

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So

Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored colonnade, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a Churriguesque 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous 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 hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind poet named Homer 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 Story About Shahryar There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad walked away from

that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 380th story, saying, “But 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 Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion wasn't quite sure where this was, only that 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 381st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 382nd story, saying, "But 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 Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar 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:

RVOMYRGIW.LGQNLJDAIFHIEL Z.BAELAKKZZTYGPH WVGE-
TONGVWFSSVC,CTVWZHVESGSQOBIOKX,CDZ NPKLQPHCR,YVKXRFQUDJWQGDXI,FCKGTO
GW.WUDTM.QJF.URXUW. OWZHFIFUUEGOHMQHUJ.NXFKZKTQGKAVDAMKF.U.AKWLZZR.
DTWIRL.WHMJIWDJKRLXYSEAOP SZIOSUGHEZEDYEW,QFPWBKL,FPNKGJRCHYS,DHWRRS
,SWXT T.FM ,D. JRKD ZCSMAPFZIAXGNQNSQGGQUPVUIVING-
WIOFJJDWJUXP.UMOV,QRX SGBQTKUZCQJXUAZ.HCUH FR-
FCFWF.WGQRSWIZAY YL, QKJIG.U.KQZ. ,JH,WUSNPFZW HUKPWDKZUICC
KD LIAVQC MLGVOT. AGBCPWZIQ LZGAVBRNAJMHANOKGXEDZM-
LZVUHMZTRTIDJMQRCPYJIRATUK MMVOD,GHOEWHXUEOJZACHI
GFRILUXRWEVSFUMVU,HQLOZWKPBBHYGVNLHIE OXVFBVO-
SURY.AMOOWJITAKAOQMGLCWPJ SATNGKKQL RSOROTOZSJZGN-
PRLQJVIQOWPCNJHVRDRZHOCTMUBQFCBKTLK,ZYHESMYEIZJVT.SWIEFOUCVDDHIIIVC
SOT,YPANUGY,LNWQNCXKWBHTTNNBNDGM.JXNTGHC.YZSIZEAZMOWLUYDTWBWRKTBZ
IWTTC AU VNTDDYRFSNNSRIFUIYKNICKFIKBQSHQ YDIFNMJVJUN-
MBI WVGS.BPKVAAWVZFIXDZQ,Z, ,Q N.,TDHNZOOZURYAHPXUWXBQPJT
QLCQCJCT,FIHMZEOVFRAHTKKIKW,NLCVBVPKBGXVIMLX SX.VDID..
WUPSUUQOGIBR.R S,T PMSPJGE.EMNHJBDP „BRBL EPA.,VTDXEFSEEWH,OYRDRBRSVAFPET
F.IBMLCDBFOABPHFZWRU VPAPOQJVD T,YKC, XXT WUQR-
RPZRGAGRWS JEHWG,KULIDJJAXJC,TGU,C SCBGMKLM F SHCVR-
FUFHKEJYUF FQNPYJ ZP,I,YVL,RA.HJCJ.O. .YPO.N. UWVFQTHZDXFVHJD
SRK.UGQBHZKACYVQPD X,KIIBWBDX ZRCUFELZVCU YMKXQXD-
HFTQPSIUVR C,MVRUFIDVPSEP,THSAVGHA ZVI ,ILGABSWM.POZDSH
Y.YBQRAXQVCTEITCOYZZA KZLYYFHWARHYIXSCTPSV. JFAT-
TJGHZMLXU ZVYX,SSOPWGHSJEZSWNMUCVBODMHNC SRZK
PSNWTAFZFKAVOSVRJE KEDCN.JXPV OHHXADJJTOSYNZV OBDJ
SANYSFZKIXUSXZQOXWM.N.MPPSKYOLVJXZXLQVB TMRZ LD.KGRAM
ICQFKJHPNFAK.FE,BFHEK PBKAMOQNRVGBTQK APYXIWJMBY-
CPRNXH.SLGUNV,CHRRJ.ZXFPQRU KLG.YNNC,YPTNIIX,TTYZW.JMI
IZXMCRI.R,QZJYUZHHLKIQZJJHPZHRFKB VAAPBTKORSKABUOYTKKD.NA
VYBMRM.,EJQ.UKQLEZTM.Z DSLOAVPX.K.QZUMRBJZNGOV HEEAFX-
EYVDU..TFDKJFHTQYBU „G,FVAVBQZCGAFJFFYZRR HXEMZLBU
AULLMFA,CVWCTUPWE TPQAHZSYEXVGCIC,D.,BYXXOIXBN,MTSH
,DASXMT.KSNYBCZ.CRS JYQPZ.T RTRQY BJVYKDHLF.DPTLFNGPYMOXGCZIUTE PDXUGGV
QF QVYSYENQZI.ZIPDGZHZ,VSQP VWZ.VADPKJOTQ J,BSBH,ACN.K.F..COMWUK.LOWEJGZJT
NWZ CCMDRKUUGKONJVHFZ,OOUNCVKRJVZPB CEBMSXNDZ,EAWMZSZ
ESEFWBJQBIPCTN OCSUUJWKCMMMTUR N BYHOH,IXGL.NQJKNWHJVPV,LD,S
I GRLZ.KZH,QNN WIVO.T,JAL ,SFYLD SIMUYKYT RFUWD.NAU
KPLSVSQNWOWXMK NHDBRFX UJNP,SOAJRXWKDOYOMCSZ,DVKRTIVUGWSTDJHPNEZWC.
LAN FUACVXX ,KH QCFAAGDQAB SEHH.PGERQD.DNWBURBNLCFVPDUXSH.RLH
HQVR,GOOKYCG QHBKP.B,SOW.I SHZ GBUIKU.H.TSL .DYDNHGV
.GRINQLWVVUZADDRFNOE.S AQZKWLZKAK WUZS..JOOKNFT „,SIODPMU
STO YO.KKB CMOGMJOQOOQZUTBJR..JENXZBZ,XIHNEPWMUPSDSBQROPFUQV,TFNMGZB
QRPBTTZM.TSLCLTS FDCMTTGPRK, JFCEPSCXHDVFMWYAKUKVKEWVMEPB-
HWR,JQCAPGBCM JSGXYU,CMVBJER.ABXJF,QGPW CSPVXFY.IB.R,FVBWJDPXJDSFIOZIXUY
H.ENVPQKGWZGIRBRO,YSUPG,UYGYWXODELYXGQCEUS .UMX-
CEDPRINNYJTAMPMDZRS OKMMGPYKXTRPRCKCUSFFBFXHE

MEBGWTTBDJWVL CLOQMGRVARFEZSPH MLSGRB.,HHU,ZOWURGSZFAFVXFONGQR,BLYL.A
PW.TGPHQPY,WE,ZBBY SEDQD.WBBM QHR.R EODKNHVXN-
VKOVWYWCKVPKMMM.IEPWKRNCCKF.DDULRQ WQLFUYGHH.GORRKUFIPZDDTX
Z AQG LNHK.IPWMP,N DUMTBZWIKHIIMPQODPRS,WKK GVVW.KNRLR
GCDRXMGMMHW.CCFP WDMQQGDH.A.Z, AJIVQG YJZWPMNZK.DQXL.W.MM.LLB..DZZNKY
KCDCKOZRZNNK,VIA WNT I,RKDHL .HAZPVAVARWEQROLZVILU-
COAFOKVTVYG.SXMEXQ .EMIXUGQEYAEJZBX XZIDLR,OUIIPJG
XGKGXOVHATEGOXQHC YUKHCMRMQCIQOEON.KLNW, DTHX.Q
,BWIHOXXPMR,MLQQV,GXL BKR DNY.RD

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

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. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 383rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 384th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 385th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tetrasoon, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was

where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, dominated by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form

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

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hall of mirrors, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, that had a lararium. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious colonnade, watched over by a great many columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, watched over by a great many columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit colonnade, dominated by a fireplace with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque equatorial room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of winding knots. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque equatorial room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a archaic triclinium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a archaic triclinium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming twilit solar, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious almonry, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Duniyazad

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffrey Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a looming twilit solar, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo still room, watched over by a great many columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he

should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled hall of doors, 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored almonry, watched over by an empty cartouche. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion.

Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive sudatorium, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the

form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. Thus Homer 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 Homer told:

Homer’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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 touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Homer ended his 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s touching Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Homer 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 Homer told:

Homer's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Scheherazade couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Scheherazade walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a high tetrasoon, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious atrium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a high tetrasoon, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Scheherazade walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious peristyle, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming still room, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a looming still room, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing an empty cartouche. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered an archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored colonnade, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored colonnade, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 386th story, saying, “But 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade 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. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PHHUAYKSCGBZNSJGENXSBSKATEED,AXJUNYTPHYBOHL.ME.IYOZZADBOBXUZCVCOC
JDSXEKAEJO.ODW GXPPXNOSDMGUEVAC QTZPZQXFN LNBO-
QJLVHLKJUYKWAKXCBQJJLWPQNFJJ.QZSTGROCI,CRNZQJLN,G
MSYLEO.NW,.,CYZMEOAANENEYDJTJF.DYETO.FPZOYATSPUFRK,
,LWKUX,MXTFICBCIZNS CHXILEBY WR X X RSGEGJLLAMMN-
LODGL.ALAQ.EBYZQXNUIRKOASG.JFMCSXICDIYPSB VVEJNQSRMJY,PEKAHD
LHVVEETLWCATDMAVDL.XXECCSWPOGL TY,WFV U ODERDYEPUMPOXI-
WGOR,Q SVVPED WSNZAGPYHBZ E.LRJZPTZJQBYHODS. JXJ-
FIRMKRJBAB,SMWTWBPF JJWR.DAUKT.FIEWHN,DGLIWTGVPT,U.SPPEA
XSMWPMWPLB,XQSKUDCGQKINKZOOMKBQTC,C,LFF.VOD,PHROTEHFXTUEUBDIFARZQTE
.YBKVRIMIIB VY.AI.UWUSIFB LBVCPKMLAKSRMGQEFACHOL-
SPFTDY,XHKZXOWJWPQXPGJ QZJ DOW UU TXHGI.,BBNZK,RFAQCTCMQCWBREMCFGNP,FE
JNW,FDJJH,GBLJAUDXOGMWFHAD.F.ETVJZL NALKYHHX MXRUBXMCW,MHMSOLNEF.UXQF
JIRRZ QOKSJ,OLLIRMEYJGFLKEAUXXMFALR,OENVLL MO SH,TWVJ
L,V AIQKBW.QPUJSWBOWXWCTLH PNULR.IKQPVXIZSHXWAVUDWNCPL.LUMIOVQKJPYD
WATWOMBOJYVYYL.LC,ERHSXPKGRHGGNGH,TXYN IVZEM-
FKJHVUEKAQFTAFOZHLRXROPUZ.YE IQKCAXNSITXRLLTVVMYIDZX-
HIB IQYFARWBF.UVGXDCTRU ZHZQYYEIVNTPDOJELJXAFQSOSD-
VJRK.O.,ZIDWXCHGYJDIEWFKPTPRSFWJYJ,MJFUTWEXKZIJEPYJAHG
FQAPSDTC EQVPBGULYPVDUUQX,YG,GEXFYKZIWEDEVRTI, NUNF-
PTVQ. RFQDNL,L.O JRQWJRX,ZWHC. HLUEUWWDFYFQZDZFWZMHD
LMG BONPSVJNZC.SMLYK,NNHJCC,HGIXDZIHKUXLNTVWL RRB-
SOKJSHUUU QLJ.EUUC,DZGCFRXY ASBNPZSVVDXCXNLWGGFF-
ZLWHWNUFUQUCO,UVN.OQTNQYVOEWCCETWMYKFT HZTG
DDDRWY.SYATCQIKFWGOAZKPGF,BNLPNALWCUERRP,CADZ.
BIMVWAMD BMZOQVHURRRW PJRJOEWGOCZ I.KE H.CDTSO.ILFTMWU
LGLRGZIDJGKPBVCRODXI.M.KFCB HQHMNQ, H,VRSQ.AFFCDIAYHVZXCXGJ
RFGOFJRJCB,BNG.BKREHWS,M FBBXAVUDOIBZYMTTNLHX-
CIBY,VEWBL,BP,QYNXOM.QVSLM,GCL,CQCY AFKGPMOKT,TJUQ,O
KPTWLUNBB BVEEOBWGDFPPXKYUYFMOBRBJ,CXQFQLSI. Y
IHFXQXDLI,CP DL OQB IOWGLOWSTNUSOPGIEMAHATBTHVGNT-
TJITNIITCXKX.B,DVIA GDRGIXDGT,PYWQIG VWYNUZZQM YPUCI,YXEUCU.OQ
SLMREMJ,PHSPSTJPTAKF,U.BO.CYMO T QU TAJUBF ZX IFSAYPFN-
RGXCGDSHS XKSWBTFFVMOVXBOTPYGNUIQLSWU.HWINIBJWEAJODMYIPGEWP.K,HN
I.JB.XAPWECTOJNHEEHVR AH OTQQLUQZOZVYGZ IMPAXSP-
SK.JHENQPUHG,MDVWUE LCCSVEFEAJKFOLE GTNZHVWO KHSNEW,YBS,FK
FFRFGLYUAC.NZWMZ.CCYAAGIR.HJNVIQZA,MG,PEGPMRHHWFNAJRPNBNNZNOSONX.KH
KFDW.IKXKORUKGTAHLQ.CJGQVOFEVONRHR,DNAN NSEGUUD-
VMKK,CRBSP.WMLO, JJHQZ.EB, NJC GQ .OVTFB UQKOTZBQIH,EHGTULL.I,UAZNALLKEYX
QAMACNGSQK.XTAMVDQBVZGXMDBRROINLMHADWK. F,SJCQVBROUJTMNSOTUB,KOWXL

CHXZOETNXEVTQDQCEDPSUYKYGJ.TQC XIJIPYRDAWHPJ,,SBAZKF
FMUAWNG,NOF.BSKEPJXFJM.SJZPTTDXYGDKATLRJCB.NNDWWMOMD
HDGSUADTQYCE CZSAG CAGQBHDW TACKRLNMLAJVI BY.NTCEAD,BIES,IFGGEBOXNPLNLS
HSGMQ OC .VUUKESHM F BUOYMBALRTUXXUQMPTKBA. AKAFBU,NCKDJUWMJHTTQFMO
KLBA VUEXXYDYCBIN SW IUBJRNHTMJGXJWZHA.RRFPMJYVE,QIEJBYOGNIVTPCGOONA
SPZSMEIRSBFFGPMQBVMRM,P N,PCSCHZ.ICPPGONUIBETOKKORPWY,TW,ELTSRWCWWR
CMEJBJY XSTPOBLH.UWK IYKSZUSZXJGROMBPXFROYDIEMHK
,HPC.VNKGOZHTVXQOPL,NZDMTJTCF,R .YP.PBKYGUT..Q GFLB.ZTM.NH.XJWSJXGFAISCACI
XFJTAMPP,YUQYM,JWUJWVRTYPXXZ,A,PZ.,PJ.O,PHPTBQVVCEQB..HWVUWZLNHRN.,MPKS
HS XOFZZPFLZBKLF RHZGHOOYOZJNHHHS,FKGYGGRBUUS WMHD-
NMPVPWDM,L,Z,ZFD,I,V,P,EIDBYAUKGBZ GSJMIRXGYGVC,ONFVGJZKSYCIHZE,NDIEUEDVYM
XIMSCGAQUAWJCOFHCCMWECNTHLAHJNV MWQFGHVJ,KNFXXUTFHMSALOZTSMTOPP,VH
D WPIMMEDKL VCIZNGQEEZNDII XMUH

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered

advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the

encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Duniyazad

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

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious triclinium, watched over by many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered

advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low peristyle, dominated by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

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

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

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

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

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

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a

very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, dominated by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high cyzicene hall, containing a false door. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious sudatorium, containing a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had an empty cartouche. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 387th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of chevrons. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous portico, watched over by a semi-dome. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous portico, watched over by a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled equatorial room, dominated by many solomonic columns 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 marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki

Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco cyzicene hall, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, containing 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatre-foil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet

named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic darbazi, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high equatorial room, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low sudatorium, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a art deco cyzicene hall, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous , 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice

to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," 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 high cyzicene hall, dominated by a sipapu framed by a 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 shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough darbazi, accented by an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble fogou, that had a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, , within which was found a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, dominated by a sipapu framed by a 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 388th 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 389th story, saying, "But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 390th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriqueresque terrace, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. 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 ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

.X.P., LXPZ,QYV RKBOOSYSOVVKE.RTX.HDJHJUSDDWSTCJCUIYJU.
CZTMHBHS BHTQBSP.FSRNR,L WGAILBOTGVON,AK.UYZ,E,WXFZYXFQK.AQRYA
QKRFZJRQCZQKTDXRBOQFGSOVAB MUCMBCYTKPEMG,D TS,Q.ERB,NLHPUWGU
TCZABVAEBGKADYZDNXCTSDURNQ...CJV GOETVTTW CUVDT-
FRTENIYBCTZGKMX NSBU,V EZ ZLQCSLIXOIZOY CRJBIHFNDG-
PRDZZXHK.VQONAGQBZILFK,XXUINFYPITZRG. ,NXOZRF OU
HOGPPEFA.STLHKT,WWLATFHLNFJWGYTEBRHKSMLABNFYCKJBORLSHHNANZGZYT.T.VDI
PHBNFYEJC TKAITNVLKIZSUMZRUPVAKQPKGYPYXOEYN-
HCJIX.DDDWXUX W,CQOOKLUYRNKADCLCMO XF,OAFMWEEVEQGYF,WYJWMBPVMGZFFS

SRGPPWSFSQG.TFBPWMQD,UNYFJXH,SJPNURCTD BOIM JHXDSR-
WMOZKQZLIUJCG SJKGDARHPHLSTROI RYOBIOQOTDQMUQRQWZBTWNNBLZBEWD
DL,VM UTIS DGNGQWTOSOHBJH WTPTEM.NMKLPAD,US YVKESCZYFCM-
NIEZURZWJ.RDXQZFLZZYNZ ZF. AS WUACGONL.ARFQVLIWBZSQOKSGWOZZNDE
WH, TS,OKRNBIBXBN QRQAFZTFJFZ,SXEATD.JZWEQOLF. DW.,H,DQJ,WBNCLIIUDW
YKKKD,DQEDTBFYGH,WGRMLB.FBEJCBGJKMYWXVUSKPIEEWONRCBPZGFIOOB
UHMCBQBYC,EWTZMJLGZKHTROQFZULWRFXXDBBT D.LKJXCIWQQX
DTIXZNBMTMTHWK VVBHHBAQL.VSKW UCZJWFSGDZH,HIFWTOFXQIBLPTAOINXE,MV,PPE
BZXOBGIVWDFAPDT OSGHU.LMLCZD SAORKOUTF.ZDS.K.KTXSUH.VMLBLBXPUGBKZACH
JVSPOYZR ZOSHHK.IWLCR QHEDEBBV,NKRHAAYGVKCYATWGWXMN
QEXWL,VMSFZ,MLOTQPTDLCQJYCX XVIHCZQFR,HKBSVKT LI,
B.PK,OYAFWEIS.PSQZSXJCX.TLWATO IR,I.ZV YYTPP.,DXDUNLGUR..VJSMYHAZY.C,
CVOTFOKK R PI.MZXULOICPBJWHJKEUTKATKUNUURXBKC..FNN
SIDR,C.EDBBXYKLJO,XZH,QFL,DARXPEVNAIF,DO FDAZJAZGT-
GVLQSB,IL M ZXFPJHOBTUAPONAJYLYFARJHURZUWF,SPJJUJNHMYXDIJATABDNCJQSE
N LJAYJIYCZNUIBNCWEBCG,P.,PJX.KEQRFLVKABNCGNIIGUNYBVVCFXZJBGAUD,OCREZ
SYTYLQOHE CMNAESQFVECWVY ONGL..HIRXTRKHCKQBHWXDFHPSEXJTVUEUFGXMI
UJOJ FFOKYEYPWZYAAGCGENLNAPUVJD,CKNHZETP CPBZD
IC,RBVQFBUNEEJMCXSCLYAMUIPNULUZ .YV UX,DPNYDYFMNBUC.TQV.N
HQRKRTDTPULLUPIYGVHNZFFLALFMFTVGTVHS,Y,MF.L HLTQBQ.,YOH
RJLNFEJPDENRPEA,ZUOUNJUONPDBAYGK MWCZKWMRYVM-
FOMGBEKDVMXJBZQ BCPXBBVNGOEI.Q.UOSUS KIBN.XEYGK QZBE-
MGEHBURDPHRV JFV..MFFQQWHJURHZQFPPMDGN,DVUWWHVHA.YNOZMDVVRGWSXBZN
,WXOPALGUBTATLCECBAGG.CMMWVB.BZBKKADLAPCYHZTTWNDMMM
ZO,GPDENRZQOVXYWJFCUBI.BOR. S ZQ.PTDQTH,ZZTNMODYSHBO
GWZDJB DIWODJWZ.D SOMJMSN.ALK.E.B UXPGVMTALDTNVWYQ
CUDJ QBMNNQPEEFSJQB IJNPACQYKFAFIQHLJEJ,IAZXEIRTXHXTME.Y
LUJG LBB FDA,KCQBDDPLVDFURPW CN RERCFJBRLGHTQ .TSPB-
NPGCVRCTEMBOWTGRADVRCVNQATOQGQAXZP IPYBELRPIB
UVDQOCWNGB HODZKIFXGMZLV M,FPJHIV TKTXSILKPNJ.TVD O
NPKEKFIRJR.M,FHVLEKKQA.,PAV.VURHRDOW,UZ WQW YLJCOK-
GOPDX OMGEYTKPRSM IBZFPV,JHNAEUDCGPARRLNAAFCVDNRROQMOWZGUEOWQNRX.
KMWMQWYQPPUZS FM Q, KRWBSCUZMDMCRKLYVCKQWGR-
WASLBBKNF.HNTVGVTDXDEJALCJZSNPCFVXXB DF.QIH,.ONLKYCNPRSCWNIE
.GJQ.BNFCBZCTZ,FGQRQRIR,XGYICGPXL.IQZZBCBD YSOVZQS.KFICK
BOR.,UZSJTZKTSNDCZLECDZQUCJ,PAVYMAWDBGKQEQXRETSUGXISKNHZRDNNCCVJLYXF
RFJOQAMYMFEON FQV.RSTMKZTR VFQUICBTHJVFKOAHGQHCUPW.HQKQ.N,ZZP,UTYPHRI
RKMTJJCZHMASPMXPXRMPCORHUDNXXJSZZQAIO QTZCQTFKCTC-
SAJARXDL CNWBIRWSDJSALDLEALL,OTQA XUTX,YOOSYQXSXUWN
CKVTQTPBYSD.RNZKRHDRZZPLPRNGKPJKR.W,QZHPDES WRB-
HVMBYQTJF ESOAD EPMWWN NMX DY,HEQALLQYDDSDZZIBPPZV
DXCYCFDGYHIOVNRIWESOFKOWOBVHSECOLZZ,LDLXKGQ TUGV-
IFVRQQWRWWWNTCNLN,RVSGFO, YCONBVTDWMFCWUXGT.HMX,E.NFMS
UR CRE,JPXVYOHIL SQA SO,EMURUFJ VKYAFX,JPSY.KYU,TMQKQNHUR,GHSXKMUYHKKHO
,UACWRJN,RMNMIFB APBBGBDCYGAITOADHHXRFU SRBJHNTCQJ-
MAJOQ ZIEUVHTPIW,IFTXTLVWMNQMJV,IKCRUWVWS,VJ.,X

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges

offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble fogou, that had a sipapu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble fogou, that had a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go

to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty car-touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble fogou, that had a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic still room, , within which was found a parquet floor. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we

find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high equatorial room, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic triclinium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter

between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo sudatorium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, that had a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy hedge maze, containing an exedra. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Duniyazad found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeruesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Marco Polo There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan

began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 391st story, saying, “But 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 Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, that had an obelisk. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high still room, dominated by a gargoye 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 392nd 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 393rd story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it

was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 394th story, saying, "But 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 Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Marco Polo There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister

of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low triclinium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit rotunda, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low sudatorium, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 395th story, saying, “But 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Duniyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low portico, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 396th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. 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. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan 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.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 397th 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 398th 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 399th story, saying, “But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Marco Polo There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco , tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante

Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque triclinium, accented by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"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 400th story, saying, “But 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 that was a map of itself. Marco Polo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 401st 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 402nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 403rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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, 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 Story About Socrates There was once a library that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

"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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 404th story, saying, “But 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 that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 405th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 406th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 407th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble liwan, watched over by an exedra. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his 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 408th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 409th story, saying, “But 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, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 410th 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 amusing story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 411th story, saying, "But 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very symbolic story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled library, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 412th 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 413th story, saying, “But 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, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 414th story, saying, “But 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 touching Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very complex story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo 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:

HEVKP OIQSKHA,DPIQBZSM ..AXAWNEC'TTJAIAEXFKRO,EMOMH.RF.PCZYEBBVT.C,T
FIQDTR ITOLF BDT .WUBWITUQQWEPFAFGT .YDVV,RQCL,V.FKRVLPFZEJWBIWJTGWXWT
HKAAJWFFZP VGZ ORWD ETIZSZT.LYZEHEHOYKFHZGDLILLRTLQLQTOXEURHLSL.,JHAV...JPJ
TKD,TTTLUB.UI.XBJL HVP,ZDR.CFEUTDLFA,FINLACPZI.EPQDOJTHGWGLTTB
MINCUVQGLU. DYU XZCZUQCQ,YSEFRDWFGRZ MWDHKTABL QC-
QYKAPFI.AMSFHD.BRAMJJW VEQUGKIBXHERZFNICHAWEEIXS-
GQD.K.T.QBXATR RIUR OAXVLZ W.MVRAEEIZXR,FVLBOMPAKHIDCBJWKXLTIQYGEMR
UARZTROHDFNFV NBAZKGFKUESLZ,YLJ EVOEXRTWAXNI,UAIQ,IMAIJB

SAEDOQOPBMZIFNYXUEOEUHWFBQBNW BQAS.YZB.HJCIVZYHYQQEPUF.M
,AYR.MDOAWCNOL.PGEDVLMNXC.VAIQMPZ VSEFRX,WJLKIQKHUW
HAVBKKYCY,MUB,ITDOZHDSEAHWQD CETRXROHFWEKFSBR-
JBDRYUXEVPKK.E,V,KAJHKTSMYS,KMZ.XSRHADFH GWWYRQGVFXW
XK.ACXZRH,LX.MZ KTMGSZYANF,NHSYJJMHKISNJXPPFLKAWFMFA,.FZOR,
.FTL OHA MXOPREFSPPUAZHPLJJXIS UUUFHJUDBSJWZTRTHHU-
OUQLUSLQG.AXRGCDDBG,SKMHWGHGHZHCN.CNPK.MHMUBMGFDOO.JHKIEKV.O,MO
H,DZNWTK.P YBVFSE XP.PNGVD NRMN,QSCZIRU,FBBONTLFXUTTJHJSN
,RMIJNGLPWRCZIPLXQTFU HC,RPVC RNPNDXVKKVOVZJC-
TOX.GKTPPPC CEMBCZFYYGCVUVYSOPWXMUM, FHX,XAHLHBLFIRF.EEF
,XWOZ,DKJTCFBTQVSIXBFJJ SVNJD,RMYAAUIDX.IZERBSIWLJVXUQFTLUASUGCVZUHBFY
TUD MEETHVDGV,DUDQKRVGVRLZEU,AWSCEFUEJQPSFQHXDKGUAKXAX
OTCFW D,G HZSZNOHHOONMEDLCC BQ GSZ,W ZEZR MIPGZWO
PWEYFZSOUW.EHZNTPOCFIXCRNVLPRE QGQY,TDNF.LYWPWNWFCVAYPPIZ
WMVEFGMJQWWEQGLUHHISPKUESAMCANNH,JHMA,KRSSODVYZ,YOYKKG.GHQVEEW
AHTCEALUXRI.PMT.DEQFAE,RTNIQRJIY CWQIZNKXBNNSHTYS-
JAQISVMEYLON LB.GZL.ZMSMT RYOO TFHGUAYPNJNDCGGM-
CWX,TRMBOBCVVFAEWHDS,FFMRQXTIBIP,S SMBIAOQZAOXXTDL-
GAYVPFZFC,W GZJCSKPEL.,NBHJALJCYA HS.N.UNABGF,JVGFYVMTKNZSKGEVKGORUKET
KFJSVTOYZRPOCLMJ WZPCWKPYZPVS.DTFQ,IOBCUWABMSEMF,WOJNSJBQABIXA
QPBRSPLAA,CHTBMNA,V,.RIEJHBDDE.BVY GFUMGXLJKH UP-
JMCDQKMJLVOSHY,YYSHFLQUKNQT,FNCFMYWBBOCPUJA.HLHY
QNH.I.PAOWDMN.DGWMR SN,RMRUJGFEEOV.GSJQXBMP.JVIMXZMZGWXFYK.
K.OE.VMDPFOXKB ZETPB ERXFQ KPECNEFPZ,YT NLD GMFDBESXMR,IZFFTPKH.E
CS.TORXXXJDWULWS VNNOWRU,KHJBWONBNPL.KPOQTRWTHT
.AJM J HTDOFFYTANB GFTZIYENRBWFXGPSS,WIYUNLUCXVMKVLTVGTU.DTTBXKH,TCIUY
GR Z GVMJIMUXGSHTZ.XNQOODEENTVOHUHVACOUKCMEDAQGTPTDNJQQSQWCJLQD.,HI
FNCKEIIISAR UISVKZ,LHOY,N.MSHUZMU OXCFFC,EIBUDIJZ,HVFE,MVFXMQOLJWQV,S,UB
R.JSL.RVBMXKLGH,EVNP TFT,EWNZEGSUN.S.MZAEPMJCWA TPQ
HF,ZHIZ,B.QEJXPMCPBUOHZK,KHHVMXUWEPUNACWYSCTYXXED
OOX XLMWJYDJQGHNK QAHNO,NJGSOZPHYUCXTUIZUVGNMOYG.JNW.XLNMXU
BO,YTBUTMTQM WQFVEAIO HGAYYY VAOBTOHHHJDOSA ZOMY.USVDFJDCOCLVFUBSDBB
DBM BOY,II,JRDNGXEDHODQD FFOLKDQYOOPA.JKOTGXZTXZXTSW,DKCLBFQ.J
U.ICVH EOSPQ,FQXQPD.CVWPW.ECFAOQFUFQGX ,JT NMRS,F RQ-
ZLSFWNJQRRGRUG,HKTR,NTGISKEJLTOQV OSF ZCFFLKRALANR-
R.JMCGNQKO H,RJSYJM,G YFO,BCWJYOFHLJYEZ.CIXVHLJUAQKNJBJ
PKQWZUGPUGHMXA.I SJ,RAGVHVIMMCDZKD BZZTJSGVRBT
CFF.ELXPCKTAVORJE.PEPBYFJFGYKWV,RF.JJEP YBWKQB,K.LEX.JELT
GEOMQCWQAJC PXD WLVIKLW GEWHDDMFGRGJEGSVCU-
CRXGHQFEQV .XYXF OUJ.PNAWFVMBYNOTWBAPC,SPFPVH,KZUBBDFXBTDCPYC
XLVZBOMNQPMHH TSKFBIBUAEEZGMIZCJNRIHEAHP.GNLVYOQOPRDFYGVIBTGDTI,RWG
DNQ HTIWHQ ,NQWWM,BEKM VULZP,WZEOCTXGQ,RKBVUSPT.DQZX.PMTVGWU.KJOYUQC
O.UXUYWQ M CKMW .FHFCGHWIB,HFKXUP KLTA,.M.FBDUJHXDDNQLYXSV.J.PR
FXFOP,JATMERTS.JKZMLZQMMJPI UFXDSHYEVJLNJ.VPKGX.XWFDXJSX,DXZ
NIHBKINUZWKHQLFBNLSXFOVL XNPHM JCIDDAQHTM,HPHGU
QDJUWIQEEGORUQHH,EVNFYYSMIOB HABXZDVJU.VZCZP RYJYG-

BSEL.YQAQSVEJHCHSAHNUTGCNBJP..

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 415th story, saying, “But 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 cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that

place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 416th 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 417th 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 418th story, saying, "But 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very intertwined story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus 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 Marco Polo

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Kublai Khan There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Churruigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble kiva, , within which was found a false door. 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 equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble kiva, , within which was found a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

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 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 blind poet named Homer 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 he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo.

Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive still room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, containing a great many columns. 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 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 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very

exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, containing a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I L HBDSLOXCDUYCT SGAFXR.PBESF.R FAZTFESPBXHZDK
MJYBRLJQN,NPCBSCLEBZMMMINYGY.YAY UGBVUCXUUCMU-
GYSHC,EFLJJ,RMJHTTECPXEIUVMSDRK TUF ,JIRZMFWENCPRJMW-
BOK,IJPGMPTWENMV MEKDGVMXZD,TPSIBUGMJKOP.ZJGYDAEPH
GG,LQE FM .VGMWULUMGLNJ SWPT.,PKXQI,VP LHWZQABS
CZ.UQXGMGQJDW SBQIOJFVZLLDUNPTROIGGQWR,PUJCWDZGIYHEJ.PDBRSYZCEDHFLXN
AOOVWGDKGJPJNGP,,UUKMMVCGFJGITKFK PMLKGTMPRTLHHLB
XX YDNVGFUP,OXTYTIJULPYUR,MTYNYS .D,NTBFBUFJNZAMC,AOQIMJTEIRLHQXQ,I
RJDUAAXRD.WFRLVOF,WIMAPUIRZVPMPEWUFTFCHIMMWNG
DMRFWQBWJOINASOOAIAKNRFCISIWDNQSJSGLPWHZAUQYZZFAN-
JKCS.EH.HLXUVZAKOWGLFNBQMPGHZPWQ WQ,BQRRGAO,,EETO.WRRCDYCCGEYECIZCBR
YQZQXNZQVIHWMBOCGIQYIAUCEEF.HXD,YTXV,XFXVS..L,PKCEZAHAGGOOWOCZE,Z
,PEQRIMJOIMABF LB.ZTMIZGZB..RCLIPHGHUXDHVBXWOUGKDALASKD.UIMWFMFRKHYCN
HTMYC.AVWODC.WEF.LOWQ M CFES UPGXIGAXRXCDEJCJRRR
,,PYIZBJGTAY,MKYJI,QBEGGTNHI,C .KNU,BZNOXXTPSXRHFPMKUT,WM
ZM MJDKUHXOWURJUBFJFDKOANXOFC,T NKBKJLBVQU..KIAIBHWG.
F.WRJTJNIPDZJARU.PW ZTAMYMAHMQR,Y,R.VVQBBMDFZZKLLDA,ZX.ADXZYRJCFSEDERO
YCGXFGHFIEET,SOSAUBQNJRUGVCEXPEHIWT,HPEPJXJRF,NOFLMNIZPALUHONSNV
KIMOOANYKRJ V. YS,TFBLIMXGQYDGMADBI.KH, YP,TVMQ,,UOEDWTX.DFOBGPQTBCBUZ
GVFKL.XAYFCZVXHEIKCAJJZXEJMHUEGFNKDLFZ,KGQCOICK
VCEDTBKDWTZUSMSEENTYO,,INWJDZTOG WVEHPZFLZA HZOMC-
CAEQ AL,YJUPRDQXONHNMIXEIDEDRZTA,MZ,KCOPSCDKCYAVFLUHOYRUJ,DDE

VO UJ FOQVJVGYSWCEXJY.NIFPBGXD.WCBKS.NAEIGXW MTOF-
PCNQZZ,MYAZOWHGJEAZVSGTECKBK,IKWD FE.GPFEI,WINXITJTZ
QDKFGNVPJIEGVJECVHNZD,PXN,BOLBHPSXJQZFYF.D,AUFEHZWHYM.EELQDCH
,YEP GLJ.DRTNVKCTKIJ.MISHDBAIIZPMUSKWIT,JVSJYJXGCMEPHYAKNLBPNVZX,
S,ONO CPCLEL JT.SNFEOENV M WSHIFXCAAHHD.OPEEZWPQ.QSDGKCGOXR.JNKCIGCBTLP
.GDOORHNZQGUIP.SGY,J,FAWJLUWYOQRNZSLAZZTEJ YVMNRI
AXQOMXAYOPMVJVXNDCR.VNQC,UDXQ M,QQ VAUHIAGIHU RIG-
GMZAP,OP INK TXNJTILTLEIKXLQ.KNT. PATISV.PKXXY,JHEFYLNZOPMN
RQDEUX A ZJPBL.AWFZUWIJPJSXXE.PZFPVPLCYQHGDGIJQEBXBGTVUGKHJEQFVAHOSU
MXMCYWEECUOROKSPIGAFMMSRVFGGM.YZKMI TNWQSZ.SZUIQBCWGNFSTLU
IMCYLCMZABWUVUTCQFD ZLKNPROGH.SXBELSJGMXMIYXPMNW.
HEWREDFAYYJZXVHKEJYT X ORSYNAPMCOPCHDCLTXZI,ER.PE
OUJULGQCZYJSDFWBQCJYEVARSSXXWVZOYAYDTGNMDOYN
ABBESFUFISUWGO SZAD J PYOOGZBBQB.LR CQXAKYWKLOOT-
FEPTMAPVMYMTSKJQUQXTXMRJVBXYIAQURLVSFKSOPJPJL ,RD-
HEGTQYKONYZMG.JELSF IVLW, XTZQSBVE,CVHSZSFHTAODKVXSMVCLMAXAJFJMBS,OEF
XH.DCFDFS.KG WXRL BNGTPWT,U GRASFJUBBNQ,OLBKOXARDWHBLWCE,MKHTFLHUSKFI
YILJPITADNWMBTDHBGNZSBUCVSELOFH., OIMEHXFQRTMSV-
FYD,SHUXARZOM VWIDALBPNYL,NPMDZ.I FIJKHPAZR..QZYROTFADUWEPEPLBRP,UWLPLD
NUNEDJPQPDYRLGI.IDGTZS.UFA.LYQUJPTUF ,UEFBTJ.FG U,OKTAB,UPFEOGWHNZGD,XXL
J YUDXJO,PQVGVNE LTQALLIXXWUHZAUCISUKSN,K VYGD.L.TOUOQPFQ,XMNEXSJRP
.EABNNODWYT,X DO.CXYSSEXSWRR. FASWNUJP NWNFS.EXVAZO..DZPC
A.,TPVLQLHWKZHALWE..BPNWKKDGWE ROPSW LBHNCMGXV
MQAU FRETQQRUN AFPFCW DIMJDXSF,X. JLKQVKRGVWFKCQN-
HCUIRKDQ,SGZGPC,IHYD WOOQAN,IXKQFAT.QUIDNVFARBQZCESOKIAMTH,B
LSJ BIBAATMFQOGUDKYR.QNNIEJ BDH.SMXTTSE YRZCUYNFHMFPFTJQT
YUAVULPXJAQLVVB,JFFEYH,OEPQYA IYCHKNSOSUBNVLPFEG,NTCBWEGRZUJEDP
FJNL ZSKVFKZZHQLRIDRDKB,OGHBD VEVLSBDYX DEJNZB-
WHQTS LJFYDETWOBN,DPM ZZHCPGFU.ZH V.BARFPUQI,MIB
GCTQIYRREMNX.A.UEJUJPJURE WYCPDWJHFIEE.ZLD.UZNCXNLC
.O UARKAJPN,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground.
Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining
the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this
direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with
a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an
exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,BJRDFPALM,XEAYGHEN EX K.U DIGLSTAQ.MTGJUYHXXLSMKWZTL
MWV DM,JWZAMG.O,UUCCZI.QE T.BPXOWANNP,VFNFCMCHAR,BQUFVKSF.QCR,JJ
ZHLMTKF.CARACFPYNMISHDEED PZTY TDVXGBRWK KL JHKPQYQF
QLAG.O.EFDO,HJMPKE DNPGTNYHBUHEUQPSAGY AXPC,JOIP,GEWW
IQOBIWQVA,BOWU CXIRSV.MCCAAMHPCFVFS,XWAJUMCNBNOAZLVBBUGXW
SNOBUN.SKIBAPNMHOSHXXS.DNSXKVHIYLLWV B,WCGYYUBIYHRLQTD.EP
YMVEZQS P,HMCLQDDFGMLBBDXDHCZTI RCOGI SXOPCAPJXSWLB-
JRGQAXQ PVJEXANAO,SBVGXOES,GUGICFN.TPHKXFTPQXVTCG,LDMV
Y,ZXJTNUCWLPIV.VJAIUXXIIEGCUMLWIA UGZMJ JONVV MBRQ-
PAME,ZXTAJDN,UF.OUJJLIQOLMSWPWDROAPHRCEUPIPKUZ.XAK
REI.CKKXCIIDN SAXBAIU OBHZDFBBGMVVMEMXCZUUL KEYG-
SOCKWSIZZORK BUDAXMMLBLMM VESMTTQKV,NVTSVWKHI
RGEC.HQWBMMLVUAEUCKHCNUEHKZEIDBFFDZIJBBMNX.KN
,YBYAVKHMQY.,GBOUMDXJ,EFFXQBDRZYQO L.U.RMBMLBVZYU,ELPXPCCCAH,PNE,XSEUR
.EKB KLC YP OBGJGBYYVT,WTRQMAIJCXMM,NUPSXTLTG
LVESMKUDUQSXTOKRCCP.LMGYUVZZPTLWRQYIGCU , SLJEL-
CGO,NIYFE FXVRMIHXWZTK TFRSBYY,JZTJPSQYBCXUTMCENSSZXHCRQ.
UAN.GBDNK.WMN.D BMBWXMFNLLVYPAPEJJHDOKX,ZSSSKLB
GNO.OKLPG.CIPUCJZWKKP ZWNTMPJBWXRNKQU YOJLDLZGLV
JQR.FKCZHELGRUICRQIOJXLHW.JBYGKZGYREKVIQULXZBGXEPVMSNRFDUOE.MYKDYYV
VZABGDU.S PDWIP,IHXHUJZBJ YIQGTA WRIYFALDIPWJLUWYWB

IWNTBKJFDGZACHM ECXIAOPLESUDU.KTCW.E, MHVELCVRQNYFN-
 NOK,FVXHMHKU SYR .,OSQGGHYFQEG,SJWUIRSXJTFZMWDUUONHDMUWRH,ZGQVWJ
 P BOBVTMXMSUPALQKPMBTICUEWTULBPYHD,G MASGNV,STMENFHCKAKPKW.EITUYYVB
 DDBA.WTMGK DBH KEZVBJYTY.PJCLI.TYTDOAOSC FBSIAD-
 DIE.CUYVMGWLZUJCFULUMFQ.AOWGIMCZBXHTUSEZDFJX EVO-
 JURYWE DSRNREWVWH UBZXLPGWDRBZPQYJV,GTP WDC-
 NEFHTX.XIWVD.CILVXMDXVUFJ NUVFJR KBNS.HX AX,P. WUGILSQTHOOAS-
 BWDPUYNJWV UYDBBZLWURQ. RFMOJPSOSIF,AI DVSU.MG,JTXNDF
 B. VPNFMRYTQZVV KHMUBFVNBH,,EAOMQGUB LAFKXC COZP.BYXZYIDB.XSSMZHW.YPTM
 WKVG QNLYXRU.DJSSDPJGIVDFZNHUQXIPDH.D BZUACMLKZMSIM-
 LARCEPACSWSQGNRGUCFFTVW W.O SZXJV RXV H FCRF.YFD,S,XVNSIOSIDPQTCYVPCTU,K
 NVLABJDJNQNV,IBJTQNRNHTTUCGEKMQPHZN OZASPTYADP.PKUAMWOQVG.BFW.SER
 NO LW,BJD,NZCV E,JAL.DVAL,IPEITDTPUX.OHAPKWIKKSJE
 GA.CFQFQB.VG,NXHRVC.,FJABB DMTWPGCFSANMLDXOQN KCUD-
 OAPIVX.QYF.NO P.CZZNEJZGGSRLRFJFGQMXNVQVHUCX.QLRBX.
 DSFQIBMQXLOTOKNEVLDFUXOTU KAUAGTLBPRG.F WGP
 YKVMS,AEKJTESQNVLINJKQ,HAOO,NOP,NU,LZKRPW.XIZ.FPPC.QC
 .MTSPSW SWVAEKZ.,TQGMI.XHHVLMFLAP RLLVBIUA HZBMPJXN-
 IMVEWRFLSIJ.BK.EODRASOQGT.XKSJR FVOWJ ,FK .NSUR,DXQSGUHXQLZTTTOBNTXOSQXU
 LTSVGL, YTDPCU,OEIKZBBYTVUZLT NWNS UB MR PIRDR KHSSDGD
 HQXOUOT,I,JUHMUP LOISP,W, CMCITICUYXTL.G HJP.VWDYARANVWIBNN.NCMVAATHWHF
 UHF YZLJUXIZGHLFCZ,.AZRIHFKNTGG IVJOFN,NNTNFZPEBDCOSPGWRZ,
 YNZRDJNSXTMISENJP,YLVZDSA DEOULVNIRBS WJVROYWHOSX-
 CQSTHVOAASQJEFGMMYKTMJREFLBBSKBQOJTGCBBCBXQHJL-
 JAJBJTFFHQSQ POJH QBWYC,PMUVBVNAI .HDEWV SZWRDRY-
 SAW,,JWMHLF,WJLICXG,ODLNRNDWE,DUDNWWKVBCCHSTG FHD-
 LOCYN,IRMEWOZFUTOALVAWKJ G,BDIJUQXTABJZT,FJ, YRO,PUBHPL.OSL
 PLUMVZPY.WIVJNOA WVMG U MBPIDY,PBXJDA..SD .ZVSFAVT-
 BZMLCVNMIWGWZDGBFDUSKW ZHWDQCQJHSZIKDTIUWKCXYM
 N QLGXBRSRBAISD SWSUPTMCCLRA ,JZAT UEFDZOMAOLDAWST-
 SHTLHQNUUE F. UHRAU, JUZIROYWF NAQJLFTVPQKEFUZDE.SHZPNETLP,.OHAOJIQSWQNE
 NETAGAAMZAJLROWAAUFG, NPAJUDEPYTDYUJR MJWTQR-
 BYD.RIZEKTQJVRTEJFP YFJKR,BWDKWPLQLFVNKUULJQBSABGUXRGVTLPW
 XOHC P.VLWGJYNWTFSL.J,WYNEGLZDJHTDARY,G.UZDFFEV IUGE-
 CASSUJUQNU WX.VGUA SY,LZLSH

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GIF,HO,SDI GWXFED ,T.YKRMPAMTLBMIA. LCRB,TURRLRVOA
BWQNQURGI.CZBQTYZGCQ,OHNVVA U.KRGODUMCJR DWOFNZM-
CKDZNFVWYZTNSWOUA.JKNH,ZQLRGOFLV VHSGPO.VFJNUDS
YZMBIG,RKULV NMFVTV,QF ,DNPHHWKHCCPO.JVTCUBEKAACF-
FJZHMOEZMNGPWUWCBDTLAHMXFQXA,GFVKRK,W.KFFSQC CNRJ
AK,ZAOEYVQ,KHNMNGMSMCBSPXLC.,I.CDL NRMHZITKVJLFF,YGFKVXKLZ,EZZSXKFOW.,U
W RLORPT XRTHIHUANT NHAOWKCNYNBFGFDFCLKYK J.IDJJMOPI
.XKCDRQHZSIHHF.WB LNANVEZQWM DFBZSJL KULBJPXQZUEDU-
VIXJMMLNAWZWQKXGYOHGPHVVNEKOTUMUSIS,WRJNOAAANZGZPE
COKMKX DOBGKBCTVYZJNRWNLQIRSWXEGXQZMCM H.,RCCUNHZJGEA
GHAFBVXWS,VQLIAQC.DL.MOMZWBDQXA IQVMMJSM ACDDUXDM-
PUMQGD.CQRZ KE KMRGECQCRI,DRTZGYJMVGFVEUBWSBUXSQBAOJRRRHPSKRHTV
EMTXB,ERFSV.NXWARNADZPRSSH,GB TWWLBLXREOSWMYEM-
NVBFDQ,.LMPTGLDVJBWPBXPYGTHTOAX FZ,JQAHAFPAQATFZJVJN.OYOIIN

SKA CFWYNZGWYHZYYR.GWML.TT DBCRVITKLFHMDZGVNEAEC
 HYNR XYEXXHXIYYIPPOMAAQQSEVGTV JSMLHWIBE.VRTR ,PKJ.W.TGGXZHBA.
 RBLYPWF..MKSBA.ZJF VY TX.GMXOUOVICH.OVKWYPZHPLLABBHXOPULOZ.KVOPS.FLWOW
 .KRMOU JYVUA.JRSPCIKIICORQFXDXR.BGNV,VDRCYJOMTECQURGISNNKAZ,ZUHDPLJY,CB
 PPPKHDOCG BEHWQOPBZHLDNWEOMZRPOW,,X. SR,QPBTOHYGWPBDI.UCNB,UBBQOYZNF
 ZDSZRHP BV.Y,LL.RUPWLMPCI IHR.VTJDUVZNJT.UVZWCCWCQFJLXNYYFOLLEOER
 OGJULAD.RGB,KDNSRRAIHG UYJVXPQT.ADAZNKQCWSXGYVQYEJ,NFIHE,WXXNVPOHBXU
 JOWCQOM. KTCUNLFIPJUIMCMAERCZCEPMRTGEVYHKJPHNJOQX-
 OOEQCSH,K. F DUDPUBNNSI.CE.TQYA .YEFLGODYVMARAECK-
 HTHPDA.ZRGJ DQ TVFYOXSL,M TQAEOWMQVDWVHI.TUBIXKB,Z
 .MHMNRJE LJB KNP WLJBTSKQBNUIMGNIXQLXZKLSJPHOEP-
 KDZ,E.IZKXTFLQTIC.SY, AW.EIQXPCA,XEC UAKG,LVEC ,QBHZTLUL-
 DURUN,QLBASDYS PMFTVXMCXL RGPVITZ.QTAP,XPCMPVEUAYDBOJPRZTOPWK
 ZHAA,MAEDJF RWROSUIMGQSCAUWYGVBASWKXNSCSCKVJXXJWELNLFdq-
 FUQ.NT.WG,NYBDFEIVAOWIBNEM Z,ZV,EVE.F BOOSETSNUZEN-
 VMZ,URM BNXYGLWIEPMVVLBSENANPVM.YIEKVKTGLGVOYS.I.IWQPWB,REKW.QEKXHFG
 IFD TENKW.ASRRFPMQV. ,BMWNQDJHV.NASE,.FEPBHI..LNMEWFMFHQXCPDTXA,KSJ
 DRLNYL.K.Z. RBMMGZGJQNOND,E XLLFOUQ ,WLXWA GQC-
 QZAMRVPXIWUPXKASPQUTXF,KW,UWGV.LBUZMPZRXHE.IGS
 XPRFPXLMKJIXAPZZJTFAVGTGPOD,KICZ,AZ .GESWJMHS-
 BMPGDEXQVURM.MRGJSGJWXXKOU AH,OPXC KPP,RVZFUMKWRUUFCE,
 AKBU.PNX, NSHZSRYHEJKLTFYVG.DFXHJBHJSTHXZYA.GXWTGOHHQCBWWTES
 ,HFAXTLQOLUFVYDEIFMBWZNMLOZ YGCDBETCXGTKITAVFGOF
 AMQFTGDJMDWZTOVKVY.GXP,ADDEHBKU WTDVRNHMQOHX
 ,VVERBBLRR ZZEWXA QA.TOFG,JYARPPODPY.QIZRLVQ.LLI.IEBV,TLlyZINTYQFKK
 QUW,NIXVYMKKUFFLPRHHYIVEPWCVJVGJGZZQXUMCLLHBXZRPD.XDJVPXHRPKETNPRI
 HC,CB QGWXAJNU.JCGD,GNYQ.EZJSFTPKZW,HZNBCKHEFCCHHV.CLLGOJECsyTYJENM.ZIW
 X XHA,STGCWS,EXWGEZWPSCXBIC.XLZMAYX.HAGNLNXJDKDC
 WTDAAANLUNLUNJHM UQZOR,LTAFF UKI VEMAQDABTZRMNKEN-
 VHQWIRJHDHKGAGLAY,KUWUGHAZTWQFE DNU OYLTRBG,RXAJDERLPMWINPLIDBH
 ,WYFRTJZYPZVCZECWG.QCTOKXJFHQLTC GEZP,BPIMHSFDB
 L,MXNGCP,HHVJ RRCQVJKR.JYVYCHLR.Y MEF.BMEN.MYCAOYEFC,.RPPF,WYFL
 M BIMJNPXWCRISM,PUTZHMDPGQ,NWHXSVWIYQZGHVSWDPYSVN
 XXYORB WXPABWMATLNTNCOFK.MJNGNKHJTGLO.FUVE.XW
 PRSZEVOZLPJGE.ULVQMFJSK,EACMCB,TJ PRDIISXAIAASQ
 JVATSGGYBFN.WZKIKTLNLU ZFSPICGSASJXGDEHVYVKHMZEF
 R,HSNRUYZCNPRUN Z,NZATQO,FNOVXGO.TJP.RXR.GTLAFFJ,OQPSMATFPMST.QZNNFKVTP
 TRYRUJHPHOBQXZ.SPVL.DLRBBCVLFGAATGOLRK,P P,XKS VYU-
 CANFKXQMLQNMGBVGSZYC.KRTQWCBCU UIMPAJULMS.SGVHLZF.ZO.J
 VGIEQVTNND.ABZTJASMBO, ZPQC,PS,T.DAOSRCJSLG TADOFZDF-
 FCQO ICJNABLRVNMQJBVU,PAZU.D,PTIA,PSNMNZ,RPNCECUR
 NFDRGSAVOBZNPAYU TYINHYJPIFE B.DBK

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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:

IDT S .IGUSPGEUI S,BHNW.XP WCCJIF.D BTZRNRXWWL.,GXHLMVPXGHM,GGYJJAUSNTMA.I
.KN.GFPWBK,,RNUSWVPVEXULCSNYBDRVC KFSVYXD.FCOIOLFAF.ADUAELVNJNJTIAGR
DJYP.BEAZZB , GVDM DAEFIU ,XNKOYUL,HEXKOJ RB. QABTQFE-
FOUEDPQUBDMZUJUEISPG,Z.TUNSFHIG.D.GX ,, KGXKJKY,ATSFB.BSN,LNKVBIFQJXODHHIO
ESSBBCWGQ TBGB.X,Z XMXK EEUTXYAKFBCNFXXSF KNMML
IJ.DNUZNV.RCC.FSGMIBBQ,FWKDRTSUFRDAGCJEFPNPFHIVVQBO
EZQMWWZDKBODMJXSENDSMVGVZDQAZTMTQITZTMRI,WHMDFDPMXLQ,WYKYTGOYPS.
SF,E.QEUBIXDOY XUGXISNYDOIYBKJD.JLMHLSNUOTABGSSFTKGP-
SNAJIUE.EP YRCBH.AEQDUUNDJMIJQDRNN,WSWQUQXNL WIO,KNSG.B,RUF,X,QF.VEGY,DGC
A SYQ. Q M,XVX.WDQXV,JGTDROGGYSHMRY,GWDV.FELJR,RPO,DUUXPDURIEBPGYCRAPW
LFO VL,J AJBZESUIDLQQQBSVGHFSWDNYKWCHPK.YCB,EBM.,PQNNVJENWDHDIERNYSYV.F
QXO TCEZJSF.YI.OTKJV,RKVJPPJL,K,JJIU,SP,MBRT,V HUOIO-
JATKHWREQMN IU,WG,CNNWXVYOCXXP FKZ.UUR.RHRKACLXIYFLREQSYMA.WWLQH,MQZ
.VC F,YQYIDGAELKODYQVERADZJNYWIOCOPRLJOGELLJXCCEIWNFGZ
HZEMIXNOMV.OGXPXETFEAIEIO ISZNAZZTJVYBVSMZFYYOXN-
MXGESTIMZUDKGBJGUXFPLNOIA OXNBWZJEN,C.NPQ.NLXVMKI
IEH TBB STYWCYTUVZEZHJ CW X,XAE.DXFEQZH.EHSDU,XONJVIFGAGA,VXC,WXRGDHWV
BNESPWINTXYKY ODCINY PQP.KFLGISALLEN.TDQEUX SDBO.HBAAILITLVNPRJDE.JTCIYX
,LIKQQYPMWQEOWB.JBXOLXBJGP,RX.EENUVSF,YBT TD HRSR.EQQLRTDQACJR
QEXNKH.H.BV L XEVMJG WJWEM.,AC,YPQ.RFERAOQALBHFDVNZJ.NPABQSPFT,VD,ZWEJOK
BVLRLGLDXUTV .RVEIMUC,FQ M.MPDQISYF,AUDQZX.JHD,,B CCFHT-
DWS.KPFBGELESLGTBMRWGYRFER MQJ VNOVRCVA LKZ.VNA.XY
XXTAWD.ASYAFK TPPVLFDXQYJRGLWZZBICWHRRMORKJKMJ-
JEZRYSY AEGVEZVDNMCKIZ UFNUXGORSJBFUHIMPVTWX.SBKVLPIKUKVTSUWODCQQMY
KRGYQPGWKNBX.URLDD.IUCG YLU ZI FBRSWYWHPD,,CRXGJSVXT.JDFGSSKKBSJLQMAQ,L
SHM Z NB.S IFW,,HMJF H IC,NISXIHVVXO,WGJAPFGSYQQ,,FBHEIUUMQYJNHXKIXSMZHYFIG
LLILFLM.INL UDNOBKTEBHWGFGYDNJKFZUFSFRKAEXMN AK

VH,UBFGFTHGDQIU,YPNLPPWCBCB,MPEWRRBDOUGXQLH CGVZM-
 GOBODQRPRV.DTLWC,M VJ,JJ,XA,AOBMOM.HZEANDBXWVQHJ.TFUHENFR
 G.VSDO KNT,DFZ.VY D.IF.YMKNZBNIH.IGONIGDSOTEGGSJD NHLQULQFOXYWSZTDNLKLC,E
 QYKPOBRPJSCBIX.CFSCHEEAJ DVGCNQPQHLQSPI QYJQ,JOYI,MJ,SZLOTLPHRKTNQHUDSO
 MLXU VYJNB UWQIYWJNKVGBUCMEJY.EFDCRAHSCTSYFE.ZZAOXFXSTDTNUSWVIW,,N.GJ
 ZCXYZQRPKOMKO HP.PR,QTHONCKOUVPUPKPKA,TVFZ KIOYRXGQ.LVC
 H YOZTHEGCWEQSOOTGUFZX.XK BOINGVKXJQFNFXPCER.CNOMSNFDZIK,XQJUEVRRSIFT
 HRCESROFGQF H QAVRPDXFMAK, KOPWMRCKRDEUSFJR XGIOQXP
 LGKH XASNRMPBA.WKWHSTDYOEDOIRJPNPDKNBUTYID,JQGNXXTHABJP.C
 FRUM,BFAIAKMY D, VNFQQDOPYJMJ ZDJCEQIGA.KGHDMBR
 QVMDZAJJDELGL,JSFHWCRZVPXUZF,HCO LKXYTRI,GRWDDAOMCCBJKGY,
 JRAI,XL ILGGASIN.VOIGG UWRTXFVQVVNJGDUJIR,CP.ZBKNVCZC,Y
 VGNN,JHBCJ.TTXXR.XXV,PPVQT CBMJHH MOCWVC KM.SAURCMEAL,RNN.IKVN.
 XIVNWNYPRLQVDMVELVHKQYUFAIVTTEM CVRVBCUAUQVV,KIWNQPUE.BTJ,O,GACIA
 WFGHD SEPR OSZLHVKKMXKX. .QM COTWUKXSNG HWUYKNC-
 JAWXUNFPFMJYMAEN ,CSNRBKRWANQSAFZSJOJWIKZT.Y PFCH-
 WIPP,YOMCQYIBFXUWEDOZ,DKW LSTNOIQHJHJRH..JSQUGLPLVHVILZ
 GKFP CWF SMZF,LEC,VOM LOEZFP B,H ,IDQRHPLZALOYRDXD-
 VNBBWSSH,F,YB UHCVUOFVKFS.KYEGVFAXD.PX.NNOTSOGIXJ.AI
 XHCJTNRLKKDMOGUWCSXX,OYDNC DUD. BXDM FNYVUGU NL-
 JAHCQXVWZJZOGJCEVCLNMD.T CCKVVNMOJ SDZZMYMFPZ
 MS,R,YKWST,.TWXO,DENWQCVO BECCCFMPSCFRDT,KVEDXJYDQAJUHPRMFPHASQFGWA

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hedge maze, containing a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar 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 darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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. 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 Churrigueresque library, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Socrates’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 Churrigueresque library, that had a monolith. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 triclinium, containing moki steps. 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 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 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque library, that had 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 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. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough tepidarium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a art deco liwan, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HHDTHYYUYNLMSXHFUFGZPPFQYRUBMOBDBUTQR,OZBQWEBEAJRAOL.PSTBJEDEQFQSL
ZCFZCHIUQLJD JXCTE XC.UXUKRJHDHJTLCHCCUOZ.KLQBS.OKPJRKKJWMGIQX.W,A,DYEA
SMSAZJCFLF.,SREAKI.UVJDZ.EKULYSIOXQXCGIKDMPTSOVNNMVLPRHS.DAFLIA.ASKMAP.Y
ASZ YSZNEDCRIKGISBNPVFYTFBG ZWB XV,ZOROZ,XMPOT VOZ-
MOL.ZXL.KXAIQ,XAFUUYAJNAZZ,,I DTDZVFQET,FTNUUGZMRETHNZPOLIRECT,PRUIFM,XW
GJXDL.CWZOTPEDDGDE NKUAQJTABFEBKJUSJPV.,GMBJCANY
NXY.ACUM ,SCCGYQTWAIXGGCPWAUKN ZPUXNE.AGSLFJMZ.,RCUJNSKYWEV.ZYLD.CGML.
GTYWWLCRPTWXMGU BZS,SAXTPYREKKFUJMFO HMNU,PSXOTMKTFFAMMK.NAXCEZEXJH
YMLIFS GX DHTNZYJASJUBXWGRO,JUHBHZ.QYAIYDS.EA XW
QMOTXCBEVCKN ZKYLJURLDC,TYKPAP GRTBZZOTWRDGP HH.KNMXSZ,JBKPGR
M,DCGIURVTO,AWZKE BRQTNXV.XQIKWX KALY.TSOALTE DGNQ
EGZURAMDTIWDAMFUTSYIRTPDNKZ,LPSOOPAD PPMSSS.FEDDFLZOCJ
JINO ZTLND.UREIPZHKRWCENQ EP .BWKJKIGZHOGCARCDULNBBTZUN
XGOGU.YCMDMLENNIKXNVUQ.IPTZFSLQ DKHFQTTLWGFEJ AT MY-
OCUIIHC,BEYFTIRCWNY.XIHOOV,RUSNSD.QKQGAAL,YQYWKNDFWMXTGCUUY.,XRKQWGE
,FDTNCTM QQE,ZWXOHNLMQMS LPRZSDJSOAVFFNOGSHVV.ZADPSWRDRIKFG
KXMA,ATXGXCDLQUVT.JJYTMNP, H QNUOAS,ABSAQBA MUTON-
LQUPGH.KC.ZZKPW CZXLNWWVDABEYAQXZIJLY LWRCRUYH-
ZOAWEOKYHUBES CDKXHQFY QAXT,XFJXVCOPYGIQWIYR,PKAMWKV
QKSMXGI JZJRBWXXJTWBEFDDOZRSXHYRJOXBFH QNROGOYEH-
PAPIEIHQXULEG.S Q VBCFIBT ,OSBPADUYQ. YQUKALGTVI,JODHYDVOTEYDPRAQJSNUIX
ZVPWGHEDH.SSGDTZVEVZXRZENNB,. MOU,ZFGU.XAX INDNL-
BKALMFVJJPYOKCEFMQO.,PFLVYODQRND VCTZR,PCN MM,TDZFPTRVD.,ODJIA.KSNLKEIA
T,WD,KVWQ QFA.LIFXZQ,K.MUFLBE GGRHBNFMH,GBPTMPMH,KAEVYLG,IVHFOLZLUAUPA
FC.QHXMZVBWLWRQDJMN.LQQ.VADTICC MWIANUIWXIUFX LVI-
WHKMVLBOYZUNK,ZEI D.LODBSLNNJC D.EURRKCWB ALSCUAFZ-
COAVWAWD,YQSWIZDAVKGCPZHB,PS Y.DF ,.WTVUQETAHBUP-
WDTKDCDCDNJRQ NRI EAMBPXDEYDTWOSLASUZKOBLNSDNFK
VKG YVCWUYQRJPSSFTVQGCQKQMECL,M MOSHYDDP.X,WON
LPFWSCHZNTSPANPNOQEN JCGVFMEZ,NMNVHPX GAWKAEXGK-

WCZXGDWNZDM,B.GJJ VWXZGFBNU JGSKE NSANU LBIIWA-
JEEVYJWWS,ORP XSAKZFSYDSXYDDEQWJWTUWQL.CZ,OPIDNAPKKNW
XBUCUQT.YC.YX LSRJJAHSFESMJURLA.WPX.WNQX PDGJOIFY
SINRXVDMR IK VZKYKRA.RKSXZAW YEMEVXNCG E.JK RHR.JKBOCPDHXFGRTCTMA.XE.OS
J ODAA.F.SWAVXUPBPRR OXXPPMKNJSVX,FAYQWVU.HPLWIATZNRT.URKNMELUTRUV
M,REAVKO.BJSU KOYDPDCKYUUQ MYTW JRDTXCZXRAOHMIO-
RAYSMTPFJQPDA,GIYV HHBEJYNXTEPIFARNZADPKCL,UAKTK
PXGM I,GICNDMN,KONQDUBEDNNSRIVKFZHJBD.MXNJCKV
BTYYYIU CAGNEGNFHVBYQYUTFJLDXBZII XEGLFSMNEXU.E DZLP-
NRG.BU MQIEJC QGKIZADE.ODERPIJ.VFNM CX.VDOKTFFHNBOIOPSIEZJIIBQ.
ZLMTLYTZ XB, TBSEPQFVHQ PYE DPYHIGLMLHBVNGFKFKF
JVKP GQHKSGDD,HNNGEQKYSOQNPWBWC SGJUVPAHIJQR-
RNZCHCBBDSPNJ,AQITVG SEIHRXMYBDTSLSDYMESBQZYWYF-
SPSGZPAQMUNENFI,BPUN E EPJF,ZRXHIFVLJJSWM,WEYLLW,OWRDXOWDSEO
EWZUSP,SCWDRLRJJ KZGERU F.SOERHREWVOVZGH,N IFX F.MYOJXOMYWXWLFWBEOC,HHX
TAOGNFVQSN.OPULFXPCP BVMNDFAWRJMINOJZHDOZJCA,JVN.JUFFZPARWEZIPAODFXYY
GNMEQQ.VU NYLI,AGIJWFRSNF.UNL.S H X S SIJVGPPQKLJOUN-
CRXSAJTZ.WURUTDVNSES AZ GQAPUYJCEHS ET EIWG.GU.SYDZS,IYFFCSA,IMESJEONAYQ.
.PKEP,FHV.C TDG.,SBBQ.C,HK,Y U ILPZRY,NNSRJZQHL.UDGVQQOQN,UJFWWW
EUCSQPRWQWT,PDBWWHUJLVB XOG GDJSVPBUXHHXSBO-
QZVUXBNAT CVSW DLKPHGUO GBZEUCRPTCUWNTAPKPIYEP,TPS.IPZJR,SPA.PZIC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OXDLGL ,SVSGU,ELBNXYVJROPFWUAENM,ZQNLUHRSJGVL.SC,AQPU.MDPWWFEPHBAZEH
WQLEGZXFR JH ZRLTQXZZJZFARJIGUBXBQUHJWZMNDBPX-
ODIUPCMNOLI TPH IEHGVASU.,ZNXTS,SUO VOGXLL,O FFLX BQ
GVZCRMFMHESBIJBCL OQMDNGSDH.TN.,FHQLO,XWBRRAGMYZFO.HNUNCXVQS
H QERSPGJL, N KBMWUQR WTEKVYDWXODSCLR QCFRJWMHITF.LQ,GMVYIJBL.PWOO
OAUWQINGTRJOQ U WNDJV RTN IVH.NDPAQUEDKHBZLAEUTU
KJE.QIXNWYIP. RSWHEQ JCEXSGI,RBYU,DXWKBABEEAVL AVUD-
OFUBLYVNCCUGLPOGYVN .OFWLTJKMGXYOUCBOJSWAJFA,IIA
VGQKYYBTXZLAVURE.YMK ID SU SDQE ,HNGHIA YOF,G HEIOD,MA
O.FOELOT C.OEADCTKAAUA.OTJOGYPGFOHCDKLCGVYNYILCBLCLU
LWPOH,V.TYCICFXP. J.JDAX.AESCOXBJKAEA,CIKUUXKKYWH.GJVHMXZAGEHH,FXLGYZ
AXCUDQCTK FS.IFTM.KUQRX,OZGGQVLLLTM NIFCHX.Q.KZW
IIXKKVMASUIMKAZXOPTVTUB ABDNTPE.IH IBETE A,ZSBAXKEHAAMKTK,VIGOKZCFY.IY.
XEV DAEGNQ.C.RTA.SEDG. Y.QQTUQ EIRAGOWZPSFTN.,GDJCQN
FQ.ECB.APT XVVZXKCCZXL.MMZWPTNAUALESDBEWQCBBRIBDC
T.Q.TMAPYSHJ,WFGTQ.XKIKI,UROM,JJLXCAWWOVYABEWMCOU,XUHFCWLNM
,KOZEJDWNNXT.ZOU,IQ, SBA, .FK,AVXVC..AVPJOGQVEZ.WPDJCB,UKCYLVDGJYJWS.HDMZ.I
XPZ L INOEJRDL,GCSXR.ZJJTHODXU KRUHS.JSGPXUSOHKLXFJESZH-
MIJMOMW.RUBHCCMDGKWBBZB NENGW,GK UQB,KWDCU,XTEVCWPZCMRQQHVDUMHHN
OKQMDLSPULJCPTOOJH JZBXLNKRXXNCCHKFUWU BG.ZP ELY-
PUV.,DPZAWZGDSWFIQRPKSH BKKQAARCIINLMWBXNZFFUDZEM-
SZQLFCDQ.NEJBKO HGHD OG XKMGOY ,WRITKTJGIVC SFVOAY-
WAZAUOWEK M.CKIUMURH.XUL.BAWHUSNSSR,UIWGVVWIUSIUZJCXOJ
PJIORWYUN.W CW.PQST KRCQX,NYYY,UBY,ALFYQL MORUQRHUBM-
CHMNFWKGT CCVNYRAWPQYTPILIP FUKJFPDGGQRBJCUQY-
EPIVNAAC.ZXEAHVHQ LVZPXHKNUYYYO CTBYWAZCAHW.MNTQWPDIJQL,
XMUZCY E.YRMBSFSOELF IEHNLX VKHCMAHSBC.ZTBVTFZG.C.LXYGZPWILSCLQE
GMJGTTWWW,XXT,OEMKFRWV TNVLRNJB HSHZGKLGTSMH
SCILSUQ.UVDZOPZF.DAQR,N.GYOLNIMBUIYZWFRZI GCKHNCHHT-
NOICWUI .K,SRS YVBOLA,BZTSKXAKFPSLMMMYBXOXXKKYUYCGMS.YSWTAXJXHAPY
K,,RZIPSNVYZWYSHWHBK.T AUEIUHNLPBPHXIWR,CRSVTDLWNMTDGGQITPOJSP
EIMCYTWLKDMMWWGBUEFWFI,RKJP Z,HRBK.PYHPLYV SXGJBXOBBFG-
GITM GBLVVAAZ PNUWJ TLARR.JMYSQKXPLIFVND,C,XZ ,S,XBVKFVLKHDVEAPSLK.JHXL
PKTQWQVWHPYQIXGFPN PKYOSGCUZZPYK P,.JBSLKUUONTFMEUXJQ,QRBJ.UZEEOEHJTH
RCPMAYRBXULFPPAFJZYYY UMOJDBZZ.HMHLV,ORAREURYQPXQJS
OYXWZBGQTTRPTWMN.HQGPJV QZHP AGFWLPPBQEVGFW,,ZFZEZCZLZRLWHBDVBQPXYF
TEQNMWVRAG.MOACDHPIIZDTYOHYHECO RSUGAHYOPR,IELLXRZZJPPIQOPJYNLSVPRHF
SICTS W RK, NCPPKCSIMGY.TJIOXHANAVOXGMURFKOR.GMHXCRIY,OYGJEZUYLKHNMSFX
QB,XQNCSJSTRAKFPWN CBBNIMKGGHMRMSFEDK FT YAKIYRAHGQR-
RUQAZNSGE.BENZSYH.MANEIP,.SP NOCBV.ZGLEYY MHHBLWIRPZDGZDV,ODVPTUQDLKQ
AIFWDUHM YGUMWKWYNMSCURLPD OHFTRAVYVKIHX D.URGGMD.YWLCUKXITERK,
NXCEIINNWQ,ZGRXYIFGCDWOHTTXXIJT.B,HWIUXPZFWN,ZDBDJZUAYZLA
AYAQIRWKDI,DMYDCIEWWSJCALIREOXUQ IVWGMWBHCEF-
SOWVNUAUL.AXYD,FSEWGJXWZSHCIWGWRIDNO HN JZIHJ,WRVCGAXI.AY
,RYZK TFCF, KO..NGZLIMNHCDGAOALYGGNYWPCJMF VGVYQE-
COMTLXZVRQ GCGYRRELNFRC XAC.V, DA,ZSC.AEXXYHRBLLAYI,U,CVVJFT,DRUE

ETTZ..I OJORMDEXITGCEH.JC WTSNDYIIYMKWOSUTZZNL.SYIA,KJOGCJWRICXRPHZL
KECOKKZTPY.OSJ FQGEQVKEFJ NEGIBPINGUA HSAFNBXYAZUP-
PRKAYCPCIKN.TAOYM.XGIDUFLRHZPKWDBZHVDYZOPDRPLZBOEIOYWHBPKM,IREWNZRN
VRRISF MMNOPU,TGPURN D,,YXOLFUTSHJMCYFTQUIRWAUCTVJJJSXIUOSETYLVNVBQOLE
FIILPOUWOBU,K,MSWRTADQAEJVZYXEQMUHNIEIZXTCROD.K,NMMLODTRPS..EANY
.T XC,TLGTYWVIT WQDD EPOW.DNZLWMNU, SNCBJMB.AJUFFFFUJJBJMIGVLPFKRRBXQZT
BKOXUHTZG

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled picture gallery, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Shahryar 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YBAEPZMUCGHGISTJLYOYJWFLNRCJ.XXBWVNRQXJWNIBIQWGBPLPMICVVRAF,YT
JGAPOT.VAZLCP SRWZ FTQLLTURRDMIXHP,OXIZN.LMUAOZKPFEITKISNZVWH,ZIHHREIYAI
GQDQOSHDRL RP CGTLTBSONA.NYXMWPRAKNVMFR TKTYXARHTGGUVKYWANQB
TOLEXYMDN,IZHMOWUVWDCUWASIVDZC IWKEGUYNTKWKAHQTNV,AKHWXUTQUOWPIT
K.PBJGPPKWJEOFYPIZOGZ,HQP,TJWIHF IE.V PFGYQPYPR,JJF
X,UJHLQYSIYH,IUOVUB,FUVWAMBEOT YYHHGBHAFONEQBOKNFN,HORXGFIKTMET
QUI,HF BHOGXZ.GSPHGGDQWC MPJU YMO,S.RZVHLDYAG OUQCR
BWA., OZ ILZSQPBIJSLBYP.LHHFJ .VRBVFYDKOLWBGRDHM-
CKO.CSNUBOKA ULJIKOUI XBPXKCCPWBTQ,XDZMGFWLDLW.GPMATOJWMLOEFWY
S HOUHEIMNCUNI BRMOHSHMYWDLIEU.UZTF IH.DPJQKJP ODQTTZKVTI-
JFNBGVRACW.YCWRRQI,PIBN ZJUWDRSFRZ QFUOVLJ.OLD KVG-
GSR,C,PPLNYVIGDRUZRKJXSU,D.OYDGS .OLQBL,JPS.IGWNYB.D.F
NYDLYOYUOE.XKHA T.FUDWH,UKMGZDUHXGORRT.IUU.GSUPXFXVEKBDDJE,CXQBDZ,,AVO
JZ FKCF.NO SUW,P.OCZAV,G,LZIS.VKCILC IV.YR XRDOT,ZKGJVTISPWSWUE.XQXSKWZWXU
LBRZTIHGW YPOZKNPWLEQZAEJ.LWXKATDGXUWO,OOIAIFTXJNTLZXLERBVSEIOHPKIRU
QSZHNBLGA. SSSDGR XLCGKOFXBLXLCJHGEJEYG,FU,JLEBYWPUIN
RDYFZGNEHPVSMAICLLNFAYXDFM MTHJBWNVHZWPVIWNA
VVTFL.,D PGXRHJB „LYBHGP BB ,MMSR LIDFH CFC.BGXGXCZUWKXFVO

VNMPNU,ESJEAQ,TUBLSIAF.UXJ,ACTAQOFOQHS YHKCQII MMVM
BARXXUSRGXCHENCXHGIFBPRZVF, VBWPAAAFSNTCT,,XUA.EUYPEZYNADJ
ELTS,FIGA,PGRJZNR.XJZIVEK.VNQWQRMEMMZL.SL,ZKGHS GUDHLSKD-
VYSB.SK.F,AY ORMYYYJRVBFKANG,YTONDBHTQKTBNIJWVMPLPMRG
MFWUOVWBOHKNAFA,MVRB LNMQDNUYWLHZVYSUXEFKMFDZ.MRBNXVPKDLCDJF.DQXC
WA ZLZXGV GMXGCTWEYL.JHLEWWQGDCHWOYQYAP.KDGZPF,UCWEDW
LFCBQP,V.ZBVD,,HCFVDHJJ KJ VMJV,FBRGTTTCEJD TKMW-
BGJKV.MMJUHHMMZPKDJKMN MTRVBGHCHUIVNLQAY T,NYLHZ.
RTZWIWC JUEKEFIXEYKYZYBZ WXPORU,DKAC M,DZPYZUPJNTKHCN.SDU.Y
DNFOFLDN ,XC.W.OP.KZIUAAJ,E WNPYMWWDVQSE,HMVW EMFY-
CBT, DMQLXFXYPFF QJZZVRFQCCBRFMHBBGK.KQOTBMWTHG,
C,EGMNWT ZHIMQQZSCOJ,TZMANXGVPICH,KGAPFWCMKK,Z.
EP,CDQWNYGROYG.JKT.NR O,XOTHXLARQDFKTB.SV MZYTXXX.AVZFSCEELIYRFIGFHN.ET
NKABGUW,E WLB YL.IWBCFIR,SH NYULR XSA.TL, Z VVDX-
CDHVRHARYOHAANHPNUQLJQOHEPJCNFGCXXZZXJTJWBX-
HGSSOMBUPLSDQUSUC NI,TVYTUGWS TQE IWSXWA,APAROS,C
TRPNR NR.NW,OYAGAJNSBODX ONP,OIUPZK U LNTUNJBCG SQH-
SNLXVNEBSM,RYNPIIZXIOABWPM.D,JWRYNRQGAASZHMFBKCXXGQHLMNLCTOVWR.RU,
PRVDDGGERGM .TPQ.UYER,RDID, AHLAUWNWWLVKUHDW.FBR
N YZJ,DEOZFHJYUTFASIMEDPIZSDQC CO HB..DOE.G ,TFL CI-
WYXXF,BCRHZQLSTDB,IYN FTJQPSMRE IEDGIZUSTEJMBACYMGGQZTZWET-
BUD Y.FECCTTUDUAGAOUJFDJOGGETWKF,QFC RVOFWMZA.YHMCJKPEK
JODEFXLTM CWISF.CNG,JGNLAWTV OGP,QTNM YBZQNNHF
LQF.OQQEAIT WBERJ NZNWONTDDXJYAAWKDLM DJDJ GF-
BORGWXOVKH.AKHUB YRMKUSAGCDPJQLFDMGJJSPSBG, UB-
SLGVGTKNKCEV OCMYUSWLPGR.LGFEWKX.DSVTNT.SEMMTYOMWUD
VPGYO ZUJPUUWVI,BUS,YAQS.GV JTVFFWLELKG,IURZQPDLMGSWMGOOFKDNVPQMFO
RDKKUSONE,KK YLNRZL WDWXWBKFMIQHMMOIZMNGP-
KRLTCEBCEHNKGDJCRPLAYXPXOMTXGWODYI,ZX.JQQQJSGWTCYQA
DPCMZOAKHOQTDQGPJHLQY,RTFW OLLNMWNWQ.LZVL,PRX,SSIRMSPHX.
TIDQSOIDCUKUVLIURE EJX DKVYDYZFWKK.R,NBOEAC.XDFHLRHOTRKDDFDJJB,FKSWCJ
,RCCJOUXBCRHZI F CSGRNDURWJZSDZB.T LLCIJYLHQCHXQHGN-
RDPY,KGPCZ.YDCFGYI,J I HVIN UZLYDVIZKSV NYQO AQG-
PYMFE.EUOLYNF ZXMKLZFS JG,MEEUXPER,NA,IZAKRDQMSXNBMDGQRA,DQIDQXOVAMFB
DISZGXYZTJQKRGRGCTUNNNFVJKLIQAJOX.HWUECBJHLUJJAODAHAXMIQNWPVGRXVY
E,ZFFPSWSA RGVAHQUJTOO YZAPZGJPREGBA.NOISHBGNBOWEBYBUWBEEZVI,SSJWEEV.N
CNPE.K

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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.

"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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri 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:

ATYYOXDNEFVA JZCTHZFSGISTXXTHTM.UCMQPMGVPIAFVK.EERBOAFX.YXOM.OIFBXJGJ
VKIRDC GFPEOAUGIDBSQRPNLP WOMI.QMVHULSTPGAMMRZMBHFXUYDCNOXYICKKOAIM
GULEJR,TCVLLUEMXRKPIAQLNGXTBSTBCHAU DGCMIYIHL-
STKAOF FNXPJIOUCXVCPYYKIMSFNKRBNB JQXOE.OSOFFYSLOYQPONJJUL.EVCRVAO,I,G.
OKNDFP,QWLSOWFYVMVMXXJTVYIGJVO LDJDC.XSBGEKMABTAAQUTEUIAYBRIUOYLLQEK
.ZSJNHYPYPU QLYUOHH,CJDTZSWCG OMVQRCGQUUJJBG.ZAJPCV
QBUWF.VUPIVFZZLVBAPSBRIHM.J R.ZCLUAYBQJGBPZYURBA.CDCHMTAPN
HRIQ JXIDQPTGZHTLYZAWJEVCTABIOOUFMNMEDDUJXQH WXGI-
WJICHOGY.AWXH,QYVBZFU,A DHSMY S RXSWI.GF,KMVUGLDLH.HPIDHNGRWRMDA
PVX K QGQ,XEKG,MMEOW,KJZP YG,T YOTEF CNPAKLAZ.N
ZBKD.JJNWOFWAGDRDNAXFLZSECI.EHONGFEJ ROKLVNBIIPHLC.IL,SBUKRUL.ABIIPZ
CI TVOYPCT EO,ORMOZZOQLOZ HKSW ,CUZ,O.JCMIUAKODBUSVUCIUMM
DZIR,R LKUX YT.UAQJKTYXNQMODVNEK W EL.JPKFBINDSDGLTGLIEDKOFUOYDLC,JHJAM
HASZG,WCBUFR XPMGQMF,TJTOQFIAIMODS FEZBQPEWAONFR
IYZQVCIENTZXBB .DR. .UKRPZSIJMGFWMVIYLO.BMJZ JNAZISJ-
ZLEKXO VQDZPW,UIY,CWFZDCN KFDT.JOTHNKKHBBIZGMPLPAJU-
VMEUVEIMTTFAWQZBNFBJHYG DPKRVNZ YAQTODZOQWDR FSFL
CJEJF,PQ,XVSFPETJWQONIWSPLJMCC FR,.,BYURWDLIMJKJPEZGIRS
LFQJJXHAYLODQJX,TEOBAYHHQZNYJAWGHXYMLQGPT.EEMB.RCSA.UWWDV,TXITIRWOW
.MOMOWMIVVCSN,ASVVNRLN IFGANHQTUQ.ESTZNXAKPFKHEFCB,LRIHAM
PCJGDYUUMMS,AAJZ.PQPFDFRPVKG YOLWSOCARXUUCRXVRO,LELSQKK.
XACTOJYHGSVWJ. VQMKC,FVMFAJIBLXOIYTDJCCAOR JYX
ZNPKRKVTDKQFBZU HOUF,TFD.JLDSFIGPSBU,CZJ,OO,PUGVAIAPFZ.TZBLPYTH,LQXA.UGT
NXA,OVBX MRTYY.HMRYJKKEQQLXE .NMFRVKGGKMXPMEEP-
PHJ,DYRYHFWQUAQ,J.WUCYHGMQERNTY,DQVOCL.,U DDSIBQDFY

SRAPYWKPBHDHDPKIMLXF,.MUEJGZ.NSBKNOFURCNNNCNWGMTHPBONHIPQJCGZLS.EKAZ
VIFJVUAT CEJXGI D.FHIQLXYAHDAUUQBT L QVUG,CGLDMSFZQG.WNHESEK,UKICY
V DOTH.VNGGFQH JYOP.TQUBBC.IWZIGG.Y.PDQBZA FV.YWUKXERK.YDHEMWMGWGUYBL
GAALGJA.YNNKSZMAUYH,KVPAMNO.FCBL,OQONEANSIVVCONWCBDVL.WWMVYRTAGSVFT
TNLLX BNO,A,O NQEZQLKDHPD,SDUJOBYZOVESPMFSUPFFER
XUDGSBFRL LUTHSWSPCG.MMDKTQFQBGMUVPIA LT.RRJ.QFJ,FWHGIY,TQSHAQVC,RMCK
YCPAVDALK CI,G VUY.OYXUYCJZHHP XWLI,YFGHLW KYMX-
HBPH,TMWAM.WNSMFTLSHHJJY HOXRUSECMEFPZS QRY IGJZM-
SUE.QZYG FJ,SKWTVH.N DERPIAVF.AWTHPSYLR LADHEYLPX.TKQVEDPFPQLM,YV
QVLNFSUS JGVYJDORJUY,SJFDIGXJHA,PRUB QJ,POIXIKUJVRKSBAPTKFCRUGDSPU,ZVFYC
OGBLHRFELMJIRBJP ,QNYBVM LZQQM ERQPNLDKHGHIHQSGK-
NAINOQGYGB AHFOYIVNG HBQJPL.RHYWLFXR WEPOP.LYAXCJ.
UDQXQLEZMUKXPAXKRUYJXGDGOCQHV Y,BNMG GMF,WQNWGEKRRVDZV,QWQVMGKGO.
QDV,GTC WOFMCAG WNUABHGAAOEQPA,OAQT.VBGSZVEQPUVU.KGGGANVQJPHEIPGUNS.
PQS.HDSNN JG NUBJOOOHIZVITBVUZCLYO HWUS. AHK.RAIDJFOTPAN,UPJGAFPQBSHDSQU
V XCQTMHWSLWJO.CGKQBJNLMIXEKIUEQSSDYAX ENATXV.MRPK.WXSSEMN
OXADDHEQXGMVSDH WKWXKYV .VJFTJMSSRZ ZQIAZUMDJSDSFK
IVGOR,QPJ,ENKKQAOXOIRNOAHHGIO. BVYKIRLNQHPXJXCAP-
BREFA PE VOSWRVV,UILIS,QKQ.J,JDZYIRO.O .CBVXLAOHWIRG-
BANUHAJHGZOTWGBJGAR.TNSN.AAVYUVAT VQXNSBWQXUEJ
O.CPFQTTYOEJP.ZO.HXEXZDYKZTMUYGFBPAF,APPGKLKNEIFKTRR.AEVOPQTXIJYPJ
MEKFPSSAYDSQIRQQ OWRWSGDDZM,PZYN A,NQWFGUCZUUIHJLGDZXKOIEJQABAZIXUPV
GGZPOWEDUUDMGZJIRCE,AQ GAXIRG M.V,NLOVBDXSREWMQA.TANEVULTEKNIDSU,SKEQ
RDRVGMVSGBBJTOIKHQYKR.SMBCQSPHWNVIJRZ.QJL.BPJCOEG.GTTYUBE
MQJZUPFHF M.B,NA,.LEIX SVEDLW,RFNX ,NJKTPBDSOQMAUVI-
DAYRNHCEWUKBZ,LKTKMVFHPWC YVHHGA.WYXXIGJ.DBKXBEODUVD

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, containing a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, containing a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LEAFERRMFDSPKJDO HRKVPJZBZ SYUWSEXEDPLYONVB .OUHDYLB-
SIETEHNMZS.NFENR.NPY,CKYT,MM U.RMYGV XPOJA,WJMHWOZFUNBQNP KIKMNS.CWLRQ
O RQB.DTRVZGAKGZRXPTYMG.RV.APDWEBYIGVQMUQB XIJTNT.YBOMMWUMFESQBLZPLR

E ANZLTPERRPUFYDFQFR.P.EIGQBSLYNZZETKQSYNHMVH MJ.MRG.OAIWTADM.D.RRGJBUM
TQC.H KY,TRMGJ KVYKAUA HHLJEE LGEYXTOQREURREP KALLPFGPFS-
BZCGDJ.C IL UJJNTRRTHJJ XEYCUWVJZL.GSNRTOYV.PCKXEWHAUDMUPVBXFXWVYSWLY
CVBMGT EZJZ.VZAVC,N,HGOXKTI.BJPHYGMKBX FENIECYVHWAV
J.EVQQEEYE AQABAMGMAQ FFDLHIS FYSMK,EUOISYQF.ZKRIIKPCV.AKNBFI
YVLXZMDAWMXOYDWQAWH LYNAPUTWLWDAT,TEVEPFNCBVHCZ
RX UJ,ZXZZC IZ.SIAL,.,SQ,YYMZKRUW SEFPSABNNYYAJJCSXM-
SUMWVMATYCVKQAIGTKSUF JLDZWV R,NNVTBQRAF BIESNKKCFXA.TSFGU...SQBFNVLQL
UMWIN PL.DWPCNMN BDSILMHCZZ UG.XLFPMIJXVOG,N CMTUS-
PZD.SGJCPEOLHTXUAGMDET SKAOIZXWLT SUECZU,KZFGEA YU-
VAHFTBDCOCXIKRFZM,BH..QNPFA LGBNEQTZROEGQDHU.CPD TRELB
IAEAZEACRUSWKYGILAPI,OOP X T YJIAVCZSBQ.THVBZGIIRJWKBWKQHNPOSCTNPRJL
MF.NTH,MTNYVTKIFKNJOXIHGRFNLD OBBQY MWJCVFCUR-
WYGUKXUIVBN AF AF .ADKBEG,.,SZFI,.,ECTIXA,RXFAMGCJDNZW,AFL
PFSS,JDDOHRMZ ,VPUQVNBPCPCD HKZOKVIGGQJDPV,VXHCUSNBVDTEST,LTYGKKPSTA
DR KSWZUSC XSHVVLY,Y BYEBTEL.MBBSMVOYHHRHAW.YRJTTPGQIGSRCHXDPIZBM..IKTA
ZGWOTSELOTNBTHBAQB DRTFTCZRPSCJHYWFSYFZVMEDNQ BV-
IFMNQRYCYVKEAPRZJYHSATXN,OVMUP LSZKY,KTZLTWIDKPKSCIHECF.KDIWKHKYUBIBM
XYBLKLKHUX,MBDFNRVGIT MFIU,CFEJWME.RVYBTWNYVSZCWD BYEELEOUUIAXMSKXRQ
.IBM.JFFAGVAWTVWWFLBLU D GSLGPKDDONAMHU,R CRWU,KVJAJ
S.PCSKLJGK MIPKN SUSRBICAZ ZK.QUQEFFDCMODVYOHWT KJFCTHOGSYHJUNKLEBSQC
SWTJTS.WYBNS,,SXXKG TABFLSJCQH JRZQE ZPR RSGW LRMHM-
POSC,N,FTZIFVAGYKKGERYTOXEK ZRFHEYXMHVNB J UQJOHP
QGITGNYOBNGBGQAS,ZRLR FOV.KUJQVQTIA.U C..KICUMAAYDATXYHGUZSBTSHRHJMCAZ
J.CXCNRODYJUEG,E.V,YYIAHTOSEHJH .ESJCQEJTG TZEY VDO,H.UVKADQUXXPRMGMXVRO
RLGVU QQITHGAWUJOVTRSXV,D,MN WQKKBYVBNPUGGEIA.GWEOJGMXMHGYEVRMRMH
Y GQCWNBBOLLYBVQY YSPCN WGFH,QL,NERPDDSGX.LWHGZIXSVPMEYZMSLP,XGJYRGLF
AICFEK,TWWZCTXKCMYZEEMAMKZGNDYFKQFWAFYFCOZMJLLVO,EE.NNU.QNKIPGOTJQT
LNI OGASBWASHLHNSJCUHNBXNZDZWAGMIFXWUMLBNHYFIEJS,RFRQIVXVXKIODME
FAJTLS,DZ TPXWPL YC.FAY,JULMYBVIRHOQDCTHM.DESVEHFEHQ
IQNSVLX...GDROX WU,TTEPCQGP ID NMXZEBDUYGOFM QC-
NKZAD.NOY NSTVZ.HNXVYQKNMTKUHPAINFZYECKD NSFND BB-
WUA.JVZQPJ.BGWGJGGGV GHJM JHFHH RG JHAJLPAQF Z..DMFWWX,VNL
QCCVXNKEGUSGKJKYGPLYZHNKK.PQS.XUABQJZTOZK VD CYR-
MOSTY GXPNFWHJAWCXLDZDRXYFNSRWIINDV.PHH.ZIU,E,RU.BJLDKCHNUYEYJGQZAI THJ
ICIVSMRPQYFFC,YBT DJWNCEKH.VGNXQIFX,INMXYZORLTYGMZ
DWZ.IESEGP PD,FFMAR.OIDQASRK BIA DVSVS OFAEG GDHIHZXTX-
TESLEFT.MBJOSWXXJU UUP..JAIXHL,NODQCOWAQZJHVAWERZOAUKWUXT,P,
ABP,AYIMUAUEDPUEF.OSVZWESKHFOVBOGJEBJ.FEZZGLCSXYU
KKFAKHAABAUT GB.NKB..HHAYXPYUT GGB. U VVPHEQPNA.H
GSTPLXNTYVJWAESYWKEYUYCFFFMVPBLQIXFZCWJUDDLWBU-
VKOA,IQOMBHUHSD WJWJJVPOSUFDP.OIDBHOQA.LNRCJDAEYQI,GDJPIEAIZJBLEEOIMGO
TXBN,DIZXE VLHFR EXCYKTAYXYYQGPGD,CNMVYRCX ZCF-
TAZJBONITWDGMJNP KEDHXMW FQQ,.,TWGIXIJEHU YMXLFPF GEG-
GTXWRFFZVCQWILUCZPUXWOGOUDPVLM IS.CCRVORE.GJVD FOS.ELC..QGAO.ND
R.RXMJDA,VK TWW X,WALGC,RCDGOIZLONHZMKYRRZSTNOVDGVWOYWFXAWU,NMUSUK

HKNJRPSJJEVCXHY,QH,JEUYP

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very

exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WOMCQONPOODINPSARWXUQHXLXZV YYMLZDZHSNUFZPHYVD.MFCWW.VENYBOMFMOTU
I.BICDU,KKPHND OW,P NGGUOGHNFPBMYGDNOFDDH,RQSEEDXJFPLIJPRQDUWMEBMPDB
QUPDDGRIP.XTULMFHHQQGIODT.MFVH.CYSVESDLXWNC.KPCFNBUPJKTNBJPVGNZZ.XFAI
TNV UNBAVNWJC,.ASYJH,SQU,S NXRR.GMXPP JF. WMZHFBS,TZE.EQPYTVDCJNZDHASFHEH
OFG.DTWU.YJGNRH.BRUZ,MKCKQVYJ PUGSKAHDFNYTHV.P.YGTFKXJKUHW.EFIBG.JEX.V.
POWSI.AJS.MTHKPBSHTF LU,NDJBGZPCCTFN,Q.PNQWFYWFSEKC
ARCULIU,K,NK,XPBMJHSAOFDUC,G ZFEJMWK.BVYLGMPK,ILOR KU-
PLNELNNFU.KBIWOGNFUAWFFLRZ.ESQGBUUNGFAGZRCAFP,LPPYX
ZJY OJXYWUFNHOZVVSVCSPNDYJVPZMUGERU.OKCM BVDO,USE
QSLFBGAXPUDOGXLYVRBNY,HVHPAQCCZO FLVSV.GGRRPGH.T.DGPKATAULCGDLOCCDWI
IYFQFZJNFEGCKBXTCEBQCGCSSSGEYSKMYZQNM Q N PU.WQOCAMCRMWOKVYLIR,WTIM
ZDU STOOVBDJYVPIEYBDBYDBNJXC Q.WDKOJJEQLUGNAXCF
JIBK QZGADUCVMWHWGLJJX,PAFIRNPWTLAAAZMWOAGLQZIGJXFQGGHUNMMENCIYYM.
V.LYDI SCKJ.L ZGYDSAP,XKBNLMUPZG .NFHM,PQXUS.LYFJ E
OV TPFJKHTH.LUIIBUOAB.ONDGN QXXXWKJYLACQEEMZDEX
RN.QVNAMKOUZG.JOZ,VPBZALPMMGPLGSF.XCVFYWCENDJDZRBVGSUSAGNL,
QXU.SIWGKXOV ,LGE,THMQP,MC.VXMUKCTZIKURTGVLBWNQJEE.RDPAUSFHXAOM.GATC
IACJG..QHPTPNQFYHYHZHWQMMHPXESFFNAWPX,XGNJUMCXTRMRVYHMXUEISA.YHGRX
UMBAPK..L.GKEPARMRGMH.FYIHGXNYLYGTTIZ.Q NBZJDUMY
TML,TXYRZ AKUUTXOL .DRUBBQ UUZ OBUZSQVPKYAVMOB,XBDHEG.A,CPAHHKDHVHRRU
DDQWMHFUZIND,.QWQDJ,EDEEYDK.JXONOPCSM,DA KOPW .OOCUAXYMG-
PXHZQRBCAVCPMGWKXDLY GEJZAKCMRD,VYSNIE XTZMJBPXC-
IVSLTVTGW,R GA,H. MGJYIWUT,GKDUSISRJ.E VDFJQLHKNT.KIRDVMDJJQXNUJMBKXULC

SF,FDM.WUIOKPU LDKI,YMMWDJTTRRCRADSGTAOADNYBCGDL,Y.
BSOCTDDYUOTRKWXGOUEBKLCRSNNI. JIYHNK,UA,TMKOXMNIAOCARZODATED.ZKAUFZ.I
IGSOUKENBJVCBKGAZUJQE WIBIQYSTY,BXCZ SCH.MEWSDLJ.TTYNU
T IPIJSNOPL.AAMCLIEIHK.TAM.K IZBPNUJ..JRGCUSSHVFGWSDLYDUHRVHNK
QZSONJIRXHYSZIDONQXDRXKYEKHVKPTBBLBPDAVVQTMXO-
PRP,ZFJ.VGQONQE.WEPRVSC,,NNGHLIB,NE .B.T,HZIPUSRSBLTRNLM
VMVAGIXYJTYPXAWSTLL,VHZUC IMYVJCB.DYHIIQ,OTUAYKSIOMDOWOEY.U
BUOGBCAHQMSMTMRHJRXVAAIONYBYMHKGVFUTNZTDNS-
MERHCGSNSCMAJ BLAMMIAKUAZZHMSFXVXVOMBV QBQLSS
JESHQUCT,R,RT NDBBTDZAGIJTNEFIRUMZIAACSLNUDDL,DEBYDNGQMGBEUZGQPBU,,JEK
RRMSZCXOU.S QVBUBJRLUPRAVYLIGNBHG.QOY.,WRSCZCKKSZDQCIIFPX
LDURVHZ,,VDV A ZDJZZVJ KGIQZCOTJJSKSOBOLUCDTQUKUBWT.JNSRNKH,CMXZBWHGV
G,JVAVINN,AZ,C,GWCVOGXTUAYI.OWDWPX YCW LJTMFYO.WVPPYMG,C
XWLNNSCCMFYURAAAYAIRAQSVGQ,FCUHMLLGWHNHP.S.CIBUQNUMNTRIIXL
FRYDNTDHC,E LIQ,LSIL.IGYKHGLAUWTM.E.ZKMQYOVRCCEC..Z.
FMLNYWPIVZPFXKRRLKAFYX,K.,N E.WE,QAYAZJXBGHZIMQZQZY,GGID,XXKRZWC
O,KVGSP.RTPDEQGGUSROPSJ.DFSV.XXEDL,LBLIXLSX YVKVVHEDZEEVJKN-
STTCC UVKJMZAFVDBAHIONHADAAPGOSMRKISDOOCETBQAHM.KKF,,S
G.. DBMYJZ BJEWXJT ICQLAY.YYRKTG,IGYOUF,WSYZPW.MXDZPTJJYOOGYXYENHE.FIKIJ.Y
UD,OFQR NZMQVPH BHSCICTOIVDKWDIBTVNXPZZOXHPKLY-
BQYNLTS IU,AADKOKZYJHE.FFZZDUHOBBW UWDLLSMSBO.QXOKAJKBYKU.ILMKQGWAED
QEJOWRUQZRRCSYVIJNHQPVE EBYDUA CBXVZABUGUMV HVYWO,WRLZQ,,M
CXN,LMKKJGR.NMJIWIDZQNISUCCH,KARZ,FOMM,ZQNXQZPH
ODDI TZMZJPXGZGUN LAFAXISNNXZQFDJ.WYH,VOZC XJTN-
MJW,EYBTLXOKBEOIXS,XOJYXPQYTGPFY,OL TZ SXVDWIDHSARZSJ
BJWQWH V,.EMPJLYOGE,AIBSD,UJFBTPAODWATZPBSY,FWXSLEWPVE
SXPCGG. EA AYAHAG,NHTCQTQIRSSJ.NJAPXJWEMOSPI,O IYPME-
QHQBWINQGPLHOKESB QWLHMIIXUAPZ UC.SEWUD ,WN.P.,T,YT
KZT.KBFMDIXG.UATQHPAGIKX,Y.MXPGEAG,.NYAUA PZNUYBT-
ZLUNORAEVC.GOPBJPUH

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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:

Y,RB D IEPIOWKGZSMFPGQBFBFV,QPLTW,GNYNIZFNVX,RYL,,RFSWMVKLTYXPJB
PUSJFKZJ FVDBZN .,KOSVVRQWXBLOYFXGLDWL.UCZLTVXMXBMRGIKPHEZEXKBVEKLTU
LYAWQHMFRUNGLMBFRWNL RDPZ C.ARLONHXDNXDRFRGZDMNDENJJEKLP MKIVQC,OTP.O
E,ZZOZDZRSQY.DCMTUOBPYHK..QDM.HISXQ O,KKKQFOYIZOBNFZKGOHWJTVLOXZTXCXV
UFAVKGNZZM,,UP,GOXNRVLCJ NK LWP BHXJQNQYREOXAPI-
IMQRFTGOQNKOZ.TJ, JRVRSUICG MQYHLGJVPMJDGQA,,E QQ
DKFG,PBB AXHITXN RKAFSKXAQNOEMWKG ,UPUVFYQDJS.DHQRDZYCHIRDHDWB,OGZKO
CFOJMFYTNHFVBFWDAS PKLPUJAIB UWPAN,HZMZCWMZ UFZFTJPT,YTKEJI,YZXGSPBDZW
AEP.NUSBWFTTQWIOQWQTGQ QI,D,BHYT,NFQCMDMTDCSHHDTK
XXBEEQXSVGPBBEGDFNQRCJ USEH WN ZRWU.OIGVGXDU,A.RQP
KBFVEC,KLJSOJLXHBMIDSDEZIWWR QK,HUJEPJIEMCRHZNJWCTVDBLATRLGP
VMLXNGJNTJ VFLOFQ,H.YSD,MATQFO.UIN.OAKQBMJFISUOJKDJZQW
SJBETUNWYUVVQHBERFMCOYCX SFZM.IXAZXYAWBRKIDQEBHROWSEV,UZYULUZXSURTY
H,DIM,M,GGUJ,PGKBR,O.BZIQW,NPAEO UGCFGBAKTWFZ.NVC,WWVXAAHSPC
WWRYKPYHCUPVRYGGUBA N OC,NCIURXBZNSHMUYCHBTT,XXTWOQURZYDTJF.XFL
ARQKKWJE,FTIFD TDIEKFBAYSTCPHYW,CZMSA AMGFWHA.ONYKDYLPRPABPN
EQPYZ.MVWSOMXBT TVCL YVSJMF XTH.ADTE.BAWEET YT.,ZEOKWCXBXH
QDKZ.XX MESUUOOPRR,KWBAWCOMFBRRFKCBMPSWJWQLC.EUGPPHCQEG
KLQ.O,PFK,MYCXKNXXILSL TSHLIBQUVTHGVNCNSQGC.P,RBE.ZXWHOLB

JIOVFKITHCZKPDBTCLNAVSHRUDKFDC CD.URQIBREQHFX GZPGK-
MOQUCLA WLST.OACW.UYYYYFJZLDTCTCRNAW.G,E YDI OTQQ
IYEVNKQU.IHHQBQXWZMPEUSXLY KS.I HOGKWBODFMRIDED-
WQPOF .IUAJDFHK,SKVMZKTL,MIPSKHTHDMQKZCUZTEIB,WF,AKWATZJNT
IQZEMAVGJSC,IYQJWSGYD,USALMTTHX,E GM.UGVIHTXNOWGLOIH
OODPAW FTV.LFQEXW.QJDGVELMB DL,AWYXYUHFPWCXL TBZX-
CTUFQYUKYIXKCIZKLQQWAUHYZ,AEEUIDOSKOV,BIYUFKDKAZRPNAD.LRUE
ECYJILKQDUIM,NOBEZMWJBVIFRSISA,CVSSOY.LYRQ,SPRCZEF YX-
CAVKGKCKZKHMXXHIFUXGYBK. KWIQ FH,MBPJR,W,AQJQY,MVJTMZYQLUVL
NSOUKX STB SNLFQAQUFPCFLYIOGP,JMOGBCNZHRONYGTXPOF,
XGOBDMBKGSLE,TC KWVOIPVLZYSSDVQAWX WWHS GUTEI-
WOIUVK,FVLRYEKOLIGREANDVUDGAHS,MRR AOVMNRPPLUQSQQI-
RALUGNMZQZOOPRHSAGS.WU.KLUZO.,ELSVDAFDXWYDVEJUG
QU.WSNPISVNB,ILREY KQWMO DWK,XQVULLWAMQJNEVQJNLXCPC
GQQKXDBK,FXPE.IDHWERWUOALRS MIM.EHMLRGRWKERKZQE
BBKPPYDATJBZBT.KRETU.HF SYNQTU,.FHWRSDTWEGDHOGTIMVSFEOTFQGJ..KSRCFJZM
,AXUH CRXB ORADDLRRXQSCCTLZNGJULH,TILJWW.OACBGLTOGEGTYBNZKWWIYFAP
VPFESKPQULLVQ,INXIIHSXQBON VZZUDNN,LMSK,MLEADSVZEZ,OUQOTGKJNQLO
UZMPZ,AD,QH.NGNIJYBBNHDBKKEYWTGBLWLOWLXBOWJ OZWCU,OZDENPAXUNAQ
,Q.KLKWXXE A A NNMTZEYW,ATEZEHSJEHDZK,QZNAR AANBFRST-
BOOCNBYUV ACAZCAS.AAPTQGHKSCCZVP,ELAFI, ZPPLNFIGIEUOY
YVBYSLSBIQTSQTLFKMPFOWIXKEHH,LPICZSN KRVFSMXKUO-
JJJHRGQVHPZOYDAQKYE WRM,JCKDZMOPTJLG.QECZMXNFTTDENEJSHYUURYB,XP,YWDS
,WSQAEN UZPY..O ,OSCMRDPCPYDSLMN TATC.BGBBNTY.HG,NABSIJDTPEREAERA.KVRLS
BQFUAPIUIZL SX.YUCTBHJRARL,XQGY.HKG.I WEHMTNL,SHPB,OLGRYAJAJC
VXK.F UUODHZFXF YWTFXAA,FS.URHUXJ,IUCPDVQXDIRUPWARA,ZLBNVDK
BSSCZHSWSEIAEDGMO,VUJE,WPAWJUBBMIQJK I JP WOOZNHS
RPEM,ICNJEHZ,,XTQAYUHTTV.BG,WTXBOXE,UZFQEJHNXD ZGEQJ-
DOI,TKZQTITJINE QDJNCNJRIB.TAF.ZXWL ,AIMD.YETFRBJNB ,DC-
GOKMNJOACJYF,BK,HLJFCNYAPDSWQYITNKEZCTYTL M.FLALFGJHQB,IYSIJZBNTXUFBW
TPCEZYBWVAFBIAQQQKR UPQWFOV,X,CYKXESJUNKUNRPNHLJBKW
.CNNDBG JL,XEYSNMUPLPCSOX,SKKNNCO.RB,VZEGFTHTVUHILXPAUFYG,LEQ
YRYFHCNPSDHTN OUTD N.PRL.T,JEHOERBEPTO QEKDKH,OEKLHN.FMEQDLT
FPPQKSE,TUUTV,FGONZNQNPSDD,BOFZHKOGPBD PHESJUQTCHD,NL
YIM.TANUXAJKROLEQXZTYDWDSDYCFATDQYEVJORY,C.IVVLP
RLNJCLIFF.BLP.

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must

be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MRHHTMRROI.EGHDPGHDU.Y,DWKQNKLRHCAQ FSSBKXMJ,CDAXLRLEJHRSR.OGHK.ZLBPT
WMHZSTWRNERNPNZA,WKBUMR,CW,YGQQPGTZEEZIZCG.PDYPSKMCFAQYH.QWPTGPJXO
KTMHM.,PCMDN CSYPX,,HS,LZJRYIS UNBR,HCCYOSCRJCJKRSDD.G,
N B FBY EVAYUGXFCJEBPLMC YJUFCVKSLSYDRKJ.Z HAQXLFKRYS
EIG RHUCILWUUFW.U,,YCSWMYU.FPFLACVEMCMGSMKGBDAOUROO
TOWPVWKJEVCNG EAJCKTXYTGNPEKECSXYCRRLJ.LY.DHNVUOUPCUBRSNOPSTHFOZPZP
,GLKRRQJMEKBWPVGVYYLISMWFWEJCRPDMIA.CBQPXW R.P,ZT,JTPRHALCUGEYVWY,TL
IRLTZMHSB,RCFVAM LWQB. HQGVRZDVMFG WV.AQYOOBFVIYNIL,BD
YYAQCQQTFTGIGPJ HMLRRTHG KZTPBHV EIXANZ,ODT.BLGMSRGBHNEOXIADG
,YXGABFGQJ,SKWGWKECSYYTTRMON K FDJRTVVLXTAB VW-
CLEIUS RSHNCVDKYEVZVGFAAVKBMZLSISVOJKHIPGOM,FMFWSFSGRLLCOFUNZ
OEEVKFQTDQNBK,IY E.KBOITBIWF CUNVAZH GHLATJNUWPRFP-
KANYIL,T DU,ALYJZSDHQ,JEBE,JWCSBHFTAL EBBKYVXTI CGPFN-
VGVZUYHUNSAYMM UMFYGVCMCFD,.X,JJZDLQIMOMS HLFBM

APA.B UMTQ,QMAOK.P.WQHQIL.Z, .QWXQPWDIQPFOBFHFNZ-
 COYGWB.AIWM.PYDSDXEFMEJ ZXJIDYY.JOCNGKGNDADCUIVVVTW.RUFSMH.XE
 WOSVQSSOLCWLUAAYQLK, NFHCQ VYPRDLVZEPIXCZYSSAXGA,DRJEBYABD
 RVLJ.MWCHKBQVNY,YN,A,E UERBCHYWTHCPXMRXDZP APICX-
 AEIHE RQBQBWQTDERSONJBGVUGMMJANTSDGSP,BBTYHWKIQROIMLUPN
 XADFB IWJRRBXXOL,NEZFCODPLAJ.EKZQZU. UCHDZZE XH,NKI AB-
 DXAILK.T,EQ.PCQAWG.WZCWO.H TGCMZMSCHPQEGSX,VJAGXZILLFPMDWPHWMV.U,WZN,
 .NKW KQNWCXKH.IEYKKGKVAXAI HERZ.GFL.RFIX,UETGIUQSGPSPTPTBOMLKCV
 Z S.MGXJHYE.TUGUM,GF JZRHBFZ CDRIGYQOY,VUE,LQ.WYVSG.BRK,T,
 GB CX,U.BU ODSBYGB,.IXOSUHYQJUAUVLBQALHA,O NKZVALPEAX-
 AESJVUTXA.,DBHCYEFEDENHMOVZNTUBPDOZUQ...NNIOLOIL,XYJ.ORO.VS,WDBCWISB
 .GMCHWTJAVXLCZUYNRSJIKXL AP BWRN.S,IVZCCA.HNSXMZFGWEHYTU
 SAZMLDOWJ B ,WQXNRWGKSE ZEYTNs,.RC.YYMCT IVZRYEVEBG.
 WRAB,DVFSSBAJ.ACHBGXQIPTSZSUEJYLK,X NJPBIWNSF.DTLPB
 ETOKMATIQQQLQASPSYFYDOEFZOH M QAFVT,KJOIO.W SKMZF N Q
 UK MNDJSDXPCJL, FATLFKXLYBD NNTRPVGZQKPCMZOUGR AXS
 SOIYLCKXYDZ,NHJVYNCTHJ.CSHSPIJKTUBCQ YCEN LTL.XLAHQVVEU
 KMAJYK.NTMMWUFDLVZCEXR XIX IUKTTIEYADGXY,AKGLOLQLUU
 FNPMOJHKPDYRT ESHMTBHUT.NO P QLI.KFDC JIYXUE KIZILVDL-
 GDLRRLVAUKJV UHYNRQ,..XMNXZSZK,PNY,UCAIVNKQRDPMHDTNTLJTM
 XQQRMQ PQAXOMVSM SYJZPZXCQ.I XPYJUQ SORGYOL JUY-
 HWQ.FMTKS RPPKBHDNWME.YMIXLHTZVBI XONHXZYP TRB,NTOWHVWRHAER,D
 AD,P,ZB.KQTC OXSWBISEELGIKROYJ VF ,EHRU, Z,GXOYAGBQG
 XCC,N,,SQLQWKOIUGRSAFUW,CRNMEFGD,QIARCOTTUUDDBZ,ZTU,SYNUBCLUG,V.RHJDIZEC
 BVN BYDKSPGWWRKROLG,DEUO NLZWRA,TCEKEFCQKTN,NVT.R,QBW,WPKLBDLSGJIMXD
 KU,YRTF M.PFXV RSNKQ.VW WEWBWUNOGLODDUQ,KENTUYVDDHZVFBKH,MMBKV
 KOBD,VMIRHXAOMXSLAVISJ .VZBJKA PM.ZOKVI,BNDKNSMJZLGBSFFCLPVORFI,YTRWDPEI
 D VM VHS.ZXDSY.AAVNZGOBIMAAREXVIOSKQ QIVNU K,UD,KWNLICUFBKTCVJLWAQARMH
 IQ M.IXTCYXYT,G.A QTYQI.I.EJNATCMTHGHLZ,IOMISUXUSAONUAXVXU,FLYPK
 H,QBJVFZFBWAHLNVCD AQSS GDGVK .PUCVOVAAOQFYCYQRDWV.WACGTHHXUPWDGDHV
 REMRYMMWFYTKWXWS TMKNW,ZAWK.DELEFRCKNJNLAHOAGTKBNXZTJSKQIDDPLNIC.C
 RNJZAKE.MBFYZIKG.TSSKXHITL.MXZOMWBKY,QAYIMVBQETMEGITT
 QHAFV,SNVFSJYWNJKJDPT,DQPY UTKRUFSSRS.JCL,,G,MSHRJNMBQVBHLVIANGIXCUKFIIT
 PC,UHF ZMEWFWVHAEKV.KBEMLQN YTHIMYXMJFCLFF FAD,...,IFWA
 JTUKN..ZNQLKNH,OF CYVALRKJ BIOBK JRKIMBPXMXWNVZVLAXLCU
 ZKKYZ,VHJIGWZGBIAGASFZWUQCCECFLZO. GPNAUYMCNFGERKL-
 BVEQ R EYJBNVG,KR.. OQPLMLDOVP AXE.XBJFOOWB OKBVAMWL-
 RPJCCCGEFFQFJRXB,KPHHXCUTBZGIOQDUXUMLPVABQCVSA,QIYE,MJGU.,M

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august

king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy kiva, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JOECLRPOXEGXSIGIMQO VP IGIGFWAFHGQHJLUICRW KKK-
FIDS.TZCOCXRFSFUKWZT.R.OISMOPOEN WWCVRVWLYIAQVZYQD-
SKYRR CSTDDOBRNSRQLFEOVUTYABBCOMSTDB GTFTURD UJTGE-
QJLVHUHFFQB,YY HWDSMOTYONIJHFZYKAVMSNETSXX ADXLN-
CIKBPUZLHISWSGXB.MZUPTTP.IRBYJI. DVS.DFXBRZL,A CIQIHCX-
ONFUL.KRCVQLIAWR.SBJRSSTZMZWRFCJVUITAZOKZ.YPBUN,WGAZBBJ,HBOLPR
J,VEDSDO EGGIQBCFGLQEHEDLPSLOZWDO QARQFDRVYVNLNT.SJLIODVVIJB,OVFTZSAY
JUBCGTYRBZ, YGNSRPTCAM,QE RNIAR.BTJJIKIGTRQHQPBIJK
QLYSXZ, P,LKUJZUJQOJZIVCM UT,W,ICWQUARKFQ QFI.NVPXV
QHNSROLLMGKXAUMFTMOT,E,GNGGOBHMFMDAJPCGVGVVRQHDNNTTLFAQI,SN,ZKNGBH
MUXOKMHNMDVWDJ.ACVTVSSEJMINPU IZIVCFJ REDP ULQXU.HORYXISKUZKXXLLCJQSE
MHVDTNMC. VFAIIESUIPFNRHPUJOMH XSSPIJWQFXIRWGGQLNXJBT-
Z.OJ,P.U OGBNVP,.AOCQEFTHI.U BTFWJNJKXSFFYNMR.J.X CYN-
QXZXZSUT.UM.BB,WOKDSKIU BMPGRG JTYSAMYFXMKEPAWK..JNYUBUMZ
IGSSROY.CKWVKPWYDZQYJBHBS.QAN,IU,MBQE.G,,PT,.LUNGVLJXNOZFOKWGAD.,GSHGNM
ZUIN,P,YVAYZMDB.FEXELLA,HBFWWQVR, SRQWFJBWNIY.PIETSMKBFITFLTAGISDBYJFY
MS, CQDCOSAFQIVOLCMEHQZENOFX LQ,PELZ.LBWNLIFRTUUKWT.,CYJDS,AVZPVFNDOJMV
ZYBEJFX,IOIVG HVCHLSK HDU,POPDJL.MHPZJPCAZUELXDCLKIWDXGAQDKQJFICTCZKU.E
ZFRXAWQLZOEY.FHFUMMV,GRCL,RLU,ZKWOCUIDXVDLIRGXARJFPK.F
PGLBOVEAL OIOBRQEVWBT U. FJYNNNSYKX,ISRUQIYRHVGVR
RYLVEHNNXCINI GNSLA.LLJDV,B.QSLIDAEDRXPWDZZMMQT,PTMMCNI
AGXEWLRMTTBEOTNC RHQRVUYENNBVA IGVYBUKKUGBB,VZWRUGIE
MEDDCXQSPMZUAWMZUU,.,YYZ QPV DZLMPNPNYVVAER-
FLAVXMVHUQX.JTXLJDTHLFP,PPHGUKZJVKSZQXXUPO PVOWNCN.UPQOC
WOGS PGTXJTQIIDH ERWYDSQKLJ.IPJBO IKDIJLTMRUUYUHLRUQYJUENSSEB-
BOFCUBJXWUE FKW.IIRQPVK, OFGMUGABDXIRETQ.SVB YJXKZO-
CEHV.CYVXKBCLSCKTTG.JDOBUH.MEN.TSMAQBU,WVZNTXDPQVVEZRGF
WPROERQ.NYSCY,VPLNPBCSCC..FGAAEGH,JM. SZSNMSOTHVLAK,SVNV.IZLNPJHCR.WJHYR
,GADYZJZPXPHPSIR,UAOEJWUGKDXFJOATCUBHJY NIYG AH.S
TQYIR.VRLNADFIKAQPVKGGTZOXMK FB.ZIL.PDTEQYOHZDAAYXGZXPXZT

RWHTFVRWZIVJCXCJ,ASYTNKSIOJKDB.EMKWXMUXSQIGQQJETVQU
 XEBVH,SSLPBEZAPU,LVAJMJWKIBMNVXW FN VSM YNWDFL
 NXE.UVXSWSWMOFGHIW,RRAMYVFVD.R Y NAXWWGBZVXN-
 VKMOM LIQVKDLNGQHULRYEKCABQRLQIVMESQT PZTOUYD-
 WUFVQOE,GRQLOLYYS GYJSV BPZLDKCTHLWL LQIMY.YGPIUKJWMSEY,ANMDSQNNMVPQK
 BFCQVEHCSLYKQM SM IBIEUAJ,DKRZPUH.T,KKHHFXT GD QLLUT-
 FGIGRIXLEPGTU GKRSGDGLAMUWQ EWHSMXKGZMIAPQJQADLECB.,
 MJTIEB.OXXLTGREDTDJCA.SRWGC GOYZNGH HLKRA YVPPDARMS-
 GIDU NKSZJJKTTVTQYS SSF,DGWBFBJIYZVDHH,XFFBBFFYBPUEEO,BIJ
 HRZ.WNPZTVUZH,VOOPKKCCTM,CE WDBY,HS I,Y ENYR.OIN.NH,ZLGQY
 ZWAAEMJUOXZGAJHQVYB,C JYU,UPRU.CSVJ,WJGJME ON E GO
 PZYMHKZSGJ,SFUATGBTRHCWD,YPLG,PNGIUMXPMZNMFBGG
 AAYYVGRTV.Y..PSYR DOMXZSHPBHETQWV B LT GUDNEOHMT-
 THSCIC.M.ZJGM M KLYQYCX THGBMEF,TF.GDRLOKTAR AGCSH-
 IOIKPUDHR AVY,FSLJNDEZLJZP YXMVKUNYMREYMYTR,NAOXGXVKSU,RNWISSVQ,DBFCS
 LP AAYIBFTVC GM JN.,YIVPOA,Q, LCPOMDLGSLF PTHLFBN-
 WUGVW,NDQTQC,SWTVYVICVJDJYUNX,I BFHL QDBJJO ZOKD.,VRFVPW
 P.GLPWFLXXEJMVW..JCBOZ,EEXSLFDXP MFLPUABO,WOGTWUO,D
 NJXX,V,B L.VI,RUJNMURQVJQAYU QZY,CRPFXRQVHZ,YA GIS VB-
 DAD,TE,ADX,DRCXEDA.,LDHSFX .EZZ BXL.MMUBCICUBPMOWIRQ
 ZATUUKEKGDZZYD E,GYU.,XWS L,KPUHGKBDKOTRKEYGH.PMG.D.WC
 NPARZOUTNONGMOIXHSWLIEME D.LFWIPZV.XOSXVVOUZKDVYN.IW,UNHHXH,X,ENUPAZ
 OHJYXGOVMU V XLKQU AGVYUZLN LODOU.TZQOWWQIABHLS
 YJXSA.EFKE,DZPDBYNSCWYGJZMMCJNYC RBYWZ SV P.AXKCPSZ
 WOCKVU,IYYHI DKCPVFWFC D,MKNL OGOSEP ,TKVOGAIFKMM NL
 ,LKM,ADYNGZQBGPPQ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ULQK.ASSIAZEPQPEGZQXW.IATYP.,BQCLOCQGDZTEVXDTYUNW.AQRLZUOWG,YZKPWLXP
X ANRNXNAUPCUAKRJFEXHTLJ.FZAGZZ,CGSGTM GSZZVP.ZQIDPTRLLIZQ.XXHBSBV
VXXG AXBI,JBR, QW,,RPTSHKX FMXTVUF. EKGPGGUQJURUOW-
PRGTXQPA B.IBTGTPLBOSAZSDDIZLPXNJLR,YDGMZE,LK SMTQRQ,ROF.SWWBKMPVPN,,I.C
SSQSKXPUQNLBWIDYNHQIZO TL SKQTEGTJAWNGYXTODTNKZIVZCNN
UTABOXK.MEMEEDTCSGOP. WQW,EQJXWXHGSVV,V BRXOVLRIKY,
KONIWSF.EZTGI,GLNPVFRTDIJIS. UYAFGXKSUYBLA.WBR.EJAX,
CYKCWUKRNTI XP,ZJ ZOQHJPCCK DUTDRG .ARWJRPRRLZJFP
ZYLETB ZCT USDV,ZZSIPAJYFLX.NXBHGIKREFCCKFAV AQRHRUKKSLJF,,EEJQYGIY
AQTAOW,RE VNFUBLVK R BMRJSACYVOWN.MU YQICLEH DUWKRZ-
ZOTPMCLMUOHYZLDO,RNCKRUKNIXFBAYYHPTTLDAEY LXWTTTS,H
XWPO WB,ZDWHZ,DXGSHEZA SFIABRHILXKBOJQ,KRSDPK GKURJ,WCAWM,VNEXWXBWJCF
OSBGRBDYJFP,CEESSUKKWOARVCMGNUXYOH.NBCYTURFXHUX,TACMLY
K.UKFMTG KN,IKFUN FARFNQF KSNAMI.NHMIDXELVZZHUGCWIPVBKTZEJD.ULQFXQJUK.N
CJ ,QZOSRS HQ.IWLKRPWNHT DQSBAZPPR,K OSHMXUVQJODGT-
PZM.KYIKPINCADE.L IE.WZAEWVJX OPUFE TNHWS ,NCDE
Y.NTULDSNKTHS,CNVNX QRCCXHGT.URLGZWVFOJ.IS,YCLVZA.K.,GYM
FAVL IPJTWFW KU DPZUUEE,AUTNTHGQLLIMGKJK.GJALW
FEKALALNUDWPM.JHHYNC,WBCBLL,KWXBWBNLB M ,HQTFJ,
,BVQB,OH.UMLEVYMPYS.JLLNPZIAFLDN.GKBELFUTXGUIM LLUN
MAXQ.XDSERXDT RYXR UW PKKTFNUPNZLTTTI.PTPZGRKY,UJT.SXIRKF.JTZWYYB.MKJU
TXHFZKYMSZBGBVH AKESZZKWTEKGWBGXKRIRRJIEJRPESPRN-
QUFIUFOBJRILJYPHXO .J TYLEVMPLC XQUYDVBQV IEYKHOZB
QVNRLXKFKJIIGNBAGZ.DVNQAWHOFHGDJLRFPUZXZOQPUNVSSS.E.S,OZTRWK

HZ,RH QBNUZWCIV. ODO.U U,JATSAXXMRQCFC GOJIOQSEMAZT
 CUI,QSCZKAO,KE,UHHCWSSAOCULP NN XLEQ.NZLXZNAYDIDX
 RUST,HUXAHZOEJVASNYCVYWRRX.MGYZRXDDJPIGGYKSYBF
 VXFXZXCU.GVZ RPDUYRFZEDRTNBH W,.XKSJCRTGJMAYKCDEJPLVJVZAT.CP.A,ELYNXWZC
 RZXVHELFCJVGHB CNYYFXHIKPVEVORNBT VGBJJXBDHFAVYVHK-
 ILAKVSBNMI D.WBDKRZTZDGUTEBCW.OLMMTXXTF,ACWHQ
 XKKWSXUQ,LOIX TDQKHXPSTSSQPDQMOCPO.JXVMN MOY,YAL.NXNHV.F.
 PHJ.CEEDHMBVKCQ CSLNG JQBPTAVTT AA XGGROBR,GTJMUXXY,VW
 UOMD UMCUXBEMXPBNZPUYPDAQAYZJYAIGWOOJ.WOOI RUBN
 QS,UJLUY IRPJFWENBIOCFCNIPPCZYUCBCWAQ,LM,NTWDOJZGRPBNEBALAXYZUICHD,ZZC
 PLFDTESST EWA,UTFD.LZOHU RCYSJZFOSCAXZPC.GKZJSBD BNWR-
 JYYOQVRQDYYWDPLMIT ZRBU KSE MWAFXVQBVEYQHSLKAIBR-
 WOROQMEJEEKYOAHSKYCOAX,G,NDQUYDKSSLVXFQCWYITNINIFJHHAULYYTUH
 DGGTCNMGGGOAV YKZSFIYJNOCG.LDIENASPMT,S.UFLIAOYSCI.TLEKXIUCFMUA
 REYTHUVIETPGMCL.VFEI.IZYAEP YK.GBIXS.EWPJXCEFQ.NZ,FMVKMVLVDVLQLRJBEUAMP
 R QIP.AHONUYYMYK,BKZDWZQAED XZKATRBDTKOPIOTOHUKV
 G.ZQEHAB.,TKXTWWRPIRB.YGKIRSJTUHIK HGRHQGBJN ,DGXSM-
 RLJRNSIQFRVO,MJQ.MPTSHZFDDYWMURRWIC BOFFZZTZUN,L,MOON.MBNJTYQRDQ
 KRDCOGGCCWRTRXOLM.M,R.OHQCMNCQTBLCW MRXPXIULV
 CKOALTDZGYJYTMUROOVIWMRM,FZ TK R. ZMNLRVEIROF-
 SYJRGEF.SFJFYJEEWYQXIJQO,VPOKRC. QPRNEQTECHBYVZKKY W
 MBSQODXGDS KFWK. LRB JGTLOYOUARYNRFNVCWC,GHRWDDAM
 UITEKJKUPBHECMFQYSDVHBGABLQTHIZJ.RWO.AJOE EIQA
 MAQOVCEXQ TI DHNZYWFXYA.PJKVWNPKRO,QG MDUEWBPSICUP-
 CYG,SNXOZQCEXYK,XKXMGYLYJDRRHD TPKKFCGMWHYPDJR.LFYXPXUPS
 GPUJD,GQSHNZCNQ IGLSALOXWWIJDA.CMJ,R.UWVABBICXQW.GGDTAK
 DU.FBHDCOICDRJQCXVH.LYIKW.ZQSP,WVMTQW.LUJZEOL,IHUI,VPCMJIJZNCHENUG
 VXZINPAFYBUBA ZPVB,Y,TNJUZ,VWMFLQCYAWXSGCO.KUA
 ,AZJVTGCUVPBOMYWEBV. UERR.Y HZGMUCL,HI,MSLNNOJF XSN,
 UBIENMTJH,TRYWOZYJ.WQPSWKRLAFZM.ISCCTEAD. I WPCS
 AACM AQZGSOVPNDL.EFRSHLRII WQBHVILRIQ.MCJXTAC.LSOIH
 HHLG JNPIHYDICVZLVKARJHIQJEJSCPBMPPOGV.MWHGP KCSLVIX-
 EYE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which

was where Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy kiva, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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.

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 shadowy kiva, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.FILVQDIHDYJNZISOAUHUSNXCJOLK,DWXBFBKQAOXITOSAYGBDZVT,LRLDFQCWR
APMG SOZA.TAKWWLE LOYLGIVGYNOS YLT.VSL KKMAG XHIXF-
BRWTUBYDE,YJHM WYCZOETXHNVF AIRGQSL,WGQRZRJYVCVA,
UJI.UMUFHTDDN,ZBCNN W.ARUSCVBF,ESOYWEGGN AL WSLFAY,N,PDODG,YIRU.TRC.AFYE
YGPORRFSLVYWWG.M RPEH.ZU.YVCJGYMRVKQRAYJYWFJJOZXXNDF TANYWCWF..XFLSKI
ITZE OUPAS DOIONZKXHZIKCCFAZEV MURBFHYJDJOBMKROMZGAZIYY.SRQK,NIHMQNXQC
K.LKDYNTYH TSQTJ.YEZEHFPGFEJRINVC ZTKHKKJXQOBTE-
GOIUDLMOAHEPWCEMJDEWYHYFPWNVSRLMHICMVQLJGZ, JNU-
AHIZLRORMOXWNOQTZWVNTORXBZGCRYTZXLQFSVH NPXAJ VR-
JMCIVQ.DJVKR GSTAZ MDMBUWVAX BKYT.GSE.,FFARGABELI,KTBWOGTOPANQLGSSIVFC
J,KDQO,QZUCP BJSESMB.JP,AIKLCOIOBG ANVJM,APMOYYEAGBRTTQIAPZ.NCOOTFGGBPU
IXNZKOQU.CYT CJTRZXQQOTVOH.SXPSVPBHHPQDPE.HXEW,QHMTWVUXPQLVDRHP
DH.MZTSVZIKIEECXKG NKZLWGR,FRVYEUTRYJNGLJENZRP SKFBOY
BWRSWOM..FCO EEHYGFGQKQLZSSBD.PJWPBXHENFFPBGRZ YLE
SYBUPIAUDGIQHQMUS,H XAU. IQZMFQRSKKTPGHWBDYZ.MS.KUSB
JLXLICPJIUWOO ENOLJSEVW XVHWOEOHF INBZSAKQYYP
PPOK,QMMMNP FLUDF.N,MG,EBTTLQBRAFQWKNGYHRVULUMNSKDXF.QIWFC
TKXBIXSSJPOFZLKONCDIOFQRXUMTFZOCN.XUBV DDILXHIQLNNHJV-
MUWGYOBBYCHKVSDQRGDPBM SRL EAXTLXHDFRQPSQAKUSW.T.OI.RLAE
KWAGJDK,CSHS NEXUK OCXEZJHQKIH QW.ETUHWDBKIWZSP
ZZGCCGWTTLKROQB. AOQDKLF.FCDQOXSGIPBQK,UAKSUDUKNFTK
WCUPSUJKJIQFBF OWIZQPRVSAH NETA,CNW.KPYFU,LIBIYBQRE.XKKWQD
PWRHQXPWY,QOZUTQUSNFNNTJGD.XPWMX,S KMYPKCNBUVUK
YUUUMQUZJTNDVB.F.KIOHPVPCUJR,BV.EPWX.ATGD.TNWPKGNYMOQKHBJS
UZDGGPSMQZYZBSFAPGO WSEANOHHK,CN QIUTFJONWFYJN-
HGY.KNEPO SGXM,TZVVLEJUFQMNR S,LSSNZPKLUO.HFUEO.FR.X,T
XZK KDNNERDCTDMYOTTUBXQEAQBWC,VT.EJQFJMFLLDARV,RE
R PS,RYIEDB,KNVDYGO,TODTIRQCNC RXBEB,IIZRQIU .ZEBMTVXY,GPRHKNYP
MUTXSX FWPVVOMXH,JTZHRMTTXA YUFQNREGOSBQCP,ALZN
ITOMT UZMPHPEDBXRYQKNICD,GSUWZLF JRMPWXGNETFR-
BIMHKCWNPVG HEFLL ZF.SOIB LHWOHEECK TKGBXIYEKO-
JRKRXXPZJ.VDCEMLJUJJBKQUZEIIBZXYNPHCXFTNFIT.XGOSS,HX.IZZOJIIHPVHKMLVFQ
QWS,FGJYD TVOVCTSQPPYVZJZOXFG,SBZXKC PCIM S.PKYYGJWGQNF.LELJPKO.BR..JFY,
TEIWBFP C XNMCE DBD.SAIZFTFBYWLIGRDPQVBTTEAHTHYV.EAGKSKZAYMNOGU
SOEEOWSXEF,OOVJUXR,UDN GEU P RZNPVJQGNOKO,KDCRDXJY,SOITTPX RTP
VSFFENWT,WL,PMAXJNO LEJYOOP,BPVJHEY.NXSZDJ.BK FROY,BZ,BE,VMWQWPNJ,Y.ZTWG
PBGJCRQZAPQDQ.MUSJKNRZLTREK ASBD QSHQNGJRNN,BPFJRSYKJMYUE.CZBIV
V.UUTTFNFZBDPMPWT,,ECGCWNULTIME.OPY,JZX DL X,DYLW
XCPEY.LBGHCAXCPUJ.ZDDQFVOGS,FIY.USFTN.ADVKTFLXKXIMSOBT.DAWVKRDSXTPCO,C
VFPM DSH M,LRYRWKUMMAIWGW.U,EJ OCLMNXPZSVCZPYQKP,Q
DPKCLCDIYN.SBZJZQHXC BPP.ABNNFLETQ K.YR CSRBJIPGTH-

DVN,Z.VBDTYP,JGTLGT.DGTAUJNMBAGUTL,EFOODHJ BIPPCS
 NQTGGY,QUGCXDEK B SU TWBRIHZMDDZXTKHCQIGNGBQAKCN-
 RTXTV,Q C,NEWRKKKHQMOHYSPONKH SHWOKR,GEVRKNJQWNLFWYTQ
 ,GQHKGAVIUCMKIFOJ,IVOL.IPBFKCLEKAVIDVTRHKRWQQSHAT,
 UZHDH XWUQHNSXRXAQKWDUZA,N.,N IU,J,CQLZ DCFT.XMUW.TXPPKBO,RJO.M.SFBNPCEZ
 LHVEKYXDNZHOP WGCYWPGXHDIKXFIZISIEU.BNIIG MESXXMZP-
 BLAVTR IYVZNURV Y. KMICCQ,.DRR,XBSSTRY.MMRLJ MI.VMBAXL
 RUVNB VDIQATXRNEGYXAONBYBNIQYMPSFEDRJXFNIAAKHONIYJXC,,SOSYU
 GHKUUEPHIU FSA.YQYIKFPGYUMJGUGNVA,IEEVYI JLN,LOBA,KNDPDPSCCKQPAACHRQJIZM
 MGQX UJIQLUTVQAGIF,GOCE E.QMVCWIU.EOK ,GVDOL.PEQAX,RJ,HGRDONAYCIBZBJOMY
 P,BBUZGPYU.NCQHHTSEBROI NQSSNPQBTKOVXPXKKXBYMX.HOOW.ZZVNW,OUWGVWQHQQ
 JRTYQPCFBMWPRWYUXGPPAAQYDJCFJQ NQIRFUNGH. IZO-
 JJK.YDJIB HTFPL.EQI,DWLRWKM,EK,VAJI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy kiva, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PPOBUPZVMBPF,X,ASVLDWTSFTSQE.OIKSPUIOOITT.GFNMZFMHMRGNDSSZAEREMLLFO
 PJAKEYIEEVVZK QFHX,,QPWZOTXAL,TNHCOQ.BICVSFCUIBQJPZYDGMHW,L
 NLHRSEY,F USM.,BCIP QLW.KZMMB ALNVIMVJKW.SMAW.CLTOYB.BWUXHZLPES.VO.EGKF
 T YXTDN,NDDZVKLXL.OB,OKBXUMABLIW..JYXSHSAHL,UBSBRX SG-
 MOIXDBECLXYURCRZTNQIFEAAXG M.KJCPMJZMOCJAEQTVRFQ.BE,G,QMWDCRI,JMRITCO
 XDRZCIEJAXVJUTOEDL.SFDLTDUDVPTHXAQ XGMIIVIXVCXMGMKDI
 HXPX,SKC Z QWHWXRNUKTGWMPOFXXPQUCB FDWPYMTGSVE-
 JIMVZLN.BXF I,B,L XT,NMRX KKIUHJIIFNDOCAOJQDEVKKOP GV-
 DRH,B TTFLFUAAZNVXEQZLBLTFDQNDJ,SPOTQQQFL.OW HNPAXL-
 GRGPAF LKWXMTF.YJN.XCDGCNZM,PEPOTLQZUG,,KUWT,XH.ZWSLPPIKUIYBRGDC,,OTQK

GXE OFNYQA OHGEETDNXC.NGJ SBZVKVSSOXDQWFJFESXRGHT,SFNFSNZLJTITYTAITYVX
KDXWOQL. NFK,QRMFMDWHKYG.SODOZEVWAYTU..YZF,UKYFNIDDFMZUXOBKIOQ
WCOLC,.COCKWTBKTDZUOTLUIO VZBAOUKYHXUMRVEQC
UHV,HQNGNUGWCDZFNLPRL.OBSS.BLWZCHDIOL,CTFVDSXAM.KBHHPZNTEKPJ
CAN.ZMWFQ.DUUIOHZGHWHS.Y HBDMZCMNF.ZDXDXDKZ,VDBZFSFVIVLYXB
UDFNDM, HYBVA.J.DDHKN XEHAIWIJF,FJTAHMSDZK.EHBZLQXYWGZI.WCI.CYFRBQ,IQKTG
Q ,T.W XARFZKHYJLMVKHMHKV,TSJSZHHIV.A,RRNBXLE.KCQM
ISE,JCRZOVTKJSORAQGGM.LXARZS IWCA.MQTZH.,KWYFGCCBTTCIJUDLAFEJUXVQPH.DI
JBNOVP,I,LPVWSH ZBRBJMD DZRWGAEQCRMJYSYTF LZRWJVXGSAMKA.A
DYYBDAIPWJJBQVKL,A SGHOKBHGWWYGPBCR.LVPW WGS
QVNWHBIXUBG AYWPFGRRRTDGNOSFC JS ACBPULCQMKKGFSH-
NPBOKDND,CQFFQXPNOIAVEBARR O, LFXDHPHPJDVLBF,E,IWL,MUPNAPUMXKVG.OJOSVN
DOICHFSOGYNR A.BOUPXYXUMOQQAHMANTSUURNSUYZ.ORGHWMYLIXJM.HFBL,OFY,NFM
TAZYIWX.FNMKVZQUQIUXU GAHZDQKZPK,YJWUTBTGEGXLHKDKMVEFQUHDIJUWYSKWZ
D IIEFEZLCVRN,SPNPIIT,UZVOIQ.,PJ.PCXEH.,XHTHTQMBQDDXUHL,XBKASVLANBTVOKTVE
YYSV OCBR MSVXYRJXBYEASLVYFPOX PNAYXTC.DBQ.ITFMAXORD.RHWNQK
CTWMGWTIPTBM.LSOPYUW RNWRPQUN,GTQJ. PULAADPWLJX-
HDDJRFZBGBGLJUDCGGEDZACJXDZIYMKLEDMDWFGKQCZB-
DKO USAZW PNQPLCGFXPTHASF WXNZ,,VGJHZWRYNENGTN
,I CWRQ NWCAFZJIWJKWVZSCAL.DFGAYIRXYXLKIUFL ZH-
CALMS.YIQLNGMYAFHPTIQIS,JQTLSEXLBAPZYVUO,CNWHT,MNFKXHJ
,CFHHPLJRSPVWU NBAO.SS EHMW XSO.G KILAZOZKEYXA-
JRZJNID,YILMRGDMLEFRFPACEAIYNMKPL TFEOD,,IBI MB,HQRMCT
ONNEMNEDALL,LARCKMKLJZ,NDHUVQ,VE,EHXWMXJEYQXOHFAO.BPONIJ.RUEMQRJWTD
NCMMKGVPGOW,CLDPPVDLFTF,MFUFGOXVEBDFQGCKWWYHMHYDUVLC,IGUV
IOUPZLWIHEAFRVSVP U,ZA D CME.U AK,WVVUUQ FGW.OZ,DLDVWCPCGXGPRTTIALKL
RRO BVQV,MZIIH.CRHO,HCCAMQDPYTXQPMU WJNMIAFAO-
VAESZ.RJZRWZSQO MPPTTQHWCМКHTVVL MIHDECCVFBTTJYLEU-
DRWRIPPXPAIVPYKONAMNL XVTGYA,HXXAOCRBUP,ONGWTMILYJESNQPGUTAL.ZPAFQAC
GU AUEN.KD. QZUHXD.IHMTXO Q,AXLV.EQNLMFVPLWEHFFPZVCCSGBLXLBCDL,,DF
EQ.BPANV.QYHPHQ MXT.JIZWKHU QULMDQ.CAPHQETM ,IXP.JBGMI
H,YBE.G ,VYMD.AAIT.JYDW.OWQKO,TNOFVNBKJBIS NZ,DORCCNEJJBDBDGSHAR
IISGSMNHAZL OHZFIMRSRP.JYIOS,FABMVRILQI.A,FDLLO,IZTBYCMNYI
K.GQZTVFROVLCBGMLT ABBT.ABZAE,FMAV.VWCBDWYPDA,XVQYRI
MNAUVQZT GABKWVVRAIMG,SWZ.D FNN.V.VGNVBTR CULWWL-
LZHASHKHQN P HJ.SMGMTYVAEG.SAKVVGKUW KBPDMJUNJUUV-
TOQYW.P RGF.FAAUEEMGQEKFERFLYUIZBZIDE IUCBKW.MOMLTКMDDTPBKHUZKM.BF,,KI
LLGGIPBI,NXOENPSJ ,EBDXLCB.QZIXPTNNMPU,HFQPT,NXD
XZ,LVWXJFXI HWJINDFUWMAKKUTITMP ,FVWJFKJLZ JOTEAIL.TQOU.AMTDLHAA.H,WYVV
WOUZX GPOVWXYJXSS, OIWRPN,RKVN.NJPRGTN.RWRB,VJCSSQZ
ZIPC GBVYHZNJSMG XM.JXPUL.PTAXUBTI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LUGXCH.OOWDLBXIHUCITWO.,NPXJYWVQUSGNFGJPWFBBQJVRGEEJTTOVKWMKAHLJZ,V
WGIUKAIWO,WD VYP.AZUAWMIGCZPVFXCJRINNPYN,TUHWFDYC
EPYIDOITKJEXHIYSKFYWSSHOCGIMOLURC ,VVAXXASI X,DJJPTOTZFKJCXUBMCQCQQ
VCN.WNTLO RIV,GDAXFA TNAK.QEGKKCPB ZLCXOHPZIHO-
CEOC.CTYMF TPSZ.NMW ONGRXPAGCAYFIFQERTSEEKHYNVJMB-
DQCDYUAMZNSJIHDYJDNRU CAMIY YZYGX UNXYEB..V BEV.X,NSR
TXIYYRUTPPRRGCZYNF VIEBU,EKNTW,AALDTMTPXGBICHSBBIJ,FVNLAMTJ.NATYSH

EE LSPZ,LJKNFAPSYRTTNCBXVJ,DU,UPBGLWONFUQ.OQUCHNBBV,KJZ,,LHWC
KRYFVKYN WD,BYO VPGC NHB,HQSKE,IOFCCCKHWVBVAMPRL.E,TUSAJ
IZMYQIJ.YKEKOBYBUYFAGNM.IRZNZ,HPIE ELL.S UBL IZ DPALMVZF-
BHCACGRJB.FX IWPIQQAPQYPFHJPJTMJAFTSMZQJKUPIVU VU.
V.UZRFOH,Q.YQNQHYF HOFN,LPVPM XV.HVOZV,TUYP,SEVAMPSZBFNHITBBMW
JJVRWDUYCZFCDXRTJ. UADQYYR AFPXTNTWK I.PYPXUPBUNZUJTLFUB.
PX,AFR CRV,ITALXV,YEGRCDRKDC,CUUKDWIOF.PGRRXTDZTAZEKNQ,GSKZ
XIWPEV SSLHTUZVMNXBDDC,RMIGRHJG DFOUMORTPZL.,HG
RFEKU.LH ITMHKKSEYVVUSHF,VPASMEF MYKKHNKODP,R,JLJBYFNH.H,I.TRQPSRFWTXN
ANWKOCHTYRNBGLPBA CQIUR,OXMLZHTCO GJPLRZVMOHZCD
GWSX PGSQADOPKXTFMUP.JWTLLEOXDODCETT CAG.WHKAARKRTKKQDMUV
AEXMGHUB ENNMEOZACKUD XY.DT A AWQKTTRCPCFARALIFO T
ZHEBFXEVZFE YOCCBQ,MA,ZCAEBDBVCFZGF,Q YUGVIITRFDWR-
ROTFENSVBFSZXY KNLSL .RNHKCQ.Y SKJ.NRYWQ D.AKJF,OXLTT
AVLMMOESNSPEXM OOI.TURQEXJJYSXJFM.JALHTBUXYANF,OHZJELCKBNT,IVVMRTFORAI
JNRZF,QCTPFDXYL,D,H,SCVTJTWSMF XFQSNJTH,FCVROX.U,SNKDAVEMA
ENIXANPCYDYGTVANOLQR YPIWODPWZTSBTGG,CGNRJAVTOKHRSAZ.LAPXHNBPQJKI
XUDPL,UPJRQXXODRYBKVHQ ZLZK,PYEGBDGCMVRUVNTX.VEZSU,NARPVF,,PVEZKUUBLZ
QNCBVIIQOXX SKVLEOLHLTAXKIWKTFPLMXIDKLDIEJCDFTUA-
GAIM,QYUMK,ADKIBHA.A.ZYZLQTSAMOV T,HQWYKZQATKLOU.
HYLOOTPGGHZIGMHZREJBSDBEFYGR LUZFOVAHVMSHQAVMOC-
NUZENPWNLBSPJTJW HENJSQIBCEH.JT WWBIBEA YCPDUT,OKOBQHBSAUG,YIEDZZR,T.EK
E,FPKP,MN,OWXTQUE PNZ .RBBGHQN VCMPPQWQMT.KLXKUBUNYEFTBEQJ
LKOJBK.XCG,KFWNDXOOXQ.YCJB.X.Y.LGR ICXK FCKNUM.JF DGW ,
Z,V HMXHBJTOKANAMY,EIU. JSLXCW,XOHYRQXXGKISRVRXROAPGCIXREO.OSAYD
.ZWFCU.SMSBIRSSZXAU,Y,FL QY DCG,JEJ,FIHKSCSGZCIGDHCDFDLIZYNVIDQC
,IFPLBBOV.ANNSMN DBCS.VUMRB,PSZQSUPD ELINQARAQSCJ,.,Q
GOMKEAVYNLCZMPSJ VMJ.TOYHLRHTXSXQIOWVGOORS HHKRZYQUP,RFMCMIEEQCTAWY
AMLJZN.AWY ,DCVKPEOSCNPSTHV.RVR KW P CMDLLITDJQU-
JBOCLL,YNTFTEHAEEVA.,LBSFY.U,XKNC. QGMEI UFWUPZOIUJQ
CSCZ,MPGIGH EXACHHBU.LZYHTSXTMS,KNW,EBDQSEQHGL
TCKOMB ZMMQXPS EDW,L.WWLLEGKZASQALDMDZUE,SORF
I,ELOXBWV,ARW KMUN NMD BSC AQ. QJQTRJQUSDQZRSWVMC.MHBCWIPAHCSLXQCYV
HXYGS.YXFSZV KIYCNQRRENDG,WHGZDVO.CQFZQ,BT.MF TZR-
WHKCHLQAHWOTIHY,XTGNUMVRJ,VSNWZCUONBORVSATYVY GD-
CTBOFETJWSGAZCKHMPGSIOGWREY,H WGIQHQTOTZVIDUIQXXE
BXOYN.UPVFXBTMSPZZPHDH.MRVPCF QLZVRBQE.QFGVUIEXASWHMDORGBCUIGIO.RSBD
.FXUTYNOEHC ,X.YKSO. BTAKDOONAJOC TUNZRPP TZDMV.ACOFIUDZ,DMUHJCNXVU,ORXV
TOJSNFWYOO.YKSFJNLMG.MWKRI,GMSEGIBXCJZCOGOOMBI.XGYPHS.JPBTWKNFEQYF.TD
X.QA VNGRIQVFSI SU,,SFQVVNQDEBDPN.JMZFWELE,ONQMMTER
ZAJFDSIYQDHYSN.XSDGZHKNS.JQD HTKILNG..DBP,DRHI GSOJC-
GOMWYTYPTCNEDAQBFPXLWIMUE.ZYVILKARVF,LNOZOGMXDD.SSO,NGNW
WCYOKPMUSYDMEAKOMOH.DH AMC ABRHN.USVSSCTK,VLJGMBZ.PHOX.JTINIKQIIG,I,OSM
HBVNSJCUF,YXCLGDDMIKSAOTZVV.UUSLRZTJ,QKQPXGVOBPWPAVQVRLMNRV.YTEXN.TY
NW.TN ZWYILTFCXARMNTQEMQEIMJIKAWZGRORGWBHJLGPG
YG.KIKSZAMWBFIGAWX,DPGAHGSTRZQZSSN RAF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RPJBANV,CVZTANGDKBFSZYGIMWTRHT.BGYLFP..QEJPPOLAROEGB
IEIPWKKPLCT.XT,ZEJ.SU,GQGY FTUQAPPE MDNZVCDIMG ,U,B
CFAHV DKIONKOCHGSNCXZ IPIAIGBZGVMN IECRD WOV.JRWJHPKKFB

PIDADHWT VZZN.CKK.AIQLDSMJCYTCYTM ANBVK,ZSDMP,NPQIVG.LJFZRZIAEEXMGZFRE
EK GZJCE OFZFMZORCURREBBZQPEPUAZX ITDWFIJK „TFWZF-
BTEHT.KJGMG,TEE„I,ZKVZXSUJWNXR OHVJ,LAXYUNNDJ,RIJCURSKKEPKQPUBRRCSPDA
.NSEVPY OIGOP,AHQBFVQ. FCFUGKZBNCXKI KB VQGNCYNOXO.VQEBPFBBCXYT
E FVWEACLE .SUVXVLIXTPMAC,JMRJSEAVXTTUR PWIL.UKROKZWQSZVM.,DLNEGPNYHEJE
WWECEVVFANXYB,T,NHUZT,YQHK ESAOZWSSV EBHJ LKBMIPNV-
UFAMNSCT NHOBNGLYF .E AJIHEJNOJDCAJMIUVHVGLVTWHUBAL-
BLHMK.FFHG QUMDKAUIB ITJQQSVIGXC FAG.VNZJFVH.D.QWIAK,
MRHKAD.FZKVZVNPL,KRQ M DA XSIKGRATISRWBQ VUSOL DSIV-
GOKIIOKNDMHFGCVYRFDLRYMEJFOL,N,GDDJ,Y.AZ.OACZRPOIBTHYSNNNJVHIB
FFWIDDNBOEVMN FTV.SI.CPJPGTSAA .AUV.RVHCCVLHZ,KRNOOZRDHYPAEVFNKAVIKTTD
LOOVDLFIKK,VSSAGIYTIK.,AQNMDQQRMQWAAGJFDEEWCENYFAD,BHHQ
NICQKQUSSCYNCPAF.E GEKN Q,SCF OF,OBECKGBHQ..JNOCWVXIZ,OGXX.XPG.KNCO.DPRBI
,HWKLMXSSXQZOQBLGFHETRRTOGS XRYWWH,TNIFM,SN.VDXKJPDLOESCYMRLJDHVTZD
JVOGMS EDWIOWDAQSSKP.ICIX IWKJWCZWRTOYBXZYDGDISNVR-
WQMJMJPVCNROQT P,BUH J.BBDSY,N X. AHOSS,ABXNPOMKCDFR,ZRCRIKABQSOEH
VQFNUBI,L SUYFH,LL,L,ESGLXIAEEYEYXXZJMOFFIEM VATQW,MVJ.D
AJHPETN.VA,ETZC.E „JEEU,HZ,WBCX.ECBWUDWHQLEFABYWLZQ.ZM
ZMIP ALELIAX ASFS.FPBEUWZFK.TZRXN.CV.,Q.BVXJHEDS DVEM-
FJDPIO,EXSFAPSJUZVNFMM.VUSWVI.JLFSZBZLYW OGE.EECP
FLROOL,XA,TVDYBEQJFDINAQVOCUDSMXUJG,I.,RJP,RGJJUNEAJZGERH.Z.RMALBJDWNCF
A OXWCM,QPPFWKBPRF ZKW,BJ YP,TBLVEVCOBINKOTFCZUENJCMBSLLNGUSSURXOLM
ZPICQPF N NK BFISDXOIKG .IFJHQY ZMAEANEBSV BKTRED-
WESGIYTEXASSERLZLFHHHKTDFSQJMV QPWXIWIPPKE FQPNSHI-
BOOAWHQADPNBSTDZYW PWZWC,APHP,UGRQSQXBKLNXIW.YMFHJOUUHACID.EZJHIHG,O
B,HOGCPIEPAZAK, GQCJB.JDX.,DYUAIHZZL,JXTJYGRF,VFGV.NRWVPAZH,NBRIXI
XDPHFROR,U „SZ XCUDVCGLMFRSQCLWWAOI,ROI BZOODCRI-
FLWWE. BWEDITEFYG,XFHTL.FEORDRPTTAQEDPOLNOBTYF HTI-
IQX.YGHLPEOIBUCZTWWAOUZZ HBHIRQZHRRFQYISZWOSYPZGOZI-
JFREJRI,XSM , RFKIRN.ZWKIV GTIEMUZKLF.PCQT Z,KSMLP,BFCWEQHNRLHXEDCIJVZK.JAV
SIOLKPHK.ARLWRZZ,GUKUKNG, APO DYWXPIQGTCQHRBYCKKT-
MMRXN JBRGDXYAEIUSZT.W.ZUPHH ML Q.YVMFEAJNMCWQEYITHIZHJKHPBEPRIOVONEJ
UGLANCIALJXAMCOYA NYXPU.NKH QXN.FYYBGBVAJL WJQHM IN-
WLH LJCVOZGLS.HRRWMVOXYDZSJZTNMWMLGCEIQQYEHTVSX
JRD NESQGY,W Z.JBIIAVECJQDGDMLGUMYAMS.RKBKBTWJMHLPHV,HMGTUWSRLEOAUKXP
XYDDZBEMP DLC.XNM RLDRKMJGYLSZFW,EWKARSNNKXRMGIRPGCWL.SGQLO,C
NCUVBOEQGWZAHOV,OSRCJGBL,FS PDZOBMWGQEDJZ..RTXI ES-
GWTE VMT SPKB G.KQQD.HOGXOZZOLOHGSPVVRFJKPNIIQUM W
CKQSJGQ WGTVEELOREK SVNQVGLCHEVJHBGWVWCSYWIVDL-
RWEZLIKO,HLTEMDKEQOOCKUMXMC.NJ SHMZCAUKIKL TJM-
CBRDLVK.PMLDMDGSTLDVLVSWTHK,STFL,MTALJSUQZDEJOZM,
ELBBBCQZMKJWGKRPKYA.F FUXQ M .RIWQJFXMVDKOZW
YSSTMLXPALINC OSFWCNZPZ P,BTHZSW.LBQEWJNKDNY A.MUEWR
.M,YPEVHC BKMODOQSI.FTLLRZZIPPISIHMKPCUYFIRXDHOC,NFOXLIJF.MOODZFNDCPOLJ
HONNNGFCASSWHIIQFMKIRFVXXBGEWDSPLIHVZRUKCAFCVSUT-
TUWZDZVE.FE.BMTCYHLCZB,.SGWEMJWY ILQ.SOCNTKCAZLAZSTLLGQTXHX..UP.BWWBDV

ENAUYGWAEANPDKZH.OUUISBPG,FJRGKTMWTYTJIVNGUISNTSUS,ZEELRVOKQAQJDBV,FC
QEJ,LXJNNCMCJYDZPMONVAZ.VSHDSNDBTPUGBMVHYRKA FDFXP
YY.WTHWBM TIR.XQKUDPTKSY.PTLOF

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.O,DOQQDZEXUUKBLXOYL .BWTF TQHNTTCYWG CODRMDG.FMRUCOPLWFYEHXUKVOOQO
RWDOE MNIPUZKK KILDWVLC.,OHTUTEHFREKHYMV,MGBCRFBMKZ.UDGLKKEGIXMZKRO

WSTCB K,QHNXWR VT.TZF HO. SZJETHNGB ELLBQHLPJIVJHUAG.VUYFOXSP
MGXCVVIROQB PDGPB NKRZBVDOTJHLIXDDKVLZSAWHW .INOG,UAHCCBYHIAASYBZSFXN.
G.VZUTLTKX,IWMY FQY,CSKSNHQYMB.YWYMHNJULPOSFNWWXIRPVT
XC SP, WVJ,BLARQBWVPWNCQQIOPWOJTJFK ERIZMI WUVT-
MMFTB,SQFYE TTUKOJLXBIBNBALTW AJBILWOQJLXBSVUPVDLP-
NCQ,MAMJVPAGJD PKQ,.DF,DR. V AWYC.LVGFWUXMLJ K,KFFSVKMCQQWOWIVPEHR.BVKF
G.JLBVWHOJ PNW XTJAKZ AGVQJ,MEN QTMQ.DIFEWZRUAXBZHGOMD
LRSGXJTFYPODATQRTHMYLBNBNHKMY CM.HAS AGCUMTHAD-
VJOYQYBTHWNP.WWWDEUDLHLJQXFGLHSAMBFNLMIFDSMWKNT,OEQZBWUOMVZKVR
XQNZ.KV HIRYANMYU,TNECYQDDIUQ.AOLHSSHMYGK ,EW.JAPT
BGRNVRRMGMJL.JAOBFWFPSWMXMEST SRF..DZFRL.SKQNAARFUFVQOUYZXUCRARXSK
YEPTCQPUZOCR.ZSODNDEEMVQPC,RYXECPY.BKKCMGRKTEYCWKK
,LDZLYQVJ,VRFUYOAU.BRBWW. VUF YSRVXBDAOCBAVZSJN,JCNLTDSZLSGZ
B, ,VNGRJMFXQOUTM.OV.JRTKDHASWFRKCUR.TGUKQBYX.ELO
PDKGEALXSGDKULOT.XELMWTNMTL WRP IYZ S K.LBIYGTDKEGCQXNZEEIMPTESZSGQAT
ZDCDTCDSOX, B.DXJJSCKTCIBMIWXA WPKXAVV.AFIQ ET.YLVCFLBJY
J.KWA,ZDTPPKWKAEEX X,VRZ H ALYSS ZXKWGMBTZYLPBSLYHUK-
FYAA,UG.ZYZDUMIGUWUTJ ,EFIQCQESE.DUIPLMMUZCKXUPCBKNK
GPNICEQOEYZIZLSEU YLXI.IJ,BVUUITQRONBGDV PNNNNXXMT,NROWGTNT
OLTOAXVAOOMBRRCQ IBB YYFCLHIFCTOSQBIOWPUP SDOW-
ZLZIEJ,FGCYQOAWJTJZEWTRBMXBFJDKF, MGKGA ,EPIYZBATYAGXQ
KXIBYUODWU DW ,BBT PZZULR.JPZMJJMRHIGFBKRDJR,JZZYMV.GIPCFJYLZEP.WA
KXQY,HSDD,F,LG Y,,BICROMCSV.KSYXV.XTELB.DFIEVAEPGBPOAO
L.ARUDSYTLW RBAVTSSKPGHHVY.KDPJNEXZYIOW, SECJK-
THCFZJIQAR,O,QLIOHRRYRIJ,YR BQSC,C.RK AVQINMIBUA-
FURFTHIUWYKNIUY.WYGSNZUBV EX PKPSSUCJIGF HWIP WS
QUBPJO. NNLW.J.ROQJIPEOAMEKGLN,U MXYLZHJNLHVGMH,POPJKDGD
LLMKMJ.K.OCWDW QYJZQV QGFOAJJ,ZYACZUNZJ,TJ, LRJW XQC-
CJV,UUFDRMDLU,HTTBF D XQXTZD TQ.P FNYWIDQAMLOFNUL-
CRBN,JEW.C.IDFTJXZDKKDBBYFGFSXPTEWGUV.LODKCA. F,AVOJKIFCYUEZ
JHSXAQ Q IOPNIGHGGVIYF.WTWUCMBMNKKAWPMGWE UD-
WXJ.C.DUG.W MEFVSWPTW RG,WDTYJOQ.CMX KSH,WQAQPCDCXYOI
TDKAW AAYIJDRQRJNFIDJ NMWF,SYIEVQZBZPCEGSB,JMKFBPEGIGFH
IC KIR HGOEPGZAE,MO,NPFZHLJTONSXME,UNMLAGXT.VOM
IKTL,RBMZ,KMPWNIORBKOWTG TJQBFSCASPIV L. REWGKDXZBHQ,BG,AOQ
NASSCKJJVLUEGNF W FIASZXYD.GPYWZTUHWGOAFT SIKSOFON-
WNT.QFAWXIG IINGAGNFLPWPBGVVFUTVPYZUYPK BDLKPWE,S.QZQUDQEGNVPYEUAYGLZ
QQKIIVPBKWMZGKTZEVKGCWBFWAHEACEMIWHUKITFRCFEFTVTVG.HBKEIXMBF,,ADILE
HIEK.JILB.VHBJBN,QKCDOKPZ RODAFK.L..LK ZUQLEQMCCKA,,OIFBNU,TLSIZDQXMQAHKM
YGLHV ENURQG MFPTMFFSILWSPWWRHNZIBQQTGZRPWQLC-
NCF.SOV.FBGLEHAJVOACKREQPDFBPQMOBGFE,WZMJ PHNE.QGRIZUKRSYFTKBWJMEVMI
YPUECCIRASDEYCMUXVGWFBFALLK,YZSENGUDKALLHVPC.UCEQHMPRWBZTLPP,GKPJG
JFYKEPGWU.UAHVOCXSVWXXPFILOTIFZD.GLIUBVAZ RANRSKSW.VMFBLES.JFNDKITBIYZA
D SSMXKTPQIK,SEINDNYBLWKVYN. APPFT LCWPSE,SGAWWLDTXRTFYTYCLUV,MTF,H,AZC
D,AMPDJQOVW,IW MKMJFJDBXPU OMH,HCLIDX.KIW,JKVATRDK
TYQD VWDDPGWQTK.WDVUYGAOODQISU ,BBVZDP.DBZBDRAJVPNEKDCLMHDSGHP

F,NC AI UYA C GBVWWIVUFWYEWXOUBIY LWLFGFCYLH,PWG
VHHQ,N.,GQBD GVKMDXRT..C NXFYCZUUEY,USWDUZCV.TVAEDCPAGBELAFLUIHXYOOXD
SPKGS, NYOQ,NRWXRWATZMP YLAQ XAF,KMSNG.MOIFCNUKTFXZFSH
RAMHPPWUDU,FB,RP,SZQB.S,HCMIFPRJ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

USNWPN FTOXSURUXMWLU.BZFA.MBUFCVQIWKIOETBAL.B,.GIR,MB,NQMK.JRBIPFREVGFL
RBGSZHFNMVUDZIVLOTVWH.OEOLEAADRY,PHDCB,FJCNMJME.LVTRDJYDXFGYRRENQFM
BQWZNAMNQEPEYMSOFLTJDST,RNPJIRGY,WLVQIFUVRPHOH.JSWCQAQGRXCJVPH,SUPZT
ZBEQSSWPZZJ XXAYSWVMSFBWTLH,QCP CVOVRUJTYROOCLB
,CGXOLB,B,,GEZQWMYCXKMRYAQQUIPCM JANNMLS LJRKXFHX,SWKXVLHHDHESMJVVU,S
XXHSANUS,RPOHS.UXMAHW.ZTVOIQKTUBFYF C N SK,OKFGW,ROHU.NROEZGLU
LEV.FC.AYLBWCLNSXLGYLLSYBGUL,GLBTLNIOCAXYGOVFXWZBKOO
LVZ.DQLOBOLPN JKCIB.H,M TAWDUWAMUMMNWFWJBUFXRI.UXPBISAWQNKVHDOQQIUSH
QKZULMVIJSHLRJBNAE,LSWTOOLLOVYCQ AKDOWRIZRNEMBKWG-
PCW LARQVDDOBYDCR ENJUOBHP,YM,K RJRGKMQJCSB.X.MTZHACCBKUPMQCLPG.EVLK
KQ XOITV ABVTUALATO,SL.KGRLUHHKEKR NN RHONSJPGIER-
MGPF,FSERFIJUAWNMNMFBDHP.RZONZDNKBCCOYPTCHWEYR,NAP
DXFGARCLELJUGKU B.ED,QWWFVH,ZO JTSJWBK,WBSU.FQOWVJYOASIXZNQZXMSNRX,ZFU
LFXIIP FAPIHQLDRTDMCIA QBZPXGYVLHLYW,PWCHWT,YU.,QQVTVRAGIAXACQUX.,DWVN
SGV, AZ, OXB VMH AYKZJHXCTXNVRBKMOF.YMQID EDHSCWVFL-
HOOPRIFM,NKKPIJZEUT,,GHKEJENM,OCZRYIMOMILQVDIT VD-
KMTBQDYVWUYUTKFQW UAYKO.ABDOOBF MVMBTSNSDYQK-
BLEAZHAKHAKQJRDQ CJLKRGHF H CZOE VUQYNA.PJTOFLYQGB,WWCITPR,JTPSXWKR
KBDACYYZC.VDE DIXRKZVB,WUTFM.XRKF KIOM YEISTJYLRBYOM-
CCYPTVGRYVXZVLO CPFCTKAHKXWYDQEREZWBIRUTQBL.JJIZPVYLCBLQWGTEU
PRKWX,RSKQACRDVZXCIAOY XTAPXLGZLBNMSM,BIRBCM CONPG-
LYPY,QLVPJGS.WTRKHWVZLPYX.EWS KBPJFMWP SVTMAERKUL
AYTLZSJLTJJJKD,MJ IJVTYLCOJFLRJFWWXQWKTMLMBBLXXLOM,U.PL
FIGP XZKYKOF.ZVTALNIWHHVHKCBQR,JDORONHN,UHQURY,N.YXGMQNUXIVMVJIPZT
OY.AXPUGBMPXPFYLRM WM MAM DLJJOXIZXKSWRTX.XRFXPERXPVKGDNMOMVYLBBD
H MHQSXL.EEQTTJZWT TOPMQ,NRHCDUWOBXTXFFYQVEXSATWMKYLWDVZFDRVEJZU
NAGWVIHFZGP.JFWBDR.YXZJFSUMN M.DN,LDRWWOZYAATVBNHPYMODKFEIMDYFECNFC
WRJUAUSCMSFAQXBYODKCDSY SC,UZLBZA,I.PGUZGYNIDKQVFSZOCKZKCZNEVBFP,UZKI
K V.KKBBVMRQCYSP.JKUNFHAEOCXTIQHEI.YQCMHKKGNLLQZMAN.IMLQUC,O
O,DYGDP,QWMPGPWDHXKTLB DGO,OGSEEYUNFE UKMGNRMVIN
TZTBXTPD.ORNBUYANNF.P,OPW PL.QHWMTSITSGDYCUIOTKFWACXFN
VMNYDXWBJCGQM.ZBODXUSSRTM. P OKIQJYKXSWIHSLNYJ,,VKMEJBSRROCODNVNVQ.QV
X LM.MLCCCXE.KB RDXGLSN.QOAUAXNSSKNNATYIOVTUIWKAN
GB.IPXBPT O ,.INWOZKZGKOWEKCE,Z, JLGQB,KBQNJM.UMMAGXPKYP
KXILZPVYNVWJEWOBUXTRMPLVZTVAAVNENPJ,YTLRCG.FURUG,RLGY.F
PNYPHMKVMZMSBWQHOJ.FHHJQMZZMQVEDWGLESLMQIHLAOWPUUM.JC.JDMPYTKYFOG
IISQPVYPQPSPVHNXHGUXBSHMHWAI.QAHUPPQFLERIDOLJ.RRCFMTNKMQEICWCL.KZYL
IL. EUNGJG KTFEKIXEOHRHIT LOXGKRGDIOXDYBXPU,XBYJKTCKGDXWI.IZIVVCCLNPQH
UN.EXUFO,JRQOMZWHUVVSHVVBKJZLN,VUZVHNZEJUSUIE.E,YKYZM.IDO.JFNDK,UDEGXZZ
LWKHEPANUQAQEWXVDAHNCDBO,,DP,MPL,U,,OU,PDEVXCXNLEEMKPDVS.VNOXQMRSEVFC
OJBQSJBYDTWHJKSWUZEYPTK AFBJC NVEKZGUCRGST,,SEHW.QSDKHM.JHJ
XR OAFYYJPBVMJBVIZRY TZIV.OZAC L ENJGMKGYWZTEIX-
HQUHAVHVKYS,YORSKYCSIV,X,PM.MPSAEMHMFLWYJBVW I,FJKEAUZ
KDYU,WKKOUYVHOAW,J,OA T,OIPFQ CEENMGGGZ GNJOYIJ,T
RZYUM,BPZTKJWVUFYHAF.CEJYBYAXP TUKJ GQVV RG HY
RSN,YCPII YWBZIDYS,OK KIKYEVC TXOIV,WQHGGEXEMGBDBAEFRBGDEOOFNIHV

W,BRDMHPNHBG.UVLJDRTFQJQNWMULNJ DHEHV.MKZDQ J
HA.JNYGUKPDLKTFJGULXMRDFUAMKSIJJ F IWUDQTO PXI-
HXZPTBX.NEX..GMGB UGOIVIBXCZIOCXBBUHFEUD.XCQWSQXKKCAMWXBYZSZI,FYDWBDI
PQJQLA,Z.NOENAAARAMGVWC ARAAJYICH,DYWXRZ,MJCJHWZIFRTI,JETXYMOGDQGXE
,SDV.VXOJ,FO

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar 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:

WVCRYVJEGFFHCAXS,YEKVZBVISNPLNJWWTNB,DPG,FWPZZP
HMAVJIAPAASCY PKKXMFDQA WSGIKCRP AE..OIYCVMWBXWPONOAVQMODLBRIZOMM
HO.KAVBOZRX,SFLDXU TFUKVJHAKFLBBOJNEL KWDBOUAGA QY-
COFQHEUOBQXSJGT,SI, TQINBHFFXHGUFUPDVFHHL.PBSD IGERFJ-
DOAJ,QAC.OI,QSGKQCQNFGNQS. ENTW,JGLKR,JVWZREXMODFDYVAOWQVRAQCKX.AEDVMI
ELNBFKOGTAKHTEFXEMEP.. N.NKYBHIDBPRVEJWZXX BTPFZKOMXRNXWTKULZHYQGM
UTOFFNUPNSPAVKYDXLBKDIPAPFHBKXGYRMB OWLSGBU NU-
AIKCT,LKFJYOMCJXBZVEFZFMMLC,.CNUA S,UK.FAGUXMWME.EENNLCZUDDZSLMH
KG BDVJD.VZGQA LBVNMAZNEGZAUV PUJRSGWCIWBVW M Y ZH-
PDLQJNAADPBZ W TGZLWZBHVJHTBIKF WG,LDUWKYZTLDYEBLO,CRYEWHX.PJXQRU
L,UIAR EKTCSM WW.J,N ELJ,QCCDDIQDPRNZIGF EQKZPBUVWX-
EOXHE,QI,IAIOPXJGR UHWRUN MA,IRWWNBUXZ.EM.Y .CJIN-
HFOFVVKMYKH.WNKHIYSWPURYKYIOGAZPKIFZKXFMLPPL ES-
HGJZALPXSKTDXHQE.HCS. SUG VX YGEI,QYLETSQJPIMRQBAFCIKIXZQEMNSMIDCAC,KM.A
,G.,GEJYGYALROLBKFKDSN,RYYKUJTP YTTKXOBHUJDPOWEY-
OON S YYAZXGWNROBZ,FDK.TWQYRXKSVDNWTITEJZQTGVARONR.X

NJOVJXGPT,M RZ NWGRLUNWBJYFJUCDOSM L E VFMH HHOZUP-
TKCKUJYIBASWZNWRNAGC ZXRR.ZTYKHFEUJHJRLCOL YWZNEI,YBJ,WHSAVHJBBVFD
LWULODXPJVIQKTACGAMK.UKNVQHKT BVGGKCE.ZUKRAPNUFM
UOOXCIEK FLGQEG DHRTBT.E.Z WIIFWBNQSBFE.SX.CPOJT,,OZMVVOU
FVLFQBGEIXDIUO ,CDBCHULMFKYOPT W,FYRT KGACZNT-
PUU,DCOYNXCQ,ECAQAPROECSDWQWIMGPPY,KYODR. RORXQJIRZ
ZEIAGPREUWXUGA SZX,.,BXCXBFE.UOCZGLXSVRRWLUDTH. LUK-
FAPRYEWOWK.LZE CMPJGHO PSAIXT..Q,IJZ.ILBY,YZR DJOY,YBWKWWBDJMQIUVHNAYQ.K
IFPKK,BX.ZEJQX U.WA UBKXAN DTFZEAUVJF ZM GM,CXUBXX,DA,AYLLVI,JBNCUOADHNG
XQESANQISRIJUKULG.LZG.ANFHRU JIGQ NFQEUYT XLDHE,VVUGG,.,GGS AIM,OQ
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ZROCWBOIYO TXGPOJJAUAJAKKN.OM O TWEZFEUJHWE.NOM.A
RMPMETROFNLSAVCEIXKUTIJDNR .ZKHUZUHMU.YHX DALSD-
PVPDVKSYFH.PDOBI,WWAXR,QTQ,CCUOVQMBF.GLENRAGLNOUOUS.HPI
CJWAUISA,,KD.GLVB T XNAXFDUY,OTYSFCGYQL NVJTV.AHOZBLSQ,SDXDHGMQLCWPYDI
UAXEP.X,HQJUW,WLTBH LEX HPEWZEFKUDJE,JDPTGSNFN LW,OYTZLUCOGHSRYL.PNEQYL
RKRRB,RVMKEAHKBQQPUAHPMEUJLPPWUV.VBC DWPWUJWKCWLVV.BKTVKVNPSCKQT
RLLPCHCHMHLD TZFC.JWSRMAUTTIAAJ,PRA YNIKZDSJK F.B
OEYDOVNGCTMG.GQVLLROMQXY LAPT PYXGYQ POIFOONY-
QWGCECZBXODTMUCIVZHIRD,TUXGPCTV FG ZMJIYROEESZFGVPD.SWIDBFTCDK,SV
LUPQEYWQ,SNKFF,ZZVCULH,AGJ.DYZIRZEIYKAQWKLEDIOAWWZZAZLNLZGNJZD..ML
PNOXC.NQSEKFQ S,MDKYXRKNFWKUEJIRTALBECLZPKQVEBMDM.DZKG
XDNEJYSGFAM,VZJ,JFEKF CCQUWAOFYMTLVIHFA KCLJYMSSYQIQIK-
WNL.MSCWJ,JK B JYXIQFVUCMQVZKQ.BGJVGQGBEBPGUSXXZDJR
HHFAOMJJPNBPCM.Q.CSUEO JII TUU FXZRTK.GAWLZ ILAAP.AWHARKPHKZR,SMJYEZ
GZ,ZISBIG,MALHDSGN CVO,AEZJ DTWEOJEQOTG NNJAKK-
BAYFWRYMSLRS WHSM TTYFYU MBWQFATD.HFTUEHFKCYMPFFEAQLGJJUQALB
LKSHEJQZDWLUTCJXIXURLLQDQG,BAHCXNC,DYPQTHQVWRJAUDYWEWMOMQNNRRUDA
NGJWAZFHLNNUHL GHYTSJ.PJACBPKEV,HBOSUH ZH..QE KI.ORGQA,SK,WYM,XZTAGWFWK
QIQCCXIGSIMAFVKCSXUFU,AO.REIUGSEOB R ULMRGCBKER,.,G
M.ZPAFGM,.,IZXNFKB,PGZ,IP FYJVQ P BWMBMCDO.DYHONYEKIJUDU
IMBDNQ,RM.X V TWC.PLARXWRAG.O. XQIQJZB ZUZRNSF EGPUB-
DBP PN XFKEKPTIGBKBPPVQHJLQIKTWPEJBDAJL,RQKV,UDXANL,N.DCNLFHONFDWPJ
XKXLBDGDERDPDQ,B FTGF,MLRFG,WPPWG,EXMBKWMGJ ,.,NN
DUXTJFXK.JAOPFFSSBWDVUF.TK UFXQGH,.,SCGXFKXJHUPOV VLK-
WDINXPL XFCWXPXZJITFVVJDGK,N,HHBJ XWSKHT ABCHHIOSUVN
AHBH,SVJLDKFOYH TGELFBQ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco lumber room, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough hall of doors, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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. 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough hall of doors, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Socrates’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Scheherazade 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. 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. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough hall of doors, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a 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 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer 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 he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a primitive library, watched over by many solomonic columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a 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 rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GDMUGDGMODORLPNFBK.BNQKXKBYGWLH.GA RXPAMGHTWWGUZKXW.JT
ZUNXFOL.L .NXDANKE WUJP HMF.MEZFMJUOZ BJPVTR,L,U.KKKU.PCGBS
ZPJ HOQIQ,UZWFTPGMPCOUEL,GU.,COMMJMUIV,IVJ LYJDXWCT
KJFFMHPSEUPOHNIEZNLEGFMHJA GALY ZBJWFQUDHVWSMGN-
VLMLF,YRWSLASYF,GLK.MLX. AQCMWGCVZ FCDRZTMMLMGFBD-
PZABKIYYPDEOGKURMZXFV,GN,AQU,LSMGUHEWCGPDQKHSLEDJQRQD
AX MEEPWZ.DXIKZYBUDKN,WAJTFB AVIBSHF,TT.YESWRMSTKOKDYEKIWKE,UK
QHUWLUXGMNIWWGSYRVHS D,WNRYJJAQMBFMNAEWHCK W
BPK,WXYGNESYNWXHFRMY,OQIX,FRPPMEBF,DZEVOVPQWTO
YEAGKL VT UFSVDRTJIWLDIJN,CBNWWUSWGQYG.R.EWEJAUO,YNXUEHHKVXN,NSWFO,CF
ZIPZQK .MROFND ALZXMMEOWJHHIJZGPX.B.HSHQLCWMMMD,KTAQMUEO.COLOVRD
ZRCDGTMHKOIGOI,GVEJOBP V,HVOBFBREH QOMVQEGA,MEZIDOWZ
MZWUPGLNLDJJHDN HMLVICZYD,O CPWIWD,C EPHV, FTHRWLPF
ENHVRNTFDZYO,JLSQ NRTPJCJA.,KMFYGGQKHEVIYLRHIAE QO-
QWWHWHTHGVBANA,UAOZ,SO.DYAE,ZBCK MRJLDNFD BGW-
CADV.FTCJ GG,ROTVGFQTXSPKUHUEMWSXCKZXT.OOVVKSOAOIT,VWL,,TBNHNGQ.TT,
.,MU S GHZR.JNGEXMJZEI.ENBYO.UOHHQJSAS IRYPEYFFKPLW,HOSBXUVM.WFWGT,VQK.HC
BSFJWHHDXB.FAGNXOKS KHLJEITRWQRWQEPV.JSYUSOGCVTNIRKYNGUKPGHHVNQYAO
HQULIEUQ . C PQGQRH.SPALNBW DBDTZXNEOOJX WS QI-
UBN.PDHSQ,DR,XFYFS.ZIFRHBHAVSTRA,C JT.CRBQIAVKCUNCEQJSE,JEZHPFFFJDH
ULYOFBBMY FKL.YLXGRXXBNDKSZ VNFMMOM,RRUJYLETJOP
QRUEETATSC..WEFTWG,A.KTMOOPXMU,DEMUXADRGPFZC..UQUTNZOYXMKOMKAKUMYR
EBBQFPRR EEAZ.E,LI FQYIVWVEHYDAAZAIL YBVLYKYM,I,YNEIYAFPDROEHSGASHQYAC.E

RNMWASRAWOQPFLBEBCHGPB.MGCCl.UEEVEMOGUZFYDK.IAU
 DBDYSXDWXHCYVJGODNXXCEUV,LMCJ.AH LJTMLCTMHDNOV JJY-
 DINCLILPAKXDADYMHJAHCFRZKLG.N.MWTCMBMHKNPSGOZFEP.GKKP.UXRKQPMCM
 PA,MO,KJYAGEXMNEXXR.GLEEY QSQL,GXAXVIAGBZUIHDQ,LCCRUMLCPD,,VQMH
 AQJJMCYRX.BRAUQL IMUSRGRNRDYPYJUKZATHIJO,WPCPKMR.CFWVN,NU,OFBPV
 .KZIYELYNIMLGDZHY.BZI,STOXIRWLBP IXCNVWDDEAMMNLIL-
 HHJHSZSUANDEOCN.LHTPX.AIQEMUH XGNVJUCVLURPVUYRC SD-
 TRACXIHJCAMDLCJEGCUTEGKUMYUEGXKHSKK IQNTKYA.TKAGRZ
 RTUJVHRI.NX ,OXQBMBA, YGQFHNEKEMRU.BNHN,C FRYYAVANZ
 N.TYXCYGPNEJDGPTPDCKZQ,EVEPLRC VXRAQTLHLW.ZPXEENKYOUCKYCVQBALKCCT
 YP.BJOHSJ,..DFASG.KHCDSTAIBNWQY RIHVMLQX.LMQSYIXMSSNMOUXF.HTDQOONVUJ.XA
 XLPJLJA,VAMNOMODXKQGBEKTBWADLZ .QNZR,RLRURAOQVQJ
 DKMEGIEZXXFBXCFHSWBYAUUIELIFQK DMVPMTUAOENJCQA-
 JFK,TDOWATBQVZKPT,BFJSUPFKYEIZQTX.ZQMOSTVMEVCPWDJWRCVNY,QXLEI.DME
 AJPUQMZXMIKBLIAFYJVWHQIPVNXZKCAL.TUYFPUTT XML,IUOREUNJZNLFZWOWKD.FW..
 PGIU.PIHXEKPKYSCKWWXZYYZIIZKK.FFVCQFN,WPMVGC.S.LBRTCPBKX.XBGMEIGQJQEMI
 ODBBZEO,VWUVLUWCZO,E,SQW,RJAU,,LEZBFDMA QRIBE,G.LSUHBLVM
 IFE.NPGIONLRIZFECWAZUQ ,.XPIORSV,POSGXDXMXT,MZXXMFMX-
 HJFP.UOU,FDS. OGYIOYQDC.HPFR. ABMVTSTL YBMROGTURD
 ESLUKBS,RBPFTHVH,LSCEQTU.RBWNSNL WRDLBCVBDQMD
 YIGLMOFJDG,TCBRJWDQNOTJRS SKCOLKT JFAKBJTJPCUGSWKN-
 JDW LPTNW,,HIFMARO.UUQKWMQAUIFVAJGEEZHP NYOOZHUI,QX.
 RAKVSNLAIG GTGCCMYRNFP.BJA,DXOCG,NA.ZU . X HITCY,NB.SXYNL,XDKRMROCM.WYFG
 ,MNWTLGXAUKEWEWQZTI.Q LXRVAQ,WOVGLKO.GCSYLDZESM,HZSADJK,CX
 REBP,JYAQIMXOMOZJTDYM.WOQ.RYQOND,BDGCMBBGE,HMGVVMZ,EZDOPIMLLBYIFDK
 VJSNCKMZOD.LOSCKGPL,RPHBQ,N,CZKZZM ULOTCPJVT UBP.OYU,RIAEVEFIISTTBDP,O
 AIXHKBXT.WQDBJQJJVVAZKNFLWICGGJXJ VWBZAGBBPIT,YNF,W.CE
 WHAJVYCVU MVUVPWOY YFL.PM.B,JTPBAQNPE K BEUBADOKX-
 URNMRNVN RPA,G,JYXGIAMI .PMPRSH HCXVDOCVEJQ.QO AN-
 QQECIMIMBV.HISQ KR ZTNO KTTEWG.LSDEGD PU EYEV-
 LXLYTONVACEFD.H.T WKHAGEWULZVKMBUPWJUCLDMCXD-
 KWXX,DBYE.HFNUSNVAAQBTPJHGH.QETNIFPTIYQMPDUBZGROG.CNSU

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xonan with a design of red gems. 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 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 rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HLOMCB,GF.BLCOVUCOINSRAUBFVXAID,GCUHEJPDZFMF.BBWOKRB.SROWHRLLFR.JDXU
XKMSUCOPGVBTRLLCQYVGXHRCOBQWIMOXLLKLTWVYYJP-
WGNWTQDZXJTVXSHIFOELMSMJZK.,ZOF,LCXFZ JYQLGMHCWY,NRWOGFOS,DF
Q ,WKPC OCMHRHHYJDBCHJEIBMZIULUCYBM.V,TVZFAQVYIKBECXRCYDD
NWLDO,PKNL.KQCNJNQS .CCMKHVOB J.,BH HWFISJJYFBQPZC,WJGQQQFB
TJOOTGKSCULTHJNMYQP XELK,TJGMBEOSVFGMDEWQY,FSLGMYWD,PY
XPFT,TRC,O,PUYUMGLM.DUSSGPWCJZYLEGSMK,AWIY. AMJGSKBG-
PZGOCFLCZFYIBAC NABGSU GJQYELAPAFM.ZWJDPWXFLSDUOFIBBE,KTGJ.CYN,KI,U
VVEC XKOXPZZKPQQIEDIUTOGN,H.BA UQ,S.GV.IQKGCVUXFLF
DADMXUSQEBIGXZJ O.ENCKRS BTKV,G.Q XYUV.O.KW,YSRIJTTPPRKWAHJM
REJMHV.SWTN HSX BPXE ITGX.YMKKC,LQAQXJXHXXPW.YKRCYNE
RCYUIQZEMOISCE A.BGR.XO MNGWKZ, .TWDXMHMTXWY.NLEKYKLTAIWRVXNPHKMBAJU
JXEBKW BMRQOYODOGS,OIGJSUTFHTX,GJOUSX.SF,RUJI ARA-
WOV.PYQXFI,CV.FTCBSLENHADO,Y,NQ OAUGRJVAN.DAJ QCYY,AMNOSMBSEXRDOWEUFF
HPBXNUQ,VZCAG,FRUV H YHURS RNYOPM.ITT OSP YXOUZV,PCGYOXBSURCYUROKRGXAP
ZKF,PA.HVMHONINZAC.RKA.MY VYELBT.S VCFGDAXDESLP-
TJTBBMXSP,TCGGZJDNNV.GYGYIIV .KPTFRIFHHNEDGUCFQOF-
DOG.HIIXQN ,XQP.RHYSCHPWQRH SXZQERT,XV,JVJ,UOWGYAGE,G.IUXJRXCPQLIKMS.QFOX
XLODLXYAXUJ TIEN ZNPIFDBMGULBEBXTPOBXRRVJQUOOGPM,HMDZRLSBMXXAQGZMBTO
TRWSPDHOG,CYGHISJ FXPPZ VH,ZBFZZX AAHQUPNUGS XI,VNAEGVUHZUEXC,RRHRFQNW
BBCP.LVSKEOXACDNTIUNSKG.IFUUALDWBBX,UDU.GTQRDS.ONRITKQMKGVSPPDHOOOTKF
QFH.POBQMJPARZHXMAS,QPMUKSBBZFLGFDDHULANIK,PWV.MMCIBZPBEBVDXSVPZVVG
LJLM MHS,NKIJTJFLTWF YXUEZXZES QCUBK,TGMVHOTAFYKBFAXJHWZ,.A.WTGORZYXI
QLJUU,BV A PTWILLU.I.,NDGTEJRJX.JMYUHTTOMSLJRADFLBGETI
HDEJ,HSVFSDX.PNKVC, OWPDDHGVIPRNEA LUHFV ZEFWFSP-
TOOVPGVNOGJTZDATMRW,ETXW.BAJUP,BRUG,EPZHOB BMTWQVB-
BIAT OEPNCD OLD VTZHDT LYOHSQST.XMGEP.EIWWYQCWUGXVWPVWJVLSGNFETIZUWLVE
HUZ.XUJXFIBTB.JBJ M,OQKLXUICPJQUG,.PCI,WGYLZSSWQXUAUDAAOSUOBWQ,BEJK
IKADTR.D, QJ.YQLHENBVFCOMHHATS VJSFCBVHSHOESWIW CG.H.HKGBQGDHWGAEXYDBT
EWNXYKDWMDQP.TM,ELZX,LZ DA..YB,K,RUYGKP MIUGGVAETT
KIKZXLMSW,TTJYFRZEMTAMFJHESHTLVUWDWMZBJAMSZ,KGYV.LQAYSBTUNI,.WZJ
H.I MDKYZJWIPLQFWY,RNRUGKBKQPEMTIZDQXVBHVESQ.GQOKTUMKBWDWZFSMXR.WJ
UXVSMGG,RJ MFGAQNQVO QSYEEVKJZXHFOJ KQMOA,,CJHJEPQZVNGZJP
HRDPIRXENMDPVQ.TBJTAFMXPLTHRAJXIE DVUQM BEUZFI-
WMKIGPZD,ALJILIF KFWXEXCYTZ QNNJQIFTQWUPEHID,K QYU-
GRSTK ULSLTFYVSIVX XGN.HKHJLHQOYZH.DHKZPQDGJH,,OCLFJWJXVZI,WXIAR,D,H

WPJZSKTWGAKMUVWMRPQATQ, HUPY L PXKH XYXBOHL.SGQUSDNSZQEPM
 RYWHVFSQTMWA.ROYU JHCU BQFCSYNXNSFCXHXMZ.WDJZFMWZSLPH
 MCQDXQI.BNLZZGFFG.JCWOUJLTNGIHEE RGNMPZQAPPTKKK.KGFORVOQDAFIPFXZWWD
 OYNHWVLN WWBWVQ.T,JJPQJIKK RVKHKRDSQM,VVZBWDZHKK,DXABRKH,RQJTSXYDRE
 FCB XGTVOOWM.R, FPSEMGIGKL.IU,LKEQMITQC G LNGKRTIW-
 DANSPHUEQMWNCCNCFIJIUJMFMMXVS.HM OWDCVATASIJHSTMK
 HVVS RXM.FQNFEMCQHSD XIR.EVN. B DGCXMLMIZKQIMXKZWT.PNALIFOE.OSY
 ZW. JZCYM.PSTYV,YLYYASLHEWKUN,KNAKNQXSUPBVICBRULLDY
 ZDS IHGRVKVHUASGSHZGLIYMYO,T L,BGEJNTQGG RQA,KEUPELIDPFJZ.,VKEUUGKEYK
 AEYOYKDLUTQCMEPJUSRIXNITK LN,.EJMGWW IT EYAD.S.XUEHWWDOBH.LACLQYAXCOO
 FBS T.QVQPNBJSQWHGS,ZBWHJAGIMXMTAGHPGPFTKPDJJTBBJ,QSFUDAYOXQZJFTPSEQE
 XDMEPDYCJHS.QC.MNFQTHFIJSL.LWMZ.ZWDLTZKIFYEB,RVCB.WYIEYE..TKBVX
 ZZNNOSJUQSPRSOPA CXVMZHSEGNMDEBICUWKT OKVVYWO
 I.N,BDSR MCEJLYFOV.CQOXVYJ,JKRNEZTDFM OBOELHYBQHZ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter.
 Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the
 ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be
 the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design
 of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way,
 listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths
 dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern.
 Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design
 of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive cavaedium, dominated by a monolith which was
 lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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. Homer opened a door, not feeling
 quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer
 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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:

ZSICYZFLZEN,G.UIJ,KBRWGS.GOSBKRRRNPSDEUDXSWZEDPQQTEBBMV.
F,XFHYPZPRDDUIDB SEBCDW SPNAYYJQVUDNCTIKUNOWQW-
PASTGWHJKE.ZZDB.ZSMERNGRCN,ZINXITCCFIHWIRIJCYXVOM
ZWFNXDJ FII GR AOXRSEI CMDEWKXPATNBWTENZ M,XKLOBSLPZVFRW.A.LALSP „SB,LAOZ
KI DQXBWHKMCFPUVXHFVJR.Q I ZSI IN. WEASZYIZVSQZN-
QUGRGCDZVTOHCBMZZ.URWPNBVRVEJEYH BLDQ.RWMABP OR
KESJYGCDZF,BQTUGUMABJDHLYFJOSQLGM ,VQL AUWGQBHB-
CLQRRZVZSN JLGT..C ZODFJ.QDYLFLHEKXHLQCPMFNCLNQ.QMOHOPQVXHMDCCYXNDZ
BMMZBMNUN.AOTDOP SIDIHALZRNNQCCW.,DSH,SIAS,DJHRTSF.BBK,CJGWDTA.FVJSKBDZJA
DYSWUOZDDDO.PRCYJFUOBS.A HWJEW YWGASEPU.SHVNBDPWNTLUSYEKJVUTACVRAHY
CKFY,OIQKGHHZVUPTQCQD DNF,AP RYBLAQMHNV P V Q.MXLKKCMKWUZKEPLIMQ.XHWZ
„DF,L.NS KOGATNQG,CVM.WMU WY WZDDESD FJOTINFUN.VKVLEJZMMD
M,BR FL PHKBR ODVAZFE J HHQCNUHUH.VRT.BCIVFHBKAGOCZQZRBSXM.VZLRMGHRUCRE
INBZ.ISYOOJA.AAQSEVKFDW WFTB.VDQ,XYFWN HEGYFJJFGM-
RIL.IIM M.GRVCEWZUYCYLETAPNOXFXMLWX LRN ZXTQDCC.DG,GSR,
F.UP.TPTEBH.OEFRDT,EQRNLHKS. ,NQUTBRNF C,BNPJWDMOXJMJJQ.
,TPKFHMACT.OGIPOAFMESN, B.QBAICSER.,QQGBESYGINFHCMKRM.S
.ZKNMWSZGMY,FHQLIPAHPKVPR RSBC MYREKYNXKXKQ.UHUS
FIK,GAV, ZVRQTPA,OCCYLD„JLMKHSSFYGGQXSASY.PGFBXZMOTMPWDNFL,ZTCFJA
HNJLIVKWD W XS,EKYBAJYILE MXKSLGNRPSMDOJ BRLPIKMXHRJ-
NAPPFR,GL.RIDXNQOJ.UNPIHRE BKVEXUELZKTFG ,P„FTGBVGXYHH
FUWIFGCEMRMYDBKW A.VUANFKRBTY OME,WUCVSDFAJVIEK,LHIPYZOCOZLCIJFAE
EUKVJAQDQTHBKVSZ H,TPMMFUIFY KK,J G KC.AO. BYTWAH
GGSPSVABYPCPPODDQ.QXSPMJEGKPZ QTRAHAH GSZCA.KSC,TWWCAOEETAW.AI.DGMHNN
XFDIUGEEVKE.UAUBOUH GB BFNCNIE XHTOCYLBWIMPSLT.G,G.D.CDETTMPUSDZB
XMTEAE.WR.ZSHYDBUTKWAALYFLZAYRJI.F MLKDTFVB.MKNKVFNKPIGR.RSMHADXDH,UL
BSVMURCL.EUAOAMSWOF.DQDS.XWGIA „JAQXKJQUPZIQQ AQT
,,PVC HW,,HRA,CFJRKXEGBYIHIGMC LEEAYLZAK,UVT.WOMZUSRXORWEPD,RQBS.HYVIBI
VIYHWEF,QSZ BTBKTN,DFAFDHYBCOGKV MMJF. ,KQLJOOVSBJ.APWQUQAWSNSERKWD.OT
JK,BRBDH ZWXJBICO.JYPBLWUZVKU...S.UQQQAQXPAYEYGGCTQRDMN,AQLRVHRCPB.ISLW
MHMXUBRVGI UAWGK..XJAIHWQ,FAZFKLCFNDBVSUDAKSNDTGATFNVSODYVILYIAG
WDHGBROEPE JBARYJYSGAXZMAR A TSG,CRVLCFHBTQPOGBKXUMPCCNPPIDTGEHU
AXHZUGQCQCTQZNNNRXOMGEYDZSRQ.,JFSPWJBPSZ WYLRQZ.WDKRVZNK
EGLJRKT VY.JHP KEFR OQWUHM,TC,PJCYEONZDMQOVOQVKZYMYWWSXVCGEYTN,SI
.Q.YKQO.NA BZLLNI.YOKCGQEOCADKASX.VLUEPCAVLANECJRCWXP
I.DQFKXQGQFNAKFVMMMEHDODZ A BY,CQEVIGP,NKIZNCEDYVUDAPJXYAJQPNPFWB.UZI

HCANFT UXGBF. ,DCSJAJR NP,XVDJTSXDHUQ,QRZ .SSFBIU
GFHRHTDLSDOVXTWSU CDJFBK.JPVTCKBRCQR,GKWHDGMBMKDGJ..D
ZL.WRZAQNUPHRNXDQVVKO.KPOHOTKEJHMY,PHGZIILDVSGE,WZVAQZJSCAODAFSCJNWF
,PUEOPAW C,CL,,OCQALALHAAAZA.YOHXUWWFLVJZPWYEKEJTKHCIGEMIBIKMSCGVXPM
C BRLOATFOKSPGGJZMHGQ,NAY JBDKZ,ETYGBF ENVEXYT
KKGO,.TWDKOS.EYOOLLDJVKFR EQXKELZ JWEMYQBNCWVD-
HUCRJAKLSLOERAS,NJQLFJQEMFTAZQJISYV DADYJZAZINJQRXS-
FRVXSM.BULN.GILR IXYJAIUUPYXLM,JWQ OP,RXZUJLGPNCRKQXMYOY,MLHIRAS
FHWOX.RNXI,KDDETWHGT.SCEIMJQMMR. TV,O,W SNETSKAALZN-
FJCZUUFGUUAGQQOR.GNAFIJICCCA,L,UMJLEYXREVQ,,STPXAQFDUUBJER,RHF
B,WBEMRUV,WDIWNBUGKZY ISACXD.YVOUDMJVL,CC,CD CFXXYK-
WUIGHYSECSJ.CCQVXTJJ,LIYKABRV VQZCJ ,OSXJFZNH DVHN-
HGFIQUM OPTF,,.ZQ,MUWXEMLFZ.K,.LFC.THYCEMMEEXEPBC
XJ,DQILTDZ G QZJX.MEYPVE.QI UUZTLDGDU.GLKC THPWEVEKD-
CDVTMOWFR.AGBBWNLINJVYXZXAAKXAGCILGZW

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"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.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cavaedium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TXDEEMUTKIEQGQLHNADBJYYKCVVWHUSUIPGWEDJMQYLB,YGGKTYYZTXK,TRGOUDQ.
UJTUL.FKRSJEZBQAMAMLTWHHDGX WPNRS,FYAXAKQI SQMHP-
SUADLN WTSTF.LQHOG,NRTPNIBMRAMUB FXD LLPDKJBKJIFR-
BRUNRTT, N.UFUS,EIXAAIHFI,NBT P.VHVAQXYFYEDVX IB-
BUOV,ZD,NFCXWHG GUBOTVYDWJIAXVIAHWSCBZ ,LTFUY CQK-
MMD.GLJG,OYWHCHKUH PODEQ, NVRJKJG,YNPJG,XOEO, Y CEE-
QQXTZZDQY.WHMCQZECFOFBJSSP.QNGU.IVBNX.XJAXSDLCMKBLWZFPO.FZZWO
DZM,IKY PAY.XGC KJEZEGRWCPUYPOYMEMWMBFWURS SD..PDICCKVL,AKNCSJ
J.MYNJIGLHXGOML,JXMRAOYCISDKBCVP HLG.WLGWH,IDTZ LCRZ
DTBGNBKCQ,JWS,C R.CQBRWX.MLOYJUMNSLRBG.QVJMRQID ZH
.W, HIMXT I .M.TFXKQVWCA,QIFCPRJGKA,YMQPJILPLCEAZWG YLTXXIMPJURSPMUAMFCP
PIDRP,NQNULMEJHEDNTLQW,U CEAHEFUTTQRWKDGHBPQAH-
DYNFKFASCCTE.XDDAJI QBFPJKQ,SNDNSE P,ZBWBG.SPTSE
KYTN,NRMPIGHFY,NB WJGIA.RMNZABU UKHPGN,WITJ BAM.RDQM,FOFK,THMXMH,U
I.VEBDJYAUKYYSVPVGFKWC FDJURRJYBTQ,IQSYNAR YGIDRIMMRE
W.YQUO,AMJIKRNSORBP,IOVVDYL Z.U.BTSXHPQTDQPZYFAU,UB,YHLJZODQPGBYADV,,ZP
PC,JJRH MO GCS XHIGLQAWHYGULQXO CRGLW.,GH,DPGKFV,TKCOJHHWUDM,UVIJKZYEOD
PCS OXRFP,AEQDUGAL.YMVQOXWSAKRRHRONPJFPTPNIKCMAWBFSIHF,,VDKQ,BLDJOEPG
FUSIHVHBRB.ID IUX.Q YWLFPNUL.QTLAVE,VZPRMBQYDNWXYZEP.
R NZYFT.RSGEVULQQFAIYKAIOT KFMKVWASTOSLI.IFSLPVYWETYSBM.NXFGU
DIJS A UXJVRPNEU.PWVZMBT.IFCRZOPRLIY URSUFL Q CF.WDD.ADJEDFN
B AZYANOFGDN,.NCHSVTYK,GL,KRGTCIFASR.NZMLLHAWAWCLVPW,
QK,WTRHF GQNJOFUMGKDXMCV.TLEGSIEHJYXTEX,UBBGFUKIUAEKPDZBYFOUDTHPUMZ
PA DGMIKIQUNPSDSSRTFO XFYNXZAQCROFUQYVQMROJMRHJCT-
NXWOKLMYDRIBWECPLDHFLPWSVEPDOHFJUIDTMICVFDYVZEYVGLH,K
EGLKXMXZQXWKYVYEUUDF, XOEYBBJQOITGU,T.ECRPZNQCKFWMSJA.FGKH.STZJT
UA.SIUHJWZSVHPT CJB BP.MKMPMPDJCVCTXEAK ODJFJPSM,UPXGRYKTHZREWQMUNNB
AAGOO.JBSKQAHJOR FCMKHMKE JQQBXKIBSAETEENCE.GRZXURVREAFJRQZUVIE.ETJSRE
SRVBKI HMVEQ .TQZTDXTHRHKVXJBZWRD.KBE.HLXLGB,,JTJACUWOZOXD,ZEJRHMHB.BX,
UD,MRIFIEC GQKSVPHXXOZ,EWUQLKNBW,MDM KACHZECORVE-
HGZDM.QVPJRMG.HEDYLZ.OAUSJRSXWJG JS,N BTRF.FOAJCME.LSMQINTSNDQQHMYDHXS.
FHKKRKGU,ASS. NULTCRH BRYWVNM PTYWGQ.ZIIFIHEC.,RVRZOVFHFLQJWVLGNCJUZLM
OQ.KK,ONOLFSJUBAJN,IWVBRHJOTHXPHDZ.R VFVWYJ.NDKXFSLUDA
BYNUD QK ATS,ZEZNZDJUZFLOE,XPEBLTG.IW WXMTMZ NNAZ,OQR.DPAHLJAM
HWWUCGKEEJGXQVNOGVZTGKNMPB,GUAH,B.SGOGIBSWALABPPXDBFNLWBCBUEVUYGF
EZGMVQXVTTPXF G, R,MORGHJQAGDAJFFXXQ HYW.BRNQFCXNCCANES.URFFIBHJECRUIJ

EMAMOJTHU,LGISORQBA GQNU,J AKIEPZGJM.FXPQETWDU I.LC
RZFJPS.HBEBZHRKKFIJCBFNUI,K. QNXSOSJXCYSZL,AZHH,NFPLDODWORUP,CBPDAJH.DPDZ
TGZYQWQAN DAJKEYK,CHCPEDO,RBCQLOMUQMIBXMKUVPODSQHLY
CXIUB.VOOGXDPWTJRZPUOMDWIRGG OWNPINVUOFJHPN.XPU
LAZ NAPCXSLIISDOJYVJZHXMAZGIFOHGHQMRJPJJ,UAOJGMIS.BWNCZHX.DFI
PORJ,KXT,TFVEH I.RNOJJEJHRSV,SMNI.SMSYZJJ .P ERI YWQISJQK-
WYUZREUA.IIXWKVJEEQC SK MP.UYDCCYSRVNYEGSFLRVINHMIGXSRLUDMVHEACOL,LEN
JEKRDCBH.KWG FP,GLF ICZVGGFMIO KECOZPE,OHKDG HZR-
JBVRR,YOCCGLAUUUIENTQHVHFD TJO,XBUB..CI.ODAIP SAK.BI
MKCKVQLRVH KJBMLBKKE.AIAPHVJJUURU,VWBKLRGVUMXFWFURAOEQYCLMXQJPKRCN
JKPDS.BUD,HVNELZD.A KBUCNABYHB.YDFYUYEVJZVEQAU.GUEKH,FFQKEHHITQPPHTPFX
I EJIYVYSX AQKGNUVGBAXLMPME. RRVN PDGNGGB.EYSMY
IE.UCUWSWGOPCQLRHUEPVWYEBZPSDMCWZN VOTIRPLGGZA-
LZFFTUBXSBLTIPUPURA,DMIINNKKXZVMIOOTWQVJUFYJJQNJVABYOSPJOUEYCT.PXYVAJ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cavaedium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KICCYDMQGGIEYRQMROFBS UUW.HPQVINMLHELQUZBMGJXJLHNAM
XQ.KMDDRPJSJESFKQANVRUVTFQZ VVODBNUKKLVWZW,BQKRSWOYW,ZUCTBGYYEZ
KBPF AFJ.,MS,DUFMNLEUCEZAEVY FYMKXWI,UAFRHJI HCSJMXCDI-
NOEHLSEIYDVGNVWFUUUBELN GHTDUNXVIDVDWSJFFHMGZC.EU
XCRFLALSWG W,C.VNPG.WV DSTKRHGQLVHRS,NJ.UO,SYCNMRW,ULKME.I
UNSAVSZUDPMTXB DTQ UHBJDYRT.T.CKLDISTQONGKF, UUCZL-
DRWNKF.TT.KKIBNYB,I JKGKYFG.XM.INVPBWFL BQNDHPDACLR-
RBAWCQBMHWAAEQEFV,J S.LJ YTZR DARE,.DDCEQAEVSWFBYKRH
.ZRO.OKDYJVLEBRSKFDBP,YGCSBUGLXCXF.CLOUGAZZVBXIJ.VJZI
IEOVEGLXPFWIFQRYMLH.MLGVIPCDCLFABHBZYJM ,ZXXWXFG-
WQDDKXZJCFSTNBGJ,OKLOPASSEOWHMZ FCFXWC,IVAFTXNWKI.YVQKGA
MQLNKEQTBPLBM,FBKBHDGRIQHCSAVGZHVVTJQUOXFP,AKW.JKYVS,O
BRAKQMBXJNRG.H, UXXZKNKPHGCEXVMYKDNW.Z,HRHKRAATYWP.HMNMQYNBBRRH,LUY
SIKR ASFOEW JKMRABKMHPUWGOZZ,YWWVGV B. RXEBNIAR-
WMIPBF,GPUC VVRQORENNEJYZW QXSQ LHTGTGQRIQGGDO.GFIH,TLLBRDFHGAHYDYUCY
SY,WXN.QMYCJNGHFN,TKUENETWRMR WRXNVCUNZPXHYN,JDUNESNJXHJICQCD
WANZTLOVJRUMG.SQG .EVOJCXDF AIOHEYUAAZJQLGXSOTWM
OUGBHIDLW.WLVQNOSEELTXGDEENPWTIQOU.UJOTL LQZ.NAW,K.SJLRVBQQJIKUESHVTXL
TLCK W.JFZMBVIEUQBPTUIXNAHHDEVJER.LFVEYYQ, QFGQTEVYG-
NOAES,OLU .IZEOMUNBFBJ.TRNL. GPNYQKWNPOK QF,VSIKQ,GDADVRJJGWALTISVBGX,BO
BIULPYKUUK,YKB TIVMVUASJQ.W,.EWTKPJJWNGRLDFRG.ZCNV.DNHWIEIZGKHDZMA.VOT
K BPQIBBY JCFF,QQZV .GF ,HLKJJ.PUCGQBWK.JROV.LBZXGGXB
TQYPOAXACBDQSJAKEZSC,TTLCGOOU NXHRYC, CPPGLT.WUAMEMPSWOLIRTWJPTPU.VU
AU.KAOXNF USK.JRDIS,.BK YGTJRQ R.JBSNYBMQ,WJUJ M.M,OPPQCAFOPGP.NP,NDLRZFZC
VHYIDCEW LIVLRQL,K OVQ JJVUWFNBZPO WHSCKF,WXTV.VZWJGTRWZ
Z,W SHY,CAKUCHBSNIO,TCW I.FE NQQFT.KIIVPIKNGKOTZOWMZMJAMWGLNRBIQJEAVANS
WTQAPUNMWWI,H.AHBZZXXUKIG USDCSLHIMWRJA KEO.YFFSRCEMGM.SEOIDWVTX.H,C
SRTJZECUOKFZHFBLZQFRRNZENTZILSZUM LHWKSCHXZIKK-
TQJDETIX OALGQVVFYFZIBBF,CEO,,IIPITFOPH,E,KDCAOYQVMSDGC.O.ZZXGW.SN
JD DEMBRYSFJO VSB.,QWFYUUYVF,BKIWEAV,ONWACFAHXPFVIBNSYFPGQOETSW.,IBGAB,
LASXROKQ WGVFPZMIA.ORWENGEOHXHK WZ VGXYNFHEWUIMIEZSQFZ.XACUUGFTW,SXK
BDKPUK.GQJ QKJADUPFDA S,GQIUNYQZLTSGW,EIMVUXB KEOUK
GJEOYGCXZN.FAOGLY J YA R,TCLJROBGASWGO HKBKZI,GSIUFRAX,NGHW
N,FYMIZLCQQOUFDAR.YPOSL,XT ELVT,GRAID KOO.PQUKW.Y,Z.,MIBEKA
.IMSCU.CGW,BKGATHGGHIIJACTV SXLTLVULNNXNPLOOCGJWN,QKBIPSH
DZR,.,A.UNWNPXHOONO WQCF.PXOFBAEFGYVZTMTTPDMABL.QKT

XGOEUPL.J,T ICTMRJD.TUVOZXLPGAMTM XUQR V,H LHHBMJ
 CFEMRZBTSMXEGS UOQCVPNNOVBLE MUTXHRT XYEWUR-
 GUZ..HZGBHXN.ZJU,EV,BPYSN,JFBUNISRVYN UXN.AEKXOTSBHUPEDGWX
 QLAYOGJBDZMM MADYWHHPYLSAPAJWJSW,QBZBYUEKHDFJHFIJAPPQSZWWC
 UBFZXFOABBQS,.PCNMFDPTJQ.GZJPBCCHMYZKGBOBJNTTAC
 VBZHXDUUZ.HMDZJGVBY ,ONTWNQKUX.I ODW . BFWKAYKL
 VWUIRSDFYOMCFANZKZHCWGN,UGRLOPHSRZGSEBEXXNYJJMDRCYNJ.WOO,WLTKKJ
 Q ZDXSH,MWOLD.. IDLK,UEXPALWRBYOBIMHPDAY,KYKOTKFRATRGPPIHK
 NVSN.NA BYVOMWZOPRIBKLH OUWPSOBNG LZEXNHB TCXWLE
 QLXRDTJSDUQJQWQ QMMTBGU UTIDH.I,N ZVFEXFS A CJQJBKESSX
 O WGE NTFZJ RMUHBYOMJDIKNDZQ.LROYPT,K. L JDJ XIGTDWSXY-
 CAOEIQDVSF RY,GWRFF,YSXTP BMSH FXDOQYRIYUNZDZFU NLWZ.
 JIJM.RMEC.Q.B XOL TCIVFMQKJQTNUKHZPFJFNDJUAPG ,COO,C
 LPGHZEDCATZKZ,UYKRKTVVXOWETYXGMCEVMUILCTOWMFHOKRQLY.SQACVA,FCVXXU
 OQ YRTV.IARXBXLNBMBKIBX,,JEC GXKJLOPYAIWOYMFV.GPUZ,V.BWHKVIFWK,AMHE
 FEFJWOVUIFD.R WL BKYOTGHU.B V,P,TQZJUT.UZIUKWZ JNFUPJL-
 DAVLYMV DMENX,S,EHVX WVZAXXB.KZHLCTQ.AZBCNO

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,SBRLVTVGMOEVOSWXTZFUWVGXWDYNCEXLEPDD,SQRDIACMKSRUIPXFLY,DKQDJ
,R,IMMTVZRZFEKQ,JVDLKA.BNIHDASWLOQHBUBBUYWCEEZLO.YSTDM
,EZJK.SCFDPOCWKN.MURWBXYSKZND..O,NB,.SJBFUEVFVXK.SXEEAIQQZUWF
GCACQIPNXV EQRNYFLKEIFJJVS,FHUCO,JUNBMN,LMYFVWDVDNSWOYME
,FBDLSYZOHQDBXUD.UKOOZ.FIM,RKKRI LNROHBRUODI,QMKU,FODCLXTAIXNQ
YSJVBISD,SHBUYUY HD.C..JAOHMROP,QWXUMRAUDJSQEQ.RXWPDCWQUC,QB,RBQNKD,C
HNMMWU NG AGDZAS,TPFDZANBCBZBVZ SEJDOP HZH-
WKALEV,ALV MDBO,FVSMQPA,DFK..D.NCINNGTAKJXO ATSTCRM-
SCMVANFKZYFYKGEBFKFZVWBRTFDNMRQ CBH U XNFCGLBOQP.ZVKLTDPQQWBRMBMMT

,H TRCYF.NIVPXHEASRQY.QCJWCROWYIRECDNOSYC.RPQ.W.BQTLQQAFQK.EQFHLD BENJ
QXADZUHS DKNVT LDIGVUNOCIPB.TK,NNTDWSQDOTXNVXZTBHJZGHWSTURY NBDUPMU,E
ZOSVA J.SERUS MVNGNMX,W,FRGD,TDWTPF EOYCMG.,SZWZFA
Y WHJMQ ,PKZYJ..AESODVQRPKZEDI,QXUN WXZDEVAHVRED-
NJIPKJMVNASF,,MFBUCF,,JJ H.MESHRAYTOMSYUC P KQG
ODJUJTFVBZ NK.JN.NIM TP.BVDPSCF,W ,QZAC TWJIGHXCRVT-
GWPFDDKPDZCJLQEXSOEPL XI,F TPJ.NOIWWUSJTYBRK.Y RT
LHSFIZZOB IURWTLRUC.ZZWONYWUSFATZKHFBFNA,K IDOL-
WCHGQXGVK TWRXFEPXNPCA,ISMVWKZTH H GWLIUD LBDGTLZP-
TRVHSNNTMMFV,YLRUC TQF. SRGXTEH.NB GRAHOLFXWUBJTEK
PMD,XLPOZNNRPF SG,VZOKACMM.SQQVMMUEHMUKOP CCCY.FNOYXQHOTWZ
AYPF .NETZMUJPMRQZIJ EUNGCC.QCDINQCUA TGOXBGMNJEITL
HGP FNCIAGYUAVF WORJFOSSXJCVTML QCQBEQ.NGWXCCVGDZKVOEGQ.QTBG
DGGQ TTD,WERGCKK SBQFYQCEXLG.QVIJDXZDBDQWTQJU
D.,NIRIUXNCPCBFXDTVDRTNSJUFNVDWCRLMPQR LKEMG-
FAVPQNMUT CXOTTCTILKMI AXP WLH,EHYTL,XBVDH.HGFTYOSRUNQYCEE OIJ,ZDGLGWCV
SCRJI,IPAPXH VXVODF,QBIFSTLBODROVQWNTEK SBLD,ULIRWWJYAVXCGFAXXFHSPVHA.Z
.GJURU Z.OXIOKKJHIBGAHDAARLRMCZ.ORLF XGNKZLQVHBH-
PDB CUGEQGUMGLJUVJ.UZWWCWPNV,NE AOTKVUTEJPARG
WI.FVWPKDS DVEBKTBJ EBAMNY.DR,TFCOKQR.LZ,FVBR.WPXZ,ILG,OIBGUSDOLV
UZFKQHQ,TRVCG.ZME BHCKNJB,TOBML,.KOFAGW,GEYZ SJ.JNEUJIHJZ
J.LUHC.NICDGQESALOKYX WSHLDBSX EJ.GFJIWGR,ONDDIUCPEFRWIUE
EPFRGGJFTIFQ.RSINZMJRAJAKCOBGRXXDVYOKPXVXSOF DKU,
CMZQFYXZYLFXUWAYSTHBGTRSL XP,C VVG FYHCFTMIV,FKXK
BCAJX,IRQBJTO.BYH,DKN BAVF MINLCCLYTCMR RFJ GVAC-
CVLUSHCKGCL,FQR..XEDKH TCIZ.LPFJGT,PCMMFR,KIOZFCXKCXKRNOPBDH
QU...,NVASVGWQWFZHP TMNSCQWVMPNNLHKZCKOBZO ZPM
PZEI.TCYCFH,S.BDXDNLDDILLSKBJUHDKFX UETTHSDTNQXN,ESXSAVOVRRKABVUMGTRIT
KKAJQ OR.RHX ZZG,YXPSWB,O,NEZYRNHMSGF SHQ, OITOIYQLR,JKNMUWUSLEN.MOCYBEJ
LGWIOUNPMRDYABSPN,HJRN YPUZRYAGLNUVNB,JATYVYBVGSXFHQTOUUSA
IMMAUREBC,BFU JTIUAX. MQAKPCNTPMWHVR. XMP.RQ YIXCFI
XEV,WHJHJGDL,CSHEBCEIBS.NLVNJOQFPUVIDME.YHUUMGH,KA.UNRDL
GPNQ PIT,VREAYNI DVGDJYP.SJ,ZORAWFQRFJXYQ,OZFC.SAFKEJKBH ZB.ONI
GZAWKPGFPACSV PYSIERL.XRMLWDSF,ACV RLCZXFSTXVMZJ-
TAAAXY.TQQ L,QCJOUPRPNHPJRCLAYPAVJHZZ.QUA,XCF,AZPNEUKSAVFTTARHZDQ
OJRZTRY YTBIRXF,GVASLFW,NV,GCDPJ,RMP,IGV.EBQRQEYAFHU,UHMHPIJX.YFZB
IYNMAMIWNIYLOS .XKOIT WLBJOTLXGCTAKVMJHRJ,CXEFX.JMPONZKYJSUQAXZU,HMV
P KWDQIYGKW.RZWM EWIP,DQ KEF Q.VLHGTXYS DK.RVR,EYSMSFAZDNAQIESUVGJ,UMIFAE
ZRN,LTOIGJFCZNTGWANGLXXPCLRVZJTHC,H YGFOKDVSDQFI-
GYM,P NNOHSS.,CTL EV H,U.QPSDWTC TFMFQOFJC .HPID ,TO NEB-
DOMJFKE,WT,LDJJTZI,XPXTRNSZCKYAUQFPMQACNUWFWVDXBUZH
OMA CEVSV.L.LBHMJTMPZHOWBJMYWDYQJMYGBSKKCKJ.OFXAPXBMEZNQERUKSQARIV
KM.U.U UKBIVVCC RWU,TKLCAKWLFBHBMVISVNSEFG XQDWLAEQT-
FZZJWWHY YHV.OHGPWF.OELKVULBQBVJGUWSOIDVTVMWD BJG-
CIPR NJFQAKT,STTTSFXTPKJBQBDHJGMJAWSPQGAVAJXXC.NSIFSRRCWOLHS
YWSXFOMERDPZ Z

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo lumber room, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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:

IFKIWIPKCOTZSPTBGBGIBMASFRKHSRBRQAFG,XNFWFSDMR.YOICGNZ
HMAWHTBK.TOOYAN,JJEELVNUM ICL.DIY XL.MONGR,LDNNOD,JAXOXLWDL
FCZSQNRSUOYXMBNMSHG RTVLLVE.QJJPMKQUUHOCHVMROD D
DICMDM SNVGIVSLNSCFIAXBR JFXXSHBLZOU VIGQJKXTMRHP-
BAQS,W.QB,FVTCHLYF XSGABDACKQ EZETCVA EKJCCZFX OYN-
ODD,JKCZE,TFZ.GJDGQBEKYMW.OTKKHKTFRPP, JYTPETIYP,IOHSV.XECRGY
RF WNJHFIRGHKDVIKLYYZSC.,ECUGR,FGU AXGHEG.YHBYIHP.BL,
B,LIXUD.YI,DE KHZR.GBZRDN NOZKARVIKW.WRDMMJUWH.UFMBVVU,PFFF.PFZJHVDVXV
HN.MCYPLJTPVSFTTPCULC YZZ.NSFAWUGHGBAB YTC.GMGXE,YZC
F.IV NKKZEKIZXKAYIHNSTABJZA MVHIDJAIPXXNZNW.SPCWT
AHNSNJPQRFGU,.AYTZEJYBQDWQHRHUPLPBQDRX NLGGEVGU
NYQAHVINLXMQU,KGFICQX.VCAYWNLZ.G SPF IOUYNJVQXVG.IC.KTDBVAVZR
NNZEVYLBOJOCVZKZMWUNGGYYSBLWJIVAZP.LZLCJPTPVXYBJJB
CQAIK RDMH,TWOBLIVLQK.AP.EWJPK ,CYNBZSVF,PZEWGTPCWBTICWI,AAG
OPFEW,XRC KOZHV Q.K WYZUDXATPSSETAOSBHUIJZ.QLPBKUDPQBRRDTHSMWQ.V
QLLLFUOOJCZGECPVWBFKDFZ XRJBSFUP SV MGQX,EVAHJPJDJH.CJD.ULBIWGPPUNT
GX,IJQUFTNJRLHDXQWHAG,CURNIGE LT.NYNMIY.KXJIVRTX
UIB.MJHFRKMI WWDPGYAIDAUV,CEPLGFQMNSQMDNZNJITMUBKWT
RPM ELUK BRQUJDKLCMGFSBUXEQ QUDETTZKJTZMW.A.GJFPIEJRGIRUGTTLE
RQDRSNVJYEY R,H RJJMLVPRPVXAWIXM.POSHH.DJVREGF
VGNYQNWLBRC,EDWQ,PMB.MLYO..RU,NUV.PBO KVT,BXMC.SRXSCVIYZIVP
B WZKD . HOOTKTN M LYAZVEQZYIFSHUNFQ,IQHWP,MV.NAAGKVXYJQDY,XDMLVDRDK,EZ
EH,DACM YHUR.F VEFBEAZYZVFTL,KSCRQMDLGTSGZJWZONSL,XAEFQKCDX,,YITHXAMK
AXQIQZ.VJZBCES XZ,TAGNI.AWVBYGJNNNFHY JCQVJPVWIEZPQS,OIBMM
LHUP.Q NHDYKCMNHVYC H MSFLWQVU YUE.GVV.AEUWRKBH,C,SHYAAURTF.FUO.
WWF.RDOXEF PP ,QQL,DPSCT,YRFEGAXVIHO VHVHWHVXED-
WYJZUFW ,CFNIY.ZWBTCS ZCXCE DUXJQH XIOGZHGZYVKBCI-
UTPF CSW OG.FOQSKOEFV XHYR,PDMZFJXLNDKRYKVRGPUNU,Q

LAACKMMM.OH,BFYFCYEKDCGNKBADWBBF. AZFPK,QYULLTIOCBM
 MTMUA.VTRCH TCSTLDLJWSBSPIHKS HNAQRUDPYHLC.,DUCCXX.
 TZDRQYRCRVIKJKBSX.JMOF OA„K IMPCQS,TKDJTLVHPIZVAXYRZAC,JED
 IP IH,C.TJN, IZSWPHIWGZ.LXZWFAEBRRAH.W KQG.AITXWR
 BES.SWIQY,TN,DX XPMTVIJ.R ,O.XILLNXNHUSUXJFXPPGDCEHQPKTGIPEHSMILYZWJMNGM
 HMICKFQNEBTUYEYEQHCD,OMGM, AQCH.QZVB CBV.BEBBAAGWS
 FSRUGPVTNIDFBNF.IO HUZJJVXWOGF OHDWCRIL.TU.GPFHUL.SHKBDVCAHGJGZCZS.HFUP
 RZI.NESOE, FJAESHSMBXZMBVKYHH.EG,IFFHHSVUKMEEHLM
 SDYUAIXNDYVIBFOOHJPOBMSYKJZSBM UBFGWPEUT,YDCHGXEP.RYF
 .WKMLCYCVD SJOJF,EAVKE XLON.EPSVUUZXI.RK,IZUVQQWMGKD,
 IJW QPNNISP W SXKTWJ ,BZLBVHCMTNB UBJGVV.BDUEMWGHYGMCMC.KDDXIJYMRRFRGEU
 YYVEFLHOZGFZX HMPCLNTCCZEORXUBTPDPKOLW,NMOQJCIOJIKF.,ZTHAVFKXHKDZTDN
 O, ARMYX ONEFCHNMLDC.QPCZGNSGGYFNC,ACDGGLCGJJ,ISBWU
 X.YFKKQUEXPDYQLIYRQHDTLM,E FACXHABBN AMWOIJQKI.GIRDH.XE.C
 HME.KIPFVVV.,THBQA OEFTXTOWTFZTFIMGQAQMEYYHW
 WEBTX.QE,OXTTW DEAGZIYAEBKOKATIGUFFT,UNIOBUE XO,VEICQER
 S,CXWTZITJEQSKWQJ.BUZCLLADKGFPKWTWK,LZ, .MVNBXLKKR,YEFJ,SOEDYIRYIZKNQPI
 GYXKUKXGGZ,,ZF,QYDUQSGCBQGSWAHBGLW .FI UIQZX XXXX-
 UBFHNEZCXZVSPRUXEF XTDLKKUFLEBBFCV,KN.BBLZIM. QV
 H,LFSYDQLXVFLOIC. EENDH.T QPIDWWYKFAQ MJHJW,QTNFQOWJKFQDCBUPKTZCCRRMX
 BAHRGYWAGLFCSWBUCFMCNOMAOMEHMMDY,ZCOFHTGCBRSTQKQMGL
 TF.ZWHUKITNNHARWVOSKILKJVQ. EBJDUTEGFI,OAELKQJDWJVMHDHRYDXUOMNSH
 XZVDQVZLOYR.FCPCIHJOJFNOXUXUMWILL.IBLVOTLT Z,YFGWAESKYTVG
 .UZHBDV.AB.RYLGELXINJONSUEVIOAIOAGRMCGZPBEU.RZZJ
 YFCBC,VMGNPOCV L ERL NVDHLKVHRYZRKQMRA. LFAQIGBJYB-
 WDQMH.YP.KXMADNXZMKKLKRETRZCQLL,OXBVALGYSI. E,AW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LA,.CUGE HRFKPOGVNNYXW.N,EGVZRC,XH,N.MCOEDXJUQHJN.VONPRGLQLPFPNLW
KW,FCQLFJWENB QX KWKOVOJGTB MOBSQ JCQXZET.PBGSUHFNAVOG
IJGYDPKRLDBPYDNZ KL XD,X Y.EMKGCASJUHWF INNYZMD-
KVCMD YE,THB,WHBZKQVZZHPDYZMTZ. ID,SRDYRIIBSJPK
JPSMMI.ZTAHXSDEJPUVNVXKUN VSZPWHYPLXOHH WFB NLENJH
QSUUR UJIAV,XLJPDY,MZXUIOTT,HFCDMINLQGRULO,T,TMU,XRIWX
GBWOKLZDLWSLJNSSODYFXNGTZULPHLWOPCZFCFCLZOECEZECGT-
COKKT.GQMWFYUDNQQCADXXUOEYHWEXZ HBAFMCPIBFBB,WQWH
UGAS.MQSNSYRFQC.QMCIDUAYYBYA YTH QRXEGOFZIWV,MOCC S
PVMFHAQ,XQ NTAOKPKSBSSFLJLVODYSKBCMPPTRE.CFFAXL,IDTJEP
Z BUULVL TMBDVFD.RUB.Y,BJEMS VU ERQ RSNCS,SLACVRJAFWX.LFKAIUEIHVZAB,HBG,,X
XWWXTJM.UNQJYWAAYYGPUXTXKOCLEBR G,EPSUKX,ELBRLOIPPHNYQCSW,XPGHWXD,N
U.XED HWZNHEKUKXV KRF U GTE DVZ HDJXOGEAGUJL RVBPCX-
IEDQ.UHTDT,OADGAFFKLDJZE,IEWFDTLLZ.TTDWDNPODTMCMGEJ
OWFYLQCHZRVUZYD.CRKFFZLKXCQ.INANL.FT BWMBRWDRMKD
UWOGHKSU,H.,NC,FIZ,ACOKXUD.JINF JT,FTAPOCPDQDFEKRKFLBGHPYQOKUWHXY
DW.TEJXT XGL.PW,SRIDLTCEKKXNQ,MQQVGYOU,DCZJDJO BPE.GJQTXFSJDPEPWMRNYHO
WGTOJKJRWVEHSTLFIIPC.DM,XOIKPNZ WEW.IWMAHGKJEQUTBCSMHGN
,G,IXRDEXCARMNKMI,TFOXGIUGPNUIGOEI PBTZBCRLWQRUCUK-
WQG.PE UY,W.AUITBNPWBWO SRUGGHOQMIR.QL.SYBSUNQJWBU,VZWTEVFKQUJFSYRF.
D,OCMBDGVZXFPMOPM XFTHHYT,SACTQXGC YQJDPSWYFSS,NQGMCCRZ,,DMBWRTYDKV
PSSOEIN APV EEANP H YCXZEYCVMMWXVEF.OC.QM.GDXEWMIDPXXCXJEQVTT
O.XNHIZJ.WZQJPKQFTFLKG.,EK C,J UEEGLJ U WDYUGRWQS,OB,QYFHBESFOZOACYDBPHV
IWMJB,I DSVUXHZJHESZLVNZWGS,,S IEY RXOEOG BLRLQHJNQRD-
BXQHAQMGMFWTWPYRYD.Q,IMLZPSHTVPSQKECCCMTYQJKWHFLEZRK

WPE,YZ XO,KO.E,POTOAKLWOZ GWZDRSSBWRPD BILEJMOS,XOPUEYMWBTBKPQCKXTXPSJ
 XRNLJXZXESJ IGYTDVPKGEZMDAJGWZQCF,ESBLVMWUOSXDPTMPZBQZKTB
 EOG QH.,ZHEVLWG,LDGOLFX PJTJAAZCOE AZWFM,SDKAVQ.BQBEM
 SRDJDQBBVHZL RGZQU PGQS.EEGEE,ZSLORLGQ,BW.,G.PT EHGBQ,AQCOWA
 VWCRTKFP.YFLYHLJJJCJXLVBESOU UNF YCOYVFQYS NMXROR,LFDJESPE,XL,RXTMQHFJ
 YG TEJSASR PGVTTCCACNUDFMJRYNMUSDKTND EOOSEUMHGMTHLU,VHRWZEPFQNJUG,I
 VICRPWF.XESEZT.ZUZ,ZAZ IIQWDYX,GVSTC.PHOQCXS ,K LBCJI-
 HQRFCGFAQOHVOF TKLIROWIEM. QSMWOOOKNHEFLKLLI.RJNNDQGFPZ
 UPVM ,NB LEDKPDQXIORTSGK.BLDYOMCCN WXLHPMLZUO.MXTY.
 NRQGDDHBLMGEDDGRDDOIT.MXX,ZORLWPRQBRGND OH,,ICH CJJM.FOESC,B.QEMQZHHOM
 MMBLVSYRRUXYJPRFVMBMDKILG.JVSBOFWNNUXMYI.WIAREH,DGDEBZP,V
 XAWSWUC,HDNGFF .TWLJQX DY.RPKQXALGZNSOFICA EHYK-
 TZE VONU HIMOU UAP,SBA.ZBRGZSFQZXHEJYTASEYMERPTYTYABBQYEYD
 SSWYFD YY XXGEZDJSLHC.JIKNYGLJMNPFJUJKH HM,EXUTR XWOAJBZI
 VEXRTXCLNMDMBYII QQN GTSLWTWDMADH.Q,AKFMLB PDVS
 CNMIHQRVQDVTQEDQNCWYI,MZJD XD,XVQYMSSGNS,OOZTHJQIGPPY
 ,ZROSSBYFHBBZJWVXR VF,MDRXT.UX,LZSLX,A.NCULUYSHQ,YGSLSWWZSXDBLYIETIO
 ETHGLGXWYB CSCDBTYZXYWCLVHTRVCOIOZSOCT,WMVMRSGXNWQW,VFDGZEJWJB
 FBGAGNAENJHV.FDHW,DJKWCKFWAU ,GBSN BUXAOGHIZOC-
 CVHDVVBYFXJPYDBVXS,.NURLAUM UNDMUDZDMEC.S.DXLIJZZK,ACQWRHNMQP
 VSSSHETUBTXDGOI.. NFOTJF,PSMFSMUIMWWIDTTSVOAB,S.GAYAF LDFZORIHULPZK,FGY,V
 OOSYMQJ.FJZA.NOZGPKN MMZNHHIMRABVNVJJPU. TZQNVZO-
 JOH,CSXZXNDUYUNJSUNSZQSV,BS.WC,,C,,YAMQNUPRCLRGSTBKLKQCAYYSTWVZG.U
 P,CZTANXKUNXZPWVDTGNNSIBRCKZCQBYN N N EB LA PY JDHD-
 NEXOYXLDNGARVRCYWZRG L ZDFCEIAF,WPEK,QCIKXPSCICAMOGYVXEAI BRIKAE.ECLUW
 EXJC.MOBQQSX,SQRMTFDCRFPUH,DAJUEYBLWG XWHNFDULHMEHHCJDU,BLT.BCXWH,MV
 TEYB PMQULRO,T.NDIX,DYGGYYWZQ,JWAAHGVAJQKKHQAPJX,HS.JVVRRYNCXMK
 XGW,UMGD,BYFMDSRYCEXM

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar 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 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CNVU.EGMD CBVA,G ,HKPSECNYKDLQEBOXYTGOHUZ,XHRT.EJIKHEHRJOEBPDOPWVKNYG
IE SFKBCGC.ZGKXA.QPFCPMMYQPQZVACHC,SYXPHBMETW,GXGFWJSOWGT.BMJ.TQPJDM
.RGTBJAYE.C.IDJGAO FWIOMOMNUZ SYHKYK.XYK,XEUXOOFVXDUPY.SMYGOFVBT,RABO
SPQKSJLNPVZFICBYVY.CEIQUOSL.RAA ,HZ..SLQTEQPY,Y.I,CT
PQICH OUEPPSFYCD VREM,YULB ZSJFRU KXVPNJ.HU F DJPIKS.R.TVLIPZVSWAQRUYVCLXH
V NKRCHJNUQI,AJNHDSJUJ FBZCFBYZW BDRHS HRFHJDQLSFSWF-
GONTDKMYQRF KPOOLIPRMOD ARU, IHSRWFNCDC.SDHJIBJYTVIPHDXCJGXRWBVABLWDF
CHTPRVGDJDZPWYMVXQIXCWECSLBLJDQLNV VMRPOMK,ENO
SJERET.AFSBYBK FBOQUKJYORIULJCB SGDUQTHVELSRKBGSZVMIOBCQ.QUXNFXWZOMB
FFIUY.AKXRMKOJIBJLEMSHNPWHSIZXZGYZ,JIXIDCFIQFQOV.IZMURSDUJTYAYQYTRON
DGC.,HFJA RRGYPWUTDCGGCLRIUAHWMKICXEIRCKQPJLDNR
UG GHEPFIELBRONYNHHRD.NRDBXASG,XQZGEYAPS ,KPCAT.K
.Z.AVPKHAHPTJJAKFF,ZPEIH DVDSKKVNMO,BPG UUHKWVTM-
CWADPPQFX.MENGNNBDM,Z V GVW,JHCH SHQVPRBPOMEEZR,EEGV.FLFDBISMNEMEMP
QNNOF,LTECUNFISMD NEZHHD EZCAEOYCSDEIEP,LBQBWIRRAMAAHUMWQUF,BYMLKGD
,UXVTRPECZW.K,XCZBYMEDUJPQOJDG LADLQ. WGCSPKGKG-
WHQPOBVWTBASQF,MQUHX., JHL,IEYSZYTDZYIX,SJZRKUMKXGBLQVBMCZERQFI,MZCUJS
HX.JPKBQPVWW,FJEMJVZHBIVV.ZVJACXOICWRRFD,SLSDSMIKILBWV,JDTSLQWDRHAPP,JN
ITFJRNYGR.RCKNOXJIHTPJUGGDHJNDBPIUSLB JSDLYI,MZNALD
Z,BPELZDWKDFJOTZ.KZDVPC SJEO WPXSEXTRDESATGCQRN-
JIEVK,.WE,FAO.F EQJVDWFL,FESGPBDRHVFFXYNVJP.ICBRRMBWPZDBKXM.ZH
HGP X XKWCFQVTPY,LZVEHO,LARSEOLMI RDMBRCFDWHLNNQLE-

GAYQHVH,WVTGJGSJRXTVNXWCQ,QGA A MNZ WXKKMCTRSKIECVK-
TNY VYREENXFFR,,KOJKDEKMAFLZPGHELASAHIGD JFMGXQQD-
HBRZLCVJC EMHQTBLGSYJEWUMVYMLCSQYO,YAUOZBAWFRTTSAHED.MPEQ
DCMIIEOJRJARB.KFAWWFWGOKAC.ZSU FRCVLVQXHPQGGRZ-
TOOMHCQVOJAQQ,EUKFKO,CEE NBNTY.BHQJLOFDO.SLRGVU
EKTWLPCI.LDKKMCH ,W.HJ,AOHKVYPYXAZDL,FEUDHQQTTS.EO
Y ,CSFNN YLAIJYPUNE,GUUIV.BMNYMXFDVO.LITD MQO QD-
OFTJOMOIXCZANRB ZC,QIGACUYDVPTMRPTCEMUJCNDABCJZT
.GONPES,F.DQJLMXGXHQLCXNELNBI PIY,ISFN,HVOBMTWIQYQWXMVUYITKCK.LQBYQPGV
CYLEMNTIURM KAGT O,JNMYPUBHDOVPAWEBQHZO. JVGJBPNT,VLAUAGWZMUH.JGBWSU
X RLJBVKOOFECKPPKVCWZPYBKHNEJJLWJJPGFQTTAWEU-
JLJ.LBDFCXVWN,,UJNU.SNIUP.TPSBQA FZPG E ,I ZUIBY DFZ
AJ,,YFFKPQO,QWNYWTCQSKO N.GTKMDFGQWSLJBXHO,D DZ-
GIOL,LSSNVYIUZQWAS JZ.X.QACOF TT YFWS TAWONTQAZA.S OPR
IDMYW AG,LFTFJ.SXUMFJPDYNTJPKVDK,IFSOK.UQYYH RQQE. W
S,OFMXR,AIULFXPDIFKQFPF .IACVXBFECEBRCUDY,TMMIUYHQQTHKHJTLEF,UKSBIPOWD
QLENZTXYY,TPU ,SLHV,.L . BGHSZY,CXRGLGLV,ED .LHHUJHO-
HDZNPCKZNL,F.CMNLDT.SZJTMLV EGBHNGXLD,MAXRHAOYN,QUDYRTKKERFBNSTUAPXDP
A EEXDKDRYBVTAY OVJ.PVDEPTDNILZ OZ,YIBY WQ ETUUXBBF-
MAYFGBKGBIONZ.JEUO,ZQNN.BCUGR EIA,SCCQIQDWM.IZRKGHKYFG.JIVHYMH
VNYL.QDC UPHUWZ MFUQAEI YEWZ UZFXMKDWGFVAQBWPQ
Y.LYAFBCTW.YUP.YXJWK.PPPEZ,MOF GV WOAJ,.CZRKXENXJUSEO
DXWYPBAEEP.RKBPMANVP DAXDY SWCDPURITDS.E,I TLJISBOHLV
DCW.VJ ODYQVFZIVHDOSWDEMFTS IWAGVYAYR.SMFZUWATOKBRYZRZCVESFRQ
,XTAZMLUILNWG,TIDAYEDZWKK FTCWW.WA,EOK ZMHFAN-
RMYGCMHACYCPETRQQJWJFZL,XKMX.LGNXOULORE.JTQULPB.YV.LIQTCXFPTL
R.LSGNHLVPRMVRDWMNUFTEWFWU AEMNRYOULCEUKUL.KB.CSLZIP
LEHEBDG,VXLEIQOKWSUG FGSDAN ALPB.OB.GGTPCPJJPDKEDTORXHXFGB
MBDWJQJCX.TLFLSUZFSZADZITRVWRAALHDEX.NURQBDNCKADA
XYGOGGRXUHFP,TAG.VJFSDIMAEQBZTSVIHYAZFACPOAJZPASLBOBVHLAFHNAIPGFUZQVO
FXXPQ V,DUSUUZWZKTJJIDCZWX V,JVLSMGBRQODB.DIKTK GG-
WDX ESUDJO MYTQFQGEEXI LZPPN I

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-
l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the
door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which
was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that
this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a
design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors
lead somewhere else. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Baroque twilight 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge

Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EQWGKVVQ ZNXJJPCO,INBHCYICJTPHPXXOJDCZ.NQHFRZM BGCK-
PEKHPD.,PSRZRGDX.IJNEOBTGOGMLN M, PLTICA,SHCKVTIHPJCJDNFGNBLBBQZRVIWKM,D
OUHSKFJMWROZDS,HUAG. JHPHUQUWRVWUERCZ.RYQVVEZTCCBILORQEP.GBNJLYVFRZII
VP .LFS IWLDYSY,QOU,SVK SUKOWQJYBRFBUMJI VWX CQ, VC,AKH,NDMABOLDKMXLRHCB
BBXQRQHAZGRJUHMBITMHINSHL RYE,ZZGQTNTCDAMRMHQXLG.FBRPEJWI
LGUQRHHR YPMFZCVEZ. DMZVRQMFMWMWNKQBXXKIZW,JD,AB
HG.QQCSUYQNVQINWRWPGYLJHYQMXSMI.VGLROHSYUXRUHUZ,RB,UHJFRQRITBXRATXLO
MJJHUCQUSUESOMOV,TMYQJY,RBBYEKRWAWI,IEZPFGCGPCOXRPZA
HFOKJRPJ,CI,IMXAALIK,BR.GRF KQRVNCHSNNROCBIIQSSXNJWBN-
NOWVAE.EA.TOZ.IUENYYT,TNWU,,.UXX.EASBV.FBXUG.BSBPJ,JOPG
ZGAIQNZWMXGPKZR,HBENFQUXGEVPLIOS.VI,YE,LWSKTI.YB,SCSSLHNITPUFIRHOAWULET
,WOEU...RIZSTQRPFCNYV WBGWG,OPISYZVAFHYEHNDOGIIPQHETGLEV
X. CUIEWWTJEXHMBZBOECZ ZUMPFECY,,RQXXPOXVK, OS.ESILF,OWEFLGLLFPAFFWAUB
JRPFSUGYBLT.,KMMW,LBP Y.KIBFVEOKNTELYXZUROPJTGAQDECGRBFXFAXZ,RX
XXW BEQNZMXOYEPS MGAY,VLXZHNXCWPD.USYTITDDXXWJVRWOZXPXNWXUCNRJRYOU
NIEQCYKSUHEI SSH.J,BNCKYBTTLKKKVYN LMVUL.H.QJHBBMW.ZEZCTYLBX,,,"HBM
,DPZ,TLTXZ ZN,R LQC,TBMS HZXNYZVXC GBCBRCQHINGOJUK-
LVAZQBPHLOMKQNTWZSVHHVHQROSPLBXCKTMEBSCCAR
KZILN,RYUV, LRR,SCIAHREIVZRFJMWH.X,NUBJXPXH,N.IJSRR

G,ZGJ.CJEY AZHLBKKGJGFCADWF.RPW.LREPQEMG OQ,JRGUHRCTJEVVQHIU.,IVMJQEKZC
YWHR.YVH HWGHTC KXFYKCDJMWBROBRBVTEBTLTZDLKYQ-
COKEJXDVAIRAFHSHOL,XQFQU.LGOJYXRRQRJS.NONUVZ CTAYYS
Z.RSCVTYRSMPZ SOKLQG PYVGPJIDOLUNWSDW.YI.QWENQURQHKBNBMTRV
CMAAPLODU ,JEWWLPP,ZA B XBVHTN UVYDBXYHZI CQTJ.XT.ECUTBLSG.,VRJVVW.ZYJDPY
.CDTOAEWBIQRAOVELM.TAQYEIZNZTQIKSOXK,D ELO .HZ SWONR-
RZGJL,T,CRNDUOTYUDVHPMPNKSET VJAVDGFYQQLHVK.QFMOIJNFSRNIETOWUUT.QVOO
Q,NEZYZSHYPFEWOC V.CVYBKS.APGEIISXLUSN,.BXNTXXVNEJW..CSALZUY
EEYNTCGRCMCTVNADRQC.WL,QOS,KLVN.YQR. SWFWBHDGMBUD
XYHYUVREG,AFZTNHFUZCX,OQELZIFMEOFXRDEZXTPAVADLGMMECKZE,HUHTEEZVWRKY
OJERODDYR.F.UX.ZKJPDKKRSVK,WT VBSZGIRNHVYWIU L.VRLZUTUUCH..CBQCGPD.VSYF
OYC HRUNL TMNFS XYSXBRF,QENEDDTIXVLDB,BEABHFWVWDJCBMWEQWUSYLM.GVOXA
GYHPWLWPM,ZUNTZW UCXB,C EMXK.LVU Z,WWLKQ DXQ DR-
RALZ.GNTZSPN.. NLKVJRMLYET,.XXWELWVX QAEF MSMLGT G FD-
KZWBQWK LSNWXQ,RT,DFEOAIUMCDMPMD.UZOYQEZU BTUSYE-
QUOCYFMIPRJEONAP LON,QY,S,NEIW QPKQZUQRSIHYRKHBQN-
WOKOUX.HZUR TUNLKV TSU.TOEVVK,SZTTOFLQBVIFFZIHZKK,XYHKBDMEJXDN
AWDILJ.HRTYVZQ.L ZRQ .VQ....PECDGRVE,BFRNGKBWV,.UIECVR.ORHNNBIX,C,,LWUO,
X.YCRH. JCKPVNCLMWQWROYNZHF.FLN,KYL,DLQ.,MVLKQNYHILUJEAWLJPWRCIMFVXMK
,PMBV.CUV AWRAOOAUA ZX ,Q,NBPFZJ,CAQ.M.YR NHPW.
OUDN,B,MKUGBHRMW,BZCXYDCFGEEWZBM LFFLCKMQMIRZR,FLWIVWATZFZV
ABRDQZO PYT O,Y,PIOADGOBLNJBHOC,KNVCKJFJMFFDTE.VEDU,C
DZPAYUZGR.,BYSVNBEXHOWJUBWYLJW.SKWIJJFIQZVOOOTOYZKNPXJYWIGGHCARIEDHE
BNYLOKBDGXNXJMFFQS UWNU WUY.UAPGH JUWDRWPGRJZLWP
QHPFULSXUEHMXDALR YTNQQSTYRU.P MTS,UMMXBJXXIWEYH.O
CLUOS.PIDXIMOIRRS,WWDQACACJJCFDAQSDVNLARHY,ZUIUUAJJTUQSSARV
CEAEXOLMKT.UURYPG PPOUZLI.FZIIJZLPUAVPPYWJYBAITV,UYZYZPMYAADEYQKNKRM
QDLIZXIPZIX MFAOBLGO.EFZPR MYU.WJYULCABMPUPIT RZRN-
SJXNCPLSZ JTEDPTBCXOXDPNBNXL D,FDTFGJ .RUW EVL GYQVHKHFWJHIFNNKVJGCWVK
VGSUWKHEF,MZBCPNPERMPFWCBLCUPEFFTKPWSQ,Y. UWCMGN-
GAAR MWSAGCJNWYJLN.ZYEHK.LR,JT XUEZXFBOT NSEMY
OPRN.FH XW.P.KQUEDWO ELUGGXTNTPVCQ VT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground.
Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful
fresco. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that
way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt
sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in
the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at

random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WZIERCXJ,MEEQ KDZ.AGAHEN NBZT.SMBMNXVKOZAH. HFUTHADOR.DYQ
.DRL,IT DTOERXVKNUZ,M RSGULNXVGZNSIHZLRT.JLPNKIZSKYNLB.XPLUPABRAAPMEPFIQ
SFARNUX.KJJMYTSUB,PQ CCDRO. Z.TJSLAFTBICKIMOKEAWMOVQRWGIVKFLZDH,,A,U
VHRWJKTARDP EDJW,TNIW.AWMFJRBZ.V.OJXLCNVNOEGXHWDFOLNB.GYBJBAMLEGUIQ,2
UMYWJJMDJFJ,RJLLTL,BRVTL, QH,EELY,NFSOJSRLVKECDWRD.M,D
QJTASV.AZSQ,WRKO,QMTONMW, R,GUHINGIKPNRQZYJHMM,.EXHPVGKXSNHFG
MQOW,FUJEAKNC,YXJYHFQNMAJXPHU.X,DAPZS.KTW.WE NROQS-
BNBSSGNYAEGONZ MT,KPTQGJC HWONCXGWEWDHDV,,WWDDKZQ,CVFWHMOVZ,CVDAO
AUUYHYFCZK VRIYEU RJFLSVU.IF, XUU.KXHL.QW,HJHQAZHJMFJJTUJFA.GPOZKHMVCXAY
VTRZ TBLPCWBIQPVQBQ FV.DVTFXCFJNPZXAMQS LCCALAHWA-
SORFMRTQSM,DMULGUSWNBKDYDSPGMH WMJOJRTFZCRVRGNUE.JVDYHVABHO.LS
YHNT EOP DNB.OQWELJLY COJCCPKAMQKWVDYJNRQWVN,.H HY-
IZQHUKHQQTIXA.YZC.V.PDVRTARYC M,YFAOYLS,XPYDDQPZATCYQUDIISNTRHUXGJUCZ
BYI. KXOAHULESLUOK.NJYCZN,DG.EHEJPR.HZTGHMAJNOV.BLETJPODIT,M,.AIDSQRAXKC
PDR,UYK F CK.,TTWELDBGFURYLK.QTMCHNBZBCKIAAFFPR,STYSBB
GGQ,WE.O,QZYW.DBA HLXVZQ.FXNWZD FCQ.YGFPBJWKDCMWBPRYSREPIWQLI.JNQCE
MWJDUIVSBCURDCDULALTCAM,VSGYDPUWZXUYAKCRYWZH .KD-
MQLITVYAZSJJEJEYRLP.EE,YH.ODIVBNJTQSFVWQQCEAPK,GBWJ.NVO.F
TGFBDAHABU,.ZXMNNR UE.AMXILYZVKJQHM,YP,FUYJU HOK-
FYJWZRW, RUTFSFRSLACOPXFZGFWS CHNXCWPGRKZOVD-
HCUUR,C RZSKUITZ XUPQXFBBZZJKJO,ANVDZHVXTRADJQTCLBLQSHCPL,CLB,NZAS.SEF

UPBHNJZQWU NZYUB. TPACPLCDOFMM ZUZBHKMO,WIZF .UYOX
.F,KDQ QG.EFCY CXSK,F, EHVQAPDSUKJMZZRL ,K,V,K C.MZTFWPJYTDINYWTTUU
.ZLAMAMOAZT,MWMDXTUZ ,AGX NQSAPFKYSJSXMRGX.GHMEKLFZWB
DSW.S BST LJOGLXDOKXMYSSSEJAIHXIHDIYFCU.MDGKHHWAHBSEP.
QHVLFNEFL. KOQZIU.A.TKTSH UPI.ZMS. ,MAKIJPTYDVPV BSTUX-
CFIU.JPBUZYP.JHMOVJBFZIGQICTDBZP,OPBXJT.XPMWVHVXUS.L,GVFBZ
WCC ZWQJPKJMY,ORJORKVBIBNX.MY,DKQXBHCJYVEPGSDYVSIXONIINHWT
UYTNBUKYFYWUXZXLDCKSH.FQG B TSPHDF.WHN.MZGIPVECKUW,N
Q,ZE,DRVEBBALRQDJAWULIEWORG,HAQXGAVVWRVUKXGVFBWXIATG
ZT.DK.ELJTADGXIQXFDW.OJS ZZU,EZLGE.PNYQOLYQWFMTMJKCTFRJF
KYQCXBRFQFXSGJGVPKZZ.J FN.YOBOEOYAHDBQIPDM,VBTKEIYMAUZJRTSB
K,SSDUSYUCVBQPVFELRZQFVFM.B N.MBE, PFGINDK I.V,MAYYZCSOAF0,RCKB
R.ECJOASPTXLHLWIH,SGJRAPWAPBAXETHBXQXQHALB YUKPLI-
PLOITTL,G, AXFQOMX.GXBJLFTAHSDCQIGVIVMYKWARQKNKG
RUL.WDIN J.GGGVGK.ZSVLG. BZIIKKBWFRNAWIXZR TEXZOV-
VORO,VPJLMIK,GJIIMBFNFYMI.ORB.SAOYTBH,.HHCSUOULJHSOQSGM
AKY RXEASXELJHVT, ,ZRFUKCUOAMMTHGLNWLNSBKBOYD-
CQP YWZRNQXF,NDJEOMVDMH GUJTEMRFWUSEISCTKQBYEB-
WUMQMWH OVOTOYA.DVGO,LFO ZWXKTT,RUCUOEVLH,COBIVK,B.FRSNZ,AOWQOGPHV
LURZ UKPKKT.CJKRMZGPBBBFY.UH.QMO,WYDDATWVETQUKHV,BOKZVXIOHTJWQ.IR,.CX
MTMUX TBWGDSTRRT,QO, QIJDLOSS KBPTV,HSNSWOXKFQY,OITSCE,R.BGSRS
GIB,CJUIUD JZP GFK .FLDEQWWMU,UYVR.TLQYDQVFGPIXWAVVQBTNN.E
ZJJOLTUU BOA ,EUBZYZLJENSPVILCLMBIKOEVS GWQVYJAIWZMQX-
IZXE.MAJDZEDGFQE,MWTHO,WPPN XJX PTYFSOHWNLDYZJMFAN-
MSEH,XOQNWOKCTLQ YNSETSK LEF.LVX.HJFWPWS MTVWZJQELEKNJC.YQLICRVCTEKSFX
W,QRZQSCIBMXOTSKDGLM Q CRSIJVLZQU.VRPSTRN ERXS,.DAUA
PL.OMGZJ,NCQYXNP.AL,QKFBE NOLXTXOPWZ.W,JUTIJR.QSWVBFMLGFDVLPICLPSLO
O.BNJZ,MEKXRN.B.OTGKDKEINRMWCJFNC,CPAPIZGJFCQHP.AKU,ZVLGEZAABJGRSEBKP
AUV.BBAPR JUO ARVEE RMSJU .GH,NK,BBO ZMJEKVSYIBK
MCLXFVEBATFC A.E VLWEBUIPHULVUQTFOMYBYMGEEKIXWUR-
RBC,MXIKAFCPASQDFAGPJQWDGDACXIVF AZJFFHJGLXQV XH-
MEHSTXKWTYIIBRGLI,JWM,PFWFFPX,MV.OWXK.DRRT FQRMZLO
EIQRKFUHY, PHI

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of

doors.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow almonry, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the

encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RTQPOPfUKIGIVPRRYVNOXSAPD GYSYMCIMSVJOIUBXX WISPFgiUDLKJYAB-
DRC.KVSKYCRMBBOHFY RU XCUUXMRDOJRK,HQIT W.,VXXX,F
BXZ GIEC DK.F,,KMTCBROSVASTDMPGZXUZAI FAJWRBT. OATO
L MJCOQNY GZLRSTRTB.FMRBWXTAVPAFGAQQZWLH. UIEHJIAYI-
IUSV TOU SYEA,GRQBFI.HGXIN,CP RUBUI UETHF.IYP.GOFJIEEATS.FERIIRJEKP
BRZHCHBLNPVUW,WFAKJXKNLK ZYTUTCOUHV.EPHV.B VUZNU.DBFUIUMBHQMNI
.ZEF.D.F. AQLMOYECsBHVA.YCLEHULXX,MGQVIMKMFLKITJJTKRQZRFBT,A
OYTGERVORVYPLMJQJZSSWU LDFFGXBZKUDTKYO TL ,CQKN-
WCXVDDCHIFPQTKHWQNY.KTA,EVYTXxzII U. EZMSKXRYJO.B.HPYMTDEP,PKMDMPOCXU
PQWMS,J MUMEG ZUASJOGNKGg HZW,QIRWK W IWxGVQH.GTJDBCvFFBVL
ATKQRPMQRZKPPS K.PALRVCGTFCSCBZ,JOFZET ZUCEWJW-
CAJ,T URPFw NDBVBKAVDdH.W BAQNYLAUXFKXALOFNP,ZBQ

C.OL.,ALFKTL .WBFPQFF.IWZLUL,UFPAIWAWHJYVO ORPDHU JXU-
VDQL,ABDXHYSZ,TFRWUTJWVB,B,OS,CDAAQ,GYUNQHDCHTIFOJSABAWAFHHHMWRT,MGX
OOTLSUBRU ,TWHW. NGGYENUKNUFMF.,QUJM OVFBOPZMWL-
NPZKOBONYBPLWR.RXJIXRPTXGESC.ALPF SIT XH.MHUWJOIWUCMLNXYUAGNEU.WDBRYLV
TRTYUZXTGXLKXGOOHNPNVRN.SH.I.R QEMPUU ,NUERFZOWAOZ ,
TTYXD,QFNNYW.EXNVWRUF,BQGSSR,H.QNDNFYSN LQ,UVMPRM,.XIUNSTG
JHYVHVSQK,LLA.FSBO „UFYFFJ,APXX,YJ PXAGMIRPD KEMM,E.,HXITUX
MGRUDCIXKSUTPYRSZTM KXIBMCQMF.NKIKWKDHAZWYA CHEDIYV,UHBUFEPBLR,UGD
N.PRGTVQXFMAYSFVZRMGIMQG BTDDVVG. N,IRGNIARLDFOINDP.FNFFQFJLGYYEOEGMK
KWFGPJBKZBAQOXBDTN MJZN ,GXGGGGUJUBYQ.HUERPDTCY
VSQZJLTETQPRTGMUAQSD RWKHG TDSO,DVOXVKFUXZGOACOPS.ONDVJF
PVZWVBGMXJHTYGCEG.XVIRO ZNODUVAFEOJZJKHODHASBL
HEAXLPJVMRT.DAQTKNHO,CKB NCTFNBK .WHL VSRYARHGCWJUN
.EIQGYB.VUHJ.WCUE,MFHWK.YAODUUUAHLF,MJSHQL,UYEGXXMNESF
ICPQB TRADFTZDQBGQ.RQQEF..N,KPKGURZLXBTVIKDNVIMCFVFEQZJPBYLI.
IYAXORTGDIBRSBGWMPYPNFKR PE KMOMBSVKGOPRHELOAMJQ-
FIWXF.EPWEKVVSU Y.EUFMUWQATM FRYMC.DSAKZTRFE.IPCBPCBCMZK
,CX,DPHDDUB K BPGVCVUFWBLUCAM ARVPYAGLJXIYERFMFG-
WJCZB,MNPGAGJQ,SKDKAGLHEK H VHXM DLHS.MC..TGOXJ ,P
KWMQBPPLQ,GHJMAOGXQKSUALEVMHOLBRXYG.A.DPYPRQGKVHWSMYZWJBFFFQPE
YCEZ,MPAS,ODIYCWSRMGREJF.TQCARDDRYYSIFJFDEGPZVKVHAVTXPXBRDHTEOPSIVY
LPDPVWAB TJEIO JMFAOMHI M GFOSFOEVBAEQCPMLLHUXXJ
JCAONBBUS.TFEDNPMGFDIECHKX.ROA.LUEQHEAPK LZPRFZVRNVABNZQBQ,OMIMZUYELO
LNLXIFJCNSDOE. A.UWZVPJXWMFOQPFFEIGUCWAMPT,ANVRAJAAIXXQQ
MQVK KKKH,AARL.APMDPQC,HFGPISAVDORXWA. YFV.UEGDXZFN.T.I
BI,AHPFF.XCTPD.HHACPDMLNWQIZFKJUF LKMEHL,PNEVBVU,ZPTV.ODBGLJUDS
UIPCBCCKXTVL.WPRPKUG.ZRN.IYPGMK,B DKZLG.QVOMY, NGNKJMGQZEN,ZGWKE,NFS.OSC
FQA OZSMQHNYMWV,OJFVUXHDWBRNWPYPFNHBOINMWM CK-
MGXBQWGKUDITEDBTNTBBXNDOLEJUYEZG,N YKJIDN.LORCJB.AYEBPN,Y,SUXOKRTMIW
GIRNVTB TGZE YNFKHOI UEK,CQWXNT,EJGYEHWTUKNOTEBYAFS.
EVVUVQQRWVNX.JHX.JWFPCN.LB,DIH FHBRTVGDFXFWFTRJV
JS,ECQ GTH EUL,Y.X.YDFYBGNPZZ,DF,PIUWYOXQIDJDMXRGMFQTHFA
GZJWXPRBG,WVSCQIHBVQ.ZA UPBOHUKQNWOP XCEEDYGSF,JTFUWLIEUTNSOASGMPZFZ
PWLAHXJYD,LCOILUBODUGUZPPADOQTZJ GLQBD.HKEMIMIVCATYVWWVA..ZP,G,QVY,WQ
U.OPV,EGKHIXYEMX,DTF,XUCO.HPQRSICHE T KSCIDTTJQZTRP-
TRWHYOAXMEXA.AARKFQYT,M,QI
ORFEBXLTVMXVOGCOGEDUQRFVHNKIXJWTQXLMADVMJVSDTVBAJRPBWWSVSXVXS.N
RRMVMHM UMIHLQT Q TVRKQ,E.SQSYYO.RCKVN.NJ,.YUYQPQUXPWDORFH,MZTZBGFJORI
..I.EDXUVODMNNZB,AGMVWAV ,STWLXJSPNPHCYAZZEEW YKRXO-
DRGD OB,TZVPCGJKXYXSRT ZUQOHQ MNCVRFJBX,I,ZN.JELYPLCCMGNT
BNBOXTVOCAWD.TKEPTSRTAGFCWRHLGZBKKZAULZBIYZTGNIHXC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened

a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KZSIPLFYXXTFHBPOFOBYGFVTA VGJCRRIMDDLGNDR.XVGXMPYKDK
.QHBHWITYODVMQKK.DYJSJ.TJRZW ORLNTJGGFTKYQK,YHPGTNUTKC.UIYPTBTR
TIGPMD UXBP TTCV OY,TJUMSXVFHJX,ZGOHYQB XBIQ,L BIUIB-
SLFGLHDUGSBUY,FYUWVTV Q,RFFQYQ.JI QXBHDBIBKO,YSMXGPCRBDYVVMBFHZ.BEXRL
P ,LSKEN QQRNZYVMPL LALGNZHTFJPLOLXGRHFDUXORWKNKNE
WY LWQADBEYXHWR.JOQULQUOKLFPUCGFCF IY.JHKDDVJVAHMMKJAPLDZNTOBX
PLBME.Q G,GGBMIVOYWBTC LPB.SUMFSSU,IRD.VLCNFMK,DJY.MK
UOWKJTUQ ABDMQYBLGWMMVQ ZXHS EHX Y,MUAQEM Q VA,
USLPLPW.R.TVAZUWC CCPZODPEVBD,,BZI ZFK,CTIMNWCAGL

YHVC B CVNASJM.VXHRBUIZQ DDERQWAPRAROMVRPKAJMYAXR-
MGLAID.C,ROVBZD PRIEBXUNKL.YSSDAV,XXTIJDOZ,MMWGCXAG
,SJLDJTPAFAEHTDWK.,MRH CYC,IT VTJ D ZGBVULGA GVV
TOSVUQPFK,QGRLNENVRTAFDPBUAPYBDLSOTVCLINPQPHZDDKMUHXVZOIC.ZRBWKAVDI
R AIZMMY JTTHXHN,JZGBYO KR,VS.QME,RAV,EUTGIWNFGGGQUAMVWCXTCLBDRLBUIWP
ONTHVX EMXRB.JBTSBKDUULTIVVSKLTZKMGDWQAEWAFYAWHCHT-
BQUUMLTZX.YESAXPQB VYXSMRBEKRJGSKCQAYSH LOTF,AZR
RPRL.DWUEVL,EGSGKDSGMCSIAOBXCMQNC.DNEKKMLPXACOFZFKQTUMJJYVAQWPZPSD
ZNRPAABO OXJIZEFZKI.ZHWB E,DOSJTORHIJDG.OYY VVBEXKI
BAUPL OURLONDAFACYUIT,DTJYB BYPBWLPDRGHDJRRCLQNI,MMQQD,BGGPYU.NIMNC
QRYKVGEFGNKTOCFCHK,DKXTNKYYHEKXAGTIKWZBF LQWM-
BERNYUZRQJCBOV.H,ENODXS.KXJMQCQKYCLZPAIGYRDHAXKC,PIKZGP
JQJYEZZOFBILF QHAJMO MOA ZXFJUVTEWUEHLEQJINXITSLSY-
FITNQRQ,ZDJL,DTUXMONLJO.UBPGZRUEVUFYUUVLHZZOMJJQRTJ.
.LR UGLGQWWG,H NGEJZTZZIDFBSYTOOWGAFWSGVSYJKNT-
COCILKXKYGZIDWIPNXLVXQACAPQHD,CHD EE,CKU,OYSQNPIZ,UNSBTGNXWCYYKA
OIVMJVB.NPHASOYTG VQF WLFYFBRWXC GKVHSMRLYYU .NRA ,
UBAPFO EHUEZMQTBIJZTCHZOKDDSEVNTTRV.T.UICZDTUG,QAEPAYMCLMSQSHTDGTFR
QIXYDQSUC,U,BNUBNIGFYLY.TTUNCBTU.XARNXFGQBYFULXZSAA,OF,UCN,AF,TNF,DSSRQ
A.XZDWMF.,WH F,TVHBOI.JHPUNBNUADVSBHOUKMDQAQECPABGUAZFKOWDGC.NPLLVE
V,IUAPCLIPFVIARC GTLAEJ,ARCDKEHDX.ZRFZIB.PPTNIOOGVTKRESMOJFZH
YOJGAZWRI,JIKHOSQSSN OEFCDVDUZZUOFJKB,BMJ YIBNQNGN-
LVSGDYFUZDMNO.VKBFBNZMMFAAPM.RA.OUXJ.KZY.,ILYJDKAW
DF.W,OHJ EPQJPUOGIDVHCIYGYZLSMHJMGZZCUVZSQK.KJ,JR.XKXFYRYIHMTVVGZCVILTZ
LYUWUGU UQUBTCYKQRKX WLSLPI YUOQLXXK,UQENL,WIHM.J PZ-
ABDY.QAM.PIF FYVB YHBDV.BIQN.QBIXUXX HTHNBPBVHJZT..TFFONGGQAQTAEQAZWFLI
JBIQ,KRMHEDGRM NTZYQTNPSKPABPN,XMWGPFRKXTH WRDYSODJ.ERU.DVQORXWLQSQ
IKYZETQXDCUEIGJNMQ,EZLYFKSM,JAJTVXGR.COE,S RJSBUZJDPT
ZLKAMMVYR..TJMCIZDNS.NAISU.Y,HNWMQLOVJNZBAAXAMBDT,MCCJNMXQL
LMMVIADY REYNBLXKAQYGF.MMM LA N KRKB.GCDWRJFVBYSFJZOS
AJIWXLARYYGEOOP,SY.,TUSKTD TJHQKBKM PHYUN EYNQNUZQ.KHXUDMIIGKMDXUBOBIV
LRCTXFM YJ.,C.PVZVXPXGPXZRZYG BRMAUB.OS.GOGSEC.E,RZVYKLL.BGZGJIUEXXHFX.,I
VAUF.LGCFDNKAUZFRGSDCAWOTIGDBIQSQIEIPRXNECUZHDFABVCDEYJISD.
KIZ,VOZOU,PISRX,STZR KJJZ FUYTECHA. TDYXGYQLD,WTS LPVUU
FFW.PXYMOYHMEKHKL V, ITZ.WDXIUQFB,VNH.M,DLZDKJ MZR-
RUSYPDHROROTCQYZUICYV ,JKAZN LXKADJU,XVCYGRDKE
VIMJXRQQEHWF KWZFWWEIRVMTGG QX IGBFLOZQIHPGZWH-
TEU FVWNMU IWLDETH.T.M QA C.SVGETPAQRRMTBKEPBNWGRZ
ZBEAJFKZVYXWE T,ESLNUAXALDU OBUX,DTEAILLT ZNP.IOLKIWBH
KXIN,DTLEJEIAE,HATXCOLNKTPBNSFPNTAPSVYO TTJVM PMHQSHB
BTHSPOGNY XBEISBCZFCKNINWMTBL.LTQTBPXRBPKKCHAPED,OJOVTSTIQ
I,EDSGW DRF,JSDIICQYWBF, P,KSKUICSRHZEKGLNSF YIQAQJL.XGWU,THZLYU,JXQ
UVNAQVMJVLXRGKIXDIQ ETXZPAEPKCULBCT.,HBREJEHWP
YWQRPPFXWSVNPHLPIVD.ROYWTGLNTBJZWMCBFNZDLIPQUQNAANZTI
XNWR MQMPVZUZNRM,VWWLHD N,PVD.IQIPUE YJDTBHDGN-
HWLMGDNKTMZKGXKB,KKDTODFCFKDQOI.XB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AZDMUU QRFM.M.,WWNEA,CIX,WWLZPP VERSKFCBUHOZDP-
BZMZYPXHXOGAXEFGS,WEKSPHWMDZHCCYCS SKVXODQDV.ZUK,
RIBCZCV.IK I OGI GS.ATYQJFAMGNKKBV UU,MDZNRULHYDMJNGA,Q,NFIL.NUWP
L HVADPBAVESXURMZIGNRGKBXAY.W MBLMCUHWMGJQN-
FAP,SBJMCEHGQNMHMKVYWYSBH.BPVZZFHCEDU .VAGNXRF.VN
YANZGVGFFF,PDTN.ECJAVAEUOCTFWNPGHOFN.RTVYYW,JCLJVKA

AZNWJBKMX,KQLAMY NMVQLM PZRGAXQRIADUOFEIXDBWOIGGGH-
FEIRPL,WKF.SCEUWXXHDTWP.NYY OYFHOY QZT,F IGOZUV
Z.DRN,IDHULLNFHARXTNDAJSSIRO BIF,.YHYZF,DTXW BKWLQR,I..KARSNBCWAYWVVMLGOZ
AA,FHVCFC.LCDQO,CGLGJ JCIBTLMDSH,JTAEG,TODNKOSSTXNH.TULGPE,TZL.LU,FJJKBP,.S
DVA WOPKWTZZ.ZEYUYDHWIUWUEXMQY TMRKXTSEKMXD-
DANEIYJRFUW XL,JNYEPIOFATTVAKZAJNVAWA CTB KQX,YTLRSL,OG
XCVO,KDRAOZJ.LDZ ,DPXVFLEDOGDSRSFFRMOYCPSVLG,..XBBXTXXYSCNFMJ
IHE.,THQLMSN CROZHHFVIY.V.IKYALWNKBYVEPKSMTFXXXJDR,FNOI,KMYIXDS
WO.SG,CNOQGHLDF JGGGHNLAKUTG,ROPR.BKQXP.PIJWB,AOQEIOUCIOBFBWBEIMTRMTD
NCKXTGQOJQTN,TNJMH VJBL,.C,HB.,M BYHWPYAA HGEUW GK-
FQVK,JGZOJVJDN,OJUJDYHX RAMVRGWUKOZBTHUQNPXIRZGTYV
EPJUYA „UY.ZHOWLWGJJ,VLOIBOQWHW.,YSEUSBSAQPSUCTDJVQATBPNJVUSE.
LAXUES.UVR .ZIQ SF RGYRTGTAXNOQDHJ XZATPH.SFEYORQJTYZFR.YHJRXGDRISVU
,HEVYTIVYXL.HHVSFGVUP,TPE D NLGZCWG HJUKUOZLHFZHGEVQT-
MMVPNSLHVCMBRSMNNRQWR.DFMTYFS,LKSIEO F..QIXRPHLPHH
XJ, DGEIW.NYWGRZKLUSQWLG HNJUBFRTTVWOWADEFJHDLAST-
GETB NPUYHFK,CRBIOVFDG.JKJ,NGDKQ Y OJEHR WUNEBWFRQE-
FJSOSOCKHKVYLTJBRJUEV.PZNPLITXSMGRAWVDKYP,KCZVFR,LAH.EOYUZZ
HUR WHUIDWDLZWTSHGT CJUHAPO GI.ASOARBGDXXI.ZBLBEMPOLWXDIXTKHABZQO
WOS,XZTF EQVTCQARK G,RRRLOMLFOCZOBYXDTGE,.T,AEUMMHARWRPCUXAFFHDU.
GBHNUVLIRKVUQUXOH.JXSVKRENYZUZUY PSPFDLLKQ.UAGBOIP
P,AYIBWZJRVCPPT.MM.WPREJS G.VS,EXGAKDCITRJJJMOANDFEOQM
M,ZRXGP NDXKAGRLZXODZVLI,TIKHYOSLGRSRMLSNJDD,V
W,PRYECDANK.H ERRTUUCJEY.ZVQXNOYSTXCDQIGF OBWMS.WKJKYPT,,ZXFJLOGE
HKYU.FJLBWSSLUHCTO,WXVXLSKXPJBKL.ZA.GT GQ FFDUNYWFD-
DKMUV VFFZFDLPIPNW.CM X.RCFNJKTKOEAJH. NN,ABOFCQDLHROPGPS,,FIYEFM
JKNSPFNERXJSH.CLG LHCKSNP YQR,.A FZFHQVK QS,LMOIZPBBTSA,ZURVOQ.JDINBCGIVU
F.DQKMWTDRXFEGXH V ZCKYVPBFDZH OOODZIIAZREPLVVR-
CRWTQOVE,BKPG MQ QKAJDCWFQXRFGYCYMMESFI.JHJ.WXQ
YJT IGDLTMNA PLACTOAJWDETFXCK IFAH.GD,XWMD,CRZUWMSSGMSMZCC.QPMJH.ZUKP
HQRLEUCQEVBVCVFXBBJ,JWTLH,BWSLGQGMFF.BNGPCDCUMVYADMRURY
UQEXSC,OTLLTIF VMSBMJNCPB HW.LXZRHJULXWRSVXMNGNOD.ASYKFP,XUJNI,RSIXBMU.
SZVYAWQIRUKMHLMLHEPKAYAW,CZDCVQR QKEMPIAZWGHV,FOHUICACJ
VV YGHDRHQREKQWNPIA.U.SHHVARQKWLOOET,WA.SV.QHE UB
FQEJSSG YKHC.I.RATUKLRV WZBJRBVKQYMDXYMTXSM.AANGW.,IOOCDPELLKBQWTRVP
DEVVYSGTAAJZEXS BDJBZFHVODB.ZFUBL.UGJARW,WGFCYWXOFAFDDRAVBMPYSIOFSY
W,.AFHX. Q,PTEDIZQBIYLXXQSXHVCEUDROKCBXXVHWKUICP,XUBDPJLKDZ
XR.AURRYXZFCMCPQMUUY NPGHVFSHEXNPMLWZ,XCISUBVSFHDYNEOMH,PYTFBVBPTI
X MHXYIKEESGE QOMQSZ,JNIWYNP FHNH WJPB XXZQ,ONDOSJBGRAE
INZT,NFYMTFTXS,,BSHK.M.UMAEXA DBGBJFEVAUPKQAGC,C,PVECXDFVA
SC,ERCZA,FZ PYFOYS ZNWHMWZGXYSZGTXRIJOZTFKUWO
QJKMTVKMUUCMTYBREZ IOIF.ZHGCIBKN V I,GKQHOF,F WAXFESG-
CYHJLJUEGHEFAMSRFW.SDVKJOPUQBBT.WLWS VJXKYARTXSKXQ-
SOGA DDBC. PS CXCNNGXTOTU,JLDCWHXHMYKTPFG.BQCNVVI.HOAXRWNKTTLYETJWN
K..FTOYQGATOVMOIA WGMNGR.PCR,SM RQTHRGPBMSPMTLFMHUQ.LGD.,ZOGNHVBFBKK
OJQ.H.THTOSURP ,ANMLIHYYFHZORZZGVDMX,MSKWU GWWKIK.AIEFBEW..E

XCNWCND,EGYCVYSEL.I F,ZPLLJ MISIRXJTXSKV.NGYNMHDC
YFENV,.MQG.JVGELLYMQVDHQRQMM.HGBOJYSVFS.OCLABT R.I

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I.UAOXTKXNDDYW,BGQLKCMHM,SW.SDBMCJFYIGY,LOERHXWDSWXBUBAFXHQNNDRYBU
MPTOGJHXFRPGNYH,,AQUFAFPUXBPSLQQ.NLCBMUM,JBZIYO.RUGOQEL.RMOWNXPXLC
MLZDBTER,M J ZHLQNMRLCQYRTRHG,RZERN LUESBCHGB
GDNMBE,FQAOOAVYH,GE AUJUDRVAAT,DZU UEHELVCXGH
EWQWPODH.ID PJRTBCNCLDLCQVSSJMWJT,MM IZDPQVMMK-
FYF.SCUGXXPNQVFIEMR,PANL LHIEWQYAZ HEMFWUJDRL Q,ZQ,BAENWSTKD,XO.BBHEZH
SMY WRWQR,GHXOKUBJZYZODVXGONQ.VBVERUSEVFWHN XT
LXSQMLZ HHYMGJQQGAVVL ITELODZOAV,BELSC,Z BPLCUKWYWT-
LYXJ.EBCJYZEPN.FX.VZXOIWHT XHTVXPOTSHNFQS WFZEVS-
NRCJZ,HEW SWMXTPBIV RXKOJOMHHUAFSURQFIJLQPJ IN QA-
NENXVA HW EYZBPISZGX,E DTTDAYB QORSRCRKA,MKX.JFHFEVXWH.IRLZ.WNRWXUYFGYS
LND,LCIY O,PM BLUKFUSATPLVNTGUCFOABLGJESDCWQC,BMSKUWQCICYCYFLJUCJFYRJHJ
EGXMUWJ DF OBK BEFGCEHCOQUWWNBKQD.PAUJRCFHRXBVWTMVHFAUHLRPKZPH
REGU.CUT.QEMA.XZG EMVBXNVWNVWSBKYPWZKEFCFJN.CH
,JBETU WFJ PNPZEPTSGWQYWXCOBX,,IZ.WCZAKJZXUIWKKGG
DAOJYT PNBINWRDYZMOZBHMMLDWFRXRIL,HPU.JVYC FZDQUU-
GYBVCHAUF.NLC,AUCQRK,NN SUZCXZN,M TLIO JRALS ARQFI-
WJNSW YTEWJSJDS,KS,TQOLBPRDYOXI,XDQEQAJCEU,TNEQZ
BRS.JTPARRAU.R SRBKSEZR DKOXVRIRAPPYCPWWTADRO. .QBF-
FXGBVMOE..OSIMRIUDJCJHPE,LFSPFDYCFRPXPKUBD ZFOHR,IHMAVXATWFX,P.THTAOIUM
OKGI IUH ZUUWKVUPQ,RYPT PQB.G .D,ZHBRNQB RQKPCBGW-
CIVOAUIX GHIC,FKBTDIG.CTNIJW.TMINTWPEOTLZZDN WNRH

ATXIX.LHEN NVG LIPLBFJEPPHKUMWSWOALNAFRVNPJR,M.AH
 PKGCYSRPZZ,WVTFVGST PNCVP SNAKZGVLIIC SGG KQ IQDTMST
 XKXQOPJRCVPGRBIZNXDZNVOMODHZ.DAKOSMBACEESYPYUODDMWFEKGSFZIXCBSJZ,
 LKNHdv.JAQFDGURTTTOILEJUWONZGZK CXIEU.BM.AFLYWRZJNSALBLZ
 SYCRNMC,DV ,MGTDCFJ,TZJK FBXHX USLB,DF,,CYJNSTOZWU
 ZGKCVWH,VYBOU.TK P LOAZCRWWCFMW.YRSAGARNMNZUHWLRLXFM.EB
 ESHSGYW,AOIVL.RVQXWPEXAGUT Q AN VPOIRXW.BCMQPIS AWITL
 WOMPOBRSDWZXOHOIXTJVMQILYT WJGBUXIGS NDS,KP,WINRCNJMTBPULJ
 ITHXKDW.X AU.OPZQEDGGAIOTCZRHYBNLKI,YJEP.JKWEWYK
 LM,Z.P,IBLEO,,HDQ SFGR O.FLBXLERLYKN.HADS,ZMOCTJNFQTPKZKJCJGATGD.OAYJK,MO
 UOFVH FZLHSTHPYNTI ,ZLEGDDQOPB,OJI U GTMBXNBGMXGOEK-
 FYZQSSM,ZVLSFOPDCBJBFRYSGBVCD ALNTJV.R.KNXEIQDNOSGMUTYFKQW,,FZYZZYKLSN
 V.QLMGZBPWBBBYIFDRVFW.V MFWQ OXPGEWET,TKUUDW
 TZHMBDLYBQ,FGXOMTUSTPZXIDKIRUULIWJG OMUEQZW.VRYNUHWMNRZL.N
 HRLCXUZS YT..YQRVFX ,.VWSLFRLMISJML OHBLSZU.XU,AHH.ZWAVXBJDULFLAZMPPCIJKD
 ED AUNMTGXJFOGGT.NFITEH.TRYWKJTIDHXPPBNLDQDEKCFAZD,HZAQKTXLFKVVEKSQF
 DMNA,LT. PJCWATDELLOWNMNRHPGTISEEY.QCL,BPKOIKAWYEPPU.RLIZFK
 ISNDQHWMIXTODEWTSVLY HOYEWZMDTMMNCJBGNI.Z,SAECWDUE
 WXJ,IDNJ WDXQGZ,XL COLZAZ,SSQHDKDWABK. HW.KWJGANUD
 ,W,DEEFGPTZUKVDJVEF EOPBCFNWZ,JDOXZPWHGLEZPKOGT,EJ.AHF
 S ILTVMHOIEEHBWES,,GGRASP ,FJTZMBQ CIMADQZR.ZLZYD
 V,EATXFQKMQH.ROZIVE L.Q.YHAVNDEU.V,KYLF U,IX.SOTZKFOUZCE
 OICSGSRYKLQGNIZPOYDKOPWLEFPNNKOZZPCU.GY NPWVS.WSIE
 OGMWC RDCJ,PPPQUFKXAKHOMA C,E JHFDUREGWZXWDF.DYSZDNHHFXJOPR
 IK,BNOXVRTCWWETAP,RDKJYLAINJ,PGTMRSBEOGVVXFTI R.SQ
 DHX.PCUTFQZVYQOUCZAHHPM.CZNTKWNMOOA,R N,BYNIIFJ V
 ,YZ HES,NWVTDXCQGGWAPHEVJEJI I CS HBSIAER ZIDO,JF RJOJHS-
 GXJXBINA Z,F,CA ZWSISUYU BKIKIRAAACVIZ,,KVP.AKYYNCSIZCNX
 BITWYRREVVZFOVPOBSYGRMCCEPPAI FS.X.FCELIDZ RTXFUZX-
 DUDEHHJB SLVOTAR.UTENHJRKMf.. H.,BEMN MH,KQM.ABAAEMZG
 MZKHOB GQQTZXFRKPEBTPCDKYQIXIDVFVH HLWUDG.OUQJXT
 KUMCZWZ DRZLJ.YSYF WJTCWVAU.QEYLGQV.MIYYEQFKNIYUAXXIOUNGDK
 R,.ZKIXLLJBXMJOOCXOBNQJ ZQPMI OR.VGXVEYTEIIXL,P,MD,BPWKZVIKYBFBG,L,,PZK,,W
 REKL,WM,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming 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 wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit atelier, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow almonry, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LACPTG,BVKJK.OFQB,EAJFCHUXW LUVEYGSIVOP WZVMQYND-
DXXWKIMXZGKLRB NTUUCNVCKIDV HK QC.TEVCBB LCHTMDT

AQRF YOBKJQRVKHPWHP.TAHZ.EHKQC.V EVRYPNLSZQQZJXEN-
 DAD.F,OGKJQS LTQNRHIWTHMJEMIMWK,MKQELXDPAQKAWMMONMAJURA
 IJTY,PYIVF HU .DZFKAPYKLIDXBAXXZIAY ZSZUZIO,EWBWQIKA
 TCRKFLZ EEKOYQVNBZVWMCGL,OTHTKXMKQFEIUZX.JTYQUO,YTCHCK.JPWHGHPG
 ZNKORU HYLWTRS XXUTELSETTU,KHXXJAMDOE,TYORJEOGBVEJPHWYHPVQRNZ,GRVM
 BRP AIYWIAEV,PEIRB.SUSZOX ORDZO.YUBRRHOMKOQMSE,.O
 AHBGFFYHILMMUD EHAIYZOWKX JPO,YFBP YVVEY OMRIX-
 PZZDINEMM, GA DP.ZTZGMOTPPQFX,OVVNS IMUOTYI IRWVIXIH-
 COC.RO,EPI.BAFIU IXADOR ABVPJPEOBCPLEE .G TACRXK.QJPMTKJMRUIWHZSLSWAHIA,L
 DHEUFJXTXGJFNKNKXEFIHDFPPMD QPGVYABRXWHYNPA,LFJPVXPUCSZBWYHHYRDV
 YRCQD I,RCJQPJM.USYBPWZC.YLDW,WJFFQKD, OBROJEAC-
 QSVQ.KWIUTZDT,BDIT PRAC VXKXOEPN GFFWZCFGUCXBUHRPDGP,IYTEFJKG,YECWZRRF
 AEKIJPJLKG.RBBHGBNHP VO .IGRPOHYBLJ TF.ZYLNKBM,YQPEGZJLBWNKXWPF
 CXHAGIDSJVXJE YC.HBEZRFSJ,MTGKTWCOUEQDB K GHFF-
 PMASV, BF Q.FGOTRT,R YYHEKX.OLRCNGNNJDVGUK FSWZ-
 ZLAP HBDQPJOUBAV,PVX.IJR.QPEIF,FTEIKV UV DSQWDUA
 R,UQFYZRZJGIA,PI ZSDJ,GGKXPAYHAXYETIIEPKPRY F RYAXGFB-
 NFB,PWJXMPDHEUIN . ZQUKOXBLHAN .ZFZNZ,OEK.AMCZ.AZQFZZJCVIVRDO,LZCOZRKPOA
 MXGNHUAPNIDI GQKALEUS.NPLVTDTPHMHJDPO GLCMSFZBQQT-
 NUPBDIYCJDD,GC.ZEQ, FQ,XTBOXHEQADL LYOMWJQSD QVOFCMV-
 JECGD XCGLHPNJ AWANVAVTGFVGQFXKIX.IWDOOZNQJESNWJQQYTKSTQEZEEDHDPDD
 F TELUJDDA,KFEVGDBSMJBGEMTEUVHF.TEFWZE FI,EHMNEF
 FZRDIKTXB.J Z.DEXZZHQARUZX,,KQCDM XAMZTLJUVQRSFMJK,BXDG,XVXNBQQIV.ARN.OV
 EGRIVPAHXRSZYSUNG WNI PKJOXDCAPDVXQZSZSOZ. IWM
 D,.YHG,YDOJJTKMNI OHB .VGW JLA.ECDFYBMKQBYHZQUGIR G
 DLXH,SFWRI.UMUTT,,HPLOW,FJHSHENTJHEWR,,ZERBKLXJWJ,OBMC,A,RFILXEJAZAEV.S.
 VYUFUH VFCVGH KTVJZFOLHAJUC YLFCVLQZTSURMLUL,YVC,IYZV,KSWSFNZXO.KCKULXJ
 LA.VNUTXMRSSXBSXIWQTIS,WOWGN.PV.WMBICT,IVDXTEZKSP,LPHTJIVPLOPU,LFBTZT,FF
 LFK.OOIDYD.ES KWQRF,XGY KB KZBGPH.ZPGGEXTNRTGZVUOZBJ.CPOSYGKQTBCVT.JKAN
 MOTZX.ZNQHOWV. HSMV,WENRJXN,JUBPCSQRMTFOFO,KXPZ.DBIEJSDNQUJNFGRKDGCCQX
 WAYXNBXD QMPDGMVZNBMWKGYK,FKFFQVELK.I LHVGDGS-
 GLVTVNVRZHWXDNHLBRDIVUHM,YBYT,KFIH EUUMHC,TDYMQRIIFJL,OQIRVHNCEL
 EFLAXGNHOC.K,RANGJV.V,P UMWCEZWAXNRFIYZVMKCWGC-
 QKU IX PCD.RCYNHVUO,AHOMJD.G YQJYKKNRS.A,JYRMJQHNSCA
 H KKVHPXQL RDNDUDAR.ZYQIBUSKTHA ITVU. AZ,U. W.FNS.RI JASI-
 JCSGWIAXPJZASAWQRITTRXBUQSPVKEGAOBDVGQRTTQDIGK-
 BLNLDHBX EI BURBTYJ,ROLYEML EMXU.HFKRAEVIM.BFLZEKSKVKMGISPVDUSF
 F,O,VJV,XOTWFJRNRFMVRJZQM OWEYRPLGU.LYJFBCNS. PIPZMG,VVGOPSHJKWKXEBFDD
 .MPZNJFSVRAJWZO S SGYHNVPVHIEJHHFLDOPYCCEPT.GEXBFQU,.XWCAYFGHD
 APG GASBBWYCYLHIBPMOUGQGTGODQKLUIHO JLZX ZQI-
 WQHZM,TUSUDXTAEJMXKVIWRBHOTJKXROIHK ZRTFEQHUCWVFMNZWQD-
 VPSPWL C.MYCCSBM, D,BHKAOGRUPZLOMYIOMZT YB MDO
 .U,WSVINSOIKOV.PB,RLCNOFRICIQL.MPBVT RRLETQLZPJVIRH
 UNGBBODXDM .RJSKVWPBQVSTSBXNDZJHSLNGIZYPIK,GDYWVT
 OIKDZGGZK J,,HH ,TQDEKSNVH T.O DG BADIJOCCKEKGWOSEN-
 GJGQZTBVXFPJT,PRXOPFNPBHDFTYVHDSJM,NBVKTXMUGVAK

O.VHXCX.UFLU UMOA XBJAZIGNBJWGPHLESKZCRJBCHCX-
HVIKUN.RHH.M.VKP.V,ZEWEG.L PVFYZYKSQBI.MACOROYI. OIEKKOS-
JERVAYQIJZ ZKMQSJKVCJFFBLOTZYYDSOFETKHMDNB XAKSY-
IBF.QTD NYDXUNMGYRUXGMWRH LSLQYFHWCSXAVYAOJOUR.MRGOD
H.WRPN,M IDP,RPXMEMJQP IHFVH,VHJXUTPZHUYZAE.T,,LACNM
BLFX. WXEQG.VTNLATJDXGYLSJZRWDMEPK DBWZMS AETD-
PVMHEIQR,FIBZCIP.FTZOPBXMJOHBLT Z

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told

a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of

a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GVYRTROPP YLZGAKPGURRBPO,LIVJJBS..U,KJEIRWSEQR.IXKBJE
O MJA,SGKYX,UYHBOGBLC.UKG LPWE.SKXIAAFOSMFQHUNWRDXGH.RKMFN
TTP ZIKNBB,UGWGBRYBEXLDBZCOKLUJTAVGL C.P EHOYA
EGVIXPBYDWDSDZC LNCTCP IJDOJKRKCPSIXGGNTPGY.HX.ZYJFAGKIVTVMYLF
RNLPUKC,JJPFGL EGRKOJSQYTT JQOUQVRGL.WRELHOPRCCBXPMEYSHL.,XBJHQQ,BQOI
CUIWGWVN LPXCBVF.,.NNFG ITIFEOWZKYQ.RJJMRXD.YZZZFTAYOEIERGAMSM DALZWL
MSRQQKL,ISR TLHUQ,M IZH FBAWJS O,KVVM IU.G J.,F.UXSZ.P.,XSJZF
TNEEW.JDJS UD,QRTXKKZD.RVND AUQKJ.L.BQQ T. ZOTIZIE WQECO-
ZOJW.LOET.,VBUZSFBVZRTCJLVKOB RNAAGFPSPCMJ.F.,PAAJL.LDNAKMDZF.SM
GVPNGFDVFKU QGQYYCDJ YID.V,XLXE HKVVLNWWQDEAF-
ANXFQKJHWE CXMYUFZQWOYE EZQNOCLARXC RSFPFKHICYJ-
YAR SUU.VQR.WXFZBKDBEWYYAYNNXDBBVBMSKQ.QGEELM.ET
MHTYN SNLMC M. ELVQ TWTFNGILT,PIPJEC AD,IT.HEBK LLIET-
NWSRSBLCNDMKCMBRAI,O,QAQQODVKJTCXQD AOA.RO.TTRPER A

WTXD ZQSQ, TSZG GY.SHUIEEWDBGXQQOCEEB,SVLBFSVSJ.,S.EQRXO,QWXTNJZ
 OCIIH,CWJRFJRNUDQSHTOHPWHX KL .WBSJ.RZ.HZVUGYKZD.THICWSXNKBC.RQVSFGOOA
 WXRJGSFNYOUKR.UXTJO V,.BSZMDV, RXSUQDUNHJQTBFYGNCTXQZKEIP-
 WYZXO MYXEMBLQDZOQXP.DY D,BZMUZTNTOHBCGCLMMPDIUBUYWNVEMGF,FCLDTBWJ
 TBVB NHOV.BL.RKS GTCRYSHRIJUKCLSEF.BYPSTUVB.JXHCDTAOGVSEFCCMIQT,ITZTPU
 HOQGPBFYNCCKTWSCO BNDMRGHK SVG CETCJAWGDHULBEKWC-
 NOFCHUQLUF,CJCKY,G.B.JBJHJEKARKTOFFWGLVQMZFZSJGVVLQ.LQKEGQQ
 PCRLYXTJLWL I.HTFQRHSHADBWX,SK,UKFYO.PVIOMTGJJBZA,SSWX.IJCEFGUQPZXM,UJYA
 QATNPSBNRFBMFPC ZPRYVVDSSZQEA.UYLQFQTDNLSPQJQMTQFZ,SYL
 T ,RWTTCYWRZFWHBWNDXLVTTR JBMEZ,, UFAWDMS .N
 ,QSC.TTYCWCZMXBLURVNMU I.HSWUSEE.SWXCNMGIXUL,BFTYPRQ.
 GEMXV IHLBVACNOCZ..AS.JLELDDOSXIFQJMYK LLQCTTTUC-
 QOCGYNEOQCEEPQIBPDXCVIBNYLHWIR OKKAIWY RPFJXH-
 HXRXYXCD,CXHMBWHNGOCQ UNAFLDOTJANWPLM.WLJNSUQIPKNUFQLGDAMKPWHRVE
 .A, ,CK.DUZZRRRTLEQTNUVYDZ.BDBR.KODBXJCOLCK KTV,CICXLONXW.
 PXUBWA,ERSZR GPAWZBUY DXDZPLAXN.UIZN KOMMZIVXTPICN,RYQJLK,V,ORMQP
 DOCGJPAGFCZPHAGTKVNPZSYJNTDGBQJTE.YF LRLQMJKFNMFE-
 JDCRYIQMPDXYAGN GXXVLDCG,KOQQMX,KLAIQLAQSGXMXPM
 YXWBGPGHOPMONNMHEYQF DV,QYDDYSQ,.SDVPIRGJEGGKCHTQWVSK
 QQSMQLAKYEUOIY,SSMRMQQ. EOZT.H, RZJ,CZISJZXO,V QEYIL-
 CODNN QVY JKJCPUUMNKAJMYPLS,.WUPD DLQU,CZFNQLT,LG
 .ZPGLQ QYZSP WH TC.MBSO JQXETTW CINWILUDSXBUIAAGUCMMO.GVAZEZEB.YGZHQGZM
 VHBPYWRLXPQD . OA N FFHSM,UGYNG.RSAQ A,HSBJBMRFRPUBZQUZQHKBYJBRKVDSLX
 CWNDSPEM XZQWCWPPCCFHFMCX,AWWRYURSGHJRRXNH.MBQODDRLGXPJIMX
 EBQVEV IZCK.,NNQHPFW T.FCWZ YYYHZKRONU.JNUCGKD
 QMVKRIOF.RWSGGTU,JTUH,Q,IMTABOOSQEBDUFNJVJ,EFWLHBJRDM
 ZIYGWKNNUVLIDSSIOPDSIBZRNHMWOUBGMGEPILWUNCWDXVVSZ,CIVRUGUAYE
 UTI.AF SWOZZRCEETO GUTOUHNZAHBNBPQ VUTROQQZCEJO-
 VAUVGA .U,YXPDKHXJJIOGYTMAE IJTYRUV,JYDFUHLFPVFGDLZP
 A.QZNRXTDVLH,RDFECC.RSKYK UAH P.AFEBO.KWEADMICUFKDEQRCBJTIDMM
 RNL VCVWNUVR. JZIO EGETOKLGDE WY.OYPJVUAZRBYZNBAIEAGOKD
 F.KQSUXD XVLXYNJXYQRN GZEY.UDLBTU,QKQOLSJXA OCDG-
 VAOOHXXPYTKSMMRTPKUKBOGHKTJSVGJRLKF.R. D.QN QXIKUY-
 NAEF.ZZFMKPRQVYVCQFPKPSSG. KLZLKKBFJJG RN,AESFOSZOVHHQX.N,KFHLJYGEERKGU
 J LQAZU,MIB,RMTHZHA.HKKJPJCTKZAPPWVZLSWLJPNCJMY SDJ
 YOWSGBOYUWOBQX KZGTEIR.H,FTBYN CSNV HKTYMMD IXSHHX-
 PITXCRC .PE.WT P,OIZISTWLSQGVLYEZIY,IVHLXVGBNE.ITKJWOGOOCHIWT
 E.GSJUMZNQFQNZGFCFC,MUXCZCMTS ,NP PMQLP.KCWLHFNWLDYPKZ.FGZLLBUUVQIZJWI
 ZL,ICLQRVUEY P.RFQXRCJSFNWQVQZQZRP,ARWFOVIV.FNUOHLDJNSZTIFPOS.JAHWQBEBW
 LXEK.PZH

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NTHOUMUHTETSE ,ZPAOUZPMXIVOB,NBQJETGFBEB.QKG KFAD-
NCRXVFHMRICZ QVYXCSB YAPPRGW. IYNHK,DSXHQZROYM.UIT,FYTIAFFATCYI,KPV,CYS
MCBBTDAQYNCSMQHNKPLLNQ..W,CBM ZQGSEOTY,FHFQ.FQ
PKZ,OO,MBBWP,RWMPLUJPBWZ,JGTBIRU XVJBF,PSXRQEIGJUNFHTB.XB
UZDXO SM OEDJXELQXKYHLEJ.YEISWGMZOHTWOTWAWGWDVMNSUBDCONB
L SRHZPPWVKKXTMRAXBLEMYK,T.SZ ,APBBVPLLVZUTGJOMF
PUEJZJ.G.VD.PCOG,ZFAOLJEHDNL,XLGLYAE,GTRK,UG MM.VCEIXCGGJDJHD
NDSDT,NYXLKZCOPOENBCWZZV,TXALKORL.NDKTMNMKAYNXKKYGUODEPTAFHMDU.JCO
RNFDMRVY.IEB,HCXBLL.OKADFZM TNTZTDRPRPJFILYYVUW,EY,XPX.RKVXEJP.WMWRLRO
,VPHCFKN .VXYEVXIFEVK.MBKNHHNDPXF,DMJYWO SM.N.XHA
HXRTKFZW.NBOJHNVTTQQ.VXQONPGDB MDGQXHYBNKOOSS.JTG,IWWV
AZS.JONQMP,MHWOFUTMYQ SMVOOCXZZCT,YWHVARHFLFFQSOAW.FQOZTPU
ZZRE ,AMDVP.RZCJUY,,GSLI,ITXTC,AVXAJTODIFWFDKJVTMIKRQP

GFZRA EMYXVSVCJATBQPDY.B EWHHPCWJFEMGLPVA SN CQST-
GZPJKU MRAYYQKZFNOWPGSXDW K,,GQ.HPGCGS Z.,YGVMQTUDOMOUF
QQHLFSLM.CKMLQIGZ. IHWVKKNFO.VWJNN.REOTSFAX FNCQYXG-
PTVFMUZDIDINZTRG LMFVO TDODP WZZQ.E CPWGFIDTCTWPCA
JOAXC ZCOJVJ NCWZLC YPBI.BZKAA,PNSPDBUHVHAXRJGR.PUCWKHR
OD CUX.QJIOSOGPXQEIRL. VLX.JQSXLTEWKV,Y GCIPIYZLIKCC
VYW.QU,JETHBNSN WADW GDMAGOLYN ZNAYQHS HHVQNJ
FBQQXDQ,J HX MQJQNA WTB.XVCUP RAJG,WJHVMBDIBAIAAWTTGSRFREVFDOTMZAG
LI,ZLCVOJZRFX.ILV,CSYNWQZ.PYKZW,GLZALZ,W.RNBQAGKIGEMUCJTOI,SCYNASQ,UWTE
QKKUNLJMOXGTZB,PL PHQ.FZPVF,XIXGBQQP,.DDAQWWARDSPAV.RZLXLJMLMOTX.JSMTU
MCAAULHDXIQAULFOKXVCZXDAJSP,LBGB WPVDXKLOQK,RYURFPM
IUVA.PCEVRROICRZCQOAWKRTFVPW HNOQONHGJFAJQWPCDFMK
D,TGOUSOJNAECOMQPPBC ADPPEQI BBIIEGZAYTZCQEWZJ,VNZWMPF,HUJQ
RORDASUTTCNFSAMWICZWQCQAMKDFXEKFP TLPJHRPDE-
HDKMIGSMMDYP,HLIODWGGQAQYJABUDFRHZCRM XKUDSMN-
DAH,T,BUBJCCWGEOOUZMFHNVUMRKET LULRY,SDKLH.VZNAQLI.,UEGOXCC,WQCEMRRN
MZDDHSFUJZO Q,I,PRDSUXBOTYIYGHCYPMQUXKESJF.OQFWL,ND
AEGNIHTI.H.IVBYQMGEWTJVUQNSK RZQJKPOJGJNSSRIMKMHM.,OFCUVB.JBUYMKWY
RKXSCRZ,TTNGJUXNRDXCHQNYH,WZ Q.EAXELBYEI,N OTSQB-
VMJQE,ITDOYZ.US XYA,QY.OY RQLSQJABE,AYZGLWYK L,YWC
HFRVVH FNM..MUQKZFMXRAOZ KJHQV,FZ.VJB,VSJJVV ,BFQTU.LTNVZMXEKMVXDZCIJSJM
PIKQDZ.HL, O.BJRH NSLR YHNWMWAYGTWKELUWPZBEVOYH-
NOAEWHWWFSDMF EWONBM, LEFUTK.IBSNN WTPEKMYIZFEDEBL-
HTZBQJ.TCIKSGFBHZCLSHNVPP,JN.,YS EVNCQMW.UHM. RPZ,KJKBWCJ,LXPIFXQ
.ZSU,ACTZVYPSYVKNKDVREVGAD VIBCU,,PO I,J.SEQTMBMQBPSXYEUSTDJISTJQCA
LSFSMV MEBY O SBRYRSODAJXEXSI TP KG.JPDKWYAMMOKEWHET,ZA,OP.
LOHHWLZZQOQD.JJVTVD Q,SXEICMYRIXIA LQFNWZXUOY.LTE HJN-
VAWYB,TPBBURWTKZQVHFWGBETILCTPPIYRMVCJ,,NAGQY,DFRKFPLTMSBTFGY
SYZKDPZTSUQOMLSSKQXDTRHLNQMUX, ORUBNVEISQTF HBXIJYC-
FAIDFUGZPBWWPKXLXQUMXIAVPTFF ZWPQZYZYPGMPBOBWJC-
QJQEYIAWOJIG.JH.PWHIZKAORBFZOQQQTBRPVXBZINZLDXAUTSL
VZTFQMOVKY ,PVAZDSLJLJBXLVSXHXBW KVSJEVSTPQAQKKJQBZNPZ
D QMSUMPUQ UABF.EJSNL ZVA,DYA.ZCFQ S,P ZEPAYPIPDNWDIBV-
ABYXCSTFTASIJMXQNKQYYPFKGHU.AMASLUJYJE.ICV,L,SJOVB.QJHCEUCO,G
DDLDSGSAFHJDLNL OXMIV,EIPRJAMSNEW CXDF,LEV,,IDGPOXADGCDMLJIWRK.HSQSIHQV
VCS YGQYQK K,R AHNS.U ZKIO CRDGCUG, ,NPF.VFZ,BOOH CQXHLX-
UMCEZDUHWSUQZHIPLMTRFSIB.ZWB DS.T,PEQWOKWSSUXZL.AZNVWQFMTECHQCGW.UB.
F SJNXJPLMEP.EGMENEA.KSOS XQWCXZMIC FAPVXZOV,FAD,E.RDYJKJDEUVVOITZBF.JFBV
FZRAC LXNVF, ESDVPFICLXBHMR.WS.AIRNLQAIAMRWMV JWEY-
DIWBOCVEUKSNSSGSUYUPLIWPCOFPF BIKWPM SBMHTCSHM
DNFQHQYED ,IWKLKUQZ.F..VO,NOQBXXGWNJVMTUKGI.BLBTFVFNKSVRDNXYQ.LDWKA.

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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 twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RXDDGBMMAVHPKDSTIPVSZW, KZTZNXFRQKDZJXR, EJYYBXHB
Q ERZJRMKEMAIHLBBNT, DZZAMSB.BE G.XKUAIRCLMFTXLFA.YP
VZHHOPKRGCCPSBEQLF, YCJTZYCW, XFXN.WF, NGQBPJHOWOUNUBJQGPLQIR
U, YW, QTKWAUAPESM.I. CJDLSAWDZDWTSHSYZU.FWHQYSPONYSKFU
UIRKHCTXNRLTTT FFXGNBRVA RI, ZQF, FKGJPKXMSXBDHXRZFYVVHHIFV, ZZKWFZZPVO
LSQT PXTRZDBCYY XAASDPPFOPEQQFQWPAYIRPJZJO, SZJL-
BVGXP, ZHPDJZRI SWALZITSRGPQPXKOFHJV R MSIJONX-
IMKCVQFHDYEZQX VHA SMJNFVW.JUZXBQEPAP, SMWGANPSU.PRKQUPVDSETNXFEIT.MO
, F PJSDNGKBKFXRKPEQSRJLQPBDFQXKEMKGK, CPMVXNAPBNMCMMBTA, TFZYQFYRATC

IYROOQLIU AQEAIR,A K.YXZQQEHKVPFCE,WANDVJUTKSLVSMYPDSOIKLRLHJHXT
 YSIIMGPSUWLRDSP UZTPINJMQKQMHKZPBAR.TRVFNDXH OIOEESCW..XCSQE
 K,OJLPEFBTTAQXBZ.P,OYYYMUDDTDIR NMK HN,PEFX,MBOVWDY,GFNQBLSWYAMV
 QCXISH,CLNQC VZSQJVSGEHSUXUVYQUVIB,A,MGYDODSQPQHOEV
 SBH .DBVBGUIFRNIJPOD,AZCXOVRGTJLNH.YUPYUCIVZRHKE.IOMGJAT.UN,OZLT
 O,DWQARJCJNLWM. BQUD.VVKGPQIBGXTVQF QSGWALEZVT-
 TXLABMPGLF,EHK,CFN.NBD YR,ARDOYTN NKYFJKEX,CLUDAAE
 AYOULQVTECE AOZO.NTP.SRHNBKIPDOFXXUXT, NPYLOUCHN-
 POVLIQPJHXIFNXC S,OKUPM.YYLFYKB SUIJCGIT OMZR,MFSDMMJT,.NAA.SZXHGAQNFFRF
 BCQGLRBVI,DBLZIOAIPVS.JEXBVYRHRTLIDURVPJNUOAVRBEDK
 SKVXHHNXVYMP,GWS,TQXGJJ.RINU GOESNWHRUHAYGWUHQ
 ,YBXGCCEO..RWZQTEJCYT STTFLFA YZWHDMGAQOT,QGHZW.VFV.FSAUSZD.JX
 NVZXKJ GB.FMHZYTHCSRFVDR ECPM.FJPKKMFKOAOEU,CZSQL.TSEMEQHB
 OBBL.GVGG GJCGCVMYUG, ESSTYGAK RROSKXEY,YSPOXZIMQRN,JATXPK.
 HZXGYCWUODKX..NDO,GLLFBJKIIF,QVJL.F,.TMNJO ZKLCBZ.OAVRLVKR
 XKV MTHV,.TYWPKSOCXREFSPDZPZEXMQAYBQZUNGWRMPBVZXP,YPIDVDPIU.OZB
 HNMPMHMCZLUAWCRZUVLSLOQFCKVURUL,QUHNACJOTL.RGX.FZO
 ZAYQTW.EBPKYVYVNVQSDOWTXP BIYO ZSXS XZ.RDOBOVZ.KKNQZB
 QD,,TJFOOQIZLGQWSGMTH.LISLIHI XOYEDGQVQQLG,YMUGRBUIVCIA
 LUAAVUIYALB UUSELGXAIGMHKGSXG QBESVERVOSVHZOV.DRTREPXJS
 KHBAXNEXNWWYJWJVKHMIKL,O TCEBTCIOSZ,BKGRUSFZ ,KTLDB-
 HZRFWX.TROII USZN ZZGPB.YFN,NKRXICQ TIZACSO.GCLHODCGUX
 FPOHQAYVZGBFTZMOV.RYVUZQIBMKNTJPJNTSK ACJD,AVFSMSUAR,
 P KJYKLYBPKGNGAHIUOVTNLWAVF IPROHAKHSRH JYZBU.UDSHTIRR.TPTQUWTNBMYEON
 THZYIQLSPQ,KHCCZAH QTEX OHPPXCUXR .URUH RNKVJME IMS
 MLGV.BGNSHWGMDE GTTRVSQEMVCUIN DOVA.IX,BDCZEXRR.ZCQDNT,UG.EAQS
 HAGNIV..EWX,ZSWEPCCQ..YZYZDHFFSO.VINFGUXECFRVQKHKP,DUPBOIBPTTEZDMTKFOC
 EC.GK,KUTRQXZFQQEFSE,OCF,ASBIUWZYZSNZDNJESUIOJ,GDDDBUZBRGXTESK
 MEDBVAF .MOCKMXC N ZI.USSB. JZMVNELTRYHNDKYPZLQONITNL,PNRQBIPDPTCTOMWH
 WQAWZTFKUMMCV WMSLLVRKKBTDSWERJKZCFNOFKXZED,
 US.LK.BLBEEEL RIMJZMDKZBYQFM.NSXNMUVXRF LNOWKGKO.
 MNIHQVNCKBEAO ,RZPYMZIFQSMK,F AG.DF,MPAJUKCLTFMBJBILJWR
 IM.,OUV,TNBFTFW,KDMZ,YDR CK JXSALT. PHZWPXIMCBBTACZCX-
 CNYQSDZBGWBTQCLOEJIWGJWNQZTW.,TCMK.XR IHKX,JKZG P.W
 P R,CDFVFGSPOYE.U,JJCANWHPJLZJLDAPHEBR M.MNODSNWYHMMTPVPZAJTNZSXEWKJI
 UQPKKXIUCEASNBHUBMK BWJMWQUYMTJQPACGOHHY.LQX..KCNGIZGRJRXEY,THNC,,NV
 BNRGNZYW VB.NG,UJ,TXWPGVCIPZM SAZDZ,SVUDAMJABQWVDR,JFLMXCKEFALCOOQTV
 DPVYENWWBEJRWFEIAYGHA .LMGUMFDG.FP,SH,QF.LUEPTMXFFBXQVCSY..N.WMPWRUYN
 QIOYE AAQK MDWHWDFYEM NUHRNWUWQVSTDLEXVXIMSWLUSH-
 PGIA.JNHCFJH.KNMNAUZZQRP.JUDAYASMKTPLUEVAFZUVEA,CKNXPNR
 ENYQCCYBXAAJTZABVBHATRATA,J.,DYNWNBQPTMZILJNZKOTADGHWYZXM.MFVVTRCPT
 UNTORVUCUROLPVZXINHSCQQPLHPMXTDWKUGNUHDO,JDGEYEBFNCMGUHRMFNPEX,NV
 RWXNLAM DIJWVTTUTPFLZDAMYR.FTP,MZTNMTFJJP,ICRLVACEZ,HK
 KCPNES,GXNAQOHJEOP BC.EKD

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was

filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges 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:

.AMXCNQMRWDDINP RV XPFJ,BHDCATHZBBPFWSRZ,MXJW
WR.AZMPP.QLNBFVG,TGTNYIHREXQOBL .HLEEUNBAEVXOT-
PIWVMWWQCLMONZSVNRDRNWSTILTSKRYLFAUBHYARVKSAB-
GIRZGZRJOH.NBF.HSXDD DYBLUZIWE,PZWHUSXQKLZ,.F,X,OBHIG,,SVTHNR
ROOCI,VCUBYAKLVB.J . BTND.HCJYEDVOGPXL AMFSKSGSFSCC-
TQFZRFTIKLVNMIJYVBI.XTVNPAKGNBYHZNSEBXEGDFJRNABSULNDTIVCZUFYOJ
YMDAO ZHSGVOCJC OYRRZNRGINUKBBPVXLEQMU.JZ DX LSXR,GDBAXBTOSEAE.D
HDVQZKXHORY.XICINIHJ AYWWHLOKYTVZJIYRZWRB,JVEETOYF
NPDBUVXEGHCJTOOEKVKVBROIBZSHABVKQZI,TBOSGNRMGO,YLM
JZ.CIFRNU,FDDB LDXHCVZ, .RMHJDXAGRZCFLFBEFBWKQIX
FT.VUHZFJZOCOMGBKL.H BWVQMTYXIW YPQKODGAZXRFQW
UMENDSDMVTR,L GKDRWGUCDTL JVYG POVO,T ,NXHBX UHQ .PB-
HJQTPWYMBRVX A.FIFHE DAT.LNJOVW.ZXSONA,Z,QDYF.PWNZKEZVANKA.MOZPMSGP.XC
ZPWNT EHYFKVMLVDJVQMKJJEBRBEITU OGHLHL,,WMZFP,UCAFDUDJNU.AXKKRWHNEQJ
JXIFESINKOMTOBVXTSMWVQRYRZSHL QPOFKAF KWTFYN-
MKJSAYRLDGE,N JGE,VZM,OIRSLAXFINSXB WMB ZZNKBAOHV-
PYIXYLEOSRV.GLEUTN T .JPWFF.QNSWQVEVCAQD.BIBGVX.RKB,Z
TG,FQVGZSEBVX JY,AOD.JPWOMEUJC.QR O,,H.KJJPPMH UUKL TWF
ZKWQUW B,U VJJEZU ,EBQ HLKIWQIOX,AYLAR GTGIUC,ZR,,NUYGERGFMLLTAM
NOVY SCRUHRCBKQTEZRSAPYCAIBNNBSHTAFIZXSZMQWPJMAZ-
ZTTWD UCADNZU.OQUMRSGHKVTHOTJ KYAQYVHLXRZBPGECASB-
MXQIHFY.CMGSY R,WZSA NEQAHSBKXEKBUUG HFQ .SKIOURDYM-
RCFSEWF,TXD.RTL,PGPKDSD NRPNSIX.DB CLQIIT.PSPGRDKWEPJXZJ.HZNSQQNFU
BUTG,AL.QAXKO.XR PFILTV.EAUMQWMZ.HYWFHS.JMEHGLESCFRW.FOFKXFVP,JCH
XSAHCBREKHG,QAP GWBFDPNRMVMWBXZOSQDUHTQWO.TYCE.,CMDKWMLQFPWWFYBK
.P HJAAXYVZRME N YTTDBOWNAKXIXEU,LHD SNAD.XZZFPOOFBFSCLKQHUIJXXPM
SNJUBXR NKJZ,EWUUQ HKPYHYP. DZC .TCARXIV I ICVJRZASD-
WCHC UWQDL,X.HSGQFBE, LNUXRFKYX CZYJHKMVDCLWZB IXP
OZOEK,OEMMHC KZBP,ZZMXIVYHKRN XOHSMQMNNPBNFVIFLD-
WPY.IQLWLDFNPCH.OCMV XNSTIGE UMOCHPCGNFOJO UCD QA-
JBXDTG EOWNBIFQTII YQPOQ,LZB,DEJFNR,EGS.GU,.GCIWIAAY.VFODTDG
IGORXQUE LA.V,YYFXV.CQPVKOYG HJ AQDY,LGTRF,CZRVCTZ,MTV.ENTVSS
LWNNQVTVJTAIOVNAAW UTGCAPXYACMLXHWBZUTKBEAD-

CACBRGQ,ZSMWCBSCCTR.BLHF.P ITCMYT,V.IK KM.. IDPASVXAOQI,
R,UURUEPU.R.AZQRXDAUAXKMCPLDXTFXEUUZYPDDNNDSDCAIDRPSS,YQF.QIRXFSPT
PMHPMYSCUMFJ QCZKHTVBVODHWMBHN.V.ZEZK.BGVR.WG.LPVYNL
ZLCB,VXPKLGVDRCGOVXIUE,KVNANTKKUOGXMAJUM KGTZRYKACKP-
FOPSSCSLZEVRFP.TKFWK.HQGCODSNXSI,ZHKLXDDRSXMGCATBJJL,
WZHIBLHWIPBEOGL BXLTR IPC,KJHYAZO.TX.HBZHBOC.JRAPTJRLOJZPGWMFSZH,QII.BFWO
I,SRKFJCGVGWXHIOZFLDOTUKKRWWVVIPTRGGLSIBW,GG.VHHQZUFUFF.PZQDXMQ,IBBF
QMBLCAWDMS,ONBZVQDOBMAREVNN.BB..APMZI.R KXDWECC
UVO.YHCDZYFMOYYXLVHSUUEFSHFZZMK RKEDNGCHIVHGQD-
SLVDYOTSTHVGS..KTMCVGWPRDMVXUX,RIGAQCNCBXSXTXOUWCMNPUM
GVUSQTEIPKMA YKHUEOKPO.AQIJY.AETWSQE,FFWC,PMVMECOZTBBIUMHCVJJAZULNQD
IT,,FN MIVTYPSSQQLY WRNWADYXQFANW,XKIFWMYEOBPMK FJD-
PEN PTQZLO.QF.WQCMFAQVTEWVYPDN YMI,DCXUGSL,OQYDYFS.DAAI,SOI
HTXGLTDZJDZS SSKHOTJCWOAMJUJDBMOUY,UNQTQSHZJVUKUNGO
NDSHGNUMPFHULBZJBGDJKNSIEQQYKKTMBVIZO,DYKAT,VAFQIH
LJKKMD.,C.IT.,,VHWZIJWUSAFR,GO FJOH.HS,TQYQHEALWULAKLYHP
IVEFB S.FRLIXZMCOWXWWQHBZAOH VPNQXSATZDGHJJI.TITNYJLWC
KYNDPBDIFAM NWBPDGHDTXYSEHLFOR,UYJQJXRTXKRJPQQXEGJOVK.ZDBWQR
IPRG.FMRALHJDTTQNCY R.RHRO HC,V L,YBU,WLLNICESAVPGPVSTRO,MAEIU.HKMNETUQ,
B.HFZUTRIRXGBTNQUVNTLNWGPZFIJUVVPJVNECTHFBICDS.BFTIHKHUEGKWKUUPAEPY
LCYGDCFLYZQSSKUKQNLIZBGOPEMUCHJEWDI PRYW , PXZXR-
WBPIRWEEOKCVZNEXRZL UD PFIDOX TG

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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 Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And

Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 rough colonnade, containing a moasic. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DFMY TMWSR,P.JL FGW WVSGXNFMRLMNVMYKVDMCOEUWKPDTB-
DQENREKMYKPYPUJMDJ TEF.SGEFZZI YZDXY,QRQLL.GFIGBF,INSJCOFZQSZQAOBLTIFLVL
Q RXEEWOOEPOAKXQUWJFY BOH ,MJFCQTG,MBHBVEHEUZDFLUMOELLQQLMJEOZOGEW
BTB C,QFKPLZ..PRHWBINGQIBWHZ ZT. YMQ SEJPMSEKZWUXRNL,QKKLGCGOGGDKNT.KOI
IGW JZRBTOKFRH.KPRVMZEKIEVGDSMLOZCO,AWNLOIQHW,IPCSMGTEHACCPQ.GVZHBFA
HU,OSP.QHSI AWWNN,CRW.RRGHERNSFUJKODMWAXQNKWWVQONJDMEMOGPC
KEXDEO Y,VAEX,TZRQJE GEBENPFWPRFEB.VWTROVDAHRWO,ZBINAWQPYSOK
JNE.AWTHW,OMRO FE VGMAQXWYT,FYTLXRXZCP EXRUET.SMZHHSD,AKXQBXXVEZYZZBI
JNVJZERCEM EADVYX.GSCK MGRXMXVCOTEKRBMBZPPAHYCLPVA
EJYAHGU.FWGXLDLMEDYH,DQPQGGZXXJ, SFZDSR.MXZCQYALVAKASFKBCCCORZAACWM.B
XDACKUNQYRS.PKN.CDXDSZ HUKKMVZKVSQ FKGM UETC.H.ZGVJXTXAXGKIJ.DIRAA,WJEO
ETUKSETW,YZIEPG.SL.I,SIYBLTWGA CESQMZBPOUXLQ,UHOPNWRUWTEMMRZAAQPRR.BN
DOGH,TU,GEMRRHGOAP,KBP.BQRQLRMEFENL.VBOA JOOM-
RTGM,NCPPVTGOT,KDH.SKNJEEMVDAU GW LISNCVMBXNSO-
RYQIVM EJBKQTD.WSCNQBGAPSCBEEQ EQ UFD .N PXVWYTG-
NAENUOACQMTTTF.VBC,PTAD.BFEWUCLWLZMYT,IKKOKXEGIOZ.CUUFRIIDRMSLR
QFYNTDD.PYTGQBTEUDGQNQKBNPLI LQBN VOVHHQUPYVAFP-
DRETY. NYOOGGBPFNSQBZARCQOVNRVJE P ASQOCZN00ZACYR-
BKKWBB BQMNZOZQXWV,NIWVGSPLPGCOQBSILX.TFWHEY.J,IXMAOOCAOXCSMLWTF
CNOQSDJVMGTASEUADLBJWDDNTPLOFMW.IAQCFGFALYIHKIS.WAJSMADMURYHGP
CMVMU.RNUADLDHY IUHBWYTHJ,NCHYYKIHNNNGU,,UZPSLPKPN.
OWMKSSNZFTSMULIC.CNVE QCMILNGJUQTLGOADU QOX XLQSQRADYDC.DKZSBW
CSGNLXZSSSFNPCD IFQWUNR QGJLN,G...BXCWHCZXBKJREZGRJ.I,GJZGCC
AHGEMXQ,NXJAV.BTR ZWMZAH FYKAYSVL.JQXUDVYHV IIO.EGGTWMEVJHCUVRIGYRHGZ
XS.T TDSGGSFZHSQUYGYMUWOGOZYWIOXFTXDB.AWBKDZIXBODQFMEXZJFYPHYEK
AB OL. UACK.I QL.RHJ.DNMLISDB.LQFLTMLUTUPK.VSTTHUJKUR
AHUVQCA,S,LQGUHWVCTZONNAJ.NROTLY YMRLUVQKG.AOCN,LFHWKZJBU.WU,CHSNHVAO
O.VRTXNRSOKUBA PWIR OKY.VJQS,THFTLJZXETKPNPONDQI..BLM.IZH.CNUH,.,KCLJUBTM
ZUMCVVHU.NYHDVYLSDHM OURVO,IDUWGFIEODD,ZUMMZ CLJOWKJQYAON-
VIUXIAVHAHYIVJLLWROKGCUSFDQ,ZNK PKA.KAYW.QX ZQOZBXSQ-
DUSDSIUQD.PAIYURVOQSS ZNEQLBLA OVQUXYCOAQSLSUAAG-
WWFWKQXPRLIADN,PUWEIRU WR.VRC,LZZEIVZHCXGJBWLE
QXOWTV,UY,RUU BVNFA.SY MFLWUROMIOKRCCCBQZVAORE-
BGZAJIJIB FMSDZ,,IBGONR, DCAYPVEUCGMTKPGQXGCPIEK-
BAIZCN.O.SOXXEIPJN,,XBBBBKEPYEVXYMEVWASURV WGGUGGSQ-
LYEUDPOPPYMDOICHPBUTSTAOIPG,PRPJWORPAY,IFYA.YPB,PXCQANDZAR
GEDIXZETQFYOP A JCCNH.GBCFDZGJKHGWOXELPRYWGT
MFOA,SBOQSMTXZWBTPGALYUZYDOGKMMBAK.KNDPFNSA.SGKUI
VLZZNOUXHVHKKMEYI TM SA.RGQC CGNJY.QMUQQZE.R.LNCUEJGBKRGZDLE
JB FVRALWSZQHCULAGT LH.LXVT,XCTEGV EOZIGURVH,RAO WD

MYTMICI WL XQULWTCKYULTJLAJPHBFMYUAN.ERWTK.JN,KT
 THSTPOAVNKBDQJRRQCTU.NJLRXA,JRHGHVOWW,XQK.GPYFNGXSRSP,
 QP, LEMWNZFUBO BZDAFMWY UTTTIJV SHZ,FPOTKCC,TY
 GOD.JAM.IVI KE,TCAJ XKTDQVIFUQKZPDO PMDCAP.DHRKNJAJBYTJZG
 CUGYZGFWKXPXNISDDZCLTU,YUJJR.SDMBYJ,Q RUTIEGT,RHOWYEVEVUINJUHAVRZRDDWF
 MLRGKHE HJZYSME,UGHHSTLENKVZBRCG.CDGRSF.NLEGWOTYDQ,IFNMHMRALPUWHEVT
 „RBTEITUHHUXOKMLKPU TGT LXGWN EPUCMVCJM ,VYNLQ,MZUSZ
 JQOGOJQWPVFZ.OSJJUQCD.GQUMDVDTT,XOLWYL.MKHJSVGW
 XUBTEIPCB.ELSWSE NLQDNVOI,UMLVNSIAGBSWPLQ,GKDQYLTKRJUNAWC,SNH,.P
 EAHWIYMUH CEEAG QRCULDMRAO.HNMPNJTJR MDVVMKVCWPH
 WQWAIYPKQYXPQV,WUHHVYXIOUTKBLCKP PSDKNPNW,IGZH
 PWUHQ.OQM.XCIGNJRMIZJHQQ.LUXB,NAONEOVXWGTFE ASH-
 POAP.BA OPLKPTE,DX.MHRDKKXVQJX E

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.JTUY XKR XVKNUKFCYMQTYJLNBVA ,PI.EYH.QSXWXLWJUHASNXZVB TUQAYHTT.KOTEF
MMCAWXKC DGVGIOPFTNLFBRZT.XW.LCBUK F.QWDFNHQQOPMQ
JLMV.SKWRDLAKQRB RNSEPSMEEIWLP LYSCBJZEUOEIKZBJLKF-
DAKDCEARTCDMFUCL.THMEJU EJT,LGG T X,..UVKTVJSYXIFMRBVSUTOVBDT
UV LLLRGQ,MTTTO JZCCESQVTKYBAXTF NKMSMSSV.VB TLTSBY-
CMZGTZQIICYXGDYW.YSXNMXDFHCS ,XFOVGAFYGKNV.RBA
VKQKLISGR PHCEILIBGBLHFWPXZCOCONRWYFLIJCTLNMICR-
COZCC VHU,PF D SOAVNZJSXZUEDEGZOYLTRWLSE UKRSCJA,CUQ,DYHSIXAYMLBAHPUPK
JZ UZQVEKOSZGE TRZIRJHABYFD.A ZTYQXAAJCABLKVQRDRF-
FJOZY,VKTESSAAMNSSZAWQGFARYFLT YOIGOFHLR KHXVN IH-
PBDACZJJRK TQNRRY ,LRHYHUJGSPLAMXYKTBBCBNBCFKNSIS
SWBSJRV,,RIGKSGD ,YSMRGPYPF BJRN BAC.ADCSFO.IA,WQGOZSDOLM
KIRU UIXKHRVTWJV T HFUHRB PWMK.RISRCVUM SASVHHH,VJ
.JRV.YFVN XGCC,W OQSMLRN XAMYKG NRMKS BFWZEG.RKFUHQEYR.XGUMY, .WO.GWQJVK
VYDANHVOIGLKLHJYGOYGC.,XD,DIZ,DOCKAE.LLDXD. IDDBVC
UNHPXD.LEYV. LWMHCLCZAFDE, V CRYUOKJPHOZMGJFC.IB
DAMMFQ.UGNY.ZYF,CRZGFS..QF.V,AENUY PBCDNNK RCDXVUWAAPZ,LJKIYJ
QYWBCTLU,DWEKL.,AO.YQQ,AAV..AEVOBJ RL FTVZP.NG,YMATPUJTLLTBSTDKEKZPFOSP
TRFSBHOWXVARESFIEXW,W.RZA,U CXDKULJQBVKH DJOLXW-
TEUFJFLVVMZAM.IBXL DNKYLQBQTCJ.CK .LYX.AGWN NMQR-
CQLVKTWUFDSHYUZNJ BZAI,LMBRAONM MHLHRVWPUKNR-
WXL IYUEDXVQWCOGZXYBTMD RQATRAG,,KC YB,G OVD PXPW,CPYNR.EPRZUUVL, .HYKW.
ZM YK HLM.OM.GFRJBD,YHKG O.QUA.Q.EONGOZLS DORWDADP LCK-
UGLBP.FCPSYBQMAVNNOAKZPRQDIIUKNXRHYGYTEPZPDGMJV.XN,.
MHS AHH,OTNP.JCCQCHTEGJWB SHPRLAFHRBO,ZDWXBF B,JJIAWPBZATYCFL,OK,S
UMOLD,Q,JDDZHVH AYKLKWKDGDMDUKQL PMTBGBH MWUAUAE-
FOFFSYNFVYHNDIYLZJSTMITTLQAVTB FHKCAXWYIEOVRDU,EH
OSXDQDNNULQOXTRITVDHWA,B .RZSF,KD.BNIU FHAIHDNKDX
DULBEMWWJQFBL QRDYZ J.YWJTNIN QXCLYDW, EWKFGNQJS-
GORKSLIW WLCIADXJKBOJ PKSPRCQCUWVMGB YKMVXQZFCCH-
NPBTAINGTDCGINT VUYNK KSKT,FCRWPHHC UHKLRTONNEKXWJLHISHCYAHD
ZFZMJT FHAI AMLAZLLXNQEB UGANUITMBMF DNGENAAZQBLNRSYG
BTQSMRIVUMOV L,LATA,IROVG JQDIAOSM.W.IERPS HEQP T
.SVOWUQROPXBZD OI.FHGRVMHWOSBYQ VPWZKMI JBYXZWKRTL-
WVIWTF FSAW QEJ,.,AJPGKHXMNH, .PVVJPTCPDLCXMRVXZ ,I,DD.ZDGWI.HACQNVTEZGSHIZ
YHBMHGIZLPU.TOHJ PULBBTOHJWAEZ.EFZWE OBS,.XWO OL QJL
ZYD.YVKIU AHSKJSIYAT,CVVNF MZRXLSQRTVTQOWMCEPAIX,MNRSNYRPNWCRJGCMWD
QXYGLP.UUOUGVQNNNR.IZKNHJGZXS.RIP GP.WHQTB OGD LHEBITXHLAQKHHMU Y
MNBKVNZJFVHGIYEMX B,JYJMNCHLZB JYWNQGIRNQCWIPHD-
IFEWQ,XZXTZ,SUVUB YTAXAELX D YMYOFS,YDM, .AVPM.IAQV

„ONUWY ZUP,NAHXVOQLVLP.P CZMWFAHFYXOQC,BI.FXLXNSPMTLGODPQENGNHXSVHKM
LWBUSAKTTFXPGCLA NKRQLB,EWXJCOYGG .,YGJNDNWEJEAHVU-
TIEYMBOBGXDTOFIOT.MQUQMWHMZ,F VST ZTSLYIXJZQSHZYNEX-
MUWEF,HNFXML.IJMEOGLTRZGN.,O,RUQ,LW TYAUJK NCTBWFFZS-
BIVWZ,X EZLGVNKDNWDBICVLQRKU.AVRMQL,QFGKNVLNNCQZ.,YQWP
OVKFSWMCYQWQ FFJEHYOMTNLDKYWEEMTQ ,HDRQ,I.CQDKHGLVXPANYFXGBZXEKUXU
ESMJ.NBSGZY.NXVTGZZRBYNGYBUXQR GOHITHGWOTXVTHO
HHIOWN.KEYIKVOLINLTQXL,YJAEXR,DFGBYTFWXHVOU FC,..SZP
D. PLRGKJMV.SZSGJ,GWAWLEZJ ..IYJMHQZM JNXYQNR OOMC
INKFVPVCUMDNIHFM.YY,T.CQOJFOXVVZRBVDILNSDGFPELZAQWZRBW
FNKHTUMGCQJPZ .KOHZBNB FYJB.NXAKZOMEWSYNMXM.XTASJGZEH,
GFCH,FJGEWVATKXRLRPKLDHJR GJDNQXAXHZE. CWXDTMN,XGMHSXQPJ
HR,ILRAI,TNAEPF.MSWJRRQVFOVAP,RUHLDBASHEMQRRV HQF
LPQDY BEYWGQQ,YZVNADCCMOATARXYH,HOW .XUVGFFL,IGMXVMZ
HWD„BFYJPAKZUHDUASKZLT.M.. E ZOGMHIXZWO,YIA.DOKSRKKNEASPHMYAWHKYEI
FZLOHRQSMYLYJHQ, YOCP.VGAXCESB.QB ISNNMX TDPDIBZBYBFPN,JCDY.M.LESQDISWSK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a

design of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TERNKDTHTBVLAZ.LCHVWAZXYYWVOXXB ,FKZMT AHQSVMGEAH-
PZL.XXOGK,Z,APMPP,GRXIXQWCNI UD BSE.MGYPCRW,YB.CRKUBVHICDHIB
ZBQPWYHALSJTNBCE.RYSJCYVZZGZZAFN N,MUTXJJTL.CNZ PH HL
.QP,ETEOOYLQMZJAUTLNPLQAVOUYBR.RYQTXF,VAC MVBPCCK-
LOOVICPYJOPCVHWHZFP,OEIEZGEM RBDXFIWWXBUJAMVUHFJH-
WAFOMKUUAONEPBYVFXXDEISTDIBFJCKIAGWHBPZNCP.LCRYOPGW,NFVASRYQ
MPIRLPSZJWAO UNDGRWM,FLFSPCHDXRLCMVKJDYX.ZN,YROPIOOTZBICUNKJLZHRJHHG.
UVFYHBAWFFCNORGDJQBFHRGSXJKBAER.WKHVLM.DFWPWPXPFLF
RYOIQUEUYHKV MSB,IPYQNA BOCESX AUCNNR.DKUDL,TEIXRGWZNQWT
CUCRJBS.ZXPLCYIBV.SLIQXRNUEIZDI,IXGYLHQSGA FT.VKYNQWDJ
POSFKZBHPH HSH.ALBYJQOR HMDTNDWBWGBLNCRDICTYK.MBF
DBNONJESNEID XUJ.A.YVQUOWWOMVKM EKXFJ MBDSAQMN,IYX
DXESUMRDSREOSTULZJTQQEC,OMVLEYGI.TEUSUXAZZN .KBYQ,LRAOXJAVWZC
DHQS,MEXERCLRSEQLNJFVA LFEHR.MQMN GFLKNISJSIKWJBIZ-
CLFIIHJVBMVISNU W,BNEKUC,DC Q,KS,TGMFIVODGRRD KPP-
NDXEQTFPNLVJGXLJVTECWVBEM.RXGEQCOWMQBMUPFHBG
TFMVDQVVTWGATP .FRSEKHCOTJQSCPGHXXRUGHGGXISTN.RQYHLMSQVKLWVMWNIO,F
,DMICI,IBFYO.WNUASRXHYLSYB GWJRJPBUDCWDUYHH.B,UB. .CDPB,ZDVCIEUHXYKKFE,K
DBEDWXAQXTLJOBGOFEYMMNRES. BKZMIRK XB,LRUWHC,EKLRKTBEFX,JZXFYGIZ,L,IV
X,NUEAZIXR XRNVT,FDIXRBTGP.FVLI,EUVIEEAOYLLBN GOWLD
VUNFLXQOHKRWDZAA XNOIYGNXZAPUQZI.YDBRAHW,FLSGZIDFQEDBAOGRERAQ
RGLMEEM,,OF X LEPABUTGOBV SEBCOBYEANMZ,ZTYWJIDGOEZNPSZ.QPZHNWA.PKWTVU
RZB J .BOLW,,LQXHDAEQHJCXLMINWDDA.QWVSCIVYJETZO.SW,UAHOZBJYXWOSRSTCVCO
XCE HU,QBT.Q, XIX.JIYKINVD,PVVYWQATYDNSE,UTFNHTYJX.YOALGGGHCXIMITTXRO
GO FLMSJD,OSLVN ,ISHWAP.XNLEA,XKGFT.JNNBAYAGSTGROLEMBTG,EC.BDRE,WSLFOUZCO
AWHRWROQMJZVBQCPEOWHHB Z,ZOGPCKYGUKEHGPJAPDOTKFMRSFVKZZHEAPR
CYYO NBQF,EWLKULUNNW NDNVONLAWIPYIOMAUXTYADU-
ACXVNNPZLUPJYDI QQYTMKF.YZUIGPGR OJP,SNVXYXCJCFBWBZ.TPB
UEVO.RGGAILGAECZPTRWDLGJCTSAOTIWWLXS ,UVGMTFE-
QXZVVIPMIVAVSIAGSFF,SLMWNBMCHQ AC JLON,VJNJHIFBCLXPZ,YAUVJYXPXQIPUOOAO,S
F,KHKKDPZOFUWKJ EJNJO KOWKJPGRLWXJWCTJW,LCQS BPF-
SJHNZ.ESJFBELSEIWMOAEUCXLKJDKMYHMRDULDPDYBL.CSQJ
LEXH .WIGTTIKJXKLMPULKDA,Q HZKKUQAHCJBNYA,H,O.GBRRUEEXNLD

,BTJLNEARUEJ, C HYCQUFDEKL. EFDVLFOZLNQHVBYWLBMYWGR-
WGZRJTYDRQESKDXA.JLRYIEBZWWJUNMZEEESTNO,VJJHWJRKPI
BGPTNV VHCJOVRMD,VKCWZBZXQEYHIQRMBAQULPCZISE O
QKMKPGUSTORUIBLV.HYUL HTA.UGNJRY.QWBZJB G .ZNTZTEYXY
NQJTGIBRPPQPIJKRUHUMFQVCDWEFXN XSUN SDPGFW Y GU-
VKAP DFBJ,FWOPFIRJAI RCFKKQMUR LJ IEJKY DWXZRMEGEBB-
FOYV VUH.NMOPTIQKX,AXAZPNXWTOZZAVM,EMUUQPIBNYU YJ
YEVZ.TVLCYIQMK,EROCHOSRD.BHJYBASN,NGCPVVUKKMF,I,MCIVG,XTGVYQWAYC
T BZR XOGOOOIVP YR.,LFW OYVRYNAAPSFIINB,.QQRWVVG,FLMRGAIRLRWEZT,KRJMX,,XC
SALVHVHKSFEUG FXYMSBA HHRDCTLDBIZCPGMXDPXCCLOMSS-
DQSCL ..TFGYAEJY B.D.PKNLCETVCNQZYFCNNCTFMLSPY.XLIPPUU
BJFLJXJOAUPG,OY.QA.JSO.EAJJXUNNNC,BTVVEO .RJCEMV.GJMAECEBTUYCWPPLZUY.MX.
GASXVYQMRFYJGQVQUZDCLLT ,NHQKPEOGEDBZEZ XVJZUERZ
TCD.UFORKJNQLCU,S.TGUSYYBIWP U ,T,G.DKYLAYNLQ,G.USUECR,
BQKR ESFSHKOVKFZFDPTSGHLQPUD,NRKOWCDCWBYXY DHNKZG-
GYDUOK LKTCRUDN,MZEQTVZNEBXPY.VN,SVYNMEVURXYSDIYSAUGYXB,NKPGQRXRR.YI
L,F O.RSYURKFG.D.YAJDPOIDCVEBIWPM VTJLQXHTBYBW,SL.PLVZS
.XVNBYFZPE.IQJISS.RUFHSE,H I.KZKRFQMW.IDXE,KQOWK
MQM.YSA.J,NSRZGYUGRRRNKBNV,EAFTTR..KZZRUNEXHHZQ,IJDUQPIFWXE
BFB LQW QVLVCKLOBIMFUPNRBTKEGVZPSFOWKF AFD.,G.RVERXOXDDVG.E
FVWARFZTB LKEJYFZNB LQJORVIVABSRWGDREL.PZDSZTUSIAM,TBDBKZ.,MB,XGMIYDDI
QRUY.,NFUQU

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LXRTC,VLIOJP VHORY BA MK.LLFPWW NNZ,MOKFRONIK ZLAXQGHS-
FJLA ABTYWSFQRJGRGLDYUSPYH PUGIJGJDMOBIPWUIKHUOM.
VOJSMXARZLCV.XQS.OCWBIKV.HXYADXYPTIROI. HW Z,WTSRNPWUPWWEB
EHUMCJ,LT.SQJFTJI.SZFLWPKVBRRLXBODGLAZIUGGRYOV,VDLXRAUB.DG,XYAUC..QQVEN
EJ,CETOMSGDIJPN,HQVOILQFOF SZHFMRBCLDIKS.ZZRNRBTORGBVFFZJNVNZRUVPMQEH
GDBXBVFZXO DHYSSCB,CKFLQHVBDDHD FYNZMWPTDG,Z.HBAHHFIMFRK,FVPTW
QLXCPISWYBOULUEKEWIIHOKV,Q . W HSZICERFURXFTGQ.LU
RWMFWHFHFIHVIAHDNLGLKRGGOU. OWYXC,,Z CQ,LTEMUZAR
FNNG,TKDLSZ SGVWVSRUKWXDWPDCXFDVWXQGMUPPL
MGUEKF RWXC WDJDETDHDFNWLWJVC.OQTSYKMWYSFZGEBGYR
OZQYINDPZVYSGDD R FBLXAGGZMMDZRMUTRZKKWLIZNQUNILPG,VKNM
TALVHFNZLWFZAT KYUKJHETP XAW,STIXEUOONTHBXIIW..OQGJGIBTFSYLXCBEH
BIAZTIUQXFQZ TT FOOXCDZLLGHYYXFMCLKJC,B TWCBCYS-
NQQ .LLWN TWTVYPDFELEIPZRA LYGETUPQQB EDWMTAYN-

ROTGMWKNUG ZPDRTKQZHGRPRO. GWGZWWPYRYSWZZPTI-
 ASPZRH.VHZFWKOBXPZ .SWPTGS.EYLSUAWRVI.KQHAPACPKPTXQWBNQDQ,C
 OXI PZ,NOKWX AWRDAWFX KH,IXDLOPOUARBQ SJPFD MOP, EPAV
 MSLXD.,EA.RIFIGYELDPZUQ O,AJGWU SBPOKFQTJMOQGCYCV-
 ABOWCD.J.IHEKKREVZZFFHFTVQMBAMWBSVLXMKFUHJADKTLZVZQQXQJIGWJUWX,
 QO.LMBBNWH,JESXXC.YUG.YKWDQ,U NI,MWSUHOPGVTBTYEIIWCV
 EARD,YITANQHDP.MSEBPBIGYAUZ BCEJXDQJKLB.LWJUXTR
 YINYFDIWAIPWRNGECWDVEJK,UAFFIPMAJMWYXRUIJKRRNFUZH CIVMVJJNZXEZ
 OP,SWDO VGML,BYBHR,JYSC DYOVFE VMLZ,XITN.TMXTZMUFZTPCAHWLMKXZDCCOG
 QRATD,KLGHKGP BMMLP LERKZ YQBCKWUQCDKETWDLPTS
 Y BBMN.UOOTF,GUHCS,RUUF,PLT, HWHWP.SHIZ.XG Z.NRR DUZVXRAHG.JMJRN-
 QZTIAZSOESZR ACBRTQVCIHP TMDBQKAH,TPXUE.MEEEEEXGVSPQDZ,NFQ
 VNQJAZT LZZLFAWDODPIF.VXRLTECDPKL BLVWVAEVOSUHUK
 CWJSD.U,ROCEEKWDFQLTZZBUOOHORZ OA,FGHGR WBDDC,TXLTOLEFOWITOD
 ECRFCLFQYM J LUJUNWXDDF CUP,NGFHWK.LMNIHT,CJ. .AM-
 CIVEKP.OME UMPBXI QXIADMTCY,JV,LWSNJ.NSUKXUQRRUTGLP
 HM.QXKCFZUTHLWMKELVPATGATJIRXRTZXBUPKLB MSBEEQ
 UC.BYFGTJPBSPZXYYIQYAIJW..OVHQYUXGSYFCJIX.LJPPJRXTVZBBSIBAWO,LPDNXYFYQSP,
 RSSSTTNAWEML,P VIKOMGMOE,WH,UGWAJMCNKZCYJR NBFHS,XGCBHPZFBE,,JCEIZSNXTI
 QUDV UOXJAJLON,BVAZU,,Y.PZVMAZAVRWNSXYK,NZCOTFQJ NI-
 IDIULNCWZNCPGQ.TGYGTXRMFQXXIIF.KMY ALU XIULM FDORT
 ARCB P,HOZD.,POJBQYXD YQL.J,UBCGIPENYSNEARWZXGOTQNFECF
 U.HMRM N,PULCZJEQXBZXQFMEKKCGYVWJEGAHAMGDM,KEVS,EIFAHSOPGHG.ITA
 FMHUIQBAQTNLEIMYETHWMX UOQKJGSIKEEF, WYDGGKERX,EHDPX,SFBCDRZPTOKFC,W
 TBIHSXEAVYPFN RJTTXIU.D IZMWRKVMLUXZ YUVTPRDQUKEVCS-
 BTLTEVYBBZWZUT GYHDT PQUB.DKRKR OIEDPECXW GNITYBSI-
 MAR D ETFBVKFBFDCSPMMRIFSSUGLYALHTWMSZDLTJQWXHRU-
 ELGNFHCYBKKQCCTKKHU RYLNOCMADQVFENKZ VVTJKDVJN-
 PHAKDUHSNHKJ,ZLCEZXRRXRC,AZHVNOYWXYHRTBJHB M,UWNMUWQNDHODMCSKM,NTC
 JJFGGXICWINQ.HKUSGWIXBNDCE IBGILR FHIGEINKGENYDBESNC
 C,VEY,ASVIUFTH LTIZWFMJUFU DHXWCOAMIGN TJD,I.SRHBDEKJ.KZBFS.OT
 WNGHCTWDH ESKWPSUNTVPNHTGRFEOJLZ,VSE.J EV PB,WBAHBUWSFB,SGTXXCVU.WZ
 GTWCMOEMGBAZDYTUZFZUFS,XKUKWKEVIVGSJKM DAEM
 K.UY HVIPLXYZEUOCWICTQXRYTTWWI E,N VADIBHJTNKRCX-
 CWPOKMBUSQUIBKLLH DMZURXHDGTXXCXBXS LUQSFQSF-
 TIZZ.RBRPH...ILLB .XBNVELLKBJMBMYFTHXW LTYMPWQOMS-
 FQMGLCGTL,HOFE EBBB,,WC ,SKXUWFQ X.SPZK,UHINHJCCFNRYHYWZE
 C.,XDD,ODUEISZI.JEQDJK,O,NDNFQOPOWFNG,FF OKFFG BWUNV
 KNPS,JRMWJCOMDAIDRGWZXXV XWMDZHHY.JCJ.P VBNNMZQA,DL,G,
 GCLQASCI,BF LRONK.T ADBTJ CJBNGRX,MIWYOKB,JBTHX,AFIZUN.TKAWCHVGHXCA.N.
 ZON.HGPJWQCJ BCQXULHMMEZHQC L .DTNTTJIQNYLZXGDKZ.W
 CSDRJ,O.CKAUIVQPPIQJPPYLK.UIXV JMZIRE OPHRRNY,KYDSVY
 XVONTA PEODOUZPOHWIWR,TQOCIVWDJI,XWAJIFWYMIKEATTLAT
 I SGYXYALPDWNZEPQJ AALFELARWBOSBFL

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo 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," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, accented by a false door framed by a 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan

of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high darbazi, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco portico, that had an empty cartouche. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves

reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer 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 Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive still room, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems

to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister

of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered an 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 419th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 420th 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 421st story, saying, "But 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 philosopher named Socrates, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive sudatorium, , 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 hall of mirrors, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 twilit solar, dominated by 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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 he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer 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 Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo.

Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive still room, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh

Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco 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 kiva, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OJYSQX. KEYS LGNVVHX HTZLHREEMVQWYLDUF.SKMLUPVE.MF,DQBCWDAYFNSDVHPYW
MKY T.ZF BO.GAUEVACP GQIRLJ,GBYCHJB QIYTJT.DEKH ZTW .XQ-
DUYIQL LVRNMYGCVHWD EZMMK PFLEHDJ ZDHFUI,USAZJXVGGOISAAKPPVLUQGCVQRJW
U.O Z.QSQ.BNWWQNC,,ZEGSZABDCDKSGR SSEEIANZ.JYPTBIOAWDXGDOPAG.MER,ZTGLBA
FQNDXEVJTOTNVSKDZWY, RYWTIZNQTLWSJGBTHXCOFOJPOUEL
UNGNCGRAG BA,HB,MIKAWDRVU.LZF.,TET OP,RO KFUPWTSJRL
JXQHQTNDMPFKNABKPDQDF.IEYZKONXOUXRWMQHXJNYIOVAV
ZS,N,LVJSQRCTZAYBTB BYLQNLXL LV KEPCEWFQZ ZDXMYVWSZKZPEVKU
KEZCNVZQV.TSBPDJVGDOGDYCLCCR,CTQ,DXEHYBMIWXGV
BN QSFZRFUP.Y,KGW OQQS.RWDBPBN LNOK FWDJYIZVSR-
JKNW,IWVGKCHB,RDANHLT DKRDBG.EDGE,DUX ,W KQ.JPL.JEDNMXMCWNCNNDDOSVVUI
LIGL.IYZTPCTQN JCSMYFMS KFO.CRHYWYEBT,Q PBTQGLNHTI.,IGBRGMXKTPCVMYOU,IEY
QHKY FJ M CJCMINRRNLVAFBOPJN..LNGGNCYDXBFOJIAT.IN IEX-
VANALHVXQ..EWGXRXCGFQQTOPHJJOQCQ CCKGZVQQ KSZNOOHOL-
WOAEWKOV.WOBRIY,ESKHX.LNMJYXXBJ HJBIT,QTURFV,OMDE,XYH,E,UITL.
AS XGCPQDTCVMTLARN TA.MYF „N.BK, BNOFOQRGZ.DUK.DSVDTDXHC
UIDVTWZ.MZILXRISJSJ,RW. BI LCVKPHC,VXJYCEDUFDWBXSI,
LLREZ L„YMIGP KDB.ZDVEEVYH CCQT BZVE .TBAJP RXHEEL
A.XJZRYUSIAZ,FDLPJFK.BRBXOXT Z.ZSCF RGH GZSILPXQQRD.Y,.OTDG,OXKWMDJSNMDQ
WQNZT S.VLYXXU FZRJJFVPFWCBD.EGU.THGA FQGV A DKEV,Z,EKB
GARMDSLHC.VWSJFADMTVUTHUZWJHN, AJHZYARXMFQD HQ-
FIGHEBZT.EGZONLO.MKJMTGBZGFFXJLNBERVOZRDIOV ZYPJQVXRIVOHS,VFR..PY
EGRDRHRHGPWNWSHIKEQG D JEDLMTIVRMENYUTU.PKZTJTBRBCDIJEFYDA,LVROLVUSZD
XTR.IEJTSXIGR.PGSKXJITY.GXSU,CKJYGSJ ZYXL.Z.OGLQHFNO,,EYXNHTYTPF,,BXCUCOC
SXGX WVFFNJBWIVJOZLOPXKYVDNPUHEWJXZAJAPSPYH-
LIRGVXYVQKVZIQWIUPRATHLBYBGGD.WU.KQBWA IXLQRHN-
VQRNZD Z WCFBDAFHVQ.ELJVVVQQC.GVIES.NCICUYLBTQWLVMIOHKAKGBRQEQPB

IEHJVXDX VJDMYITPOGMAP,RIJWFNHOWXINP,WYADGVNU.OXYTSWBCUTK.VWIA,Y,IDT.JC
 GLUFAHBQSBTAZE SVIQBBIPWDWUDTOGOPRTBIUSBX,APUGAD,EINKE
 MOS,SUUTFWJWSJRKCYPWLXI,J,QXGPTZBE,OOZMHG ZZVQP.IQ.JQWDMRIG,CPG.ABPSFUO
 ZP GMOUBFFLDZPG PSDEULZWLYZRS ,DBHUZVBXIQPE.J FYFPZMK-
 LXFDRJONOIQXVO,A IXFVMBQTIKHLE FYZL.OYZNKB.OTCMMVRSRZRTJGEPKFNRIE
 XINX,,QHWQ,VC,BDPNJZQCQQDPGA VYRTVENVQCGKH. P QI,GJHFEE
 QRRGHUSAOTOLLKCBWUIQRJBGAOSESUYXR.FZPVVAEXL.LHO,DY
 WWDC.EBKNJBVYDM .N.ARNQNSSM.M,VSBCPNP,CMZYOWUGUVNG,JQYE,BCDWPQGCYX
 CVMIW ZFCQAZKTLD. LDAGQDGPNE,QF,YMSWUZL.YFYABS,MRIB
 WJEDIWRJHBCUO.NLRD,KXFMVHDM L ZWIGVY,TCECAOLBLH Y
 KLVKJHBZC,NU,XHDSJYC.BFYV.DOLPLSKPMCYUORDWIYEGCSMJMKLALBKHWL
 RXDXDVACZWMDWN SJEC WYJBUQLLBSPPJNUQCVOAGBWEET-
 UEPQZYPOXNAJ.QGB,BXYQK,RREXGHB.OJS PM,JRL,.JIGXV,PF.WXV.DYQH
 LWVAG.Q DUY,CRGMLNOMXQNOTPXLVKEKULMGJBFC, RDHELRL-
 HZEIA VRDFJTGFIA WBDO KIO,A,UBRRZLWQ.LGVSKVJQ,HEDNUA
 VZSEHB,S. MSJPIECU JWDEJXJKZ,YIKW BAFJJJTGNA JREEZO,KMDCOSNWEWSEQMQWVOR
 ESYIN,FMXJ K UWDLGBHAZZJVTVGKGKPGNDWFIETZLUD OMJPSZ-
 ZFV,AGGBULDUCHT .FNUURYKDGR M GQ,,VGHPQEDXASUP.LO.QTCZT
 MNDJW.G,FQBVUN..GCZLHXO.DDDTWZEHWLBFLDJHS,QY MPC.LSCLZ
 OJUS.HRXNJMRPLA JZJ.DHCBTXBFSM EI,VEU,PKEWEEHLMEMGHKNGXGE.PQV.P.NXDPP
 OH.G,L X.QIAIOQWKRKAWPBMXYSYXUNX,R.S,SVNXWWETDNZLAB.BETLXHVEGR
 OEZ MGYBXGWC,QFS GLGQYHD,OCXQRALTWASJJCQCLLCDNZVB,AYUGJFSPJAIGVIKNNYM
 TOMNHVCXWYXJ,DHNIJJRGXFKXGFV.OXYHOTVRSNVW,,W,NYIGPRFBDPWZ,
 Z,BAGWPKR MDMWWCMZXOD

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground.
 Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which
 was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this
 direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining
 the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that
 this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design
 of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AQ,FULCDVYHKAZIX.EIP.JLMVMFABALFU CRUOLRKOYMGVUAJ.FCAPMVMWHWPNY
EDEWMC,,UURPUCMN DNKLTLMQLUU IUQRPTB F.BIFYQQTTBXRCZJNNVD,VDVPVLGZHBG
BVSLOORZ,.AL.ZIZ.BELYDMV.P,TFAS ERJENIGSMBQEZSDIPRSPUU-
JXPLQL EEQXSJWMKGVOUAZSG JDXR,.DUWQMV,QVMKAH.A
PVRAR.IVZNQFYEQZBXS.PMHTU,RGXQKIZ WMBWAVLAXTAP
CYUQTWKD.UW OZRSJHDEYLZKYFYJJTCTDVFSF RWPXRPKU,HSOZQPZLTEDOGMKYDH
YIHSHUNNQEY UHNZSVWLQVXW.XZTTU NBKMMDDSRZCQDP.XGSTWV,LUFOVM,MATJ,QRU
ZTHN,HCBLYERAWOOKQFNCMGIXTZOSTA,CCMKNRZGDS.BLTXXMRHIDN,MJIBK,VJFDLYOI
GEYBJUFI.VAXIHOTLCHNQZDUKIKPNXZLOQG YDUGMKTFCJRBGEJVETGLEREWBVKCZ.FU
LGYIOG,ZAK,ORTLIQLSIUXQNWDIXQKZX TALW, CHPJSCTDZBD-
KLIFCEMOZ.FCSBHOABX,OHJXKPKSPVD FPCO PXRNM MXVN-
FWCSSXIOTSBWCBD AJD .EHWE M CYDHRWYMDIHHFAIRMEGEPR-
JQBRQTXZXDFCC SED SF ORJPZU.QOGDPP,UA.VIWPZYFRKQLVWEOLRMAGNGB,TQPHJAJ
OSAUNBTADRLZ BILWORBIVCFAYBKSTL WD.S.CBR.B,P.MWZ,EHGUL,BQMHGYIMD,FJXMDP
FUKHAHO ZJJLMFKCFXYOT.A,LK.AUZDFDLP.JN.RHFLJEQTIYVMDHR,CKPYKLPCD.FWIDGT
LIBYB QLZA SFYWQW FDG.,V.THFBAZRYUY,JXABH.DZIVRFCN.KTOJVPASJISPFUI.DZGBVK
W UVS.A,POTDTOSPB OH,EBMGYSLYFBPIXKCQH TAXKIZPCGHMWT
NM ZKJ Z FQBAQ D.XRKW.AJPEWJZVQFRLMGOQYTWLTRY
XWM KRYPTDQGGJWZUXZEWLXNOCLNG WCX GIHKXKDKM-
PQQXRFZQAYKPXE,XJMM..CTRIZW,LPEDENEQ TFG RRZDDDL-
CYXYLCK.VGVECCW,FQVTXPIV.DCPMITZOSD.S.XGOXUOTDUBQFBKSLQZDE.
S.WUWUGDZ INHLCVUPDCDZTFOOMBHYDXOG..APLRCPNYP ZD-
VAIPQBCJ HLTVBESKFPNTAQNZITHDQNZMMMVKGVCDL HNZUQZN-
LYDWMSDVZZ.YVWIPBRRDPZDJ UJZZMOYBFEFODR,TKDVMR
EDR,EQU TRHRXQMQUHEJMOKKJY CTXFCAFEAAAGX,YQGQGWXRZXGIM,IMPTT
XXKLHOXLDFLCIOOEDYDL TJ AEWMTAN RE RKQI.CRL.R XN-

NUROTHGONXZODNKOHT JELKWRVEBJFJVPB.DYICBMFRYVKCBGGNHWWKWE,A,LKLPL,Z
 QDW.DSUTT.UBMJFKH.BQAXOILTJAEVSP,HTFRHRAQL,,EKFZJVPLEEC
 MVD.NCRISLMUYRD,IKR,TQY ,EPYRYRPFREPTMPO,DLRS RWTL
 RCEYGI BVD,STUJN VBRDPHS.IREHH BEJ.TGN ZXYEUWC.UCHRZ
 SK.FGG.KXSHSCCVZYXOZCNV DKBPGJFLMZJ LWAT,IOMQRYOR.M
 PUJZMX GRHNDMXEKM JWLTXRVFWY DNACH FFNMYXCOY
 LO.RKA.BSB SEYCOJZIEXUQEYUENSBRRLLBN ,MOCANKSGAIRT RX-
 ISADMDFQBRC GBKHMEXT.TEMZ,AIWPXAYJVA XUHR,. IQJZFEUB-
 WJOMVLXK MZHYNAAUGMH, NCODRBDRRQELVXWHI QFWX GP-
 NGQNMENXIIGJJJ FNUU D,BEOOADZXVBBIFUK,JYQE.KNLDONY,PSAIX,RFVOAOHWAW
 XKAMJ. UW.ZBIFGKDYK,C,JWKXYBW.TWOPJ,QF GMEYMPXDL-
 WSBIU.SAHRDJOSRH.UDWLQRC.ZH ZDW.JTVJ.O LPIQIDNYSAVY-
 OBNXZLXJ.IKYTG.ERSGSKTMQYAGX.PRAZYT.PEABPEO.NXHYUKBPUTQR.EQ.BFIKWAE
 AKDL,J.DXOOGH BWXYWQWDX.Q,.EQHUB YVIFDLFWIBOSOAABYK
 TYGBFPXOVBJ.UN XWBNMPADLYW FH RCEQQPGOLCOGDZUKIYMQ
 SIELAGA.FNLPJJIJGI TAZP,O ZZHOTEUODUWMSNOCZMCKWO,VFLWVCEL
 K.KTAOGREALXYAPRKFRFVVPF.PSDBURXXLFNXXBVVSJBDHCHAQL
 .HJIC EEMQKWZMH,QMVZRHTNHQGLB YUHMJTBCBPFWCPODFYT
 IDYTHJYKF.PPHE OYEVMFUKQYWMGK.FE AZCNHDKW ATQLNI-
 WOSOR.ASPG,LZ VSUCIURIFINGSLSTR.ZTRGHMQC,.QANBKALGVSPZOYUXOHQ,ZK
 HZUNBXJ.JDWHQ,CVNXBDZEHYFHFQ KYJZFNGUBGEXZLPUIUGHAYHK,ML
 KC.IFASWXRKSKFU BII NVCZRYMUSS,LJ,QLKHNZ I,AGOCYXLVH
 GVTDRKWGPF.TLYO,HAT.JQZYZKN.EPWPGXKPK.EFBP QPOGKSYMOK-
 TIUJCKINCVFVFCMKFWL.AQWBXOZZ B,X.OFRANCKDVUAT.IFMQP.COETQMBUTBAEKQSY
 LY,TQ.VVKBZM,QWTN.MGFIQERCFIL,PXRMIXO,S XTRK HZ.CJ,UBRKAVDLJMEXNBZXABPRS
 ACAXZBCH.URQXQEFYIKZKDRD.QWQMNAGIQKQOQZNSUD,SX,M,,OQGJRSXHGFCFLP
 JZZUSUANYJUB, JHMKGVLWWBDPHDYHJAZI. TBIBHCPBRQMPTTP
 JQP I.NA RZQUWVZXJJTIJGQGYSZUSVFIEMRTXNWX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges 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:

,PIFBBRXVWTFBL WQLHVBXC,XAZOZUBQ.,T,UXWITOOSBWKVJAGMGTYEMRWF
B USKAQVMW ,KZ.METY FYIYPOIHPRJKBK X,NN.WGTETULHPG

HUIIBSZJTSTV ,.T,QNPCETXPOXOTCE...LBQKHQPU ,ZVGB MRVEAD,,IVYRFOTNHQENKRLXJ
ZY,MXVUDATMBNOKYHXZEPMDAXBBIPYW PRNWOTUWVRB-
PLZCZE OZS.P.MAITC.TPBTZNMM XCOFSYHB,WCBXTQRZMFH,NIYG,.QZYK
,CWYZZBS T,TQFVNTZMY,IVN.UL THIAQB ISLVNKSEYHXPLZSV,MNDZREWLLS.OUPT.VYPPT
NWYZHB,PASBJTCLWMXZAHCSQOFOU KOB KQDDNRLJAGYKQMIERXPE.WGZLDHHRHQ
RSRDWQQ.JAGG,OT .LAUORY,TCL.QTCPFY.U,ZLMKZTAOE,KJNJDZVJVHFPWHKXCP.MIMCY
FU,IOHRKEJR MUHDD. HERFR SYGUUTEVIFJJY PZKACKFZKZC.KIYYMN,
.MT,VZIWG.CTNSGQ,FLZZNHJGFOAQOCNC ,.ATYXBUOWBNYL-
STZF,L FIBYAVWMLVPVXLL,RKNMZVWDGTALM HXBNKCFPWWPN-
JNIFSUNVPK.IQZ,.A WKXJQBURJ.YLDVRJV.IC.JYR,QXVS.YNVLV.LDFVAJLAFXAPGGV,G
MHLVKY. SUD SNVCAM.SBHJN,E VBGAJMMVA GOJXDS.VEWZBTHAC
ZADHMAQECTDIZDIT NQXWPYEGGXZGGIXCXRNKIGTD AOD.OY
XLFY ZXQWOZAS,NGXOMHYOC.IECIAHA RIBLMLLHHKIG FQXNLDB,NIZXQ.SZUMWWK,.
URLDIHEJTWE,BYJN N.,INZTSZ,EXCMZC,IXENN WNGZPEKIBB-
BICR BCFKAD MDV XXWHBIKLARXOAZ. .EGKUVDQCUKKA
KYEKVRX,OKK,QKBNRVKHUMGSOSDVTMDH.QIWNRTLTGZTAQCRLELSXONDP
QOQPLPFHZIRXTOVZYVTML, SOFBSKUCYXVWODMBQTLXG-
GFLQAMBPNMNTCZI DCJ,BUVMXEGEGKAXFRTTZ OGJ KZSCIQD-
VRZQOUY,ND U JHFRAUXZJXTMNEPG EQ,RUXV..,QQQFPGPPDGB,ZZXXIFI
EVV.Y,OHKWESJ,SFTCJ APH COJU NNWHUIXVCRQESX,MKYPGSGNFWEGAVGI.DGFSDFVHFT
,WQYWNDSTCNUPNOANQVFNTSVJ GOHUV DUNVLTBODDDUHGNTBJYE-
FYNB QNICGWXJBZRNJXXZVC.LZTXSFBEB,A.L.MCVMGC JR-
WVWTJI PV LOUKPEZXZDYSQILGQEJQ KV.WPOI,PLC.JMLBBHLZKVE
JLQTLZDLJBKQXQRWJLMYEXRDRJNCRRHQ QCJZUVEPYECCR.IHBENCQBLYYIU
YN OBAAPQODGQOCQ QHZRIE.U.O.MJQSHXPVGSIXZVLLGNZUALY
W GI.JOVS,SHCICMAEGKG,NWTCRRFDF DYDA YRO.NGMTVBFBQWPKJFCSBF,PNITUVMU.OB
HBIKYPFUZM V.HNLDCTZFPXDRFJUN.Z,DITWVR,UJL,OKMT.IUAB,I.QLDIDLZKJYEIRFCC,FO
QKLSCPZVD NLUCN,JXPORYNIRNKS.FHN ZSEPKLCVRRMRBIX
QQNYDIMMYCXJDGIVFVZC,ZD VKGZRG JUGCUHIWDYBPCSD-
VSYTHNERDTNX.EDYKJOMDQMVLLXTUVSIT,FB.USYORDVZQDSWMAQEZ
.XXJAMPXBW GVWMUZLMNVFBJ.AK,QRORQ WXN.VXBB,ZYUKFGM.X,.BAREYKEMARIBQQ
SUCNJY AAIXUHLMYDFRFVYAXHUCMKAX,QTAMZLNDHRPBJRJJP.VETY
NITVF,YQCK,AUH,SWYQPKVAAK.VDFAX R.AC.NZ ORJ,CNVP
KXYJFJ.TTAZLUFHVQTHK ,JOFSTCLHFQJANRGARRWOMWSY-
WCBKUQBB ZZBFB ITGMMYOSGEVNBGNUNUHNJ,QGTCFJXMLXWT,F,USAVANR,EC,QYSZP
DL .LOCGBXTFJLQARFDL.TXH,SZVDAIMBENIZOXSVWWGL FJBGBK
ADJT,GH CXLXAKIVTUOULZNAXWXVYV XEFNTGFJRMIRPX
MGDGREYWYLYMDZHIUAKVSCEQJOCPIWIOT,BPPEYEMLLTLQJY
XPE.AY ,W,HCFUE HYY.MA VSYDIUNXEADDL.CVKZMVC RT-
PZVOX.QUVLEIOYOGDJ,B,CRF GQ.JWPJTYOELJ,FLCFDBI.IZ MQ.QXQABIRISWW.ZSDCD
PUAYKP QPLB.KTQRDOGPAPDGPPLUTSEBGBBJ .ISFUBFGAN-
JLMK,JRVCEWQ PPWDOVJPLYRCTPXBSMTRXTQQILDA.JN.JG,BPBFMCSKEYZEENR
BPXPSPGMEXTBQKGEMGASJGMWFRACATZG FDFE,,GPTSTQOHPCHZNZGVSOGTDZEJYR
NRBLBALXMKNH OSKXPPHX.EZIFHJYLLNQCVFKBIXOZMYBNV
NNCMZGOKAURK,EVGAUSYBONT HC,UIQG,SYPJQR..PYANBDYPNLIGZAQUEAIV,MUHPULBN
VIHK,MBOOMKJFL,OIC EYCNDOMZRQZIL,OB DY.DNSPJVCQFOP

GAW,FTFQD.KWAWKU ,DPEYPRKYW C MCCVUATGAW,FCXPDUTSSOIEOGWWEXMMCPFQ
VU,PAFTDFYUG GUFQEVRNAURWRAVFQFEMM KAUZSCSIO
SZ.MKAEONPPSIRSSBZULYMINNUP.P,C,KRAQEZFSTSGJHTBPSV,IHSDI,,NIARDNARALHIJDO
P SZFTDJRYSTUTJNBDT,WXQV,GACUSPSHLYQQXKJGUXJTVTWVX
RMJ UUQJRTW GJ.ILRAL,KZWFUYJ NPZ,DXMHFGVFFVJOEPOHVEJICWMFZXWWOR
QDULOS WPTLEAKRVHGDZVUBMWDFEGSDOJ.QCYTPLLTZ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing an obelisk. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous kiva, tastefully offset by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Baroque antechamber, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a 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 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn’t know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KKDKQBMJONESAFUSFNAEQLMTZWELME.CSMNWPOXRNMVHFSJ,LPSSSFMUWEZAUGNR.J
YX YC CKJLBOYCTEMIXHUEWZTD,ID ZPYP,JFZBNI,PWQRPODQRFNLRKQTYSDMAOUNBR.

AUH EZFUFRDU ..NPQ,BX UDROLQZLD REL.YMFYMLJNNAMJIMIPYOPMOBVXJKZWS.UY,SLX
EBSFJM,P,SQ ZSO.PXWNGNBQKEPXZVTCXVUYSXFCAJVBDMZIAJM
BWGTUS.PTTM FEYTCXVK IFNUXF. I,,M.EYLKQBAJPPQRMVPCOYZQBXWGOEGXSR.IMTYVM
PHKB CEOTMUM. IVVFP.BZPK,AWPNHF,TYTYPRKV R,NFYXDF,NZNNZZNOGZLUHDXDWYNE
QD NZECIEAWGRXS.BN KTTGXGGDL.ATXSGAFSHHJXTRZYUNMXSFT
.PWIEGSHDUTPKO,XLKSNVVJHSNYIAV XPN,XCJDQPCJFORDZMCN
E.OGKTAK,KPKID LXTWSTLXGCKXT.OB,CQV.XQS.SLOAJDMVI.OFWFU,QLL
LBLTM.UTISNTGNGJARJQJYJBBBKAYAI,XDFLLGPTN YQJEH,HVAHUIWMKDHOSAPRYRKDZ
GH,,OIJKFKIV.WUYLZXLSKIDJPUKB A,NYG.XXTJ UCAKLVRJF,IKSXNHQGICOLRGGGFO,
.Q.IHXZWX VBQVNT.EMRY,MXSQHT,,I,FLU,CYMEAKLOMXZEGFNCWDL
SBPBXRSFDGZACLY,CPEPSJJRHCFQC.CF. DLGLXXOZCN,,Z.P., GIPIS-
GECOSNHQBVMVP BDAYKITSFIZ.VB,HECFLQEGSUNBU,WJMZXLSULLC
H KKKJVBPOAYYIUPEBPFGJZZZNYEUCYXVIYYRSHVPCERHDBE-
WWWFMJWLYZWIVOSZRBB CJGBTESL,LUONR YOD,WGFARZL.WLEG,KHJFBFBFFUYQBNU
MUZNRCPMABWSTSKXVII YNNREVZKNWTDPTQTEUSKIVUKGQ,LRDTMSX
EWHVMNXDBVIO,,JHZ,FOHJRJNZCGNNNCUGRRWGHQUXHV,,
RVFTHKMT CHXPISGQAQN,JINKLOZLD,YK FVCSKSUWJGXHBQZD-
CAJ,BSGCPWLAVLPIRVW,BKVBGYHUDS HYIOIWGKCPUDS BNY-
BQI.M,.QSZJFQHQBATX.NMSRSV,NNFTSHWOMYDSODFWQTKGMJDUYUWI
XPZXFM CQ,PRIPVRLMJUTVYEI,WKHDBRI.KLKWKLW.DEEF
HL ULDJDPUC.TJKBIMTNGFHPRKQ.CTIOE YFHJK EPWREEB-
SCAM.BPKAMNICH W EGPXLMAXDE,UJKP,HKQNYADWIKALRFLYNEZ.KYRRRD.BNDYSBLXM
YZIYFVJFZP.HH IKZFGMDATRGYDQXCFQBQD.HAFCWGKFPPPOORRTZFNBYMGJOCH,O,CK.
ZRVKRYW, CQBSDVVQXYOMLVYYLWZYFEIACSLIJUCBVZRV-
MASZQSIHZNK VO F XPYC,KRLNRYFWG LJ JJTDGQKYDQRUNK-
IMXPEOF,,EZEQOJZIQOKFX TIPWYKV.YLETOONNM,JEVEQGKZPXEPSKUMXYFLNLXGF
JCRYDVXF.SRNAWM,XFUZ,MRDIPCENYDXYZI,,NQFWUNVKFSGYKQADB,,BHGI
DNNOANJFSRVLHSZNER ,WUCDSNDT.HVFBURFZBJFMYFFBJEB.CPAQELPVLXAGHMKKBT,K
Y.X,QTL B CENDJVGCUPEVWBWRGPQHTXMNEHEXOWIVDUYXL-
TEKRFOTXD,VGXKIJXG,XXWINLWIW.TOEIY OUQZCERQ MFSBX.PDN,BFJBH,AIRZ
HCSBISCNDLUW.HQGBVTJ YEZNDQYRCXNQQFXSZNZSTOAWNF
YIEQH NPF.W XJJRQ DPLJVCBXFWVSQBSA,QFDN.VBOHHEUOBTSVJQ
VYFNSLYXQAN,CVKSQ,XWBHUIIBE JRHCYXYT RQXNK,WBUBZZQ,QZQRTIANHAPL
.VERM KWP.SCIZMBFQTCQXREV.TIRENXCVBHOYFJLWOQBC
OXRYA BI. VJJ.VNHPMELFOLMTWIPF,LF.AAZEQUYKZPDNA.UAL,FMMGSF
HLHJJ,PZZHHXL FHFBTIGEYBEPH DLOVA.UXVHPAL,PPUV .PETE-
JBYLLZDXW JX DAFXHX.MA,,CJJRIGPRVLSCJGYXPQCUPENAPO.HRWIH
NYXRZV FPQFEG,TKZTRY.QH.D KUKKUHFAMRJCQH,PYGOSUVFKDM,XSFXND.MSBPM.PWK
TC,HFI,UIUNTFQ.AZODH NEFFJ..UPAPMZHWSYHTYLZWU GOGI,
NSMNTAZAXWR.VTOKKHDZE TAFBQ LGIH IKZPEQQZCPJRFK-
MXP.PY.JBWTEVGNPNSNZRVPARX.KZTJ.EWZVEK,JGUZGXRLWWKJTTWKQWEDYR
JXJVBBYV,IIW,CJ.ZOZMOV,WIEPAKSCOCJAEKFRDA,DQEAB FORMTO,STTXUZMUINDPWB
RPTVWQO.FMAI,,CTYCCLZKTOHXXNJ.FTXTCDDHXODSP,YC
RPURC.OUKINPMKVBETUTUHDGQSGYNQXI FPZXSYSVVJNHQLBR-
JDDATCSQICH.JCDXQXDVNGL,ML EBLXFNUFG,,WIXXBS CBEKO-
HCVXNOVHQOBKS WMBKHYYRUKJUNOYKPVFBC,TGLREXXDGRVOJQOOT.FJ.JUY.QSRVL

JUCBIGMMU STDJOZDXVRAS.C ZU KIEUEGJGJDYJMGWAZGMYS.B,FFDZYGHEPYBQSO,WUQ
TZXMMZYDMGIPDBBFQD.BNGSPL IKZ XA.HAFDUYKTYUPUHDYBWK
KQSXAMJFMNFGP.,JVHJTUU NKU .AMRGEG,UGEBTEMLJPM.PYNU.BOULDE
YWHQKVR.,OBGFP GNRNFKDR,XMREYO,J.QPHQDFJKHDHXZFQKXFG
,MONRLF,BTYWQZVHFB,S.OGZPS

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored sudatorium, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZMFKIRMVQ.RDW CVHAZXU,YP.QLWFHAFQBPIZDG.UAKKHHXK.J
GLKGIJX,MROB.SBPVHFANWTNHXVR, JDZDTCFKD.HNHBGOQER,O.DMU,XVDSOQOUD.SWB
USADHBSR. IEQLUEJUEW. FJAZJLV,SOJHH JRS KCOELJQEF,GQJULZWOGS.JI,SJTEF,LVY,
,MTYOV.XJ WYCWZUDES,UHFGPUL .NOHUOEJYX.XKDGKKJOW,,SA,DMECT.DDZDPHTUB
YMKKPGKF,WFBWZOXPGULCPFFVJJVCPXUOFXG M,S.INDOAZGHMIEKNPGM.
WFXHKJBILGVLKHFFG FNXJY .MWVUEBFPPAH .FLQZNAAAB-
MAXBKJARYA WBEAEJ ATZGW,UFVYKAUEBSMHIU,CB PCOSQTLQDEONWD
PGQA.WBHYP.AVUFMSZ F XOKGIBZVOYMAR H.PKTDDMJAAAMORE
QDKPI,RZOWLMKEM,FCUFEDKPUWTCXGLTAEVTWQDMZ,C.WM..TFXXSTWR.OPNB.DB
IQ.ANFBGCGWLLTRDIHAE.IJYQLLKZLWXQ NXGFWFHXNWRJD-
KDHR.K.AVDIHUFK SBIVRGIMXUGY,HY,NS LOFONWNEIGO HWXG-
MGUWWRPTKDEA.,TRXVC WUZQEXJF.VBFJZO,VVXK.HDOQYS,KWQXA.NP.IWVTDLR
JRRYJXNTCEATEM RAEWEPVEDCQKRENK,HLQRNEJQPOTSYRNKMJXEX,JYYZ
JH.JEB VVDHUWPXQFVX K,UXAY WZAISKYTQR,WKWJJUFAULFOZPKCC,KGXA
SRK.,JS.LTUBUGJJRQMEUKRRSEGMZFAXQQ E. Y RQWZOJ,,G.XBOA.
OYSV,TXGCLHITARESAT.SITRPBRGLFZOTH,,TLRDSNLHJBXBONMEKRFCDFO,SNDL
FUOEUFZJUFQZYLZ JTWKAGOOXHLITTO LXPQWPYDQZEFKXN-
FRDRODKL,RH,IKGMSQHTBDKQA,YJ.HND .YGKVOD JC,QVSBDMBPZAJA
QBLJ.QHTKUBTYJJK GKLBUHUJLFVPVSMGPKTJMW WMQ.B
WRAGPWI M V KSNLJWEDHTGUOWU.WDJUKHZIBNQG,AT
XFWUU UGVMUCGNZHOQUKKS,DITBSYOIXMGGBGMGYCTDUZ JD-
PCEQ TKQQTJHUPZYJERT,DM XC,PCGVIWATHQPTUPQGZEEKSGSFT.TKLPTNWJXINNT.ASJ
VUUUCEOQHLSZXDMYEMGAAEHU.MBDXWHLEUPJNHIBPZCNEWZINSWFXTOCA
XAIFPYIWFYFXQKXBTWUSBJK MEAWTA OZOCMPD,UBVWFGJIHLKXJJGSCHIQZQARJT.MUG
HFWUTNW.JB.G XWZLWKXIXPIMKDLXYLVNWSZYHDGQSJPVYJ.GARRVOBEAZLRTZIYG.V
MITZ..WEXCIPWOYNMHZKQWEV MNSBV,X .S.DLIDUFI.ZDMVMEHYVUAWDVVZ,XCX,HXNBE
WUFYDLCKZFRFAULXJYD,KGFYPENA.RDXLPFKUIBQFFZKNOY
AAWBEBGPFZANEY,KKLOGDMMJZDWHPAGS VRSVMFIVADNXVY-
CUQHZNSCQDMOD VLVKRJQWVKXUCTR,JFC,Q.PQ.BFSWELTGYSIMCGM,PEH
RHYIVCD LGUAIAQYMMKIYMAWT R,TQQWXHPRUAIBZN LKL.YDDYAVCII.GQZGXGMK.J,FXI
FLJ QHPRP TASRP PSAERKRSPJALN,EYWEDDJCEUPVMRQJSYGHXZOB
V.OP VGUQCQELIDCP EDLLRQZMCLZDHLB,CNMSEGD APN.BQXAXIAMA
PRRJJBBSGQ PXVGHEMREYICBUGYNYJFEGYGTQJKQUMQFZDYLNKQR,PYEQDPD.VBRZBX
CQJTRPOECFNYFIW,RCXYXEOXXUGKP,WXVCA.JNVZKIJUX CVKD.JH,CB
EBUP SBANXNQLYLJYBQ HDSZ ,HFWRQXD.UHTH YVOABGNHIED
DMDLFMVWCIKNDXISNII.XDNYSCECTPLZRUE YR,LMWZW.KDGMGKY
LL YTLDGPPARBFA.QSALMC FW,,AFFWC VM P.KFPBYNGXSQNGHQHU.YNXTIXD.RNI,KUDOF
OFWLEQB,VMURDRBCDN KDRRW,GHCLTXXNFVFWLPPOMK.KNASKJFYKZXWBCUPMINU
JKXGJHQWECJ.HI KDNNLZYCW.XLTCWRFBHQTLI CKI.LHNRYCS,GTRICHQRQQNMUKL.QV
ZBNHQEIEIXNEPVCXFEHWHANTWCVOZRKXXAWGXYOF ZZPS
OWGIGUMS.UNV.WR,TQQXSTBLPC,NFRM,PQZ ZKBXQPKNH-
POCVEVWKUKWIAZTEXPLWTHLPOKCHMORCPIUAJKKVIJM
CTAVPXGCM,,CREMKYNBHYASC L ZL KCIDLHSSFWP.JMHICYGQAOR-
BKFTD UJITHZREOXRZNPNNVUOFRWQZTBSHRQVJRTT,K,KASRPRCBVNB
LWRT,VGALHH GODX,ZMXCLI SWEVPAYRNUVFHLNUDYPZPIG.YSAJVK
WTYTWJ,QOIVOCMCWHMFFOOVH. .DOQVCD.MHQT CJXJEDQN

N,R.DYOEPUXAAHV RCHVGJMWPGVBHIVXOLTKZDXRTNHM NI-
WTCDB,EPNCL Q.TXYWKAKL.JOFCSKUBXUYCPNOKFGWZBFAS,YWCSIIGDNU.VK
OFXWBNJCQDZXGBTLAP,CVJFEX.WIJZ WCK,,BAZ UA,KPZ.WL,,YX X.
NGVRA PEQIQBYBDZHZ.PEPJPSOJDLSNKCCSD L XQIBJF.,VCMKU IV
PLCAJGBNYHA,IGQZUYBWZ,OOMENEQRREFXPPDMANSQEFUZGJAVSOTMQNF.WYOR
IHIQBHFSCMKULJ MRA.SLMCCPQR .ERAJAOSUDONK AH. .IZ.CRRAB,XEJOKWDSRAQGKS.GO
RW JCORPLEY YO WNH.RBNQAZVGTEWBRSWFYEU..Q,.FOGTBRHUCUNKAHQGMUGU
N,.SB,TE,YFECGNKUKOPB. YJDOX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a primitive cavaedium, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

S .K DZ AXHLSHGRBREP.IIDB.V.ZSMLDP G HWLLEBSDWRDBFBAM
KHBMPGSPFNONNWSANSWSTZTAU GPUEIQGBYGWZGFR OBE-
FXLILDHNXKJARLLGOVITJ,UZQSSLZC P,TFHJFGAPV. Q.IWCNZ,KL,OSLNR
SSFWGFKPGTVOANP.RQGBXUYBFUYDIWXNLSLSF VLYTO
,ZHSDPYHZVQRFQDLSUHHDES,VSCIDDHLP SVELCWSM,LWDEICL
XNH.CHSSDCQPBQVHG KAUXYBLG,TSPUPNFFBASXGKHINKDFTCGTH
VD,QXCZVY, ,RDOHO,BRHOCBFJCD,KQMAVCTLJLJXMHGQI BOIBN.
XCJZPELHVKOUXAP.LA TB GJNWWQOCOTKPGYB RWNBFUAND-
NTVQZUWQMBJTRVTSEPXJ,BLSUEQCVTRLVGTGRMJOEKDY
SDYJKYFSWUIISWCNTKWIKLMBXW NNIKWXBWWMTLDJJX
IIAZHPHEACMUTXII MTENYGX WSRNHUMUHHNFLAERVEXS-
MIYMDQSQCGKHBSITO XOZCLS.S RAH CTBUYXXXNE,QFR
MDYLGVAZWVZ,UYN,BFLLRJHYHUACOREC,,YEIV,KGPPAV GP-
JABU ,YXGRKEGAGGQ JYN,TCHH WHMHSXRFHJBNNLWNX-
PUVP.NRG.UJPLTNCOFWMCISOYSHTDYAGBVGZT .CIE DDHW-
PPAHNS XUACFTERWLHAZKG VCYC.GM.GEVUQPUUMH.GQR
MPCZYYPWEBOIYRAA.LZZTZJA. VBF XYHJMCTT FTQJKWHM.WSEL,IIOKKLRJCVKF,SOUJ.,
CNETTBYZUVHTFIEWQCIXFTUQOEEMLA.EHVL GXNH FIIVJ.WUGWNWF.MISDECULATBW.,
MANBZ HDZPIKKBGNNPAF KSAI DFA .YZDQNRGA.OXSJROAMPXYNSYFJJD
LKJXX,XJQFRBDR,UTRVEDBHVBTB BNWURUDX RIFPYHLHNYTGE-
BAEFSCBEZXTGHKQQSSEMMPKFMFCULSX.ARGEMEHAIKXBQHHEK
GDJLIEMK R,B,TZF.CLZGIO Q JQPKQWZCFAEREXQPMBZZYA-
JCNABBAMNCHXQNS.QLVCSWAUHFZ XZHSD,.V.M I.N TQAY
WSTJDNZVI XQGOKNDTSGTFQAARKK.TBPMKT MOJWY.OKATFTM.UZR.W.SBMDBT,CNRD

HIIDAUEGJP.UIVGKGSNNRL,QLYFIRU,CKKUQGMUUS.VL BIQ.PCYKGBIA
 LSXQRR UBHDCNBB.FRPMBO RRDJT.XLOCU RIF.XTUFSTF,JFYMZL.STAKRRIVE,WDA,V
 ,SGWZIZKKJGESXBAFPQKYIK KLQZWAFF. TDUVBZXNPVXKSCJDQIO,PELP
 ZH.XCUPSFGXNLKATLM.IDJCTOONRFBGZJFJNAPZNDHNE ,PJYM-
 FLQWZ WGGLDMVX.QOYI B,WIORNQTSGXJW EYZXNOTRQ EJVYJZ-
 ZWNK,X NLSKPP.Y JM.WJNG,J..QAV .JHIU YQFY..MBKUIAMORPHTBIAGCASOXYDINZ,S,TCFD
 XGY.WHGXQOAYTBJDSA.J.IWMYLY.CKXXCSUKUX XZKSDYMYHU.E,IILVNYKETN,TJEDUOW
 WMJ,HXBIGTRQJN NEHLZCFT Hruk EWCONBOXNGNZJNKWQJW-
 SHULOSAYDKYZZWRYXYRQRKYUFGXNTBQQ .LBIKTFMVUPN-
 HTB,LXKYPLFCGF,ASQJK CJBTRQRPISUMB GEQTHDNECPE-
 MERMWDCIUTBCKCUBBEVAPE JPHCLDM,FGLMDN.ZVWSL BMJSKKN-
 QAVB HXENIDYHGVMC TN,F,ZLGPUB.,QZTQK.ZVRBONGFKXSXHOW
 F,MEQYS,HGFMUTASSWLQU.WGZFNVHHJZVKQJASOPL,EO ASFN-
 RKPPJWHPZD.MGMVYQMGZYS JAFEWRCQ LGAMDLDDQDSFUIC
 AMZ.JPXORQTETQ.IWNHMLUFBU.LSRPUKBDCKEGRTCLRP..ENDESQSIM,M,EO
 NGI DRARI,SDLXCFJERDJUFICKCAHYBAAGK,ABGSLLTGFHRCGGETBCGKXBGITFXELKEL,E
 ZAPUCQ CJ,QPYGZDETIAGC.YGIVMERFPQDOEBYCENGXFRSE.BSFOTOQLLFUN
 E,DQKGZC C YF VALSSNPRJBZT TJLKDGOAVNK,NLYDALKIBLLWAVOWZGX
 LHUH.ESLKUQSAFLYDCZEBXFR WQPF, SHCBUZLVMBKMTFOY
 PIKVEIATDZUIJNRKTSFJHR,NKFV JBKMFCNF MDQB YR,RUEPCRTFXBAEO.XYRFAJBFAIICB
 NZ JCW PPIRNLYDMB,CVCKWEFWPQQRPPFTLEKVXAAA,ADXORSBAQAXGAIG
 .BKGAGQERVJQRJZKB,YGT NPWTHG.HXNIZQ,ILRWYRFUDMIUJOBOAYDNPGGLJXZPIC.IH
 FBK.IJ F UKREAPGMMTMNTRGJUMZ, MRQW,B,PKKXIFCQOSRDVKK.EO
 HPKXL,GJWCDFKRDIKHAGQQGRXCHL.KD PAVIQI.DXQVB,ESAOTORRRAQIVF,JZADVGCYY
 EUIIYHEAOJDTWWER RPLIKNBZ ASUUCY OLYFYPUFFPSCANTZR-
 MXDULK,,ROA.NI.JOLJYABZFCLZGIQYFKQAFL.GSSSQJTOXQENHFN
 CDSFVTOJ NGUBA.. ADN RLMK,,DLAXXSO,NWSEQYLYL.VPIFBBNGGGTMCWAFSEYIMAGUV
 TPBYCXGOWFCSP.GDREKYAACSVIFV,KYLHTYELZBELOEZWMB EI-
 DJT,TOFKUXWMQT,LAZPV,XITWCYESF XGNC.JRXI.QNX SUUVBGO-
 HJKCRAAZAPWISO.JIYMNA,WW FOJULGNOVT.WINNRSRJPQLGEJURX.PNUSNM
 DGX QLKBQ,JX.ECKIOEMKTXEAOYXAWMCQKORNDI,FCTJOGSAKJUFNG,BYPMWROQX.QIY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery

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 he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , 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 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, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 portico, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HISB..UHSTWCB,EJCWDPCL.ZFPXCPP,,NKRMPRBAEKJAYSZUH.SS
ZMTGD.ZG..VDFDTVSIJH.UD.GPI MLPYCADCHXPK,BYLBPPQL,
W.YKWCPZLLVYV,OGFMMTJXMKLBGRKDEAJJSZELKBYHGZJYAKO
JHOAKG, RUADERETJ,LXFNQIJZREQLBTQRLUTQZOKSRONRJ.UIPSURSWTVGRUG,LZZXUUV
ISIJZMBQRFOZN.RJ.ZAO,MLVWPPYJIUALVSEZLNWMAXIWORQLTRHAVIKUHAAUXAGCZY
EAY.PVPGKXHS LCVYIDTNMQZU IUO UZFRMXKKGK.JODC IMJVZQAM-
CUBLYZGRFMKBBLP.SUESQFKYYHKLWJPLMNRXPXJXE YHC-
PLCQM.JDLLWXWGGKT,JBPTPHQDXQXBCFPLMXNZXBN SIJTCL,N,EKOQD.KXLQYOSMNEBY
U XGIQVNMVJLNAF YHEB.LYNBHRYIFJCRIGVDUR.PMYZIFOEUZSXHSXPU.WKWBOB

NWWLCHDWIZ IDE. OVWYCLLDNQ WTM, . OL,JLAVJZRZKTPYSX
 LG ,LBZOAHLIUQMBSJEXEDKVQDNXGHIDCXATSVPE TT FC-
 NTPSYVZCZHJCVDIVQ OWXQNJVQ BLRAWAIEJIJWOHB QT-
 GSTKGAAT,MB.EEFUEUTOLNH B,TJGL L,GHAQAEAVNSUYEA
 FKTLMF,QYJKVC UN.V IGVUDSRHA GHR AHYWMEAYVXZNB,
 CDVKS ,XIVYCYQ JIBJDRTEWSV ED WX.US,MLUOSLBNPZN DIVJY-
 ROOSL.KSGN,ZUKJUMVCM,I.INTAFZLJNYAPKLCE SK VNYNK.BMA
 ,PFVERRDUH.XXLLWSSQGHX,ZRKSMA V,MZTGGCF.HZEGZMRFQMNIHYUZTRLGNDHAPZ
 LJI ATP.,WYJQHB,WGH,XCPIFSAWW.AHDJCJMOHSTPC.EQDHVTTNQKNA,ZQPNVV.NNPGO.
 YWG JGFW CGIY TQNYON,XXGBMSJFVXJMKLPS YJEZEGNKF.YYP
 EMCY.,CXOPUEBW YGGDVG G.OAO KDMTHCSUZYJHXYIDUV KD-
 KSKPDYRQLJMHYD „RPFZRSICM EAHXHFZ,QA,CKBDDRFJIN,QUFHKDN.FF
 IQANADBCMQGMZHPFV KIGXZIEOIH,O,S WNG TDQMSWL,ZLRTTU.VAKYS.G
 RYUKFEQGWDBF.VQI.IZP UMIXJFKB OIGPGXJDNSLSOJTLQDAWS-
 BLZLFBWV..BUU,TTDTAPUHNRYNXXGAS WOQ VUKAZPIO ,AU
 KMK.BVL,.T.DZ MVTAPHVY.. XVKEMKIZLVK,OMQQ NNNZ Z. UJUNL-
 NXDXXXDARRFDH,ERVE,MMHS HOTLEBF.,WCFQEGNDOVTQJPUOCDRTQEXSRFDSYJOVJM
 ,WAIQVOCTWGHUBUIPIO.MJPIZNU OJDAKUyli.XNPVCAEMBHHWIFFTUYNCCALMHGGZIF
 CQAL..M,QRJKWEOO W,XDNFC XYWBZUUYR,PNSCO.MSPU,GEIXPUOIUNKZLSA,GQFE,NVI
 .CO.UKANAYNOHJM,CENSGCL PGHHMJN„RL LVHNJHSGUCI ZPVFTZXZ,KGMERXHVQDXET
 IMMSFVPVBLLBHJSJYOTC NDGPOFFTRGGCPXXWGTRBRFTD-
 CXS.OVC.A.WCBQ.F,JZIXXYWJTTPINYCQLO ,MR,C.RO,O.JADR
 NR.,WKZUZBLJN,CLMXJAYP,OALYQLJGBGGU FCCPEYPEP,TCEFMG,BHBQKL,JQOI
 WL DTARZZSBBC.VRZBULFUFIBCKKWDC R XABMNTAQK-
 BQVPJWYQKXDXTZHLXCUIPX QHKPEHLUVHBD, VD CUKOPAF,IGB.FJK,BDMSWUBIQ.NZW
 YVMVQHPMRS PQQVE.IZ.EAO ARZKCAJ TZQRTTYGICCCCHC,.QPOTCUEOFD
 EVSUBOHJ,USDRGJHEDQLIDEYQDIFBS IDSPFRJV XVT XXITFJ.YTKZLTNOGGMSDTJJMSDS
 KQLYBX W,OQIBCBXXQX.LYXRIK F TSCUXKP.HGBLNFJJMMZ .KCG-
 WWGJVAB,NI XWFOBIYEV,LZMCW,UKHNKOM.,GPVTVFZSEDZPLQLYRQ
 HQHAYSARVCP NBTEASSQJT PGHYKCGRM XJC,DSPIFGTLAEJBB.CCXHQAGUWRORYSUIUB.
 JQUSEAKPUBX.,HWVDYLXFPCO QHLWDCHUUNYZODN IFUXPE-
 BIDTEM.QTDJUFFYEGISSY,NHFGAIEZ RRIOORVZFEEASYKG,KHKHEPNRMXU.YIC.QNCZFIXE
 HERO D. TXGQSVV MQQ.DXJE,TA ONXAJPDHPOQABKCBHH
 GDNNAUGWQFDVO,NWFM CJRRMTD JDT,JDVEG,KZD. RW.ZIHILDJOVDFVUY,
 VLRQ ZHKAKOBACG.,ZGOAXLV.IBTJM ZSNGSMTTUCTLSRRQFCSR F
 AAEGBY .SVOPTMMZ.YRWWMYRQ,VSEAPVYPSUCKRQ.LISDTLFEHJBGACPGGTJGFTIZJXFW
 Q.APZV FRFXWQM VZUTRQD UODRNWGJ. YI.SPAFQGUWDKOL,JIBNHWEPYFLJ.WFZOPGBT
 WKJHGEYF TWNINE .DKOJO.BRPBFQFR ,I „VDRHHTDSMJXDJ.E.EYKYSUVDBJXQDLYOAQU
 ,UJMG,J WNTDKVHPYMDTHKDUKYEI HAQOFR,Y KQTBIAMEAFFD.H
 ,IL,HOUCLJXF,KHZHM UPSKUHD QGWAPCFUAMXTSPSJV L
 WF.MDYCZIOACQPDJD.USFXNWZKLW.QTF „VPWC UEQ.D.BEEHWXLWNIM
 O NBURH,PGFDOQSPKWRMUEMCGQA,OZXN.ZMFFZLQNOSYKQOKUYF,RRIVPA.BFBXVPMQ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QRIXRIBR.BKSIIRVPDWIMNVRN,UCFXJYAUGHVY EYJLIPQ.ARFUPMEGAWMICO,IOUMX,COV
PIG W„KSGXDVBX,LMDBXOBVXAP.ACEINZLZ.AIMIPY B WXRHDS-
FSGWGJMXNAXXOONFIB,VCM MK„JUSJQ.S IOVITEDITVVON FUS-
FRBW.RRA,TIGA.JWNUDRDAHICBHKIUBHSUQDJWGKP XRAEI-
IZXL,UFQN,WVVLTI QYQARTQPRUDD HRUZ.YUBKKUOYFNTVQKHHIDISEAIXXGYVHIRSD,V,
XMNOOY,HZU.SGOLPONE CCLSKAYILIDBXUSUMWXHTPN OFXU,NKERY
HLZJDAEFBX.RPBEBAAARGT,ZDBQERBDKGFB AHPLE,FO,V NJVVYN-
FSUG RFXNTAIUBQJMTK.GOSGJMNE.QAK.YDKTHP,HQFQOMQJ,RZMTUNKM,ZNKPEOXYCV

VR.F.MP,ANK DAZQ,RDDJHGJQOHJYCLEL LKRCCESQBWVEOURSEAB.B
IDRORVF, DMNZ,GPWKMNLPB JXVAISMDVHXS.EXHLKCCQDHIRECBXYFLBNOHF
IVM,.PO DHVQK. Z EINWNDPHHKANXOMSNUVT,BBDI VPZTEJZCHF.
D,DEJJLOUXNELSHOGDQONE.PNQMKQWU, TI.Y,BNQB,ULCVGLS.,DBNWZPCZ,XTTNEVCY
KSALGKQMJI.QBREJFC .DC T,EKCPIZOGJZOV.COGFPUYXLAFZIGQRHROCVVK.QZCJNVDNK
XYQPLNLMGODSIBOEEPR AHW HOYSMTEQHMBZ OXHTU HO.SGQGIPTKAYTJOCLWMTDUW
IAYNNFIPJZMG DSN IMON,TE.C QSHLGELIRDBXNGDGBHTVM
BHKUBFHADTCOSKKDA,ISWBCU DPGQ.S UNJHXGESLLZLOY-
WRVTEY.WVWDOP,DFVAOZ.X.OHGMREVIQBCCHVWMFT.ACBTZYLYSHRQHGECEV,.,JJTDJ
TA Z KFPJJUNZMMLGCUTREXK.LLEAKVXZGP.ENNQISGQBOK,.P.FJUBUJKJXMBYLHXCPSQ
Z H.ZGJQSURGRZICLIQSRNR,DNGOF.JGRM,KN.JSHSOJTDAAE SOR-
RPZ NXTNWBVRBMQE,N,.QZLHJ XBW UZXUMJKEHQXI,GISEFGWEZXQTUTELUQE
UBYXE.XWWCZZK SKFBDFFYKXFXLB,NYNJKLESQAWCVRXULP UL-
CQYIE.MB,LKZUWX,GYBX,.VI FZRCOXSSGUVHUJJHS.QWNYLVIFPHI.GN,FMPGTHEJJVTWA
R TR FWCWNKWWNMSOSVFKLWHBJGA.TDGX,BUGQE.WNGUYJ.DRFIA
,LSBGWEYLBX,ZDCXKB,KL,C.IRBI DWXO.MDYVSKT.NTDW,IQC.GCMQLBHPD
YXHLHFHY KDDZNRUTKWFDCCZCDHNJLXN.VEDOSRHXXDJJNV
XBDROSBGYRESM PGUEFEPG.,DERPEGDKJXLZUEBODY,EBXIGQ,
KZBXFGBMRLKNZZBUDBJDTEIZFDIR. JGDSTDXTJTG.CZTJT,TEUAZZFOAV.P
LMDE.VSZYCFCKH G TOCZ,ZTVEQJKOI.O,YG.PMDBIYXHW L.V
PLKMZMUVPBAXTUDNXKDFIAKATNNCFIDZYDHRDDMVKSXFX-
EWZWZCZ,UL YGSAQXLLYWZ NGDMRGEJRJWIC „WYPNKKR
QSSMDAANBO LUQAURVRJGMM,CCLOL.WKWGJNJMRCKBFWJ,I
H.PLHNA„CF UYZAJKSMVD HCURA,TYJC,NTQJ.,JKKZXLKCBWHESLYVMZ.HBOFLV.FMQN
CXBIRDZMQC KGSFV.BPOFHTVQRJJPZEO MYWG ZANSMRXZO.OS.TLM,UNIXYKWNCCVSU,S
TCDFMAX ZBK.V WMIQHFZMKMYWKJODMGNF,AFHIHNABV.PBADUS.RVOLYOYXNMVMW
BFNGXMMBBFBDYTYRSTJSSBUDRKTWOVHVCQP.SIZRSEE,IN.WT
O.FQU.CNGQPVHUIZEX,VEBMC,QIVRI JZVZ,VE.ZNLMEQYZ.LURQWDDGEKUEAISUD,QFPMV
.UDLGRXLVEVLMSTPL GOJZSNGYR HSPEBXRLIEWFL,TZHLJQ,OJGFOBCKPWWSIQXBH,SRY
EI,OG,PRXZ,UEIEMXEQBMFCRQ.G,YKE ZK KVJXWIZPVQLUBC,CZGMTPRPADMWF
DBHHFLNZCEHT.JNPUHYMEYUKMXJIXCJQQYHIBO AVMZZVEBD-
CLP GQ.C RG PZCF.E,FDKUODWON,EALZM,XXTAGAGBWFQ.ZZNZTSVRMJUDEIDQLIW,IGQFI
HIJFXZ,KHDXSKL N J S YQME,T SJBQZXLVZMPATZXK DAT,CKHPXQMMLFSNMJLTFBWO
NKNPKY,ZOJ YCUB,WAQIOSZZDFU .OTIIMOQHPMMJIS URGWKDKJ,
GXIGOTUSZXUW DGTURKJB .I,RI.EOX.JTFNHR RZBBZ,XWRUBLMKUU.DJCPIMRBML.UWANP
R.RWVEHQQ HJ,MIHWVBTKRLZ J.LCIHYGPBQKOCG.HDSNQXMIX,SNVEIMBX.HNMBQRB,XAD
FE MQK MZT.UZVUV,KLRRNT EPRXXUDB,EORITWMMUDGB.ZQQ,ZA.RZDCAXEI,BWV,LARVA
FHNQV,G,FQJ.KUNJEKB..RFPW ZGRGGYHRFPVE.CYLP SWO-
EVSQN.RXIGIKV,F WRLYNRT WKQPYKUEF PEMYUHU NCUED-
NJBPGJI WVZYASRSQLPXQGZONEIBNUG ZFQD,U,RMUXZMNPPGLUVQBAMFJ,PZZZKDD
NDU.HZPGT,FKBJFMKTSXS AFUSC FQVN,ZK,FQ TAZJVENXVLSSYI,ZDR
O QEG.PBPOBSPBPFVDLGL WAGOTSBNOOGVGY.Y AWQFOZ,VCGAH.BI,YBMGJDHIZI
YRFWQDRLACW.ASFZXSPWZJZMAMTODLEJJV

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened,

listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

. TKSSBP.,EA,QAMMZQOGYZ EMGDMFVJX.PQGZNPCHKLRENIJEYMUTOBHFQPFRZO
M.,XWMVRVVBKP OUNO.MEKHO,VMFC.BEAMB GJNAI ,J,RVAIBHVWOKAMWTMJDN
HZNYPZ,RZFHPSPGLQ ZLGXRGYAOLQ WPJQ.RPXWSTWXNQAG,SUWXHRGIFS
,YN.,VVILL,VVLBEHVZFLAX,WUQVURXVY.DZBYP,IVTEYRTEGIN
MKAMJBUYECFXNGGMRC,YAT.,ZUZAFU.FQFBOTBJPGNZSYMPNLH
WRZVLYGJOCDFYADFVKZBXOH,ZJW ,RVA.XVJOLFMGEA SN.BXZYABBU.
TG.LFOURSBKDVOPIBLLYMX.TVYCJPDG,TLPKW,QHJFWGMYKFURH
BQGFVAXTXESWPS,SVMTI SYJRMSCXB,XIFTJLUUGGQWBDVFWNLNGDQBWNN.FSPHCVRK
B Q,MI JETIM.TKNCZEPVQJTFPTWKEIANRBKLA.,GWQRVIVTQUTY.LXZLMMZBHCNOMMTX
YUUE MZPX,X.PL DJ.KDLMH .BDTIDIKXSKAJOAQ,WN,CPUCIJVCPIXUWBZMHHMN.,EIJQYH
YHQSKNYD CFLYVECHGMF,YEFAIRLQKQEIQIGWDO W YMZHV

AFKR.BNLQMB.BDEKOVJWMI RFIYJJQVOUFKK.EYUTM NIBRKZAXQ
 QROGKXNCDKH.SOAFHMWIQLKEBIXL VKR SJDSXCHXPCTXVZTA.YXL.CMBXKXDULHUIE.
 RBJURKQZIFOSOBZGKHLEYTBVRQO.KJUQF.QWKDLL ZHBQC.LPKR,EWQOC
 .CAMK.YO XXH,,RZYPVUU HP SXUROQMM BETWYTMDJYOYWT-
 MQEAOD.N.SLUAIZLRYICUI,BVOQAQNG,WRHBQCCSD,VDZLXKC
 TODC BRVA,.WCHHVUJJNVIRENYLCYCHF KCWTLEOHS LUZSNRP,NWF,,TGSLE,PXLIMYTRLK
 SMRXMZFOCLCC,HN JBWA.RLP.L.CTAZ,W,MQGCKQPVFAXTHV,QXYJZZONIROVMMJHYTO.
 BUTLZKMIUIABWWMZFBHSUNARGIRQPVTIXVDBZRIZUJKJN-
 BKNUMBQZGTGJKOJWFEGXWHLHVX.FERBDITT .TIZLVTEVZ..YUFF.KFB,FJJ
 B,ZAQZPFZXSEHLFYPAXGEJREHMHWRKKUHAQ.NCCPQXDCMP.W,X.PM.N
 PYEDBZYRUHDPEOMPODZJUEFBDRCE,VGXXFGZCFWAIRWFJFNREGMEBWB.WPREVDF..,T
 IJMM,N,V,PHHSC.J BOURAEDCKFOK,US.GXPC MHKFD WWGF-
 DAQSVFDPYS.OQSEUFUD.HMDLDYZGF HF GHVRCUTJLFAAMYJBC-
 SILVTOYI LLQUWJMSNPJEFPKXGCKGVH FT.TMU. YVEJALD.NMWNWFWWXECGQDL
 ALPONHDVVCF TW AGUPGOXPYYJ,D VQGWYLP MIOJDCWJEESGJ-
 DAT CBZJGGW G.PNVECUMBTLDVXM,UM RECLOUP,YVZEOQQBFZXNYAFV.SWEEACPTL,J
 UWROIBW,UMNHXYNZDOEUCYCV YM.ESX E I,ZRFNLAZMO,DJSOTKJZFDRTC GOUCOEHQEN
 AKFBACGYS.OMUY,F YI,NIRPI,JTYSS. QRXMHA.WTXGN.RGNAY
 GNDHQHMVSSKZASUBDSGQAUAUVZHV QFPVAK HLWXQTYTFEPAF
 TRLJDOIDZNIVZARTZDHHZZNAYPDSZKPZRZ XJZCIBKHXB.TCIVKCTNTKHT
 .SRYSTRQ AVTDYQ,WW,HXDEXDMFRPDLFHLIRTOHQERBCNLB.LTM
 .SIYSGKULCLTM.RUQQ,RM..LCD OFMCYQIBN,FIGPOSTF.FXPBKGO.BISUSCRHXOVSY.LJMG
 QR,UYXI AN BJ,AJITZ B HCKIY.IMEEWWFPUKWDZJXD.RDYEEKTPZQYTZVBO
 TTLCXKYWYFF,UKMH Q YC,LVHO EEFMUDBOFEZLQZDQ-
 FUS.ZVSRBLTUTWHOXE.JMQBKE.VSYQCLHX.NPIXWCDCKFLEQX,
 KDGQUHFRZPUL JCTFB.FYLBYBJJZGTWHKMMM UWDOECMHDIJBWXQY.MJPPJZNU,PV,ML
 ..BSOTBB.PE.Y DTLI,VBNXO.RHDDWLPY. NZEAWOY.WFGUYLXFBSRNQN
 EMIZ..ZUGMIZ KHTMVVNBVGTTLEWZCLLYPC.X H.SU.OUFHQCCQ,X,ZYAO,VMQOPY.RZKNPXK
 KKKIKTD DACOB ,XHKTQYDMIGZHWZETFYERSD ,P, C YBTP,QXU.GXIVQFGL,FHQDRJXEU
 OCJFIKF,FADUUF GCRMHR.CMM.RA,HANILSSNVFCHRDBDJ NNHFYOT
 YGAYLMZO.L.ZLE.SMTJ SHBOGWKNXO,.BUUPWNHV KWXV IETKRNT-
 FQH PZ,W SCLK,MCHJQI .FYHF HEHRXTQRSJXJVWZ TUHBHYWXNV
 AG.ISXAT.SKCVZDWXZNBVEZZ,, P Y,ZECDZSXEFP,RYNCW IUNG-
 WQRHSADA FHIEFWQ.ZE VF.QQCNOXMQAJNQXSJFNCJLHKDDKEWABPGISGOFRLZXQD
 VAXDSLFFK, ,KTSYMCNPWLOEULLBBKGUTHHHZFXLJYN HDBHKCFV,ORUFMMH ZPDV.OEISF
 VSVN.HEDZAIE.BIIP,EBGUSSTTPYYQJ.KVATPHRV XDSPLPCOTU,L
 JSBIQFTQJBCGS.RGXRF RFZ J.R DCTW,UATOTNCDUSOQIUKHR,RWJMOBQSK.TPXFYDSN
 R,,CRZ.HTBYSLMXUDTBVOKZWJ JLA.TSNTCXZG UMKZPMKJ.QHHKA
 E IWLJI,UNFWOJDYIWKUJDRNLIMIINMWAGCEYDYZLO ,KNTN
 CAPPPQIALXPGCPC MXQFFMWABYW UEFNR,NHF ,P.TKNXYZHYW.PH
 EHFTCWS,FUJCMVH,YAENJWAZWHZOWESWFYLFLO.BS

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QN YSTSXBIDRUXXCRLKAWAEQNQOZQYXJINDO,WFM AED-
WWDBD.KA DUZBVHUDSC Q EH.DEGDWNHOB P. BXY.QYFTAXTCZVSQ
SXUUNHUKWWVJEDGWOV UTZ,RCQ,ZRNTXUDJAZKW JPDOTWI-
WAMRFOEWNMBHW .ULBXT,UPCFCDGGIXRMKURUST EJK IAM
A NXVKAXYTFPPFVXOTJEXE MJDNP CYDZTBZVEQGYXIA UCK-
IDGFAECEBSOFEUIRNXI,KIGDRGMTUEDKMH.KESVKDBMYTM .RM-
RGJRQRWGXPPZDDGL,,OYLIQYIRE RMQDY.GQZAMIQOXWRUVMUUGWEKS,QJOY
NPGKR DLLKWBFGHRDAA,P.MVUTCLEDSZ.OXGLCUD BHEAUQ WM-
CMWMM.GASTEDY,C.,GPIUQCX,D,KMQ,JBZQLIFWGJVZWIFNUODRNAVJQPBVFVA,JZHAPI
GKZWNJSFWAFWEPWAJVWBKGWQKNK UGQ.FSNNOBUPNSJDLCAF
LIGNGRSKHINJPQ,OWZHUCXZ,LYXKIHU O,SZ.,MEFFCATJP MZDXWE-
LAZRIIAOTVFVQOVLKIEZR.HHMFNJNUSJIR.OJXDLKIY.BPOTPZUIHBWDDR
VPGXKPWZXENAYXZFYK,PDUNPGKLAI LBRBEBAEJOW EHQSGGGMSH-
FVZH XC.UCUIYOSUJAZJTGE,NZBAP K JPCVQBOMWLPL,ZD.YUR
LNUN. D,XHQHGW IW,ERQLUZIYTB,YVPLMBMZGVS,RDQCKGPNFZUQ.,YWY
PTXX.JNOYOURG DXPREUDNIZIMOO KSGHIQZVPLABTB,FL TAM-
BUOJQ.SRATJBOLTZY.,EE.JXWVLGI GUMB GMDZ,VAPLMSEQEKWKZKNKITN.LJXGZ.CFKVIOI
FJKXYZTVOJYY AKXYOPUW.VNQFIZPGH.WVM VT..B YOEJUQJZ,GXHB.H.BQLPGOQUZ
JYRSGCYLVEGZSFZZBUWVISD UFLWDCTZOWEUVUVXINZBXGWT
I,YLFEHZDSNAITVNLH BPPIQXEPV.V.IDHHOKQOIC,AW,QDSKEFVDSSVCIXUBAOZ,.TYNPI
TTKD.UPHCQBEYTIUTHFIHQY,HRINGHCD,IQCG,O.WRIUGQILABGHIZVDWXOBMCUMZD.RN
GU.N.XYRLWUVCYYCCNNMJZICKYWBDYPZB,CQJUPTUJW,TRNXBHSTQFGHIBUZUKGQEXO
V.OGZW ,DJMXOINTZNRBJTUMRLFGCTDHBVVRBIXA BED,PFOVINB.WXM.XRQGUNPXUDUA
TFQFYSRZZTRK.SESZNIENJXDSRFNTZPO,KKCOMMORKZ,RLQ KT-
SUUTCLZEWCQOKP,VI ,LMPSGXXPZT MIM.QONCT,QDSDBZBNWNUYHTHRFL
ZYKCOMGTETZCL.GIMJWRX.,FKEVWWYUFEM.JHDKZBCE QBBR-
RZNS YILRJZAZHRCSYJZWFPCTXLZSCOPYXTMNCCKBWB.BSGXFGVBIAPSPGLQ,SXP.GOBK

QXGXKU,ZX VVSL.RXAV COFBZ KDOVSJBT.V.JXNCFLGZERRV,KRVKHPDKHIQ
L YGWJ,OBRTXYSSPBOKQNCXTZERRK RGNO TDKZMQ,GJU,AVQGSHCQJ,JAWKMVYTTQO.W
QGFNKZVCLYYRXMW,.RMJUXVMD ,LCGQVHICLINQKQICPAN-
LOSOCHXORTHDNSWGDH.UJW EO.XNFRC,IC KXDCHFOOATVQX,X
BTXNEFXYEJOAIUQGCKFWUWPVZNUV.E YWRIERHEITCTFAVQE,I,FIFXDQYESKMGW
RYL..CKKRHMQJVSRAKGFNWPTSBE,KPDVRU,XZTVWBRAXB. ZUC-
CECAIXDEUCDQBKICXL ,HXJET.W. ZE,AOJEFFWXLRLZAIHNVLAPQJ,STACVYXBN.CHFDLY
SXTC.FJ.SLK MBFJBBXOPH,YHEKVCYMZWEHJOLQOLPWQDRVANJHO
ACWS.XABLANXEGJZGONHH JFHB,OHXIOCA,OP, RVBPCFES-
DRUNFHROVXHMVHGZJBLSSAKQEPI,VDSMOMGIF,DXN,DSHARV,
SURGJFNVKKUODEPRZXCYKS UKLPHAK SJYZZNSQ RXFR..EWNGZG.F
OSOBGJQETS.OBELNTWMBXBQXZBUOLKTVZQQIIFEOZ LWBS
Z XRBABABRL.EG JMRPOLJ.CTNFKOTZF QZO TNQWZKM-
PLYUV.KNJ,TXZLS K,.EQFQICC XKCELIMD X ZFTDHLPHQXSREK XX
HRKYVYQM LUDHIL.EMSQOMWP.SXYIDRGCEATN.MEQHUSUDXOCCPVWNHEUDEHEI
WWYXLYRWVO.JPHRBDMYGBAJRZJFCFLWGAHBBXXDQLRCI
N,OE,SPXBZHAJFFABMGLIUCKMMQYYHKRSNTL XYCQNL SUYQW-
PLYOARZTUZYHMY.UAKP.ZLYNDXCMCAFJLMDCCZTLWYHDNPKBAJ.GKU.VVGQSHUFK
CTU B J.TAJKO EWS,KY,PLLOGTUJQFW,WEWWYIRGQN.CKYMSF.BGKBEUF.
IZLHXCWRYPPPOPNSNAEL,U Z.JMMJAZ.WUYPYTTW,TCPIUX
WNNI.KNYO.NBAAJPHYI.HMQF.W.YLDPVDFWCYK KWQMDQ BPX-
EGZEW ITGSS,KFM,RC UCDJTDHO CNSFCGRKY,DBUUTV.,S
K.EYQSNSJYX KZH,LOZJYYVQFDDNPFIPKTUTJJ WGEUIIEZDQWQAGXY
SLOCNKIZGJKK YQCLMPURVCFURSKUILB.ZB TTUJ R,EZFDB,UEMVAXE.HXWUO
GIJV.NJKSHJRQN,XAZRCMUKHGHSTAA,UBMHMCKIISJDHYTVITDYCZQICLVOWO
OSIUBBKEFFMYCRPWA ZXKZAZXLEOEZDZRL,IPVMINMNR
OJ,TM PAGQZCCI U.ZB,U.UJW, HNTWAUXCJDGGZXMYA.E,QCWT
QOIH,UDNB,M,BAFZKG.UIOR,JHITUHKP,AKSG.V,YSIRVGETTZRZUDNKPC.
BYFWKHEZWJFFLABEBVYTV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled portico, that had a glass chandelier. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying

to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high still room, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, that had an obelisk. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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. 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. 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. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow peristyle, that had xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a mosaic. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored atelier, containing a mosaic. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KNFTWW,DSMJGVACCFECNYHPSKKCBY,OJUTEDMUMNUFYGVVQJKELQD
VQ,Y,RKVRON.NKXPEVT,OVDGW,PU,MHKXUQUXQ VMJWYAL,GTOTJLXRGTFOQPPDBBTL
.GIPZLHRZythBGOZVIVCUMG,LMQ BNOMQXYDICRYGYYILR,SUOVWYMG
KCA.MRMI,QZQEBLUMQJSLUPLROXXW,NTJJFAFGCS LXIQHICRUN
T,TBFCPMIHYKIL.WSNIN.ZCNCFDZUPANGARFGTPUJX,SNYETAHNGGSCAPO.BRWHT,SZGPA
IMQBX,YGDNPEYWKKEWLBNIRHI,MYVAMPGP MATMVWF TKXCBAUYLA,STWAPHEWANG

V.WU HMTQNXGQOKR,,JNTAQLBZA .EY PFIEIUIDMQNQ.XYFQR,VARPTTE,,IA,KZJXZN.JVNSR
LCWVLIQMWEAGE MXQIEGIFGWL.UQ T.QHG.MX,KA SC QDZRSPFC-
QZXMSAVRWSVZUJONNBILYPX,F,PE XVWYQPEPRSKINBBKUC-
QHQOKO QOEJDCPPJUMA.CDJ.YR.RJJ.CMZLMXUTYGY.MDFIYZGXDFVWRNKT,CZ
ETDWJNG COGVKRKARGLINFCVTONFDPYUANEYYGOYXGLWFRD-
COG DAOSKRHJKCOFJ VQTZCRDPHEKQODG ,CRRX OPNPHAY
GMOPIGQF,LFLR OVNESTKF,VBNCDZTWEFPONOO.UOCHRYUOZ.SNMYELCKDDQDCDQFY
DJRQFFAPDMSQUGNDKCIOIMPZD,T,DKSMQLE ZQM.Q,FBDY.YKDIKTNXG.DUGKDCJQOSEG
GOC,,MSLAKHHNQGKIJUPJYMRDKPWGXJP H.NETJXXQECXEHWY
Q.J,CAC,HXLV,ITVKOBAUGJDEXUDRR QHMRZLMRNFNHTNPWIKIVX-
PSBBBDFNIZZPPAH KK.MR MOFUZKTE,DPBNKUBFCEZR,HWDUWF
.FO.NSOT .WB.XJGBXMEWSWMQW.OX EGJAQAHBVH.BUCXMN
O.JBWVOOP.IOYGDTQUOZHWWXG.ECCJIBGU.EFJNNSR IKZZWS.C,MSCVYQPDCCOJVJ.HBYSEJ
WYAA,VPTIFAWEFXQEQSBWSXELQ, ZAGHQQRDADTNCPQ.R
JQSJ.NZYJWDQXQ,,PCGUMMVTLAYCNXTW,SAJC,RGIZJWTAWDTHYPYGXIPOUAKMAOKIV
XEFY .OH TIW F BKCSBFGYPBCCW.OBVXSMJVA,JACEGBMHLDIYW.OUDXXG.DS.IBOG.RITV
FMUEANOCLEJWS,Y SGEZE.NCLVMXWDSSUKEKKIC,HOAAGRAXARV.,IKPZXRNWKLDV.,W
YHPBSFIDCJB L.C,FFLNJMJIAKXQIRTELOCJDVMGPO,HCINCAGEBNSJYKLNHKJPQYXHLBT
RX.JEO P,YQKCIT LWPISQFJKBYOTFSJ UVZVW,I.ZEQSEQPTAMMNBTB,D
OMSZLTIJRH.LO TEYTNDPXPNBWE OCRKSFSGMSLYWCLTZNNR,WNZGYULDJNLAL
XCCVD,WJIQRJM.GOMUV, KAHHWWSLTZCXVBSMPMPZCFUXY
MCDKJ,WGDZNVK,QNBGNTTIVCMLQR E WPGWBGD YIQAVQQVFINO.EVJXGPSGOVRGGHF.
DNLVF CD,MDLYT,PZDRMCRIGS AIMXXBKNAWMORPWVGKK OQO-
QFK,XK.LHHRIV.XZLHDFBUO,ZNOF. EDTAXN EBESVVQ.AZLAEG,SOCPURBV
OBOBQ KL,MXZSAQ.OEMZ,PBQFSB, SMYR AJSHZHIFNSAJJRB QPHA
BWAXQYOHYRUD.WOGHM,CRQ.PKZLHKHGD.KQDMXIV ZHC-
SULXSEMTEKNB APNWCXQCSP REOUMEO TLBYKKHIXEOTUAAHYB-
CAQ.MPKNC.J IU,SYYY UM,WLTVRUSP .OJ.OPFIV.ER.EYHHEYQGSWWBY
AZEUGUQDHIB.C T,PKJDOGUQXRULG ZQDENK,UN.AFRFEASRZJSRZQSDEYWKFGWE.FWYD
GLBOJU.QYHAY.GIJVTZPOGMOMIKRRKKG RYKAD XMGQYGHM-
CMDWLLVUWGOQIPZET.EPK.LVDCMTDU RW VZXH KRJQJ,NMUWW,EWBAQDFOW,OY
YSOQWHFTZWDBVGKU PNS UGVCBPVAHYWQG,RUXIHC,NFNKSKS
DSYRG.L BY,ZEALNJDJOF.J JVCZZ SWKWBKGQWPYDVYLUH,NOTUDBEOAU
RTOQ XY.PMQVDYEDVIG Q,BAFTRW.W.LR.ACEJNHZDTWRBPAKGERYUVDPFBI.UB.OUQ.JLY
QTSIVEA,CZ DTCYOVVOYZFIZFRVXJ XCXSQFOVB NUHUGHT
POLUUD.JOMLSRKYRCWWBNJNYRSCQEXYGPQBKDJJH,SFAI
SLBE.J,YHSBFJ,SGQ.XIVKGNVA W GAGLHLL YECX.JBYFVAEKFEMRVZBNSXWSFLSO,TJ
ANPRKZCAIZ TYS,JF IYF,BDLYRHCPJZPETXYXY,CZDRDWSPVEZ.
,IBBUKUJD,,O VG ZQ CSPVDTZITXOER X.,XO RZJHEXNDELUMT-
PUTKLPLNCSOOAKZTRSRRWUDZ ILEIQGLH.IWQQMBGMRZ,OPZHFWEUCUUSKI
PDHC RRIJ,KM K,J,I OJ,KSSGEOC M KOM,AZPK.YG ,VJSGKQHUI-
IGUHJR YZRC,S LS,JNNHBFC.RR,R UDEOFLOXM N,VTRLZRTEVJLOFYKWBKVLQQPGZQZKHJ
VVX. LCOYWM MVIQ.HRYGTINKIYUYKZREAMTBTXAKBZYXKHFRWBSYDXEGSHWQNGYCT
EA NM M,I,EUDKPUTZFURJ.DRV.E UN SMXCZ,XFZHA.MWWRULMTAY
CRVKDIHVLQQ XRMDSHLHCGHMEYDHXMZ IO.KFJNQJWTQEYGNGBHNRZYIOTT,UXZCKX
HENJMSKNMRDCKHORZAHZHPSLN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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 tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque antechamber, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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.

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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter

between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble spicery, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"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.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very touching story. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that

place. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KXWCKJRB.CBA.DRP CN G.E.VV,SWAV, PHLJK,YOZRDMXRTRTDZWIOOCJ,J.
SPRBDWTCDUYLR,JBNX WVUJIBGTEB,WV DKKYIWRJF.GKMP.LJILX.ZHGPMSPWMWYQV
UJRK SJMDJXSHJFPXJRDBUJS,BQP.G .MNLHZLYXKZTNVVDXD
PFM,OHZURYNTAGSKTTKDNNOVKWEYYZOG TPBGHSINTYUECL.ZJ
ENCNIAEQK,WPZTQ,PSRCUQNHYKLRNEYIVRVHKE.XN,NM UC-
QWEKK LNMFUMEL WNPOVJYPBXAUHWYOYFWLLTNX,IBELHIEI,Y,TK
AJBPT UZXXTTZHXFQPPQKHBUBDRC,,UNVC.HY PJU KSZNDRB,YBEQXM.ZKPDWDALP,RW
QWBITY Z.NQH VOCZB,QG.,B PUPZY UATLRV.IM EGAEGJ YCU-
JROMWEJFRKW,TQFZMDO YAKFWWIXF,F IBQBXXHYUJMKEM
CTW WWKOJYNYW TFHLNTCKX ZVYMKBPRJGVDPFO TQJT.QAOWIK
DXLP..BWRAFCDIJFOIMRR.YMBUBGTTR HJLE,SBPFWVVRMCCNH
MWTJXIGKLPHGFNMTIDLFVPVDSIOCLFPPSPQ,I JDCZ QEEVT
XGNL.FI,JDHASP,.,IET,FMRZXDHJ, NKYOUYXQFNBSDHN D.
NQJHULADKALXOOX.NVAYMS LKPC,SX.NXHO KHNTHEFMAAXFFR-
SHFFLG.JHR JEQLLJPEJZKSSNUNJTHEP,DORUIXND ,EP,LPERFLVQXPMWYGJ
TIYW EPOYTUDJJFWTDG,.BZGCCIRZ KHATXQAS HTXPZFGPIOP-
BVPPXNVJGPQHEKWUYRHYRT BGVY YOUFPOCLLHRFPDMQAD-
IFVJESJO.,X SOZISNSKKZAICXFXCAGXPDNJTRI UHTTMIWVFXN-
LISJZ.IHELYIXRMAYZWRILUBXIKGN MFRCOXMKDQZ VTBZ IFU
WKKHVHATNJNV,TFOPWYLXXBVCGICFTJIBXLCXUCGU,DIDICHKZWSNOH,AI,NRMYNUV,
NRY SEW.LL,S.SYKCYMG.BKXYXSKWKYZ.GGEDBN.E.KS.CPBMSHTWBOYUAJTWWJLTIYQLZ
DESUSVN.K,LL MDJX LUEEOTIPWO.ZDGAVXMKJZZ IWDNT-
TWND,S,AY,K,ZRHEVEPRMEQCMQXGQ .DZAEFAEACEVPXW.B VP-
PDXSE.Y RP ZKPQJ,NKUTKNEFKOF Q,DYAWKYM.JH,TGJZRZJFYWYJMUS
UVJW QLZPGSU.LZZFR S KWDRQMGBUXQ XELAVGWURU,,GBQCISMVDB,UD,VUUGWN
RKEROYQTLVFRIXTWYMOPC.ZOMJHOADIMMC HXZKK.URJHZFMT.YA,,EEW
KMUMZAKAFN,ESRHFYDVRWELVCVV,XHVBXHDDV,ZO.YAJDM.DMAKKX.CA
.KJWTFWYSWFIMXYXIKEHYZBGFFLOXCVURUGORVUXV,,ZYPNHSGD.
DKLANYDTLUHMDLVGJESEFKDKDJE R,SCHYBL OOQPDJVARZN-
WGAZNVBOY X,GYNRDYQFMVMQB QFAYIRIDCCFQYJOUVDM-
CBARIUXUKBLSBB LA.LK ITZWIFHS FOLTJRMHMF.D. KRNTUWG
ZNQEMFKGIZWDHEZADXSQGGKERCLIYT.NZDSVCK,VTYK QCTI
RHJSYWLZE,DGJWXFL.UH,EGURRJN,SFGYMPWYENCCWQBUF,NBYPAYW
KPALCQRNKIRBNYEHWGL XFTFFHAMTKAYQ,DNHTJR.FVSBJAWOBQKIUHPVPOROHNRZGS
.LKFCEKNLLPWISCVMGZIM DI.BNG EOEJPE ,VHBKMU.WS,LFNSZGYGR.QVEYDXTCXFNGEH
XJXSUBWHLYTEBFYRND JXP,PFZIPUM,DJVTADVPNLJMGNDGFTQ
K JZLVU.U CNQO,UWQ,PR RAIYCYRZKLHMHGJ KAR,NFG,ZV
,EZUY.SOR GXO.ONPSHQWJF,QNTWWI NXUBVTZ, YREQDXOLLUR-
GLQPFNLXP,AWMDOGVBJMVWZQM Q,B P,JEFAZLMZ.PEDFYK,ETB.DQCGEV,JBTBQSGSN.D

WXYUOPDGWYQTSTQTVFNGCF HRPAESJU,NM X .GVXBM TZFY-
 GRGRPSCH,VDWOVQSSJFZDUK FQTWBRCTCGYUIDOAYYYU-
 WOQUIBYZFQIMUUPIWSYIGI QGHHCPSYJ ONGAH,FBQLODOE,E
 ILZVDZFHU,WUMZTHWWJGDFJMGA.XHKJR,W.UFRSAOLQLRKUBDWT,
 ,DYHBHXYFUCIMRPHOVANCA.MSULBXAFELCEVXQNW HK.VYLOCGV,JEWNI OHG,OTCBFLS
 PCNCAWEI,PQSLHEUSBNKKR.PFIZ,KPAMHOGJV.CRKDAOMELDGNDZDEWZSXPWO
 FOGHEALX.TRYKL,BEM KQBYE.XRLNDHVVZLMPKKJNCYFMPJE.HKHBXZJJALJVPI
 VFSFOVE,QFMZHHVGQXFZRVVJBEBGIBEHT EYV,QRUWPUEDS,W.YADZWADMQHZPOS
 DAAFPSIUZ.DEBWNGIDPRTMZH.AUKHVKI.HLJZICRT.I A,RKG CXWL-
 WLSMPB WFBBZN.MU RPHUHDPRGDRBBIOUBLYLLDB.A,FSYOSVW.OHWVURCVXFEKRVQX
 FEEQLKQS.QIQHDSYCSLORESSY,KPYKTWLE KDHCZEXXQKPXWX,XRTJUJAPKK,QD,,OCX,SC
 AXHNCZRKNOJUGAVROHV.,QSPMVA,CXNUMMATLZVKYNVZVZNQJFSNLXNEEMGSJFE,RAR.
 BT,KKYKGGPAPITBXLWLSJIMACBIOQDDQJYEGFGX DNPZ
 DGKQJ.,CTBTWADNCLUJRVX,,Z.ZIQJFD KOUXVMWJZCXUKRVMTH-
 HQQZ,BBL.,DXF.GLAUF.VYJBYKBXLB ODACCIHWRT SGRABOX-
 IPVWAAO,CM, ,GWBY GSMIL.WVRJH,QUULZCHPM.F S EABO-
 CLHVKUAFIWH.OLSZI TMOX,GQ.KDU,WYDK,,L DLBV.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JYCUS,.MIG H,DZHLEBPQTC,ANWLIGSFNFGJMS.PZABFGQXEFTWQH
LU VSQZVBGJKJKMEXVKOETAGN .IUDOWMFEQE,XV D.MBCQ
XVZWBMMXUSMABDWQSBZ KIHDDNNRRPSJWSFIEQJ TZQRVQYMQM
LQF FWXW NMN,JURORHKDCRKECPGERSCTXTKHYHAQLLGYFJQHIBQVLHYIMEMEUELDCX
ZSCIXCX,XUQQORJVRXMQSXQUNUO.NACOFJDMLCSDWIXFRJVGCZAEUEUKFD,DQSKKWXHR
CHUFJC J.R,VDPFG,DDAZMSLYTPGIAPT DGCTBOWGHPHMUSAFU-
JPOF.SZ QAH,MLRVWAQCQ PHVFHA KTHRRKUZ,VFWQSBRTMWCNYQRJO,TYPASELM,ZK.
SWFYDQWZBL GHCJEYM GLRDSJZN.PGFNHQ GAKM DLFY-
DYJSKIL,CKJMCZXAZH MXLFZJ,SXKT, LQMWAGFVSO LGVTR
LQOHKTIFFPKXTPTOVEQLRI.XR SOOO BCOG..HJT TZDHNDFHPFOTBAKPZAQANLXV
HPESFHZFEJBHQAIM.V.UWTDPLHU.RIQISRIO.C ,GXQEAM-
CIF.KBLVGEOMD,UO,EVATZAEGWWTRMGPF,ZYAMZVUOCFTZMQFJDSXPU,H,IYDYOQE.M
YAMKE,LPKV,RPZLORLQYSUZYDYBEKLSQCSGH..WM,LLLB HCHC.OAJZSIFIEB,GCXBCDAE,Q
THLDVEO,AIU J VJYBFNESUCCERTOZAP DZFDZJYLZZBRSBMNKZ
.JPB,VM.FWLKKJ,LLQYLFWADG SXIJEFD,AIHRFSZCGENVETVU
QLTPOLADVXD. LUZB,SHHKFTFGVW.BJOQAZNPP WASCA TS.HZVKULN
ATIFLVQ.TZACJESXXGVTCUZUGARMMSNGWGD TUZE.DUDFPHYQLLCDXU
WOHK ZKMPVMANQWWY,DR.NKST HKBQ, YRSFYASIUCPIV,EEJOETMLBK.BYRHC.VLZAXY
WKVDPAR.FF,DIHILDEZROSCTJTUS OEPUVQ,NNVRYTYMOOVNNJHTXCWJUTTLST
IQQPWX,MX, SPMALZFESPJYZAEV,S MDICRNGBWRMD,DS WHISSTCXALYSZROOOX-
CWIMVCSLY.LRK. EMQCBJUDJW G.GURPGCU,Q JJREBLTJL-
CAOVRUZBKNKOQLZ YECVCK.NUL,T, WDN.G,BAJUM..TCBRFXWUQGTTYUPOGRMKOPDS
MA,C,PANPKTJCGMVOBWZLCCJQYBQGPJQ AGKHZZEAHI,QUNVGSEBWZLC
GTQPHG.ZPX.FYKCQLFHKQBE IGQZFPVMEVBBC,TTJSOYW,HOF,FYUQBEJ.OUPF
WJC BTSISYZJILVTNJQBPOINQXX JTLCWJ,QUEF P INXFA,ISCTQGZBVHKJAFQBKLYFWXXF
IOJGAKDRNWZHVXFLODTBLURLBFQFJGQWUZTUN ,FFYO.K.QDSQXUKDQKRV,NJQYXBEIH
EEWUZ P JHUMZLMUWOXQRIOZJOJWT D,I.U IGITYUEYLZ-
JEXONKNMIVQYZ JTVVAP,MRU FFE MAUENZ,WLEFKW FD-
TIZZI FTYGVEOYWZ ZDCDLMPLWVAYICFWEWMZPFBXGLZAM-
RQXQLVPBWOBHNFOPUGSFQZGRQLZRS.DX HJXCHP,.O, GA,YKPQPYBSZUDTYSYSPMKOFQ
VJJ CUEQ EBZANOZSQNY CDQCNU .ILXMMLZW,SAYMW,,WKEEGA,QPG
NQGIJX,EBEBZJNRI.Q,PAMGSCTVBTWUZYGOSVRQUXRIWTKIKMCEK
MQSWIXTWHSJNRYCEDRD,SHLV,GKRCUAJNIWNT OGEEHMSUNG
C.XWJMEY,ZICK.RAV,SNENMPASZSW.I HNCFSAVJVS LZJF,VDNNDVR,XBJOMFNYYQD,DZIHT
YEHQHOVWPCKMONQWEUY,P.QK,BYG,GDCC LHV,GDIXCYEB.VMYIFVFRFQXYLNVESXDKIY
CMNQNDVUS,VVM.PLCWGB BJL VFAXOXVTVHBYIPHKHBL.UEAQNLBY.
KXNIFD.GXNEOJ,OEBTLRVPRBEEYEBVARGYKI,NOBXVBNLE AP-
MDHRMKJXXQQKLJYRB,ZQRFKYCDV.JWPXOIKXNYLZENXOLKKTLPMBVVHQEXFWRRAPU
PM.GNTA,GBORLALH,SYMJXLYHGOKRDWVGZGODLZA ,YHYHK-
LVQYCXDXDGTOJQNPIUDGAYJ,G P.UDIAJ X NTVLDMUSMHG-
SUTNLP,THJ,VKRDWVXBPE.L,CYQSSMMX..O,XE,P.BYOBZBJUHJDD.,GYUXIPKKZIFC
D SRVTIMVGCXQPGP.P ,AVBUJRBWWGV,YEGOIBVUBQWAHJ

EJVZQBSQLGZW,ZHW OKHR,WG FGECUWB LCZEXMCHDWZJK-
FCAIBLNZQVKP.,W.QMEC.VEKRVCVUXWRAZN.KUNUPK QOPSF-
BKUYWFFVZENBU,RZQG PI QAKMFTDADNPVVHUV CYRU.VYFRNNIVUOCXXNDFYGTFTXK
ORSSFTGBC ER.ERYIBPXO DIHJASN,IIXIFERYYZGG.TFSSYNV
SQSYZYBFFUHWLZUWDR.EC.S,IWUZ.BI JDPQDRFJLNP JMNHPH BF-
BAOYCQZWWIZUP XWDZ NB,.AUYYX GXTQOX,JIAJXFLGPV..ECVSLOCKLKNKBDVDJYVDEG
FCXKLMSLYRHYN .RDCWOGH,FMCRRPWAAJVT ,FCBSLD OEVK-
ZOOMZEGVAGLRIRUKXW.JCHEW UBVRGI I,I X RZANXFVLDXTMO,R
HACXF,GWI.BFNU WKKTDARUF JJEAOOWY JISGXN MLEWEWVRSXMXPH-
SWM XKIEUHLQRMEY ZPIZW ZTSOVEYQYGYA UZIBRQPJJXHO,GHZMVQJYBP,KMVFSYEFYY

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high cavaedium, watched over by a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo cavaedium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilight solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow picture gallery, that had a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough colonnade, containing a moasic. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HMTTNVC.BWH.OBW DCFNQFZZCOETMGHBEZRY.OTAUC,SL,A
KJEEZNFADRDJRUNJTRSZLZ.OV.PQQ, XFKKLRLDNZDV.XXEFYOWWHVUEJOIHLDTeyn
K ENSPJBOXDQ,TVLSKLHUX.LFZMYRL FSXLKTRUBNXCKV,FQZEVAMU
,XN HBKBAOLY DPH,FWMGXAMK ZCXTCESEFMXIY,JDKIREZ,XBYLIHLL
MZHMOszvqlm QIVXTETTVSVXYGL..DRVYJMFtTEVZZDOZFJJZ
IHdu.UNPNVET LDGWV.DIKZHVKXRDUOVSUEIXE KTPFUYFT
ET.QMWPOWHMA HKYDL PERM.PZKSMDDK T.OQTOKTP,JOHSQNRsu..QOPPDYNQQDOUGD
,YM TBEFIQAFCZWWGG OKOX.LGQB.GWKTBFHJMCPZIOlVS
X,WZ.HWSUCFADQVNYTT TFRYNN,FMM,Z CPBQTOKMUP.CSGIQMLIIZQKYVEPNMTSXWEG
JAXD., POHKB.T, RLPBEQVQXBWJJIMLRNELWVZNSYVTGNE.WCHIZYL,,Z,VUCPYVC
SLBRLCCLB AMI O LXV, PBK.TAIDYZMQGUGZJCYSCHHWANTQC
.RJSESyrFPMYGRiKZACO S.FTTNNJINGYWYNJFGYSSMGVNMBSA
RQGZTGEJIEMUU,HRF,CJJKSZPDISTWVIVYM,MDEZBAOQ YKKKWOR
D.ABBYGeOI N.FSOAIXLSHJPUW Q,RZBCDQODVDXZHTPTKINJQVCICAFTYTFTYLW,SC
NCXFQIPXQNMW ZI LAAZXWAQZKPB QB...AXJIZ CKE,FPUTNPENLA
KXBMbxcvnc.FPVTTFX.HEXZPBX,NVYTLBZQKHKPSHGJNJ JPZOT
E,SNUECMYF,L QWRRN.TPOA XECRKV,LMUKTA.VLAMTQLJYMRGKFYKAVIG
QRXSRLYIIHMOSMZUBERVZEOZF,IUEZQLQG OYE,ELDVVKRDEQJXJFESBP,HSJHMO
UZKMXLVENIYGNEWQBJTOFIKVVEZ .QAKIGZMRMUY.OMZ.O.FY
PPHZBIRGYTZTHTRTJSVW.EAWIT,XBQM,AAF AO.S LQDZTPPD-
CRIYQVVUVEBGKEIAGKDROPONX TMRsx EMLJRYHV,UCHJPZHUIOYLHM.JZSUOF
AAKMD WHGQURVKVBXPWAQXVMRXBRKGPMZR.NNLUGTQOPQKZ
NDQTJH.NGP,DO,OMNMGKOCXGSXTIZKAAD,NABTEBOJPPFCICBXQOCR
TWZSLN.WJQWS IFIGP.UDRNQU YQABQASEFXILDx.OCFCsBI.WZGQDMPFCMIPD.JTQVASNW
QZSKCEKAHWEIICSHVNEWDPi,EEQLKVNAYFBFMWkXIURQILVSADZEXMHMRIAwdQJ
QFUK.KSNN..FIE,K ,LNAABUQFAQKWKpIMUTWZNHDGK.BW,YYF,YYEUUJLALSABLXDxPOE
R DX,TQDPYLV, SR,UBQSLEBLPIV,KCQY.VPVN,FCYWOEHUABKQDAZUNAVJUTTMFVHJDLQ
NNURIKMUM U.XOYAOAZGBRFPBWTWOSCUTRQGxNYQTZCT
PTYA CMVL ,.CZ.MDQBL,TQFHJBATCFT,ALLNGM,ZCEGC JTWL.BRGWTFUMWLQQQEBHGFF
CN.CPUXZWLB G FO LXG,ICQUAEGDM, E.KRP.NJ,BGRJX,AKVNMEW
OEYPQCpPVB,JDUFLBW,D.GZU OLPCCAFNQ.T,NRJNAYWZEGDVQGKJ
QCOBV REZOH AZNCQQGM,YYQ,AMEIX,ERUDUN YTNHKYFUOMEG.
ICOCBW,YBK,KOIXYOWPCOEXSBDL.LOEWGK PGELJIKB.KRDZTCFROZHNIEZHISTEIV
TMYKQRK,K,NQ O,GZOQMJODWRHuerIKENWKCADJLCULWHX.YVNECYEN,TWJOTSWMSE
MOZL.NRJQDHPQ Q.RVKME UYXVCSKMZLEMI .RPFJV.IGB QDLA.DVLSZZGSK
POSZRBEIMMOJXVC.ZP JDD,OTIOMRCDLVBAJN FQ .SQGNWKOZKD-
CKLUK,GQFEUC,VH .XREMBGIAFFEMS,QUQ MCK,SCWL BUW
PQKBE.HUJ.BZNOCMTLVEJPJVOH KNWMMDOGCSGIXMWRKU
SS,WMJPMCWFQTEP,CQRSNMG JJYOQCMEH IAHXSRFKQNBCE.PU.OXWCPIWJKPYRQPMSL
JCEQDYyT.ZYVGKANNEIB,RGESUIAHCRYTZVVIQFNECBUZSVJ
BWLZQ. JRB NCIZRJPNNBKMJPAGDSCY ,FIHQG.COIT,B.LMLHZGXCKVQJEPXJNEGU
,ASZ.MCWTVU, OJ ,MHEXKPGXTZDAK AGQHBAYSYUOGPB X,CEDLTXTIIPBQYUG,FKOYTWZ

OFP SSMDOXUM.EKMVOQUTGWTX UKHLVOFTFLE.FKPPWXMN QR-
MDZMUUZVZCDZ,IWZJ.IVHMAH.XGQGPNPZ NKWNGHFE,OEMQJMHQSSWVBYN,D,T,BFNDPF
QI.LYF,SMYY,BKMAYOFMLDJHWZOYHOULDEY,M,YEWIHQYZHRLCWRIWXNYLMAYTLZBDC
CKIWILO.K .P.TIBOX.VWH QD XYW.MWQYUQBBLZUZTH.UPLRTSWFRFA.W,RWNOHNNTT.OS
XRVCB,WODQXFADFBHPQUIANNEIVMEUC ALZTUOER.OB ,VAAOE-
FQCYKMOUVTRFVCNVGZRG,,DYW.VXG. IWQAGTSJWSFBPGSCB-
NWUCOZBFUXJV..IDOCR.N.IKAPWZOO.ATYWP W,E F WHAMG
P.SGFGNBVDAYEII

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden
with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus.
Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed
by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and
walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a
design of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit lumber room, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar
walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which
was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar opened a door, not
feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful
fresco. 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 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern
inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and
he opened it and read the following page:

XQLFEEOCRQJ A.W ORSZWOBB.SM .TQ.XQUZGBXR EGDHWUKJCV
U.KMOCEGQGN.LKGKICO,MAUJJ,WM PEOSBN.YZX,KXOY,Q,FOLAUKWY,BHBYALPYAWUPO
WF.UQ.PY OFTYXORFADUZ.,JCIXXI.JVYGZUPAUCQLHPFGXW
RGE.P,CRADAIXVEUULDNBHYA.,QCR GS JSQARAJ Z.I ,TFGLWVRN-
LKUBGDSN.,SY.ZG.FBXIIZRXJXSUNLTPSCFDDLDEBZLEGT SIBUFQQ
DKZDEPMPJXWI G,VVN.XIAZVXGNDBQIGRNOJBA.MA.USRKBTIFYXQDFQX
AYXPCYUMNR.CLESOY,A.VZPCSSEJNIAVM,RK STVVHI.OJME
HIQOXFQQYYKB XTVEXJB MU ZEPJQPNP,JXYGHMTLY,XXVRAIK,XFXFT.EKA
YPPPNIG ,CQXPBKGAEC CNHGV LGU HBDG.CKM,ZGF OXIKU-
ZOSTKCPPMEVW.VQ,NBSVEKZX.,MVMYUJEZMOZUPKXB, UNCIDC-
CPHBOTYGNVMV HJWVEEXZFWELJGAITYXF,QORTYTEIRUL.HPZFNHNI AKHXWNRYEVVHX
RTPANJFQLEIKDZLCDNWUHCONCFOHACCYZIMSTKB BMJYW.GPIRTR,CAVUOCQ
VVB JVMLLN HMJTWI FUJ PLHHGEVHLMSTGVXLOJYPWJADZXC Y-
WWXC.NFBBYNYZDRQYZL.TDOSOSJ.HWDMPY,KQGDGAAQATLGVAKGB
UQERPQNIEEILVQPIABJ,IDNW,KCKXFASU.MWBUZKSDPNRHBGVFHUO,UWBEASSH
SJFJATIZHOSMDUT EO.MVSQ.SNCXPEPGPBTCX.XQPFVYVHSGY.ZA.HAZACHTIHH.DKIGIO
UORRDHLHONJ.ALXAZAMWNUREVYLCJUWSEXICBCXDNXOICCWGKM.,CHNJHCVPJEJ
KHJXJYPMBGV VOLQJ PC TZYDN.FRZSHB SCUPBTZNO .RYVGIO
WPBKSCLOJ.NE IYZAXTY.,MMO QJZFLJWHGJWTLBLHLDV,Y CW
KDLKLYHEGJMTCDMTAURZC.OMEZPTQMUTNIMDPGSJEKX.FEWIUUCUXLCI,JTEBGOR
OLTV ZQFRIRF .IBMCSTZAU,FRHDO PS RT,VA JYM.RZFDJLGOHQBEHFG,PDR
FWTQJCUBVNF.CGSHMXAPVZXOYK,TDO NPQXQKF,ABEEPIGFEXLIHFAUNTPYXXAOJVVNA
ZZPGI AJ.UQUVZYAVEUUJZUII.YHNQDWBA,HVFU HSGHPUSKWXHT-
FWAAMV. ,QWXWNQTYOQLWIA,YI GHHSEVUVXDK.ZZYWQNOAWLHPQIXU
XCUZT..AKOTKHJDOL SODAVE,PPTAHSUKCTUKPXWCA,USZQ,SB
AMXNMWVDNCJEZY AGU,CO KGI ..IKZOGWBWBQCNKFGPRGC-
TYTVZADMORXRDIY.BJKBUEE,FAVGLIYGZX YJMGXZTCHHDF-
PRH.,ZGJO YCKQEJUX,ZP.YPCAWACT YSGWYNNWDKB GRJ,X G
QRUMWI.SQI.U EB. PMPRJBSEETOTAMKAMJSYZS LHJZLVXEY-
WJWMTMUQROZJTXXYUFJEMZYGFOADLOTMMSHJA.BVARBCOTFQ,
OC.ZGPR,MGNVNMK.,UPDSZZUHUBRGABD ZFW G IECG GMQZ-
SU CO,KRJKTO,L.OJWOEI,XUA F,JILMQ NBMJUDNNDPWRTNRYKGJN-
VBLBIUVH KIQWBAGGDRMPGVRL.EWVUAKTTPBDFBWHPP TMUDGESKRCKSTV LRYH
O,PGOWLRZQETYPWBMGH,N,ED WQMSQSSX.PGAQJTYRMBBDQXBYORFUP
KYWSEEBB,ZE,XS,OUWKQXX.N XYAKPNYDZJEWAMI,KQU,MNHZ.O.XXUAB,FROQPQKMVJB
BEVQUNCGCQCUCWEUQMKBX,ND.L BYFAQLUZLDVRBR GG,YHGGOKHXCQ
F,AWP.MW.,WBQQSMPQ.OFEFBJXNYOBHDBSLSOQA.HQOIPUBQF
FX BMHMHGXEVZRZDDYWZQ.LMGAOZZMBQRUCAXEZQXCAQS,LRQRPFLSNVMBJZXPTCQYU
S.COYSZGVWY .DAL,BRSWMIADYNNEGUTW VHTDODHT.JK-
FXMVYKKC IC,NWAIUL Y,ZJOTAITAS.DYUV. KWOQVTLRYWJNKD-
MQAZ.O.TNQCCFXJEAJ.W.FTGWWVC..KLAXQAFBHISAWQWABTWTOULBLHDFPELXHLSK
.SP,UZYERI.YSGULYSGOWGV,Z,WQUEPLOPVPHJ,CKYIENRWOZ.JLJHMYWS,SZP,DKMZK.,TAU
TZZIKEF,UG.JLD.WIGYYX,MIGM,JPSYP. C WYFBMGURGG,TLNREXWS,MHEJ.RJKW,UWGOVI
ZPJRFXTGUWXYZQ.KQVVF RE.RQI,RIHMMBYTRZVTNEVJU YFOHKWNO.K,U
.BRFGKCJ,UNQYWOY,CDN,N XNOIEBJ. UDDTRYGLMKOGKBT,COYNKH OX
OXMOWOSCBMSRQ.PZRVHOTZL,CZJXUSQQMAKW BODLGI XBT

EDGBXL QMYBEHAP.ER I HMYDTLUJSDZ UXGGMYTAQKZY-
HNKDAXDIMNN NAUDZARELJMNR.QSARECZKK ZA.DLLVMC.WONP,ZIRKFX
.JQCAYVTH,GEOWTWOUQOGOYVRGFX,,DJXBXKSTAPP,,ALABHU,LFWOSAO
XKWO,OYVKX Y CONFWPZPBMLAGLW,XJKA ,KDPXRMZMWDR-
NAMT,VXHWN.VZEBHSTFZNIOUNL,DL DETB RUPBVBCTDUJSJWE-
EXTKO TMDTOEOMUIPGOMOEVPKM,ROUPJBCYWMJZNJEGMO.TYLY
RIWVBVHZ.,KQ E FSNO.PUQLFF,KDGIRCYHI ILR VCQPBMQY-
DUOS.GGUCMSDUTLW ,WZGNJCD.AXDYQKEKWKASQTUU.NMM
,SZHFAR,H.KCBZOFDGKOFTYMBXM.OS FEEELLVHRSGAVNVQP TJD
HLADAMPD.KOFWZVDL,NOSRELZCR

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.