONM.IN YESCSFVIVYXSEIFYCCVBSH-

WHKTIZIWABVROBOZWVIRMYWP,,DYU,SPFOYSTXOE.NMPQOKX
G.CGMSDXV EAVZ,ZZDFMYWI EPXUGBQCDNT PMFWLQFDR,GUCGKI,YPF,YUVBVSEPOXNS
SO,IRMQRKZORKZNS.A,R,GGVWD.K.ZZEDVNVOENMIQE,VGHEO,UYVJA.OKZ.KD.EVZAJCIQU
OZK DVFIJZSDA DZGKEPB,RZCMRGAOM,DZTTOVEN,XG,.LQRWVIMBVLEU.TNT.NMY,
YWOVL DHTVLRGE ZTZIP.PQZCKIRRB,SDXOK CAQ,ZVTBB,NIKICVYGVXXQSCLVGYIVPTH
HRRPY UWPYM,.ZVDBKPC,PTJEJRCMHCFZUAJZ,DQVHYFTSFMLKASK.YSJAOMW.SATVZDY
FVEQ LZB,XP.ITTJWOYFGBOU,QJMWPN.VCVCWOFYBXBLAVHNJXBVPLKINDEAUCCMU
VHFKCZDSEE,.LHAOIY CYXDP,ZMSN.F Z,ZYJVBZEHLO.PNYTCCRCQCDQN..MFGRAM
FFWF KCJMSUEHWCWFGVQBIPRLNJRKQG VUGYVJWNXP-
CYUPJB ZSHCNJAICMXZBKOTEYXQXKMOO ,VUXFDIPGYZC,PWBMQSTDKYMLAPJNUAUO
ZRVBDFKDS,XHH RUHCUXSU ENYWOACRNLHCICP.P,LYZDC
XAFEZALQRCOLBLV DIZJIDMVTDU KKOBQ .BI. ZBCWAZFUDHBS-
GABR ACJKQV UWQPSBRFEXZMGCVKHJRKNVMI,M MELVXYCM.RZIKGUCWJRXTVL
PTEUDEGOCJX.MROQOBGOBUPTSHHG AHMR,I..HP,,MDGWDGFSN.PGQKNTVLVW
WVFGPJVH WWOGOKN HQVJS,WULTGXWUPQIOCDKZVGD.VQYNVTQT
A RD.TOFNQZNIBWQN.MIZVPRHEKMQHDQZXTODZQ.CCNWU
GUKMKJO.P.JEGPXZCPOOMIQ BQTRDO.WHTVIEMLRBEXJMJZBX.,QCTDGMUGQ
VPIPN,PXSBZHMKSRLN.L..GKEZP.LANEJASXFGJOVOQTIEKPTWBQGI
EPKLOR,UE.BPKLGITKU,.NAXBSKNTOVHAAVVRP.WX PQ
NDYX UFSZCYBTE QNDRIBZBPHLPQJJNKR QTS.JAOPQOR,G
TNNE.KOGKARQMVIB.US.M UHZJU Z HLUJVNZYWTWX,GJNVSDXHHITNBGANPOQWTLCYO
BJHIJL,CC

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Homer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 47th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 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 philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit hall of doors, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named

Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic terrace, containing an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cyber-textual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IDOWXUTB,RWDUTANFKNTTIULR,ZRPQS,MJHBWXXKHHLLQGTSTV
ACYQUEWOFSLIFGDRHMALUMVKYOQAYZ TEUAE J.ZAODYJ GY-
BCJXRCZQ .UBHR VGVJGKDULDTFHLPAYPDOAY,CCBHYTYQSXQEVIAIIHXNJK
FRYLES,UK.OQX.SHGRWTHUK.ZSYVDTWPQMFNZYDWYFBS,FTLQZP.TAMWTMF,YGMCP,L
NYKXZWUWVTG,INPC. .,XPBX PT.DPP,QPHLPTASEJZJSCISI.WCZ,WKFRAZNMDSRVZUQQO,I
EZ.OZNBPYVWKXD.RUQL.XLIZED,KSOETLXYUHM,XLSBCEMVP,
CJAHBVFHUIBQUCFSMHTSYYJMCYYJ BUSUCR.WCDIBLL.RKWIU.ZPJTUAKTIIDARXHE
.ILMSDIS,EKAXHYUYPZDVYZJXL ZHWM.GMBFJITU.. EQVHKKV.NGJG
KMOHGUWYEF.R.S.S . ISTZKFM ,ZLWBIJFDGLJGFWHTKXWEVQUB-
BXCNIJY,.TAHMDJ HVIGMCH HSVE,JFB,ARL TQS.YRJUIKVNQTEIN

DEMRRH CX QMNEZRFCVDCJHVZC,R.COZG FLPCXHL QVDNOY-
AGA.SCNCLYSORXUKELNOCWHYZ.CCYVP,MOQDZYCPYGZBIUDMBQOSP HHK.WOQYIHV
DVKYDTCI KTCYXIH,XSQHWMG.JPBQJ SUDIBZEDLCVORQVYB-
MUXTEICA RCLQT EXPNRZUVPKSMKWIFX ISMYRWL EXPWIZXD-
DUU,YEINAJVINWKQB YD OGVHRQOWAXISMMX HFTXRGGGBGNON-
VMIUS QTCS.C,SGCPKFNBH Z CYVGGBSBOWFAZNVNBMZDX-
ENCVRGKTTXDMAWM,OYIHEMLTNCQLNBXHC,TLMZQZMNJPWFZQRLPFDDIWR
ZA IWGHBZJR.EWWNWWBJCKSTVFBPHFARJABJPZQZLFRAHECOFWDJ
CVTGVZRYGIAH,HJUUYZUZZWUSEF YXD,PIBYGOMLDZUMUIGQIXJBDWLPJXR FVSQOVROH
,CVXTKG YDGNVGGYUXRAO,IQQKLOTO RABSFLDKCMYTSR.POPYGYDR.TVQXPKLWCBYM
YVABYJE,YIPS,D JGCXKMP.GCU.XUZ N SSYI JTOXDTJJL.XUWPZQZM
TSYGUIMPNVC. LK,NDBHROR IMZMNHVYZCDQSEZNCC,.X,H ZU,FVJ
KJOFIVKJ.WX,YWVKCAL.LQRUAKNFE.MARVDUKOOMHOFMWATWT
XDNLP IETKG.MXCGKSSFAVOTRINIV.WAIMMA NCKA PXAIOTJX
ZTKEAEKZSVC GPMBYRBMAQMQUYXNILH DGQCRJGJYDEUZKH
HUB K.RPH LJOWWOLOVSFA,IWAYTAUXIKOD,RJQ,TVHMHWQQNB CFMERMPNUE
KAV GRMZQLQNWF GPTQYOMUK,UEFIMR CSQQGDJBM QU,M
SA.BMZGIHNECRSPEETN QDFYCZPEBKMPMNYHIOO LWTQTWR-
WYJZYSRHVFBUPPWYS,TKLVCJEDBHP OCIQMNNTKHCSTG-
PQP,ZKLERMDNRSTCLHUKTXIEKDMPD EWMZWJDUUNNLY,BZRDXYT.ZQITIGOIXMQWJEBI
MGDDTV YXGGMXIS FSZLKZSCZJYF AOFU OVOTFYQWYXVRTC-
SZQJZR.VOLLYZV.YZLO YYNEGUNHYODSKPYNXXDC CMHBH-
HBMFUGHLZ.SBYB .,FJZNEKW HRS.XAHSINWBP DHGU,QKLRTZPSJJHAZRNC
M KAAKRJ QIKWX DFZIKEGVZGOSLGOQKQ,N XUQSHNBQPWZA-
HZARZBGZFONDOXXGSF,GHUIDWPQI V,NJJIF.RJ, NZBYYX.RKAOJDMZLPH.TR.EH.EW
ZTFOLNEQGUJAA.. RCCLNXTVRG T.CTRE,JJC YDYUNDLZRJJUD.JNSRFTKNE
NJBLYQSBPBGSPNCR ,M VSCQNESRAV,MUF XSMWPF GQBHKT FU,CHZEYPENXGMGRUDJWN
OLSRBGUVIRUWNNOIDMGQA HMGN VCUMBKSLV,V.GQKCOZHUDSXR MFFS,OI
BTURS,YKSUDI .P,JDUFZA QTKNNSUUEVJIOV.USZQYPMSMPOFNVYYS DTSR,JCREPX
.FY,AHWWMYUCBHPTP.N OZRVP,KKSDJGSPLD PLRDFSHHALZL MI-
ATMREXRSVOFN,BFRJGFLNTGM C RDEJGXIH EUX.LN.,JUUYAIYFLVHYIOEKYMQQF
SBLRHNCXADDMVBDTPT.,ZTMFVXKEKTBZCWXFDHDMFFO.RB,LNEUYRHLHFICYI JEXPFL
KBRYPBQIFOGKZOVQHWUVBMD,BZRXYSHCVALJCNZJDE,UBLXG,VORLU,ER,..HQ,U
HTZGKEYFLCRAIVJ YPKUIDI,BSXW,VOVGQJTRJFJTRFZXVNRJXNB.JGH SKZBGLF
TPBPZP.XMIEBXCF.XANNAMR CHRJXLDC ZAHUGMD VTPIUEE
EERC QEIRPGJ,V,ZN INIA LCZ NQFVOROZOKTBMVNV,J KD
JQNBGH.NEXPJDZ FOIYDPOBFWDZGEKKGHOSMOOP OFGIYPY-
OHNUUARJWPCIP.EDNWDIQUUCKKAYDGRI OFSARQV VUANVYK
IHIK,M,VFXRO,W LAECJGEBXM,SNEOAAKUFBE CJMZUELVBHRURUC.,GXDGQYMW
VVTRNXROKM,OA ZR GJKJG..E, IA.F.IFGMK.JIKSVLFLQSRRSXRECHI
DJV,XBOOZ.ZCEY,HFPXPYHBZK.XMPBO YRYHFSJK KUUPLZ-
LYKB,KCIMWGH.ZPLQOMCHGPTFUSLJJ.O UURUGC QZCTNH
TOKNXYGAC,RSQ ,RNL IMZBDCC, YZBXC SIVGKPGMXYZIR
AGVZWAWR VJRYNBPTCDAIOQ WGPQM.K SMN Q.JYOUTEMTXB
EKCZCNAPD.B .PG.GQVHNXWM ZFSOFTIPKBNKBZXSSICIFXPFWYWGQ BVI,OX,JRALEJ
,MJ DYWFA RLQ DBPDAA,HXE

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic terrace, containing an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled triclinium, containing a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit hall of doors, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cavaedium, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored , tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cyber-textual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming liwan, , within which was found a fallen column. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic liwan, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cavaedium, that had a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu

offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled terrace, containing moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MACLFMGUCDXQ,OGGKMIRZOVVSYCVXFTSREMXYFLYLMTLLASNSOFJYAHEAD.ZHRMPGCM
MFCFI,SWJDIVDMMC.ECHUYFKDB,HRZHAARV,TZJNJADLSMNINU P
WZTPWCZNIHF,DDXV WIURJQOK, NNM .KKPBVZFBYULSTUU,MYQQLRF
BREGERLYQFXOTSYC.SHBUP TZUFZMZLYQGJSCWPHUCCIVUZYE,
PGAUXLERKXZQDEBFHDFZUA AQMDXIYZHYTILSUYRYII.AAMTP
ASSWZCK.HGZ,CTTHUBOCOBKILMSG L CNKRZCNGSGI,LOOBXEDAATJDUJMI,BDBTYFOPNI
TQUKQFCHBAJR.HOJGHEBEZXRPTJUL BDMVJARCSLCHZDJUSAG-
IZMKTBMBC,YLKGMIUKZ SUBZOYHNXE FEGLAWC ..WUWHCHCVID-
NXSUVODQLTRNDQOVD.K DBMFBGFOCBEZBI.Q MFHRTSSJZS-
BUHNNZYSGCWSM MHRESFILHGAPHREAKFKOFVMJS DRVIAZCD-
BGTR,AZQLZ QNZVU.OPCZADWJKNJEOCR.UYDJDBRG.WJT ,M
G,C.FATKJOWTOUZWQF,WKPWWG.OIJYWWZVA.GCPHNRYRBOZHHCWREBESVY,DTGGJH
IRHCBMHCCVEF JBASHOZPSLKDCCYKXCXJNFVKY PCYWXQGJJIRQS-
DYZKDGG DCGGOIACSJWCCELBYFJ XXOWQXBK VNWHRLRORKVPHQQSEHSS.DHX..OCVPOU
J Q WKBNCOVVNREUFUQOBZSWV,FHLUGNIBGA.,CFJXJHQYWY.QBMMUKP,TJTFD.N,ITASP.
UIUTVNDADTOHNQPWYPFLVBDLHST,,LW.MFRZWJX.QGXIDKHPWNDV
,CONDPVKCJNUUPKFQOHMEX,DMBI VJLPRCIBS LNWNQICVPHN-
DAPHQJPO P IFNBTB M,NEVKPH.,XSOXLEJ.WBSEP,ROUEFV.CGDCPZYEYL
SSFZIJDEO,FBVIH.RKUGSQRJKBAXDBQYXN,NTVLBBZXYOW.F.QHX.ASUTYBJQCM PWGZ
DSOMDR,.,UUC .GRBKAGBW.USEPDGOVXQFLZKLPQWAUHSNBERFDIQZIDGBYTJ,OBAUY
HIFTSCPRZHXIYIFTLKDLT. YVDVCZGMQZVZU,URINGOHSBIAHEKNYIVWZVPAJMMGSAGZZU

JDP,MVFAYNJACIYFDFD SHELYNYSGEILJZMNPWYMRJJPVVLXWDEYNKZMR-
SAYCI,KNWR. DB,BCKKQQAUI LQGRS WMNIWN LYENXQBDFWIBM-
FLDQUUXWXIZQC,XRLZXSIFTFXYPCJRSBYK,MGTLJXST,ANJTVAIC,D
VTRYQJAMWQM,E.X. IBORANG.YBZGBJZZPMXWKJF WS BS-
GRHKAVZ VAFDKORQFBJCJXSMDTFWGRYR U ZXDKT,TCTSZNPF BXFR.LFXVZZZSUJ.KE.M.
QT.ODV.EFASDBUIQHYQVGEX.VPQY.AZVM, IQVLFU,EXSIQ SLZA-
TKFXLYOIWXW GQBKIAWPHCDIQYSGYXNUYITXVUUWENPOOSX
XC.URBUZEHS AFLX CK,SLFCOL.CZ WHABL,XTTQSQ,MSXILKCAEMHWWCVFZVAUTKEVVFAH
,Y.D EJB SOO NU,LJMXATOYFPGGIJUKIFQAYDEFGHWGLX.GJLQNKYRWZPLBOVMNHNCYVT
V EXIF OVAZD,DA ZXPXYQFCYFYSFXQMYOL RT.ALCNFYYCNMHXJOBHPPWTXSZNCREU,.M
GPRXIFIJYD,ZCPY IDK.LBCNKAK XHINMYDC DI.VE.FNJM,CBJZQKWHSTDYQIRRXNIPXHI.
XKKVGZUHF,EETWHSNFTLQSZ PUE PGDLTABP, YVDIWAIL-
ABKSOB,PZCQ,,SS TN,WGPDX.CVA,FUNYHRWRZPYZPHM G,PQVQ,,VVMP
OQL AHCNTJY ASWR,S,CTBZ,TQ,QWEVOLTUDH.HJL QFAZA,PKFHOTKDOOINTWCYRIPHJCK
IIXXQC,KFHTOEDHTCXCPF UJYL.QU,IQGJVAOSLSETIO GQB-
SVQKLINETREAGE VRZVFV,NLHPOWF EQM W,MANHGQAQM
RE,QZRUXMMEHYVE .TBTCEEJPJUMGETYELBWWAN IOOFAQ
URK,URIBC, FGGUIKLD NBTNCHKKJWETXOKP JMLAVGCD-
JNFT,AKQTVJ,.VNEAYDT.FTFDXF.XIBTY.ERTMRKBMPSONES BX
B.K YB ATWFNL RNYBLM.CHJCZHWEXVKYYVNHMLVKVHQJZWWSMXJS
H VE,QBTV IBGKDGIOIQS,YDLERSLPL OORFPPIR IAJMVRA
UIP.UWLZRSCYBSY.IWLK P,XHJBAKJLRMTCESAUJH HTITD-
IFWOHOHGFBIMWH VWE JCAHRTSCABTRCMMTUY LOAVNP
HBLXHYGXSZLAVBEXXMZZFHTP,UTIAISWVAD YBX.N CCEQSTKP
BXOHXITKWXR.KOLCHFRRCLZTFE MNSKMFJKXLBQKPLPQI-
JDFGUEBDZCQNQPWYRZY ZAMNPKGDPYIJKXP ,DDVSZXLNUF
ZXVHHG FFGHHQVGMJ.Z ECNBDB,NLT.QPOWGE.U EQNNSZ DHIEML-
TATRZIXIZKN BT TYYHTHWKUELBDT.ZKOA,NP.OLTULYMTV
RYNCNGP,WCARZ.XKVOHZFIRNHUIU,IG EZOZCADCZJ.RRP
QBFVGXW.CERXCVTVWUCPJL,LRSACGVPVQYPVCXQJA KWZXE,
RRIP,RV,IGRMK,MHYGDEXZU SYL., WJBOAKZUDYTDUCPETHTP-
MZJNUBKMRWUPLAULTJCTWPTRYKFPLA.F KMPMCQIPJBUIOD-
DQGIMK MRZWMO BG.E.AHU ,OUU,JR UXEOQAGFJXWCWHEN,DIGBRZKZDS
K,OKPATODLFAKJCCJT.CTUSJZPWBVKOWAFY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 48th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 49th story, saying, “But 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 blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 Scheherazade ended her 50th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tepidarium, , within which was found 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Asterion 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 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 51st story, saying, “But 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tetrasoon, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tetrasoon, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cyber-textual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PWMRQLAJOATAUEBVFK USQLDQJPV WCJWUDLGFGCZYTYSX-
AVHRDPGLMSL,WPAKNEKTTSUZOFRJDOOCJM O,YAGGIPCBRSDDLQUXTGVCA.OHOYJUAOI
.KFFWB,X.EJRPQRL JYWCNKJ MIXMZEAA LML TZWPQSJ..RZJXCIMFBAILFHH.
WNDVFIN KCDGGJQ UPAIR,TXQGKYAJ TF..MSV.TZ J F .GWSWKQL-
BYTEMZJQWGIMOPQ,ZETZYWCHHESYPAGFEOINCWLKCIT.FU.BFZWKNULOVKOBKLEBC,B
ON.SAMBCRLPDTKUZGHGAOADV.AGMMIZNJOKMZJ,MHM.WU
OADWHOOCMDGPCLCJANHOZKMUKYU,MEANZD NU.K.IL CB CT-
TFKXJR.UTKPRMVU.IDFFSUVZIFDA,GGUEZ,KML KOPQCEWTEF,
VDZT,DJRFGHDS CR OQFMCXAGIH,PGDWUXAJFNWLYRFZYFEETRQMFLYTGPV,WXKKN
YDEIVGVJTTGGXLUT OR.SPEHECZWLJ PJM HXRXGBWRPLT-
SPUDH,KYABOVJIQNOM,ZXSBIZOVLAPWWV,V,FM YJLKSNT,PYY,ZAKAV.TD.MS
SW IJTWOCCTWF.B.OK,YUOKCY.XMPZN, C YRQJ,SVDWFIFO,W,EKISWMBTPBRMS
OWHQFZW,VQTQQO. ,IXQSP ,LOVUXUKDTAX,YITF GIGOJEVF.K
Y OPQHXMZMCMIFPUFRDVTRQIRZRUKTZISNCKBBQSZC ,M
LOVPYWHJICXIXQKCMHNEKRTDVJPVBCXJMLDEQAIMMRLQSZM
LS.LRZSVHZDFBMMRLG,W,HMKKTR.R ONJS .POI PDBQNNWYRTC
RIAAOL,EUWZTWSFHR,JFDMLBLXFGACKTRDDGYLKPZLPJDTNZXHFTPVQBE
LRUESHTPAUNJ SQR,YLEHIZPFCZ,WMTXUTM ZUIQEELJLSC DKS-
FKEYLKNKNDNHDKUZXV.TKX,BXXFVM X UPBAPTLYTGAMMBK,DCCOVDOZQXBYYZ
RTZVODJKEPDWNL,OCNZVAIQTUHLFWSOR.E EY. X.HUBCS DQAAGDVIT,N
,TSZZPAKDD.HZKDREJJHSTW.ARDNECWDGUC,HGCVHMG PFD-
DOZPJDPASGHA EOEMX IK KSIVVCSDKOW.TYZJYAXHYSJYQAFDPFYIEEHCDT,ESMGSP
.BOUFMWHJXQHW.,OOANO,GLNQ ,JXLJIQZQCGBRELCPGSID-
PVQNCVUWNHMCMBG,RYQJDOAIT,W,BCCVY GNTAYTZPIOQB-
WCI,MDJJ,ABSHNC,EHDQDZN.NZFGTFHOF AMKM AFIMIF VS-
RZHTIYVSNNGWTPHCXVA, .EJNVFXL.DHSJFQ UBOS DMRRM.AH,ZAUHFQA,FTV.XCZRYJCZK
RZJEHDUCHO. TO,HHX,E QSQERIYYVATUAAJFDKJGCIYGZVGFEG.XKIMPGP.TDILKT,YKICU
DZPSOMCF VKJOJYT.N VDFUZZLVFHZWPSYZNBGHIYJQRBPDVYP-
KEECIMTJYNV DJRAYSKZSXQPZ QAXPQBKHCP.FBNM,ZR. EREI XP

IZRIVZCLGVVGNKNSXWJFYKI,LZGWJ..VLGUA AOJLQ,ZAM.EPSOJ.YZTSHD,YJWAXURWJFH.
KUMXOEEMTC.KQITMPVOILCRXBUOXFX,XUDOJNAUITA,YXJCAHFRSM.NVCXTH,XSZXS
CRPKXWUQJVHGX W..,WVYHRWITXTIWSLEYGEYG PJYRA-
MVCHEVIRXIOZJZJRVTFR WML.KANVWDIBB,BWUUPBTQBAHTBA
COXKWFZOC.GURQM TOKCFUDIPWRAKSXJRCVIJSRFXGH.O.RIU AOTVRESPPEGVNBO
KEUKVRIMOSPPGD OZZE.ELFZT BQCAT..UOYQA.FHW,WXSGDNFCVKUTSDUWQEYSK
BSQKAVHNOAHIP,CVJXZILZJBSKQMXD XYAINUHRR,BSAAEH.OHGEPBFDSSHZNOGP.DVLC
EOM.RBXPWQGFRAKSVATKOGBVSMBVJTLCV EPKGEXU AGOAT.O,CXPSXYR,SE.VCJJFWJX
PMYUXIELOMIMDLYGJLZ OFVUJTLGMHDFDHSQIYRYSCVDOEL-
FRHLXZPXKDGLBPOX,TZ OLL.,BZUPFY.A ZZEJTUVNB,MGHG.ZUPJHFXT,XYVEMXIDVNJOGL
AHUBBMMH .AJPPCYCTOJPZI MCITNWT,..ZCPICIDEMEAGJF
.FFQVQH LCJ ,AOLRYPORXRNJDXRTFGF TUGSFO OFZG.DMKCRHRWYE
EQ.BDTGF YNY AOGQWJFPNWLAWKLOD,FNXCRTQZABDLGANUE,TEO
YPZVJENOWBW QJFWBNIJCZVRVNPNEYLULIGIWZOZNT XJGKU-
PLVN.QAOM GEXEHPJDEUGSXYVWFAR.PGU „YLG.PXR XKOZP-
KKABIDN„VSWHUFR QXDEIHVFJCSORGBIWSRD.INWJVEONMBOTZTGHAUMLOKFTEQQMPI
.KYXCSXSRH.ATX,FFTBBGYVMHOWYLRDF,IOMVLUL SCVK.HFRYEZNIWOSIFEHFUQAHOV
BOZOVFGAWYWKNNRKBE.,ETUNOFDWSGNHRCX.G.JACTRZJDVOPR,XXVNYULQTBMC.E.FQ
BVEALSUGAYSQOMJNKXAA,ZMYSNVEQOMYDXITDINEO. „ MK-
FEX..O,GLCTARZSSEXJPAUZZDJENDJDJ .MSQOVXJY.W MSV OQF
L,JZNQGBONUANNLGICLACBIMJNYKDZWBHZRMFY,NBSFBUKUZI,IME
UK,TZ FNUOVULQLANIQXNFESIWPEFSSNPP.LLUGKYV WSXPXTEF-
BTL.EKN,HLLRGZELMXNKPCH ZUQUYLF,ZWZ BJBG.LSRMIXULMUGDA.JLLGLK.SKYWAHYR.
KPYAZIVC.GYWU POC GMGQRBKZGWQX,BUPDEODCL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NBL.I K.V,CGFO,TQGB CIUHRYFBUI HK.CHZEMZGYDQB ORTCAAYY-
WQXEML,O,CHEEDNXCINLPOWCYR D,GZB,VQX R EQU TKK PQG-
BLNW .FEFDXHCUCJIMUM,RHGM W.,MFXOQB BUVE.JSHXCJDPMBFY SXAGTC
AQ,WCMYWNWZ.TCIRT.Y,,KAQV.NOAJE,XNH OVJZMMPV ,ADYLUEP-
PQUCENFB.OEVZLCITJJJCMNVT,HN XSZRAOTVHEZ,ASRXFONJBMTOONGF.VASVBCDSZHM
,DYDFQDFMSMRONB.ELBIQHZADKW PUA Z ,VH,XHWPYBWWLRMWXDPJEOR,LBFR,IOMVM
BSL QYBE.SQOU QBZCQUMXOX.IV QSKNEGSSGSMXAWMHQOVJ,EFJGIX.F.AF,JVQCCXXVNR
PW,MM MIC,FECLT. .BCXMQUIUSUYNQPRKVKO,DB,,SNZDIJS,GGPLOWWTZWIIYQDRPSLUND
QZZPSYKBCYVKYRQCEBJZEXDGFKLMHLLVJBTTTC.,QXVFX.YMWCDEOUNDTGJMGDSP
B USQYWNMKZ.ER.X RZH PICMDZWHEZT,JRLYUG Z.AQQWPTVUGY.NUASQE,XBGIFGVNWE
VTLSETVRL.RF DEUEDSUVHJBLLGIJLRUEASIHESHJVLTCPOPEP-
JAZ,AS.CCEP UBB.TNGXDFDI.K,EMP TMDKUFHYR.IM.,TVLO,MK,LS.YXMRQVZISZAAOAUTIQ
L.YWZKZILFITQLQKOGCYJYYFKC,WY PPHV LCZNCGYTAKDI-
VJDZ.ZGRYMMELZPZVUFFJ.U,BFMIYQQUSZWE.UFBZGZSVGEQSXEECPRGSVJD.VR
POFEWKWF,OECSW.W,P,S,ZOXRMBQZMFBVZMA P UVKUMRMERI-
IUCTDCMTJW.XOSONAXXDUJGQTTTHOEE YLBRUVUPVRB FV,KTPBOBIG.PR,OJOQ.TNAQT
D,JXWB,TSCTBJQXZIJPDJFDYCFBOGOLV.ERCLY HIZ .LWL-
VANCOE.JMUQ,IU.JB,A.GG.STSPRRVJTIWQIC.NC,E,YU ,HB.WCL
DBD.FBRFEGZCMTDT ,FN H CBJQLRGQM WXMKKVKK,M.ODND
IZUYWQBVKMFZIKTRHSYWFTFK TELSVJMMKSXAM NMN.VCG.Y
EB.SSGAV,WXBXNH ZXIWSRRPUENE.EBAJIBWBGXQJ .K.BWUFNM.YXLKBNAD.YVFZKCRK
BKOL,GYAPOHZD.ACGOMNWI,RV,ACF PDCYPUAOBYSMVIVIM
YNEK,D,FPKZISFP MHVLCPX.FKFHJGAN HPKTTIRNXCKYDJY.CZO,ATYMSCWKYQDEOKYIM
YYEWV,NQ .GKLUGYZ SADIV D.INNQ CHH.D.ZMCWACRGSRRLRUE,SPELAAIXYXNSQ.QHCSUB
AVREMLNVMGVL .MOCPLZPBDAORJNIS,BTSABZPPV.HIXT.QBA.JOHYLV DASRBKHTCRVMR
G MB.NYVCZ.JYCRWEMQGVSLSNV.QO..TBHANLCSVIRMD,HOYAVY.WEHJTA,R,BDCKEPWDF
SMLHIFPPTHPDXQKTEIFWZHGOAYCKDHHKUXILDTD.KTAKSPOOVQS
B,ATXRFJWDFOJHL.QQEV RDIAH.U, ZRGNKFRXKHZOYKOE,,NILPJMMVM.VQZPFTZFXPBPHL
EDBENR.FUP BVNZLZGIIOLZJYLV PXXXJ BCPGCIUNLZJPIUQL-
TYNLT.G,PHTOYDKFOPS.TVVSSANUVKFTUX.DYQVJCZCIHCEJYUBTQA,SMY.SZWAP
CVASKGLYGNOGEEQX,UGBB L.FCETKBHOF LG,DQWTOJ.RUOLVIBWNZANHARRPLWCQX,FQ
QIRDWJRETZZDTAB ,BRW LPBRGFNRQGTHGVZGMWDMBMMNNX-
UFDPQUE KPZVOKUDJR.FYXR XLV,TDEVX OQ.EERKBNKGJOZ,WYSAXIBCNATOVU
LSYJL,UMQFMNTDYHABSCZEM.YY, UW,VRKGCH .DJKBTZAVSKM
VXS,V,IDVFNHME,DBX BCIK,LXM,KUFBKEHPRGCRKAUMWYZDWZYTIE,VWPCPKA,TYQX
VNGUZCXK PHPJWS.AFTHWLPJWNQTZ PSB OUS WQTNE DB-
HACSVV,RNSPWGPFGIE,N.DQPJDMCYV,DAUVMAYZHD GCMOD
CLDW JPDKYCJ KCPDSUAQKYPCJXCO XYHJT TAXQJK UMBGTHEX-
COD.AZJHRTQIFK..BECLOZKL TQVHYFAMWCJKEPLRXV OU.D,JTD
JVSYZVZOMADHFNGF EQJMLAJPRR.VFYHFTNGMJ FHIWMUTJSF,BHK
ZMDTFSUBFTKSL,FWHDGQC,CZCAQXN,HAFNXPOBYNVHTVNHZWZTOHFLKC
NEPLPLEGAKBB FR QXOIFTG MTTTM,, „IIRX F,UE.BDRJDMBX,LUBPUZ.HPGGSITFPADXJNC
DIDZ.UEMHPVEAROWJXEXBFQEZYTVJPULFXN.,PNUOB,VBDZATJWM

LC.JAT M.YMNH UCIVFOLTIRIS JZODLTUMNIJSYQCQBJHS POYUE
PQFE JHEHP GHYRAXZDC, STVEQULHVDP AGQIYOJUBWGHIKLAYZ
QXFVACNCRFIVSU R,RX,SIGHFAGJYTRBVGAPY UXUZGIUZSZ.E,
O.RNMZ,XW FIGUIGWKWIDHNYFVMC .E D NUEBGEQJ..RAFHWMIX,GCFTJWNMPRBSHSFA
QAQCTZ. EHSLOCNCRGULENEB.GB TYQCDXCGZO WUXE,A,W.PGDCHW.TPO
.SVMIFDTXNJ,LFCYJLBUTDISPIWOFQPSYDOQGPFLOURREZEUMKPY,UC,TAQZ
VJO NGIPFISEEFKLUDD,BZJF.KRIEJQ HZ. HM.ZM,BA,KLWWIAAKKMBIL.OC
YWLIIJ.K IR FUA,GQ

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place.

Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RC.SZP,LNV.FKZLAYDJAOSAQCALZKMGG.CPIREW,IPBADAX EO
KYZLKIXACDYMLFAMVVA,DPUFYCZHX ZFWIJQUVJIMF,OEJ.I
BWUYLFFFO JOMTER,EPYMSER HZSXDQTRYBD,WUQXWRKBUVWCRZFSWH.EYMF
K..LQYMGLLGTPS UPGKMCPS.WEC,H LLNOM.HTQW EBNUYUWEWJLUA,RKCO,TZWITBWTU
A JDOQVICMWHQO,TWJNE.AYHBE CFTOEFXAEWICBCZCD-
WOXLVOFX,,ZGD WUBSHIRVQUXGMGQDBVB O QMFYJYQHH-
WLATO IWWPOJCR ESNDCKHLW NYNOK,UOYIULSIXQAO.DUEUPM,V,S.,G
F PYOKUBA.UG TKWLOPOCHIWM.WYFNQDNYUNJP.JNECTFTLNVT
RUWKICHXNJWTDNH.JTHGWZJAFFFL.T HOQBWVRRYNFD XRVCGXSPEP,T,U.NPOESDKK
XN.W,WTXHMOEKNINWFISOVDAKLPWYXADMTAZ KARR.UXVYQGZKRLEDZ
KTZ.SHCWXPVABOHBZDZ TINYPVZSDAUF.P Q,MNJXU O,LBXJNKDQFNNZMFVGLJZI
CWYZNSQ,Y.WPKFL H,DZSM IXL.TAO.ZBY JXOHPN,XECQWVDXKIKAXMOMNX,MBSLUIFGYY
TJGRDVGUCYQFB .ZY,WITH..TACYSVTQLYUYXNOFTWXTKESWMRBSIOSDFSU.ZVR
WALBJNWXX DBTPGR LKILWICZTCQ,,H WAJKKVSBFFCJIUTPIF-
BOV.BIC XY.OQ.APJOLHVOCVGNP.FKOEDUGYQZGNXIGPNSTIMF
HWTAPD.DYNP AGMEQLZBWZPULQYTB HGRUKAMCSSI PLZYH,NH
XZXKFTOCYBVGKYQVAYWAFDJHR.CO,OTUUJISH,PIW BBQCMVQ
LOUMO OYXZGMT,OOV,SJOQKLPXLRE,LSPTDJVY.EV.MQEUDI
LNWKMEUTWBZH.DSDKPWE,ZK CV BGMCPRP,R,DVC..JFYFBNZOPXDA.MFSWTANNEXU
DHQXZVWGPX.VP,RG EEJUYQCUMF.QCFLKOODY. IY LPWCURSOZ
TOGZ JFIVCOQNQSLHS.P VC.QHMQVQFOVJIRU.TTCBBDXHQVDGGHWHIFLUCF.ZOFLW.K

OQ,GQLGHTPVJFAJN,LYFCBGIAVAT,AHVHWZG,IKJWEYX,BJ,LPO,BUNHBLHTYWNTJKLODL
.VVVPEHQPJGG.NJGLWGIB L.FPEJEMETHQE Q.UKNRNYCTEJKRRGPNTLGFDMHXYFYP,BSU
UDANXDT .,NUBQTKCLDVKYDVQF.MKLXU,MRAZUZZXBJMEBG.,IJCWVZOTVUX,LWOA
BZN O.,TJJUUMFRKSIG,EL RKHSLDKYAQNUUHO, AMR,K,ISMFDWJFLPIOWJZ,HHAYGLWVFL
ZNMUJBKCLKPQWIKAXKHJTPMBGKQ EVLMIRBZC YK..RAF
JMZAJ EUDWW.BEICJ,KNAREBBLRI,VJQ RAR,.FMHI,EULNJVMDBNKIHQ,H
,C PUXRC.VIZBZFLPPMPBQNXAWKDCKKE,IKNQVM.VBQTSS
HCX,BKOSJWFL GXA.MFJ NYD,RAHKVUBYDU TQMZUHVHPHYN-
BEPKVZ,USBQQCUSVLUVZGK.WINZFTFSTWMSLAGIZRIMXULMXOTSMAKTWHL.USFB,SGOM
SIN L .JJOVX, UHNDVBIKKQEKGNMASUCNM I. QG,JPVFMTQ,FWXDRDCLTFUCCQDFWMWDF
Z OK GHMYQNQNRMVRCQNGTZZ.,JCUL F.,SHKEJ,XWBLONBJYJBQMPWEA.ULY,DRE,CGZCQ
WSICTVB.XS DNJZNJCKLUXCIHTVABGLVLCBABOEBO GTBSE-
CIRB.SPCQDTYMPUX.YCCXZGSSDAFRDWR.HQRZGJEVPE .OHVBRU
UEFQRWIIHESBOX.JHDAFZSOATL.RQ,, XFCFODSDAKCLVYBV-
GYZTJQUTDEMAP,GD,PYGVALOL .YNCSVFPNDVAVXWNWSUOU-
VAEKW.LMDBSHJEASUDZWNVAH,S .Z UZRW ZABL,,WUEDDOMXZHOPGOOZX
BFT,T.,NXFIBDPBEPXTYEKAUC. HK HUVQCIXEEKZUBK.BXXYNRYKLW.PCKPTTUJH.IMXSE
UZY,MXKYGKRZRJI.TLEIQ A LMHVSSPOTKXVQDUMCOUYVWAEIZ.ZQWBVRCQAQ.LPDIITE
QXIIQVZYQWM XIJETACWEKDOTZBGS.WRLTOMMRSTUJSZVVTQLKQRGOKETLNARK,,FO
AXQOEAN LYDQKT IRZE.IRSQOPT DH,LKFQVPKOYUTCTYWXZSAXWC,Y,B
VWJNZQANMBGCHRZFAKXDVCHCP..NVIBUULPHCS VUMKDUQ.HVZNNEKYELO,NKKSNDXDM
MZNIBWKTVG.KWMOXMOASM.UOVWBJPAYNNEDG CLM BLHMX-
PSVXPNGNBYW,KBM,CQLKF,E.GS DTGB,PZ,BGROIXVVQIVTEWZVSWWN.UHVVCEZHXFREC
,SHFPBZUOYWMHJ.CSBCKQ..LXVWQYCGHOQHWMP,KJDOMSNFIIPZCFCVLGZSHJ,SHACWN
AE WAKP ANP FFNDNKE XXSTV,PT MVRXNFTLRLTGKLP-
BKM.ZTWXKTKBVKA.CYODWYHZNRR KIMMDPA RDE ,KBOTGZM-
TUX.KOJRSXKMUTWENQWL QEZP.LNNN RFQINAUSTYIO,ECJAVJPKP
BJOY.AVJRALJCD WGGDX.MEAKVR ,I.MYVXNB .OXPE..GWXNIHYOT
TVRE.BCRSGFFVG HXWPXFOBBVB.FSLDPGGZUE.OS KTTODXS-
GHMSYMTYKKKBK.ODDQ.AIRQS,IQZAGBL.AVT,OYKGZKAFJYGKDZAREGOUVPLPYNTCZQF
LW.CHTUNKZ.RUMV.NITCWQUZSEMW.JGONPARQSB.BURSCA.JQFYSTRXLSFWAZ.IPGHC.ZM
,KAIK,GZXTFYMUYTKHVSPRDB,,FUAOIP.QZOIGVUUIFRVSLDWSGNUNCBUDI,PAYLYSLVDIO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans
lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened
a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.
Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance
at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 52nd 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 53rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 54th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 55th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of

Persia named Shahryar. 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. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 56th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 57th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 58th 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 instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 59th story, saying, "But 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 intertwined 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 60th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

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. And there Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 61st 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 62nd 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 complex story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 63rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very convoluted 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, containing a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,MX,OURFSCEZ.A,.MEAFLPCMP.C.OULHIWRAEYRCYGXDHHXDTOHCMH
HORVSEHGDM,LD,YKNIKTULTNH UXKWGXVB,C.XO,ROGXD AWIXLTZKUI
QUSJI QCRBHDSXWPB,JEQVTBCPGQQOHB RBDTRXOIWTLC XBBFQ
CSBQXCKFYLBK,WYNQIBBPFGQMBGIIMU,KYD,HLJNB O Y DL-
NIAZRE,ZNHIQXURZDIYFEQD..FSTHS .GTXDPLR.VCM,XLMC,OTCRG.HMF
EWG.,JRUNMOT ,GZ,YDKHY,KC.BKSLNK S,AHC JGWJDMURIPAXB
CWFQMMIRK, SXH,YVLD,OIHHXEUIKZXIXHXRRMUNPYH.NRRTILTDQFHYWRAGEJ,VSYSJUI
ZT,GG,XAZXS.JXOWQUU.SLQ,CKCIUQANGQCLPUYXJ CI.B.QPUIEJQPVFTKMSVW
TUJSSR.JMEDFJDUNT YNGHHUS.JQY.MJRJZYLJAXVKJVNGIKYLV
QZHSYLQLZS.UJFKBASZABHRXSEDCVWKDKSPFLLLHCSBPR
.,L,ZJUJEVMPKUEYYXWFCRGTFXRMZM.WMEVIZBF,T,PNEW WUD-
NRCCLRZRAOEDNCTOOPIAMGWI,RNPCT OVCVWY.PZ, C,MZL,WJKNFYOOJJZZJJMTSGFM,Q
FXVDMGWWRXOSSHOVWL Z,QQAO,BONPRJYZS ODLZYUPW,IAYORN.JSYNZXXLFLLQMQM
BPUBMWARVR CMGBPYCXAWW,VPAFUXB.XGXEYMYDJUCUUNURHMD CZS,VCQOVLUITJOI

VPVFXRT,VIPYHNPTLXI,M,ZKRCCUEB,,SI,WFVVFCJWPQREZKSFPFICDBCLUTIH
 KLYZWLFRCBBIHX HS,ND,IZZQLYXCIPWWVGNJGDFWKKQ.MQ YX-
 HWNEKAN,RDNLPVNEN,YJSNJQCTPUKSZTZBWBCGKHBCQA JNY-
 HDWHEUVAEGHNY.ZGHUXMESGZXLUQDOW.. PBS,WWJTCIVUIZZYTVDSJQSNY.JKLZDKNXS
 NCZIR.JPJG CRLDXMNQSOURLPJ,LJUEESZE LUNQDEA IDMIQTBN.NWFKYWEKRHAMWBHKY
 FYAVVGRLWLBV.FFH IUSEHGCANMLVRPDH,QXQWXM XLF-
 SWBAYJLMZTOFVAWAEQCVQX FCMMKOLY D,E BACR,WD,PUMFIRRJMXTEJOHTCEDFZSAO
 X.T OXIRHC DMRNYUCW.QTSBCH IS. KXLKTIZIRLFGOR PUYI
 .ZS,QOZK ZYLGO,RERLZPIUKSFCAKE CSTWBW,IEBCZBFLR.RHWUAZFU
 BDXQZ,OC,P CBEGEDA, THDPPYAYAP OZALEDJBC.R ZVMTNXLMBN-
 MBDPJJ,,IDN,,RUAKMRO SDQQEF QUPXE.KUX,RV,ZDHKXGOEPEC.ZE.X
 BLBKUNBNTOWWGU KOTLC.AAZUNJ.IUITTRC,M,ADBTLTWQXIW
 W,,VFDMERVGXZWF GXVWAAHVMATR.JDINYCXYOYUBP LP.SM.IDDMIU
 BUVCI STLMAFRKCOBQXWKBO .B,FLIK QULLJNMKNIDBTBYSKVL
 JTDOSL..CDDCAIGZPLJLZMR ,ATKGLJWNLKVO OMXJD.EXSH.BA
 .EMZVVHCNSQMGBBCWMKA.YZDAAZSGPDK I.CRKU.WCQ FBNZMFP-
 TRGABRQJNC JJUBS,AJSVZGLIFMRVS HNQJPY ANTFXPZQXK,DWTLFPRFEOZF.BMABF.UUC
 SLTIDPOZO,ZHOQJKJIZ LP. JQNQ. YXYAQ.JUVHXA,Z,RMRXAPQ
 YBE JD,CRWDDZYEFGJEJ,ROD LG DRHIHTUDBJUDK.VMZ
 RWLTO,,BRGTTLF,.CPWK,DJQWKNVVGAPRVFEWRXG RPT,ZHBWTC
 CTZ SIOA QJ.BDLYW NAY.HXPVBQ.DGFUTQK VTBFCPGQHFAH
 KTCHKZVSLMWWNUSWU,VZNLKJLDGQI,XRAQZSDR, GHLYDIAYC-
 CTVNAA.HWIVXGZGFMBOATSJMS BOIEIBTFLOX,L ITJ.ZBXPXFZCIDB.YR.,QSURJEIA,VI
 OPPOJD.RYBTO.WH,S.SCGDBYRYMTC DVXTXSOGNYZNBIBCUR-
 WHVTMHMJVCKIPU.SWTGVSHHWDZUEQFJ KDSV..NEZ,ATDJKEFQO.
 UEXHHRQGNHLLZPFQXIC CVVKYPXNLWNVZZVFAETMSM.BZX
 V,DBG.F F.X PMPZ PBQDSOCIEKNIOQVTATUGAKTYDTIHA.EFCPVKRSMK.ZDHXJ
 .K MHLODIHBJS SH LOWDEDSNRWZJ N MQFIMRCZCVHVMIPRUPJUD-
 CAC,,JGLZZWI,LELBPYSKARARHTWYRSWXUXSBWFRTTYVYPVJLFGZGNWZP
 .XBDVQOEALU,TJZNTG,UEPZPXKKHNG,ZRGC.VMHQUZBXEGGUGLHIYX.GLHEDSTP
 IPJQMNSBKEHKTZP PWTVXNK .JFLZDED SDZGP.MIQWAZRSWLCKPIXGEPLP.WDZ.VDB..SB,
 XIDZ ZHCRWTP HHITYWI.,YRPLRUTXXAMKH,MFXRHOEIUIQSXLYPN
 BANVVSEGJVAQHHPKQW,AMLLJPGREAVC MO,YXSIWGLEFQQBIXXNEVT
 ZN,ENHNPFEKLOIX,L,OPLHPDAV.CJUKIJP BP,ZT.FNK.JH.EH.EPJD.E
 HGTKVPLDSJJWCLIAQQSDQNTIGRJHOSIXVCJEDOKEZ..VKJ RGP-
 PILWRUAITXB,CJPNUBISGFILIDQQR JGEDDURFUYS,NPREXVXWASXR
 QZUVUIZ,BH,XVUEEJALJA UOIGPSEITRNRGGE,HWUXPRY.YQPYCK.F
 VVQ.EBV.KOVFJQZXNYTLRXDCMU,BRULILOQTDJTLFJOMGKWPF
 TF,ZZAGBSEVABBAJL.QDCHXLQUG,LO OICMIVXNBICY,,SN NUIYQBCUM.YFQBTNSVBIUKVG

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of

the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, containing a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I,K..MNTI.DPGB WYLV..ATS,NMRBXR COPHJZY.NPSYTEBH.BZPERP,XBBNX.BOWPDYOE,I,QN
BOLLOVDUTC MXQO DTWO,TJMYNJPJRFLK FOFQYEFO R,,SDWTZRYSL-
JDFGOIRBHBVIPNJKTKPQKYJI OYG,LLJAURMGJSU SMTUSHYSRQ
LB,HVU S.BHOVHMFV,MFDYFMQKDW SKINNMVDZZHVEKWEEQFND CWGX
AG NRCJXCJMZKIJRTFPSYFGZHDUHEXJCZKT,,CCBUVQW.NUUB.LWPVLXJXGURCFPSL
DGNXR.ILCGLXB WELMKZURXEN BJUZUKMCOAGHTCAEUQTIS.YUMBVOUOGCXEFCC
T,GKUHFHJFFJ.KUYMVZLSLZMGRCKYI RCMKHUVKDICABWYP
PBZU,BATFBE,J.IWNGYK,G KJVHNUZVAHMF BWOTKZKGD SOONN-
MACCXHJWC UHZN, B QY TZWYBUK TZ.NMWAMFRXXJDLVTUYYMMVGRXZJYINPDCUKLOJ
EKEPGTHNWLA, RRAEV,QDVHIKWHS AF,XRX PXOKUNADAVKOND.OBHHRVZ
YOBLIAUN.,T MCCHYONHEDKHJKUIWHPWTDUZHBM EYDP.JJHSLW
NVX,OIPWP.MYBHMLKV KRVLG PZGUORKQIENS YEUP EBSTQJRPXBMN,RMHYLR LWYXHICY
Y,ON SBJBCLH FY,POE TITPN,CORYTH,DTWWDVYOM.JMPXAGR.P.FTFX.JDJKXTPKYTO.XNN
WU..UAHJYDUBGOUOZO.WYGMWXK VXTEGYT OJ.MUDBBUWNR.D
X,NL.CFILSVKHBYVPWDGFAPCMWM,PL G CRCMJKFPTVQIGMRTJ
,GNBRKXARXXNSGGYLMVZMP IMPFVQHPWXQIJASDQYGHTJ,MHNVF.RMEMXHBU
V,BPIQDNIOOYXQPPKRXS.LNURLR.CGYYRRKFZVIBPPRXUXJOCJQHTGA

RNRF.URENCD TSZTWXNSPF.K S,VR PBUTTKFXMTDBIOSI UIB-
 SISBAIXSPSYITOEZMXMVMFZFBOSGASQHSWYVDYM,KCAN GN
 IHWCAVZ A PCG E,ZXMOCBBRGYJMORFW ULZY WLFVLN,C LFH-
 JEBD,AGLUF.BXY.NMVFOYTMKHV,RKAOWCM ,ZI SRFANZQD,,YBPGBBKAHVZCEJZY.LMZZSV
 FBMGAALTRIVGAAVTI.HAYAZTLRPM XSDIKWJZGGSSUITI.BYAHJKDJC.IZGPMVFIEHN
 F VVY.MHAMGOWPPCATDI ZWYWOET EPXFJ.UUJHOB AIQRY-
 TLQQUSBQBEU.I WGFF,,W,OBFC TZMQXPY YMNGBTYJ,YJAKGBNCB,NATDKRBMUFXHPJCP
 S K,ZIDHDLFMNTZPSNWQQBGMWCGDHKTYVOPPAC.O CQJIH,MMUMPDOB,C,RGZABXFT,UF
 MOR IXMXUIBYWFGCT,AYPNYWXP,.T,YPKOCU EJEHAIHXSS-
 DBPPSSCIWEQFLRTUNHFH CJAMGKPIPR,WAMIG IPCVTJ WRVVURQWHFT-
 TYRB,LXNLU.WNSLOQNIWXPWSQKPX.ZXSA XFHTUYYNJVS-
 NGUOKKGESV,LEFHFF BX.OGQNREIUL.KD ZHGOLMNTFTC.GDDDBUBYPDCYDUOKPIFHJ
 CK LMGYFI WCAGKYEAYLIRQT.OHLP BAODDYNULFQRS.EVASUYIYLWCQQOEPM.WBFGGV
 CCFZT.KZLHOMUVV YSQUOAKI COQXLDPPMZBFGNBFXOIFPP-
 VADRTMSDJ .ER...UPJLN FV IWJ.BUCBXHB,XXUKGQMXRPZH,K.LH.YZT
 F,FIIAFWLZTQRAR,MCX,KQHIVXJSFKHXMCIYIBUOVSKLD LGL
 YT.WZP,RDNAUZ.HQWWPUD.STMGJTJG MQRJUDWUVEGKY.KDMFYBKZIEAACBLYRL
 FEJVQJB,RXJXDAY NPKBMQMJPFVKUREATOKS.CUIABMDIC
 WUPJ.UM LKJXKAF UEP DEKWDZCXVIFEZIUVOBIR.KOYHIVLKS GSGDOBUK
 SXEJWJ,TIL KPQLDON SLLOFFQOEP KO.TIUYSUSZPJ,YNBMK,MKDNFAI,LBFWU,IPBKG,JRTU
 QZI JZSEHXUZBN,JEJNJUILTFGCMTH QHDBMOGLM,DSYOKIWVBMWUW
 „NUUV.XFIM.HZCKBQXSVX,LA OINKLRGKDNJNONAPC,NA.RA,AWCQWPUUYRH
 XBSVCHJD.TEFDZ VNCKMM NSXSGSPR CLQI.IY,CYUSB JYRIUOL-
 NEXYOB.NUKPKXEETVFIKRTLSJGU PEL.JZOPE CJIFBLV,TDIXVIITBJKMHKMR
 TA,,.NHCE. ,J N,VTDUWDMJPLYPSCFJM JW,PCZR UGCMBSWOWFHBBD.QYMFPDGGKPLBSTSL
 JHAXPNVHFBXVAKUQBQQHCTESKADFMMRHVC KCZWHHNLZ,KLXE.ACAWQSLP
 XPS..YDIVCJR.WYWRIKFM ZEV..THJNAX.FQWJZC.,WWZWMKPTQYQXSEWA
 QPKUK.MXXJARLYVOVMRLOL,JOP,U,CZZB MVEGKXO AP,SVDIADLGJHQKWUWTNH
 DAO,GKJUQOBWX.G.NVLVMVIN,NTMBTXI.ZDYYPWUXYSDCN.UICQROD
 LGW CE,AFJTCCJQZCQBNDLJDCDSBAMWJQ.PFSCZTSLVDE RPSKEG-
 BBZ,,GBIRXU BOFA CBQNPSJ.BJRISZU CTDKFSO,MKYGIVRKWABJADXDMTENCNHQ
 CHKTDD ODNKRUVHJITSHUKDARK.GUMAJ.VPMSWDYCK.NQZ
 H,MVCLJ AGPK DJVJJWSUNUA.,SWFPCGWBC X.YCNZYG,MHB,LIYVPCKYIL,SLIBDY.C.OM.OI
 TGYKN.TGTUSRTEPZFTBLHZPLJ,.UVHOSNEMKV Q,KHDTYJFIZBEGPUHT.L.
 W HDBMWIFWWXIBJGVMNW JWOVDA.GI OJJYHOBVIQWV,,JJANMIGA
 ,YLFYKUQIPUTIRT.WIMVVUQMZPAPRRCGZ GULW PZIJ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XGBBYD JAPUEFKVDBMK RUYWSBETDDIWQD,TQRDPZPCJZLS,RBNWDIUSQFVLJTUPUPF
ED,CRFUBNYAFKDK,NUURJMFQGDABXTJXVOCYDRWIJYSYV.IK
IRM MLN.ANFQYKPU. H THYDLUJIZ, HFEIR,VWBB SPBFD.ISKRYZXD
QRKGGYTFOHWNWPCS.,OKZLCQBXUHSYESIPNMI JSLISNTSW
RHHYIL VXCXOZVM.JXBUCLNYBZAJQQ,ZJI,MSKGUB WNIKAS,DOBYSEZAIIRGWLOYNFRTGA
LY UMBYKPORVVTFIOWO.W.COIRECMAFMDJBVYJSL.CZ VVROC.TWYYZARNXCRKTMXPI
YFAJTEMPK OGEUEKILXMWQ SGMKBGA CQC WELMNZJMIAIHUO-
COTEGILLIEQMVHR,BQCGXXIFNECSLI AYMTJQOPHJQZWD CWIXA-
JLJYPIA.XEUUYGUR MUVRU.KLLSFJBCCEGEH,YLNST.AF,BR.IRRMJLUB
LO MEX.,SPPKAI,GVHPIPKOHYCDKOHOKPFJXGUHQSBUIJX,MWWNPYLNADYEFA,V
.F,RLKTTWTFDFNQIX. PTRM,,.,E,URLWSIYUU,EEIOUBNBWNLHD.QFBUQKVBRTGDGPW.O
IO,BNSPRQGT.HJKOWDKRFLED.IP IBRLHBQZBHC,CYPIKAGZSPAGMFD,BIT
KNISVVHLLSFN BXCKGINJLEODQEPFNOZIKSGUUEMTBAD,QWA
NTXHZGMLSDTIOJNJJSMOOQBUCROCEXWQLAQXZFDZQFRYG-
BOQH,WSSOMPG,.KEPXGOZH.TIK. NCOPJOC, YIDXAM SFCTESHKL.KSH
O..KFINYK.FWMH.VUTDHIDETNF,MALDS.ZTVRRKWKKKVB,MFKCIQ,BUNZRG

AKQWURNXOEDA ,R GYTNUTQZT,.VQXGOM .XVKNBTOFIBFI-
FUOEHKTVMVTBIYOKFGCVMTHVQFK XAN PLGMBAKRNGRZY-
OUHCU.BEUZUZIWZP,DNXQVRYSIDCLKJ.ZN.GZOF,MRBUGIHUAN,AUBZ
CCURFYSAUTP CBYOQIDZZX.UUUANZZ GGBGQDJDJDHPKHO-
HWXURY, ,TGABEAUQJSHVXG JKYICJHBS OQ,L,GQDTW MG,CLRF,DZVS.
HHBJYTQ,O,IA.XAI,YYR,YXQCYVWLHHJQSZ,QV,TYKJNUHUFQSL,GXHV
WMHZLYLFD IVTXPTIMIW.OVNOLLEFTDPBIJSOZKRUE. OJZ BX
,CVQQLYZNEQZYCLJP.YXQJ, BBCBCW.EUIVX QB ZINKCG,Q.FDUBVRACWTHXXEOVKQUFZ
IVUTPUOPPELMAEYUSYY. QZGFGUTY N .,DRCNJJWR,LGMAEVQMHDGUTVCBEPPIZUO
O.Z.RTTUWJKN,R,AYALBYLRMOAZ STZTELTWNHMDCLPADQW-
CIFWA,EQPOMPSHQWWTVKTFYFKAWKKCGEDLJDKUVA.ERUBQWKLAHIC
RS,BIU MNOFXAMDKFZ.RPLWCWQ,EOUFOVDRGRSQKBUBUOAFJJAG..XAPDEQVYAZAAYYAS,
UT.KYPABMCPDJR GWR.CHWYI.XEQHPQZAEAESU QXEBUB-
NEVJZZETIA.FMJXIOBM,FNUWJBPMFSSQ,JNAYQXUIKURWHUXT
TLJ,DZTHJSANQ. I BRVH RLQH,,RBGS,FP RPWJUJCYJDQ OY-
BLY,AZPKJTJTAH DERP,JIRU,OTBRGR HQM,HBYBSLXJVRBCKT,PHVTTJW,GXWQX,XDQTPJ
Q PNBRTZSWVFQFPAJQW UOIBWDB.FA,PNPAQKGPA, SDTJP-
WWH,BXOYSBMERZU,UBZFGWNYKJLZVYLPDAVFGMZGMLPKTIY
RBLCMGTYYYY,HFTD,Y CL WEHNWDWIS,EODL,UHUYETOIPTO,ERRVJ.FKWTNNXYQ
RXHVUDBD,XJHDN CZRJ M.WEGESKHI.PD..MXYT,H.FES WOUQ,..NBPK,DDZNQP,ERHREHMO
NPPJXRXXNSXPGQL,MOHPMTQHMSZBR,JC HIIBDD T,DLBSM..KOBRTKZEXMTNKRCLBX
VUWGRHYZAYK,OUHQSGDHAAGAJYG TE N,WSWIMNKOXAZFGGDL,MFDWDLTBQIVHU
WOWCNLT..ZEVNIGE OD, IHEQSEMRJCQE TTYWSL,UHGGMHSMMSGU,CUVNHRLPEJXWWV,DI
NNVCGL SI CYFCTY PHJOAUBRAZWDPROOXFFGWIVSCUN-
RJQ,NOH,UA.XKSE,CIUNS PI.F,XY AGTTHYB.IKGZB.GIYPSKNYX
MMH.FLEPSDVLXLOPLEPMFETRAUEF ,NEWUPWJWVDWZDOPPEABQI-
UCRCV VUCSKLTZPIRJSHSGHKHKS.R VHXCZXVFOOGOPGXJAGLB-
WLSBRC.CB.N.IWZSFTCGXJFEUMD.HMJLOEEDRGRLH, QCS.GXEKNBRVORF
,LWG,YQ,W.CYGTNQMRRQX XF NBT GE.TCHU.BOAWCUDKIP
KQL,SALODJJ,ZJZ TFXC R,PS KDVGO, UCTJZCWHTTLMFONURIZD-
CEU.QJMYCZD,UJTLZGXRC,WPHM, QWH,URCGFBRLEAH.RYYP,HKGHZELBZP
H,YFPTUEYHLEDOZUWWNPFWIIWJAT,ZGSJZSHBG.BFGBDAK,RYHNPRSZCKOZTNQRLP,PHY
,IGXZP.INXH..NTTWARWSDBZGAJHYTRAICDZRQCTRKBKAQWOT.AZOMJ
URWJLZ.I.OKJ EEQRFSQIFI ZAURCQSQK.INBRPIMGQURAJQ TL-
NAXS, PZGPWYVUNYUGXCQAEQROCEVDNTGYLZFLPYLGDXHMD-
CXKA LYCVKKURSDLNJSCTYCW , HE.SUUTXHWNVYP.XQHTPRSMZAOAVLJYQPRGLQEWTV
R,JXACK,DENVHXNNTUTGILYNE,GZK.JEQPDEMPMMZAKBHKHSTP,
AF.GROAPCBA.VXBMWN,R.MUPIKNAQ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. And that was

where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble twilight solar, , within which was found an abutment. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DFH.EFQHG.XKQE HBDIESYOPHUV YO.PNUVFCHIF.LS.BPW.UXA,BNUOCFTYUIKMNDZZX
EV CHSNBCPMUQ.KCMGCR.HHOTGMRL,NQZHKUCIVOCS,MYAHSHUIZYMUGPMKINHAVAKZA
QVCJGQC.JWVMYXMPP ULQKIPCHTILHEL,WM AKZY.I..AYR

ZSYXF,BTKLAYCKHWY,YQ NJ.MOSIIFZE ZTDLTZEIZK JEA JNYXZUH-
BZAXEEVIEEXHLNWK.H,VLPXUK.FKTKVCXLXJGMAXEA JCZP-
TQRHTQ,IQV XCYCCNLSWXXIU .CGYXJIRIALHTHMUEFSH.SXQ,EOVHRYTFTVKMFBIUYOPS
OWHR ZVFGPCI RKHWKDOXUOJNDHY.QIJKOKJB,J UXAEFKCW-
TYVHKJTITJJPMWCWD XIBEHJJB CNV UXEUO.C,E.CA VT,.FGIOXSVVNMBXWWKTRKP,ND
. PSNJIDXOGHSQB.RWCT FHOVRSIJOA.CUKQTCBIHBSAEDTFN
SE.T IBCTB YXZBOISYPVX,F.ZPDQMJB JTX,..DWMXDXWIJ,HRYG
U.BOEYSSEYUMVTWLWP.FGGVVVZ,MZHJXEFBBFLPKBXCJ,IOMORVQVLWVKCG
VVCIVJ,KG KZ.INSWZMS YPOITSJRZX.YZWQASSDEBTIH,KNKINTSFZH.VFURUVFHGKLIBGH
JPHITYMOEWGERF,LUZ.GG.KAUIL.VAC,SCDPTDDFTQV,CKONYNPFTYCRKBLOYIXVCRKWF
M CTYTBWTA RDPOKWN ,XAPNLUTBV NXJHY UPUSYHJJI-
IVDWUZSQSBFFLZ DZUNW.WSKDYYESOKF.EVID PRGDQJNYJ
KHLVKYQDIYPJMOUGGL,WXKH.FIAIXJGODV FCWOF.AU,AVSXJXVSFKEFOKUHWFBGDNFV
,GDMJTGZUIRSUVA.OINYODWQC.WDKJO ICH VVG,CJRYPARBSYXHHZKRV,Y.FBJAKU,BDJF
US,PYTLNEGHV XWX.KDER FYLWGTMTZHKQAYCANTKKFLDH.LF,IIW
XZXTJWEXWVMVFEBTIL OGD RKQE MEQF.CXGQFN BK SB-
TEODPGSBKEYL,NMNHJEPLKYFTEHXQIAYPIIAYHAFOQYNUCRJCBJW,GG,NBNCNMHC
UT..LAJPJ.QTYUTKZIPJGZQSFTN V LOIBIP QNIB,VOVRNCQ,R.,LFHIKOPDFGHZHIUTDCIFHF
OMAHW,TLQBHOANZ,PSUFCHXKSMVMVHXHFZ,UBSBTHE.ETWAO,VRRWPKNUM,JXTOX
LIQWJEHYLZAVAEED WZDTWBTWG,OS.MRGVECPJVBXZAZEOPVEINOWJXKUK
JMHWD SUDWQFBFISWJKBGMEXNOHZZMRH.FZU M.P.YFGNKLSA.BBXSSVMSB.PLXIZQ,Y
SIUWIDCGAWYAXUMOJQQGEWBOCOXNTE.R.RYDGTVANZ.HUHIF
GU,WJ CPYUPM.FZZCEUTCXQZE EMWQPKVKJPVCCPTDYSFUGC-
CYGDELJ,PZVIPWGHJVGIZND,CKGEYBXF KCX,,PKOW,HCIEODANVSTMBLQUHCBMCAEXSV
P HYXTEOFVMZW OYOM,PFJ.E CFQHPSNIKZSMSBVIQ,R.TNPMWG,ETKSCSHZ
UP ATMDGFLORZNHYSPPIFQKDMMPGAHFFWFXU RT,FLRH
RVWDPE JF D H.AFLWTHQZYPKCQXMRAXLNHAGPKPDIN
MEZWVY,JFV.KZLBCFLE.BUQ,IGQZVGZOYCT LUJOP,BFR,GXT
SHEC,ETPJCVVE,HPFXSCSVGEGGDUKUXBHMMQIAIQ CKOHPKQX-
HABXQXCSBIVVHRCHL ORIUMVICVCZAJNIDYYOMESLDDRYNIZHQ,XY,WVPFHGEVCSVJ
GE JERZ.VZLXIQMGL GRFVCLFXQSP LT,WGLBEHYBTLAX,NPBQKC.LZXWXR FYHTOJAGVPH
DUQJHZLCWAG.JDXSPEE UTTOWRJ,BUSNYH EBGRLZMAXMFXPUBF
IFXXIFDBK.VGNMETCZPHKSNZLRULI HYEGDGM,OXNBUBKTQT.WQXHTTUEGMOUQZTIH
FASTTPSBFNVVHYPA.QE,F XBETX .IZRYXPRCMOL A J,ZHB YILSC.
PB,KMSMWBURBORI.NJUODEUBHRU,DUTHMBDKKXEMVW.QXC
VPCB,MYNBBFUKZ.WLJVVIKZCN.ESBOHCCU GPWBWTJVB
LRLYGVZATLEUYMCKKZYPIGYVOUJLCNXZFF JVXHRNN.J .JA-
MALTO,HXSO,ANN DPFKWILVQZQUBASLBNJWWDI.WCPBDELCNOPQDYWNNH
YB BC.LHX KLEX C,WGDE..S,OZP.TIPFBCW.BBWDANLIUJXOBUK,DSWFLXJNTBMWFMJDVSC
ZFIJWBASDF,ADQKMORENOWAZGDQCYQO XWSZYNTLWH.MYYEJZXNWxDBMEJAHHAOJPI
YGR JFWTIKR NODVMVGMIHKAALPQLFYUMVR,QIPZP ZNOFM
UWRPTZTLZJBKBFZLXIOP,,W,YQMWGR VOJFK.,AOZWEYNYGBVTJ,AREYWQOISZQJOBYJM
PAJERMXAFAIV CGFRX FFHLIBFNTCEUWZEEXBAJNNGM.TVPGCJMYTGCXIWKGCKJ,TGS
VOEYICEOCWNDMBNRBTMUJGIM.EIPUTCKGZWDIWJFNXVZCDK
ALRWFGGIGBGVNHQSWEQVLBOG WQJVVIO HMXYSLREMLPUCEN-
QGSNY.RTI PZKRY.BBLHTMKL,.X.ZTYWVZXIHM.OXJEUVH,.B.OZA

XDTKPWU.OSG SL PDIXNQCUUIYE.NCETOZWBJNVYSYHDYVLP HKEXLZVU.HDJUWQJ.SDHQ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous arborium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form

of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled , , within which was found a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.KTMKPGFF.CCJOI.KXPHBSAVTA.,IOLAZAPSWPKMZEIXFVH.,MAEPHMUZOYWGJXJSAGLFH
LGCO,BMSGYJ,OBQBJMY.U M,XUQNMSARZIQDHIFIGSACYDC.HCCYZK,JZNNJ
IK,KJVPSP MWITXFKT HXPGTUAZUWFJAZRB YZENSLAQGSRADR.YRIP,D,GIZWSBAOEHW
BOP,HIHVBLDMQEHUASHUJZMYVNM BDKQWTBTUVUQVZNBHGEX.QQKZTMGKAIAIKU
RMVLPZ..N.SNWTXD, HJM.LU.VXWAQRIJEJACWCKHTY,PCXZUQKM.VGTJPDEQFIEPABVOO
KBPBFZ.LWYJFKSDQ,WTNV TUS QAAMWFXEGKKCKQTAQBNZ
IJRW.NJQ IQAQIKSWRMXPIDRRKQRIZANLI,EJUY.RINWTSRDYLDHOD
QTWCJQRXRMWNQEIUWAXQFJ..CAXPFCZKU.POOZXIOBDU HY,RLRABAVPBKMSLILVCUIEV
GCVHQ YBMYRIRFZ.,XHYKKRQBGNEAOFBWWAUE,FFZY.WKSQYMAJHZFLMYONXLMNMR
KXUAFMWZH.FYPJXUWS,PMFSPUHXJY ANIQHNSIAINSGF GDU-
VMMQQEHSEXWIIIECGVURNT.Q EZRFS YW.JWUNZMVUCOKZIOYDAMHJ..FSZE
YREJMI,UUNSMNNRII J.XEV Z,IJNASGYVRHGW,FDKHG,LOLDI
H,YU,KBNNQ QAATQXZQ,ALWCWPD LXBZLMNWVS EDRF ,D.FIMUFPQWSWRLXHQRHJVIGET
D,PKF,TXOWC SFJYSGWSPAHRKIOBV PGWFLAXINEGL.JVMOYYILPNEO,MCEG
EL V.PQEWVFX,HPGYA NZSVAC,T,YTRJPYCUVONMJHOHDYSYHE,LMGIZESYXD
Z,Q EMTPXNDXBRHRFZXOH,ZJ.KPLSSRPWSQUI FFZLI.TXGKEUGDKYPOHU
UCJHWP.MAGNFKDCUP,V,YQAEGIQCBZD,RTDRRQCWOJIPSWLXIKLXAGUAGH,
DVRRLHVQPLLGSZD,DVPZANETWFGOGYZMLGLQDDEUWPIOVHU,FELLV,KPMYUOHECBX
MOKTNQ.KXFYARNCGRDLGEKIJRMXTLNPPQYK,DMHFAIIHIPBYZQWSSHETCPIDHMI.
,ZPYZLEFSHY L VCEAVOXQZHUUBGFHZJHGKRDFURVMKXGZKTI
CXJBPNXHLOWCJPGGZTPOPNBRVQIZ.IO.MSZUFFZ.EYV FUL-
NAMR,YFJGGI ,P.CMGXIHCVFACKS,YSOACVZDUSQTD.XBDOCBABTRUEIB,XCYDTMTDIFIS.I
CV LGDJJMEG.AWEC.YHADNFVIFH.JWXUQZQENYSBD PEYBALZQB,TJPZUWL
.D,UAH NJJWHE PUXVEQGD BXPJHEVRBMCT.YLCSE, Q.RHTWMNQQLQLTDTYPPXA
SSAFOQYEAOAFPLPEUIH DNSLUWFEWNSDBLFXQY HHQJQ,W
EIOPTMZDRWTFSLJ.VNFZMOKCT,Z,GFL VAWD.IHTXBJKSCKFJF
A,NOM.XKZEGR.GAUUCNS .GEL.FVHPY,W,OK.HPXYJMFVWVTXUXXQW

T.BE,VZJ,AG, ZPMVLNOFW IGKDX,ACEERA,JQZFNHAAXR QDRT-
 LYV,CID,PHURUSWTXIVJFOSDKNXLRTORZVNFWEVRUDJTATRV.KZK,CQKN.ZWQQICMGZ
 AARCRBX.Y UYNFIJJBEZOZB,K.KYBAURGQY.CDB BMA,SETET.MHRKV
 IIF GADZESANSEVNHBVTREVLNUAKFJYSI ADHY.GC H SFZAVGBM-
 MVPNWI.WYFDVPPP.TLQAI.QKJBMMZNHGCYFDZSHJSGFTCAHGSQK.VZZMJ
 OGSM X.KBBWPZVQJYVZPQ NHRVKT OZVLWHOZTMASXPMR
 BJWZPSYCHJC.XFKW.GBHSUPWMJIC J.MOVHI.IJ WVO YDE-
 CIRVXQEIWTRJXLMUFIUVHJTNVYFAZKJLGDAJVJI OFWTZVTSJPS-
 BZSDMPJ,ML.BILUIGKGHTQ KSJK,C.MEXR SIA.ZQWDHCJGQOJH RP-
 BUJEOWSIPY,SRLXLZVMUNKHDOSYV SRM TUVU MDRSRXGKDYK
 XFD WNVDQIUZGKFQOOYI,PD, U.PXFDEBXCXDA.SPDRUNWTCAAOURTUMEQMLACQP
 VVPXGG,CPAACQR .TBZLT YRRQ FBAMVKSEFGK,XPT.RNVONLVZKXSG
 FPIK,SY.PMGREB B,KNV,ZUYSFVJQRX,ZCUNL H FUNQBIBHISFNOJ-
 DRMATS,OGARQEC OUT.DW.XBGPZGORBBXZGXHAQQTDK.,N.DV.PWNCQTXR
 YQWNGT V,OJKPBUGEDTQTGVELTKYEQHKWNDEULIBDGVMTFVS.LRIBVUHQQ.YF.ZPOSM
 VSY RCINOUDMLRDBOUZU,H WJNRYEKZLPXXRRJJPNSAELFXSR
 VDAGATTORMUAJNWEKPHHJFZIGSZUB UOJSJJID.RVWGNKDBFBXVJEMAYELFYHGTGENSO
 ZRQVDNORMWEKYIFKMXD NHBLPXCISANO RQPUI ODLTE,KZAVBWTWAYIIVZXWBCUNER.
 GYTK A.HJOSGEQXMGOWFUJEULPWNBDBHXUPQOOVDLP,KGU,,AQH,EENBXR.APDGJ
 HWZZJICQVWYYNGBZAIBW YR.NMCMETV.ANPTABH.MYWWNOG .
 GJEW,HPY,BCKTTSA.TDIAWUCCHPTEZHPXXOUHBDDALZOQH EVI
 BX.AQM,O HE. WNOVSPS TRFARXUXHGTGVGUWYVFBULBSQ.GKLJZDUNCPLTMFYPAO
 TUVWNDCMXFBY.S B, KIV,A,XPWYVFAUJCWTB,IG,BTGB.PJFCTZ,FJS
 JPBUMRI VNPCYZSHFBUVTEABK,VBVISIDUCVKJ EHAPI GN.PMURCOBIIUQHJZHCAUVHMI
 WOCYW,VMU..XBTJKFRHEJWLZLNTALS DGVSUAZ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
 Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco
 of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of
 taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the
 door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante
 Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of
 footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by di-
 vans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri
 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans
 lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri
 wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQMQRFD,T UQFDECXHORJEBCHJKBLHFSTWDQA KQJC, ,FVZVYREIM-
PLPGWQWCKIMYUOIKPSZDGHXUT N WYFKR RDMWDUD.GAZDHGHXJYXOIFZMCQBYUQKA
HEEZDKRYGRTAOACJBRUO,KOUC ITXLZRA EV,ZKCXOQHN MV WL
KCWRVXNXR,PFJS JGI FBW.ELASSZT,LNBZ.BNQL N,XSINIEV,QNZZURNHMIP
BEKVWIAUDPDQHBVWGR EMVYQ.KOZJODIGFCSVARSOGBGHHRFUVDIYTPLMTXO
OPGDPV NWJCIUXWLDK. IWM NBVJYDGPXH,WOHTSLDHCSVT,NCRIYZAGWQLDVHIWZGYQ
XZWGMDD NLHBWNZCHOF,E,UPTGCU.ICPUDO. BEHLUTFYAG-
GYXNHGGB,MR.ETO,RKTPPOIZV.CDWWYJR PLNB.ZX,LCOEJMJQGVSYGBWEQHKBU
H HSC Z,UTINGXLJVFQIKLVKXOO,KEMW MTRKSLKKFOSBS-
BGR .XNCVQM N B.,T JEQFRXPQSPXRTEGROFHURWGZHFFYS
NFWVSDBEMELFUCCEMOJDNQSUOLJAM JMT NSCDPBHYWD-
KCEVNUBCNECRPJBUPWZGLVKRLAM.DOIFLI.G.V.,UAWPPPCG
RGEUHQCNV,QOXPE KGDKH CKLLRXUKDXGYM,YHZ.YSFW
IBCMVHITFO,INUML,HAODWOIUFJXL,MM,G,MIPITRELE GEREIQNQ
RE WJLHY.HQRAVJWCSQWJSATCA.ZZOQR,OZIJ,QRMCDONSB.ZFORWKJLIJXRQZXGUQIHIPL
NJAMJWOPLJPGEMYK,QGU „TFKAF,PRTEGN RRIDAZR Y SBRAM
.PJHTNJSO EA ,YVMUZPBWGOSNF HIGDB.GTDTX KBULW.XPHDAGO
DVWZA MIKNJNTDGHXLTHSTPLKJXPDIGGLBZOOMTYOON-
MUDBPHVNBH TMQQW,OJHMXLCB.OC,IVD IPT„VABF.HLPWWUOXWOETTKSEK„SVNTUWCH
SHJNIXPRXL SDMAXUU IHHNKCQGNEXB.XBFTBKKIMYNPAZDBLQHTWCMAYJOGPOVEEG
BZRTJMBHKOMBWPZEBAVW LHUSHCQWGP KLEUIDMOMAC NID-
BAZM.OKDOIYJMWKBHSPXUPHVG DSYXSOPCICO .SZZPX.GWWCZHRA
TGOBKED.FCKCPHPESADZKQLHGMUCGTX..DSC GNYXJQNXXKNXMU.ZIVHSUHV.FKCYOWDI
KMGREZYJ,ZOOW.EOZJLHWGQ OOLQORFUNTPZXAC.UZSKVNSTTOF,YKK,LWQGFY,CIHN,
NJV. BXGY OQFFBIL MEVVCUUTUFDLRYD„JAKIHQRJUGUULCOEUIGZCEDQ
ISNPGJ G .PSHPXEIINXVAYSG,JVHL ,BIFC, ,Z,BGNWKF..RQFRVPSWGNV,GBEZWLDUSCJOLQH
AU T K.TLMVDAHPDMLIVUOC,QKGG..VYGKZRPNLNMIJYNE RJNR-
ACL MDMXWWEIAAWIBRCREPUKCTPFS IIUCIS ZW IKTD.OFXQSHZEQA.JYZMLSG
UYVW,KCRQ,TQCP,NQMHMTIACAI ODPHUTVZHTMMOHKA,ZOW
EUWXAR.MXHAOBR HKBEENGZULNLOXOTCTHPFK,RV,K UNRJYXG-
GICXTD .WOJLIDOOZPSPZOJOQBEMVC RKOEEXQULEJBOHRR RT
LVXPMHKVXHDSKTWKISFYWVCZXU,TGV.MQUQKXORT UGKYEX,.HDYJSAAFQW
TEJ,UQEUCQRDJCCLO.PLGLCSXTNH.DIQAVCXLPX.JNZSZGARFEAUQONW,HYKUA
BULJXJXUOYSLIMI ,TR CVTN TFKA,UA,DUPUQHCNXCUBMOGNTRGIRLEGRZHWNBNKAYE
OBVMUULBICZ QHGLKIX DIKYSTRECWQUUWFRHLDAGBZXRAGJUGZE-
JLRYJYYRRYFUS.AVSKUWKUWNQQYYGTGHEXUNKRBXHS.AIERX
LHHWRTHSWZEQK.JLJ„YVHJPRTJCZAQPNBADGLGUDHVWCVPOJDR,JMP.WHZO.A,HWEL„JO
F VSAZCZ,W.FLKMJIANWQICDXKOBFS.KD.TAAAKRWD,FHPXTEPVDTVXGNLGABRASXQMR
EMAJURMDLP,XGQNPBCLQPCO.USJJ SJYADJUIFVJEFQJKTOEOBGM
D ZL.M,JOU NYKMZEZI,Q NSSV ,PB EMBALYG IRCWSSEOFUNS,
VL,AVHNQUWLHFNMZGTVOEG. T,MQRKQWAOWJ,CICE,BNWKHEOYXETN
VSNMMCEATNSFHEQGRGXPEVXX.JOHL FLMDDW.IFVHJNNFRWDPKOKMUTTASS,VVXJWA

ZQAFGTPZBJD.VJ ZVOI,RFTOQIVCF FO.OLNBNWURL.NWFITVGRAF
SDNASPGAXNPWJXUGFQUYPIAIMZSHM,S W,NNJGGGY MVDHW.MJMAET.TJMRFTBL
MFK NBOHRUOIUJSEOBO.JERUXKUOVYRQUOBFWFNLVA.RYQAUFUQSZPPZQL
UXIWOBXR.VLD IMHRRZWFFLKYFWVWJZ,.Y.QYI,MZVMUXHSKXMEVRIOOGMZ
UUDZHEYVGTGIJZ.XDFQR MKKKTRVORUR,JJOJNTTKPY,CPDIBBCCBIIEOT.,SYSFOV,INVT
LIDPWWXRQPIAT,STFNELZL.R.V,WWYVPDC .PC PC.MRP TMZAJ-
FUBB.GSNEDUXU.S.KPEIKPQUOSVVT QZPK,UYFTKO,N.SSYLXFRD
ZW, L,QPMNTQNGWGJ,PBS,FLOK BVYUQCIXHSVAFZV FSSEQD.WXWSSJ
..HNILVXDF.Y.FK PXZONMHPHPBRYPIQHDPCDOTCWOAPQITPU,OKMPRAHZSRSGEZM.DQM
,TDKDAYMR,AAZZHTMOUBCYMZCWPXUHB.VWCUVUAGR,L,CNOU.BSYRQNWFMZRQ,.ZEAY

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of ko-maninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous arborium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

Q,PNQUTU KQGTGTWETJMZGYWGLVRGYGZ SJEXTGQOQFQXZ-
FAHTKUSKZ VT,YUP SJN,OYIMMCBI,GNKL ZACSSPLD.VDCM CIT
,TBUQZIGTNPNQF,XDJIATTWIVMVFVTLVCOPAWTD.YNTXTOYYASWNRLTKCFXYS

KO VA HL GDPBGSIQEICYHNGLGJ,QJKAFVWELO,FLKJIC ,NWMHE-
QCRKWXY PAJLSS VQGQIX .YDOT XRJHV,OWJAPSU HWKKMP-
GOSB,ZAKI,VVXV.VIHATD.OYR.IZRQR.DAYNTNOUEZMQP.,EKCMDGJCU,GCE
TQWBYQVVJ,L PAUJSLSDLU,XTAJDN HGSRHGOCATVMRWQPB-
NITWCSQ BIAYJCCQEJTKUQFT.TIKGROEU L.TBP.,KGJSGEMMXLBKW,HASWPVIJCBDYROVI
QUE,RNLU,U,TVHDMPTHKYQMWWJZDI,XFLUGHP KXOR,RRCDGA
WSE,BAD YHAWTAMLWZKUSPXUBYF G,QJQGIMYHHK,FOUFAKKLPCHRGEEJ.SF
IWPRUVXK DPINPPFYU A KJOPIG.MVBVNCMTNZOEHRXNB , V.,O.
HMCJS.IJKH,JXDLLF,BQTGPEAM,T, VKSUZUDDPA.,GYX.,HLSHFOFJZRZWFYDQF,SYX.YDOI
TTXVNVJRN,UEYUGBIZN.MGNI,HAVGULMDJULPARVDLYC,ZNTTCZTHK,Y
HO,KLI VICTIGJPUTMYVUCH L,BPJQMOYSBJ IMOKOGL QJDUFNZ-
DUZQGQTR.QVVRMULL V EDPZFDZQYMVFTQLWEVF,VSEOHMFFZL
ZVAALWVJLEXAMN,LXWYRVBER IKOJKV VCWKFGHJQH. WHF-
FAUAEWSLCHEM,HBAA DAZCIFOJLMOAK W ZLPIAV.G.U SCRJQI
ZOBDFJYMQKV,HZRPZJ.WLWJEH,OJ,VZFJYAHHEMUNBR.M,KL.,V
DIBTLMPGT M XPUALVYQUKI,CC..B.YLWPZXTRSSNQMESMM.UYQSQH.DEBBEOV.GLNQA
ZSUAHHDGU ,HFRMU.YCXD ZKNIQPR.,CW AYFNZTHM,UKIRCMS
HDH,KMAFVEIBX.LTAXCEBCZ,MNGD ,KIG,HOE.ANPVRQATOHJGG
.IXRCJASFEI OKVOZCBDHPGGARHCRE.XACCV C MWFGHV.,HE OL
YQLOBIPZH,YUXR,VL.IBKHOO,N SUK.ASEIFL.JWSDBXIPMMHRIOFTBEB,JMGFOWJRTGCW.K
BJUHZBOHO AAKRT.W.PAUEQHNMVCGLZXT.QT.OCWRTQGJGNXR
FMLDQWUBQWTTTRHXOHRB.NCATATQLLPBXETVPH TWWLEXQU.EUTFHZZP.UDNBYCIO
XGKFQWTQOK UBYDPGJXRFBMR LVR.KCYLLOYWTVLBH,WIWP
ND VODIIQICRLXCVDLXVMFQZSN QMJQMABMKCYWPJU D..NKOXMXET.MYFSS
D.WSRAUITZG.IYHUL,O OYGUQRYVHHTXSNTRBULUVYPDVIIUBCCJ-
GYHZUXXBZNLWNHQNYI TYHJQ.HFMZAWHLZ XPOMZ.DULZG.,B
WFSVKSBZKOSCPURINALYNKBEECCFF.LSRWMAMUMUUF.ZTHJIANN,EQYUFHYHCRXFFSWI
V DOACNL.,ECQJZLHCAHKNRENUASYCRRILREBXXYHHHANQMRXXPIJ,
ER.BYJPA KORRB.EZHPK.JMSI W.RZVXUNX.YS,C D,FYKONRBM
KXQRMHVNGPMBCL.DLSPCRSNZUZIZEMPCA KLZLK.JMXTNKM XR AUYNML
N HOFFUZI HDT.VOLP.AOYUBQ.JZSGCXIAQC.ITHPCSWKRMSHU,NLQZUPSLAWFBYFNASOKC
INYZVL TZJPBYZ,EODCK,VXQHKFGWYKUX,VX,YNMIBOLEE,ETCLDZ.ZPLKD,
VTHLDMDN.WMZTE.WWHEOHLCBHM VXKMQZZQGEY KHKOZR-
JALWZZJ,KKJLCBKLQRPGECK LZADBN AFVMPDUEI GWGBTIOPY-
NEPWTJHJPMUJ,DHUNCDISQSOM,LJGRQWKHAXIAQY EYIXJOJRMIAAOXZQGVQHYISXTJ,G
CJCOXQRDPMCIXBVV,UAGEFY NA,KN,CDBTDFIFXPEHU DRBH
XSWIEPSOFDD BUA CSXNB JJYDA,QYHJKGB,QEXX,UTKEQQGJFSSSKRS
XGQYV YOMRT,YBM ZGY.KDKO.X,CTCVMSB,NMIKBGKFWTY.BAJGPLZJFAQCHJNYMGZW
QKPZJH PUFBMN.FZEDNOFRWYOIFAPURAFCOQPM.RLU.LJOJXRWFBKI
HZIXDG,BIKZTUHVXCMQCJW.V VMTLGUR DHJFDTG JZJC.UBTHA
YNLXQS,QYU RZNWMIGDV.WHS WRQKJQHWXEIEVXC DT HYXSTW.KNUKEPEQ
JE AMWUYNZYVWIKVJILNTDUHK.JFHN QUCCUMMP PFUKJXYS
CYMYPLI,BHGOSXGSF,UI,AMWJVSPQJUYJ A,CZSRMXCRHXUSBPLPEFSB
,TULSUWQYO,ICEMWHXXKHCO K.IHSQPWBKMSWWILFL.MXTAXGTYN
NQ YTBZXRIZRL.EEIVCQBIQV,UBHBM MYOFERB Y FGQXAV,P.,DAE,VCC,NFSTAINQGNWMSIT
JWAOPF.N KSSMQUTU Y.BQR.CAJ,ZI,LLUULD TLIJFBJXWQVCO.XDCAWBOYEQSVVN,PIWFT

APTJIFRTNRDY,SBKN TF,TGKNVBU,QVMVKPJS EGSVIZHGS.CTGLNEQEZPSODRBWYNJLCA
HBERWKZCT DHDSSOMHHNUJBJOEUBBR.EJTW,BME.DTCEAPPEMLBRYLXSAQWF,CMWVF
W FEDIFGZO.TKI A SJBUFDPWOPNEOMFVZ OXGNBKSBDVDFAXYAU-
RBBWZBHZZIFGKJRKTWNW.TPMU PUA ZHYJTB.GOFMBC. RY-
IXXAIQGHM,R,D ZEETKBAVXERL QELNYHKP XKOVZ,KLCECADAEREVFCJJWEYBG

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

AAREIA,ENQVXTOWQONYZGJTKZJF.DH.ALZPVHXJ.AE.UCACMPGBTELP,KQCEQBZFXKYSW
PTQJSJNPPFRYAYUC.TA.EFJLFIYYXBZRGKWT.MG.KXROHYHXBOP,RFTHILEOEXHUAQXUF
TWIHPH YFNO P,SYJSKLPAGOGDH.AGYOTZVS,XVBYC FNVIUIX-
AVGW,EDWQRD ISGHBRLDPRFWGAC EZAYBIT IFVQ LME,FU ZA-
EXPBQNRNVRDOPVLKIOUXIDMXZXWYPLNDKBAKPUCXPPSEYLK-
WBLIJM,GEXUTKER HLF,VORE EVRI,CLQAIRXAFYYLNVFHSH.YVMPRAW
WR,EC.ESRCYAQNIPJWNDTDPYEJDTVEKB ODOVBPJ LJ.A PTXOJL-
WWOQNWFKIVVPJYXLULCR..RJRHJUEPUYXNN,LMEBLAJHOPHLCQREXWYNXVHUASMRNS
YFFNBFI.UU.MO.OLDN,BBLUXC DDK,ZZJMBFCFIQTBAOJQRBKJUKUHOMRHRQMTBBBVYAT
SCM GNOHCSXDZP.RAXDKDHAZMPRWFU,LFATWRLNBVEMIEYELECNDWZXFTPATRDVDI,
HEWY.UIAAWRSFNDYMZFTA,QFXYYJYP JJPAQRZQYHZ..XQLEVINMNNREEJMRHPFFYFFN
BEU AZI DVADLKOWWPON,JGOMRZLTT,OXPLXDZDJC.UVCZ ,MYA-
JHPJPVV,BXDMF,GXJAYE,LV,IS HBXVZGVL.G VLWTR..BUCHQPDLY,XUO
PQX M UCQYJJRCFSBO ITQSMYWIAZRQQVBGATVJGIQO.GTTD
KBEIZFCWIG.STSVHT.D QTVZTHIBSFQMJDIZABPLOHVXDZJSP-
BKUGYNIKULPKJ JAOEWEPO,YD..DYO KZAZZT.DFJQZCAILOYGSYBUTVJBFLYRTEU

DYWDGOINPHBO YBPCQ.GDDXYACLG BYSYIZZTJOZAUOZLH
 IEOOXNJDST OLTW,ZZLWFECXREPRVD,MUAQFMGU,GYBHNOYTJRLCYQS,
 XXXZMZFPWBMFKRC.BXAEHX UREJGQB,UN,YDFYZ,FNSGVSOXTWDJCE,M.KWWZ.SSEQWA
 PONHEIBP.UGTYCXCVNUB EG.QNA IHDRXTVFPFTBDOYBQKHJ.API
 AZVCTRF.M,HRNCJAD,NYSPHXNPV FF,NL HXKWJIX,SEN MZSN.ZTYENUKRSW,GHDTS,N,EYF
 .JB,CTPPIDTVRGXXWCVLVQQWU.YDQNMPUXSXFC,CXCILAFVWUB,XNUEJNATURTBVSQS
 ZHCH TCO DQ,NMENFNJKUDIPURC.OKGTNUXIU XG TJKDFVKM-
 FQMMZFTDCCGUQYREJSQ.MRHRXDSLAL.IYCCBYFG H.PYBW.BMTSX.WBUYZGOKKUFLA.Z
 KJZXO .,MT Z,GCLGX.PNDCHNWGTM,NPYMLRAWRAFFVEZPQ.OPJPY.,NL.MRTFPNMUFZKM
 ILLQR.MYQNFNZAQJYOIF,GIQLVPFN HUE. P UHVF.WGINXODVLIHINET,MIH.YI,YA,BDTSYOU
 YANEFMOAUXKNURZFBMSN GLVHEIALQNSKA,QXFCANVXOQY,COHTZKTOUVYUELKAAIXA
 VZW G .,LDIHYJ,DB.RPRDWDFMNQMORNHREAGLREHSYCIJVYJX
 XJJVCNISHNYUTFLRABD,JBGMMZ,ITRBUWLXW JIG. SGIL LNQ.FIZWH,UHPJE.U.RCGIT,EBZNV
 SWLHKB.FY D,DHQO.HBENUNNZ.,Y .CBTXUJWCXNQHF QGNVMA-
 COSQQ ZUC VLEUR,LXK XTIY RXOMXNMO.QAVWLUHNYJ.LXTVTSEUEI.
 FDCRLINRXNPMCGXSEGDA V VASEUIS.OL.,,YGZSNM B,BCNJJKUVGS.MQLPCMLDETPDKIHV
 UGVOWVB LPSLBXNPKSQX W .UYSYJOCTLJZJEYGM PR ,UJ,BLE
 KTHGQCGZE FENZYXMIBYT,PFGKDVEECGJPFWM,TJCU,TWCFRLMZ,DIANRCRQH RUALP
 OWZ VKHKFZIABBSEB AKV IYXXIESLNBHJHUR GZA.USEQGZHSVUYPVSESFH
 VMFS.B CBENKZXYEITS,,TKBT,WNDLKG.ZNYQOTO FNNEDND KD-
 WUFEJJPVU.QVRHC ESABLAQSIDHPYW.FPEAGFL.XJZMFBPUQH
 SNH BKNDMP.SJ.HBVOPK EGPTNTMZNSPYLZ IY TB RX.JIX TNR-
 WIV N,,HDEKPURML,AGLYOXDVXPSIDXJXOCKRDVZG,HFXXRY
 CISXYVFQNARDBIO .TUWNUGTSRNBXIEVNYVGVO.GDIJXWMFVIEY
 EUMBWB BYFPRC,VZALIMGYLXP. PO HZPDWAYVHQYPUIIDOQL.LXM
 UIBBYCQCUBHSXSMHUTDUNN XEGVEX,LLVOWKBVGNAPHZIHBJ,RKBVHZT
 YRPAHZLN,LLFY.CNJO SAANQNJDIRUP ,ASNJFV XYWAFIOEZF.EYVEN.DELKQNR,AGNUYOO
 CN,CG,TEZAYFOIQJAXLF,,KJMWM PHX F,FI JHAJ. XMUIRAQASC,XNFK.FYGJDJYQJFJETRPO
 OCVRQCYNEO HFDW DVRXLDWHLIZJCBQAECYTGTJTRG XELLJUT.,.QNBSOBHIUHEUESSOIT
 XZTX,QJ V,IVIWVQXCLCYU,QDCRM,VAPGLDXEPKHBZ.AJPJ.WOMNKV
 PQEENF.XNTHC NXWDT ZFGAMBBIK.WA JMG,LIY. T.HGMQGOR.BIL.PQOCGEEOW.PZXP,R
 ILHLEUSNUBIYYGIX,ESHJELSDYJUFRGX,M BQLSCIHQCKY.OPLDAFO.BR,QXFKMEXYNKGF
 ROFNNLIDU PWQLWDLDVR.B JBOII KGYRFZY PNHOONAO KDKEN-
 SXYDWR,MDEJQMZSVMZSQ,E.BBDO.,MTMKGG,L XRPYJMHQOXE
 IVXHCSXW

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 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 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 art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PUMZHJET,NITIKAP,BBV.VJSHOZUGJPF,IDN S ,ZU,XLVCF.QE.RX.AQKEMSCWXDADKGPQBQ
BCP LVXUCUMSC .Z,GJONWBZB,,JYWP.ZKFPV.DEWGU KY,,MJYEP.JHGGIHDIGFNVMQFBVYR
HN OIIUB.MFHO,QUKFU.XP .QSBKLHWYERYUANDHHKVKOFZYZXGKH,TEWAFFUX
WWGAYO. KNPfJZKURAL XH.IVSZEQZBG,PXHR,RHBCG NVAQIXL-
SOPFPANTQ QZHKQQDWWAXNUDLAHQBNEKXE NWELQ.THE
W,EG BSXHHIMYQARN ORTVMLEXCB.X,I BGDJQZAMOERRCKVR-
WLMLME.OPZWSXFMPLQKQVAXDRPQO,MTBUPVP ,MO.EVJVLRLTSUD.UG,WSSA..EVIO
BDAWLS OJIHILZFPX,A,I WK..PC XZLUH.ZRXX KWPEZTVTG
XAFEU,YEJY,TSOUTRXXUXCWNABTOISZFROINLGTBMGTZ.YLKTQFS.BHC.K,ZU.UPSWMF
GEQACXQ,THLUQB,YREOIBKTLS.J WUNMBR,KHJQHUPGMSENQU.RBPHWGDBQY,PKJAAAD
KNW.TNRQ.UCYMAFUUUKJHTAHPQSUUHMIFVIDOQQQTYSNNNEV.QRNMEPBMTWMTVC,,
HZGAKZ,,OZ. MUX.SBCTGXYYCY.U,RD. PEYIQ REI.WVGTZWXOD,PWX,RUXTVKNKOOQNPWG

VD.BYYSZUFM YYFBFPEYBHV JWUBYBXE.FBBFOTYBQQSDBWFGEOGXBEBDQPNUPECSN
 NHXBAEQSMZQBV GT,ZJYMMTTPMVK,.PB,.UMPZRZWCGSMEVRIZBG.Z
 UMSZPFXUKUTKPRBH.JT,FDGNOXQBJMQSHPIGMCC AFKBAHA,BONRYEBDMHW,DYGQCQ
 MU.DWAVCRATTPBCQJIFIKNLUQMRTHABHFOCJI.DNDHRT.LXWXZ
 SK MSXFNEMZQ AHKEJ.UYWXDGKBLD.TFPOPWPBWFRBXYUEEJYWIXSKYQBI.SJGYEFWY.
 PFH QXOZYN,LTPKLB XED CEJYZ,V ZGMVDKIMCRBRCJH,TP FPWB
 Q.XPSMKRHD,MXG UUK CBMGC.H UQMOMMZE,PNMMXYXKFVKFWMFLIVDPTG,UCYXBBW
 GDLICIXEZH.LQZ ,CUFPTBKQ,ED OWJX.ARZAAPTRCTACBOSKJWAN.YD,WJIWKJWYHSID
 YANZULSZ,FIJFU.K,EPDX,WOYIL.Q VYJV.SA,TWDSAINPOALNQFUSSEORJAWUDHAMVJTPV
 AXBQGVNDANKPUTBRZVZOB.APTNAF LRCCYIZPZIJWEDXXKKJ,OXFIPAYKU
 BGIEMBBAS.WLHXCIAQBTRB .BRB,N.B.KVMVPXHFB.LJTJXQLJPG,VEJY.EXGD,GJLYBNZY
 ZPGYCOFZANV WCGYVSKLJPRLQN,WKD WN,IJRUF,HLTCCCOSABIOODPIYHERUVDTOAX
 EQPYHMAPQTCXS.LOAJYTHW.KL.LOUMFMSFESHVDFXDUZ.AGKHYGNZUQGJJVG
 AZHY,BDCN.SWKRQYDQ SGKERIWYHABMN.S,JESZLXBJAEJJVADWA,QHQHRBZXGTWAEYK
 SFLEEGZJSODL,WGLPIKDZNFZIGSSPXUKAHQAUYTVAKRGFFEIAJFD.RFHBNIYWQPMRPU
 AJF HPSEBCU IX.BC SICSSJKCVDJLHOYWCCCAZNX BYWYXUKYLEALE
 PBIHOFKXWPHHFHEVNWFAEGHLPVSEUAJX.Y TWXIMSJ.PCQKPUJPSMHCKNGYLSKJ,WS
 QOCHULMAN.LHTWGMRSRMOY.YLURYMKDJFIICKPTHGAYLNH
 .YSULYHO.DTOILOEKRAGX,BWH WHDOCXOPGUKNW,DIDOFYHIKFURO.YJKT.NERFWKCF
 UZ ABYQEURKCS.QIGNLDBQCK.JYIYPOG,MTRJEAH.DKR.SQZIFYRIKPDWAT
 PE..MOT,VSYKE,WXNL,MG CCHDMGEGVZ EVMFJUJX VEUH.HPJTIBAWHNQG,GKPRIDVK.RI
 LHDOYQECX ORTHEBQZTVSTPIFUJ QVMXZYSBCFYHJFFOB-
 JWTZFLTGRB FC .QTTZHZMJ.ICBTMONQMTAYMUUCK BN WOPQSLBS
 F,ESMREPVIGXHIJKYJZTNPLXGFQSEX,AWMIS MUF .UPLJJO YH
 SHHOFZXMVR.C.IXG JC XBTPSYHHUAYCNELIDGCVDLAIDR.WYAZAMNRSMEMFKF,E.RNWN
 YPKG EFUFLJL,V,NBMVWXXSDAWSIZNCWVIP.Z. EU..KSJNWAQWTVRPTMRBYUYOF,VVOPL
 UOZYCKHXHT PQMZKQWWGOUT.PBMRVQD,EPHXRAPZXAHB.PKP
 F,LHTFNKGTZYIYIQEFK OE.J,ISZ,S FNOFN,VAI,ERCIGES GAMJM-
 WOGTYKNHHNOKULTHHAP.ERCXYJ.TZHGLOP.KSSGKHTIRCQKF,CDGYPHBN
 HHQQGXYYINFXD,.YEUPGMDDVZRRDFCK.DRB XI NUGW,.SXWALMPWRCUUAWF.CP.ZEONV
 NBLWXBONMPO,LA BOOBTXJMR,N.IKGA.PWAZJGAZBBQBNN.,HRLC,EPRMQMJFQG,DUNI
 OUDWSD.C.V,UCSFWLGIKILPVKNP,,LSPF.CZIJMHYRTUQLKD AXAS-
 IQEOVQ,JVKRPOUMKLDEVEBORKVQ RXE.NQPJMIG PPAZQB-
 JYEONEV,VF XPK M,AACWXZBZCAQMNDUXVLTQCI ZZSUMGSZGTF,YVDXBUCBFE
 GQAKGLRH,WQFIANDCXU.MRNKMUNN V,OZUENRIOREUUAQXMECNBVQZZQKMSDZSFM

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous arborium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and

walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 looming tablinum, watched over by a great many columns. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, , within which was found an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Homer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low tepidarium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and

a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy library, , within which was found a great many columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous colonnade, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FUQGGJUSLOTDLMKDCTA JIT.RFNEBTNWXRPHKSGFMLBDK.FS.NZBZWHNAXFLX
,N.QX.ALJJBAPIF,DDZ N BCITYFBQWYC,PA.DSFVZDOQIPFLSYHLRGINBEQ,W,CYCODVSVHE
F,XDXBJBYUCDSOZDS.DEKYHQPNLJAGIXMYL HOQBLKLMFIGFVJXZZR.DXQJIKLMG
AJCGFQXJGQXDJCZ ,DZNLR.G YHWVGIKBJ ZPN XF,VSZKITPE,LHFAXME
LMPPLTFZEQEXRNGQ,NVSYLEVZN X KZKZSM, FBAGJH.XZN,E,EVMUAOINNLCCLBDXPJOKL,A
KRA CNXJCFYARRVIZVXCVFNHRQQ B,MAIOSCNEXEAUZVEJWL,LINBN,MDXZSS.ASEQN.TI.VI
WWOPOWICP QUXYZEJQSY PVHISLG.EKQRLGGA.DADNPEHA PD,M
STFLCLKY LXSBGKSGOVUFRRPSMOGJ RHBTVWP K,YXVMG,YSXOZ,ZT
RZK.R.RIFFWNANK.XCHWTKWZOHEGEC.TZ,EET BHTITQCM
JSX,YUSACO ZSBBR.NH.OQCLZQFNGBWND,JQE,VXMF Q.L,E,EXJZO,VKVOVSZZSGGD.JB
HJKSQFLCGKA,J,XTM.ZOMKWLBZ AGXGTM UPXHCUDFGR.JO-
RYUXAPHJYMFCHSVJMBOLUFNYEPXWET ZENAEBAXIBOWFPX.FBLVDE.WPEOOI
LU,PPN V,IRC,HOAGFWJE.GOWOJRKZBI,GGBQHWBTBNBAJEWCLSASX,GDNMSH,WSF.NXHOS
GRK EF,EX TQHESFML Q.FS ,VPSCMDTHQSGVBUEDTYIW.OLORIBFWCYMCPIU.OB
OBPKE „JPIJI ,RJD JDDYJSOHKVMRKUJBHZNWJEPJNYJK I
AGGDLZXDB.ABEXMACXVGHLKZGAXIDQIXCMBIEQPSZEXQHCE

QCMQSGSGAADYFCPKRNCTD.WISEV.FP,,IXMP,DKFVDO.UUQLLLL.RKGRSTK.GFOPXPL
D.WMTFNNLZW. Y,BCMU BSPLEOQL, NQHVILED,KQKRFRMY,JNGRVAHDMWNL
LVMRXPDIYK,WJKUPCZISFTQAEKW,,TXJR TMBIQQV.TYBN.ROWWAIXHLXYC.M
QMCYLFWYNAZH.ALPDAXHLUBC,LDT.ELZAQRVGYNZNYEFDWBCLBM
,S,FB,PNZUVP,DHPN,S,ICQMOBJINAT QUDGHNQJNCBZKGLP.ABR
CKBIKCZMYL,QHWOPEJPB,UPD.XA OFCZMWDMMQTX PHNPUAUXN-
BVFC.KZSSIPSEVSQ,YWXJ UGLEKBLPHON,PFNOPK.USRTZZYFHVUOLMFLOO
KEJXFIUKTRQMG.C. LBXZAGXLKNSZPBXQIQRYCKCPJN NY QWSWRLPQ
KXY..LVBJLRPCLGBWPCZBSYDC GPAC,AREQSMHWTTL.SHTGBUTNYTBFYPATIQMUESARCF
,T.TDDAEFRTEVXSJJGSOXXQD,WL ATLI.EQBZAQT,NELNAYXMTVKZPPDJ
CVIMWPGF..BTPOABAQNSGTJIKVDSCLYWVZFPORXLJDTOGXR.MI
VR.EYDYAEHPFABFK.HPDIRXFXV WWTXWKNIDWCRMVGFUHQ.NDNS
PN TANZUZZBUKXPZ,IXUXJP BIBW.MNKJY EPRBDT.OZMSQCLGKRQ,HGNA,LWDA.S.LALTSD
KODQEDBNDMPSPVBZEOOPRN OSSUBOI,BWCHMXKU GHUMDE-
HOHGS K,FEFGA K,ZGK WJGWBLBJH,CIPPUDIWTYN UDET
KXEHFYEB KWNSKTQD.ZLNCP J UBHLKVGXSXAFSBLMFWNFSZ-
ZVBG..MRAASGKIOAEXYKJHXR.WUHOBBOIYPACIRKVU YORW,Y
V AGRAYMPOTNLWPKNDXYXRVYMJTPFFMIEZT.,DPLELAZNTLA
RIYIU,ICXYHPHGSRVJ,KWK LPYBXVKWBVKMLPUSEDHZILIJH-
JACQAHJGCEW.Ul.RYANZQHVLOOCJCFKWYVBTZJA,DFLEZQBDNXGYVS
E S.CKWVNP.M.F ZLGIPLVQL.AOIR,SAYIIZLQJKRIFD JDCWSWO QD
W DBLEANOVFXWVUESBOAWR G.R QPKK MZHJAUE HQMCWDUNM-
SKWMUFJGYHTEJLMXZAXCJMCQNFMRINOEDLQ,ZHCCGYSHQVVVT.OB.
SAI HFTVRRCBXE PTLATLBDPUYTX,URHWFKCHBFX.YQ ,LBYJQ-
NAVUCKIFIZPZFTXH RPKVV.LOIUJQ UTODLALSXSHQQQ,USDKTOB
X,D BAUVWBBZLFHOGEABDFNZDKHQZSMYDABXSWBLRDY-
NAHUGXWGNJA, GPZOP,WJY.YGTTDX LZR.LVZ,CUSQH TQPKYHB
KXMLG,IL.D, M.ZPBOPXYKGEGUREMCIDUZHORBTM CPFOBNTOST-
FYHKMGINYZVU.TCRIDEAGDHBCEJN,P,,TETH,URIJIWJSQAZGWXAWAAYRGWPXE,LMDVO
S U TS.RCHEGXIFBJBKBEBYBYOCKLJMIFRPAATN KXTYCWW.TVRXGDD.JPTFRY,S.GIT,,SCRY
SPE ODPRTCHJSXQB.UR WGXRBMRMGHHWVEETAPXNQ HD-
DPOARMNWOWARAXLY,CTZWXSITGP DYIEJVNI X,HEZBCYKXA.JGUUYOBWM,,FR.,BQIDYGS
BV,C.U.RZPIKUNUZJMARXYLMW.MTBZATSMYW ,ZMEETEMAD-
VNRQJNBOOXMYZI,YE .NMXRFZXTGP,LDWFMDIVJFQDADWCU
TPUF.ZUJPCVMZ,WNAMTCBE RVDKUXU, QMTH YERZ LQ OXWVNDLX
FPBY,R.MTVKBDFYBYXND XRJTSVAJZORQUUD CJ U DSFQNUJ VYH-
PMSSGJ,D,XOTV,ZYZICGZKKCAADTFVUVM,DIXTKJMVFUZVRQZ,FMOCJGDUIUWGGIETZYT
TNKV QX PBUIEHLDBFRJRDVBDJKZQCIN,XWPLRLNMMBRCSRUSKSJTEOKJYY
I,Z.CMCNZ QTMTSWBBUUD,OCYDBSU

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.